

ZASU



RESOURCE • VOLUME EIGHT NUMBER TEN

25

CENTS

MAY 8-21, 1992

Q

QUEERS & ARTISTS

AIDS REFERRAL

AGAPE Network
PO Box 15826
Phoenix 85060

AIDS Information Line
234-2752

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

CAMPA/MALTA
297 E Monterey
Phoenix 85012
230-1881

Community AIDS Council
PO Box 32903
Phoenix 85064
265-2437

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

Flagstaff AIDS Outreach
PO Box 183
Flagstaff 86002
525-1199

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

The Names Project
PO Box 82111
Phoenix 85071

Phoenix Shanti Group
1314 E McDowell
Phoenix 85006
271-0008

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

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

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

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

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

ORGANIZATIONS

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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

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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

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PO Box 27335
Phoenix 85061
843-1329

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PO Box 62971
Phoenix 85082
468-0334

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PO Box 25951
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849-4544

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938-3932

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Phoenix 85001
266-7202

Desert Overture
PO Box 16454
Phoenix 85011
997-4373

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PO Box 2970
Apache Junction
85217

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Phoenix 85010
968-4375

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PO Box 33393
Phoenix 85067
242-8906

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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

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1204 E Roosevelt
Phoenix 85004
253-7887

ATTORNEYS

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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

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

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1819 E. Morton #100
Phoenix 85020
997-7324
266-0479

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

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

Gay Roommate Service
938-3932

Royal Villa Apartments
1102 E Turney
Phoenix 85014
266-6883

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

TYPESetting

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PO Box 17298
Phoenix 85011
788-5442

WORD PROCESSING

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Phoenix 85067
246-8277

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Larry Gwinn
Metro Phoenix
971-5009

Massage Connection
456 W Main
Tempe 85201
833-7207

HAIR STYLING

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

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

The Tivoli
6166 N Scottsdale
Scottsdale 85253
991-6999

FLORISTS

Arcadia Flowers
4835 E Indian Schl
Phoenix 85008
840-3750

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

BOOKSHOPS

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

Changing Hands Bookstore
414 S Mill
Tempe 85281

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

Metropophobobia
128 E. Taylor
Phoenix 85002
255-0668

FRAMING

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

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

RETAIL

EuroMarket
5017 N Central
Phoenix 85012
252-EURO

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

Tuff Stuff Leather
1714 E McDowell
Phoenix 85006
254-9651

SPIRITUAL ORGANIZATIONS

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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

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Gay Mormons
PO Box 26601
Tempe 85285
396-6950

Brethren Mennonites Council
PO Box 5613
Glendale 85312

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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

published by
RADICAL PHAERIE
MARKETING, INC.

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Resource is a
member of the
Associated Press.

©1992 Radical Phaerie Marketing, Inc.
P.O. Box 5948
Phoenix, AZ 85010
602-256-7476

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I'm bored, so I've decided to categorize homosexuals. It seems to me that, in rural areas like this one, gay men and lesbians fall into one of two categories: queers who experience their homosexuality by hetero-contrived definitions of our subculture, and homosexuals who hide their queerness completely.

The second group is so terrified that they lie about everything regarding their sexuality. Nobody knows they are gay, including their lovers. Their main interaction with gay culture is limited to Going To The Bar and

occasionally renting *La Cage Aux Folles*. When these people are dating, they do something called "Quiet Evenings At Home"—kind of a genteel version of hiding.

The first group is responsible for fostering the het-endowed gay/lesbian image we all cherish: the one that says, "We are homosexual, and therefore meant to hang out in dark toilets whenever we are not working (as florists, hairdressers, or flight attendants; mechanics and est trainers if we're lesbians) and sing showtunes and cross-dress

and have sex with all of the other gay people in the universe."

The stench would be overpowering if all of these people dropped dead at once; perhaps instead they could adjust their attitudes, renounce expectations, and consider what they'd rather be doing.

I'll bet that straight folks would stop killing us and blaming plagues on us if we took our thumbs out of our mouths long enough to tell them to go fuck themselves.

—Pela

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MAY 8 - 21 1992

On the cover: Dead film and television star ZaSu Pitts. ZaSu (say "Zay-Soo") is also featured on page 5 of this issue. Photo courtesy Culver Pictures. Cover design by Pela.

From time to time in this column I have pointed out some of the differences between the two major political parties regarding their attitude toward the lesbian/gay community. This doesn't require any special insight or research—it's pretty common knowledge that the Democratic Party officially supports the notion of equal rights for lesbians and gay men, while the Republican Party is plainly hostile to any such notion. This is especially true for the two state parties.

In fact, three openly gay men have been elected by their fellow Arizona Democrats to be part of the state's delegation to the Democratic National Convention in New York City this July. Arizona's 49-member delegation will join the other state and territorial delegations in nominating the Democratic presidential and vice-presidential candidates, and to ratify the party's national platform.

You probably won't hear about openly gay delegates at the Republican convention.

But even while the Arizona Democratic party encourages lesbian and gay participation, having three acknowledged representatives of our community in the 1992 delegation amounts to a coup. And apparently this wasn't a

As Arizona Democrats prepare for the national convention, gay activists inadvertently slap Tom Volgy and Terry Goddard. Meanwhile, the Paul Johnson vigil continues.

Mayor May Not

big enough splash, for in the course of taking two of these three delegate slots, "our" delegates managed to outpoll some big names.

Following the Democrats' April 25 regional caucuses, in which the initial 27 members of the delegation were selected, the nongay media reported that two of the state's best-known former office holders—former Tucson mayor Tom Volgy and former Phoenix mayor and recent gubernatorial candidate Terry Goddard—were beaten out by two young party activists. What the newspapers didn't mention was that both of the young activists are also gay activists. Mark Kerr is a tireless and ubiquitous political presence in Pima County. He co-founded Tucson's gay and lesbian Lambda Democratic Caucus, serves as chair of the Dist. 13 Democratic Committee, and organized the regional caucus at which he was elected as a delegate, beating out Volgy. Joe Della Rocca, who beat out Goddard, is the outgoing chair of the Dist. 23

Democratic Committee (he now lives in Dist. 25) and has been active in the Arizona Committee for Progress, the Phoenix Human Rights Task Force, and the Phoenix chapter of ACT UP.

These mayor bashings weren't planned as such: Both Volgy and Goddard are thought to be nominal supporters of the lesbian/gay community. Rather, it's more of a coincidence that the grass-roots campaigns of Della Rocca and Kerr (both with ties to several constituencies besides the lesbian/gay community) managed to upset former mayors. (Goddard managed to nab a slot during the second phase of delegate selection, at the Democrats' state convention a week later.)

However, during the week between the regional caucuses and the May 2 state convention, it looked as if I, as the third gay delegate, might become involved with a third mayor in a spat over gay politics. Soon after I was elected, on April 25, as a delegate pledged to former Massachusetts Sen. Paul Tsongas, I was informed that

Phoenix Mayor Paul Johnson would be seeking one of the Tsongas delegate slots allotted to "party leaders/elected officials" and thence wanted to be elected chairman of the entire Arizona delegation. Remember, Johnson has been the main stumbling block in the Phoenix lesbian/gay community's efforts to amend the city's anti-discrimination ordinance to include sexual orientation; having said repeatedly that he could not support the amendment, Johnson has been the focus of an intense lobbying effort by the Phoenix Human Rights Task Force and others. Under the circumstances, I made it known that I could not support Johnson as delegate chair. Because the delegation is split almost evenly among supporters of Arkansas Gov. Bill Clinton, former California Gov. Jerry Brown, and Tsongas, plus several uncommitted "superdelegates," any single presidential candidate's delegate would have needed the support of other candidates' delegates to have been elected chair of the delegation. And as a member

by Don Slutes

of the Tsongas contingent, Johnson would have had to count on all of the other Tsongas delegates at the very least to be elected chairman. During the week before the May 2 state convention, Johnson may have been alerted that his support among the other Tsongas delegates (namely me) was not solid. In any case, it soon became known that he no longer sought the delegation chairmanship. Probably just a coincidence. (In the end, party official Janet

Napolitano, an uncommitted delegate and former supporter of Nebraska Sen. Bob Kerrey, won the job.)

But I and some allies in the lesbian/gay community wished to press the case against Johnson further: if possible, we wanted to express our displeasure with Johnson's stand on the city ordinance by protesting his attempt to become a delegate in the first place. My reasoning was this: not only is Johnson a bad Democrat (he has fought

against lesbian/gay civil rights, in opposition to his own party's state platform) but he's also a poor excuse for a Tsongas supporter. Paul Tsongas, after all, was the presidential candidate with the most up-front pro-gay-rights platform. Any protest would have been symbolic, however. According to Democratic National Committee rules, "big city mayors" have the highest priority in the state committee's awarding of the several delegate slots reserved for

Democratic elected officials.

The slot was Johnson's if he wanted it, and he did.

In any event, the protest was put on hold with the word from one of the state committeepersons in attendance, who is also a prominent member of the Phoenix Human Rights Task Force, that Johnson had finally come around and had voiced his support for the measure.

The episode, despite its less-than-earth-shaking conclusion, demonstrates the value of political involvement. Without active lesbian/gay participation in the Democratic Party, we wouldn't have any gay delegates, and thus wouldn't have had the opportunity to make our feelings known in such a relatively rarefied forum. The delegate-selection process, one of the party's key events, offered the lesbian/gay community its first chance to confront and oppose Johnson in any sort of election. (As mayor, he is not up for re-election until 1995.)

Meanwhile, Johnson's purported acquiescence on the issue of the anti-discrimination ordinance amendment is probably more a recognition of political reality than a true commitment to our community. In my book, we should continue to regard Johnson and his future political ambitions warily.



Garden Fresh

It has a nice beat, but can you dance to it? When it comes to the organic soundscapes of electro-acoustic group Life Garden, shaking your butt isn't top priority. Their ambient, nearly danceable music has been called a lot of things: post-industrial, New Age, old age. Band members David Oliphant, Su Ling Heydrich-Oliphant, Peter Ragan, and Bill Yanok play it like it lays.

Who's screwing whom in Life Garden?

Peter: Well, uh...Bill's screwing me in that he's always borrowing my instruments.

You've just released your first CD.

David: *Caught Between the Tapestry of Silence and Beauty* is basically material we recorded in early 1990. The lineup then was myself, Su Ling, and George Dillon. Around that time we started playing live, which consisted mainly of prerecorded tapes with Su Ling and George playing on top of that. Eventually we had recorded enough to put out the original *Tapestry* cassette. In March of 1991, George Dillon died and soon after that (Denver-based label) We Never Sleep approached us about putting the cassette material out on CD and making it a tribute to George. We had recorded some material for another cassette before George passed away, and a few of those tracks are also on the CD. The final piece George recorded, prophetically enough, is called *I Am Not A Ghost*.

What is music?

Peter: Music is Foghat. With Ethel Merman on lead vocals.

by Peter Petrisko, Jr.

photography by Ann Preston

What about your music?

David: In a very loose way it's a Nineties version of space rock. Not in the way it sounds as much as in the way it's improvisational.

Su Ling: To us it's more experimental spiritual music.

Bill: Most people who hear our music say it would make great soundtrack music.

Peter: Somewhere between the darker side of the Carpenters and the lighter side of Metallica.

If you were forced to cover a Led Zeppelin song, which one would it have to be?

Bill: *Kashmir*. Or maybe *Whole Lotta Love*.

How do you create a piece?

David: We turn on all the equipment and start playing. Pretty much all the pieces are improvised and it's a matter of reaching the right tempo.

What are you trying to accomplish?

Bill: We're trying to set a mood. No matter what club we're in, we try to make it a different place for forty minutes. Then we get the hell out of there.



This is yer Life Garden: David Oliphant, Su Ling Heydrich-Oliphant, Bill Yanok and Peter Ragan.

Beginning with a cocktail party for Mrs. Rockefeller and ending on the set of a porno flick, Robert Plunket's new novel snares the wretched rack of romantic illusion. In the voice of its headstrong heroine, this screeching excerpt from *Love Junkie* reveals the travails of loving a strumpet.

LOVE JUNKIE

Like most people, I assumed all porn stars came from broken homes in lower-class neighborhoods. I also assumed they were drug addicts out to support their habit, or possibly lower-echelon gangsters. Well, not Joel. That was his real name, by the way. Joel Sabinak. Joe was his professional name. And he was as normal as you or me.

He was very well-educated. He spent three years at B.U. and dropped out only because it no longer offered a challenge. He had just declared psychology as his major, with a minor in accounting.

But Joel was one of those people who didn't need an education to



be a success. I learned this firsthand that very first week, when I started doing the books. From the mail-order business alone he brought in over fifty thousand dollars a year. And that was just a sideline. There was additional income from some rental property he owned in Redondo Beach, and his modeling fee was \$250 an hour. I'm not quite sure what he modeled during these modeling

sessions, but he was always running off to one, clutching a gym bag and saying, "Well, I've got to go model. Make sure you turn on the answering machine when you leave."

And then there was his acting career. True, it was limited—so far, anyway—to films that are usually thought of as pornography. But don't forget that in their day D.H. Lawrence and Ezra Pound and even Donatello all had this charge leveled at them. And besides, lots of famous people have skeletons in their past. Marilyn Monroe and her calendar is perhaps the most famous example...and wasn't there something about Joan Crawford and a Coke bottle?

Joel's very first movie skyrocketed him to fame. It was so successful that it was on *Variety's* list of the fifty top grossing films for seven weeks, something virtually unheard of for a porno movie. It was entitled simply *Joe*. He played a construction worker who is secretly watched by seven men in the apartment house next door. Then they have fantasies about him. I've never seen it, but I hear it's quite marvelous. The letter writers are constantly referring to it: the jockstrap scene, the hands-in-the-

hallway scene, the salami-in-the-elevator scene.

It may sound odd when talking about a porn star, but if I had to find one word that sums up Joel's personality it would have to be "ethical." He considered what he did a form of therapy. He provided a service for these poor lonely people, a chance for them to live out their fantasies, an outlet for their inexpressible longings. And he made sure that they got their money's worth. He was very proud of the fact that he stood behind every pair of Jockey shorts he sold with the guarantee that they were personally worn by him. And when he had a modeling session he would always stay at least twenty minutes, no matter how fat or ugly they were. "Spend time with them," he would say. "That's how you get repeaters."

Of course, it does help with your marketing strategy if your customers consider you a god. I was amazed at how many of them found a thrill in paying for Joel's dirty underwear. If he gave it away it wouldn't have done half as well. Personally, I hated the underwear side of the business. Not to mention the socks. And the athletic supporters. I hated stuffing them in Ziploc bags and putting them in

padded envelopes and hauling them down to the post office. I kept thinking, What on earth do people do with these things?

The photographs were much easier to handle. We had three different sets, A, B, and C. Set A featured underwear and Levi's and sold quite well; I was always on the phone to the lab reordering prints. Set B was called "Joe in Leather" and was likewise popular. But Set C was the one everyone ordered. It showed Joel wearing nothing at all.

Sometimes, when I stuffed Set C into the envelope, making sure the pictures were in the correct order (Joel was a stickler for such details) and writing out the all-important personal note in a close approximation of Joel's handwriting (and always including his trademark complimentary close, "Stay hot!"), I would pause and study the photos. They were taken in an abandoned factory building strewn with rubble that reminded me of a place in Lubbock behind the Fish and Game Building. (We children were forbidden to play there, and they finally tore the place down after a six-year-old was discovered asphyxiated in a refrigerator.) Against a background of rusty boilers and slime-covered wall, Joel

flexed and stretched, oblivious of, but subtly playing to, the Peeping Tom eyes of the camera. Thank God he was wearing boots, as the floor was covered with broken glass.

This nude picture set was the only one in which Joel displayed even the tiniest hint of self-consciousness. Which brings us to another point. Now, I am not a connoisseur of such things, but I did know this—his penis was not a particularly large size. Compared with his magnificent body it seemed a little out of scale, like an elaborate cocktail ring with just one tiny diamond. In only one photograph did you get a good look at it—Joel standing in a doorway, arms akimbo, a sneer on his lips and his penis hanging there, small, red and defiant, a little raw from overuse, like dish-pan hands. Sometimes a customer would complain. "You advertised BIG COCK—where is it?" These letters, rare though they were, broke my heart. I would rip them into tiny pieces and flush them down the toilet and never, never, never mention them to Joel.

Joel was our product. there were many ways to experience him, and Joel was always on the lookout for more, particularly since there was a hardcore group of people who would

automatically order everything, and I mean *everything*. I was extremely skeptical about the fingernail clippings, for example, but they actually did sell. So with this in mind we were preparing a brochure to launch the new line of Verbal Abuse Tapes. Joel had spoken with several freelance artists about designing it and was shocked by their exorbitant rates. "Any idiot can do a porno flyer!" he exclaimed, and then suggested that I might want to "give it a try," as he had seen me sketching and was quite taken with a study I did of his hamstrings.

I set to work and in several days had come up with a concept that excited me greatly. On the front was a picture of Joel, just his face, all pouty and sensual. I could take the picture myself. Maybe I could even draw it, if we wanted to go that route. Anyway, on the cover it would say "Welcome to the Sensual World of Joe..." in cursive script. You certainly had to admit it was an enormous improvement over the current "brochure," which was just a Xeroxed flyer with a picture of Joel in an athletic supporter and stadium boots and was written in the most appalling gutter language.

To be perfectly honest, "The Sensual World of Joel" didn't go

over too well. Joel took one look at it and said, "That's not what I'm selling!" in a rather loud voice. I tried not to take it too personally, although later that day, in the privacy of my own bathroom, I cried long and hard.

With the addition of the new Verbal Abuse series, our compete line of audio tapes now totaled ten. They were all wildly popular. But not popular enough for Joel: he was always looking for some gimmick to boost sales.

"Which one sells the least?" he asked me.

I consulted my records. "*Hot Trucker*."

"Hmph," he said. "And that's the best one." He thought a minute.

"Which one sells the most?"

"*On Your Knees, Cocksucker*," I replied as professionally as possible. "Why, it sells twice as well as any of the others."

Joel got up and paced around. You could see the wheels spinning. "I got it!" he cried out, slapping his forehead. "We'll change the name. We'll call it *On Your Knees, Cocksucker, Part Two!*"

What can I say? The man was a marketing genius.

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art spaces

Circle Gallery: To celebrate the 100th birthday of Erte, master of fashion and theater design and father of Art Deco, Circle Gallery will host an exhibition of the artist's most classic lithographs and serigraphs, through May 25. In the Galleria, 4343 N. Scottsdale Rd. 949-3200.

Leslie Levy Fine Art II: Mixed-media works by Donna Howell-Sickles depicting how the image of the American cowgirl became an icon for women in general. Through May 31. 7135 Main St., Scottsdale. 947-2925.

Phoenix Visual Arts Gallery: "Reflections and Refractions: A Woman's Focus," fiber art by Yvette Goldstein and photographs by Carol Panaro-Smith, through May 15. 214 E. Moreland. 262-6583.

MARS Artspace: Life, death, lust and machismo are explored and ridiculed in "Carnal Barking," a two-person exhibition of paintings, drawings and mixed media work by MARS artists Joe Ray and Jerry Gilmore. Through May 29. Opening reception May 8, 7pm-10pm. Luhrs Center. 126 S. Central Ave. 253-3541.

Riva Yares Gallery: "Unparallel Lives," an exhibition of new works by Mexican artist Roberto Marquez, includes figurative paintings and sculptural mixed media objects. Through May 31. Gallery hours are 10am to 5pm, Tuesday through Saturday. 3625 Bishop Ln. (one block west of Scottsdale Rd. between 2nd and 4th Sts. in the heart of Scottsdale). 947-3251.

Phoenix Art Museum: "Masterpieces of American Painting," from the Cincinnati Art Museum, features work by the country's leading painters—such as Frederic Church, Thomas Cole, Thomas Eakins, Winslow Homer and Mary Cassatt—who exhibited in Cincinnati during its heyday as one of America's most important art centers. Through May 31. Also, Nuclear Landscapes, through August 9. Hours: Tuesday-Saturday 10am to 5pm (Wednesday until 9pm); Sunday Noon-5pm. 1625 N. Central Ave. 257-1222.



Alwun House: "Fouled and Souled Revelations," featuring Tom Stephenson's works in soft-edge airbrush; oil paintings by Kay Tuttle, and monuments by William S. Ziebell. Through May 31. Artists' reception May 8 at 7pm, featuring live music by Sili Pudi, live poetry and a no-host bar. On May 14, local poetry journal *South Ash Press* presents "Readings in Fiction and Poetry" by John Johnson, Tom Fasano, Meg Davis, Beverly Cuthbertson and other *South Ash* writers. Coffee house events at 8pm every Thursday, \$3. Gallery admission is a \$2 donation; members free. Gallery hours: Tuesday-Friday, 12-6pm. 1204 E. Roosevelt. 253-7887.

Metropophobobia: Tired of yer sitcom lifestyle? Short on cynicism? Need some new plastic farm animals? When life gets too precious, head for the 'bobia. Regular hours: Wednesday-Friday, 5-10pm; Saturday noon-10pm and Sunday noon-6pm. 128 E. Taylor. 255-0668.

Public Hanging: The Contemporary Forum of the Phoenix Art Museum presents this benefit art exhibition which allows everyone the chance to show their work in a highly publicized, professional setting. Visual artists of all persuasions and abilities are invited to participate. Cost for each entry is \$10; only two entries per artist. Space is limited to the first 500 entries. An opening night gala celebration on May 16, from 6pm to midnight, at Park Central (the intersection of Central and Earl) will feature lots of food, refreshments, music and a no-host bar. Cost for the gala celebration is \$40 per person and artists who have work in the show are invited to join this celebration for \$20. Exhibit will go on display May 17 at noon and remain open through May 30. Admission is \$1 during gallery hours. Entry or general information at 230-4340 (This is an answering service; leave a name and number, and a Public Hanging representative will call you within 24 hours). Opening Night Gala information and RSVPs at 230-5253.

theater

Betting Against The Odds: Playwright's Workshop Theatre will present the premiere of this new play by Deana Katz, directed by Raymond King Shurtz, which follows the story of a man stricken by Amyotrophic Lateral Sclerosis (Lou Gehrig's Disease) who chooses to play against the wild card in Fate's stacked deck. Friday, May 8 through Sunday, May 24 with performances at 8pm on Fridays and Saturdays, and Sunday matinees at 2pm.

Tickets are \$9 and \$7. PWT's new downtown location: 3302 N. 7th St. 279-5151.

Working: Studs Terkel interviewed more than 100 American working men and women for his book of the same title; Stephen Schwartz (Godspell) and Nina Faso took 26 of those interviews and turned them into a musical of the American dream. Phoenix Little Theatre first performed *Working* back in 1985; this time out, PLT brings back four members of its original cast, including local lounge-act extraordinaire Chuck Matthews. Showtimes are 8pm Tuesdays to Saturdays through May 17, 2:30pm May 10 and 17. Tickets are \$13-\$17. Phoenix Little Theatre, 25 E. Coronado Road. 258-1974.

The Meeting: The Black Theatre Troupe's production of this drama by Jeff Stetson (which won the 1987 NAACP Image Award) explores the political differences of Malcolm X and Martin Luther King Jr. and their strategies for attaining peace and power. *The Meeting* is a contemporary look at the issues that still effect all Americans today. Fridays and Saturdays at 8pm; Sundays at 3pm, through May 15. Tickets \$9 and \$10. 333 E. Portland. 258-8128.

The Hasty Heart: Jay Hale directs this Tempe Little Theatre production of John Patrick's sensitive comedy that takes place in a South Pacific field hospital during World War II. Performances May 8, 9, 10; 15, 16, 17; 22, 23 and 24. Friday and Saturday evening shows at 8pm, Sunday shows at 2pm. Tickets are \$7.50. Tempe Performing Arts Center 132 E. 6th Street, Tempe. 350-8388.

The Honeybuns Remember When: This Andrews Sisters-style, three-set act skims the hit parade lists of the 1940s and 1950s and includes the memorable melodies "Boogie Woogie Bugle Boy," "I'll Be Seeing You," "Over the Rainbow," and many other favorite audience sing-a-longs. Performing Fridays and Saturdays at 8pm and Sundays at 7pm through May 24 (no show Saturday, May 23). Tickets are \$10. Mill Avenue Theatre, 520 S. Mill Ave., Tempe. 921-7777.

Pippin: The musical that asks the question, "What is a young man to do when his father is the Holy Roman Emperor?" Theater Works performances are Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings at 8pm and Sundays at 2:30 and 7pm. Tickets \$10 to \$12. Theater Works is located at 6615 W. Thunderbird Road. 486-8636.

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. Thursdays and Fridays at 8pm; Saturdays 6pm and 9pm; Sundays 2pm. An indefinite engagement. Tickets on sale now at the Phoenix Little Theatre box office, or call 254-2151.

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

appearance

Christine Lavin: This contemporary singer-songwriter-comedienne is one of the most popular stars on the folk circuit, due in part to her warm, witty, and wicked songs like "Prisoners of Their Hairdos." Special guest Kristina Olsen's triple-threat jazz and folk skills on guitar, piano and saxophone rounds out the evening. Wednesday, May 13, 8pm. Tickets are \$12. Scottsdale Center for the Arts. 994-ARTS (2787).

Lyle Lovett and His Large Band: He's got a good, sardonic wit, a hip presence, infectious energy, and a wild haircut. He writes and performs music swinging from country to rhythm and blues to big band to jazz. Joining Lyle is local favorite Francine Reed. Saturday, May 16 at 7:30pm. Tickets are \$17 in advance, \$19 day of performance. Scottsdale Center for the Arts, on the corner of 2nd St. and Civic Center Boulevard, east of Scottsdale Rd. and 2 blocks south of Indian School Rd. 994-ARTS (2787).

Monica Palacios: Kicking off Gay Pride Week, ACT UP will present the comic satire and savvy of Monica Palacios in her aptly titled one-woman performance, "Latin Lezbo Comic." Her goal is to bring issues of cultural and sexual oppression to audiences which

might otherwise go deaf. Palacios describes her work as "part stand-up, part performance, part Chihuahua." Performing Thursday and Friday, June 4th and 5th at 8pm. Tickets are \$10. Herberger Theater Center, Stage West. 252-TIXS (8497).

David Copperfield: This hot trickster promises to stretch your senses to the limit with new, never-before-seen illusions. Monday, May 18 at 5:30 and 8:30pm. Tickets are \$24, \$19.50 (\$5 discount available for 5:30pm show for ASU students, seniors 65 and older, children 12 and under). Gammage Auditorium. 965-3434.

Culture Clash: This cutting-edge group delivers outrageous comedy and insightful satire rooted in Hispanic culture. Their unpredictable variety show of skits, slapstick, improvisation and imitations will keep you in stitches. Friday and Saturday, May 8 and 9 at 8pm. Tickets are \$14. Scottsdale Center for the Arts is located on the corner of 2nd St. and Civic Center Blvd., east of Scottsdale Rd., two blocks south of Indian School. 994-ARTS.



Scottsdale Jazz Festival: Featuring Lou Rawls, Leningrad Dixieland Band, the Larry Carlton Quintet, the Mose Allison Trio, Pete Jolly, Brian Bromberg Quintet, the James Andrews All-Star Brass Band, and the Francine Reed Quartet. May 9. Tickets are \$16 and \$19. Registry Resort, 7171 N. Scottsdale Rd. 678-2222.

dance

Blondel Cummings: Cummings, who trained with Alvin Ailey, Martha Graham and Meredith Monk, will present a specially commissioned premiere of a new work. Friday through Sunday, May 8 to 10, and Wednesday, May 13 at 8pm. Tickets are \$12. Paul V. Galvin Playhouse. 965-6447 or 965-3434.

Elisa Monte Dance Company: The beauty and appeal of the human body are the focus of this internationally acclaimed troupe, who will perform contemporary choreography. Thursday, May 14 at 8pm. Tickets are \$17. Scottsdale Mall Amphitheater, 7383 Scottsdale Mall. 994-ARTS.

Arizona Trilogy: The Phoenix Valley Coalition of Dance Companies (Desert Dance Theatre, A. Ludwig Dance Theatre and Center Dance Ensemble) hosts this revue on May 9 at 8pm. Chandler Center for the Arts, 250 N. Arizona Ave., Chandler. 786-3954.

A Midsummer Night's Dream: Ballet Arizona presents its season finale, performing May 8-9, 14-16 at 8pm, May 10 and 17 at 2pm. Tickets are \$16-\$26, children and students half-price. Herberger Theater, 222 E. Monroe. 678-2222.

Masks, Music and Myth: This Center Dance Ensemble performance features "Songs of the Forest People," an original dance/drama, and Igor Stravinsky's "Rite of Spring," a modern ballet. Performances May 28-30 at 8pm, May 29-30 at 2pm. Tickets are \$10.50-\$12.50. Herberger Stage West, 222 E. Monroe. 252-8497.

other stuff

Film Fest: The 12th Annual Scottsdale Community College Film Festival will include competition in Video Production categories including documentary, news, PSAs, commercials and music videos. May 8-9; tickets are \$2 per night. Performing Arts Center, 9000 E. Chaparral Rd. 423-3623.

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.

cinema

White Sands: One of the ugliest actors ever, Willem Dafoe, stars in this lackluster pseudo-thriller as a New Mexico deputy sheriff who sets out to solve a murder by assuming the identity of the victim. Why a small town family man would risk his life and venture far out of his jurisdiction to play cowboy is just the beginning of the illogical contrivances in this pungent potboiler from director Roger Donaldson (No Way Out). Our modern-day Barney Fife stumbles into a complex web of idiotic intrigue featuring everyone from the CIA to the FBI to the PTA. Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio gives the performance of her career: She has to act like she's sexually attracted to both Dafoe and a white-toothed Mickey Rourke. Now *that's* acting.

—Kirby Holt

tunes

I was distressed to learn that what used to be called "jazz" is currently, in the music press, referred to as "mainstream acoustic jazz"—that is, the stuff that employs actual pianos, upright basses, and drum kits. The rest of the genre (epitomized by our own local "jazz" radio outlet, KJZZ) is usually so much electronic mood music for wine-sipping yuppies. Its Godhead has long, curly brown hair, wears sunglasses, and toots on a whiny soprano saxophone.

Thus, I'm all the more thankful for the so-called neo-traditionalist movement, the "young lions" led by the likes of Wynton Marsalis (whose patriarchal status at age 30 gives you some idea of just how young).

One of the movement's lodestars must be the seminal Miles Davis quintet of the mid-1960s, which was noted for pushing the musical limits of what a "traditional" jazz quintet could sound like. In fact, having pushed as far as he could go, Miles himself began to add electric instruments, and most of his sidemen in that famous quintet became pioneers of the new music—pianist Herbie Hancock, tenorist Wayne Shorter (Weather Report), and drummer Tony Williams all recorded ground-breaking albums during the late '60s and early '70s.

Of these, Williams has made the truest return to form. A former Young Lion in his own right (he joined Miles when he was 17), Williams now leads an "acoustic" quintet that sports a young and impressively talented front line consisting of Wallace Roney on trumpet and Bill Pierce on tenor sax. Bassist

tempo centerpiece, "Fear Not," is perhaps the catchiest, while the opening and closing pieces showcase Williams' percussive pyrotechnics (the group's leader is, after all, one of the world's greatest living drummers).

...

Trumpeter Roy Hargrove is one of the genre's youngest and most talented new traditionalists: he boasts an amazingly mature technique



and imagination. *The Vibe* (Novus), the latest release by Hargrove and the equally youthful members of his quintet, features more than an hour of first-rate jazz, including solid original compositions by Hargrove and pianist Marc Cary.

From the very first cut (the Cary-penned title tune), the album exhibits a looseness that one may not associate with players in their early 20s; in fact, I detect a distinct progression even since Hargrove's last recording (*Public Eye*). For one, the playing of alto saxophonist Antonio Maurice Hart, Hargrove's Berklee buddy, seems more relaxed and confident. Plus, the rhythm section, newly assembled by Hargrove and consisting of Cary, bassist Rodney Whitaker, and drummer Gregory Hutchinson, may account for some of the difference between the two discs.

Ultimate recognition of the young players comes in the participation of veterans Frank Lacy (trombone), David "Fathead" Newman (tenor sax), organist Jack McDuff, and semi-veteran Branford Marsalis (tenor sax), who appear on several tracks.

While a disc like *The Vibe* is pleasing enough, it's all the more gratifying to remember that this music is being produced by young folks who may well prove to be a source of splendid "mainstream acoustic jazz" for years and years to come.

—Lord Mustapha X. Feinberg

CULTURE CLUB by réy hoffman

Ira Coleman and veteran pianist Mulgrew Miller round out the group. Their latest release, *The Story of Neptune* (Blue Note), forcefully acquits "mainstream acoustic jazz" as a vibrant and viable form.

One disappointment here is the relatively small number of Williams-penned tunes; the disc is padded out with three covers, including a sprightly reworking of the Beatles' "Blackbird," whose unidiomatic changes nevertheless seem to leave the young players somewhat adrift. However, the four new original tunes, three of which are tied together in the album-opening "Neptune" suite, offer rewards. The suite's mid-

oral intercourse by girl • tune town • alan berkowski's nipple • derek jaeger's face • jeffrey katzenberg's hidden lust • boys of "birdie" nest at charlie's romanovsky and phillips a go-go • christopher wyne-a-rama • shitty lies

Sorry, darlings. Girl is feeling particularly disagreeable this week, as she has been away trying to shed ugly excess pounds at a chi-chi Tucson health resort. After six days of yucky spa cuisine and hearing about how Julia Roberts was so much more gracious than yours truly, Girl could trash Mother Theresa. So you'll forgive me if my venom seems particularly potent and if I allow my sources to do all the heavy lifting this time out...In an attempt to irritate my editor, Girl did not attend the **Romanovsky and Phillips** concert, but spent the evening instead giving myself a facial and a bikini wax. Sources on the R. and P. scene were abuzz with news of all the notables present. The evening's emcee, **Judith "Move Over, Arsenio" Curtis-Mardon**, entertained the masses and pleaded with sissies everywhere to write letters of thanks to this magazine. Girl wonders: doesn't Miss Curtis-Mardon realize that all hate mail should come directly to me? Anyhoo, the joint was jammin' to Ron and Paul's hip tunes and witty banter, except for a couple of recalcitrant lesbians who screeched battle cries from the sidelines. Audience members included **Derek "Leather God" Jaeger**, sporting both Ron Romanovsky's hunky beau and nasty-looking contusion to his flawless face (things must get pretty ugly at those United Way meetings!). **Skylar "Fitness Diva To The Gods" Wilkins** attended without his Presidential Commission bodyguards; also on hand



were celebrity hairdresser **David "Wonder Twin" Burkett** and beau Dan; **Neil "I Lived Deceived" Cohen** and method actor **Jerry "Brooding, I'll Say I'm Brooding!" Ferraccio**; **David "No Need For Profanity, Ms. Ball" Parker**; **David "Wouldn't You Just Like To Know Who I've Been Necking With At The Capitol Building, You Snoopy Turds" Caligiuri**; **Bj "Big Bee Little Jay" Bud**, and **Ed "Gimme That Ol' Time Religion" Sunderland**. **Nick "I Play With Lots of Long, Cylindrical Objects" Tarr** surprised everyone by creating stunning balloon creations, especially **Robert "Enema Intern" X. Planet**, who thought that Nick only did this sort of thing at boring dinner theatre productions. Creating ripples of enthusiastic chatter were **Kirby "I Give And I Give And I Give And This Is The Thanks I Get" Holt** and his delectable

workout partner **Howard "My Fat Count Is Soooo Small" Webster**. By all accounts the evening was a great success, and Girl is devastated to have missed it, but childish fits of pique are so much more important than gay folk music, don't you think?...After escaping Health Spa Hell, Girl felt the need for some mindless fun, so she conked a Scottsdale matron over the head and stole her tickets to opening night of *Bye Bye Birdie* starring **Tommy "Legs Legs Legs" Tune** over at Gammage Auditorium. Afterward, Girl snuck over to JB's, where all the show folk nosh, to eat really bad food and eavesdrop on really juicy gossip. Unfortunately, Girl's Miracle Ear failed her and she had to resort to reading lips (not my strong suit, but I'm learning). Who else should appear above the heads and shoulders of the burly women techies but Mr. Tune himself! (He dashed out before Girl could ask him to autograph her breast.) The show itself proved to be full of wonderful surprises, including **Lenora "Who's Rita Moreno?" Nemetz'** fabulous dancing, but mostly in the way of a smorgasbord of meaty men. Girl was so happy to see that somewhere along this one-year tour, the boys decided to doff their PJ tops for "The Telephone Song" (apologies to **Brad Craig**). Girl wouldn't mind "goin' steady for good" with any number of these dancing dreamboats! The evening even included an extra groovy performance by **Jessica "Quivering Mass Of Hormones" Stone** which was eerily close to **Linda "I Want A Motherfucking Cocksucking Surfboard!" Lieberman's** turn in last year's PLT production of *Psycho Beach Party*. Separated at birth?...Spotted at intermission were **Jerry "Put On A Happy Face" Ferraccio**; **Steve "Normal American Boy" Scally**; **Max "Honestly Sincere" McQueen**; **Neil "How Lovely To Be A Woman" Cohen**; **Kirby "A Lot Of Livin' To Do" Holt**; **David "Shriner's Ballet" Vining**, and **Mike "One Last Kiss" Machino**. Gossip flew through the lobby and straight into Girl's good ear that Shutterbug Mike is all set to sell off his photo collection to the highest bidder. Otherwise, the show was too faboo and made Girl want to eat a box of Malomars. After the show, Girl was a typical stage door Janie and was justly rewarded for her efforts by nailing the scoop on the opening night cast party. But Girl almost fainted from fright when it came to her attention that said soiree would be taking place at a breeder bar! After breaking out the smelling salts and splashing cold water on her face, yours truly buckled down and ventured on. After all, Girl had to have all the dirt, even if it meant risking her life and her hairdo (although not necessarily in that order). The setting was a place called *The Neon Cowboy* (No, I did not make this up), a new country-western bar in the depths of Tempe. Seen at this soiree, schmoozing with the *Birdie* cast in general and **Marc "Hunka Hunka**

Burnin' Love" Kudich in particular, was *Phoenix Gazette* theatre critic **Christopher "What's That?" McPherson** and his companion for the evening, the lovely **Helen "Which One Of Them Would You Sleep With?" Howard**. Crashing the event (at Girl's subtle urging) was the equally lovely **Martha "I**



Got To Kiss Michael Santorico" Welty. And yes, Girl did meet the tall one, as well as costar **Lenora "Anne Reinking Is A Bitch" Nemetz**, sporting really tacky denim pantaloons. As the evening progressed, Girl met chorusboy **H. Hylan "Twirl Guy" Scott II**, who deemed Girl "someone who knows where it's happening" (wise man, he). Girl suggested to Humpy Hylan that he check the scene at **Charlie's**, which he and the rest of the chorus line did—every night for the rest of the week. Just call me Julie, your cruise director. Also on hand (we are still discussing the *Bye Bye Birdie* cast party, remember?) was the precious **Patrick "Like Rin Tin Tin" Rinn**, who was listed in the program as "personal dresser to Mr. Tune." Girl wants to know how personal, especially since the pair dared to two-step together, right there in front of all those icky heterosexuals. Girl survived her journey into Het Land, although I nearly puked all over my peignoir when I witnessed a strange breeder ritual known as the "Electric Slide." Now, aren't you glad you're a queer?...Great big swollen fun at **Radix Gallery's** opening for **Johnna "What's New Times?" Cronk's** newest exhibit. **Cate "Why'd You Hire Him In The First Place?" Spencer** and **John "To Fetcha Pail Of Water" Chonka** hosted luminaries *por dias*: **Dwayne "John Waters For City Council" Stone** and **Joe "Vote For Me" Della Rocca**; **Lisa "No, Vote For Me" Huggins**; **David "Still More To Come" Virden**; **Jim "Sexy Sexy Sexy" Cherry**; **Rose "I Don't Have Appendicitis, Honest" Johnson**; **David "Prodding Art" Greenwood**; **Mayme "Hiya" Kratz** and **Sean "Quiet Genius" O'Donnell**. **Bob "Frame Me In An Oval, Baby" Adams** and ultra-lovely wife **Lynn "Yeah, I Know Paul Cain. So?" Adams** were also there, being sophisticated and looking expectant...Good thing Cate and John threw such a fun bash, after the **Alex Arden** thing over on East McDowell turned out to be such a steaming turd. It

wasn't the "art" that got Girl down so low, but rather the infantile crowd. There's something deeply embarrassing about a bunch of people in their thirties acting like a bunch of people in their teens...**Chip "Heya Heya Gitchamama Kaya" Garrett** and hubby **Todd "Anything For Tips" Parsley** rub themselves with margarine substitute and roll about in tortilla chips before retiring each night. You read it here first...Why the fucking hell weren't you at the benefit screening of the new Robert Altman flick? All proceeds went to aid KTAR film critic **Michael "No, I Don't Know David Or Mark" Burkett** in paying off over \$125,000 in medical bills. (Ouch! That's Girl's monthly allowance in costume jewelry!) It was amusing to see elegant actress **Rebecca "A Honk Is A Honk Is A Penis" Gray** and steady beau **Bryn "I Am Neil Simon" Pryor** tussling with host **Pat "Ladmo Waffos Suck" McMahon** over the "Freddy's Dead" coffin pencil box at the silent auction table. Anyhoo, the Altman film is faboo, and the outpouring of love of love (read "money") was so overwhelming that Girl is planning on contracting a non-life-threatening disease herself. Only problem is, you bitches would probably just donate Maalox...More dirt from out of town concerns **J.J. "I Am The Party To Whom You Are Genuflecting" Giannantonio**, **Elaine "Raw Bloody Chuck!" Boothby**, and the rest of **Alan "My Child Within Is Potty Trained" Prewitt's Project Prevention Bunch**. On a recent trip to Bullhead City (don't ask), the troupe found themselves booked at a Best Western Roach Motel. La Hunkmeister J.J. delivered a few much-



deserved bon mots to the burly motel matron before the group packed up their tap shoes and hightailed it to Laughlin...On a much grander scale (grander than J.J. Giannantonio? I certainly don't mean Brad Craig!), Girl is beginning to wonder about the masculinity quotient of Disney head honcho **Jeffrey "Read My Memo" Katzenberg**. Seems after seeing preliminary sketches for the upcoming anti-musical *Aladdin*, Jeffie sent them back, demanding that the Disney art department beef up the title character. As a result, 8x10 glossies of mondo-

babe Tom "Mr. Nicole Kidman" Cruise were plastered on the office walls of Aladdin's animators. Girl wonders if those same pix adorn the Katz's walls? ...Several local actors-cum-drag-queens, including Christopher "Joan Crawford From Hell" Wynne, Neil "Joan Collins From Hell" Cohen and Kirby "Joan Embry From Hell" Holt are shaving their pits and polishing their Lee press-ons in anticipation of *Pageant*, the campy opus now packin' 'em in off-Broadway. Rumor has it that Jerry "Stand Up If You've Seen A Nun" Sickler is currently volleying for the rights to this public folly...And speaking of Christopher Wynne in a dress (and Girl has been—nearly as much as she has touted Neil Cohen and Kirby Holt!), that fab thespian will soon be given a shot at filling Neil Cohen's (See? There he is again!) size 13 pumps as Alexandra in La Cohen's long-running *Murder By Proxy*, which just celebrated its one-year anniversary...

Just don't stick around for the post-show white trash sale...Spied at Preston's was a whole funky bunch of Marky Mark



wannabes. What is this world coming to? As a matter of fact, Preston's was practically packed with prominent pansies, including John "My Diet Pill Is Wearing Off" Squires, Richard "She's



Jason "Brad Majors' Evil Twin" True is currently perusing the briefs of his new lawyer beau, Chuck. Darling Jason's bar buddy Jamie "No Relation To Kirby" Holt has no comment...Kevin "Where's My Beer?" Morgan and his boy wonder Scott were spotted exiting Charlie's on a last call quest to leather emporium *The Bum Steer*. (Kevin's quip: "We've sunk this far, we might as well go all the way." How mean!)...Alan "Edith Head Is My Idol" Berkowski was out and about, showing off new hubby Corey and a freshly pierced nipple. Girl wonders which hurts more...A late night trek to Scottsdale fag-a-rama BS West uncovered Frank "I Am Odetta" Baseline and John "I Know A Secret" Lipp and lovely wife Frank. The latter lesbian luminaries were busy hawking raffle tickets to May 3rd's big bash for Cinco de Mayo (that's Spanish for "another reason to get drunk on tequilla"). Girl has a question for the lovely John and Frank: Are you two the door prize?...Girl kept her promise and returned to view the carnage of the new diva drags at *Club 155*. Good news, purveyors of perversity: Penelope "A Little More Mascara" Poupé is back, and if all you girlfriends want an entertaining change of pace on a Saturday night, go check this one out.

Mallato" Cantu, Michael "She Has Roaches In Her Hair" LaMonde, Duane "Let's Get Naked And Smoke" Grandstaff and his new squeeze Robert, Christopher "No, I Am Odetta" Wynne, David "Free Traci Turnblad" Blevins and James "Gentleman Jim" McManahan. Whew! It's enough to make a girl's head swim!...I've already told you more than you deserve to know. Next time, I'll fill



you in on the wretched excess of *Phoenix Little Theater's* Second Annual Tom Oldendick Celebrity Roast, a fetid fete starring every sissy in the universe, especially—you guessed it!—Brad Craig.

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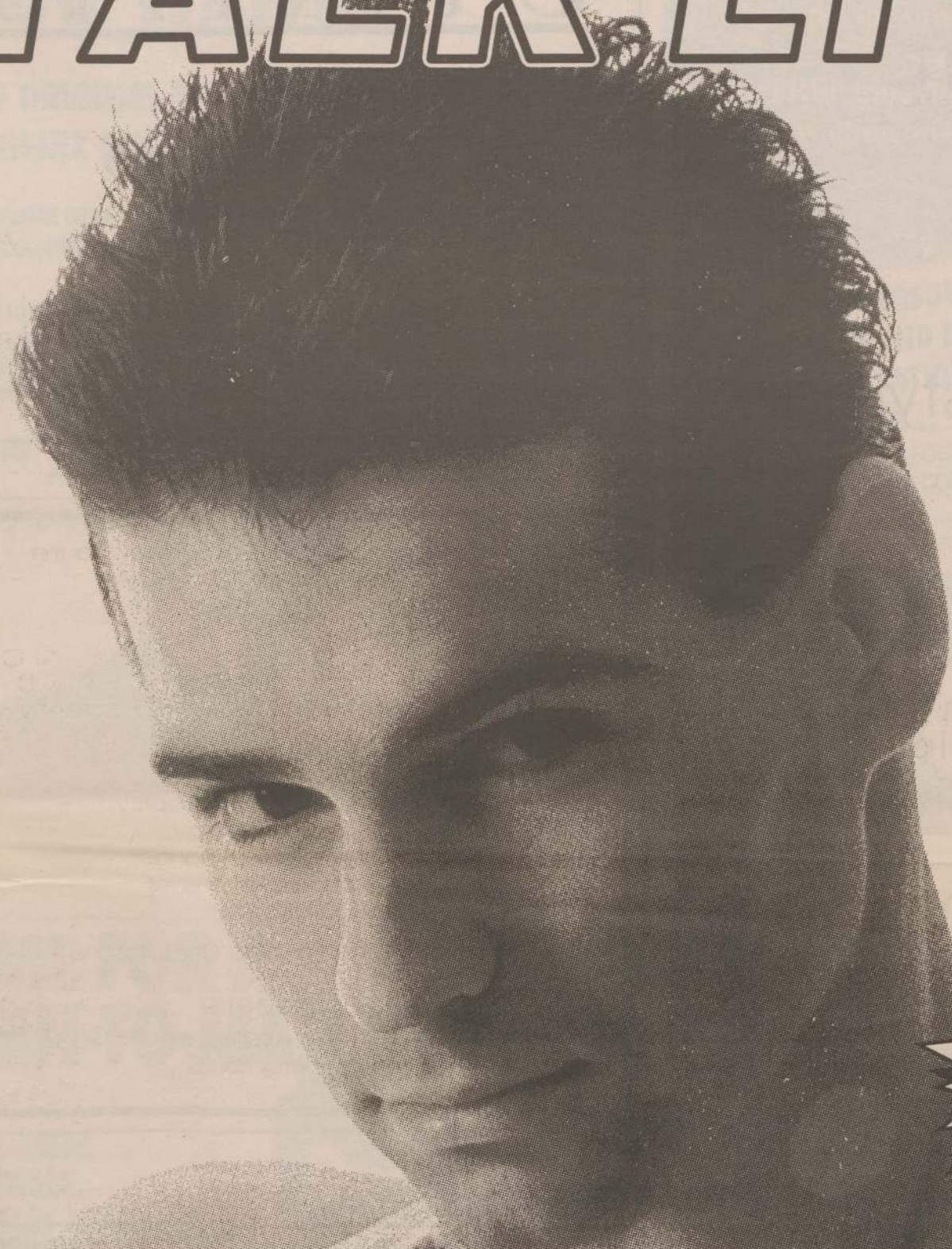
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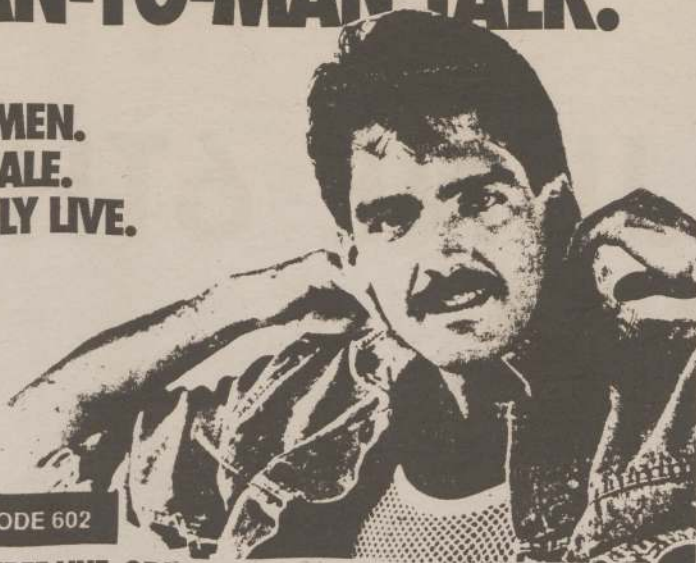
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