Keith Kotick's
SEXY GUY NEWS
SUMMER 1989
featuring: Paul Kubica

"I was a HUSTLER"

"HIGHWAY"

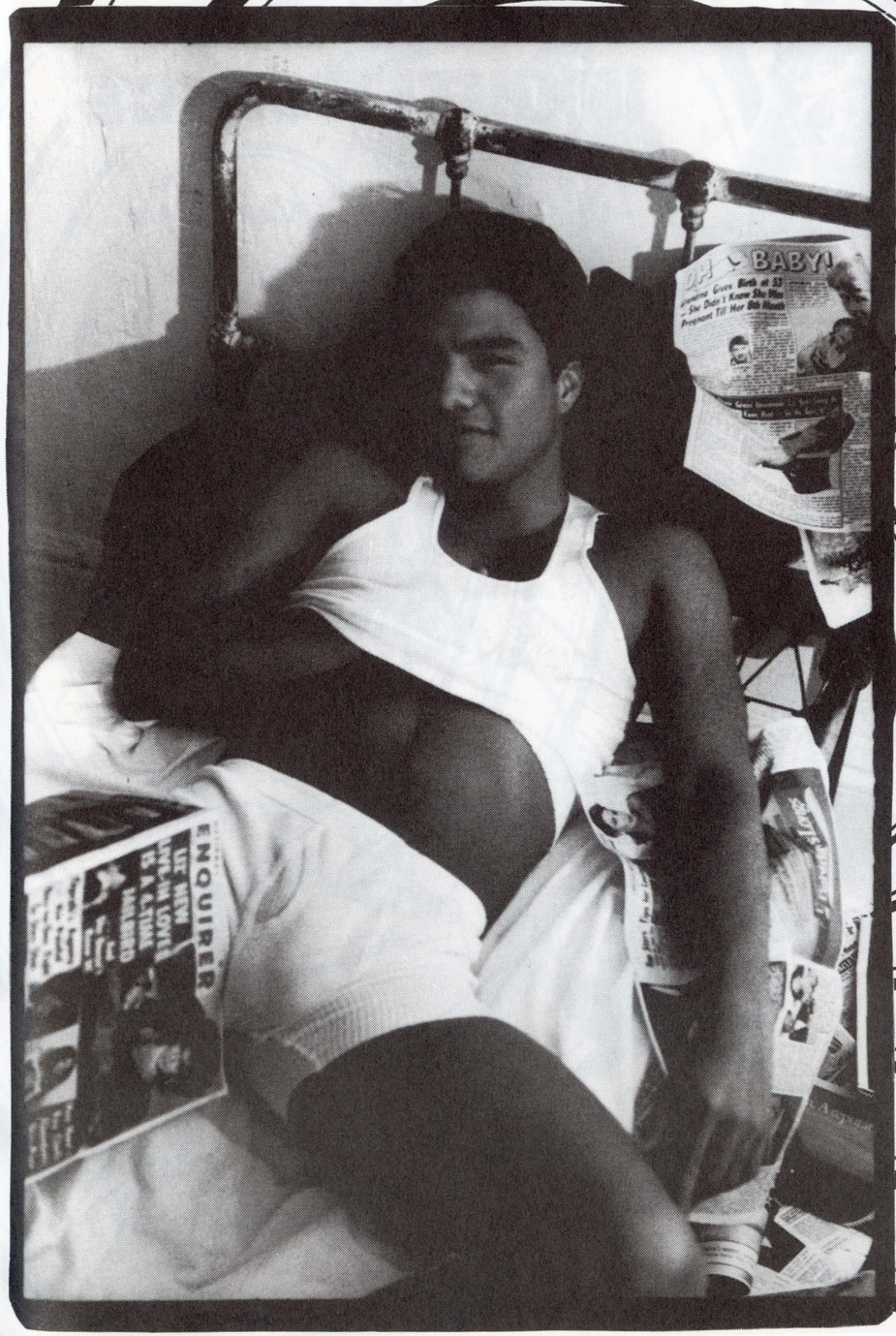
THE LESS I WORE
THE MORE RIDES
I GOT

WHO PICKED ME UP?
Politicians, Movie Stars -
& - Married Men!!!

YOUR PLACE?

ELVIS
ALIVE & WELL
as sex slave in arabian harem!
PRISILLA, LISA MARIE IN SHOCK!

X-RATED ANTICS OF HOLLYWOOD HUNK REVEALED IN SECRET VIDEO TAPE



THE STORY THAT CAN NOW BE TOLD



NEW HOME FOR
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IN OUTER SPACE

Little green men think kooky redhead is a laugh riot

Claims man taken on a UFO joyride

Exclusive
Exclusive
Exclusive

OVERWEIGHT

Shed pounds with amazing





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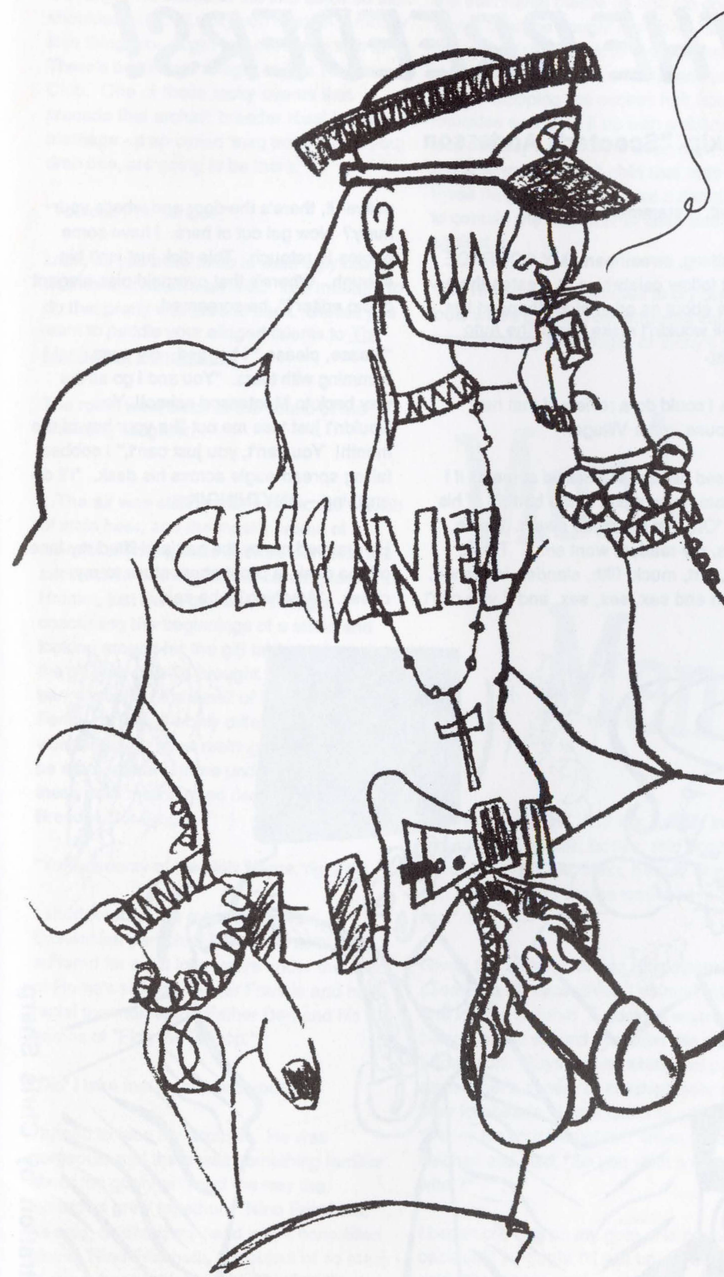


PAUL MONROE'S

EINSTEINS

96 E. 7th Street NY 10009

☎ (212) [redacted]

☆CALL FOR HOURS

MY CHEEKS BURNED WITH SHAME...MY JAW DROPPED IN DISBELIEF AT HIS CRUELTY...AS THE EVIL SPRITE ORDERED ME TO GO...

UNDERGROUND IN THE LAND OF THE BREEDERS!

By Skip "Scooter" [redacted]

"Frankly," my editor said, popping a half-box of wintergreen Chiclets into his mouth, "I don't think you have the chops for this kind of writing anymore."

"Wha-what do you mean?!", I gasped.

"Look at this crap," he said, dropping a stack of back issues into my lap. "Your articles for the last three issues: 'Helen Reddy: I've Lived Before.' Honey, I'd forgotten she was living And this, 'Here They Are - America's Cutest Grandmas?!' How the hell did et past me?! 'Your Cards Made Gary Coleman Smile.' I will be SICK!! And that fall TV preview you did -- stunk up the office for weeks!"

"But, but," I stammered.

"But nothing, sweetheart. MY COMRADE doesn't follow celebrities, it creates them. You are about as original as chapped lips. This shit wouldn't make it into The Auto Shopper.

"Maybe I could do a review of that new steakhouse in the Village."

He pursed his lips and stared at me as if I were something stuck to the bottom of his shoe. "Oh, that would be sweet. Listen, Petunia, my readers want smut. Trash, sleaze, dirt, muck, filth, slander, innuendo, titillation and sex, sex, sex, and if you can't deliver it, there's the door and what's your hurry? Now get out of here. I have some photos to retouch. This dick just isn't big enough. Where's that overpaid piss-elegant photo editor?", he screamed.

"Please, please," I begged, my eyes brimming with tears. "You and I go all the way back to Montessori school! You wouldn't just toss *me* out like your boy *of the* month! You can't, you just can't," I sobbed, falling spread-eagle across his desk. "I'll do anything -- ANYTHING!!"

He grabbed me by the hair and lifted my face off the desk, a proof sheet stuck to my cheek. "Anything?", he said.



Illustration by Chris Sharp

"Anything...," I whispered in utter defeat.

"That's more like it," he said dropping my head. "Now sit up and listen. A very interesting idea crossed my desk this morning." He stared at me and adjusted his shoulder pads. "Lucky you're such a mousy little thing, you might just get away with it. There's a little fete tonight at The Kit-Kat Club. One of those tacky events that precede that archaic breeder ritual known as marriage - a so-called 'stag party.' And you, drab one, are going to be there."

"You can't be serious."

Look, all you have to do is wear ugly cheap clothes and act like an idiot. You manage to do that pretty well around here. Unless you want to peddle your alleged talents to The Manhattan Pennysaver.

The room went black to the sound of his crackling laughter...

...The air was stifling with smoke, the stench of stale beer, and the musky aroma of a roomful of young male animals pursuing the satisfaction of their basest carnal pleasures. Hmmm, just like a gay bar, I thought, concealing the beginnings of a stiffie and looking around for the gift table to deposit the chafing dish I'd brought. Just like a gay bar, except for the smell of Brut instead of Fendi. Is that the only difference, I wondered, my heart melting. Should we gays be more tolerant, more understanding with these poor misinformed dears? Is The Breeder Our Brother?

"Yo, Academy of the Holy Name, right?"

I shuddered at the mention of that Dickensian parochial institution where I'd suffered for eight long years under the whip of Rome's sickest - Sister Francis and her rectal thermometers, Father Dan and his games of "Flog the Bishop."

"Din' I take metal shop wid youse?"

I turned to face my accuser. He was gorgeous, and there was something familiar about the goofy grin and the way the eyebrows grew together. "Nino Frischetti, " he said, crushing my hand into a bone-filled glove. Nino Frischetti, the object of so many of my pubescent longings! The first boy to get pubic hair (age 8). The first boy to shave (age 9 1/2). One of the savages who'd chase me across the schoolyard at recess to administer "snuggies" and "noogies."

As we leaned against the railing to survey the bacchanal *before us and* sip domestic (ugh!) beer, he caught me up on his life. My thoughts drifted back to the days when I dreamed of taking Nino home and tweezing him, of snipping the excess hair from his knuckles and tying it up with a ribbon like a lock of baby's hair. And even now, to slip off the science-fiber knit shirt that held back those magnificent pecs, like a dam too small to contain the rich river of flesh that surged against it.

"Oh, Nino, Nino!," I wanted to cry out, "What fools we've been! You, throwing your life away as a night manager at Vinny's House of

Men!

Veal in Bay Ridge. And me, caught in an empty world of pills, booze, and boys, boys, boys! You and me, Nino, it could have been so...earthy! Your mama would have adored me!"

Given the circumstances, this speech seemed a bit excessive. I calmed myself and looked around. A cocktail waitress was being passed around the room like a log borne aloft. Guys turned white and puked on each other's shoes, or crushed beer cans on their foreheads. I was about to whisper, "Penny for your thoughts?" when Nino belched and said, "So you want a blow job or what?"

I began choking on my gum. He pounded my back until I thought I'd spit up my lungs and said, "Don't blow your wad here, man. We gotta get on that line over there if you want one, and fast, that chick's going off-duty pretty soon."

Only a homo would have said no. I was trapped. As the line inched forward, my dick inched backwards. Beads of cold sweat ran down my ribs and welded my Spuds Mackenzie tee-shirt to them.

"So, how long you known Ernie?"

"Uh, Ernie who?." I asked.

"Ernie. The guy that's gettin' married."

"Oh, um, not too long."

"You married?"

"Uh, no." My puka-shell choker began to tighten around my throat.

"Playin' the field, huh?"

"Yeah." I managed a weak smile. He stared at me and said, "I was just thinkin' - din' we used to have a nickname for you?"

Horrors! I thought. "I don't know what you're talking about."

"Yeah, 'cuz you was always listening to that one singer - what was her name. Betty something. Oh yeah, Betty Milder."

Midler, you fool - Bette Midler!

The goofy grin became a leer. "Yeah, we used to call you Betty Boy! Yo, Ernie, I was just talkin' to your buddy here."

Just then I heard the grunt of the baboon ahead of me from behind the curtain. "Excuse me," I said, squeezed my eyes shut, and went in.

"Here, put this on," said a bored voice, followed by a screech, "GIRLFRIEND!!!" I opened my eyes. It was Tommy, my old roommate from the FIT dorm who, as Sharrin D'Nite, was now a headliner at the Chicks With Dicks Revue at Show World Center!!

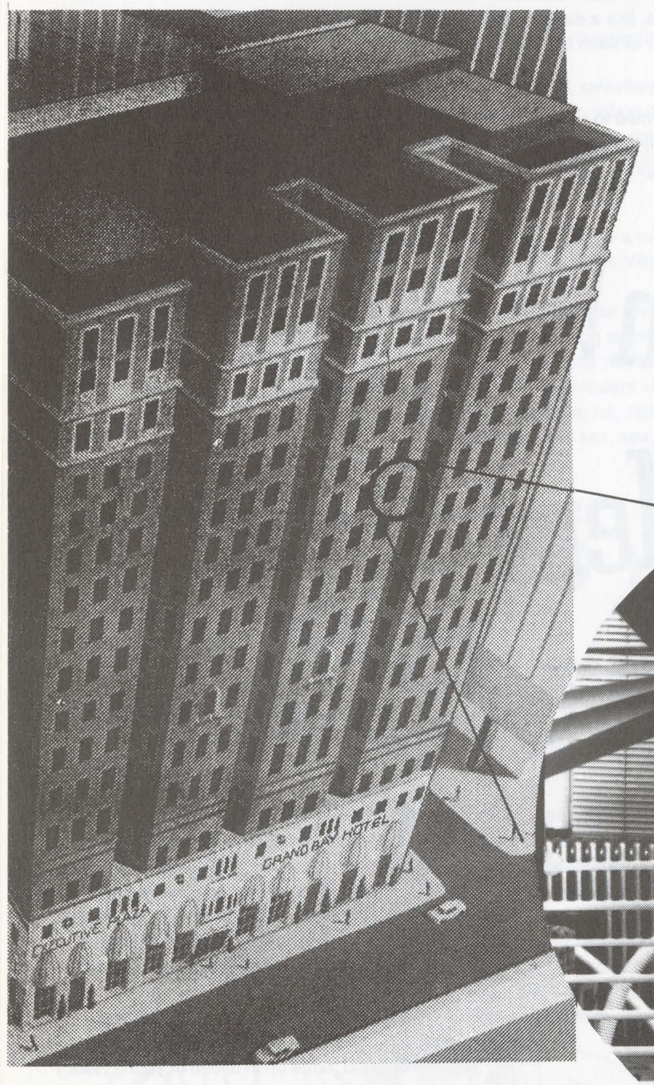
"What the fuck are you doing here?," we asked each other in unison. "Listen, honey," he drawled, done up in a kind of young Nancy Sinatra thing, "One hole's the same as another to these apes. I'm about to go into

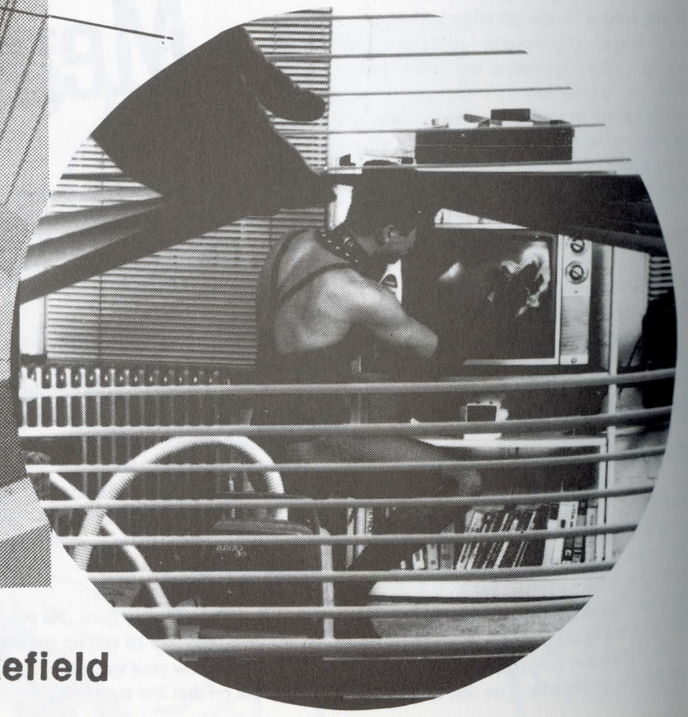
(Continued on page 54)

my comrade picture special

PEEK-A-BOO!

Domestic Bliss for Kinky Chris





Surprise! For Chris [redacted] home is where the harness is. While most folks lounge around the house in an old robe and slippers, MY COMRADE's hidden cameras show that Chris prefers provocative sex attire.

Chris, in boots and a bra or his pumps and studs combo, turns hum-drum housework into a homoerotic fantasy. The smell of polished leather mixes with the lemon scent of Pledge, and a riding crop substitutes for a feather duster.

Chris' outfits come in handy for a quick call to the phone sex line, or when a handsome neighbor pops over to borrow a cup of sugar. The man from apartment 15 especially likes Chris' bustier.

Chris proves that whether it's on the street, at the disco, or in the living room, a sexy guy in fetish wear is always a turn-on.

Photos by Michael Wakefield





(Left) "Mirror, mirror on the wall, who's the most provocative of them all?"





(Above) Housework is a joy when you're appropriately attired.

(Left) "What am I wearing? I'm glad you asked..."



LET TOMIKA HELP YOU

These special kits have been designed especial by Miss Tomika Velvet Panti-ho Johnson, one who has spent many years helping millions with their problems. Everything you need to know and do is included in des kits. Instructions are included and are clear and easy to read, and the step-by-step rituals are simple to follow. Ask anybody. She has been on the scene four year. Please order by number.

DISCO STAR - Burn up the dance floor! Set the night on fire! Kit includes magic, glitter, minature strobe warings, and a werewolf whistle. Only use at night. K10002...$18.50

CUPID, STUPID! - If you stupid and need a kit or have one who is not paying especial attention to you this is the kit to use. Because of the volatile nature of this kit contents cannot be disclosed in print. You'll be irresistable. Please specify type: leather/muscle * sailor/surfboy * hustler/chicken * Trade. K10005...$22.00

VENGEANCE - Want to see two people break up? Some evil back-stabbing queen who stole your show? This kit will help you tie knots in any relationship. Special namby-pamby can I get a witness doll included. K10007...$19.00

Have you heard that some people are able to bury things and make things happen? It's true! It sounds stupid, I mean unbelievable, but if you bury the right things, you too can make things happen! Be careful - or you might need counseling in court.

GOOD RIDDANCE BOX - That's right, it's easy to do. Just bury this box at midnight on a full moon, and you get neighbors to move, and old lovers and shoeless trolls pestering you for drink tickets out of your life, and you can have peace of mind. M1428...$12.95
M1430...Deluxe edition - even keeps acid-washed tourists out of your next vacation... $14.95

HE-TO-SHE TRANSFORMATION BOX - Just strap or wear for 7 days. Plays "I Am Woman. M1336...$10.50

WOMYN BOX - Bury in any neighboorhood park and sisters from the four corners will gather, sing songs and chant words of liberation....M1430...$6.66

Perfumed Annointing Oils

M1427 - AMOR, AMOR - Has your love gone away? Is your mate straying and you'd like to have him or her true to only you? Use the Amor, Amor Box, find love, keep your beloved faithful, get him or her to come back if they're gone! Bury by a stream on a clear sunny day. Singing "Green Grows the Willow Tree, Grow his/her love, Grow for Me" ...M1427 - $17.95

A1120 - BEND OVER -The Power giving oil. Wear as a perfume, will cause others to "bend over" to what you want them to do. ...$3.75

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A1180 - TABBOO - Put a drop behind your ears, sprinkle on bed sheets for a wonderful time. ...$2.75. Caution: not for waterbeds.

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A1600 - STRAIGHTS BE GONE - Apply to forehead and door knobs to keep breeders away. ...$2.50

NO CAN DO - A1700 - Use to destroy an enemy's prowness. Write enemy's name on parchment paper 9 times, apply 9 drops of oil, then burn in the flame of a black of a black candle, while chanting "Get hard, Need a magazinee?" Be sure to bury ashes...$4.25

Roots & Herbs - $2.25 ea.

H1557 - Slam Dunkit Poppy-Tomika's special blend! Love will wear you out.

H1667 - West Side Pier Berry - Carry to have call boys pay you, instead. Soak in Bend Over Oil and he'll get his... Sucker!

H1789 - Spotted Cranes Bill - Jealousy can never harm you with this powerful herb. Hapi has used in many stage performances. She hasn't seen any jealousy yet.

H1835 - Tongue Grass - Soak in water for three days, then sprinkle to stop gossip. Once used dring Thur. Nite Speaker Series by Sukreet Gabel.

H1215 - Cayenne - sprinkle in shoes of person you wish to move out of your house.

H1291 - Colic Root - Sprinkle in an enemy's path to cause severe diarhea or menstrual cramps.

H1230 - Wig of Olympia - stuff into your mates pillow. He or she will dream only of you and drink gimlets, one after the other.

H1387 - Trojan's Friend - Ancient classical herb, a strong aphrodisiac - carry with you at all time.

H1479 - Indigo Blue Balls - Add one to each cocktail for many blessings. Makes everyone beautiful.

Do you want Miss Tomika Velvet to pray for you?
____ 1 Month...$4.00
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Order now, and you will receive a special gift of Naked Musk - "the fragrance that speaks of women"; Wear it only if you mean it! Discover your own private mysterious haunting self in this wonderful full-bodied scent.

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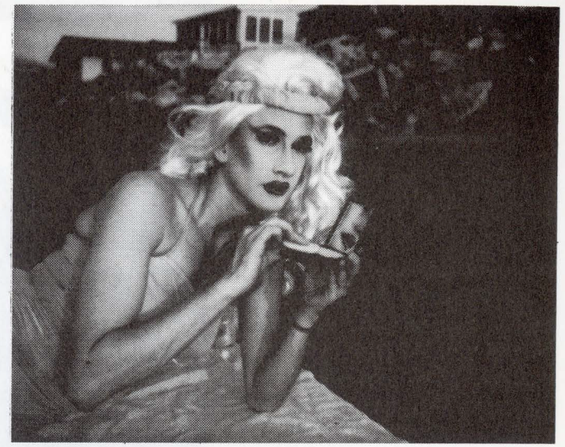
I WANT A MALIBU MAN



by Sister Dimension and José [redacted]

Millions of particles of sand swept across my tanning body from over the dunes toward the sunset which seemed to signify the promise of a thousand new romances. As the pagan laughter of frolicsome boys, engaged in a rowdy bout of volleyball, echoed in the distance, I felt a deep inner peace swim over me, such as one experiences only at the moment of reaching a peak, and seeing in the horizon, the beauty and poetry of a blade of fern glistening with the sumptuous morning dew.

Rob appeared from over the dune, clad only in his black lycra/spandex and mesh combine for a fashion forward tight with stand-out style, while his lycra front tank top hugged his pecs and the mesh back kept him cool.

We gazed into each others eyes as I shifted my Super Jock, which supports me without the bulk or bulges of a normal jockstrap. A thousand tiny lights began twinkling while the azure sea greeted us with bouquets of seaweed. As suddenly as a popper rush, Julio happened upon our merry fondling. We were caught off guard by the spritzes of cold, clear water emanating from Julio's hairdresser's spritzer. But we were safe in our special double duty lycra slick, brief-cut nylon swimsuits, which dazzled us in our choice of four sensational colors: Aqua, White, Yellow, and Watermelon, which we had quickly changed into moments prior to Julio's coming over the dunes.

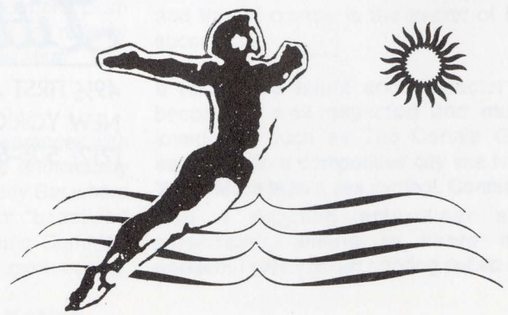


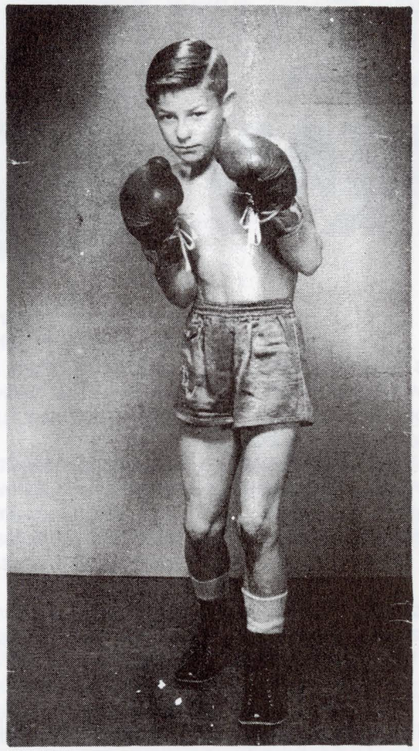
The sun burned with one giant orange eye as Julio, dressed in the layered swimsuit, the newest look in swimwear this year, which reinvents the classic bikini with a new design that complements his natural shape to deliver a powerful, sleek look, initiated a passionate game for three, Key West style.

Later, as a full moon bathed our shrimp salads coated in a gloppy Greek dressing with the eerie afterglow of the last day of summer, we were invaded by a hunger, a deep yearning hunger, a hunger that had to be satisfied, needed to be fulfilled summer after summer, year after year, a hunger that could only be satisfied by changing into our silver bengaline robes with matching briefs. A feeling as smooth as butter, so cool to the skin, longwearing and oh so sensuous.

But I received only a plate of cold, oriental snowpeas, bare, when Julio and Rob left in the arms of Mark, our benevolent waiter.

As I cried into my pillow, filled with a thousand uncertainties about a million tomorrows, about the fabulous millenia that promised us ahead, I realized I was getting over my 100% silk thong. I was tired of wearing it by itself for that sexy, sensual feeling. And I thought to myself, "Yes, I want a Malibu Man!"





Ronnie Walcott, Age: 13, Weight: 86 Lbs., Record: 90 unofficial fights, 16 official, 1 loss. Won San Angelo Paperweight Championship in 1949 and Paperweight Championship in Regional Golden Gloves Tournament at San Angelo in 1949. Lost final bout in Regional Golden Gloves Tournament at Odessa in 1950 but won return match with same boy a short time later. At age 11, when this picture was taken, Ronnie was picked as one of the most scientific boxers in these parts. Other athletic achievements: Entered four events in 1950 San Angelo City Swim Meet and won all four. He started swimming at age of four.

Little Rickie

49½ FIRST AVE. (CORNER 3RD ST.)
NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10003
(212) [redacted]

★ HOT



HOT ★

The Amazing Appeal of THE CONNIE GIRL

If you never watch TV, go to the movies, or read magazines, you might be unfamiliar with The Connie Girl.

Otherwise, you're well aware that Connie gloriously appears every week during the introductory segment of "Saturday Night Live", that her lip-synching segment (along with Princess Diandra and Raven, Oh!) was the smash highlight of "Slaves of New York", that she's one of the fabulous superstars of New York's nightlife, and a top model besides.

When Connie enters a crowded room all attention immediately focuses on the long-legged seductress. Virile young men trip over each other as they attempt to be the first to light Connie's cigarette, buy her a drink, remove her coat, whisper sweet nothings into her ear...

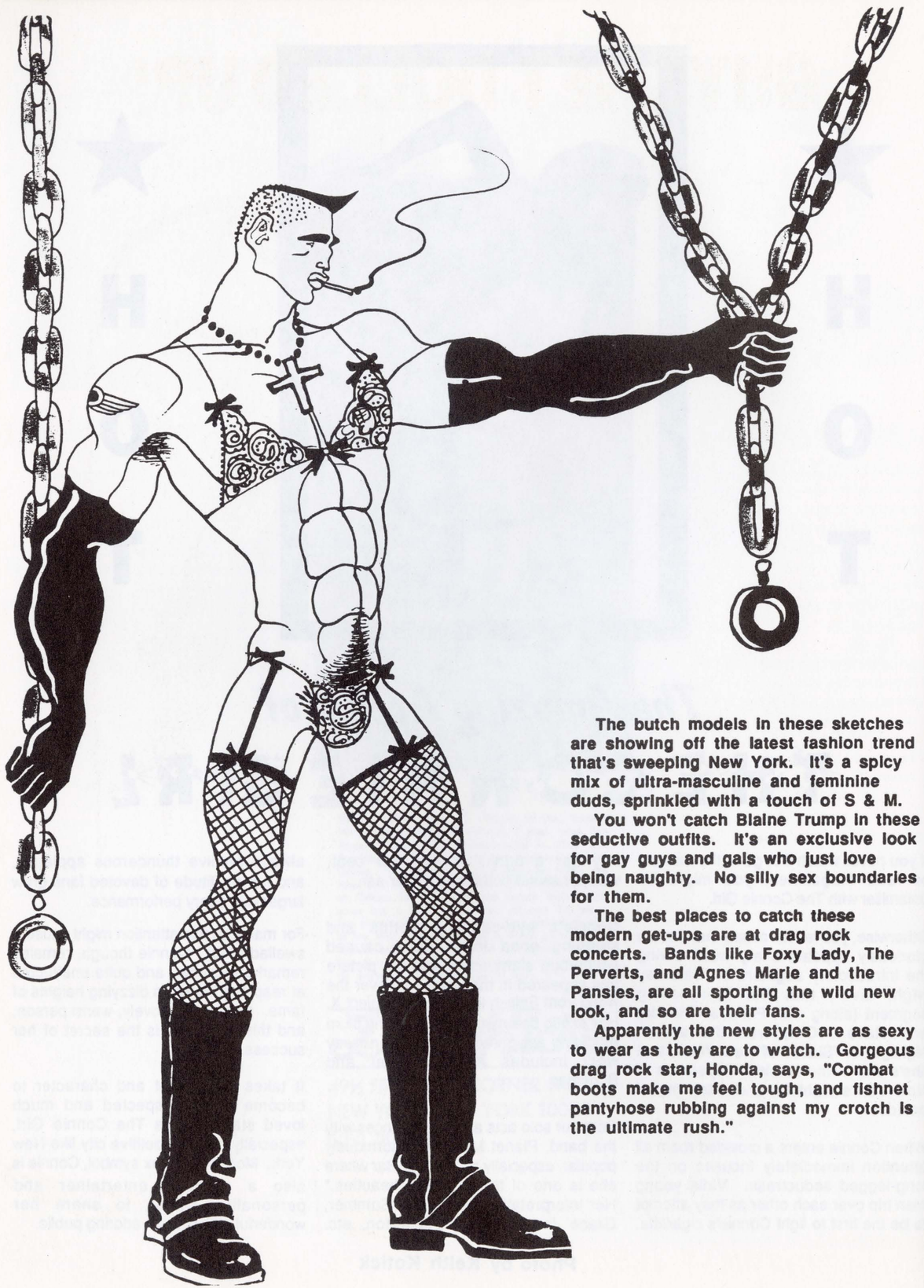
Connie's eye-catching outfits and stunning good looks have caused shutterbug stampedes, and her picture has appeared in magazines all over the world from Splash to Details to Project X. Her exotic beauty has led to many plum modeling assignments, and her runway work includes Andre Walker and Bodymap.

Both her solo acts and appearances with the band, Planet Muff, are enormously popular, especially at The Boy Bar where she is one of the resident "beauties." Her interpretations of Donna Summer, Grace Jones, Minnie Ripperton, etc. always receive thunderous applause, and her multitude of devoted fans grow larger with every performance.

For many, all this attention might cause a swelled head. Connie though, remains remarkably sweet, and quite unaffected at reaching the often dizzying heights of fame. Connie is a lovely, warm person, and this of course is the secret of her success.

It takes true talent and character to become a well-respected and much loved star such as The Connie Girl, especially in a competitive city like New York. More than a sex symbol, Connie is also a dazzling entertainer and personality, willing to share her wonderful gifts with an adoring public.

Photo by Keith Kotick



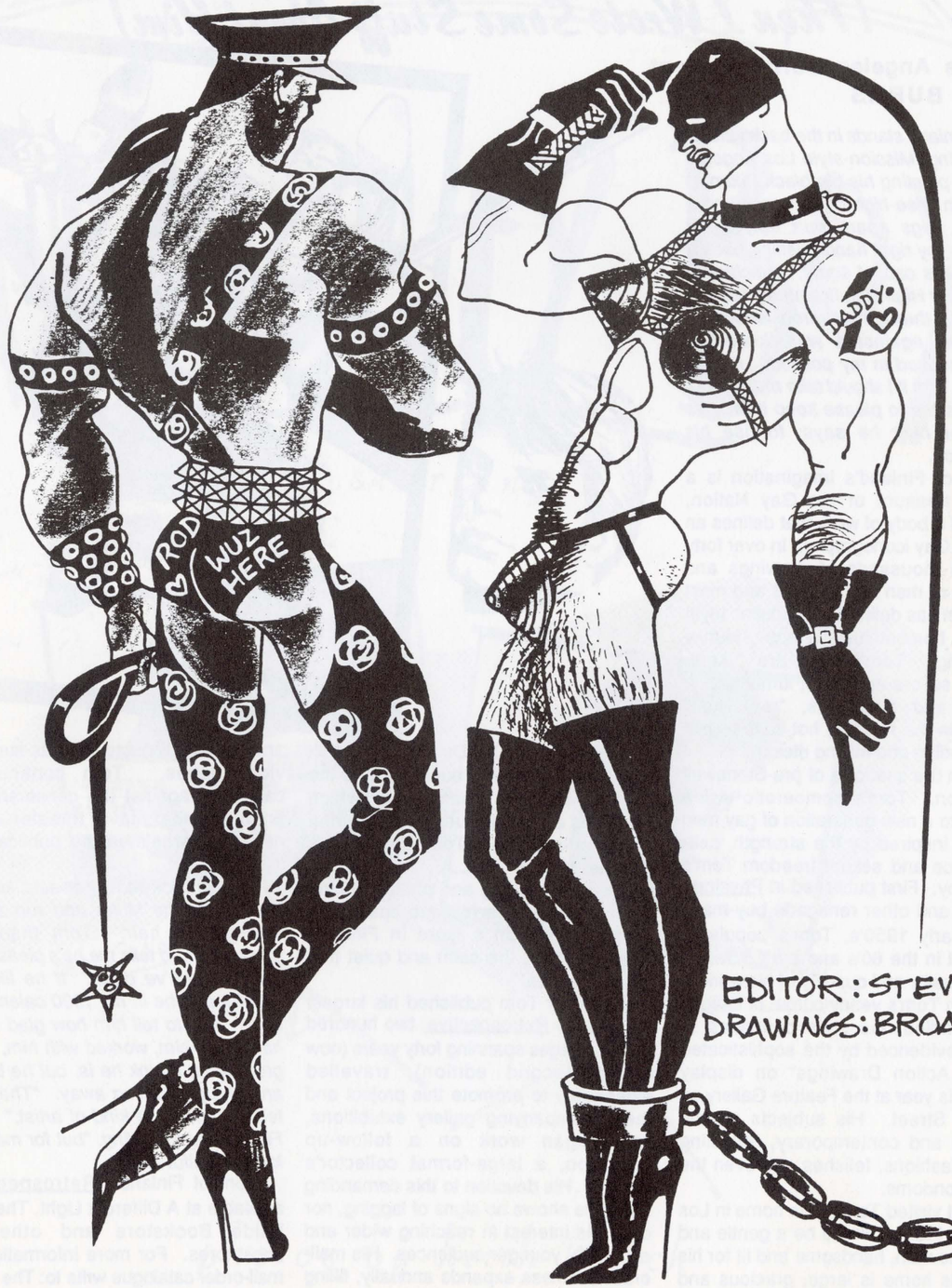
The butch models in these sketches are showing off the latest fashion trend that's sweeping New York. It's a spicy mix of ultra-masculine and feminine duds, sprinkled with a touch of S & M.

You won't catch Blaine Trump in these seductive outfits. It's an exclusive look for gay guys and gals who just love being naughty. No silly sex boundaries for them.

The best places to catch these modern get-ups are at drag rock concerts. Bands like Foxy Lady, The Perverts, and Agnes Marie and the Pansies, are all sporting the wild new look, and so are their fans.

Apparently the new styles are as sexy to wear as they are to watch. Gorgeous drag rock star, Honda, says, "Combat boots make me feel tough, and fishnet pantyhose rubbing against my crotch is the ultimate rush."

GUYS GET DOLLED UP!



I POSED FOR TOM OF FINLAND

(Then I Wrote Some Stuff About Him)

By Los Angeles Correspondent, DAVID BURNS



Tom of Finland stands in the back yard of his rambling, Mission-style Los Angeles mansion, pointing his big black Nikon at me. I'm in knee-high boots, jeans and a tank top, legs apart, butt out, chest blown up, my right hand pushing back a black biker's cap. I squat, crunching a can of Miller High Life, flexing my tattoos, smiling up through mirrored lenses. I lean coyly against a wall, knee up, thumbs hooked in my pockets. It's hot and I ask Tom if I should take my shirt off. Tom asks me to please keep it on. It's better for him, he says, to use his imagination.

Tom of Finland's imagination is a national treasure of the Gay Nation, creator of a body of work that defines an essential Gay iconography. In over forty years, in thousands of drawings and paintings of men at their best and most lusty, Tom has defined a masculine myth for male homosexuals: Happy, Hunky and Hung. Tom's Men are bikers, soldiers, sailors and cops, lumberjacks, firemen and lifeguards, "real men" exulting in the healthy, hot sexuality of male bonding and mating rites.

Born in the shadows of pre-Stonewall repression. Tom's homoerotic vision appeals to a new generation of gay men who are inspired by the strength, self-confidence and sexual freedom Tom's Men enjoy. First published in Physique Pictorial and other renegade boy-mags in the early 1950's, Tom's popularity exploded in the 60's and early 70's, as did the quality and quantity of his work.

Although Tom's yearly output of images has dwindled, his style continues to evolve, evidenced by the sophisticated "Heavy Action Drawings" on display earlier this year at the Feature Gallery on Broome Street. His subjects remain timeless and contemporary, reflecting today's fashions, fetishes and even the use of condoms.

When I visited Tom at his home in Los Angeles, I found him to be a gentle and humorous man, handsome and fit for his age. His home is large, gracious and busy; along with several roommates, houseguests and an ancient pug, Tom and his manager, Dirk Dehner, run a mail-order and publishing business and the Tom of Finland Foundation (which preserves and catalogues his work) from a tiny attic office. Tom spends sex months a year in L.A., running his business, sketching and photographing models. The other six are spent in a modest home on a fjiord in Finland, where he finds the calm and quiet that his art requires.

This year Tom published his largest project, the Retrospective, two hundred classic images spanning forty years (now in its second edition), travelled extensively to promote this project and the accompanying gallery exhibitions, and began work on a follow-up collection, a large-format collector's volume. His devotion to this demanding schedule shows no signs of lagging, nor does his interest in reaching wider and especially younger audiences. His mail-order business expands annually, filling orders for Tom of Finland magazines, books, calendars, T-shirts and posters, and related products such as audio and video tapes. Tom continues to campaign against the censorship and prejudice that have threatened, but never overwhelmed the publication of his work.

I change back into my sweats, kick back the last of the Miller and run a comb through my hair. Tom thanks me graciously and tells me he's pleased with the work we've done. If he likes the drawings I'll be in his 1990 calendar, he says. I try to tell him how glad I am to have met him, worked with him, what a great artist I think he is, but he blushes and shrugs, turning away. "They try to tell me I'm some kind of artist," Tom of Finland says, smiling, "but for me...I just love beautiful men."

Tom of Finland's Retrospective is available at A Different Light, The Oscar Wilde Bookstore and other fine bookstores. For more information or a mail-order catalogue write to: The Tom of Finland Foundation, P.O. Box 26658, Los Angeles, CA 90026.

a my comrade photo story

NAUGHTY BOY

starring



photos by keith hotick

Joe! I told you not to play with the whipped cream!

But I'm hungry.

1

Hungry? Then lick the floor.

2

You're filthy. It's time for your bath.

3

Off with your clothes.

4

Boiling hot - perfect bath temperature.

5

Scrub-a-dub-dub.

6

Let me help you dry off.

7

8

Now, time for your punishment.

OK, Joe, take me for my walk.

9

I Work This Town



By Steven [redacted]

While rubbing elbows with one of New York's most celebrated couples **MATHEW KASTEN** (Mastermind behind the Boybar beauties), and **LEN WHITNEY** (Mastermind behind its clientele), at the opening at MOMA (where some Chanel suited woman exclaimed, "My security certainly is lacking this evening," after setting her eyes on Len's T-shirt which rather artfully displayed two men performing fellatio), I was adonished, (I mean astonished), to find that Len (don't you just love his new **LIPS**?), knew all the lavish, and glamorous night spots to go in New York's most exclusive of evening scenes, that we all know as **TIMES SQUARE**. With Mr. Whitney at my side, I enjoyed a **"LIGHTHEARTED GAY ROMP"** taking us from the **ADONIS**, to the **SHOW PALACE**, to the **GAITEY** (where you never know who you'll run into..

While attending **MARCUS LEATHERDALE**'s opening at **WESSEL O'CONNOR** Gallery, I couldn't help but to overhear a conversation going on between **INTERNATIONAL CHRYSIS** and some **DAPPER EUROPEAN**...He asked her, "Are you a man or a woman?," to which she replied, "I'm a genius," to which he replied, "You're not a genius, you're an enigma," to which she replied, "Don't call me a **NIGMA**." Bravo.

My sources tell me that on the last evening of **WHISPERS** at **PYRAMID, SISTER DIMENSION** held the club's **DISCO LIGHTS** ransom until the following day when she received $3000. Another Sunday evening tradition at The Pyramid has come to an end. First it was **STRAIGHT TO HELL**, then **CAFE IGUANA** (with the legendary **ANN CRAIG**) and now Whispers...What next? Well, I'll tell you. Although the new Whispers will continue it will never be the same without **HAPI PHACE**, so my choice on top of Whispers or **MARS** on Sunday nights (**JIM FOURATT** of the first **DANCETERIA** once said, "It's only a matter of time before the Germans and the Japanese get back together") is **HAPI'S BACK DOOR AT THE PYRAMID** - You'll always have a great night when you enter through Hapi's Back Door.

For all those fortunate enough to pass by **PATRICIA FIELD'S** on a recent Saturday, there certainly was a sight to behold. It was a live performance of **PLANET MUFF** (the sister band of **DEAN AND THE WEENIES**) with **THE CONNIE GIRL, CHICKLET,** and **RAVEN**. The homeboys standing outside (all afternoon) watching the performance, were shocked when they found out that the girls were not real (in the traditional sense). I wouldn't be a bit surprised if we start seeing a whole new crew of **BUTCH-FEMS** roaming the streets of our fair city.

This month's Miss Thing Award goes to Miss **TOUKIE SMITH** (at the **WILLIE SMITH DAY** auction/party) for in a final attempt for the big bucks, auctioning off her **RED BRA** (that was on her back).

Finally, on the star search patrol, there is a new talent in New York who is taking the city by storm - **MISS MONA FOOT**. And how can Mona be anything but a **SUPERSTAR**, coming from the show business family that she does. She is daughter of the legendary **GLAMAMORE**, and younger sister of the often scandalous **MISS NIKKI NICOLE**. Mona is sure to surpass even her closest competitor (**CHER**).

And now...

Joining me this month in Pussy Parlor is top **FASHION MODEL**, and close personal girlfriend, **JOE DIETRICH**

Our topic: **DIET TIPS.**

1. Drink large amounts of water before, during, and after all meals, to insure the option of vomiting afterwards.
2. Eat sweet things that combine well to make vomiting an enjoyable and memorable experience.
3. Use rusty silverware.
4. Place a photograph of your parents by the dinner plate.
5. Keep nothing but angora sweaters in your refrigerator.
6. If your roommate has any leftovers from his dinner, immediately throw them away after he retires, and confess to having eaten them when he inquires of their disappearance the following morning.
7. Never go food shopping when you're hungry.
8. Never go food shopping period.
9. Always remember - men don't make passes at sissies with fat asses.
10. Replace your Bon Bons habit with chocolate flavored Ex Lax. Not only does it taste great, but it hasn't failed us yet.
11. Heroin.
12. Always eat nude in front of a full-length mirror.

This month's column is in loving memory of The World.







Mathew Kasten & Len Whitney (left) at a cocktail party celebrating the marriage of Mercedes Kellog to Texas millionaire Sid Bass.

The legendary Glamamore (top photo) as photographed for Italian Vogue

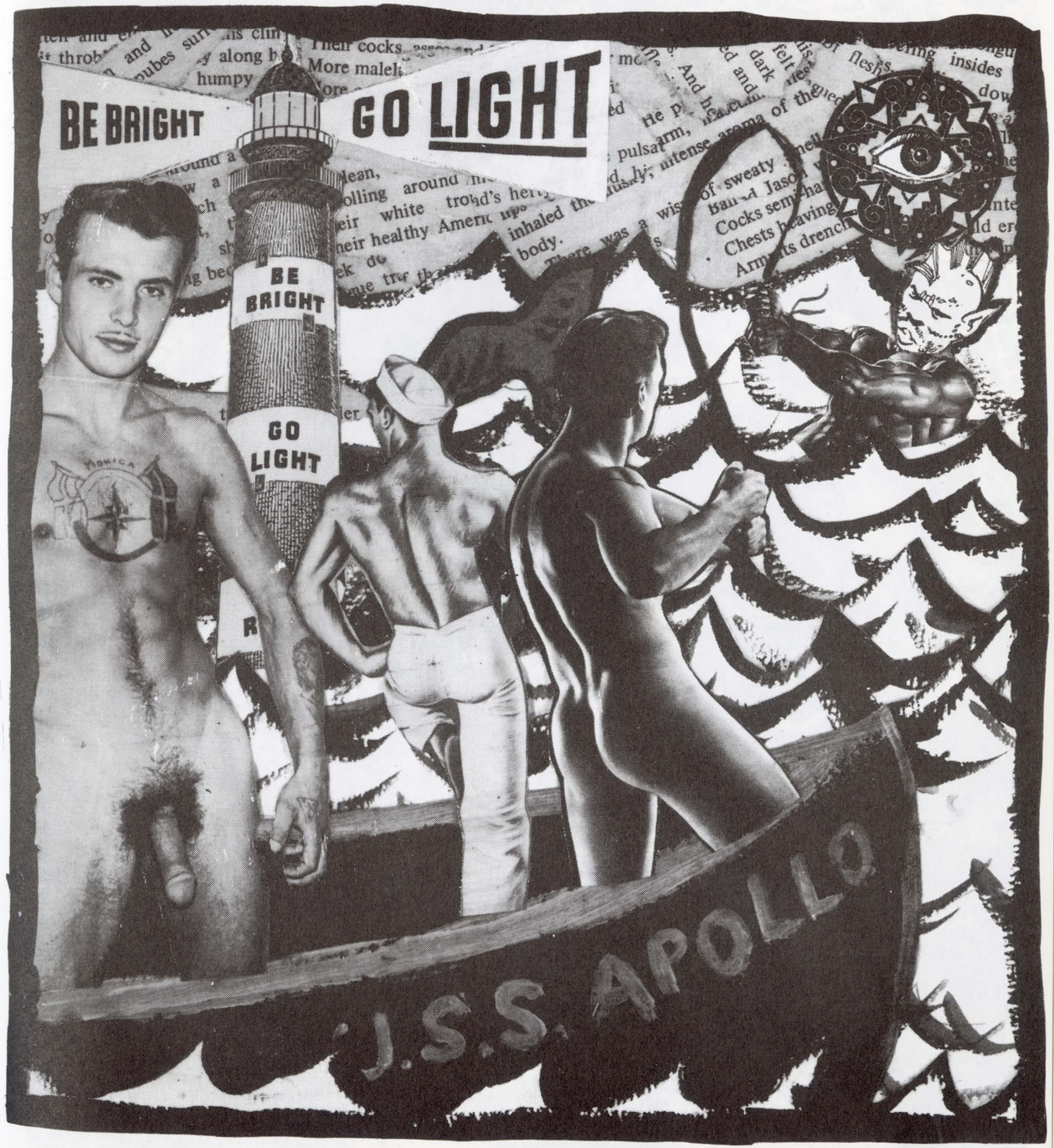
No, this is not one of the Gold-diggers or The Solid Gold Dancers - It's Miss Mona Foot (above)..



Q: Why is this "woman" laughing?
A: The Backdoor Cabaret.
Every Sunday at the Pyramid,
101 Avenue A, New York City.
Good Gay Fun.

PORN ART! *X-Rated Masterpieces Sell For Big Bucks*

It used to be that most homoerotic art was confined to the closet. Today, however, lusty collages of naked men adorn the walls of the world's most prestigious galleries, where they are eagerly purchased for thousands of dollars by influential art collectors. Heralded by art critics as imaginative expressions of sensuality, and fascinating juxtapositions of mixed media, the works are also great for jerking off.

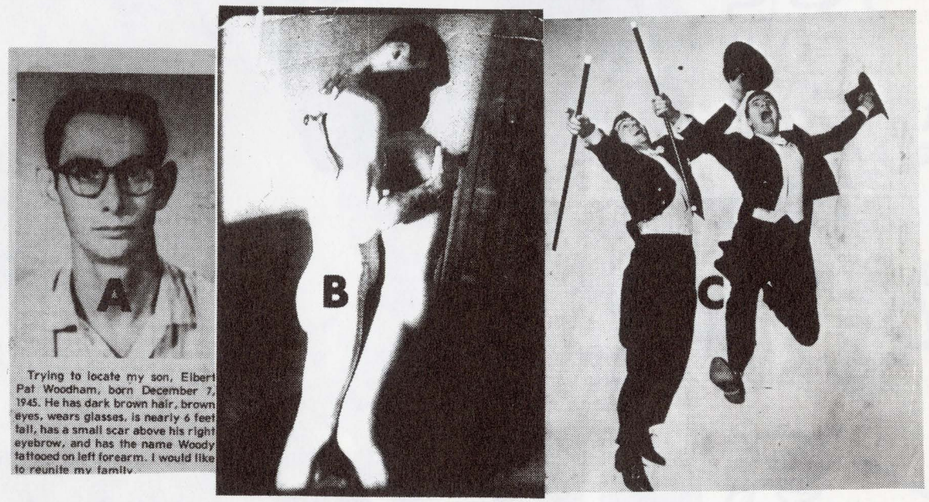


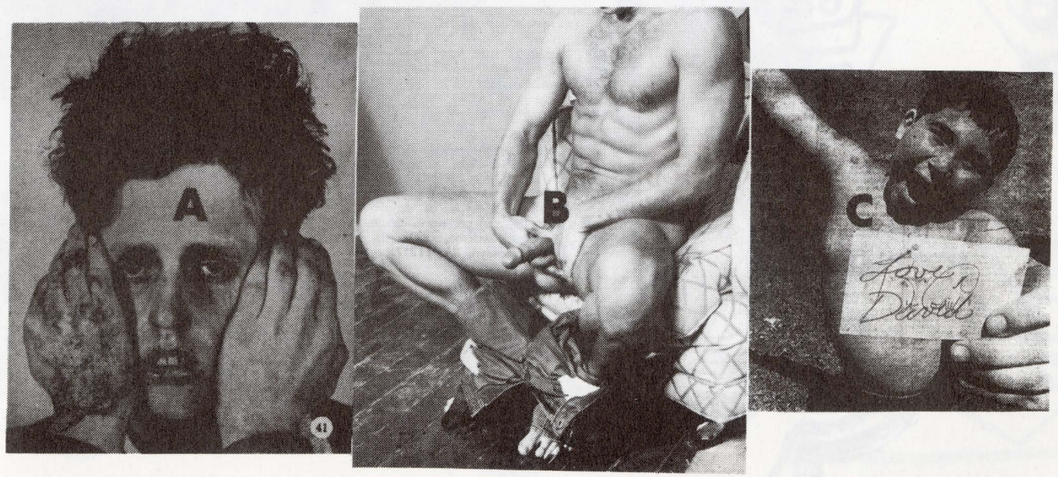
The piece on Page 39 is by artist Steve Lott. His work has been displayed at the gallery of Physique Memorabilia, and several of his collages have appeared before in MY COMRADE.

The awesome work to the left is by Arch Connolly. Arch has shown at Holly Solomon, Charles Cowles and Bleecker 56 galleries. His latest project is an installation at The Gay & Lesbian Community Center.

Our Centerfold (next page) was designed by Mr. Leonard, costume designer for "The Gay Dating Game Show."

The lovely collages below, entitled the "ABC'S of Love," are by David Carrino. His work can be seen at the Scott Hanson Gallery.





MY COMRADE CENTERFOLD

JOE DIETRICH = PRICK TEASER



photos:

KEITH KOTICK

design:

Mr. Leonard

L'ARTIFICIELLE BY LYPSINKA



Little did I know, when I submitted my last column to MY COMRADE that months later I would be appearing in my one-person show on an Off-Broadway stage that had also featured productions starring such legends as Bette Davis and Pat Carroll. But, sure enough, your Lypsinka, whose appearances had been usually limited to such venues at The Pyramid Club and Boy Bar, suddenly found herself dealing with "the big boys" as she delved into pre-production of John Epperson's and Justin Ross' "I Could Go On Lip-Synching!"



I would be an enormous liar if I didn't say that I hoped (and still hope) that this production would help to make me a mainstream property to be exploited, chewed up and spit out by the cruel factory known as legitimate show business. (This is called the Neely O'Hara Syndrome; it's a distant relative of the death wish). Then, of course, there's the contradiction of not wanting to sever one's underground roots, burn that East Village bridge or turn one's back on friendships that have formed and deepened in the St. Mark's neighborhood. Nevertheless, I knew I couldn't turn my back on the opportunity to reach a wider audience.

Severe bouts of insomnia set in just before the September opening (as of this writing I've given 128 performances) but somehow I managed to get through that opening night that was attended by several devotees who had followed my career "on the cutting edge" and by Charles Busch who was very instrumental in helping the show get off the ground. I was so grateful that I had survived opening night that I was not nervous, only surprised and delighted, when I was told that Joan Rivers would be attending my 3rd performance. Not a Joan Rivers impersonator, mind you, but the Joan Rivers. (This is the spot where this particular column takes on an enormous name-dropping bent). I didn't get to meet Miss Rivers but I am told she was very excited by what she saw and barked and clapped like a seal in all the right places. Her dog, Spike, sitting in her lap, merely baked like a canine. Later in the run I was treated to a post-performance backstage visit by the fabulous male actress Charles Pierce. He kept asking, "How ever did you think it all up?" "Oh, it's just show-biz," I tossed off. Charles was wildly gracious and generous when I was seated ringside at his show at The Ballroom where he introduced me as an artist and plugged the show even when I wasn't there.

Another night, as I was stumbling down the backstage stairs after the show, a stagehand rushed up to me and said, "There's a celebrity here who wants to see you. Something Collins, I think."

"Joan Collins?"

"No. Connel maybe."

"Oh! Jane Connell!" I had been hoping she would manage to see the show as she is featured prominently in the soundtrack.

I went to the green room and stuck out my hand, thinking I would be greeting Ms. Connell but found, instead, the great Betty Comden. Here was one of my idols who represents to me everything that is exciting and creative about "the business" and she was saying to me, "This show is fantastic!" Coming from the co-author of such films as Singin' in the Rain and What A Way To Go!, that comment made me enormously grateful and more than a little proud.

Closing night at the Provincetown Playhouse (the show is now at Theatre Off Park) brought a mob scene and Elton John. I peeked out at the audience before the show to get a glimpse of Mr. John. There he was, looking happy as a bug in a rug, and



wearing an ensemble that a friend later described as that of a British Caledonian Airline stewardess. In retrospect I can laugh at this particular performance, but at the time I wanted to crawl under the Provincetown Playhouse and get reeling drunk with the ghost of Eugene O'Neill. Anthony Wong, my costume designer, and I were horrified as I was stepping into my last costume to find the zipper had broken! I had to perform the last twelve minutes of the show holding up the heavy dress with my hands. Quelle horreur!



Now that the show has become routine, Mike Thomas, the Enrico Kuklafraninalli puppeteer and Robert Anderson, my dear friend and the current dresser for the show, have developed a rapport with one another and myself. Between the three of us there is a great deal of laughter and talk about movies, movie stars and sex. We share jokes that perhaps no one else will appreciate. (Sample: "House of Dark Shadows is the saddest movie ever made." "It made me gay." "It's very Jane White." Or: "Cicely Tyson will star in the long-awaited remake Whatever Happened to Baby Jane Pittman?")

Since the three of us are all from The South we share a deep common bond. Southerners love to tell stories and one of Robert's favorites is a line he overheard on a New Orleans streetcar. It seems there was a group of black maids going to work at their various employers' homes and one said to the others, "Yes, girl, I used to jes' start cryin' when he'd crawl up in the bed with that fourteen inches."

Robert also treated us to a recording of The Black Sensuous Woman. It kept us in stitches for several days. ("Roll yo' belly, mama. Use you' grippers!") I became addicted to it and couldn't go on until I listened to the entire tape. Mike keeps me going with his impersonations of Grayson Hall, Edna May Oliver, June Allyson and Ray Harryhausen figures.

I took the two of them by surprise when one evening I appeared in the dressing room stark naked and announced, "It has line, style, simplicity. It says something," a favorite quote from Susan Hayward's Back Street And one of my most treasured anecdotes is my trip to a midtown Woolworth's where I overheard one lunch counter employee say to another, "Girl, I didn't know Thoroughly Modern Millie was goin' to be on TV yesterday."

Certainly some of my proudest moments have been when I was able to bring exciting audience members to meet Mike and Robert. It was fun to sing "Happy Birthday" to Jaye P. Morgan in the dressing room as Bob Mackie stood by and grinned. I asked Mr. Mackie if he saw any of Carol Burnett's influence on Lypsinka. "Oh, I see some of all my clients," he said. "That's right," said Jaye P. "I heard you whispering to Ray, 'It's Mitzi! It's Mitzi!'"

Rosemary Clooney and Mimi Hines came back to say hello and praise one another. I asked Rosie if she had any Cass Daley stories and she said, "Oh, she was great! We used to drink together." She invited me to her show and asked me to call her at her hotel and reminded me, "The name is Rosemary Clooney." Mimi signed both of her albums and said they're hard to come by. I agreeably pointed out the collector's item label on one of them and she faked a swoon, saying, "Oh, my God! I'm seeing it in print!"

There's no doubt that I am extremely lucky to be doing this show and to be meeting these and other "names" such as John Kander, Mink Stole, James Kirkwood, Pee-wee Herman, Lesley Gore, Pedro Almodovar, Larry Kert and John Waters. However, I still don't feel like Neely O'Hara. Come to think of it, maybe it's just as well.



little Whitney

Houston is GAY!

AND HER NEW VIDEO PROVES IT!

e.n.y.c.



LOOK!

Bumping and grinding her way through a steamy music video, hot new singing sensation Little Whitney Houston proves she's no ordinary pop star - she's gay!

To the lyrics, "Gay sex is great sex," the action moves from soundstage to bed where hunky co-star, Juan Botas, finds out that Little Whitney is a super foxy drag queen. This discovery drives Juan mad with desire, and the two begin to make passionate love.



"I'm so SEXcited about the video," pants Little Whitney. "I hope everyone has as much fun watching it as I did making it," she says, batting her big brown eyes.

Little Whitney poo-poos right-wing moralists call for Sprite, her soda pop sponsor, to drop the controversial video. "If Sprite says bye-bye," she giggles, "We can always get a condom manufacturer."

"But I strongly defend the video. We of course had safe sex and I'm not advocating people sleep around - I certainly don't. I just wanted to show others how fabulous gay sex can be."



Photos by Michael Wakefield

Reports that she and Juan's on-screen antics have led to a real life romance are unfounded says Little Whitney. "We're just good friends," she smiles, "Right now I'm just too busy to settle down with one man."

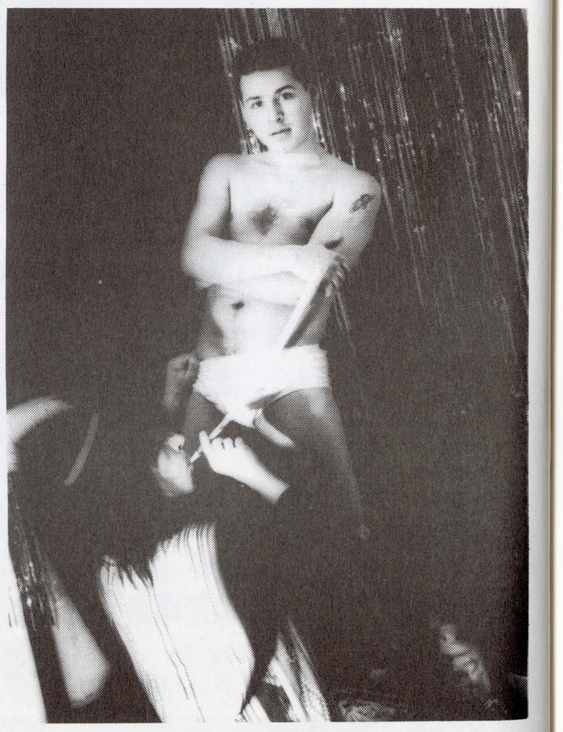
Her immediate plans include recording a duet with her good friend, Madonna, and portraying Lady Godiva on Broadway. As far as making more sexy videos, Whitney coos, "Ooooh of course, baby. Just turn those cameras on and you know it's

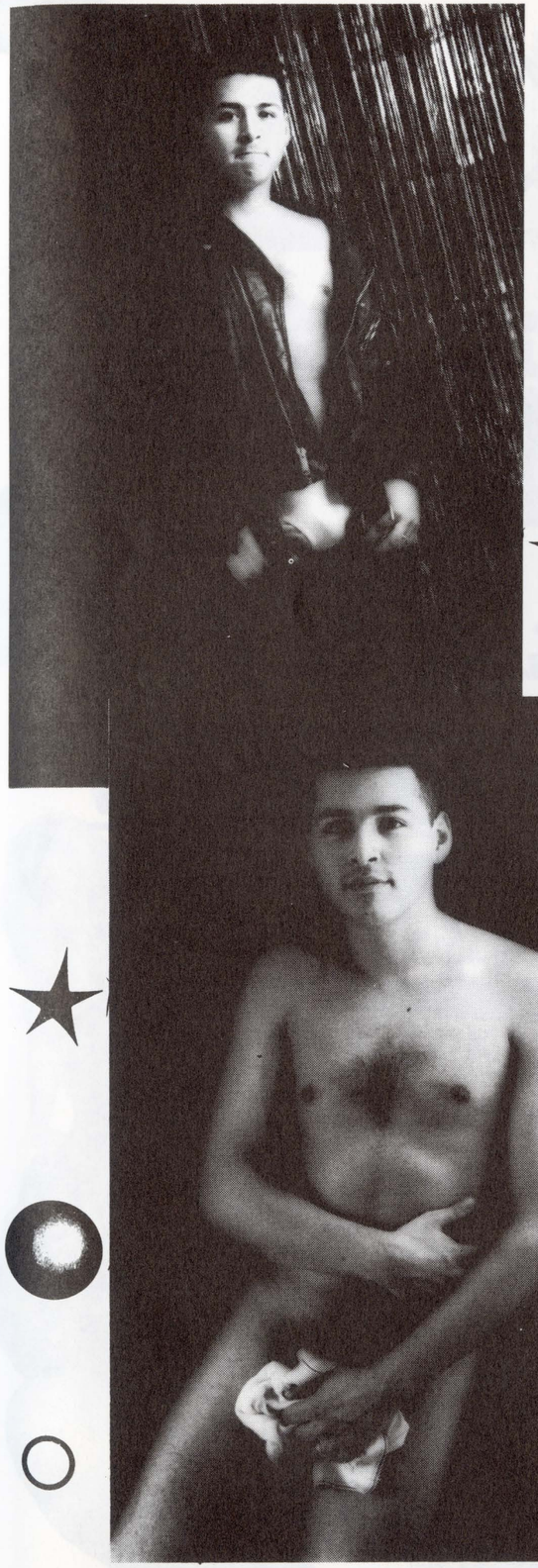
hey couch potatoes– CREATE YOUR OWN STRIP-JOINT AT HOME!

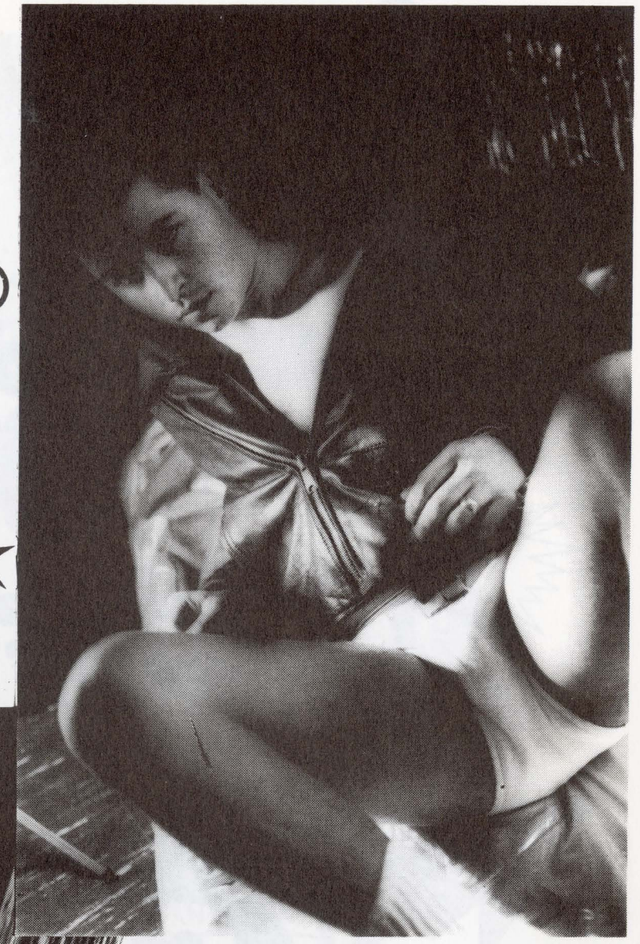


Smokey rooms, overpriced drinks, and unattractive decor can take all the fun out of going out to see a stripper. Creating a strip joint in the privacy of your own home, however, allows you to control the atmosphere. If you want, you can wear wacky clothes and party accessories, and serve fun drinks like Pink Squirrels to the sounds of your favorite tunes. Of course there is some preparation involved. You'll need a curtain, a platform of some sort for a stage, and most importantly - a sexy stripper. In this case it's super disc jockey and club sensation, Keoki. Take it off, Keoki, take it off!









Photos by Keith Kotick

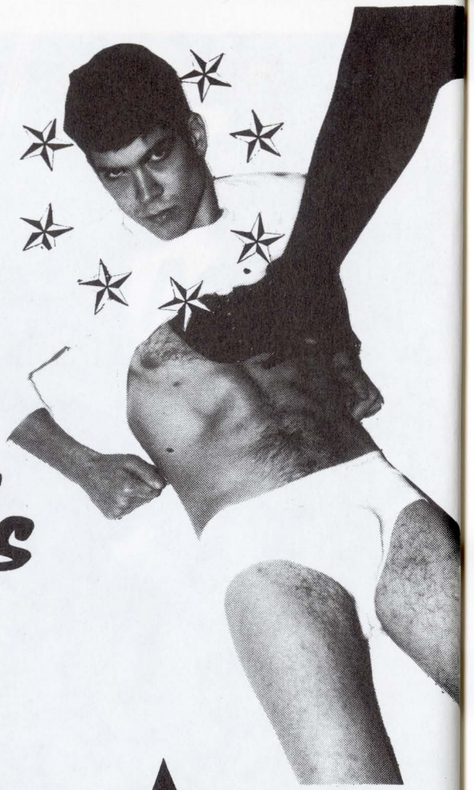


SEXY

GLAMOROUS

and a
Barrel of Fun





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PHOTOS: LAHOMA

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TOP 10 "★★★★" HOT MEN

(highest rating)

CHART

1	XAVIAR	HOT FIRECRACKER WITH A BULLET!
2	TRADE	SWEET AND SOUTHERN-BRED
3	DESMOND CODUGAN	HUNK MODEL WE'LL TAKE TWO
4	KEOKI ▲	TWELVE COURSE HAWAIIAN LUAU ON A BIKE
5	SNOWSTORM	LOVES THE LADIES!
6	CHRISTOPHER AMAZING	HOT STUD BEHIND THE ROPES
7	ATTILA	SMOOTH, SHY LADY KILLER
8	JAVIER	SIZZLIN' COVER BOY
9 NEW	DOMINIQUE	OH, MAMA RAISED THIS ONE RIGHT!
10 NEW	ICALIO	HOT GO-GO BOY DON'T STOP!





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AL MARTINO



"I'm a Boy Watcher"
RUDY LIEBERMAN



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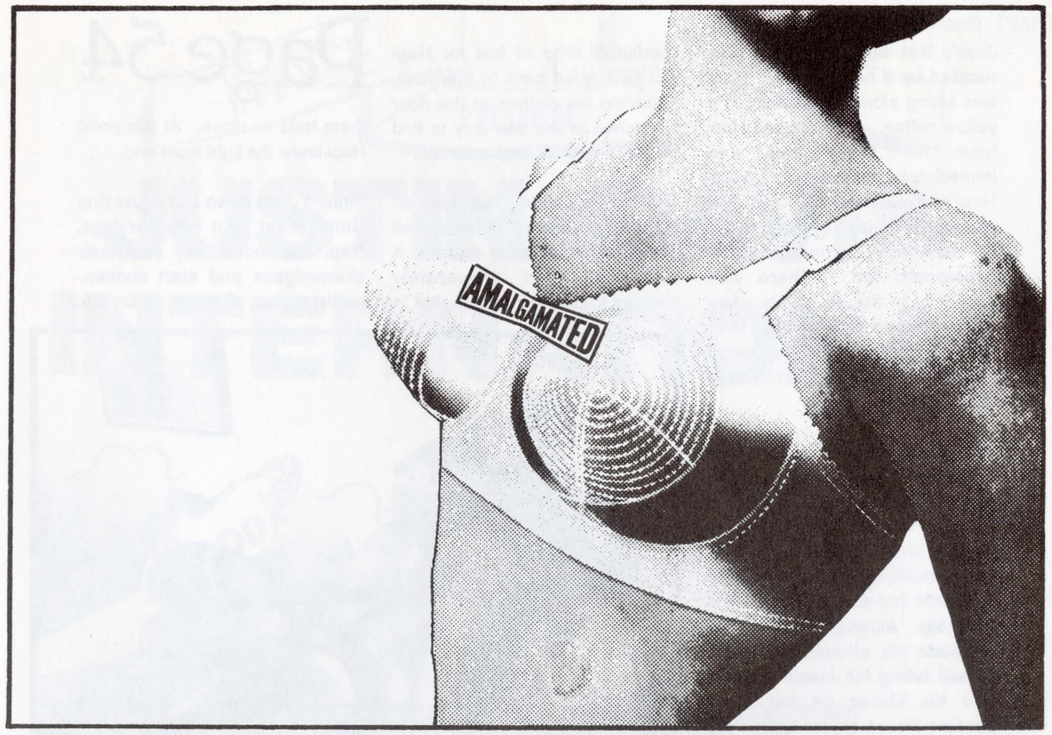

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(HAPI Continued From Page 9)

Juan's first sighting of Hapi was recalled by a hotel waiter. "Hapi was sitting alone, very lovely in a yellow caftan. Juan spotted Hapi from his table and was immediately dumbstruck. When Hapi's eyes met his, the two stared, hypnotized by each other. It was very romantic, but passionate too - There was electricity in the air. Only when Chris joined Hapi did they compose themselves, although they continued to exchange fleeting glances."

The next days were spent by Juan in pursuit of Hapi. Whenever she was away from Chris, Juan would be at her side, presenting her with gifts, showering her with compliments, and trying to persuade her to be his one and only lady. Although Hapi tried to dissuade his efforts, she found herself falling for Juan's charms, and his kisses on her hand became kisses on the lips. They were restless with desire in anticipation of consummating their lust. The entire drama was heightened by the knowledge that their affair must be kept secret from Chris who would be sure to explode in a fit of jealousy.

Finally the day the would-be-lovers had been waiting for arrived. Chris decided to go to the bullfights, and Hapi and Juan met for an afternoon rendezvous at Hapi's suite. While at the ring though, Chris suddenly felt an irresistible urge of lust for Hapi and he hurried back to the hotel. Shedding his clothes at the door he rushed to the bed only to find Hapi and Juan in deep embrace.

The confrontation Hapi had so dreaded erupted as a mad-as-hell Chris plummeted away at Juan. A hysterical Hapi desperately pleaded for the two to stop, but to



no avail.

The fighting continued, the muscular young men's hot, hard bodies rubbing together as they grabbed at each other's arms, thighs, buttocks ... Their underwear briefs slipped further and further down as the wrestling grew more intense. Their glistening lips brushed against each other's. Their minds completely focused on the macho stud each one of them held so close. At this point Hapi knew the fight must end.

Pinning Juan down and squeezing Chris' chest tight with her legs, Hapi demanded they stop their shenanigans and start concentrating on her. Gasping for breath, Juan and Chris agreed, and the three settled back into their queen-size bed.

So began a menage-a-trois that continued for the rest of Hapi's vacation. Poolside siestas and moonlit strolls on the beach were spent hand-in-hand-in-hand. Early each night the lovebirds would retire, a large "Do Not Disturb" sign outside their hotel door.

(BREEDERS Continued From Page 23)

toxic shock from sucking all this rubber." I tearfully explained my situation as a low chorus of "Betty Boy" began in the bar.

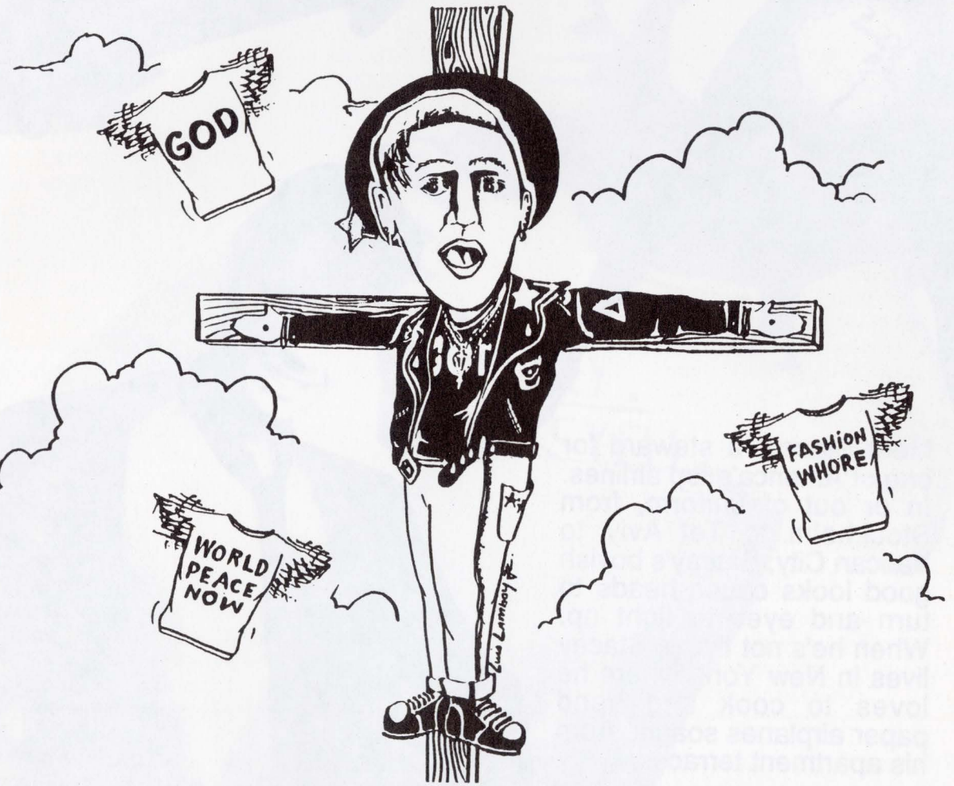
"Relax, honey, you're gonna have your cannoli and eat it too," Tommy winked. "Holy Shit!," he screeched, "What am I supposed to do with that monster - throw it over my shoulder and burp it!? Aieee!!!, " he keened, "Ah, ah, AAAHHHH!!!" "Grunt, fool," he stage-whispered to me. "Oh, oh, oh - I just know you're going to give me a BAY-BEEEE!!!" The room outside was dead quiet. "Oh God, oh God, aaahhhh!!!!...."

..."Next?," I purred ala Kitt, twisting the wig on and smoothing the edges of my Light Egyptian foundation as the back door slammed behind Tommy. Nino entered, his mouth agape. "Your friend," I continued, "It is criminal for a man to be so large, so...virile! He stole my heart and fled. And now you. It is tradition in my country for the gentleman to bow and offer the lady a lock of pubic hair, that she may tie it up with a little ribbon..."

(SCOOTER SEZ: Watch for my next installment, "All That Jizz," in the next issue of MY COMRADE)

IMAGE MAKERS PRESENTS...

JUSTIN DAVIS INTERNATIONAL



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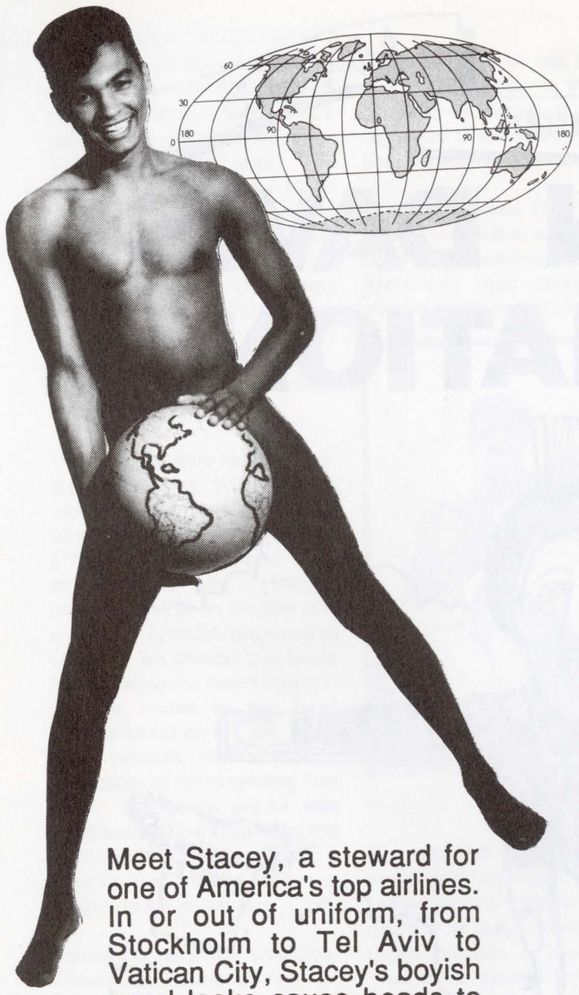
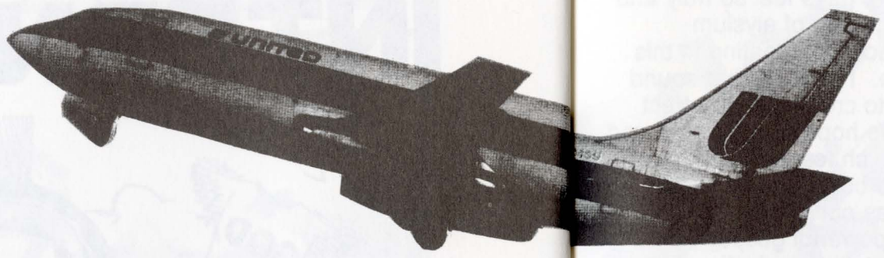
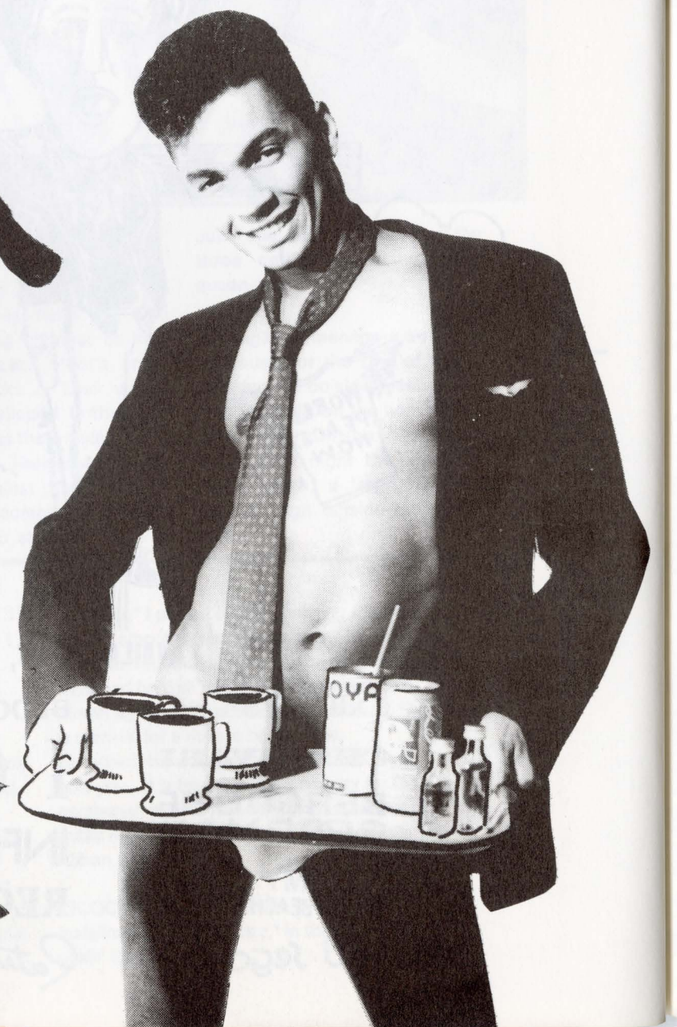
Patricia Fields

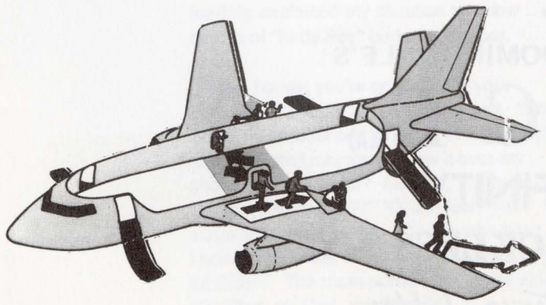
Coffee, Tea, Or He?



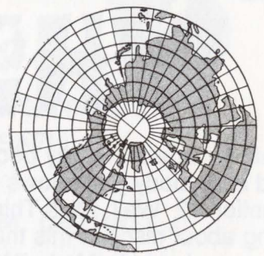




Meet Stacey, a steward for one of America's top airlines. In or out of uniform, from Stockholm to Tel Aviv to Vatican City, Stacey's boyish good looks cause heads to turn and eyes to light up. When he's not flying, Stacey lives in New York, where he loves to cook and send paper airplanes soaring from his apartment terrace.







Celebrity Guest Essay By Sister Dimension

WHY I LOVE DISCO

Well, for one thing gay people just invented disco and everybody just knows that anyway so why mention it? Well, Miss Thing, for one thing, the thing about disco is this thing, you know? So anyways I said to Mark, "Well, isn't music just great?" Well, anyway, the other night I was at the disco with some friends and oh, there was this cute guy on the dance floor, and I thought "Well, he just has the prettiest eyes" and so I danced over to him and said, "Isn't this a great song?" and he said it was his new favorite and so anyway I said to him "Wanna Dance?" We were dancing and stuff when Lady Pickle, the drag queen and her entourage made an appearance. And so my dancing partner inquired, "Hee, whoe goeth yonder in suche marvelous and woundreous apparels? Hee, care to dance?" As we danced to the music played by the d.j., I replied, "Why, that's Lady Pickle and her entourage, and anyway, Lady Pickle is the disco's hottest drag queen and stuff so I guess that's why she's here and all that, you know?" To which the stranger replied, "Hee, methinks yon garb of ye olde Lady Pickle hath been wrought of a most unusual manner, no? Care to dance?"
So, as we danced and kissed while the disco played on, we found love for a moment as we whirled away on dreams that could only be called our own, if for but a millisecond in the fabulous millenia of feelings that we gays feel so truly and deeply often. The sweet odour of elysium descended as we traipsed away floating in this perfumed bog we call life. I realized that sound effects were being used to created an abstract fantasy land filled with the hope of adventure and romance, the mood of which teased I and my pretty eyed stranger, and bewitched us to higher and higher levels of joy as our favorite song played on and on. The powerful gospel vocals seemed to combine the elusive seduction of the mysteries of life with the unresolved whispers of human sadness to evoke an exalting mood in the disco as we thrilled to hours of excited bliss listening to music and kissing and watching the drag queens in their wigs and heels. Into an intoxicating trance we fell as the hours passed on until we found ourselves lying on pink clouds wearing only silver slippers. A tear beat in every eye, the brotherhood reaffirmed, we descended the disco heavens and made our way home to meditate on the unresolved feeling in our lives, ever with the hope of making a new beginning. That is why I love disco.

My Comrade Party Jokes

Hattie: HAPI, ARE YOU FROM QUEENS?
Hapi: *NO, I'M FROM NORMAL PARENTS.*

•●•

Hapi: HATTIE, YOUR HOSE ARE SAGGING.
Hattie: *BUT HAPI, I'M NOT WEARING HOSE.*

•●•

Hapi: WHAT'S A GAY BAR WITHOUT CHAIRS?
Hattie: *A FRUITSTAND!*

THE SIX MOST IMPORTANT MEN IN A GAY MAN'S LIFE:

1. DOCTOR: *Because he says*, "TAKE OFF ALL YOUR CLOTHES."
2. DENTIST: *Because he says*, "OPEN WIDE.'
3. MILKMAN: *Because he says*, "DO YOU WANT IT IN THE FRONT OR THE BACK?"
4. HAIRDRESSER: *Because he says*, "DO YOU WANT IT TEASED OR BLOWN?"
5. INTERIOR DECORATOR: *Because he says*, "ONCE IT'S IN, YOU'LL LOVE IT."
6. BANKER: *Because he says*, "IF YOU TAKE IT OUT TOO SOON, YOU'LL LOSE INTEREST!"

the gay dating game show!

WITH YOUR BACHELOR HOST,
TOMMIE SAELI

FRIDAYS, 7:30 P.M. CHANNEL J

FOR TICKETS AND
CONTESTANT INFORMATION
CALL 212-[redacted]

BTO
BOYS TOGETHER OUTRAGEOUSLY!



WEDNESDAYS AT BOLIDO

3 WEST 18TH STREET


Sister!
SEX KITTEN
PAT FIELD
SUKHREET GABEL
STARTLING PHOTOS!
SUHKREET
HOT SUMMER ISSUE
e.n.y.c.



IN THIS ISSUE OF SISTER -

LESBIAN SEX...

You've heard about it on Geraldo, Donahue and Sally Jessy Raphael. You've discussed it with your friends and hairdresser. You've read about its celebrity participants in all the gossip columns. You may have even tried it yourself...Yes, it's Lesbian Sex, the controversial topic that's sweeping the country.

In this issue of SISTER, our knowledgable staff focuses on Lesbian Sex, reporting on the latest women-loving-women developments, as well as sharing some of their own deeply felt insights.

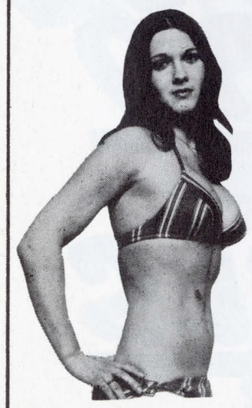
As you'll see, the glamour, romance and many success stories of personal fulfillment associated with Lesbian Sex provide hours of joyous entertainment. No wonder everyone is so intrigued.

SISTER stresses, however, that our report, along with whatever else you may have read so far about Lesbian Sex, is just the tip of the iceburg. Lesbian Sex looks to be one of the most influential topics of the 1990's, and the media blitz has just begun. SISTER Magazine proudly welcomes the opportunity to be on the forefront of exploring this fascinating subject.

AND SUKHREET!



Is Sukhreet Gabel crazy? Sure she is, but who isn't these days?



Editor: Les Simpson

Second in Command: Dany Johnson and Andé Whyland

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Isador, The Snake, courtesy of Kennon B. Raines





THEY WERE A COUPLE OF GOOD GIRLS

By Dee Finley & Tina [redacted]

Photos by Andé Whyland

They were a couple of good girls gone bad. It all started in a one-whore town. They tried to live by the rules. They worked their way through all of the correspondence schools they could cut out of The National Enquirer. They tried to draw "Smokey" and become commercial artists in their spare time. They tried Amway Products, Avon, and Mary Kay Cosmetics; and they even tried making money at home by stuffing envelopes and raising chinchillas in the garage.

But no! Nothing they could do allowed them to achieve the fame and fortune they knew was rightfully theirs. They could not achieve the American Dream because they were WOMEN!

So they decided to rebel against everything that ever oppressed them. Mainly PATRIARCHY!

They went on a wild interstate crime spree: robbing banks, shoplifting make-up, and making lewd and obscene catcalls to men throughout the continental United States. They really wanted to rub society's nose in it. The ultimate slap in the face was to become LESBIANS! So they set about a tidy schedule of muff munching and bank robbing.

During their next "special days" they were troubled by the feminine hygiene products available to them. Tampons caused Toxic Shock Syndrome and napkins were too bulky and cumbersome for those quick get-aways. What the world needed was a revolutionary new kind of feminine protection:
Highly absorbent all natural Fish Cakes (TM) that hold up to 26 gallons on those irregular days.
Fish Sticks (TM), a bio-degradable tampon - fresh as a summer's eve in a one-whore town.
And "NEW" Twinkle Twat Feminine Spray (TM) - one spray and the flies go away.

They chased the American Dream and finally found success by robbing banks and becoming business women in the highly competitive feminine hygiene market.
For more information on "C.O.D." products write:
Placenta Jones
Candida Pap-smith
c/o Sister Magazine.





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EINSTEINS

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☎ (212) [redacted] ☆ CALL FOR HOURS

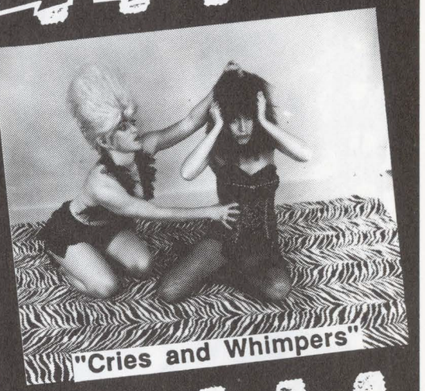
Lesbian SIMEON EXPOSED...



"Girl Scout Cookies for Nursery Diesel"



"I Dream of Genie"



"Cries and Whimpers"

A Provocative Look by Dany Johnson and Andé Whyland

Featuring

Shelly Mars and Katy Krocodile

Presenting a fascinating new format, all wimmin "art" films are all the rage, and it all adds up to a celluloid orgy! Here SISTER Magazine unveils a collection of sightly "stills" from the bare-flesh flicks that are enthralling "wimmin only" theatre crowds with sights never before seen on screen.

A Startling Look

e.n.y.c.

I DREAM OF GENIE





Pent up passions explode upon the screen!

This film deals with the antics of a rather addlebrained "white witch" who discovers that "Genie" - while posing as a "lingerie model" - is really not a model at all but a member of a much older profession.

Sneak Preview -



CRIES & WHIMPERS



PROVOCATIVE **ADULT THEMES!**

FILM GOERS CRAVE . . . FLESH!!



YOU MUST SEE IT TO BELIEVE IT!

GIRL SCOUT COOKIES FOR NURSEY DIESEL





When Girl Scout "Missy" tries to make a sale to "Nursey Deisel" the stage is set for action - comic-wise, drama-wise, and otherwise. This movie goes into a strange world of the unbelievable. It mixes one swinging nurse and one groovy Girl Scout and the result is a must picture for thrill seeking viewers.

YOUNG ACHIEVER



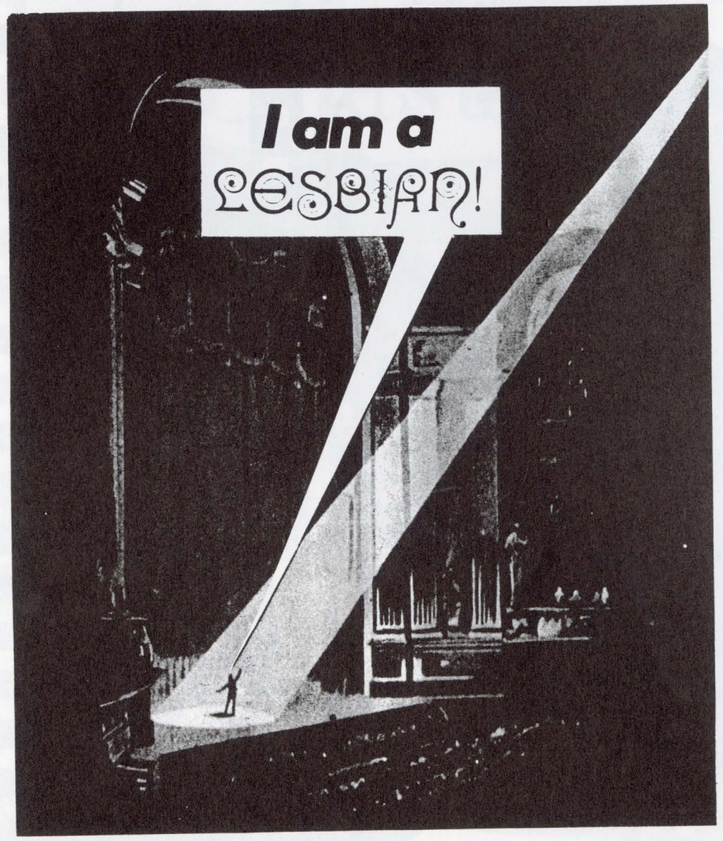




LESBIAN CELEBRITIES: No Longer A Contradiction In Terms!

By Maria Maggenti

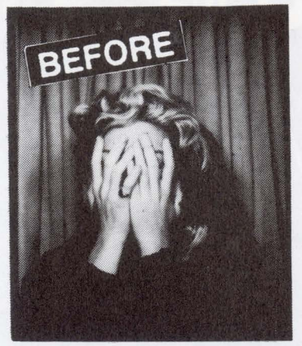
It has been revealed recently that the majority of female celebrities, including movie stars, pop singers, anchorwomen, athletes, and game show hosts, in the United States, Africa, Europe and Asia are all lesbians. This report comes amidst great national concern over lesbian invisibility, a phenomenon that has kept many beautiful, vibrant and talented women from finding each other in moments of desire and need. It has also accounted for the late coming out period of so many young lesbians who fear that they are "the only ones" like themselves and thus stay in the closet far longer than they should. Lesbian invisibility, experts say, is often the cause of terrible suffering for lesbians who complain that they have no bars, no nightclubs, no streets and no piers to call their own and thus are left to study groups, music festivals, political organizations and pro-choice meetings with straight women where lesbian sex is rarely discussed though often practiced. In addition, lesbian experts say, lesbian invisibility is simply a hassle and a drag that creates unnecessary stress for women-loving-women.



"This a ridiculous situation," said one of our sources, a well-known pop singer whose face has graced many a magazine cover across the globe, "all these girls and no way of getting to know each other. We have to live in a world of fleeting flirtations and chance eye contact, made-up stories about boyfriends and male lovers and husbands, attend galas and television specials with some guy on our arms. It's the pits."

But no more according to the director of a new organization called "Girls Who Love Girls Forever", a group dedicated to bring girl celebrities out of the closet and eradicating lesbian invisibility forever. "This is war," declared executive director, the winsome and lovely, Willy Dallas. Ms. Dallas claims that her organization represents over 3000 women worldwide who are lesbian celebs. Is this a dating service? "Absolutely not," said Ms. Dallas, "we are a political organization dedicated to making lesbianism the most hip and happening experience on the planet. Though it might seem shallow to some, we know that once celebrities are attached to the life, many more women will realize that they too can have what they always wanted: women. Then more of them will come out of the closet and we will see that lesbians have been a ruling force in culture, commerce and the arts since the beginning of time." Indeed, it seems that Ms. Dallas' work has already galvanized a number of celebs in Hollywood who are already planning a women-only benefit for the organization at Spago, one of L.A.'s hippest and most overpriced restaurants. In New York, MK's will host a similar event although gay men will be allowed to attend if they can bring a celebrity gay male escort.

The first action of GWLGF is a national ad campaign called "Becoming A Lesbian Is The Coolest Thing I Ever Did" which will feature the faces of some of America's most notable women who will also be doing radio and television spots. Following that there will be a series of full-page ads in America's major newspapers that explain why lesbians are at the cutting edge of everything that is really important in the United States - the fight against racism, the fight for better housing, the fight for a national healthcare system, the fight against AIDS, the fight for a sex-positive, woman-positive culture, the struggle for reproductive freedom, the emergence of vegetarianism - among many other things. In addition, the group is asking that all lesbian celebs start showing up in public with their female lovers and friends instead of with male escorts. They also urge those male escorts to get with it and find a boyfriend.



Hottest

New

Star



Though the effects of the group will not be evident right away, Ms. Dallas and her cohorts are sending out press releases and announcements to every major business in the country and already have 15 female celebs lined up for the ad campaign. "The point is to let the world know that lesbians are beautiful, competent, interesting and valuable members of society" says Ms. Dallas, "and that this country is overlooking an important natural resource when it ignores its lesbian citizens." As a famous academy award winning actress said recently, "The closet is a stinky place to be whether you're famous or not and the time is ripe for us to get out and change the world." Indeed, it seems as though these women have a mission and we look forward to seeing them queer and proud together in the pages of the nation's gossip columns as well as on "Entertainment Tonight."

Va Va

SHE'S **HOT** AND IT'S NO **Secret**

purrfect **FELINE GRACE**

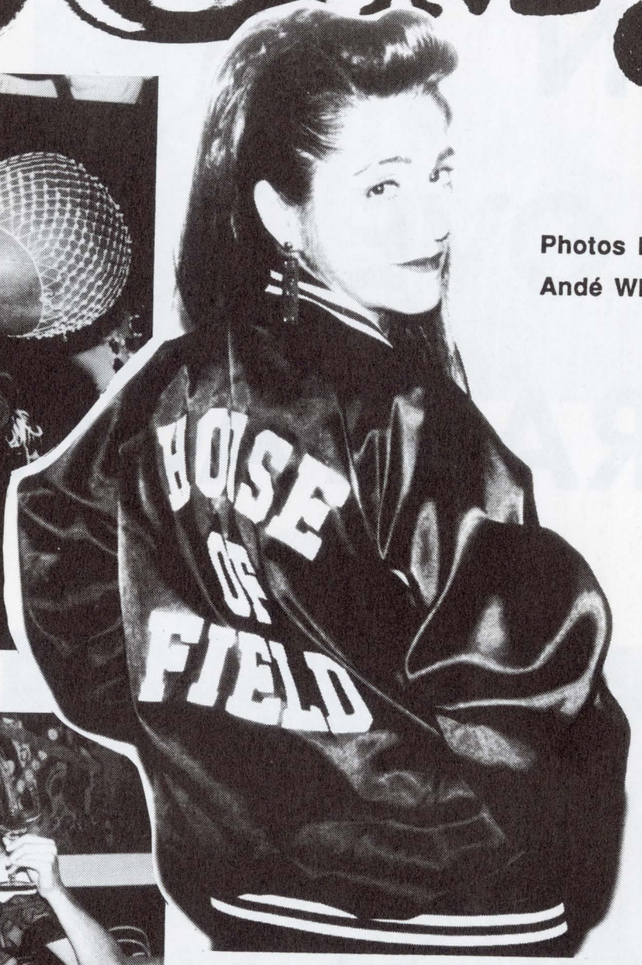
Exclusive —

e.n.y.c.

STOP! it's PAT FIELD VOOM!



I'M PAT,CHA,CHA,CHA!



Photos by Andé Whyland



WHO WANTS A DRINKIE-POO?

Our lovely model, Pat Field, is proprietress of one of New York's most exciting boutiques. Each day at the store is a girlwatcher's delight. As they pose provocatively for the dressing room mirrors, captivating young women decide which lace-up bra to surprise their girlfriends. Luscious young lesbians slip into micro minis and glittery halters for upcoming nights out with the gals. As they shop they check out Pat for fashion ideas as well as for a little libido rush. Pat answers their pretty glances with a seductive smile. "Looking for something special?", she purrs.

FIFTY FOOT WOMAN IN LOVE RAMPAGE!





Photos & Story by Tim Goetz

While participating in a Women's Chemical Studies experiment, Natasha, our favorite East Village cabaret chanteuse, was given an overdose of genetically engineered female hormones which caused her to grow to almost ten times her normal size.

Because of this sudden spurt of growth, Natasha found herself filled with an overwhelming love for members of her own sex.

'I WANT GIRLS!," was the cry that shook the East Village the night Natasha started on her love rampage. Peeking through top floor apartment windows, she spent hours in search of a female companion.

By morning, Natasha had acquired not one but two young women to be her "LOVE DOLLS" as she calls them.

Exclusive SISTER aerial photographs show Natasha with Mary Ann, a young downtown photographer, and Regan, an aspiring actress, perched comfortably on each of her shoulders.

In an interview conducted by helicopter, these girls insisted that instead of being terrified by the experience, they rather enjoyed being abducted by the 50-foot tall buxom brunette.

"Natasha's a very warm person, " claimed Regan. "I admire her strength," added Mary Ann. "Let's play dress-up," suggested Natasha gleefully. Being a big girl now, it's difficult for Natasha to find an interesting wardrobe, but she does enjoy dressing her "dolls" in cute outfits.

How is this change in her stature going to affect Natasha's singing career? "It's a great advantage," she says, "For one thing, I don't need a microphone.

Of course, now I'm only doing outdoor concerts." Now that the weather's getting warmer, Natasha's planning to head out of town for a while. "I'm going up to a summer camp in Vermont," she said cheerfully, "those girls need someone to look up to."





MARS NEEDS MEN

EVERY SUNDAY NIGHT!

WITH YOUR DJs
MICHAEL CONNOLLY
PERFIDIA
JOHN SULIGA
and LARRY TEE

EVERY SUNDAY

DANCING!
GO-GO BOYS!
DRAG QUEENS!

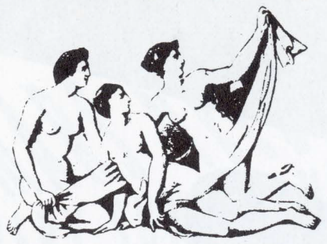
FIVE FLOORS OF FUN!



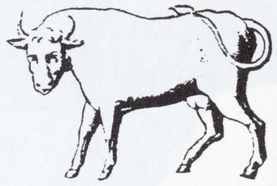
MARS
WESTSIDE HIGHWAY & 13 ST

MARS

CLIP
THIS CORNER



Dear Sappho



This month's problem that's putting a knot in your knickers - HOW TO PUT SEX BACK INTO YOUR LIFE...(A Liz Tracey Production)

Dear Sappho,

My girlfriend and I have been together for a year or so, except for that time when I ran off to Cleveland to find my aura...Anyway, my problem started four months ago - all of a sudden we stopped touching. Forget about sucking or fucking, she couldn't bear to bump into me (and in our apartment, this is a minute by minute occurrence). I'd say "Whoops, sorry," and she'd look like I just tried to assassinate her. I can't take any more of this. I love her, I really do, but there's this totally hot girl who I've been seeing around the gym, and she wrote her phone number on my towel with her jungle red lipstick. Stop me before I do something I regret. Signed, I. Monticello

Dear Monticello,

First a reality check. Have you been showering after these sweaty, frustrating workouts? How long has it been since you did your laundry? If there is nothing offensive to your olfactory sense, then I would think about the following:

-Maybe your girlfriend is bopping in that horizontal way elsewhere.

-Maybe your girlfriend doesn't wanna bop.

-An alien has replaced your girlfriend in a bid to take over the queer nation.

Although I wouldn't dismiss any of these, here's a sure way to put sex back in your life.

Call the girl with the jungle red lips. Invite her over to the house. Make sure your girlfriend is there. Put on that scene from "The Hunger" where Catherine and Susan get down to their black lacewear. If this doesn't make both of them so hot you can stir fry on their bodies, at least one them will rip your clothes off and make you see the Second Coming (and the Third...) (Of course, they may go for each other, but "C'est la vie gai!!!)

Dear Sappho,

I was sitting in this dingy, divey bar on St. Mark's Place a few weeks ago, when this six-foot blonde walks in like she owns the place, and everyone it it. I started staring at her - I could barely breathe. Yeah, I know its cliched, but then she wagged her finger at me, and walked towards the back of the bar, and I followed her out into the alleyway. It was completely dark. She grabbed me from behind, started sucking away on my ear and ripped open my 501's.

To make a hot story short, she's been calling me up at ungodly hours from all these clubs, whispering huskily into a pay phone: "Come here. I want to fuck you." I spend so much money on cabs and drinks, and never get any sleep because THIS IS THE ONLY WAY SHE'LL HAVE SEX. I'm always late for work, have to wear turtlenecks, and in danger of becoming a downtown denizen. But she's so incredible, I get dizzy just thinking about her.

What's a girl to do????

Wellllll....

We should all have your problems!

You obviously have sex in your life, it's your house that's the problem. The only possible alternatives for you are:

-Open up your home as a nightclub, changing the decor every week or so. This week, she'll stay put for those important fifteen minutes or more, and you can sleep as much as you like because - it's your club.

-Forget about your bedroom, and become a downtown denzien, preferably a columnist. Everything is paid for, people want to give you drinks, you sleep during the day and hit your sexual peak at 3 a.m.

If neither of these suit you, Sappho suggests you settle for someone for a little less ravishing and more in the systems analyst lifestyle.

C'est la vie Gai!!!

OK Girls, Last Letter...

Dear Sappho,

I've been a member of the Queer Nation since my father was changing my duck diapers. After 25 years as a girl addict, I need to ask a question:

Where are the ones who "DO IT"?

I mean, seriously. It's like high school out there. Some girls are examining their celibacy (?!), their sexuality (??), or they're committed to someone, or they're breaking up, or broken up and healing their inner child (or outer child). The ones that do it either marry you at breakfast the next morning, or don't have breakfast because they're afraid you'll chain them to the eggs Benedict. (Speaking of chains, one woman tied me to the bed while I was asleep, then woke me up and read me "Bedtime for Frances" while she jerked off.)

I have had about enough. Explain.

Dear SISTER,

I know exactly what you mean.

Most women who don't fuck (Let's be blunt girls), for whatever valid reasons, usually choose to tell you this with one hand up your shirt and wearing a black lace garter belt.

But when you've been told your whole life that what we do together (and alone) "doesn't count" without a man, you don't take the pleasure that should be yours from sex.

Put it back in all our lives. Tell each other what you want. Be adventurous. Seize control of your body. Lose control of it to someone you like. Enjoy yourself, because the Lesbian Nation needs a good time, too.

SISTER, I hope this gets to the girls you may be meeting. If not, you can get my number from the book. It's listed under "Girls Who Do It. A Lot."

VIVE LA NATION QUEER!!!!!

LIKE TO PARTY? CALL ME NOW!



LET'S PARTY TONIGHT!

You take control with your touch-tone phone.

Dial 550-LEZZ then:

Press 1 - to play women's sports trivia. You may win tickets to field hockey and softball games.

Press 2 - to hear personal ads from butch and bi women.

Press 3 - to hear my special recorded message made especially for you. Some lucky callers will get to talk to me live and win BIG PRIZES provided by McDonald's, Burger King, and White Castle.

Press 4 - to shop by phone for the latest fashions. Fabulous deals on flannel shirts, Birkenstock shoes, and sports gear.

Press 5 - for your personal Tarot card reading.

Press 6 - for the exciting xxx rated women's heavy action line.

Press 7 - for Ye Olde Crafte Corner. This month's lesson - spoon rings.

Try my 7 in 1 lesbian fun line NOW!



EXCLUSIVE! EXCLUSIVE! EXCLUSIVE! EXCLUSIVE!

SUKHREET REVEALS ALL

In her own words, Sukhreet Gabel talks about celebrity, sex, and her unique relationship with gay people.

Photos by Michael Wakefield

Sukhreet Gabel is, of course, the media sensation who burst into the public spotlight as star witness for the prosecution during the scandalous bribery trial of former Miss America, Bess Myerson. Myerson had been accused of hiring Sukhreet as her assistant at New York City's Department of Cultural Affairs (where Myerson was a commissioner) as a favor to Sukhreet's mother, Hortense, a judge. In exchange, Hortense supposedly provided Bess' boyfriend with a lenient divorce ruling. Whew, got all that? Anyways, Bess and Hortense were found innocent, and Sukhreet became a star for her outspoken, amusing behavior. Since the trial Sukhreet has constantly been in the news. She's appeared on talk shows and The Howard Stern Show, become a fixture on the downtown nightclub scene, posed for a line of greeting cards, developed a cabaret act, etc., etc., etc.. Here in an exclusive interview, this fascinating woman shares with her public a few of her most intimate and candid thoughts.

"I've been through so much. I've been through so damn much pain and so much public vilification that it's gotten to the stage where either you jump into the nearest manhole and pull the cover over your head...or you sit back and say, 'Wait a minute, now I know that words can't hurt me.' I mean just *think* about the phrase. 'You hurt my feelings,' implies that I have in some way let you hurt my feelings. In other words you can't hurt my feelings if I don't let you.

"I find the press by now very, very funny. They first idolized me, they lionized me when the (Bess Mess) story first broke, and then they had great fun throwing sticks and stones at me, and I know that most people simply shrink and do crawl into that manhole. I said 'fuck you' in the most ladylike way I could find and went about my life and my own business. And much to my wonderment, even the public perception seems to be turning around a bit now."

"I don't have much of a sex life in the active sense of the word in that I don't have a lover as much as I wish I did. Put that in your paper and smoke it.

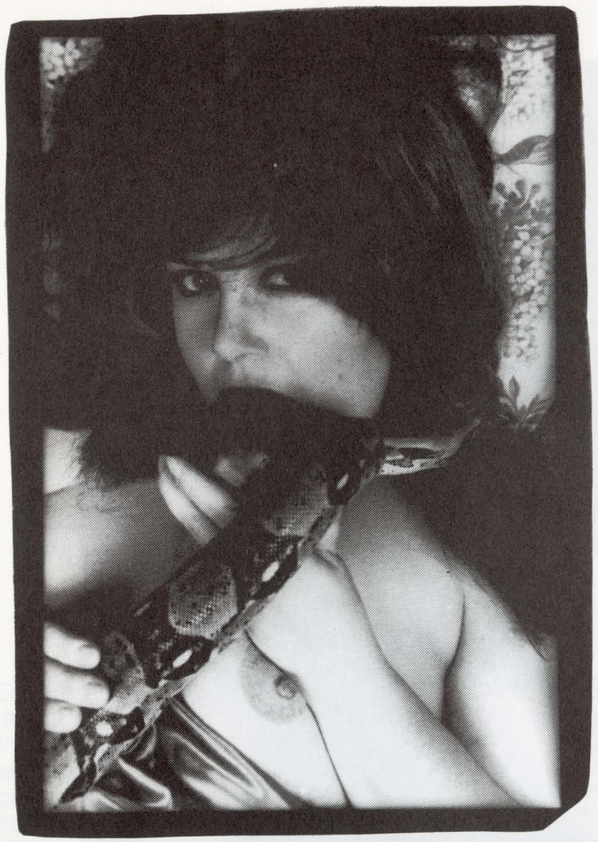
"But yeah, (I feel sexy) because I feel at home with my body and at home with myself. Those are the first two requisites for the playfulness and the imagination that you need to have good sex.

"I've come to terms with the fact of exactly what I look like and to a lesser extent who I am, and again I don't have to make any apologies for it and rather than spend time about worrying about the shape of my nose or the size of my, well, you fill in the blanks. I'd rather get on with the task at hand which is having a good time with it.

I enjoy my sexuality in that I enjoy playing with it. I enjoy it because it's a way to shock people without giving offense. It's titillating, it's funny. It's a way to enjoy one's creativity and to glory in that which one is in the here and now in a way that so many other things are not. Most of our lives are spent in planning and looking for tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow. Sex is one of those things which comes today right now - with luck."

(CONTINUED)





"I FEEL AT HOME WITH MY BODY AND AT HOME WITH MYSELF"





"I think that I'm often drawn to the gay world because I think we have a lot in common, although I for the most part, and I stress for the most part, am straight. Many of us have suffered from being members of persecuted minorities, from being different, from having the more creative aspects of our personalities both tested and honed finely, and reviled as being unpopular because we're representative of an out group.
There's also an affinity on my part on principle with anyone whose been through the kind of search for individuation that I have been through. I'm referring not only specifically to the 'Bess Mess' and the terrible discrimination that I faced."

"I found myself talking to someone the other day it so happened was gay. And more than gay - was a drag queen. And was black. And I said, you know, I too am a faggot, and I'm a nigger, and a kike, and a wop, a spic, and a guinea. I've been all of those things. There's a certain strength as well as all the terrible things that you have to go through when you're in that kind of a position, but it's something we all have in common, and so I have a strong sense of solidarity with many of the organized, the recognized communities of individualists in this society who happen often to be gay, often happen to be black, or members of other minority cultures."



"I found one of the most liberating experiences that I personally ever had was the first time I went to a gay party and saw two gay men openly greeting each other with a genuine heartfelt hug and a kiss. I was just moved almost to tears by that. Because what that said to me was, oh, there is room for all of us who are individualists and there's room to express the nice feelings, the good feelings, the tender feelings in public, and perhaps we have to be in the forefront of that simply by virtue of being individualists. Isn't it nice that coming out has taken shape in this particular loving way."

"Another moving experience that I had was watching cable TV and there was a leatherman beauty contest and I was fascinated at watching the prizes being awarded because these guys had so obviously worked so hard on their bodies and their costumes.
I thought they looked horrible but that wasn't the issue. The issue to me was, hey, these guys have really spent a great deal of time pumping and primping and preening and they're really proud of themselves, and their audience is proud of them and loves them, and the winners are genuinely elated to being handed these trophies, and the excitement that was communicated was so pleasurable to watch. I mean I might have gotten equally excited if it had been a bowling tournament had there been the same kind of enthusiasm. What was special to me was the genuine joy in it."

"I'm not mad about the nightclub scene, but there's a certain glamor to it and it's fun to be in a room with lots and lots of interesting people, and people who are potentially interesting. Wow, I wonder, who's going to be around the corner? Who am I going to run into next?"

"I'll have you know (Village Voice columnist) Michael Musto is expecting our love child. Michael first committed this to the record on Kiki Mason's cable TV show. We haven't yet determined, because this is a first, what the length of gestation for this kid is going to be, so every time I see Michael he says he's still pregnant. That's all I can tell you."

"What turns me on? Just about anything that's truly sensuous. I don't have a particular fetish..."

PERSONALS FOR BUTCHES AND BI'S

Very masculine married woman into sports and camping out in my RV seeks butch (lady Marine or wrestler types) for fun times and letting my husband watch.

Heavy Roller - I'm a heavvvy cigar smoking ex-roller derby queen. My interests include pool tournaments, hoistin' brews, and fine dining. Please write if you're a diesel dyke (body hair a plus). No feminine or professional.

Prim priggish librarian, very lonely spinster type would welcome correspondence with uptight, sexless, homely woman. I enjoy reading, chess, Sunday Times, and sitting quietly.

Pill popping, disco **Bi girl** seeks same for shallow relationship. Let's meet for cocktails, do a few lines and pick up men.

Eat my cigar butt, "Childie!" **Tweedy bulldyke**

alcoholic - "Sister George" look-alike seeks a "Childie" to call my own. You must be prepared to obey me "Childie" or face the wrath of this raging bull. Write immediately!

Cheerleader wants to meet gym teacher. You are a PE instructor or coach - ruggedly unfeminine and built like an ox. I am a college cheerleader in need of cross-training. Yay team!

Do telephone operators call you "sir"? If so this **Irish lass** would like to meet you. Manly yes, but I like it too.

Drag king - Crossdresser seeks male friend for masculine shopping and male bonding.

I WANT TO BE A FATHER! **Full figured butch** seeks good breeding stock for marriage and "turkey baster" baby. Must be free to relocate as I am a truck driver.

