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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

Alwun 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

REALTY

Blue Ribbon Realty
David Atkins
7330 N. 16th St. A120
Phoenix 85020
263-9696
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

TYPESSETTING

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

Chang Hands Bookstore
414 S Mill
Tempe 85281

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

Metropophobia
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
5555 E Van Buren
Ste A-10
Phoenix 85008
244-1577

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

Mishpachah 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

Phaz
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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editor-in-chief
Robert L. Pela

arts editors
Mitch Kalish
Scott Weber

copy editor
Louis Clemente

art direction
Kate Bosworth

typesetting
Pat Emerson

production assistance
Bj Bud

photography
David Parker

culture club
Réy Hoffman

local news reporting
Chuck Hadd, Jr.

writers
Wendy Caster
Louis Clemente
Neil Cohen
Lord Mustapha X. Feinberg
Giri
Gerald Hawk
Kirby Holt
Paul Lind
Lee Lynch
Peter Petrisko, Jr.
Perry Shurtz
Don Slutes
David Van Virden
Ellen M. Young
Yvonne Zipter

logo design
David Van Virden

circulation director
Patricia Simon

national advertising
Rivendell Marketing

regional advertising
Kevin Ray

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The only worthwhile human beings on the planet are affluent white heterosexual Christian males

who were born in North America. Everyone else—beginning with affluent white heterosexual Christian females and ending with black gay men with HIV disease—falls in line behind. But queers have one thing in common with our hetero counterparts: None of us, if we abide by legal principle, is allowed to give head. • Everybody wants to put their genitals into someone else's mouth. But regardless of the gender of our pleasure partners, ingesting organs meant for waste elimination is illegal. So is having sex with someone to whom you're not lawfully wed. Fucking someone up the ass will get you ten to twenty. No one is safe. • Discrimination and hypocrisy are hallmarks of American culture. Forget about the right to privacy, body sovereignty, and all forms of freedom. Our self-loathing society dictates what we can and cannot do with our bodies; it backs up these mandates with penalties and prejudice. If it is even intimated that we are performing sexual acts other than those which are legally sanctioned, with anyone other than the person to whom we are legally wed, then we are a deserving target for discrimination. If you are homosexual and you tell the truth about it, we have been told, you will be fired, run out of your home, and cast out of polite society. We are taught that pretending to be something we're not—namely, heterosexual—will make us happier. Changing laws that support these attitudes is a long, difficult process that ultimately discredits our personal rights. • Last month, an amendment to an ordinance granting antidiscrimination protection to city employees added sexual orientation to its language. This action, while certainly a victory for gay activists, carries with it frightening implications: Namely, that the government has the authority to decide who has civil rights and who does not. • To give this law credence, we must overlook the fact that *everyone* has civil rights. The government selectively denies those rights to groups it doesn't like, like gays and women and the mentally ill. Truthfully, it's not up to them to grant or deny. When we buy into the existing judicial system, we are giving the government moral authority. • Antidiscrimination protection for gay men and lesbians is an important step toward our eventual safety in a heterosexist universe. But it entails our giving up personal freedoms to a legislative body which is designed to discriminate in the first place. Working within the established system suggests individual powerlessness. Not fighting to change that system suggests defeat. Ultimately, it seems, anarchy is the only answer. —Pela

On the cover: "F-4," enamel on hot-rolled steel by Jim Cherry. Cherry is mercilessly lampooned on page 6 of this issue.

Call It Compromise. by Chuck Hadd Jr.

There's no need to dwell on Arizona's reputation as a state run by right-wing ninnies and a dim-bulb Republican governor with a staff of overpaid, incompetent sycophants stuffing themselves at the public trough—while budgets for education, health and human services are cut still further to the bone.

But while things at the state level may seem hopelessly bleak, at least there's some light coming from the cities. Both Tucson and Phoenix, for example, enacted official municipal holidays honoring Martin Luther King, Jr. after former governor Evan Mecham rescinded the state holiday. Tucson also has an antidiscrimination ordinance, which includes gay men and lesbians, and extends to all businesses within the city, as well as the city government itself. Phoenix also has an antidiscrimination ordinance, but it doesn't fully include gay men and lesbians. Not yet.

Currently the Phoenix city code proscribes discrimination in housing, public accommodations and employment on the basis of sex, race, religion, color, national origin or ancestry.

Last December, the Phoenix City Council considered an amendment that would have extended the same antidiscrimination protection to people regardless of sexual orientation, marital status, military status, and physical disability. (Conspicuously left out of the amendment was the status of ex-convicts. This, of course, would be testing the boundaries of even the most progressive social agenda, and throwing this particular log into the fire along with the rest would probably be counterproductive at this time—despite the fact that it would probably benefit a few of the governor's former cronies, possibly the governor himself some day. And it's worth noting that the state of Hawai'i does include ex-felons in its antidiscrimination law.)

The amendment was sponsored by former Phoenix City Council member Linda Nadolski. The Council passed a compromise version of the measure proposed by Mayor Paul Johnson.

Nadolski voted against the watered-down version, saying she "didn't want anyone to think this was an accomplishment and that we had reached

the end of the trail."

Black Council member Calvin Goode also voted against the compromise. "I've lived all my life being told I should be satisfied with half a loaf," said Goode. He's vowed to continue pushing for a full antidiscrimination amendment. "I don't want a half loaf for the gay community either."

But, while it didn't entirely please everyone in the gay community, the compromise measure did leave some temporarily satisfied.

David Blais is the chairman of the Arizona Committee for Progress, a gay political action committee, which supported the compromise. "It was the best we could do," he said. With the city council on record in support of at least some antidiscrimination protection for gays and lesbians, it will be hard for the council to backpedal on the

In proposing the compromise version, which limits antidiscrimination protection to city employees, Mayor Johnson said the council had not yet had time to assess the economic impact of the full measure. There were also "legal" considerations.

The legal considerations, of course, are the state's statutes governing sexual behavior. Arizona's criminal code makes homosexual activity illegal, along with sundry other sexual acts among heterosexuals. The code also makes it illegal to have sex with anyone to whom you are not lawfully married. To be absolutely certain they aren't breaking the law, married people—and only married people—should confine themselves to the missionary position. The point is worth noting: A decade ago, a Mesa policeman was fired after acknowledging he is gay. The Arizona criminal code was given as a



issue next year. Meanwhile, passage of the compromise version was a big step toward passage of a full version in 1992, Blais said.

The compromise version that the Council approved last year prohibits anti-gay discrimination in municipal employment, but not employment in the private sector. Nor does it prohibit discrimination in housing and public accommodations. Moreover, the compromise version only applies to homosexuals, not the other three categories mentioned in the original amendment.

rationale for the firing, though there was no evidence the policeman had engaged in any sexual activity.

There's a general assumption that gay people, merely by virtue of their existence, are breaking the law. But the law doesn't make homosexuality illegal per se—only homosexual acts. The law also, as noted, makes sexual acts by unmarried heterosexuals illegal. But when was the last time you heard of an unmarried heterosexual being fired on the assumption that he or she

must be, by virtue of status alone, breaking the law?

Perhaps Johnson does have a legitimate concern with the legal considerations of a full antidiscrimination ordinance, if the category of "marital status" is included. Not that he needs to worry about State Attorney General Grant Woods taking any action. Woods ignored the law himself before announcing his candidacy and marrying wife number two. (This from a man who now gloats at the prospect of executing someone in the gas chamber by saying he's only doing his job to "enforce the law.")

So what about the economic ramifications of a full antidiscrimination ordinance that the mayor has cited as "needing further study"? Nonsense, says Nadolski. "There is no economic impact in eliminating discrimination," she says.

Local activists, many of them veterans of a similar (and unsuccessful) antidiscrimination effort five years ago, have come together to discuss plans for the future. If they succeed, then hopefully it will be just the beginning of a larger movement to end discrimination laws in our state.

Arizona may be pigheaded. But, like it or not, the state may yet find itself dragged into the Twenty-First Century by its own cities.

If You Knew Sue

It must have been the Christmas spirit that possessed me to pick up your rag of a paper, but I did. In it I found not one but two references to the "Sue Laybe Said 'Fag' Story." You obviously have spent most of the year stewing over this, for which I think you should seek psychiatric help.

Sue Laybe a homophobe? Give me a break! She has never been that, but to the contrary has been a friend (an "F" word) to the community even though we have called her names like "breeder," "squaw," "fag hag," "bitch," and most recently "an honorary gay man." It's obviously not enough that she served time for crimes that she did not commit but was forced to plead guilty to as a result of the testimony of one of her confidants and friends (there's that "F" word again).

What should concern you is that the real homophobe that brought Sue to Stedino because of her proud representation of the gay and lesbian community has cut a deal with the County Attorney so that he will not have to go to prison for his role in AzScam. But why should you start now with letting the facts get in the way of your "reporting"?

I have stood by Sue from the first indictment and remain committed because I know her and could see through the smoke screens of Mr. Romley's office (take the Temple Murders for example) and because she always stood by me and the community. She has been our friend and deserves better than the treatment your paper has given her.

Danny Golladay
Tempe

Up the Wrong Tree

Rudy, Rudy, Rudy. I can't believe this is the biggest story we have dealing with the HIV virus ("Gone to the Dogs," January 3). First, a memorial ad in the *Arizona Republic*, and then a story in the "Life and Leisure" section of the *Republic's* December 30th issue.

Yes, Rudy was a cute little dog—I'll admit that. But quotations that were used in the *Republic* article, such as "He never thought of himself as a...dog," were ludicrous. Who did Rudy tell this to?

Quotations from Randy Gorbette, the director of Phoenix Shanti Group, that appeared in the *Republic* article

(were also offensive). Gorbette describes the clients of Shanti as "people (who) come to us scared, depressed, frightened, full of shame and feeling dirty and horribly rejected." If this is how Mr. Gorbette sees his clients, then I can understand why there is a movement underway to have him step down.

Another quotation that Gorbette gave, this time to *Resource*, was in response to the question, "Why does everyone hate you?" Gorbette responded with "Because I'm pushy. Because I've gotten a lot of work done for people with AIDS, while everyone else sat around bitching and moaning. Because I don't care about how people feel about me, as long as I get the work done."

Gorbette has forgotten about his volunteers. Sorry, but those are the people we have to thank. Those are the people who are not receiving a \$45,000-a-year salary with traveling expenses. Maybe one day Gorbette's ego will let him say "thank you" to the other organizations who are there to pick up where he hasn't been able to, who have finished jobs he has started and couldn't finish.

It's too bad that when a PWA who helped bring Shanti to Phoenix died in July, he got no memorial service at the Shanti complex. The lack of compassion on the behalf of the Shanti administration in having a memorial service for a dog, when so many families and friends who would like to have had a service for their special someone couldn't afford it, is appalling.

There are stories about the Phoenix Shanti Group that are more important than the ones about Randy's dead dog, but those will be told as questions are raised and answers are demanded by the community.

John J. Bahr,
HIV Action Committee
Phoenix

More Whine, Please.

So. Are we to believe then that men are actually wonderful creatures, life does not in fact suck, and that Judy Canova is just some trite woman Pela was obsessed with ("Throwing in the Towel," January 3)? Was he wrong all this time, or is he just easily exhausted? Are we to forget the years of whining, chalking it up to sour grapes or poor sexual technique? Life is so confusing to start with, and now we can't rely on one of the

most misanthropic, cynical, malevolent, contemptuous, embittered queers in all of Phoenix. I might as well become a Republican.

Tim Moore
Tempe

Alright already! I promise to return to my bitter, mewling, man-loathing self as of next issue! You satisfied?

—Ed.

Back on the Dance Floor, Bub.

We've read your paper for years and it really punches our lights out. We like how gay it is, with no apologies (although we don't like the word "queer" on every page and there's too much on gay-loved movie stars). But now you say you're changing and we are sorry to see you are not changing (to include) the gay things we know and love (like) we've seen in L.A. papers, where they devote some space to local nightlife and social clubs.

Anyway, good luck and keep up the good work.

Two Hopeful Readers
Tempe

Oops!

Last issue, we inexpertly inserted the word "nudie" into *From the Ashes*, our new art-about-town column. We neglected to byline film critic Neil Cohen for his capsule review of *Hook*. And we really didn't mean it when we said Joan Crawford is bigger than God. What we meant to say is that she *is* God.

Send mash notes and a dozen long-stemmed roses to Letters, c/o Resource, PO Box 5948, Phoenix 85010. Please no pipe bombs.



JIM CHERRY SAW ELVIS in Beverly Hills. Jim was driving his little white Carmen Gia, and El was behind the wheel of his big white Rolls. "He snarled at me," Cherry recalls. "It was a pivotal experience. I levitated!" • Jim Cherry tells giddy stories about dead Kings in dark restaurants. "I'm fascinated with royalty," he admits. "Our culture's preoccupation with the royal family is really interesting to me. I'm especially inspired by crowns."

• Royal head-dresses show up often in Jim Cherry's artwork. He paints them onto sheets of metal, on canvases, and on great big tarps. "I think royalty is the most oppressive concept I've ever heard," Cherry says. "The whole point of the system is to stay on top while taxing the bottom. I see the crown as a symbol of that oppression. And I think it's pretty weird that crowns are seen so much in American culture. I mean, the whole point of American colonization was to overthrow King George. But we've got Royal Crown Cola, and Dad as the King of His Castle. It's very unnerving."

• Jim Cherry wants to affect oppression with his art. "I want to break down the elitist wall of the art world," he says. Pretty heady stuff. "I guess I just feel that the finest art belongs in the lowest dwellings. The message of art needs to get to the disenfranchised, alienated people. But who gets it? Wealthy people, those who can afford to support the arts." He thinks about this for a moment. "Or maybe I'm just being lofty and pretentious," he concludes. • Jim Cherry once set up a display of his paintings on a New York boulevard, next to a sign which read, *Free Paintings. Take One.*

jim cherry : the tiger beat interview • text by louis clemente • photography by maureen hymers

**“Art is too
important to
be taken
seriously.”**

—Jim Cherry

“I was moving from New York to Phoenix, and I wanted to unload my art, get it into people’s homes before I left. I knew that I couldn’t get that done quickly through the established system of galleries and museums, so I did it my own way.”

No one noticed. “Finally,” Cherry says, “I grabbed someone and said, ‘Really, they’re free.’ New Yorkers are very suspicious. But as soon as one person took a canvas, there was a rush for them. They cleaned me out in seconds.”

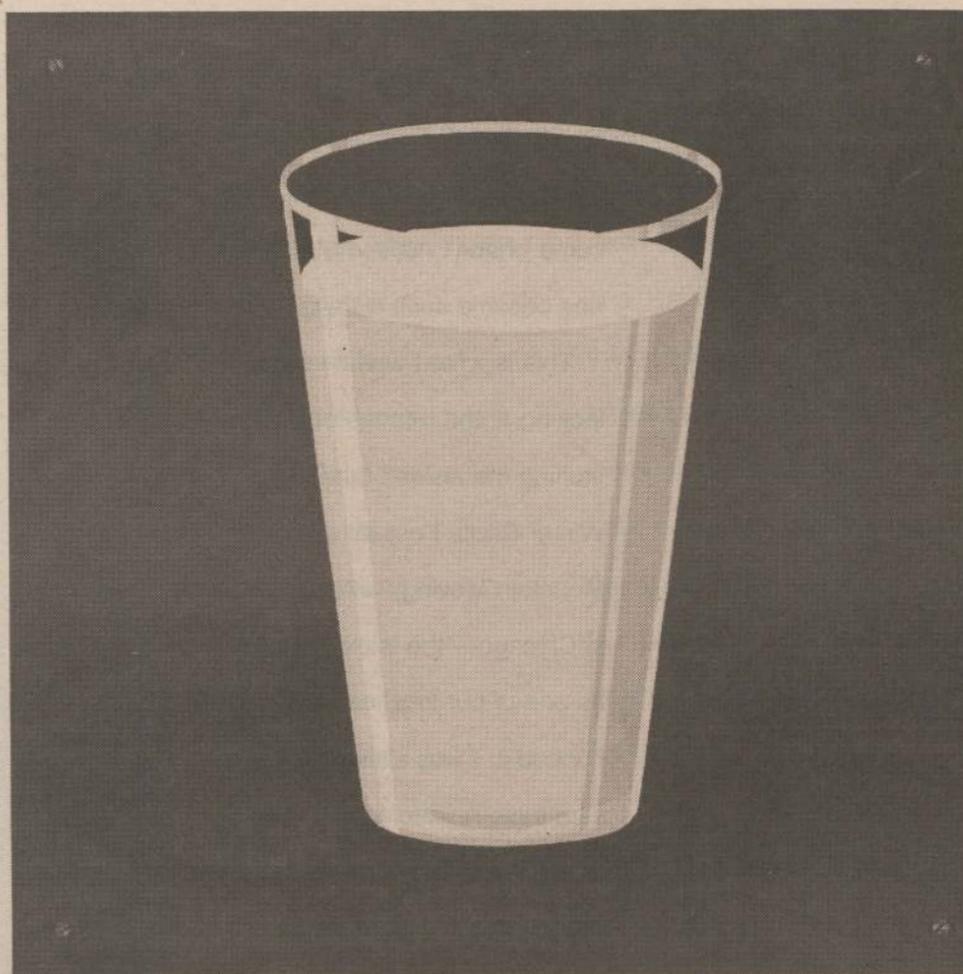
What did Cherry learn from this exercise? “It was total Zen,” he says. “I discovered that whatever matters to you most, you must be willing

to give away. There’s a total sense of freedom in doing that, and freedom is what art is all about.”

More important than the spiritual content of art or even his fascination with crowns is Jim Cherry’s devotion to defiance. “Like a lot of artists, I don’t want to be categorized as a painter or an illustrator,” he says. “I want to always bring that element of surprise to my work, to keep people wondering what I’ll do next.”

What *will* Jim Cherry do next? “I think I’ll order dessert,” he says.

Jim Cherry’s work will be on exhibit at Radix Gallery, 1429 N. First Street, beginning January 24.



“F-1,” enamel on hot-rolled steel.

Fun Fax on Jim!

Favorite:

Soup: Scotch

Day of the week: Not Sunday

Cate Spencer quote: “But Jim, you don’t keep a sketch book!”

Color: Clear

Presidential hopeful: Any dead film actress

Dead film actress: Veronica Lake

Newscaster: Earl Camembert

Sexual fantasy: Yes

Vice: I watch a half-hour of Warner Bros. cartoons daily

Real first name: Dan

Age entered show business: 39

Shoe size: 42

Number of teeth he’s had pulled: They fall out naturally

Last book he read: *Zen Flesh, Zen Bones* by Paul Reps

Reason to go on living: Cate Spencer

When did hats become such a lesbian thing? I pay pretty close attention to lesbians—how come I hadn't noticed that hats had become such a *thing*?

This is what I was thinking, looking at the throngs of dykes stuffing the aisles of the Mid-Winter Crafts Festival at Mountain Moving Coffeehouse in Chicago—"the lesbian mall," as one of our local celebs dubbed it. I was sitting behind a card table next to (appropriately enough) the Dyke Deck women with their lesbian playing cards. At my own little card table, I was trying to look alluring or make my greeting cards and books look alluring or *something* when I was struck by the number of women wearing interesting and exotic hats—a number that increased over the course of the day—owing, I later found out, to the two or three craftswomen vending their cap creations. But selling doesn't necessarily lead to buying, as I can tell you from my own experience. So why the sudden fedora frenzy? It wasn't even cold outside...

At first, when I contemplated this phenomenon, I was thinking: Historically, lesbians (and I generalize here, I know) have tended to sport headgear primarily for practical reasons, wearing something with ear flaps or visors, as the demands



THE DYKE IN THE HAT COMES BACK

of the season advised. Exceptions to this tended to be among African-American lesbians, on whom I had noted some magnificent millinery—for no other reason, apparently, than that they (both the hats and the women) looked good. But because so many of my straight African-American friends and co-workers had also displayed a propensity for great-looking hats, I had assumed it was more of an African-American thing than a lesbian thing. I see now that I must have been wrong or that, at least, we have our African-American fellow travelers to thank for introducing us to this fashion option.

Having plenty of time on my hands, I was neatly dissecting this pithy conundrum when visions of past headwear came bubbling to the surface. Picture this: A woman with a shag haircut, wearing a black three-piece suit with bell-bottomed pants and gold piping on the vest, carrying a drink tray to the tune of "I Need a Man." Whose face is it under that black felt chapeau? *Gasp!* It's mine.

It all came back to me then,

how I, a lowly nerd from Milwaukee, had begun emulating the fashion sense of my heartthrob-from-afar, that immigrant from Brooklyn to the Midwest, the first lesbian my little baby dyke heart ever knowingly beat for. I, who had never worn hats, even in the dead of winter or the blinding sun of summer, was shopping for ostentatious felt bowlers. Of course, it's easy to look back at the Seventies now, from the vantage point of the Nineties, and scoff at the ridiculousness of me in such an ensemble, but back then...I looked ridiculous, not least of all because I could never find hats to fit. I have, shall we say, a rather diminutive cranium and am affectionately referred to as Zippy the Pinhead. You can imagine how sexy I must have looked, with that hat perched right there on my ears, threatening to fall down over my eyes the minute I took off my glasses.

But even in those now-dark disco days, my Italian stallionette heroine and I notwithstanding, it tended to be the gay men and not the

lesbians who were more flamboyant, and I don't recall hats being a big thing with us lezzies even then. And when disco died, so did my hat-wearing days—so much so, in fact, that for the last several years now, my girlfriend has been badgering me to buy some sort of head covering for the bitter winter months in Chicago. Finally last year I found a lined wool baseball cap with a suede visor that not only fit but that I also felt wouldn't wreck my hair by the time I got to the office and wouldn't make me look stupid (or at least, I thought, I'd look stupid on my own terms). This has appeased Kathleen somewhat, although to really make her happy, I will need to find something that covers my ears.

The point is: I am not, fundamentally, a hat person. But I don't know. Somehow, as dykes with hats multiplied before my eyes like something out of a children's story, I became enchanted with the notion of owning one of these hats. When my girlfriend unwittingly agreed to take over the sales table for me, I purposefully made my way around the room looking for the source of the hats. Once the source was found, I made five or six trips back to the table with my lover and various friends, watching their faces to

see how I looked with one of these funky fezzes adorning my noggin, trying to decide if I really had the chutzpah to wear one. Between forays back to the chapeau table, I philosophized with the Dyke Deck women on the wearing of hats, pondering such issues as the hat-wearing persona: How is it made? Could I get it? After much deliberation, I bought a hat.

I'm sure that in describing it, I won't do it justice, but I'll give it a try anyway: It's a cotton patchwork kind of thing, maybe like a skullcap with a thyroid condition or a pillbox that hugs my head. It's bright and winsome and whimsical. And, most important, I feel great wearing it. It is not the perfect cap, though, as far as my lover is concerned: It doesn't cover my ears. But it may perform other valuable functions.

For instance: I had been commenting to my friend Jorjet that lately, when I do poetry readings, I feel like I'm not weird enough to be a poet, that I'm too *normal* looking. After the Mini-Fest, my new hat resting jauntily on my head, Jorjet assured me: "If you wear that hat to poetry readings, no one will mess with you."

I just hope this doesn't end up, like the black felt number, a museum piece: *Lesbianus skullcapus*, circa 1991.

by Yvonne Zipter

art smart

Alwun House: "Traditional and Contemporary Native American Art: 1492-1992," commemorates 500 years of survival and triumph in Southwestern Indian imagery, January 18-February 9. This exhibit opens with a pre-show concert on Friday, January 17, featuring reggae band World Culture Posse at 8pm; admission is \$5. An opening reception Saturday, January 18, 1-5pm will feature performances, storytelling, musicians, dancers, and a traditional barbecue, as well as an auction of selected pieces. Admission is \$10 at the door.

Through March 22, "The Jewelry of Masha Archer." Through January 26, "Japanese Paintings and Prints 1790-1940." Through February 9, "Beauty in the Beast," a "magic forest" featuring creatures of many sizes, shapes and colors. Now open: "Annie Leibovitz Photographs, 1970-1990," The first museum exhibition featuring works by Leibovitz, whose famous portraits have immortalized celebrated stars and were featured in *Vanity Fair* and *Rolling Stone* magazines. 1625 N. Central.

Gallery X: Through February 3, mixed media pieces by Janet deBerge Lange and paintings by Rose Johnson. On Saturday, January 25 at 9pm, "Experiendica Discord," a series of experimental music and performance art pieces featuring the tribal/industrial

Tempe Arts Center: Through March 1, "Fire and Ice: Glass Sculpture," an invitational exhibit of work by 12 contemporary artists. Artspark, Mill Ave. and First St., Tempe. 968-0888.

Metropophobia: If this bookshop/coffee house/really cool hangout were Delta Burke, Annie Leibovitz would photograph it. If it were the Beatles, Capitol Records would sign it. If it were a Shakespearean sonnet, Orson Welles would read it aloud. If it were a mess of snow peas, Julia Child would stir fry it. The

Ain't Misbehavin': Presented by Arizona Theatre Company in the Herberger Theater Center through January 18. Tickets \$16-\$25. Center Stage. 222 E. Monroe St. 252-TIXS.



Rumors: Phoenix Little Theatre offers up Neil Simon's comedy about the misfortunes of a pair

Showtimes 8pm Friday and 2pm and 8pm Saturday. Tickets \$20 and \$18 (\$10 children 12 and under). 19493 R.H. Johnson Blvd., Sun City West. 975-1900.

appearance

Carol Channing: The actress and comedienne will be featured in an evening of camp and class, diamonds and dazzle, presented in grandiose fashion at 8pm Saturday, January 25 at the Sundome. Tickets \$7-\$21. 975-1900.

Mel Torme and Maureen McGovern: This durable pair of crooners will present "The Great American Songbook" with the able assistance of the Festival Concert Orchestra, at the Sundome at 8pm Friday, February 7, and at Gammage

Johnny Mathis: Friday and Saturday, January 24 and 25 at 8pm. Tickets \$25.50 and \$13.50. Desert Sky Pavilion 2121 N. 83rd Ave. 230-9112.

The Cult: Tuesday, January 28 at 6:30pm. Tickets \$19.50 and \$13.50. Desert Sky Pavilion 2121 N. 83rd Ave. 230-9112.

Kenny Rogers: 7:30pm February 6; 7:30 and 9:30pm February 7, Celebrity Theater. Tickets \$30. 230-9112.

The Music of Andrew Lloyd Weber: Michael "Phantom" Crawford will be here in person to sing your favorite songs from "The Phantom of the Opera," "Evita," "Cats," "Aspects of Love" and other musicals. This dazzling showcase of the Tony Award-winning composer's music features a full symphony orchestra and an ensemble of 12 Broadway singers. Performance times are 8pm Saturday, February 22, and 2 and 7:30pm Sunday, February 23. (Note: Crawford will not perform for the Sunday evening show.) Tickets \$36, \$33 and \$24; \$38, \$35 and \$26 Friday/Saturday evenings.

7:30pm and the Sunday matinee begins at 2pm. Tickets \$9-\$40, available through all Dillard's box offices. 678-2222.

Beauty and the Beast: Lyric Opera Theatre will present a new opera by young British composer Stephen Oliver, at 7:30pm Friday and Saturday, February 21 and 22, and Wednesday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, February 26, 28, 29 and March 1, in the ASU Music Theatre. Oliver's English translation of an Italian text was originally translated from a French version by Carlo Collodi, the creator of "Pinocchio." Tickets: \$10 (\$5 students). 965-6447.

toe shoes

Danceworks I and II: Master of fine arts candidates in dance at ASU will present a creative

television, stage and recording artists present a rousing program. Performance times are 2pm Sunday, February 2, at the Sundome, and 8pm February 2 at Gammage. Tickets: \$16/\$10/\$5, Sundome; \$16/\$13/\$10, Gammage. 975-1900, 965-3434.

big screen review

Bugsy: This film will most likely be remembered for one reason alone. Not because it is an enthralling character study of superstar gangster Benjamin "Bugsy" Seagal and femme fatale starlet Virginia Hill. Not because it's an atypical gangster flick, filmed more like a warped fairy tale about an eccentric prince with homicidal tendencies buying a castle in Hollywoodland and wooing the local lady-in-waiting (who doesn't exactly wait for anything or anybody). No, what this movie will be best remembered for is that it is where cinemastud Warren Beatty got caught with his pants down, placing his bun in the beautiful Annette Bening's Tineseltown oven. So much for the art of film.

—Kirby Holt

CULTURE

Sunday, January 19 will feature art-making, music, displays, demonstrations and youth games. \$2 donation at door; under 12 free. Gallery hours: Tuesday-Friday, 12-6pm. 1204 E. Roosevelt. 253-7887.

MARS Artspace: MARS opens its 1992 calendar with a group exhibit of work by its own members, January 3-31. New location at Luhrs Center, 126 S. Central Ave. 253-3541.

Phoenix Art Museum: Through March 1, "Winter Evenings, 1930s," features elegant winter evening dresses in the Arizona Costume Institute Gallery.

frenzy of Orphans and Widows; Jeff Falk enacting "Blind Stories;" mysterious multimedia maven Clara Grosse, and something billing itself as The Proverbial Other. \$4 admission. Saturday, February 15: A one-person exhibition featuring Canadian artist ManWoman. 800 W. Madison. 420-9390.

question remains: If Metropophobia were Michael Jackson's crotch, who would grab it? Wednesday-Friday, 5-10pm; Saturday noon-10pm and Sunday noon-6pm. 128 E. Taylor. 255-0668.

center stage

Alice In Wonderland: Performed by the Black Light Theater of Prague, this presentation of Lewis Carroll's classic tale is brought to life through the magical illusion of black light. Saturday, January 25, 2 and 7pm. Tickets \$11 child/\$14 adult. Scottsdale Center for the Arts, on the corner of 2nd St. and Civic Center Boulevard, east of Scottsdale Rd. and 2 blocks south of Indian School Rd. 994-ARTS or 230-9112.

As Is: William Hoffman's sensitive, humorous look at the effects of AIDS on the relationships between a gay couple and the people around them, will be presented by ASU Theatre next month. The Broadway production of the play won Obie and Drama Desk awards and received three Tony nominations. Performances are scheduled for Friday through Sunday, February 14-16 and 20-22, in the Paul V. Galvin Playhouse. Performance times are 8pm Friday and Saturday, February 14 and 15, and Thursday through Saturday, February 20-22; and 2pm Sunday, February 16. Tickets are \$8 (\$6 ASU faculty and staff, \$5 senior citizens and students). 965-6447.

of couples at a cozy dinner party. Through January 26. \$15/\$13/\$11. 25 E. Coronado Rd. 254-2151.

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.

The 1940s Radio Hour: Actor's Lab of Arizona trots out their 1985 hit. 8pm Wednesdays through Saturdays, 2pm Wednesdays and Sundays, through January 26. Fashion Square, 7014 E. Camelback Rd. 990-1731.

City of Angels: Gammage Auditorium, through January 19. 8pm Friday; 2pm and 8pm Saturday; 2pm and 6pm Sunday. Pre-show buffet dinner served before the Saturday evening performances. Tickets: \$37.50, \$34.50 and \$25.50 (Friday and Saturday evening add \$2 to regular ticket price). 965-3434.

Fiddler On The Roof: Starring Theodore Bikel. Two performances only at the Sundome Center, Friday and Saturday January 17 and 18.

Auditorium at 8pm Saturday, February 8. Mel Torme remains the premier performer of contemporary jazz, while Maureen McGovern is noted for her distinctive phrasing of jazz vocals. Tickets: Sundome, \$21/\$14/\$7; Gammage, \$22/\$19/\$16. 975-1900, 965-3434.



Gammage Auditorium. 965-3434.

Judy Collins: The durable folk singer will entertain at the Sundome 8pm Friday, February 28. This writer, performer, singer, songwriter and activist has contributed her take on human rights to several generations. Tickets: \$21/\$14/\$7. 975-1900.

opera

Tosca: Set against the political backdrop of Italy during the Napoleonic invasions, this opera revolves around the doomed love story of Floria Tosca and Mario Cavaradossi and their struggle against the evil Chief of Police, Baron Scarpia. First Presented in 1900 in Rome, Tosca has since become one of Puccini's most popular operas, marked by the composer's memorable music and striking dramatic tension. Phoenix Symphony Hall, January 23, 25 and 26. Evening performances begin at

CLUB by réy hoffman

other stuff

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.

Gathering of the Clans: Wear your kilts and join your clan for these rousing Highland flings, where you'll enjoy Scottish song, dance and music as twenty-five of Scotland's finest



oral intercourse *by girl* my fowl holiday • janet and rose and leibovitz' nose
 the truth about your parent's sex life • charlie harrison's recipe for success
 david cassidy's home phone number • treachery • a whole lot of big lies

I'd planned to tell you that I just couldn't possibly write a society column this week, dears, because my nails are wet and my perm is frizzing and my appointment book is full, full, full. I just can't seem to muster the strength to regale you, I had planned to say, and anyway, I can't remember most of what I did last week, I'd wanted to plead.

But after all the snivelling and whimpering that went on when my faboo phrases did not appear here recently, I just didn't have the heart to dissatisfy you further. Besides, the sight of our copy editor pleading on bended knee, "Please, please, please, write horrible things about nasty people!" was sick-making. You silly sissies really need to find something better to do with your time than trying to decipher this worthless slop.

So I hid myself away in San Francisco over the holidays, and came home to find this whole magazine all *different*. Changes galore at our little rag among the ruins! And speaking of ruins! San Francisco was a giant rage, as ever, and I felt so underdressed, not having my eyebrow pierced and all. Big fun: Josie's Cabaret, the Endup, the Pendulum, the Headquarters, the Phoenix (what a dreadful name!) and the Midnight Sun. Yes, darlings, I spent almost all my time in gay bars while vacationing in the most beautiful city in the country. I am a homosexual male—what do you expect?

While on my way from one dark toilet to another, I spotted an old woman sitting on the pavement in front of that little pharmacy in Sunset where that humpy Arab with the pierced nipples works—the one where you can buy tins of Genuine San Francisco Tooth Powder for all your wacko friends back home. Seated next to the woman was a large white bird, and around its neck hung a sign: "Magic Goose. \$5."

I adore transients, and the thought of bringing home live fowl has always sort of pleased me, so I fished out my change purse and handed the woman a five spot and said, "Would you have it dressed and sent to 811 McAllister by 5:30 this afternoon, please?"

The crone dropped my wadded-up bill into a small tin bucket at the goose's webbed feet. She stared at my shoes for awhile and then said, "The bird is not for sale. It is the magic I am selling."

Pretty cheeky for a homeless person, I thought. I glanced at the goose then, and it looked up into my bleary red orbs and it said, "Frank

Baselice's eyebrows."

I turned back to the old woman. "Huh?" I said to her. "I paid five bucks for 'Frank Baselice's eyebrows?' You promised me magic!"

The crone grabbed my arm. Her thumb and forefinger encircled my wrist. She leaned in close; I could smell the Jagermeister on her breath. She said this to me:

"Listen, son. You are standing on a streetcorner in San Francisco, and you have just given a goose five dollars. Not only did the goose speak aloud in the King's English, but it told you something that only you can comprehend. It told you about something it knows nothing of, being a goose, and it probably told you about something which exists only in whatever land you come from. Now," she said, pushing me away from her with surprising force for such an old lady, "if you think that isn't magic, then *you* are the goose!"

I sat down on the pavement on the corner of 9th Avenue and Irving, turned on the little portable cassette recorder that I carry with me everywhere, and began shoveling bills into the goose's tin pail. Here is what it told me:

"Peter Petrisko's knee. Marianne Mobley's sideburns. Paul Braun's laundry. Bob Hegyi's finger cymbals. Ron Barnes' lungs. Annie Leibovitz' photography. Bruce Kurtz' dye-job. Robyn Ferracane's brother. Lisa Colwell's trailer. Peter Case's guitar. Anna Dooling's haircut. David Therrien's worker bees. Jan Capecci's new job. Bob Aronin's property taxes. Pete Fischer's neighbors. Tim Moore's brown rice. Erin Lofton's canvases. Jim Cherry's crown. Donald Thompson's lutes. Kathleen Barnes' teeth. Jane Smith's hairless dog. David Parker's signature. Target's half-off sale. Russel Hahn's bola tie. Acquanetta's chignon. John Bahr's demonstration. David Van Virden's incompleteness. Randy Gorbette's chandeliers. Lucille Morton's sepulcher. Rhino's sweater. Sue Laybe's backyard. Chuck Hadd's whereabouts. Scott Weber's girlfriend. Perry Shurtz' obsession. Judith Curtis-Mardon's insight. Robert Severance's dresser dummy. Gerald Hawk's fruit cup. Louis Clemente's revenge. Cactus Jack's dance floor. Ken Fisher's practice. John Martin's ten-year plan. Hubert Charles' biceps. Randy Mackey's thighs. Roger Rea's boyfriend. Martha Jones' wife. Sybil Erden's Harley. Chris

Winkler's coat-hangers. Jeff Coulter's deliverance. Helen Hestenes' womb. Allen Kalchik's escape. Kim Blake's lover. Lisa Wheeler's transsexual pal. Kirk Baxter's manicurist. David Blais' Advocate quotes. Gerry Kroll's omniscience. Fred Corey's suede belt. Cate Spencer's smile. Your editor's pectorals. Peter Ragan's espresso. Mike Miskowski's Saran wrap. Francine Ruley's absence. Robert Adams' secret. Lisa Sette's bunion. Annie Lopez' hand puppet. Bill Orovan's thesaurus. Deon Brown's bicuspid. Dwayne Stone's reactionary stance. Ed Buck's vagina. Tish Tanner's swollen ankles. Christopher Breedlove's insignificance. Arthur Aboujress' infidelity. Your mother's moustache. Mike Lange's handshake. Rose Johnson's memory. Melinda Brown's crewcut. Jay Foster's library card. Shay Patterson's waistline. Rose Mofford's wiglet. Heidi Ewart's stage presence."

The goose paused, touched its beak to the pavement, and squawked one last revelation:

"Michelle Manley isn't!" it shrieked, then fell to the pavement, dead as night.

We stood silent, the old woman and I. We stared at the goose, still and cold on the sidewalk. "It goes like that, sometimes," she said, touching a tear on her cheek. "Sometimes, it goes that way."

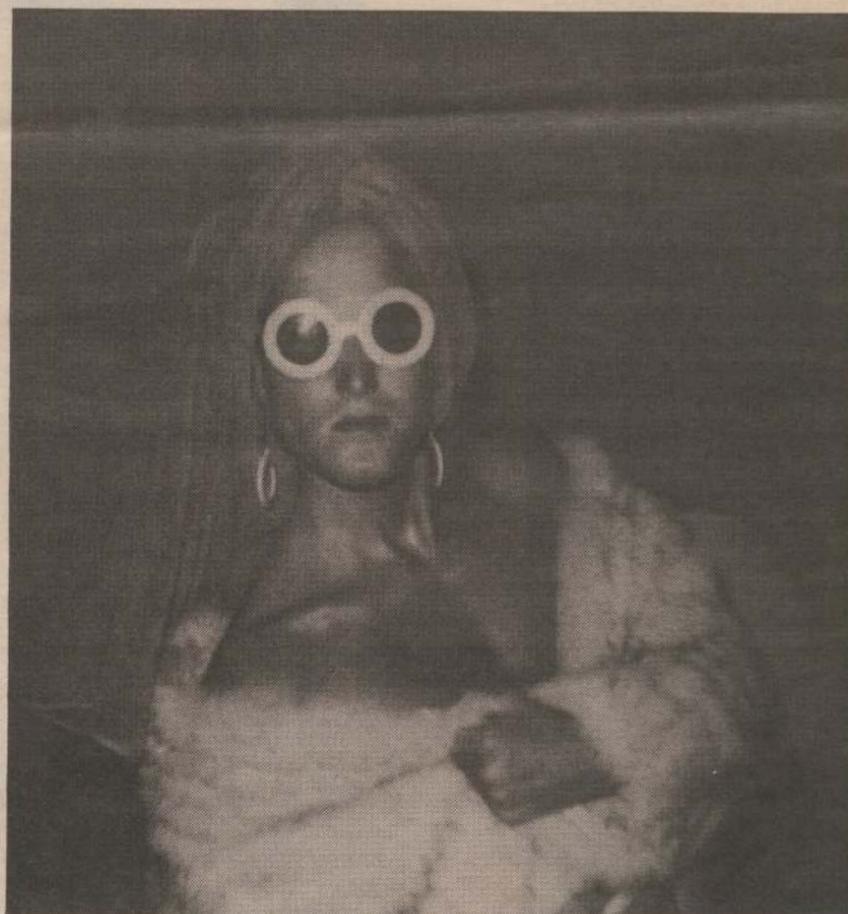
I stared at the crone for a long

time, and then I said this to her:

"I want credit on Marianne Mobley's sideburns. She doesn't live in Phoenix."

...

I rather wish I hadn't gone to San Francisco after all, mystic fowl notwithstanding. I missed an awful lot of fun stuff while I was away. Like John Bircumshaw's fun New Year's Eve bash at a lavish midtown mansion (Everyone was there—you know who you are!) and that group of stoned Texans slumming at Brookshire's late one Saturday night (where did you expect to find a bunch of loaded artzoids—on the dance floor at Trax?)...One thing I did not miss was all this screeching scoop about Marty "Last Chance For Love" Armijo's pending nuptials. That's the poop a little bird plopped into my lap the other day. It seems that Marty and his fiancé Mark "I Thought You Wrote For The Western Express" Stansberry met a month or so ago and before you knew it they were head over high heels in love. And just think! I was there the night it all began! I saw their eyes meet, that unknowable passion passed between them, and then...*marriage?* February 15th is the big day and who do you suppose is going to wear the gown?...The Phoenix Art Museum



opening for *Annie Leibovitz Photographs 1970-1990* was mobbed. Girl was naturally at the pre-party party where la Leibovitz attempted to chatter about her work. There were about a billion people in the gallery, so it was really rather hard to hear her. She did mention something about John Cleese hanging upside-down from a crane, though. Continuing my erstwhile attempt to bring you, my beloved readers, the hottest celebrity information, I managed to toss a couple of questions in Annie's direction. Please be informed that **Annie Leibovitz** purchases her strikingly *moderne* black size 12 Bandolino loafers at the Tall Girl Shop in New York City. You're welcome...In keeping with the spirit of Annie's here-they-are-so-there style of photography, I've compiled a list of celebuitantes present at the Contemporary Forum opening in much the same manner. There they were, so here: **Bill** "Bathe Me In Leather, Drown Me In Your Sex" **Hardin**; **Thomas** "Oh Get Away From Me, I Hate Gossip Columnists" **Houlon** and his lovely new bride, **Patty** "Yeah, Listen To The Man And Leave Us Alone" **Barnes**; **Reed** "You Can Talk To Me, I Love Your Column" **Kroloff**, who with one flex of his bicep brings valley architects to their knees; **Michael** "I'll Be Right Over, Baby" **Johns**, Stephane-less; the exorbitantly generous **Michael** "Na Na Hey Hey Let's All Chant" **Shraeder**; **Janet** "Soccer Mary" **deBerge Lange** and her tall, tall husband **Mike**; **Jeff** "I Have Ankles" **Falk** and **Annie** "So Do I" **Lopez**; **David** "If Only People Knew Who I Really Am" **Van Virden**; **Genvieve** "What If I Told You I Knew Your Mother?" **Reckling**; **Cate** "Now Listen, No More Hair Jokes!" **Spencer** and best-wed pal **John** "I Think It's The Mold In The Air" **Chonka**; **Lisa** "Please Don't Give Me A Middle Name" **Sette**; **Peter** "I Used To Be Someone Other Than Who I Am Now" **Wirmusky** and **Neil** "Do People Think We're Gay?" **Norman**; **Bobbie Bentley**; **Mel** "I Saw *Last Tango In Paris* Seventeen Times" **Roman**; **Ted** "Kodachrome" **Decker**; **Joe** "Yummy" **Ray** and (ho hum) his lovely wife; **Robert** "About To Be Nationally Renown" **Adams**; **James** "Hand and the Spirit" **Rapp**; **Helen** "Sweeping Up Dog Poop In The Rain" **Hestenes** and **David** "They're Not Worker Bees, They're My Friends" **Therrien**; **Ed** and **Gail Mell**; **Esmerelda** "Just In From New York Where I Am Tech-Advising An Art Installation In Queens" **Delaney**; **Kathy** "Torn Between Two Lovers"

Rivers; **Randy** "Just You Wait Til I Get You Home" **McCabe** and last but not least **Deon** "Don't You Dare Tell My Brother I'm Queer" **Brown** and his brother **Devry** "It Doesn't Take A Rocket Scientist To Figure Some Things Out" **Brown**...I hurtled out the PAM door and on to **Metro-pophobobia** for poetry vid-phone night. The Peters have set up an audio/video link with a coffeehouse in Santa Monica and each location takes turns reading to the other. I loved readings by **Jack Evans** and **David Chorlton**, who gave Angelenos a run for their money, poetry-wise. Scatologically speaking, the ever-virtual **Gerald** "I Am Hugh" **Hawk** stole the show with his high-profile, lowdown commentary on his potty problems...Speaking of **Metro-pophobobia**, hey! Look at all the nice hip homosexuals making their brave way on downtown for something besides sleaze and soda water! Gee. You guys are too much. Isn't discovering the real world fun? (Note to Lou: I'm glad you like my column. Now go call my editor.)...If I'd been in Phoenix last week, I could have seen **Janet deBerge Lange's** and **Rose Johnson's** opening at Gallery X, which I hear was positively overflowing with stunning art and zillions of queer men. I've been told that **Dwayne** "Expedite Me, Stella" **Stone** was there, blathering about his lost youth and bemoaning the ravages of age. His hair is positively graying, dears, and he's given up trying to hide it. But even I will admit that without his moustache, Dwayne looks *months* younger. **David** "I Spoke to Chris Bull" **Blais** was also there, ogling young headbangers. One goes to galleries to look at art, Davey...Let's see, what else? Well, nothing. That's it. Now go away. Leave me alone. Go read something literate. And remember: Stay away from Magic Geese..



EROTIC ART: A pre-opening peek into Alwun House's annual indecent exposure SCANDAL AT SHANTI: All about the gay community's seventy-fourth organized attack on Randy Gorbette and Company BARBIE FASHION SPREAD: Midge in tulle; Skipper in plaid; Ken goes preppy AND A WHO LOT MO!

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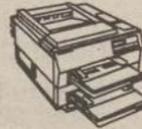
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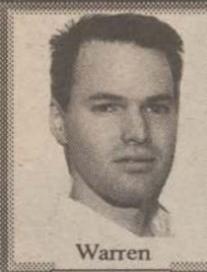
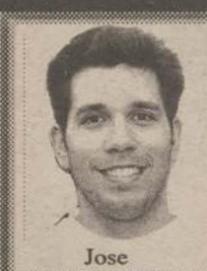
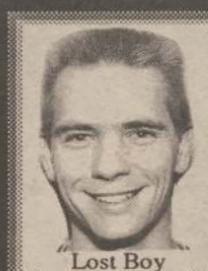
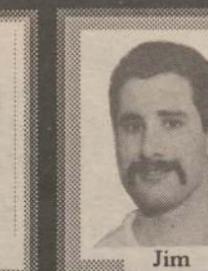
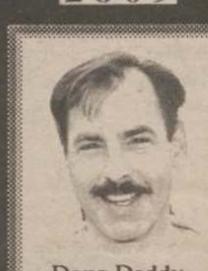
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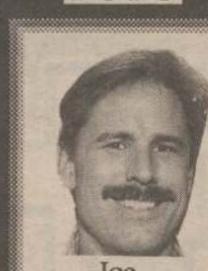
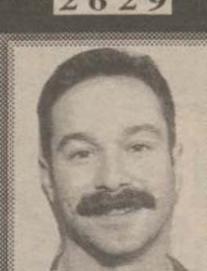
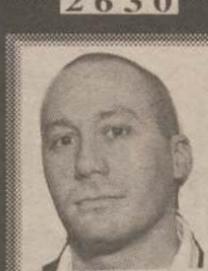
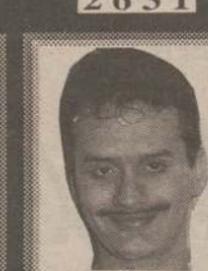
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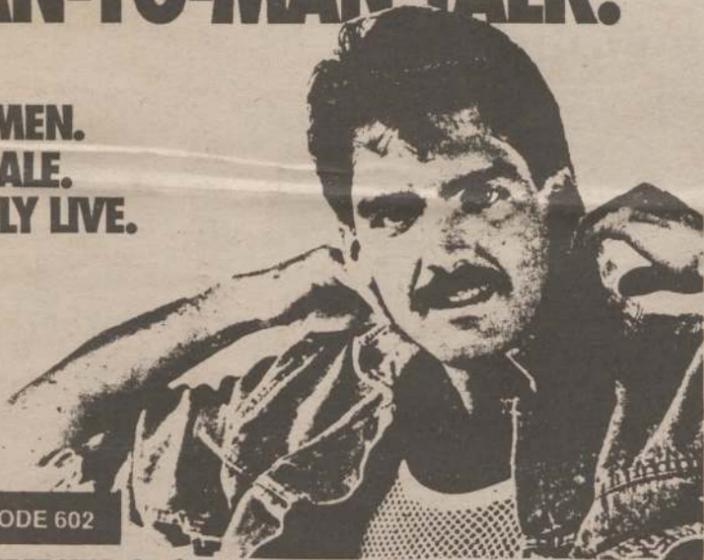
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