

R

E S O U R C E



QUEERS & ARTISTS

AIDS REFERRAL

AGAPE Network
PO Box 15826
Phoenix 85060

AIDS Information Line
234-2752

Arizona AIDS Project
919 N 1st St
Phoenix 85004
420-9396

CAMPA/MALTA
297 E Monterey
Phoenix 85012
230-1881

Community AIDS Council
PO Box 32903
Phoenix 85064
265-2437

Community Care Center
333 E Virginia #117
Phoenix 85004
340-1111

Flagstaff AIDS Outreach
PO Box 183
Flagstaff 86002
525-1199

Gay Men's Sex Project
c/o CAC
265-AIDS

The Names Project
PO Box 82111
Phoenix 85071

Phoenix Shanti Group
1314 E McDowell
Phoenix 85006
271-0008

Planned Parenthood
5651 N 7th St
Phoenix 85014
George: 277-PLAN

Sedona AIDS Group
c/o Flagstaff AIDS Outreach
525-1199

Valley of the Sun Coalition for PWAs
PO Box 16847
Phoenix 85011

Veterans Administration
HIV Coordinator & Educator: Lee Hood
277-5551 ext 7182

Volunteers in Direct Aid
PO Box 5689
Phoenix 85011
938-3932

ORGANIZATIONS

Adult Children of Alcoholics
963-0984

Alanon
6829 N 21st Ave
Phoenix 85015
249-1257

Alcoholics Anonymous
Gay Group Listings
4602 N 7th St
Phoenix 85014
264-1341

American Gay Atheists
Phoenix Chapter
3003 N Central Ave
Ste 121 Box 211
Phoenix 85012
264-7432

EAGLE (US West)
PO Box 36702
Phoenix 85067
351-5463

Feminist and Lesbian Activist Coalition
967-2570

Gay Alliance of Northern Arizona
PO Box 183
Flagstaff 86002
525-1199

Gay and Lesbian Discussion Group
870-9597

Gay and Lesbian Seniors
241-1604

Lesbian and Gay Academic Union
Arizona State University
Tempe 85287
968-3703

Lesbian and Gay Community Switchboard
234-2752

Lesbian/Gay Public Awareness Project
PO Box 60881
Phoenix 85082
994-2100

Parents and Friends of Lesbians and Gays
PO Box 37525
Phoenix 85064
949-9152
AIDS Related:
939-7807

Phoenix Gay Youth Group
PO Box 1075
Mesa 85211
897-8989

Phoenix Pride Planning Committee
631-0350

Relationship Discussion Group
870-9597

The Women's Center
PO Box 26031
Tempe 85282
275-9148
924-2358

SOCIAL ORGANIZATIONS

Arizona Power Exchange
5821 N. 67th Ave
Ste 103-276
Glendale 85301
848-8737

Arizona Rangers
PO Box 13074
Phoenix 85002

Arizona Wranglers
c/o Cash Inn
244-9943

Copperstate Leathermen
PO Box 44051
Phoenix 85064

Couples of Arizona
PO Box 7144
Phoenix 85011
631-0657

Desert Adventures
PO Box 2008
Phoenix 85001
957-3476

Desert Valley Squares
PO Box 34615
Phoenix 85067
968-7184

Hedonistic Hardcore Hikers
PO Box 9751
Phoenix 85068

Lesbian Breakfast Club
278-1869

Los Amigos Del Sol
PO Box 27335
Phoenix 85061
843-1329

Our Gang Bowling League
PO Box 62971
Phoenix 85082
468-0334

Southwest Men at Large
PO Box 25951
Tempe 85285

Town and Country Social Club
849-4544

PROFESSIONAL ORGANIZATIONS

Arizona Gay Rodeo Association
PO Box 16363
Phoenix 85011
938-3932

Camelback Business and Professional Association
PO Box 2097
Phoenix 85001
266-7202

Desert Overture
PO Box 16454
Phoenix 85011
997-4373

Professional Women's Network
PO Box 2970
Apache Junction
85217

Team Arizona
PO Box 5950
Phoenix 85010
968-4375

Valley Career Women
PO Box 33393
Phoenix 85067
242-8906

POLITICAL ACTION

AIDS Coalition To Unleash Power
PO Box 13274
Phoenix 85002
433-4966

Arizonans for Gay and Lesbian Civil Rights
956-6284

Arizona Committee For Progress
PO Box 40374
Phoenix 85067

Coalition For Immediate Action
PO Box 33233
Phoenix 85067
246-8277

Arizona Democratic Party
254-4179

Arizona Republican Party
957-7770

ARTSPACE

Alwon House
1204 E Roosevelt
Phoenix 85004
253-7887

ATTORNEYS

Powell and Russo
15648 N 35th Ave
Suite C-112
Phoenix 85023
843-5993

Roger Rea
3601 N 7th Ave
Suite B
Phoenix 85014
248-7921

TRAVEL

Firsttravel
5150 N 7th St
Phoenix 85014
266-0566

Leonard's Travel
Lewis Pizer
820 E Indian Schl
Phoenix 85014
274-2893

ACCOUNTING

CamelWest Income Tax Service
PO Box 11194
Phoenix 85061
841-5414

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Realty Executives
David Atkins
1819 E. Morton #100
Phoenix 85020
997-7324
266-0479

Blue Ribbon Realty
Mario Romero
7330 N. 16th St. A120
Phoenix 85020
263-9696
252-4191

Century 21
Richard Larsen
8910 N Central
Phoenix 85020
943-7252

LIVING SPACE

Gay Roommate Service
938-3932

Royal Villa Apartments
1102 E Turney
Phoenix 85014
266-6883

Westways Bed and Bath
PO Box 41624
Phoenix 85080
582-3868

TYPESETTING

Etienne Type Shop
PO Box 17298
Phoenix 85011
788-5442

WORD PROCESSING

Diversified Data Designs
PO Box 33233
Phoenix 85067
246-8277

MASSAGE

Larry Gwinn
Metro Phoenix
971-5009

Massage Connection
456 W Main
Tempe 85201
833-7207

HAIR STYLING

Eric Bustamante
Top of the Mark
7001 E Main St
Scottsdale 85251
945-7008

Rare Bears Barber Styling
6215 N Central
Phoenix 85014
274-4570

The Tivoli
6166 N Scottsdale
Scottsdale 85253
991-6999

FLORISTS

Arcadia Flowers
4835 E Indian Schl
Phoenix 85008
840-3750

Briarwood Floral Design
6202 N 7th St
Phoenix 85014
264-2922

BOOKSHOPS

Alternatives
4428 N. 19th Ave.
Phoenix 85015
274-9120

Changing Hands Bookstore
414 S Mill
Tempe 85281

Humanspace Books
1617 N 32nd St
Phoenix 85008
220-4419

Metropophobobia
128 E. Taylor
Phoenix 85002
255-0668

FRAMING

The Framing Center
2701 N 24th St
Phoenix 85006
957-0877

Premiere Frame and Picture Gallery
1441 N 27th Ln
Phoenix 85009
484-0565

RETAIL

EuroMarket
5017 N Central
Phoenix 85012
252-EURO

Parr of Arizona Custom Swimwear
4532 N 7th St
Phoenix 85014
230-2133

Tuff Stuff Leather
1714 E McDowell
Phoenix 85006
254-9651

SPIRITUAL ORGANIZATIONS

Churches

Casa de Cristo
1029 E Turney
Phoenix 85014
265-2831

First Unitarian Universalist
4027 E Lincoln
Paradise Valley 85253
840-8400

Gentle Shepherd
3425 E Mountain
Phoenix 85046
996-7644

Healing Waters Ministries
225 N. University #105
Tempe 85281
894-8681

Oasis MCC
2405 E Coronado
Phoenix 85008
275-3534

Restoration Church of Jesus Christ
1-800-677-RCJC

Social Groups

Affirmation
Gay Mormons
PO Box 26601
Tempe 85285
396-6950

Brethren Mennonites Council
PO Box 5613
Glendale 85312

Dignity/Integrity
Episcopal and Roman Catholics
PO Box 21091
Phoenix 85036
258-2556

Lutherans Concerned
PO Box 7519
Phoenix 85011
870-3611

Mishpachat Am
PO Box 7731
Phoenix 85011
966-5001

Presbyterians for Lesbian and Gays
275-0506

New Age Worship

Goddess Womyn's Network
PO Box 17312
Phoenix 85011
258-2388

House of the Dawn
2141 E Palm Ln
Phoenix 85008
267-1203

Mecca Center
424 E Colter
Phoenix 85012

Moon Goddess Coven
PO Box 48918
Phoenix 85075

BARS

Mixed

Cash Inn
2120 E McDowell
244-9943

Foster's
4343 N 7th Ave
263-8313

G.B.'s Rendezvous
4132 E McDowell
275-3509

JC's Fun One
5542 N 43rd Ave
939-0528

Little Jim's 307
222 E Roosevelt
252-0001

Marlys'
15615 N Cave Crk
867-2463

Preston's
4102 E Thomas Rd
224-5778

Wink's
5707 N 7th St
265-9002

Women

Incognito
2424 E Thomas
955-9805

Nasty Habits
3108 E McDowell
267-8707

Talk of the Town
4301 N 7th Ave
248-0065

Men

Bobby's
1810 E McDowell
258-9477

BS West
7125 5th Ave
Scottsdale
945-9028

Cattleman's Exchange
138 W Camelback
266-0875

Charlie's
727 W Camelback
265-0224

Cruisin' Central
1011 N Central
253-3376

Durango's
1517 S Black Canyon Hwy
271-9011

Pház
155 W. Camelback
Phoenix 85013
274-8505

Levi/Leather

Apollo's
5749 N 7th St
277-9373

Bum Steer
4620 N 7th Ave
279-3033

Nutowne
5002 E Van Buren
267-9959

Trax
1724 E McDowell
254-0231

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CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 838,
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name
(Please print or write plainly)

Address

City..... State.....

Check here if under 16 for Booklet A

On the cover: Larry "Buster" Crabbe covered the Muscle Beach front in 1933. The "SM" stands for Santa Monica. Really. Courtesy Film Guild Photos, Inc.

during the four-
year existence
of *Resource's*

current political

column, the name

Pat Buchanan has

cropped up at

regular intervals.

Buchanan, one of

the nation's best

known conservative

commentators, has

routinely expressed

his negative views of

homosexuality and

lesbian/gay political

activism. Probably

his most famous

pronouncement

came during the

early 1980s, when

he characterized the

AIDS crisis as

"nature's awful

retribution" against

"unnatural" gay

sexual practices.

by Don Slutes

Selections from the Buchanan file

Pat Patrol

Buchanan's conservative pedigree is impressive. He served as a speech writer to both Richard Nixon and Spiro Agnew during the Nixon Administration and is credited for concocting some of the "dirty tricks" the Nixon campaign used during the 1972 election season. He also spent time as White House communications director during Ronald Reagan's presidency. Before he announced his own candidacy for president of the United States, Buchanan was a regular on at least three issue-oriented talk shows, including CNN's "Crossfire" and "The McLaughlin Group" on PBS.

With now-candidate Buchanan at his influential zenith, I thought it might be fun to take a look back at the material he has provided for this column. Remember, as you read these excerpts: This guy is apparently serious about being president; if not this year, maybe in 1996 (he had reportedly considered a run in 1988). He fancies himself the true heir to Reagan, and as such, will not likely go away anytime soon, even if he abandons his presidential aspirations. In fact, his recent success at humiliating George Bush in this year's early presidential primaries will only enhance his reputation as well as his claim to be the leader of the right wing.

June 24, 1988

...The contents of [Adm. James] Watkins' [presidential AIDS commission] report have been known for some time, and they have already stirred plenty of controversy. Most centers on the recommendations that stiff penalties be meted out to people who discriminate against or publicize the names of AIDS patients and HIV carriers....

[Unlike some other conservatives,] columnist (and "Crossfire" combatant) Pat Buchanan accepts the disease's epidemic proportions—in fact, it practically throws him into a tizzy—but he takes a different tack. Buchanan characterizes Watkins's measures as unenforceable and "foolish." True, potential framers of such legislation would have to give considerable thought to issues of liability and enforcement. But Buchanan's main point stems from the idea that drug abusers and gay men would be covered

by anti-discrimination laws only after they get sick, but not before, and that such a situation would be absurd. What's absurd is that gay men and drug abusers don't start out with the same rights as everyone else....

"Size Queen," Oct. 14, 1988

...[Buchanan's] latest salvo [against the lesbian/gay community] came in a recent column that brought together the findings of New York City AIDS researchers and the thesis of a new book by Edward W. Eichel, a New York psychotherapist and former associate of famed sex researcher Alfred Kinsey. Buchanan's point? He claims that the proportion of lesbians and gay men in society at large has been vastly overestimated....

Buchanan [promotes] Edward Eichel, who challenges the 10 percent rule in a soon-to-be-released book tentatively titled *Kinsey, Sex & Fraud*. Kinsey's biased research methods, Eichel explains, skewed his results. In fact, he says, the proportion of homosexuals in society at large is much smaller than 10 percent; it's probably closer to 2 percent. Unfortunately, Buchanan fails to mention whether Eichel hinted at Kinsey's motive for exaggerating the presence of homosexuality in society.

But Buchanan's motive is plain: It stems from his personal distaste for homosexuality in general, and lesbian/gay rights in particular. If lesbians and gay men represent only 2 percent of the population, he surmises, what claim do they have to any substantial political clout? Eichel's book, Buchanan writes, "may blow the sewer cap off Dr. Kinsey's monumental reputation, re-establish homosexuality as a 1-in-50 aberration, [and] expose the gay rights movement as a paper tiger...."

...Buchanan fails as a social scientist. He neglects crucial variables: the repression that turns many away from their true sexual leanings; the lack of any reliable outward "signs" of homosexuality. He also ignores the mounting evidence in nature that homosexual behavior is a universal phenomenon.

Buchanan asserts that politicians who court lesbian/gay support may be

victims of fraud, that lesbians and gay men make up too small a minority to bother with. It's possible, I suppose, that Pat Buchanan could ferret out a statistical sham, but even so, his contention that a minority group must be of a certain size in order to receive equal consideration is the biggest lie.

**"In Defense of Intolerance,"
April 27, 1990**

The "hate crimes" backlash is upon us.

Congress recently passed the Hate Crimes Statistics Act, which instructs the Justice Department to keep track of violent crimes stemming from prejudice—based on race, religion, sexual orientation, etc....

...Until the Hate Crimes act, the federal government had never lumped the protected classes together so explicitly. Gay activists called it progress.

But progress of this sort bothers people like Pat Buchanan.... Every four months or so Buchanan he takes a swipe at the rabid, voracious homosexual lobby, which, he fears, wields far too much influence—to the detriment of American society. For him, collecting statistics on anti-gay violence not only confers legitimacy on gay rights, which is bad enough, but also immunizes gay activists from answering for their own forms of terrorism. Buchanan, a

Catholic, was especially concerned about a recent ACT-UP demonstration against New York's Cardinal O'Connor.

Under the new law, Buchanan wrote, "...defacing a synagogue with swastikas qualifies as a hate crime, [while] the homophobic assault on St. Patrick's Cathedral, where sodomites desecrated the host at communion, would not." In addition to coining the nonsensical term "homofascist," Buchanan's reasoning characteristically went awry. While painting swastikas on a synagogue is obviously a deliberate, hate-filled assault on the sensibilities of all Jews, the demonstration at St. Patrick's was not aimed at rank-and-file Catholics, but rather at one man and his policies.

Buchanan's real message, however, isn't centered on his fear of gay activism, but on the whole concept of tracking "hate crimes" itself. "One motive for sifting out from the data, crimes against homosexuals, blacks, etc., is to bolster the big lie that the United States is *Amerika*, i.e., a nation where fascism and white racism are rampant"....

Prejudice-based violence is not a myth, it's a daily reality. Buchanan ... may want to believe that America is not riven with racism and sexism, that the problem is not significant enough for federal scrutiny, but [he is] kidding [himself].

Critics [of hate crimes legislation] have become fairly

intoxicated with indignation. If the Justice Department fulfills its mandate, perhaps the resulting statistics will sober them up.

"Can't Stand Pat," Oct. 11, 1991

...[Buchanan] has loudly supported every draconian and reactionary AIDS policy proposal that has come down the pike. His recurring theme, which is repeated by plenty of others in and out of government, goes something like this: the "homosexual lobby" screams loudly for more funds for AIDS research, while continually thwarting any realistic effort to combat the disease, like mandatory testing. It's a compelling paradox for those unfamiliar with the subject. And Buchanan, who is either an idiot or a demagogue, leaps upon the seeming contradiction with zeal, pointing it out at every opportunity. In fact, many conservatives now take it as gospel that the gay lobby is huge and powerful and has successfully frightened off Congress from doing anything to deal honestly with this particular health crisis.

Of course, the "gay lobby" isn't quite as monolithic as we've been told; in fact, it's always in danger of splintering. But it's true that these two items are at the core of its AIDS agenda: demanding more money for AIDS research (which will ultimately benefit all types of medical research); and fighting punitive laws that would strip people of their rights....

Universal, mandatory testing is a real bad idea for other reasons, of course—the test's chief flaw is that it doesn't report a positive until long after initial infection—but it is the potential fallout of such a policy that causes AIDS activists to balk. Their agenda, then, makes perfect sense: it only strives to protect people with AIDS, both their lives and their rights. We shouldn't remain silent when the influential Buchanan, who cares for neither, tries to infect the debate.

**"A Myth is as Good as a Mile,"
Nov. 22, 1991**

...Despite his fame on the court, very little was known about [Magic] Johnson's personal life.... Besides, it is thought to be extremely difficult for a man to acquire HIV through strictly heterosexual contact. In this vein, arch-conservative political commentator and potential presidential candidate Pat Buchanan reminded viewers of "The McLaughlin Group" on the day after the announcement that AIDS is *not* a heterosexual disease. He didn't come right out and say that Magic, the pop icon, must be gay, but the implication was clear, as it was in Buchanan's newspaper column which appeared a few days later. In the column, Buchanan compared Johnson's situation with that of Wilt Chamberlain, who claims in his autobiography to have slept

with at least 20,000 women. Buchanan wrote, "That Wilt himself does not have the virus ... underscores the point: AIDS does discriminate. All the trendy propaganda aside, we are not all equally at risk." (Buchanan's obsession with homosexuality has often fueled speculation about his own—possibly repressed—sexual nature. However, these rumors were undoubtedly put to rest by that same "McLaughlin Group" broadcast, on which Buchanan appeared wearing the ugliest tie I've seen on television since 1977.)

However, in the two weeks since the announcement, we have learned (or been led to believe) more about Johnson's sexual habits than we knew in the previous 12 years. A chorus of latent Magic-bashers has developed around the revelation by *USA Today* sports writer Peter Vescey that Johnson reveled to excess in the (hetero)sexual rewards afforded to famous athletes. Johnson himself now somewhat sheepishly admits to a bountiful bachelorhood. Meanwhile, the latest surge of AIDS news in the media has included statistics from Africa, where AIDS infection patterns imply that HIV is just as easily spread via heterosexual contact. Despite what Buchanan believes and has written, many heterosexual Americans now perceive a real threat...

...

The hows and whys of Patrick Buchanan's apparent obsession with homosexuality are topics better suited to a psychological profile. (Meanwhile, historians can mull the parallels between Pat Buchanan and the U.S. president who shared his name: James Buchanan, a lifelong bachelor.) And while his thin anti-gay arguments are easily pierced, their existence nonetheless gives refuge to others who seek to oppress us. His presence and relative success on the presidential stage, according to political pundits, will force George Bush to the right. Already, Bush has seen the need to fire John Frohnmayer as director of the National Endowment for the Arts. (Frohnmayer, who raised conservative hackles with the NEA patronage of Robert Mapplethorpe, et al., had been targeted by Buchanan ads spuriously challenging the Bush Administration's sponsorship of smut. The ads failed to mention that most of the offending material, including Mapplethorpe's, had been sponsored under the watch of Buchanan's idol, Ronald Reagan.) Buchanan himself may not prove to be a threat to our community—only because he stands no chance of becoming president. But his influence on George Bush's ultimate direction bears watching.



JAMES BUCHANAN.

JUDAS.

What's in a name? Dead President James Buchanan was labeled a Judas during his turbulent term of office. The text accompanying this drawing reads, "(Buchanan) was elected President by fraud and trickery! Under his administration the Treasury was robbed! Duplicity and cowardice marked his career! ...He lives to be pointed at with the finger of scorn...and will go down to his grave unlamented!" Sketch courtesy of the Library of Congress.

Ray Waldman is staring at his shoes. He's been staring at them for a long time. He hasn't spoken in nearly twenty minutes. Finally, he looks up. He leans in close, conspiratorially. He's ready to talk.

"Let me tell you why no one sees my work anymore," he says. "Let me *tell* you. It's because I don't *want* people to see it. It's my stuff and I'm sick of other people looking at it."

The "stuff" Waldman refers to is his artwork: aggressive, sometimes violent paintings, photography and sculpture. Waldman hasn't shown his work for nearly four years, mostly because of its misinterpretation by what he calls "stupid asshole art critics."

"I'm tired of explaining my stuff to people," Waldman says, cradling his head in his hands. "I decided last year that if I had to talk to one more...stupid sissy art critic, I was going to pack it in and go back to baking sticky buns at Just Desserts."

Ask Ray Waldman why he's chosen to break his artistic silence with a new series of paintings, and he stares at you blankly, refusing to answer. Ask him about his lousy attitude about homosexuals, and he responds at once.

"I attribute my attitude to a single personality trait," he explains. "I am a fucking asshole."

Control is very important to Ray Waldman. He thrives on it, he will tell you. His paintings and photography are based in control, he says.

Waldman does not employ an agent, preferring to handle his own business affairs. He alone decides where his art will show, and which pieces will be exhibited.

Before a writer can interview him, Waldman must interview the writer. Although he does not have a traditional "press book"—standard fare for most artists who tour with their work—Waldman sends out a list of things he will not discuss: his girlfriend, his rumored affair with a man, his piss art.

No matter. Eventually, Waldman gets around to discussing all of these subjects. And more. Because the only thing Ray Waldman likes more than urinating on stretched canvases and trashing art critics is talking about doing these things.

"Yeah," he'll finally admit, "I peed on my paintings." He's referring to Piss Art 87, a series of watercolors he created in the late Eighties.

"I keep telling people—*writers*—that I don't want to talk about Piss Art, that it's behind me now, part of my past. But it's all anyone ever wants to talk about."

This reporter included. Why, I want to know, did he

RAY WALDMAN PISSES ON ART

New York City's
foremost chronicler
of sickness
talks trash

"Listen," he says, "Saying whether or not somebody likes gays or blacks or Puerto Ricans is like saying *nothing*. It's stupid, and I refuse to take part in it."

"I have this friend, a gay guy, and we spend a lot of time together. When I'm in L.A. I crash at his pad. He flies out to see me. And everyone *knows* we're fucking each

by Louis Clemente

other. My friends ask me all the time, 'Are you fucking that guy?' And I tell them no. I tell my old lady I'm not fucking him. And not one of them believes me.

"But you know what? I don't care. I'm the only one who'll ever know. He's not saying, and I might be lying. I love screwing people around like that. I like having that control over people."

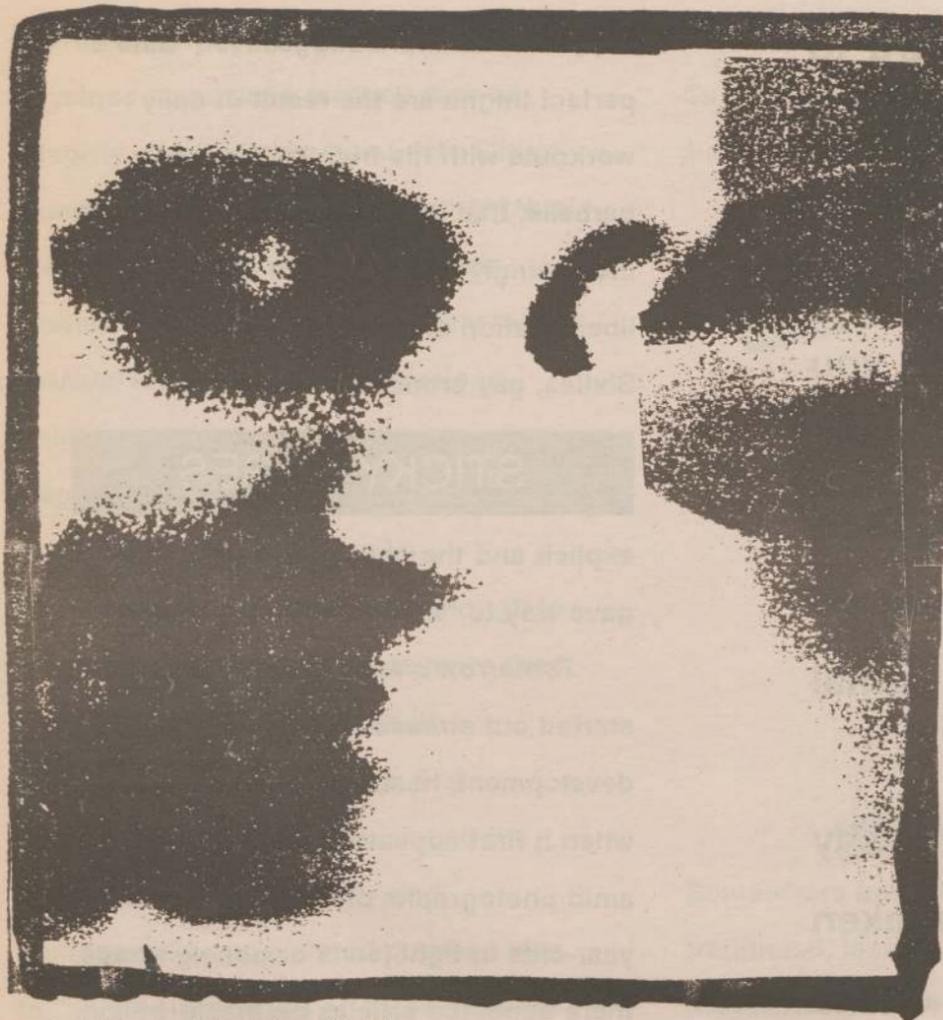
choose that particular...*medium*?

"I didn't do it for any deep, meaningful reason," Waldman says. "Why does everything have to have a fucking reason? I peed on my paintings because I peed on my paintings."

This fucking asshole sissy arts writer isn't buying Waldman's bull. Finally, he fesses up.

"Maybe I wanted to say that there's more to art than just making pretty pictures. I wanted to put something real into my paintings. They were about the insides of people, the part none of us ever wants to acknowledge. I put part of my insides into my art."

Waldman has achieved some acclaim showing off his insides. His work has been exhibited in prestigious East Coast galleries, and he's a mainstay in San Francisco's Mission district, where his work-in-progress, "Disease of



Self Portrait by Ray Waldman.

Our Children," was displayed for nearly two years.

"Disease of Our Children" is a photo essay culled from Waldman's three-year stint as a photographer for *National Geographic*. He worked as a field photographer for the magazine from 1983-86, despite the fact that, prior to obtaining the job, he'd never handled an SLR camera before.

"I wanted to go to places like the Amazon, where I could photograph diseased, starving people. What other job could I get that would pay me to do that?"

So Waldman created a phony resume, complete with bogus references and a list of photojournalism awards he'd "won." *National Geographic* offered him the job.

"It was the most liberating experience I'll probably ever have," Waldman says. "I got closer to dying and sickness and brought it back to my art."

Much of Waldman's work deals with disease, which the artist sees as a representation of truth.

"You can't deny disease," he says. "and eventually, you can't deny the truth. But we're always trying to hide truths about ourselves. The idea behind 'Disease of Our Children' is that people hide parts of themselves."

Waldman's newest paintings deal with specific diseases and mutations "which are visible and undeniable," he says.

The centerpiece of Waldman's new work is "Polyp," a crowded, murky watercolor splashed with lacquer.

"A polyp is a little growth that you get on your intestine or your asshole," Waldman explains. "I think that just

about describes society: It's kind of like a little growth on your buttole."

That's as close as Waldman gets to discussing his art during the course of our brief interview. Waldman explains, "Interpreting art is like jerking off. And if you don't mind, I'd rather not jerk off in your presence."

Waldman won't talk about his art, but he'll tell stories that appear to be vaguely related to it. Like the one about the cockroaches.

"I was living in New York in the early Eighties," he says, "and the place I was staying at was infested with cockroaches. Hell, all of New York is infested with cockroaches.

"Anyway, I was working on some paintings, really textural things. I was using flour to thicken up my paint. And the cockroaches were laying their eggs in my flour and paint mixtures."

Waldman is warming to his story; he's pacing now, smiling, running his hands through his thinning hair.

"I was doing some trading with other artists at that time, people I knew in the District and like that. And so some of them ended up with these paintings, and after awhile the roach eggs started to hatch."

Waldman is laughing. "I infested about a dozen people's



Polyp, acrylic and lacquer on paper.

homes with sewer roaches!" he crows, obviously pleased with himself.

"That," he says, "is art."

"New Paintings" by Ray Waldman will be on exhibit through April 10 at Scottsdale Cultural Exchange, 11686 N. 89th Place. Call 495-1881 for gallery hours and more information.

In the Fifties and Sixties, gay fuckbooks were hard to come by. Pornography had been around for centuries, but gay smut magazines were an underground affair in squeaky clean post-World War II America. If you wanted a full-color photo spread of GI Joe porking a private, you bought it through the mail and you paid a mean price.

Today, porn magazines are available at friendly neighborhood newsstands. Thirty years ago, gay men made do with muscle magazines that better illustrated their carnal interests than any form of physical fitness.

These “physical culture” magazines featured fleshy and provocative photos of near-naked men, often taken by such renowned photographers as Bob Mizer of the Athletic Model Guild or Don Whitman of the Western Photographic Guild. Published under the then-necessary pretense of championing physical fitness and good health, these thinly-disguised jerk-off books included perfunctory statistics on the model’s body measurements—chest, waist, biceps—as well as occasional articles on fitness, bodybuilding, and good sleeping habits.

Adonis, first published in 1951, was subtitled “The Art Magazine of the Male Physique.” This early effort posed as a fitness rag “dedicated to man’s desire to improve his face and figure.” *Adonis* featured muscular young models in posing straps, or sometimes completely nude but photographed only from the back.

In 1958, *Adonis* and its sister publication, *Body Beautiful*, were combined to create a single magazine, *The Young Physique*. By the mid-Sixties, *Young Physique* was becoming more and more openly gay. The model

copy became more suggestive (“Gino’s perfect thighs are the result of daily workouts with his friends—on the barbells, that is!”) and the photo layouts increasingly campier. With the liberalization of attitudes in the late Sixties, gay erotica became more

STICKY PAGES

explicit and the physique magazines gave way to “hardcore” photo rags.

Tomorrow’s Man, for example, started out stressing muscular development, health and self-discipline when it first appeared in 1952. Soon, amid photographs of beautiful eighteen-year-olds in tight jeans or posing straps, there appeared articles on masturbation, circumcision, and other sexual matters.

According to Leigh Rutledge in *The Gay Fireside Companion*, a legal disclaimer appeared in each issue of *Tomorrow’s Man* which established the magazine’s standards. “From time to time we receive requests asking for information on where nude or undraped photos can be obtained,” the disclaimer read. “In answer, TM wants these facts to be known: The sale or publication of such materials is unlawful and anyone dealing in it is liable to punishment by

BY PERRY SHURTZ

law. TM is therefore unable to advise anyone on the sources or availability of such material.”

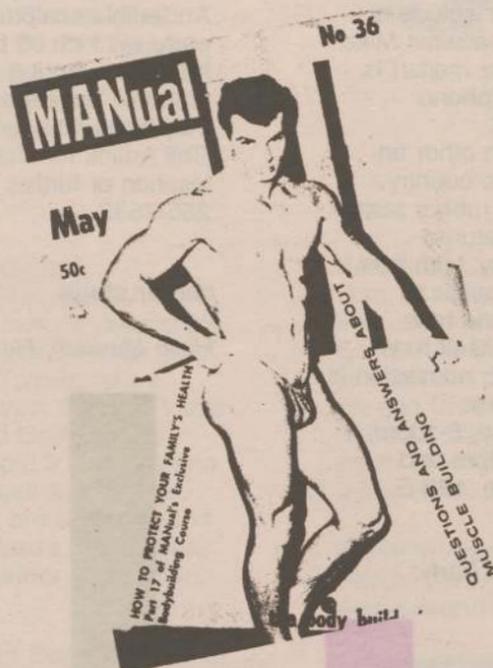
According to Rutledge, “this disclaimer could sometimes be found right next to ads touting ‘private’ photo sets of some of the magazine’s most popular models.”

Vim, “The Magazine for Vigorous Living,” disdained such overtly gay

overtones, often criticizing other physique magazines for their lack of integrity. On the other hand, late-Fifties muscle books such as *Trim* and *MANual* pressed the issue by showing their models in G-strings or completely nude. *MANual* really pushed the envelope: Unlike most of the other physique magazines of the day, it often showed pubic hair in its photographs.

If rampant pubes weren't enough to tip off readers that there was more than weight lifting going on beneath *MANual's* oozy text, *Champ*, first published in 1960, quickly closed the gap between homogeneity and homosex. *Champ's* stated purpose was to "awaken the youth of America to the importance and need of developing a

format gave way to magazines like *Go Guys*, an early gay muscle book first published in the spring of 1963.



Somewhere between the more traditional, less revealing physique magazines of the Fifties and the slick, totally explicit gay magazines of today, *Go Guys* featured multi-page layouts highlighting two or three models in mildly erotic "stories"—usually depicting wrestling matches or trips to the beach. The gay content was more explicit in *Go Guys*, although it was still cloaked in comedy and sarcasm. A mostly-nude locker room shot featuring a pair of sweaty muscle studs staring into one another's eyes might be captioned, "No, Chuck! The Coach says we're to get our exercise by *hiking*."

Go Guys really made its mark with explicit gay content. Alongside the usual photo layouts were explicit gay cartoons, fashion layouts, travel tips, and gay history lessons on famous artists and writers. In one sense, *Go Guys* was the last of the sexy, surreptitious jack-off books, and its replacement by books like *Muscles à Go-Go* marked the end of an era.

Featuring model layouts under such titles as "He's Butch!" and "Oh Mary,

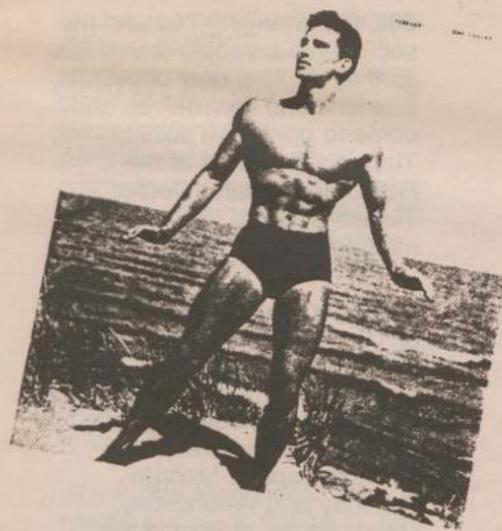
They're Hairy!" *Muscles à Go-Go* bridged the gap once and for all between the covert "fitness" rags of the previous decade and the blatantly sexual magazines that would proliferate through the Sixties. *Muscles* predated slick, commercial sex rags like *Drummer* and *Inches*, and was the final chapter in the fitness-magazine-as-blue-book saga.

Today's muscle man magazines are, for the most part, as heterosexual as any Condé Nast publication. You're more likely to find recipes for Tofu Burgers and articles about the importance of rest and nutrition than sexy swimsuit spreads.

But the spirit of Fifties "fitness" magazines has survived. Today, in magazines like *Muscle Fitness* and *Physique*, muscle-bound hunks in posing straps occasionally cavort among the dunes. And almost every photo layout in *Power Man* features a pair of rippling studs sweating over various weight machines.

They're "spotting" each other, the magazine's text assure us. How physically fit of them.

Muscles à Go-Go



sound body."

That it did. *Champ* not only featured the usual photographs of handsome young men in posing straps, but also showcased the original drawings of several early gay artists. These drawings often had little to do with bodybuilding or physical fitness, but were among some of the first contemporary gay erotic art to be published on a wide scale.

Champ's tawdry, closer-to-gay

Research material and artwork courtesy of The Gay Fireside Companion by Leigh W. Rutledge. Published by Alyson Publications. Copyright ©1989 by Leigh W. Rutledge.

art smart

Radix Gallery: "New Work" by artist Mel Roman is now on display. Roman's wall-mounted and freestanding sculptures are created from partial photographs, drawings, collage paintings and memorabilia encased in twisted shards of plexiglas. Through March 28. Hours: Noon to 5pm Tuesday through Saturday. 1429 N. First St. 256-9252.

Alwun House: "Altar Nativas," an exhibition of body altars (described as "temples of the soul") is on exhibit March 19 to April 1. Artist's Reception 8pm Saturday, March 21 with

Metropophobia: In conjunction with local poetry rag The Journal of Sister Moon, this ultra-cool bookstore/coffee house/artspace will host the International Erotic Mail Art Show and Networker's Congress. This all-day and evening event will include a presentation by mailartist Mike Miskowski on what mailart is, as well as live vidphone hookups and FAX transmissions with other art spaces around the country. Demonstration of rubber stamp art will also be featured throughout the day, with free materials for the public to experiment with and take home. The show itself runs March 22-April 12; admission is free. Regular hours: Wednesday-Friday, 5-10pm; Saturday noon-10pm and Sunday noon-6pm. 128 E. Taylor. 255-0668.

Art Detour Kickoff Party:

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entertainment and refreshments. \$2 donation; members free. Gallery hours: Tuesday-Friday, 12-6pm. 1204 E. Roosevelt. 253-7887.

Elaine Horwitch Galleries: "Path of Time" features paintings, drawings, and large format photographs by Masoud Yasami. Through April 4. 4211 N. Marshall Way, Scottsdale. 945-0791.

Leslie Levy Fine Art: "Modern Masters of Figurative Painting and Drawing," a large invitational exhibit through March 31. 7141 Main St. 947-0937.

ArtLink, Inc. will present its annual downtown tour of Phoenix artspaces and studios April 3, 4 and 5. This free, self-guided tour features work by more than 250 artists at more than 35 downtown locations. Patriots Park is ArtLink headquarters, where visitors can find programs, maps, T-shirts, symposium tickets, information on "Mystery Galleries" and the juried



exhibition. Visitors can catch "art buses" that will take them to all participating artspaces; buses will run from 11am to 6pm Friday, Saturday, and Sunday and 6pm to midnight on Saturday, during after hours exhibitions, and performances. An "edible sculpture" cocktail party will kick off the weekend on Friday, April 3 from 5:30-8:30pm. Tickets are \$20 and may be purchased at the door. Call Artlink for kickoff party location or further information: 256-7539.

center stage

Hello Muddah, Hello Fadduh:

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The hilarious musical revue based on the songs of Allan Sherman will reprise its sellout Herberger engagement at the beautiful new Playhouse on the Park in the Dial Corporate Center at Central and Palm Lane, in Phoenix' Arts District. 8pm Thursdays and Fridays: 6pm and 9pm Saturdays: 2pm Sundays. Indefinite engagement. Tickets on sale now at the Phoenix Little Theatre box office, or call 254-2151.

Driving Miss Daisy: The national tour of this Pulitzer Prize-winning comedy-drama—about a cranky Southern-Jewish woman and her black chauffeur—pulls up at Chandler Center for the Arts on Wednesday, March 18 at 8pm. Tickets are \$22, \$14 and \$6, through Dillard's and the Center box office. Chandler Center for the Arts, 250 N. Arizona Ave., Chandler. 786-3954.

Badgers? We Don't Need No Stinkin' Badgers: This world premiere musical takes a comical stab at some of Arizona's history and mixes wonderful, unexpected characters with important environmental questions. Show times: 7:30pm Friday; 11am and 2pm Saturday; 2pm and 5pm Sunday, March 20 to 22. Tickets \$6.50 and \$4.50. Theater Works, 6615 W. Thunderbird Rd. 486-8636. More information at 979-9003.

The Miracle Worker: Helen Keller's life story is the basis for this dramatization of her relationship with mentor and teacher Annie Sullivan. Show times are Thursday, Friday and

Saturday at 8pm and Sunday at 2:30 and 7pm, March 27-April 18. Tickets \$8 and \$10. Theater Works, 6615 W. Thunderbird Rd. Box office: 486-8636. Information: 979-9003.

Gypsy: This hilarious and sometimes heartbreaking tale of the adventures of Mama Rose and her two dancing daughters during the heyday of burlesque is based on the life of the legendary Gypsy Rose Lee. Starring Emmy Award-winning actress Karen Morrow. Gammage Auditorium, March 18-22. Show times are 8pm the 18th-21st; 2pm the 21st and 22nd; and 7pm the 22nd. Ticket prices are \$30, \$27, \$21 and \$19 for children under 12. Dillard's outlets: 678-2222.

The Heidi Chronicles: This dramatic time-capsule follows the life of one woman, Heidi Holland, and her friends and lovers through the revolutionary

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60s, the changing 70s and the self-oriented, yuppie-driven 80s as they explore new directions, lose and find themselves and come to grips with society. Through March 28 at the Herberger Theater Center. Tickets \$16-\$25. Further information: 252-8497.

Tru: From the words and works of Truman Capote, Tony-winner Robert Morse gives the performance of a lifetime in this acclaimed comedy about the infamous and irreverent Truman Capote. Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, March 23-25, at 8pm. Seats \$35; Wednesday, March 25, 2pm, seats \$30. Scottsdale Center for the Arts is located on the corner of 2nd St. and Civic Center Boulevard, east of Scottsdale Road and two blocks south of Indian School Rd. 994-ARTS or 230-9112.

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

appearance

I'm Just a Broadway Baby: In a celebration of the American musical, the Grand Canyon Men's Choral will present a

program showcasing Broadway showtunes on Saturday, April 4. Tunes by Rodgers and Hammerstein, Leonard Bernstein and Stephen Sondheim will be featured. A six-piece ensemble will accompany the Chorale. The performance is scheduled at William E. Wells Auditorium at Longview Elementary School, 1209 E. Indian School Rd. Tickets are \$8 at Ken Lee Cards and Gifts, 6309 N. 7th St., and Humanspace Books, 1617 N. 32nd St., and at the door. Info at 222-9321 or 340-7640.

Ice-T: 8pm Tuesday, March 24. Tickets \$16. Club Rio, 430 N. Scottsdale, 894-6779.

Big Audio Dynamite II with Public Image Ltd.: 5pm Tuesday, March 24. Mesa Amphitheater, Center and University, Mesa. 644-2560.

Queen Ida and the Bon Temps Zydeco Band: The reigning monarch of Zydeco, that spicy blend of cajun and rhythm and blues, returns to the Amphitheater for a crowd-pleasing, energy-infused dance party. 8pm Saturday, March 28. Tickets \$15, \$17 day of show. Scottsdale Mall Amphitheater, 230-9112.

Phoenix Symphony: 8pm March 19-20. Tickets \$10-\$35. Symphony Hall, 225 E. Adams, 262-7272.

Scottsdale Symphony: With pianist Lucca de Gregario, 8pm March 17 and 18. Tickets \$10 and \$8. Scottsdale Center for the Arts, 7383 Scottsdale Mall, 994-2787.

Henry Mancini: This durable composer/ performer/arranger will be joined by vocalist Cleo Laine and sax master John Dankworth at 7pm Sunday, March 15 at the Sundome. Tickets are \$23, \$18 and \$12. 975-1900.

Joel Grey: Internationally acclaimed singer, dancer and actor Grey presents an evening filled with music from Broadway and Hollywood. 8pm Saturday, March 21, at the Sundome. Tickets are \$21, \$14 and \$7. 975-1900.

opera

Cinderella: Thursday, March 26

and Saturday, March 28 at 7:30pm; 2pm March 29 at Symphony Hall. This fairy tale opera offers plenty of comical exploits and a "happily ever after" ending. Sung in Italian with English surtitles. Tickets are \$40, \$20 and \$10 on Thursday and Saturday and \$36, \$18 and \$9 on Sunday. Dillard's Charge line: 678-2222. For more information, call Arizona Opera at 266-SING.

toe shoes

A Tribute to George Balanchine: This Ballet Arizona program will include Balanchine works set to pas de deux from Swan Lake, Tchaikovsky's Allegro Brillante, Glinka's Valse Fantaisie and Gottschalk's Tarantella. April 3, 4, 9, 10 and 11 at 8pm; April 5 and 12 at 2pm. Tickets are \$26, \$21 and \$16 at all Dillard's box offices, 678-2222. Further information: 381-0184.

ASU Dance in Concert '92: The ASU dance faculty's most outstanding offerings of the year will be presented at 8pm Friday and Saturday, March 13 and 14 at the Paul V. Galvin Playhouse. 965-6447.

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Feld Ballets/New York: Eliot Feld motivates his dancers to soar, leap and interpret choreography that's intricate, demanding and exuberant. This is extraordinarily creative modern dance, not a ballet! 7pm Sunday, March 29 at Gammage Auditorium. Tickets are \$22, \$19 and \$16. 965-3434.

West African Dance and Drumming: "Uncle C.K." Ganyo, master drummer and former director of the National Folkloric Company of the Arts Council of Ghana, instructs classes in west African percussion, song and dance from 7pm to 9pm on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. Fee is \$5 per class or \$25 per month; all ages and skill levels are welcome. For details and location, call 253-5920.

other stuff

Scottsdale Arts Festival: Featuring over 160 performances on six stages, more than 100 fine crafts booths, and food from dozens of vendors. Noon-10pm, Friday, March 13; 10am-10pm,



Saturday, March 14; 10am-5pm, Sunday, March 15. Free admission and parking. Scottsdale Center for the Arts is located on the corner of 2nd St. and Civic Center Blvd., east of Scottsdale Rd. two blocks south of Indian School Rd. Information: 994-2787.

Fifteenth Annual Old Town Tempe Spring Festival of the Arts: Second largest arts and

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entertainment festival in the Southwest. Friday through Sunday, March 27-29. Hundreds of national artists and craftspeople; traditional and ethnic foods; continuous entertainment on four stages. Free admission. 967-4877.

A Woman's Week: Five days of exploring, growth and celebration in the desert at the

CLUB by réy hoffman

Equinox. Women will gather to create a spiritual adventure outside Oracle, Arizona, to challenge themselves to "go to the edge." Presented by the Southern Arizona Friends of Jung, the event will feature seminars on subjects as diverse as Jungian Dream Work and Native American Shamanic rituals. March 20-25. For more information, write: A Woman's Week, P.O. Box 3709, Tucson, 85719; or call 327-3485.

big screen

Radio Flyer is a message movie camouflaged as a seriocomic Sixties coming-of-age piece—sort of like The

Wonder Years with child abuse. It succeeds in evoking a convincing child's-eye view of the victimization, the guilt, and the need for escape at any cost. The two young actors are outstanding, as is Lorraine Bracco as their harried mother. Ultimately, though, the story is bleak, right up until the hastily-executed "Happy ET Flying Past the Moon" ending. Tom Hanks, as the narrator, generally intrudes on the action; John Heard is underemployed in a few scenes here and there, but even these usually engaging actors can't hold up Radio Flyer, which takes off with a sure destination and ends up hijacked. Director Richard Donner's aborted journey to Fantasyland seems to be saying, "Just kidding! Go home happy...Please?"

—Neil Cohen

some people

- Chris Isaak
Ethel Mertz
Derek Yaeger
Lydia Torrea
John Paul
Tracy F. Munsil
Paul Lynde
Billy Owens
Robert Pack
Vikki Carr
Radames Pera
Ernie and Bert
Carol Klein
Chris Kreski
Ruth Buzzi
Steve Burt
Mark Thompson
Barry Starr
Florence Nightingale
Tony Romeo
Kevin Mitchell
Christina Crawford
Dante
Mark Kerr
Gerry Goffin
Yves Montand
Pat Morita
Susan Oliver
Richard Gephardt
Lloyd Bentsen
Eve Plumb
Camille
Diane Leese
Artaxerxes

some men

- Mailman
He-Man
Real man
Milkmán
Batman
Policeman
Superman
Best man
TV Repairman
Candy Man
Minuteman
Macho Man
Sandman
Old man
Tin man
Wild man
Repo Man
Handy man
Mister Man
Rich man
Poor man
Begger man
Spiderman
Blind man
Woman

oral intercourse by girl cliff mcurdy says goodbye • keith gossiaux says "eat hair" • joe wolf says "wrestle me" • nixon's sex secrets • smart bars stupid people • bad advice • half-truths about artzoids you've never met

Help! My clammy turd of an editor says he will not allow me to write another installment of this column because he says I continually turn in my copy (that's journalist lingo, darlinks—being a newspapergal is very confusing!) without an "intro" (more newsroom jargon! I just love working in the big exciting world of magazine publishing!). Well, how dare he! I can't be expected to run around town collecting chatter and finish my work too. Bosses are horrid things—don't you think the world would be a better place without them? (*You're fired. —Ed.*)...The Clifford McCurdy/Grant Hall bye-bye bash at Chez Nous was the party of the moment for a moment the other evening. Cliff and Grant are following the time-honored tradition of hundreds of expatriate Phoenicians and are migrating to San Francisco. Everyone was at their farewell soiree, including Kaytie and James Masquelier-Johnson, Bob "Too Many Husbands" Miller, Amy "Crow When You're Ready" Bowling, Peter "Po Di Questo Vino" Fisher, Amy "Where Do You Stick The Wet Part?" Sacks, David "Some Day You'll Be Sorry" Greenwood, Rose "I Remember Everything" Johnson, Peter "Major Matt Mason" Ragan, Michelle "Call Me Neighbor" Manley, Jim "Call Me Jim" Cherry, Chris "Russ Who?" Winkler, the Kenton-Michelle-Laura-John contingent and skerdillions of others. Cliff spent a few memorable moments in the boy's room saying extra-special goodbyes to several of the party attendees. Lots of people were conspicuous by their absence, probably out screwing someone else's boyfriend (Shhhh! Don't tell!)...Chez Nous has been one of Girl's favorite pre-party hangouts for years. There's nothing like sidling up to a brown vinyl piano bar to take in a few Manilow standards before rushing into the evening whirl. Imagine drinking in the atmosphere of days long gone by (that's 1971 for those of you interested in archaeology), as Joan Collins-look-alike Barbara happily serves up a bargain-basement-priced Chez Nous special. But remember, darlinks: It's cash only at this humble haven. The only plastic here is the seat covers in the booths...Two blockbuster environmental art installations are on display now at downtown galleries. Both exhibitions, from two stylistically unrelated artists, examine aspects of the melancholy desperation of contemporary existence. "Three White Rats Wearing Black Felt Hats or Gestures of a Worrying Desperation," by Daniel J. Martinez at MARS Artspace is an extraordinary excursion into what looks like a soundstage from *Lawnmower Man*. Very surreal, darlinks, and somehow creepy. MARS, I almost forgive you...Keith and Julie Gossiaux's "A Pervasive Melancholy" is a definite winner at

Eleven East Ashland. The theme of the installation is nowhere better expressed than in an ominous depiction of a dining room with furry utensils and hairball soup. The growling, pent-up rage underlying so many family rituals is pervasive in this Gossiaux show—go see it. Girl stumbled her way through the Ashland opening night in a half-stupor, thanks to the sugar surge she got at the buffet, which is definitely in the running for Best Opening Nite Buffet of the Year. Cheesecake at an art opening? Girl thought she was in tony Scottsdale, munching free samples of Cathy's Rum Cake. Imagine! The Ashland spread was even better than the Cheez-Whiz-swastikas-on-Triscuits at the recent ManWoman show...Speaking of opening night buffets, and boy were we ever, Lisa Sette's culinary skill is certainly not in the running for any such award unless they give one for "Most Creative Dish." Lisa's demi-delectable selection of dog biscuits at the William Wegman show was theme-y but lacked proper nutrients. By the way, didja hear that Danny "Who Needs A Proofreader?" Medina is Lisa's newest fan? Sheesh! After all the bile that man has printed in his paper about her, it's a wonder Lisa

even allows him in her gallery. But there they were, schmoozing in the corner... Girl adored the MOMIX dance performance at Scottsdale Center for the Arts last week. I ran into Linda "Of Course I Read Your Column! Who Did You Say You Were Again?" Ingraham and Mayme "I Found A Spine In My Garden" Kratz there. Linda volunteered that she and Mayme were both wearing the same outfits they wore the night before at the fun Radix Gallery opening. (Girl wouldn't have noticed if La Ingraham hadn't brought it up, silly thing. Linda, dear, I am a gossip columnist. Get it?) Mayme turned purple when she discovered that some cheeky South Mountain High School student had appropriated her cast resin technique for a piece in the baseball-inspired art exhibition on display in the Scottsdale Center lobby. Mayme took it all in stride, explaining, "You know, it's just the collective consciousness...but it still makes me sick!"...Mel "Can I Have This Dance?" Roman and his lovely wife were also in attendance at MOMIX. Mel's current show at downtown Radix Gallery is...uhm...well, why not check out the volcano show at IMAX this week and wait on visiting Radix until Cate "How

Dare You, You Baldheaded Creep!" Spencer returns to her senses and brings us another blockbuster show like Sean O'Donnell's recent exhibition... Aqua Net finally happened at the Riverbottom Lounge, waaaaay down 16th Street past the Salt River. Girl gnoshed with a very classy crowd: All of the truly fun people showed up without any of the "filler" types that can sometimes plague an evening's joy at the Silver Dollar. Guest dj Marcus From LA spun the evening into a whirlwind fiesta of fog and Spanish beer signs. Olé! At certain points there was so much artificial fog in the place that Girl couldn't see her own hips swivel. Jen The Media Slut provided me with more party announcements for my bathroom walls; Peter "I'm Just Doing Research, Really!" Wirmusky inexplicably showed up, as did Rick "I'm Looking For A Blonde With Big Fat Tits" Connor; Miss Coco (in aqua); and Latim, the gorgeous African-American Ken Moody look-alike who has deserted the desert for the greener (?) pastures of Los Angeles, where he is hoping to pole vault himself into the pantheon of really big-time models. Extra-busy clubmeister Mannix took a couple of quick breaks to wolf



Deon Brown, one of my biggest fans, drew this lovely sketch of me, busy at work. My evil, wicked editor will not allow this drawing to run; he says it's "infantile." I've gotten even with him by poisoning his Grape Nuts.

down a few yummy soft tacos from the quaint little Mexican food-dispensing travel trailer outside the club. Isn't my nightlife fascinating? *God!*...This is absolutely the last time I am going to tell you: My publisher is definitely, positively *not* having an affair with video activist **Gerald Hawk**...**Tony** "I've Been Up For 48 Hours And I Still Look Great" **Cartelli**, **Bob** "Let Me Be Your Bagel" **Pfeiffer** and pal **Alyx** are finally settling into their charming Encanto-area abode. To celebrate, they threw a tiny house-warming for seven thousand of their best friends, including **Randy** "Take The Money And Shut Up" **Blankenship**, **Jennifer** "Are They Really Too Far Apart?" **Pietzmeyer**, **Darren** "I Do So Have A Brain!" **Walton**, **David** "There Must Be Someone Who Doesn't Want Me Dead" **Van Virden**, **Chris** "Ooga-Chokka Ooga-Chokka" **Flores**, **Kirk** "Good Time" **Swetnam**, **Rick** "Lie Back, Let Me Do Everything" **Connor**, **Eric** "I Am Legal" **Babcock**, **Rey** "Culture Club" **Hoffman**, **Autumn Jones McKeivitt**, and **David** "Don't You Hate Mayonnaise?" **Logue**. Just when we thought the only scandal at the party was how soon our hosts ran out of soda, in burst the cops and the evening really began rolling. (Clever, Tony, hiring those actors to make us think that we were being busted up for being *too noisy!*)...Here's another story starring faves **Cate** "Carsten's Red Doesn't Last" **Spencer** and **Mayme Kratz** and **Mel Roman** and **Radix Gallery**: **Girl** spotted **Dwayne** "Minnie Was The Cashier" **Stone** and **Joe** "I Wanted To Be Bobby Sherman" **Della Rocca** buying one of **Mayme's** "garden houses" from **Cate** at **Mel's Radix** opening. *Huh?* ...Someone who works at this magazine had lunch with **Tony DeFranco** the other day, but that person won't let me print his name here...**Henry** "Jailbait, Please" **Richardson** (of **Walt Richardson** and the **Morningstar Band** fame) and **Mark** "One Night In Bangkok" **Fischer** braved the two-dollar cover charge at **Bobby's** the other night, as did **GB's Rendezvous** bartender **Greg** "Camel Toe" **Miller** and **Norman** "Non-Normal" **Fox**. And who, by the way, was that **Willie Finch** look-alike with a very "Miss Thang" fake rabbit fur concoction tossed daintily onto her bony little shoulders? What could she have been thinking when she pulled out the **VISA** for *that* one? *Yikes!*...Word has it that **Jose**, hair burner to the stars, has left the soon-to-be-defunct **Maddness Salon** for the glamorous **Salon 101** down the street. Good luck darlink...**Chip Garrett's** boyfriend won't take him *anywhere*...Video Night at **Metropophobia** last month was gigantic huge fun, as always. I saw **Erin** "Help Me Make It Through the Night" **Lofton** there, although she didn't see me. **Erin**, who spent most of her time standing around outside ignoring the videos, was accompanied by a tall, pretty faggot.

How come all of **Erin's** gayboy amigos look exactly alike? Why does she spend so much time with queers? Doesn't she know any *real* people? *Is Erin Lofton a fag hag?!*...Mega-model **Tamra Zinn** just turned 22. Happy birthday, princess!...Two "Smart Bars" emerged the same weekend in our dreary little town. **Randy Blankenship's** impressive display at the **Silver Dollar** even brought out the TV cameras from **NewsChannel 10** to cover the popular new craze that's sweeping the nation. **Dr. David Van Virden's** **Nutrient Nectar** at **Gallery X** kept the audience on its toes for the screening of "Pixl Vision," a film about...well, never mind. Smart drugs are all the rage, love pies! They really make you smart, darlinks, and they're good for you, too! (**Girl** really just likes the way smart drugs make her dance all nitel!)...**Roger Rea** wants the **Donut Man!**...**Michelle** "Push It Down Harder, It'll Go" **Manley** had the cleverest little *barbecue* at her new home in the heart of the **Coronado 'hood** the other evening. **Michelle** informs us that **Pic-n-Save** has changed its name to **McFrugal's**. What a vast storehouse of knowledge **Michelle** carries around in that pretty head of hers!...**Glamorous Girl** was in a movie! **Arch Brown's** latest project is currently shooting in central Phoenix. The man who practically invented gay porn has mellowed somewhat over the years and is now producing this "modern gay love story" for late 1992 release. (**Jeff** "City Council Here I Come" **Ofstedahl's** nude exercycle scene is not to be missed!) During the taping of a party scene, while we glamoo extras were all desperately trying to be at once charming, cheerful and telegenic, **C.J. Taber** told me his fave "brush with a celebrity" tale. Seems **C.J.** was managing an apartment building in **Venice Beach** several years ago—back when the late, great **Mae** "Lay On Your Left Side" **West** had a penthouse in the area. **C.J.** lured the **Twentieth Century's** original fag hag to his patio with a fresh pot of herb tea one morning as she was taking her hounds for their daily constitutional along the beach. And I thought **David Parker** was cool...**David** "I Am Not Ogling Young Boys" **Blais** was spotted ogling pricey art at a recent gallery opening...A very clever little bird informs **Girl** that **Joe** "My Thighs Are On Loan" **Wolf** is planning to expand his career possibilities to include whipped cream wrestling. **Joe** went to **Palm Desert** to help move **Ed** "Want Some Beef?" **O'Neill**, who has relocated there in order to open a new **Ruth's Chris Steak House**. **Tiny Joe** ended up at **Daddy Warbucks'** one evening, and before he knew it found himself in the wrestling ring with a gorgeous six-foot-tall, 200 pound muscle stud. Somehow he managed to win the match, but he returned to Phoenix with two fractured ribs and several torn ligaments. Don't

give up your day job, **Sluggo**...**Ben** "I'd Like A Quart Of Hand-Packed French Vanilla" **Hynum** and **Greg** "Car 54, Where Are You?" **Stanley** slipped into **BS West** for a second before jetting off to **Hawaii**, **Bangkok**, **Berlin** or whatever city they were in transit to this time...**Sandy** "Salad Chef Salad Chef" **Chamberlain** of the **Phoenix Art Museum** was overheard at **Wink's** the other night discussing his pancreas with **Deon** "Proper Dental Hygiene Is Essential" **Brown**...**Blane** "I Want To Date A Bartender So I Can Get Free Cocktails" **Sasser** was seen lurking around **Charlie's** last weekend. *Again*...**David** "I Am Not Maria Ouspenskaya" **Sheflin**, vintage collectibles dealer to **Tippi Hedren**, **Eddie Fisher** and several members of the **Star Trek** cast, has moved back here from **San Francisco** with his charming boyfriend **Michael**. Rumor has it that the human work-in-progress **Greg Bennett** has also returned to the fold...**Chutzpah** of the **Week Award** goes to **Tall Paul Butler** who, in response to complaints about his non-event of a warehouse rave several weeks ago, issued a "newsletter" blaming

everyone but himself for the disaster that took place. Kind of like the shit blaming the toilet for smelling bad, hmmm? Pass the **SaniFlush**, darlinks...**Charlie's** was so booooring the other night, **Girl's** dear friend **Barbara** temporarily took leave of her senses and insinuated herself into the crowd at the **Bum Steer**. Other than **Christopher** "Trash Trash Old Trash" **Breedlove** and his butt buddy **Tom Tweet**, everybody was wearing womb brooms on their upper lips and leather civil war caps on their balding skulls along with harnesses, bridle bits, buggy whips and other tackroom accouterments adorning their swollen midsections (not to mention the silken wisps of ear-hair wafting in the air-conditioned breeze). In other words, it was a typical night on the scene...Darlinks, that's it for this issue. **Girl's** going in for jury duty tomorrow (can you *imagine?*) and must go select an appropriate frock. How does a simple tailored black suit, picture hat with veil, white day gloves, a simple strand of pearls and spectator pumps sound? On second thought, who the fuck cares what you think?

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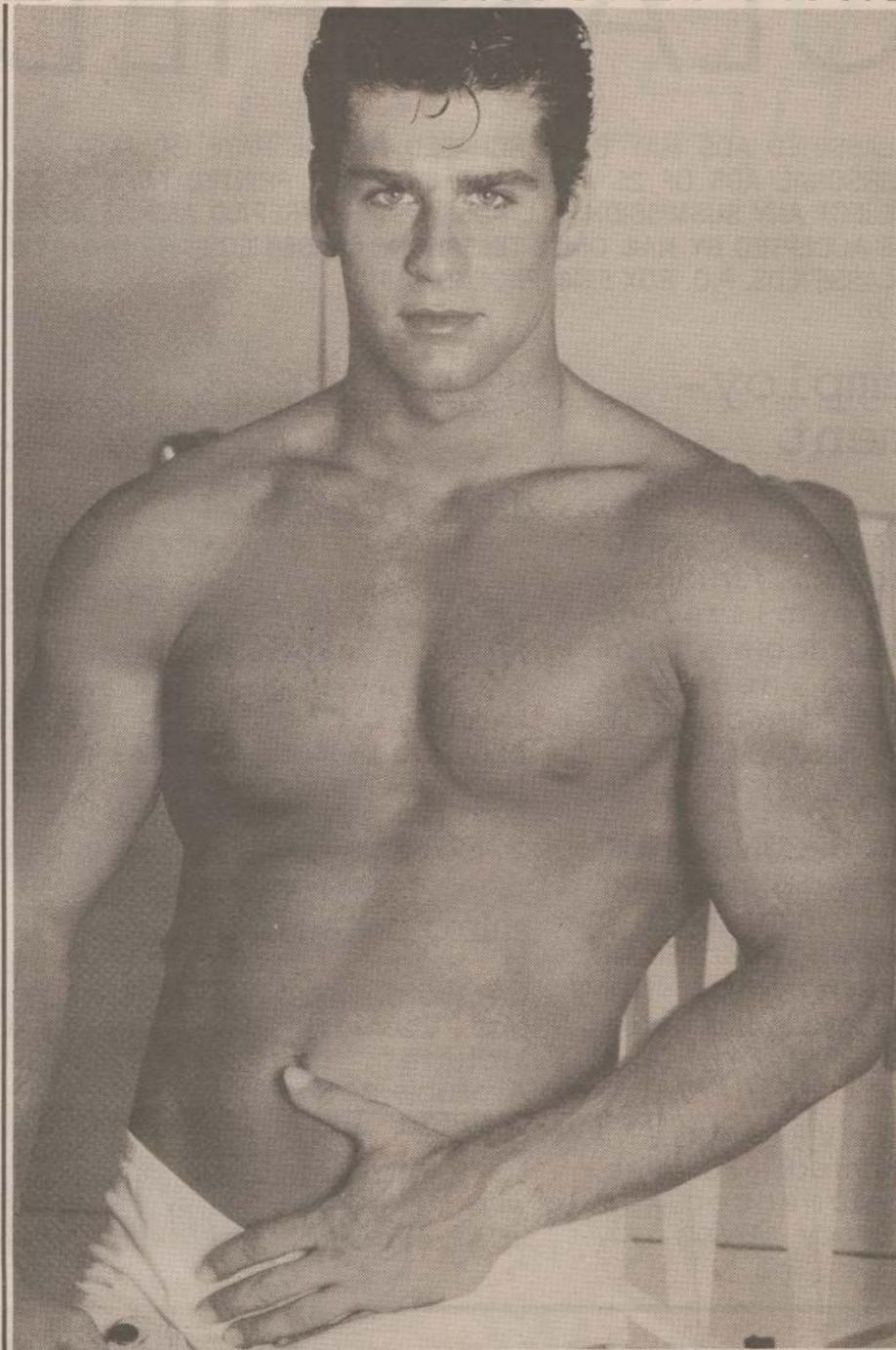
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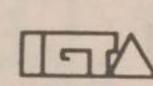
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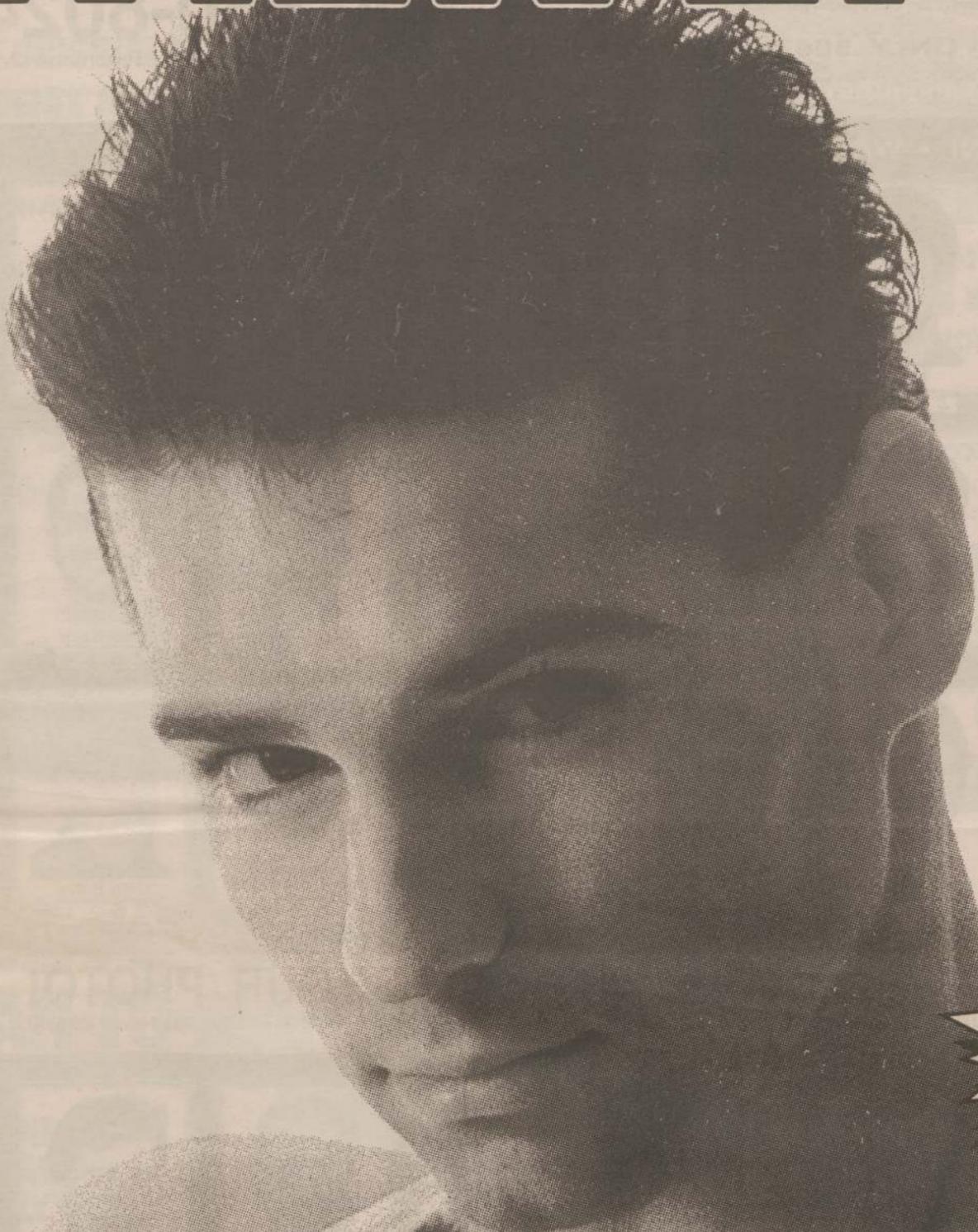
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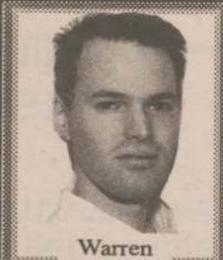
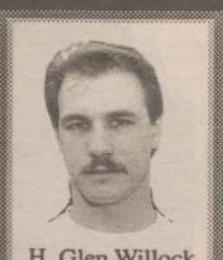
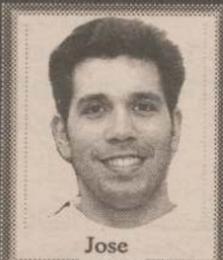
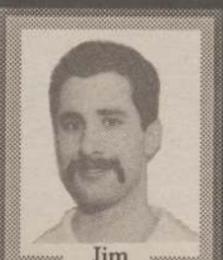
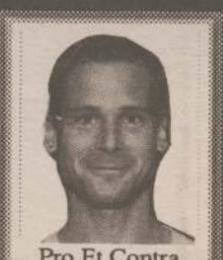
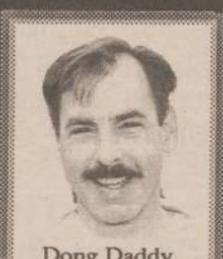
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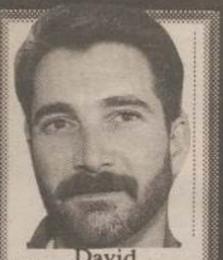
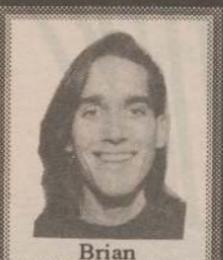
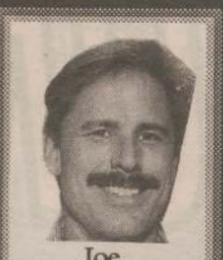
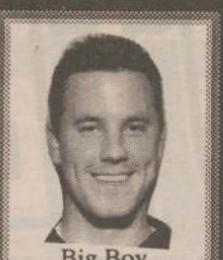
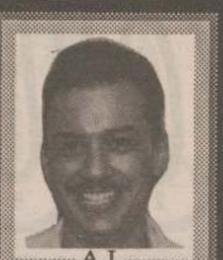
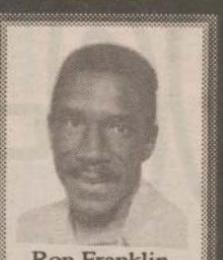
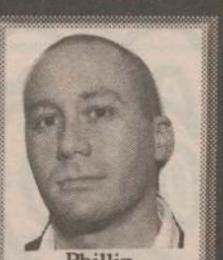
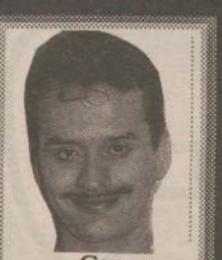
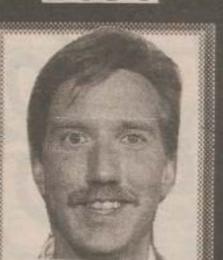
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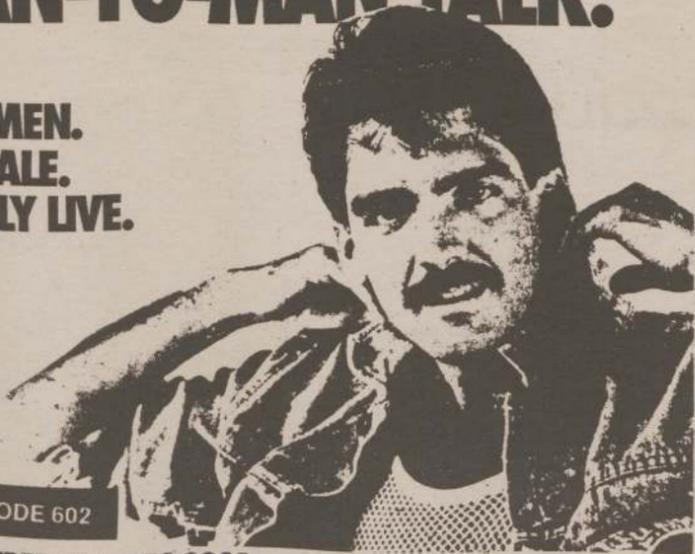
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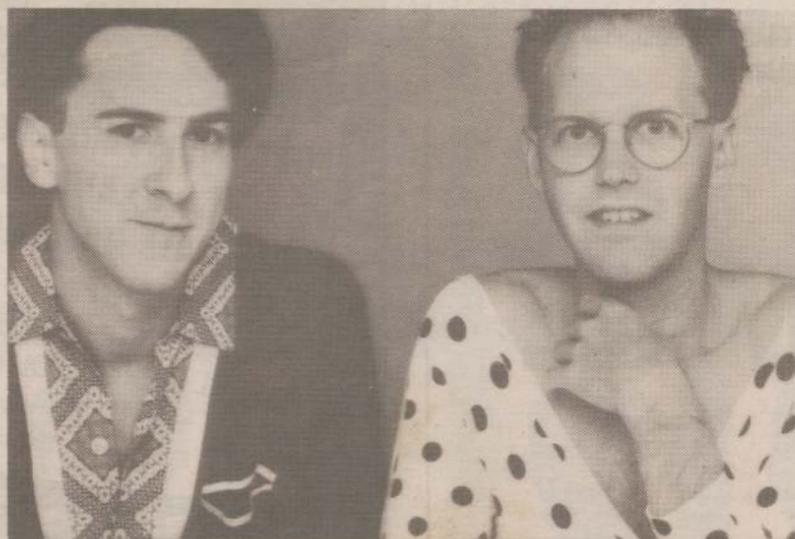
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romanovsky
and
phillips.

nineties kinda queers.

coming in concert.