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E S O U R C E

QUEENS ART AND SATIRE - VOLUME EIGHT NUMBER FIVE - ISSUE 183 - FEBRUARY 28 - MARCH 12 1992

FAG HAGS:

WHO ARE THEY
AND WHAT DO
THEY WANT
FROM US?

Q

U E E R S & A R T I S T S

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

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

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

Changing 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
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

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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issue 183

Not all of the fag hags I know are obese, boisterous women

with loud voices. One of my gal pals is a shy, bony lawyer whose husband refuses to stay up all night dancing with her. Another enjoys male company but dislikes sex. Still another is my sister, a woman who "happens to be closely related to a gay man." Each of these women resents the fat, blowzy stereotype our presence in their lives affords them. Each has a reason for being acquainted with a number of gay men, but not one of them will admit to being a fag hag. And you and I know they're full of shit. • Our female friends would have us believe that gay men are somehow attracted to them magnetically, that a band of us magically appeared on their respective doorsteps one afternoon, looking lost and asking for pinking shears and a cup of sherry. They've taken us in, and yet they're denying that either our mutual attraction or the brood of sissies who came before us have any significance. Why? • My friend Dina, who knows a zillion homos, says she objects to the *term* "fag hag" and not the status it implies. "Fag' isn't a very nice word," Dina says. "And who wants to be called a hag? If you have to call us something, why can't you come up with something more *pleasant*?" "No way," I tell her. "Fag hag *rhymes*, and you know we're all queer for poetry." • My friend Lew says that fag hags secretly resent queers because they think we're stealing men from them (even though the men we're "stealing" are gay). Dina thinks that her gay male friends aspire to her gregariousness. My sister thinks we want to try on her shoes. My theory isn't quite so whimsical: I think that fag hags, like all other heterosexuals, are ashamed of their affiliation with us. True, most of us have nurtured a bond with these women; they have become our friends. But if we excuse them from the homophobia inherent in all our dealings with heterosexuals, we are deluding ourselves. Dina can tell me that she doesn't like being called a hag, but I'll always believe it's the *fag* she's resisting. —Pela

On the cover: *Fag hag extraordinaire Bette Davis as Jane Hudson in Whatever Happened To Baby Jane?* Photo courtesy United Artists.

Purely Platonic

Loud, fun-loving secretaries with weight problems diss the sissy dirt

Assembling an issue of this magazine devoted to Women Who Just Happen To Have A Lot Of Gay Men Friends brought up a lot of interesting questions—many for which we had no answers. Eager to see the mystery solved, we dragooned a trio of opinionated females, all of whom are wise in the ways of sissies, opened a bag of Frito's and a six pack of wine spritzers, and turned on the tape machine. They talked.

The women were Trudihope, a self-professed "fag hag;" Ann, a woman who prefers to think of herself as someone who knows a couple of gay guys; and Paula, a

recently married "recovering fag hag" who says she spends a lot less time with her gay boyfriends since lassoing "a real man." We started out by asking them *why* they spend so much time with homosexual men.

Trudihope: When I hang out with straight guys, there are sexual overtones. Straight guys

don't have female friends. They only see us in one way—as someone they can get into the sack.

Ann: Or can't.

Trudihope: Right. So I have gay male friends, and I get to be with men and not have to worry about them coming on to me. When we go to a movie I've been wanting to see, I get to *see the movie*. I don't have to deal with a whining twelve-year-old who's going to schlep to the concession stand eight times and try to grope me and spill popcorn all over my catsuit.

Ann: I was going out with this guy...a real loser. We went to see *The Double Life of Veronique* and ten minutes into the movie, he insisted we leave...

Paula: Because it was subtitled?

Ann: Exactly. He said he hated foreign films. How did you know?

Paula: I think I went out with that guy, too. Did his lips move when he read?

Trudihope: Straight guys never want to see anything unless it has Schwarzenegger in it. Or Sylvester Stallone.

Paula: I like Sylvester Stallone. He's sexy.

Ann: We're getting off the subject. We're supposed to be talking about gay guys, and we're talking about straight guys.

Trudihope: We're talking about straight guys *comparatively*. Because straight guys are boring, and our gay buddies aren't.

Ann: You're generalizing. One of my gay friends, Rich, is really boring. He's a stockbroker. He collects *matchbooks*.

Trudihope: For someone who claims she isn't a fag hag, you sure have a lot of gay friends.

Paula: Lay off her. And your generalizations are unfair. How can you sit here and say that gay men are more...

Trudihope: Interesting? Because they are. And they cook better...

Ann: Hell, they cook, period.

Trudihope:...and they're more cultured and they appreciate women more.

Ann: What? How can you say that a gay man appreciates a woman more?

Trudihope: Because they do. Gay men recognize our taste in clothes, our hair. Straight men stare at your tits, first thing. They miss the fact that we've spent the whole day getting ready for them. They just want us to stick our snatches in their faces.

Paula: Some women believe that eventually, their gay pal will come to his senses and fall in love with them.

Trudihope: It's bullshit, plain and simple. I've been in love with Michael for two years. It's useless. I could whack off my tits and grow a beard and an eight inch dick, and he'd still ask to borrow my curling iron.

Paula: Why are all gay men named Michael?

Ann: You're in love with your gay friend?

Trudihope: Yes. Emphatically. And he is in love with a balding electrical engineer with a terminal social disease. He could have *me*, and instead he has bad sex and a persistent case of crabs.

Ann: That's sick.

Trudihope: No, it's not. I didn't have a sense of style before I started hanging out with Michael and Robert. They take me shopping. I'm still a cow, but at least now I know how to dress.

Paula: I remember being introduced to real style by gay guys. Before I started going to gay bars, I thought all men drank beer and farted and watched football on television.

Ann: But it's not like being with *real* men.

Trudihope: If you'll forgive me for saying so, you are the least enlightened fag hag I have ever met.

Ann: I am *not* a fag hag. I *hate* that word. Maybe it's okay for you to use it to describe yourself...

Trudihope: Why, because I'm fat and loud? Look, whether you're willing to admit it or not, the reason that you and I are single—and the reason that we will probably end up dying with our maiden names—is because we are strong women, and men don't like strong women.

Paula: And that's exactly why gay men *do* like us.

Ann: Because they don't have to worry about dominating us, they can be our equals?

Trudihope: Yeah. Gay men are attracted to our strengths, without fear of castration. And we don't have to worry about bullshit competition from them, like we do with our girlfriends.

Paula: I disagree. I think that both gay men and straight men are intimidated by strong women. I get the same macho bullshit from my gay boyfriends and dyke girlfriends that I get from the straight assholes at work.

Trudihope: Then there's the whole self-esteem thing. Gay people who feel bad about themselves because they are gay are thrilled when some straight person likes them. They think of being accepted by a straight person as a kind of validation. Straight men usually can't tolerate gay guys. Enter, fag hags!

Paula: That's really classist, Trudi. Try this one out: Weak women like the idea of having men in their lives who they can control. They see gays as men they can dominate. Instant subjugation!

Trudihope: But our gay pals are getting something out of the arrangement, too.

Ann: Sure. Richie likes being able to attend his bosses' annual Christmas party every year with a woman on his arm. He can take me home to Mom occasionally.

Paula: So it's mainly a question of who's using whom?

Ann: I prefer to think of it this way: Knowing a gay man is like knowing a man who can be your best friend, who won't care about your bra size or whether you've slept with his friends.

Trudihope: Unless he wants to borrow your bra or sleep with your friends...

Ann: A gay man can be your best friend, and you can talk to him about *man* things that you don't understand. There's no pressure, it's very comfortable. But it's not enough. There has to be that other kind of interaction. Without that, it just isn't the same.

Paula: You mean fucking? That's what your boyfriend is for. Try to get your boyfriend to take you to *La Traviata*. Try to get him up off the *couch*.

Ann: But you don't have to fall in love with gay men. That's sort of irresponsible.

Paula: Most hags don't. Most women are into this "someday, someone's going to fall in love with me" scenario. Until that happens, gay men are a nice stop gap. You get to go out with a nice looking guy, and until Mr. Right comes along, it beats hanging out with your girlfriends.

Trudihope: Sex is overrated. It's real easy to say that I hang out with gay men because I'm fat and obnoxious and can't get a date. But I could lose a hundred pounds and keep my trap shut long enough to land a guy. What for? So he can screw me when *he* feels like it, ignore me the rest of the time, talk to me about sports? No way.

Ann: Not all men are like that.

Paula: Yes they are. She just described my husband. And my last three boyfriends.

Ann: So maybe you're satisfied just being with gay men. I'm not.

Trudihope: Look, honey. I'm not saying that gay men are any better. As soon as they land a boyfriend, they stop calling. They come around in between lovers, or when their latest has dumped them. There's not any less shit dealing with gay men than there is with straight men. It's just different, more amusing shit. So maybe the moral is that all men are schmucks, regardless of whether they suck cock or not.

Ann: I'm sorry I said you are irresponsible.

Trudihope: I *am* irresponsible. And I'm tired of talking about this. Let's get this stupid magazine to buy us some lunch.

Paula: Do we have to go to a gay restaurant?

Trudihope: Yes.





In this wicked excerpt from *Fag Hag*, Robert Rodi's just-published novel, the author observes the obsessions of women who love men who love men.

By mid-August, the romance of Peter and Morris, which had begun in July with such fireworks, had diminished in intensity to the level of a household flashlight. Peter called Natalie almost daily with tales of Morris's peculiarities. "He freaks out every time we even get close to some kind of commitment," he complained one afternoon. "Last night he made dinner, and I told him I loved his chicken tarragon, and by the time I got the word 'love' out I could see he'd stiffened up and gone white. Like he was expecting me to end the sentence another way. What's he so afraid of? He never even talks to me anymore. In the beginning, it seemed like we'd never run out of things to say to each other."

Natalie clicked her tongue in sympathy and said, "Honey, maybe you should relax a little and let him make the first move." Or on another occasion she might advise him, "Honey, you've got to press the issue; he's obviously afraid of making a commitment, but that doesn't mean he doesn't *want* to, deep down." And Peter would take her advice, so that Morris would end up calling her, too, to say, "Natalie, what on earth is going on with Peter? One week he's ready to marry me and move in, the next he's at the other end of the couch with his arms folded. It's all up and down with him, like a roller coaster." And Natalie always said, "Peter is an artist, you have to respect the depths of his feeling for you, and the strange ways his love manifests itself," and Morris would say, "Oh," as if that were exactly what he didn't want to hear.

In spite of this, they were still inseparable, but Natalie thought that was due mainly to momentum; she had only to bring it to a halt. She found plenty of opportunities to do so, for more often than not she found herself invited to tag along with them on their outings together. And whenever the three of them were together, Peter spent more time talking to her than to Morris.

Typically, they'd go out to dinner and get roaring drunk, and Natalie would hold court. After dinner they'd somehow find their way to a bar, where the music was loud and the drinks flowed freely. There they'd hole up in a corner and Natalie and Peter would dish everyone in sight while Morris listened quietly.

Then, after they'd closed nearly every bar on the Halsted strip, Peter and Morris would depart for Morris's apartment (Morris having gotten so strangely averse to Peter's for some reason), and Natalie

would lurch the few blocks to her own place, tanked.

But never so tanked as to miss any hint of an opportunity; all that she needed now was the killing blow, the one that would drive Peter and Morris apart forever.

Tonight, she believed she'd found it.

A few hours earlier, they'd dined at a Greek restaurant, where she almost got the three of them kicked out. After way too much Reditis, she'd picked up a forkful of her lamb-and-artichoke entree and started to complain that it looked like "a fetal pig," at which Peter and Morris had almost hurt themselves laughing. Peter actually slid out of his chair!

Now they were at Berlin, a very loud bar with several video monitors, a dance floor, and lots of very young, Arrow-shirt-handsome men. Natalie and Peter were cutting up, true to form, picking especially on the barflies who had obviously put too much thought into their ensembles and now stood still as emperors of China, unable to move due to the weight of their sartorial majesty.

After an hour or so, Natalie noticed that Morris had been darting his eyes in a certain direction for the better part of the night. On the pretext of scratching an itch on her leg, she leaned forward and, following the path of Morris's gaze, saw a handsome blond against the far wall holding a bottle of beer and wearing a smoldering look. Then—oh, joy!—she saw him glance in Morris's direction.

They even looked alike. How could two such narcissists resist each other? Natalie resumed her running commentary with Peter, but in her head the gears were turning. When she and Peter left the bar tonight, they would have no Morris with them. She would see to that.

"Excuse me, honey," she said a few minutes later, and she heard herself slurring her words. Got to watch that, she admonished herself. Need to be alert now. She pushed herself away from the corner. "Gotta visit the ol' sandbox."

"Actually, so do I," said Peter. "Morris, keep our wall warm." He giggled at the joke.

She pretended to be a little wobbly on her feet, so that she listed several steps to the left on her journey to the john. This took her directly into the path of the man Morris had been eyeing. Peter disappeared into the men's room, so it was safe to act. She grabbed the strange man's hand and said, "Oh, stop with the wallflower act. Come on and shake it with me, handsome!" And she started to pull him into the crowd of dancers. He resisted like a mule.

Hers was the superior bulk, however, and soon they were on the dance floor. She turned and started to wriggle in time to the music; then, observing the naked anxiety on her partner's face, she stopped, peered at him, and said, "Oh, my god!" She put her hands over her face. "You're not Morris! I'm so fucking embarrassed!"

"S'Okay," he said, and he started to edge away.

"You look exactly like a friend of mine," she said insistently. "I can't believe this! I must be totally trashed!"

He smiled. "Never mind."

"No, you gotta see him now, so you know I'm not losing my mind." She grabbed his shoulder and swung him in Morris's direction. "There he is," she said. "Guy in the khaki Girbaud pants—my friend, Mor-REES." She waved, and Morris blushed crimson. He

waved back weakly, trying not to meet Natalie's companion's eyes.

"See the resemblance?" she asked. "Could be your double."

"Sort of."

"Sort of! Oh, come on! Well—I guess in a way, all gorgeous guys resemble each other—"

"Not at all," he protested at once, and she knew he meant, I'm not gorgeous at all (as if he could ever convince her he believed that).

"—but this is uncanny," she continued, not missing a beat. "You look alike, you smile alike, you even talk alike." She paused, then launched into the Patty Duke Show theme song: "You could lose your miiind," she trilled, and then she cracked up.

She grabbed his arm again and dragged him over to Morris. "You need a closer look, that's all." Morris noted her coming with a look of utter astonishment.

Soon, she had the two men face to face. At this proximity she could see that she'd rather overstated their resemblance to one another, but never mind, it had served her purpose.

"This is my friend Morris," she said to her new acquaintance. "You might recognize him from your mirror. Morris, this lovely hunk of man I thought was *you*." She turned to him. "Sorry, I don't even know your name."

"Nick," he said.

"Morris, this is Nick."

The two shook hands, and held each other's gaze for a telling moment. Natalie saw Peter returning from the men's room, and she called him over: "Honey, come and look, I've found Morris's evil twin!"

Peter approached them and was introduced, and then there was an awkward moment of silence. Natalie grinned like a circus clown.

Finally, Peter said, "Well, there's some resemblance, Natalie, but not quite as much as you think. You'd agree if you were sober."

Ah, so he was irritated with her. That provided an opportunity. But she had to play this exactly right. She turned away and started to cry.

"Sorry," she said. "I didn't mean to embarrass everyone. Okay, they *don't* look that much alike. I'm a major moron. So sue me. So stick a fucking knife in my chest and put me out of my fucking misery." She darted away.

"Oh, for Christ's sake," said Peter in disgust. He turned to Morris. "Look, I have to go after her. Pain in the ass. Excuse me, okay?"

"I understand," said Morris.

She had staggered over to the public telephone and was leaning into its metal cradle now, sobbing very authentically. Two men stood a few feet away, necking obliviously.

Peter found her and put his hand on her back. "Come on, Natalie. I'm sorry."

"Fuck you," she bawled.

"No, really, I shouldn't have made you look bad in front of Morris and that other guy. I'm really serious. That was rude. You're just tough to handle when you get all weird like that. But that's no excuse, I know. I'm sorry. Really."

She turned and flung herself into his arms, and clutched him, sobbing, drenching a patch of his shirt in crocodile tears. She ran her fingers through his hair. "I love you so much," she wailed, and that, at least, she meant.

"I know, honey, I love you, too."

"I—I—I feel so bad sometimes," she gasped through her tears, "I feel like such an outsider sometimes, with you and Morris, like I don't fit in." And that was true, too. She was drunker than she'd thought. Genuine feeling

was usurping her theatrics.

He pushed her away from his chest and looked into her eyes. "Of course you fit in. You're my best friend! I love having you around."

She sniffed and let a little burp of emotion escape her. "You mean it?"

"Shut up," he said. "Don't beg like a dog. Listen, I won't pretend that I don't sometimes think you'd be better off having a romance of your own instead of always getting so involved in mine, but as far as I'm concerned no one's come along who's anywhere near good enough for you, so fuck it, you can hang out with me and Morris till the day we die, if it comes to that. I know he feels the same way."

She hugged him. "Thank you so much, honey. I love you. You make me so happy. I'll try not to get so crazy anymore."

"Okay." He patted her ample bottom. "Okay. C'mon. Let's go back to our wall and get totally plowed."

They returned to their corner, but Morris wasn't there. Natalie said, "Don't worry, he'll find us if we stay where we are," and she went to buy two beers. The line at the bar was long, and when she got back Peter was still alone, and looking a little frantic.

"I don't see Morris anywhere in the crowd," he said nervously.

"It's pretty dense in here," she said, handing him his beer. He took a swig, never taking his eyes off his surroundings. "Do me a favor and help me look for him, okay?"

"Okay," she said. "Anything for you, baby."

He started wading through the crowd to his left, and Natalie forged her way to the right. The crowd had gotten thick; dozens of perfectly tapered heads with perfect skin glanced her way, displaying rows of teeth like pearls on a string, glowing with health and happiness. So many beautiful men in the world, such an astonishing number. And then she met Peter in the middle again, and his eyes were like little galaxies, they brimmed with the raw stuff of existence; next to him, everyone else paled.

"Funny," he said. "Morris doesn't seem to be anywhere." He was practically shouting now; they were directly beneath a speaker.

She could tell that he'd reached the same conclusion she had, but he'd hate her if she gave voice to it first. Instead, she said, "Maybe he thought you took me home."

He raised an eyebrow, grateful for even so absurd an interpretation of Morris's absence. "Let's give him another ten minutes," he said.

Two hours later, she led him out of the bar. He could scarcely see; he was blinded by tears. There had been no sign of Morris.

No sign of Morris, and no sign of Nick.

Robert Rodi is an advertising copywriter in Chicago, where he lives with a dog, two birds, and a man. Fag Hag is his first novel.

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"I Just Know A Lot Of Gay Men!"

You're a single heterosexual woman who hasn't had a date in eight months. You could stand to lose a few pounds. But are you a fag hag? Here's your chance to prove, once and for all, that it's just a coincidence that most of your girlfriends are men.

1. How many of your friends are gay men?

- A. None of them
- B. Some of them
- C. All of them

2. How much do you weigh?

- A. More than 180 pounds
- B. More than 250 pounds
- C. None of your fucking business

3. When was the last time you went out on a date with a straight guy?

- A. Six weeks ago
- B. Six months ago
- C. Six years ago

4. Why are so many of your friends gay men?

- A. Because gay men are funnier than straight men.
- B. Because gay men are sexier than straight men.
- C. Because gay men let me borrow their clothes.

5. Who is your hero?

- A. Robert Bly
- B. Tom Selleck
- C. Harvey Milk

6. What do you do for a living?

- A. Copy editor at *The Advocate*
- B. Secretary for a stingy, boring straight attorney
- C. Doorperson at a gay disco

7. Which of these social dilemmas are you least acquainted with?

- A. Homophobia
- B. Queer bashing
- C. Date rape

8. What's the best thing about having a gay man for a friend?

- A. Having someone attractive and attentive to tell my troubles to
- B. My mother thinks he's my lover
- C. Free manicures

9. What's the worst thing about having a gay man for a friend?

- A. Having to share my panty hose
- B. Going with him to the International Barbie Convention
- C. He's always stealing my boyfriends

10. Which of these statements is most true for you?

- A. I like having gay men for friends because they are not a sexual threat.
- B. I wish I were a gay man.
- C. I wish I had a boyfriend.

11. What do you do on Sunday morning?

- A. Have brunch with a lot of men who dish Lorna Luft's singing coach and call one another "Mary."
- B. Recover from an evening spent listening to a bunch of men dish Liz Taylor's new husband and calling one another "Joanne."
- C. Pray for a real life.

12. What are you waiting for?

- A. I know that if I just stick it out long enough, he'll give up this silly gay stuff and ask me to marry him.
- B. I know that if I just stick it out long enough, some straight guy will ask me to marry him and I can give up this silly gay stuff.
- C. I don't know.

Your Score:

Give yourself 5 points for every question you answered with an A, 3 points for every B, and 2 points for every C.

What Your Score Indicates:

46-60 Points: You're not a fag hag, just a confused spinster who's fallen in with the wrong crowd. Kindly but firmly explain to your gay friends that it's been nice, but you feel you really ought to spend some time with real people for a change.

23-45 Points: Careful. A few more Sara Lee Butter Fudge Crumbcakes and another weekend dancing in dark toilets with men named Bruce and no one's going to believe that you "just happen to know a couple of nice gay guys."

0-22 Points: Who are you trying to fool? All of the men in your life are named Michael, and each of them owns more evening frocks than you do. If you're not a fag hag, then how do you happen to be reading this magazine right now? Get a life. Hurry.

art smart

Radix Gallery: Mixed media work by artist Mel Roman, February 28 through March 28. Opening reception Friday, February 28, 5-9pm. Hours: Noon to 5pm Tuesday through Saturday. 1429 N. First St. 256-9252.

Eleven East Ashland: Mixed media installations by artist Keith Gossiaux, February 29 through March 21. This independent art space will host its third annual juried competition, April 24 through May 16. The competition will be open to contemporary artists throughout the country; entry

Gallery X: Through March 9, pop art and a "swastika museum" by Canadian artist ManWoman; by appointment. 800 W. Madison. 420-9390.

Arizona Design Center: A public exhibit of furniture and fabrics inspired by the famed American architect Frank Lloyd Wright will be on display through March 5. 3600 E. University Dr. 232-0032.

Northlight Gallery: Nude photographs by artist Albert Arthur Allen, March 1 through April 8. Allen pursued "naturism," a popular nudist trend of the 1920s, posing his subjects in scenic spots along the California coast or in the Bay Area hills. He was fascinated by racial differences and did studies of black and Asian women. The gallery is located in Matthews Hall, immediately south of the Lyceum Theatre. 965-6517.

C

deadline is March 14. Exhibition proposals for the Summer/Fall 1992 season will be accepted until April 1; for more information concerning exhibiting at Ashland or the juried competition, call David Cook at 271-0831. 11 E. Ashland.

Alwun House: Exotic Art Exhibit: This ninth annual juried show displays uncensored exotic art in all media, featuring established and emerging artists. Through March 14. \$2 donation; members free. Gallery hours: Tuesday-Friday, 12-6pm. 1204 E. Roosevelt. 253-7887.

Metropophobia: Drink coffee. Look at art. Read about life on other levels. Hobnob with celebs (Shirley Jones and Francine Ruley were seen there just last week). Buy a fridge magnet. What are you waiting for? Wednesday-Friday, 5-10pm; Saturday noon-10pm and Sunday noon-6pm. 128 E. Taylor. 255-0668.



center stage

Hello Muddah, Hello Fadduh: 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. Through March 29. Tickets on sale now at the Phoenix Little Theatre box office, or call 254-2151.

Latins Anonymous: The final word on being Latino in America today. 8pm Wednesdays through Saturdays; 2pm Sundays

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running through March 8. Actors Lab Theater, Scottsdale Fashion Square, Camelback and Scottsdale Rds. Tickets \$15-\$19. 990-1731.

The Wizard of AIDS: The Berlitz Gallery Theatre will present this AIDS-educational musical theater production, a musical parody of the "Wizard of Oz," at 7pm on March 4 at Scottsdale Center for the Arts, 7383 Scottsdale Mall. 899-9366 for more information.

The Perfect Party: This A.R. Gurney comedy exposes the dark and self-indulgent side of the 1980s, when a party of the century becomes a metaphor for the collapse of the American Dream. Performances through March 14 at Phoenix Little Theatre's Theatre One. For times and ticket information, call 254-2151.

Ain't Misbehavin': This jazz strut revue, set in a Harlem nightclub in the 1930s, won the coveted Tony Award for Best Musical. Featuring the music of Fats Waller. Monday, March 2, 8pm at the Sundome. Tickets: \$22, \$15 and \$10. 975-1900.

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. 8pm Thursday and Friday, March 12 and 13, and 2pm and 8pm Saturday, March 14, at the Sundome. Tickets \$30 and \$27. 975-1900.

The Heidi Chronicles: This dramatic time-capsule follows

the life of one woman, Heidi Holland, and her friends and lovers through the revolutionary Sixties, the changing Seventies and the self-oriented, yuppie-driven Eighties as they explore new directions, lose and find themselves and come to grips with society. Opens on March 14 and runs 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 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 Rd. and two blocks south of Indian School Rd. 994-ARTS or 230-9112.

T

Pippin: Written by Steven Schwartz of Godspell fame, this musical satire of medieval times became a Broadway smash in 1974 under Bob Fosse's direction. Featuring show tunes, dancing, off-beat humor, and a strong message, the show relates the adventures of King Charlemagne's son Pippin, as he stumbles through life in his quest for perfection and fulfillment. Performances: February 28, 29, March 6 and 7 at 8pm; March 1 and March 8 at 2pm. Tickets: \$8.50 adults; \$7.50 senior/student; \$6.50 children. Tempe Performing Arts Center 132 E. 6th St. (Northwest corner of Forest and 6th Sts.). 350-8388.

Mamah: Playwright's Workshop Theatre announces the world premiere of playwright Nick Newberry's latest, a haunting story about the life of America's most famous architect. Performances: Fridays and Saturdays at 8pm and Sundays at 2pm through March 15. Tickets: \$9 adults; \$7 students and seniors. Playwright's new theatre space is located at 3302 N. 7th St. in downtown Phoenix. 279-5151.

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

Alabama: 7:30pm March 11 and 12 at the Celebrity Theater. Tickets are \$28.50. 440 N. 32nd St. 244-0404.

Hernia Retraction Accordion: Their music has been called "sophisticated and slightly warped" by Factsheet Five. This live multimedia show promises to combine elements of industrial and folk music with video and performance art. Seating is limited to forty people per show. Opening both shows is acoustic folk rock trio Garden. Tickets \$3; all ages welcome. Sunday, March 8 at 6:30pm and 9pm. The Grotto is located at 1632 E. Thomas Rd. 230-9366.

Tony Bennett: 7pm Sunday, March 8 at Arizona State

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University's Gammage Auditorium. Tickets are \$22, \$19 and \$16, on sale at Gammage, 965-3434 or the Sundome, 975-1900.

Brasilia and J.T.'s Island Steel: 7:30pm Tuesday, March 3 at Kerr Center. Tickets are \$10. 6110 N. Scottsdale Rd. 956-5377.

Yesterday: A Tribute to the Beatles: Close your eyes and imagine a magical mystery tour



that turns back the clock to the British invasion of the Sixties. Stars from Beatlemania present a tribute to the Fab Four, featuring 27 of their biggest hits along with authentic Beatles instruments, costumes and a visual impact that will make you twist and shout. Saturday, March 7, 8pm. Tickets: \$13, \$16 on sale at Gammage and all Dillard's box offices. 965-3434.

Henry Mancini: This durable composer, performer and 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: This fairy tale opera offers plenty of comical exploits and a "happily ever after"

R

ending. Sung in Italian with English surtitles. Thursday, March 26 and Saturday, March 28 at 7:30pm; 2pm March 29 at Symphony Hall. 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.

Beauty and the Beast: Lyric Opera Theatre will present a new opera by young British composer Stephen Oliver, at 7:30pm, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, February 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

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. Tickets are \$8 and \$4. 965-6447.

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!

E

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

CLUB

by réy hoffman

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

Renaissance Festival: The Valley's own, featuring performers, food and drink, shops with crafts, demonstrations of Renaissance-era skills and more. 10am to 5:30pm weekends, now through March 15, off Highway 60 past Gold Canyon Ranch. Advance tickets

\$8.95 adults, \$3.95 children. 678-2222.

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.

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

some people

- Anna Livia
- Anita Ekberg
- Boris Yeltsin
- Louise Page
- ManWoman
- Nick Newberry
- Clarence Thomas
- Donelan
- Shirley Booth
- Ginger Grant
- Bob Bolton
- Jann Wenner
- Audrey Totter
- Celia Brady
- Barnes and Noble
- George Bush
- Wes Farrell
- Eleanor Parker
- Richard Burton
- Arnold of Veriolle
- Carly Simon
- Taylor Meade
- Luke Perry
- Barbara Stanwyck
- Peter Titterell
- James Buchanan
- Rex Harrison
- Dina MacDougall
- Winona Ryder
- Willa Cather
- Bill Tilden
- Anthony Perkins
- Dr. Alfred Kinsey
- Lisanne Falk
- Matt Beville
- Stalin

some fag hags

- Joan Crawford
- Barbara Bush
- Ma Barker
- Bette Davis
- Hazel Chandler
- Shelley Winters
- Judy Garland
- Donna Summer
- Gerrie Mayer-Gibbons
- Anita Bryant
- Elsa Lanchester
- Joan of Arc
- Miriam Hopkins
- Diana Ross
- Bill Orován

oral intercourse by girl peter ragan as dominatrix • david parker as jesus
 alwun gets nasty • marty armijo gets hitched • dooling goes to the opera
 yasami goes to hell • dead porn stars • blatant lies • amy bowling's car

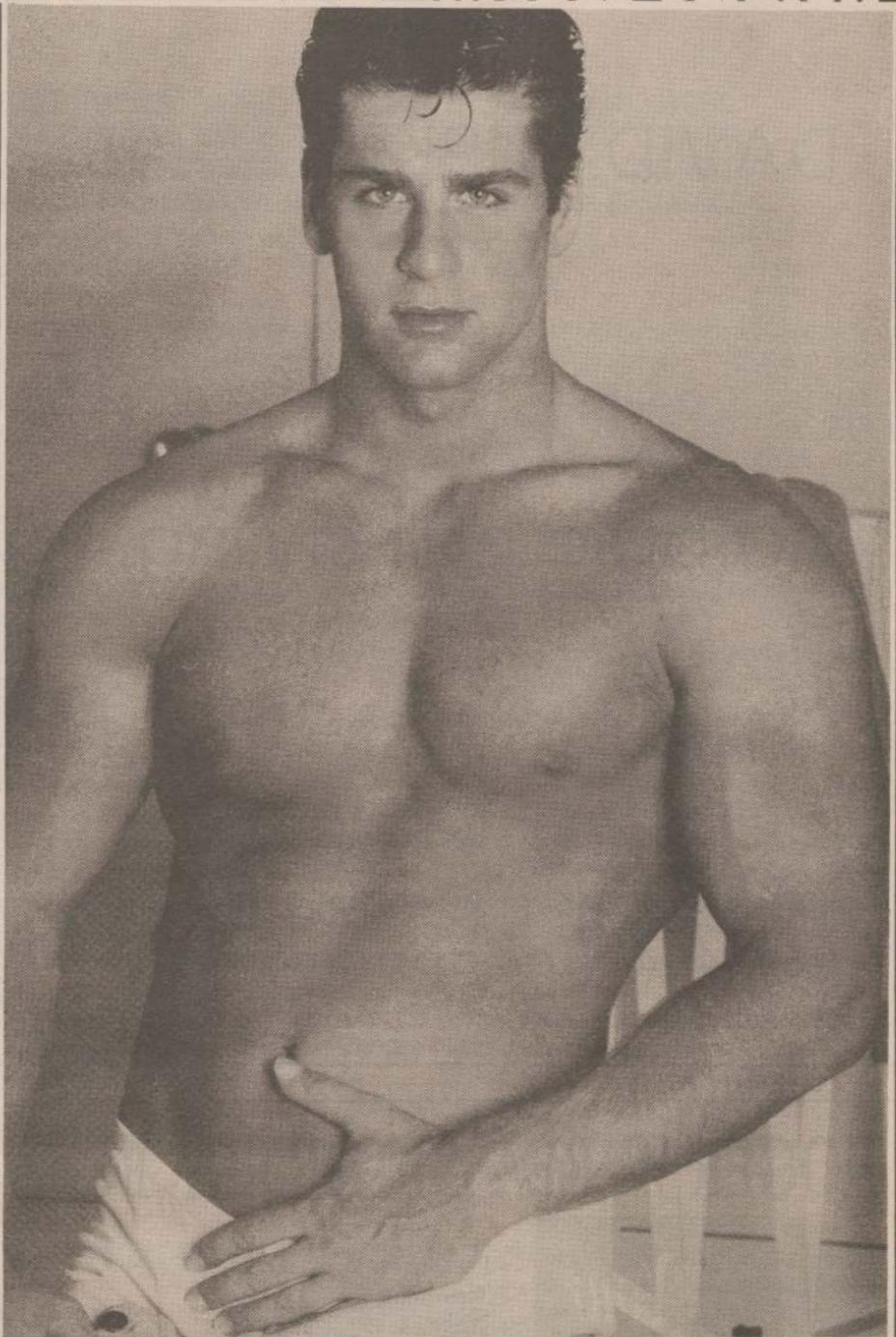
People say I'm a cranky bitch, but at the hands of some of the morons in this town it's a wonder I'm still here to complain about. Case in point: Tall Paul "I Love Everybody, But You Still Can't Have Your Money Back" Butler gets my vote for Fiend of the Month, following his disastrous attempt to coordinate what could have been a spectacular evening. How very charmink, darlink, to bilk all of your friends out of five dollars each and then leave them in a soggy dirt lot to fend for themselves as police raid the warehouse you broke into. Girl's entourage is \$100 poorer because of this disaster epic of a non-event which wormy Paul had been hawking for over a month. Randy "From Zanzibar To Barkley Square" Blankenship, poor angel, had gone to the trouble of putting together Phoenix' first "Smart Bar" for the evening's festivities, which he fortunately was able to relocate to the Silver Dollar for after-hours festivities. Really, darlinks, anyone in this squalid nothingopolis who can't get it together and put on a simple warehouse party because they can't take care of a few simple details, like paying off the cops, might as well pack it in. These nightlife-mogul-wannabes obviously did not have their patron's enjoyment as their first concern. Do yourself a favor, small Paul, and get out of town. But give us our money back first...Now let's talk about some people who do know how to throw a party. The zillionth annual Alwun House Exotic Art Show was a well attended sex-fest from the word "come," with something for just plain everyone, including all-but-nude live human sculpture in the basement; Michèle "A Girl Can See From Brooklyn Heights" Coté's lingerie-party-of-a-dance-performance on the patio; an eclectic selection of "art videos" in the gallery and an all-too-glamoo buffet in the garden. Local drag legend Lady Cassandra (as Madeline Kahn as the Bride of Frankenstein) was just what the doctor (O.B. Gyn) ordered. Moline of Tucson, an artist from where-do-you-think (whose work is stylistically similar to but thematically different from that of Phoenix' own Sean O'Donnell) was having so much fun he fell right into the lily pond and refused to get out for several minutes. What excitement! Some woman was hitting on David "A Hotdog Makes Me Lose Control" Parker because he looked like Jesus; Robert "What A Wild Duet!" X. Planet told Girl about the demise of late great porn star Leo "Did I Get Any On Ya?" Ford, who died in a motorcycle accident last July. (Seems Planet's band Killer Pussy performed with the former king of dick action at Danceteria in New York and Club 9 in San Francisco several years ago. Leo is the third star that Girl knows of who succumbed to the

dreadful "Curse of Spokes." Spokes, of course, was that, uh, seminal porn flick starring the up-and-coming and now very dead Ford, as well as Lee "HugeHugeHuge" Ryder (dead from complications of you-know-what) and Dick Fisk, who was also offed in a motorcycle accident. Very weird. Sometimes it just doesn't pay to take your clothes off.) Michelle "I Am Not Either The Mom!" Manley arrived at Alwun nearly in tears because her beau, Peter "By Cracky" Ragan, who was out-fitted to die in a slick leather-and-chain ensemble, wowed the crowd in so provocative a manner. David "What Do You Mean, Nepotism?" Van Virden (who kept the crowd guessing, as usual, with his own gender-bender chic) turned seventeen shades of emerald upon discovering that he'd been scooped in the evening's fashion sweepstakes—and by a straight guy, no less! Who could have imagined that Ragan, the oh-so-mild-mannered proprietor of Metropophobia, would upstage Van Virden's couture concoction while scoring the phone number of every leather slut in the Valley of the Sun?...Q: Why is Penelope Poupé impersonating Dolly Parton? A: Why is Penelope Poupé?...Jeff "Let Me Be Your Bagel" Ofstedahl is gearing up for his fifteen minutes of fame: Cocktail chatter abounds over an upcoming gay-themed movie being filmed right here in the valley. Stay tuned...Jesse "I Diddled Russ Baldwin" Lujan had a birthday the other day. He's really old now...Girl actually stood on line for the grand reopening party at Club UM in Tempe. The college-level nightspot is looking better than ever after having been completely rebuilt post-fire. The couture of that club's crowd is another matter, however. Back when I was a comely college coed we (to paraphrase Diana Vreeland) "dressed, but dressed" to go out on the town. Not true of the children of today. Casual casual casual is the mode of garb for this season. Seems that chinos and Nikes are all you need to pull together a power-evening outfit these days. Ho hum... Misses Chez "I Am Martha Wash" Reed and Quinton "I Am Martha Reeves" Jenkins were seen gettin' stoopid with the homeboys at Bobby's the other evening. Darlinks, Chez' Tuesday evening act at Winkie's is not to be missed if you want to put a little soul back into your tired, tired life. Chez' stage presence is second to none, but more amazing is the fact that he's the only man in town who can make Quinton sing backup. Chez will soon be zipping over to Paris (as in France) for a three-month singing tour. Extra glamorous...Keith "Don't Try To Pronounce My Name, Just Love Me" Gossiaux and his sister Julie are collaborating on a sculpture installation

at Eleven East Ashland. Pay close attention to Keith's career—Girl has had a premonition that somehow, in some way, Keith's and Girl's paths may soon converge. Stay tuned...As long as we're on the topic of Ashland, Girl understands that Ashland's guest juror for this year's National Juried Competition will be Kim "Taste In My Tongue, Culture In My Yogurt" Moody... Twentieth Century "curator" Bruce "I Do Not Look Like Cate Spencer, Cate Spencer Looks Like Me!" Kurtz threw himself a book-signing soiree for the lovely guys and gals of the Contemporary Forum at the Phoenix Art "Museum." This dishy 'do served mostly to shamelessly promote Bruce's new tome on the modern art scene. The book has an extra-extravagant price (\$39 for a paperback!), so Girl can only imagine the flurry of preparation at some of our city's more upscale cosmetic counters, as salesgirls anticipate Bruce's royalty cheques. Notable attendees at this Kurtz commercial included aquatic artist T. Jay Froggatt and pal Barry, who appeared from behind a Remington bronze to say hello; Michael "Hold The Mayo" Schraeder made the scene as did Bobbie "Don't You Want Me Baby" Bentley, Cate "My Way Of Life" Spencer and John "Portrait of Joan" Chonka, Bob "That Was No Monster From Hell, That Was My Replacement" Adams and David Van Virden (who was, alas, unable to purchase a copy of Bruce's book, having blown his weekly art budget on a specially-commissioned work of art by Adams)...This is positively the last you will ever read in this column about the bizarre Armijo/Stansberry marriage. Until the divorce, that is. Frank "Nice Try, No Cigar" Baselice and Deon "What's All This About My Teeth?" Brown reached new heights of, uhm, thriftiness with their penny-pinching plan to throw Marty's bachelorette party on Marshall Way during Art Walk (cocktails were sponsored by any gallery foolish enough to let them in the door). Marty thrilled the passers-by wherever he went with his extra-socially-correct condom necklace. Later, the group popped into AZ 88 and treated Marty to a tempting plate of burgers and fries. Imagine the extravagance! While drowning of embarrassment in her seven-dollar Stoli-and-jalapeño martoonie, Girl spied Matt Smith, that fabulous crafter of snake-women, charming the mousse out of Carsten's Jon Paul "Hair-Burner-To-The-Stars" Allen. Clarence, former bartender to Madonna, was our feast-slave for the evening. Clarence has, until now, been one of Girl's favorite morsels at AZ88—that is, until he informed me that he was "neutral" about Madonna. The ever-unflappable waiter was less than star-struck by Girl's favorite

female legend, who all of you saw on Saturday Night Live last weekend with Barbra and Roseanne. Also making the 88 scene were Jane "Decorate This" Zivney, spotted decomposing into her marabou fun fur in a corner of the bar; Michael "Big Deal" Collier, with Randy "Really Fabulous Sculptor" McCabe; Jeff "Lost In Space" Zischke, breaking bread with Julie "And The Horse You Rode In On" Sasse, sporting a rather regrettable geometric-patterned shift at the Masoud Yasami table. (Speaking of Masoud: Run—don't walk—away from the upcoming Horwitch opening of Yasami's installation. Girl understands that real live naked women will be posted before each painting. How clever.) Travel agent Rick "I Read Tiger Beat" Underwood and Deon Brown had a complete conversation across the bar without ever coming into shouting range of each other, while Randy "Tell Her To Call Me Back I'm Busy Gazing Upon My Reflection" Gorbette held his table in rapt astonishment with piquant cocktail conversation about how "the face of AIDS is changing in Phoenix. Finally," Randy cooed, "we are seeing some women and babies at Shanti." Let's hope those babies have trust funds, darlinks. Cocktails at AZ 88 are expensive...Q: Why does Frank Baselice ask so many questions? A: Why does Dan McGillicuddy want to be kept out of Girl's column?...Some stupid straight guy had the nerve to drive smack-bang into Anna "Last Year At Marienbad" Dooling's automobile last Sunday. The nerve! Seems The Lovely Anna (who once considered changing her name to "Ann Dowling"—ugh!) was on her way to meet David Van Virden for an afternoon opera when some big meany plowed into her cute little Toyota. True to form, Our Miss Dooling invited the moron out for cocktails...And the wedding actually happened. Believe it or not, Girl found the whole affair positively charming. A mere fifteen of the couple's closest friends (including Yours Truly, I could faint from pride) attended the private ceremony, which was held at the Hoffmann/Bosola residence in glorious north-north Paradise Valley. Norbert "I Was His Boyfriend Last Month, Silly!" Zwickl tinkled keys and sang "We've Only Just Begun" (I am dead serious), and Frank Baselice gave the bride away with a lovely speech. Marty and Mark exchanged brief (but crushingly sincere) vows and we all drank champagne. The party then motored to join the revelers in the upstairs hall at B.S. West. Marty and Mark are in Seattle now. The End. Finis. Whew! ...After an evening of wedding nuptials, Girl likes nothing better than to inspect controversial pop-art acrylics by Toronto artists depicting swastikas and

ADVOCATE **MEN MODEL SEARCH**



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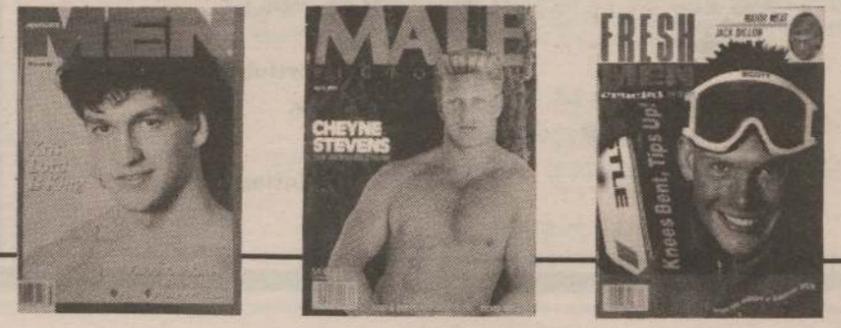
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wall-sized, pop-art reinterpretations of magazine advertisements. Thank goodness for Gallery X and **ManWoman!...Anthony** "Whatever" **Chalcedony** has entered a complaint: Seems I misspelled his name in my last column. Oh, gosh. Sorry...What Teutonic zillionaire, who is not Stephane Janssen, is taking care of a little-something-on-the-side on one of the lower floors in the Crystal Point condominium tower? The little something must be doing something right: Girl hears he drives a Ferrari...Overheard at a Valley Art screening of *The Christine Jorgensen Story*: "The other little boys teased me, too. But I didn't go and have my dick cut off over it..."**Miss Bjork**, lead songstress for Icelandic alternative band the **Sugarcubes**, was whisked into town the other evening by her dj boyfriend, who was caught spinning at the **Silver Dollar**. The petite angel had her hair fashioned into what can only be described as a bullet bra for the head. Miss B passed out cookies to the crowd and the whole place fell in love with her. Look for the Sugarcubes' new album in stores now—and don't miss their concert here in mid-April. (Bjork and the 'cubes are definitely on to something: Their new single was playing on the radio in our limo as we left the club and the next morning, as Girl was relishing her hangover and having a nice breakfast in bed, she found the 'cubes all over "Details" magazine. Coincidence or Destiny?... Girl was dragged kicking and screaming to Playwrights Workshop Theatre's production of *Mamah*. PWT's new digs—over on Seventh Street north of Thomas—are ultra-groovy, a real improvement on an old cave. But engaging environs could not save this tedious play about the emotional underpinnings of legendary architect Frank Lloyd Wright's first mid-life crisis. Darlinks, can you say "doomed from the start"? Wooden characters; wordy, rambling dialogue. A play only Todd Bemis Rosin could love... Local performance artist **Gerald Hawk**, who all but invented the porkchop-selling contest craze, is having an affair with television come-and-get-me Luke Perry...It was "Adopt a Fag Nite" at the premiere of the **Arizona Opera Company's** performance of *Aida*. Legions of Phoenix' best families lassoed a nelly queen to accompany them to Symphony Hall, where they watched fat people in cheesy lamé muumuus profess their undying love for one another in heavily-accented Italian, while the unmistakable aroma of camel dung wafted from the wings to mingle with the department store-grade fragrances billowing out from the armpits of certain over-coiffed members of the audience. Girl blew off her diet and waited on line for twenty minutes for the "gourmet cookies" at the snack table. Since when, Girl wonders, have shrink-wrapped four-packs of Oreo's been considered *gourmet cookies*?...Ever since James dumped Ted for Andre (who was formerly seeing Joachim), Ernie has just been apeshit...**Lisa** "I Offered My Breast Milk To A Stuffed Animal"

Colwell is back in town after convalescing in Detroit, where she went following her well-publicized gam-crunching accident at **Gallery X** several weeks back. Lisa just turned twenty-two (I loathe youngsters, don't you?), and to celebrate her birthday—and her return to worshipping at the altar of his loins—**Gerald** "Eight Millimeters" **Hawk** threw her a birthday bash at their Icehouse CRASHpad. Revelers were treated to a private performance by Life Garden, David "Deep, Cleansing Breath" **Oliphant's** ongoing intuitive, ambient, aural work-in-progress. **Amy** "Like A Bloodhound" **Bowling** saved this column by sniffing out Girl's misplaced Olympus PearlCorder S-912, which I'd set aside while examining Lisa's and Gerald's extraordinary collection of battery-operated sexual enhancements. **Michelle** "Put Me Down You Stupid Asshole!" **Manley**, **Mike** "If I Had A Girlfriend, You Could Have Her" **Miskowski**, **Chris** "Snot-Coated Silk" **Winkler**, **David** "I Am Not A Party Favor, I'm A Human Being, I Think" **Van Virden**, **Rose** "When I Eat Chocolate, I Have To Concentrate" **Johnson**, **David** "I Made The Box" **Greenwood**, **Adrian** "Who Am I? Where Did I Come From?" **Davis**, **Pete** "Rehsif Etep" **Fisher** and **Peter** "I Think It's About Time We Do Our Van Virden Routine" **Ragan** all agreed that the party was such a success that none of them would have denied they were there even if their names didn't appear in print. On a tragic note, **Peter** "I've Been Here For Seven Minutes, Can I Go Now?" **Petrisko** was unable to attend; he had to watch his cousin get married to an accountant in Scottsdale. Yeesh. As Girl's limo pulled away from Lisa's soiree, I worried about what would become of Amy Bowling's car, parked outside the Icehouse, while Amy was upstairs, presumably thawing out La Winkler...As we go to press, Peter Petrisko, lord almighty of Gallery X, begged me to plug his (wait! Let me finish!) upcoming screening of *Big Pixel Theory*, a ninety-minute cult compilation of video shorts filmed with the PXL 2000 camera. (Originally marketed by Fisher-Price as a toy camera for kids, the PXL 2000 fell into the hands of artists who used it as a cheap alternative to a camcorder.) Now discontinued and *not available in any store*, *Big Pixel Theory* will screen on Saturday, March 7 at 8:30 pm. *Chick Mass*, a new acid video with music by Robert Campbell, is also on the lineup. As an extra added plus, smart drinkies will be available at Gallery X's first smart bar. Legal drugs that are good for you! How *Nineties!*...**Ann** "I Removed My Pinafore" **Preston** just turned twenty-one...**Scott** "I Am Wealthy And Everyone Knows Me" **Jacobsen** has a lover of many years named Dan. Dan has a boyfriend named Michael. They all three go to the theatre together. They attend the opera together. They all...oh, you get the picture. This group is a heaving triad of hipness. Take a lesson from them and get the hell out of my hair. *Now*.



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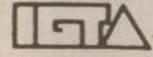
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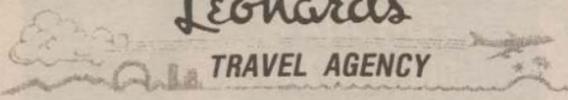
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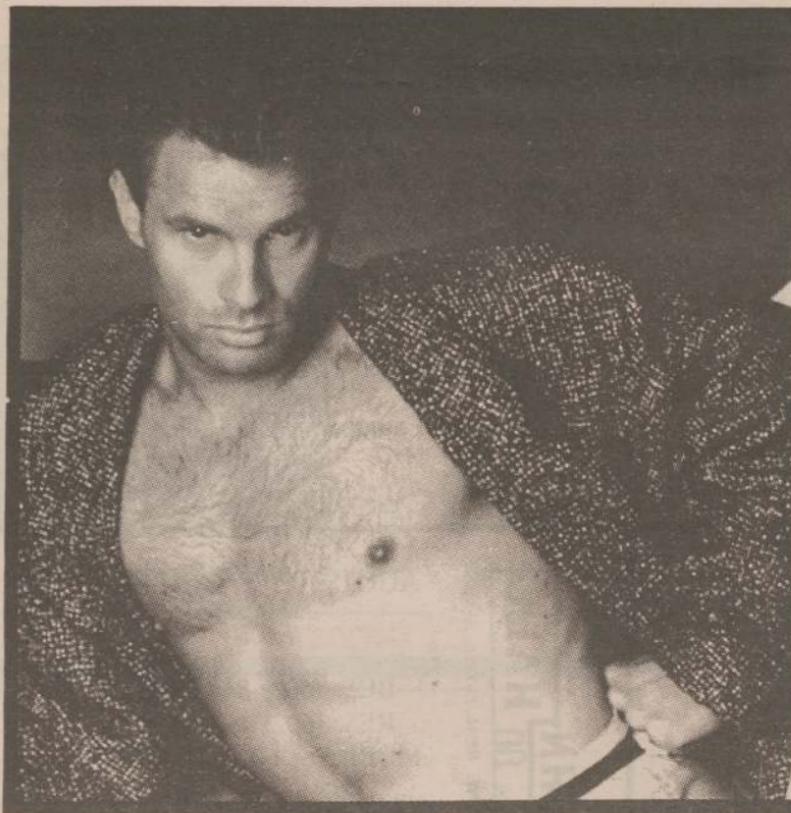
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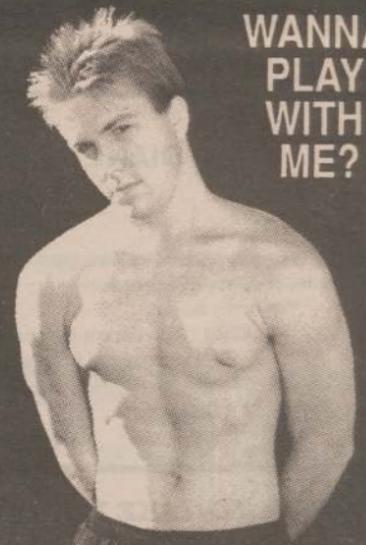


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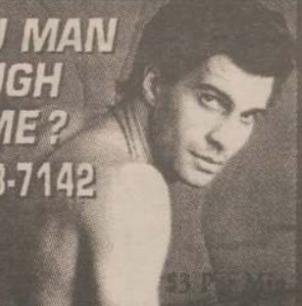


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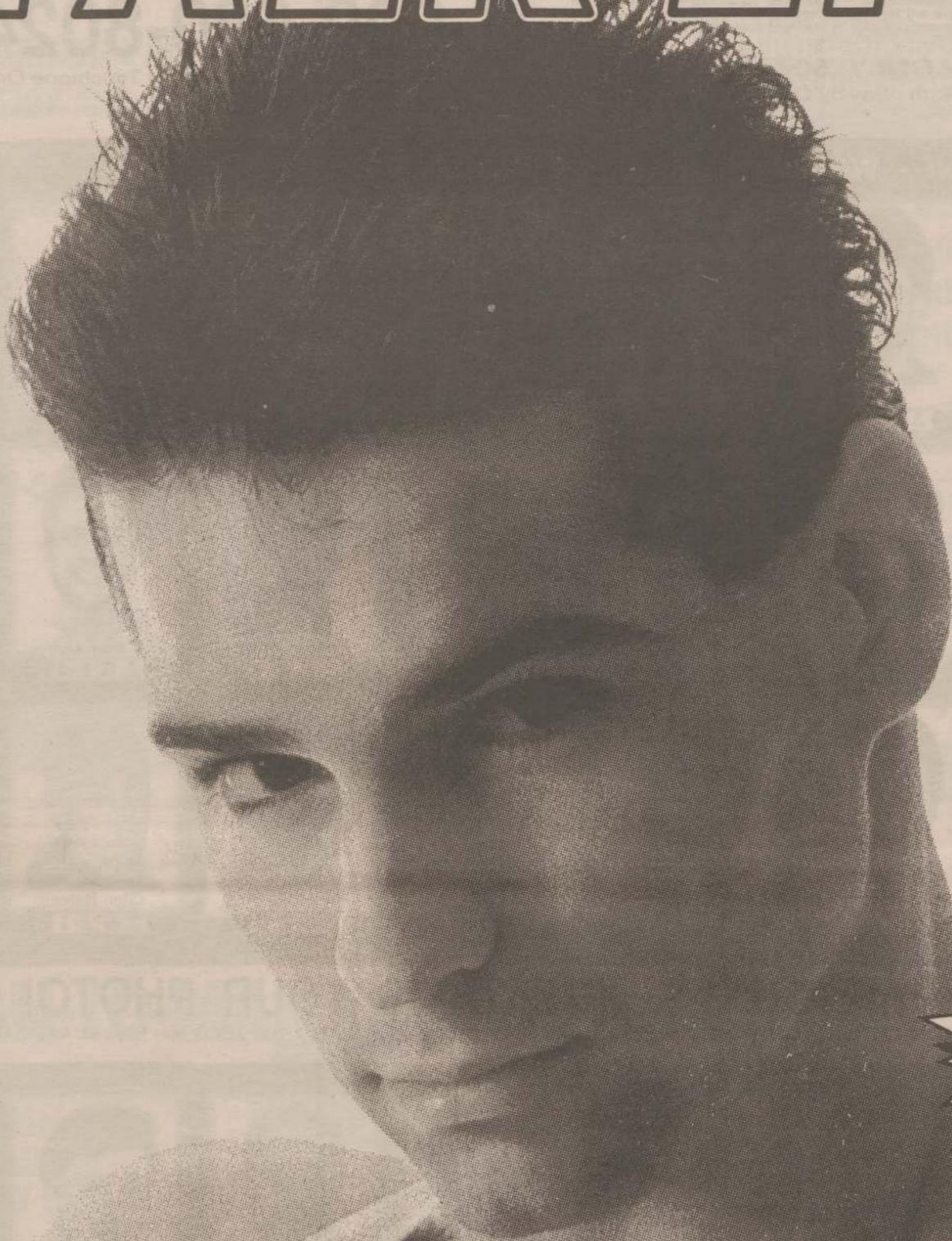
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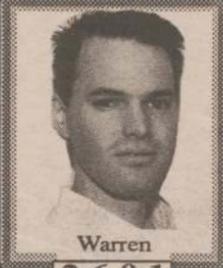
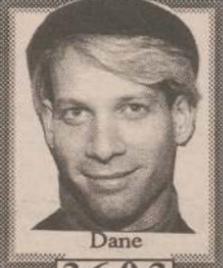
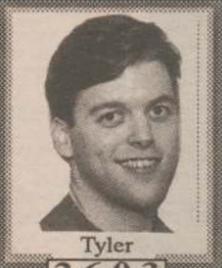
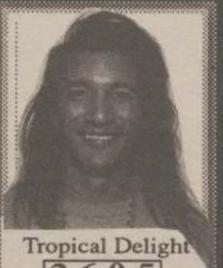
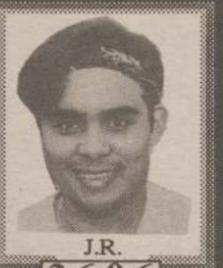
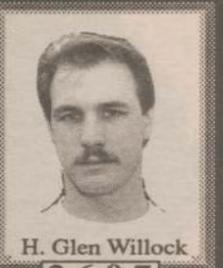
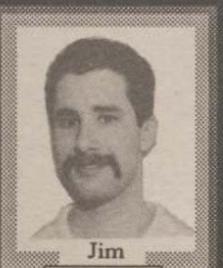
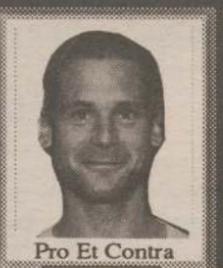
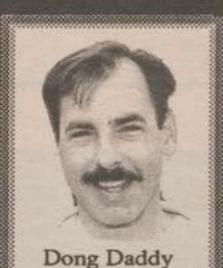
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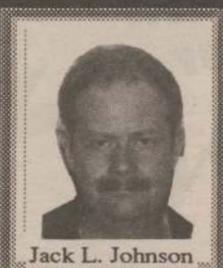
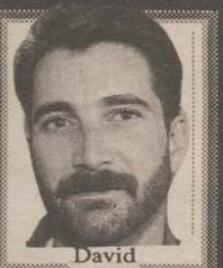
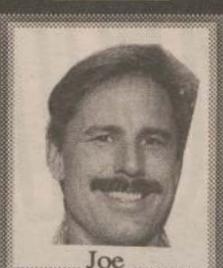
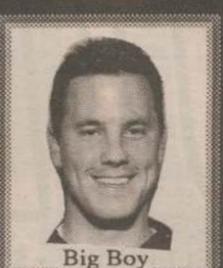
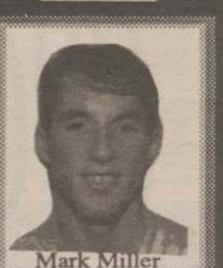
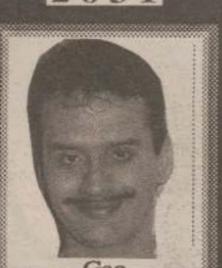
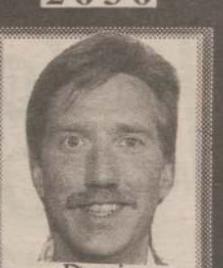
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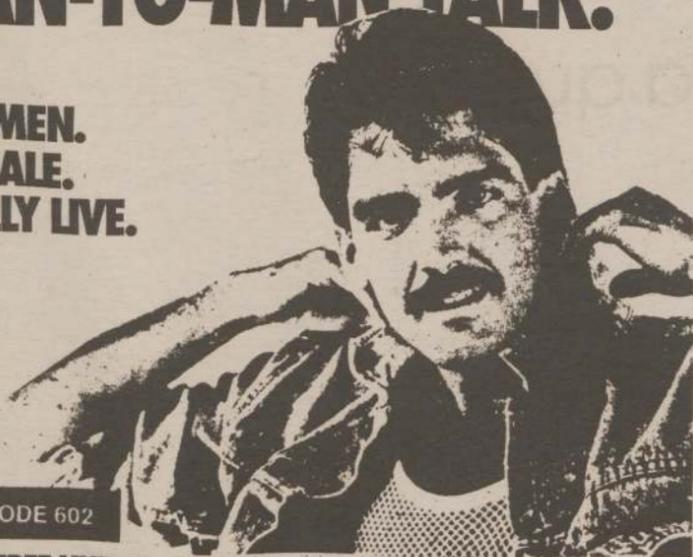
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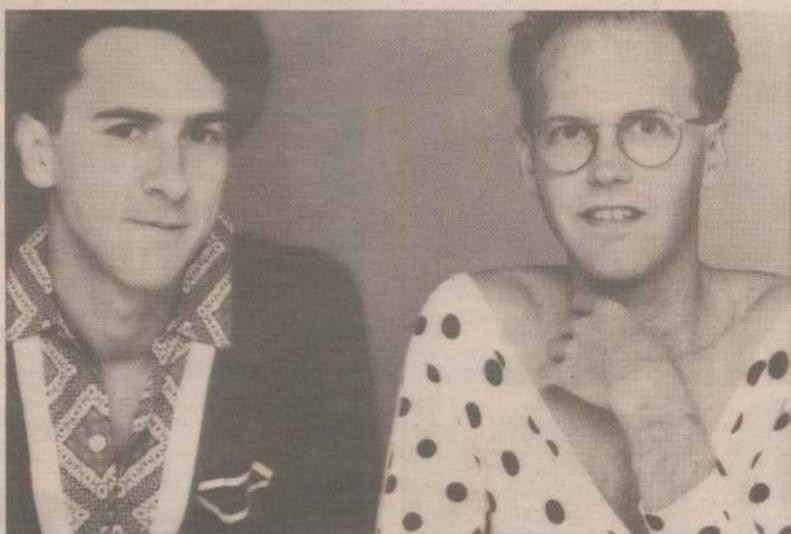
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