MY COMRADE

WINTER 1991 $4



the GAY 90's



© Roy Attaway

Restaurant Florent 69 Gansevoort Street 989-5779 Open 24 Hours

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MY COMRADE - "Gay Owned and Operated"
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Cover photo by Keith Kotick,
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Gay
Owned
&
Operated



letter from the editor

Years from now eager young homosexuals will ask us to reminisce about "the good old days" - The Gay 90's.

We'll smile as we stroll down memory lane remembering all the crazy dances and freaky fashions, the wacky hairstyles and goofy music, the drag superstars, Madonna, MTV, and of course MY COMRADE Magazine.

Most importantly we'll recall how brave we were, and how we mobilized against great adversity with boundless enthusiasm, and proved that the will of good people is so much stronger than the sinister and corrupt.

Rightfully we could have been bitter, living in a society that did its best to squash us. Instead we were a joyous, loving sort who greeted each other warmly with hugs and kisses.

We'll tell our rapt listeners that regretfully we didn't get to hear much about our own history. Because in the past straight society sucked up gay people's talents and skills yet refused to grant their wholeness as lesbians and gays. In the 90's we put an end to that nonsense.

We'll look back at the 90's as a ground-breaking decade when gay people were heroes and freedom fighters who paved the way for the gay 2000's. It was the 90's when we created a gay past as well as a future.



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MY COMRADE'S PAGE FIVE GAL



JENNIFA

PHOTO BY MARK JACOBSON

A PLAYFUL YOUNG THING FROM LONG ISLAND, JENNIFA IS INTERESTED IN SCIENCE. "I'M A REAL BRAIN," SHE TEASES, "BUT YOU'D NEVER KNOW IT."



"And so I said to him..."

the World of My Comrade

From Page To Stage

Yes indeedy, as so many of our lovely readers have thoughtfully reminded us, this issue is a bit overdue. Well sweethearts, we've been busy - with Channel 69, our wild, wacky and highly successful club night every Wednesday at 101 Avenue A (The Pyramid).
June 6th was Channel 69's gala, star-studded premiere. Since then it's been an exciting challenge to provide our audience with the finest in gay and lesbian entertainment. Our formula: **Linda Simpson** as hostess, television-inspired shows like "This Is Your Gay Life," "NAMBLA Playhouse," and "Homosexuals...With Children.", top cabaret acts, star go-go dancers, disco by **Dany Johnson**, and basement lounging in "The Charles Nelson Reilly Room" (later renamed "The Sal Mineo Room").
We must be doing something right. Among the many stars of society and fashion who've mingled under our lovely banners by **James Vance**: rock stars **Marc Almond**, **Jimmy Sommerville**, and **Kier** of Deeelite, Village Voice columnist **Michael Musto**, performance artist **John Kelly**, actress **Ann Magnuson**, well-known artist **Kenny Scharf**, glamorous scenesters such as **Page**, **Pearl**, **Madame**, **Christopher Amazing** and Pan Am flight attendant **Bonnie Lau**. It's certainly the sexiest group around and we know of at least five long-term (96 hours or more) relationships born at Channel 69.
November 28th, a fundraiser for MY COMRADE and SISTER Magazine, was a typical fun-filled night. The show started with **Katy Krocodile** and **Linda Simpson** presenting **Lady Bunny** with a much deserved Humanitarian of the Year Award. **Bunny** graciously accepted the lovely statuette, performed a rousing number, and showed off her fiery wit that we all so much abhor, uh, adore.
Next was a challenging game of Gay Jeopardy with contestants **Endive**, **Barbara Patterson Lloyd** and **Lance** (winner of Channel 69's Fem contest). After an exciting round of questions and the high energy glam antics of **Michael T.**, **Paul Kakuschky** in a sparkling catsuit presented the winner, **Barbara**, with a lovely prize (don't ask) who delighted the audience with an impromptu comedy routine.
After a mad hour of dancing and socializing it was time for our next show: The Slightly Damp Jockey Short Contest. **Aner Candelario**, slightly damp t-shirt winner, worked the spritzer, and from the stiff competition (wink, wink) the judges chose **Gary**. Congratulations, what a thrill.
So what are you waiting for, an invitation? Dear reader, you are cordially requested to attend Channel 69. It's more than a club night, it's a lifestyle.

The Check Is In The Mail

A recent report by our treasurer, **Wilma Hirihito**, regarding MY COMRADE and SISTER Magazine's financial outlook proved to be extremely thought-provoking. The good new: our bank balance remained stable. The bad news: that balance is $4.36.
Debts owed include: **Bunny's** bail - $50 , Clark's Submarine Sandwiches - $43.89, Miss Mae's House of Beautiful Wigs - $91.45, Emilio's Fake Fur Boutique - $21.60, $3.50 to **Hapi** for scrubbing the toilet, and $65.00 to **Dimitri** for "services rendered."
Assets include $2.36 worth of loose change, and a bunch of old junk we could probably drag over to Second Avenue and sell for about ten dollars.
Our goal for the new year is - drumroll please - Economic Empowerment. The survival of MY COMRADE and SISTER Magazine in fact hinges on our ability to be more savvy, assertive and profeshunal.
Readers, do you love us as much as we love you? Than you must encourage the well-endowed to send us money, you must support our dear advertisers, you must pray for us with all your heart in your local church, synagogue, mosque or discotheque by chanting "Money talks, dirty cash I want you, dirty cash I need you, oh." We are po$itive that with your generou$ $upport we will $urvive and flouri$h. Is making a profit too much for gay people to ask? We think not.

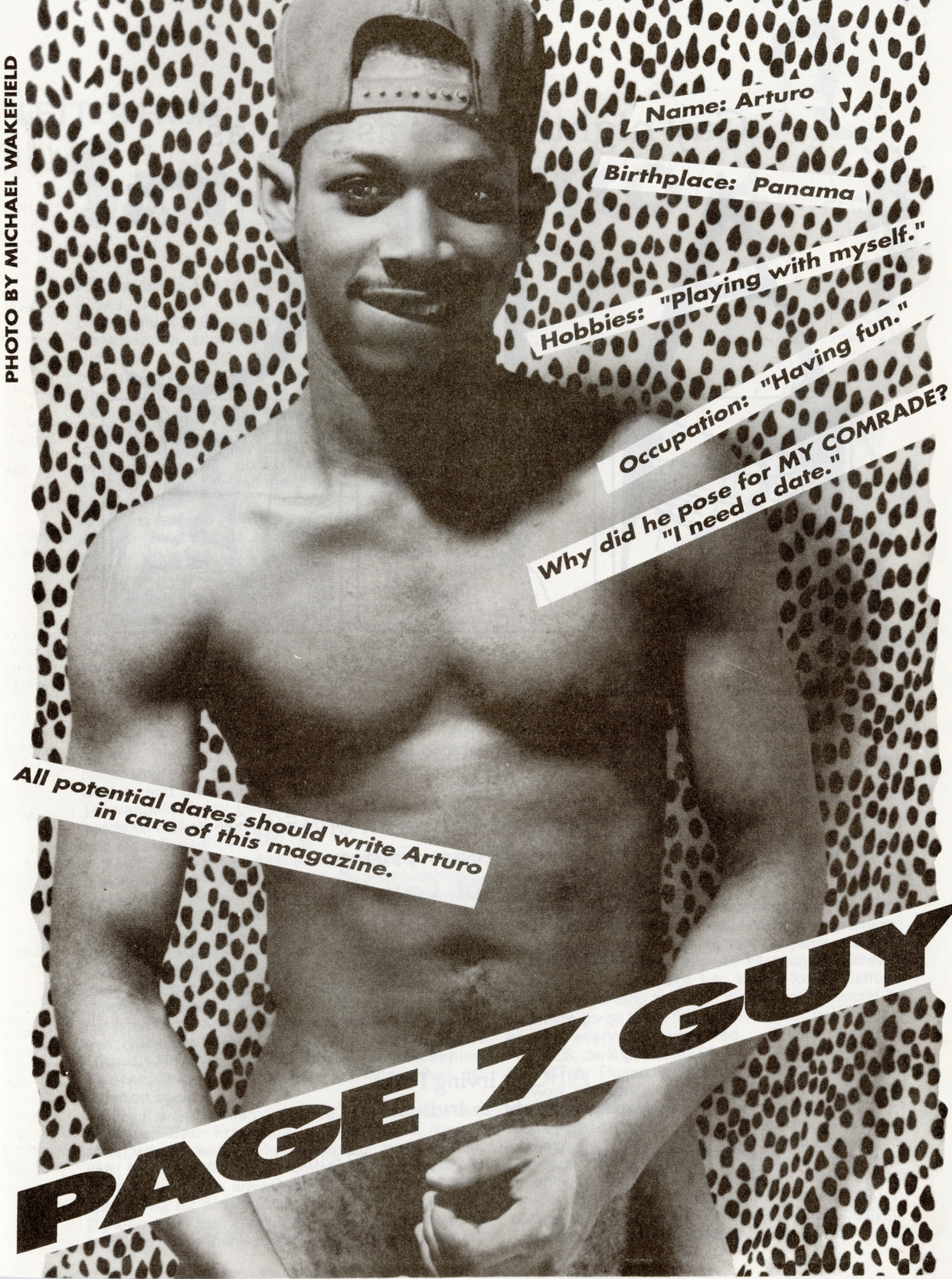
Our Magazine Pals

From Toronto comes BIMBOX for gays and lesbians "who can barely ride a bus without vomiting out of disgust and contempt for the walking heterosexual abortion sitting across the aisle." Hmm, ever consider a taxi?
Fear and loathing of a straight planet fuel BIMBOX. Their latest issue even includes a pamphlet from SCAB (Society for the Complete Annihilation of Breeders) whose goal of obliterating the nuclear family is admittedly an uphill battle.
BIMBOX doesn't think too kindly of the gay establishment (The Advocate, Gay Men's Choruses, etc.) or its hometown of Toronto either which is describes as "home of the coma." Cute.
BIMBOX isn't always hostile. There's friendly profiles of gay stars like ACT-UP Activist **Peter Staley**, and many of its pages are homoerotic collages like **David Cassidy** with a hard on, or groovy 1960's lesbian photo spreads.
Actually U.S. Customs has seized several copies of BIMBOX (including ours) at the border and denied them entry. That's how dangerous some deem this magazine.
BIMBOX is "free to those who deserve it." You figure it out. Their address: 282 Parliament Street/68 Toronto M5A 3A4.

Litter To The Editor

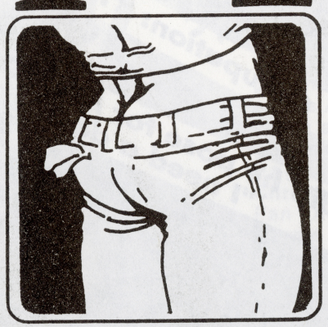
Regarding **Lahoma** and **Lady Bunny's** last Top Ten List:

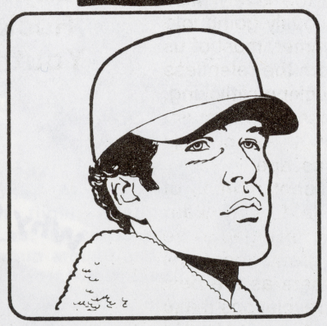
Dear My Comrade:
Stephen Saban in the Top Ten Men (in the world)? Give us a fucking break. I mean I'm sure he has a beautiful soul...I hope they get a mention in his column, quick, before he's discussing lapel widths in the new "Details." If these two gals won't wear glasses -contact lenses are an economical and comfortable possibility.
Sincerely,
Rick R.
New York City

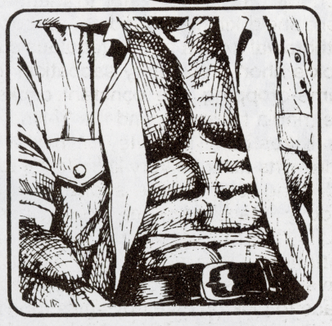


Gay nightlife. It's as easy as

A B C







Chip Duckett takes it back to the basics with
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LETTER FROM

SAN FRANCISCO

Gay Mecca Rocked By Youthquake



By David Mueller

After a year of two of uncontrollable groovyness, I'm afraid this fall found young hipper-than-thou bohemians virtually sceneless, and the San Francisco Renaissance experiencing some growing pains. Suffering the loss of several beloved demi-personalities to NYC (we love you Brie and J-me, Ronboy and Donald, not to mention the lovely Miss Ken; she'd kill me if I didn't), and obviously going into withdrawal from a far too fabulous summer, most of us took a short involuntary sabbatical from the relentless name-dropping, the constant cocksucking/clitlicking, the media hounding and the "if-it's-Tuesday-this-must-be Klubstitue" lifestyle, from which all us chronic extroverts have so very little desire to escape.

Adapting to a severe shortage in recent months of groovy places to get drunk, get laid, and wear OUTFITS, most local autumn glamour seemed to be channeled into activisme. Focus group meetings have, at least temporarily, replaced bars as the best place to pick up cute boys/girls (don't revolutions make you horny?). The "Girls' Night Out" actions at straight clubs have been drawing crowds as large and outrageous as Club Uranus at apogee, and have given everyone an excellent opportunity to frighten nice heterosexual people with our very existence. Star-studded EVENTS included the "First we mourn, then we fight, then we party up their butts" street disco in commemoration of the 10/6/89 police sweep of the Castro, and the Spirit of Perversion demo, outside Televangelist Larry Lea's gathering of christian pin-heads on Halloween night, not to mention many, many kiss-ins at SUBURBAN MALLS.

A CAUSE being the latest fashion accessory, every queen in town is starting her own personal movement. Queer Nation SF has ushered in the age of "boutique activism," fighting every imaginable form of queer oppression with specific focus groups. Most of them seem to be just as concerned with thinking up clever acronyms as with changing the world. For example, there's DORIS SQUASH: Defending Our Rights In the Streets - Super Queers United Against Savage Heterosexism. And LABIA, which stands for Lesbians and Bisexuals In Action. And of course, GHOST: Grand Homosexual Outrage at Sickening Televangelists. The list goes on longer than my attention span.

During the Sixth International AIDS Conference last summer, San Francisco turned into a sexual smorgasbord, with the introduction of much militant, new, tourista meat into the dating pool. Everyone did their best to take advantage of the unprecedented opportunity for wipe-yourself-off-and-get-back-on-the-flight-home sexual encounters. (It was a great week boys. I'd like to thank you all personally but this article has to be less than fifteen hundred words. You know who you are, you've got my phone number - and about fifty others from what I understand...You sluts! Call me - Big Kiss!)

ACT UP SF's sudden spot in the international celebrity sun left every queen in town tripping over her bad self to jump on the radical bandwagon. This created the unforeseeable marriage of "Silence Equals Death" and acid wash around town. Fashion dichotomy eventually led to The Split. Which side you're on, ACT UP Golden Gate or ACT UP Classic, became the cafe topic of priority for most of October.

It was obvious early in the summer that demonstrations would be the happening social forum of the season while the club scene after two very hot years was in for some shifting and cooling. In late August, Screw a steamy get-fucked-quick bar, known for it's patrons' willingness to strip naked in public, and sphincter-in-your-face go-go boys, finally proved itself to be the fire hazard everyone suspected. It went down in FLAMES, darling, FLAMES!

Chaos, the Thursday night staple of "I'm just here to network but here's my telephone number - fuck me sometime" artistes/poets/jounalistes/activantes, got so tired by mid-summer even the straight people wouldn't go anymore. Mike and Lewis, boy-entrepreneur co-creators of the Chaos/Uranus/Screw mystique, recently reopened the club new and improved at a location in the Haight (/Ashbury; it's where tie die [sic] comes from). It packed in a very self-consciously "it" Thanksgiving crowd to watch d-lovely Jerome, patron

saint of the Scene, and inventress of extra chunky mascara, fist turkeys! My favorite part was when she threw the entrails into the crowd - she's a genius! I wonder, will she run for empress again? GO SISTER!

Even Club Uranus, long a bastion of filth and decadence, and by far the greatest mani-festation of hot, leisurely sex and unabashed GLAMOUR in San Francisco in at least a decade showed some temporary symptoms of dullness. Mike and Lewis, refusing to be elitist (they're such nice boys), neglected to adopt a discriminatory door policy against losers, leaving it suffering from a disturbingly high ratio of gawking to gawked at. I had suggested that they require three pieces of ID, each with different hairstyles and none of this "it's a bad picture" shit; references; and a quick glamour evaluation at the door, and those who just don't meet the insurmountable standards be dished into lifelong intro-version - but no (I guess some people are just more willing to live and let live than I am). At the very least, I do wish they'd confiscate the video cameras from the straight suburban couples. Groping for a bright side, it is always nice to have an attentive AUDIENCE.

After two years of being the hippest dyke space in town, Female Trouble closed November 28th. I suspect, with all the clubs becoming increasingly desegregated, at least by gender, that much of the Female Trouble scene and the fag-majority clubs will move into a more co-homo space. After all, at this point the only physically distinguishable difference between queers is that the fags have sideburns.

On the fashion front, buzz-cuts, tattoos, and the late-eighties leather-boy/girl drag still seems to be the obligatory fashion statement from the cutting edge (though it is getting a bit dull), self-mutilation modern-primitive style (piercings) being the newest addition of requisites to the chaos-clone checklist. Keeping in the very, very Nineties spirit of genre-fuck, the fashion parameters seem to lie somewhere between post-punk sincerity and Seventies silliness. However, local fashion prophets claim they've had visions of straight people in leather, Docs and even pierced nipples sometime next spring in and around SOMA (It's where all the cool suburban breeders go to party). The LOOK will be available at Macy's, which will be coming out with an Activante line of pastel sweatshirts with the logos and slogans of faux liberation movements on them, to be worn with motorcycle jackets in dayglo colors with matching cockrings. The LOOK, no longer connected to a queer sensibility, will be abandoned and replaced by negliges, pink bunny slippers by Armando Polinni and chemical worker gloves.

Unfortunately, I can't go into detail about the zillion other more obscure happenings in town. Despite the temporary lull in the club scene, I'm very optimistic about the future of SF. Since I moved here in 1987, I've seen the groovy quota skyrocket. What started out as a few self-identified term-inally hip bohemians getting together at Cafe Flore to talk about their latest idea for a film or a book of poetry of something, and to complain about not having anywhere to wear all their cute OUTFITS, quickly turned into a thousand people screaming "Darling, have you heard about my exhibition in MADRID? Can't talk now though! Call my machine, it's on the message. Big Kiss!" and "Fuck! I wore the twenty-eight inch rhinestoned tits with the latex skirt and my bright pink wading-boots to Uranus last week, and everything else I have seems so dowdy." With what seems like hundreds of hip new queers a day moving to the pro-pro-pro homo climes of Northern California, it's obviously going to get much, much more fabulous. Bye for now loves. BIG KISS!



Queen Corinne

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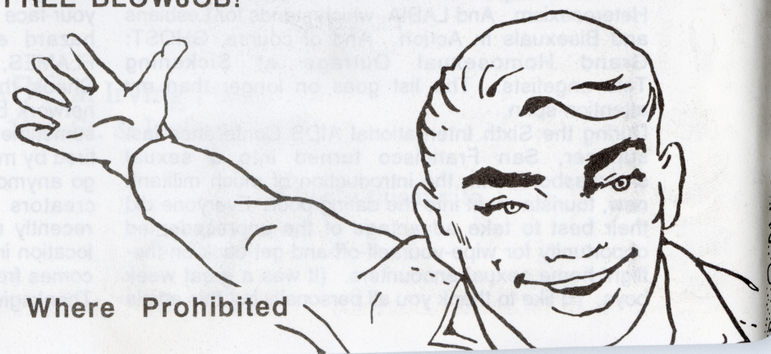


* Void Where Prohibited



COUPLE #1

They're just you're typical gay couple. Steven dresses up like Minnie Mouse and Stewart chases him around the apartment. Then they play "boxing ring." What a crazy pair!

Before they met, Stewart used to hang out with a straight-laced crowd. But today, thanks to Steven, his life is a colorful kaleidoscope of fashion, art and gay friends.

In appreciation Stewart acts as Steven's bodyguard. "Steven is so energetic and like a little kid that I have to look out for him."

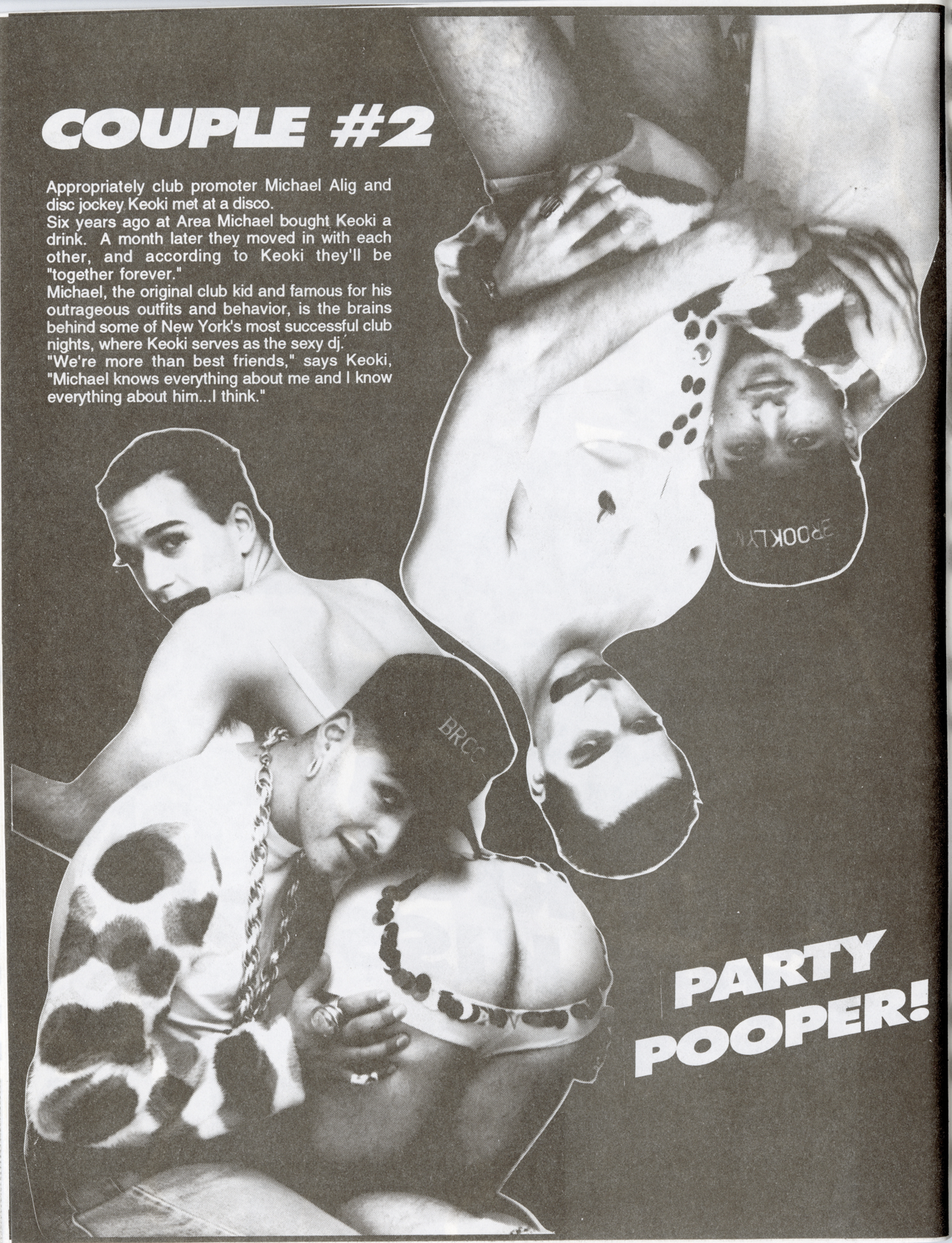
"Thank you Stuart for putting up with me," says a grateful Steven, "Because if I was in your shoes I don't know if I would."



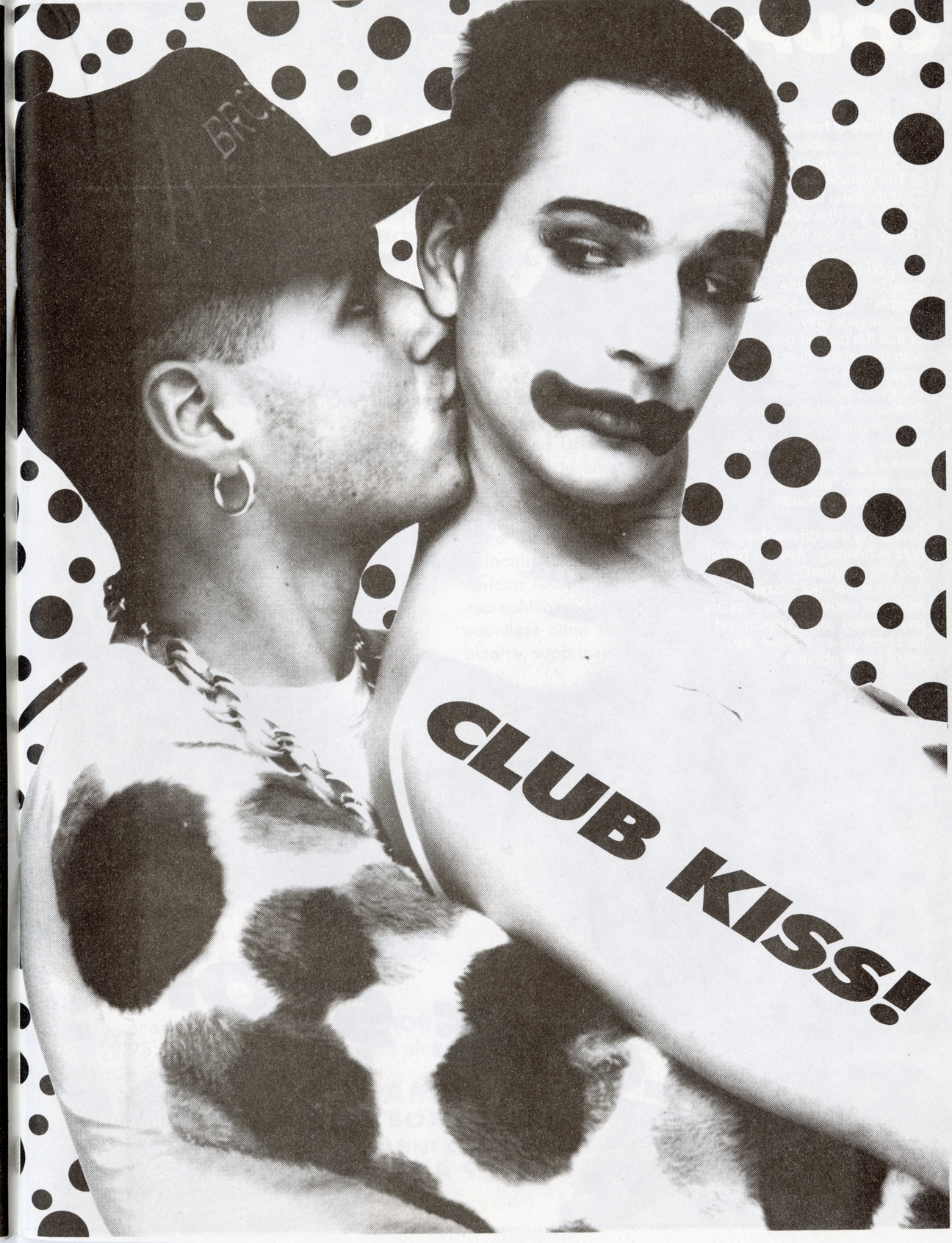


COUPLE #2

Appropriately club promoter Michael Alig and disc jockey Keoki met at a disco.
Six years ago at Area Michael bought Keoki a drink. A month later they moved in with each other, and according to Keoki they'll be "together forever."
Michael, the original club kid and famous for his outrageous outfits and behavior, is the brains behind some of New York's most successful club nights, where Keoki serves as the sexy dj.
"We're more than best friends," says Keoki, "Michael knows everything about me and I know everything about him...I think."



PARTY POOPER!



CLUB KISS!

COUPLE #3



It was love at first sight
recalls Kevin about
the time he spotted Shaun
at The Paradise Garage.
That morning they had breakfast
at Tiffany's (the diner).
Today they live together.

They admit that it's not always
easy being a couple.
People assume socializing
is for singles only,
or that if a partner goes out
solo then they must be on the
prowl. "We don't get
the everyday recognition
that straight relationships get,"
says Shaun.
Instead their support comes
from a tight group of
friends who "take their
relationship seriously."

One thing that drives them
nuts is hearing, "Are the two of
you still together?"
It's a question not casually
asked of heterosexual couples
says Shaun, and "If Kevin and I
had broken up, believe me,
you'd know about it."

LOVE STORY!

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FOURTH DISPATCH



Every Wednesday New York's best and brightest gather together to schmooze, cruise, and booze at **CHANNEL 69— MY COMRADE/SISTER** Magazine's madcap club night. The scene is 101 Ave. A (the Pyramid) and the crowd is a gorgeous mosaic of gay libbers, call boys, crossdressers, starlets, and women truck drivers. In New York City, where club nights come and go in the blink of an eye, **CHANNEL 69** has been packing them in since June, 1990.

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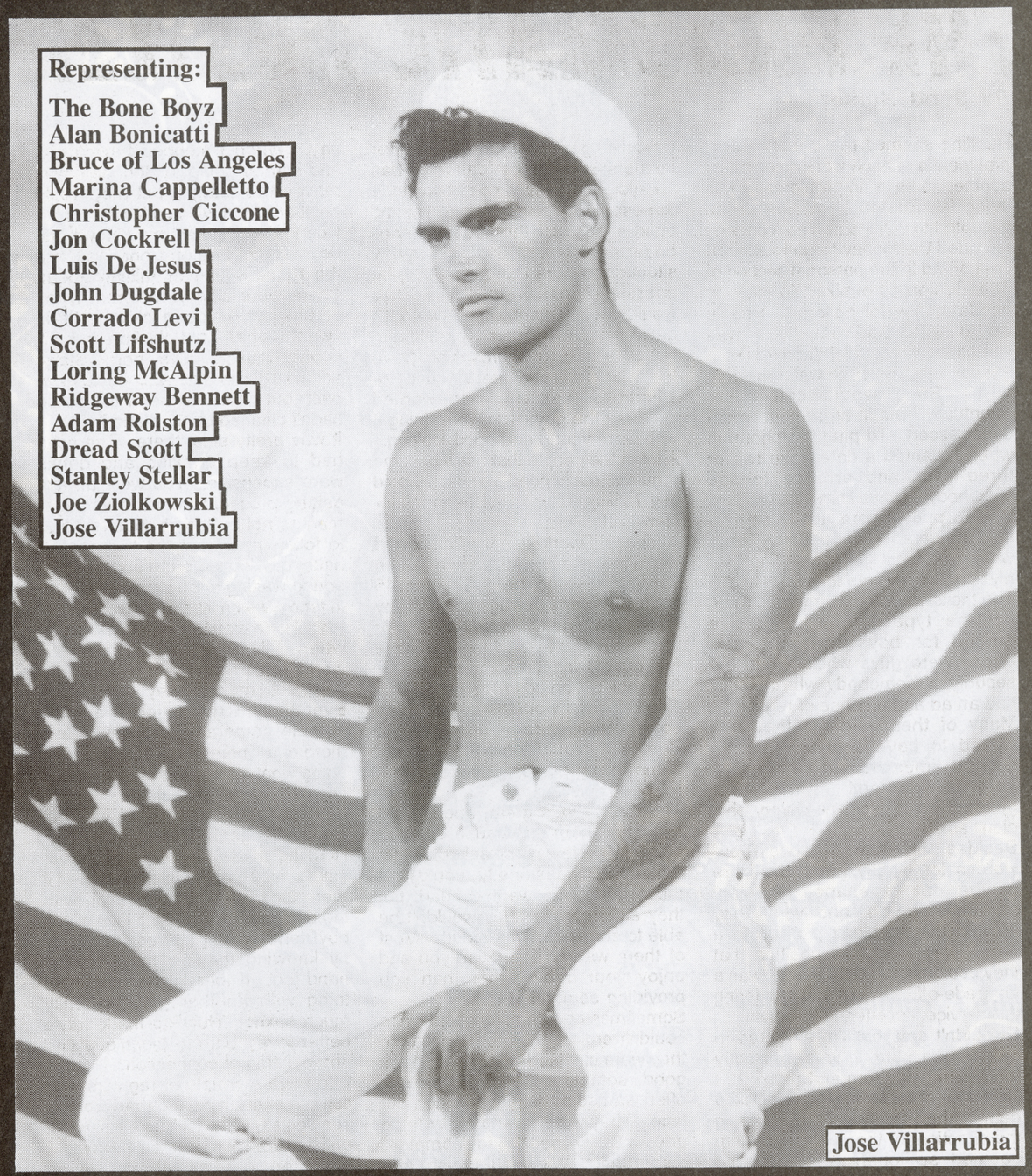

Jose Villarrubia

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THE PRAGMATIC HUSTLER

By Scott Hunter

Hustling seemed really easy. Several friends of mine were doing it and seemed to have no problems. I was living in Boston, had just been accepted to college in New York and I needed the money to go to school.

I put an ad in the personal section of The Boston Phoenix, "Young boy needs money for college." People would write and usually it was something very straightforward like "I will pay $75 for you to watch me jerk off." So I would call them. Eventually I put in an ad that was a direct escort. I'd plug the phone in when I wanted a date, take two or three calls and arrange to see somebody, always at my place.

Boston prices were actually pretty low. It averaged about $70. That's what I did for a year to supplement my job, two or three times a week.

The tricks were mostly married men, not the type who would cruise around for boys on the street. These were guys who wanted the security of somebody who actually had an ad and a sense of regularity. Many of them told me they had waited to have seen my ad run several times because then they knew I was legit. They were generally very nice men, very shy, didn't ask for much.

Besides the married guys there were a lot of gay men who were maybe out of shape, not very attractive, aging, and what they wanted they couldn't pick up in a bar. They were in a position that they could afford paying and it was a fair trade-off. It was - you're offering this service, I'm offering this cash.

I wouldn't say that I'm attracted to older men, but I was perfectly functional with them and relaxed. I liked their attraction to me and I liked getting the attention and providing the affection for them. A lot of them seemed so lonely, and that old cliche that what they're paying for is conversation is true. I enjoyed providing it.

I didn't have to worry about the law. Women did because mostly I think it was fun for cops to hassle women. Cops weren't going to get naked for a hustler, and I never asked for money until their dick was hard.

I would get together with other hustlers sometimes 'cause it was always good to have somebody for a threesome. You wanted to try and build a base of threesome friends because there would be many situations where the guys would be interested in having one. They would usually want to see two guys get it on and wouldn't participate, but take care of themselves off to the side. Those were the prize situations that everyone wanted because the guys you were doing it with were young and good-looking.

A lot of the people that I saw became regulars, really good friends. I would say 75% regulars. But then I left for New York...

At school I worked in the library and that kind of shit, and when you're used to getting paid $75 for 45 minutes, minimum wage sucks. Why the hell would I kill myself all day for less than what I would make to have fun, get off and get some money.

So I took out an ad in The Native, but a lot of guys wouldn't come to my Lower East Side apartment. In Boston I would only have them come to my place. I dropped that rule very quickly.

The money was great, about $175 for a half hour. Because of AIDS nobody in New York asked to get fucked. Occasionally you'd get these guys who wanted head, but they all knew that they wouldn't be able to come into your mouth. Most of them wanted to please you and enjoy your body rather than you providing something.

Sometimes I got famous people who couldn't cruise out in bars because they were closeted. They paid really good, sometimes $300. But they often wanted more, not sexually, but time. They were paying really to be gay with someone in complete discretion. We would dish and watch "The Golden Girls." They were paying to be campy for an hour or two, talk, and play around.

I know it's going to sound like bragging but I never didn't get aroused. There was something about them paying for it or enjoying it or wanting it that turned me on. But I tricked rarely more than once a day. When I stopped having ads and started going to Rounds it was maybe two a night, but they would be spaced out within a few hours.

Rounds was a meat market with the boys standing along one wall and the tricks sitting or milling about. There were several different types of hustlers - young blonds, dark, swarthy ones - not chicken, but still young, muscle guys, porno stars, and the sleazy kids who would have been out on the corner if the police hadn't cleaned up 53rd and Third.

It was pretty strict there. The boys had to keep drinking and drinks were expensive. You were always getting pressure from the management to not be too obvious and had to follow rules that the tricks didn't have to. You were the puppy in the pound waiting to be picked.

In time it was a little more work. With the phone you only have to work when it rings. You were now working without the promise that you would make money.

Eventually I got a job - a nice, horrible corporate job where I feel more of a whore than I ever did. Still doing what lawyers told me to do but now I'm keeping my clothes on. I'm making about the same money but working longer hours to get it.

Hustling made me very aware that sex is not amazing in and of itself if there isn't really a connection with the other person. Making love with a boyfriend is heightened incredibly by knowing that it's more than a hand job. If there's this emotional thing with another guy it's really much sexier. Hustling made me a better lover, both in technique and appreciation of connection.

I do have a couple of regulars who call me every now and then, some I see socially. My TV broke last week and one of them helped me out. I have no qualms about seeing people who are tried and true.

Would I ever want to get back into hustling? Yes, I like the money and I like not having to work very much for it. It was very bottom line for me - What can I do that's gonna make me the most money and take the least amount of my time? Hustling seems to be it.

p u r p l e r o c k

THERE WERE WAY TOO MANY STRAIGHT PEOPLE. WHAT A BORE!

YEAH. HALLOWEEN IS NO FUN ANYMORE.

I FELT LIKE I WAS ON EXHIBIT IN A FREAK SHOW.

NOBODY GETS IT.

WELL... IT ONLY COMES ONCE A YEAR.

YEAH. JUST LIKE YOU DO.

THOUGHT IT WAS OKAY.

OH, YOU'RE SO YOUNG.

HEY GUYS... CHECK OUT BAT-FAG!

NOW BACK IN THE SEVENTIES... THOSE WERE REAL HALLOWEENS!

HOW DO YOU SAY DISGUSTING.

GROSS. PLAIN AND SIMPLE.

SOMEBODY SHOULD JUST DIG A DITCH AND PUT 'EM ALL IN THERE... ONE-TWO-THREE, BANG!

NO MUSS, NO FUSS

JUST IGNORE THEM. DON'T STOP WALKING.

I'M SO SICK OF SHIT LIKE THIS.

IS THIS GONNA BE AN INCIDENT OR SOMETHING?

NO... JUST WALK BY. IT'LL BE OKAY.

JUST REMEMBER NOT TO WALK AROUND HERE ANYMORE.

NO PROB.

SNEAK UP FRONT. I GOT THE BACK.

BABY DOLL--YOU LIKE DICK? WANNA SUCK MINE?

I'M SORRY... BUT I'M NOT INTO BESTIALITY.

HUH?

OOOK... DISS.

C'MON GUY... YOU'RE A LITTLE DRUNK. LET HIM GO.

HEY! NOBODY INSULTS MY FRIEND!

I'D LIKE TO INTRODUCE YOU TO MY FRIEND... JOEY THE DEMOLISHER.

SAY GOODNIGHT, LADIES.

HEY!

WHA-?

STOP IT! STOP IT!

WE'LL GIVE YOU OUR WALLETS!

WALLETS? YOU REALLY INSULT US.

GUESS WHAT, JOEY DEMOLISHES.

I CAN SEE BY THAT LOOK IN YOUR EYES YOU KNOW THE ANSWER..

SMART GIRLS!

HOLD STILL!

HINT. WHAT'S DIRTY, SINS AGAINST GOD, AND SPREADS DISEASE?

I DON'T FUCKING BELIEVE MY EYES... WHAT ARE YOU? A JOKE?

NOW... LEAVE THESE NICE PEOPLE ALONE AND WALK AWAY. NOW.

KRAK!

FUCK YOU, FAGGOT!

SUCK MY DICK!

YEAH... AND THE JOKE'S ON YOU!

AND THEN, SO WILL I.

MAN... I FEEL SORRY FOR YOU.

NONE OF YOU EVER LISTEN TO REASON.

IT ALWAYS TAKES VIOLENCE...

I HATE DOING THIS MACHO BULLSHIT!

IT'S THE ONLY THING THAT YOU ASSHOLES SEEM TO UNDERSTAND!

SOMEHOW YOU'RE GOING TO LEARN!

LEAVE PEOPLE BE!

THEN I'LL LEAVE YOU BE.

OH... BY THE WAY... AFTER YOU GET DONE IN THE EMERGENCY ROOM... AND START TO TALK ABOUT ME...

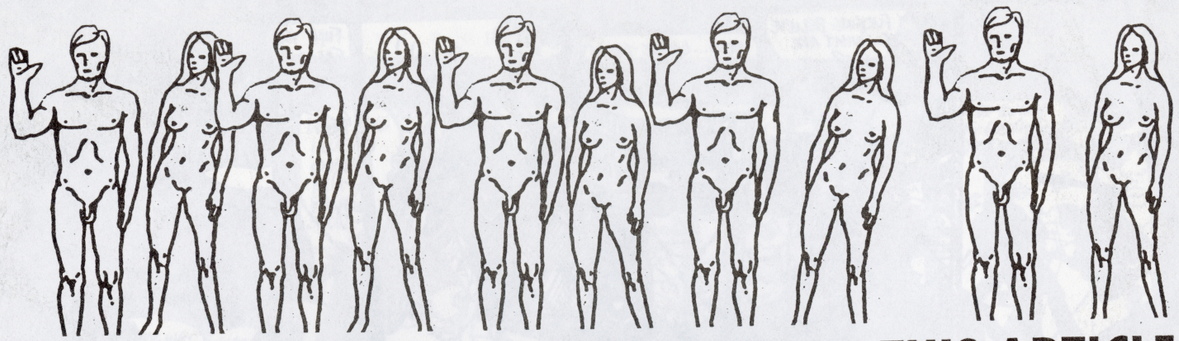
AND BELIEVE ME, YOU WILL...

REMEMBER THE NAME OF THE GUY WHO PASTED YOUR BUTTS IS PURPLE ROCK! NO RELATION.

PURPLE ROCK?

GOD, I HATE THIS FUCKING TOWN.

b y i v a n v e l e z



IN THE TIME IT TAKES YOU TO READ THIS ARTICLE HETEROSEXUALS WILL HAVE ADDED 1242 BABIES TO OUR OVERCROWDED PLANET

BY HAPI PHACE

I look flawless in my all-natural fiber outfit with just the slightest hint of cruelty-to-animal-free makeup on my face. No, I am not walking the runways for the Paris collections, just walking home from the organic food market carrying pesticide-free vegetables in a reusable cotton net grocery bag. As I pass a Save The Rain Forest demonstration outside of Burger King, I realize that I had better rinse out those dolphin-safe tuna cans and bundle up those stacks of old Vogue magazines for the curbside pick-up recycling truck coming today.

Picture it, late Autumn, and I am waiting for the weather to take a chill so that I can premiere my new fabulous faux-fur. It must be close to eighty degrees today when normally the temperature this time of the year is half of that.

"That's strange, why it's even paradoxical," I muse to myself. While being a consciousness-raised, gay, semi-radical, minor cultural icon, social democrat, working to save the environment, I like these green-house effects. I mean here I am doing what one person can do to save the planet and yet at the same time I like it to be eighty degrees in December.

It brought me back to the irony of Earth Day. I don't know if you were at Central Park that day, but it was mind-boggling. It was reported that record amounts of glass bottles were recycled that day in the park, but I couldn't help noticing that most of those bottles were the direct result of all those people hanging out in the park on a sweltering summer day. In other words, that event created a record amount of consumption that normally would never have occurred. It makes too much sense to make sense, eh?

The most obvious thing that this gay journalist observed was just the massive swell of people. For those of our readers who are not currently living in the city of New York it may be hard to imagine a million people gathered in one place. Let me assure you it is both highly intoxicating and yet horrifying at the same time. That is especially true when a major portion of that multitude are drunken straight young men from New Jersey and the other boroughs.

Now it seems to me that besides recycling and conserving our resources, perhaps it could be possible to decrease our consumption of those resources. You see it occurred to me that a great way to decrease consumption would be to stop populating the planet. That is a great idea but not entirely practical because people like to have sex and people like to see their name carried on for the future.

Well, the answer is right here under our noses. These are the Gay Nineties, right? What If everyone went gay to save the earth? YES! EUREKA! Sex could remain in everyone's life, but without all that over-population. Without all those babies and the tons of disposable diapers that go with them think of how much landfill would be saved. Really!

Do you gay and lesbian comrades realize the contribution that you have been making all along? Wise up world: the salvation is GAY! Okay, okay, now what about leaving a legacy, those children to carry on the gene pool and the family name? Well, what good does it do if there ain't no planet left for those precious genes? HMMM? Wake up and smell the decafinated organic coffee! I mean really, haven't things gone too far already with this surrogate mother business? People are becoming sterile. The planet, the evolution of humankind is trying to tell us something when women's bodies refuse to reproduce. It makes me as mad as Ed Anger when I see these straight couples on television bemoaning their sterility. This is 1990, people are dying in the streets, and the straight media is trying to gain my sympathy for invitro-fertilization. Geesh!

May I suggest that rather than leaving children you leave your legacy to the world through your creative talents. Hey, it was good enough for Leonardo DaVinci, that old drag queen.

Now if you really have an insatiable parental instinct you can adopt one of the unwanted children from the Eighties, then call the Environmental Protection Agency and demand a citation for helping to decrease the depletion of the environment by refusing to reproduce. You'll feel good about yourself.

Let these be the true Gay Nineties. Pass the word to everyone that you know: There are enough people already! Don't worry, Go Gay!





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Algernon and Ernest Go Gay!



A Reflection of the Gay 1890's and Oscar Wilde

It was the morning of the dual nuptials of Algernon and Ernest Moncrieff to Miss Cicely Cardew Cardew and Miss Gwendolyn Fairfax, and, arm in arm, the handsome brothers promenaded the rose garden of Ernest's country estate.

"Married life seems such a bother as the fateful moment draws near," Ernest observed gloomily. "Yes. I already miss Bunbury immensely," sighed Algernon. They took a turn down a hedge-walled lane and were shocked to perceive a most unexpected sight in the shade of a distant chestnut tree.

The Reverend Chasuble was down on all fours, an expression of bliss on his cherubic face. But he was not rapturously reflecting upon the Psalms. Oh, no. Merriman, Ernest's stalwart butler, was vigorously buggering the old goat with an enormous slab of horse-cock! "Good Heavens!" murmured Algernon. "Well, good for old Chasuble!" chuckled Ernest.

The young men turned and stared at one another. A kinetic rush of repressed Victorian desire sprang to the surface of their collective consciousness. "Ernest, old chum," Algernon said in a choked voice. "Yes, Algernon, companion of my bosom?" "May I...May I...suck your cock?!?" Ernest was already unzipping his pants...

"Well, Cicely, young men do have peculiar habits," Gwendolyn whispered as the brides-to-be peered over the rose bush and watched their betrothed engaged in passionate sex. "Well, Gwendolyn, you know the old adage about what's good for the gander..." The girls giggled and darted off to Cicely's boudoir for a little lesbian exploration.

The double wedding, by the by, came off splendidly, and everyone involved seemed to be in unusually gay spirits!

By Steve Lott



Illustration by Steve Lott



Hetero Hijinx!

What's new with those wacky straights!



By John Boyer

Did you know...

*Heterosexuals consumed more than 200,000 tons of frozen yogurt in 1990.
*Disposable diapers come in three different sizes.
*"Dirty Dancing" is an extremely sexy movie.
*Minneapolis has more comedy clubs per capita than New York.
*Jessica is a very popular name for baby girls.
*If all the world's heterosexuals stood on top of each other they would reach from here to Uranus.
*"The Breeders' Cup" takes place in July.
*Puka Shells never go out of style.

Letters from Hets

Dear HH: Thank you so much for your recent article on daycare in the 90's. I have 14 children and a full-time job, and found your piece extremely helpful. - R.T., Albany, NY

Dear HH, I love your magazine, especially the gay and lesbian related material. Is it true that most lesbians are left-handed, and dislike croissants? - S.P. Milwaukee, WI

Dear HH, Is it true that Liberace was really a gay? I've heard all those gowns and glitter were just a flashy act to cover up an abundance of masculinity. T.E., Boise, ID

Gay Guys – here's how to seduce a straight man!

Try some of these tips. It worked for us, and it can work for you!

■Leave the fly of your pants unzipped and ask him to zip you up. He'll notice that you're not wearing underwear and "excited."

■Catch a straight man's eye and then look very deliberately at his crotch and lick your lips. He should feel deliciously flattered.

■Feel his muscles.

■Spill a glass of wine down your trousers. Ask him to help you clean it up.

■Brush up against a straight man in an elevator or on the street. He may act as if he doesn't notice, but he'll love it.

■Take him to a gay bar, play dumb, and ask "Where's the girls?"

■Always wear lots of cologne, and try wrapping a silk scarf around your neck. This will be a big turn-on for any heterosexual man.

■Give him a warm good-bye kiss (on the lips) even though you've only just met.

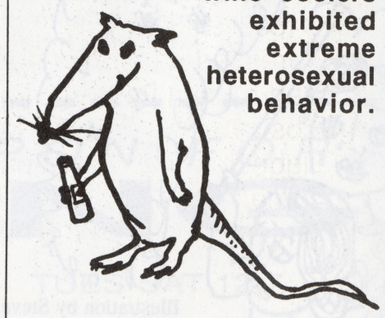
■If you've got a nice ass wear extremely tight pants and bend over frequently (Pretend to keep dropping your keys).

■Become a sports fanatic - even if you loathe football and baseball. Fake a passion that's bound to drive him wild.

■Ask him if he's ever been a model - especially effective if he isn't handsome.

SCIENCE FACT:

In a recent study, laboratory rats that were exposed to large doses of reggae music and wine coolers exhibited extreme heterosexual behavior.



Is your lover a closet heterosexual?

You can never be too sure these days. If your lover displays any of these tell-tale signals you'd better head straight for therapy!

Has your lover:

- Seen "Three Men and a Little Lady" more than once?
- Had an insatiable appetite for Mexican food?
- Planned your next vacation to Disneyworld?
- Frequently quoted from "Siskel & Ebert" when discussing a film?
- Been playing more and more golf?
- Aimlessly wandered down Columbus Avenue, licking an ice-cream cone?
- Purchased tickets to the Patrick Swazye film festival?
- Expressed admiration for Lee Iacocca?
- Been hanging out at Sugar Reef?
- Subscribed to Esquire Magazine?
- Suggested that you spend Friday night at a comedy club?
- Pierced his ear on the right side?

Hetero Humor!

Happiness is discovering the giant plant you gave your mother-in-law for her bedside is a man-eater!

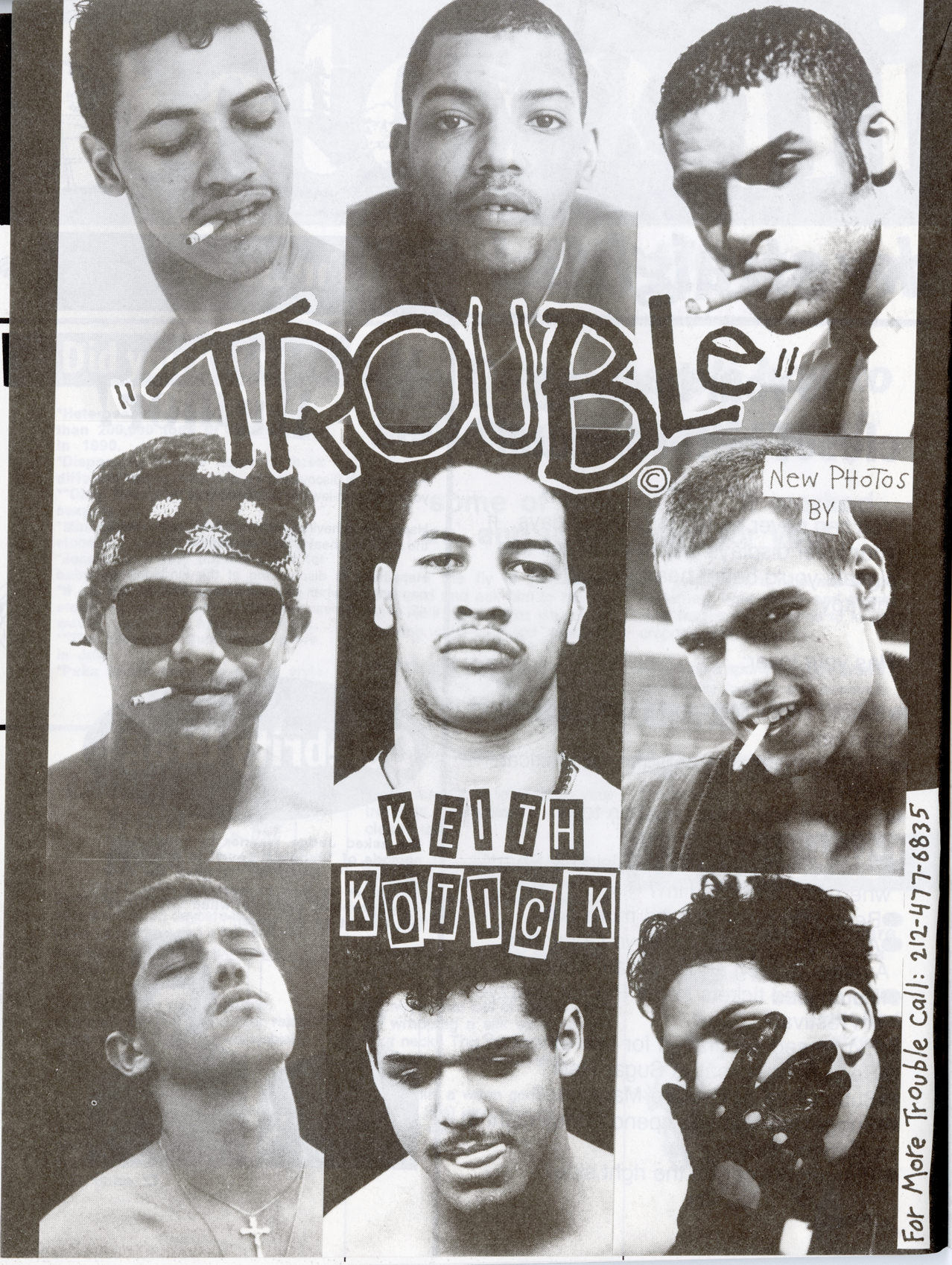
Happiness is having your mother-in-law fall down the stairs at a heavily insured neighbor's!

Happiness is discovering at the kindegarten pageant that when your son said his teacher was 42, he didn't mean her age!

Celebrity Drag!

We asked Judge Wapner to conduct an episode of "People's Court" in drag. His reaction: "I loved it! It gave me new insight as to how to wear my robe. The only problem occured when my purse got caught on my gavel."

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Pick up A Fierce Piece
wigs from...
Patricia Field
MARTIN '90
PATRICIA FIELD · 10 EAST 8 ST · NYC

Smashing Switched On tuned in

Super fantastic fantastic this shit is Dope!

Reading With Tabboo!

My song of the day "War Is Stupid" by **Boy George**. Can you believe those idiots who are actually contemplating such an idea. *Beddy tired, Miss Ting.* Haven't they been listening to the media for the last 20 years! Didn't they see "Born On The 4th of July," "Deer Hunter," or pay attention to "MASH" reruns! Unfortunately the 60's revival isn't reviving any of the hard learned lessons. But speaking of this revival...

What revival? I never stopped being 60's. All through the 70's I was 60's. **Beatles**, **Stones**, Yellow Submarine, **DV's** Vogue, **Veruschka**, **Twiggy**, **Peggy Moffett**, **Avedon**, **David Bailey**, "Bewitched," "Star Trek," and "Lost In Space" reruns. When punk/new wave came along I was still really just 60's heavy eye makeup, op art everything, **Dusty Springfield**, wide-eyed paintings, pop art, vinyl everything, "Boots Are Made For Walking," "To Sir With Love," **Patty Duke** *flip ginchy kook queen* that I was.

All through the 80's when everyone was dragging **Bauhaus**, **New Order**, etc. around I was still pounding out my go-go 60's with an even more emphatic beat. Now, finally beige has crumbled and **Pucci** tights are all the rage! *Hello?*

There is only one word that excites me these days. **Deeelite**. Yes, on every corner of the world, MTV, and any magazine worth browsing through features the three saviors of an otherwise dreary pop culture!

Very very fierce. Hello. Their records are killer diller with no filler. Their videos explode with optimism and fresh dance moves. They'll take you on the greatest trip since **Noah**'s Ark! Though I'm a close personal friend and collaborator I am also a shameless fan/groupie. I just can't get enough. Though many fools try to imitate my graphic style in endless rip offs from coast to coast **Deeelite**'s records feature the real thing. *Hello.*

Though they're not homo they're the closest thing we've got in the mainstream pop media. Why can't we have millions of out of the closeted gays and lesbians featured! Why must we only appear in gay ghetto rags like this one? *Sigh!*

God knows I've had to placate my gay media star obsession with heterosexual/bisexual, effeminate men. **Donovan** is a meister words smith wordsmith meister traveling down his medieval flower power flitty way full of lutes, sitars, recorders and butterflies.

David Bowie's anorexia glitter, pre "Let's Dance" daze gets me going. Not only do I own every record but I bought all the Ryko disc re-releases. **Marc Bolan** ditto.

Oh well...why not ignore the Middle East crisis by renting a queer video and learning all the dialogue for your next social encounter. Here's great suggestions. Listen, study, dig.

1. Female Trouble
2. The Naked Civil Servant
3. The Honeymoon Killers
4. Mommy Dearest
5. **Russ Meyer**'s Beyond The Valley Of The Dolls
6. Boys In The Band

What else can you talk about with other fags? **Madonna**, **Madonna**, **Madonna**, **Madonna**, **Madonna**, **Madonna**. **Tony Ward** is hot. I've drooled over him for years.

Jean Baptiste Mondino is the most incredible video maker, photographer and what ever else he does-er. "Justify My Love" is fierce. **Nenah** (deegorgeous) **Cherry**'s "I've Got U Under My Skin" pumps. All of his spreads in Face, ID, Bazaar kill. So right on the money, mixing gorgeous models and superstars with exotic beauty freaks all greasy and lit sumptuously. We've got to get him and **Deeelite** together and include me!!

Queens to gag over: **Pearl**, **Kenny Kenny**, **MissDemeanor**, **Page**, **Linda Simpson**, **Cristina**, **Lady Bunny**, **Codie**, **Miss Guy**, **DJ Tennessee**, the two **Jeffreys**, **John Palimino**, hairdressers **Jimmy Paul** and **Danilo**, **Josh Jordan**, and of course ***one calorie T-A-Double B-Double Oh-ooooh.***

Since my last gabfest on these pages three of my most influential cohorts on the New York entertainment scene have beamed up to the next dimension.

Ethyl Eichelberger was my mentor, sister, director, dance partner and close friend for nine years.

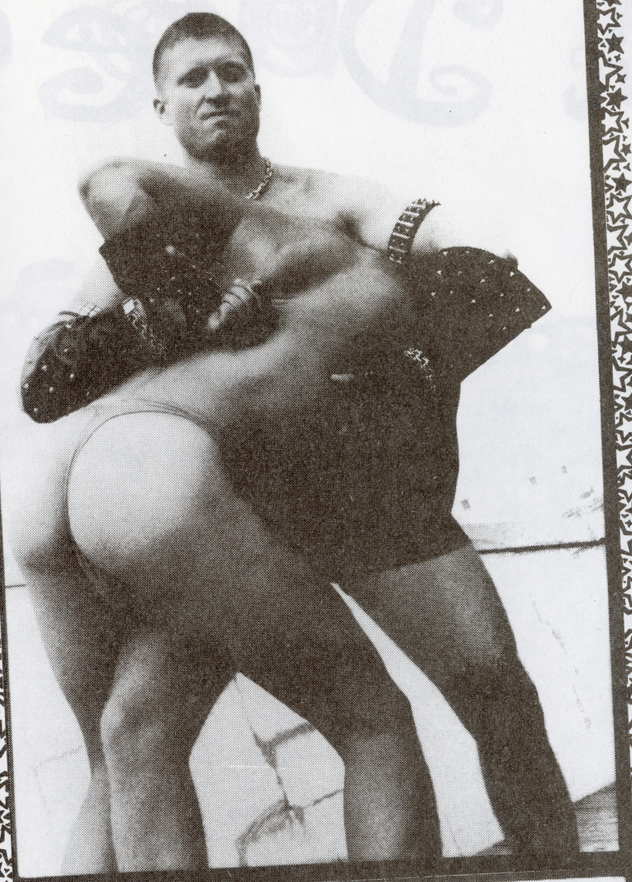
My act was so similar to **John Sex**'s when I first flew into town that I had to "rethink" it." We shared more than a dressing room.

And **International Chrysis** gave me so much love, laughter and lessons that words can't express.

Hopefully some of you readers either had the delight to know them personally or experience the wacked out queer spectacle that these three souls expounded while they danced on this blue-green globe. *Hello.*

Good-bye. ***Click.*** Dial tone.





Photos by Keith Kotick *Styling by Mr. Leonard*

AMERICAN GAY GLADIATORS



Gay bashers beware - American Gay Gladiators ain't afraid to kick some disrespectful straight ass.

On the team:

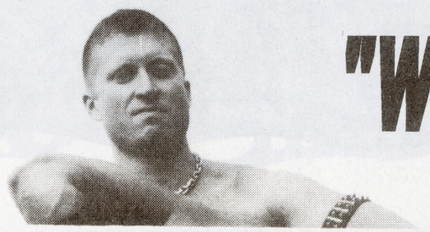
Scott - Captain America's kid brother, first in the fight for life, liberty and the pursuit of muscles.

Tasos - There's guaranteed action with this beefy Greek warrior. He charms the pants off any opponent.

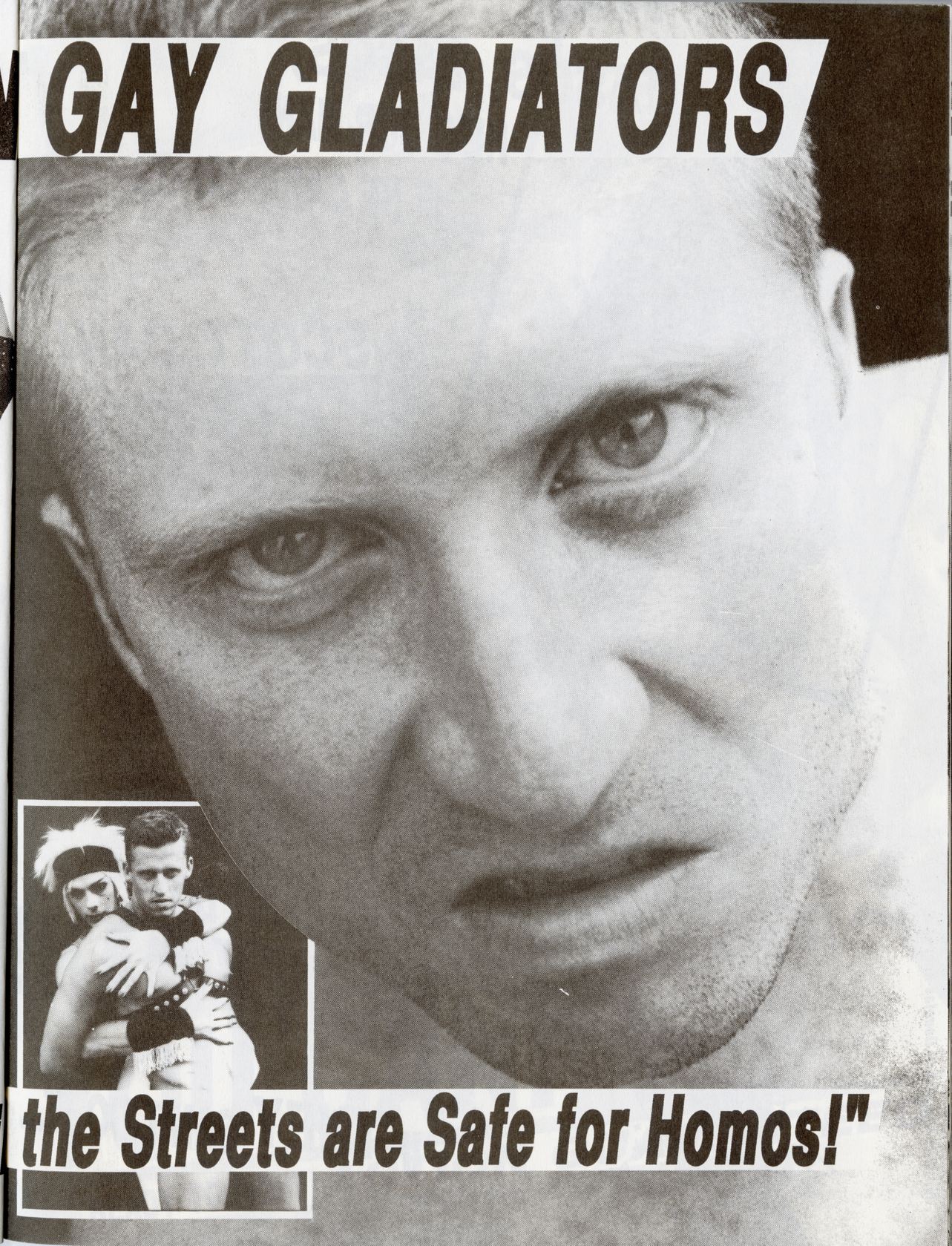
MissDeamenor - Gorgeous and sexually charged. If the battle comes to blows she's ready!

Open auditions for American Gay Gladiators are now being held. Being a brawny bombshell, however, is <u>not</u> a prerequisite.

Today any brave gay person can play the part of a superhero.



"We Won't Rest until the Streets are Safe for Homos!"



TASOS, TASOS,
HE'S OUR MAN!
IF HE CAN'T DO IT...

SCOTT CAN!

IF HE CAN'T DO IT...
MISTY CAN!

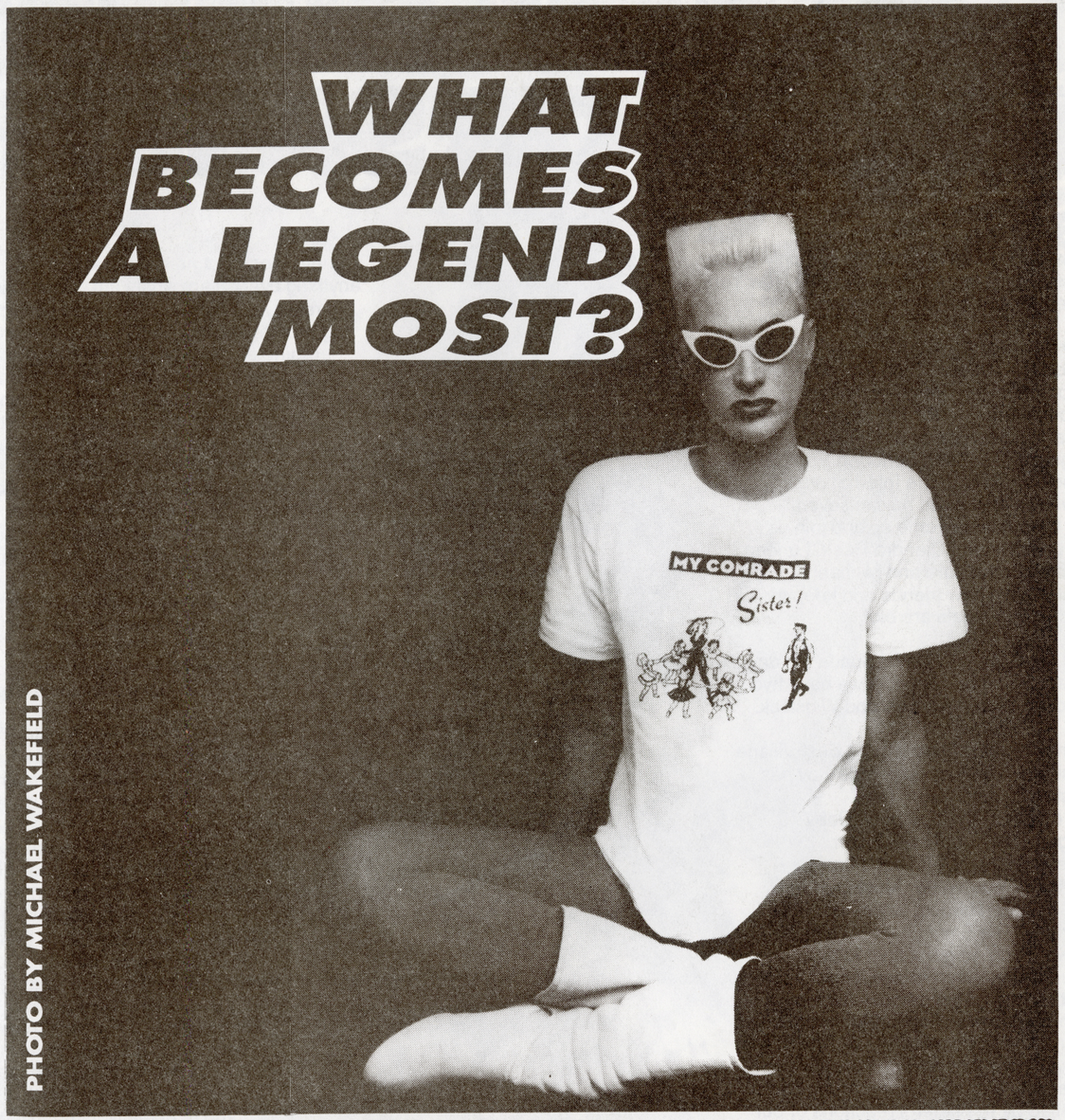
IF THEY CAN'T DO IT...

location courtesy of Douglas Keeve

YOU CAN!

READY TO FIGHT! ACTION GUARANTEED





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COMING SOON

MY COMRADE'S LONG-AWAITED

SEXY GUY ISSUE!

the "LADY" BUNNY WHORE OR SAINT?



Linda Simpson: Wigstock '90 certainly was a smash success. According to The New York Times 10,000 people attended.

Bunny: Oh really, are you sure?...It was wonderful! It was a thrill! I loved receiving the proclamation from Manhattan Borough President Ruth Messinger declaring September 3, 1990 as "Wigstock Day" and honoring Ethyl Eichelberger and The International Chrysis. I also loved having several pals from Atlanta come up and join us in the festivities - Diandra Peek, Lurleen Wallace, Lady Clare and Michael ("Liza") West. Make new friends and keep the old - not that those gals are old!

LS: I was talking to David Spada the day after Wigstock and he said now we have two gay days, Gay Pride Day and Wigstock.

Bunny: Wigstock has a more East Village sensibility where as Gay Pride Day has a distinct West Village "flair."
The one year that Tabboo!, Baby Gregor, Dean Johnson, Sister Dimension, Hapi, etc. got a float together it was voted "Most Outrageous," and Tabboo! accepted the award at The Saint I believe. When are we going to get a float together, buger? They need to see us in The West Village. After several Wigstock performers, myself included, had posed for an Outweek cover over by the West Side Highway we paraded up Christopher Street with a ghetto blaster and we were appalled by the hateful reactions of our own stinking gay "sisters." Of course the other performers were Josiah, Sister Dimension and Barbara Patterson Lloyd...But they should encourage anyone who feels free enough to let loose in the light of day. We were adding spice to their closeted cloney status-sneaker-ridden lifestyle. Maybe we just looked ugly that day. No, that couldn't be it. Maybe that dust we smoked on the pier is clouding my memory, Miss Honey.

LS: This year's Wigstock had none of the controversy that surrounded Wigstock '89 when you were accused of being insensitive to a gay-bashing. Did that hurt?

Bunny: Yes. But how can I be blamed for anything ever? I am what I am. Enuff said. No really, at Wigstock '89 I heard conflicting reports about a bashing from several raging ecstasy-ed out activists, some saying doctors were needed, some saying the ambulances had come and gone and others demanding that I stir up a riot - without knowing any of the facts.It's my nature to joke off everything, like this interview, and like my remark "Some of these "girls" look so pretty that these fellas (i.e. the bashers) don't know what to do." It was a little insensitive, but my priority was lining up thirty remaining acts already behind schedule. And to top it all off there I was in a leotard with a leaky colostomy bag.

LS: I wonder if Wigstock's success is any indication that drag is breaking into mainstream pop culture.

Bunny: Well, I've noticed that drag is much more readily accepted when the queen isn't trying to be pretty like Flip Wilson's Geraldine, Dame Edna or Church Lady. It's easier for them to make it doing ugly drag - so I guess Glamamore is headed for the stars. If you're doing an ugly comic drag you're taking your cross-dressing less seriously. It's a joke. But if you're actually trying to look foxy and turn good red-blooded straight men on with your wicked illusion then I just can't see it becoming more mainstream in a homophobic society. Amanda Lear is a possible exception, but I don't hink anyone knew for sure she was a transsexual, and she didn't make it that big here.

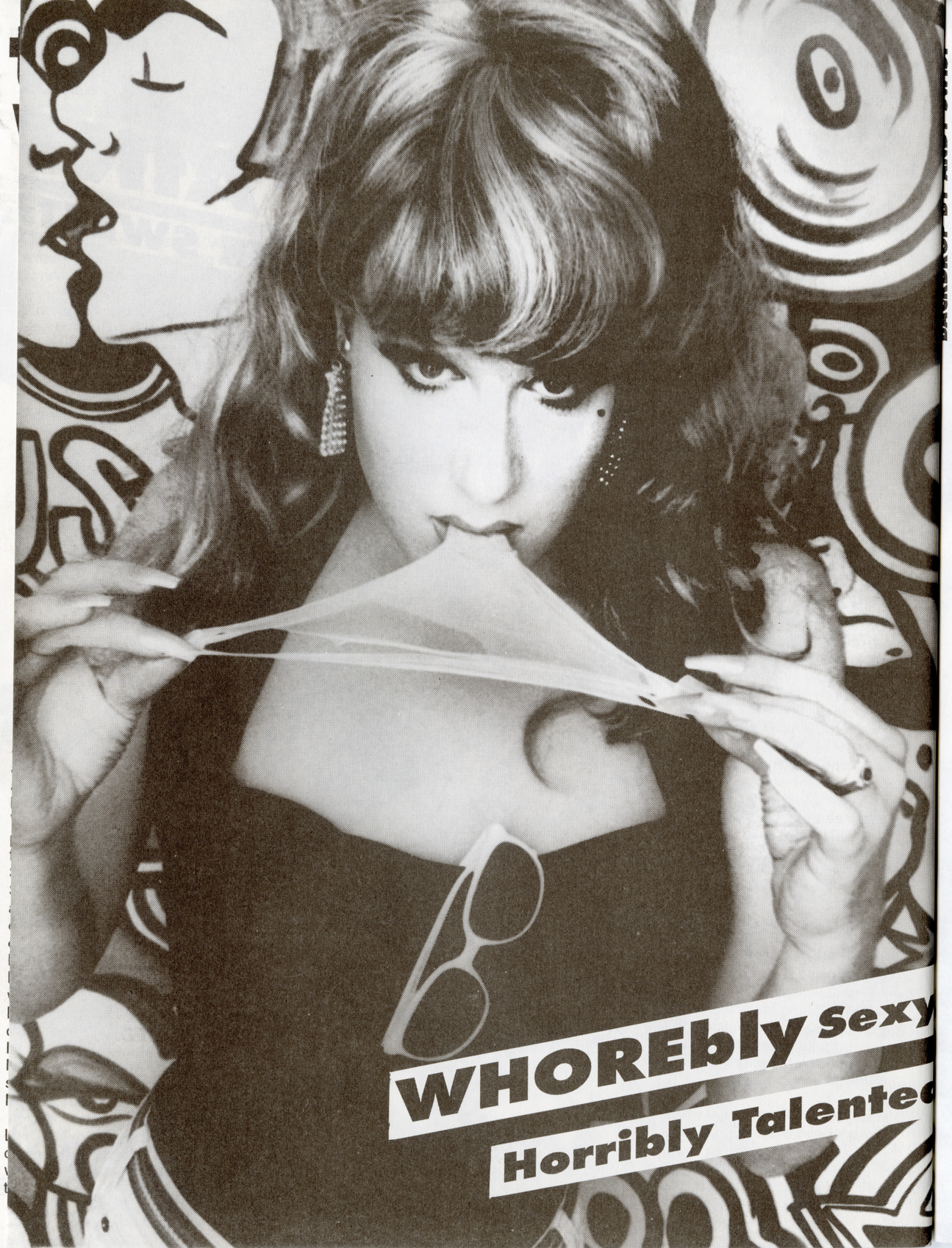
LS: What was the scene like in England when you were living there?

Bunny: Acid house reigned supreme when I was there lending a frantic quality to the nightlife. I guess I most enjoyed seeing

BY LINDA SIMPSON



PHOTOS BY MICHAEL WAKEFIELD



Leigh Bowery shooting an enema out of his ass into the audience at an AIDS benefit.

I"m just glad I went on before him. A dance act that went on right after him had to slip and slide among the "fruits" of his bowels. It is wonderful to be able to see the "inner workings" of an artist of Leigh's stature. There's a very rotten gay pub scene with plenty of ancient filthy-mouthed battle-axes. I recommend The Black Cap in Camden Town for this.

LS: Bunny, earlier this year you were crowned Miss Cypress on a recent trip to Atlanta.

Bunny: Yes, I am delighted to reign over Atlanta's notorious hustler strip. The ceremony was held at The Gallus and featured the antics of Morticia DeVill, the 400 pound MC, who had a shot of tequila in between each of the seventy-five redneck guest stars. A hustler sold me a video of my winning performance for fifteen dollars, more than my tiara cost I'm sure.

LS: Bunny, does it interest you to act in plays or movies?

Bunny: Well, I cornered Pedro Almodovar in The Love Machine bathroom, but he was so stunned by my beauty that he couldn't fully comprehend any of my screenplays, all winners starring me. I'm still waiting for him to call my agent.

Bunny: Who would you like to co-star with?

Bunny: Keenan Ivory Wayons, O.J. Simpson, The Gabor Sisters.

LS: With your cabaret act what type of material do you enjoy doing the most?

Bunny: Short.

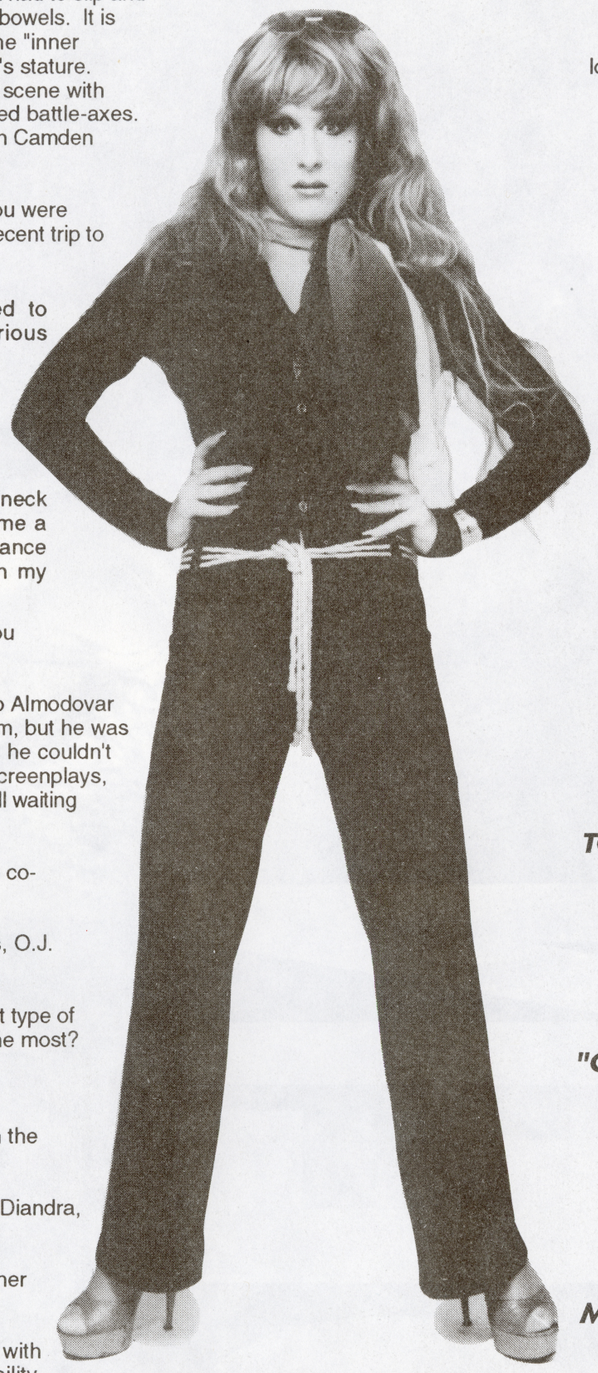
LS: What other performers on the scene do you enjoy?

Bunny: Frieda, HRH Princess Diandra, Barbara Patterson Lloyd.

LS: What appeals to you in other people?

Bunny: Humbleness coupled with generosity enhanced by gullibility.

FIERCE OR FARCE?



LS: Who are the most important people in your life?

Bunny: You Linda, and my gynecologist.

LS: When gay people in 2050 look back at us what do you think will be their impressions?

Bunny: Girl! Mary! Miss Thing! Work Miss Honey!

LS: Do you want to have children?

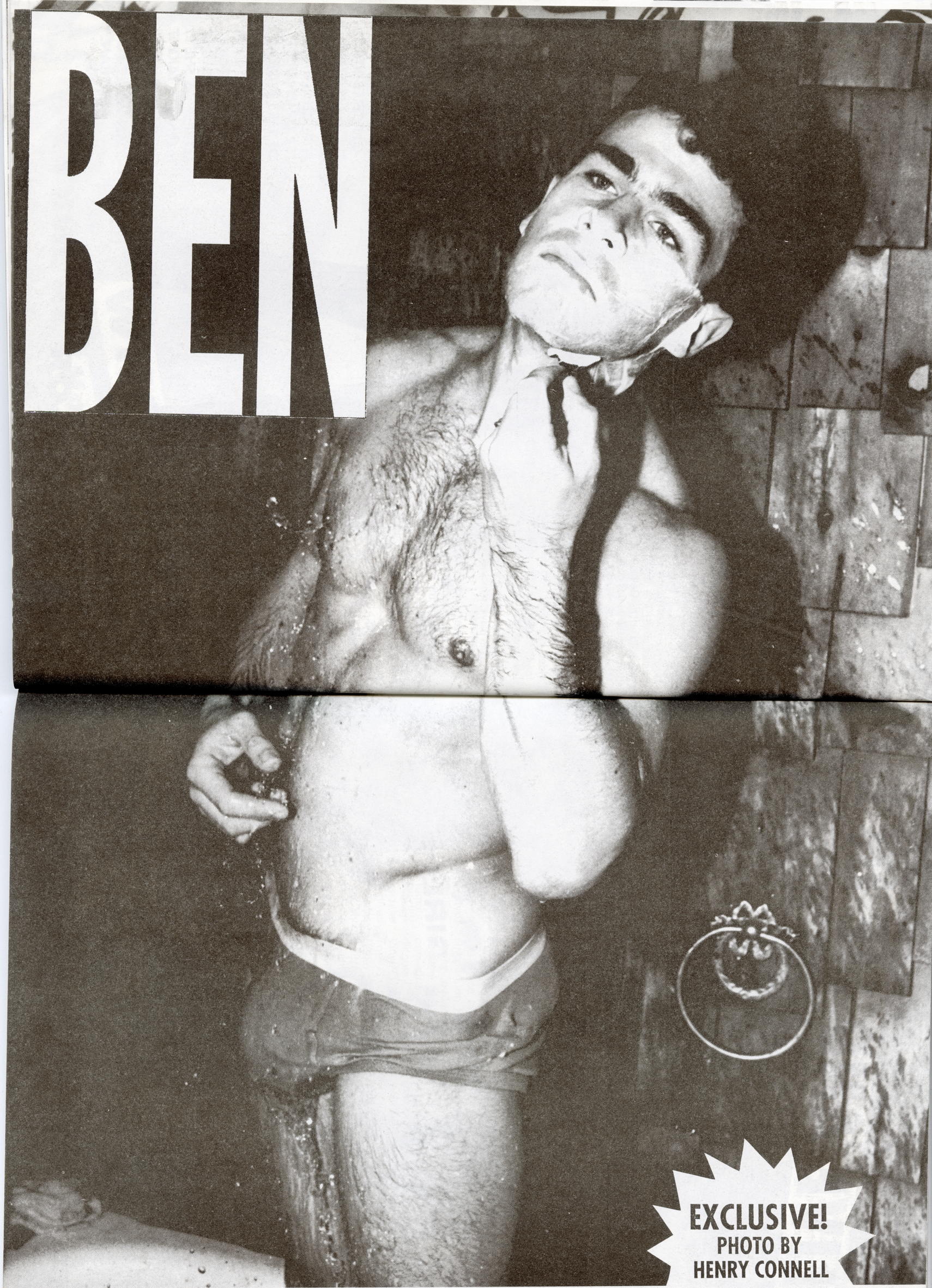
Bunny: Children!? I ain't even had no butt babies since the advent of this safe sex thing.

BUNNY FILE

BIRTHPLACE: "WILMINGTON, NORTH CAROLINA, 1869."
ETHNIC HERITAGE: "HONKY."
BEAUTY TIPS: "ADHESIVE NAIL TABS TO HOLD EARRINGS IN PLACE."
ON CELEBRITIES: LAHOMA - "GRANDMOTHER OF THE CLUB KIDS."
SISTER DIMENSION - "OUT OF THIS WORLD - I WISH."
RUPAUL - "ONE OF A KIND - THANK GOD."
MISS GUY - "AS LOVELY AS SHE IS TALENTED. TAKE IT EITHER WAY."
MOTTO: "GET ALL YOU CAN WHILE YOU CAN."

FUNKY OR SKUNKY?

BEN



EXCLUSIVE!
PHOTO BY
HENRY CONNELL

MY COMRADE CENTERFOLD

TO LIVE AND LIE IN L.A.



Sexy dominatrix/blacktress/editor/publisher Vaginal Creme Davis (with staff). Her beat is L.A.

BY VAGINAL CREME DAVIS

PHOTO BY BEULAH LOVE

With all that I'm involved in these days, performing with Pedro, Muriel & Esther (my retro positive punk speed metal thrash band), Cholita (The Female Menudo) and working with The Afro Sisters on Fertile La Toyah Jackson Magazine I hardly have enough time to lay one of my classic egg farts. Listen Leslie, if you smelt it, you delt it, and when it comes from my crusty bootyhole you will really swoo.

For those of you who aren't like Peter Allen and me, bi-coastal (Isn't Miss Allen irritating?) let me try my bestest to guide you through the mechanizations of LA.

First of all we have our bridge and tunnel people too, and they live in the tired Valley and Orange County areas. When you come to LA avoid these people at all costs. They are boring and stupid and drive Camaros, Trans Ams and Ninja motorcycles, and come into the city on the weekends to fag bash and take up space.

Stay in or as close to Hollywood proper as you possible can. . Hollywood is centrally located to everyplace that is interesting in LA. Do rent a car, because public transportation is nonexistant and cabs are way too expensive.

First stop is Hollywood Blvd. Hollywood Blvd is LA's Time Square. The best mix of beauties and uglies in the world are all on this famous street. When it comes to trash, LA has the most creative trash, and the street hustlers that mark the dives off of the Blvd are all second cousins to Joe Dellesandro. Stop by My House, an intimate and cozy neighborhood bar, there's a small dance floor and a CD jukebox. The rent boys are Patrick Swayze look-a-likes and the queens Terry Toyish. Across the street is The Spotlight. You see the best fights at this place. The Spotlight played host to designer Rick Owens 20th Century Foxes birthday bash recently, where everyone was dressed in their best Scott Baio/Cherry Curry outfits, yes even Thiery Mugler dressed for the occasion. The bar harkens back to the days when nearby Selma Avenue was the primo hustler street that you read about in those John Rechy novels. If you want to be assured of a slight case of hepatitis take one of the house studs home.

North on Yucca Avenue is my favorite haunt, The Lemon Twist Lounge, located in the most dangerous crackhead section of Hollywood. This place is where the old school queens hang out. You'll hear the best stories of faded glories and broken dreams and once in a while a stud cake prances in to shoot pool and all the girls converge on him. All the bars I've mentioned are definitely downscale and will fill you with lovely mammories of LA.

Don't forget to visit the Bra Museum at Fredrick's and the Bargain Basement at Playmates of Hollywood. Both of these stores are Hollywood institutions.

If you're into dark meat and want to visit Funkytown it's simple. Just go south of Hollywood. Pico Blvd is the official border and that's where you can find The Catch One and Jewel's Room. These legendary Afro American fag/dyke stomps can be compared to the Paradise Garage in its heyday. Don't go on the weekends because that's when the ridicuous slumming Justine Bateman celebrity set go. Only drop by on the weekdays when it is jet black. The deeper you get into SouthCentral the better the clubs and the music, but watch out for the drive by shootings. If you're cool then they'll be cool and it will be cool.

The Horizon plays underground soul disco and has the best male strippers on Thursday night, whose ebony nudeness will make you become a dinge queen if you're not one already. Famous blushing dingers like Matt Dyke of Delicious Vinyl (The company that puts out Tone Loc and Young MC), Rick Rubin of Def Jam and the late artist Keith Haring frequented Funk-Central gay bars and record stores cruising for nubian pleasures.

The underground Fagiola scene is getting more and more jacqueline diverse. In Silverlake, (LA's version of the East Village) Miguel of the famous heavy chorizo and his lover Jimmy Pectoral Smit & Co. have created club Fuck, for all the pierced, nailed, tusked and tattoo queens. The music is industrial salsa, and the crowd is a mixed cross section of fag and non fag kinkazoids. Any club that features muscle dagger go-go girlies gets my blessing.

The latest addition to the portnoy complaint is Cafe Hag which I put on with my partner, photographer Beulah Love, in a tiny Czech-oslovakian restaurant on Sunset Blvd. We try to bring back the decadence of 1920's Paris ala Bricktops. Everyone who comes to Cafe Hag must dress the period, and the entertainment ranges from the likes of torch singers Jane Cantillions and Josie Roth (who accompanies herself on Viola) to The Wunderkind, a Kurt Weill affectionadette who sings only in German. The floor show is continuous and anyone who wants to hit the small stage and shimmy is encouraged. Bootleg liquor and a buffet dinner in a righteous setting what a bargain Yolanda!

All the hot new trends begin and end in LA. The latest one is where hetero media stars are becoming open about their homosexual experiments. It's one way to beat outing, if you admit to it before you're accused.

The biggest example of this is actor Sean Penn who called me on the phone the other day just to say, "I'll fuck a dude once in a while, sure why not, and I don't care if someone calls me a fag, hell there's no difference in fucking a guy's butthole or a cunt. Well, yeah, there is a bit of a difference, cuz an a-hole is tighter and gives you more friction, but you can still get dingleberries on your dick. So always use a condom. It's a hell of a lot easier being with men than with women. You can screw your buddy and then go see the Lakers, ha ha. You can't do that with a chick. But don't get me wrong, I do prefer women to men, but they're not always available and I gots a big brutal club cock that needs constant servicing."

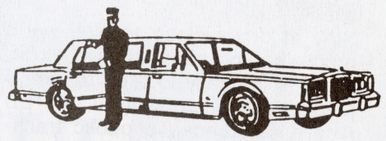
Now Sean is not the only entertainment figure who I spoke with on the subject. Leading the pack is actors William McNamara and Sean Robert Leonard who were at a party recently thrown by art maven Joan Quinn. Both young actors came with their pretty girlfriends but were unashamed to french and pet each other in front of partygoers. I point blank asked them if they were afraid of the adverse reaction to their careers, and they said in unison, "No, having sex with another male once, twice, or 100 times doesn't make you queer, if you know in your heart's heart that you're straight. Hey, our girlfriends don't mind at all that we fuck each other as long as they're included in the fun."

Changing subjects slightly, being a size queen, I love to talk about large well formed penises and when Dmitry of Deeelite was in town I had to compliment that puffy superhung Russian horndog on his doublebarreled deep throaty. Very impressive. *(Continued On Next Page)*



If you're planning a trip to LA and you want to connect with the absolute hottest most creative people in the city, here is your **Vaginal Creme A Party List:**

Jeffrey Hilbert and **Richard Glatzer**, The Sin Bros/**Mrs. Glass** of Amok Bookstore/**Miss Brian Baltin**, the teenage art prodigy/**Gommorah Wednesday** & **Quasi O'Shea** of Amoeba Records & Filmworks/**Bushe Bunnie**, large peniled stud toy who loves sex in trees/**Morag**, sexy junior pop star/**Urethra Franklin**, owner of the haute couture boutique Retail Slut/**Summer Caprice**, star of the cable TV show Decoupage/**Alice Bag**, punque rock legend/**Michael** & **Andrew**, nude interpretive dance team/**Bobby "Wildfire" Ferris**, homosexual heavy metal rollerderby star/**Trudy Trueheart**, art restorer for La Luz De Jesus Gallery/**Lauren Pine**, make-up stylist and metal corsetteur/**Richard Wanda**, hat designer/**Maggie Barry**, house designer for Van Buren/**Iris Parker**, soul chanteuse/**Momma Stud**, punk funk combo/**Dominique** and **Gizmo** of Stars From Mars, upcoming metalettes/**Marisol**, famed beauty/**Anna-ee**, pre-op show girl at Some Are, Some Aren't/**The Goddess Bunny**, paraplegic transsexual prostitute and super model featured in Joel Peter-Witkins' "Leda & the Swan"/**Aes-Nihil**, author of The Manson File, underground filmmaker/**Father Larry**, obese provocateur and cult artist/**Michele** & **Maria**, sister dominants who run the micro-moviehouse Jabberjaw/**Ix Steffan**, underground healer/**Miguel Angel Reyes**, spicy young Chicano artist of the moment who has one big bullfrog Kelbasa/**Wagner Vierira**, Brazilian artist and set designer/**Olga**, drag queen choreographer/**Max Perlich**, skateboard champ, actor and sexual dynamo/**Michele Lamy**, fashion designing film producer/**Tatiana**, hostess with the mostess on her balls/**Jose Montana**, handsome LA based Peruvian filmmaker/**Jim** & **Larry Van Tyne**, design tag team and hot lovers/**Kyle McLachlan**, translucent skinned acting hearthrob/**Mahogoney**, the diva of Peanuts disco/**Christian Slater**, pro-homo teen star/**Kim McGuire**, exotic star mug/**Charlie Bean** & **b. Wyatt**, stars of homoerotic indie flick, "Natural History of Parking Lots"/**Gladys** & **Steven May**, mother & son art mavens/**Brian Buzzini**, body model for Int'l Male catalogue/**Jeff Judd**, performance illustrator and designer/**Abel Villareal**, President of the LA Fashion Alliance/**Dino**, video artist and husband of Abel/**Gavin**, vampire fang sculptress/**Albert Sanchez**, fashion photographer for Men's Fitness/**Tony Ward**, star model and dancer with gorgeous booty hole/**Susan Tyrrell**, the blackest white actress in town





MY COMRADE/SISTER MAGAZINE IS AVAILABLE AT:

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489 Castro St., SF
8853 Santa Monica Blvd, West Hollywood

Patricia Field
10 E. 8th St.

St Mark's Bookstore
13 St. Mark's Pl.

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ROOMMATE PROBLEMS AND HOW TO AVOID THEM

PROBLEM: ROOMMATE BORROWS CLOTHES WITHOUT ASKING.

PHOTOS BY JACK PIERSON WITH PAUL KAKUSCHKY AND XAVIAR MENDOZA



SOLUTION: A GOOD SPANKING.



HOME
SWEET
HOME

PROBLEM: ROOMMATE IS A DISTRACTION WHILE DOING HOMEWORK.



SOLUTION: DON'T DO HOMEWORK.



PROBLEM: ROOMMATE TAKES TOO LONG IN THE SHOWER.

SOLUTION: SHOWER TOGETHER.

PROBLEM: ROOMMATE INTRUDES ON PRIVATE MOMEN

SOLUTION: DON'T GET CAUGHT!



Lahoma & Bunny's

HOT HOT Hot !!

TOP 10 MEN

"★★★★" (highest rating)

CHART

1	DAVID DALRYMPLE	STILL THE BEST AND STILL ON TOP!
2	ANER	THERE OUGHT TO BE A LAW!
3	RUSTY	THIS HUNK KNOWS WHERE TO FIND THE BOYS AND THE BOOZE
4	NEW! CRAIG	SIZZLIN' D.J. – WHERE DID THIS ONE COME FROM?
5	GEORGE "BUCK" WITTMAN	HERCULES ON THE HUDSON
6	DEREK	WORK bitch!
7	TOMMIE SAELI	SWEET T.V. EXEC. WITH "HIDDEN" TALENTS
8	FERNANDO	oh BABY! KEEP IT COMIN'
9	LARRY TEE	WILD AND SEXY D.J. WITH BEDROOM EYES
10	GEORGE WAYNE	SHY HUNK, HAS A COLUMN

HOT!

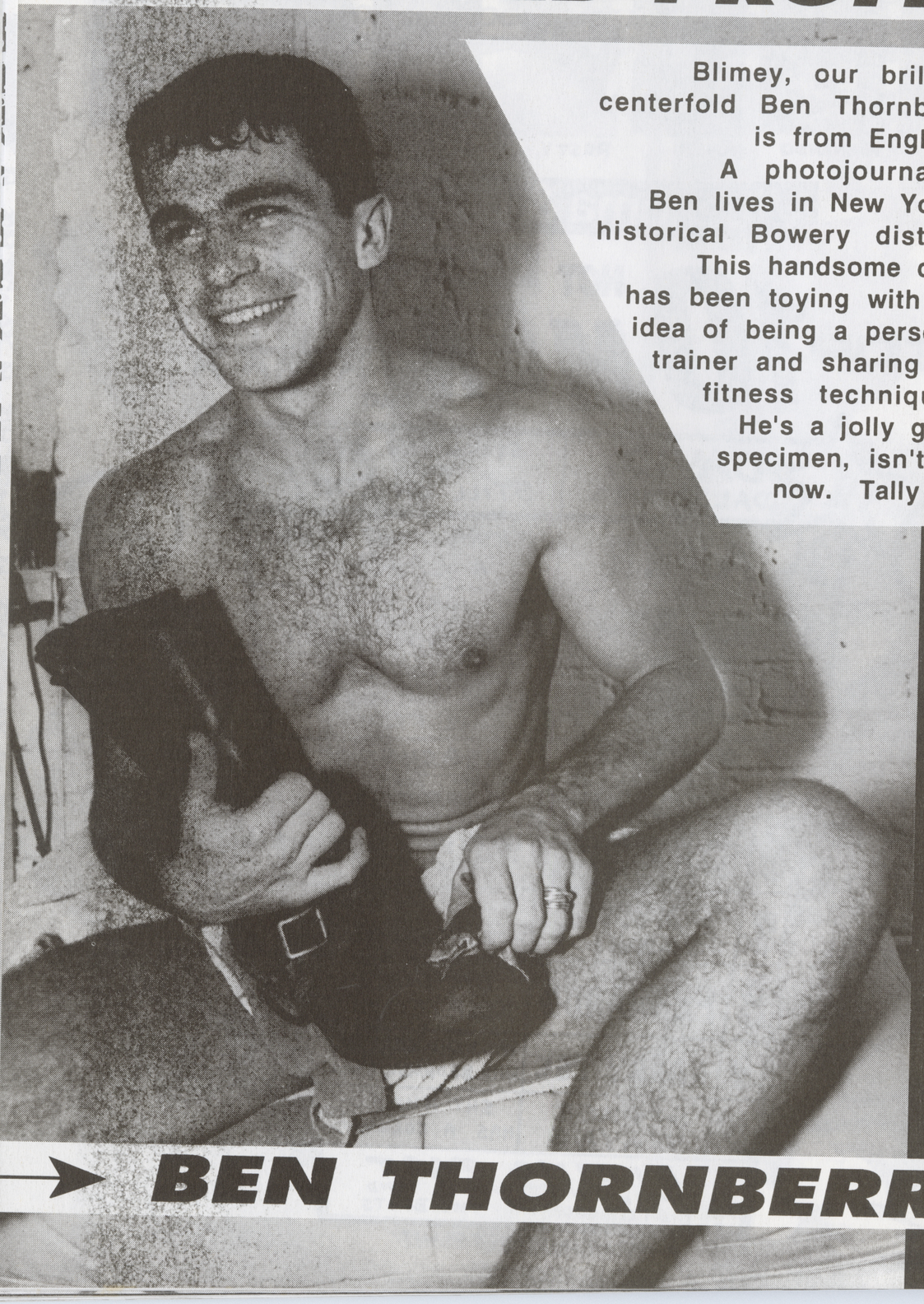
YES!

RIZING FAST

KEOKI, JAVIER, HAMLET AND THE HOT COOK AT TWO BOOTS

▲ GOLD – OVER 50 WEEKS ON LIST

CENTERFOLD PROFILES

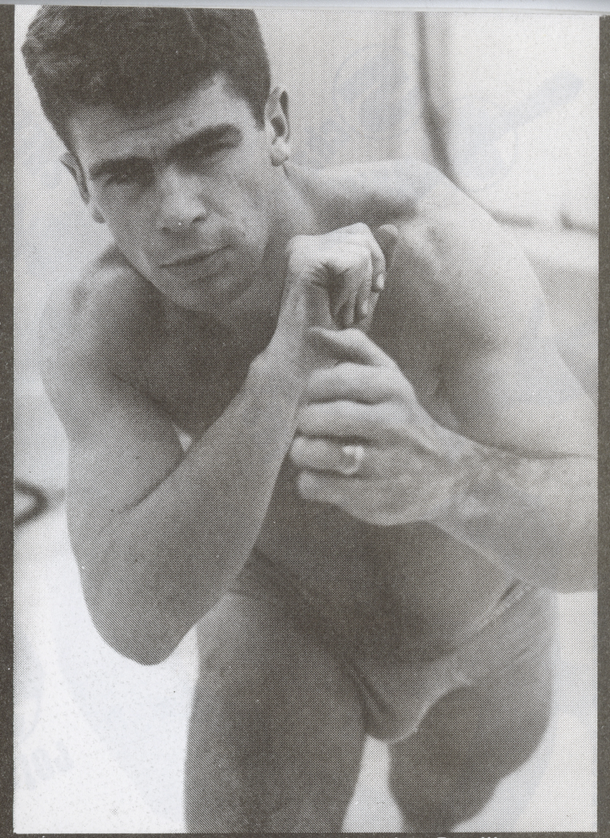


Blimey, our brilliant centerfold Ben Thornberry is from England. A photojournalist, Ben lives in New York's historical Bowery district. This handsome chap has been toying with the idea of being a personal trainer and sharing his fitness techniques. He's a jolly good specimen, isn't he now. Tally ho!

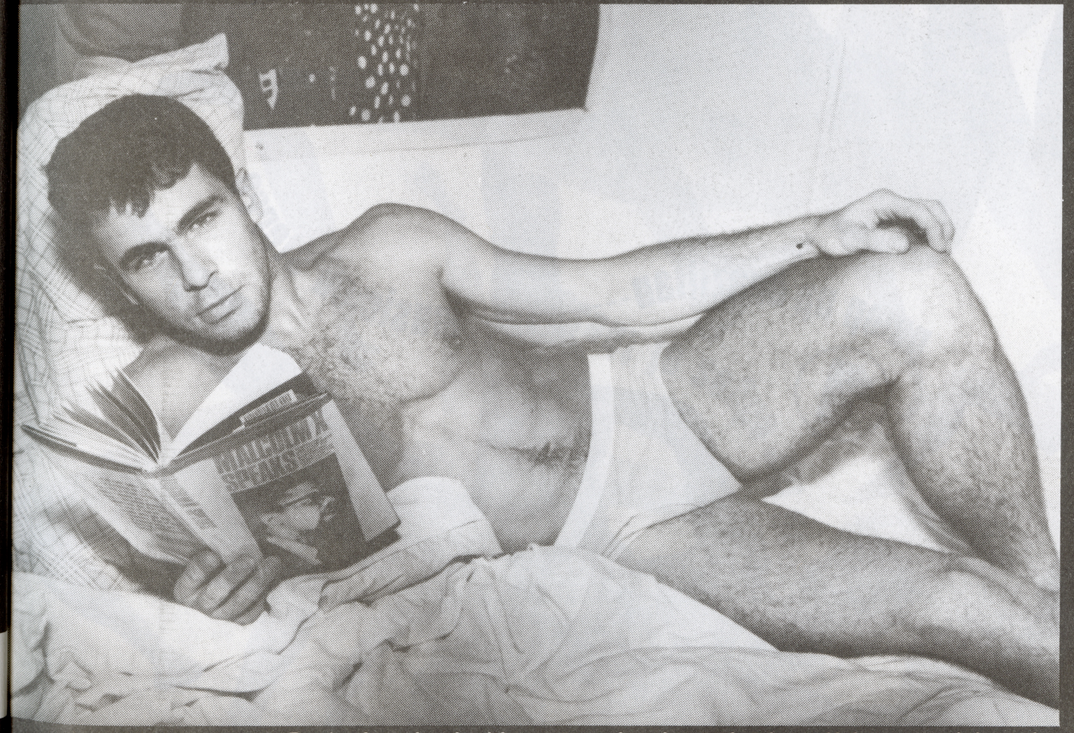
Right before beddy-bye Ben likes to curl up with a good boot.

BEN THORNBERRY





Ben is a disciple of capoeria, the Brazilian martial arts craze that's sweeping the country.



Ben's favorite bedtime story is about the beautiful gay activist who slays the big, bad homophobe.

PHOTOS BY HENRY CONNELL

pump up brazilian ---- music on stereo

1

2 grab far edges of these two pages

3 rotate up and down, back and forth

4 watch BEN and SHELLY perform Capoeria

5 chant "GAY and LESBIAN POWER NOW!"

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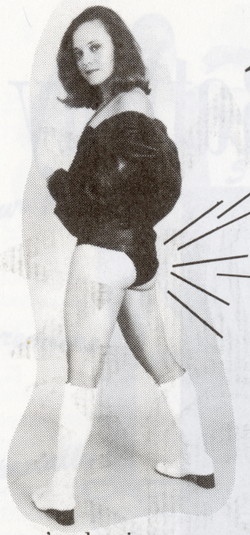
I'M A BITCH!

A Bitch Named Johanna

AND ROBIN BYRD!





Letter from the Editor



I feel like a real bitch now. I want to say that I'm over everything. I feel like such a bitch that I could shoot that motherfucker Cardinal O'Connor just so Jodie Foster would notice me. I'm ready to fight the power; so up against the wall motherfucker, and off the pigs! Yes it feels so good to be like this; so empowering and groovy, and good for my figure. I must, I must, I must increase my bust — and smash the fascist system while I'm at it. Bashing back is where it's at these days and it's about time. Now we're having some action. Now we're improving our visibility. Don't you just love seeing those Pink Panthers cruising or rather patrolling our neighborhoods? They're so strong and virile, and the guys aren't bad either.

Speaking of bitching, there is one thing that always infuriates me. Why is it whenever lesbians are on TV, which is only about once a year anyway, they are always some suburban bores who want to have turkey baster babies? Where are those ''free-wheeling'' groovy females'', as Valerie Solanas would say? Where are the kind of fierce, sexy chicks who we feature in ***SISTER***? I mean between all the talk of ''sperm donors'', ''the mommy track'', and dirty diapers, it sounds as if being gay is as boring as being straight. Our oppressors would like to have everyone, including us, think that lesbians are sexless frumps, and that there are very few of us. For an impressionable teenager who is dealing with the problems of coming out, this is a drag. But things are changing. Soon teenagers will be able to go see Lezploitation movies: movies featuring hot gay women running around with sawed-off shotguns, wearing the latest fashions. Then they'll be rushing to our recruiting stations to join!

Bashing back is here to stay. To quote again, ''Why should the fates of the groovy and the creepy be intertwined? Why should the active and imaginative consult the passive and dull on social policy?'' ***SISTER*** is for ''the groovy'' not the ''creepy'' so read, peruse, dig. . .







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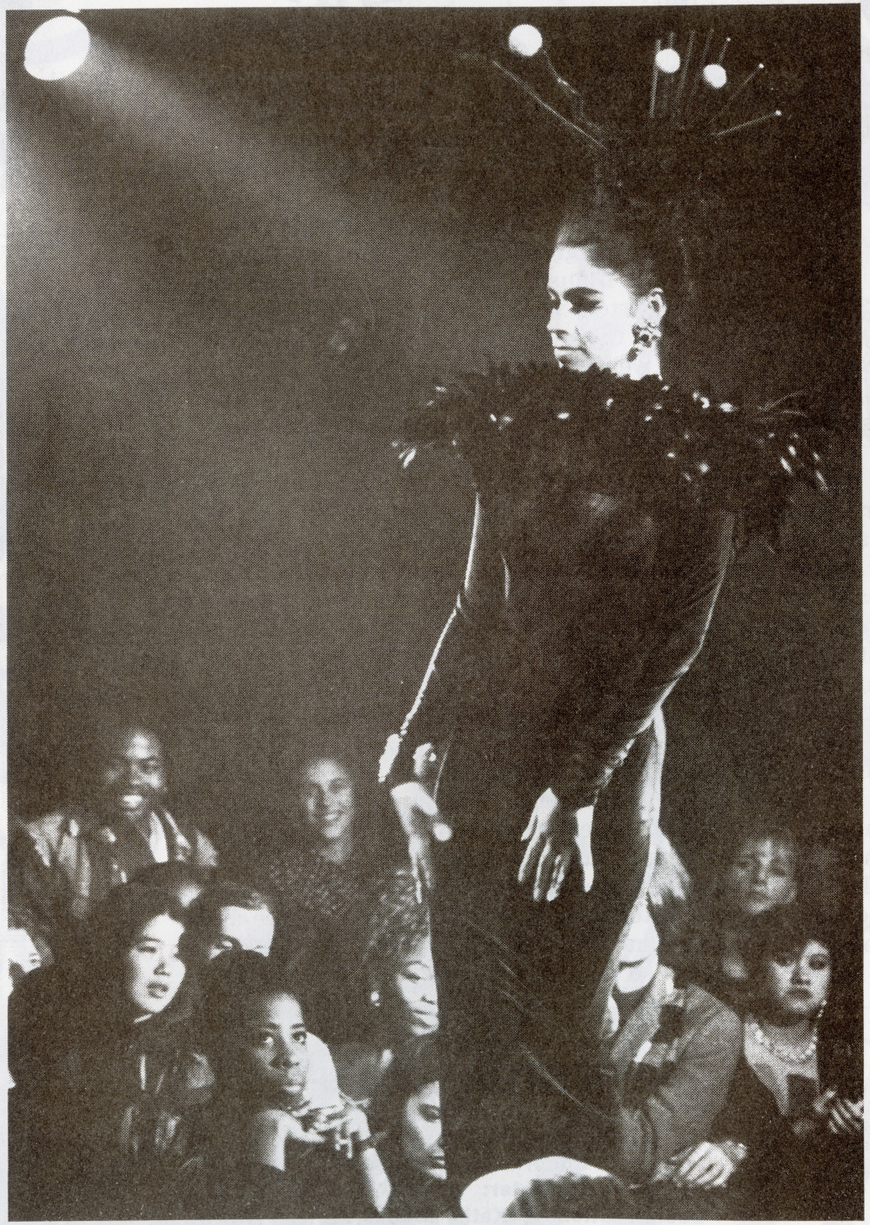

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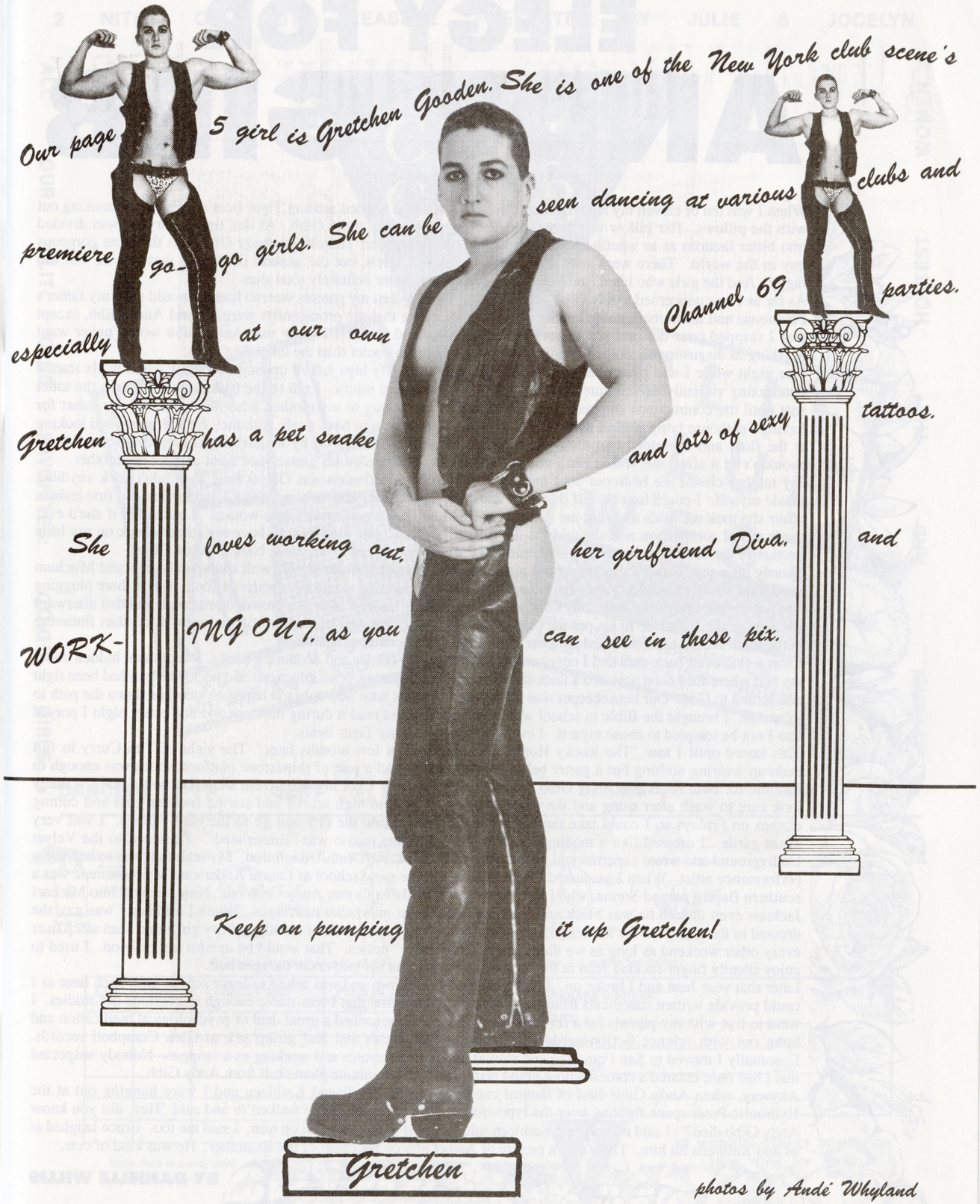

photos by Andé Whyland

ELEGY FOR ANDY GIBB

When I was ten or eleven my friend Miriam and I would sit on her bed reading Tiger Beat magazine and making out with the pillows. Her pillow was Scott Baio and my pillow was Andy Gibb. At that time, everyone was divided into bitter factions as to whether Shaun Cassidy, Scott Baio, John Travolta or Andy Gibb was the most gorgeous guy in the world. There were some girls who liked Lief Garrett, but the general consensus was that he was too faggy. And the girls who liked Rod Stewart or Mick Jagger were definitely total sluts.

As far as I was concerned, Andy Gibb was the one for me. When my parents weren't home I would steal my father's Penthouse and masturbate to the letters in Forum, imagining that the protagonists were me and Andy Gibb, except that I skipped over the oral sex because that was gross and besides, I knew that Andy Gibb would never want anything as disgusting as a blowjob anyway. He was so much cooler than the other Bee Gees.

One night while I was masturbating I had my first orgasm. My hips jerked upward and my vaginal walls started contracting violently. I was sure I had done myself an internal injury. I ran to the bathroom and sat on the toilet seat until the contractions stopped. Later, I confessed everything to my mother, who then yelled at my father for having Penthouse lying around where I could find it. She made him have a talk with me. He sat on my bed looking at the floor and explained that dirty old men like himself got turned on by magazines like Penthouse and that I shouldn't let it affect me. I told him I got turned on, too. He adjusted his glasses and went and got my mother.

My mother closed the bedroom door and whispered that masturbation was OK as long as I didn't stick anything inside myself. I could hurt myself that way, she said. Eight years later when I was 17 and having my first lesbian affair she took me aside and told me that a man could lick my pussy as well as a woman. I asked her if she'd ever made a trial comparison and she told me not to talk like that. She also used to have my father check on my little brother in the bathtub to make sure his penis was developing correctly. Anyway, back to Andy Gibb.

Shortly after my mother's warning about phallic objects I began to fuck myself with shampoo bottles and Mitchum deodorant sticks. I wouldn't use carrots or cucumbers because that would be a waste of food. I'd lie there plugging away at myself imagining that Andy Gibb and I were fucking under a table at a crowded restaurant and that afterward we were going for a ride in his private plane. I could just see his pale blue wide-collared satin disco shirt fluttering in the night breeze as we boarded the Lear jet from atop his penthouse apartment.

I was a slob even back then and I never washed my shampoo bottles and deodorant sticks. I kept them hidden under my bed where they soon acquired a thick linty fuzz. I started getting yeast infections and decided Mom had been right and turned to God. Our housekeeper was a Jehovah's Witness who was only too happy to steer me down the path to salvation. I brought the Bible to school with me every day and read it during lunch period and every night I prayed that I not be tempted to abuse myself. I even threw away all my Tiger Beats.

This lasted until I saw "The Rocky Horror Picture Show" a few months later. The sight of Tim Curry in full makeup wearing nothing but a garter belt, a leather bustier and a pair of rhinestone platform shoes was enough to ruin me for both Jesus and Andy Gibb for the rest of my life. I got myself a fresh shampoo bottle that I actually took care to wash after using and the years went by. I went to high school and started fucking girls and cutting classes on Fridays so I could take the Long Island Railroad into the city and go to the East Village. I was very avant-garde. I dressed like a medieval page and my favorite movie was "Eraserhead." I listened to the Velvet Underground and wrote experimental poems with titles like Love/Death/Dissolution. My ambition was to become a performance artist. When I graduated I went to Barnard, the same school as Laurie Anderson. My roommate was a southern Baptist named Sorina, who I later found out was also a former Andy Gibb fan. Now she was into Michael Jackson even though he was black and she didn't believe in interracial marriages. When I told her I was gay she dressed in the bathroom for a week. Later we came to the agreement that I could have my girlfriend Jean sleep over every other weekend as long as we didn't make "kissy-kissy" noises. That would be against her religion. I used to enjoy silently finger-fucking Jean in the dark while Sorina said her prayers in the next bed.

Later that year Jean and I broke up. I had a nervous breakdown and was asked to leave school until such time as I could provide written statements from two different psychiatrists that I was stable enough to continue my studies. I went to live with my parents for a few months where I was prescribed a great deal of psychological medication and hung out with science fiction nerds who practiced witchcraft and had group sex to Glen Campbell records. Eventually I moved to San Francisco and started dating transvestites and working as a stripper. Nobody suspected that I had once entered a contest whose grand prize was a fifteen minute phone call from Andy Gibb.

Anyway, when Andy Gibb died of natural causes at age 30 my friend Kathleen and I were hanging out at the Hydraulic Press space fighting over the typewriters My roommate Bruce walked in and said "Hey, did you know Andy Gibb died?" I said no way and Kathleen said she used to have a crush on him. I said me too. Bruce laughed at us and Kathleen hit him. There was a picture of Andy Gibb on the cover of the Examiner. He was kind of cute.

BY DANIELLE WILLIS

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Did You Fill Out Your CENSUS??

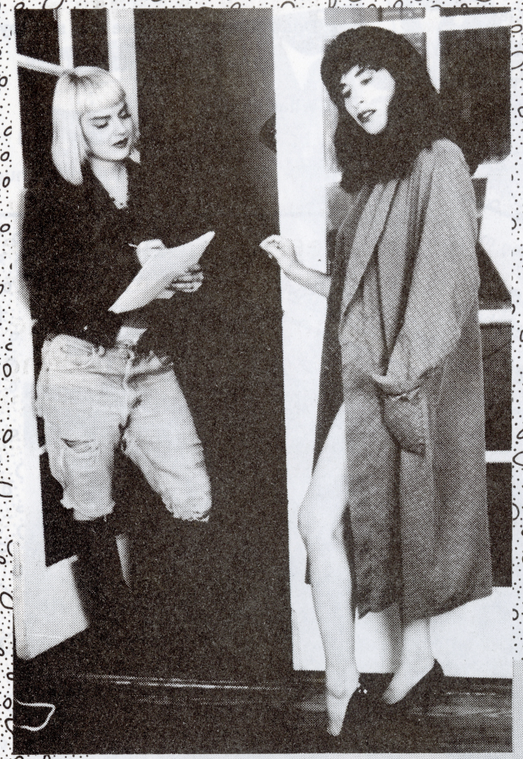
No? Some people who tossed their census forms in the trash were paid a visit by a census taker. And census taking proved to be the hot job of 1990. Besides helping our government gather vital information about how many homes have flush toilets, there was a big $8 per hour salary.

Plus lots of free time for wandering the streets and the chance to meet some of New York's more exciting people. There's nothing like asking personal questions to get close to a person. Let's follow a typical interview.



Photos by Ande Whyland

With Naomi and Jeani



- O Butch Queen
- O Fem Dyke
- ● Tribe (print name of principal or enrolled tribe)

QueerNation

- O Realism Drag Member
- O Hairspray Fanatic
- O Leather Lesbian
- O Dyke on Bike
- O Lawyer for Lipstick

What best describes this apartment?

- O A Mobile Home or Trailer
- O A Den of Perversion
- O A Passion Pit
- O A Lust Trap
- ● A Shanty or Lean-To

- O Married
- O Separated
- ● Swinging Single
- O Open Marriage
- O Butch/Femme relationship



Last Name

First Name Jeani Middle Initial

- O Male
- ● Female

How many people visited this person's bedroom LAST WEEK?

- O None
- O 1-2
- O 3-5
- ● 6 or more

Which FUEL is used MOST for heating this house or apartment?

- O Gas
- O Electricity
- ● Petroleum Jelly
- O Solar Energy

Does this person have any sex toys?

- O Yes
- O No

What kind?

- O Dildo
- O Butt Plug
- O Vibrator
- ● Fährfurgnugen

Does this person make any charitable contributions?

- ● Yes
- O No

Principal charity

Betty Page Foundation

If this person is a female:
Does this person ever feel not-so-fresh?

- O Yes
- ● No
- O Maybe

Occupation

a. What kind of work does this person do?

un-work

(Example: TV Trainer, Truck Driver, Gym Teacher)

b. What were this persons most important duties?

un-working

(Example: Training TV slaves, driving a truck, teaching gym class)

How many minutes did this person spend masturbating LAST WEEK?

- O None
- O 10-20
- O 20-50
- ● Was too busy



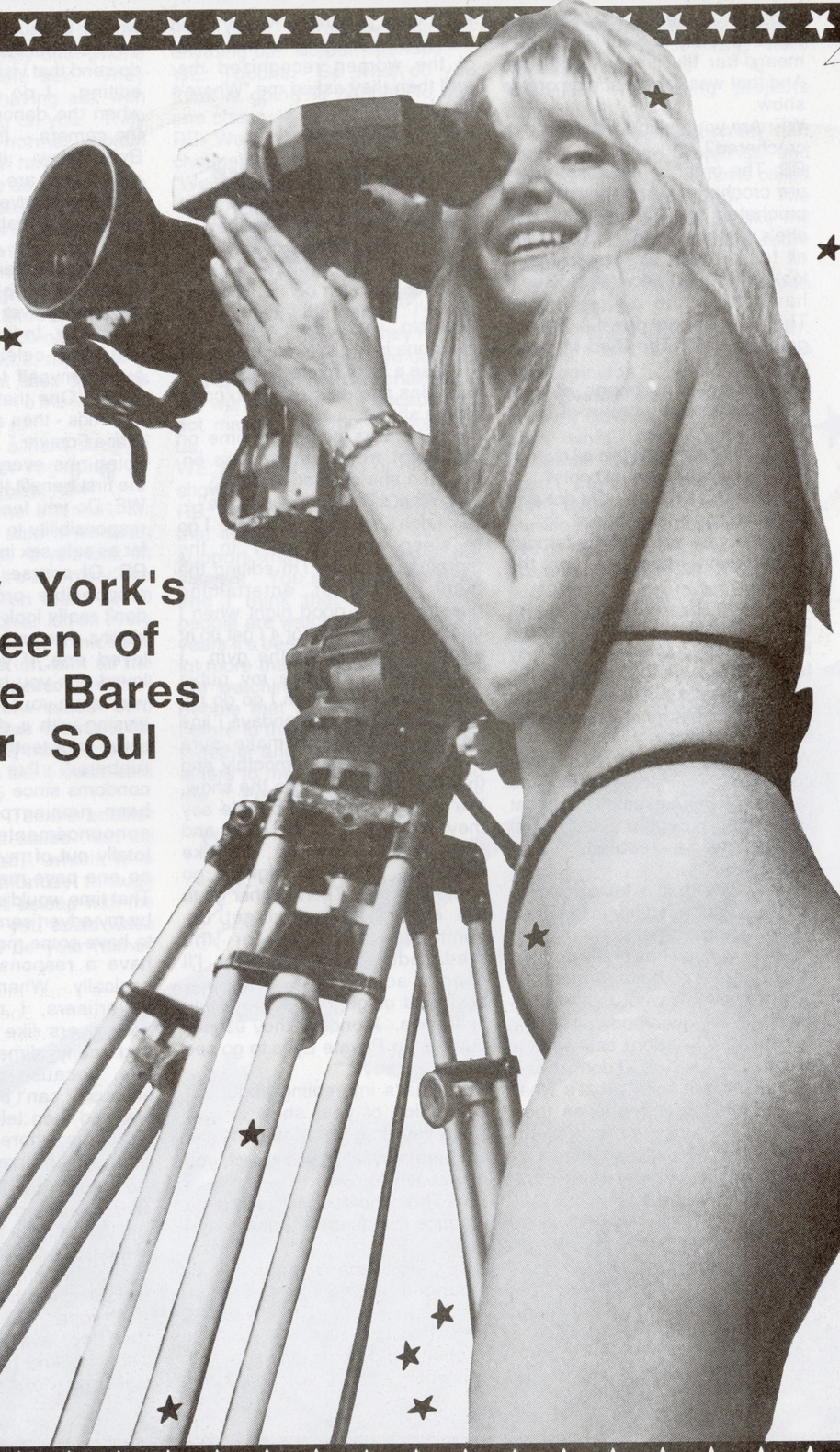
Public service can be very rewarding.

After a successful interview there's enough time to relax with a few drinks before hitting the road to find more census scofflaws. So, did you fill out yours? If not you may get a visit.

the Robin Byrd Interview

BY WENDY ENGELBERG
PHOTOS BY KATHY COOKE

New York's Queen of Cable Bares Her Soul



Wendy Engelberg: How many shows do you have on the air?
Robin Byrd: "The Robyn Byrd Show," an hour of "fun, fantasy and relaxation" which started in 1977; "The Modern Woman Show" , the first East Coast body-building show for women, which started in 1980; "Byrd Men for Men" which is my show for gay men that started three years ago; and then there's "Oh No Robin Byrd Again," which is a non-adult, non-sexual show, but it deals and pertains to the sex industry.
WE: How did The Robin Byrd Show start?
RB: This is a long story and I'll try to make it really short. One day I was a viewer like everybody else - but I was in porn films, and I was watching television, switching the dials, and I saw this show called "Hot Legs" with my friends on it - Gloria Leonard, Vanessa Del Rio, Leslie Beauvey. Each one had their own week to host. One week no one was able to make it so the producer called me up and said "Would you host the show for me?" - and I said "No. Does it pay anything?" He said "No." I said "Forget it.," and he said "Please, please, please" - he begged me, and I said okay. I didn't want to do it because everybody on the show, all the hosts, were saying things to the callers like "I want to fuck you in the face" or "I want to spit on you." And I didn't really agree to doing that - It was like, oh well, I'll just do it once. Then when I got on the air everybody was calling and saying "You're so great...Oh, I love you...Why don't you do the show all the time..." and I was like "Wow". I was doing it every week after that. Then one day I came to do the show and the guy who owned the studio said "The producer left town, he didn't pay his bills, there's no more show, so what are you doing here?" Manhattan Cable said that to get the show back I'd have to pay all the bills. But I wasn't responsible for those. So they said "Do your own show." and I said "Okay, I'll do my own show." I thought "Well, if Johnny Carson can have his own show I'm going to call it The Robin Byrd Show." And that's what it's been ever since.
WE: How many people have "banged their boxes" on your show?
RB: I've got over 500 hours of Robin Byrd Shows, and you figure on each show I average 3 or 4 people. That's a good 1500 people that have banged their boxes - and that's not including the people at home.
WE: One of the great things about The Robin Byrd Show is its openness to sexuality and nudity...
RB: Exactly. That's the way it is...I don't care what you do, who you are - there's some good in your life, there's somebody there underneath all those stereotypes.
WE: What's the most memorable show you've ever done?
RB: The most memorable one is where I had this girl called Suzy Sparks on. She had an exclusive with Jugs Magazine not to reveal her tits. She had, I quote, "The Largest Tits In The World." - 65 triple Ks. So she came on and - you know, the whole idea of the show is fun, fantasy, and relaxation, so you have to do something that you would never see on network television to make it different. She said "Well, I don't dance, but I can jump rope!" So I looked around the studio and I picked up a cable and I said "Here, jump rope." As she was jumping the floor was going baboom, baboom, and her tits were going baboom-baboom, baboom-

babbom. Needless to say, she had this really low-cut thing on - I mean, her tits just fell right out. And that was the most memorable show.

WE: Are your bikinis macramed or crocheted?

RB: The great controversy. They are crocheted. And they've been crocheted by Thelma Nitzblitz - she's a street vendor. She made all ten of them so far. In fact, I looked at them and I said "Gee, I have to make some more." They're wearing down. They're going to go in The Byrd Museum of Crochet.

WE: I have this image of your closet as rows and rows of string bikinis.

RB: Lots of string bikinis all over.

WE: How many pairs of boots?

RB: Pink, black, blue - I've got a lot of bikinis and a lot of boots.

WE: Who are some of the famous people who have been on the show?

RB: Jaye P. Morgan, Sandra Bernhard, Mark Kostabi, Michael Musto, Chip Duckett. Or are they famous because they were on the show? That's not true - Sandra was famous before she was on the show.

WE: Sandra recently had some comments in People Magazine regarding her sexuality and that she wished people would stop calling her a lesbian. Any comments?

RB: I know that a lot of people have really dogged her in the past, when they can't get her attention. I know Outweek has really dogged her badly and quite honestly I don't believe in what Outweek is doing. See, everybody has their own sexuality - I don't care what a person's sexuality is - I don't care if they're into animals - that's what turns them on, as long as they don't hurt themselves or anyone else - so what's the big deal.

WE: SISTER wants to know - are you a sister?

RB: Very much so. Half and half.

WE: Do you ever go out to women's bars?

RB: I went to (Crazy) Nanny's and that was interesting for me. A lot of the women recognized me. And then they asked me "Where's Sandra?"

DO YOU HAVE ANY ROLE MODELS?

RB: No, just me. Actually, Madonna is my role model. I'd like to make a lot of money like her.

WE: Has she ever asked to come on the show?

RB: She was going to come on that night when Sandra was on, but then she chickened out.

WE: What's your typical day like?

RB: I don't have a typical day. I go to sleep about 6 or 7 in the morning, because I'm editing the night before or entertaining guests. On a good night when I can get to sleep at 3 or 4 I get up at about 10 and go to the gym. I come back, go have my pubic hairs waxed, and then I go do my nails, and then on Mondays I line up my guests and make sure everything is going smoothly and that they're going to do the show. We're live - so when people say they're going to do the show and they don't show up it's like aaahhhh! Then at night, I go home and eat. Then I either go to the editing room and get the commercials ready for the Wednesday night show or I'll spend some time with my boyfriend or go visit some of my girlfriends. Mondays they usually drag me to Private Eyes to go see the go-go boys.

RB: What's interesting about the production of your show is how much you do on it. You don't just sit there and talk - you direct, you run the whole place.

RB: The whole show is me. I produce it, I direct it, I can't say I write it because there's no writing involved, but I do envision it - and I do send that vision out. I do all the editing. I do the camera work when the dancers are in front of the camera - It's truly The Robin Byrd Show - it's not like some advertisers are running my show. And it's whatever I say - and if they don't like it, that's too bad - 'cause I'm <u>they</u>.

WE: You've had a very long and close relationship with the gay community over the years...

RB: Yeah. In fact, I think I was the very first celebrity who started outing myself to do benefits for AIDS. One that I did was Stamp Out Aids - then another "Stars and Strips Forever." After a while I was doing one every year...1983 was the first benefit that I did.

WE: Do you feel your show has a responsibility to the community as far as safe sex information?

RB: Of course. I feel like I'm a responsible programmer, but I don't really look at it as a responsibility. I go on and say "Grab your loved one, if you don't have a loved one you have me" and Did you scrub your teeth? I don't like kissing with a dirty mouth so go scrub your teeth - and go get your rubbers." I've been promoting condoms since 1981. And we've been running public awareness announcements - that comes totally out of my pocket because no one pays me to put them on. That time would easily be eaten up by my advertisers, they would love to have some more time. But I do have a responsibility to myself, basically. When I started taking advertisers, I refused to take advertisers like escort services and really slimey sleazy phone ads, because that's not me - because I can't be promoting safe sex and then tell someone to go get some whore. All my advertisers are the cream of the crop - the biggest and best phone people, information providers we call them. Sure they offer phone sex, but that's safe sex. They don't talk about having sex with children or pissing on you. They are just basic normal sexual fantasies that we all have.

WE: Do you serve as an advocate for women in the sex industry?

RB: I belong to Pink Ladies which is an organization of adult entertainment female stars who are a support group for each other. I'm always there to publicize whatever they're doing. When you come down to it, my show is the only show that does do things newsworthy on adult entertainment

WE: You've had a hard struggle with Time-Warner regarding air time. Where are you at now?

RB: We have one channel, for now. We're not sure if we even have that channel. If you look on Channel 35 or V it's all empty, the only thing that's on starts at 10 o'clock when I'm on it. I'm on every night and they seem to think that's great, but I'm not on with all the shows that I proposed to be with. I had a lesbian show called "Byrd Brains" and it was females for females just like my men for men...

WE: That sounds like it would be a pretty great show.

RB: Absolutely. There's another show I proposed called "Get Up With Robin Byrd," which is a morning show Monday through Friday - if you fell asleep with me the night before you could wake up with me. I'd be your human alarm clock. 'Cause my voice gets anything up. No pun intended.

WE: Touche. So what do you think is going to happen to that one channel?

RB: Well, we were promised two channels. They lied. They said, "Well, it's our company and we can do whatever we want.", which is my reality of the whole situation now. It's their company and I'm working within their rules and regulations. So now we just have to play their little games. I'm just afraid that one day they're just going to say, that's it, we decided that this com-mercial channel is not working anymore because it's not making any more money for us.

WE: Has this helped or hurt your show?

RB: It hasn't helped it. The way that it <u>has</u> helped is to see the support that I have from the viewers. You see, I do the show and I think that three or four people are watching, and over the years it's been proven to me that a lot more than three or four people are watching. In fact, there are people that never wrote a letter before in their whole lives that got together and sat down and wrote letters to me. That meant a lot to me. People came out of the closet - doctors, lawyers, assistant DAs, DAs, judges. They were right there for me.

WE: Any interesting projects coming up?

RB: Well, I'm working on my own book called "Byrd Droppings" and I'm also working on a movie called "The Robin Byrd Show - The Movie." It's going to be like my television show but only more people will see it.

WE: Anything you want to say to your audience?

RB: There's so much I want to say. Just fight for the right to express your opinions. Don't care what other people say. That's how I've lived my life the whole time - I don't care what other people say because those other people aren't paying my wages, they didn't make me, they didn't make my life, and they shouldn't make you or mold you. Just be who you are and be very proud of it.- and if you don't have a loved one, you always have me, Robin Byrd.



B.i.t.c.h.

BITCH ON WAX

"Lose yourself, free yourself, motherfucker, be yourself!"

Serving House Music Is A Bitch Named Johanna. She's the woman behind the club hit *I'm A Bitch*, the song that gives the word a new, positive connotation.

Yes, being a bitch is fun and fashionable. It certainly has been for Johanna. She is appearing in clubs with her group, "Vogueing Nation," traveling, and doing interviews. Although the song hasn't been able to get much radio play, the controversy hasn't hurt her a bit. In fact it has generated a lot of valuable publicity. She has appeared in *Self Magazine*, and on the Miami-based Christina Show. She might make a return visit to debate 2 Live Crew on the subject of "nasty lyrics". *I'm A Bitch* is a phenomenon!

Johanna was discovered by her producer, Kraze, doing stand-up comedy. After recording *I'm A Bitch*, Kraze and Johanna shopped the tape around. When they couldn't get a good enough deal for the record, they started their own label, Project X, along with Jonathan Hoffman. Other Project X records include releases by Drivetrain and Aunt Josie. They may start a Project X cable TV show. Look for Johanna's second record, *Sex Is My Bass* b/w *I'll Freak You*. She promises the cover will have people talking all over again.

You can also look for Johanna driving around the streets of New York on her broom—I mean her Bitchmobile, a 1952 Chevy that she is restoring to its original condition. BITCHIN!!!

photos by Andé Whyland

John Sex was the Greatest...

Greatest Interior Decorator

Greatest Performer

Greatest Artist

Greatest Center Square on the Hollywood Squares

Greatest Singer

Greatest songwriter

Greatest Stripper

Greatest Schmoozer

Greatest 17 Year Old
(double it)

greatest guitarist

greatest printmaker

Greatest Hairdresser

Greatest Basket

Greatest Fan of Liberace and Entenmann's Coffee Ring

Greatest Snausage
(with a blanket)

greatest boyfriend



John Sex 1973-1990
(double it)



ASTROLESBIAN LOVE GUIDE

BY JILL DEARMAN

ARIES
She loves to dominate in bed, and in life. And she crackles with sexual energy. All Aries women maintain that initial enthusiasm about sex, and it's best to get something going with her in a place where you may get caught. Fascinated by bodily functions, these Rams love bathrooms. Careful though, she may mount you in the stall.

TAURUS
Although they often seem old-fashioned, they like to do it down and dirty. Don't hold back. They can take it. Let out all your animal sounds. They like the "Me Jane, you Jane" jungle routine. Use food for special thrills during sex. Chocolate, strawberry and potato are some of their favorite flavors.

GEMINI
Keep her guessing. Accidentally call her "Gretchen" instead of "Betty" during a heated moment. If you smother her emotionally, she'll excuse herself for a glass of water, and then climb out of your kitchen window. Present yourself in as many different ways as you can. If you're schizophrenic, you're made for her.

CANCER
Emotional yet playful lovers, Cancer women connote sex with returning to the womb and/or giving birth. Yes, therapists always have a field day with them. If you're very cuddly, and can muddle through her defensiveness well enough to figure out what it is she wants...then give it to her. When she feels understood, Cancer is the most giving lover in the zodiac.

LEO
She likes sex to be LUXURIOUS. To Ms. Leo, a quickie before work is like Chips Ahoy for breakfast. Public, as well as private affection is important to her. She's proud, and wants the world to know how much you want her. And she will be equally demonstrative. She takes her time and is very generous and passionate in bed. Sexually, Leos get most of their ideas from the arts, so take her to a movie with some hot scenes if you want to inspire her.

VIRGO
Once in your parlor, Virgos aim to please. These girls are very giving and attentive. However, she may fixate on one part of your body, or take 8 hours undressing you. Let her know that it would please you if she'd let you explore her body a little more. They love to be tied up.

LIBRA
If you can't do it some place beautiful and comfortable, then make it some place unusual. She bores easily, so never let sex become routine. And be verbal...Libras appreciate com-municative lovers, so tell her what you like...and what you're going to do to her. She has lots of friends, and will probably call a few of them up to share the details with - while you're still asleep.

SCORPIO
They're proud of their sexy reputation, and they like sex to be hot and heavy. They want to know you completely and still find you mysterious. And vice versa. Emotional intimacy is essential for them to fully enjoy sex. But it scares them too, which may bring out a subtle sadistic streak. So if you feel a foreign object or a body part pushing where you don't want it to, make sure Scorpio knows she can trust you, and then ask her to hand over her weapon...slowly.

SAGITTARIUS
Stretch out, work out, and get plenty of rest before taking on a Sag. They're athletic and are closet contortionists. They party hard, and may out-talk and out-drink every dyke at the club before they're ready to grab you and get naked. And that's just what they'll do. Weird places and new positions appeal to them. But they bore easily, so speak in an untraceable accent to get their attention.

CAPRICORN
She's used to delegating power and giving orders, so this may rub off on her love life. But once she's relaxed, this woman is rough and rambunctious. She has a lot of pent-up tension to release. And, Ms. Capricorn is so used to striving to be on top in her career that she secretly loves to be dominated sexually. They all love ice cubes.

AQUARIUS
If you can drag her out of the community center, or her meditation group here's what Ms.Aquarius is like: Kinky. They're more comfortable with public nudity than any other sign, so if you want to make your Aquarian woman pant - dress her up. Force her into a nun outfit and call her "Sister," then introduce her to a variety of sextoys. These gals love gadgets. Anything that takes D batteries is a safe bet.

PISCES
Bottom on the outside. Top on the inside. Fantasy is the key. Never be the same lover with them twice. Usually you'll have to make the first move, but then they'll surprise you with their passion. In reality, they will have manipulated everything by wheedling you with their sexy, sensitive charm. Draw them out. Sex is very emotional for Pisceans so if she's crying while she's coming you've got her.

If you would like your personal chart interpreted, contact Jill Dearman in care of SISTER Magazine

HEAL

HEALTH · EDUCATION · AIDS LIAISON

DROP-IN SUPPORT GROUP
MEETS EVERY WEDNESDAY

8 pm - Community Center
208 West 13th St. Manhattan

Information exchange about non-toxic interventions for the immune system.

ALL ARE WELCOME!

"They are holistic guerrillas at HEAL!"–*Lady Kier and Dmitri of Deee-Lite*

NEW YORK'S NEWEST BAR FOR GAY WOMEN AND MEN



Crazy Nanny

21 7th Ave. South

212 929-8356

Valeries Angels



"SCUM will become members of the unwork force, the fuck-up force...SCUM will unwork at a job until fired then get a new job to unwork at."

— Valerie Solanas

Jocelyn, the Dangerous One. *Diva, the Blonde One.* *Violet, the Smart One.*

photos by Ande Whyland

story by Dany Johnson & Kathleen Cooke

Angels, I have an important assignment for you. Procede to Christian Radio Network and give them the full treatment.

HUH?

Jam their communications and bring their business to a complete HALT!

secret two-way talking computer hook-up

The Angels arrive at Christian Radio Network...

Hello, we're from the SCUM agency!

I'm a receptionist & an efficiency expert!

We're all computer specialists with traditional Christian values!

Here is a list of your duties and our company regulations!

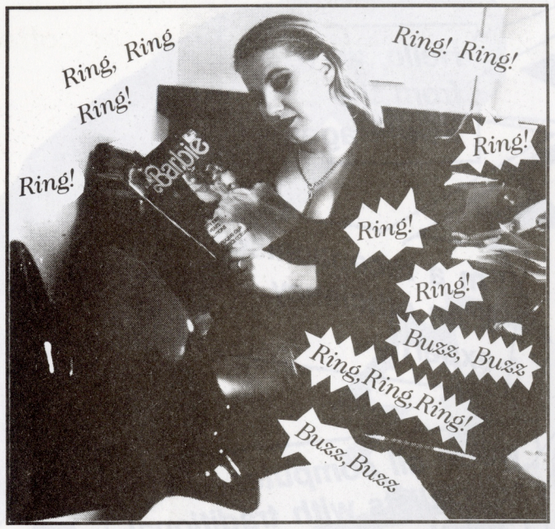
That Miss Grunge is a real pain in the ass.

I'll fix her!

Can we go home early today?

supervisor

The Angels get to unwork...







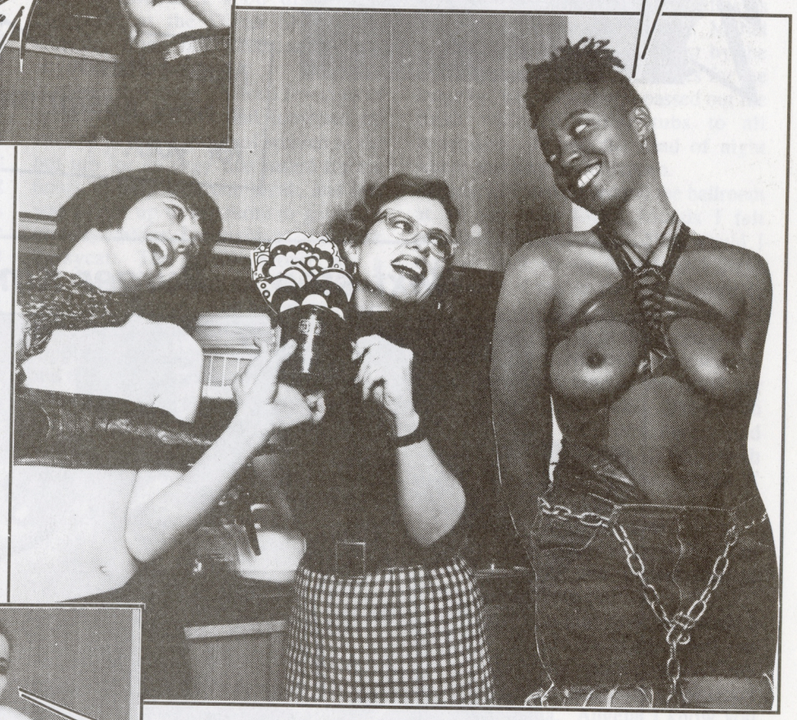


smoke



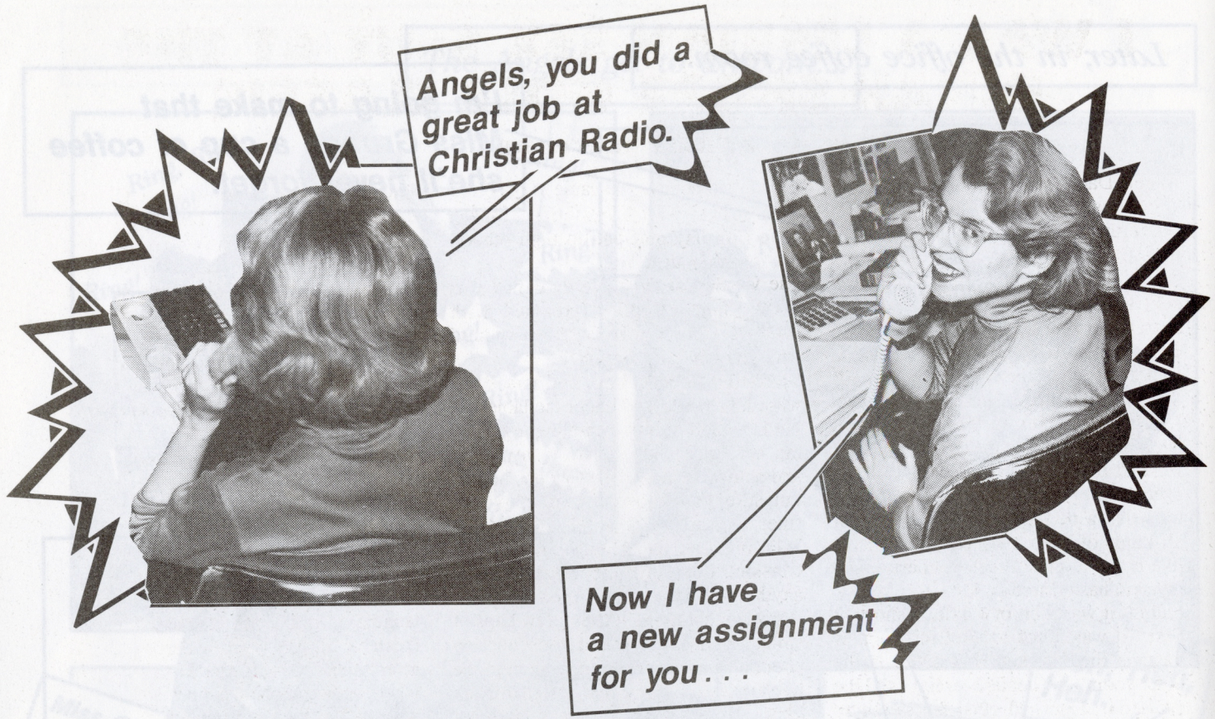
Later, in the office coffee room...







Now that we've insulted the clients, erased all the computer disks and drugged the boss, I'll just toss a little metal in the microwave. What a satisfying day of unwork!





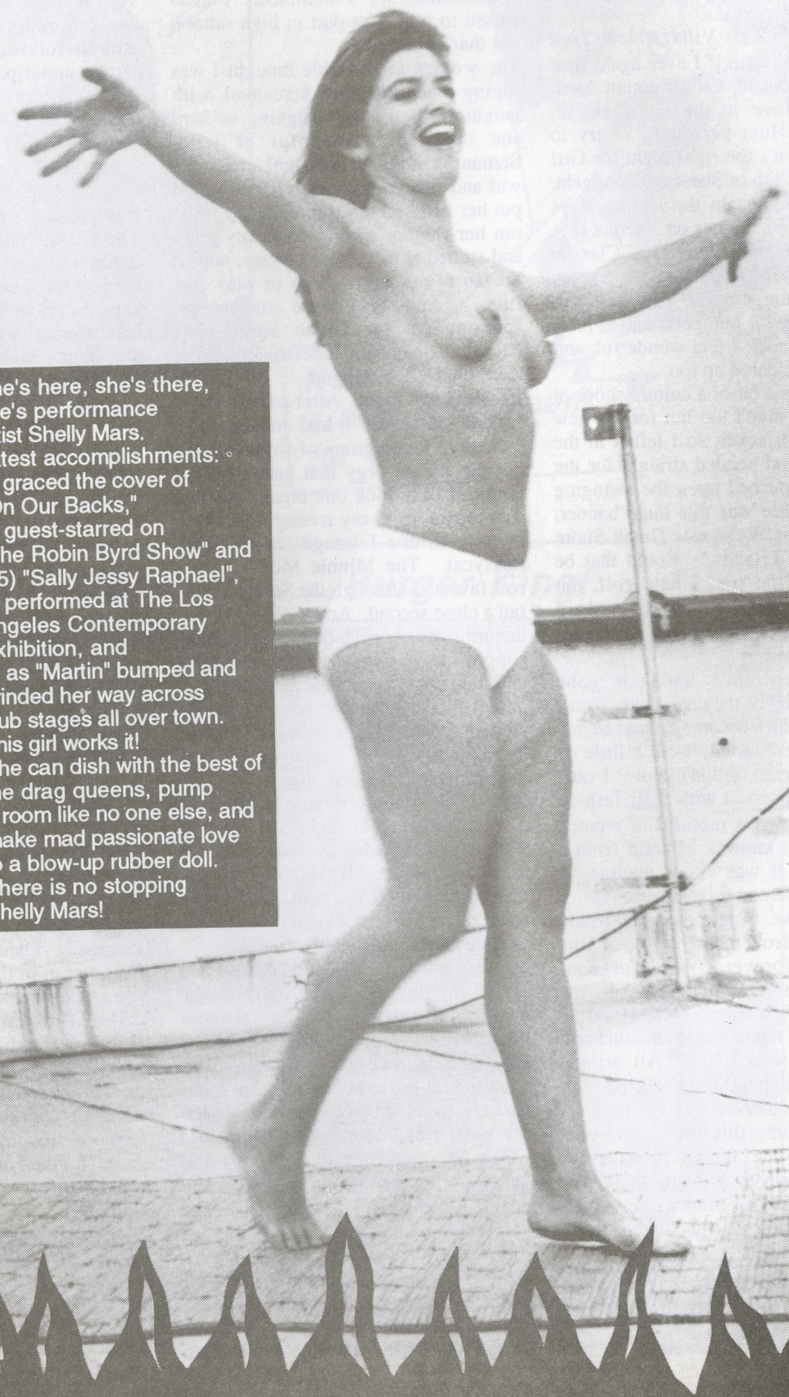
I WAS A LESBIAN SEX SLUT AT THE DINAH SHORE GOLF CLASSIC

BY KATY KROCODILE

Angela Darling,
Greetings from sunny Palm Springs, California!
I am over the East Village/New York scene. I don't care if I ever again hear acid house music, eat Ukranian food, search for love in the Outweek, oh excuse me, Hunt personals, or try to figure out if it's the right night for Girl World, Clit Club or Shescape. - Angela, I've had more sex in the last six days than I did in six months on Avenue B.
Here at the Dinah Shore Golf Classic, every night is for women, and every day too. It's a non-stop 24-hour party for all kinds of bush bumpers, and it feels like home to me. I feel wonderful, and my skin has cleared up too.
I admit it was a bit of a culture shock at first. It was much too hot for my new Patricia Field jacket, so I left it in the hotel room and headed straight for the cafeteria. I pushed open the swinging doors and there was this huge banner, "Palm Springs Welcomes Dinah Shore Golf Classic Friends." Could that be me? I hate the sun, I hate golf, but Angela , as you well know, I adore jocks, and the room was a veritable sea of sportswomen.
Well, my entrance had not gone unnoticed. Maybe they had never seen a Wigstock t-shirt before, or maybe my knee-high Dr. Martens were a little de trop for the green. I don't know. I can't say I was impressed with their fashion sense. This was a roomful of women who wouldn't know a Mizrahi from a Mitsubichi. It was either madras, or combos of pink and forest green.
I couldn't move. Ang, I probably would have been frozen in front of the stringbeans forever if this gorgeous woman hadn't tapped me on the shoulder. "First time?," she asked. I nodded. Her name was Samantha and she led me to a table. All around women were laughing, talking and greeting each other.
"Everyone's here this year," said one. "Except Jane, but I think Lily made it."
Another woman took a bite of orange jello and said, "As long as they keep Rita and Martina far apart, there won't be any problems."
"Oh, that's old, Betty," a third woman snorted, "That's even older than Jody and what's-her-name and no one cares about that anymore." She turned to me and asked, "So honey, you came to play?"
"I don't think so," I mumbled. "I mean I used to play putt-putt in high school, but that's about it."
The women at my table thought I was joking because they screamed with laughter. Betty was laughing so hard she dropped a spoonful of jello. Samantha noticed how embarrassed I was and she reached under the table and put her hand on my trembling leg. She ran her fingers up and down my thigh and smiled at me. "Don't worry, honey, I'm sure you know how to play just fine." And as I soon discovered, "playing" at the Dinah Shore Golf Classic, does not necessarily have anything to do with golf...
It started that night. After a few cups of spiked Gatorade, I had loosened up enough to join a group of women in the hot tub for an orgy that lasted for six hours. I only took one break, and that was to run up to my room to get those novelty dildos I bought at the Pink Pussycat. The Minnie Mouse was a real favorite, although the Susan Sontag ran a close second. And before you start lecturing me, Angela, there were endless supplies of condoms and dental dams and these girls knew how to use them.
When the orgy at the hot tub started slowing down, I had a moment of panic. This can't end yet, I thought, I'm just warming up. I guess my desperation was pretty obvious, because Gladys, one of the finest toe suckers I've ever known, stopped what she was doing and took my hand. "It's alright, honey. This hotel has 237 rooms and every room has a party. And that doesn't even include the banquet hall."
So Angela, I spent the next six days and nights moving from one party to the next, delighting in the sensual imaginations of my Sapphic sisters. It was all remarkably good-natured, no tension, no attitude. Well, that's not entirely true. Muffy Jenkins accused my new friend Marge of stealing her prized day-glo golf ball collection and using them as Ben-wa balls. Marge denied it, but Muffy went on a rampage and I had to hide Marge in my room for a few hours until someone could calm her down. (Muffy was one of the few women who actually came to play golf, and was not well-liked).
Marge and I used the time to compare notes. Marge, a three time Classic veteran, had a complicated rating system for different women which I didn't entirely follow, as it was based on golf terms: under par, caddy, birdy, hole in one, sandtrap. We both gave highest scores to Doris from Martinez, California. My nickname for Doris had been "200% Polyester" because of her taste for synthetics, but undressed Doris was a tiger.
The Classic ended with a banquet and dance and it was actually fun to put on clothes for a change. Loretta Johnson kept dropping ice cubes down dresses and offering to find them again. Muriel and Sandy started a mini-tryst by the fruit bowl and created new uses for the tangelos, while Henrietta passed out the fresh whipped butter tubs to all interested. It was the kind of night where anything could happen.
Angela, as I looked around the ballroom at all my new found friends I felt positively sentimental. How could I ever go back to my drab East Village existence? I ran to the ladies room to collect my thoughts, to stop the morbid fears of what the end of this week would mean for me. At the sink was a woman humming a little tune as she dried her hands with a paper towel. She was an older woman, full of energy and radiating self-confidence. It was Dinah Shore! "Having a good time, sweetie?," she asked.
"Oh yes," I replied, "The best."
"That's great. Be sure to try the chicken breasts, mmmm. We woman athletes have to stick together."
Angela, it was at that moment I made a decision. I called a travel agent, and was able to cash in the return portion of my plane ticket in exchange for a bus ticket to Gary, Indiana. Angela, I know you won't mind feeding Nooshka for another two weeks (There's more kitty litter in the cabinet under the kitchen sink). I'm off with Marge to the Professional Women's Bowling Tournament. Marge swears it's the hottest action around, and I can't wait!

Love
Tanya

SHOOTING STAR SHELLY MARS



She's here, she's there, she's performance artist Shelly Mars.
Latest accomplishments:
1) graced the cover of "On Our Backs,"
2) guest-starred on "The Robin Byrd Show" and 2.5) "Sally Jessy Raphael",
3) performed at The Los Angeles Contemporary Exhibition, and
4) as "Martin" bumped and grinded her way across club stages all over town.
This girl works it!
She can dish with the best of the drag queens, pump a room like no one else, and make mad passionate love to a blow-up rubber doll.
There is no stopping Shelly Mars!

Shelly is a disciple of capoeria, the Brazilian martial arts craze that's sweeping the country.

PHOTOS BY HENRY CONNELL

1 pump up brazilian ---- music on stereo

2 grab far edges of these two pages

3 rotate up and down, back and forth

4 watch BEN and SHELLY perform capoeria

5 chant "GAY and LESBIAN POWER NOW!"

PHOTOS BY HENRY CONNELL