
Sister!
$5


Aiad
408 sixth avenue
and
ten east eighth street
new york city
(212) 254-1699

Hello, I'm MADGE



Meet Madge Thompson.
At 5'8" and 180 glorious pounds
she's an Eastern Metropolis Heavyweight
Champion, an all natural bodybuilder,
a female Schwarznegger,
a strong, sensitive type
and A SISTER.
Where does Madge
sit on the subway?
Anywhere she wants to.

PHOTO BY ANDE WHYLAND

Take My Lesbian Lover - Please!

BY KATIE KROCODILE

I was treating my friend Angela, the stand-up comedian, to a bowl of borscht at Veselka. Her upcoming "gig" had been cancelled and I was trying to be supportive. "You know, it ain't easy being a lesbian comedian," wailed Angela, "I get no respect." "Thank you, Rodney Dangerfield," I thought, my patience wearing thin. "Things are tough all over," I shrugged.

Angela frowned, "Come on, we're late." "Where are we going?," I asked, as Angela steered me out of the restaurant and into the Polish National Hall on Second Avenue. "Shhh", she whispered. "Just act like you belong."

We entered a large meeting room filled with maybe fifty or sixty women patiently waiting for something. I tried to look around. "Don't stare", Angela whispered to me, "It gives you away." A tall, dark haired woman stepped up to the podium and banged a gavel. I gawked. It was none other than the object of my adolescent fantasies, Lily Tomlin, with that wonderful grin that showed all her teeth and gums at once. "Thought you'd enjoy this," Angela breathed in my ear.



Lily began to speak into the microphone. "Welcome everyone." She paused for dramatic effect, leaned forward, and continued in a conspiratorial tone. "Attention, the annual meeting of Comedic Lesbians Allied Momentarily will come to order."

"We'll begin this meeting with a visit from one of the founding members of this organization, a woman who has taught me more about punchlines and liposuction than I ever thought possible, Phyllis Diller."

"Thanks, Lily." Phyllis had a nasty voice. "I want to speak to you about a serious subject: husband-bashing, or the beard in my act. There is a time honored tradition in comedy of complaining about your spouse, and I'm here to tell you how you, as lesbians, can make it work for you on many different levels." Phyllis continued, occasionally punctuating her talk with short staccato laughs that were extremely grating. I looked around the room and noticed that everyone seemed to take the topic quite seriously.

I was particularly thrilled to notice Sandra Bernhardt, looking very pale and elegant. I imagined her strapping on a dildo for Madonna, and I smiled at her. She scowled back at me, those full lips stretching out to cover her face. I shrank back, intimidated.

Phyllis was ending her talk about how to avoid gender specific pronouns which led to a comment about genderly vague names like Pat and Chris that got so convoluted I gave up trying to follow.

Suddenly, a woman yelled out, "Why are we even wasting time with this? Forget about pretending to be hetero, why don't we all just come out and be done with it?"

Everyone seemed to start talking at once and Lily tried to regain order. "One at a time, please. Fran Leibowitz, I'm calling on you. Ladies, please."

A short, frizzy haired woman stood and exhaled from her cigarette. The women closest to her seemed upset with this. "Oh get over it, if God wanted us to quit smoking, it wouldn't be so damn difficult", Fran snapped, "Seriously, why bother? It's not as if any of us are even considering coming out of the closet. I know I'm not, and my closet is a hell of a lot bigger than most of your apartments. Fuck all of you."

"I'm not afraid to come out. Why, I even put it in the title of one of my shows." Penny Arcade, a short, voluptuous woman shouted aggressively from her seat near the front. Alright, I thought.

Another woman yelled, "Right, right. I remember your show at PS 122, 'Bitch, Dyke, Faghag, Whore'. I also remember you're married, aren't you, Penny, and your dykeness is limited to high school crushes on the nuns who taught you. Great, the only one willing to come out as a lesbian is a fucking practicing heterosexual!" The woman who was speaking was a bleached blonde with black roots and she did not stop to take a breath.

Lily was banging the podium. "Reno, please," she begged. "Let's try to behave."

"Yeah, Reno, you fucking turncoat!", a woman sitting next to Kate Clinton interrupted. "Not all of us betray our sisters the first chance we get! I'm Lea Delaria, and I've been an openly dyke comic for years and proud of it. Why just the other day in Provincetown--" She seemed about to launch into a stand-up routine and I, for one, was looking forward to a little humor in these proceedings, but apparently comedians don't like to hear other comedians' schtick because she was shouted down pretty quickly.

"Lea brought up something our subcommittee would like to address." This came from a small woman with a Michigan accent.

"Excuse me, but I don't know what you're doing here," Lea complained to this new woman. "You're not a comic, you're a -- well, I don't really know what you are."

Lily took control quickly. "Stop it, Lea, this has been a hard time for many of us, and poor Holly took the brunt of that NEA controversy, so let's let her speak. What's the name of your subcommittee, Holly?"

Holly smiled back sweetly as a cluster of militant looking women gathered around her. "We're the Performance Artists Preventing Social Misrepresentation Everywhere, Always Righteously." She paused long enough for me to figure out the acronym and chuckle aloud. I got a few glares; maybe it's just one of the CLAM rules, you never laugh at another member.



A member of the subcommittee continued. "We want to bring Reno here up on charges."

"Oh yeah?", Reno yelled, "What for?"

"For that fucking interview with 'The New York Times' when you talked about all your boyfriends! And not just Reno, but Sandra too. What do you think you are, Bernhardt, a heterosexual?"

Sandra turned around and glared at the woman. "What are you," she sneered without missing a beat, "The alternative?"

A third member of the subcommittee chimed in. "Save it for your act, Sandra. I don't care what you said in 'Truth or Dare', you still walk around pretending to be straight or even bisexual when the only reason you made it as far as you have is over the backs of your lesbian sisters!"

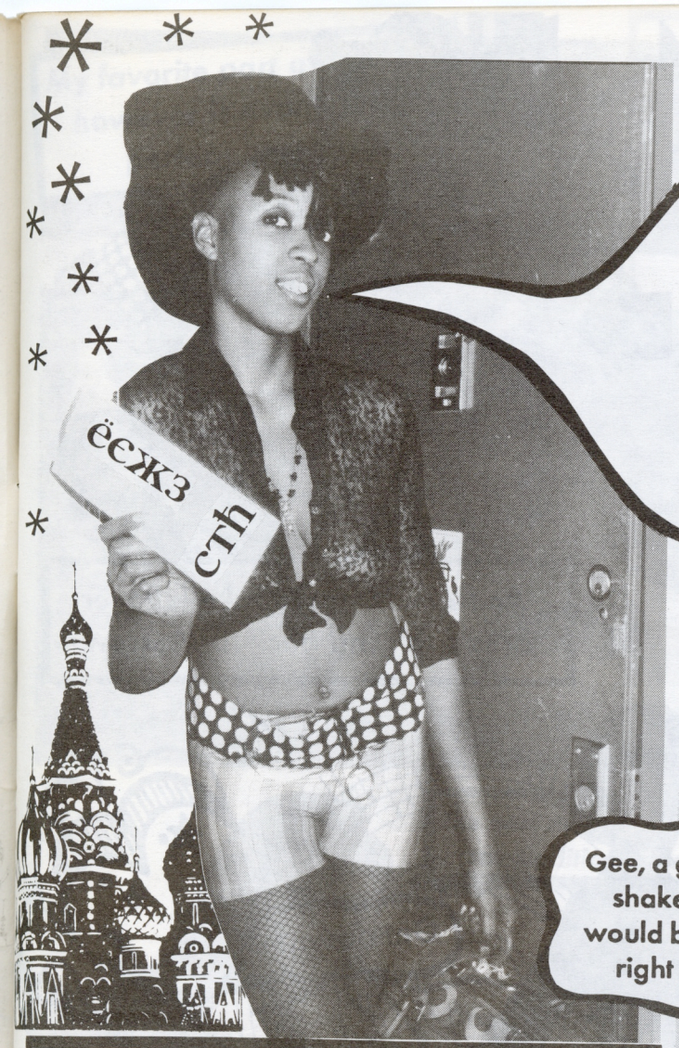
Then Sandra yelled something about how they were all just jealous, no one every paid money to see them, that's why they had to have grants. And Reno was yelling about her years of struggling and about all the recovery she had to go through. And the PAPSMEAR gals were responding with you just aren't brave enough to admit publicly who you really are. And then Fran Liebowitz started laughing loudly but they ignored her (I guess a writer isn't quite as important). Lily was banging away on the podium and things were pretty much disintegrating when I felt a push on my arm and I looked up to see Angela sitting across from me. We were still in Veselka's and Angela was glaring at me. "You haven't heard a thing I said, have you, girlfriend?" "Of course I have," I stammered, "Being a lesbian comedian ain't easy."

Hello, my name is Latoyska Raminov.

I live in Moscow and am what you call Black Russion. Always my dream is to visit America and experience lesbian life I hear so much about from my penpal sisters in New York, Rainbow and Poppers. They are what you call "two of a kind."

Story By Dany Johnson and Les Simpson
Photos by Ande Whyland

With Chris Teen Martin, Joslyn Taylor and Robin



When I arrive at their apartment Rainbow and Poppers greet me warmly.





My first night Rainbow take me to lesbian potluck in Brooklyn. But she no like my Russian fur coat.




Potluck is very nice.
Rainbow feed me grapes.
And I even get to take leftover bread to send back to Moscow.
Later for me it is my first American disco.
Rainbow tell me it is a barefoot boogie
and we must remove shoes. At first I like it...
Get down!
Do the Gorby!
Let's Boogie
Let's Boogie
But later barefoot boogie not so fun

My favorite part of evening however is avant-garde performance art.

One girl I like very much. Never in Moscow have I seen so much toilet paper. It is like fantasy come true.

The next morning Rainbow make me traditional Russian meal.

Do you like it, Latoyska?

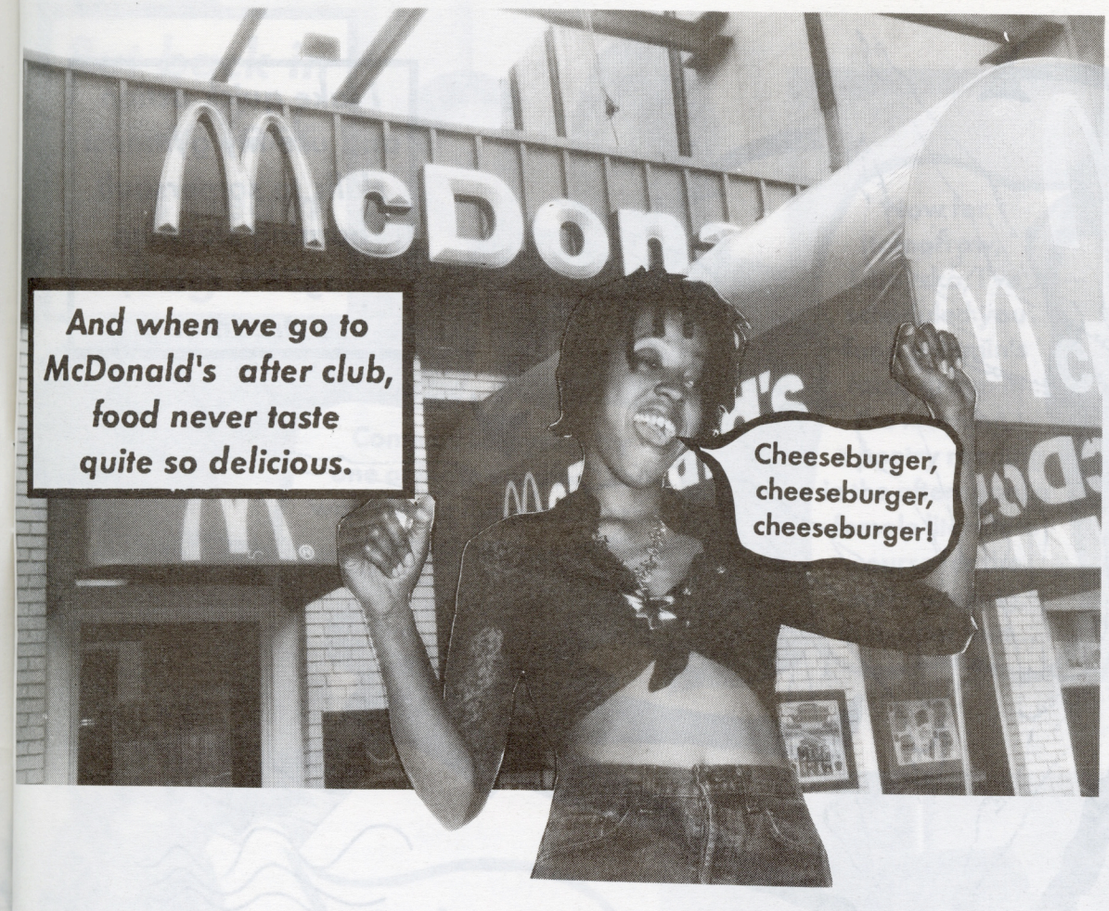
Yumski, taste just like old shoe mama used to boil.

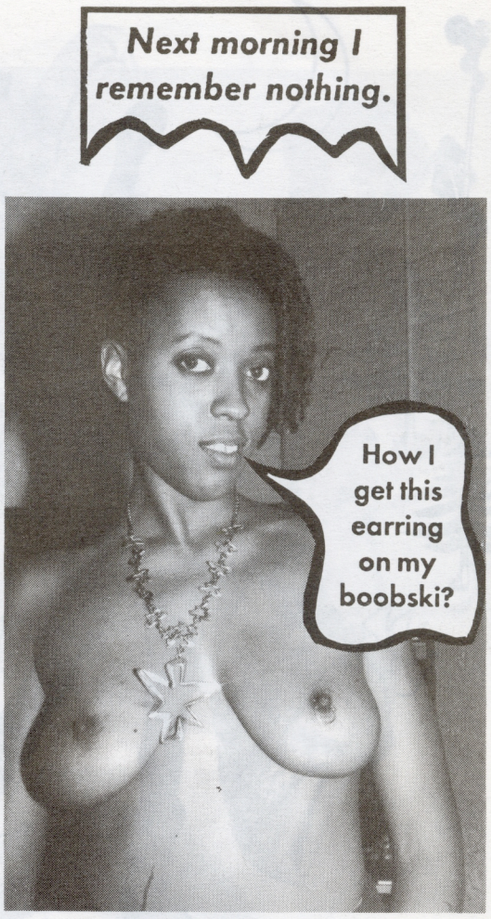
The next night it is Poppers turn to take me out.

First of all, we gotta get you into some new clothes.

Now, that's more like it.


Poppers take me to hot new sex positive club, The Vaginal Vault in the district of the meat-packing.
We're on the guest list. I'm, uh, Chastity Bono and this is Whitney Houston.
First thing Poppers challenge me to drinking contest.
But Poppers should know better than to compete with Russian.
Luckily, Poppers have little pill to help her feel better...
So we can enjoy rest of nightclub facilities.
Later, Poppers give me funny cigarette to smoke...





Later in week we all plan camping trip.








I take quick action and use my gymnast skills to somersault burning sleeping bag into nearby stream...
It means we all have to sleep together, but I no mind.

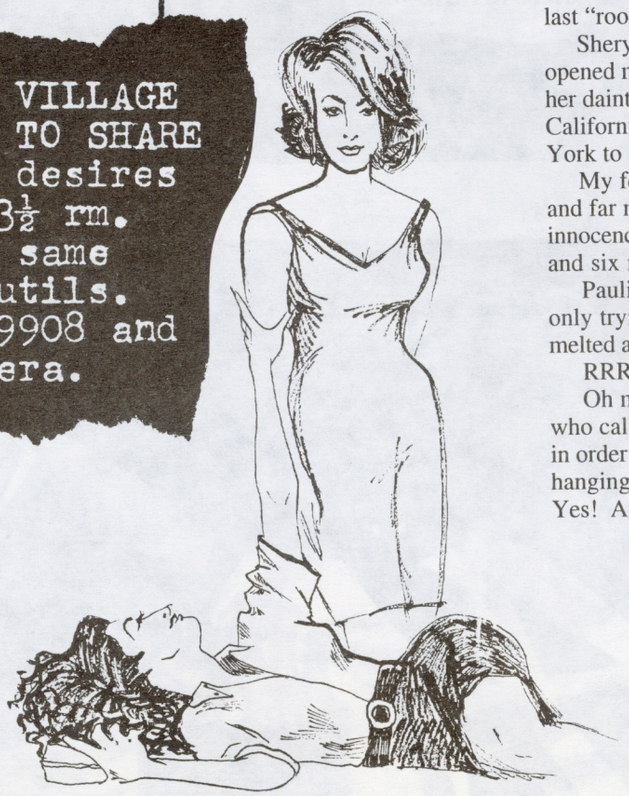

But back in New York girls begin to bug me.
Come on Latoyska, try one of these valiums. You won't feel a thing....Zzzzzz...
Now for tomorrow, Latoyska, I've scheduled you for a wimmin's focus group in the morning, a poetry reading in the afternoon, a female literature course for the early evening, then after that...
Girls even have big fight over me.
TNT
You're boring Latoyska out of her mindski. She's here to have fun.
You're corrupting Latoyska with your decadent lifestyle. I'll show her a higher path.
But girls can say all they want. I already make up my mind. I move back to Moscow with pretty performance artist and open toilet paper boutique.
The End

Vera's Place

BY MARISA BOWE



GREENWICH VILLAGE
APARTMENT TO SHARE
Bus. Girl desires
to share 3½ rm.
apt. with same
$55.00 + utils.
Call G15-9908 and
ask for Vera.



Monday, September 9, 1961

Dear Diary,

Well, I did it. I placed the ad. Pauline says I'm crazy, that I'm just looking for trouble - again. But I can't live without love. And I can't love someone who, like me, has been corrupted inside by the twilight world of lesbian love. It is because of my own shameful perversion that I can love only innocence and purity.

"Perhaps a college student," I mused out loud.

"Just don't get taken in by a pretty face!", Pauline shouted. I jumped, having forgotten she was standing behind me. She jammed her hands into the pockets of her jeans. "Don't get no leech like that little bitch you had living here before!"

It feels like a knife through my heart every time she brings up my last "roommate", Sheryl.

Sheryl answered my last ad, a year ago. I fell for her the moment I opened my door and saw her standing there clutching the classifieds in her dainty little hands. Sheryl was a fresh-faced young actress from California when she first moved in. She said she had come to New York to study "serious" acting.

My feelings for her grew with alarming speed... but more speedy, and far more alarming, was the way she took to my illicit world. Her innocence faded before my love, and she left me with a shattered heart and six months' worth of utility bills.

Pauline was right, I knew. In her brusque, mannish way, she was only trying to protect me. I knew this, and yet... the promise of love melted away all reason.

RRRRRINGGGG!!!!

Oh my god! The doorbell just rang! It must be Heather, the girl who called me about the ad! Do I look all right? A quick inventory is in order: black slacks, a casual black sweater, well-manicured nails, hair hanging loose and careless about my shoulders... Am I setting a trap? Yes! And I hate myself for it!

Tuesday, September 10, 1991

Dear Diary,

I finally found an apartment in the Village. I couldn't believe the price, I thought it was a misprint. I guess the place must have been passed down from dyke to dyke since the '50s.

Anyway this babe that lives there, Vera, is a luscious piece of ass. I couldn't stop staring at her jugs. The whole time she talked about renting out the apartment, I kept trying to imagine her nipples. I like them.

Her friend Pauline has got to go. Man, she's like a diesel dyke from another era. That lumberjack outfit is ultra-lame. She's like a bitch in heat, probably dying to get her mouth on Vera's muff. Well, I call first dibs, amigo. Maybe if she's lucky, I'll let her in on a double header with Vera and me.

Wednesday, September 18, 1961

Dear Diary,

I feel terrible.

Heather is a dream. I think she's going to be a perfect roommate. She's so different from Sheryl. She's independent, and she's wonderfully tidy. Maybe because she's from the midwest. They have better morals out there. We "different" ones are forced to migrate here, so we can share our private hells.

That's why I feel so awful. I can feel myself falling more and more in love with Heather. And I'm sure she must be lonely, not knowing anyone in this huge, frightening city. One of these days, she might come to me to cry on my shoulder... and the nightmare of unnatural love will begin again.

In my search for purity, I will condemn another decent girl to purgatory. Oh God in heaven, I don't want to do it! I'm not an evil person! I just need love, and this is the only way I can find it. Please forgive me!

Thursday, September 26, 1991

Dear Diary,

MMMmmmm, The Big Apple is everything I hoped it would be. Pussy everywhere you look. And anyone who isn't a dyke is at least bi. Every night a different cunt to suck.

Some of my new girlfriends are quite accomplished at the extras... meaning I've got to hide my rope burns and whip lashes from Vera. She thinks I'm a little virgin farm girl who works nights. Well, I'm willing to play that role for $55.00 a month rent. Sure would like to get my mits on her tits, though.

It's funny, she has such hip taste in clothes, all 50's and early '60 cool, and her furniture too. But her personality is like Betty Crocker - if Betty Crocker was a muff-bumper.

Though she never seems to be fucking anyone. Pauline would definitely love to shove her snout in Vera's twat, but I'm sure they're just friends. Well, I don't blame Pauline, Vera is h-o-t.

Saturday, October 5, 1961

Dear Diary,

Oh Diary, I don't know how much longer I can go on like this. I love Heather. I love her utterly and completely with my whole soul. When she looks at me, so innocent and trusting, I want to die of shame, knowing that if I got my depraved wish, her life would be destroyed. I can't ruin her, I can't, I can't! But I must! I can't live another day without her love! God save me from my twisted lust!

Saturday, October 5, 1991

Dear Diary,

I'm so fucking horny I can't believe it. Looking at this prime piece of ass every day is just too much for me. I've got to get at Vera's box.

There are a million and one juicy cunts in Gotham. It shouldn't make any difference which one I get. But for some reason, I'm fixated on this one. I suppose because It's right here in front of me all the time. Oh well, I might as well screw her and get it over with. Why not tonight?

Sunday, October 6, 1961

Dear Diary,

I'm miserable, I'm the lowest woman on earth. I'm ecstatic, I'm the happiest woman in the universe.

Heather and I made love last night.

The stars flashed, the earth moved, our hearts fused together. She will swirl downward into the maelstrom... but I can't think about that now... Oh, Lord, what have I done?!

Sunday, October 6, 1991

Dear Diary,

I'm an idiot. Now that I've banged Vera, she's gonna want it all the time now. But I'm the find 'em, fuck 'em and forget 'em type.

Besides, she's a lousy lay! She just lies there, sighing "Forgive me, forgive me," over and over. I don't know what the fuck she's talking about. Unless she wants to be forgiven for being such a bad fuck.

Wednesday, September 9, 1961

Dear Diary,

I can't live with myself. I'm an evil witch. I can tell that Heather is ashamed, she won't even look at me anymore. I've destroyed her innocence. I can't take her money anymore... I'll sacrifice myself to save her.

Thursday, September 10, 1991

Dear Diary,

Well, Vera turned out to be the million-dollar lay! This morning she told me she's going to move in with Pauline, but she'll still pay the rent on this place. She wants me to live here for free! She's still saying "Forgive me" all the time. She must think she popped my cherry. Hey, far be it from me to disillusion her. Free rent, ahoy!

THE GIFT OF NEPTUNE



How does one compose an epitath for a mermaid?

They called her the Gift of Neptune and she gave good head. At night you could hear the dry scrape of her scales against straw as she shifted about in her cage. I was in the cage next to her and could watch her. Her face was smooth, white and lunar with enormous black eyes and pale lips. She smelled vaguely saline and there were always flies buzzing around the desiccated bulk of her great fish's tail. She slapped at them and moaned. I would have liked to have befriended her but she was mortally afraid of me, as were the other freaks. They called me the Thorned Rose and I gave dangerous head. Men would dare each other to have me go down on them and I would make a half-hearted attempt to be gentle but did not always succeed. My mouth was cold and sharp and I raked in more business as a spectacle than as a whore. No other traveling curiosity show had a genuine vampire, despite which fact they treated me quite miserably and treated her even worse. Freaks were freaks, no matter how rare or valuable. We were always sick, underfed and jostled over miles of rough terrain every day so that inbred peasants could poke sticks at us through the bars of our cages or fuck us for a few coins extra.

We were fantastic and dismal and none more so than she. She cried and swore to herself in her strange tongue and huddled in a corner of her cage, clutching her motheaten rag of a shawl around her bare torso. They sometimes beat her for her modesty and would pull the shawl off during exhibition hours and splash water on her to make her scales glisten. She coughed bloody phlegm and her nose ran constantly.

I watched her. My ribs being pelted with dirt clods I would let my eyes wander over to her. My mouth full of some yokel's cock I would stare at her and imagine her life underwater, grin at my tormenters and imagine them drowned. Sometimes, seeing her in the same position, I would bite down and cause much screaming and merriment, after which the owner would beat the piss out of me.

The owner's name was Graf and he was a very stupid fat man with no teeth. Since he couldn't chew, all he ate was this thin, lumpy gruel that made him ill-tempered and fatulent and since he was a sadist bastard he made everyone else eat it as well. His wife cooked it up in foul smelling vats and slopped it in congealed grey ladelfuls into the rude wooden bowls for which he constantly reminded us to be grateful. "I could have you eating out of troughs like pigs", he'd say as he sauntered along the shabby row of cages. "So count yourselves fortunate." He knew I lived entirely on rat blood but saw to it that I got my portion anyway just so he could shriek at me for dumping it through the privy hole when I thought he wasn't looking. I often fantasized about ripping his throat out.

His wife was a frail, straw-colored wretch of a woman who was dying of something or other and they had an idiot albino son he planned to use as an exhibit as soon as the wife was safely in her grave. He would torment her with this eventuality whenever she was too sick to fix him his gruel. The boy was harmless enough but had the rather repulsive habit of constantly stretching his penis until it looked as though he were going to pull it out by the roots, at which point he would let it snap back. The noise it made always reduced him to hysterical giggling Graf beat him savagely whenever his wife wasn't looking.

The only thing that made my existence halfway tolerable was having the cage next to the Gift of Neptune. I would lie there in my filthy straw cursing the fact that I frightened her and that I couldn't speak her language. She was the only genuinely non-human freak. Graf had acquired her in a scabby little coastal hamlet littered with fishheads and the bleached bones of sea serpents. Two pulpy faced sailors carried her in flopping in a net, her scales glistening blue and green in the sunlight. They'd thrown in a wine barrel full of salt water as part of the bargain, but Graf abandoned it by the roadside after a few days because it leaked. She deteriorated quickly after that. Her scales dried out and turned the color of callouses and she lapsed into a state of semi-conscious delirium. Despite this, she was easily the most popular exhibit of the lot of us.

The other freaks were an unremarkable assortment of dwarves, hunchbacks, pinheads, harelips and other genetic prodigies common in those days of poor medicine and rampant inbreeding. What made this particular freakshow unique is that it doubled as a whorehouse. Men have always been willing to fuck anything with an orifice and never was this trait more pronounced than among the brain damaged peasantry of medieval Europe. After a hard day of toiling in the wheat fields of some equally brain damaged noble, there was nothing the average serf would rather do than down a couple of pints of ale and go have some cross-eyed microcephalic with a wooden leg give him a blowjob.

The only one of us that didn't have to whore in a cage was the dwarf Gustav. Gustav had begun his stay at the freakshow as part of the perennial "Bugger a Dwarf" exhibit but soon endeared himself to Graf by poking his fellows' eyes out with a fork. Since he could also juggle and tell lewd stories, Graf made him his personal assistant. He was the bane of my existence, always squeezing his fat turnip of a face between the bars of my cage and hissing "Rat-Catcher, Rat-Catcher" in a piercing falsetto whine that never failed to curdle my innards. One time I lobbed my bowl at his head and bloodied his nose. Of course he went screaming to Graf but the broken bones were well worth the satisfaction of watching the wretched creature do a stubby-legged jig clutching his nose and howling an accompaniment. There was very little else available in the way of entertainment.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY VIOLET WALKER



BY DANIELLE WILLIS

* * * * * * * * *

In the end the Gift of Neptune no longer flinched when I reached through the bars of her cage to stroke her hair while she conversed with herself through lips that cracked and bled with her incessant raving. I brushed my fingers across her mouth for a taste of her blood which was oily and rancid and made me so ill I lay trembling in my filthy straw hallucinating fish floating belly up in swollen chamber pots only dimly aware of the rats scurrying across my legs and the hateful dwarf prodding my ribs with his sharpened stick shrilling threats to report me to Graf if I did not immediately rouse myself and dispatch the emboldened rodents. I was too far gone to show any evidence of pain so after a while the revolting little pustule grew weary of me and went to torment the carrion hound. I could hear it snarling and yelping while the dream fish burst and overflowed the chamber pots with their brilliant intestines.

I woke to the dry rattle of the gift of Neptune's breathing. She was lying on her stomach with her tail twisted at a strange angle beneath her, as if she had tried to shift positions and collapsed halfway through the endeavor. I struggled to my hands and knees and crawled over to the partition between our cages, reached through and took hold of her crescent-shaped tail fin. It cracked in my grip and came away in brittle, iridescent flakes as I pulled her straight. She was still raving to herself but now her voice was gone and her lips writhed in silence, the corners of her mouth caked with dried blood. I remembered the taste of it and nearly retched.

Seeing me awake, the dwarf scuttled over.

"You've been slacking long enough," he squeaked, "We'll be overrun if you keep this up. Aren't you hungry? Look, there's a fat one now -"

"Where?"

"Eating out of your bowl. Are you blind?"

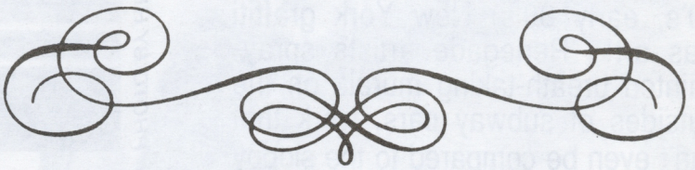
"I don't see it. Show me where it is, I'm famished."

"Stupid leech, must I do your work for you?"

He thrust his arm through the bars to point it out and I seized him by his hair and held him in place while I slit his throat with my nails. I caught a few spurts in my mouth before I unfastened his keybelt and unlocked my cage and the Gift of Neptune's. A great pounding and bellowing went up along the row. I tossed the keybelt to the werewolf, then gathering the Gift of Neptune in my arms and hurried to the clearing where the horses were tethered. We rode off into the Forest on Graf's prize dapple mare, the shouts and curses growing dim behind us.

After we'd put what I felt was a safe distance between ourselves and the freak show, I slowed the mare to a walk. Although her flanks were lathered with foam, she fought being reined in. He eyes rolled with fear and she shied at the slightest crackle in the underbrush.

Presently we came to a shallow stream, which we followed for a few miles until it turned into a pool. I lay the Gift of Neptune in the shallows and let the water wash over her. She floated listlessly just beneath the surface, the frilled slits behind her ears pulsing feebly.



About The Author



Danielle Willis is an author, playwright and stripper living in San Francisco. Her published works include the plays "The Methedrine Dollhouse" and "Women's Weekend Massacre", and also a book of poetry/short stories, "Dogs in Lingerie". She considers Michael Jackson more subversive than Madonna.

SPRAY IT LOUD-

The Artwork of Lady Pink

Queen of Graffiti



PHOTO BY HENRY CONNELL

Back in the good old days (the late 70's, early 80's) New York graffiti was art! Renegade artists spray-painted breath-taking murals on the outsides of subway cars, work that can't even be compared to the sloppy graffiti of today. The subway system was a huge, mobile gallery, specializing in a bold new art movement.

Trailblazing the scene was Lady Pink, by far the best-known girl on the scene. As the queen of graffiti, she was one of a handful of graffiti artists who made the transition to galleries and museums, and her prominence even led to a major part in the hip-hop movie, "Wild Style". She was also the only grafitti artist to come out. "Not even the boys that hung out with Keith Haring did," she notes.

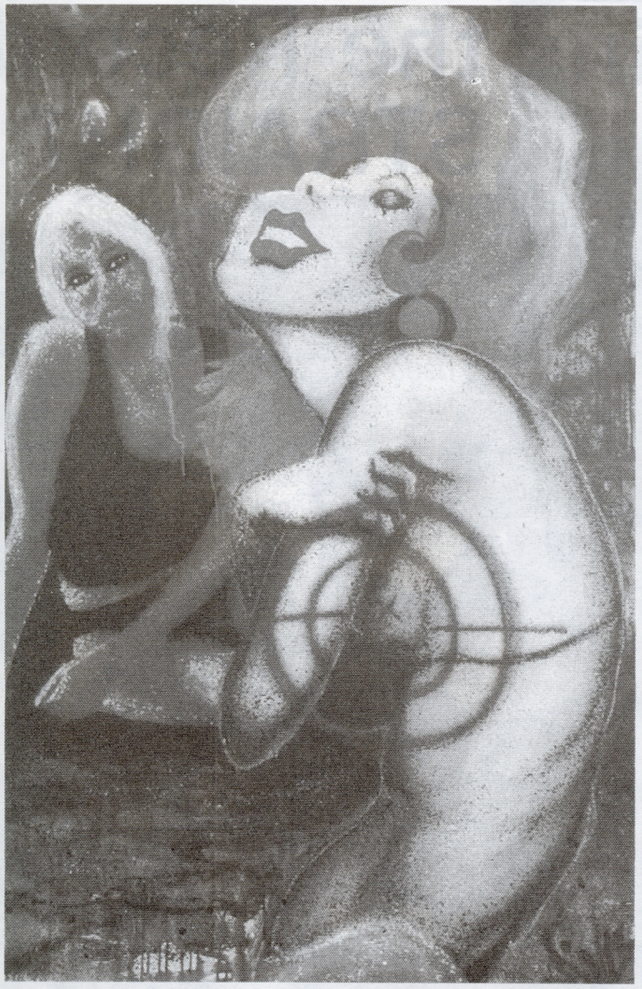
Lady Pink fondly reminisces about her outlaw past, although "the macho, chauvinistic world of graffiti artists" was hardly glamorous. Painting the subways meant scaling walls with thirty pound bags of spraypaint, the risk of getting busted (and beat up) by the police, and the threat of rival gangs. "Correct commando behavior" was the rule in the effort to bring free art to the masses.

Coming out caused a bit of a scandal for Lady Pink, but she didn't lose any friends. "My mom (from Ecuador) always wanted me get together with an American with blue eyes. I did, but not with a guy", she says about her live-in girlfriend, Nancy.

Lady Pink's current art often explores gay and lesbian themes, and a recent show at The Queens Museum, dealt with gay-bashing. Her goal is to bring awareness to the vulnerabilities of gay people, just as her earlier work helped change public perceptions about graffiti.

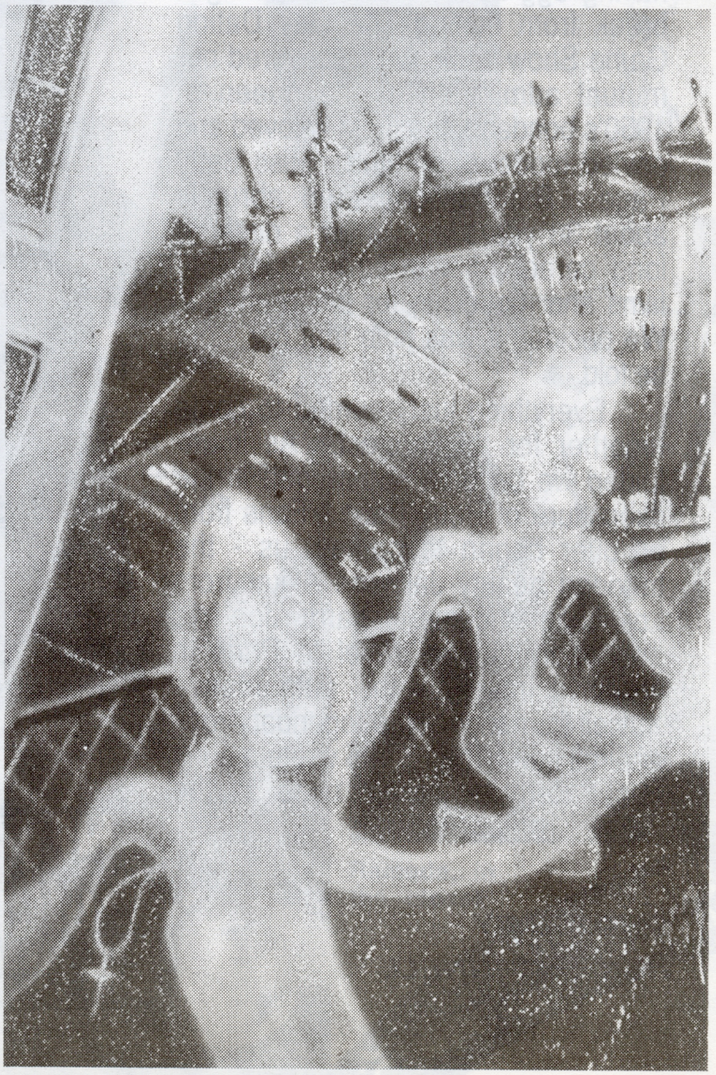
Lady Pink plans to continue exhibiting at galleries and would like the city to give her funds for a permanent installation so she can leave her mark of immortality. "We gave New York free stuff for so long", she reasons, "it's time for them to give something back."

GAY AND PROUD





Clockwise from left: Untitled; "Love for 3"; "Lower East Side Fear"; detail from "Bill loves Ted"



She was the only grafitti artist to come out. Not even the boys that hung out with Keith Haring did.



Behind the Scenes of the Hit movie that has audiences from Coast to Coast Raving...



Betty Page:

Setting the Record STRAIGHT

By JOE WESTMORELAND and ABBY LAVINE

Like so many hot movie deals, Setting The Record Straight was born over a meal at McDonald's. We were having egg nog milkshakes during a break from editing The Gay Dating Game Show when we discovered our mutual admiration of the queen of 1950's bondage, the most beloved and envied model of all time - Miss Betty Page. Betty disappeared abruptly about 30 years ago, after a decade-long career of starring in striptease films and modelling for pinup photos. We decided it was time that her story be told.

Everything just seemed to come together for this project. As it unfolded we became submerged in the subculture of Betty Page. Fans from all over began to contact us - the tattooed beauty Jasmine Akkar from Los Angeles came forward. Joe had an opportunity to travel to Paris in order to interview the authoritative Xavier Demange. The legendary rock and roll band The Ultra 5 wrote a song about Betty which we used as the



When Abbey missed a cue, Ramada dished out the discipline

PHOTOS BY HENRY CONNELL

NEW FIGHTING GIRL MOVIE!
GIRLS ROUGH AND TUMBLE FIGHT



theme. Even the reclusive Ramada N., New York's premiere Betty Page gender illusionist agreed to talk for our cameras. And we discovered an easy way to break into the now vacant Irving Klaw Studios where Betty did so much of her original work. Imagine the thrill we felt at actually making a girlie movie in the very same place where Betty's historic film clips were made!

Abbey Lavine is a Method actress and really lived the part of Betty Page - both on and off the set. Even when off camera, Abbey insisted on parading around in 1950's lingerie. Director Joe Westmoreland got caught up in the spirit of Abbey's enthusiastic portrayal by often working behind the camera in a black bra and panties.

The movie was finished just in time to premiere at The New Festival: The New York International Festival of Lesbian and Gay Film. It has been playing to sold out audiences ever since. Montreal, Honolulu, San Francisco and Chicago are all raving about Betty Page: Setting The Record Straight.



Abbey Lavine IS Betty Page!

Not only is Ramada New York's premiere Betty Page illusionist, she's also a top hair stylist!





Lights! Camera! Action! Action! ACTION!





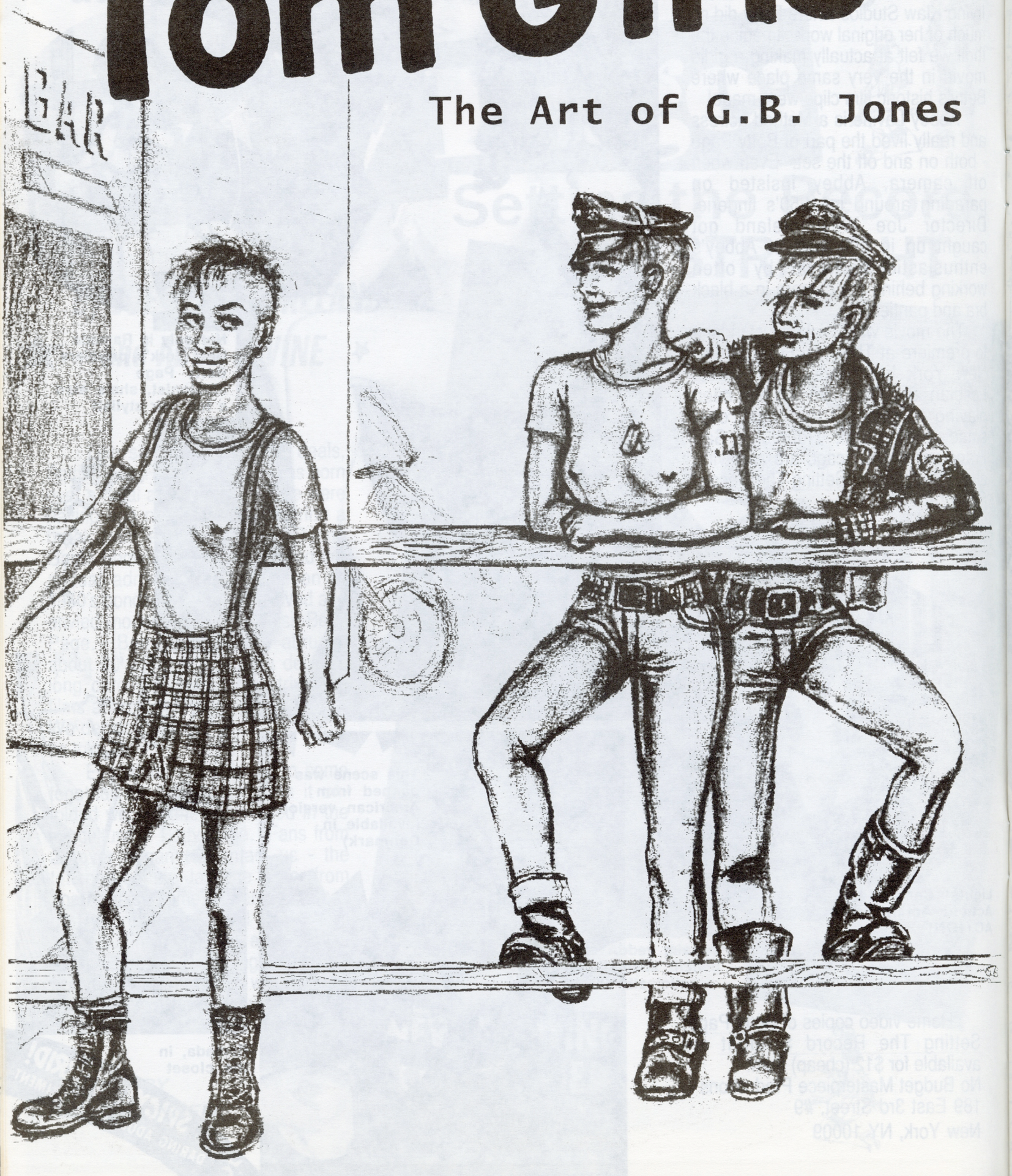
Ramada, in the closet

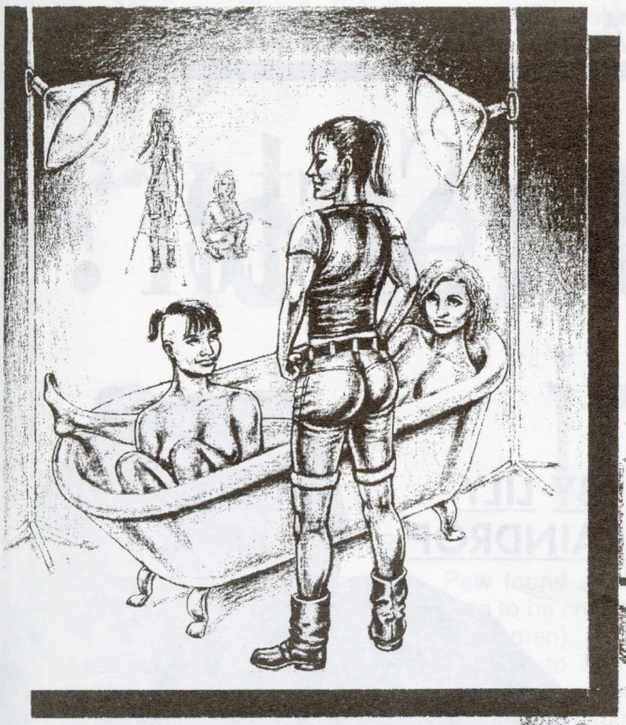
Home video copies of Betty Page: Setting The Record Straight are available for $12 (cheap) from:
No Budget Masterpiece Productions
189 East 3rd Street, #9
New York, NY 10009

SPICY! TORRID!
DARING ADULT ENTERTAINMENT

Tom Girls

The Art of G.B. Jones





Models: Caroline Azar, Beverly Breckenridge, Cizzy Che, Jennifer, Stevie Sinatra

Tom of Finland will never die! Although the granddaddy of gay porn passed away last year (he was in his seventies), his enormous impact on queer erotica continues, and not just on male porn either, as witnessed in the work of the artist G.B. Jones.

Jones pays a unique homage to Tom, by appropriating his drawing style and scenarios, and replacing his brawny brutes with new characters: tough, punky lesbians.

It's a demographic group that G.B. Jones tends to associate with in real life. As co-editor of J.D.s, the Toronto-based gay punk 'zine (with Bruce LaBruce - see MY COMRADE article), G.B. Jones has established an underground network of fringe lesbians, and her new, upcoming magazine, 'S.K.A.G.", should help strengthen those ties.

Jones is also a filmmaker and has made three movies: "The Yo Yo Gang", "The Troublemakers" and her most recent feature, "The Lollipop Generation".

She's a renaissance gal, providing lusty lesbians with sex-positive images of their own. From the great big porn palace in the sky, Tom is smiling down.

THE VIRTUES OF SOCIALLY UNACCEPTABLE EMPLOYMENT - OR -

Why be a Stripper Sister?

BY LILY BRAINDROP



*Stripping is great exercise! So fuck jogging!
*You always have something to talk about in therapy.



*You make disgustingly large sums of money, period.
*Everyone, EVERYONE, wants to hear about your day at work.



*At one point or another, you invariably get mistaken for a drag queen - the ultimate compliment!



*Since so many sex-workers are dykes, you are most always in good company on the job.

Photos by Phyllis Christopher



Lily Braindrop is editrix of Taste of Latex, the magazine "that takes tabboos and genders and breaks them". Send $5 to PO Box 460122, SF, CA 94146

*Perhaps most importantly, you, smart girt that you are, will have the opportunity to explore and form your own opinions about a highly-stigmatized field of employment. You will get the chance to make lots of money, make up your own schedule, and make up your mind about sex work. So work it, girl!

letter from a lesbian in exile

BY KATRINA DEL MAR

Hello there from Wisconsin.

Many of you were probably thinking I passed into the spirit realm but I'm still here kickin' (and screamin' and cryin' - get me outta here!) (I'm just kidding!). Wisconsin seriously is very nice.

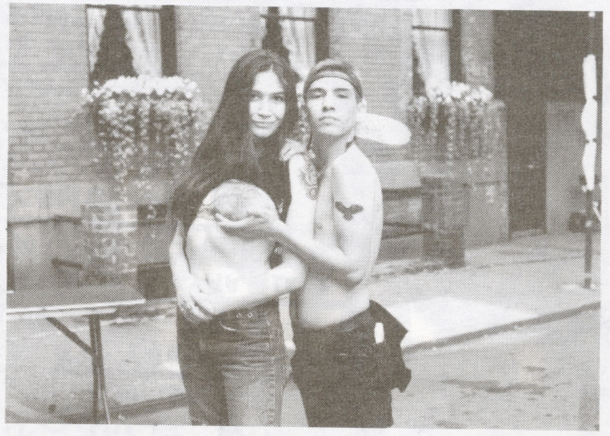
Monsieur Paw and I cruised the Blue Bitch at 70 on Route 80 into Wisconsin, land of the beautiful, wide, unending sky. Eventually we arrived in Madison. The state capital is here, the University is here, it's surrounded by farms and my brother lives here, who welcomed us with beer and bratwurst (do you get the farmlike picture?).

The next night Monsieur Paw and I hit the gay bars with great hopes and high expectations. We started with a place I remembered from days of yore - The Shamrock - a friendly tavern with booths and beerbusts. Alas, the Shamrock was a bust. The cozy booths were gone, replaced by an itty-bitty high-tech disco dancefloor. The jukebox music sucked and Paw found all the Shamrock men to be creepy (There were no women).

On to The Hotel Washington, a fine old establishment bristling with bars (five, two of them gay). First we ascended to the New Bar, which was that night crawling with drag queens. There was some kind of lipsynch contest going on, and in Queens' Vernacular one might call these queens wet 'n' wild. I just thought they were drunk 'n' vile.

We ran down the back steps and let ourselves into Rod's, the basement leather bar named for the late great proprietor and nice guy, so I hear. Then who would say bad things about a dead guy? I quietly sat in the corner and persued the gay newspapers (Nothing like a leather bar to humble a dame). But then to our horror there arose such a clatter as some of those scary queens stumbled down the stairs and crashed into Rod's singing some awful song that freaked us out the door.

We had one more quest before bar time (2 AM), Club



3054. We thought the bar was big before we got to the pool room before we got to the big disco-dance floor before we got to the game-room and booths and tables, but once we got outside and saw the barbecue deck and volleyball court we realized the enormity of this establishment. We hadn't even gone downstairs yet.

The bartender gave me a copy of the latest issue of The Club 3054 newspaper/gossip sheet ("Whose underpants was Lars wearing on his head Friday night?..."). Then I proceeded upstairs to check out the ladies.

Ladies, what can I say. I hate to sound ungrateful, but the ladies were the type of ladies who call one another ladies and wear flannel. They looked at me suspiciously. They were all paired off or grouped off and tightly on guard. It's true I try to be nice, say hello, I am new, but something seems to frighten them about me. I am not one to tilt windmills.

Glum luck hit Monsieur Paw and I so hard we didn't even feel like drowning our sorrows in a vat of beerbust. So we split, and the next day we went to the zoo.

...Now, as I reflect, I realize that the past six months in Madison have not been uneventful. I learned how to ride a motorcycle and harvest marijuana. When money ran out I took a job in a strip joint and learned how to sex it up for fun and profit.

Every now and then I try out the gay scene but am confronted by fearsome flannel and lousy music.

Katrina does what she must. She seduces the other young exotic dancers. She takes in the local gay pride parade with a foxy college girl on her arm, and takes up fishing on Lake Monona. Life is good in Wisconsin (I'll be back in New York real soon).







MY COMRADE

SUMMER ISSUE 1992 FIVE DOLLARS



COPABANANA!



EVERY
LAST
THURSDAY
OF THE MONTH
AT THE
COPACABANA

10 east 60th street, NYC

MY COMRADE MAGAZINE
PRESENTS

EXTRAORDINARY FREAKS

HAPPY HOMOSEXUALS

Proud Deviants

Contented Queers

Before your very EYES **SEE**
these outcasts of society:
TRUST their OWN JUDGEMENT and experiences
TRANSCEND the **limits** of gender and 'NORMALCY'
INFUSE their RANKS with *VITALITY* and SURENESS
BEND an IRON BAR like a TOOTHPICK



CAUTION: IF YOU HAVE A BIGOTED, UNCOMPROMISING NATURE·

Don't come in!

TICKETS ON SALE NOW



Life is a cabaret, old chum. Gay life, however, is an extravaganza, starring the world's most colorful, flamboyant characters - the proud, the defiant, the freaks, the strangest men & women ever to be born.

Step right up and see for yourself: Queers revel in untamed campy madness! Gays unleash their almighty sexual energy! Homosexuals reach unparalleled heights of self-acceptance! Female impersonators burst forth as the pop stars of our day!

Unfortunately, flamboyancy doesn't always generate applause, and proclaiming from life's centerstage that you're gay or different is often greeted with a rotten tomato... But the show must go on! And despite all obstacles, each year the extravaganza becomes more spectacular, its stars bigger and bolder than ever before.

MY COMRADE is delighted to showcase this fascinating ensemble, and heralds their eccentricities and defiant pride with a standing ovation, drowning out the boos of the ignorant. Intelligent people of all sexual persuasions clap and cheer uproariously as the curtains rise to reveal the amazing, the brilliant cast of the gay extravaganza.

OUT NOW.



Army of Lovers

MASSIVE LUXURY OVERDOSE

The new album

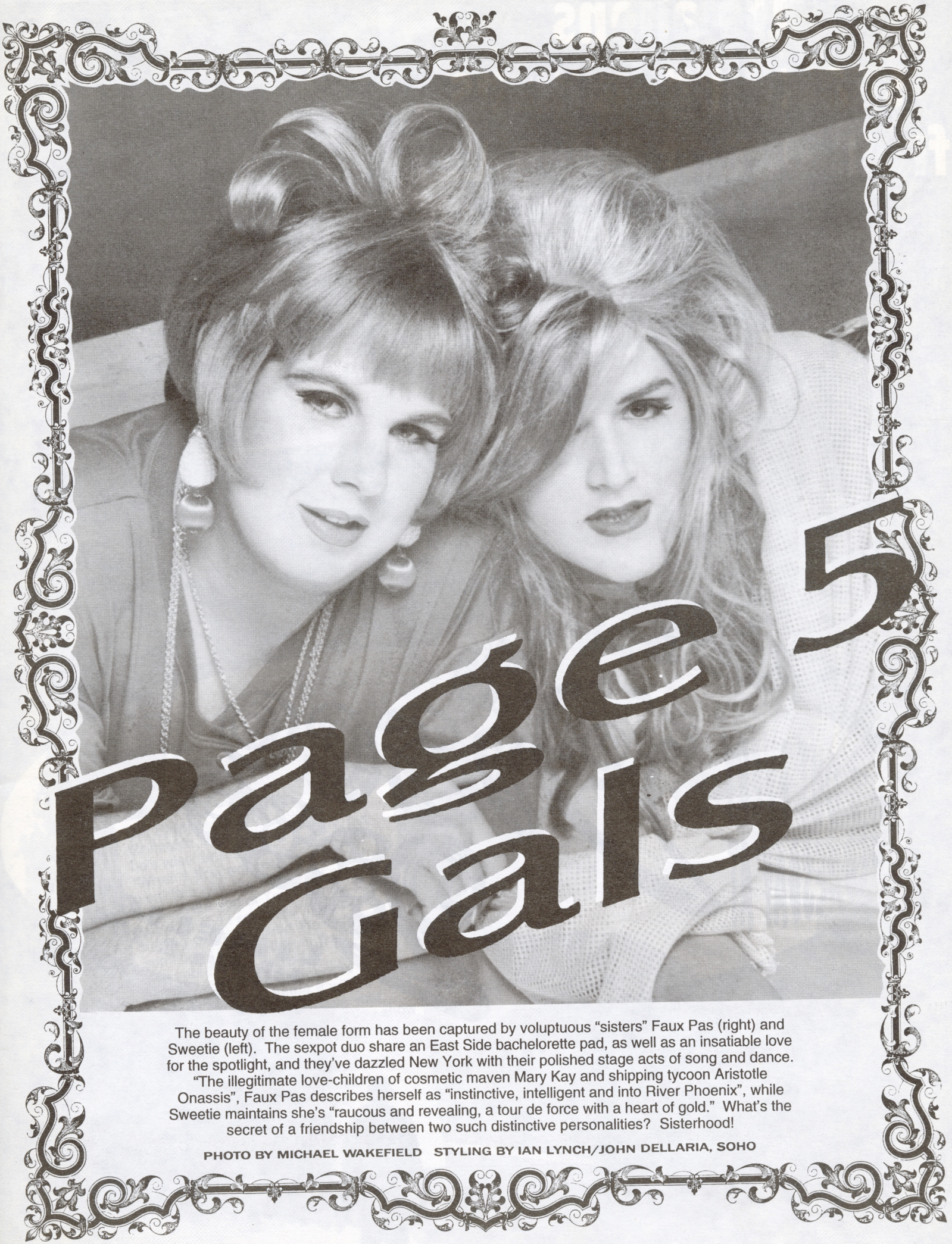
Featuring **"CRUCIFIED"**

MONDO MAXI SINGLE:

available on vinyl (12") and compact disc (somewhat smaller but lasts longer) with remixes by **DNA**

Giant

Album available on Giant Cassettes and Compact Discs. ©1992 Giant Records

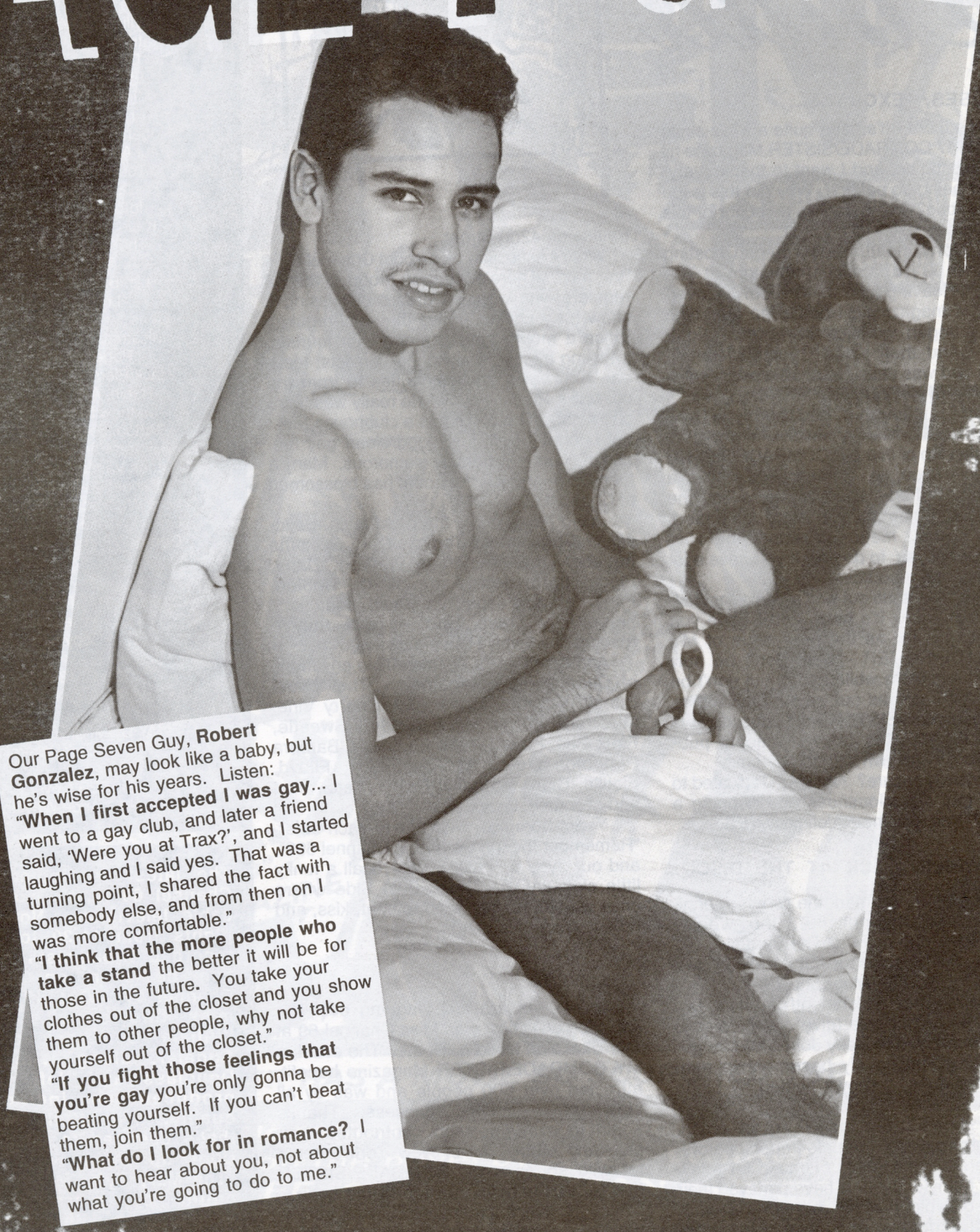


The beauty of the female form has been captured by voluptuous "sisters" Faux Pas (right) and Sweetie (left). The sexpot duo share an East Side bachelorette pad, as well as an insatiable love for the spotlight, and they've dazzled New York with their polished stage acts of song and dance. "The illegitimate love-children of cosmetic maven Mary Kay and shipping tycoon Aristotle Onassis", Faux Pas describes herself as "instinctive, intelligent and into River Phoenix", while Sweetie maintains she's "raucous and revealing, a tour de force with a heart of gold." What's the secret of a friendship between two such distinctive personalities? Sisterhood!

PHOTO BY MICHAEL WAKEFIELD STYLING BY IAN LYNCH/JOHN DELLARIA, SOHO


Are aliens
snatching humans
from out of the blue?
FIND OUT EVERY
WEDNESDAY AT
Michael Alig's
Disco 2000
LIMELIGHT
6th Ave & 20th St

PAGE-7 GUY



Our Page Seven Guy, **Robert Gonzalez**, may look like a baby, but he's wise for his years. Listen:

"When I first accepted I was gay... I went to a gay club, and later a friend said, 'Were you at Trax?', and I started laughing and I said yes. That was a turning point, I shared the fact with somebody else, and from then on I was more comfortable."

"I think that the more people who take a stand the better it will be for those in the future. You take your clothes out of the closet and you show them to other people, why not take yourself out of the closet."

"If you fight those feelings that you're gay you're only gonna be beating yourself. If you can't beat them, join them."

"What do I look for in romance? I want to hear about you, not about what you're going to do to me."

PHOTO BY ANDREW S.

Letter from Linda



EXCUSES, EXCUSES...

Hello there. It's been quite a while since the last MY COMRADE/SISTER Magazine hit the newsstands, and I want to thank everyone for being so patient. Why did this issue take so long? Well, frankly, as editor of this fine publication, it's all my fault.

...Many months ago I began hosting "Channel 69", a fabulous clubnight at The Pyramid, leaving little extra room for overseeing a magazine. I had even less time when I began working the uptown nightclubs. And then when I got addicted to valium and was asked to head a presidential commission on nuclear reactors, well, it seemed as though I had hardly a free moment at all...

And on top of that MY COMRADE/SISTER has become so, so - professional. All of a sudden what had started as a xeroxed 'zine is now a gigantic, intricately designed, computer-age, mega-magazine, the kind you're *supposed* to do only if you have a lot of money and resources.

Getting this issue out was a particular challenge, but finally it's here, and I hope you enjoy it. As for as the next issue of MY COMRADE/SISTER - well, don't be surprised if it takes a while again, but don't be shocked if it comes out next month either. MY COMRADE/SISTER Magazine resides not by the dictates of conventional publishing, but by its own accord...dammit.

Financially secure? Not yet. Dedicated to raising gay consciousness and defining a culture? Yes, yes, most definitely YES!

MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE DISCO...

June, 1992, will mark the two year anniversary of "Channel 69", the weekly Wednesday club night at The Pyramid, 101 Avenue A, loosely associated with MY COMRADE/SISTER Magazine.

What an accomplishment! In those two years, 789,328 people (give or take a few) will have enjoyed dj Dany Johnson, star go-go dancers, the lovely basement lounge, and extravaganza shows hosted by Linda Simpson.

The shows at Channel 69 are top-notch, emphasizing colorful female impersonators, and even the rare klunker is good for a few laughs. Many of the gals have parlayed their Wednesday night antics into even greater fame; "I performed at Channel 69" wields considerable clout with talent scouts, club-bookers and Marty, manager of The Show Palace on 42nd Street.

What's especially nice about Channel 69 is "the mix". There's the core group of faithful regulars who wouldn't dream of missing a show (or a cocktail), plus the semi-regulars (once a month types), along with tourists, traveling minstrels, escaped convicts, teenage runaways, and celebrities in from the coast like River Phoenix (He really was there one night). The place has a clubhouse feel - not snobby at all, just good clean gay fun, and of course, extremely glamorous. Many a friendship, many a romance, has blossomed at Channel 69.

Who helps make the night such a success? Our doorman Tommie Saeli, Scott the bouncer, the soundman George, Dany, Linda, bartenders Ande, Keith, Robbie, Faux Pas and especially Kevin, coatcheck personality Trash, and in case they're reading, the lovely Pyramid owners.

And then there's the incredible ensemble of Channel 69 entertainers: The "Lady" Bunny, Tabboo!, Mona Foot, Sherry Vine, Misstress Formika, Ebony Jet, Sweetie, Faux Pas, Page, Katie Krocodile, Barbara Patterson Lloyd, Afro-ditee, Liz, Flloyd, Flotilla, Clare Scandell, RuPaul, etc., etc., and of course, Lazy Susan. Who?

Years from now we'll say to each other, "Remember the fun we had at Channel 69?", and our eyes will mist as we recall a funky little club on The Lower East Side where once a week we gathered to chat, kiss, and hold each other's hand.

******

Tongues are still wagging over the selection of Tabboo! as Miss Channel 69 at The Ukrainian National Home. The event, a MY COMRADE/SISTER Magazine benefit, attracted over 600 people and was by all standards a smashing success. Thanks again to everyone who contributed their time and effort. All of New York agrees, for wild soirees, MY COMRADE/SISTER MAGAZINE benefits are top of the heap.

P.S. We accidently forgot to do the doorprize drawing and if you have ticket number 30061 please pick up your prize of $500,000.

Editor: Les Simpson
Art Director: Eric Pryor

Special Thanks: John Boyer, Henry Connell, April Palmieri, Muffin Stillwell, Akimitshu Sadoi, Matthew Waldman

Contributors:
Afro-ditee, David Armstrong, Andrea Bouze-wah, Marisa Bowe, Lily Braindrop, Steven Broadway, Steve Collas, Michael Christopher, Phyllis Christopher, Vaginal Davis, Katrina Del Mar, Sister Dimension, Dan Douglas, Darren Dryden, Donald, Ebony Jet, Endive, Faux Pas, Michael Fazakerly, Mona Foot, Francine, Flloyd, Marc Geller, Robert Gonzalez, Gym, Hapi Phace, Paul Anthony Harris, Gideon Hirsch, Tom Holdorf, T.N.T. Jackson, Dany Johnson, G.B. Jones, Jorge, Kacy Kid, Keith Kotick, Katie Krocodile, Bruce LaBruce, The "Lady" Bunny, Lady Pink, Laila, Abbey Lavine, Mr. Leonard, Liz, Barbara Patterson LLoyd, London Broil, Madge, Chris Teen Martin, MissDemeanor, Misstress Formika, David Mueller, Page, Walt Paper, Pearl, Jack Pierson, PJ, Javiar Regueiro, Robin, Andrew S., Dan Seitler, Mathew Sky, Sweetie, Tabboo!, Tattoo, Jocelyn Taylor, Tina, Val, Bill Van Parys, Lahoma Van Zandt, James Vance, Remix Von Popstitute, Michael Wakefield, Violet Walker, Joe Westmoreland, Ande Whyland, Daniel Wickie Poo Jr., Danielle Willis, George Wittman, Hector Xtravaganza and Ricky Zia

MY COMRADE/SISTER MAGAZINE
"Gay Owned and Operated"

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326 E. 13th Street, #15
New York, NY 10003

MY COMRADE Cover Photo by Michael Wakefield

SISTER Cover Photo by Ande Whyland

The latest development concerning Channel 69 is it's exciting debut on cable television. Now on Thursday nights from 11:30 to Midnight, pre-recorded broadcasts of Channel 69 can be seen on public access, Channel 17. Got it? Good! Don't miss this show! Videographers William Comstock and Karl Van Aggeler, along with Flloyd, Dan Douglass and Jeff Gardner have produced an incredibally high-quality, delightfully amusing show that's destined to become a classic, right up there with "Lassie" and "The Mary Tyler Moore Show". What could be more romantic that snuggling up with a date on an over-stuffed couch and watching Channel 69? This program is A MUST SEE!


Absoulutely no one admitted during last 15 minutes of show!
REVENGE OF THE
AFRICAN
QUEEN
NO HOLDS BARRED PYGMY ACTION!
PHOTOS BY MICHAEL WAKEFIELD
STARRING
MONA FOOT
SHE'S BACK - TO AVENGE
THE EVIL PYGMIES
AND
RECAPTURE
THE MAGIC RHINO HORN
"SURPRISINGLY GOOD" -
BLACK ENTERPRISE MAGAZINE
NOT SINCE JUNGLE FEVER HAS A MOVIE SO SCORCHED THE SCREEN
R RESTRICTED
UNDER 17 REQUIRES ACCOMPANYING PARENT OR ADULT GUARDIAN
Filmed on location in The Dingleberry Islands
DOLBY STEREO IN SELECTED THEATRES
Based on the novel by Alice Walker
Directed by SPIKE LEE Co-starring IMAN as herself, and as the
WITCHDOCTOR - NIPSEY RUSSELL
GRAND PRIZE WINNER of the Nairobi Film Festival

Homosexuals Are Talking About...

LIES!

It's odd indeed that the tabloids (The Nat'l Enquirer, The Star, etc.) chose not to further delve into Paul Reuben's personal life after his masturbation arrest. The scandal sheets have been "outing" celebrities left and right lately and it seemed that Pee Wee's "indecent behavior" would've been the perfect go-ahead to reveal more about his depraved lifestyle. Instead the scandal sheets have been writing about Pee Wee's "romance" with "Taxi" star Carol Kane! And we thought The Enquirer only printed the truth...

EXCLUSIVE! AN OUTING!

Speaking of faggy stars of kiddie television programs who's the screaming queen that MCs the Sunday morning show, "Steampipe Alley"? More power to you honey in landing a TV job, but don't the rednecks ever question dropping off their kids at the studio and frolicking with you for an hour? The bottom line is that children enjoy the company of fun-loving homosexuals and interaction between the two groups should be strongly encouraged. And no, a NAMBLA member did not write this...

OUR STOOPID ENEMIES

First the good news: Jesse Helms has prostate cancer. The bad news: it's curable. Anticipation however is still high that the grossly overweight fascist will soon drop dead. A Helms heart attack is eagerly anticipated.

You know who else is very tired? Ignorant rappers with homophobic lyrics like Public Enemy, Big Daddy Kane and Audio Two. Actually since both Helms and those rappers hate gays so much they might as well join forces. Yo, LL Cool Jesse, what's your rap? "My name is Helms and I'm here to say, I hate Negroes, do you hear? But I hate them less when they dis a queer."

As times like this it's best to quote Nelson Mandella: "None of us are free until we're all free." Word up!

MORE OUTINGS!

How come the big boys on Seventh Avenue never get mentioned when the subject of outing comes up? Besides Calvin Klein that is. So here for your convenience is a list of gay garmentos: Bill Blass, Issac Mizrahi, Yves St. Laurent, Geoffrey "Stud" Beene, Mark Jacobs, Todd Odlham, Tommy Hilfinger, Bob Mackie, Gordon Henderson, Moschino, Arnold Scassi, Jean-Paul Gaultier, Karl Lagerfeld, Azzedine Alaia, Giorgio Armani, Gianni Versace, Thierry Mugler, Valentino, Claude Montana, Paloma Picasso, Vivienne Westwood, and especially, Mr. Blackwell, the one that does those annual "10 Worst Dressed" lists. Next issue: homosexuals in the frozen pizza industry.

VINTAGE GOSSIP

Some rumors never get stale. For instance, did you hear that Aretha Franklin once caught her son in bed with her husband?! (The two were not blood relatives). That rivals the tale of Richard Gere and the gerbils. Of course, the most scandalous gay rumor of all time was the alleged marriage of Rock Hudson and Jim ("Gomer Pyle") Nabors. Was it true? Absolutely. Charles Nelson Reilly and Roddy McDowell served as bridesmaids.

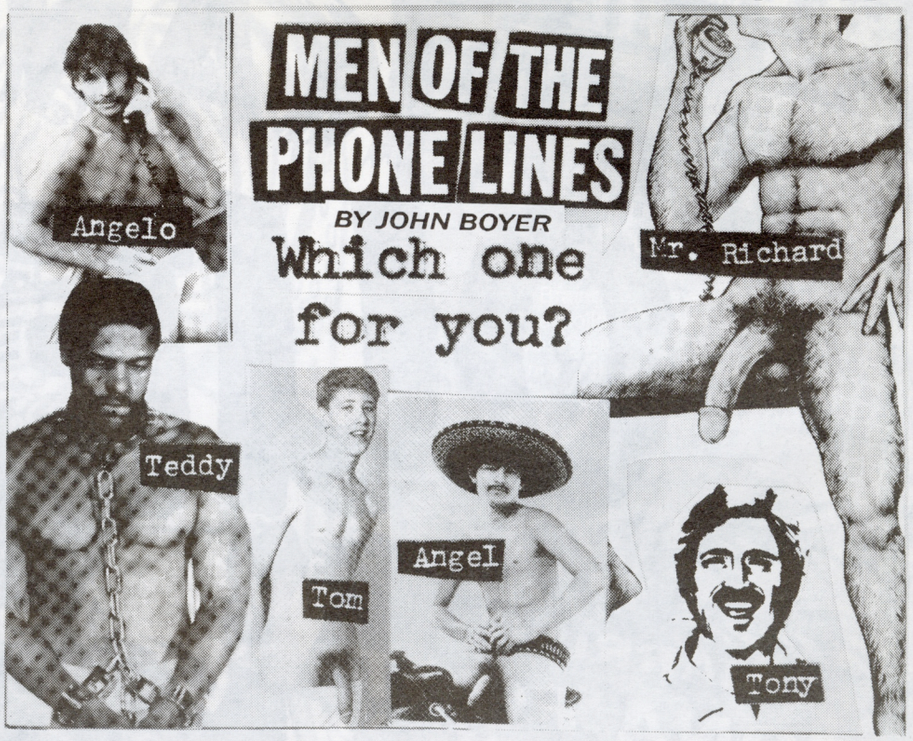
ON BECOMING A WOMAN

So you're a pretty young thing on the New York nightlife scene and you begin taking hormones and when you start looking "real" you snub all your drag queen chums 'cause they don't look as authentic and they might blow your cover. Well darling, if you're that concerned with how others perceive you get the hell out of the club scene. Pack your bags and move to Buffalo. Go "pass" at K-Mart, Miss Thing.

OUR MAGAZINE PALS

Remember Outweek, the defunct gay rag and how tacky and cornball it was? God, we miss it. QW (formerly NYQ), the new gay weekly of New York, seems rather subdued in comparison. Outweek was a million laughs, followed by a groan, and a call to a friend, "Can you believe what they wrote...?" Reading QW, however, is a no-nonsense, quiet affair, perhaps with a glass of milk. But QW does have its positive attributes: 1) A healthy, pro-queer activist format; 2) lots of cute tiny type; 3) uh, well, give us a little more time to think. In the meanwhile - QW, we salute U!

A FANCIFUL INTERPRETATION OF CONTEMPORARY GAY IMAGERY



Favorite Gay Pastimes Across America



Philadelphia - Raising gerbils
Montana - Playing with the sheep
San Francisco - Crafting decorative household items out of old popper bottles
The West Village - Cardstore hopping
Cherry Grove - Caftan parties
Michigan Womyn's Music Festival - Castrating male offspring
Alaska - Deepthroating icicles
Atlantic City - Going to the Taj Mahal Casino and pretending to be a beautiful Indian princess
Seattle - Flower arranging
Beverly Hills - Having an affair with the stableboy
New York City - Whoreing.

TRICKLE DOWN THEORY

It seems like every gay joint in Manhattan has added dark-lit rooms for their patrons to engage in masturbatory activities. How long before the rest of America picks up on this gay trend? Soon chic watering holes like Lucky Strike and Jerry's 103 will start adding their own backrooms, and eventually even more mainstream places like Pizza Hut and Disneyworld, where entire families will be able to jerk off together. Once again gay men are setting the pace for the rest of our society, this time with their strong desire to masturbate in public.

POTPOURRI

Overheard at gay gatherings: Marky Mark fantasies...Rumors that Dan Quayle is gay - say it isn't so!...Debate over which is New York's gayest neighborhood - the East or West Village? Answer: neither, Chelsea is...Anticipation over the new gay humor magazine, "Puh-leeze!". Either that title is genius or we're in for a heap of trouble ...Marianne Williamson quotations. Move over Louise Hay, the new guru has arrived...Marky Mark fantasies...Soul-searching questions such as "What the hell do you do when you're tired of the bohemian life?" Like get a real job or something? - Scary...Shocked indignation over Madonna's co-star for her upcoming sex fantasy photobook: Vanilla Ice! Well maybe he looks good nude and mute, but couldn't she and photog Steven Meisel have picked someone a little more hot like, well, how about Marky Mark?...Lisping...Carrying on...Bonding...Sweet nothings...Hysterical laughter...

GAY COMMUNITY NEWS

65% INCREASE IN QUEER BAKING LAST YEAR
A new report issued by New York City's Commission for Flour Consumption revealed that in 1991 gays and lesbians were far more likely to bake their own bread, muffins, cookies and especially apple turnovers, than in 1990.

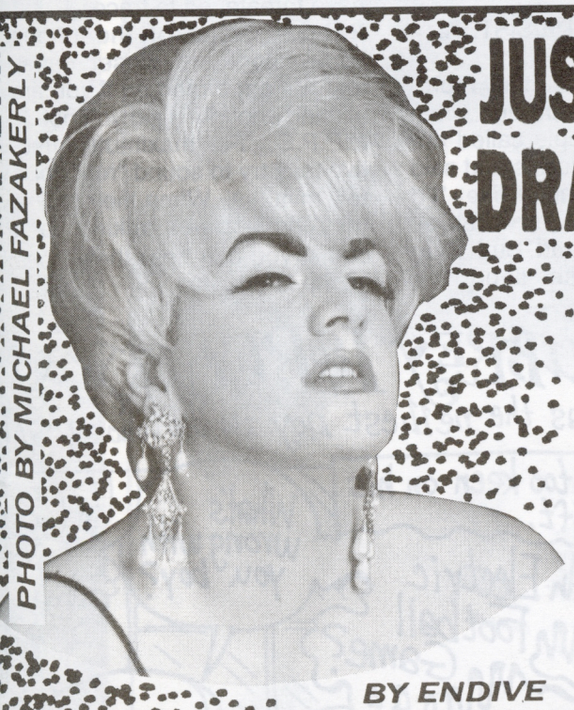
PRAISE THE LARD!
In a related story, deep-fried foods once again dominated the street fair that follows New York's Gay and Lesbian Pride Parade. Keeping with tradition, vendors from around the world lined Christopher Street offering hungry homosexuals a dazzling array of oil-soaked items ranging from egg rolls to falafel to fish and chips. Billowy clouds of smoke emitted from small greasefires and wafted gently through the crowd, reminding the throngs what a vital role deep-fried food plays in the contemporary gay lifestyle.

PARADE ROUTE TO CHANGE?
Organizers of New York's Gay and Lesbian Pride Parade are considering altering this year's march.
At a recent meeting, Girth and Mirth representative Jolly Hotchkiss proposed that the parade route start at Sheridan Square and end at Christopher and Hudson, a total of three blocks.
"That way everyone will have more time to enjoy themselves at the Christopher Street fair with its lovely array of fried foods," explained Mr. Hotchkiss.
However, parade member Ima Paine has proposed that the new route be lengthened to 273 blocks. "They want a fucking parade, we'll give 'em a fucking parade, bunch of bellyaching fags and lezzies," said Paine, who also serves as president of the New York Gay & Lesbian Sadist Society.
Debate also raged over this year's parade slogan. Among the choices: "Gay and Proud, Say It Loud"; "Say It Loud, Gay and Proud"; "Gay Say Proud, And It Loud"; "It Proud Gay, And Loud Say"; "And It Proud, Say Gay Loud"; "How Now Proud Brown Cow" and "Gays and Lesbians For Fried Foods in '92".

CONVENTION SITE CHOSEN
NAMBLA has decided that The Coney Island Men's bathroom will be the site of their August, 1992 convention. "This will be an exciting contrast to last year's meeting at The Times Square Video Arcade", proclaimed NAMBLA spokesperson Bruce Pervoort.

BIRDS OF A FEATHER...
In an amazing coincidence on February 2nd, 1992, all 124 patrons of The Tunnel, an East Village gay bar, entered the establishment wearing the exact same outfit - fluorescent peagreen pantsuits with pink faux fur trim and orange floppy hats. "It's funny," said bartender Len Clone, "Usually everyone wears pretty much the same thing - jeans, white t-shirts, combat boots - but I guess each one of them decided to buck the trend the very same night."

JUST WHAT IS IT THAT MAKES TODAY'S DRAG SO DIFFERENT, SO APPEALING?


PHOTO BY MICHAEL FAZAKERLY

BY ENDIVE

In "Marilyn", his bio-novel of the late actress, Norman Mailer describes a lack of identity as being the motive for one pursuing a career in the performing arts. Assuming you buy this theory, let's say that getting in touch with a feminine identity is at the core of the phenomenon we call "drag".

The choices are rich and varied. From rocker chick, space alien, wild animal actress, to the Jackie O, art school pose, it depends on the sensibility of the performer.

It's been said that genius is developed in private, but in drag our genius is developed in the public eye. Here in New York, the nightclub scene is brutal - failure is often achieved in a matter of seconds. There is no room to iron out the wrinkles (No pun intended). As the song says, you've gotta have a gimmick.

The audience is hot and in a state of overstimulation. "They want it fast and furious," Lypsinka would often remind me. Reactions from an audience can range from overwhelming approval to rabid hostility. As a drag queen I have experienced both.

But it's not my intention to go on about gay nightclub audiences. Brotherhood aside, they are hypercritical and jaded. Therefore the sense of achievement, when approval is expressed, is so much greater ("I love you all so damn much!").

Drag performers reflect America's fascination with what Boy Bar's Mathew Kasten calls "the assembly line goddess". We come in many shades, from the futuristic chrome of a MissDemeanor, to the hushed brown tones of a Barbara Patterson Lloyd. One man's Mona Foot is another man's Tabboo!

Now let's put away the color chart. Today's drag seems to have adopted a post-modern approach. First you take a pop icon (pick a star, any star). Choose what mannerisms or visuals you like and work them into your act. The new drag differs from the old school of female impersonation in that fragments of feminine gender make up the whole. There is no attempt at passing for female or any specific personality.

What do you look for in a drag queen? I myself worship The Lady Bunny. I am constantly held spellbound by her alluring looks, wacky songs, and witty banter. While her tongue can be sharp as her wit, some have failed to spot the wit and this has gotten her into trouble from time to time. It's not easy to find a persona that will entertain everyone.

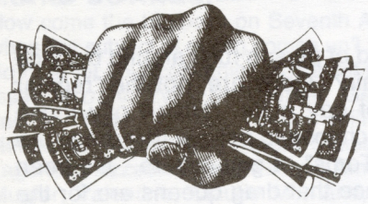
What kind of person runs around onstage in acrylic hair? Odds are, not the "regular guy" type of gay male. How I pity those people who choose to believe that drags are the "Uncle Toms" of gay culture. It's been my experience that drag queens are for the most part bright people with bad cases of glamour addiction. As children we related to those female performers who in their own special way were bigger than life. Many of us would agree with Joan Crawford's observation, "If you want to see the girl next door, then go next door." Often drag queens have day jobs, are involved in relationships, and like to retain an air of mystery about their "offstage" personas.

We are the "real deal". Make-up artists and hair stylists copy our look, fashion designers use us on the runway (I myself belong to The House of the Forgotten Woman). Madonna is a good example of our far-reaching influence into the world of big time showbiz. She stole Codie Ravioli's look and served up her own steaming casserole for mainstream America. Careful, this plate is haute!

There's something noble about entertaining, making people forget how futile and uncertain life can seem. The drag performers of today are building a shield of wackiness against the terror that surrounds us. This exuberance and nonrestraint in drag are an affirmation of faith in the survival of the individual. Through freedom of choice, this choice of look is the visible proof of a nonconformist democracy and the real moral ingredient of drag today.



MONEY



TALKS

A GUEST EDITORIAL BY HAPI PHACE

Gay owned and operated businesses that cater to our community refunnel our gay dollars back into our community. The gay bookstore owner takes your money that you used to buy this My Comrade/Sister or the latest David Leavitt book, or "The Well of Loneliness", and then that gay entrepreneur goes to say, Fire Island, and gayily spends his money. Tipping gay waiters and bartenders, paying gay guest house owners, and generally supporting gay businesses.

So far a rosy picture of gay money circulation, but let's say that gay waiter takes his tips, comes into the city, and shops for clothes at some fabulous shop, oh just for example, let's say he shops at Barney's. Let's take a look at where our gay dollars go... How much of his money is recalculated into the gay community? Well, the window decorators and sales people that helped our gay waiter make his fashion selections were most probably gay. So we applaud the shop for hiring creative fabulous artistic and stylish gays to decorate and populate their place of business. Yet could they not do more? Imagine the amount of gay people that everyday shop at a place like Barney's.

It seems like a major portion of their business must be a gay clientele. Wouldn't it make sense if they were to give some obvious financial support to our community? Same goes for Levi Strauss Co. How many homosexual bucks end up in their coffers every year? How much money did they spend in support of gay lifestyles? Why are there no obviously gay advertisements for their product? If we are to believe their advertising there are no gay people. We don't exist according to Madison Avenue, corporate America, or the United States Government, except in negative stereotypes, invisible consumer demographics, and as a threat to the American family.

This "AMERICAN FAMILY" concept is really dangerous. The media and conservative movement has started a mythology that "family" is sanctified and all civilization is based on it. If an open gay proud person is depicted on television the "American Family Party" writes in protest, boycotts and screams that the "family" has been attacked, threatened and destroyed. We as gay people, diversified, and far-reaching can stand united as an economic group and do battle with these fanatics that would see us vanish off the face of the Earth. We can fight fire with fire. We are a huge population and carry huge economic clout if we were to wield it.

If you don't know about it GLAAD (Gay & Lesbian Alliance Against Defamation, 966-1700) has a letter writing campaign. Monthly they list media and corporate addresses that need to be thanked for their pro-gay support, or made aware of their mistreatment of our people. You can call or write GLAAD, they will be only too glad/hapi to send it to you. So, see you at the post-office!

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LETTER TO THE EDITOR
☆ PICK HIT ☆

Dear MY COMRADE/SISTER,

I thought it was utterly reprehensible a few years ago when thousands of people called our favorite TV evangelists and said things into the phone like, "I'd like to order the Jerry Falwell Matching Dildo and Butt Plug Set", or, "Please send the complete tapes of Bible and Concordance as read by Reverend Swaggart to my home at (favorite porn outlet address) and I'll mail you a check for $200 tomorrow", or the always popular, "Fuck you!" These impish shenanigans cost the TV evangelists millions of dollars, since it costs them money when-ever they get a call on an 800 line. I was shocked and dis-mayed that my fellow homosexuals would do such things.

Incidentally, the current numbers for Jerry Falwell's ministries are 1-800-LIFE-AID (prayer line and counseling) and 1-800-325-3388 (business and ordering). I've lost the number for Pat Robertson's 700 Club - maybe one of your investigative journalists could find it out and report to MY COMRADE readers.

Love and Wet Kisses,
The Queen City Phone Queen
Cincinnati, Ohio

P.S. If you're going to say really vile things, or make lotsa calls, use a phone booth, since they have threatened to trace.

P.P.S. Some of the phone coun-selors are closet cases and will get turned on if you are alluring enough. I kid you not.

P.P.P.S. For maximum effectiveness try to sound "real" for a few minutes. When they realize they have been talking to a crank, you can hear their faces hit the floor!



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the RAMBLINGS of an embittered jealous dried-up old NELLY TROLL SOME-WHERE OFF OF AVENUE C.

With the election nearing, the tension mounts. Who are you voting for? I like the bloated, drugged out Las Vegas Elvis, but I think it would be more politically correct to cast my vote for the hunka hunka rockabilly sexy early Elvis. Decisions, decisions, decisions!

I'm over Miss Marky Mark. Don't get me wrong, I loved the bitch. I spent $20 on her pay per view special, saw her also in concert at the Ritz and her Limelight Interview party (yawn) and spent my weekly allowance for over six months on every color poster pin-up in every teeny-bopper magazine on the stands. Her body is getting very big and sexy. I can just imagine her cock! But once things get too exposed we tend to grow weary... never tired!

What of the battle of the fashion mag hags? Go on girls! Let's all form a circle and surround the bitches and let the action begin. Competition fuels the creative spirit. Let's just hope that the conservative wave that has enveloped every other aspect of human life in these post Reagan years will finally see a break in the fog.

On the drag set things carry on as usual. Queens come and queens go. Zaldy, Mona Foot, Kenny Kenny, Flloyd, Princess Diandra, Lady Bunny, Paris, Natasha Twist and Princess Stephanie continue to give me fever. Every time I see these girls do what they do I think: Why do I bother? How can I compete? Who do I think I am? Then I remember - Compare, Despair - and then I get inspired by their interesting twist on living in this 20th century media muck-filled, capitalistic, homo unfriendly world.

Channel 69 has turned out a crop of new hopefuls too, like Laila, Misstress Formika and Clare Scandell. But what do I know? I've hibernated the whole winter in my apartment, leaving only to pick up and drop off videos.

Hey kids, the '80s are back! All the children pogo again. Kriss Kross will make you jump!

People tell me Ivanna Trump, Vanity Fair and Madonna are hot. I no longer listen to these people.

I'm into solvents these days myself - rubber cement, airplane glue, Liquid Plumber, turps 'n' such. It tears the nostrils up much more than cocaine and is readily available at your corner market. What a head rush! I'm the one in the corner with the small brown paper bag on his face. Kids, don't try this at home - stick with the rusty needles and mom's secret valium stash.

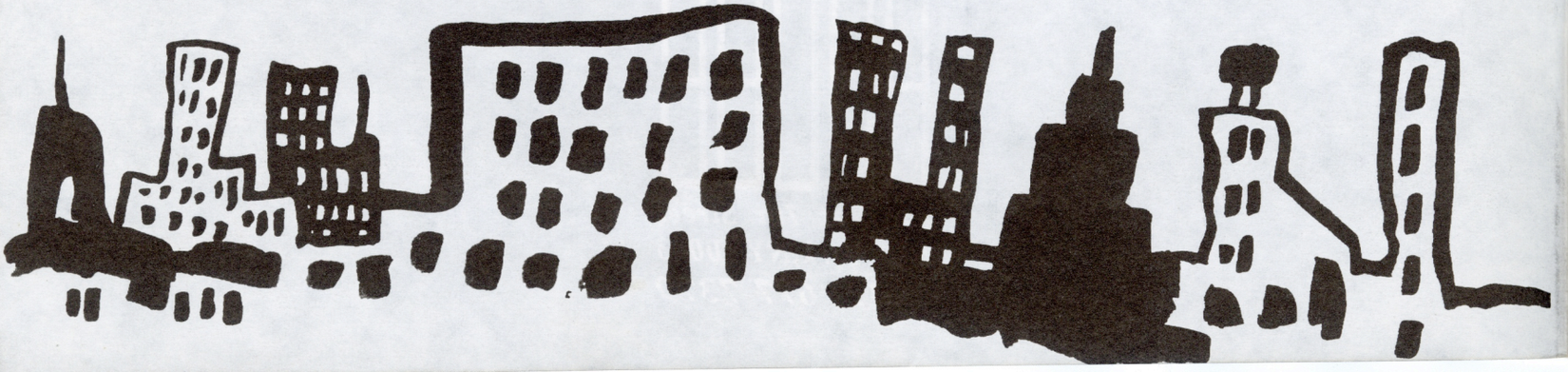
Television (even with cable plus) is A BORE. The art world, theater world and fashion world, ditto. I suppose I should just end it all by throwing myself in front of a bus. Or try to change the world myself! Or move to the country and contemplate nature. I'll probably just stay in my apartment and resent everything.

I predict bathing suits will be the big fashion statement his summer on Fire Island, and in 25 years homoculture will be aboveground. That will nice for you gays!

Gotta go - the wife and kids are calling. But first I'll slip into some frilly underthings!

Love on ya! tabboo!

P.S. You can keep my lousy Miss Channel 69 title! Give it to Ebony. Maybe it will jinx her career like it did mine!





Tongues are still wagging over the first Miss Channel 69 Contest held at The Ukrainian National Home last year. The event was a benefit for MY COMRADE/SISTER Magazine, and attracted over 500 people to see eight contestants - Ebony Jet, Endive, Page, Tina, Barbara Patterson Lloyd, Misstress Formika, Tabboo!, and MissDemeanor, - vie for the chance to represent Channel 69, the popular club night held Wednesdays at The Pyramid.

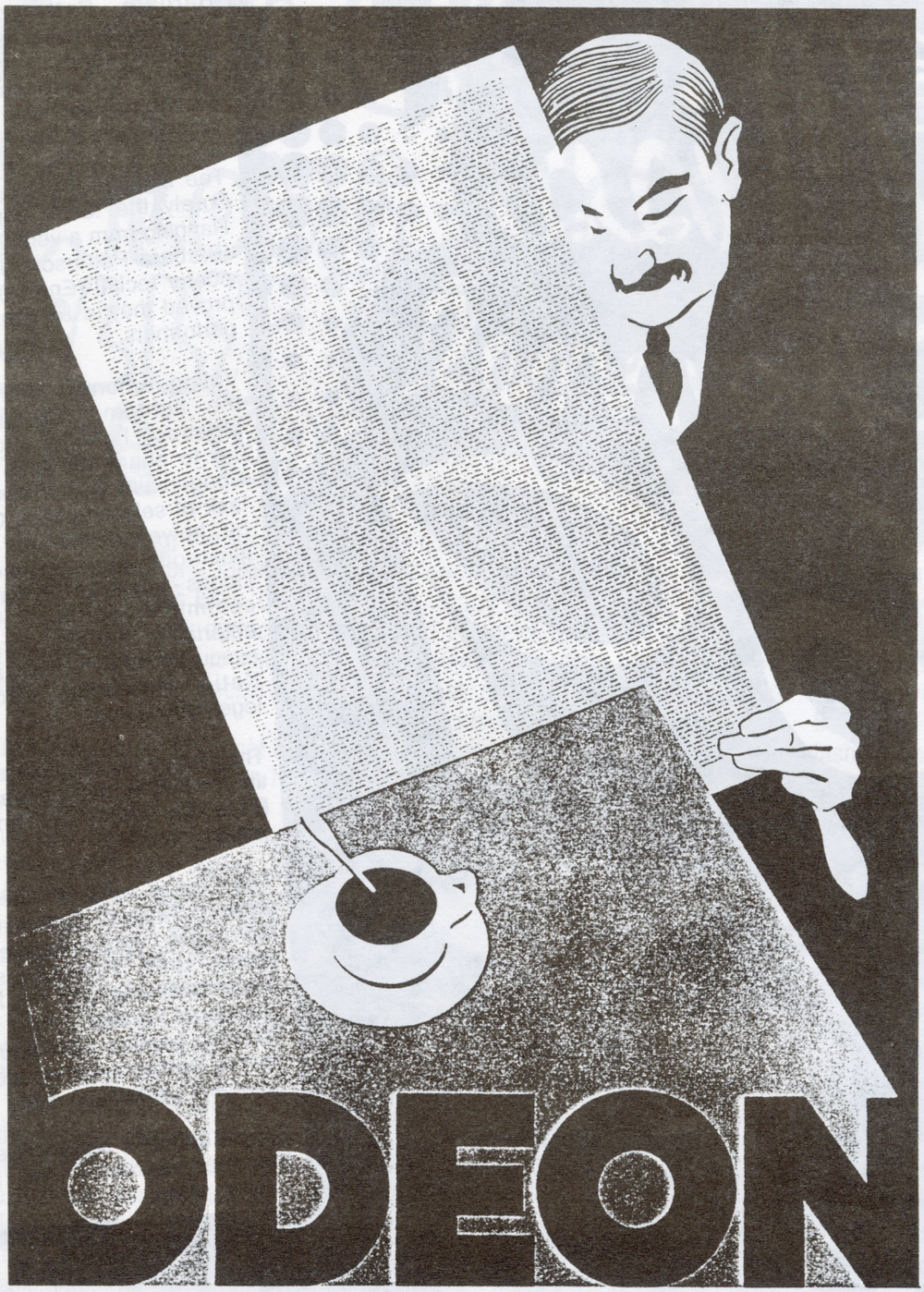
The highlight of the night was surely the talent competition. Ranging from a ventriloquist act (Barbara Patterson Lloyd) to a poetry recital (Endive) the gals proved they're all consummate performers.

Voting amongst themselves, the tight-knot group chose Misstress Formika and Ebony Jet to share the title of Miss Congeniality. The formidable task of selecting Miss Channel 69 however was up to the illustrious panel of celebrity judges - journalist Bill Van Parys, columnist Michael Musto, entertainer RuPaul, advertising executive Kathy Cooke, actress Katie Krocodile and the legendary Hattie.

Their heart-stopping decision: a tie for first runner-up between Page and Ebony Jet, and the winner - Tabboo!

Teary-eyed and exalted, a glowing Tabboo! floated down the runway. As she finished her victory stroll, Tabboo!'s sister contestants engaged her in an emotional group hug, their bosoms swollen with pride at having participated in such a great and glorious contest.

Soon Tabboo!'s reign will end, but the memories will last forever. Amen.



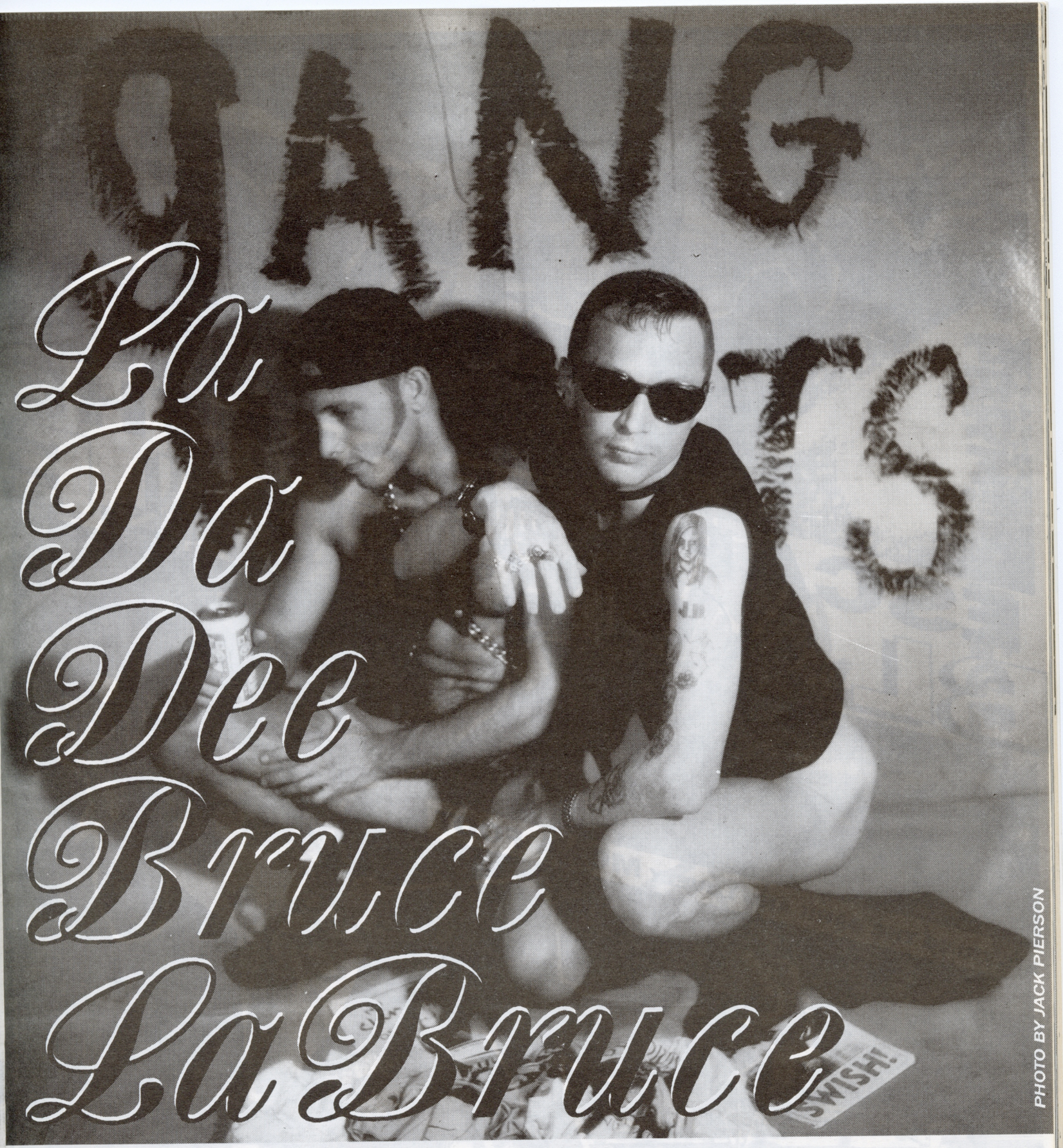
LUNCHEON
NOON TO 3PM
WEEKDAYS

SUPPER
7PM TO 2AM
SUNDAY-
THURSDAY
AND
7PM TO 3AM
FRIDAY &

DINNER
7PM TO MIDNIGHT

SUNDAY BRUNCH
NOON TO 3:30PM

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Busy Bruce LaBruce. His first feature film, "No Skin Off My Ass", has made him a cinema darling, and since its release he's been jetsetting around the world to various festivals and screenings. Not bad for a gay punk from Toronto with a Jody Foster tattoo.

A parody of Robert Altman's "That Cold Day In The Park", "Skin" stars Bruce as a fey hairdresser infatuated by a hunky mute skinhead (Klaus Von Bruckner), and G.B. Jones as the skinhead's ballsy sister. Explicit sex scenes (both cock and toe sucking) prompted the film's printing lab to notify the morals squad.

But Bruce enjoys rattling the status-quo. "I find it amusing when people ask are you pro- or anti-gay 'cause it's so obvious we're fags and dykes, but if it confuses people it's more entertaining. My rule is: when you're around punks act as faggy as possible and when you're around fags act as punk as possible."

Bruce is also one of the editors of J.D.s, the "softcore 'zine for hardcore kids". For gay punks, alienated by rock's homophobia but too freakish for mainstream queers, it's a vital chronicle.

What's next on the drawing board? More issues of J.D.s, and another film entitled "Super 8 & 1/2" about a washed-up porn star trying for a comeback. Bruce encourages all interested actors to send photos and their experiences "in the field."

J.D.s, POB 1110, Adelaide St. Stn., Toronto, Ontario, M5C 2K5, Canada. For magazine send $5, for "Skin" video send $34.
(Pictured above: Bruce on the right: his sexy pal, Guy, on the left.)



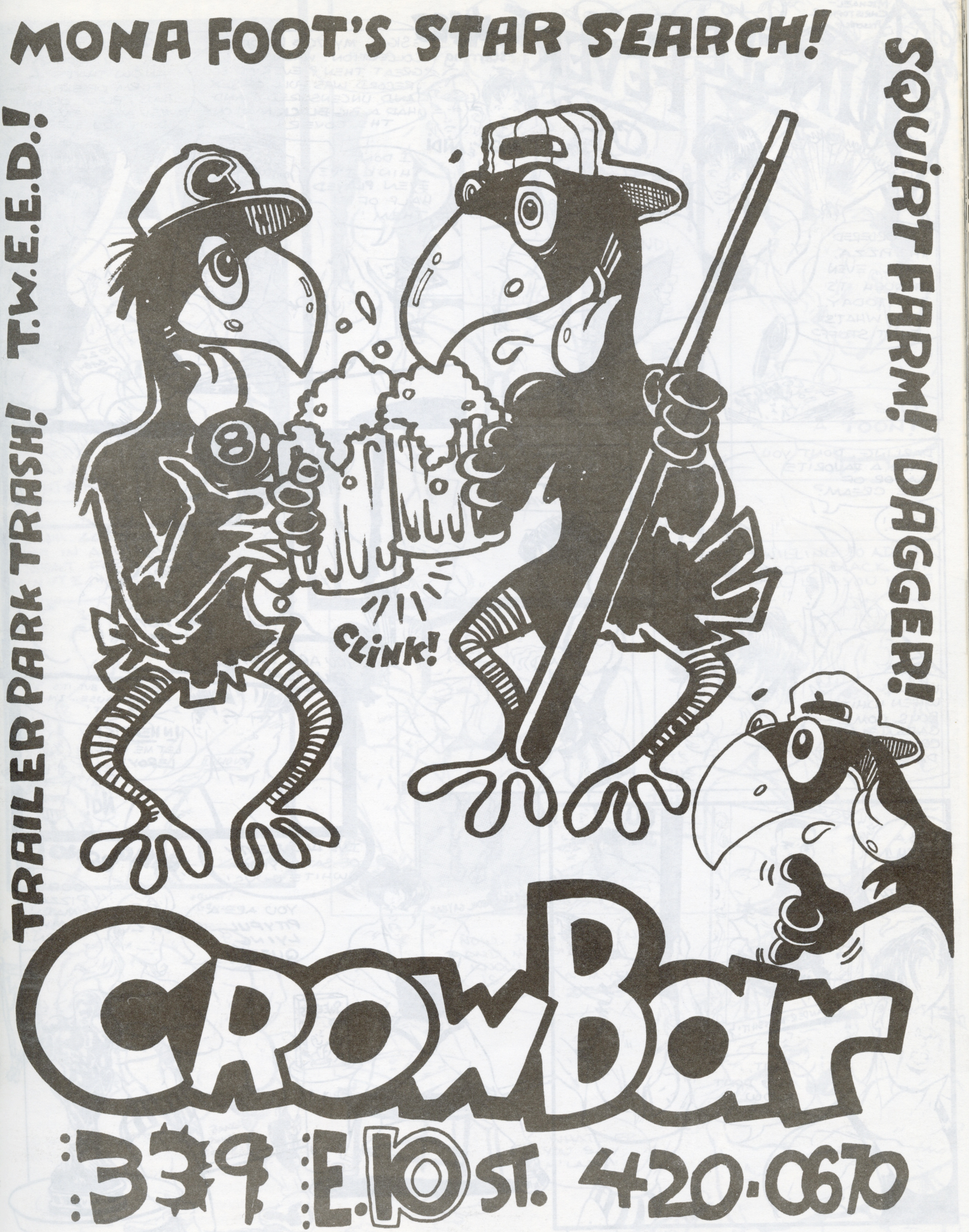
directed by DIANA ("THE WIZ") ROSS

costumes by DIANA ROSS original soundtrack by DIANA ROSS with DENISE NICHOLS, LEVAR BURTON, and MICHAEL JACKSON, JANET JACKSON, LATOYAH JACKSON and TITO JACKSON as THE SPACE MONKEYS, and introducing TAWANA BRAWLEY

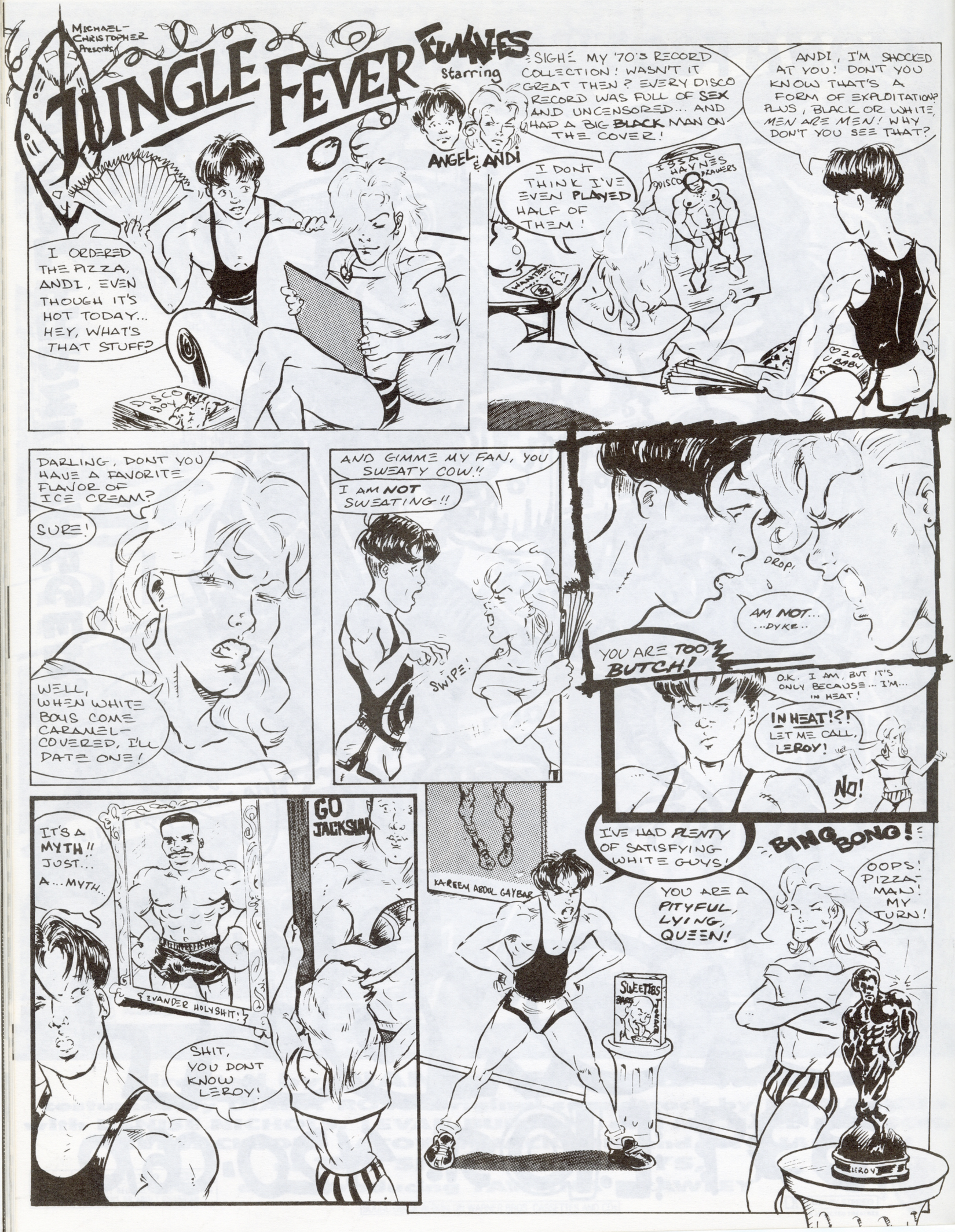
R RESTRICTED UNDER 17 REQUIRES ACCOMPANYING PARENT OR ADULT GUARDIAN

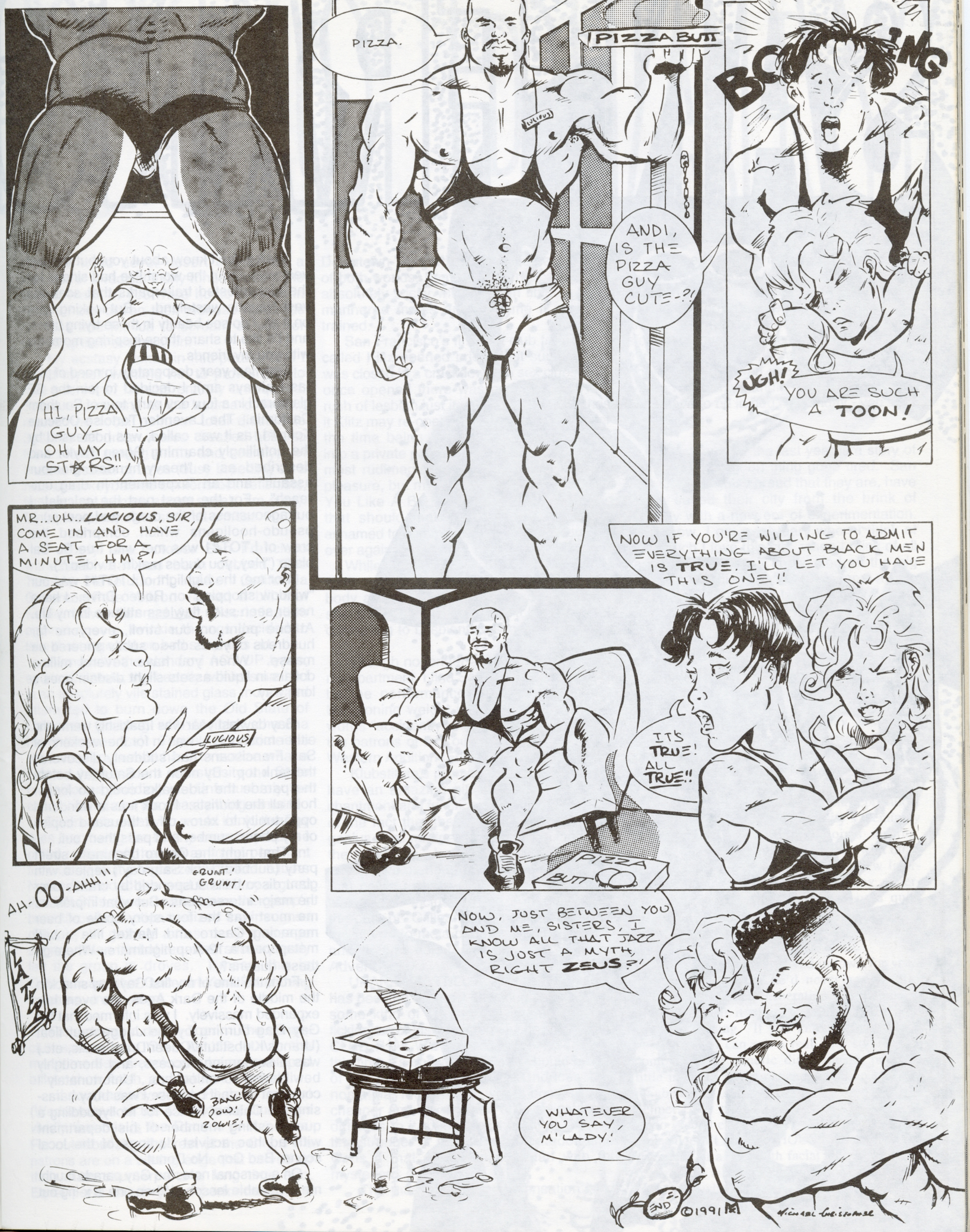
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PHOTOS BY MICHAEL WAKEFIELD


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JUNGLE FEVER
FUNKIES
Starring
ANGEL & ANDI
I ORDERED THE PIZZA, ANDI, EVEN THOUGH IT'S HOT TODAY... HEY, WHAT'S THAT STUFF?
SIGH! MY '70'S RECORD COLLECTION! WASN'T IT GREAT THEN? EVERY DISCO RECORD WAS FULL OF SEX AND UNCENSORED... AND HAD A BIG BLACK MAN ON THE COVER!
I DONT THINK I'VE EVEN PLAYED HALF OF THEM!
ISAAC HAYNES DISCO DRAWERS
ANDI, I'M SHOCKED AT YOU! DON'T YOU KNOW THAT'S A FORM OF EXPLOITATION? PLUS, BLACK OR WHITE, MEN ARE MEN! WHY DON'T YOU SEE THAT?
DARLING, DONT YOU HAVE A FAVORITE FLAVOR OF ICE CREAM?
SURE!
WELL, WHEN WHITE BOYS COME CARAMEL-COVERED, I'LL DATE ONE!
AND GIMME MY FAN, YOU SWEATY COW!!
I AM NOT SWEATING!!
SWIPE!
DROP!
AM NOT... ...DYKE...
YOU ARE TOO, BUTCH!
O.K. I AM, BUT IT'S ONLY BECAUSE... I'M... IN HEAT!
IN HEAT!?! LET ME CALL, LEROY!
NO!
IT'S A MYTH!! JUST... A... MYTH...
EVANDER HOLYSHIT!
GO JACKSON!
SHIT, YOU DONT KNOW LEROY!
KAREEM ABDUL GAYBAR
SWEETIES
I'VE HAD PLENTY OF SATISFYING WHITE GUYS!
YOU ARE A PITYFUL, LYING, QUEEN!
BING BONG!
OOPS! PIZZA-MAN! MY TURN!
LEROY


HI, PIZZA GUY- OH MY STARS!!
PIZZA.
PIZZA BUTT
LUCIOUS
ANDI, IS THE PIZZA GUY CUTE-?!
BOING
UGH! YOU ARE SUCH A TOON!
MR...UH..LUCIOUS, SIR, COME IN AND HAVE A SEAT FOR A MINUTE, HM?!
LUCIOUS
NOW IF YOU'RE WILLING TO ADMIT EVERYTHING ABOUT BLACK MEN IS TRUE. I'LL LET YOU HAVE THIS ONE!!
IT'S TRUE! ALL TRUE!!
PIZZA BUTT
AH-OO-AHH!!
GRUNT! GRUNT!
LATER
BAM! POW! ZOWIE!
NOW, JUST BETWEEN YOU AND ME, SISTERS, I KNOW ALL THAT JAZZ IS JUST A MYTH, RIGHT ZEUS?!
WHATEVER YOU SAY, M'LADY!
THE END
©1991

SAN FRANC



PHOTOS BY GIDEON HIRSCH AND MARC GELLER

Well, I don't know about you, but this last year was about the worst I've had since I left the hick-infested trailerparks that scab the vast Nevada wasteland... But looking back on it all, I do see beauty in those trying times, and I'd like to share those inspiring moments with you my friends.

Early last year, desperately in need of play (as I always am), I decided to join the SF glamoratti in a four day party tour of Southern California. The Lavender Tortoise Obscure Tour #1, as it was called, was hostessed by the unfailingly charming Ggreg Taylor and described as a "heavy-handed glamour assault" and an "experiment in drag outreach". For the most part the calculated outrageousness of the drags and post-punk pseudo-hooligans which comprised the crew of LTOT#1 was met with true So Cal blase ("Hey, you dudes makin' a video?").

For me, the highlight of LTOT#1 was our "window shopping" on Rodeo Drive. I have never seen such flawless attitude in my life. At one point on our stroll, everyone for hundreds of yards oh-so subtly sneered en masse. When you have several million dollars in liquid assets slight disdain goes a long way.

Gay day last year was freakishly warm and either most of L.A. was in for the weekend or San Franciscans had suddenly discovered the tank top. By noon the Saturday before the parade the sidewalks could no longer hold all the tourists. I took it as a wonderful opportunity to xerox off a thousand copies of my phone number and pass them out.

That night the Castro became a street party (dubbed "Pink Saturday") replete with giant disco balls suspended by cranes over the major intersections. But what impressed me most was the four story bottle of beer menacing Castro and Market like a bad metaphor in a 12-step nightmare. Where do these queens?

From the time of my first Gay Day smack in the middle of the Dark Ages, the event has expanded massively. I was informed that the Gay Flag burning by the Juggernaut float (Uranus/Klubstitute/Queer/DragFreaks, etc.) was a screaming success, and thoroughly bewildering to onlookers. Unfortunately I could not be on it because I was busy harassing the Chief of Police for mollycoddling a queerbashing member of his department with ad hoc activist darlings of the local scene, Bad Cop, No Donut.

On a personal note, the Gay parade taught me a valuable lesson : When one is x-ing out

ISCO DIARY

BY DAVID MUELLER

of one's mind never assert oneself as a member of a radical loony fringe group if the largest mass of your nice homo-brethen in history have driven their Hondas hundreds of miles into Mecca to scream at you for impeding their assimilation.

My ecstasy kicked in mid-parade and I found myself wanting not to protest but to love everyone. It was entirely unrequited. There was no end to the trauma of finding myself the focal point of total disdain to 300,000 suburban males dressed head to toe in Keith Haring prints and seemly, yet hostile, lesbian couples (busy breeding up a race of turkeybasted burkenstock fetishists, in their tract homes as we speak, I'm sure). My brothers, my sisters - what a mess.

Early last October San Francisco witnessed what has been dubbed "The Twinkie Revolution". After California Governor Pete Wilson vetoed a bill that would have banned job discrimination against queers, twinkie throngs decided to take their rage out on bad seventies art.

Along with the standard ACT UP types, and leather-tots, the beastly twinks smashed in an absolutely vile stained glass mural, and attempted to burn down the Old State of California Building with Molotov cha-cha heels (I'm serious). To truly appreciate the sentiment you would have to realize what a hideous high-modern monstrosity the State of California Building is. Unfortunately the attempt failed and the ghastly thing remains.

Contrary to what you would think, the Bay Area long being the Earthy-crunchy paradise of the radical left, has an amazing penchant for fucking up it's organized activism. Queer Nation SF folded this past fall. Many argued that QN SF's doom was because the group's bombthrowing faction realized the immense difficulty in getting across any message stronger than herbal tea, and subsequently left the group in droves. I mean, this is California and that Queer-In-Your-Face! thing is just so - insensitive.

From demo to dance-floor... The dance-club seems very OUT for '92, but in the meantime San Franciscans have developed a floor-show fetish, and cabaret is thriving.

If you had any doubt, Faster Pussycat (Wednesdays at the Clubhouse) illustrates vividly that this is the Decade of the Dyke. Far out-fabulizing the rest of the City, FP's patrons are on a cutting edge that carved up their male counterparts a long time ago. Equal parts dancing and performance, DJ Downtown Donna has put together a best-of-both-worlds, heavy into participation and absolutely sticky with Lesbian libido. Mild-mannered males are welcome if properly trained.

San Francisco's first sex club for women called Klitz opened briefly last summer but was closed in a crackdown on sex clubs. But once opened there was no restraining the rush of lesbian lust it unleashed. Rumor has it Klitz may re-open in the near future, but for the time being the Klitz-clique has turned into a private party circuit. Being male, in the most rudimentary sense, I haven't had the pleasure, but my dear friend, Peggy "Squish You Like A Bug" Sue, has relayed stories that should make your average fag too ashamed to commit his pitiful excuse for SEX ever again.

While not necessarily an S/M scene, if the welts and bruises that decorate Miz Sue's body attest to a good time had by all (and she does claim HAD BY ALL) I may by converting to Lesbianism soon.

Though no longer across the street from my apartment, I find Saturday's Klubstitute to be the performance club most worth it's burgeoning weight in cab-fare. I think the words "accidently unaffected" best describe the patrons of this outlandish outpost in the Western Addition (Fulton at Masonic).

Klubstitute's promoters, The Popstitutes, have an amazing gift for screwball disenchantment and function as a living illustration of the fact that the fine line that separated genius from madness was a hallucination in the first place. I often find myself humbled and in awe of the grand strokes of depravity that come to bare in these performances, which have included "The Fog", done with the cast of "Gilligan's Island", a shockingly brilliant proto-meta-dada revision of "Carrie", and the time honored classic "The Poseidon Adventure".

URANUS IS STILL AROUND and this fact has become it's most shocking aspect. With some kind of paranormal immunity to the fickleness of fashion it remains in situ as THE CLUB THAT WOULD NOT DIE! It seems by this time it's only raison d'etre should be that of an interesting relic that induces mild nostalgia for an era when ecstasy was cheaper and sex still had an eighties sort of dirtiness to it, but either the drinks are getting stronger or I'm still having a good time. Or is it that gorgeous doorman with the mysterious eyes?

The most notable new sensation is, of course, the Rave. Which, as far as I can tell, is a bunch of people finally getting around to doing what we all read about in I-D Magazine two years ago. Its a regionalist arrogance I know, but I refuse to embarrass myself by slobbering over Manchester's leftovers. But my real problem with raves, is that at 23 (that's 107 in queen years) I'm at that age where I can only handle one drug at a time and I have to be in bed by Sunday - yep - I'm just jealous.

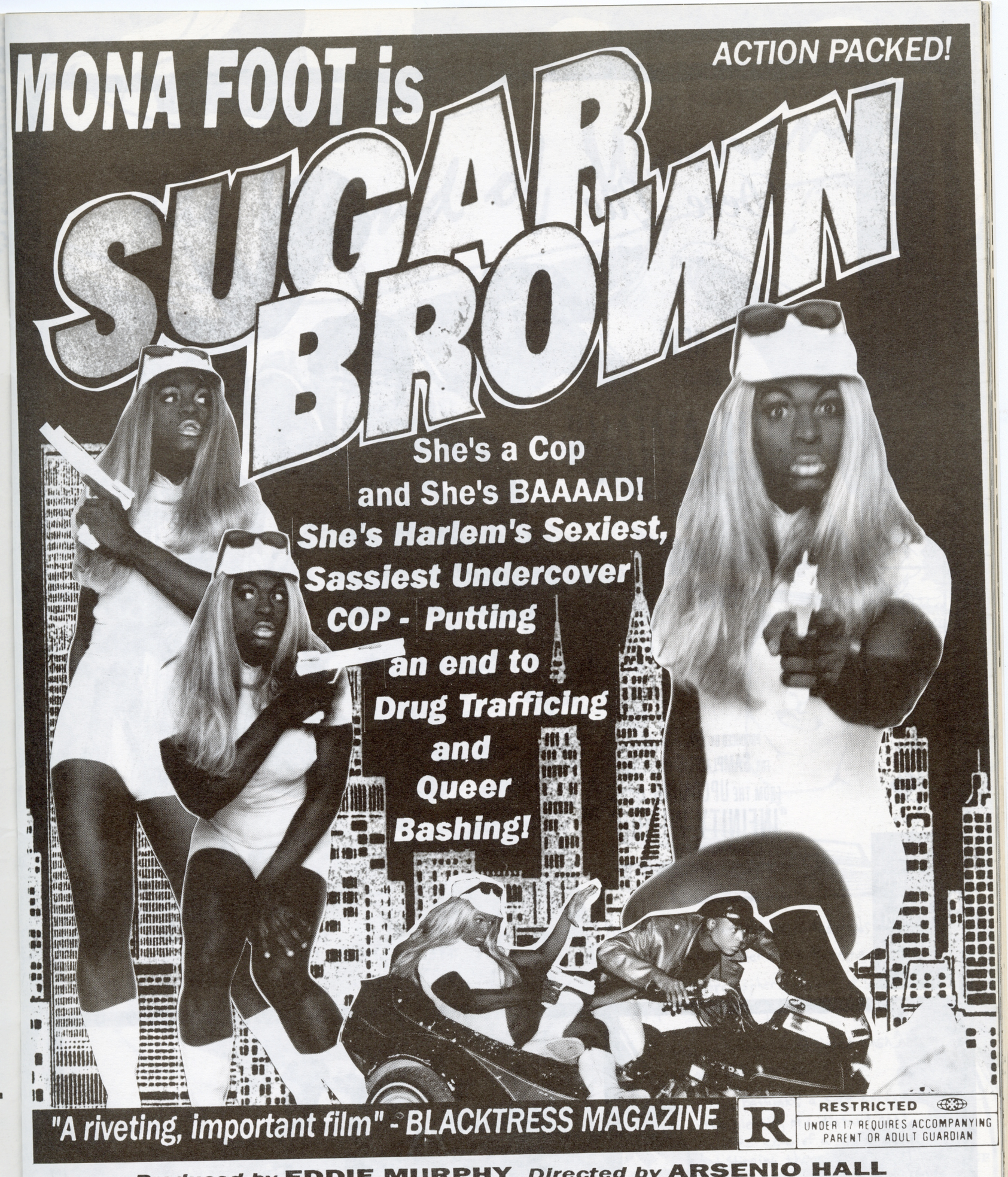
The story of of the last year is a story of triumph over a good thing gone tired. San Franciscans, gutsy breed that they are, have again saved their city from the brink of banality with a new era of experimentation. You know, I get a bit teary when I think of how much I love this city, when I think of all faaabulous people I know, and all the big horny stockbrokers in the men's room at The Embarcadero with their wool slacks down around their ankles - how could I ever leave?

HIDDEN TREASURES OF SAN FRANCISCO
BY REMIX VON POPSTITUTE

San Francisco is perpetually grey and foggy which leads to a state of semi-permanent melancholia for many inhabitants. While a small minority make headlines with wild nightclubs, riots, and dayglow drag, these depressed souls flit about town in a state of severe media deprivation. They can be found in any of the city's seemingly infinite number of espresso joints musing, writing into journals, or yaking away with other patrons (preferably via SFNET, the new inter-cafe computer linkup). If you enjoy experimental literature, conceptual art, or a quiet evening at home having sex while listening to The Cocteau Twins or Dead Can Dance these winsome, delicate creatures are a must.

Recently a friend who's lived in town for years confided to me that he'd never seen a "fan dancer". The Queer generation has become so ubiquitous that it often seems the Gays have gone into hiding. If you know where to look however, you can see a real 70's style disco, complete with generic disco music, poppers, little mustaches, fan dancers and who knows... maybe even some queen in a construction helmet! Pay around ten bucks to get into any disco special event in the SOMA district which either doesn't mention HOUSE music or sports the image of a man with facial hair in its advertising. This is a valuable educational experience for anyone who missed the golden age of Gay.


UUU-HHH
BUCK
AND
His
BUDDIES
ARE -
ALWAYS
LATE
FOR
CLASS
!
RUBBER!
WITTMAN'91


MONA FOOT is
ACTION PACKED!
SUGAR BROWN
She's a Cop
and She's BAAAAD!
She's Harlem's Sexiest,
Sassiest Undercover
COP - Putting
an end to
Drug Trafficing
and
Queer
Bashing!
"A riveting, important film" - BLACKTRESS MAGAZINE
R
RESTRICTED
UNDER 17 REQUIRES ACCOMPANYING
PARENT OR ADULT GUARDIAN
Produced by EDDIE MURPHY Directed by ARSENIO HALL
And Introducing NAOMI CAMPBELL as the Corner Whore with a Crack Habit
Original Soundtrack by MICHAEL JACKSON,
featuring the hit single, "DARK PUSSY"
Costumes by MAHOGANY FLAIR Photography by MICHAEL WAKEFIELD
Art Direction by TIGERPUSS ALL BLACK CAST!

DEEE-LITE

HEAR Shocking Groovelicity!

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PRESENTS

THE NEW SINGLE

"RUNAWAY"

WITH

"RUBBER LOVER"



PRODUCED BY *Deee-Lite*
FOR SAMPLADELIC PRODUCTIONS
FROM THE UPCOMING ALBUM
"INFINITY WITHIN"
AVAILABLE ON
CD SINGLE, CASSETTE SINGLE, AND 12"



Elektra

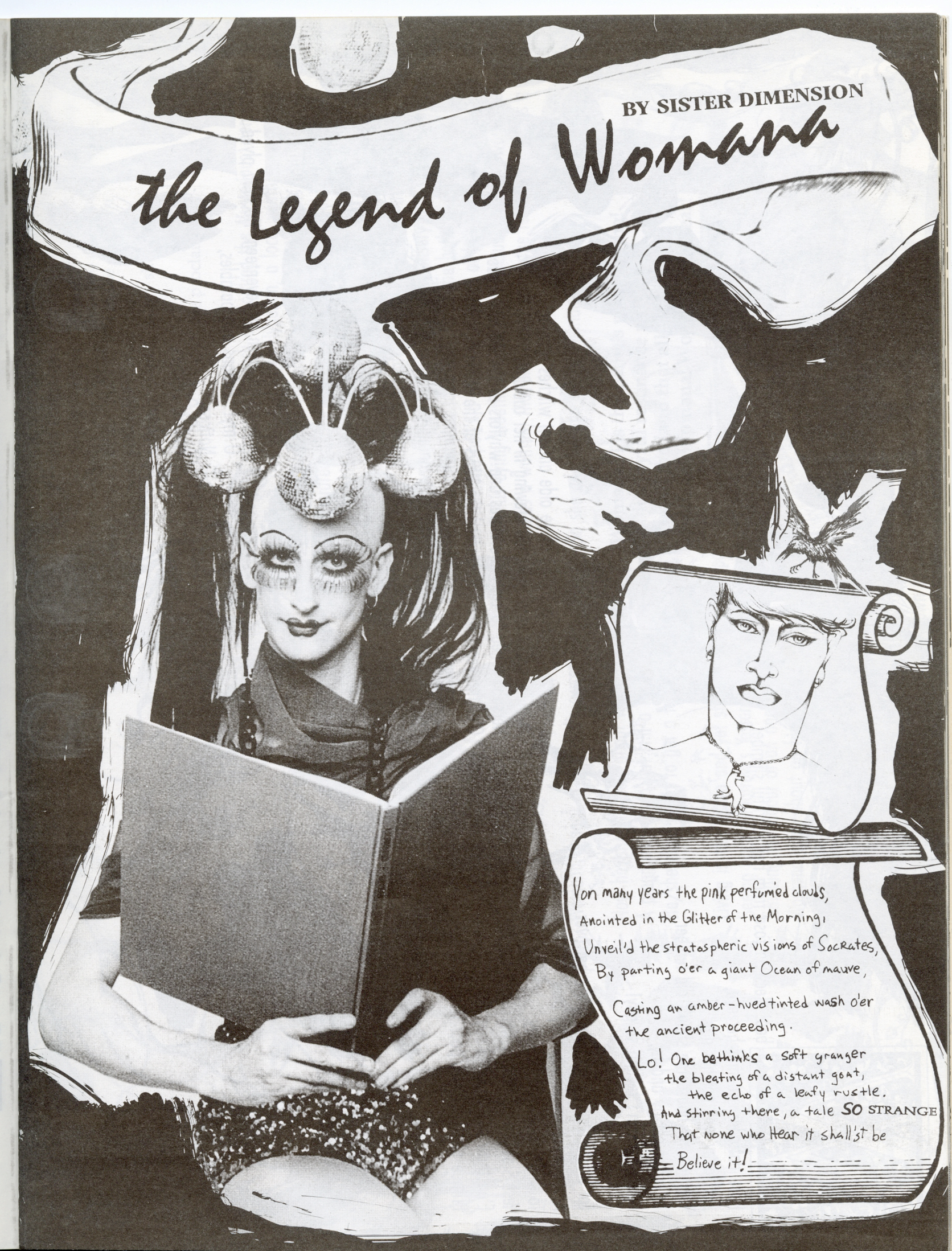
LET'S FACE IT!
IT'S A
PRO-CHOICE
SINGLE!

FEEL The Realness of the ITCH!





MANAGEMENT: GARY KURFIRST/OVERLAND PRODUCTIONS AND BILL COLEMAN/PEACE BISQUIT PRODUCTIONS ART DIRECTION: MIKE MILLS © 1992 ELEKTRA ENTERTAINMENT, A DIVISION OF WARNER COMMUNICATIONS, INC. A TIME WARNER COMPANY


BY SISTER DIMENSION
the Legend of Womana
Yon many years the pink perfumed clouds,
Anointed in the Glitter of the Morning,
Unveil'd the stratospheric visions of Socrates,
By parting o'er a giant Ocean of mauve,
Casting an amber-hued tinted wash o'er
the ancient proceeding.
Lo! One bethinks a soft granger
the bleating of a distant goat,
the echo of a leafy rustle.
And stirring there, a tale SO STRANGE
That none who Hear it shall'st be
Believe it!



Wbee! Hecsuba rose from her youthful slumber,
Faire daffodils greeting her eye,
But today was not her day.
Towards her house the sheriff did lumber,
To arrest her by and by,
Hecsuba wasn't feeling so gay!

For Hecsuba's parents have given her over
As payment for money they owe
To the witch down the way.
Yes! Slave to a witch is Hecsuba's fortune
E'en thow she'd like to say no.
Prithee pity she? Not poor Hecsuba's day.

mongst the deep smoke of ye olde ancient witches' cavern,
Ye olde fog, a witch's portion brewing in her cauldron.
Hecsuba toiled to carry the wares and whyfors of the witches' trade
O'er the years Hecsuba learned the Ways of the Moon herself!

A beautiful witch by seventeen, Hecsuba plyed her arts.
O my! Potions and potables,
Notions,
Whims, Zephyrs,
Tugboats,
Frog's Eyes,
Stuff and whissooo,
Gadgets, Trinkets, Bracelets,
and sundry items,
and a feather of Pegasus, the wing'ed horse as well!



Every sunset vibrated with the whinnying of the baby unicorns,
As they tropped a cloven hoof in salute to each passing day.
When Mordred the Warlock swooped down on Trowey,
which was then a small hamlet in the dim mist
of this post pre-antedeluvian time
Wher'een the whale roamed balmy shores!

Hecsuba! My Wife! He proclaimed!

You see, to escape the touch of Mordred the Mysterious, her warlock husband, Hecsuba turned to Hyperion, a local youth.
Lo! Ye olde loins of Hyperion, touched by the gods with beauty.
But Mordred cursed Hyperion with a spell that laid an eternal sleep on his soul when he discovered that Hecsuba, his unwilling witch-y wife, was pregnant with the child of his rival, the youth Hyperion. Hecsuba's devotion to Hyperion even in his acurs'd slumber wrought Mordred in a jealous misery and so he raped her!
Then he attempted to drown her in the bathtub.
But Hecsuba pull't a silver dagger out of her girdle and kill't him.
With his dying breath Mordred curs't Hecsuba that she would never live as a woman, that she would spend the rest of her life as a man.

So she adopted the name, Womana!

Womana! Tis thy name's praise I sing!
Let it's joyful resonance ring!
O'er all the land that all can hear
Womana! Womana! Womana, my dear!

Yon he/she walks,

Womana, legacy of a wizard's curse

Now he/she wanders about with no purse
A pregnant woman but still a man
He/she even dared to get a tan.

Living in the future and yet still somehow in the past
Seeing each Tomorrow's Yesterday's Next Week's Today.
Smelling the odour of an ancient scent
Womana rides about on his/her broomstick

The beautiful testimony of a Whisper
Long forgotten it's elven creator's lips,
Whisking from its leafy forest home,
Through and to an undisclosed eternity known to none.

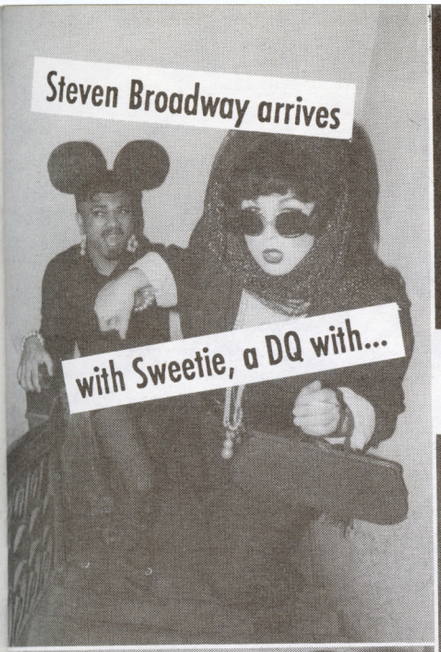


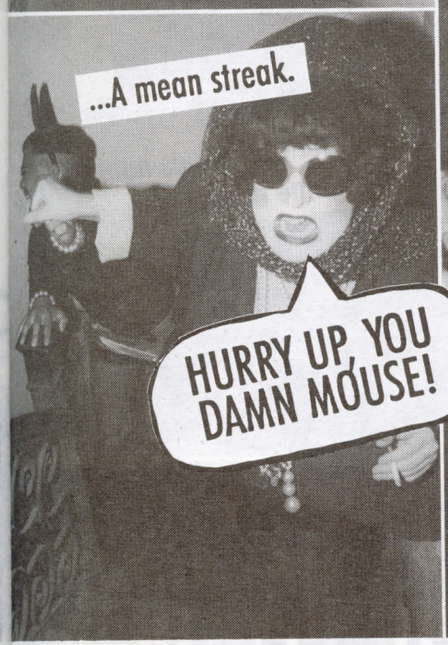
PHOTOS BY MICHAEL WAKEFIELD
ILLUSTRATIONS BY PEARL


DIVINE SEVENTIES!
1970
THE DANCE CLUB OF THE DECADE
DJ BILLY LIMBO SPINS ALL THE FUNK, SOUL, DISCO & ROCK 'N' ROLL THAT MADE THE 70'S TEN YEARS OF MONDO TRASH! WHERE ELSE BUT ON A SUNDAY NIGHT IN HOLLYWOOD CAN YOU LET YOUR INHIBITIONS RUN WILD! BREAK OUT THOSE CHA CHA HEELS! SLIP ON YOUR PLATFORMS & SHAKE YOUR BOOTY! SQUEEZE INTO YOUR SKIN-TIGHT BELLBOTTOMS & LET IT ALL HANG OUT! LET YOUR HAIR DOWN & THEN FEATHER IT BACK!
FREAK OUT EVERY SUNDAY ★ 9PM TO 3 AM ★ 18 & OVER ★ 836 N. HIGHLAND AVE ★ MORE INFO? CALL (213) 669-1000
BOYS & GIRLS ★ FAGS & DYKES ★ PUNKS & DRAG QUEENS ★ ALWAYS WELCOME...WEAR 70'S FASHION & NEVER WAIT IN LINE!

SEX PARTY!

KINKY COUPLE THROWS ORGY FOR NEW YORK'S HIP & HORNY!







THE GUESTS LOOSEN UP WITH BEER, WINE - AND "COCKTALES"



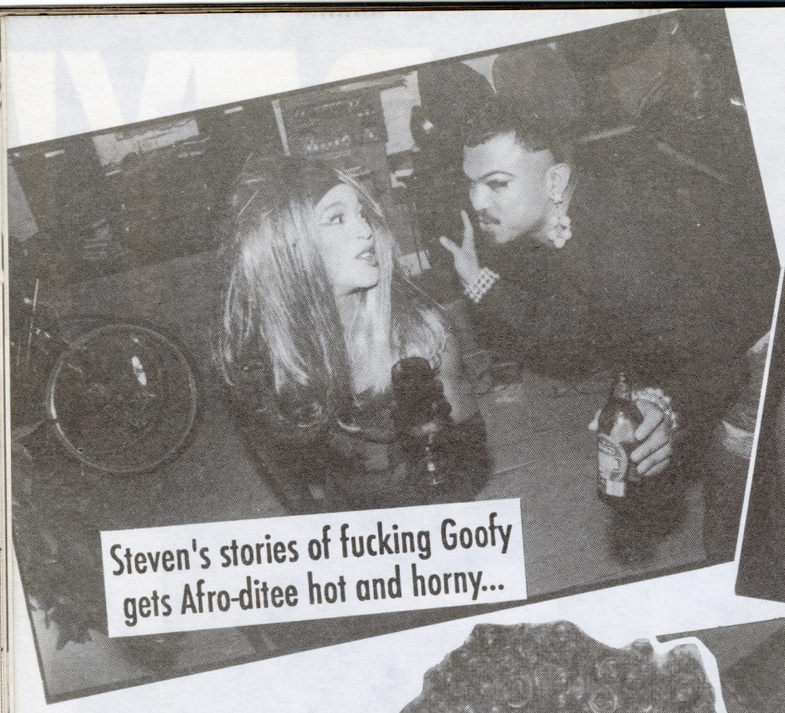


Meet Francine and Gym. They're totally hip to Sin City's latest trend: fantasy parties, where guests entertain each other by performing kinky sex scenes. Francine and Gym's last soiree was a spicy mix: two young studs, a pair of horny TVs, a BBW drag queen, and a Mickey Mouse fetishist. Lovely Francine promised the gang a night of nonstop erotica. Gym, a bit of a voyuer, promised he'd watch.



PHOTOS BY DAVID ARMSTRONG

THANKS TO BODY WORSHIP, NYC



Steven's stories of fucking Goofy gets Afro-ditee hot and horny...





And she challenges hunky Steve to a game of tongue-twister.



ME SO HORNY.

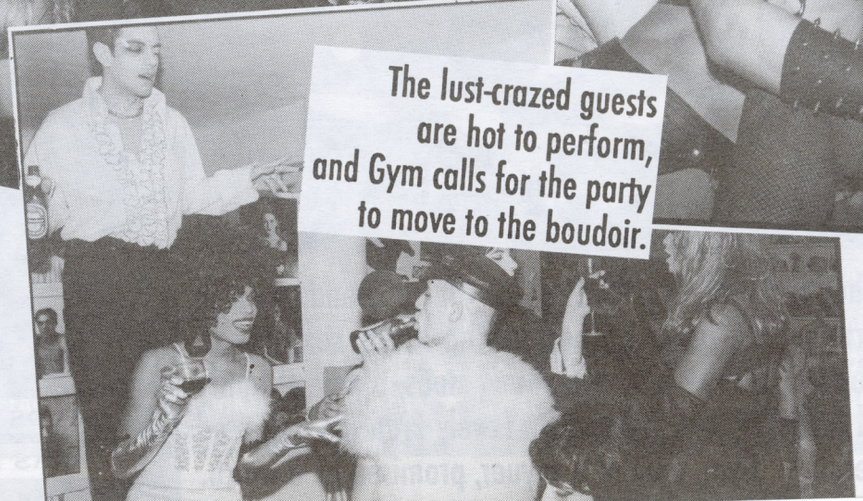
from living room to bedroom.





First in the sack: Steven and Steve.

The lust-crazed guests are hot to perform, and Gym calls for the party to move to the boudoir.



ANATOMY OF A SEX FANTASY PARTY



STEVE AND JAVIAR GET ACQUAINTED

8 ON A MATTRESS

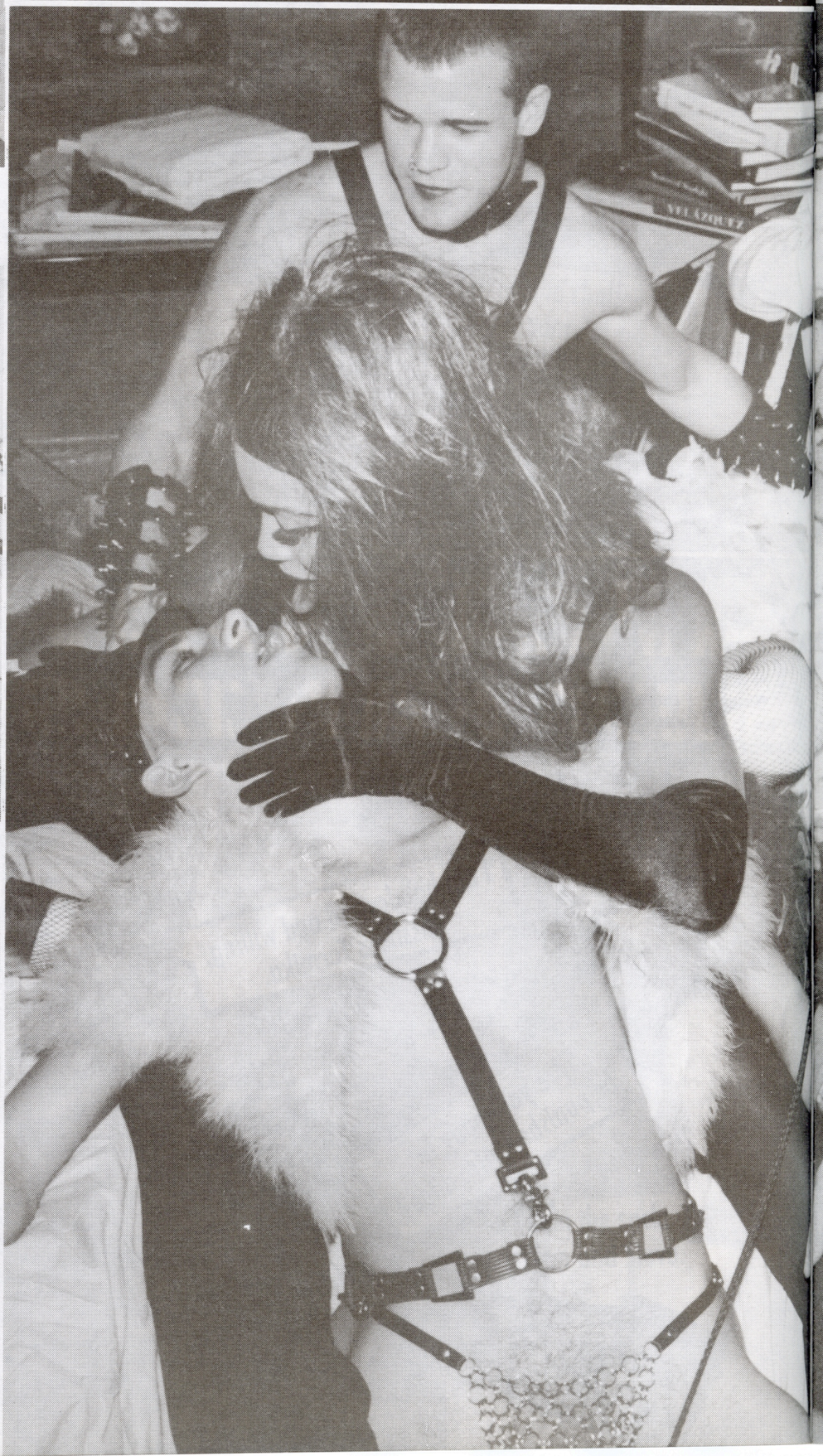


Now the action really starts! "It's time for some lezzie action", pants Misstress Formika.



Afro-ditee gladly obliges, and Steve adds a few whacks with his paddle.





"I cried out in pain... but nobody helped me!"







69 ON A BED

THE SEX PARTY ENDS... in exhaustion.

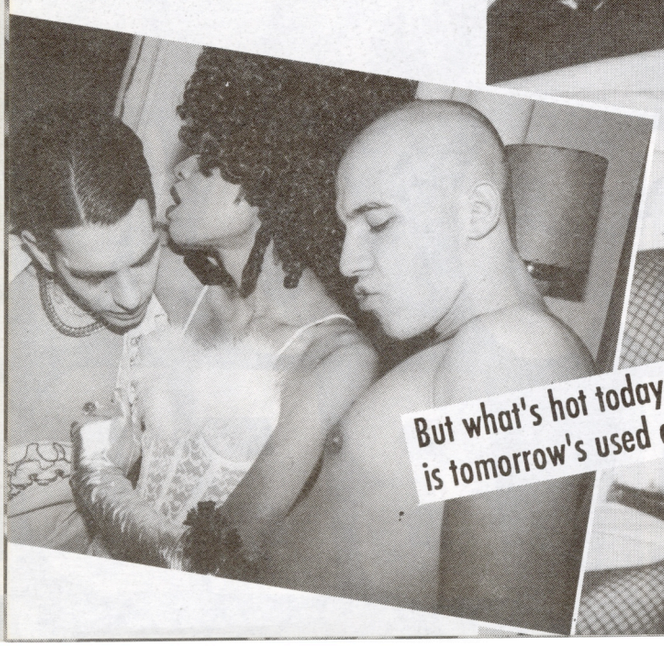


Among avant-garde gay circles, sex fantasy parties are especially popular, and they're where one finds the most imaginative role-playing.

Gym and Francine have already decided that two's company, eight's a crowd.



You won't find get-togethers like this in Toledo, but steamy group scenes are all the rage with Gotham's jetset.



But what's hot today in trendy New York is tomorrow's used condoms.

the end.

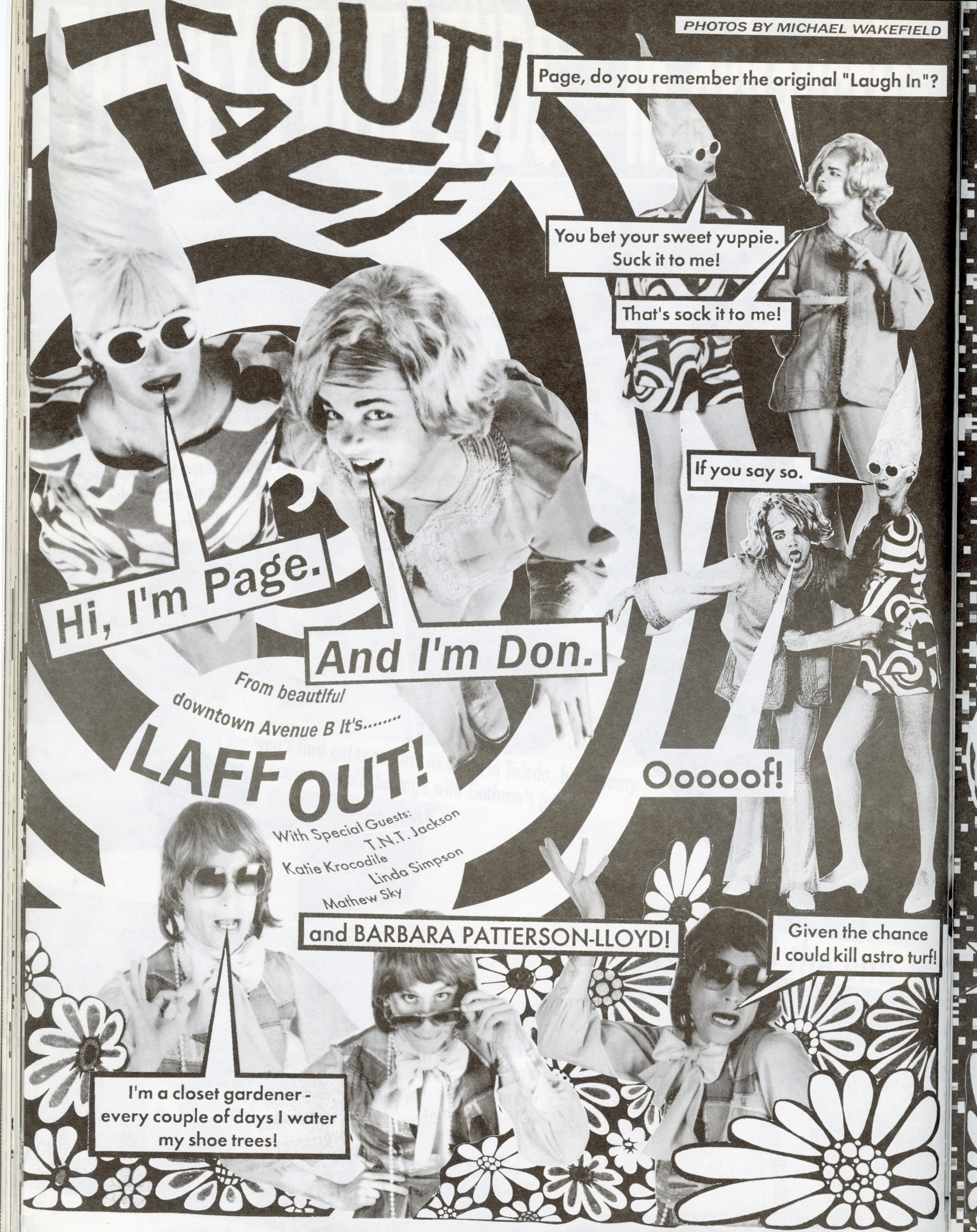


"*The acorn doesn't fall far from the tree.*"

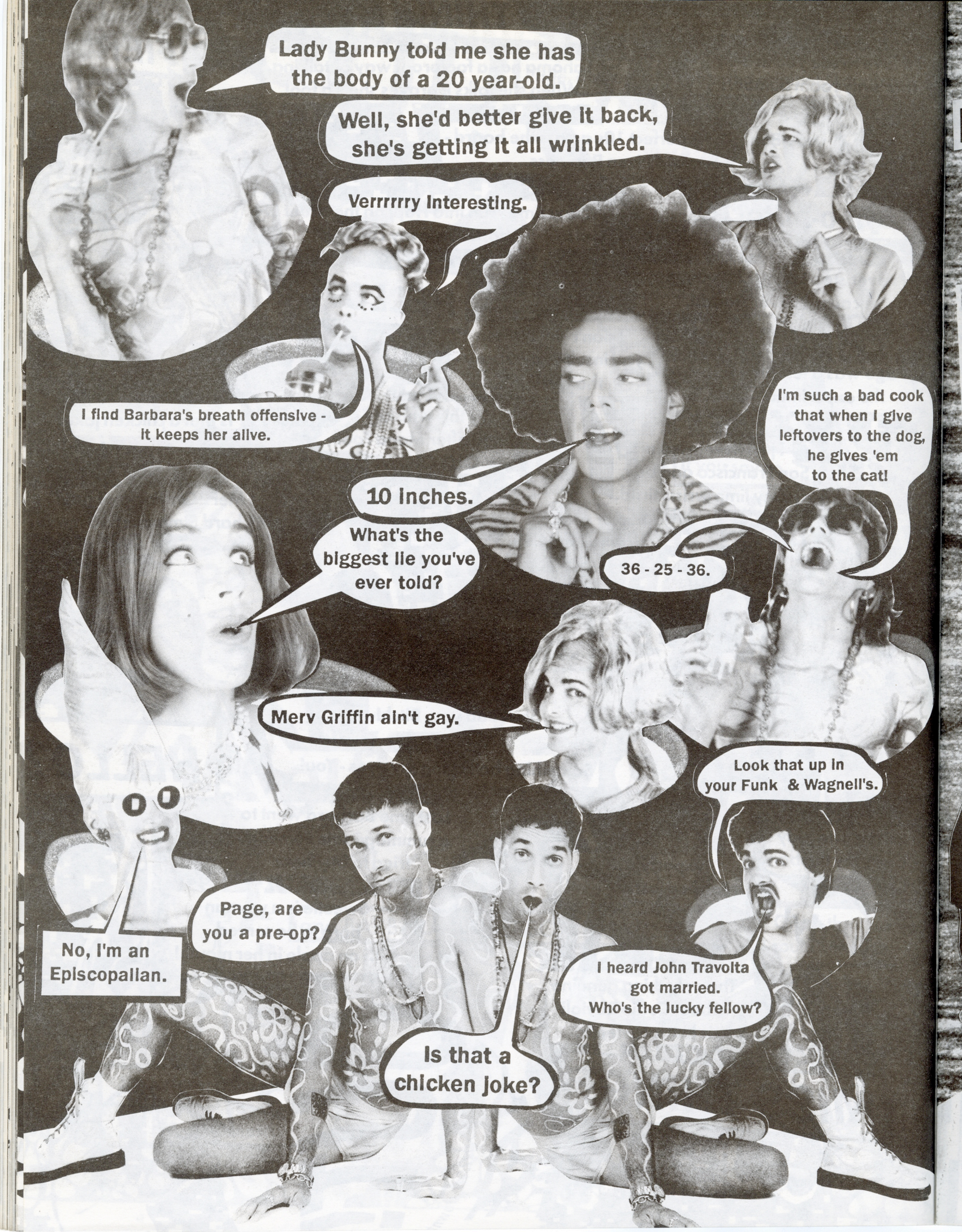


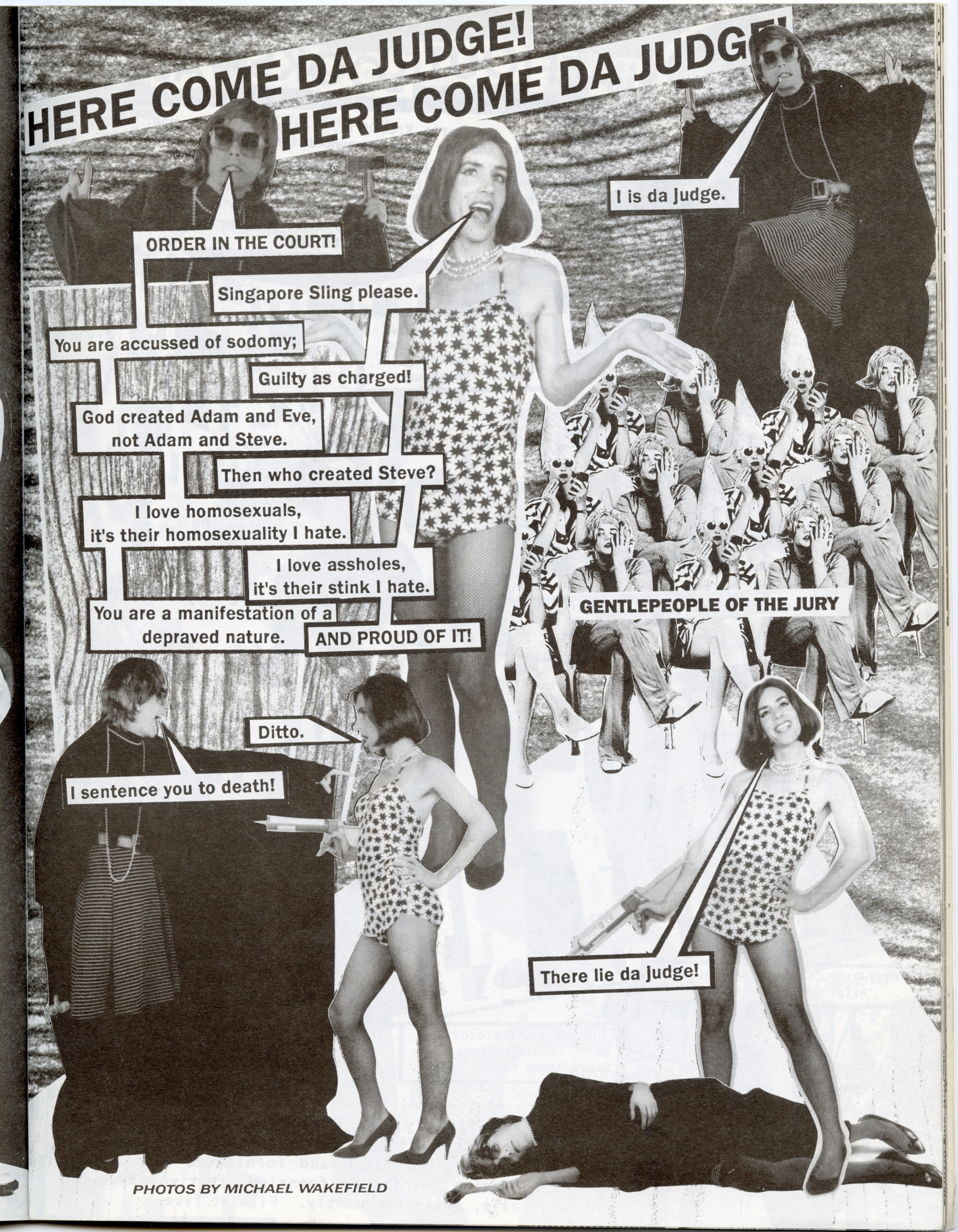
AMALGAMATED

THE AMALGAMATED FOUNDATION

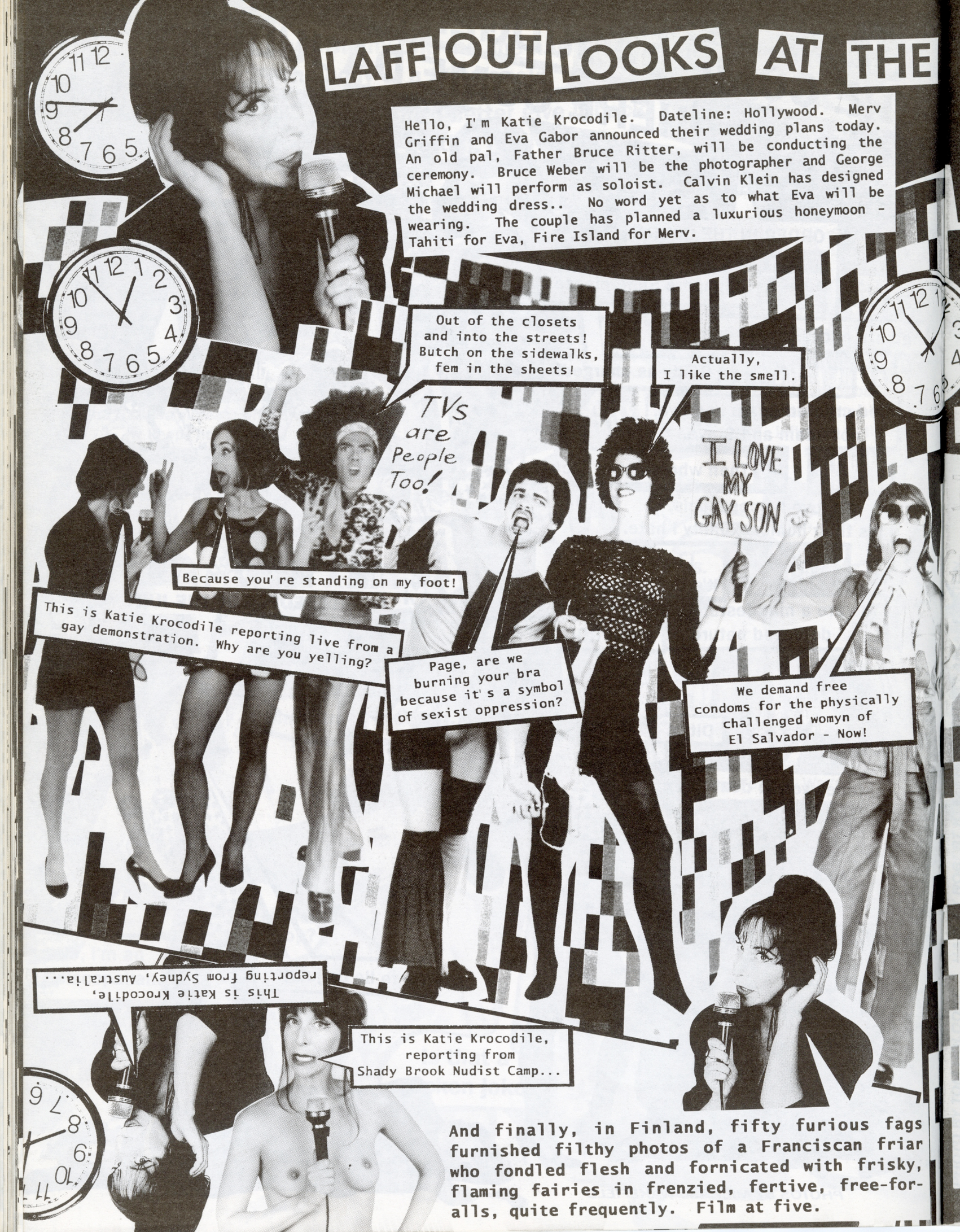

LAFF OUT!
PHOTOS BY MICHAEL WAKEFIELD
Page, do you remember the original "Laugh In"?
You bet your sweet yuppie. Suck it to me!
That's sock it to me!
If you say so.
Hi, I'm Page.
And I'm Don.
From beautiful downtown Avenue B It's.....
LAFF OUT!
Ooooof!
With Special Guests:
T.N.T. Jackson
Katie Krocodile
Linda Simpson
Mathew Sky
and BARBARA PATTERSON-LLOYD!
Given the chance I could kill astro turf!
I'm a closet gardener - every couple of days I water my shoe trees!


MISS THING!
I'd love to see you in 3-D. That's my room number!
Lahoma has a foolproof way of talking. When she talks it proves she's a fool.
FIERCE!
Lady Bunny gets perfect 10s across the board - for Senior Citizen Realness.
Dyn-o-mite!
Next time I run into Hapi on the street I hope I'm in my car.
I'll never stop loving Lady Bunny - because I never started.
HELLO?
I don't like it when you insult Lady Bunny - that's my job.
Page was a test tube baby - the experiment failed.
Try this whiskey named after Mona Foot - OLD CROW!
Is that a chicken joke?
I just flew in from San Francisco and boy, are my limp wrists tired.
Merv Griffin is not gay! Richard Simmons told me so.
She read you, Bitch!
Something bothering my eyes - You!
HELLO?
That's no lady - that's my husband!
Last time Barbara went to a rummage sale someone tried to buy her.
The party's over - Tabboo just arrived!
shady!
Sweetie is a woman born to be served - with an apple in her mouth!
The only thing genuine about Codie Ravioli is her false teeth.
OVAH!
MISS THING!
From beautiful down


Lady Bunny told me she has the body of a 20 year-old.
Well, she'd better give it back, she's getting it all wrinkled.
Verrrrrry interesting.
I find Barbara's breath offensive - it keeps her alive.
10 inches.
What's the biggest lie you've ever told?
I'm such a bad cook that when I give leftovers to the dog, he gives 'em to the cat!
36 - 25 - 36.
Merv Griffin ain't gay.
Look that up in your Funk & Wagnell's.
No, I'm an Episcopalian.
Page, are you a pre-op?
I heard John Travolta got married. Who's the lucky fellow?
Is that a chicken joke?


HERE COME DA JUDGE!
HERE COME DA JUDGE!
I is da Judge.
ORDER IN THE COURT!
Singapore Sling please.
You are accussed of sodomy;
Guilty as charged!
God created Adam and Eve, not Adam and Steve.
Then who created Steve?
I love homosexuals, it's their homosexuality I hate.
I love assholes, it's their stink I hate.
You are a manifestation of a depraved nature.
AND PROUD OF IT!
GENTLEPEOPLE OF THE JURY
Ditto.
I sentence you to death!
There lie da Judge!
PHOTOS BY MICHAEL WAKEFIELD

LAFF OUT LOOKS AT THE



And finally, in Finland, fifty furious fags furnished filthy photos of a Franciscan friar who fondled flesh and fornicated with frisky, flaming fairies in frenzied, fertive, free-for-alls, quite frequently. Film at five.

NEWS

Man, 1970 was the year
When it was great to be a queer,
It was the Age of Aquarius,
And no one made a fuss,
If you did your own thing
And if you happened to swing
With a boy or a girl or both at once
No one treated you like a dunce,
Free love was in and once you were high
Everyone let loose and was openly bi,
Orgys took place every night
Come one, cum all said the invite,
Jump right in, grab a chick or a dude,
For a psychedelic trip in the nude,
No acid high could ever compare
To wild group sex, like in "Hair",
Of course it wasn't perfect back then,
But compared to today it seems like Zen



PHOTOS BY MICHAEL WAKEFIELD

PHOTO BY TOM HOLDORF HAIR BY ROBERT KEELER/JOHN DELLARIA, BOSTON

Pages Page

Who's our stunning covergirl? It's Page, the pre-op sensation of New York. Wild, she is wild I tell you, and the girl of tomorrow, hysterically funny, captivating really. Why, here she is now.

Linda Simpson: Page, hi, how are you?

Page: I am like daisies swaying in a field on a hillside in Vermont.

LS: Page, when did you come to New York?

Page: August, '89. I came to New York because of career opportunities. I came via San Francisco and Boston where I was modeling and shooting underground films with my friend, Jonathan Kelley, the lead singer of "Sexploitation."

LS: And what have you been doing since you got here?

Page: I did my first play at Theater For The New City, "Hello Mrs. President." I've been getting some good extra work in films and video. I love the living experience in New York. It's just so stimulating and sensuous, constantly sensuous, and an overbombardment of stimuli, satiating the needs of one like me, quenching my thirst.

LS: Page, in terms of sexuality, how do you describe yourself?

Page: Tits and cock.

LS: Page, do you see conquering the Manhattan club scene as a stepping-stone?

Page: I didn't know I had conquered the club scene. I thought it had conquered me. I like working in the club scene. Go-go dancing is great exercise and a good way to release tension.

LS: So you feel go-go dancing is an artform?

Page: It's what the person wants to present. If they want to present live art they will do so.

LS: It seems like you've been doing quite a bit of movie work lately.

Page: Yes, I have. I did this domination video for Corporal Films with two other girls. It was a lesbian S&M, bondage, fetish film I did with my two girlfriends, Danielle and Otter. I took no clothes off, I was the most dominant of the three. They disrobed a bit, but it was hysterical. Danielle and Otter and I are good friends, you know, just buddies, and to have to enact a fifteen minute fetish scene with my foot being worshiped by Danielle was completely hilarious. It was a fun afternoon. I saw Otter's pussy. I never did see Danielle's sex change come to think of it.

LS: But Page, you hardly seem modest. I've seen you out at nightclubs practically stark naked.

Page: Oh yeah, depending on the time of the year and the season I appear topless in and around the beat. In the current issue of "Visionaire" there's a photo of me appearing topless that Josef Astor shot.

LS: What about your singing career? I've seen you perform a few times and you've mesmerized the crowd.

Page: I've been studying voice for about a year. I have a fabulous voice teacher named James Murphy. I'm continuing to work with him and I'm very determined to develop my voice to its fullest potential.

LS: Do you think America is ready for a pre-op star?

Page: Of course, America is starving for a pre-op star. Actually there are many pre-op stars in America.

LS: You told me you've held some interesting jobs.

Page: Oh, you must be referring to when I worked at Harvard Medical School with the world's largest toenail collection. I worked on a nurses' health study. It was a survey of 20,000 nurses' current state of health. I certainly learned that a lot can be told about a person's health from analyzing their personal toenail.

LS: Page, who do you admire?

Page: I admire Pheobe Legere, John Kelly. I admire Rene Richards, Park Avenue eye surgeon/Wimbleton champion/former coach of Martina Navratilova and a sex change. Now if those aren't amazing accomplishments I don't know what are. She is God to America and all its pre-op stars.

LS: You used to live in San Francisco. What was your life like there?

Page: I fell in love for the first time. I got my first media attention. It was a magical three years that I will always cherish.

LS: Do you think the gay scene differs in San Francisco from New York?

Page: I was never involved in the gay scene in San Francisco, I wouldn't know. I was strictly into the TV/TS scene.

LS: What do you think of the gay scene in New York?

Page: The boys are fabulous, the girls are fabulous, I like the scenery.

LS: Do you pal around with other pre-ops?

Page: Yes. All my closest girlfriends are either TVs or TSs.

LS: Page, do you plan on getting a sex change operation?

Page: Yes, I'm young still, I have a couple of years. I'm in no hurry. At some point I might get the sex change. I sort of equate it with the taming of the beast, the chopping of the nuts, the neutering of the cat. So I'm currently in a wild, out-of-control period, but when I'm ready to settle down and be tame I might get the gash in front to add to my collection of already fabulous orifices.

LS: Page, when did you know you first wanted to become a woman?

Page: It was a natural metamorphosis. I never really thought of myself as never being one. I don't agree with labeling a person's sex by what's between their legs.

LS: What's been your family's reaction?

Page: My mother is currently the president of Proud Parents of Transsexual Children. My sister is extremely jealous that I look better than her now. Pops can take it or leave it. He takes it, he has no choice.

LS: Page, tell me about a time in your life when you were very happy.

Page: Every fucking time.

LS: Page do you believe in life after death?

Page: The intelligent mind realizes that this is not all that there can be.

LS: What is your mission on this planet?

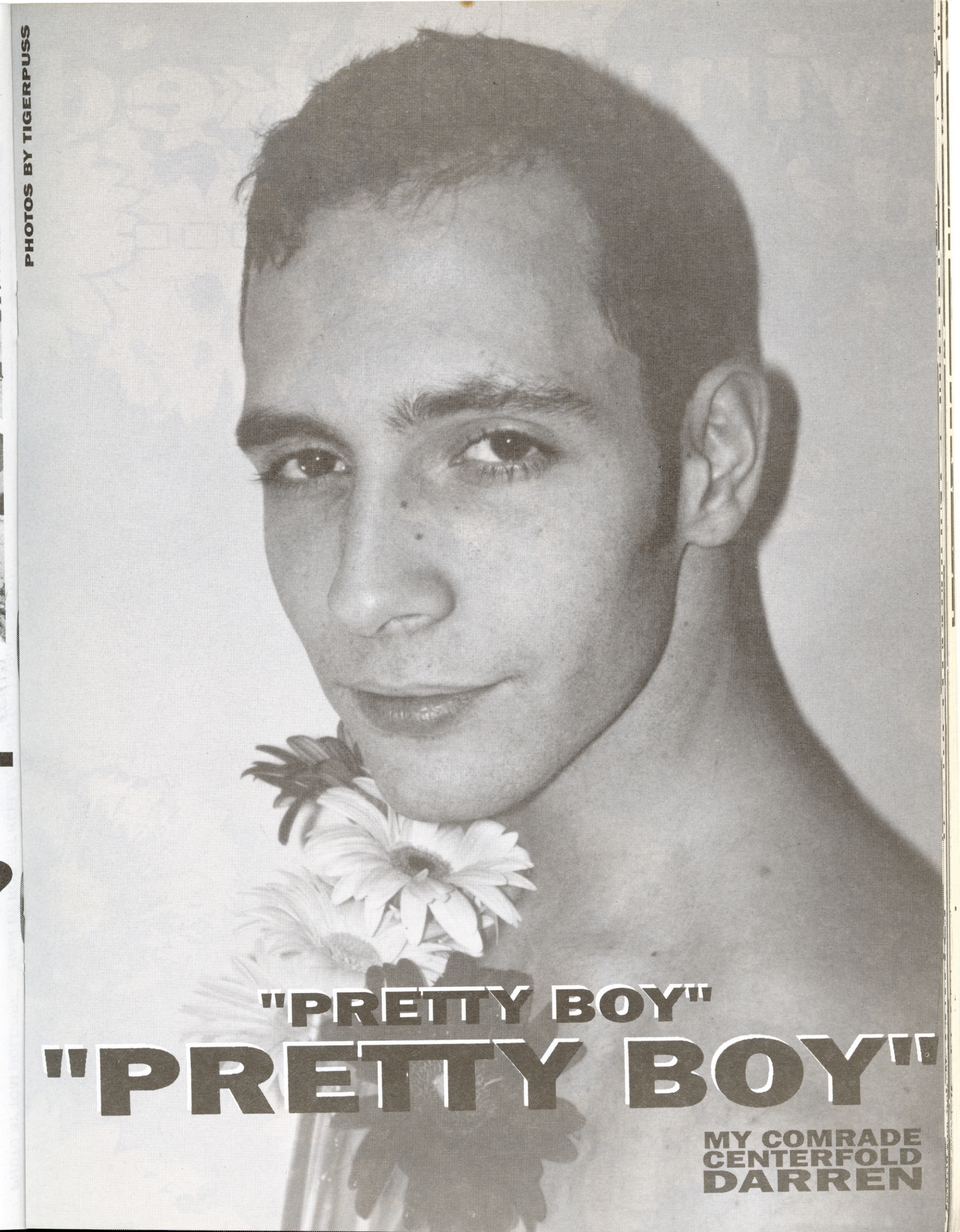
Page: To fight against the deforming forces of convention and prejudice.

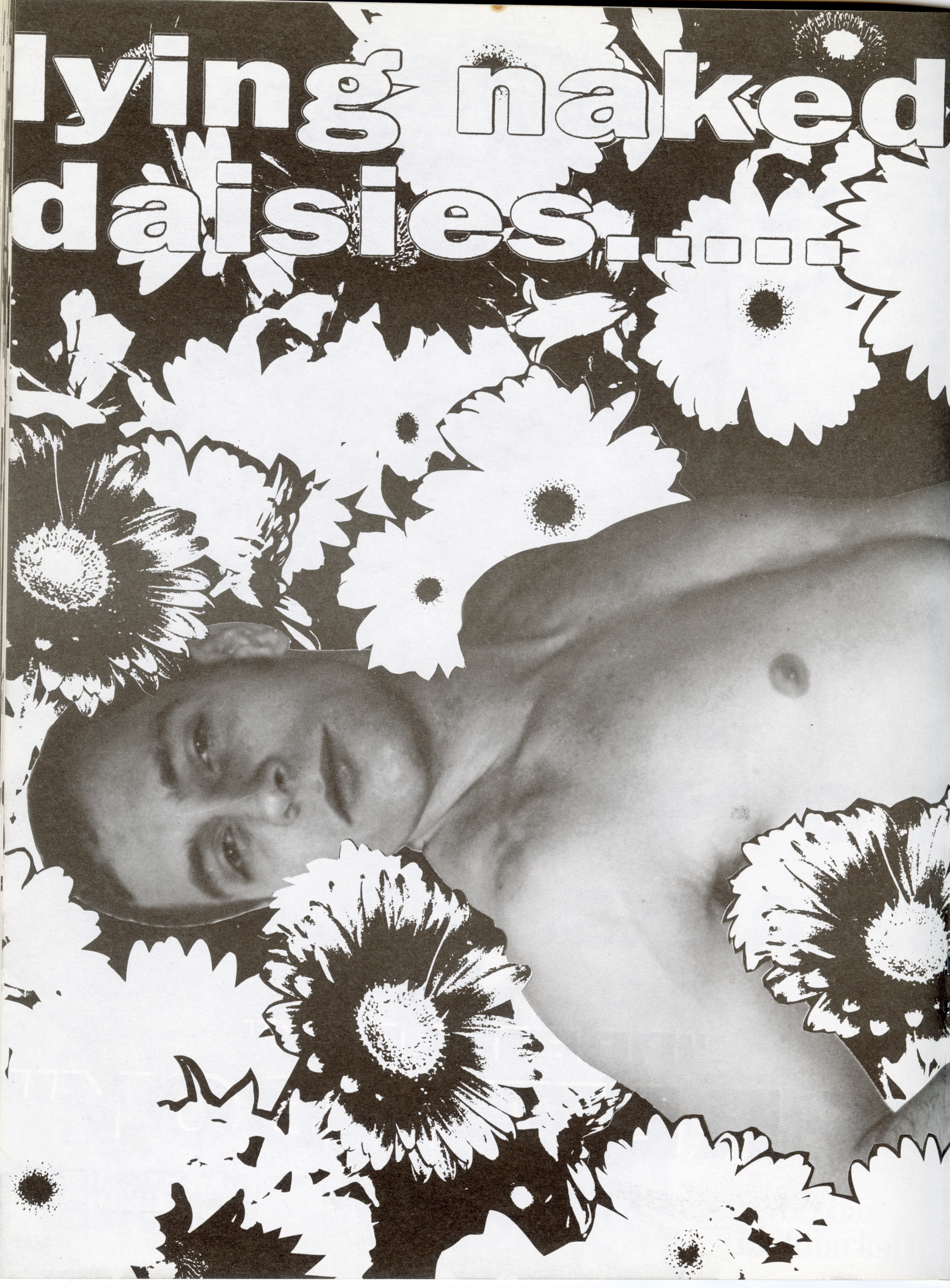
PHOTO BY TOM HOLDORF HAIR BY ROBERT KEELER/JOHN DELLARIA, BOSTON



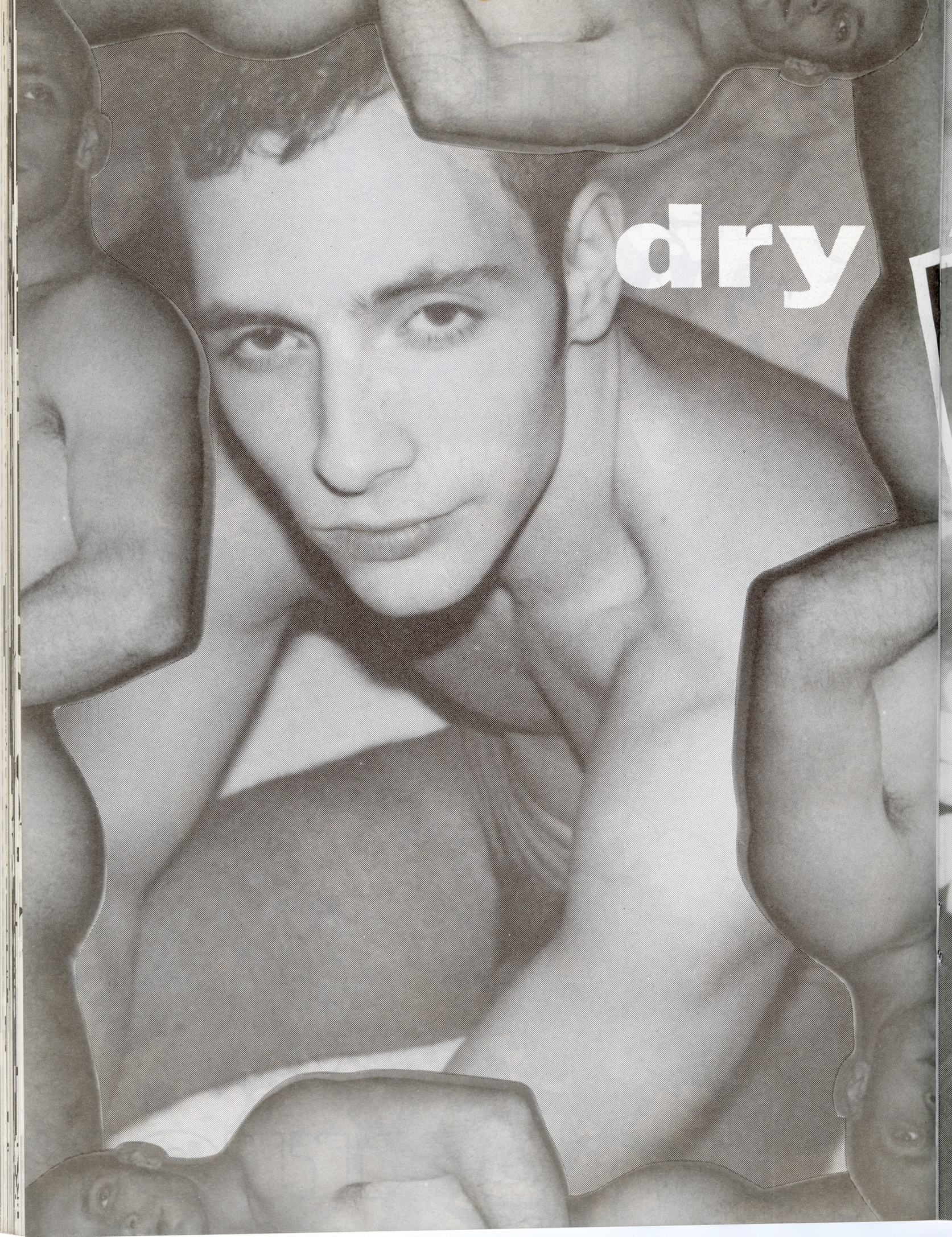
CAN YOU SPOT THE HOMOSEXUALS?

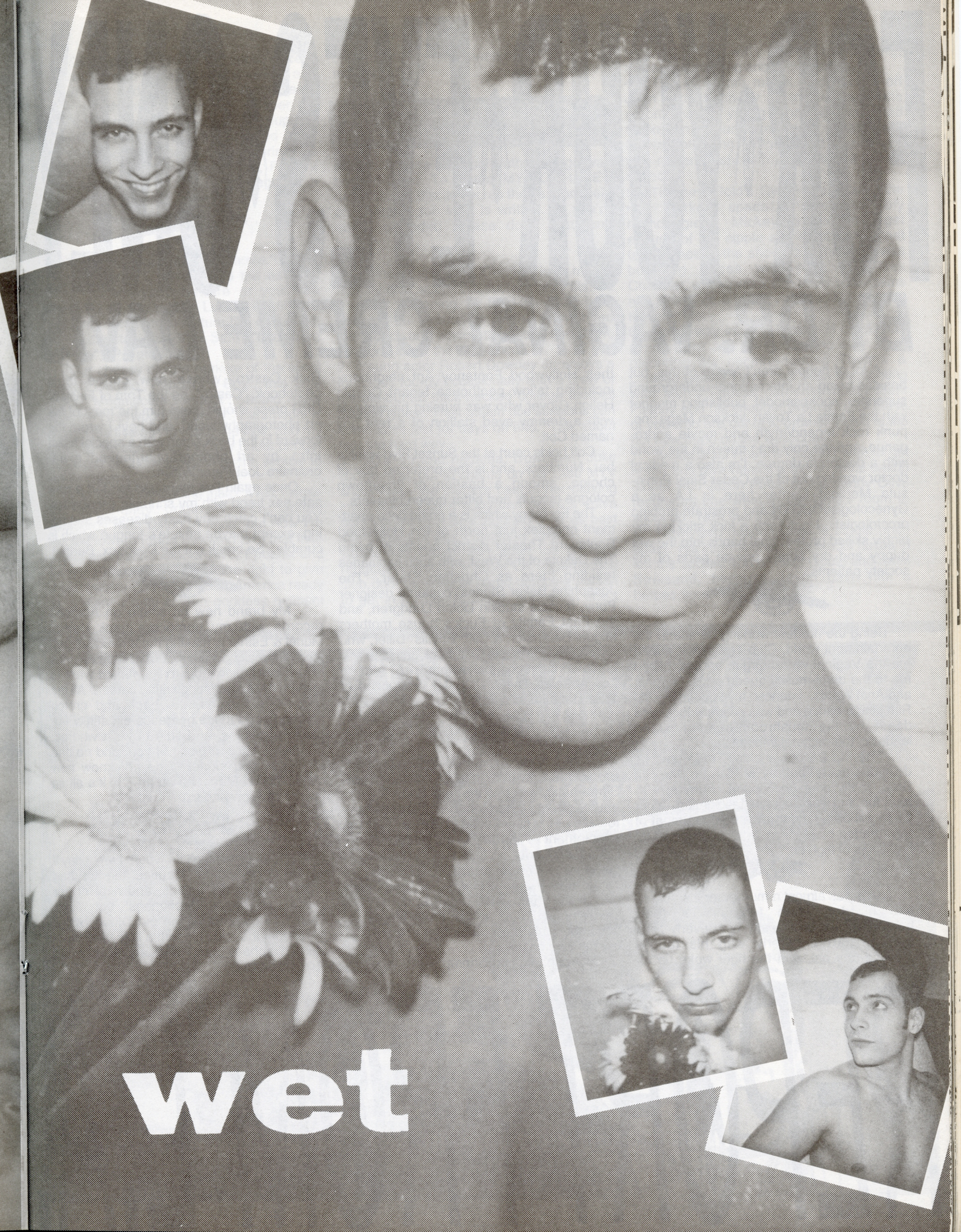
boybar
15stmarkspl


PHOTOS BY TIGERPUSS
"PRETTY BOY"
"PRETTY BOY"
MY COMRADE
CENTERFOLD
DARREN


lying naked
daisies.....


in a field of
Darren


dry


wet

FOR YOUR EYES ONLY

BY DR. VAGINAL CREME DAVIS

A lot of people aren't aware of this, but besides being an international underground superstar, spokesmodel, publishing maggot with the Fertile La Toyah Jackson Magazine, punk rock legend/myth and movie androgenue, and the only drag queen in the world with a doctorate degree, I'm also a medical doctor working out of the Cedar Sinai Peninsula Medical Center here in LA as a Gynecologist/OBGYN and prostrate probing proctologist. I get such a kick sticking my highly skilled professional hands into the wet drippy and dry fidgity private parts of my society patients.



Being the hardest working he-she in the entertainment world, Club Trade proclaimed me the Vaginal vestal virgin, and sacrificed me to the demi-musclequeen gods, Herpes, and Anal Wartis. I danced my voodoo Pacific Rim jungle dance and was casually fucked to death by the mushroom-headed island leader of the pectoral implant squad.

The top LA queer club, Trade, and its delicious hosts, Jeffrey & Richard, the Sin Bros, really keep the action churning with pure fun and Tuesday nite fascination. Your libido will be pounded by a bombardment of two headed black dildo-ing excitements and fag works of high art.



There was almost a murder, or it sounded like murder when famous TV teen heartthrob, Jason Priestly of "Beverly Hills 90210", parted bitterly with his fudge-packing boy pal, and the fight woke up all their Hollywood Fontenoy Apt neighbors, including fellow penthouse tenant Crispin Helion Glover who was nursing his wounds with a dreamy-eyed stallion of a rent boy named Colt.

Colt holds court at the Sunset Blvd wrinkle bar, Numbers, and is the preferred boy of choice, among a bastion of tinseltown cologne moguls and bitter queen bluesers.

The Fontenoy which is a grand deco apartment complex just north of the Hollywood Boulevard Theater district boasts of being The Dakota of the West, with such luminaries residing there as Christian Slater, "The Josephine Baker Stories" costume designer Pony, muscle studkin Dolph Lundgren, and the First Family of Fuck's house mothers Miguel Berensten & Cliff "Phyllis" Diller, who took a break from his Club Fuck duties to star in the controversial playwright Reza Abdul's Los Angeles Theater Center production of "The Bogeyman".



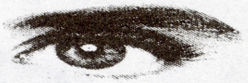
Club Fuck along with DJ Joseph "Louise" Brooks have given birth to a decadent niece, Sin-a-matic, which is the new Saturday nite haunt. It was there that I celebrated the release of my new Fertile La Toyah Jackson supplement - "Shrimp", the magazine of licking and sucking big feet, with an appropriate shrimp room where I spit-polished some masters' boots, and drank Thunderbird from the 5-inch stiletto heel of a sextress. There were also plenty of bubblebutt, big bare rabbit foot boys to satisfy my wanton desire.

All the photos in "Shrimp" were taken by Rick Castro, whose new coffee table photobook, "Castro", on the Tom of Finland/DPR press should make him the toast of the art photography world, and hey! I wrote the forward in the book along with a special haiku intro, by art photographer/legend extraordinaire Joel-Peter Witkin.

Once again I've managed to start a new safe sex trend with my shrimpin escapades. You can't catch any nasty diseases shrimping, except maybe athlete's tongue which is curable. So break out the Desonex, Bertha!



My brand new hit single on Amoeba records with my homocore bank Pedro, Muriel & Esther is making me a reluctant pop star. I'm really getting sick of all the trappings of the evil music industry. I almost want to give up my singer/songwriting career. All the potbellied phonies, the back and crotch stabbers, and those gorgeous big stinky fat-dicked groupies, and little boy art whores. Everyone wants a piece of you, and no one will leave you alone. I do not know how Deeelite and Madonna stand it? It's all so tawdry, shallow and superficial.



Of course I wouldn't be where I am today if it weren't for Summer Caprice, the hot drag artist, personality, genius, and host of her own TV talk show, "Decoupage", that mixes the best elements of the old Dinah Shore show from the mid 70's with a little bit of Sally Jessy Raphael cum Regis and Kathy Lee 90's sensibility.

REPORT FROM L.A.

Decoupage began as a public access program whose high-production values and mixture of underground and mainstream stars quickly made it a cable sleeper hit. MTV's HA! network got wind of Decoupage, as well as Fox-TV, and they battled it out knock-o-sluggo to see who would bring this hipfest first to the masses. Well, Fox TV won, so expect to see Decoupage as a nationally syndicated show.



Due to the popularity of the movie "Paris Is Burning", drag is turning into the next big thing, so everyone beware or you'll be exploited up the cooz. Luckily for me, I'll make my commercial feature film debut with queer director Gus Van Sant ("Drugstore Cowboy", "Private Idaho").

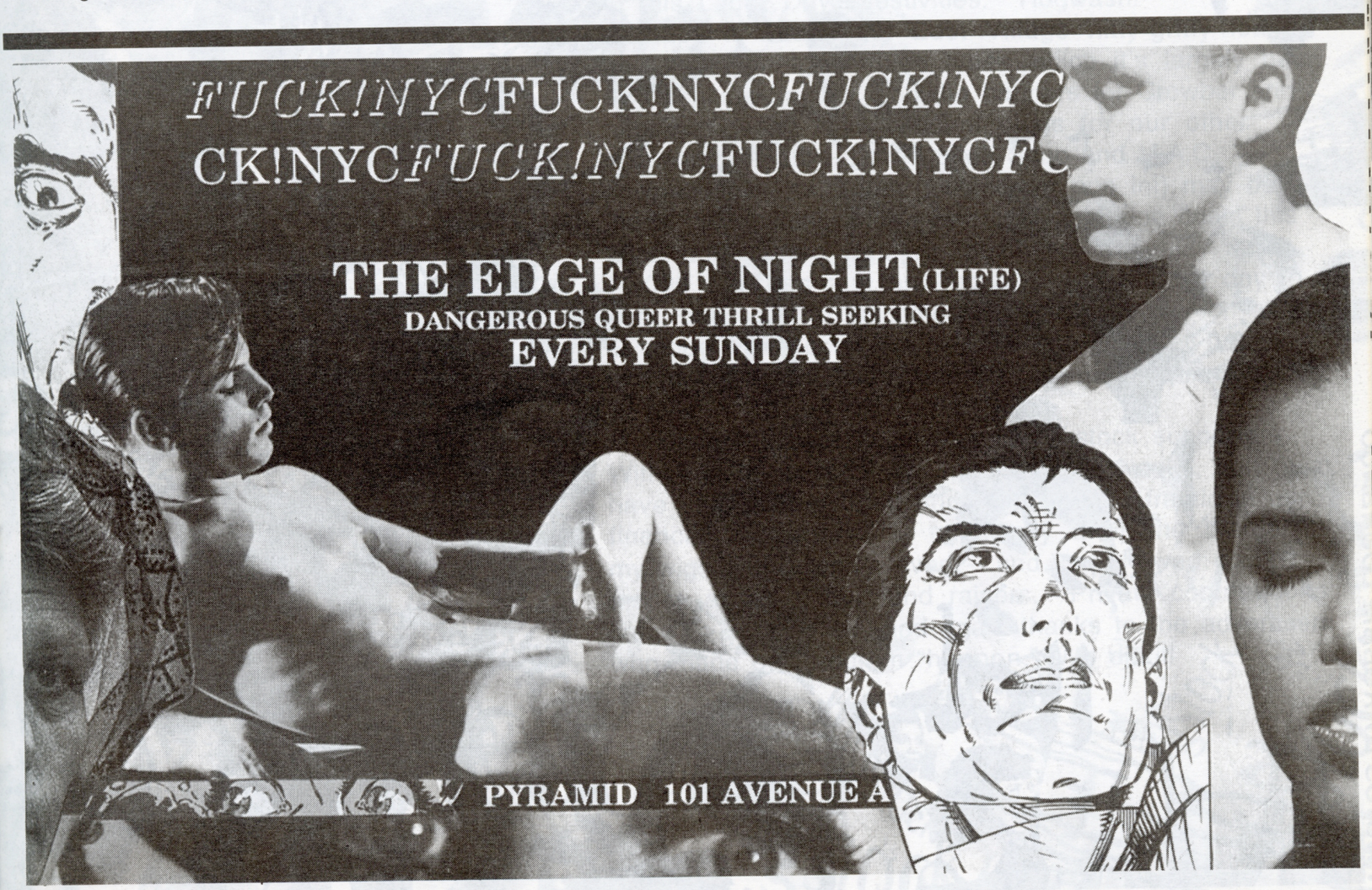
Our cheesy dicque remake of the silent screen classic "Pandora's Box", this time called "Magnificent Product", should really floor the Hollywood hierarchy. Paramount is giving Gus five mill to make the flick, and my guess is we can bring it in way under budget with word of queenly mouth as the vehicle to sell its charms.

Who will be my leading man? Well, I wrote the screenplay originally with Opium posterboy Matt Dillon in mind, but now I'm leaning toward Ethan Hawke (I love that fake young and fresh look), or River Phoenix and Keanu Reeves can fist for the right to give my first screen kiss. Is middle America ready for a giant ebony screen goddess hellbent on subverting the cineplex mentality of malltown USA?

SUCKING MY UNBORN COCK by Vaginal Davis

Here are some gossipal truths that go way beyond truth. To protect MY COMRADE I must issue a disclaimer, so they are not held accountable for what is written. If you're easily offended please don't read any further.

1. Blind singer Ray Charles is a mega-queeny diva, subject to nuclear hissy fits. At a recent TV taping, he fired his entire horn section, but producers of the show hired them back and since he couldn't see them, he didn't know the difference.
2. Young actor Robert Downey Jr. enjoys a forocious fourgy occasionally with a crew of steroid-buffed thick-necked college football playing types. Their steam rice sessions can sometimes last for days on end. Talk about four the hard way.
3. MTV-VJ and hagatha, Downtown Julie Brown, was put to shame on her Club MTV show when the camera caught her playing jump rump with a suburban saphics vulva right on the air. She laughed it off as best she could but was noticeably shaken. Ms. Untalented Brown has quite the growing reputation among a lot of LA underground club door persons of name dropping herself to get in for free to clubs, and when she's unsuccessful will resort to kicking, screaming, clawing and biting her way in.
4. The sometime model who sucked off John John Kennedy Jr. in the Hamptons reports that the young adonis' sperm tasted unlike any spunk he's ever swallowed. Instead of being pungent and mucousy it was rather toasty with just a hint of vanilla extract.
5. The new Gold's Gym Hollywood is the new workout space for the incredibly horndoggied. Mickey Rourke can't get enough of the nipple and scrot action that takes place in the showers. The Mick was bumping pubes with porn pup Rex Chandler, whose wank can really open clams and picked up a friendly six pack of crabs in the process.
6. Going way beyond bizarre is crackhead movie actor Jeff Goldblum who ever since divorcing his cocaine-tooting Thelma & Louised Geena Davis has been frequenting with Men's Fitness careerist model Mark Findley and his younger brother. For those of you who are out of it, brother incest is the hot new trend on the west coast.
7. Junkie Julia Roberts couldn't wait to get home and give herself a fix, so while eating dinner with Jason Patric at the trendy Olive restaurant she went to the ladie's room to shoot up. Now that's tacky!
8. Newlywed Jason Gould is single once again. His international male model husband left the spoiled son of Elliot Gould and Babs Streisand, because Jason gave him a herpes sore.





PHOTOS BY ROBBIE LOURENCO



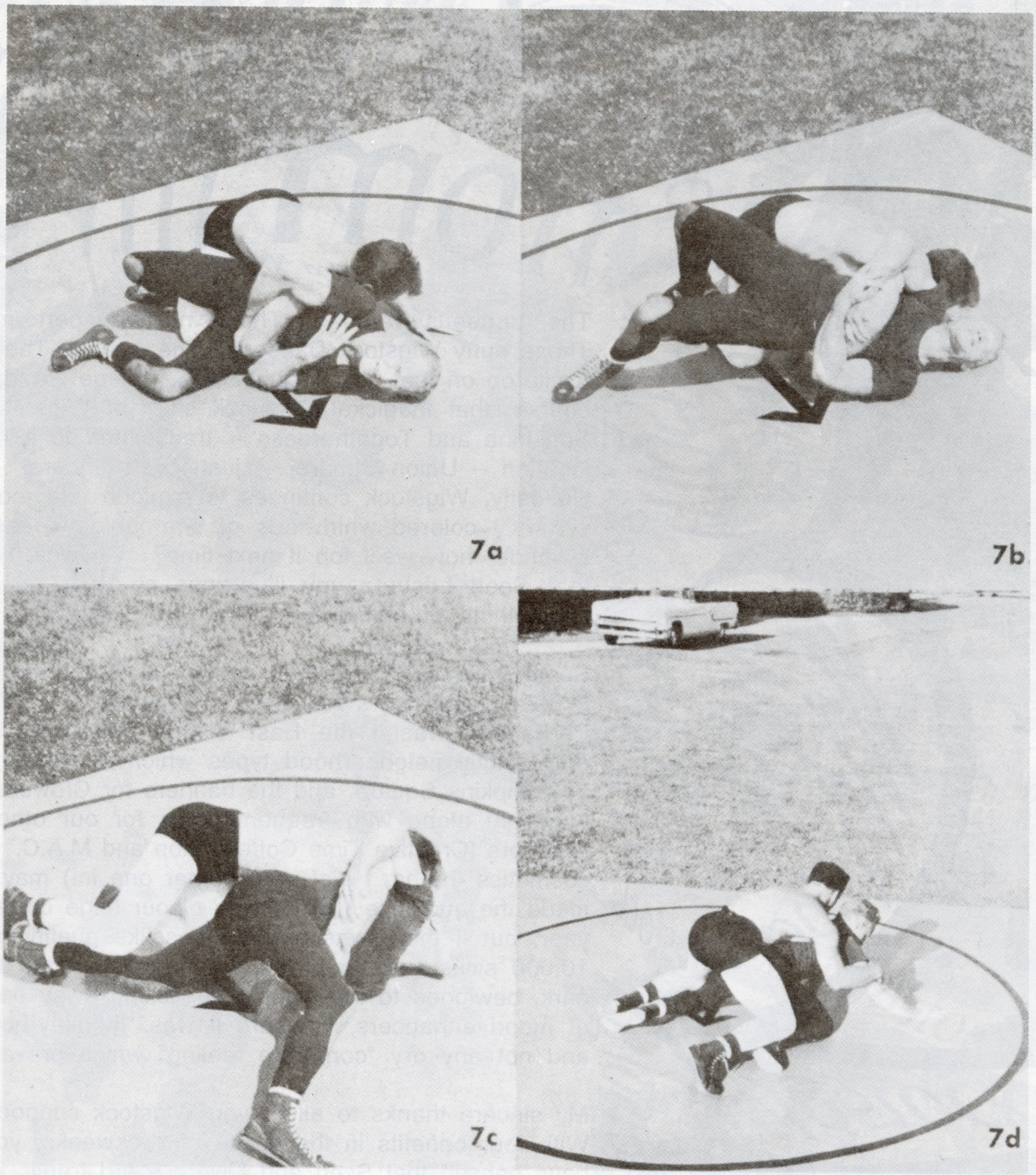
wigstock- from my end

by The "Lady" Bunny

The gorgeous weather! The scintillating performances! Those nutty Wigstock Dancers! The exciting Tabboo! backdrop on that big ol' guhlamarous stage! And of course, that magickal Wigstock spirit of Wigs, Music, Sunshine and Togetherness -- transmitted to a regal new location -- Union Square! I just loved it there! Honestly, Wigstock continues to explode into more vibrantly colored whirlwinds of she-nanigans each year! I wonder how we'll top it next time? Oh well, I'm sure that Scott Lifshutz, my illustrious co-organizer, and I will think of sumpin'.

Some folks said that they noticed a "corporate feeling" to this Labor Day's festivities. Hogwash! Perhaps it wasn't the East Village nitty-gritty locale and strictly neighborhood types which it's largely been at Tompkins Square, and the banners for Crowbar and Limelight along with frequent plugs for our other sponsors (Creative Time Coffee Shop and M.A.C. cosmetics, ha-ha, I just got another one in!) may have made the audience more aware of our huge costs this year, but if there was any businesslike quality about 10,000 sicksters and brothers swinging out all day in the park, bewigged to the nines and rocking away on all kinds of mood enhancers, I'm sure it was "monkey-business" and not any dry "corporate feeling" which prevailed.

My sincere thanks to all of you Wigstock supporters. With four benefits in the space of two weeks, you must have sensed that Scott and I were a tad frantic in our financial department -- especially after the bill for my wigs and gowns arrived -- and you showed up en masse at all of our fund raisers. Private contributions came in very handy, and again thanks to the advertisers who made our program "happen." We did it!



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PHOTO BY MICHAEL WAKEFIELD

NOT SINCE MAHOGONY HAS AN AFRO-AMERICAN BEAUTY SO CAPTURED THE SPOTLIGHT AS THAT MULTI-TALENTED PERFORMER, THE FOXY EBONY JET. WITH HER SOUL SISTERS, AFRO-DITEE AND LONDON BROIL, EBONY RULES A FUNKY QUEENDOM WITH TRUE FIERCENESS - AND THEY DON'T TAKE NO JIVE!



London Broil
#798310
shoplifting/extortion



Afro-ditee
#666005
prostitution/loitering



Ebony Jet
#197450
assaulting an officer

PHOTO BY ANDE WHYLAND



Afrostrology

Afro-ditee is ruled by Gemini, and true to the character of that astrological sign, she exhibits two distinctive personalities.
One minute she is a sweet-hearted, chatty, good time gal from Minnesota. The next moment she is a demanding, moody, sarcastic, grumpy, rhymes-with-ditch diva no one can get along with. Thank heavens, her good side rules more than her bad, but even when she's evil, Afro-ditee is one sexy siren the guys just can't get enough of.

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PHOTO BY MR. LEONARD

PHOTO BY ANGE WYLAND

WHAT YOU SAY EBONY?!!!

Hi Ebony, what's up?

Prices, girl.

Weren't you in a big movie just recently?

Yes, I played a prostitute in "The Bad Lieutenant", and believe me, it was a stretch.

Is it difficult adjusting to being a star?

Yeah honey, those tucks can kill you.

Ebony, what do you look for in a man?

A pulse, and a big, big, big - personality.

Are you worried that guys might like you just because you're famous?

No, because I'm a lesbian.

What would be an ideal date for you?

Queen Latifah.

What other performers do you admire?

The list is so long - The Lady Bunny, Princess Diandra, Glamamore, Misstress Formika, and Afro-ditee and London Broil of course.

Where do you want to be in a year from now?

It doesn't matter where I am as long as I'm surrounded by my friends.

Okay, how about a list of your faves:

Animal? **Gerbil**
Food? **Yes!**
Season: **Summer!**
Expression: **"It's not your mother's tampon."**

Give three words to describe yourself.

Fun-loving, free-wheeling and spiritual.

Any message for your fans?

I love you all and thank you for supporting me.





PHOTO BY MR. LEONARD

I've got all my sisters with me



PHOTO BY ANDE WHYLAND

Afro-ditee, Ebony and London Broil aren't the only afros on the block. For instance, there's up and coming Laila (Above), a right-on sister with latina blood. She's hot, like a taco in July. (Right) The modern Black gal knows no bounds when it comes to fashion . Ebony is as comfortable in this pretty summer dress as she is in her favorite old sweatshirt, the one with all the ketchup stains.

we are family...



((Left) The girls quench their thirst after a high-energy recording session. Sporty Ebony likes soda, Afro-ditee is chic with French champagne, but only a cool, refreshing glass of strawberry wine will do for London Broil.

(Right) What's the secret to London Broil's ravishing good looks? A positive outlook that things will always work out, and a beauty tip from grandma: Oil of Olay. London Broil is a smart, witty Aquarius, always looking for something exciting to do. "I might not be new on the scene", she says, "But I'm always fresh." Well, London Broil, right on!



60

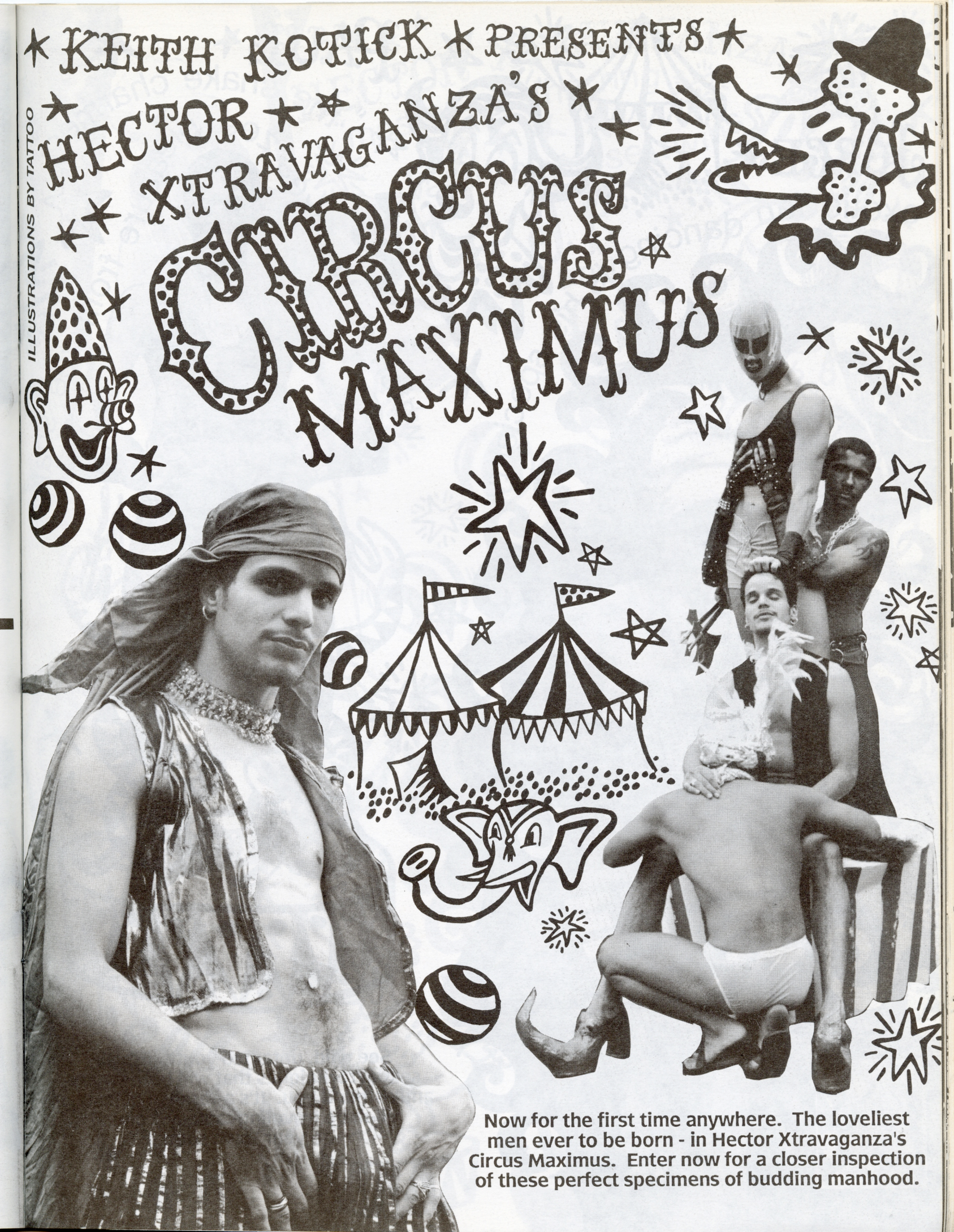
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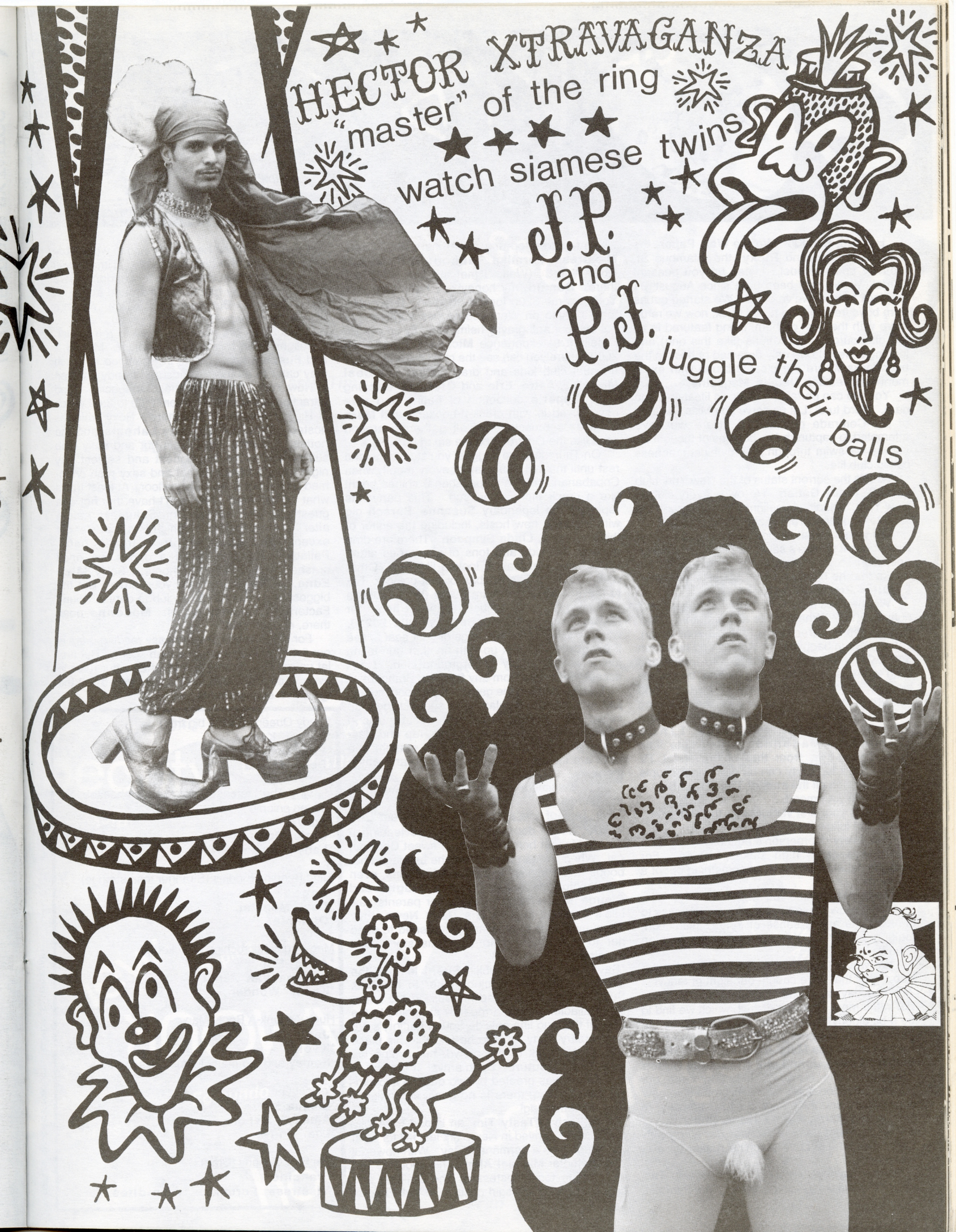
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Hey Kid, Kid, Kid! We are **Walt Paper**, the galactic granola and **Ricky**, the infamous St. Ides TV spokesmodel. Listen up you peasant nerds! We've only been here since August '91 and look how far we've come. We started out as farm boys fresh off the turnip truck, now we're up there with the best of them, being featured in all the glamourous publications (like this one) and leading a lifestyle we only dreamed of back in the boondocks where our closest brush with excitment was reading **Details Magazine**.

You too can partake in this chic lifestyle if you dare. Word turd! Let us serve you Miss Readers of My Comrade publication! Here we have attempted to capture a few bubbles of thought for you as we swim through this mythical madness called club life.

What's the current status of the New York club scene? **Peter Gatien**. He owns every club in New York, including Limelight, Palladium, and the soon to be opened Tunnel and USA.

We wonder what he does with all that money! Rumor has it that he's saving up for a sex change operation so Peter can finally fit in with all the freaks that he hires and fires. "Her" new name: **Petulla Pootysnicker**.

What makes a party flaming, outrageous and nutty in NYC? What makes all the queens gag? A late open bar, free drugs (if that's your fancy), Latino boys in baggy jeans, Adidas and hats from **550-SOUL** who are obsessed with freaks and drag queens, techno, deep house or occassionally disco, **Kenny Kenny** at the door, and the presence of at least one of the following knockouts: **Deee-lite**, **Jo-Jo** (King of Manhattan), **Matthew** and **Zaldy**, **Linda Evangelista**, **Madonna**, or that cute little dyke, **Blossom**, from that controversial TV sitcom. Or a fun party can be downing a couple of fast one with all the trolls at The Tunnel Bar. It depends on your mood...

If this is your first venture into the club scene you should follow these rules:

#1) Kiss every doorperson's buttocks.

#2) Always dress high stakes fashion. For instance: labels, platforms, or something out of a toy store.

#3) Never let them see you sweat!

If you follow these rules you're on your way to drink tickets and a sense of inner satisfaction, making up for all those lousy years in high school.

We would like to mention a few spectacular club nights that have caught our flight of fancy!

Tuesdays are dominated by Jackie 60, a tiny dot in the meat - packing district, which we find to be a bit elderly. Not that old queens can't be fun (for example: **Lahoma Van Zandt**). While we did happen to glimpse **Marc Jacobs**, **Debbie Harry**, **Richard Edson, John Lurie** and **Lauren Hutton** mingling in the crowd, it failed to keep our youthful attention span. We welcome some new competition, and things are already beginning to pick up with **Martin X** and **Fuschia Doll** throwing a Tuesday night party at Wonder Bar along with **Larry Tee** whose Love Machine rusted up and broke down.

Wednesdays are a real hot night to go out. The first being wacky Channel 69 at The Pyramid which features top drag performers like **Flloyd**, **Misstress Formika**, **Tabboo!**, **RuPaul** and **Ebony Jet**. (Walt: "I met my first NYC love there. **Donald**, my honeybun, I still love you. You owe me $200 for the abortion. Bye puppy toes".) Also on Wednesdays, we suggest you put on your anti-gravity helmut and fly on over to Limelight to experience **Michael Alig's** Disco 2000, where you can see the most cyberdelic and unusual club kids and drag queens like **Desi Monster**, **Astro Erle** and **Olympia** enjoying **Walt Paper's** collection of Latino and rave boys mixed in with crack-n-hookers, and **Marc Berkley's** muscle boys all gathering around rides like the Orbitron and the smart bars.

On Thursdays we suggest you stay home and rest until the last Thursday of every month when Copabanana (at the Copacabana) shines bright like a crack pipe in the sun. This party has replaced the legendary **Susanne Barsch** gig with a slew a new hosts, including the editor of this magazine, **Linda Simpson**. There are drag queens, clubkids and tons of glamorous stars, like **Charo** - at least it looked like her. Other options include The Boybar, or just going to Trix to make a couple of extra bucks (We're college students, Alright!), or just staying at home for that exciting teen show **Beverly Hills 90210**, where you will be on the edge of your seat to see if **Brandon** will hook up with another gun-toting junkie at that shady underground club. Don't accept free drinks from any floozies, Brandon!

Fridays also run the gamet. It's a good night to just kick back and relax. We suggest the club called Tilt. Tilt has some of the best music in town, mixing deep house, reggae, rap and classics. While it tends to be kind of straight, the boys are so cute you just have to go and watch them.

Now it is time to gossip a little before we go on to Saturdays.

*The Tale of Lila's Taped Titties - Poor **Lila Wolfe**, a VIP doorperson, she was leading a double life. At home she was a sweet Christian gal. When the sun went down she bandaged her boobs and shocked and amazed millions, even top fashion designers **Thierry Mugler** and **Claude Montana**. But when her parents saw Lila's exposed jugs in **The Daily News**, they threw away her tit tape and threatened to send her to a nunnery. More on this story as it develops.

*Sayanara Sushi - Clubkid **Sushi** learned the hard way that not all clubs cater to his kind. Sushi, taking for granted his pull on the Limelight/Palladium circut, arrogantly stumbled to the front of the long line outside Sound Factory's 3rd anniversary party, only to be told that his place was at the back of the crowd, humiliating his date, **Chris Couture**. Upon arrival at the end of the line he was greeted by two queens exclaiming, "Miss Thing, there is no guest list tonight." How embarrassing!

*Ta Ta Tasty - **Tasty Tim**, an import from jolly old England, arrived in New York last fall for what he though was a permanant stay. With powerful club promoter **Michael Alig** as his sponser, Tim rose to the top - hostess at The Building and Limelight and a salesgirl position at **Pat Field's**. But when Tim found he actually had to work more than his outfit, the glamour faded. Tim packed his bags and retreated back to London where people gladly pay him to stand around and suck down cocktails. But we miss you Tim! You're a bloody good chap. Bon voyage.

Saturdays are always a night to remember. Limelight again has a fabulous night. **Martin X** and **Fuschia** host a night in Shampoo in which they cater to all the clubkids and trendy children in New York. It's a chic affair. A special added attraction is the open bar from 2:00 to 3:00 which is Ricky's favorite. Also there's Roxy which is hosted by the hot and sexy **Lahoma** and the hottest dj, **Larry Tee**. This hot and sexy club still proves to be the hottest and sexiest gay night around filled with hot and sexy men crammed on the hot & sexy dancefloor. At least that's what we've heard - they don't have that hot of a guestlist. The last stop on Saturdays before after hours is Palladium which is a real sleeper except for **Sebastian Jr.'s** trendy party. Palladium reminds us of a dance we once crashed at a retirement home. Sorry **Miss Edna**, we'll give you back your girdle! But the biggest and most fabulous club to date is Sound Factory on Saturday nights. **Madonna** goes there, enough said.

For those of you are into easy reading, here is our list of who's who in the club scene. But first let us remind you that House of L'amour rules in every category. Bye kiddos, see you at all the exclusive engagements.

Shady Queens (Like a big tree)
***Kenny Kenny**
***Princess L'amour**
***Bella Bolski**

Serving The Fiercest Gear (Like a cheesebuger with no onions)
***Jo-Jo**
***Chris Couture**
***Lady Cinnamon**

Mind Bending Kiddies (Stranger than strange)
***Page**
***Desi Monster**
***Olympia**

Mac Daddy Microchips (Wacked!)
***Astro Erle**
***Lahoma Van Zandt**
***Kenny Wonder**

Hunk-A-Hunk-A Booty Man
***Javier**
***Keoki**
***Homey** and too many Latino boys to name

Foxiest Gal
***Sophia** & **Mia**
***Amanda Lepore**
***Lila Wolfe**

Zzaj Elite Queens (Drag)
***Francine**
***Misstress Formika** ***Afro-ditee**


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OFF THE BEATEN TRACK

BY PLASTICENE DODA

Armed with a few dollars and a roll of electrical tape, I set out on my mission: a week-long reportage on the more obscure haunts of New York City. Throwing myself into the abyss beyond the frontiers of the all-too familiar East Village, this is what happened.

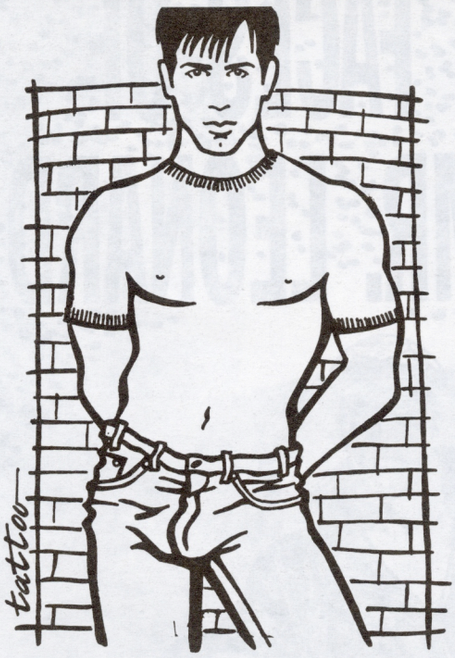
Wednesday - Sally's II (252 W. 43rd). Arrived at the undisputably low-rent Times Square trannie hangout shortly before 1:00 A.M. The bartender of the faded, cavernous, multi-level bar looked like Chita Rivera: friendly, personable...surprisingly firm handshake. Other large-handed women mingled with bloated businessmen around the bar. Trade, homeboys and girls hung back near the gameroom. Later, moved upstairs for amateur go-go boy contest. Shared a table with Chanel, a starlet quite adept at self-promotion. Dancers aroused base instinct. Woof. Chanel revealed strength, agility, and mastery of physics with a fifteen foot leap from her chair directly into the shorts of a dancer named Chaos. All while clutching a borrowed dollar. He won. Chanel borrowed cab fare while shaking hand goodbye. Surprising firm grip.

Quick last stop around the corner at site of national treasure, the "goldmine" (aka the Show Palace Bookstore, Eighth Avenue between 42nd and 43rd), the gay video and hustler emporium. Shared a "Buddy Booth" downstairs with a man who needed ten dollars for his "gambling" debt. Billed MY COMRADE.

Thursday, 12:00 A.M. - Arrived at hole-in-the-wall Port Authority-trade hangout Hombre (335 W. 41st St.) for "Go-Go Night". Dive decor seen better days. Customer count: five. Trade count: zero. Scrawny go-go boy sat at end of bar complaining of cold. Bloated, gregarious bartender named Buddha said I was "just early". Major piece of trash ala Vanilla Ice at pool table worked tongue more than marker while stenciling poster board for mysterious "Slave Night" on Saturday. Decided to investigate further then.

Swing through Show Palace Bookstore to check on "gambling" operations. No luck. Ran into notoriously cruisy wealthy Filipino. Shades of Marcos. Invited to his apartment for coke. I used the old "recovery" excuse. Also said I was working and had to got to Trix (246 W. 48th St.), the renowned midtown hustler haunt. He offered to buy into a three-way with me. How sweet!

The long, smoky, single level bar of Trix was boisterous and packed. Major rough trade convention back by pooltable. Asked older guy next to me if he came there much. Warily asked if I was hustling. Told him, "No, field research for MY COMRADE Magazine." Big mistake - couldn't shut him up after that. Marcos man mysteriously reappears, asking



about that three way. Then invited me to Whisky Bar at the Paramount Hotel (!?!). I kindly filled him in that trash goes for trade over Talbot any day. Continued conversation with older man. Starts coming on to me. Offers $200. Forget the rest.

Friday - 11:30 P.M. Destination: Queens. Rode the F train thirty years to Jackson Heights. Magic Touch first stop (73-12 37th Rd.) A dozen chatty patrons hovered around the horseshoe bar inside the time warp of a tiny paneled squat dwelling. Russian man next to me mentioned he had once been to a nightclub in Manhattan; asked if the Tunnel Disco was still "happening". He mentioned that tonight was slow there; bartender named Buddha, who now has own place "in the city", used to fill bar and basement disco. Name somehow rings a bell. Said that bar called Friends was the spot tonight, but couldn't walk the four blocks of 37 Road there - very dangerous street. "Hustlers". Can't wait.

Colombian on other side said he just came from Friends. "Hopping." Asked for directions. He said he'd have to walk me, "Very dangerous street". "Drag queens". "Drugs". Can't wait.

Semi-residential street seemed fairly quiet at first. Car cruise scene. One piece of rough trade looked appealing; decided to steer clear when he tried to sell me a piece of lawn furniture. Creepy vibe. No dope or drag queens. I felt deceived. Lousy liars. Lousy...Queens!

Saturday, 11:00 P.M. - Destination: Port Authority. A trustworthy trashmate, Reyes, immediately tried to muscle in on the action once he heard of the gravytrain boarding at Trix. First stop was Slave Night at Hombre.

Six patrons at bar. Vanilla Ice still struggling as art director. Buddha louder than ever - threw out two boys who somehow owed someone twenty dollars. Told us of our good fortune in coming to "Slave Night." Explained how a boy will be auctioned to highest bidder, who can "take him home and suck his dick or whatever".

Cute Dominican boy came in. Buddha on him like a hawk. Asked what he was doing there, and then took him off to a room in the back. Came back singing how he has "found his new husband". Never found out if he was also tonight's slave - it was time for Trix again.

Trix packed again. Set sights on older man in satin sweats, big hands, deep voice. Willing to pump that $200 back into the local economy, just like our president asks. Reyes was belle of the ball tonight - immediately gets offer. Unfortunately only $100, which threatens to drive wedge between us. We leave for the East Side.

Sunday - Destination: Times Square. Decide to conduct field research at that showpalace of celluloid culture and clandestine contact, the Adonis (Eighth Ave, between 43rd and 44th). Perfect survey group. Active customers.

Lured to sit next to man believed to be wielding baseball bat. Fortunately only armed anatomically. Dark-haired boy on other side interceded. Slowly realized that this was a...boy! Said he was 24. Uh-huh. Like I'm 21. Forever. His line of questioning ultimately gave himself away. "Was I in school?", "Did I get my coat at the Gap?" Wondered about MY COMRADE defense fund and statutory rape when he said had to get home by 8:30 or parents worry. Good thing I used false name.

Tuesday, 10 P.M. Walked over to South Dakota (405 Third Avenue). Long western bar was full but not crowded. Client count: 50. Trade count: 4. Gaydar immediately zeroed in on a major Dominican Daddy (D2) near the front window. Woof. Got to work. Disappointment A: his immediate identification of my facial skin care product by scent ("Nivea!"). Disappointment B: his knowledge of all the words to song "Finally". Mitigating factors: chest, arms, basket, booty. Chose to tilt balance in his direction by drinking heavily. Quickly. Asked if I wanted to visit a bar in Hell's Kitchen. Stuck tongue down his throat in cab.

3:00 A.M. - What a week: fun, excitement, danger, crabs, bite marks on feet. Plus the reward of meeting my match in trashdom; D2's boyfriend phoned while in bed; D2 accuses boyfriend of cheating on him; D2 asks boyfriend to hold while he "gets a cigarette". D2 sucks my dick. D2 bitches more on phone. D2 gets another "cigarette". Journalism sure has its perks.

THE MANY FACES OF MR. LEONARD

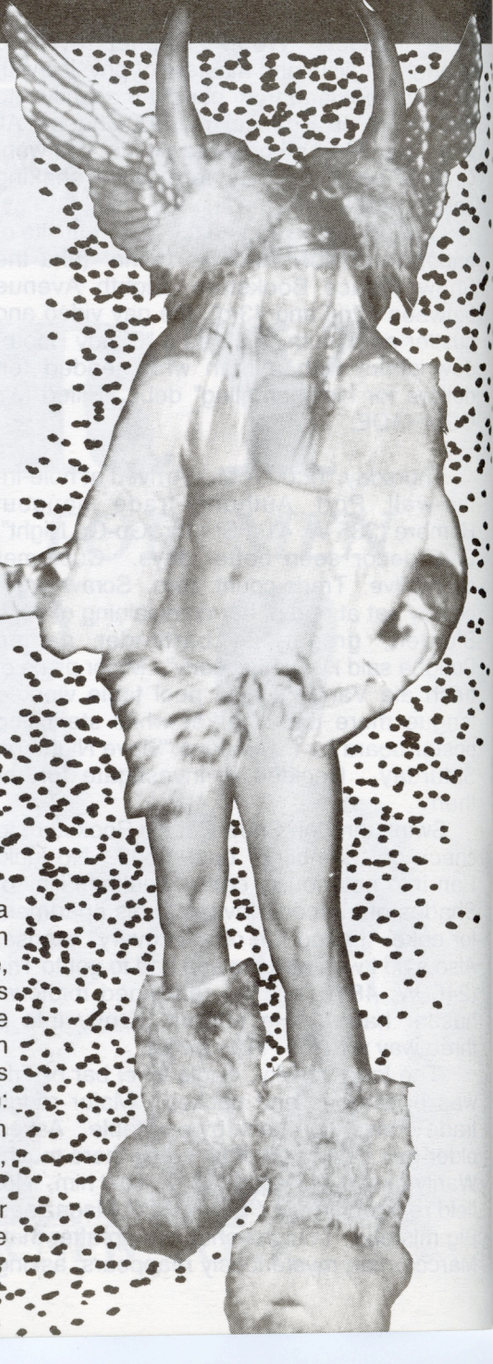












Look over there - it's a glamorous sexpot, it's a Viking warrior, it's Mr. Leonard! Faster than a Canon xerox machine, more powerful than an exactal knife, he's the Sybil of the art scene, manipulating his image into a zillion different personalities, while at the same time obsessively documenting the downtown scene, snapping his camera away at all the sexy guys and gals. Another fave of of this madcap bohemian: portraits of dead animals. Ooooh yucky, it's an "artform" we'd rather not show on these pages, thank you.

Who is Mr. Leonard? He's a multi-talented master of disguise, a creative nut with a penchant for the bizarre. He is in other words, darling, an artist.

GET GLAM!


Clubwear for Gay Boys
outfit: multicolor velour shirt & pants
makeup: Nicky London
model: Keoki
photo: Robert Twin
AVAILABLE AT BANSHEE
(212) 598-9049

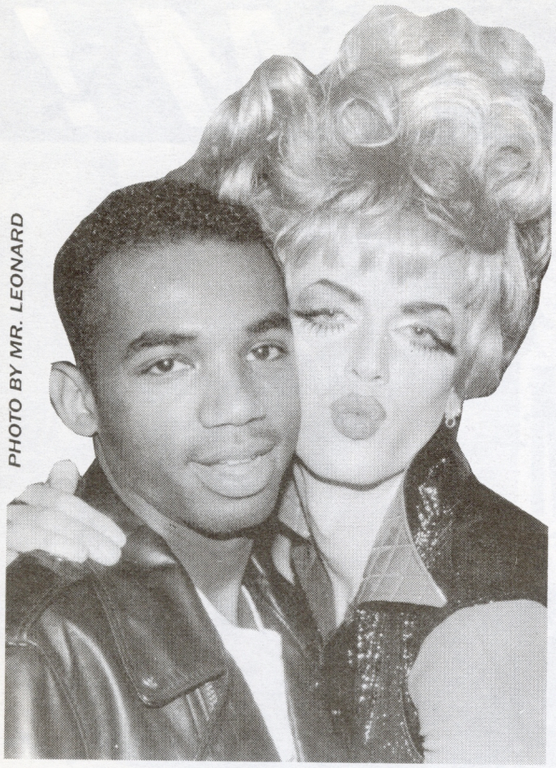


PHOTO BY MR. LEONARD

BE HERE NOW

BY FLOYD CHAMBERS

As I sit here eating my vegetarian chopped liver sandwich and drinking my Celray, I realize of course that in/out lists are rather overdone (Thanks to George Wayne), so that's not what I'm writing. In this ever pervading 90's effect, we realize anything considered "cutting edge" isn't. Although I'm not preaching middle of the road or conservative tactics, in approaching life it is important to note that it is not a time when being so far out makes you in. You can't be so P.I. that it's P.C.... For instance, you can't go to the Adonis Movie Theatre and rim every bared hub in the dump and think to yourself, "Wow, how wacky and crazy I am." In fact, being responsible is good for the self-image.

Not since the days of Studio 54 has the white powdery derivative of the Coca plant been a chic snort. Alas, this status symbol, equivalent to an Izod, is still flaunted today. Cocaine, the most washed up has-been, is not only exclusive and inclusive, but also as alienating as sleep. One little bump and you're a freak for the night, either drinking to feel real or having sex with anyone for more. Aside from social reasons, I feel it to be spiritually and karmacally damaging. On the other hand programs have become a major social set. Never has "Bill" had so many friends canvassing the clubs. Truly the pursuit of Godhead is always featured prominently, although a few of these individuals are militant.

Even though the New Age movement has reached its plateau, level-headed spirituality has emerged in its wake. By combining the spiritual physiology of Yoga and the aerobically stimulating movements of the Vogue, we now have Voga. It's both transcendental and trendy. I give it a 10.

While passing wind and public nasal excavations sweep Parisian Cafe Society, millions will be dressing down, and brown has never been more shocking and enthralling. Work some warm golden amber, dirt, and all the wood shades. Granny glasses and Go! Deliberately dowdy now!

I've glimpsed the future and what did I see? All new limbs on the people tree. Bored by a hand with just five fingers? Cut it off and get a new one. It's easier than you think. It's so industrial and very scissorhands. Yes, prosthetics are indeed practical. They're stronger, more durable, flexible, not to mention recyclable. Ever wanted three arms? Simple as pie. Your new hands can be tailor made to fit your craft. Whether it be needle-point or welding. Four hands, five-foot long legs, built in CD player, and cigarette lighter optional.

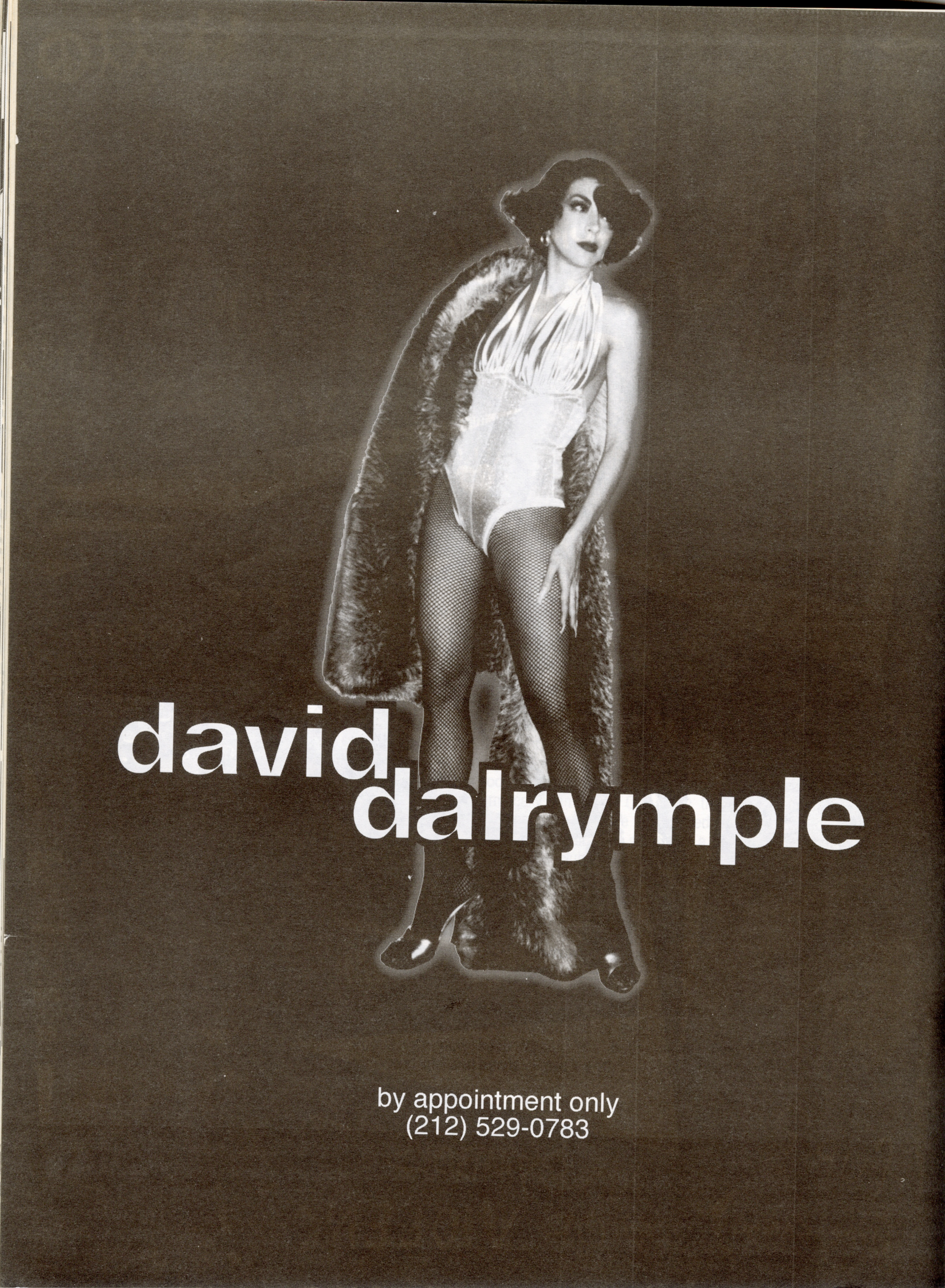
Get those hinges and plywood ready, for all the fashion world is turning on its heels for Wood, Wood, Wood. Mahogany, Cherry, Spruce, Blond, get into the grain. The look of it, and the feel. Decked from head to toe in splintering glamour. Starting with hats and shoes, down to evening wear. Hinges, handles, buttons and bows. Toothpicks, popsicle sticks, anything goes. Duct tape, gaffers tape, nails and screws. Elastic, staple guns, it's up to you.

Ever controversial, fur has been seen in a new light, with a few of the better boutiques now offering Free Range Fur, presenting a wide variety of garments made from the pelts of monkey and mink that passed on of natural causes. They may have a few grey hairs, but it's not murder.

Fuck the Catholic Church. Don't feel guilty about touching yourself. This is the 90's and never has it been more appropriate to feel about yourself as you have never before. Probe your inner most caverns. Caress your naked flesh. Make yourself happy and make love to yourself. Be aware of your body. Everyone needs to give themselves a good grope at least once a month. Women be sure to check their breasts for lumps, and men their testicles. Any abnormality or hard spot should be seen professionally. Prostate cancer is on the rise. Find it and feel it. It can be cute for you and a friend. Play doctor. I find it a help to untie that knot in the morning and the whole day seems much less crude.

Everyone has a purpose and a need to feel proud of their body, no matter what shape or weight. Mind over matter.

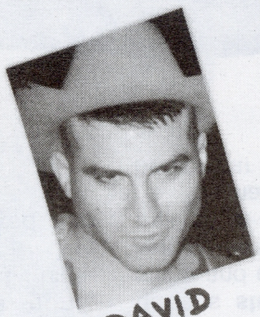

Dowdy Liz & Francine Working Wood
Corset made of 210 popsicle sticks By Floyd
VOGUE
Vogue Krishna
KARMACEUTICAL
Not!
fur?
(free Range)
NO SYMBOLS OF VIOLENCE!


david dalrymple
by appointment only
(212) 529-0783

HOT TOP TEN MEN LIST

Lahoma & Bunny's

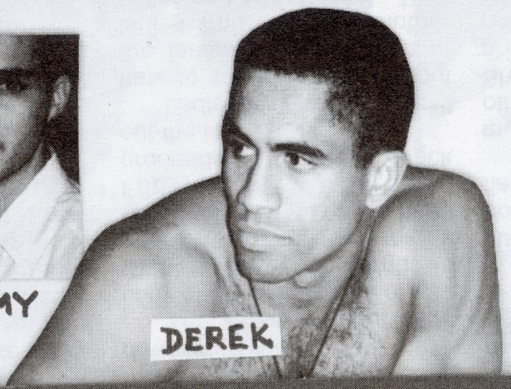




DAVID



TOMMY



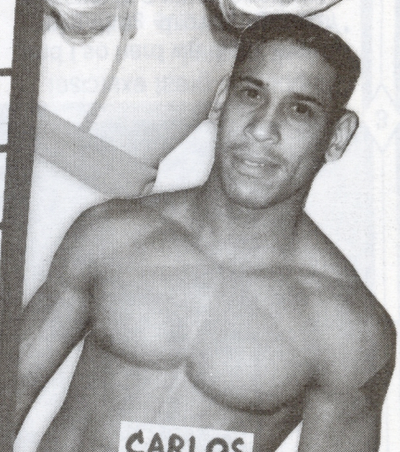
DEREK

1	MARKY MARK	SORRY BOYS, BUT THIS ONE HAS IT ALL!
2	DAVID DALRYMPLE	OK, SO HE MAKES OUR OUTFITS... BUT HE'S STILL A GOD!
3	ANER	HOT AQUARIAN STUD
4	NEW TOMMY	SHY HUNK WITH $ MILLION SMILE
5	JAVIER	HEAVEN MUST BE JUST LIKE THIS
6	NEW CARLOS	COCO DANCE STAR—LET'S GO MOUNTAIN CLIMBING!
7	KEOKI ▲	TECHNO KILLER ATTACK DOG
8	TIM ARNOLD	SWEET SHY BLONDE Mmmmmm!
9	DEREK ▲	THIS SIZZLER IS TOO HOT TO TOUCH!!!
10	RAOUL	WATCH OUT FOR THIS WILD GO-GO BOY!





RAOUL



CARLOS



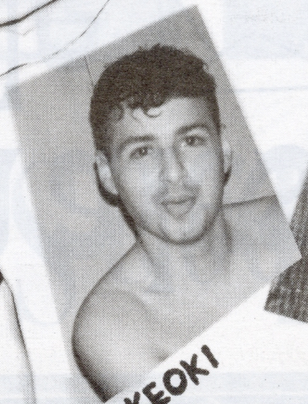
JAVIER



TIM



ANER



KEOKI



MARKY

▲ OVER 50 WEEKS ON LIST

PHOTOS: ALEXIS DiBIASIO, B.WEBER, LAHOMA