

phoenix resource.

the heartache and  
disillusionment  
issue.



VOLUME SEVEN • NUMBER TWENTY FIVE • DECEMBER 6-DECEMBER 19

# DIRECTORY

## AIDS REFERRAL

**AGAPE Network**  
PO Box 15826  
Phoenix 85060

**AIDS Information Line**  
234-2752

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

**CAMPA/MALTA**  
297 E Monterey  
Phoenix 85012  
230-1881

**Community AIDS Council**  
PO Box 32903  
Phoenix 85064  
265-2437

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

**Flagstaff AIDS Outreach**  
PO Box 183  
Flagstaff 86002  
525-1199

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

**The Names Project**  
PO Box 82111  
Phoenix 85071

**Phoenix Shanti Group**  
1314 E McDowell  
Phoenix 85006  
271-0008

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

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

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

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

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

## ORGANIZATIONS

**Adult Children of Alcoholics**  
963-0984

**Alanon**  
6829 N 21st Ave  
Phoenix 85015  
249-1257

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

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

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

**Feminist and Lesbian Activist Coalition**  
967-2570

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

**Gay and Lesbian Discussion Group**  
870-9597

**Gay and Lesbian Seniors**  
241-1604

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

**Lesbian and Gay Community Switchboard**  
234-2752

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

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

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

**Phoenix Pride Planning Committee**  
631-0350

**Relationship Discussion Group**  
870-9597

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

## SOCIAL ORGANIZATIONS

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

**Arizona Rangers**  
PO Box 13074  
Phoenix 85002

**Arizona Wranglers**  
c/o Cash Inn  
244-9943

**Copperstate Leathermen**  
PO Box 44051  
Phoenix 85064

**Couples of Arizona**  
PO Box 7144  
Phoenix 85011  
631-0657

**Desert Adventures**  
PO Box 2008  
Phoenix 85001  
957-3476

**Desert Valley Squares**  
PO Box 34615  
Phoenix 85067  
968-7184

**Hedonistic Hardcore Hikers**  
PO Box 9751  
Phoenix 85068

**Lesbian Breakfast Club**  
278-1869

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

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

**Southwest Men at Large**  
PO Box 25951  
Tempe 85285

**Town and Country Social Club**  
849-4544

## PROFESSIONAL ORGANIZATIONS

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

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

**Desert Overture**  
PO Box 16454  
Phoenix 85011  
997-4373

**Professional Women's Network**  
PO Box 2970  
Apache Junction  
85217

**Team Arizona**  
PO Box 5950  
Phoenix 85010  
968-4375

**Valley Career Women**  
PO Box 33393  
Phoenix 85067  
242-8906

## POLITICAL ACTION

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

**Arizonans for Gay and Lesbian Civil Rights**  
956-6284

**Arizona Committee For Progress**  
PO Box 40374  
Phoenix 85067

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

**Arizona Democratic Party**  
254-4179

**Arizona Republican Party**  
957-7770

## ARTSPACE

**Alwun House**  
1204 E Roosevelt  
Phoenix 85004  
253-7887

## ATTORNEYS

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

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

## TRAVEL

**Firsttravel**  
5150 N 7th St  
Phoenix 85014  
266-0566

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

## ACCOUNTING

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

## REALTY

**Blue Ribbon Realty**  
David Atkins  
7330 N. 16th St. A120  
Phoenix 85020  
263-9696  
266-0479

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

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

## LIVING SPACE

**Gay Roommate Service**  
938-3932

**Royal Villa Apartments**  
1102 E Turney  
Phoenix 85014  
266-8883

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

## TYPESetting

**Etienne Type Shop**  
PO Box 17298  
Phoenix 85011  
788-5442

## WORD PROCESSING

**Diversified Data Designs**  
PO Box 33233  
Phoenix 85067  
246-8277

## MASSAGE

**Larry Gwinn**  
Metro Phoenix  
971-5009

**Massage Connection**  
456 W Main  
Tempe 85201  
833-7207

## HAIR STYLING

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

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

**The Tivoli**  
6166 N Scottsdale  
Scottsdale 85253  
991-6999

## FLORISTS

**Arcadia Flowers**  
4835 E Indian Schl  
Phoenix 85008  
840-3750

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

## BOOKSHOPS

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

**Changing Hands Bookstore**  
414 S Mill  
Tempe 85281

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

**Metropophobobia**  
128 E. Taylor  
Phoenix 85002  
255-0668

## FRAMING

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

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

## RETAIL

**EuroMarket**  
5017 N Central  
Phoenix 85012  
252-EURO

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

**Tuff Stuff Leather**  
1714 E McDowell  
Phoenix 85006  
254-9651

## SPIRITUAL ORGANIZATIONS

### Churches

**Casa de Cristo**  
1029 E Turney  
Phoenix 85014  
265-2831

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

**Gentle Shepherd**  
3425 E Mountain  
Phoenix 85046  
996-7644

**Healing Waters Ministries**  
5555 E Van Buren  
Ste A-10  
Phoenix 85008  
244-1577

**Oasis MCC**  
2405 E Coronado  
Phoenix 85008  
275-3534

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

## Social Groups

**Affirmation Gay Mormons**  
PO Box 26601  
Tempe 85285  
396-6950

**Brethren Mennonites Council**  
PO Box 5613  
Glendale 85312

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

**Lutherans Concerned**  
PO Box 7519  
Phoenix 85011  
870-3611

**Mishpachah Am**  
PO Box 7731  
Phoenix 85011  
966-5001

**Presbyterians for Lesbian and Gays**  
275-0506

## New Age Worship

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

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

**Mecca Center**  
424 E Colter  
Phoenix 85012

**Moon Goddess Coven**  
PO Box 48918  
Phoenix 85075

## BARS

### Mixed

**Cash Inn**  
2120 E McDowell  
244-9943

**Foster's**  
4343 N 7th Ave  
263-8313

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

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

**Little Jim's 307**  
222 E Roosevelt  
252-0001

**Mariys'**  
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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*Prayer of Hope For the  
Discontented:* Oh, gawd.  
Deliver us from another day  
of anguish on this earth.  
Spare our souls additional  
torment; still the waters of  
endless agony which wash  
over our every waking  
moment. Release us now  
from the affliction of Life.

Lead us to a place  
free from the torture of  
post-war patriotism. Fill our  
cups with wisdom, that we  
might survive bankruptcy,  
social disease, fascist

politics and another season  
of plaid. Shelter us from the  
indignities of network  
television, government  
health care, and failed  
romance. Protect us from  
bureaucracy, recession,  
and the prohibitive cost of  
cosmetic surgery.

Guide us in our  
devotion to the stony,  
unfeeling plague that is  
humanity. Teach us to  
forgive those who wrest  
from our chests our still-  
beating hearts; give us  
strength to love those who  
maim us. Take from us our  
spiteful desire to ravage  
all living things. Grant us  
freedom from all forms of  
mortal iniquity, particularly  
George Bush and Gloria  
Estefan.

Grant us days free

from pestilence, ignorance,  
jingoism, and Home  
Shopping. Help us to  
achieve a world free of  
turmoil, hatred, and greed.  
Watch over us and shield  
us from homophobia,  
sexism, militarism, and  
further editions of *Phoenix  
Resource* filled with gloomy  
references to Men as  
Potential Roadkill. Grant us  
peace and serenity and  
dark, smokey discotheques;  
shield us from pain, sorrow,  
and organized religion.  
Grant us the will to love  
bad art. Help us to find  
grace in loneliness, murder,  
and mistrust; to value  
suffering, poverty, cruelty,  
duplicity and desecration.  
And make it snappy.

Amen.

—Pela

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december 6 - december 21 1991

On the cover: *There are worse things than being  
raped by a sixty-foot gorilla. Fay Wray in  
a publicity shot from King Kong, 1933.*

# Ad Infinitum

**e**very so often someone will say to me, "Paul, you're reasonably good-looking, you're masculine, you're reportedly a great kisser, and you seem like a nice guy. Why aren't you married?" Of course, I always have to reply, "What do you mean, *reasonably* good-looking?"

Okay. What I really say is something like, "Beats the hell out of me." (Now that I think about it, I've got to stop saying that, as too many people have mistaken it for an

by Paul Lind

invitation.) There's no question that I would like to have a boyfriend. But I'm coming to the belated conclusion that my previous strategy (hanging around in bars and waiting for my glands to set off an alarm) isn't working.

I'm apparently not alone. Recently, several of my friends decided to try finding possible relationship-objects through personal ads. I have always been tempted to try to describe myself and my ideal mate in such a forum, but several things have held me back. The fact that only one of my friends has had anything resembling success with this approach is one factor. But I admit my overriding concern is the enormous potential for making a fool of myself (which I'm generally well-equipped to do without creating additional opportunities). The scenario that I most fear, given my regular attendance at some of our city's various nightclubs, is meeting a respondent to my ad face-to-face and hearing him say, "Oh. It's you."

That scenario, of course, applies to *answering* ads, as well, but it doesn't stop me from reading them. We all read them. We may even circle a few that look promising. But for me, a trip through the personals column demonstrates why I'm still alone: these folks sound wholly unsuitable. Take for example this ad, of which we've all seen a thousand variations:

**GWM, 22, bl/bl, seeks GWM 18-21 with similar interests.**

Or this classic:

**BiWM, 20, seeks GWM or BiWM, 18-21, for friendship, poss. relationship. I'm new to this. Discretion is a must.**

I've always been tempted to answer an ad like this (lying about my age by about 10 years, of course), meet the guy and say, "Here, I brought you this nice Queer Nation T-shirt. Try it on!"

And then there's always this plaintive request:  
**GWM, 64, seeks younger male, 18-21, for special friendship.**

I refuse to poke fun at this last ad on the grounds that it may come back to haunt me in 30 or so years.

The experience of reading through the personal ads only reinforces the temptation to try writing one. I mean, why shouldn't a highly skilled writer like myself be able fine-tune my boyfriend search with a collection of carefully chosen

words in a reputable publication (then again, who says Mr. Right has to be able to read...)? Bearing this in mind, and despite the obvious pitfalls, I finally decided last month to try to compose my own ad. It was even tougher than I thought. For those of you who may also be ready to take the plunge, I'm offering my experience as a guide. Herewith, my first attempt:

**GWM, 31, br/br, professional, reasonably fit, reasonably straight-acting, seeks similar for possible relationship.**

That wasn't specific enough. I tried again:

**GWM, 31, seeks GM. You should be between 29-30 y/o, 5'7" to 5'10", and have short dark hair, dark complexion, brown eyes, a moustache, and a compact muscular body with broad shoulders, smallish nipples and a nice butt.**

I decided that was too specific.

**Butch GWM, 31, br/br, seeks GM for possible relationship. No fems, no drug addicts, no crybabies, no whiners, no losers, no fuckups, no bookstore habitués, no park queens, no...**

Nope. Too negative.

**GWM, 31, seeks that special someone who will light up my life. You should be caring and sensitive. I want**

**to share what life has to offer us. Please, come join me.**

Oh yeah. That's a good way to get slapped.

**I'm a GWM, 31, who's interested primarily in sex. I admit it. You should be studly yet submissive, with many very sensitive bodily areas that, when pinched or chewed on, make you squirm wildly...**

No, no, no, no. Too lurid.

**GWM, 31, seeks man who won't hurt me.**

Too desperate.

**Somewhat out of shape GWM, 31, 5'11", seeks attractive, preferably younger GM for possible relationship. You should be eager to please, but happy to back off when I'm done and want to sleep...**

Uh, too honest.

**Sexy and handsome GWM, 25, 6'3", seeks similar for possible relationship. I'm strong and sensitive, and I make lots and lots of money...**

Nope. Too dishonest.

After a dozen or so more misfires, I finally came up with the formula that brought me ultimate success:

**GWM, 31, enjoys hiking, evenings out, and travel. Seeking an 8' sofa and two end tables. Call after 5 p.m.**

We're very happy.



If it's love you're after, Phoenix can be a town without pity.

MY EDITOR CALLS ME ON the phone. "I keep hearing about how difficult it is to meet men in this town," he says. "I want you to write a story about getting a date."

No, I tell him. I couldn't possibly write such a story without doing some research, and that would mean going out with a man, and I couldn't do that. The last time I went out with a guy he gave me a social disease. The one before that stole my wallet. Then there was Bruce, the minimalist, who wouldn't come to my house because he said I had too much *furniture*.

I tell my editor that I don't believe people should date, anyway. I'm not certain, I say, that coupling is natural. Why do we have this sick need to do everything in pairs? I ask him. Everything costs twice as much when you take someone with you, I remind him, or else there's the thing about splitting the bill, 'how much did I spend, how much did you spend?' Going out with someone means waiting for him to show up, or having to pick him up, or meeting him there, which means you have to remember what he looks like.

Last time a guy asked me out, I explain, he asked did I like Asian cuisine. I was thinking Yen Ching or the Golden Moon Tea Room; he took me to Quik Rice. He liked how the chopsticks come in little paper sleeves, he said. He got angry when I told him I wouldn't have sex with him on the first date. He wore a cable knit sweater tied around his shoulders. He lived in an apartment. He liked Ed Buck. You see, I tell my editor, I no longer believe in dating men, so I couldn't possibly write a piece about it. I keep telling him *no* until he says he'll pay me three times my usual fee and promises to fix me up with the cute Jewish guy at the *Chronicle*, who wears a monocle and

by Perry Shurtz

# Date Me a Little

has, I have heard, a giant penis.

Okay, I tell him, I'll do it, but only if you give me that plaid Hugo Boss you were wearing at Spago the other night, and an expense account and a stunt double in case the guy I end up with is ugly. Fine, he says, whatever you want, just do the story.

I call my friend Marco, who lives with a really cute rich guy but dates everyone else in town because he is a slut, and ask him where I should start. "You must go to *the bar*," Marco says, and I figure he's probably right. Marco has a lousy disposition and looks like Marcia Wallace, the secretary on the old *Bob Newhart Show*, but he always has the hottest boyfriends, and he always claims to have met them "at *the bar*." Marco and I plan to rendezvous at a local disco, where, he says, the service is lousy but the men are hot.

I show up late and order a Cape Cod; there are a lot of ugly drunk men leaning against the bar, staring at a tangle of go-go boys who are gyrating to an old Claudja Barry record. I smell poppers and sweat and gallons of Drakkar Noir; I look around me and see a lot of carefully dressed men clutching beers and staring at each other and I decide to leave. As I pull out of the parking lot, I spot Marco smoking a joint behind a trash dumpster with the Cuban boy who used to clean my sublet.

On the way home I grab a *New Times*, which is full of ads proclaiming the joys of breast augmentation and classifieds testifying to the loneliness of gay men. I circle a couple of GWMs who sound promising and wonder: should I tell them I'm only doing research for an article? *Am I only doing research for an article?*

The next morning I call "GWM, 27, bl/bl, straight-acting and appearing, likes the outdoors and quiet evenings at home." He isn't in, and his telephone answering machine message is lispy and features a Windham Hill recording in the background. So I try "GWM, 27, br/br, likes hiking, movies, and fun times." He is home, but tells me he only placed the ad to meet other guys to jerk off with. He's too tired to jerk off right now, he says, but tells me about "a really neat class" he took called *Dating a Man*. He asks for my name and number but I hang up on him; I figure, how often do I get the chance to be really rude to assholes?

*Dating a Man* turns out to be a thinly-veiled AIDS education seminar presented by the Valley AIDS Prevention Committee; classes are held at a local YMCA. I am told, when I call for registration information, that I may "take the course" but that I may not write about it; that I should show up on time, be prepared to "share," and not to "bring any expectations." I ask if I might expect to master the technique at the first session, and if so am I obligated to attend the remaining classes? The nice man on the other end of the phone asks what magazine did I say I was with, and I hang up on him; I figure, how often do I get the chance to be really rude to health care professionals?

I show up late at Session One, but that's okay, I've decided, because I don't plan to stay any longer than it will take me to nab a beau, write about it and blow town. All of the men in the class are twenty-seven years old and are named either Michael or Bob; they are all wearing expensive loafers and overcoats and carefully distressed jeans, except for one of the Bobs, who is wearing a tuxedo. "I just came from my clogging lesson," he explains, and while I try to visualize a group of gay men in formal wear doing the shuffle, Derek, our facilitator, enters the room and introduces himself and I disappear into a swoony pre-teen fantasy in which I am a jock with a twisted ankle and he the gym instructor with an Ace bandage and a handful of liniment.

My reverie is occasionally interrupted by the material we're supposedly there to learn; I'm surprised at how interesting this "awareness training" stuff turns out to be, and when I am able to tear my eyes from Derek's exceptional features I discover that I'm willing to take part in the role-playing and visualization and other *est-y* stuff I thought I hated.

At the coffee break I make a beeline for Derek, who is surrounded by Bobs and Michaels and whose hair is the color of Mercurchrome. I tell him I'm sorry I was late and that I like his sweater and could I interview him for the story I'm doing? He smiles and looks deep into the nether regions of my soul, and for a moment the earth stops spinning and I hear only the sound of my voice screaming his name over and over again; he tells me that we should go over the material I missed, that it will only take a minute, and would the Bobs and Michaels please excuse us? As

the others slink away I try my best not to smirk, and then everything goes soft focus as he takes my arm and leads me to a corner where he begins reading to me from a list of seminar agreements. Most of what he says is lost on me; I picture us waltzing across miles of postmodern glossy black tile, riding white horses through the surf, sipping mugs of Taster's Choice before a picturesque mountain vineyard. Then he drops the bomb: "If you are attracted to another participant," he reads to me, "we ask that you refrain from sexual contact with that person until completion of the workshop."

My romantic idyll comes to a screeching halt. "Sorry, babe," I think to myself, "I've got a deadline to meet." Class resumes, playtime is over, and I'm faced with another two hours of role-playing and guided visualization and the rest of that *est-y* shit I hate.

I return home to discover a message from my editor; he has made an appointment for me at a gay dating service, he says, and would I reconsider about the Hugo Boss? Yes, I tell him when I call him back, you can keep the jacket *and* the assignment; he tells me my appointment is for ten a.m. tomorrow and would I settle for an almost-new Versace tweed?

The dating service is actually a couple of guys from Chicago who call themselves Pour Homme; they serve me coffee and show me their neo-Grecian tea urn and laugh at all my jokes. By the time we get to matching me up with the dude of my dreams, we are old pals, having swapped recipes for schnitzel and horror stories about electrical engineers.

They interview me about what I

like in a man (loyalty, drollery, hairy forearms), what I'm willing to sacrifice in a relationship (almost nothing), where I like to go on a first date (Cape Cod). They ask a few sexy questions, too—do I like it this way? That way? Can I learn to adjust? I answer a couple more questions about romance and petting and the best place to buy Louis Vitton, and then I leave thinking that I've met some nice guys who run an interesting business but there's no way in hell they're going to match me up with anyone in this squirrely joint.

A few days later I find a phone message from the boys at Pour Homme: They've found me a dream stud, they say, and they're sure I'll like him. He's busy teaching a seminar on dating at the Y this week, they explain, but he'd like to meet me for coffee sometime soon.

I think I'll wear the Hugo Boss.

**Pour Homme** will match you with the man of your dreams for a nominal sum. They're friendly and discreet and, they claim, they'll always get your man. Call 840-4181 for an appointment.

**Dating a Man** seminars will be held in Phoenix and Tempe in January. For dates and locations call Ron Springarn at 506-6853.

**New Times** Romance ads are pretty inexpensive—in fact, your first fifteen words are free. Call 271-0040 and ask for the Classifieds department.



FICTION

THESE  
FOOLISH  
THINGS  
*remind me of you*

*by devon*  
CLAYTON

*i*f only I hadn't gone to see *Casablanca* that night. I would never have seen you standing there by the popcorn machine, we wouldn't have locked eyes as the cashier handed me my change, and I wouldn't have spilled my Delaware Punch all over the counter. You wouldn't have handed me a napkin and smiled and said something funny. We might never have met.

Imagine. I might never have gone with you to that bar afterward, we wouldn't have grown light-headed on vodka and grapefruit juice, you couldn't have run your hand through my hair, finding my weakness on our first touch. I would never have gone through the door of your bedroom, never have lain with my head on your chest, never have felt the gnawing throb of anxiety and desire that you stir in me.

Until I met you I had never gone out with anyone beautiful, a 10. People like you were to be looked at, not touched. I'd always stuck to the 7's and 8's, nice guys, the kind that wouldn't make my mind reel with memories of everyone whose life I'd

wanted but didn't have: child stars, class presidents, guys whose fathers gave them Corvettes on their birthday. All of it, beauty and privilege and certainty of the future, was for me locked behind an impenetrable wall of glass, forever to be coveted but not attained.

But that night when you looked at me and smiled, I forgot my own rule. In your eyes I thought I saw my chance to get around that wall.

I had to take it.

...

We were both in college then, which I took to mean we would have things in common. We even went to the same school. You were a film major working on a movie for your degree; I was studying English literature and writing for the student paper. To me it seemed like an ideal combination. You were movies, I was books: pictures and print, surface and substance.

That first night we didn't say much. I couldn't seem to form words in your presence. I'd never spoken to a photo in a Calvin Klein ad, never made small talk with a statue, so I didn't know what to say to you.

We left the theater and went to a bar you recommended. I remember nervous laughter and a fluttering in my chest, but the words we spoke won't come back to me now. In a sense I wasn't really there at all; my eyes were too busy photographing each of your exquisite features, certain that this moment would pass, perhaps was already past, and I would need the photos later, as proof. Every time I looked at you I felt I was staring, intruding, suspicious of your intentions. But you seemed perfectly at ease, willing to be stared at, photographed.

"You want to come back to my place?" you asked.

"Sure," I replied. What was I going to say, no? Had anyone ever said no to you? I certainly wasn't going to be the first.

You told me you lived in West Hollywood, which seemed to make sense. I

imagined you walking down Santa Monica Boulevard on a hot afternoon, turning heads and causing traffic accidents. When we got to your apartment you poured us some drinks in the kitchen while I perused the books on your shelf, trying to figure you out. I was impressed with the books you owned: Flannery O'Connor, Joan Didion, *The Films of Elizabeth Taylor*. Just as I was about to use this knowledge of your tastes to make conversation, you turned off the light and sat in the living room, and soon you were stretching your legs a little too widely and shifting on the couch, and I knew the event was at hand. My heart was racing, the camera shutter clicking away in my mind, but still I couldn't touch you. I couldn't make that first move, even at the invitation of your spread thighs and the grin on your face.

So you took my hand and placed it on your hard chest, and you moaned a little, and before long I stopped thinking so much and started just being, doing. My hands were all over you, amazed at the feel of this supple statue come to life.

We did then what guys do, and if I did a little more of it than you, well, that's a role I'd played before, even with the 7's and 8's. It didn't matter to me that the sex wasn't very good, that your eyes were closed most of the time and I had trouble staying aroused.

It was enough that you had chosen me. An orgasm would have been superfluous.

• • •

Two days later I left a message on your machine, and the next day you called me back, and that night we met for dinner at a cheap Mexican restaurant where I knew the drinks were strong and the service was slow. I'd made it to an actual date; I figured this was my opportunity to extract from you the story of your charmed life. I had visions of straight A's, tennis lessons, lunch at the club. I was probably going to hate you later.

When you walked in, wearing a blue tank-top and jeans, your hair still wet from the gym, I felt my throat go dry. Two of the waitresses stared as the host led you to the table where I was already sitting. We ordered margaritas, and you ate the whole bowl of chips while we waited for the drinks to arrive.

Once we were on the second round I started taking mental notes, remembering things you said, trying to establish in my mind the facts of your life and how they fit in with mine. You were from New York City; I was from the South. You used to steal your sister's boyfriends. I had a brother who knocked me into walls.

"You get along with your parents?" you asked.

"Well, my Dad is okay," I replied. "My mother died a few years ago."

"I wish mine would die," you said, snorting a laugh. "She's a monster."

Your eyes, already hard, became like stones. I wondered what sort of monster could produce a creature like you.

"What about your father?" I asked.

You laughed again. "He drinks a lot. He lives at the office. To get away from her."

I didn't know what to say. This was not the conversation I'd expected.

"I'll tell you a story about my parents,"

you said. "When I was at NYU, I wrote this play for drama class, right? It was all about a neurotic kid and how awful his parents are. The school agreed to produce it, so I told my parents about it and asked them to come. I figured, maybe they'd see it and get a clue." You downed your margarita in a gulp. "Four nights they said they'd be there, four nights they didn't show. The only one that came was my wacko sister, who wanted to know why she wasn't in it."

You laughed again, a bitter mirthless snort. I studied your face for signs of emotion, pain. But there was only a hard look, your chiseled features a mask.

We ordered enchiladas, and you said it was my turn to tell you the story of my life. So, fumblingly, I told it: Educated father, vivacious mother, lots of dinner parties and cocktails and recriminations, the inevitable divorce. My words ran together and I couldn't look you in the eye, but as I talked you nodded and asked a few questions, and before I knew it I had spilled the whole thing, laid bare the sad foundations of this person who now, for reasons unknown, was sharing a meal with you.

I wanted to kiss you then, or grab you under the table, somehow use our bodies to seal the bond that was forming and block the thoughts that swirled in my mind. You were not the cardboard cutout I had wanted you to be. There was a person behind the mask you wore, just as there was one behind mine. What would happen if we both let them fall?

It was more than I could contemplate.

• • •

Later, back at your apartment, you showed me your collection of movie soundtracks, and when I told you I'd seen *Rome Adventure* four times we laughed together and recited the lovers' dialogue. After more drinks you put on the album, and as the Max Steiner score filled your tiny room I felt like Suzanne Pleshette as the virgin Prudence seeking romance in the ancient

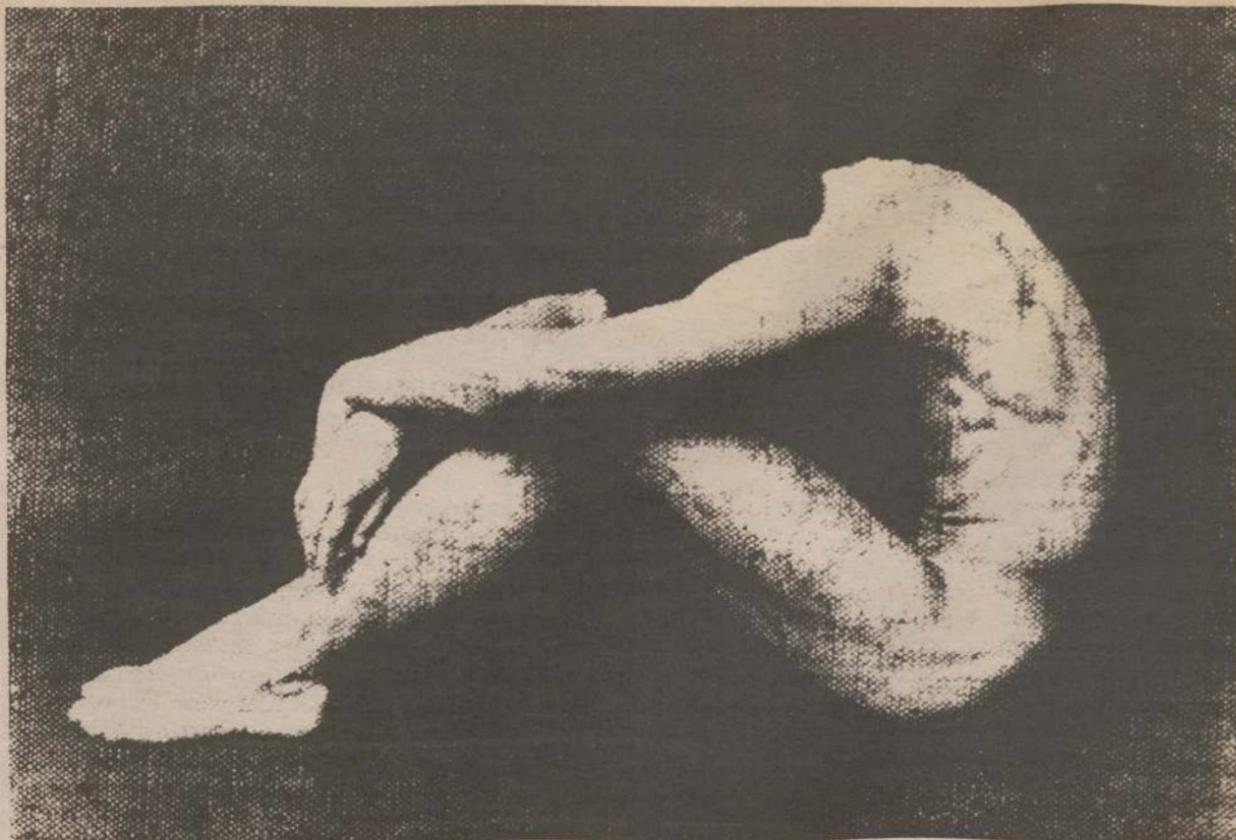
land of love. I couldn't tell you that, couldn't reveal that I wanted to be exactly like her, longed to hear our song, yours and mine, played by nightclub combos and orchestras of strings. I wanted to fall in love.

I couldn't say those things. It was too soon, and you were the wrong person to say them to, but as we lay there listening to the music, each in our own private fantasy, I felt the words forming behind my eyes, in the finger I ran along your brow, in the air of tension that was a cloud between us. If you saw what was in my eyes, you never said so. When our lips did touch, when I paid tribute to your hard muscled body with my hands and mouth, we were speaking a safer language, the message being sex, not love.

Afterward you drifted easily to sleep, while I lay there more awake than ever, studying the perfect line of your neck, the smooth chest that rose and fell to your silent breathing. Again I was reminded of movie scenes—was it *Sweet Charity*? Again I was the woman, the one with emotions, the one who gives of herself and suffers in Don't laugh at Is herself available and waits for a payoff that probably won't come. Those women were always lying awake, or smoking in doorways, or smoothing runs from their stockings. The music that played behind their scenes was not a lover's rhapsody but the music of temptation, a lurid clarinet or saxophone promising pleasure, danger, regrets.

In the morning we stood in our underwear in your kitchen, and you made strong coffee and stared out the window to the central courtyard. All the tenants had windows facing that concrete square, and you told me how you liked to study them, to hear their fights, to laugh about their passions. You said it reminded you of *Rear Window*.

"You see that redhead on the third floor there?" you said, pointing her out to me. "Once a week she screams at her husband and they have a huge fight. You



can hear everything. He usually hits her, and then she'll break something, and the next day the drapes are closed and you can hear them screwing."

You laughed then, that short snorting laugh, as though it were the funniest thing in the world. I didn't know whether it was the screaming, the violence, or the screwing that you found so laughable. But rather than ask for an explanation I drank my coffee in silence and got dressed in yesterday's clothes and kissed you goodbye.

For my own use later I memorized the muscles of your abdomen, the casual flip in your sandy hair, the slight sneering smile that played on your lips.

I thought of the things I might say: *Don't laugh at love. Let me in. Give me a chance.*

"Call me," I said, meaning much more than that.

"See ya," you replied, no doubt meaning only that.

• • •

Over the next week I saw you several times on campus, usually in the coffeehouse or emerging from the gym all muscles and intensity, so I began keeping track of your schedule—when you went to class, when you worked out. That way I could run into you by chance, remind you of my existence, and hurry away before the sweat broke out on my chest and I lost my ability to talk.

Soon I found that conversation came more easily when wires and distance stood before us. As long as I couldn't see you—could picture you only in my mind—I was able to speak in complete sentences, reveal things, be present. On the phone I didn't have the distraction of looking at your perfect skin and rigid shoulders, couldn't obsessively search your hazel eyes for signs of emotion. I didn't have to avert my eyes from that subtle sneer that always played on your lips. I could think of you as a friend.

I dared to speak of you to my other friends. One of them, Rick, had seen me talking to you by the vending machines near the Film Department office.

"Who was that hot guy you were with yesterday?" he demanded.

"Just someone I met." I was being coy.

"What do you mean, met? Are you going out with him? Is he single? What's the story?"

"We're...kind of dating," I said, knowing as I said the word that it was not really the term for what we were.

Rick looked at me then with narrow eyes, the way I used to look at your kind, a staring gaze full of wonder and hostility. I mumbled something about getting to class and hurried away. I wasn't prepared to be a target for feelings I'd known only too well.

• • •

At your apartment one night, as we were lying in the dark on your floor, you asked me, "Have you ever been in love?"

"No," I answered. "Not yet."

You told me about your last relationship, two years with a silver-haired professor at NYU.

"I saw his picture on a book jacket," you said, "and I told my friend Jill, 'That's a nice-looking older man. I'm gonna go out

with him.' I figured, What the hell. So I did."

The way you told the story, I got the impression you were proud of this accomplishment. It occurred to me that maybe you wanted someone who'd published a book.

"We lived together for awhile, till I moved out here," you said. "He still writes me all the time." You shook your head slowly, as though talking about a retarded child.

"Were you in love with him?" I asked, not wanting to know.

You laughed in that way I was beginning to recognize. "I don't think love exists," you said. "Besides, he was too old, and fat. I used to call him Liz. You know, like Liz Taylor." You laughed again. "He hated that."

I didn't want to hear any more, had to suppress the sick feeling growing in my stomach, so I stood up to get a beer from the kitchen. By the time I returned you had taken off your shirt and were standing by the window. In the light filtering from the courtyard I could see your eyes, unreadable as always, watch your chiseled musculature in motion as you casually swigged on a beer. Your body reminded me of those charts on the wall in biology class, where the names of the muscle groups are spelled out in Latin. You were like "The Visible Man," a clear plastic model I had as a child, whose organs could be examined and arranged in place.

But nothing was clear to me about you, except the things I didn't want to see. To shut out these thoughts, all thoughts, I set down my beer and took you in my mouth instead, hoping to drain from you the memory of all the people who had loved you before. That was the only desire I felt.

Yet even then, at that moment on my knees before you in the dark, I knew that someday I would feel like that professor you left in New York. I felt a little like him already.

• • •

The next morning when I woke you were gone. A note on the pillow said, "Early class. Bagels in the fridge. Will call you later." So I drifted the hours away lying in your bed, breathing in the scent of your sheets, remembering the taste of your skin. Finally, when the midday sun began sending shards of light across the floor, I forced myself to get up. I showered in your bathroom, using your soap and shampoo; now I would smell like you too.

Knowing I was alone in your apartment with your things made me throb with excitement. So I dried off with a towel still damp from your morning shower and returned to your bed. There, in the cinema of my memory, as I stroked my own eager body, I replayed all of our encounters: the knotted muscles of your torso, the taste on my tongue when we were through. Here in your sheets without you, I was able to direct the scene, edit out the suffocating tangle of emotions I felt in your presence. I could see you again as you were before we ever spoke—a hot body, a beautiful face, my fantasy come to life—and I was the object of your passion, your lust.

It was the best sex I ever had with you.

• • •

You didn't call me that evening, or the next, or the one after that. I wondered if somehow you had seen into my thoughts, felt the changes I'd made in our script. If so, you knew how much had been rearranged, changed, thrown out. I knew better than to pick up the phone myself. I busied myself with studying, and I avoided those places I'd earlier staked out on campus where I knew I'd see you. Finally, late one morning as I was writing a paper on Milton, the phone rang.

"We need to talk," you said.

"Okay," I replied.

You suggested we meet on campus, and I said fine. We met by the student union cafeteria at 2. When I got there you wouldn't meet my eyes, so I bought sandwiches in the cafeteria and we took them out to the sloping lawn by the gym. You wore sunglasses, though the sky was gray.

"I need to know that you're my friend," you said.

"Of course I'm your friend."

You picked at a blade of grass. "What I mean is, I'm looking for a friend, not a lover."

I didn't say anything.

"If you fall in love with me, it'll just screw things up," you said. "Let's just be friends. Okay?"

I thought I might be sick, but instead I looked past your face to the gray expanse of sky. "Sure," I said, "we can be friends."

You seemed relieved then, and you ate the rest of your sandwich and talked about going to the gym later and said maybe we could catch a movie soon.

Maybe I said something in response, I don't recall, but two things I do remember.

One is that I'd lied. I knew we could never be friends.

The other is that I knew, as surely as I was watching you walk away, that someday I would write about you.

I wondered what I would say.

*Devon Clayton is a freelance writer and Suzanne Pleshette impersonator. He lives in Los Angeles. His work has appeared in The Advocate and L.A. Style.*

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## art smart

**Mystery Gallery:** The first Mystery Gallery Project of the season will feature work by locals Chris Winkler, Mike Miskowski, Mallory Cremin, Bob Rutherford, Beth Shook, James Linker and John Brisch; exhibit runs December 7-13. Opening reception 7pm December 7; hours are noon to 5pm, December 8-13. Pappas Building, 24 N. 2nd St. 256-7539.

**Alwun House:** "Collectible Art and Gifts" features affordable art, one-of-a-kind artifacts, crafts, and wearables. Always new items, mostly in the \$25 to \$500 range. Through December 21. 1204 E. Roosevelt. 253-7887.

**Radix Gallery:** New paintings and sculpture by Mayme Kratz now on display. Opening reception Friday, December 6, 5-9pm. 1429 N. 1st St. 256-9252.

**Metropophobia:** Sit in a comfortable chair. Let all the tension drain from your body. Notice the way the chair feels beneath you. Breathe deeply. Relax. Relax. Imagine you're seated on a great expanse of beach. Smell the salty tang of the ocean. Feel the grit of the sand beneath your buttocks. When it is safe to do so, begin chanting this mantra:

"Metropophobia is the only place that really matters. Going there restores me to the place that I need to be and lifts from my shoulders the heavy burden that is Life." Now come back into the room. Notice the chair beneath you. Notice the sand in your shoes. Be here now. Later, go somewhere and buy a fridge magnet.

(Metropophobia is located at 128 E. Taylor and is open Wednesday-Friday, 5-10pm, Saturday noon-10pm and Sunday noon-6pm. The phone number is 255-0668.)

**Gallery X:** "Involucro," a two-person exhibition featuring oil paintings by Cecilia Mayr and Ann Preston. The work of Mayr and Preston will remain on view, during regular gallery hours and special events, through December 30. 800 W. Madison; 420-9390.

**MARS Artspace:** Blu-Lite Invitational December 6-20. Featuring artists from MARS, Dinnerware, Sette-Segura Publishing, and Etherton/Stern Gallery as well as over one hundred guest artists. MARS has relocated to the LUHRS Center, 126 S. Central Ave. 253-3541.

**Old Town Tempe Fall Festival of the Arts:** December 7 and 8, 10am to 6pm. Mill Ave, between 7th St. and 3rd St. in downtown Tempe. 967-4877.

## center stage

**The Goose From Cairo** and

**Mozart and Salieri:** Lyric Opera Theatre will present Mozart's unfinished comic operas at 7:30pm Friday and Saturday, December 6 and 7, and at 3pm Sunday, December 8, in the ASU Music Theatre. Tickets: \$10 (students \$5). 965-6447.

**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.

**Black Nativity—A Christmas Celebration:** The Black Theatre Troupe presents this gospel musical Christmas celebration featuring music, dance and the poetry of Langston Hughes. 8pm Fridays and Saturdays, 3pm Sundays through December 15. Tickets \$10/\$9. 333 E. Portland. 258-8128.

**Shalom On Earth:** Actors Theatre of Phoenix will present this holiday farce by local playwright/Scottsdale Progress columnist Pauline Dubkin Yearwood, about a family thrown into turmoil by an uninvited guest, at 12:15pm Tuesdays-Thursdays through December 19 in the Herberger Theater Center. Tickets \$3.50. 222 E. Monroe St. 254-3475.

**The Artificial Jungle:** Phoenix Little Theatre's production of Charles Ludlum's wacky send-up of over-wrought Hollywood sex dramas and Tennessee Williams plays at 8:30pm Fridays and Saturdays. December 6, 7, 13 and 14, and Sunday, December 15 at 2:30pm. Tickets \$10/\$8. 25 E. Coronado Rd. 254-2151.

**Scrooge:** Musical Theatre of Arizona presents this Christmas classic Thursday-Saturday, December 19-21. Showtimes are 7:30pm Thursdays and Fridays; 2pm and 7:30pm Saturdays. Tickets \$20/\$18. Sundome Center, 19403 R.H. Johnson Blvd., Sun City West. 975-1900.

**Amahl and the Night Visitors:** This one-act opera for the kid in all of us has been a Holiday favorite for years. It is the story of a young crippled boy and his mother, visited one winter night by three mysterious travellers. In addition, a performance of *The Snow Queen* (adapted from the fairy tale by Hans Christian Anderson) will be presented. December 12-22 at the Herberger Theater Center, 222 E. Monroe St. Tickets \$12.50/\$10.50. 252-8497.

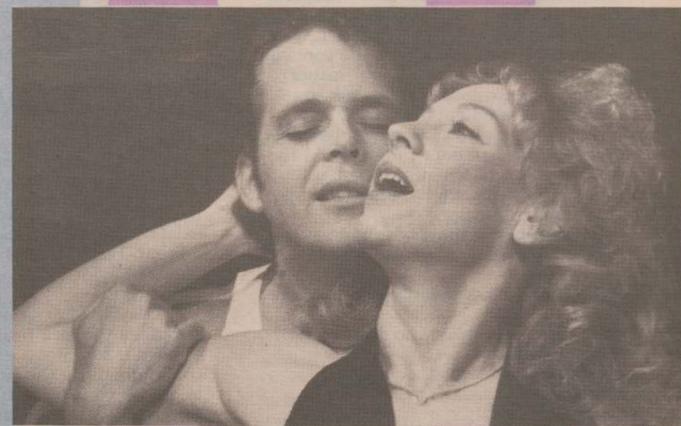
## appearance

**Barry Manilow:** 8pm December 12-15, Phoenix Symphony Hall, \$35 and \$25. 225 E. Adams. 262-7272.

**Natalie Cole:** A tribute to Cole's father, Nat "King" Cole, with full

orchestra. Monday, December 9 at the Sundome, with special guest Warren Hill. Sundome Center, 19403 R.H. Johnson Blvd. Sun City West. Tickets \$25/\$20. 975-1900.

**Roger Williams Holiday Concert:** Hey! Williams is the first pianist honored with his own star on the famous Hollywood Walk of Fame! Join him for a special holiday show



My, what big hands you have! Michael Groh and Susan Miller-Dee sex it up in Phoenix Little Theatre's production of the Charles Ludlum burlesque *The Artificial Jungle*. Now through December 15.

at Chandler Center for the Arts on Saturday, December 21 at 8pm. Tickets are \$32, \$24, and \$16. 250 N. Arizona Ave., Chandler. 786-3954.

**Grand Canyon Men's Choral Christmas Concert:** Our very own local gay chorus will present two performances of "Ring Out Wild Bells" at 8pm December 13 and 14 at the Science of Mind Center. Tickets are \$8, available at Ken Lee, 6309 N. 7th St. and at Humanspace Books, 1617 N. 32nd St., as well as at the door. A reception will follow each performance in the church's Fellowship Hall. 2838 N. 7th St. 279-0004 or 964-0945.

## toe shoes

**Nutcracker:** Tickets for the *Nutcracker*, presented by Ballet Arizona, are available at Dillard's box offices for \$26, \$21 and \$16; children under 12 half-price. Performances will be December 11-15 at Gammage Auditorium and December 23-30 at Phoenix Symphony Hall. 678-2222.

**Nutcracker "Friends":** Ballet and Friends presents Warsaw Ballet's Slwomir Wozniak as guest artist in its version of "The Nutcracker." Proceeds from the production go to Toys For Tots in Arizona. 7:30pm December 6-7, 2pm December 7-8 at Shadow Mountain High School, 2902 E. Shea Blvd. Ticket information: 951-0877 or 996-8000.

## other stuff

**Alwun Coffeehouse:** December

12: New Music and open mike; December 19: Finale, The Best From '91. \$3 at the door. 1204 E. Roosevelt. 253-7887.

**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

deadpanning. Young Christina Ricci as Wednesday and the now-liberated-from-his-box Thing spend equal time scene-stealing. All in all, *The Addams Family* is disappointing, but still entertaining enough to earn two snaps up.

—Kirby Holt

**Beauty and the Beast:** With its thirtieth fully animated feature, the Disney company has returned to the material it does best. Like *The Little Mermaid*, this is one of those "instant classics," destined to be reissued semi-annually. Of course the storyline is familiar, but the beautiful artistry and clever characters make it refreshingly original: once Disney tells a story, theirs becomes the definitive version. Creative voice-casting has long been a Disney tradition, and this film is no different: singer Paige O'Hara as the beauty, Belle; Robby Benson (yes, that Robby Benson) as the beast; and Angela Lansbury as a perky teapot (what else?). Most of Disney's current quality should be attributed to the recruitment of the songwriting team of Alan Menken and Howard Ashman. Like their multiple award-winning work on *Mermaid*, they treat *Beast* as an elaborate Broadway musical, with stellar vocals and witty lyrics. Earlier this year, unfortunately, tragedy struck this magic kingdom: Ashman died from complications of AIDS. The film is lovingly dedicated to him, and *Beauty and the Beast* is a fine tribute.

—Holt

## tunes

I don't know about you, but I simply can't get enough Christmas music during the holiday season. Okay, that's a lie. I've *already* had enough. I'd had enough by mid-November. Of last year. Needless to say, I don't keep a large collection of Christmas albums at home. Really, how can you tell them apart? What's the essential difference between Tennessee Ernie Ford's and Andy Williams' versions of the "The Little Drummer Boy"? How many albums like "Susan Anton's Christmas in Bermuda" can the marketplace, and our sanity, endure?

Well, I've finally found some Christmas music that is, in a word, transcendent. The a cappella gospel group **Take 6** applies their fresh style to several yuletide chestnuts on their latest album, *He Is Christmas* (Reprise). Only two standards ("Hark! The Herald Angels Sing" and "O Come All Ye Faithful") survive somewhat intact; the rest have been virtually reconstructed. "Away in a Manger" sports a swinging bassline (sung, of course), while "God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen" floats atop a slick instrumental backup provided by the Yellowjackets. The album also includes a theatrical reworking of the perennial

Clement Moore poem ("Twas da Nite").

Group member Claude V. McKnight III contributes the original title tune: "He Is Christmas" meanders, but it sounds nice. And yes, there is a version of "The Little Drummer Boy," but I'm willing to wager it's unlike any you've heard before.

If you haven't experienced either of Take 6's two previous albums, or caught one of their many guest shots, you've really missed something special (they've been featured on many recordings during the past three years, from Don Henley to Quincy Jones, to name but two). Their complex harmonies lean heavily on jazz, while the individual voices (each is an accomplished soloist) are steeped in a soulful gospel tradition. When they sing together, the effect is uncannily seamless. The individual members (McKnight, Mark Kibble, Cedric Dent, Alvin Chea, Joey Kibble, and David Thomas) also take turns arranging the material.

The holiday season is usually a time for me to bury my head under my pillow and scream. Now I'm listening to Christmas music on purpose. It's a miracle.

...

Re-working standards is also the forte of **Keith Jarrett** in his acclaimed trio setting, featuring bassist Gary Peacock and drummer Jack DeJohnette. The newest release from this bunch, called *The Cure* (ECM), is actually a one-and-a-half-year-old live concert taped at New York's Town Hall.

This time around, the Jarrett trio tackles such jazz stalwarts as Duke Ellington's "Things Ain't What They Used to Be," Dizzy Gillespie's "Woody'n You" and Thelonious Monk's "Beshma Swing," as well as standards like "Old Folks" and "Blame It on My Youth." The trio even takes stabs at the hoary "Body and Soul" and the fairly obscure "Golden Earrings." All are performed at the high level of invention and craftsmanship that we've come to expect from one of jazz's greatest trios ever. The only non-"standard," Jarrett's own "The Cure," is an engrossing 10-minute meditation on a single, hypnotic riff.

A newcomer to Jarrett's playing may be put off by his ubiquitous nasal humming, which is often picked up by the microphone, but it's a petty annoyance compared to his formidable (and oft-documented) pianistic and creative abilities. And not since Ron Carter and Tony Williams backed up Hank Jones has a more accomplished trio rhythm section taken the stand.

The best jazz recordings are timeless, and while *The Cure* may not be hailed 50 years from now, it's certainly worth hearing only a year-and-a-half after the fact.

...

Give thanks for the humor in

**Squeeze's** lyrics, for if not for that element, their sardonic, world-weary view of life and romance might just push many of us over the edge. You might want to save some thanks for the catchy tunes, as well.

*Play* (Reprise), Squeeze's ninth collection of new songs, is a big improvement over 1989's somewhat uneven *Frank*: this new album features the solid craftsmanship of 1988's *Babylon and On* coupled with some of the delightful eccentricities of 1985's *Cosi Fan Tutti Frutti*—for my money, it's a winning combination. And, in fact, Squeeze offers a level of musical and lyrical sophistication rarely found in contemporary pop music, which probably explains why they're only on the fringes of the marketplace's consciousness. (Their best-known song is probably "Tempted," which was released a decade ago and which was sung by Paul Carrack, who hasn't been in the group since then.)

With 50-plus minutes of some of the best pop music being offered today, *Play* demonstrates that Squeeze is anything but played out.

...

I'm a pretty loyal music consumer. If an artist displays brilliance at some point, I'm usually willing to give him/her/them the benefit of the doubt for missteps. Talk Talk has made two brilliant albums: 1984's synth-pop masterpiece *It's My Life*, and 1986's wonderful *The Colour of Spring*. When their tendency toward acoustic instruments and spacey arrangements (evinced on *Spring*) became fixed on 1988's *Spirit of Eden*, I was willing to go along, despite that album's unrelenting inaccessibility.

Talk Talk has recently released another album along these lines, and I think this is where I get off. With a title that dares the listener to take the album seriously, *Laughing Stock* (Polydor) presents music as difficult to warm up to as the handwritten lyrics are to read. Mark Hollis's vocals, one of the many compelling elements of earlier Talk Talk recordings, are now barely intelligible. And at several points it sounds like the musicians haven't even bothered to tune their instruments. It's as if Hollis, Tim Friese-Greene and company are daring us to enjoy or appreciate their work.

It may be the ultimate expression of creativity to them, but to me (and I'm known for my devotion to weirdness), it's boring. By all means, run out and buy *It's My Life* and *The Colour of Spring* if you don't have them yet, but don't bother with *Laughing Stock*—not even for laughs.

—Lord Mustapha X. Feinberg

by réy hoffman

# CLUB

## some people

Bob Denver  
Fuzzy Wuzzy  
Lena Horne  
Lumina Dynel  
Martha Griffith  
Bonnie Boyd  
Dina MacDougall  
Donald Thompson Sother  
Patty Lane  
Buddy Guy  
Jonathan  
Lunar Mistique  
Pete Wilson  
Captain Howdy  
Gennady Trifonov  
Ruth Gordon  
Opey Taylor  
Ivan Rodriguez  
Barbara Bush  
Little Lulu  
Vito Russo  
Judy Canova  
Phillip of Macedonia  
Joel Silver  
Lady Elaine Fairchild  
Ron Winkler  
George Moscone  
Karl Konrad Poths  
Mary Kay  
Willa Cather  
Karla Devito  
Bill Conrad  
Erin Lofton  
Virginia Yrun  
Mary Hartman  
Richard Barthelme  
Lou Reed  
Veree Teasdale  
Luigi Dallapiccola  
Tony Cartelli  
Dom DeLuise  
Margarite Cansion  
Ernie and Bert

## some things on *The Donna Reed Show*

Gowns  
Hairdos  
Bob Crane  
Fresh fruit  
Patience  
Kissing  
Smiling teens  
Alex Stone  
Formica  
Resolution  
Midge

oral intercourse *by girl* all about joan • planet performs • critics in peril • who's porking whom • a day without art • jell-o recipes • lies • slutty bar trash • bug poop and other art • absolutely nothing about you because you're unimportant

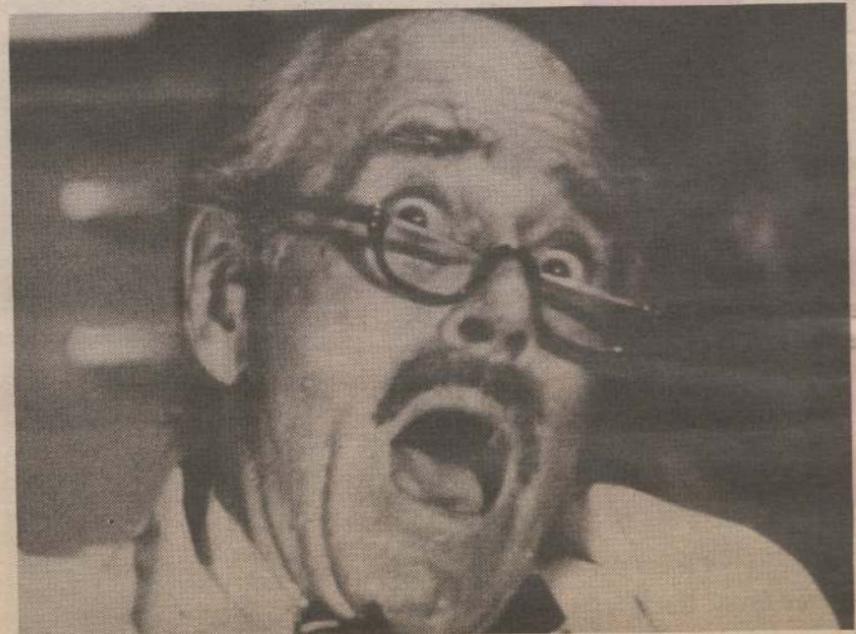
I can't possibly write a gossip column this week, darlinks. I'm too frazzled after hours and hours and hours of recovery from all of the truly remarkable festivities I've been forced to endure just lately. So go read Liz Smith or *Tiger Beat* or the *Western Express* or *something*. I am just too *over* it all and anyway, who the fuck do you think I am? Lollie Parsons?

One other thing: Why weren't you sissies at opening night for *Private Lives*? Cheap seats on the weekend is a really rummy excuse, gals. This evening out featured everything that **Laurie Anderson's** recent sold-out performances lacked: glamour, women in furs and two intermissions! All this *plus* **Joan Collins** doing the splits! Seen at opening night: **Corey** "Actor's Theatre of Phoenix, Dammit!" **Wright**; **Christopher** "Look For Me in Tomorrow's Edition, Love!" **McPherson**; **Chris** "I Most Certainly Will Not Say Hello to You" **Curcio**; Speaker of the House of Reps. **Jane** "Really Lousy Dye Job" **Hull**; **Robert X.** "Of Course It's My Real Name" **Planet** and **Jeff** "I Love the Nightlife" **Olson**, and some kid running around in an eye-catching chemise that can only be described as Mondrian-on-the-bias. And *nobody else*. Where were you?...Rumor has it that the cast of *Private Lives* (sans St. Joan, natch) arrived at **Cactus Jack's** the other evening to get their hands on the just-off-the-presses *Phoenix Resource* featuring the **Joan Collins** interview by her new best gal pal **David** "I Really and Truly Met Her" **Van Virden**. David is apparently so starstruck that he's been stopping people on the street to recount his now-legendary brush with fame. (It gets worse: Joan was seen at the Escada boutique in Scottsdale, and now Van V. is telling everyone that Joan is taking his fashion tips!)...**Robert** "I Was Also At AZ88 When Madonna Showed Up There" **Sentinery** was slurping a cuppa with pals at the **Coffee Plantation** when la Collins, in head-to-toe Chanel, shimmered past him on her way to the potty. She emerged wearing baggy jeans and an off-the-shoulder Beauvais' Gym tee and seated herself near the window. When accused by a patron of being herself, the Baroness of Bitchiness was heard to utter, "No, darling, I couldn't possibly be Joan Collins, I'm sure I must be 15 years younger than she"...*Le tout* Phoenix came to a screeching halt on Sunday, December 1 for **A Day Without Art**. Honoring those in the creative community who have succumbed to the challenge of the

HIV virus, we glamorous few held a candlelight procession from the **Phoenix Art Museum** to **Cate** "That's Why I'm Wearing A Hat" **Spencer's** and **John** "I'm Next Door" **Chonka's Radix Gallery**. Before the march began, **Bruce** "Love to Love Ya, Baby" **Kurtz**—in a fetching chapeau—read a prepared statement as **Keith Haring's** "Headstand" sculpture was draped in black cloth. Great big emotional scene opportunities abounded, and we took them. Seen in the crowd: **Timothy** "And I Slept With Your Last Boyfriend, Bitch" **Moore**; **Debra** "Who, Me?" **Pasqueret**; **Frank** "Aver Bisogno Uno Redattore" **Baselice**; **Jake** "Because I'm Next in Line, That's Why" **Studebaker**; **David** "My Candle is Bigger Than Yours" **Van Virden**; **Peter** "This is My Yummy Brother From New York" **Wirmusky**; **Neil** "Did You See Me on the News?" **Norman**; **Vile**; **David** "Fringe" **Blais**; **Stephane** "La De Da" **Jannsen** and **Michael** "Hiya" **Johns**; **Jim** "Talk to My Publicist" **Cherry**; **Kevin** "So Make Something Up" **Irvin**; **Michael** **Schraeder**; **Angelica del Rio**; **Robert** "I Alone Have Been Punctuated" **Adams**; **Tony** **The Performance Artist**; **Lisa** "Yes, the Gallery" **Sette** and **Joseph Segura** and family. Also on hand were **Annie** "Say Twizzle" **Lopez**, **Jeff** "Average Joe Out on a March With the Family" **Falk**, and son **Adam**, who is the only innocent person to have his name appear in this column...Those of you for whom, like me, glamour is a religion, will want to dust off your penguin suits and pearls for the upcoming **Arizona Beauty Awards** at the Ritz Carlton on December 8. This boffo blast will honor achievements in hair 'n' nails 'n' fashion 'n' stuff; the tony \$65 per plate affair will feature musical entertainment by my favorite man with a musical mouth, **Mr. Chez Reed**...Contrary to my previous report, **Madonna** and **Sandra Bernhard** dragged a coterie of *twenty-three* with them to their recent post-Sandra-gig party at **AZ88**. The third wealthiest woman in show business was wearing raggedy jeans, a Tina Turner shirt and very little makeup. All she wanted was sparkling water and a demi-loaf. She only signed a couple of autographs; she was catching a plane to Greece. This according to **Clarence**, waiter-to-the-stars, who knows these things. Listen, Clarence: I'm glamorous too. I once ate bread and water at **AZ88**, and had to dash because I was late for a performance of *Grease*. So stick that in your ticket book, darlink!...Speaking of **AZ88**, girl was gnoshing with **Robert** "Not Again" **Sentinery** and pals **Elena**,

**Jonathan**, **Jonica**, **Amy**, **Bruce** and **Dave**, when I slammed *bam!* into John and Audrey, who were spending a fortune drinking each other in, and sitting awfully close to where Madonna herself had been seated some weeks before. Do any of these people *work*?...A bomb exploded in Theatre One at **Phoenix Little Theatre** the other night. An opening night performance of **Charles** "If I Were Alive This Production of My Final Work Would Have Killed Me" **Ludlum's Artificial Jungle** blew shrapnel, but luckily none of the sparse audience was injured. Lucky for us theater-goers, that is: nearly every theater critic in town was there, including **Paul** "I Knew Goosie" **Braun** from *New Times*; **Christopher** "Guess Where I Bought My Shoes" **McPherson** from the *Gazette*; **Alan** "Listen Here"

Theatre revue. Finally, the true origin of *Guv, The Musical* was revealed, having been purloined from this Planet many moons ago...The bug poop is flying at **Lisa Sette Gallery**. Don't miss **Frances Whitehead's** expressive, chitinous metal sculptures—this engaging artist's work is really shitty. She manipulates rebar, metallic mesh and wire, then coats parts of them with a resin-like material extracted from the secretions of tiny East Indian beetles. Frances handed me a sample of this nummy insect doo-doo and told me it was "completely edible." So what could I do? I ate bug shit. Anyway, I noticed **Bruce** "Don't Miss the Feature on Me In *Dental Hygiene Weekly!*" **Kurtz** at the Whitehead opening (huh?), but Bruce wouldn't even say hello to me. He is completely in awe of my



**Levine** from *KJZZ*; **Pauline** "I Interviewed Her, Too, Ya Know" **Yearwood** from the *Progress*; and **Max** "Stop Yer Speculating Already" **McQueen** from the *Tribune*. Darlinks, had we lost them all, just think: **Kyle Lawson** would have his way with the Zonies! One last thought: If **PLT** is going to become the nation's repository for Ludlum revivals, they had better hire a lot more drag queens...Speaking of men in dresses, **Pussy LeHoot** collapsed when she won the Miss Gay Arizona crown. I did too. A bottle of Jim Beam, a T-bone steak and a lifetime achievement award would have been adequate tribute to **Pussy**. Giving her the crown means she will have to represent us for a year against all the *real* drag queens across the nation...**Robert X.** "I've Already Had One Middle Name This Issue, Thanks" **Planet** shook the Tempe theater community the other evening when he contributed a small piece of original work to **Mill Avenue Theatre's** *Truly Bad*

immense media power...**Brent** and **Mannix** of *Silver Dollar* could barely contain their glee about **Work**, the brand-new dance club concept opening in L.A. this week at the Studio One Backlot. Speaking of the Dollar, who was that I saw at their Jive Turkey pre-Thanksgiving fete? I think it was the nearly bald but ever-enchanting **Kirsten**; **Tony**, hanging from the rafters; **Rick** "Appliance Inventor and Female Collector" **Connor**; aquarium artist (and my favorite lunatic) **T. Jay Froggatt**; **Cecilia** "Now on Display at Gallery XI!" **Mayr**; Tall **Paul** "Hip" **Butler**, hawking his latest T-shirt design; and lovely **Sandra Collins**, passing out chocolate pastilles and *cranberry sauce*...**Kenton** "I'm Over the Hill, Go Away" **Adams'** birthday gala was a brilliant and exclusive affair bursting with luminaries. Don't you wish these people were at your house on a Saturday night? **Laura Porter**, **Patricia Jacqueline**, **Henry Yee** and **Lance Cuellar**, **Porsche** (the exotic dancer/lingerie model,

not the car), **Gabrielle Vogt** and sisters-in-the-flesh **Laura** and **Tracy**. Question: How many over-amplified, off-key voices can you fit into one room?...I saw *Whore* at the **Cineplex Odeon** the other afternoon. **Ken Russell's** new trip is arguably an "art film," but the only people in the theatre were middle-aged men in trench coats who could only have been there to see **Theresa** "I'm Pretending to be Francine Ruley" **Russell's** *boobs* (There, I said it!). Call it the Pee Wee syndrome...Talk about reality in warp drive! I ran into **Peter** "Oh, Shit. I Just Turned Forty" **Fisher** at the **Scottsdale Galleria!** Of all places! Peter—of **Metropophobobia** fame—is hard at work on **Zone** (the disco, not the magazine) with gal architect **Kristi**...girl found fascinating and bargain-priced works of art at Pieces of Eight, boy advertising genius **Russ** "I've Been Framed!" **Hahn's** and custom-frame wizard **Darrell** "Frame *This!*" **Hoerter's** latest venture. Installed briefly at the old **Lambert Miller Gallery**, these boys featured us with work by Bay Area artists like **John Belingheri** and **Nina Glaser**...Speaking of art, who was that hot young homo at **Maria Khan's** elbow Wednesday before last? On second thought, who gives a flabby fuck...**Christopher** "Boulder, Colorado!" **DeWinter**, one of my favorite people in the whole world, schmoozed **BS West** on the arm of **Donny** "Gourmet Caterer to the Universe" **Marcellus**. Christopher says he may be running for city council on a radical activist ticket in big old Boulder. They can do stuff like that in Colorado, you know...**Peter** "Steaming, Frothing Milk" **Ragan** has a new album coming out. The as-yet-untitled disc will feature a warning label for the lactose intolerant...Forty-five well-heeled homosexuals went on a hayride the other night at Old MacDonald's Farm. I am not making this up. Cowboy duds, cocktails at Eugene and Ivan's before; swordfish steak; a dessert table; **Richard Sourant** as entertainment. You know: just plain old bare-bones *fun*. Yee haw...**Fred** "I Know John Capecci Personally" **Corey** tore through **BS West** the other evening, hurling Cape Cods left and right, sending horrified patrons screaming to their cars and practically closing the place down. (*He did not.* —Ed.) Fred must get a little unsettled, when he's between performances. (*You're fired.* —Ed.)...**John Lipp**, where are you?...**Chip** "I've Known Him Forever, and It's Been a Living Hell" **Garrett** and **Todd** "I Groped a Nurse" **Parsley**, who have been romantically involved for exactly ten

minutes, are already looking for a house together...**Jeff** and **Roger** are now separated but living together, in separate bedrooms at Jeff's parents' house. The folks definitely do not know the boys' story. What a cozy arrangement...The ever, uhm, *effervescent* **David** "Gimme That Thang" **Butler** should either cool it a little on the stage-storming he does during **Wink's** drag revues or don one of his couture creations and join them at the mike...Go see the incomparable **Loretta Divine** onstage at **PLT** in *Lady Day at Emerson's Bar and Grill*. If you miss this you'll miss forgiving **Tom Oldendick** for much of the rest of the season...How does this sound: **Jeff Ofstedahl**, City Councilman? Stay tuned...More bits about that mysterious late-winter art reception: It's being held sometime in March at the home of a hackneyed homo writer/publisher, and if you're not invited you *can't come*...**Kevin** at **Trax**: Sorry about all the big words in this column. I thought guys like you *liked* big things...Riddle: What nelly **Neiman Marcus** jewelry clerk dines frequently at Ruth's Chris Steak House and regularly leaves a non-phenomenal five-percent tip?...**Judy** "Art Art Art" **Zuber**, Paradise Valley mega-maven, visited Barrow's recently for an operation on her spine. Well. It's nice to know she *has* one...**David** "I Went to High School With a Monster From Hell" **Burkett** is growing back his moustache, and he *insists* that I print this portentous bit of news in my column. Please let me know about *your* facial hair experiments—it's the kind of thing my readers *live* for...What the hell is this recession thing coming to? **Bob** "Got to Feel Percussion" **Hegy** has announced that he is selling off his extraordinary collection of **David "Insert Name of Shopping Mall Here"** **Parker** autographs...Will somebody please tell me the real reason **John** "I'm Worried About My Footwear" **Bircumshaw** left the Arizona AIDS Project?...Which local AIDS agency CEO *might* be dating a man who is afraid of *lettuce*?...And finally: The cattle industry ain't what it used to be. I've learned that there still remains a small number of sacred cows in the Phoenix art-fag fabric (not you, Bruce!) whose indiscretions I, equipped with my piercing media power, had better not yoke into the public eye. Well, pardners, girl's never put too much stock in the sacred around the old rancho. She's always itchin' for the dirt beneath the nails of all them varmints ridin' a little too high in the old saddle. So, as you ride off into the sunset, remember this: the hills have eyes.

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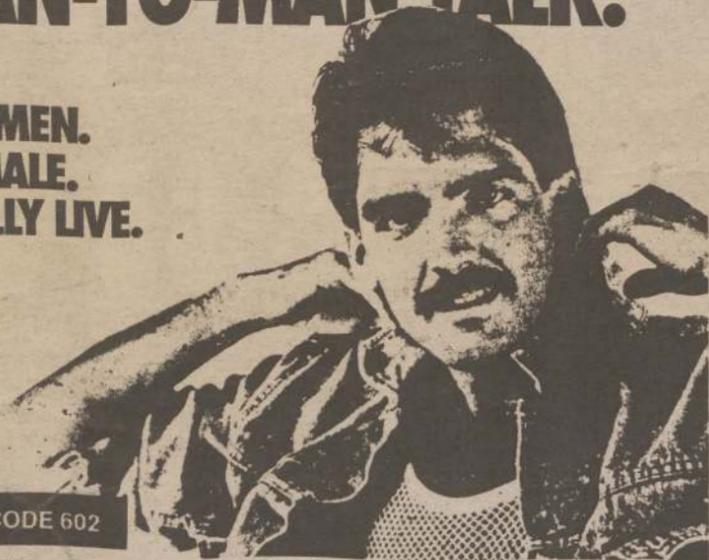
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