

resource



queers, art and satire • volume nine number six • issue 210 • march 12-march 25 1993

the
DISCO
SUCKS
ME
issue

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my

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A Lesbian Comedy

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JOE MARSHALL

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published by
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MARKETING, INC.

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*Resource is a
member of the
Associated Press.*

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P.O. Box 5948
Phoenix, AZ 85010
602-256-7476

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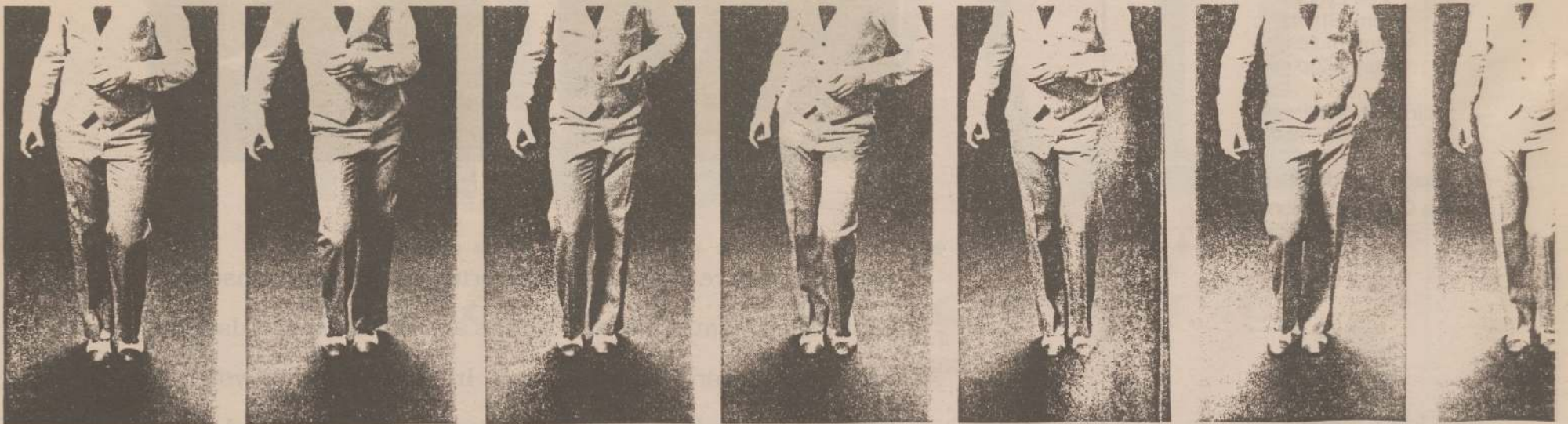
It's 1978. You're wearing your favorite Angel's Flight ensemble, your biggest platforms, and there's a gold coke spoon dangling from a chain around your neck. In a few minutes you'll be heading for a place where the music never stops and where you're sure to win the next big dance contest. Carter may be president, and "gay" is more a secret than ever, but you're thankful for one thing: heterosexuals have not yet co-opted disco. Thank God it's Friday. Let's dance!

DOCUMENTING DISCO

Over the course of several years, Sanctuary became the New York disco of note, then deteriorated from a fancy gay club to a raunchy juice bar. As the tone sank, the business increased, every siren sounding like a seductive song to the thousands of boys who were prowling the city looking for a place to party. The drug dealers who infested all the juice bars made Sanctuary their supermarket. There were so many of them that they could be divided into classes. The two basic types were the low-life dealers and the low-profile dealers. The latter were typically white, dressed like everyone else, and never got caught because they didn't

three-inch lifts, stoned out of their minds, bumping into dancers on the floor, spilling their drugs and wads of money, these schmucks were perfect targets for the undercover narcs. They were always rubbing and scratching their pasty, pimply faces with their long, dirty fingernails, scraping off the scabs that formed on their necks and hands from carelessly handled cigarettes.

The pills they were peddling were both ups and downs. Speed was in great demand, but the new thing was heavy downs, especially 'ludes and the more powerful Paris 400s—blue capsules that had 400 milligrams of metha qualone instead of the 300 milligrams in the standard Rorer 714. Ludes produce an intense sense of euphoria and a tingling feeling all over the body; that's why they're called the "love drug." They also destroy your motor coordination, turning your arms and legs to rubber and making it hard to articulate words. Lude heads are always



look the type. The lowlifes were the most conspicuous people in the joint.

They were usually Puerto Ricans with names like Chico and Chu-Chu. They were dressed in purple, green, and yellow satin shirts, wore lots of rings on their fingers, and were obsessed with shoes. This was the early Seventies, when all those clunky, chunky shoes inspired by old comic strips came into style. The dope dealers bought the flashiest, tallest platforms they could find. Their shoes were flecked with silver and shone in the dark as if made of phosphorous. Tottering around on those

making jokes about bumping into things ("wall-bangers" is another name for the drug), but you never get the point of the jokes because the speaker is so mush-mouthed that he sounds like an idiot. The Sopor was a 'lude manufactured in Puerto Rico and sold over the counter in those days. When the 'ludes ran out, you could always score for reds (Seconals) or tuies (Tuinals), which combined with enough alcohol will put you to sleep—forever.

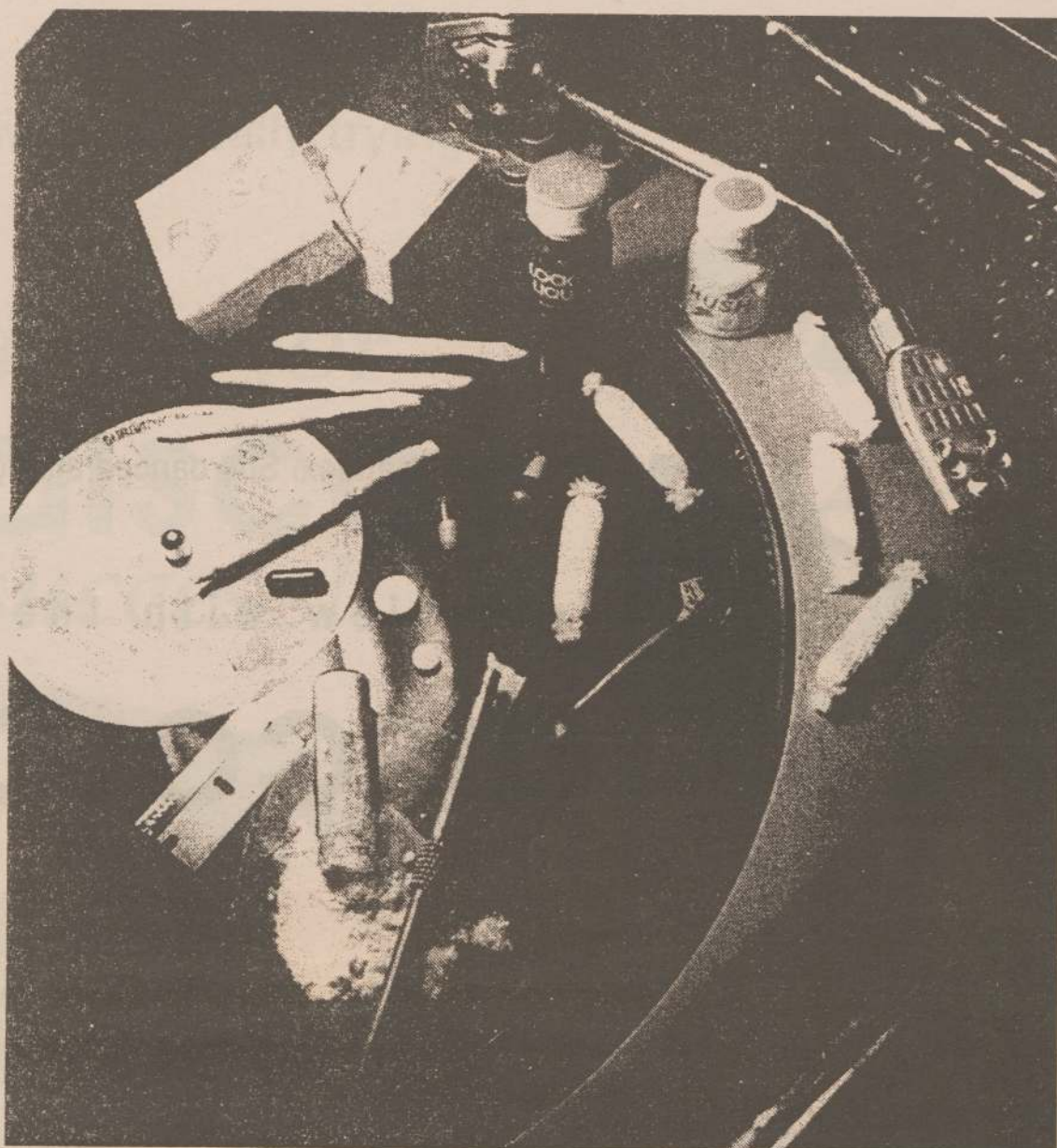
Drugs were one of the attractions of the Sanctuary; the other was sex. Put fifteen hundred gay boys in a private club, feed

them every drug in the pharmacopoeia, turn up the music loud, and pour the drinks like soda pop—presto! You've got an orgy. The rules of the club forbade fucking on the dance floor, although in some straight clubs, such things happened. A girl might get so carried away that she would leap upon her partner, lock her legs around his waist, and bang away to the beat. At Sanctuary, you were free to do as you pleased only in the men's room. Every stall was constantly in use as a crib, the cute little angels on the walls staring down on some of the most outrageous behavior that has ever been clocked in a public place.

DJ Francis Grasso, who had become a star by this time, was constantly serviced behind the altar by the fag hags, who were urged on to Olympic feats by the gay boys who admired Francis for his art while despairing of his hopelessly philistine sexual preferences. Francis estimates his tally in this period at about five hundred girls. (Who says being a DJ is a thankless task?)

The dancing at the Sanctuary was just like everything else in this Cathedral of Sodom and Gomorrah—lewd and lascivious. It was here that the Bump got its start; only it wasn't the cute little hip-hugger, tushie-touching step that it later became in the straight world. It was a frank pantomime of buggery. Two boys could get into it together or twenty could make up a daisy chain. One good bump deserved another and pretty soon the whole room would be acting out its erotic fantasies in the most blatant style imaginable. Bumps led to humps led to licks, shticks, shtups—you name it!

What finally closed the Sanctuary was not so much the licentious crowd inside the club as the spill on the sidewalk. Sanctuary could accommodate at best about fifteen hundred people. Twice that number often collected outside in the street, laughing, shouting, scoring for drugs, and giving each other blow jobs in halls and vestibules. In the summer, when the air-conditioning system failed (as it often did), the huge crowds inside would pour out periodically like the ebb tide, while the



masses in the street poured in like the flood. The police hit the joint night after night, but raiding such a mob was not an easy operation. It could take two hours just to empty the club. What's more, as the raids became a nuisance, the patrons became increasingly refractory. When the mild-mannered Francis would announce, "We have to close up now," hundreds of voices from the floor would chorus: "Fuck you! Let the cops carry us out!" Whether Sanctuary advanced the cause of gay liberation or set it back, the fact is that this discotheque was one of the first places where gay militancy raised its clenched fist. The end came in April 1972. The police and fire departments staged a combined raid. The whole block was filled with flashing fire engines and paddy wagons. The captain in command of the task force presented a complaint that listed seventy-eight separate charges. When Francis walked out of the club that night and surveyed the scene, he flashed: "Gee, this is the first light show I've ever seen in the street!" The doors of Sanctuary were barred for the last time. Ironically, the church was used next as a Methadone clinic.

Disco in New York now rhymed with "homo." The gay boys with their unquenchable lust for lust and their vast amounts of "discretionary income" were the trade that owners courted. The next well-known discotheque in the city picked up where Sanctuary had left off. Les Jardin was just a few blocks away on West 43rd Street in the seedy Diplomat Hotel. On the *Tonight Show*, Truman Capote described the scene to a smirking Johnny Carson: "It has these Art Deco couches all along the room, these palm fronds drooping down everywhere, and out on the dance floor, this terrible churning, the whole place churning, like a buttermilk machine." Perfect. Ed McCormack described the curds: "One muscular young madman sports a leather aviator's cap, smoked Captain Midnight goggles and red plastic clothespins clamped onto his bare nipples...The prole decadent generation shake their satin little buns like the swishes of queens, while bellowing as though the testicles of Muddy Waters had been grafted where their tonsils should be."

From Disco by Albert Goldman.



She wore Spandex. She danced all night. Now, she tells all.

interview with the disco queen

Why disco?

It's like this: Most of life is like waiting on line at Studio 54. You've spent the whole day picking out the right lip gloss, the perfect tube top, the highest shoes. And then nothing happens.

I don't follow you.

Disco is a microcosm of the whole universe. Disco lets me experience everything.

Everything?

Even dying. I once had a near-death experience with a flash pot and an acetate blouse.

Where did you learn to dance?

In Miami. I was hanging out with a bunch of cabana boys one weekend, and they showed me moves that changed my whole life. And they were straight!

Does that matter?

You're really thick. Straight people cannot dance. They are too uptight. They are not in touch with their lower selves.

What's gay about the disco scene?

What isn't? For starters, this is a true makeup era. We will look back on this and remember nothing but blue eye shadow and Bonnie Bell Lip Smackers. Lip gloss is the truest expression of oneself.

It seems that drugs are integral to the disco scene.

It's very important to time your drugs. You can't just eat a bunch of pills and do the hustle. I start with a simple white cross and a glass of sangria at four, and end the

evening with an amyl-soaked bandanna and a zombie. It's all timing. A girl's gotta live.

You are a man.

Well of course I am, sweetheart. This isn't a sock in my Spandex. But really, disco transcends everything, especially gender. Look at Denny Terrio.

Who?

Let me put it to you this way: We're involved in an oil crisis; the whole world is fighting over how there isn't enough of the stuff and where are we going to get some more and blah blah blah. Go to any dance palace tonight and all the bunnies will be wearing head-to-toe polyester. The whole disco world is sporting spun petroleum. Toot toot beep beep.

What do you do when you're not dancing?

Nothing important.

A lot of celebrities do the disco thing.

God. Bianca Jagger is so fucked up. When the goldfish in her platforms died, she tried to flush her shoes down the toilet. Her halter is always on crooked. She even dances when they play "Kung Fu Fighting."

What do you think will be the next big fad?

Disco is not a *fad*. Disco is a *lifestyle*. This isn't about gold chains and hairy chests. This is more than the Latin Hustle or who has the longest collar points. Disco is everything. Disco will never die.

Interview by Louis Clemente. Assistance by Ruth Beaumont and Zelma Forrest.

How can you succeed without really trying?

dress for disco success!



Mod takes the plastic, computer-controlled, pill-protected society we live in and turns it into clothes that whoop and holler on the technological roller coaster ride our modern world has become. As tacky and as wonderful as a fast-food cheeseburger, mod looks give you style rooted in the science fiction Space Age. The pantsuit shown here is modern-day mod at its best. The material is made of is 100 percent polyester in a black and white checkerboard pattern. (Jacket, \$45; skinny pants, \$30; Sixties daisy stilettos, \$15; checkerboard glasses, \$6, all from 99 in New York.)



Roller disco dressing should be fun more than anything else. The unselfconscious atmosphere of the skating rink lets you play with clothing in ways you may never have tried before. (Blue bodysuit with black polka dots, about \$80, by Hello Again, New York. Balloon drape by Lady Bug, who models it herself.)

The closer it gets to punk, the more intimidating the bad girl Rock 'n' Roll disco look gets, until it projects a hostile eroticism few would call cute. Here, David models black stilettos and a black ciré chemise from the Rock and Roll Disco Look List, combined with super-vampy makeup and hair for a look his mother wouldn't be proud of. (Dress, \$45 at Ina, New York; stilettos, \$80 from Ian's, New York.)

oral intercourse by girl

john travolta's eyebrows • melba moore's wiglets • dominick abetamarco's gold chains • dolly parton's potential new boyfriend • john beshear's fuzzy dice • david jones' two left feet • tony defranco's rules of love • more lies

While applying my third consecutive coat of powder blue eye shadow, I'm thinking to myself, "Isn't it great to be free, gay and twenty-one in 1978?" Oh, sure, there have been a few bummers, like I will simply freak if I hear **Debby Boone** perform "You Light Up My Life" on another award show, and I *did* miss that **CHiPS** episode where **Eric Estrada** played a male stripper, but all in all my life is very satisfying. As I lay down to wiggle into my Gloria Vanderbilt jeans (two sizes too small!), my "Up Your Nose With A Rubber Hose!" T-shirt, and my wedgies, I have a few moments to gossip with you, my loyal fans, before my dream date **Joe** "Heaven Must Be Missing An Angel" **Wolff** whisks me away on a Love's Baby Soft cloud for a spin in his Trans Am...The Copa Party at **Hisco Disco** was hot, hot, hot! The dance floor was awash with ludes and Lacrosse, and every dancing queen and disco dud was present. **Deon** "Burn, Baby, Burn" **Brown** looked fetching, sporting a fab short and sassy Dorothy Hammill haircut. (Girl hears that La Brown's bedroom sit-spins give Dorothy's a run for their money!) There was a slight accident when **Jason** "Dance Dance Dance Yowsah Yowsah Yowsah" **True** kicked off one of her clogs



while executing a Lindy swing, grazing the forehead of disco trophy holder **Bill** "Super Freak" **Glenn**. Well, two ice packs and a Josie and the Pussycats band-aid later, everything was fine, even if Bill did keep insisting that he'd seen God and that He looked like Lee Majors in a caftan. Not to be outdone, **Jerry** "Born To Be Alive" **Vargas** flung off her tube top in a disco frenzy while roomie **Jim** "Hell On Wheels" **Lewis**

opted to wear his as a babushka. Off in a dark corner, ASU cheerleader **Tyler** sucked face and shared ironing tips with boy-about-town **Dmitri**, but these gals decided not to take it any further after discovering that they were both nuts looking for a screw, so to speak. **Mark** "Boogie Fever" **Fogal** looked great, sporting a new tan and an Angel's Flight suit, having just returned from India, where he acquired a lama skin rug and a new trick pelvis he was dying to try out. **David** "Give It To Me Baby" **Groth** spent a good portion of the evening quizzing boys on their astrological signs; it seems Miss Groth is in dire need of an Aquarian or maybe a Leo with a moon in Venus to begin a new cycle. While Girl was present, David kept mumbling "No more Pisces! No more Pisces!" and who can blame her? Hasn't a fish fucked up all of our lives at one point or another?...Disco yenta **Neil** "Lady Marmalade" **Cohen** was at it again, giving love a little boost (or at least helping a few boys find lust for a night) by weaving his magic matchmaker spells. Victims of Miss Cohen's spells included **Rum** "Cherchez La Femme" **Perez** and **Rodney** "More, More, More" **Paul**; also **Dale** "Lady Bump" **Maeshiro** coupled with Leif Garrett lookalike **John** "Get Up And Boogie" **Beshears**...Drag club **The Casa** hosted a big blow-out that featured a fun squabble between a Melba Moore impersonator and a Gloria Gaynor wannabe over the ownership of a certain sequined tube top. The action came to a head when **Matt** "Macho Man" **Cordell** screamed "Oh, my God! Melba's got a gun!" causing everyone present, including a bewildered Melba, to hit the deck, proving that old showtune true: You can't get a tube top with a gun...Also seen crying into their beers during an extended Peaches and Herb singalong were **Robb** "Reunited" **Riddell** and **Chad** "Roller Skatin' Mate" **Weeks**. Seems both of these lassies lost their boyfriends at the same time—and I don't mean they misplaced them. La Chad had to be carried out halfway through the Dionne Warwick impersonator's version of "One Less Bell to Answer"—he just couldn't take any more...That ugly rumor that **Jamie** "I Will Survive" **Holt** took hostages and holed himself up in the Baker Brothers tile department is hardly true. It seems that La Holt wanted a lovely daisy print tile laid into her breakfast nook, while her apartment manager wanted faux wood parquet. Well, a crisis center decorator was called in and, after hours of

negotiations, the apartment manager admitted that the parquet did absolutely nothing for the window treatments and Jamie took a victory lap around the paint department... While sambaing down to the wiener roast on the patio of the Ramrod, Girl bumped into **Dan** "Boogie Oogie Oogie" **Murray**, who had just returned from the Grammy Award ceremony in L.A. with his (Of course! What else?) Latin boyfriend **Richard** "You Make Me Feel Mighty Real" **Quintana**. Lucky Dan sat next to the Commodores at the gala and confirmed Girl's worst suspicions that in person, Debby Boone is a foul-mouthed, chain-smoking pig in a lace dress. Sadly, there were not enough hot dogs to go around at the Ramrod fete, and the light was so meager that poor **Ron** "Disco Inferno" **Carpenter** had to reapply his Bonnie Bell Lip Smackers by memory and **Jeff** "I Need A Man" **Ofstedahl** was seen fishing for her reading glasses to check what a fuschia bandanna in the left pocket

means (F.Y.I., Jeff, it means he's into spanking—but your bottom has probably already told you that by now). Girl bumped into **Little Darin** "Turn The Beat Around" **Simmer** and eye-wandering beau **Michael** "Love To Love You Baby" **Fornielli**, who were just returning from a Kiss concert and who shared with Girl their ideas about where they'd like to put Gene Simmons' tongue. Returning to my humble chateau, I wound down with an Andy Gibb 8-Track, my mind still filled with images of **Elaine** "Push, Push In The Bush" **Boothby**'s Lola Folana pantsuit and the unnerving thought of **Dan** "Let's All Chant" **Newlin** in clear plastic jeans. Can this bliss last? Or will it all be swept away like last night's used cocktail straws? I can't think about all that right now—my final thoughts before sleep echo those of lovely **Valerie Landsburg** in *Thank God It's Friday*: "Who cares about the dumb old school That's for kids! We're disco queens now!" Amen.

GIRL'S DISCO ETIQUETTE TIPS

1. Limit yourself to four people per bathroom stall, and never let your feet leave the floor.
2. No glitter or hickeys below the neck.
3. Giving out your phone number on a match book is fine, but not on your diaphragm.
4. Fan dance etiquette is redundant.
5. If you have to dig for the coke spoon buried in your chest hair, it may be time for a trim.
6. Asking to borrow somebody's tambourine is like asking to borrow somebody's toothbrush.

7. While waiting on line at Studio 54, screaming out "I'm Bianca Jagger's hair dresser!" will get you nowhere.

8. Mouthing the words to "Dancing Queen" is never a good idea.

9. You may ask "Wanna dance?" or "Want a line?" but never "Wanna line dance?"

10. Carrying a can of Aquanet in your front pocket is uncomfortable and misleading.

11. When roller discoing, remember: Black skates are for boys and white skates are for girls. I don't care what goes with your outfit.

12. Warren Davis may be a human quaalude, but it is not polite to lick her.



Strictly Ballroom shines a cinematic spotlight on the quirky subculture of competition ballroom dancing, and if you've ever seen one of these events on cable television, you know that it is ample fodder for parody, with glitzy costumes and kitschy choreography to spare.

Made in Australia, the film focuses on a talented upstart played by Paul Mercurio, who'll have you packing your bags for Sydney after one look at his rumba. Groomed since childhood to win the ultimate Pan-Pacific tournament, Mercurio creates a scandal when he breaks out of the chorus line of cha-cha queens and launches into his own flamboyant, crowd-pleasing moves. Knowing it takes two to tango, he finds more than just a dance partner in mousy wallflower Tara Morice, who blossoms into a Ginger Rogers in her own right.

Strictly Ballroom borrows heavily from American predecessors like *Dirty Dancing* and *Hairspray*, and someone should shoot the cinematographer for cropping off the dancers' feet in some of the big production numbers, but the film remains entertaining and energetic fluff. *Strictly Ballroom* will leave you dancing in the aisles, not to mention dreaming of your own private *pas de deux* with its sultry leading man.

—Kirby Holt

Planet Earth Multi-Cultural Theatre's production of *Trafficking in Broken Hearts* is as daring a play as you're likely to see in Phoenix. Playwright Edwin Sanchez' rough, sexually charged script pulls no punches in showing the complicated and often ugly interlocking relationships between a painfully closeted lawyer, a street-hardened hustler, and the mentally disturbed teenager he takes in. David Salcido (whose artwork is on display in the theater's gallery) gives a potent performance as the prostitute, and David Akin, as the lawyer, gives an impressive performance as well as new meaning to that old saw about an actor exposing himself before an audience. The combined power of Salcido's turn and Akin's intense and smoldering sexuality provide a compelling balance on stage.

While none of Sanchez' characters is without serious flaws, the disturbing truth is that you probably know them in real life, or can relate to the conflicts they suffer. Director Peter Cirino has taken a bold risk presenting *Trafficking in Broken Hearts* and, while it may not be the feel-good hit of the season, it certainly gives one pause.

—Neil Cohen



After witnessing the opening scenes of *8 x 10 Glossy*, now playing at Berlitz Gallery Theatre, I was convinced that John Glines had found a perfect female companion in Sarah Dreher: Dreher uses the same cozy, non-gay specific issues of love and acceptance, and the same cozy, non-threatening dialogue as in Glines' *Body and Soul*. Soon, however, I realized that there's a depth being mined in *8 x 10* that *Body and Soul* never attempted.

The fact that the characters are gay isn't the issue here; rather, it's their lack of ability to love or be loved that provides the dramatic conflict. Carter (Christine Essig) is a photographer whose recent claim to fame is having been beaten by mob cops at a gay rights rally. Her sister Julie seems intolerant at first, until you realize that she's wrestling with both her own sexuality and her equally confused lover Dana (Patricia Landau).

In this production, director Marian Levine has found an ace in

the hole with Landau, whose fine characterization is a stand out. Also impressive are Judith Scovern as the widowed mother and Martha Duncan, who goes for sympathy in spite of her character's priggish demeanor. In the second act, where the play's secrets are revealed, Duncan really lets loose in a well-acted scene about family confidentialities.

Overall, *8 x 10 Glossy* could be tighter; certain intimate scenes proceed nicely, while others are acted too broadly, as if for the stage at the Sundome. Also intrusive is the ongoing offstage banter between the mother and her nosy neighbor (played by Ruth Burt, who, in a gimmick that barely works, is never seen onstage). The effect of the two actresses trading quips at top voice interrupts each scene in which it occurs, playing like a geriatric *Laugh-In* rerun. See *8 x 10 Glossy* for Landau's performance, but don't expect great theatre.

—Neil Cohen

Christine Essig and Martha Duncan do the lesbian thing in Berlitz Gallery Theatre's production of *8 x 10 Glossy*.

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art spaces

Phoenix Art Museum: "Russian Lacquer Boxes" includes more than 60 exquisitely detailed papier-mâché boxes decorated with Russian fairy tales; through March 21. "The Art of Seeing: John Ruskin and the Victorian Eye" is the world premier of the most extensive exhibition on Ruskin ever organized, including many paintings never before seen in the US. Now through May 23. Museum hours: Tuesday through Saturday, 10am to 5pm, Wednesday until 9pm; Sunday noon-5pm. Admission is \$4 for adults, \$1.50 for students. No charge on Wednesdays. 1625 N. Central Ave. 257-1222.

Tenth Annual Exotic Art Invitational: Over 50 artists' works. Now through March 14, Tuesday-Friday, noon-6pm. \$2. Alwun House, 12th St. and Roosevelt. 253-7887.

Phoenix Museum of History: The latest exhibit, "Homesteaders to Hostlers: Black Pioneers in Phoenix," reveals a little-known segment of Phoenix history; through March 31. Wednesday-Sunday, 11am-4pm. 1002 W. Van Buren St. 253-2734.

My Tailor's Mini Gallery: "Paradise in the Desert," featuring new oils by Valley artist Agee, is on display through March. Monday through Friday, 9am-6pm; Saturday, 9am-noon. 4310 N. 7th Ave. 265-2590.

Galeria Mesa: "Healing Grief," a showing of 22 works exploring life's cycles and passages created by 17 artists from nine states, is now on display through March 27. Noon-8pm, Tuesday through Thursday; noon-5pm, Friday and Saturday. Mesa Arts Center, 155 N. Center. 644-2242.

Small World Miniature Club Exhibit: Showcasing attic vignettes, houses, shops, furnishings and collections, all to scale. 8am-5pm. Valley Bank Center Concourse. Central and Van Buren. 221-1005.

Scottsdale Center for the Arts: "Elusive Realities" by artist Judith Golden merges reality and illusion through photography and mixed media. Monday-Saturday, 10am-5pm; Thursdays, 10am-8pm; Sundays, noon-5pm. Now through April 11. 7383 Scottsdale Mall. 994-2301.

Hunt Estate: Tens of thousands of spring flowers and bulbs, rare and antique roses, native wild flowers, and new flowering shrubs will be in full spring glory at this annual Spring Flower Show. Also: gardening workshops, lectures and special events every weekend. Proceeds benefit Arizona AIDS Project. March 19 through April 11. \$7. 10am-5pm, Fridays through Sundays. 2100 E. Missouri Ave. 254-0845.

theater

Trafficking in Broken Hearts: Edwin Sanchez' drama deals with three gay men coming to terms with their sexuality. Now through March 20. Fridays and Saturdays at 8pm; Sundays at 6pm. \$9. Planet Earth Multi-Cultural Theatre. 909 N. 3rd St. 241-1828.

8 x 10 Glossy: This love story, about the fear of loving and the fear of being loved, is a study of lesbians who dare to proclaim their identities. Now through March 28. Thursdays-Saturdays at 8pm; Sundays at 2pm. Tickets: \$10-\$12. Berlitz Theatre, Park Central. 263-0587.

Arizona Centerfold Revue: A new two-hour all-male revue, featuring some of the hottest men in Arizona. Music, comedy, dance and solo performances. Tuesday, March 16 at 8pm. Tickets: \$12-\$15. Berlitz Theatre, Park Central. 263-0587.

The Baby Dance: A poor southern woman offers to be the answer to a rich but childless couple's prayers. Together, they seek the fragile mirage of motherhood, morality and

love that seems always to remain in the distance. Looking at both sides of a private adoption, this world premiere explores the barren landscape that separates social classes and families in America. Thursdays-Sundays, March 12-28. 8pm. Tickets: \$15-19. Stage West of the Herberger Theater Center, 222 E. Monroe. 252-8497.

C & W: This musical revue answers the question, "Where do Country and Western songs come from?" Some insights are found under the big skies of Montana. Thursdays-Saturdays, March 12-April 3 at 8pm. Tickets: \$9. Playwright's

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. Saturdays at 8pm at Liza's Cafe, 1945 W. Baseline Rd. in Mesa. 838-7338.

The Oxymoron Improvisational Comedy Troupe: Performances every Saturday night at 7:30pm. \$5. Star Theater, 7146 E. 6th Ave., Scottsdale. 423-0120.

culture club

Workshop Theatre, 3302 N. 7th St. 279-5151.

Fertility Rights: A funny and touching play about love, commitment and artificial insemination. Beth, a successful CPA, thinks her biological clock is ticking too fast and decides to have a baby using an anonymous semen donor. Beth juggles the men in her life and deals with the consequences of the impending arrival, unexpected guests, unpredictable events and unusual advice. Tickets: \$16-\$27. Thursdays-Sundays, through March 27. 8pm. Herberger Theater Center, 222 E. Monroe. 252-8497.

Chicago: This acclaimed, hysterical play concerns a roaring Twenties chorus girl who murders her faithless lover and then seeks to capitalize on the pre-trial publicity for her career. \$11 and \$12. Thursdays through Sundays, now through March 14. Theater Works, 6615 W. Thunderbird Rd. Call 979-9003 for times and 486-8636 for tickets.

Susan B. Anthony Trial: Sunday, March 28 at 3pm. \$7.50. Berlitz Theater, Park Central.

First is Supper: An immigrant family—Getz Marks, his wife and three children—in Chicago in 1919, attempt to assimilate to the more mainstream gentile America on the outside, at the same time they are dealing with a variety of family problems on the inside. Thursdays and Saturdays at 8pm and Sundays at 2pm, March 18-April 4. Tickets: \$10-\$15. Jean Paul Theatre, Phoenix College. Thomas and 15th Ave. 678-2888.

Heirlooms: Set in the Victorian Era, this drama/comedy/musical depicts the passing of heirlooms from mothers to children and children to their mothers. Fridays, March 19, April 2 and 16, May 7 and 21 at 7pm; Sunday, May 9 at 5pm. All shows include a gourmet meal. \$25. Goldie's 1895 House Theatre, 362 N. 2nd Ave. 254-0338.

performance

The Irish Rovers: Tuesday, March 16 at ASU's Gammage Auditorium at 8pm. Tickets: \$12-18. Also, Wednesday, March 17 at the Sundome, 19403 R.H. Johnson Blvd, Sun City West. Tickets: \$8-\$16. 975-1900.

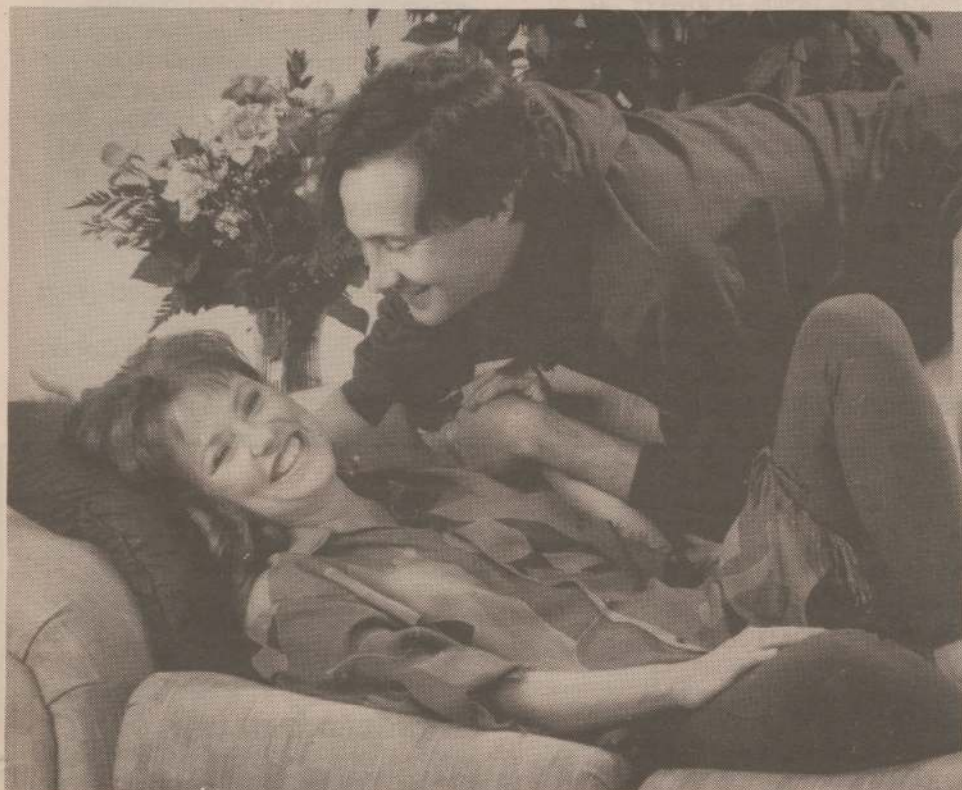
The Marriage of Figaro: Arizona Opera's production of one of the

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most entertaining operatic comedies is set in an eighteenth century castle, where servants scheme against their masters, wives outwit their husbands and everything ends happily when love prevails. Thursday, March 18 and Saturday, March 20 at 7:30; Sunday, March 21 at 2pm. Tickets: \$11-\$48. Phoenix Symphony Hall. 266-7464.

David Riggs: A teller of tales and world traveler, Riggs weaves his stories with costumes and wit. "Irish Folk and Fairy Tales," Friday, March 25, 7pm. "Tales for the Foolish & Clever," Friday, April 9 and 23, 7pm. "South of the Border," Friday May 14 and 28, 7pm. All dinner shows are \$25. Goldie's 1895 Theatre, 362 N. 2nd Ave. 254-0338.

Victor Borge: The world-renown entertainer, concert pianist, composer, writer and comedian will perform Saturday, March 20 at 8pm. Tickets: \$19-\$25. Gammage Auditorium, ASU, Tempe. 965-3434. Also, Sunday, March 21 at 2pm. Tickets: \$12-\$23. Sundome, 19403 R.H. Johnson Blvd, Sun City West. 975-1900.



Princess cruise: Brian Brophy and Lauren Tewes are admitted heterosexuals in Arizona Theatre Company's world premiere of The Baby Dance, playing at the Herberger Theatre Center through March 27.

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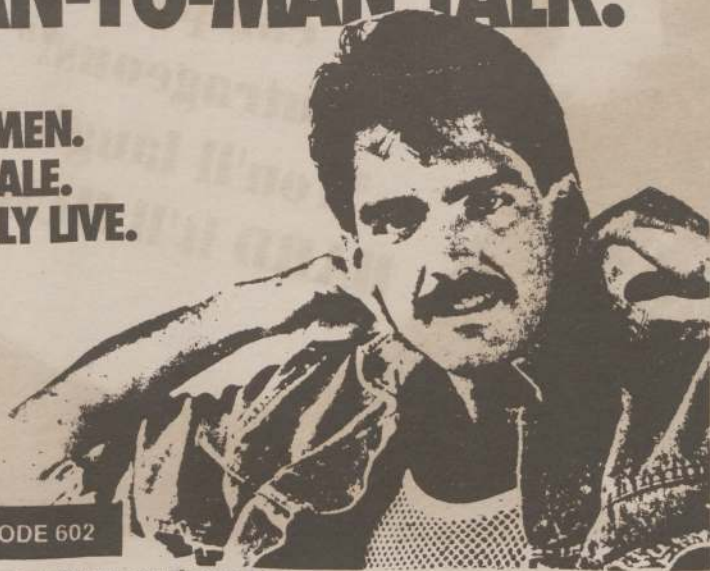
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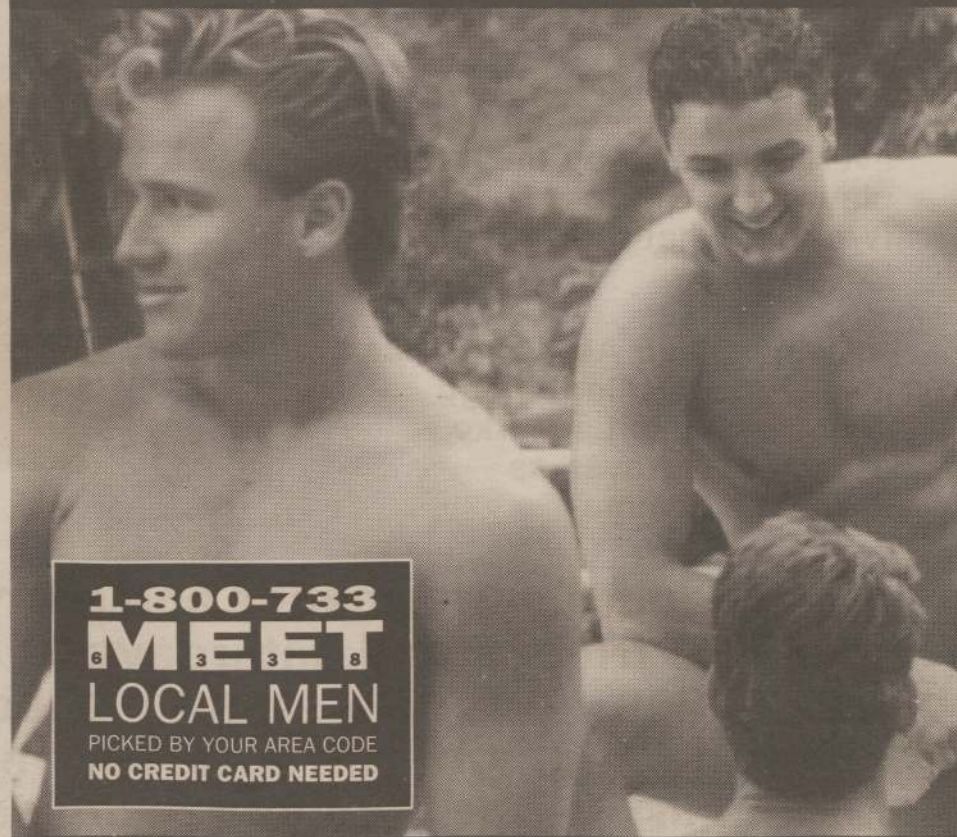
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