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PHOENIX RESOURCE • VOLUME 7 NUMBER 23 • NOVEMBER 8 - 21 1991

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230-1881

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Phoenix 85064
265-2437

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340-1111

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HIV Coordinator & Educator: Lee Hood
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264-1341

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264-7432

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351-5463

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525-1199

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Tempe 85287
968-3703

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234-2752

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Phoenix 85082
994-2100

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PO Box 37525
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949-9152
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939-7807

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PO Box 1075
Mesa 85211
897-8989

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631-0350

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PO Box 26031
Tempe 85282
275-9148
924-2358

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848-8737

Arizona Rangers
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244-9943

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Phoenix 85064

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631-0657

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957-3476

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849-4544

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938-3932

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Phoenix 85067
242-8906

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Phoenix 85002
433-4966

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246-8277

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254-4179

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6166 N Scottsdale
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991-6999

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254-9651

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Phoenix 85014
265-2831

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840-8400

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Phoenix 85046
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Ste A-10
Phoenix 85008
244-1577

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Restoration Church of Jesus Christ
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Tempe 85285
396-6950

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258-2556

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Phoenix 85011
870-3611

Mishpachat Am Jewish Congregation
PO Box 39127
Phoenix 85069

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275-0506

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PO Box 17312
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258-2388

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2141 E Palm Ln
Phoenix 85008
267-1203

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424 E Colter
Phoenix 85012

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Phoenix 85075

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244-9943

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6830 5th Ave
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946-4188

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275-3509

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252-0001

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224-5778

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267-8707

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248-0065

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258-9477

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7125 5th Ave
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945-9028

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266-0875

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265-0224

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1011 N Central
253-3376

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Phoenix 85013
274-8505

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277-9373

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4620 N 7th Ave
279-3033

Nutowne
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267-9959

Trax
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254-0231

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Don't look now, but I think the right wing is gaining on us. Our nation's recent military escapades have resulted in greater control by the moralist regime, and that spells bad news for queers.

One of the peculiarities of a post-war nation is a renewed interest in patriotism, which inevitably leads to increased censorship. And our presumably depraved lifestyle is an obvious target for censors eager to express their newly

fashionable allegiance. Following the recent defeat of California's employment discrimination bill and the confirmation of conservative Supreme Court Judge Clarence Thomas, it's reasonable to fear what's in store for gay people.

When people become excessively patriotic, they forget that one of the most important things we need in post-war fallout is information. Because true patriotism precludes asking questions (anyone who asks questions is a traitor), that leaves the government to spoon-feed us the information we receive. If censorship is based on societal consensus—someone thinking that something is bad because they read or hear someone else say as much—then homosexuals can count on another couple thousand

years of oppression, aided by anti-queer politicking.

With information regulated by the government, we're not seeing the whole picture, and we're left to make conclusions without all the information. Somehow, I don't trust a government headed up by conservative Justice and empowered by discriminatory policies to look after the public relations of us poor queers.

—Pela

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On the cover: *Portrait of Laurie Anderson* by R. Pela, pen-and-ink on parchment. Reproduction by Art Jackson. ©1991 RPM, Inc.

Several reasons not to re-elect the president

Wouldn't Be Prudent

the end of the Cold War may be the worst thing that ever happened to George Bush. His obsession with foreign policy (to the detriment of his domestic agenda, if any) seems silly without an omnipresent Soviet threat like the one that served his predecessor so well. Resentment is growing, according to the pundits, about Bush's incessant globe-trotting. Domestic issues now top everyone's priority list, and Bush is increasingly being seen as out of step and out of gas.

With the election

by Don Slutes

one year away, let's take a look at the Bush record:

•Clayton Yeutter, the current chairman of the Republican National Committee, debated economics with his Democratic counterpart on a recent Sunday morning news program. Sure there's a slight slowdown in the economy, he said, but it's nothing compared to the Carter years.

Ah, yes, there it is: the invocation of the dreaded "C" word, nearly 11 years after Jimmy Carter left office. Yeutter mentioned job creation and other economic successes of the Reagan-Bush years as reminders of the superior ability of Republican presidents to run the economy. But wait a minute, let's check out the statistics. Yes, millions of jobs have been created during the past 11 years—but the average number *per year* is actually less than during the Carter Administration. And the GNP has grown at a much slower rate during the first three years of the Bush Administration than during the comparable period in Carter's term.

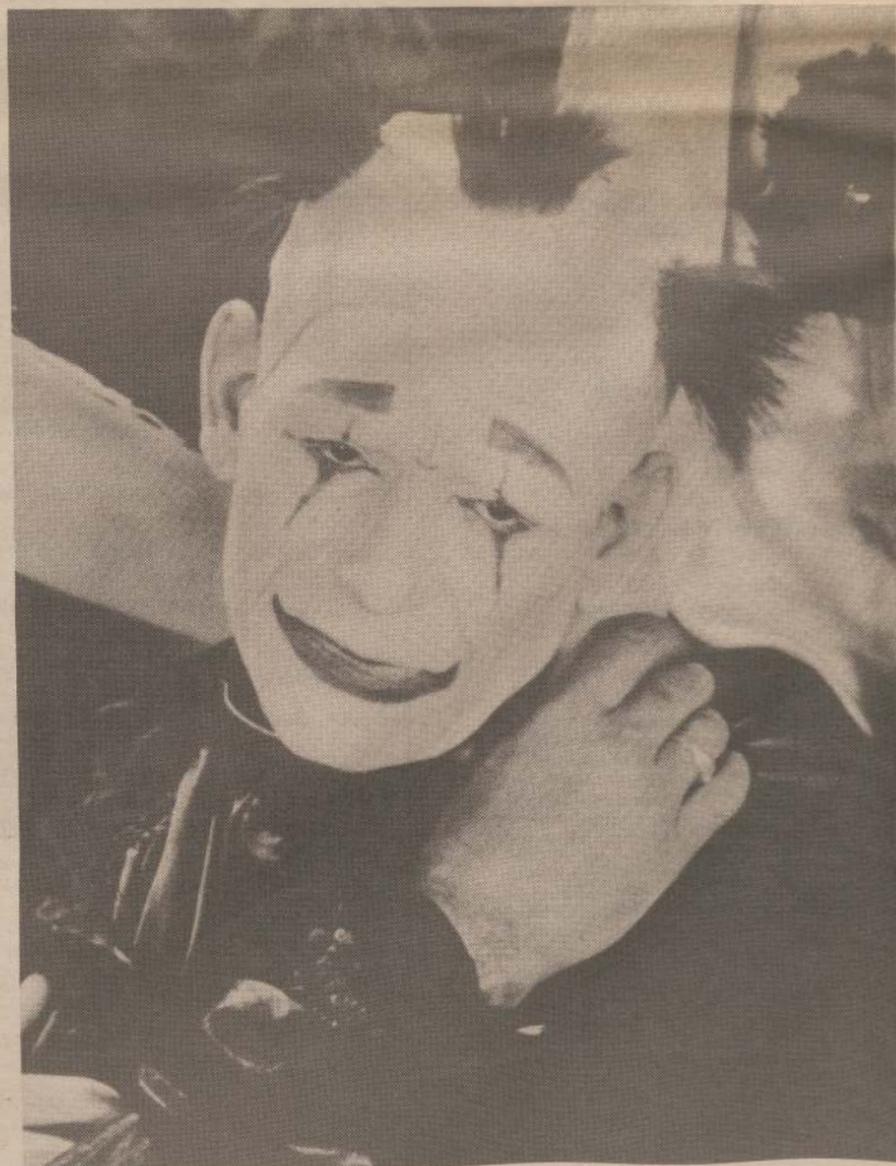
In fact, according to a Senate Budget Committee report, the nation's "standard of living" has actually declined during Bush's presidency—for the first time since the Second World War. The report points out that the previous record-holder for sluggishness in this category was Gerald Ford (another Republican), and that, despite the dismal numbers during Ford's tenure, standard of living was improving then at nearly three times the current rate.

•On his deathbed, former National Republican Committee Chairman Lee Atwater found religion. He apologized for the tactics he used when he was running Bush's 1988 election campaign. He chiefly

regretted the infamous Willie Horton ads, which played to the worst race-baiting instincts of American voters. Although Atwater saw the need to apologize, Bush still hasn't. In fact, race-baiting continues to be a cornerstone of Bush's domestic policy.

Congress proposed the new civil rights legislation to counteract a series of Supreme Court decisions that made it more difficult for employees to pursue discrimination claims against employers. And not surprisingly, the business-minded Bush administration fought the new measure, claiming incorrectly that it forced employers to adopt

hiring quotas. Earlier this year, Republican Sen. John Danforth (later best known as Clarence Thomas's patron) believed that he and Bush staffers had reached a compromise that wouldn't arouse the quota issue. In fact, the compromise legislation went out of its way to prevent the use of quotas. But Bush wasn't through being a demagogue. He attacked the new compromise, too, as a quota bill, betraying Danforth and renewing a war with Congress. Only recently, in the wake of the Thomas hearings and heightened interest in sexual harassment (which is addressed in the legislation),



did the president opt to compromise.

Bush's anti-quota rhetoric looks pretty stupid in light of his choice of Clarence Thomas to fill the Supreme Court's quota of blacks. Thomas is the "most qualified"? Qualifications don't enter into it; Thomas had been a jurist for little more than a year when he was picked to serve on the nation's highest court. Thomas, a foe of affirmative action and quotas, was a faithful servant in the Reagan Administration, despite being ghettoized in minority-related policy positions, jobs he personally found insulting; his public-service career path has been a complete contradiction of his stated views. Reagan and Bush could conceivably have garnered points by giving Clarence Thomas a job he actually coveted, rather than "token" positions. It's easy to name a black EEOC chairman; but neither Reagan nor Bush would be inclined to have, for example, a black Treasury secretary. Now, the obedient Clarence Thomas has been rewarded with one of the most prestigious and important jobs in government—not because of his qualifications, but so George Bush could score much-needed political points.

The administration currently finds itself in an embarrassing situation with regards to racial politics. A Republican gubernatorial candidate is using much of the same anti-quota rhetoric Bush has used, but this candidate was also once a Ku Klux Klan leader and proponent of Naziism. The fact that the Republican agenda fits David Duke so comfortably makes national Republicans very uncomfortable. It delights Democrats who have stood up for civil rights and affirmative action even when it wasn't popular (like during the Reagan-Bush years).

If for no other reason, Bush should be repudiated for his despicable exploitation of this country's racial tensions.

•Though he signed the Americans With Disabilities Act, and even invited some AIDS activist to the signing ceremony, Bush's reputation among knowledgeable lesbians and gay men is not good. By and large, gay-community activists would prefer a Democratic president. They remember that the AIDS crisis, for instance, was only exacerbated during the early years by the inaction and

hostility of Bush's predecessor. Bush has inherited both that legacy and the legions of right-wing homophobes to whom he feels he must pander.

An example of this occurred in June of last year, during the International AIDS Conference in San Francisco. Bush was invited to speak at the opening ceremonies, but declined. (The chief executives of Canada and Sweden accepted similar invitations when the conference was held in their respective countries.) The president was simply "too busy," according to his staff. What exactly was Bush scheduled to do the night the AIDS conference opened? He was busy attending a fund-raising event for fellow Republican Jesse Helms. In other words, Bush snubbed the International AIDS Conference to stump for Helms, who is the chief foe of the lesbian/gay community and a tireless destroyer of sane AIDS legislation. Bush's sympathies could be no clearer.

...

George Bush doesn't deserve to be re-elected. He has no coherent domestic program. He's hostile to civil and human rights. He rants and raves about protecting the American flag from desecration, but when a real domestic policy issue comes up, he's on a plane headed out of the country. Or, he pleads for a capital-gains tax cut (a bonanza for the rich), while ignoring the fact that the tax burden on the middle class has increased during the past 10 years while decreasing for the rich.

And let's not forget who put Dan Quayle a heartbeat away from the presidency. An irregular heartbeat, at that.

As a foreign policy genius, Bush is overrated. He stood by, grinning, as the Soviet bloc fell apart, and tried to take credit for leadership. His adventure in Panama resulted in hundreds of dead Panamanian civilians and a multi-million dollar legal effort against Noriega, who sits and waits in Miami. The much-touted Gulf War failed to rout Saddam—he still poses a threat to regional stability—and set the battered Kurds up for a fall.

Don't listen to the stirring patriotic music that Bush will undoubtedly pollute the airwaves with next year. Remember his record. It's a sorry one.

Pardon Our Amnesty

In Don Slutes' article, "Coming in from the Cold" (October 11), which discussed Amnesty International's (AI) policy change to include gay men and lesbians who are imprisoned solely because of their homosexuality as Prisoners of Conscience, Don stated his skepticism towards AI's willingness to work for the rights of gay men and lesbians.

I would like to announce that AI is already showing its willingness to enforce this policy of inclusion. So far, three events have happened since September 7th, when AI decided to include sexual orientation into its mandate.

1. Three days after the decision to include gay men and lesbians, AI's staff person in Moscow met with Roman Kalinin, president of the Moscow Union of Lesbians and Gay Men, to learn about the persecution of lesbians and gay men in Russia, where an estimated 600 to 1,200 men are jailed each year for consensual sex with other men.

2. When AI went to Los Angeles to investigate the LAPD, AI's research team met with the ACLU to find out if the LAPD was harassing gay men and lesbians.

3. On September 30th, AI adopted its first gay Prisoner of Conscience, Ramazan (Demet) Demir of Turkey.

These three events demonstrate to this politically active gay male that AI would be willing to work on my case if I were arrested under Arizona's "Crimes Against Nature" law. However, it is healthy to still maintain some skepticism of AI to make sure that AI sticks to its promise to work for gay and lesbian rights.

David E. Jefferies
College Coordinator,
Arizona For Amnesty
International USA
Tempe

From Now On, We're Inverts

Including the four-inch type on your cover, I count the use of the word "queer" six times in your (October 11) issue. I know you don't believe it, but not all gays like being called by names we have learned to despise. Your publication misrepresents gays when it is supposed to be published for us.

Name Withheld
Phoenix

You Forgot Helen Twelvetrees

Some more dead film actresses you didn't mention in "The Dead Film Actress Issue" (October 25): Eve Arden, Mae Clarke, Grace Kelly, Carole Lombard, Sonia Henie, Greer Garson, Margaret Sullavan, Greta Garbo, Claire Trevor, Paulette Goddard, Vivien Leigh, and Hedy Lamarr.

Lee Stallings
Tempe

P.S. Your Film Actress Is Dead

Phoenix Resource has sunk to an all-time low. "The Dead Film Actress Issue" was...stupid. I don't think that dead movie stars have changed my life in any way, (and I don't see) what this has to do with being gay.

Cary Lettich
Phoenix

Then perhaps you're not.

—Ed.

Send barbiturates, handguns,
and other implements of self-
destruction to The Editor,
Phoenix Resource, PO Box
5948, Phoenix 85010.

S E D O N A

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O Superwoman

*Hey look,
Over there,
It's Laurie Anderson,
Sitting in a chair.
And she's growing perfect tree rings
In her underwear.
She says trees steal our airspace which
you should defend.
So there.*

*Now every time
I see a tree ring
I comb my hair.*

Laurie Anderson is coming to town and she's not granting interviews. So enough about her, let's talk about me.

I first heard Laurie Anderson when I was at USC in Los Angeles way back in 1982. Her song, "O Superman," was in heavy rotation on KROQ, the early Eighties alternative music station and one of the most influential features of My Time In LA. I heard a radio advertisement for an upcoming concert appearance by Anderson as I was packing for summer vacation (I couldn't have known that I would not return the next year...but that's another story). I was leaving for home the day of Anderson's concert, so I bought a copy of her *Big Science* cassette on my way out of town and listened to it on the drive back to Phoenix. My life was altered.

*Qué es mas macho,
Pineapple or knife?*

A year or so later, as I began my stint at

she became adopted by the teeming masses. Nevertheless, her offbeat lyrics had me mystified. Was she joking? Was there lay upon layer of deeper meaning for me to grasp? Was I so out of touch with the world that I couldn't relate, unaware as I was of the issues she was addressing? Shouldn't there be a sticker on her albums specifying a Suggestive Interpretive Level?

*This is your captain. We are all going
down. Together.*

I was apparently not alone. I remember a cocktail party, where an art apprentice and I were discussing Anderson's work. She was telling me how much she loved Anderson and how much her artistry meant to her. Now was my chance: I asked if she didn't get the essence of Anderson's work, and what was the meaning she got from her lyrics? She excused herself and I never saw her again.

*I dreamed I had to take a test in a Dairy
Queen on another planet.*

Eventually, I got the point. Laurie Anderson deals with Big Issues. Equality. Loneliness. Death. Love. Her concepts are big because they are one tiny step away from the biggest big concept of all: life is a cosmic joke.

Sun's coming up. Like a big, bald head.

I remember laying by the pool in the heat of summer listening to Anderson on my Walkman and drifting off to synth-tech, euphoric Laurieland. The absurdities in her work blasted me out of my comfortably post-teen expectations. Then, just before the trap door of logic slammed shut, the

the Brave" on my walkman. I was lost in a meaningless world that had no place for me. This was it. The big moment. Then...

*What Fassbinder film is it? The one-
armed
Man walks into a flower shop and says:
What flower expresses
Days go by
And they just keep going by endlessly
Pulling you
Into the future
Days go by
Endlessly
Endlessly pulling you
Into the future.*

*And the florist says:
White lily.*

The big night. Laurie Anderson at Gammage. Kicking off her tour, no less. Big video screens, major vocal modifications, animations, flashing lights. There were even whimsical little animated birds. "This just has to be what performance art is like every day in New York!" I gushed all over myself.

Since this was a sold-out show, some of my more "intensely creative" friends accused Anderson of selling out. Huh? "Mass market, too grand," they said. I prefer to think that she's getting real good at what she does. It's those same Big Messages, only with broader appeal.

Kerjillions of stars.

Laurie Anderson is modern art's cosmic, comic princess. And she makes us laugh because every word she says is true. She knows that language is a virus.

ASU (six years of college, three changes of major, two nervous breakdowns, no degree), Laurie Anderson was just catching up with the art school set. I felt extremely evolved, knowing about Anderson before

joke again. In spite of myself, I had the urge to giggle.

*Paradise
Is exactly like
Where you are right now
Only much, much
Better.*

In spiritual agony, alone on a mountaintop, I was ready to end it all. Nothing but me, a head full of hallucinogens, and "Home of

Laurie Anderson will appear at Scottsdale Center for the Arts on November 15 and 16. For more information, see the Culture Club listing on page 11.

David Van Virden is a performance artist and a queer. He has written for Zone magazine and has worked with ACT-UP Phoenix. We have Laurie Anderson to thank for his presence here among us.

● by David Van Virden

*Robert Rodi's ambitious first novel regards the odd relationship between gay men and the women who fall in love with them. In this excerpt from *Fag Hag*, scheduled for publication by Dutton in February, Rodi offers a queer nightmare of romance and subterfuge.*

Mutiny *d'Amour*

by Robert Rodi

Maurice was everything she'd hoped he'd be: haughty, pretty, vacant—a typical Halsted Street cipher. She'd been waiting at Roscoe's for more than an hour, hiding her anger at Peter for being late by flirting with some of the beautiful boys in the bar, when all of a sudden he swept in, wearing his stunning Armani suit, with what could only be Maurice in tow; she was so glad to see Maurice's I'm-shallow-as-a-birdbath smirk that she instantly forgave Peter everything.

They were giddy; they'd had champagne. Peter giggled as he introduced her to Maurice, whose handshake was limp; Natalie smiled in triumph at the jellyfish grip and Peter beamed, thinking she was smiling because she liked Maurice.

"Well," said Maurice, with just the right degree of feminine lilt to his voice, "I've heard quite a lot about *you*, Natalie."

"I'm sure you have," she said in her most theatrical manner, "and I hate to disillusion you, but I'm not really a goddess. Appearances to the contrary." She lay her hand on his shoulder. "You, however, are one divine piece of work, Maurice."

He blushed crimson and tittered. "Oh—thank you."

She smiled. The first offensive was now successfully completed. Natalie, brilliant strategist that she was, knew that

the quickest way to disarm a man was to tell him at once everything he was dying to hear. Now she'd feed him even more, and then, when he was thoroughly enjoying being flattered so outrageously, she'd suddenly stop. As a result, he'd hang on her every word, her every gesture, and try in an undoubtedly pathetic fashion to try to get her back on the subject of himself. In short, he'd be thoroughly co-opted; if he spoke five words to Peter the entire night, she'd be surprised.

"Yes," she said with a throaty purr, "quelle hunk!" She ran her fingers through his long, wavy hair; as she'd guessed, it was sprayed stiff. "I especially adore these lovely locks; so radiant! But so are your eyes. I can see why Peter's so bedazzled by you. And I can only imagine what's underneath that impeccably tailored suitcoat."

"Just a shirt," he said, his face nearly blood-colored now.

She elbowed him. "Oh, I think you know what I mean." She turned to Peter. "And he's a joker, too! What a prize, honey! He must be gobs of entertainment."

"Oh, I might have to agree with you there," said Peter suggestively. He turned and his eyes met Maurice's.

"Such a gallant, Old World sort of name, too," said Natalie, suddenly serious and reverent. "Are you really French, Maurice?"

"Oh, no," he said, still smiling stupidly, shaking his head. "Jewish, actually. My name's spelled M-O-R-R-I-S. I just like people to pronounce it with the accent on the last syllable. My way of being different, I guess."

Natalie noticed the surprise on Peter's face; he hadn't known this, then. "Why, how darling!" she said with a clap of her hands. But she was thinking, Maurice, you don't even need me—you could hang yourself if I gave you enough rope.

Now she turned herself off like a faucet, and her gush of compliments ceased. As if serenely unaware of any change in her behavior, she stared at the overhead TV monitor, on which was playing a music video of Guesch Patti singing "Étienne." Natalie studied it as though it were the most important piece of film the world had ever produced.

Peter turned to make romantic eye contact with Morris, but found that Morris had his eyes glued firmly to Natalie; he was staring a hole right through her and had a perplexed look on his face. Every now and then he'd check the videoscreen, as if wondering what on earth could be so important up there.

Finally, Peter spoke up. "Yoshi's was wonderful, Natalie," he said. "Best restaurant I've ever been to. Food as good as sex."

"That's funny," she said, looking at Peter, "I always think of it the other way around—that sex can sometimes be as good as food." They all laughed at this, Morris much harder than the others, and Natalie allowed her eyes to meet his eyes briefly and unmeaningfully before returning them to Guesch Patti.

It was well past midnight now, and the bar was getting crowded. Men were pushing their way into the throng of bodies, and Natalie allowed herself to get shoved between Peter and Morris, where she wedged herself tight. She held her Bacardi-on-the-rocks in front of her as if it were nitroglycerin.

"Haven't been here in ages," said Morris. "Been working too many weekends lately."

And what do you do, Morris, thought Natalie scornfully as she stared up at the monitor. Sorry, buster, I'm not going to ask it.

"Morris works at Amlings," Peter offered helpfully.

She smiled as if something delightful had occurred to her. She turned to Morris, then to Peter, and said, "Morris the florist!" she giggled. "Isn't that adorable?"

Morris went pale, and after an awkward silence Peter said, "Well, Natalie, it's only adorable if you pronounce his name incorrectly."

She gasped, then turned to Morris and clasped his arm again. "Oh, I'm so-sorry, I forgot," she said. "Forgive me?"

"Of course," he said rather humbly.

Now he looks silly, she thought, with his ridiculous affectation about his name becoming an issue in the conversation. She decided to really lay it on: "Are you sure you forgive me? I want you to like me so much, honey—Peter's my oldest and dearest friend, I'd do anything for him!" That's it, make him feel like an outsider. She felt her powers of manipulation surge within her; this was a masterful performance.

Morris was completely flustered. He looked at Natalie's half-empty glass. "Refill that for you?" he asked, and his voice actually cracked.

"No thank you, darling."

He looked over her head at Peter.

"Drink, babe?"

Babe! thought Natalie. Her stomach lurched.

"Light beer, thanks," said Peter.

Morris nodded and squeezed his way

over to the bar.

Natalie immediately turned and grabbed Peter's arm. "I like him sooo much," she trilled. "I mean, first, he's drop-dead gorgeous, and he dresses to kill and I cannot wait to hear how he fucks, but you can tell me that later. What I want to know now is, what is it about him that made you change your mind?"

"Change my mind? What do you mean?" His brow furrowed attractively.

"About dating a Jewish guy! You said never again, not after that guy Todd got all Hasidic on you, remember? You took him home for Christmas and he freaked out that your parents had a tree and a manger scene?"

"Oh, yeah," he said, laughing a little. "Well, I guess I shouldn't judge all Jewish guys by Todd. But as far as Morris goes, I didn't even know he was Jewish."

She looked at him as though he'd just admitted to some grave moral lapse. "No, really," she said.

"I'm not kidding. I found out when you did."

"I thought you were practically in love with this guy."

"Well, I am." He paused. "Practically."

"How can you be in love with someone when you don't even know something as profoundly basic as h—" She waved her hands and cut herself off. "No, no. I'm staying out of it. I suppose you have to go about this your own way, not mine. I just wish you oceans of happiness, and he does seem like an angel." She took a sip from her Bacardi, and when she looked over at him again his brow was still furrowed. She congratulated herself. Mission accomplished.

By the time the three of them left the bar, the dizzy drunkenness that Peter and Morris had brought from the restaurant had dulled into a kind of sullen soddenness. Morris wasn't keen on the airing-out ritual, but he and Peter insisted on Natalie sharing their cab, and after a chorus of no-I-only-live-four-blocks-away, she gave in. And by the way the ride passed in silence she knew that the reason they'd wanted to see her home was that they were no longer so eager to be alone with each other.

She sat back, satisfied, and planned the next move in the campaign.

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art smart

11 East Ashland: Photographic exhibition by Len Harris and David Cook; three-dimensional work by sculptor Ed Gillum, mixed-media constructivist Janet de Berge Lange, and Marianne Z. Lannan's alcove installation. Hours: Monday-Friday 3-9pm, Saturday 12-5pm. 2 blocks south of Virginia off Central Ave. 271-0831.

Alwun House: "Collectible Art and Gifts" features affordable art, one-of-a-kind artifacts, crafts, and wearables. Always new items, mostly in the \$25 to \$500 range. November 15-December 21. Opening Reception: November 15, 8pm. Champagne brunch November 17, 2pm. Thanksgiving feast Thursday, November 28—a classic sit-down dinner with china and crystal; turkey with all the trimmings in Alwun's comfortable gallery setting. Live entertainment and exotic desserts around the parlor stove will follow. Seatings: 2pm and 3:30pm. \$10 single, \$17 couple (\$2 member discount). RSVP by Friday November 22. Gallery hours are Tuesday-Friday, 12-6pm. \$2 donation (members free). 1204 E. Roosevelt. 253-7887. Radix Gallery: "Man in a Hat" employs framed text and silhouette pieces to explore aspects of the abstract self by Robert Adams. Through November 30, 1429 N. First St. 256-9252.

Metropophobia: You're tired of baloney sandwiches and Kool-Aid. You're sick of People and Newsweek and cover stories about Fergie. You'll shriek if you hear one more Jay Lenno monologue repeated at the water cooler. You want real honest-to-gawd stimulation, and you want it now. Quit your mewing and get to the 'bobia. Look at tortilla paintings by a dead Southwestern artist; read a magazine story about eating shrapnel; drink some joe. Your life will never be the same. 128 E. Taylor (two blocks north of Van Buren). Open Wednesday-Friday, 5-10pm, Saturday and Sunday, noon-10pm. 255-0668. Hurry.

Lesbian Resource Project Art Show: This lesbians-only exhibit opens Saturday, November 16, 3-9pm at El Dorado Activity Center, 2311 N. Miller Rd. (Oak St. and Miller). No charge; alcohol- and smoke-free, and wheelchair accessible. ASL interpretation available 3-5pm. 984-0351 or 968-1757.

Gallery X: Through November 18, works in ink by American Indian visionary artist Daniel Eagle Glenn. 800 W. Madison St. 420-9390.

Circle Gallery: Through November 29, figurative art based on geometry by French artist Yvaral, son of artist Victor

Vasarely. Scottsdale Galleria, 4343 N. Scottsdale Rd. 949-3200.

MARS Artspace: Through November 29, "Dobles Sentides/ Double Meanings/ Zwel-Deutung," art expressing multicultural ideas of a social, political and individual nature by contemporary artists living in Berlin, Germany. 130 N. Central Ave. 253-3541.

center stage

She Stoops To Conquer: The Arizona Theatre Company celebrates its 25th Anniversary with this lavish production directed by Edward Payson Call. Performances at Herberger Theatre Center through November 16. Tickets, dates and times by calling 252-8497. 222 E. Monroe.

Private Lives: Joan Collins stars in Noel Coward's stylish bitch-fest as Gammage Auditorium's Valley Broadway Series lunges on. Performance times are 8pm Tuesday through Friday, November 19 to 22; 2pm and 8pm Saturday, November 23; and 2pm and 7:30pm Sunday, November 24. Tickets \$20-\$34. Gammage and Mill, Tempe. 965-3434.

For The Time Being Players: This all-women improvisational group gives weekly performances exploring life and comedy from a woman's perspective. 8pm Saturdays, Liza's Cafe, 1945 W. Baseline Rd., Mesa. \$5. 838-7338.

A Normal Life: Actors Theatre of Phoenix observes the ups and downs of the Hart family in New York City during the Great Depression. Performances run November 16 through December 1; Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings at 8pm and Sunday afternoons at 2pm. One Sunday evening show is planned for November 17, at 7pm. Stage West will be dark on Thanksgiving evening, Thursday November 28. A special Saturday afternoon matinee performance is scheduled for November 30, at 2pm. Tickets for Fridays and Saturdays are \$20, Thursdays and Sundays \$16.50. Stage West of the Herberger Theater Center, 222 E. Monroe. 252-TIXS.

The Snowstorm: Playwright's Workshop Theatre announces the world premiere of its production by playwright Aurel Badiu running through November 23. Performances are at 8pm Fridays and Saturdays, and 2pm Sundays, with the final performance on Saturday, November 23. Tickets are \$7 for seniors and students and \$9 for adults. 21432 North Central Ave., one block south of Deer Valley Rd. 582-4054.

Nabucco: Giuseppe Verdi's elegant opera, written in 1840, was his first success and brought him international acclaim. Arizona Opera will present Nabucco in concert form with full chorus and orchestra, in Italian with English surtitles. The performance on Saturday, November 23 at 8pm will benefit the Arizona Opera Endowment Fund and is sponsored by the Arizona



Here come the planes: Nationally acclaimed performance artist Laurie Anderson will appear in two shows, November 15 and 16, at Scottsdale Center for the Arts.

Community Foundation and the ARCO Foundation. A dinner hosted by the Arizona Opera League will precede the performance for those purchasing \$250 tickets. In addition, a champagne reception with the cast will follow the performance for those purchasing \$250 or \$100 tickets. Tickets are \$250, \$100, \$75 and \$50 and are available from Arizona Opera by calling 255-7464. Herberger Theater, 222 E. Monroe.

appearance

Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca: The venerable television stars are "Together Again" for an 8pm performance on Saturday, November 16 at the Sundome. Caesar and Coca, joined by Lee Delano, will recreate their famous individual and team sketches from the classic "Your Show of Shows." Tickets: \$21, \$14, \$7. Sundome is located at 19403 R.H. Johnson Blvd., Sun City West. 975-1900.

Prague Symphony: The Great Orchestras of the World series continues as Petr Altrichter takes the Gammage Auditorium stage at 8pm Wednesday, November 27. This renowned orchestra will perform the music of Dvorak, Smetana and Tchaikovsky. Tickets: \$35, \$32 and \$25. 965-3434.

Barbara Mandrell: The press calls her a "bundle of talent;" she calls herself a "hopeless ham." She will be featured at the Sundome at 8pm Wednesday, November 27. Tickets are \$22, \$15 and \$10. 975-1900.

Unity Fest '91: A benefit concert for Phoenix Youth at Risk, featuring Duke Draper and the Satin Blues Band, Live Nudes, Beats the Hell Out of Me, Dead Hot Workshop, Primal Urge, Brick Chair, Blitzen and other local bands. 11am to 1am November 24, Scottsdale Community College Amphitheater. All ages welcome, \$8 (children under 12 free). For tickets call 678-2222

8pm. Herberger Theater, 222 E. Monroe St. Tickets \$15.50 and \$10.50. 951-1402.

other stuff

Coffeehouse Thursdays: Every Thursday at 8pm, join musicians at play, poets in dialogue, actors on stage, underground videos, and an open mike if there's something else in the air. Home of the "bottomless cup" of House-Blend Coffee. November 14: Folk Music Night and Gift Show Preview. November 21: Intermedia Performance Night. \$3 at the door (members free). Alwun House, 1204 E. Roosevelt. 253-7887.

AIDS Benefit Auction: Sunday, November 17, 1-7pm. Under the "Big Top" at the Phoenix AIDS Resource Center, 506 E. Camelback. \$50,000 in merchandise, artwork and professional services up for bid. Proceeds benefit: Community AIDS Council, Phoenix AIDS Resource Center, Stop AIDS Project, Project Inform Town Meetings, HIV Health Group, Phoenix PWA Coalition, and AIDS Front Arizona. For further info call 265-AIDS.

A.M.U.S.E.: Billed as "A Magically Unfolding Spontaneous Entertainment," this night of comedy is presented by the Improvisational Theatre Society on Saturday evenings from 8-11pm at the Adobe Oven Gourmet Bakery and Coffee House, 5520 N. 7th Ave. \$5 admission. 242-2808.

The Saint and the Football Players: Four-time Village Voice Obie Award winner Lee Breuer will stage this world premiere at Arizona State University West. Friday-Sunday, December 6-8, at 8pm. This production is a tongue-in-cheek performance of sports art, including a football team of pilgrims, a baseball team of sinners fresh from Hell's mouth, a half-time extravaganza featuring forty-odd ASU West "Angelettes," six golf carts, a crane, a lawn tractor, a fiery lake in the circle of Hell and the voice of Howard Cosell. \$10; senior citizen \$5; students \$3. Purchase general admission tickets by calling the Herberger Theater Center Box Office at 252-TIXS or the ASU West Fine Arts Department at 543-6039. ASU West campus is located at 4701 W. Thunderbird Rd.

Young Choreographers Concert: ASU senior dance students and Master of Fine Arts candidates will offer a glimpse into the promising future of dance in this concert performance. 8pm Wednesday through Saturday, November 20 to 23, in the Dance Studio Theatre at ASU. Tickets: \$3 and \$6. 965-6447.

Nutcracker: Tickets for the Nutcracker, presented by Ballet Arizona, are available at Dillard's box offices for \$26, \$21 and \$16; children under 12 half-price. Performances will be December 11-15 at Gammage Auditorium and December 23-30 at Phoenix Symphony Hall. 678-2222.

Laura Moya Company: Two performances: 8pm November 30 and 7pm December 1 at

director Gus Van Sant (Drugstore Cowboy). Phoenix is remarkable (a new James Dean?) and Reeves for once doesn't come off as a surfer dude. But overambitious Van Sant tries to cram too much symbolic allegory (Shakespearean dialogue? A Fagin-like mentor?) into what could have been a truly fascinating and compelling story of street life. Despite some fine acting, My Own Private Idaho ends up a Fractured Fairy Tale.

—Kirby Holt

Curly Sue: Yet another product from John Hughes' "Films 'R' Us" factory. (His movies are so generic, they should come stamped with a UPC symbol.) This watered-down Paper Moon update stars James "I Would Really Like To Be a Star" Belushi as a would-be con-man and so-cute-you-wanna-uke Alisan Porter as his junior grifter. A mega-bitch lawyer (played by the comically senseless Kelly Lynch) falls into one of their particularly unimaginative scams and ends up taking them in for an extended slumber party. Curly Sue is not only predictable with a capitol P, but diabetics beware: it pours on the sugar-coated sentimentality so thick (Georges Delurue wrote the score, for gosh sakes) that this film could be lethal.

—Holt

tunes

This reporter, who is after all a Lord in his own right, has never had much use for so-called Christian music. You could take all of the cracker Godmongers and their insipid bleatings, from Cristy Lane to Amy Grant and Michael W. Smith, and cast them into a pit of fire and I wouldn't even wince.

But "gospel"—now that's something different. The musical tradition that launched many secular careers (Aretha Franklin, Sam Cooke, Johnnie Taylor, Al Green, and on and on) has, for me, always transcended the simple homilies that it purports to espouse. And the current gospel milieu includes some pretty up-to-date styles—stuff that easily stands alongside its secular counterparts in the "soul/r&b" category.

This begs the question: is it a sin to enjoy the medium but ignore the message? I believe that heathens should not let their non-belief turn them away from acts like BeBe and CeCe Winans, whose most recent album, Different Lifestyles (Capitol), released earlier this year, is a satisfying slice of state-of-the-art soul.

The first single, "Addictive Love" (which last summer dwelled near the top of the R&B charts) presents an unintentionally candid view of religious belief expressed in the terminology of chemical dependency. I don't know if

they thought this one through, but it's still a catchy song. In the same vein is the album's opener, "Depend on You," which is as well-crafted a tune as you'll find on the radio today. And in a pinch, one can easily hear "Searching for Love (It's Real)" as a sensual, Vandross-esque love song instead of a paean to Christ.

But religious messages in music take many forms these days, and this month we find an unlikely acolyte plying the other side of God Street. Prince claims that religion is one of his major themes, and attempts to prove it by including an homage to "Daddy Pop" on his latest work, Diamonds and Pearls (Warners). Luckily, that's pretty much where the reverence ends. Another of Prince's major themes—i.e., sex—permeates most of the rest of this album, for which he shares credit with the New Power Generation, his latest backup band.

D&P has correctly been termed the ultimate Prince party record, but its unrelenting groovosity doesn't smother Prince's more eclectic leanings. The title track, for example, is a lush pop tune, marred only by an unfortunately bombastic instrumental break. On the other hand, the overlong "Strollin'" should have been smothered.

Groove is the raison d'être of the latest single, "Cream," whose verse bears more than a passing resemblance to "Bang a Gong" by T Rex, while the chorus contains perhaps the catchiest hook of the month.

Diamonds and Pearls is no junk jewelry. Take out a loan and buy it right now (but keep in mind this advice comes from one of the eight people who actually liked Lovesexy).

...

For serious metalists, one of the only options is Metallica, whose eponymous (I love record-review jargon) new release continues the tradition of biting (if occasionally heavy-handed) social criticism combined with music best described as the aural equivalent of massaging your brain with a band sander.

Metallica (Elektra) is free of pseudo-Satanism, gothic romance, or "Cherry Pie" sexuality. What's left is gratifyingly coherent, even if the band, whose previous release contained the anti-war epic "One," is now apparently endorsing the Gulf War ("Don't Tread on Me").

No matter. Whatever their exact position on the political spectrum, the boys of Metallica can always be counted on to provoke as they pummel. —Lord Mustapha X. Feinberg

by réy hoffman

CLUB

some people

- Cate Spencer
- Donald Trump
- Chris Estrada
- Larry Gwinn
- Lydia Lunch
- Carolyn Warmus
- Anna Dooling
- Bryan Perry
- Mrs. Butterworth
- Spike Lee
- Pamela Mahoney
- Bill Orován
- Ron Reagan
- Kim Moody
- Chesty Morgan
- Terry Mikelson
- Susie Homemaker
- Bernadette Peters
- Scott Kemp
- Bob Glaub
- Nathan Jones
- Robert Adams!
- Bono
- Vera Panova
- Jeff Olson
- Sabrina the Teenaged Witch
- Zeus
- Gino Bartiletti
- George Lincoln Rockwell
- Vaslav Nijinsky
- Paul Peterson
- Lewis Pizer
- Nina Hagen
- Denise Heap
- Raymond Radigue
- Your Ex-lover
- Ray Rivera
- Walt Richardson
- Frank Baselice
- Marianne Lannan
- Benji

some clowns

- Bozo
- Pennywise
- Boffo
- Smiley
- Hoho
- Clarabelle
- Ladmo
- Fife Symington

oral inter course

by girl

I'm giving up this gossip column jazz. It's too tiring, there's too much to cover. I hate trying to be clever. I'm exhausted, dragging ass over the sordid underbelly (I've always wanted to use that term) of Phoenix nightlife. It's just more than one snifty old queen can stomach. I am instead going to devote this column to a discussion of the latex sex toy collection of Mother Theresa...

Let's start with a Ball: Phoenix is Burning, they called it. Burning and itching would be more like it. Everybody in the universe was there, and they all almost expired from too much fun.

As you may recall, our last extravaganza of this sort was topped off (I would say toppled off, but you'd never forgive me) by a dejected nancy boy performing a flawless grand jété out of a downtown hotel window. It's taken five years for the mascara stains to fade from the sidewalks after *that* little indiscretion, but the Ball is back and in a couple of years we may even be able to comfortably call it a gala.

I arrived too late to enjoy the opening numbers, though I heard that "Vogue" by **Charlie's Country Cloggers** ("Vogue" by *Charlie's Country Cloggers*?) and that *Funny Girl* number featuring every drag queen in Phoenix were dazzling. I did get there in time to insinuate myself upon the runway table of, among others, Sergeant **Frank Salerno** and his lovely wife **John Lipp** (talk about role reversal!); **Carlos Valenzuela**, half of the backup act for **Jack Pruitt's** Madonna; and six others who refused to speak to me because they had to pay thirty-five bucks to sit where I got to sit for free simply because of my media power.

My personal favorite in the "pinch my tit, twist my gender" category was the duo of **Jeff Ofstendahl** and his darling David, who went as mix-and-match boy toys. Jeff stole the show (but not, alas, an award) emerging from the wings in a military dress jacket, charmingly accessorized with white hose and pumps. **Ken** "My Name on Every Street Corner" **Cheuvront** as a priest? **David** "Gimme Gimme Gimme" **Van Virden** as an adjective? **Jack** "Material Girl" **Pruitt** as Madonna? **Kate Searle** as Dr. Beverly Crusher? God, what a night.

Our very own (speak for yourself) **Chez** "Sing It To Me Baby" **Reed** performed a special live number at the close of the obligatory costume contest. What a set of pipes! Mr. **John** "I Know What an Elipse Is" **Bircumshaw** was the ringmaster of this circus, dressed, as far as I could tell, as the ringmaster of a circus. Nice shoes, though.

King of the Ball (these are grownups, here, attending these things) went to **Cowboy David** and his exposed cheeks. Cissy, actual female and bartendress at 307, won the Venus Award, which apparently goes to actual women, presumably based on their proximity to the Rubenesque aesthetic ideal. I am reluctant to announce who took "Queen of the Ball" honors. There was the teeniest, tiniest bitch fight over the accuracy of the balloting and let girl tell you, mopping up after that petite fracas was more than these manicured hands want ever to do again. All's well that ends well, though. **Tad** took the crown as Liza Minnelli, and all three winners are joyfully masturbating to their attractive champagne cooler prizes. Lovely. Really.

I was lunching at Taco Bell (I know. It's cheap and it's bad for you, but so is sex) with my lovely coworker Colleen, when in walks the astonishing **Van Vereen**, famous dancer. Nice butt. All I really want to know, darlinks, is why is he airing his enticing groin in *New Times*?...Social spectacular on the way to *Our Own Private Idaho*! Boy pal Barbara and I were simply trying to absorb some material for our respective **Keanu Reeves** nocturnal fantasies at the Arcadia 8 the other day—who would have dreamed it would turn into a celebifest?! First, to kill time before the show, we ran in to Tower Records to spend some of our surplus gay male income on new tunes. The enchanting **Devina** was there to toss rose petals in our path. A minute later, as we waltzed to the cinema, Babs and I were tossed a filthy epithet by a rabid pack of card-carrying heteros. Hideous and awful! What could I do? I blew them a kiss. We'd scarcely recovered from that

experience when we ran into **Felice Appell Dorgay**. Felice, who is rich for a living (her parents own the Arizona branch of Weight Watchers) informed us that she had just run into the **Stewart Stecklers** of Ex Libris fame coming out of the cinema. Ten seconds later, the Stecklers practically ran us over, gushing all the while about how much they enjoyed Gus Van Sant's new flick. Five seconds later, standing on line for the film, who should saunter over but famous artist **Cecilia Mayer**. She must have been having a bad day—she was on her way to see *Curly Sue*. Two seconds after *that* we were sitting in the lush reclining theater seats when I noticed **Calvin Martin** leering my way, lucky lucky me. Calvin was just aching to tell me how much fun he and his attractive companion had at brunch at the **Dutch Market** (They bring the food to your table so you don't have to use up any valuable calories walking to a buffet. Hey!). Some time dj Calvin has made me a groovy disco dance cassette, excerpted and remixed from all that glorious music he's been accumulating over the past millennium. Anyway, after wiping up from our six mind-expanding vaginal/clitoral orgasms over that yummy Keanu Reeves, Barb and I glided directly into **Brian Stauffer**, design director for *Zone* magazine. He was using the telephone—imagine!

Desperately needing to fortify ourselves after losing all that fluid, we raced to **BS West** for their Burger Bonanza thing. All the beef we could eat for only a dollar a burger, and beer bust too! A half a second after walking in the door we encountered John Lipp and his man-master Frank, now fully recovered from the ball and back to their boring old selves again. Five sixteenths of a second later, Michael, the world's most beautiful barmaid at BS West, took our drink order. (Darlinks, get ready to run to the nearest newsstand: Michael is rumored to be Playgirl's Miss January! Naked gay bartenders from Phoenix!) Exactly two twenty-fifths of a second later, Barbara encountered **Richard X**, famous dancer from the Phoenix Dance Company, who is apparently desperate to bend my poor, dear friend over the nearest pool table and, well, *fuck* him. I saved the evening and my pal Barb by recognizing Richard from—of all places—Odyssey, that Studio 54 of gay teendom in Los Angeles, waaaaay back in the early Eighties. We laughed, we cried, we shared, thus allowing Barb to slip out the back way. Richard's attractive friend Derek is finishing his residency at the Mayo clinic, hoping to discover the world's first hypothalamus enlargement technique.

I thought I was having an acid flashback the other evening, but it turned out that I was at **Farrah's**. Make that Farrah's the Third. Farrah's III. Three Farrah's Three. Farrah's Farrah's Farrah's. There, Ron. You have your name recognition. Now about those cocktails: not much (not *anything!*) has changed since last week when this club was called Phaz, except that some of you actually *go* there now. Mixed crowd: highbrow, lowbrow, toadstools. Magic drag shows. **Jesse Lujan**, who fashions gay publishers out of soft lumps of clay. Lots of homos. Go see...Went to see the Orb perform synth pop at the **Silver Dollar** on Halloween Night. Very *Teenaged*. **Chris Flores**, our dj darlink who was spinning tunes before and after the show, has tapes of his wild workouts available for sale now—*quelle luck!* Find me a fag who wouldn't get off on a Flores dance cassette, I dare you. Anyhow, the show was a groove, really and truly a groove, but not worth missing **Sandra Bernhardt** over. I heard **Madonna** was in the audience at Sandy's show, and afterward the pair dined fashionable at **AZ 88**. I hate my life...Start a gossip column and the gossip comes to you! I had the unbelievable honor of watching Mr. Arizona Nice, **Rex Allen**, bawl out a Circle K clerk for directing him to the wrong aisle. "Dammit, I want the coffee in the *can*, not the kind you drink!" "Scuse me, Mister Allen...**Frank Baseline** and his lovely lady friend Norbert don't usually require an excuse to crawl around a bar, pulling each other's hair out, but this time they were impersonating Dynasty mavens Alexis and Krystal, so it all seemed so charming (*Nice dress, Frank. —Ed.*)...I forgot to ask **Bob Hegyi's Ragtime Disco Band** what they think of Freddy, **Trax's** current dj in residence. Shake those tambourines, fellas...**Robert Miley**: "And then I...and then I...and then I...and then I..."...**Thomas "Straight Boy" Houlon** went into **Nasty Habits** with the girl he is dating these days. Nice way to lose a girlfriend. Or become one!...I understand that *Echo* editor **Ellen Kalchik** hates it when his name is spelled wrong...**Timothy Moore** is from Iowa...Well, darlinks, little girl is exhausted after all this reportage. It's time for a cucumber facial, a hot oil massage and a nice, big, high colonic. One last word: In my line of work, I'm naturally going to make a few enemies: those of you who get left out of this column, and those who get left in. Just remember, before you mail that letter bomb to my long-suffering publisher: I'm doing this for you. I'm doing this for the world. And if everybody hates me, then you all have something in common.

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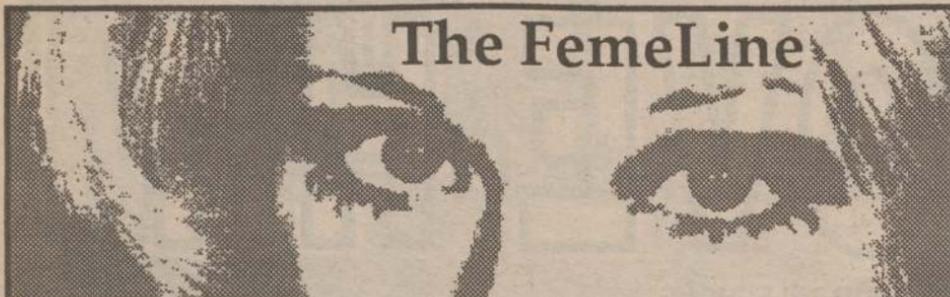
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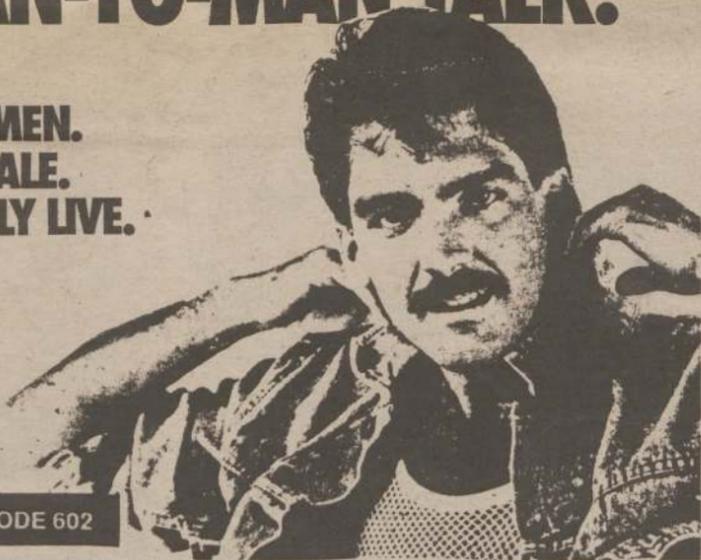
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