

VOLUME II Issue 10

MAY 2 - MAY 15, 1986

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EXPRESS

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WHAT BECOMES
A *LEGEND*
LEAST.

Pg. 12

TELLING MOM

probably the last
thing in the world
she wants to hear

Pg. 10

CERRATO & LAWRENCE

P&R Welcomes a Pair of Celebrated Gay Writers

Pg. 10 & 11

"DREAMS" A REALITY



WE'RE BREAKING THE MOTHER'S
DAY TRADITION

with

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Barbecue
AFTERHOURS 'til 3:00



TRAX

VOLUME II, ISSUE 10



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Tellin' Mom

What she may already know page 10

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i gotta be me

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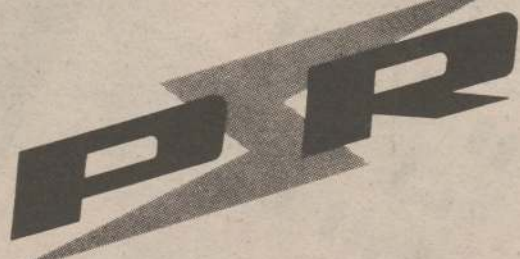
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Ask for Robrt or Rae

HUMANSPACE BOOK REVIEW

Meg Umans

My Mama's Dead Squirrel: Lesbian Essays on Southern Culture. Ithaca, NY: Firebrand Books, 1985. 237 pages. \$8.95 paperbound. Mab Segrest, author.

Segrest's mother never found housecleaning interesting, and besides she had poor vision, so when she found a dead squirrel on the living room couch she didn't give it much thought. Then her company arrived, and she realized she was sitting on the squirrel. She pulled it out, held it up, and said "Ain't he cute?" (p. 56)

That's what **My Mama's Dead Squirrel** does—exposes the dead squirrel and some other lies of omission that Segrest found in southern culture. Like her mother with the squirrel, Segrest thought her discoveries would make good stories. Some of them do: some of the writing is humorous, provocative, interesting, insightful. I felt that some of her points had already been made effectively elsewhere, and some didn't need to be made at all, but despite my occasional boredom and annoyance, I did learn about southern culture, family dynamics and female bonding.

As Segrest sees it, southern culture maintains itself by politely overlooking some obvious truths: some people are poor housekeepers, and some break laws, and polite people don't talk about these things. Some people are black or brown or poor or homosexual, and polite people don't notice those things either, which makes it easier not to recognize that these people are people.

The women in Segrest's family, including the two black women who worked for the family, emerge through her recollections as strong, loving and capable. All of them, including the author, are willing to play the roles that make their real lives and real work possible; they use their situations for maximum personal effectiveness.

Segrest's role is college teacher. Her mission is the empowerment of the people polite southerners don't mention; she describes her writing, volunteer literacy education, social activism. Her identity is human, female, feminist, lesbian. Through her process of getting to know the people she chose, we see their influence on her and on all of us. We're familiar with Pat Parker, Judy Grahn, Barbara Deming... and we see them again as Segrest knows them. We meet others for the first time, other people Segrest has chosen to know and present. Through her willingness to think for herself and write for us, part of American life becomes a bit less alien.

Meg is a counselor in private practice in Phoenix and owner of Humanspace Books, Inc. **My Mama's Dead Squirrel** is available from the publisher and at Humanspace.



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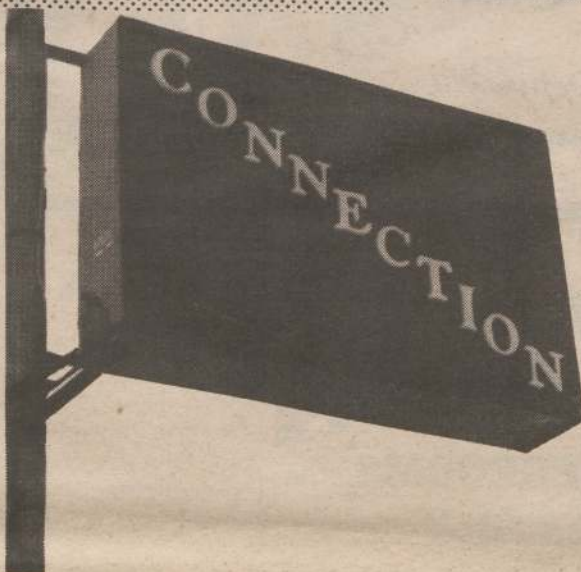
Suite 5-124, P.O. Box 17135, Phoenix, AZ 85011.

We welcome the participation of gay men and women in a positive social, educational and community service environment.

VALLEY CRUISIN' with Paul Stanley



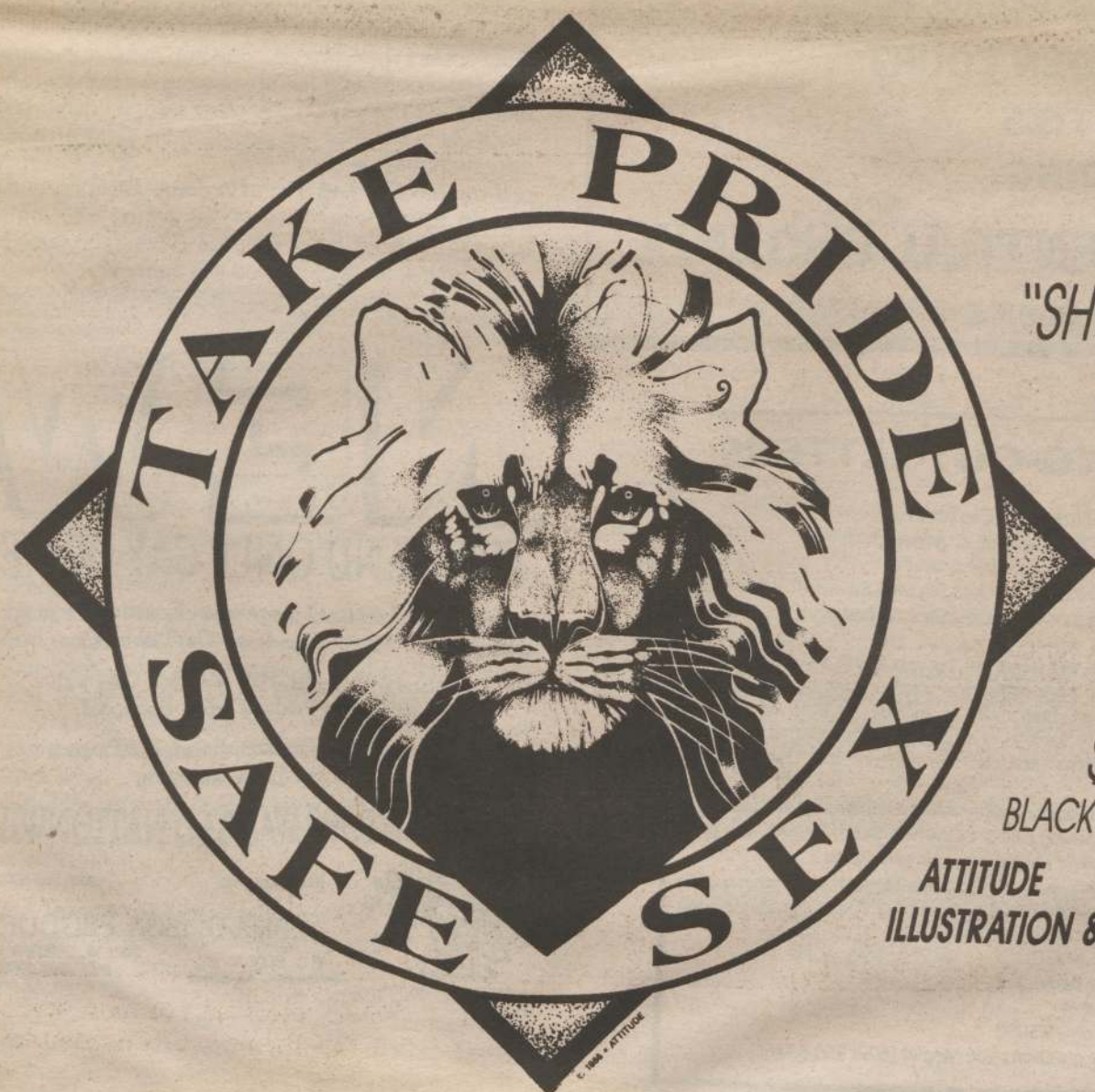
Ron and Lon's First Westside Anniversary Celebration was a real hoot . . . and what a buffet! We knew there was no way that that evening's illusionist show could possibly last the mere two hours it was allotted. Even with Hostess Bonnie's fast-paced Bitching, a show with *that* many performers just had to run over. Congrats to *Ron, Lon*, and crew for sticking it out on the westside. Here's to many more years of success . . . Speaking of *Farrah's*, and female illusionists, who told *Catle Austin* that she could gather a group of men dressed as women . . . and dress them as cats? She did it anyway, and a lot of people apparently appreciated it, judging by the screams and applause at *Farrah's* 4158 that evening . . . more exciting than *Connection's* White Party (which we attended, although not in white . . . and yes, *everyone*



noticed) was the discovery of the new improved street sign *Dale* has installed . . . Mark your calendars as a reminder to attend *Incognito's* 3rd Annual Spring Affair on Sunday, May 4. Last year we attended and were pleased and surprised to see a rare mix of men and women enjoying each other's company. Attending is worthwhile even if just to watch the expressions of those persons who pull in out of traffic "just to see what's going on" . . . a lunar eclipse preceeded *Trax'*



Full Moon Party by a full twenty-four hours, but those present were too busy having a good time to glance at the moon . . . New manager Michael has some pretty scary plans up his sleeve for future *Trax* parties . . . somebody painted *New Moon*. Does this make it the New New Moon? . . . *Little John* is popping up everywhere—literally! You can catch him singing at 307 on May 5, Spring Affairing at the Incog May 4, and bartending at the brand new *Dimestore* . . . *AGRA's* Second Annual Spring Gymkhana was the best way to spend last Sunday afternoon. Where else could one witness a pickle race? . . . Our editor had his boots shined at *Charlies* Boot Shine Booth, and was invited by proprietor Lincoln to "come back again soon." We should have warned Lincoln that R.P. owns thirty-seven pairs of said footwear . . . While we're thinking about it, we'd like to suggest dropping by *Dave's Tavern* on Sundays—You'll discover what a Captain Morgan is all about.



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LAVENDER NOTES

by **Rae Fritz**

In keeping with the theme of this issue, Rae Fritz reprints a recent column about "coming out to mom."

How do you tell your parents that you are a lesbian? It wasn't easy for me to do, although my mother is open-minded. Our dialogue went something like this:

"Mother, I have something to tell you."

"What is it?"

"Um ... I'm gay."

Silence.

"You know, I'm a lesbian."

A few more moments of silence.

"I'm ashamed, I still love you, but don't ever tell your sister."

After our profound conversation, we didn't talk about my "perversion". Every once in a while my mother would make jokes about faggots and other aspects of gay life, but that was as close as we got to talking about it.

About two years after our monumental discussion, I decided to confront my mother with the issue head on. I called her on the phone and told her that I was in love with a woman. I told her she would really like her and, at that point, I gave the phone to my lover. Mother was not thrilled with talking to her, but she did, and was somewhat polite.

The next summer my lover and I went to visit my mother. I finally got up the courage to ask her if she approved. She said, "I like her, but I don't approve." After that, my mother came out for Christmas. The three of us spent two weeks together and had a great time.

It took my mother at least two years to begin to get used to the idea that I'm a lesbian. She is still getting used to the idea that I'm not going to ever have a "family" in the conventional sense. At least now we can talk about it.

How can you tell your parents? I can't really recommend a technique that is totally rejection-proof. You must assess your own situation and motives in coming out to your parents. If you are coming out to them to hurt them, don't bother. On the other hand, if you've taken stock of the situation and decide to tell them, an honest approach may be best.

If you have written a letter to come out to parents or friends, take special note of our ad for "coming out letters" — a book in the process of being compiled by Meg Umans, to be published this summer.

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COM COM COM COMING-OUT LETTERS

Coming out to your parents,
to your growing or grown children,
to other relatives.
Coming out to old friends,
to employers, colleagues, and others.

<p>Your experience can make the process easier for someone else. Many people who have decided to write coming-out letters don't know how to start, how much to include, or even why they're considering the risk. Samples of actual letters can serve as guidelines and reassurance. Your letter can help someone sort, crystallize, and express feelings.</p> <p>Please send us a copy of your actual letter(s) for possible inclusion in a book, tentatively called COMING OUT LETTERS. We can't return letters so don't send a copy you can't spare.</p> <p>Meg Umans, M.C., will edit the book. Meg is a psychotherapist in private practice and owner of Humanspace Books, Inc. Please send your letter(s) by June 30, 1986 to:</p> <p>Meg Umans, M.C. Humanspace Books, Inc. 2401 N. 32nd St. Phoenix, Arizona 85008</p> <p>If you have any questions, call Meg at (602) 956-6336.</p>	<p>Your experience can make the process easier for someone else. Many people who have decided to write coming-out letters don't know how to start, how much to include, or even why they're considering the risk. Samples of actual letters can serve as guidelines and reassurance. Your letter can help someone sort, crystallize, and express feelings.</p> <p>Please send us a copy of your actual letter(s) for possible inclusion in a book, tentatively called COMING OUT LETTERS. We can't return letters so don't send a copy you can't spare.</p> <p>Meg Umans, M.C., will edit the book. Meg is a psychotherapist in private practice and owner of Humanspace Books, Inc. Please send your letter(s) by June 30, 1986 to:</p> <p>Meg Umans, M.C. Humanspace Books, Inc. 2401 N. 32nd St. Phoenix, Arizona 85008</p> <p>If you have any questions, call Meg at (602) 956-6336.</p>	<p>Your experience can make the process easier for someone else. Many people who have decided to write coming-out letters don't know how to start, how much to include, or even why they're considering the risk. Samples of actual letters can serve as guidelines and reassurance. Your letter can help someone sort, crystallize, and express feelings.</p> <p>Please send us a copy of your actual letter(s) for possible inclusion in a book, tentatively called COMING OUT LETTERS. We can't return letters so don't send a copy you can't spare.</p> <p>Meg Umans, M.C., will edit the book. Meg is a psychotherapist in private practice and owner of Humanspace Books, Inc. Please send your letter(s) by June 30, 1986 to:</p> <p>Meg Umans, M.C. Humanspace Books, Inc. 2401 N. 32nd St. Phoenix, Arizona 85008</p> <p>If you have any questions, call Meg at (602) 956-6336.</p>	<p>Your experience can make the process easier for someone else. Many people who have decided to write coming-out letters don't know how to start, how much to include, or even why they're considering the risk. Samples of actual letters can serve as guidelines and reassurance. Your letter can help someone sort, crystallize, and express feelings.</p> <p>Please send us a copy of your actual letter(s) for possible inclusion in a book, tentatively called COMING OUT LETTERS. We can't return letters so don't send a copy you can't spare.</p> <p>Meg Umans, M.C., will edit the book. Meg is a psychotherapist in private practice and owner of Humanspace Books, Inc. Please send your letter(s) by June 30, 1986 to:</p> <p>Meg Umans, M.C. Humanspace Books, Inc. 2401 N. 32nd St. Phoenix, Arizona 85008</p> <p>If you have any questions, call Meg at (602) 956-6336.</p>
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COMING EVENTS — MAY

1ST Weekend in May

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.25 Schnapps
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FRIDAY Steak Fry 7 - 9 \$2.00	SATURDAY Country Dance Lessons 7:30 - 9	SUNDAY Charlie's Dime Store Specials	

WSLGSU UPDATE

Three Arizona State University students have been elected to the Board of Directors for the Western States Lesbian and Gay Students United. The WSLGSU is a new California Corporation filing for tax-exempt status. The WSLGSU currently:

- provides educational workshops for faculty, staff and students of universities and colleges in Western States;
- provides a network through which the students and organizations on campuses can share their knowledge and experience in dealing with issues and concerns of lesbian and gay students;
- provides under-funded, understaffed or new campus organizations with a pool of knowledge from which they draw support;
- publishes a newsletter of gay and lesbian student issues to be distributed to all members of the organization;
- sponsors an annual educational conference for the general public to learn and discuss issues and concerns of lesbian and gay students in the Western United States.

The three ASU students are: Donna Taylor, president of the Lesbian and Gay Christian Campus Outreach and past conference co-chair; Steven Cronk, Vice President of LGCCO and past conference co-chair; and Rodney Johnson, Lesbian and Gay Academic Union member.

The WSLGSU recently held its annual educational conference at ASU. As a direct result of the conference, ASU is currently reviewing the guidelines that have prevented both the groups at ASU (LGAU and LGCCO) from receiving any funding.

The next educational conference will be in the Bay area in California. To assist as many ASU students as possible to go to the conference, a travel fund will be created. All persons interested in contributing to this fund should send contributions to: WSLGSC, 1500 W. 8th St., # 149, Mesa, AZ 85201. All contributions will be used solely to provide transportation for ASU students to the conference unless otherwise specified.

Trips to the L.A. Gay Pride March are being coordinated by Donna Taylor. The LGCCO and LGAU groups at ASU will be attending and marching with the WSLGSU banner. For more information about carpooling, call Donna at 844-1959.

JANUS POSTONES "WOMEN"

Janus Theatre has announced that its presentation of "The Women" scheduled to open this month, has been postponed.

Due to what Janus calls "an unexpected amount of casting and scheduling problems," the production has been rescheduled as the eighth season opener, with a firm date yet to be set.

"COUPLES" TAKES NEW DIRECTION

COUPLES of Arizona has a new monthly business meeting place at Casa de Cristo fellowship hall. Thanks is extended to Casa de Cristo for the use of such a pleasant location.

Recently, many members responded to a survey for developments in the future direction of the group. It indicated that the club desires social and educational meetings which include support of 'Gay Pride' activities. The group will be involved in the 'Gay Pride' celebration for 1986.

Here are some future activities of the group:

May 3, 12 P.M. - Meeting at Casa de Cristo featuring Dr. Ken Fisher discussing AIDS.

May 10 - Yard Sale at 3049 E. Sweetwater in Paradise Valley.

May 18, 12 P.M. - Hike and B.B.Q. at Squaw Peak Park in the Hopi Ramada.

June 7, 12 P.M. - Monthly membership meeting.

June 15 - Gay Pride swim party and potluck B.B.Q.

June - Plans are developing for a community showing of "The Life and Times of Harvey Milk."

July 12, 12 P.M. - Monthly membership meeting.

July 26 - Day trip to Sedona and Oak Creek Canyon. Interested? Write COUPLES of Arizona, P.O. Box 7144, Phoenix, AZ 85011 or call 831-5920.

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FRIDAY
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SATURDAY
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THE BATTLE OF THE BARS

Softball seems to be a staple in the American lesbian dilt, so what better way for the three Phoenix women's bars to compete against each other than in a softball tournament.

April 21 marked the second slow-pitch tournament among Rags, Incognito, and the New Moon. The event was coordinated by Dianna of Incog, with each of the bars pitching in to make for a fun-filled Sunday afternoon for the lesbian community. Rags purchased the permit for Perry Park and both Incognito and the New Moon furnished kegs of beer.

In the first game of tournament play, the New Moon beat Incognito by a close score



of 8-7. Incognito went on to play Rag's and won 9-5. In the final game, the New Moon emerged victorious over Incognito with a score of 8-4, making the team from the New Moon the champions of the day.

One of the more entertaining aspects of the day was watching the "straight" people at the park watch us. Nobody was quite sure how to react to so many of us in one place at one time. At one point, one macho stud who was walking by was overheard saying to another, "You mean, all of 'em are?!" It was priceless.

Though there was some controversy among the teams over who actually won, the tournament was a big hit and a good time was had by all. About 150 women showed up



to root for their favorite teams and socializing was abundant. Future tournaments are tentatively planned to be held every other month.

P&R would like to thank Dianne, umpires Susan and Brenda, Rags, Incognito, and the New Moon for putting on such a wonderful day of fun, sun, and camaraderie.

—Rae & Lori Fritz

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Wed. & Thurs. Noon - 7 PM

"DREAMS" A REALITY

A Dream was realized when Desert Overture and the Desert Sky Singers joined forces in their first joint concert, held at Camelback High School Auditorium on Saturday, April 19th.

Several months of planning and rehearsing paid off in a smooth performance of familiar pieces. High points included a symphonic Portrait of Irving Berlin and a pair of vocal solos (Don Morgan doing "Through the Eyes of Love," and Lisa Genuit's remarkable rendition of "What I Did For Love"). Steve Schimmel's impeccable MCing allowed for a fine segue from one number to the next, and I'm happy to report that both the quality of the acoustics and the lighting were perfect enhancements to a fine evening.

The concert, which opened with Desert Overture's stirring "Theme From E.T." and closed with a rousing "Battle Hymn of the Republic," found its theme in Dreams, with songs performed by both groups (as well as by Chaps, Desert Sky's performance ensemble) relating to hope, aspiration, and even nightmare.

In all, a fine effort by a number of very talented musicians and singers.



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“she winked” chris cerrato

Chris Cerrato has had published various pieces of fiction and poetry, as well as having contributed a regular feature, *Dja Eva*, to *The Guide Magazine*. Chris is currently working on his first novel; “she winked” is his first piece for *P&R*.

He knew he was almost there when he reached the light on Old Noah Hunt Road at 527. The intersection had been a simple stop for as long as he could remember, until just recently when the township had installed this ill-timed stoplight complete with left-turn signal. Dominick had yet to make the green in all the times he'd driven this road in the past few months. It was vaguely annoying to him because it messed up his system. He couldn't see why they'd installed it in the first place. Probably an irate and over-cautious mother (whose Harold had almost gotten hit by a speeding semi while he was crossing 527 on his way home from baseball practice) had gotten a petition going. Traffic planning boards always gave committees of irate and overcautious mothers what they wanted.

Construction littered both sides of 527 from that crossing to Cedars West, the senior citizen's complex where his mother lived at 65B Otter. Trees were plowed aside, pushed down and cracked, not even considered for use in whatever was to be built on those twenty-per-acre sites. The mud-caked root clusters high up and askew to the freshly piled embankments twisted the moonlight into an intricate lattice of shadows on the road. He wished his boy was next to him to see it. Ben always got a kick out of visuals. This, Dominick thought, was open fields and woods less than a year ago. The changes lined up for scrutiny. Soon there would be cul-de-sacs and three bedroom, two-and-a-half bath ranches with pools and central air. He would no longer see quail on a Sunday morning driving to get Mama for a birthday or whatever; no more blackbirds descending on the lonesome woods, teeming it with the noise and life of feeding and nesting. There'd be kids playing ball, and mothers watching them grow, and stoplights. He felt old.

His mother had raviolis ready when he got to her condominium.

“Hello!” She had an incredibly cheery hello. “Hiya, Mama.” Hug hug, big kiss, let's eat I'm starved.

Dinner with his mother was still a favorite. They'd sit in her brand new dining room, at the old table and chairs, under the familiar chandelier, same dishes and forks and raviolis as when he was a boy. Nothing much seemed to affect her, except when one of her stocks fell too many points and she was forced to sell ahead of schedule. Raising five children during the Depression had made her strong and brave; she feared nothing and accepted everything. She was wise enough to know when not to act. When he was a boy, she'd sit in her rocker listening to his problems. She'd fret and sew, looking at her work for a few seconds, then up, then back down again, in time with the rocking. Her eyes would always come to rest on the same spot as his own. She would nod and rock, ever so slightly, as if that's what brought her to a conclusion. He remembered trying to explain about Sister Theresa June and the slide-rule.

“Dominick, you haven't said a word in five minutes.”

“Thinkin’.”

“Bout what?”

“Just thinkin’, Mama.”

“How're the boys doing at school?”

Oh God, she knows. “They're doing just fine. Well you know Tony's almost done. They've got their finals next week and the week after, and then he'll be on his last term. He's got a resume already going.”

“Finals so soon! Goodness, they just went back it seems. I'm going to have to start thinking of graduation presents. What should I get him do you think?”

“Whatever you'd like.”

“Stocks, most likely. How's Benjamin?”

telling mom

I met a woman recently who told me that she, at age eleven, had come one evening to the family dinner table in tears, announcing that she thought she “might be a lesbian.” I was amused with her story, and later reflected that this was a story among few coming out stories I had heard wherein the person doing the telling had been very willing to come out to their parents.

It seems that Telling Mom that we're gay isn't something that most of us have rushed to do. While not as immediately pressing as “What will I wear tonight?”, Telling Mom is probably to most of us nearly as important.

Those of us who have confronted our parents with our chosen sexual identity can usually attest to a certain amount of hesitation. Procrastination seems to be the name of the game . . . many of us who haven't Told Mom may never.

What follows are stories by people who've told mom . . . and stories by people who haven't. Each story is different . . . and yet the same themes repeat themselves. Frustration, fear, hurt, love. However the one thought that I expected to hear when I requested these Telling Mom stories never surfaced.

That thought is that, if we haven't already told mom we're gay, and whether or not we want to admit it, she probalby already knows . . .

—Robrt Pela

He's queer. “He moved out of the dorms last weekend.”

“Did he? Alone?”

Oh God, this is it. “With Pete. You do remember Pete, don't you Mama?” Please say you remember Pete.

“Of course. That handsome one he's been rooming with for, what is it, two years now? Came to Maria's graduation with Benjamin, right? Nice boy.”

Why did she have to say handsome? “Well it seems they were having a bit of trouble in the dorms.”

“Too much noise to study, I suppose.”

I wish. “Nothing at all to do with the academics.”

His mother folded her napkin and put it beside her plate. She slid her chair back and stood, taking her son's plate and her own into the kitchen. He sat still, staring at the tablecloth's embroidered fringe, seeing again the latticework shadows of tree roots on the moonlit road.

“I made rice pie for dessert. Here's your coffee.”

They ate in silence. He was done with his pie before she had even dived into the crust. He got up, poured himself another cup of coffee, and waited for her to finish. His mother chewed slowly, thoughtfully, looking down at her rice pie, then up at him, then again, rocking in her armchair ever so slightly. She cleared her throat and met his eyes.

“Well I think the two of them make a lovely couple. It's about time they moved into a place of their own.”

“A lovely couple!” I'm going to explode. “Bullshit!” I'm exploding. “Dammit, Mama, they're—he's a god-dam—”

“A what?”

She kept looking, reading him, while the fever gripped his neck. He shook, struggling to make sense out of all this. She was so calm. Where were the sobs? The disbelief? His mouth formed soundless words as his rage made him incoherent. My son's a freak, he's a faggot, he's not normal. Don't you understand?

“Dominick, there's nothing to be scared of. He's just gay.”

Often in silence is the most comfort found. The mind which races and reels, clutching at cognition, will settle gently into a subtle ebb and flow if all input is simply ceased. Here, in his mother's diningroom, the shocking pressure of this new unknown was locked outside. He was a man, just one man on a little planet with a lot of people, who loved his son, who was also a man. Somehow that was enough. His coffee grew cold. The clock ticked very loudly, and the unknown crept through the crack in the baseboard, settling into his folded hands. He swallowed hard at the thought of his

Continued on page 11

MARTHA

I'll never tell my mother I'm lesbian; I've never even considered it. I remember the joy with which she met each of my male dates in high school. Thinking back, I suppose the only reason that I even went out with men—or pretended to be interested in them—was for Mom's sake. I'd always have the boy pick me up for our date at my house, so that Mom could see that I really was “normal” and that Julie and I were really just close friends.

“See, Mother? A boy. I'm going out tonight with a boy. I spend the night at Julie's a lot because it's easier than driving all the way back home so late.” After making my little scene for mother's sake, I was faced with an entire evening of some faceless man's company . . . and often with keeping him physically at bay with excuses (about being on my period), and sometimes with my fists.

I presented these heterosexual charades two or three times a year, until I moved out on my own and away from mother. In defense of the infrequency of my “dates,” I told mother that I was too busy to pursue a relationship. Mother told her Bridge Club that I was “Choosy.”

I've protected my mother from something that I know she doesn't want to hear. She's a fifty-two year old heterosexual housewife, for God's sake. Anyway, it's a little too late for me to spring all of this on her now.

Just for the record, Julie left me after eight turbulent years. I guess she got tired of me staying at her house all the time.

MARK

My father is a Presbyterian minister; my sister and I are both adopted and both gay. Funny how things like that work out, isn't it?

My parents don't want to hear that we're different in a way that challenges everything that they're living. Their lifestyle, their sexuality, and their religion.

My sister is more reserved about being gay. She doesn't talk to my parents about it. I've tried to talk to my mom about it; I've introduced her to Craig, my lover. The only time that she ever acknowledges his existence is when he calls and I'm not in to take his call. “Your friend called,” mother will tell me sometimes.

I fight with myself about how to handle it; living with my parents gives me more opportunity to let them see that I'm gay, but doesn't make it any easier. I want them to know, to understand. But really there is no point. “Mom, I'm gay.” What's the point? I disagree that there is any need to make a big issue out of it, but I do want to be accepted for who I am.

GREGORY

I was living outside the borders of this country when the serious hormonal urge came upon me. I found outside gratification during a visit to the States to renew my visa. Back in a foreign land, the letters flew fast and furious. Mother collected the daily mail and confiscated many of the passion-inspired notes. She dutifully passed them on to the bread-winner, Father.

When the issue finally came up, my Dad ranted and raved as though it were the end of the world. Mom just sat there and cried.

She later became a most sympathetic and supportive person. One late night she shuffled into the living room and found me in a very tight clinch with someone. Her only comment was to ask if we needed an extra pillow.



RICHARD

My story isn't all that interesting. Mom knows I'm gay. I told her when I was thirteen. She loves me and supports me and doesn't care about my private life. We trade dessert recipes.

Norman's story is more unusual; Norman's story is the story I choose to tell. Norman is my lover, and Norman's mother is Lesbian. Not your average, run-of-the-mill, garden variety lesbian. Norman's mother is a repressed closet dyke. I hardly admire her for that dishonesty; what really destroys me is her hypocritical attitude toward Norman.

Norman's mother denies his homosexuality. She's been telling him for five years that he's “going through a phase.” She doesn't want to meet me, doesn't want to know that I exist. The truly maddening thing about all of this is that Norm supports her in this insanity.

Norman met Lana and I on the same day, a little more than a year ago. Lana is the lesbian who lives across the street from me. The first three months of our relationship, Norm explained his nights away from home by telling his mom that he was staying over at Lana's. I don't know what he tells her now; I don't ask anymore.

I resent this woman, and I am disgusted with her self-denial and her hypocrisy. How do I know that Norman's mother is gay? Norman told me. At five years of age, he “caught” his mother making love to his sister's husband's mother. How quaint. Now, when sister's husband's mother drops by the house to see Norm's mom, he leaves. Everyone assists everyone else in being closeted. Nothing like keeping it all in the family.

Lana tells me not to take it all so hard. She's concerned that I'll end up hating gay women as a result of this whole scene. I'm not that shallow. Just disgusted.

LEESA

How many mothers actually *celebrate* when their son or daughter tells them they're “that way?” Well, mine did. Not that the news came as a surprise to her—she had me all figured out years before I had me all figured out. Why is Mom so “up” on such matters? Because Mom happens to be “that way,” too. In fact, we more or less came out to each other during the same heart-to-heart mother-daughter chat. Thank goodness I was spared the typical “where-did-I-go-wrong” speech—I'm surprised that she didn't throw a party (a coming-out party?).

cerrato

Continued from page 10

son and Pete, naked.

“Pete is your son's lover, Dominick. It has nothing to do with you, or anybody else, and it's really none of your business. So the boy's gay. You'd better get used to it. I did years ago.”

He found himself staring at the grounds in his coffee cup, finding answers in their patternless configuration. He looked up at her and saw that yes, she acknowledged the pain, but that she could go further and leave it behind. He cast another glance down and swirled the grounds, quick quick slow. He looked into the eyes that affirmed only love. The coffee grounds danced the circumference of the cup over and again in a dizzy waltz, always changing but never any different. Suddenly that was very important.

“Years ago?”

Dominick noticed he was rocking, ever so slightly, in his armchair.

i gotta be me lee lawrence

Lee Lawrence's syndicated column, *Letters From the Farm and Things Mother Never Told Me*, appear regularly in gay publications across the country. With *I Gotta Be Me*, *P&R* welcomes Lee to our regular staff of writers. Look for *Letters From the Farm* in future issues of *P&R*.

Dear Mom,

Your call last night left me feeling rejected, belittled and hurt. Eventually I turned the hurt into rage and finally tears. It took a lot of restraint not to call you back and start cursing. But it wouldn't have made any difference anyway.

I'm sorry I can't be what you want me to be. We have lived this facade for over twenty years and now it's probably too late to change anything. But you must realize what your attitude has cost us.

We have spent my entire adult life talking at, but never with, each other. You tell me about your card playing friends and I tell you about my farm. We talk about the weather, politics, old friends and neighbors but we never talk about you or me. We never say, “how do you feel?” I don't mean your sniffles or my back-ache. I mean inside—what we truly feel—what we think.

I'm glad that my columns and articles in the straight newspapers please you and that you can show them off to your poker cronies—but last night when I told you that my “other” column (as you refer to it), was picked up by another magazine and is now being read in twelve states and a bit of Canada you replied, “I don't care about that.” Just like that! You don't care. Let's forget it and go on to something we can talk about—like what I'm going to serve for Thanksgiving dinner, or my guests. My guests? Yeah, some of them will be gay—another taboo subject.

When I left NY 14 years ago I told you it was “to find myself.” That wasn't quite true. I always knew who I was, but I just couldn't fit in with you, Sis, her husband and kids and continue living “the lie.” I couldn't be honest with any of you or myself. Even as a kid I knew I was “different” and needed you and Dad so badly. I wanted to ask you, “Why do I feel this way. Help me, hold me, understand me.” As the years went by I screamed inside, “Love me because I am your son!” Instead you loved only those parts of me which did not embarrass you and to hell with the rest of me.

When I visited you last winter you lied to your friends because you were ashamed that your first born had not seen you in seven years. Did you ever ask yourself why we have only met twice in thirteen years? Because it hurts too damn much!

I know it would please you if I had a nice 9-5 job, a house in the suburbs, and a station wagon loaded with grandchildren. But that's one hell of a price to pay for a pat on the head. Ma, it's not gonna happen—ever. I am what I am and to quote a song that means a lot to me, “I gotta be me.”

Do you even know who I am or what I represent? Do you even care? Do you have any idea how much that “other” column means to me and to my readers? A while back someone wrote me and said, “Keep the Letters coming—what touches you touches us.” All my life I have wanted to write—but I need my readers for motivation—someone to open up to. Every time I sit at my typewriter I am writing to someone, to thousands of men and women who are much like me. We have similar needs and problems. We all want to be loved for ourselves. We are sons, and daughters, brothers and sisters who have, in many cases, been shut out or denied the one thing that means more to us than anything else—the total love and acceptance of our families.

Instead, we turn to each other and become adept at lying to relatives, employers, friends and neighbors. Things are changing and we are finally coming into our

Continued on page 16

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P. R. Entertainment Review

WHAT BECOMES A LEGEND LEAST

You oughta know you're in trouble when a movie opens with paragraph after paragraph of introductory blah-blah (Remember *Dune*? And of course there is always an exception to the rule, such as *Star Wars*). It's as though the filmmakers already suspect they have an inscrutable story on their hands or they assume the audience is too dense to figure it out.

The *intro* for *Legend* tells us that what we are about to see takes place in a time before Time. We will meet a young pair of lovers, Jack and Lilly. He is a friend of the lush woods, and she is as pure as can be. All that is good and full of innocence is embodied in the majestic creature known as the Unicorn. In his desire to impress his ladylove, Jack takes her to see one of these white horses with single horns.

In the traditional Yin and Yang of things, we are told that Light cannot exist without Dark. We meet a particularly menacing Prince of Darkness who knows of the existence of the Unicorn and the young couple, and dispatches his ugly helpers to get rid of them all, thus insuring his rise to power over a world plunged into eternal night.

With the bad guys watching, Lilly approaches the Unicorn and touches it. The nasty goblin shoots it with a poisoned dart and chops off its magical horn. (Touching a Unicorn is a big No-No.) The forest is plunged into a wintry chill. The girl wanders around aimlessly. Jack meets a group of wood nymphs and fairies who assist him in his attempt to undo the damage he has allowed to come about. Lilly is eventually captured by the evil Prince. (It seems he wants a little virgin nooky as much as Jack does.) There is an obligatory happy ending that only reinforces what we have already been told about goodness and evil existing side by side.

It is a real shame that when a moviemaker becomes so obsessed with the visual impact of his film, everything else is neglected. *Legend* is a very interesting movie to look at, but has no real substance. The editing is choppy and the only character with any flair is the evil Prince of Darkness, played with great gusto by Tim Curry. I thought he had left his Horror Show days behind him, and yet here he is sporting big horns growing out of his head, hooves for feet and a blood-red body cast. (Another Time Warp, to be sure!)

If you aren't overly concerned with plot or story—or acting for that matter—or if you happen to have a mantel filled with crystal unicorns, *Legend* might suffice as an evening's entertainment. Beauty, they say, is in the eye of the beholder.

(*Legend*: A Universal Pictures release, directed by Ridley Scott and starring Tom Cruise (with long hair), Mia Sara (with dewey skin and hymen presumably intact) and Tim Curry (with a closet-full of make-up and a deep baritone voice).)

On a scale of one through five *Legend* gets two Crowns. 🐉🐉

J.B. BRIGGS—DEADLY IN CONCERT

A friend and I went to see a comedy act the other night. I sure do enjoy reading 'America's only drive-in critic' every Wednesday in the paper's City Life insert. Not only is this dude totally irreverent, he is also disgustingly biased, often inspired and occasionally racist. Word has it that he was late for the show cuz he was diddling some 'flight attendant' in the toilet and the plane had to circle Sky Harbor for an hour till he was finished putting another notch in his mile-high cowhide belt.

The audience was more than taken care of in the interim by a couple of very talented local performers (Dan Horn and Stan Holloway). Joe Bob musta' thought we would go for anything. He had us stand up for a drive-in pledge, a moment of silence for the 'free-basing' heroes on the Shuttle, and for his singing satire "We Are The Weird." That's okay; I was tired of sitting.

I must say that I found myself suffering from *Deja-view*. I was sure I'd heard this routine somewhere before. Could be it was all stuff I had read in his weekly column. Oh well. It was pretty funny. What do you expect for only four bucks? 🐉🐉🐉

WALLS OF GLASS

Those hours, that with gentle work did frame
 The lovely gaze (spectacle) where every eye doth dwell,
 Will play the tyrants to the very same
 And that unfair which fairly doth excel;
 For never-resting time leads summer on
 To hideous winter and confounds him there;
 Sap check'd with frost and lusty leaves quite gone,
 Beauty o'ersnowed and bareness every where:
 Then, were not summer's distillation (perfume of flowers) left,
 A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass,
 Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,
 Nor it nor no remembrance what it was:
 But flowers distill'd, though they with winter meet,
 Lose but their snow; their substance still lives sweet.
 (Sonnet #5 by Wm. Shakespeare)

Walls of Glass is a little picture that probably won't appeal to a younger audience; catch it quick before it fades away. And remember that some very nice things come in little packages. Life is Hard and then . . .

(*Walls of Glass*: A UFDC release and Tenth Muse production directed by Scott Goldstein; Starring Philip Bosco (doing a nice version of Ernest Borgnine going through mid-life crisis), William Hickey (his horny, older son), Olympia Dukakis (his wife), Brian Bloom (his younger son and you could just die for another close up of his eyes), Linda Thorsen (Bosco's new lease on life) and Geraldine Page (repeating the character she did in *Trip to Bountiful*). 🐉🐉🐉)

Paul G. King

AZ. AIDS INFORMATION LINE

UPDATE

Bob Hegyi

This time, I find it hard to find a place to begin. So much has happened in the past two weeks . . .

First, let me thank Craig Cox, David Feaster, and Kelly Johnston for their assistance with the Connection Swap Meet last April 19th. Also, thanks to Dale Williams for putting up with all day . . . and many thanks to all of you who took something home with you.

More thanks: to Ron and Lon of Farrah's, and to Linda and Grace at Trax, all of whom allowed the Switchboard to collect a \$1.00 cover charge at the doors of their clubs this past week.

On April 17th, I appeared on Alan Rappaport's live talk show on KFYI radio. While on the air, I reported that the Lesbian and Gay Switchboard had thus far received (as of November 1st, 1985) a total of 10,000 calls.

On the whole, I felt that the show went very well . . . I received the usual homophobic calls, but those were far outweighed by the more positive, responsible callers.

Rappaport suggested a Human Rights Bill for gays in Phoenix, and discussed the accuracy of the recent UPI story which reports that Phoenix ranks highest among cities reporting anti-gay violence. Via a direct hook-up with Washington, D.C., Kevin Beryl substantiated these reports.

Shortly after the radio broadcast, a bomb threat was made here at the Switchboard. A few days later, an unidentified person attempted to break into the Switchboard office. This person (or persons) broke a window and ripped out the window-screen in an attempt to enter the office. Betty, the operator on duty, telephoned the police; when the police arrived there was no one there.

As a result of this, the Board of Directors has decided that we should relocate the Switchboard. Until new quarters are found, we will call-forward Switchboard calls to the operator's home in the evening.

As in the past, I'd like to remind everyone to report any and all acts of violence against them. Call me here at the Switchboard, or telephone the Police . . . get it documented!

I know you're all tired of hearing this . . . but now more than ever, the Switchboard needs your help. Our relocating requires funds . . . any contributions are always appreciated. 10,000 of you have used the Switchboard in the past five months. We want to continue to be here *when you need us!*

SOURDOUGH

Notes

Sourdough Productions has been working hand in hand with and for the Gay Community for some time now. Sourdough has been approached to organize other drives in the near future which are being negotiated at this time.

We at Sourdough would like to thank everyone who has been a part of all that we have done in the past, and want you all to know that we're looking for your continued support in our future endeavors and feel confident of our community's involvement to strengthen our voice in the city. We all have the ability, confidence and trust to move upward and onward to achieve our goals and dreams.

Coming events for Sourdough include the Incognito's 1986 Spring Affair. Our involvement will familiar-

ize you with some of the attractions we are promoting. There will be cards, posters, T-shirts and other video related materials. Also, information about the upcoming video releases with PALEX and how you can be part of them.

Another Sourdough Pyramid? Check out "The Phoenix Rage," they ride the wave of a soccer field instead of the river. The "Rage" is asking for support and help from the community. Your donations will help the "Rage" acquire the uniforms they need to be part of the GAY GAYMES II in San Francisco this August. Meanwhile, Sourdough is looking for a bar willing to be "Home Base" for the Rage.

WORMDAY IS HERE!

WORMDAY — scenes for the next two video features **Rock n Roll Gulch** and **Ashes** being produced by PALEX with help from Sourdough.

WORMDAY — a look at a future world where devolution has reduced humanity to slimy worm creatures. WORMDAY — creepy special effects, unkempt and startling visual images.

WORMDAY — lots of work - lots of fun, too! Your chance to star in a video movie to be released nationally to VCR rental outlets.

— ALL THE GORY DETAILS —

People needed to be worms and work production, including makeup, digging, etc. meet at 4AM SUNDAY, MAY 11th in the parking lot of Impulse, 2326 E. Indian School Rd.

We will carpool-caravan to location-Ron Nix's Movie Ranch, 99th Ave. & Carefree Highway. *Only people with validated badges will be admitted.* Badges will be distributed at Impulse, 4AM - 5AM Sunday, May 11th only! The badge will be good for drink specials at Wormday Party Sunday night at the Impulse.

Please bring with you: **Water** - large quantities - no booze, beer, drugs, please! Old towels to clean up and sit on. Flesh colored tights, leotards, old pantyhose, nylon stockings, shovels, rakes. Good high spirits and willingness to work on this project.

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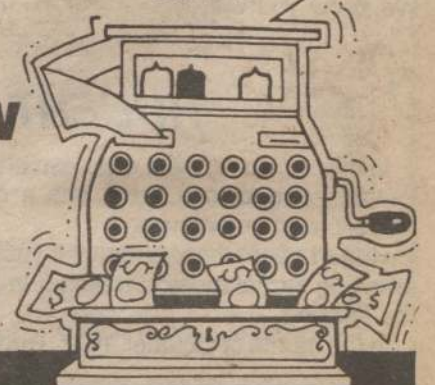
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THE MUSIC REPORT

Due to the numerous hours of duty connected with owning and editing a news/entertainment periodical, Robrt Pela has inquired about my willingness to take over as editor of the Music Report. After a few weeks of deliberation, I have accepted. To be quite frank, the prospect of editing the Music Report frightens the hell out of me. In the past, and to present, I have been an avid Music Report reader, and Robrt, as past editor, has always provided good reading.

(Ed. note—thanks. I'm blushing.)

In the hopes of making the Music Report more appealing to a greater number of people, I have made a few changes.

First of all, the Music Report's music reviews will be written by a new staff of writers. This new staff was selected with community involvement in mind. Hopefully, nearly every faction of our community has been satisfactorily represented.

In this first edition of the revised Music Report short biographies of the Music Report staffers will be included. This will enable you to get to know the people whose reviews you'll be reading.

Secondly, a wider selection of musical formats will be included in the review sections. In the Twelve Inch section, musical formats will include Disco (club fare); Top 40 (radio fare); and R & B (funk). In the album review section Country, Rock, Jazz, and an "open" section will be represented.

Finally, as a service to the community, the Music Report will now feature a new section entitled "An Interview." "An Interview" will feature interviews with local, statewide, and out-of-state DJ's. Play lists by these DJ's will also be presented. "An Interview" will also lend itself to include musical artists, as well as a review of their performances, when they appear in the local area. This feature will debut next issue. Hopefully, these changes will be found satisfactory. If you have any comments and/or criticisms concerning the Music Report, please direct them to Cathy Padilla: The Music Report; P.O. Box 5948, Phoenix, Arizona 85010. Your input is appreciated.

Cathy Padilla

DONALEE of INCOGNITO...

Donalee is a well-known DJ in the city of Phoenix. In the short time she has been spinning records, she has enjoyed much success.

Her career began three years ago at the New Moon. From there she landed a job at "THE" woman's club and since her debut at the Incognito has developed a reputation for herself that has spread well beyond the confines of any one club.

Her interest in music began well before she had ever touched a turntable.

Under her belt she carries ten years of classical guitar study, five years of piano, and three years of music theory. After her musical education she spent four years teaching music at a local private school.

We at the Music Report are very glad to have Donalee lend us a bit of her musical expertise.

JOEY of CHARLIE'S...

Joey began his career as a DJ about five years ago. His first job was in his hometown of Albuquerque, NM where he worked in various clubs; Adam's, The Social Club, and Foxes, to name a few.

In October of 1984, Joey moved to Phoenix. While in town he worked at various disco clubs. In Feb. of 1985 he decided to leave disco music, and took on the challenge of spinning country records. His first job as a country DJ was at Charlie's.

Since joining the ranks at Charlie's, Joey has enjoyed much popularity. In 1985 he was nominated in the category of Best Male DJ, Phoenix, by the Western Express Reader's Choice Awards balloters.

The Music Report is happy to have Joey join our team. We look forward to his country music reviews. We know you will.

HUBERT

In the beginning there was a small band in the Virgin Islands, and in this band was a drummer named Hubert, and he was good.

Hubert spent three-and-a-half years as a drummer, following formal musical training. In 1977 he received the "calling."

In the month of October, 1977, Hubert became a DJ.

The rest, as they say, is history. Hubert has, throughout the span of his career, worked at nearly every HOT valley night spot. To list them all would require more room than space permits. A partial list includes The Camel's Hump, Hisco Disco, Sammy's, and most recently, Hotbods. Hubert, as a DJ, has earned himself a reputation that reaches far beyond this city. He has received numerous national, and local awards including 1985's Best Male DJ, Phoenix.

In a word, Hubert is an institution, and in fourteen words, the Music Report is proud to have him included as a music review writer.

CATHY PADILLA of TRAX...

Cathy Padilla is a crazy woman who became DJ through no fault of her own, about three years ago. Her career began as a quaint little club known as the Solid Gold, (now affectionately referred to at the Barbecue Pit); she has since been twice awarded the Western Express Reader's Choice Award for Best Female DJ, Phoenix, in 1984 and in 1985.

Cathy has actually touched Sylvester's right arm, and Pamala Stanley's left breast (as they passed each other in tight quarters). She is currently suffering a nervous breakdown brought on by the lack of having anything better to do and is enjoying a two-and-a-half year marriage as well as a successful bout of employment at Trax.

WHO EVER'S IN NEW ENGLAND REBA McENTIRE

MCA Records
Produced by Jimmy Brown

Reba McEntire has enjoyed a successful career as a country music songstress for about five years now. In 1984, and again in 1985 she was named the Country Music Association's top female vocalist.

Who Ever's In New England is her latest release, and for those of us who know her well, this album carries her typical stamp of excellence. If you get a chance to pick this album up, do so; you won't be disappointed.

Two of my favorite cuts from this album both happen to be on the up-tempo side, but don't be misled. *New England* is pleasantly littered with a nice selection of slow ballads, medium paced sing-alongs, main stream country cuts, and up-beat toe tappers.

"Can't Stop Now" is a REAL toe tapper. It flows with that good 'ol country pace, and offers a well-wrought instrumental break. The story line follows along the



lines of a taken women falling for another man, a very good dance number.

Another gem, "Littlerock," is a ballad that tells a story. Reba sings of wanting to be a good wife, and lead the good life. (As in diamonds, rings, and things.) Musically, this cut is flavored with a bit of country rock, but Reba's vocals are good 'ol country in style. This toe tapper is also a good dance tune. —Joey

12" SINGLES

PISTOL IN MY POCKET
Lana Pella
(Power)

Engineered by Rob Waldron
Mixed by Phil Harding
time: 6:20 BPM: 136

This cut is a hot and powerful piece of high-energy. Harding combines soft-rock guitars, synthesizer effects, kisses of horn, and male-oriented, sexually suggestive lyrics melded with a relentless, driving beat.

The vocals here lean toward a softer Dead or Alive style. What's lacking is the sometimes annoying, blaring highs. The best break, mix-wise, comes at the end of the cut. Technically a workable mix, though not very effective. Fade outro.

—C.P.

12" SINGLES *Continued*

Anthony And The Camp **WHAT I LIKE**

Warner Bros. Dance 12 Inch
Produced by Jellybean Benitez;
Engineered by Dor Dougherty

Anthony and the Camp, out of Jellybean's stables, presents us with a slick, well-produced urban dance record. The sound is not quite funk, or soul, or disco, but a combination of the three with most emphasis on the soul side. We could even call this American Techno-Pop.

Lyrical, it's quite simple and fun, with a hook that is catchy and easy to memorize ("You Know What I Like"). Electric drums permeate throughout and the bass line is both throbbing and pulsating. The melody is well-accompanied by an outstanding electric piano that at times seems to jump out and grab your toes, making you want to dance. The rhythm track grabs your attention from the very beginning, and is most prominent in the ever-present break. (No dance record is complete without the break.)

This record features on the "A" side, the extended dance version at 6:36, and an acapella mix at 5:26. The acapella mix is outstanding. The "B" side has a short version at 4:03, and a dub version at 5:37. The dub version is surprisingly well-produced. Echoed vocal phrases and musical passages are dropped in and out.

The uniqueness of the dub version creates a situation whereby one can mix both the dub and the vocal versions, and come up with a whole new production.

At 120 B.P.M., this record is sure to catch on and do very well in the clubs.

—Hubert

Strange Language **DEBORA IYALL**

Columbia

Remixed and Engineered by Joseph Watt
Time: 6:00 B.P.M. 122

Debora Iyall, formerly of Romeo Void, continues to prove her creative and vocal abilities with "Strange Language." Taken from the album of the same name, this cut was mixed and remixed to bring us a 12 inch single featuring four different mixes.

"Strange Mix 6" is a six-minute dance mix designed for club play. Also included are "Strange Mix 3," a three-minute version, "Strange Mix Dub," very similar to "Strange Mix 6," and my personal favorite, the "Philharmonia Mix." The "Philharmonia Mix" in parts, suggests an acapella flavor.

Normally, when reviewing new music for the club, I make it a point to listen to each cut three times before forming an opinion. This one caught my attention immediately. The gospel-like vocal harmonies, set in a synth setting, work very well.

"Strange Language" was not an immediate favorite on my dance floor, but in time I think it will prove itself deserving of more club play.

—Donalee

Stop The Noise **SHANNON**

Atlantic

Produced by Mark Liggett and Chris Barbosa
Time: 5:04 B.P.M. 136

Upon listening to this cut, expect to see Pamala Stanley come crashing through the speakers. This "new" Shannon project reminded me of the original mix of "If Looks Could Kill".

Pamala Stanley is the only one who can pull off her "sound." She knows how to give her cuts the right amount of energy both musically, and vocally. Besides, her engineers know how to put it together.

Shannon's vocals on "Stop the Noise" are very good. She shows us a whole new side of herself. I'm sure that if she ever decided to do so, she could become quite a Disco Diva.

However, as far as this piece of Shannon product is concerned, forget it. It has no energy, no soul, no body, no nothing. It's too bad that Atlantic didn't learn the first time.

—Cathy

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GAY PRIDE BALLOT

Do you feel there is a need for a Gay Pride event in Phoenix this year?
☐ Yes ☐ No

What time of the year should a Phoenix Gay Pride event take place?
☐ Mid June (traditional Gay Pride time) ☐ Early October
☐ Mid November (anniversary of Harvey Milk's death)

What type of activity should it be? (Check all that apply.)
☐ Parade ☐ March ☐ Rally ☐ Picnic ☐ Fair ☐ Dance
☐ Other _____

Would you be willing to help? ☐ Yes ☐ No

Would you consider being a committee chairperson? ☐ Yes ☐ No

If yes to either of last two questions, please complete: (Need not complete to cast your ballot for site and time preference. Please include any business/organization affiliations if you wish.)

Name _____

Address _____

Phone _____ Best time to call? _____

Comments _____

Ballots may be deposited in ballot boxes located at many of your favorite bars and businesses, or by mailing it to: Committee for Gay Pride Planning, c/o P.O. Box 1405, Tempe, AZ 85281. For questions and/or more information call Paul: (days) 248-8414, (eves) 244-8220.

Thank You!

GAY SPORTS: TRIUMPH IN '86

Greetings to the athletes of Arizona! The time draws near for renewal to the greatest sports and cultural festival to be held in the Gay Community, GAY GAMES II.

GAY GAMES II will become a reality August 9 - 17, 1986. The process of organizing Arizona athletes and teams is currently underway, and you are invited and encouraged to participate. It should be stressed that no great skills are required and that some events are broken down by age groups.

Competition is not the only goal. Participation is the true reward. We are all winners and everyone can be a part of GAY GAMES II. The Games are not made up only of competitors, we also need great people to be coaches, trainers, managers, organizers, and of course cheerleaders.

The first GAY GAMES, in 1982, was met by some 1,300 athletes from 132 cities and 12 foreign countries. The Games were marked by some of the most dramatic competition the world of amateur athletics has ever seen.

Warm feelings were shared by gay and non-gay athletes who took part and by the audience of thousands who cheered them on. GAY GAMES II will be much bigger. Up to 5,000 athletes are expected to participate, a number that is huge by any international athletic standard.

Competitions will be held in: Basketball, Bowling, Boxing, Cycling, Golf, Marathon, Physique, Powerlifting, Pool(billiards), Raquetball, Soccer, Softball, Swimming and Diving, Tennis, Track and Field, Triathlon, Volleyball, and Wrestling.

Teams for men and women will be organized in all sports for which there is an interest. If you are interested in participating in GAY GAMES '86, contact LAMBDA SPORTS at 234-2420.

ACTORS LAB FINISHES SEASON WITH A HIT BROADWAY COMEDY

Actors Lab Arizona finishes their 1985-86 season with the opening of *Steambath* on May 9. *Steambath* is about a group of people who find themselves in a steambath and are informed by a crazy Puerto Rican that they are dead and he is God. Trinidad Silva (from Hill Street Blues) has been brought in from Los Angeles to play the Puerto Rican. *Steambath* is a refreshing, shocking and hilarious adventure into the process of life, death and after-life.

Steambath plays Thursdays through Saturdays at 8 p.m. and Sundays at 7 p.m. at Actors Lab, 7624 E. Indian School Rd. off Parkway Ave. in Scottsdale. Tickets are \$10 for Thursday and Sunday performances and are \$12.50 for Friday and Saturday performances. For tickets and more information, call 990-1731.

MOTHERPEACE AUTHOR AT HUMANSPEACE

Vicky Noble, author of the best-selling book *Motherpeace: A Way To the Goddess Through Myth, Art and Tarot*, and creator (with Karen Vogel) of *The Motherpeace Round Tarot Deck*, is coming to Humanspace. She'll be with us on Sunday, May 18 at 3 p.m. The event is free and everyone is welcome.

Noble is an author, artist and teacher of the Tarot and yoga involved in feminist/spiritual healing communities. She'll tell us about her experiences and realizations, and answer our questions... why did she design a round Tarot deck, and why is it more popular than any other in feminist/spiritual communities? You'll be able to purchase her tape, currently available only directly from her. Join us for an informal and enlightening presentation!



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Continued from page 11

own but something is wrong when I can be more honest with my guests, my readers and my straight friends than I can be with my own mother.

Thousands of people every week read my "Letters" but you have never seen my column—until now. Many of the guests who come to the farm are successful, intelligent, sensitive—definitely worthy of a "guess who came to visit this weekend?" But you don't want to hear about that. You want no part of my writing or my guest farm or my personal life—so what the hell is left? Don't you see that by denying me—you deny yourself?

When I meet someone who has an open and understanding relationship with their parents, I envy them. To have my accomplishments looked upon with pride rather than shame, to be accepted for who and what I am instead of pretending to be something I am not is all I ask of you. In fact, I shouldn't have to ask—that should be mine by right of birth.

A lot of thought went into how I would sign my columns. Should I use a false name—just in case someone came across a copy? Should I set a limit to my goals so as not to embarrass you and the rest of the family? Sorry, Mom, I just can't do that. I have to go as far as my skills and abilities will take me. I'm proud of what I do and of being able to share my thoughts, joys, hurts and tears with my readers.

My greatest hope is that someday I'll be able to share them with you.

Your loving son,
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Go back to your planet, Birt Brain. I'm late for a date!

CLASSIFIED ADS

Classified ads may be purchased at the rate of \$4.00 for the first sixteen words and 25¢ per additional word. Sales tax is included in these prices. Please keep these ads in good taste as we reserve the right to edit or reject any submission. All ads must be prepaid and received at least one week before requested publication date. Ads will be accepted *only* by mail. Send to: PR, P.O. Box 5948, Phoenix, Arizona 85010.

ROOMMATE WANTED: GWM, 23, looking for a room for rent in middle Phx. I'm employed, responsible, creative, and fun. Looking for same combination. Prefer non-smoker, can live around smokers. Mark 277-2828 after 6:00 Wed., Thurs. & Fri.

GWM ROOMMATE wanted to share a nice 3BR townhouse in Central Phx. Must be clean, quiet and financially responsible. No drugs. 225.00 mo. plus 1/2 util. 277-3977.

SHARE HOUSE. Responsible roommate for quiet neighborhood. Microwave, washer, etc. Freeway access to downtown. 59th Ave./McDowell. 195.00 mo. 278-4398

FOR RENT: 1BR apartment, centrally located in quiet, private gay complex. \$250 mo. 257-0526

ALTERNATIVE ENCOUNTERS is a service for gay or bi-sexual men and women interested in meeting new friends with the possibility for a lasting relationship. Stop by our office at 2505 E. Thomas Rd., Suite 10 or call us at 956-0228. Discreet, confidential, affordable. Serving Phoenix and surrounding areas, Tucson, Flagstaff.

LOOKING for a roommate to share my home. Bedroom and bathroom - \$200. mo + util. Central Phx. Emotionally/financially stable. Ref. required. Call Lori - 279-7993.

NUDISTS: Phoenix valley male nude social group forming. For info: Vic Warren, P.O. Box 2984, Glendale, AZ 85311-2984.

COMMUNITY
BULLETIN BOARD

The Community Bulletin Board is offered FREE of charge. The spirit of the column is to provide space for fun-oriented community interaction. We are unable to accept phone numbers, addresses, or items for sale in this column. Please limit CBB items to 25 words or less per item. CBB submissions will be published on a first received, first printed basis according to space available. Send to: PR, P.O. Box 5948, Phoenix, Arizona 85010.

"SPOTTS FOR PRESIDENT" bumper stickers available to readers of this publication. Please limit your requests to two (2) bumper stickers per name or address. FOREIGN REQUESTS WELCOMED. Send International Reply Coupon to cover postage. All requests must be received prior to July 4, 1987. Contributions may be mailed with your requests to: SPOTTS FOR PRESIDENT, DEPT. P&R, P.O. BOX 27073, PHOENIX, ARIZONA 85061. (U.S.A.) Please allow 4-6 weeks for bulk mail delivers. (Political Action Committees—U.S. \$25.00 per 100, shipped U.P.S.)

LOVELINES

Looking for someone to share those lonely nights with? Grab a pen and write your own personal ad for Lovelines! Send your ad along with your name, address, and payment to "Lovelines," c/o Previews & Reviews, P.O. Box 5948, Phx, AZ 85010. The cost is \$6.00 and payment must accompany your ad. Make checks payable to "Previews & Reviews." You will be assigned a number and your mail will be forwarded to you for 2 weeks. Please keep ads in good taste—we reserve the right to edit or reject any ad.

Very attractive, athletic, GWF, desires to meet non-smoking, outdoorsey, employed lesbian with good sense of humor. Must be a sincere and honest person. Prefer late 20's to mid 30's. My interests: camping & hiking, biking, running, viewing movies, and quiet evenings. If you are out there, please write!

Box 21

GWM, handsome, tall, blonde, blue-eyed, trim, masculine, straight looking/acting, non-smoker, been in Phoenix gay scene since 1981, seeking friendship and relationship. I am 25, enjoy the arts, dancing, cooking, travel, and more; want to meet GWM with similar interests, tall, handsome, 24-30, self-assured, professional, somewhat athletic, and no games. If you would enjoy meeting someone who is intelligent, sensitive, and completely honest in life, please write including your phone number and picture, if possible.

Box 22

Still looking... for the GF, 21-30, honest, sincere, discreet, easy-going, straight-acting, non-smoker, light drinker, not into drugs. My interests include the great outdoors, sports, travel, dancing, quiet evenings, movies, concerts, the ocean, sunsets, dining out, and long drives. I'm 5' 3", early 20's, slim, attractive, honest, sincere, intelligent, down-to-earth non-smoker/non-drinker. Not into head games. Interested? Send name and # with a short note. All will be answered.

BOX 23

Blonde, energetic, well-educated, attractive GWM, 28, looking for emotionally/financially secure, attractive GWM 20-30 who has high values and good sense of humor. Shares enthusiasm for hiking, camping, creative arts, quiet evenings, dancing and romance. If an honest, sincere and lasting relationship appeals to you, send photo and write to BOX 24.

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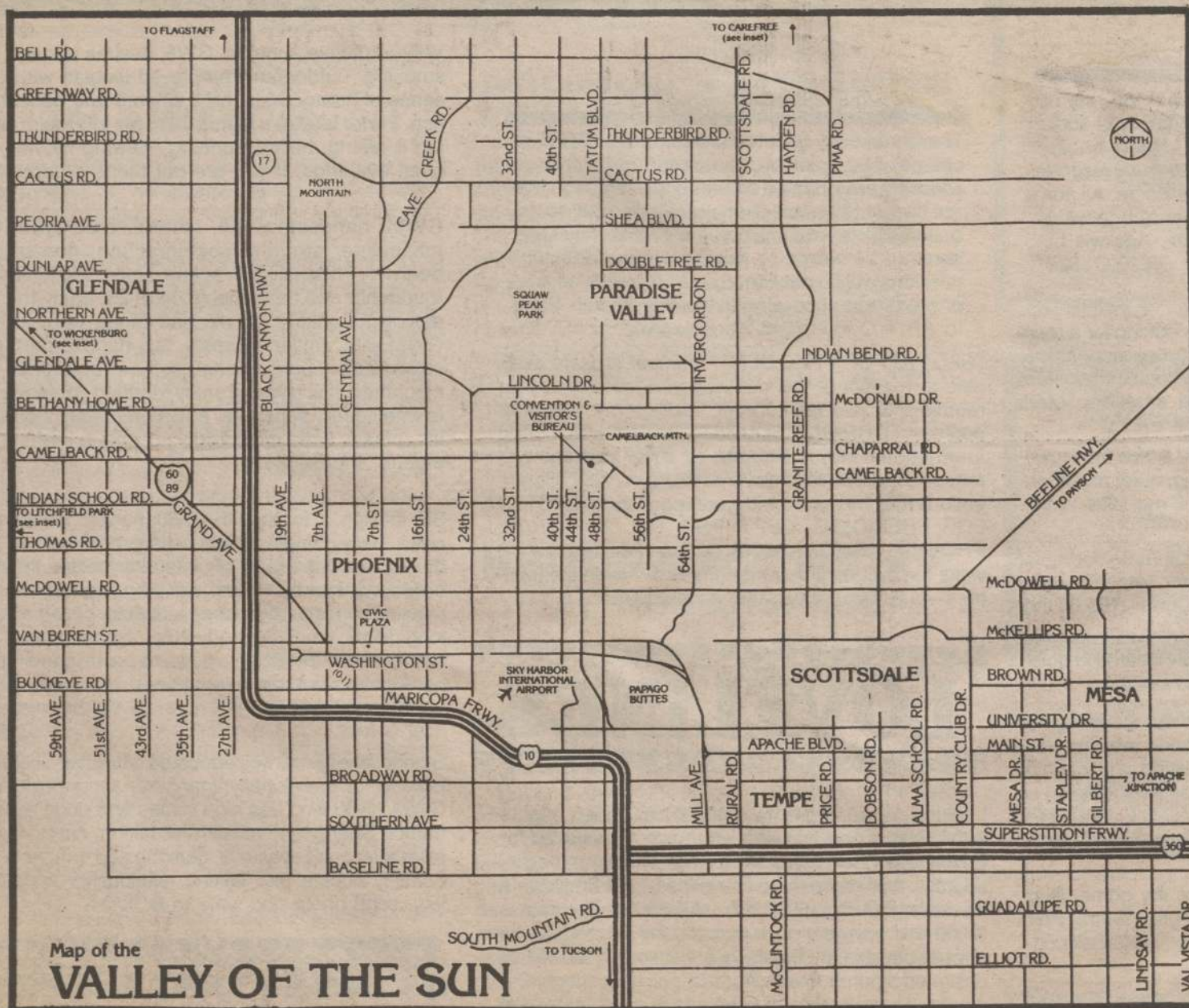
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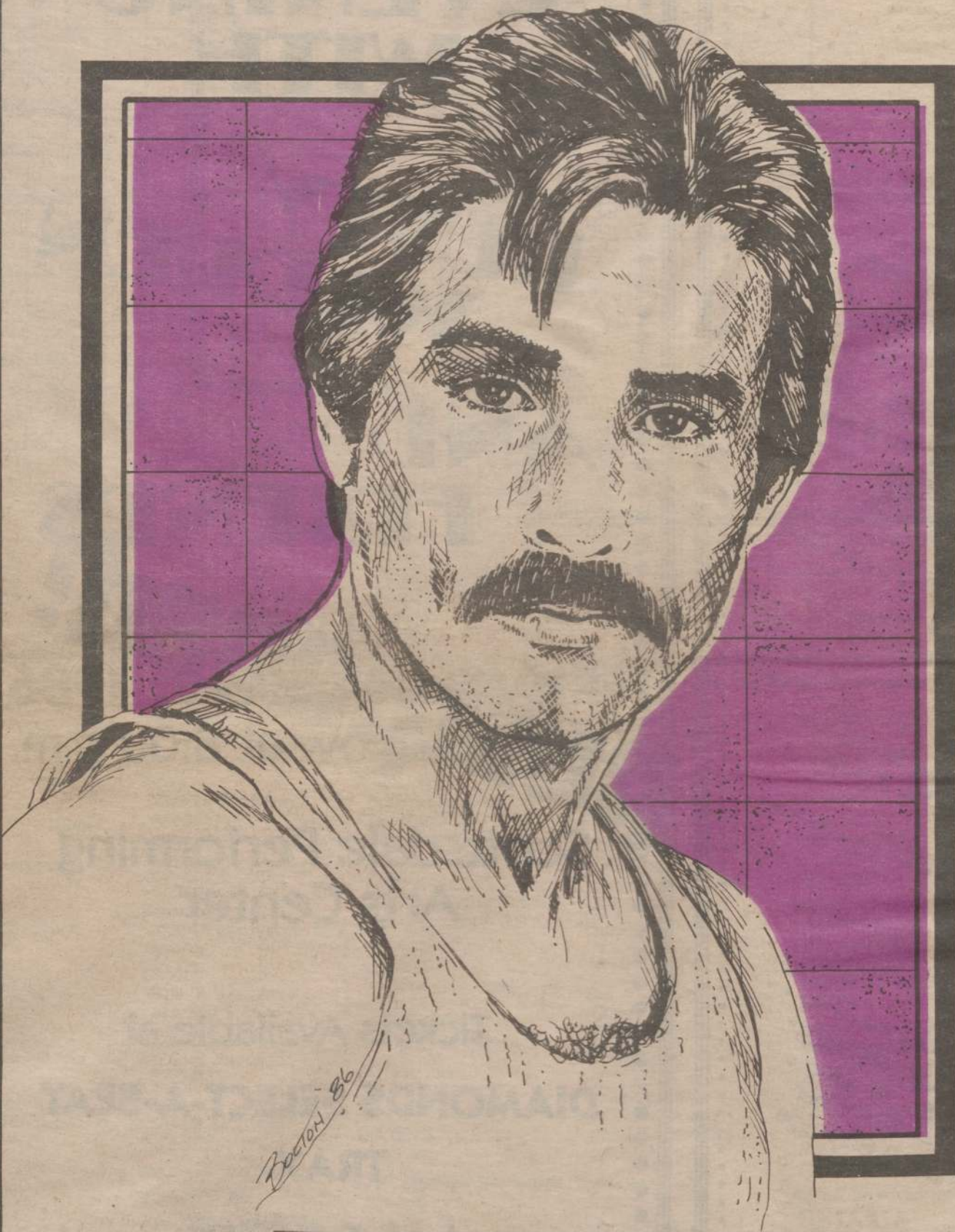
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