

Issue #5

DEMURE

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Fifth Anniversary Issue

BUTCHNESS

The zine to read when OUT and GENE just don't satisfy you!

FROM THE EDITOR

Sloppy Sentimentality from your favorite person

Here we go again! I myself can't believe this is #5. What started out as a fun little hobby has mushroom-clóuded into a rather popular underground extravaganza. I'm now getting more out of state orders than Minnesota sales. I've gotten groovy reviews from Wisconsin, Chicago and California and people send me free books and cds to review. I've even had the pleasure of pissing off some tight-asses (and will no doubtedly do it again with this issue!) Yes, zinedom is the life! Thanks for reading this shit!

Big news! In special celebration of the 5th Anniversary Issue, I am very honored to bring back one of my original co-editors to write some columns. And I can even reveal his true identity. Yes, the bitch Sarah Tynge-Mayhem from DB #1 is none other than Mssr. Michael Moeglin, the laziest, most talented writer I personally know (besides Troy Tradup and Michael Dahl). He's back to wreak havoc on DB and to generally...entertain! Welcome back Michael!

About this issue: In addition to our regular columnists (write in to which ones you like and don't like), this is a retro anniversary of sequels. Hence, a new queer quiz, more men I'm embarrassed to like, and another drag hag review. If you like these, go back and order back issues for the originals (SSP ALERT!!!) I always keep back issues in stock (WARNING! SSP ALERT!!!) and some loyal readers are even ordering complete sets for the perfect Christmas gift (WARNING! SSP IS NOW AT A TOXIC LEVEL!!!). So read, laugh, enjoy, and for all you tight-asses out there: Get a sense of humor! Geez.

Once again, to be perfectly clear, I DID NOT WRITE THE DRAG QUEEN ARTICLE! Please don't hurt me girls. I'm scared enough just to publish it and very sensitive to pain.

Timmer

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Very Special Thank to:

Michael Moeglin, Tim Siragusa, Dallas Drake, Christopher Krabbenhoft, Michael Dahl, John Schultz, Jerikk Todd, David Howe, and as always, Jon Rayson

SPECIALIZING IN SHAMELESS SELF-PROMOTION

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Send your comments, questions, thoughts, soiled underwear, and date requests to Timmer c/o: DEMURE BUTCHNESS • Box 2049 • Loop Station • Minneapolis, MN 55402. He really likes mail and gets kind of lonely and depressed without it. So write him today! He will really appreciate it!

Dear Timmer,

Hey there! I just discovered your fun 'zine "Demure Butchness". I'm going back to Brother's Touch to find #1-3. It's a blast!

I really enjoyed your Stephen King article. I, too, am a fan of "the Master" and am proud of it! I understand completely when you say that time stops when you're reading a King book. I can't ever put the damn thing down when I'm reading one of his books. I absolutely have to finish it now! This even happens while I'm re-reading.

You shouldn't fear admitting that not all of his output is manna. A true fan knows his/her likes and dislikes and doesn't necessarily love everything. Someone who "loves everything" without question has no ability to differentiate. I myself can't stand the dreadful *Eyes of the Dragon*. Bluk. My favorite King work is *The Stand* (the cut version). I thought the uncut version had some problems. (I hasten to clarify that my cut/uncut preferences do not relate to everything - wink, wink). Like yourself, I had a crush on Nick Andros - that was an ideal man in many ways. I also had one on Mark Petrie.

I'm looking forward to your next addiction revelation - Donna Summer. I was a big fan of hers and still am. (Honest! I'm not butt-kissing; unless you like that...) Even though she's made some phobic remarks (she's supposedly recanted) and her last album sucked (*Mistaken Identity*), there's something about her I love. Sigh. One of the treasures in my Summer collection is an album called *The Donna Summer Collection* - 8 Summer songs (Pre - *Live and More*) covered by a nobody named Allison Coleman. It's a riot.

Let's get together soon and discuss our favorite literary equivalent of a Big Mac and fries!

Thanks for sharing,

John Tripp

Dear John,

Are you asking me out on a date or what? This is the 90's. Stop beating around the bush. Come right out and say it if you are. I'm horny.

Awaiting,

Timmer

Hey 'zenesters,

Here's the deal: I work as an independent publicist (cultural instigator is the term I like.)

I believe the 'zene scene has the most outrageous taste around. No bullshit hype "graces" the pages of 'zenes. (accep, of course, the aural lapse caused by a lust attack.)

So I've been trying to get an allotment of records/cds/cassettes to send to 'zenes. You should have already got **ETHYL MEATPLOW**.

I figure, if you like the music, you might just write about it or play it for your friends; if you don't like it, you can either trade it in for something you do like or sell it to a fool. Either way it hopefully will benefit you.

Expect a MAX-BILT package in the next few days with **MONA LISA OVERDRIVE**.

Jim Fouratt

By the way, I either met you at SPEW or got your address from Larry-Bob.

Dear Jim,

First of all, it's zine, not zene. You went to SPEW and still can't spell it right? Idiot.

Secondly, "cultural instigator"? What does anyone from Santa Monica California know about culture?

Thirdly, "no bullshit hype graces the pages of zines"? Have you read DEMURE BUTCHNESS? That's all it is, bullshit hype.

Fourthly, the music you send kinda sucks. Naaaah, that's too harsh. Some of it is so-so. But please, keep sending it. I love free shit.

Fifthly, nice talking to you. Please write and send stuff some more. Have a nice day.

Awaiting more cultural instigation,

Timmer

Dear Demure Butchness:

For about two years now, we've been publishing **SOLO SEX: ADVANCED TECHNIQUES**. The book continues to sell well, promoted primarily through magazine display ads.

We'd like to consider advertising in your publication. Will you please send a rate sheet, your guaranteed circulation (approximate), and the demensions of the ads you accept. Also, what are your discounts for frequency and prepayment?

Many thanks.

Sincerely,
Robert Bahr, PUBLISHER

Dear Robert,

Solo Sex? You mean jerkin off? Oh, I'm already a pro at that as are my readers I'm sure. No thanks. I'm already hairy-palmed and going blind. Try again.

Awaiting a free issue,

Timmer



Hey Pigs! Send your letters
to DEMURE BUTCHNESS
PO Box 2049
Loop Station
Minneapolis, MN 55402
Do it or we'll come get you!



Dear Timmer,

Thanks for sending DEMURE BUTCHNESS #4 and your nice words about BOINK #1. I probably forgot to mention that I'm looking for "Cute Boink Alerts" from all over the country -- cute punk-boy bands captured shirtless on film. Minneapolis is full of bands - any suggestions?

La di da,
Oh boy,

Flaming E.
editor of "BOINK"

p.s. I enjoyed the letter about Mr. Cox of SWERVE zine!
p.p.s. Do you think Steve & Dref would like to be a BOINK pinup?

Dear Flaming Editor,

Ya know, I did like your zine. Every zine should have some sort of niche to fill in gay culture and yours fits oh so nicely into the chicken/chicken hawk segment of our community. Whenever I want to look at pix of anemic skinny horny youth in late night fits of masturbatory passion, I look at your zine. Keep it up and stay out of jail!

As for boy bands in Mpls, I don't really hang out at First Avenue's Seventh Street Entry but I'll troll around Perkins and Embers parking lots late at night to search for rent boys who wanna be rock stars. In the meantime, check out "Schroedinger's Cat" (or Scrotum Kitty as I like to call them). They aren't really punk but I hear their lead singer is a big fag boy. He's tres nellie!

Steve and Dref are but loyal fans who wrote in last issue. They would be happy to pose if only I would un-handcuff them from my bed, which I won't. Sorry.

Stay hard,

TIMMER

SACRED COW BAITING

The following was printed in QUEER ZINE EXPLOSION, the source listing of queer zines. As published by Larry-Bob, the grand poobah king of queer zines, QZE is where zine fans go to order their favorites and learn about new zines. Apparently, his royal highness Larry-Bob was a bit upset by a response I gave to a letter he wrote me in DB #3?

DEMURE BUTCHNESS #3: The editor's attitude¹ is a bit tiresome² (although he obviously³ thinks he's charming⁴), but there's still some o.k. stuff in this zine⁵. "Top 10 Girl's I'd Consider Going Straight For," which includes the immortal⁶ phrase "why are oriental women so hot and oriental men not?"; Miss Epiphany on planning your orgy; reviews of zine editors in Minneapolis; Timmer hangs out with Sandra Bernhard; hot snowmen; Twin Cities Bar Guide; Club Kids go out⁷; an open letter to a guy who gave a bad review to Demure Butchness⁸; a first dungeon experience; cocksucking lesson; advice for a guy with an Aveda-addicted boyfriend. Box 2049, Loop Station, Mpls, MN 55402 (HL-48/\$3)

¹Attitude Larry-Bob? What attitude? I am but your humble servant who bows down in reverence like everyone else in the zine publishing business.

²Tiresome Larry Bob? What is a matter? Are you getting old and tire easily? I guess even a zine mafia don like yourself eventually becomes a dinosaur that must die out and give way to a new generation. As always, the ancient feel threatened by the coming change.

³Obviously Larry-Bob? I thought nothing was obvious in the world of zinedom. Doesn't your disclaimer on the front of QZE say "nothing should be assumed about anybody's sexuality, including yours"? Doesn't that imply that nothing is obvious?

⁴Naah, I don't think I'm charming. I think I'm effervescent, refreshing, sparkling, captivating, entrancing, fascinating, charismatic, enchanting, irresistible, alluring and most importantly, with a sense of humor! But I'd never claim to be charming.

⁵Yeah, I suppose my zine is just o.k., mediocre, run of the mill, passable, ordinary and so-so. But if a reviewer once called me your local successor, what does that say about HOLY TITCLAMPS?

⁶Wait! I'm confused. First you say o.k. stuff and then use the word immortal? That's a pretty big compliment for using such a wishy washy description only 15 words prior.

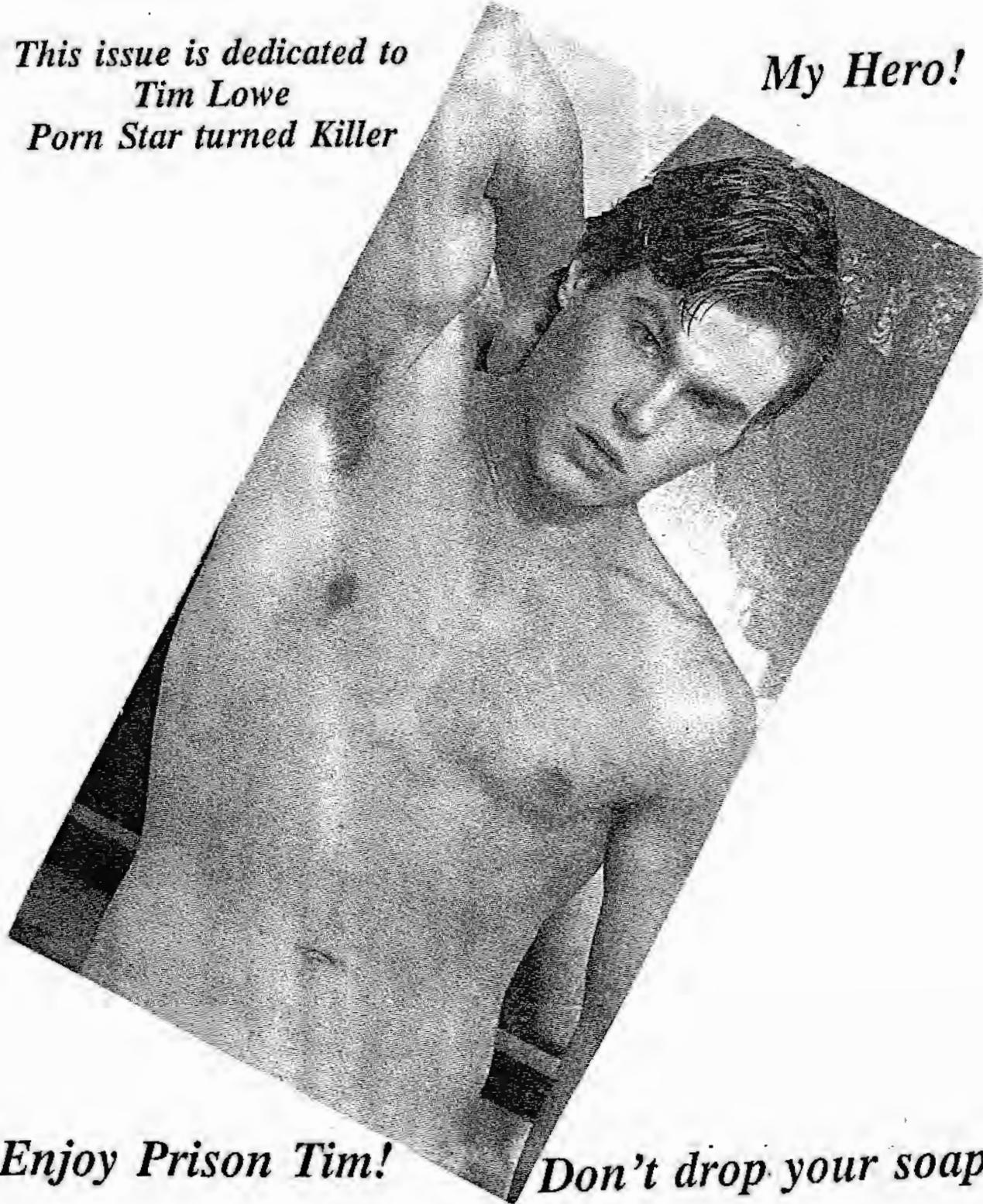
⁷Well, that's pretty descriptive.

⁸Isn't that what this is too? Wow, Deja Vu!

So didya like the zine or not? Didya? Didya? Oh well, the best way to respond is not to respond at all, right? I realize that you are so sacred in our zine community (witness the response I get from TEG and Robert Kirby and other local zine editors when I question your divinity in any way). But there must be an Achilles Heel present somewhere in that puffed up armor of yours... Out with the old; in with the new!

*This issue is dedicated to
Tim Lowe
Porn Star turned Killer*

My Hero!



Enjoy Prison Tim!

Don't drop your soap!

TEN MORE GUYS I HATE TO ADMIT BEING MOIST FOR

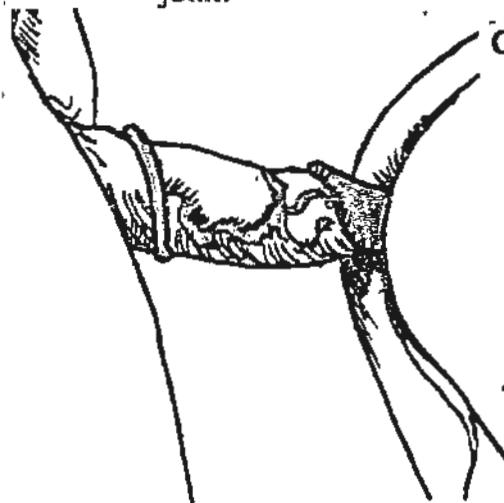
So the first ten in Issue #3 weren't enough. I have to now further humiliate myself by admitting to ten more men who no one in their right mind would admit to liking. So go ahead, laugh. Taunt me. Tease me mercilessly. I have to get these fantasy men off my chest. Maybe I can pave the way for other guys to come out of the closet with their secret crushes. So here goes:

- 1 ♥ **SNOW** - A licky boom boom. Kill me now! Kill me now!
- 2 ♥ **MICHAEL CASTNER** (from *E! television*) - He has got to be a fag, right?
- 3 ♥ **WILLIAM S. BURROUGHS** - No explanation. I just think he's hot!
- 4 ♥ **HENRY ROLLINS** - It's not his tattoos, his music, his political bent. I'm in lust with his really thick neck.
- 5 ♥ **BRUCE MCCULLOUGH** (from *Kids in The Hall*) - Scott may be the gay one and Mark may have the best body but Bruce is so cute when he does a woman or an old man. (Plus he's so little!)
- 6 ♥ **THE LEAD SINGER FROM STEREO MC'S** - So what if he looks like a combination of a heroin addict and concentration camp survivor. He is hot in my book.
- 7 ♥ **JASON ALEXANDER** - Thick, Jewish, balding boys just get me hard. Go figure!
- 8 ♥ **WEILAND** (from *STONE TEMPLE PILOTS*) - Even though he has the hair color of an Easter Egg, he's my current skanky fantasy love toy.
- 9 ♥ **GARTH BROOKS** - Even though he's a pig with a screwed greedy mind about used CD's, I still want to boink him. There is no logical reason for this.
- 10 ♥ **TOMMY LEE JONES** - weren't his scenes with Kevin Bacon in JFK hot? (even with that white hair and fey attitude). I've thought about going fugitive just to let him chase me. Ooooh baby.

Miss Epiphany Sez!...

Hey babies! Pif here. Gosh I love being gay! Those breeders just don't understand how much fun we can have. Straight men just don't have women standing around in public parks at any hour day or night waiting to have sex with them. Gay men don't have to worry about grabbing the wrong thing in the heat of the moment at an orgy. Straight guys usually have to buy someone dinner before getting into their pants. We've got it oh so much better boys! Our sexual possibilities are endless.

Take this orgy I was recently invited to as an example. A certain prominent member of the gay community around here (I can't name him but he's very tall, beautiful and in the arts, hint hint hint) has decided to try to open Minneapolis' first sex club since the closing of the baths. While he is working on making it legal by talking to public officials and making them take a stance on the issue, he hosted a "private party" in the basement of his studio cabaret (hint hint hint, know who he is yet?) The turn out was great! About 75 hot guys showed up for what proved to be the most sexellent party Ms. Pif has yet to have graced with her presence and limitless sexual energy. Patrick (I can't yet reveal his last name but you must know who I'm talking about by now) spent several months converting his spacious unfinished basement into the funkiest sex club Minneapolis has ever seen. He created several rooms, ranging from a full dungeon to a porno room, small private areas to a huge dance floor, a sauna, urinal trough complete with well-hung mirrors and several beds suspended in mid air with chains. The space was large enough so you could avoid someone if you wanted to (and yes, there actually were two people even Ms. Pif didn't feel comfortable boinking away in front of) but you could still get a good view of hot action in any room of the joint.



doors open at 10 pm and close at 11

no entry after 11 pm

party until 3 am.

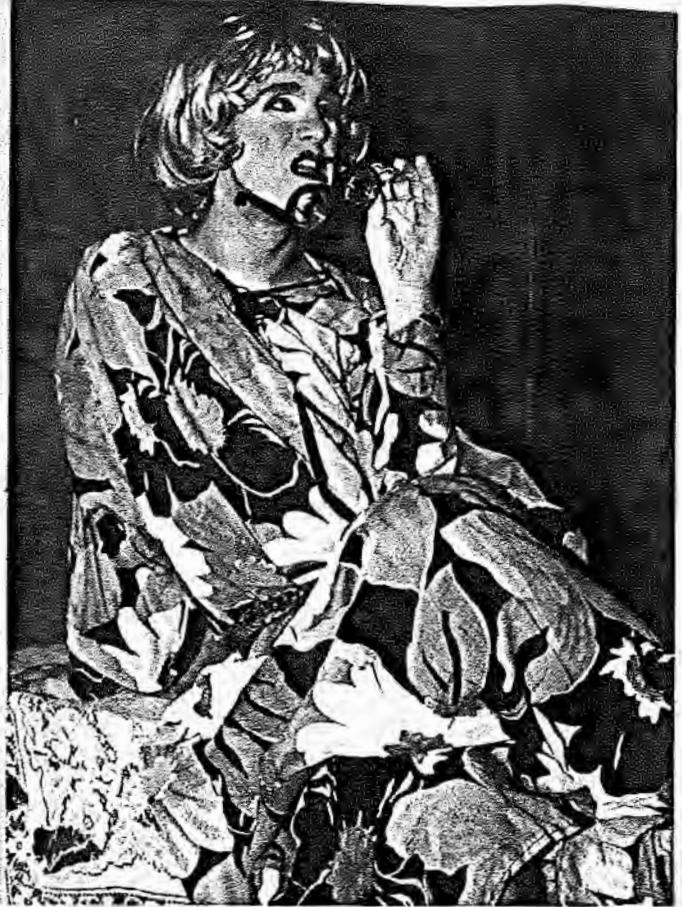
bring this invitation to get in

footwear mandatory

clothing optional

\$5 donation suggested

bring a towel

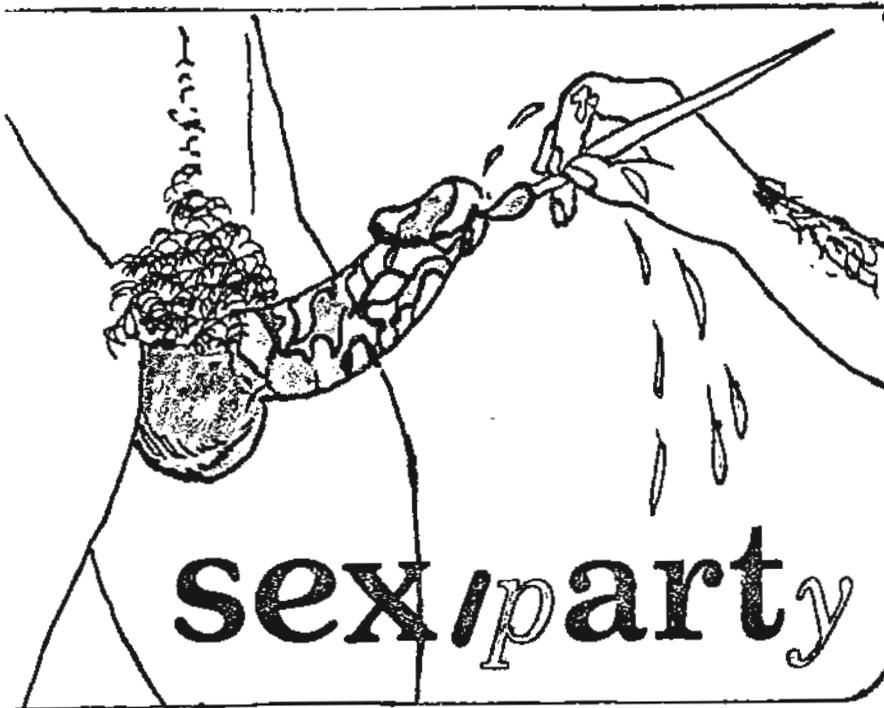


And the action was very hot! After the initial time of everyone standing around waiting for someone to start, the sex exploded into quite a cornucopia of sensual delights. At first, studs were a little bit shy and crowded into the small rooms to have sex, but soon people were humping everywhere. There were piles of nekkid flesh on the couches surrounding the dance floor, more bodies than can normally fit on one bed, and even a couple having sex into a half-filled bathtub upstairs. I don't think there was any horizontal surface that wasn't used at some time or other.

It was amazing to see people fucking right out in the open. There is always a lot of cock sucking going on at orgies, but in this day and age, most guys find secretive corners to do the really nasty deed. At one point, one of the beds suspended from the ceiling had two couples just cornholing away as other bodies writhed around them. Ahhhh, the pleasures of man to man sex. Ms. Pif even had the lucky chance to be plowed from both ends (an offer I just couldn't refuse!)

Even with all of this sex going on, there was plenty of other activity to enjoy in this environment. The dance floor was always being used and most were dancing completely naked. Underwear nights at The Saloon were never this much fun. There is nothing like bumping and grinding with someone with your semi-erect dicks rubbing up against each other with no fabric getting in the way. Also, a guest brought lots of massage oil and men were giving each other full body rubdowns. Conversations were much more relaxed than a regular party and no one seemed to be uncomfortable with what was going on around them.

I guess that was my favorite part of the party. The sex was fantastic and Ms. Pif sampled dick to her heart's content, but the most interesting aspect of the party was the comfort level. Everyone was relaxed and no one had any trouble communicating with each other (sexually or otherwise). The positive gay energy flowing throughout the evening put Ms. Pif on a natural high that lasted for days. This was no stand and model group. None of that uncomfortable sizing others up that goes on at so many other gay parties was evident. Patrick did a lovely job of keeping every horny boy happy and Ms. Pif was well spent by the time she left at 3 a.m.



a night of safe sex, sauna, safe sex, performances, hot men, sex, art, sex, massage, sex, touch, sex, dance, sex, body painting, fantasy, videos, sex, refreshments, and sex; a private party in an underworld safe sex club setting:



Special mention must be made to that cute little guy from Duluth who Ms. Pif played with on that back bed and who raced along with her to reach a third orgasm seconds before the party ended. Rumor has it he is moving to Minneapolis soon and if you see him, grab him. Ms. Pif wants to meat him again!

Patrick (oooh I wish I could tell you his last name!) is having a party once a month now. If you have the courage to join your gay brothers in healthy celebration of queer sexuality, then write me here and I'll make sure you get an invitation to the next orgy. You haven't really had sex until you've tried this alternative sexual activity!

Until next time my babies, thick dicks and humongous orgasms to you all!

Here it is, the final column of a dear friend. All of us here wish him a bon voyage as he makes his new conquests elsewhere! We'll miss you Alphonse!

-TIMMER



ASK ALPHONSE

Hello my loyal readers! It is with much sadness that I must bid you adieu as I take the road less travelled and move to France. You see, as lovely as you all are here, I seem to have exhausted my dating possibilities here and I have heard that Frenchmen are so romantic. If that doesn't work out, I can always check out those Greeks... But anyway I love you all and here's my final question answered. Ciao!

Dear Alphonse,

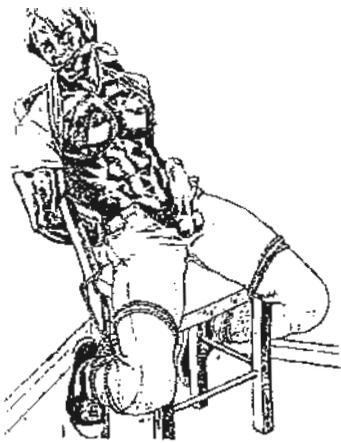
Now that EQUAL TIME has gone weekly, why is it so thin? It seems as if there are only 2-3 articles an issue sprinkled between all those advertisements?

-The patient reader

Dear Patient Reader,

Isn't it funny how the more things change, the more they stay the same? I remember when I first started writing this column, there were 4 gay newspapers. Now there's only two and less news is being reported. Granted, we no longer have the fun of Brad Theissen's idiotic conspiracy theories, Tim Campbell's boy hunting commentary or RAINBOW's lack of newsworthiness, but still we have the same old tired stories about boring aspects of our community. How many more stories do we want to read about EQUAL TIME's search for an editor or Clark Bufkin's realty empire? And why no feature article on DEMURE BUTCHNESS yet? I would think that both papers (excuse me, GAZE is a magazine now. Woweee!) would be fighting over who gets that historic first interview with Timmer and the gang. But alas, more stories about EQUAL TIME's lesbian dominance and scary photos by Barry. I guess that is why I'm leaving town... P.S. I've got time for a quicky before my plane leaves. Want a date?

COMING NEXT: Alphonse's roommate from college DEAR CRABBY, in a new advice column. Send this whiny fag your queries now!



THE LITTLE DRUMMER BOY



Hil I'm madder than PETA at a leather convention at that pansy assed Bill Clinton for not lifting the ban on gays in the military. Come on, every military man I've slept with..errr...talked to thinks that the homophobia of the Pentagon has gone too far and also there were all those reports and studies done. I remember having a conversation with this Air Force guy about the issue. Well, actually it wasn't much of a conversation; I was bound and gagged in his dungeon so it was more of a one-sided discussion. He said that he gets more ass on base than from the neighborhood gay bars. Apparently, basic training for him (many years ago, he's top brass...and a top man) included servicing his fellow bunkmates in ways not covered in the recruiting office promises.

And then there was that Navy boy I picked up for water sports last Spring. He told me stories of his high seas adventures that got my cock hard enough to bust out of a Gates Of Hell Cockring. And I'm still healing from the stubble burns from the shaved head of that Marine I had last week. Little Drummer Boy is usually a tireless bottom but you know how those jarheads love to take it up the ass. Thank Leather for occasional versatility.

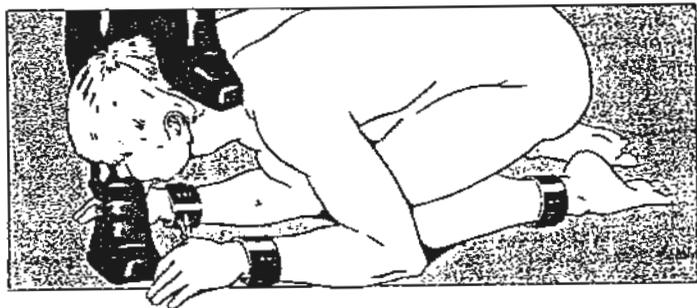
What are those straight servicemen really nervous about anyway? Do they really think we're turned on by every guy we see? Every guy? Seen a picture of Wayne Newton lately? Do those hetero guys want to have sex with every pretty girl they look at. Well, yeah, I guess. But that's not the point. They panic saying "What about the barracks? What about the showers?" Well, other than this fantasy I have about being chained and suspended from four different bunkbeds, they don't have to worry about unwanted nooky in those big rooms full of hot, sweaty, horny men. The gays would be in the Head, obviously giving it. And as for those showers...ever heard of track lighting?

I've been in plenty of showers - and I mean health clubs - and nothing makes me limper than an ugly, wet straight man. Besides, gays wouldn't be the ones lingering too long in the barracks showers. They would be busy pressing their uniforms, or spit-polishing their boots, or making sure that bed was so damn trim and tight you could bounce a quarterback off it. (Hmmm, if you include WD40-ing the chains in our dungeon then that above list sounds like my Sunday morning chores.) I guess the only fun and games the Pentagon wants are Tailhook and Desert Storm. How does the old saying go? Men with big guns are insecure about their penis size.

This is a frightening blow to our community (not the good kind of frightening blow. I'm talking gays in the military, not good ol' S&M). Have you noticed that the far right is using us as the scapegoat to gain political power? Now I'm no fan of Naziism (although I love the pants) but isn't this how Hitler gained power in Germany? Starting with something seemingly small and picking up momentum from there? If we are the starting point to breed hatred, what's next? Rounding up all the HIV + Americans for "safety purposes". Ann Frank said "In spite of it all, I still believe people are basically good". Obviously she had never been to a S&M dungeon party.

There I go, getting too serious again. Sir always spansks me for thinking too much (that's part of the reason why I do it!). The important thing is to not let this back-pedaling from Clinton slide. Don't let the unwanted gay bashing go on in this country (as opposed to the wanted bashing-see me later). Don't let sit back and let Clinton screw up after you voted for him. That's funny, I always that once the guy was in you really started working your butt. Be a real pig and take action! Write! Protest! Just say no! Don't get jerked off anymore.

Hey! Isn't that Al Gore a potential leather daddy? Especially with those keys he wears on the left side? I'd vote for him over Clinton in '96.
Yes SIR!



THE LOST DIARIES OF *THE LADY MISS JILL*

Ever since the tragic demise of our beloved columnist (see DB#1 and #4), the accident that cut her active life oh so short, we have been in various stages of mourning. Alphonse has constantly worn a black arm band and still speaks of a brief but intense affair he had with Jill, Club Kids still have huge posters of her cheerful face in their office, and Tanqueray reads all she can about Jill's life history to better understand the vacancy she is trying to fill. Even Ms. Pif actually gets a single tear in her eye each year on the anniversary of her death. And all of us have stopped drinking milk since it happened.

But recently, the new owners of Miss Jill's spacious estate have discovered a special treasure hidden under the floorboards in her private exercise room. Apparently, Jill kept a diary of events in her life leading up to her death. Finally, we all can know the inner thoughts of one of the greatest women to grace this humble planet.

Unfortunately, some of the entries are being held by the police who believe that foul play may have been involved in her passing. No one here at DB has been questioned as of yet and the police have promised to make the diary in its entirety available to us soon. In the meantime, here is a sample from the pages we do have. I can almost see her still here with us each time I read these entries. Sniffle.

-TIMMER

Queer Diary:

Spoop. Spunk. Jiz. Cumfetti. Pearl Cream. Man Chowder. Call it what you will but Miss Jill is getting less dick-juice than Mary Wickes ever didn't. Unfair! I cry, but only to you dear journal, because I know the unnatural cause of this Dearth in Penis. Miss Epiphany. That slut is gobbling up every last ounce of cock-choy this town has to offer. Once she defiles them with her jungle red tallons the men of Minneapolis are only so many boozy, flaccid clowns teetering and lurching through the streets like groggy, dispeptic homo-bos desperately flagging down a runaway freight train. Her Teutonic tonnage is mocking my pain and turning my life into one squeamish, humiliating nightmare after another. Like some fag Tantalus I grasp, gasp, grope, fondle, fidget, and...oh fudge, only to be taken to the edge of wetness then dissed by that helium-heeled Hydra as she slithers away with my catch. Well diary, I swear, God as my witness, I will never go horny again!

Queer Diary:

I promise you I am Jayne Mansfield's Phoenix. Last night was Paige Turner's book signing party for her saucy new roman à clef devised from the very intimate and super-salacious details of Paris and New York's fashion haute monde, Onward Christian Dior Soldiers. There were plenty of supermodels and stupidmodels on hand as well as a smattering of those whose private lives and public peccadillos are ever so thinly veiled in this trashy tome, all out swishing and celebrating the things they love the most, themselves. I'm usually on Paige's A list, but had to crash because of that really big falling out with her brother Ted's wife, the self-important former b-movie actress turned video viper and professional sycophant. "Age before beauty," she had the balls to say to me, as we both had the bad luck to arrive at the same time. "Pearls before swine," I responded glibly. But that's neither here nor there because PT herself was not to be seen. This club may be cavernous as Pif's thighs, I thought to myself, but you cannot hide a bosomey dirty book writer like her for long. As it turned out later to absolutely no one's surprise, Paige had been upstairs in the VIP room having her, um, sinuses cleared. So there I was making love to everyone I laid eyes on, bussing and hissing my way through a crowd so unhip it's a wonder their trousers didn't fall off, expecting only the hugest possible yawn from this night (but then again, how much did I pay to get in?), and that's when I saw Him. My eyes rolled back into my head. The aria from Lakme began to play. His name was Michael Something Italian and one melting glance from those languid, sultry eyes was all it took to make me fully, unashamedly, and legally his. Now this party had a reason for living and so did I. The only thing left to do was convince him that he wanted me as much as I wanted to be wanted. Swooshing and swishing in a series of ever tinier concentric circles around the boy that a vulture would find dizzying, I made my way to the fainting chaise on which he sat. Oh how apropos! He was sitting on the very thing I needed, and I do mean very. I was distracted for a moment by his hair. He was a decided blond, which is to say that is the color he decided to be. No matter, Pif had not yet arrived, too early, and I was determined to have him after a dry spell that would embarrass Death Valley.



Michael Something Italian (but I never forget a cheek) was not nearly so difficult to get home as I was certain he would be. A few Absolut and tonics and the boy was putty, do you hear me; supple, yielding clay in my firm yet gentle hands. I could tell right away he was a hobag off the street or fresh out of someone's condo, maybe even a thief. In any case, it was obvious that this boy was used to making ends meet to make ends meet. And speaking of meat, diary dearest, he did have quite the handsomest cock these eyes have beheld in longer than I can readily remember. Straight as a broomstick. The chalice was mine but after such a promising beginning it went a little wrong. He was one of those talkers. He knew what he wanted done, how he wanted it done, where he wanted it done, and for how long he wanted it done. "Bite my nipple" I heard him whisper through clenched teeth and taut lips which were not entirely as full as they could have been come to think. So this I did. Gnawing happily on a pert set of engorged eraser head nipples is not the worst position a girl could wish to be in, but evidently I wasn't chewing violently enough for him because moments later I heard him hiss "Harder, harder," his hand pressuring the backside of my delicate cranium. So this I did, with incisors to boot, until I was afraid of biting the things clean off at the root. He didn't seem to mind so I went about my business touching and stroking, sucking and nibbling, quietly noting the smooth olive skin, the happy, egg shaped testes, the shapely buttocks, the tight thighs, but I digress. All would have been bliss and harmony in my world had we continued in this manner, but oh no, that was not to be. As my eager, adventursome tongue was making its way into heretofore uncharted territory I thought I heard a strained but vaguely familiar voice say "Sit on my face." Fearful that my hearing had deceived me, I paused momentarily but did nothing. Frozen with anxiety, I remained inactive and when I did not respond he further urged me once again to "Sit on my face." I was mortified. No, more accurately I was repulsed yet strangely attracted at the same time. "I have no response to that," I thought to myself glumly. Here was a man who clearly knew how to rock my world. Having nothing to lose save every last shred of dignity and self-respect I owned, I did as I was bidden.

Well, diary, not even you need to know what happened after that. The very next day I hied my now tingley little bottom down to A Brother's Touch Dirty Magazine Shop and Lube Supply Warehouse where I stocked up on man-toys and vowed never again to allow a boy inside of me, er, my home I mean. Who needs flesh when paper and rubber are safer, cheaper, and easier to come on...by?

Queer Diary:

Back to Lyfe. Back to Realness. Yellow is the color of fried eggs. I just had brunch with the Club Kids at a local eatery known for its fabulous muffins, stud and otherwise. Timmer had a Bloody Mary, extra blood; diet fruit plate, no fruit; everything omlette, no everything; "And a water back God damn it!" Michael had a mint julep, a hot cocoa, and a side order of oat bran wheat germ stone ground brown rice alfalfa barley tincture of kelp super colon blow pancakes. How does the divine Ms. M maintain that peaky, gaunt look, that radiant alabaster skin, even in the summertime? One of them had had an adventure in the High Street the previous night, which would account for one of their foul, egregious moods, but they wouldn't say which one had done the deed. Closing ranks on me, eh? Well I soon enough forgot about that when they threatened me with that infamous Seahag of the Night, Aunt Epiphany. As it turns out she has discovered this new beauty treatment called gravitational therapy. According to the boys she spends every possible waking minute upside down hoping to provoke a reverse facial landslide. I'd pay a dollar to see that. And speaking of the dear old cowbag, she's been avoiding me more assiduously than usual these days. I mean the woman never misses an opportunity to insult me publicly but, hapless mooncalf that she is, I know she's up to sumthin' nasty. The infirmity of her years is upon her now so she behaves like Miss Daisy with a crack pipe. "Jealous!" I used to say to her. "You're impaled on it. You're embroidered with it. It makes you mean and ugly." Well, she was already ugly, but why persecute me for being beautiful? I guess we always hurt the ones we love. Why do I suddenly feel like Ali McGraw? And why has that crotchety aunt of mine been so concerned about dairy products lately?



Queer Diary:

I've actually had a date. And I don't mean a dry, rubbery, wizened old piece of fruit either. I promise, not a word about Epiphany today. He's a barman from a local cafe whose name I cannot tell you -- Chuck -- because I don't wish to embarrass him unduly. Although, on second thought, he's been around long enough I'm sure he's had his due by now. He took me to the Monty Carlo Bar. I was humping the parking meters all the way there I've been so horny. Discreetly of course. I couldn't have him thinking I was that kind of girl. Nothing, let me tell you, is tastier on a heavy flow night than a good, thick slab of meat. "And don't cook it. I want it stanky," I told them. We exchanged some pleasant suppertime patter, none of which is worth documenting here, and then it was time for dessert. I felt too bloated and distended to stomach a sweet from the menu, but having packed my gaping maw with my own meat I was ready to take on his.

What a lovely home he has too. All big and woody and things. Woody, that is, as in floors, hard. Original 40s lino in the kitchen. Heavy Miss Emily velvet draperies. And the biggest bed this side of a FantaSuite. Which, as it turned out, his bedroom was definitely not. In all fairness I should say that it wasn't entirely his fault. And he certainly isn't an unattractive man, all smooth and taut and pert as he is. Dammit all to pieces though, this is where my dates invariably go off the deep end. Round the bend. Over the top. I must have been truly evil in a past life. deSade maybe. A Spanish Inquisitioner. Jack the Ripper. Betty Grable. I don't know. First of all his pet potbelly pig, Patty, was tapdancing and pirouetting around all night on those pfabulous pfloors. Have you ever tried to make love to the unmeasured prancing of a diminutive, cloven hooved, pork roasted satyr? It isn't pretty. Then comes the hydrating lotion and the massaging. This, I thought, could be a good thing. At least the sheets weren't satin so he didn't shoot off the bed like a sausage into the fire. Evidently it was a little too good. He was out cold by the time I had finished kneading his charming buttocks. So, a tepid end to a tepid evening. That's all right though, I'm trying to cut down on my red meat intake anyway. And besides, cum on a full stomach can be a powerful emetic.

To be continued...

DEMURE BUTCHNESS' TOP 20 MEN OF MINNESOTA

So I'm fickle. Twelve of the top twenty men this month are brand new, never before listed, fresh meat. I just got through my horny summer and decided it was time for a change. So I swept out the old and what follows is the listing of the twenty sexiest, hunkiest, charmingest, deliciousest, gorgeousest, funkiest men this humble state has to offer. And believe me, it was hard to narrow it down to twenty. We have the cutest Norwegian/Scandinavian influenced men ever. Certainly better than all those so-so boys of Chicago.

Our former #1 hot man, Pablo, has been retired off the list to the DEMURE BUTCHNESS HALL OF FAME. He was at the top of the list for too long (Plus his girlfriend was getting jealous. Yes, girlfriend...).

☺☺ means it is the first time on the list.

So turn the page and see if you or anyone you know is hot right now...



DEMURE BUTCHNESS' TOP

<u>RANK</u>	<u>SEX SYMBOL</u>	<u>LAST RANK</u>	<u>WEEKS ON CHART</u>
1.	The Boys of Pizza Luce They're so gay in those short shorts. The black one and the blonde one are so cute and then there's the one with the tattoos. Mama Mia!	☺	☺
2.	Chris Turner This YMCA gym queen/RSVP model/Unicorn actor is in all of my friends' wet dreams. And he always has to wear those tight shirts. Schwimg!	☺	☺
3.	Garland Withers The first man I fell in love with when I moved to Mpls. is back bouncing at the Saloon. Ask him about ice cream and leather...	☺	☺
4.	Patrick Scully This artist/sexual dynamo has more versatile hair than I do. And if you've seen his basement...	18	20
5.	John Schultz Someday my prince will come (all over my back)	8	40
6.	James Wagoner I'd like to make a late night deposit at his bank teller window	☺	☺
7.	David Howe Facial hair or not, this long-haired troublemaker is hot! Why weren't we ever lovers?	7	68
8.	Jerikk Todd Even though he's fanatical about Marilyn Monroe, he's still the cutest musical theatre diva I know. Why weren't he and I AND his hot partner ever lovers?	9	60
9.	Mark Swanson He's so well preserved for his age. And he's one of the only natural blondes I know!	☺	☺
10.	Kent Malone Another YMCA gym queen. This one's got a mischievous smile though and the most blatant pick-up act I've ever seen.	☺	☺

20 MEN OF MINNESOTA

<u>RANK</u>	<u>SEX SYMBOL</u>	<u>LAST RANK</u>	<u>WEEKS ON CHART</u>
11.	Christopher Krabbenhoft Better to have lost in love than never to have loved at all...	14	66
12.	Alexander Roth A blonde bombshell with the body of a greek god.	☺	☺
13.	Marcus Young This boy knows the value of Saran wrap and Stephen Sondheim.	☺	☺
14.	David Lindeman Our very own queer Mr. Clean proves that bald can truly be better!	☺	☺
15.	Peter Rothstein Now that he's a big time theatre fag, he is classier than ever. Yeah right, he's still a Dayton's clothes fag!	15	20
16.	Michael Macalester He seems so shy at first but...	☺	☺
17.	Satyahari Get into a three-way with this hunky zine editor and his boyfriend. You won't regret it!	☺	☺
18.	David Fischer He won't be naughty in some ways but this BIG boy is a great all-night lollipop.	☺	☺
19.	Steve Haugan It was fun while it lasted. If you get a chance, sample that prize winning body AND dick (which rarely seem to go together. Most body builders have wee willys.)	10	20
20.	Dr. Greg Dahl So how come he hasn't asked me out since breaking up with Brian? I've been sitting by the phone waiting.	6	55

Queer Quiz 2

Life imitates art. I've always known DEMURE BUTCHNESS was way ahead of its time. I knew that archaeologists would someday unearth lost issues and learn everything they need to know about gay culture in the late 20th Century. But little did I know that we would be imitated so quickly. Back in Issue #1, we did a Queer Quiz, a simple but very effective way to test how fey you really are (remember Natalie from *Facts Of Life?*). Now I open a recent issue of Genre and 10% Review and lo and behold...a Queer Quiz. Well, ours was better. Nyah, nyah! Here's part two.

1. When swimming you prefer to wear:

- a) A Speedo ball hugger
- b) Jams boxer trunks
- c) Denim cut-offs
- d) A turn of the century full wool bathing suit
- e) Wear?

a-1 point (Conformist!) b-0 points (Whatsamatter? Ain't ya got no dick?) c-2 points (Oh daddy, you're so butch!) d-10 points (Don't you wish you lived in the film *Maurice* too?) e-20 points (invite me with next time)

2. What do you do when faced with using a public lavatory?

- a) Hold it until you can return home
- b) Find a discreet shrubbery
- c) Only if it has been sanitized by fire
- d) You never set foot out of doors without a Depends
- e) You can *urate* in a public bathroom too?

a-1 point (Offer the discomfort up to Jesus.) b-0 points (Shrubbery is to be used only for weaponry) c-1 point (Where's an eight year old Drew Barrymore when you need her?) d-10 points (you kinky little bastard) e-20 points (but only if you cross streams with someone else.)

3. Cookware should be:

- a) Cooked in
- b) Easy to use, clean, and store
- c) Designed with storage of leftovers in mind
- d) Usable directly from fridge to stovetop
- e) Pretty

a-0 points b-0 points c-0 points d-0 points e-20 points (Love me, leave me but don't take the fucking Fiesta Ware!)

4. As a child you were most like which *Gilligan's Island* character?

- a) Skipper
- b) Ginger
- c) Professor
- d) Mrs. Howell
- e) Gilligan

Before you answer we will remind you the question is who were you *most like*, not who did you *most want to be*.

a-1 point (Trolls are born, not made) b-5 points (Drag queens are made, not born) c-0 points (Do you belong to the Gay Star Trek Club too?) d-10 points (Quentin Crisp is a god!) e-20 points (Did you take it up the ass as a child too?)

5. You wish your mother were more like:

- a) Hilary R. Clinton
- b) Julia Child
- c) Tina Turner
- d) June Cleaver
- e) Morticia Addams

a-1 points (your mother was bossy enough already) b-5 points (Fuck the cooking abilities. I like her voice.) c-10 points (But only if she stalks around the house growling "Who rules Barter Town?") d-0 points (Naaah, the joke is too obvious) e-20 points (If only someone in my family had that hair and wardrobe)

SCORING (not that kind of scoring. Get your mind up into the gutter!)

0-20 points

Are you sure you're a fag? Do you like to hang out at Mall Of America? Do you watch Jeff Stryker's bisexual pump flix? Do you still respect Bill Clinton? Did you go see Cliffhanger last Summer? Full price? With a date? Get some therapy honey. You are a closet hetero. Sorry.

20-40 points

Grow up in a small town? Only look at gay life through stroke books? Always put "straight acting/appearing" in your personals ads? Won't suck dick? Still haven't gotten over that very last girlfriend? From high school? And the Prom? Get some therapy honey. You are a closet bisexual. Sorry.

40-60 points

Afraid to read Equal Time on the bus? Have one ear pierced but only wear that pink triangle earring out to the bars? Only get dates in the bars? After four cocktails? Long Island Iced Tea? Tall? Get some therapy honey. You are a closet homo-homophobe. Sorry.

60-80 points

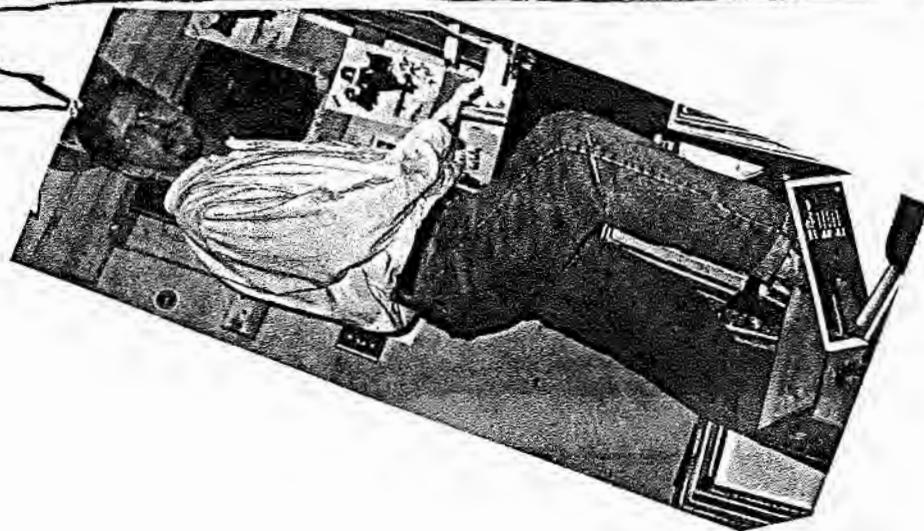
Give regularly to gay organizations? Have an Act-Up bumper sticker on your car? Own at least 3 Don't Panic T-shirts? Own the complete works of Jimmy Somerville or Morrissey? Told all your relatives and your priest that you're gay? Go to a gay church? Every week without fail? Sing in the choir? Get some therapy honey. You are too damn trendy. Sorry.

80-100 points

You are my Mr. Right! Where have you been hiding all my life. Quick, write me a note and we'll plan our domestic union. Gosh, this is better than the personal ads. Are you double jointed?

John Schultz Speaks!

You know, ever since Timmer wrote that love poem to me in DB #3, people have been asking me why I won't go out on a date with him. "Don't you think he's cute and interesting and cuddly?" they ask. The answer is of course I do! Timmer is simply adorable. But I have this slight problem you see. I don't date anyone. It's not that I don't find Timmer or other boys attractive. There have been countless nights that I have been in the D.J. booth at the Saloon, longing for some pretty young thang on the dance floor. Oh so many times I've come this close to asking out some pretty boy as he buys Marc Almond's Greatest Hits at the record store. You see, it's not that I don't want to boink away to my heart's content, it's that I can't. I'm not allowed to. The manager at the Saloon won't let me date anyone. I shouldn't really be telling this dark secret but they make all Saloon employees sign a special clause in their contract saying they can't date anyone. (Bear being the exception to the rule; his contract says he has to sleep with everyone). This may sound like an outrageous invasion of privacy to you but we can't risk the chance that an employee will break up with someone who will then badmouth the bar. We've got too regular a clientele to have everything spoiled by a bad reputation. Can you imagine Boy's Night Out with only chicken hawks and no boys? So I must remain chaste as long as I work at the Saloon. Of course, when I go out of town, I make up for lost time. They don't call me the International Slutpuppy for nothing. It's been said that I'm the reason why Clinton did not lift the ban on gays in the military (especially after I did that entire Marine Base in Hawaii...). So there you have it. I'm not being rude or stuck-up or picky. I'm just contractually not allowed to boink whenever I want to. My job is just too important! You understand that don't you? Now, please don't ask me further about this. I'll have to deny ever writing this!



Miss Tanqueray Lavoris

*the soul of a fifty year old black woman
trapped in the body of a poor white boy*

Dear Miss Epiphany,

Trade is at it again, PiE. Making Miss Tanqueray feel like Dwelma Divine one minute and then stealing her heart and her porcelain collectibles the next. And it ain't just me that's having a time of it neither.

Keesha DuPree (whom we all call Miss P. for reasons best left to ourselves) had to dismiss her trade Dante. See, Keesha met Dante at a Tonk party last summer. When Miss P's eyes met Dante's basket it was love at first SIGH, baby. They's somethin' about them caramel colored Black mens that is proof of Jesus Christ in Heaven. When they smile at you with those perfect white teeth (overbites need NOT apply) you just can't help but let a little drool fall off the corner of your mouth.

And forget about dick size, Honey, because what any chocolate fanatic like Keesha or Miss Tank will tell you is that its that smooth chest and thighs that make it fun to play groundhog and go burrowing.

So Dante was leaning against a speaker, sipping a Colt 45 like she was at high tea. She was resplendent in a royal blue Nike jogging suit and green and black Air Jordans. Now none of the girls was paying too much attention to Trade cuz there was about 3 hundred bucks on the table and Miss Michelle had just thrown in a gold-plated press-on nail, which we all know she spent many a night at the Greyhound station earning the money to buy.

So Miss P. folded cuz Sister Girlfriend knew rent was due, and things was so slow at the tanning shop. Miss P. stood up and THERE. IT. WAS.

Trade, Honey.

Girl there is no sight in this world sweeter than Trade with its sails unfurled, flags flapping in the wind, singing out, "Take me home!"

And it was time to board the SS Dante, children.

Dante asked Miss P. if she would help him earn his citizenship merit badge. "Oh baby I got just the project for you." Miss P. decided to cut her losses at the Tonk table and head for home. She grabbed a handful of Chex party mix to fortify herself for the long ride ahead. On the way out to the car, Miss P. noticed Dante was quite excited also. He kept licking his lips and checking himself (making sure it was still there, I guess).

Then some vulgar thing happened, which we won't go into here and Keesha gave Dante a little tip for his trouble.

Well fast forward to last week children. Miss P. was driving around (cruising) and saw Dante walking home from school with some (real) girlfriends. Miss P. closed in on her prey, like a shark on an otter, and saw Dante's backpack had the name of his school stenciled on it: a junior high! And sister girlfriend it turns out this boy is only fourteen years old. Oh girl Miss P. aged twenty years in the front seat of that Buick cuz Dante told her he was 19.

And Honey there is no ensemble that a lush n' lovely like Keesha Dupree looks her worst on than a blaze orange jumpsuit they give you in jail.

But things ain't no better on this side of the stall, I assure you, Pif. Last weekend started out fantastic what with all the tips I made. Oh the sisters were lining up to get their bouffants tightened on their way to see Her High Holiness the Pope in Denver. Tank went out to celebrate in that grand way she does and went to meet her harem at a local worship center.

And who is standing out front of Church but some lovely new Trade. He approaches me and gives me the kind of come-on you can only get from one schooled in the sweaty arts of boy-love: "Hey man I need 40 bucks to make my rent by tomorrow and I'd do just about anything right now to get it."

Let me set the stage for you, Pif. This boy looks like he stepped right out of 120 Minutes which I have only fond memories of since those bastards at Cox-sucker Cable shut out my service. But I tell you this boy is a rhapsody in blue shredded denim shorts and an unbuttoned navy flannel shirt. A rebel flag handkerchief flows elegantly from his back pocket and when he looks at me with his one good eye I am one smitten whore. I tell you there's black skid marks in front of the Run bar tonight because I grab that boy by his musky flannel and drag him back to my 1989 steel gray 2 door Ford Escort so fast his little Doc Martens can not even keep up.

Once inside my car and away from prying eyes I ask him his name. "Frank", he says. "Well, actually I like JJ cuz that's my nickname. But my friends call me Frank." Now I can tell the boy was having an identity crisis so I decide not to confuse him further by asking him how old he is. Let's just say I don't think he is shaving on a regular basis yet.

So now we have to do this little dance you do with hustlers when they're trying to figure out in those little brains of theirs whether or not you're a cop: "What do you like to do?" "Lots of stuff. What do you like to do?" "Same."

Pure poetry. Like having a date with Lord Fucking Byron himself.

Then he pulls this line on me: "Look, you're real nice and all" --did I mention he had a Southern accent?-- "but I've only done this a couple times and I'm real nervous." And the question that immediately pops into my mind as we're driving at full throttle back to Chez Tank is just how much is your very unprofessional case of jitters gonna cost me for a blowjob Mister Dan Cortese lookalike?

But I maintain my very patrician demeanor which I have been cultivating since I decided this encounter must not be very far from what my patron saint Tennessee Williams must have gone through every time he made a new boyfriend.

I just turn to him and in my most calming voice say "I ain't gonna hurt you Keanu so why don't you just spread your legs out a little and let me cop a feel off your basket." And he up and says "Why don't we turn around and go back to the Run. I've never been in this part of town before and I want to go back."

Oh Jesus God in Heaven have I got a live one here I'm thinking. But I say OK because even though this boy passed my preliminary weapons inspection you never know just what or when or how in terms of Trade's survival tactics. And I'm not going to end up with my high school graduation photo printed below the fold on page twelve under the caption "Missing Hair Stylist Sought: Coworkers Say Poor Tint Job May Have Been Motive".

So now we're headed back to the bar and I am sure there is some lesson to be learned from all this but I will be damned if I can tell you what it is when I detect a rising tide of tension coming from the passenger seat. "Look Baby I ain't gonna do nothing to you except take you home so just relax for God's sake or you'll give me gray hairs." And he just sits there til he sees a street he recognizes and he gets all cocky again: "Say man can you give me some money for a pack of smokes?" Of course he's not gonna let me off free; they never do. "What do cigarettes cost?" I honestly do not know. "If you've got a five that'd be fine."

And then I realize I have been had, and not in a good way neither.

"Oh Baby is this how you earn your rent money? Playing the tease to suckers like me who gladly part with their cash just to get your sweaty carcass out of their car so they can get on to get it off with younger better looking stupider Trade than you?"

"It's not like that at all," he says, "it's just that it's dark and I don't know you at all." And I say, "But Baby you're a hustler; you don't know anybody you sleep with." Which lemme tell you was the wrong thing to say.

"I. am. NOT. a. HUSTLER!"

And I am thinking to myself Dear Jesus just start digging that shallow grave now because I am going to be resting my head for a long summer's nap any time now.

In the movie of my life there will be tears of rage in the young man's eyes as he screams these words but in truth he stared straight ahead and merely raised his voice rather than show emotion. He'd never pass the screen test to play his own part.

So I give him a five dollar bill and shake his hand and say "Take care of yourself" when we reach the bar and he gets out of the car.

It's still early and my night for all intents and purpose is over. I resolve as I do after every one of these encounters to begin a life of celibacy immediately and use all the money I would have spent on Trade towards a gym membership so I can reclaim my seat in the Thirty-Two Inch Waist Club.

And here is where our heroine drives off to watch StarStruck: Deep Throat Nine Inches. That Avery Brooks just makes my juices flow so that I got my own roux cookin up every time that shows over. An lemme tell you that Avery is one man that would know how to treat another man, unlike some people we know.

By the way Pif I was intrigued by what you told me about the dear departed Lady Miss Jill at our last meeting. I look forward to you elucidating further on this issue. I shall wait with minted breath.

Swallowing but never inhaling,

Teak

MY SEXUAL FANTASY WITH JOHN KILLACKY-part two

He keeps his clothes on in public
(I know, it's just a fantasy)



CLUB KIDS

The **Club Kids** have had a busy coupla months cruisin' and schmoozin' from dis house to dat house rockin' the boat wherever the delicate treads of our dainty Keds did roam. But instead of sendin' y'all into apoplectic spasms of jealousy over the many fine, no fo-ine, boyz we've partied with, and the Good Lawd *knows* there have been plenty, we thought it might be more educational for you and more fun for us to give a little lesson on some of our fave rave music. And after all, what is more important than *our* fun and satisfaction?

One of the most important ingredients to a super-successful party or club, nudge-nudge, is whatcha choose to groove to and we knows what goes for your toes. First, hire **John Shultz** to spin the wax at your saturnalia. He is absofuckinglutely the best DJ the **Club Kids** have ever heard in their young impressionable lives, and the cutest we've seen. Okay, so if you're pockets aren't that deep or if John is busy workin' it somewhere else, which he usually is, we suggest you play your own damn muzik, as long as it includes the following, for a fabulous, foolproof, funkadelic shindig. Only one more thing, and we cannot stress this point too strongly. Don't try to *be* Mistress Shultz because you aren't! If you want to dance at the **Saloon** or **Rogaine's Queer Night** then go there. If you want to mix your own traxx, knock yourselves out, but be yourselves. So what are you waiting for? Cut a rug, thug.

Thang Number 1 Play the **B-52's**. These are the original dance party demons and everybody's favorite tacky little underdoggie band. They are the grandparents of rumpshaking, the epitome of good times. And remember, their world doesn't begin and end at the Love Shack. **Club Kids** highly recommend the self-titled 1979 debut album in its entirety. From the opening chords of *Planet Claire* to the closing wails of a B-witching cover of *Downtown*, this is the classic party album ever. Period. And their Party Mix album is the best remix album of all time. Semicolon.

Thang Number 2 **New Order** is always a good choice. One potentially spurious anecdote says that **Andy Warhol** was once infatuated with their hit *Blue Monday* and had a 45 minute remix of the song specially made for him. This he had recorded on both sides of a tape and would play the one lonely song endlessly at Factory parties. Although we don't require this manic level of devotion, Substance will always coax the bashful hoofers at your house party out onto the floor.

Thing Number 3 If you've got a truly artsy-faggy sock hop going, throw down **Grace Jones' Nightclubbing**. *Walking In The Rain*, *Pull Up To The Bumper*, and *Demolition Man* are certain to inflame the anima of even the most stoic partygoer, inciting as it does, in those old enough to remember, memories of the heady, pre-x, popper, cum, and smoke laden dance dives of the early 80s. If there is even one lethargic ass in the house with Grace's over the top growling and jacked up do, and you, our dear host, are the only one old enough to remember a decade ago, then you are a lecher of the highest order. You'd better shave your legs and get down off your pedophile 'cause you ain't gettin' any younger. And if you've got a truly, madly, deeply artsy-faggy group gathered, pop on **Malcolm McClaren's Fans**. Classic Opera meets dance music. It doesn't get any better than this.

Thing Number 4 Although we insist that you stay well away from the latest club hits, definitely do play an assortment of booty bustin' tunage from good ole stand-bys like: **Deee-Lite**. Nobody but nobody makes the world click like **World Clique**. Groove is in the Heart, and it will be in yer pants too with these international icons in the house...**Baby Ford**, the often forgotten dowdy doyen of the late 80s acid house, rave-o-matic set, can truly rock your world with clubby faves like *Children of the Revolution*, *Beach Bump*, and *Let's Talk it Over off The World of Baby Ford*...**Boy oh Boy George**, everyones' favorite resurrected pop manqué, should never be overlooked at any fagalicious party. **The Marter Mantras**, especially the simply too too *Generations of Love*, can make us all wet for a set we won't regret... And by all means don't forget **The Beloved**. Fronted by the totally humpy John Marsh, this British gang bang made a ma-jah notch in our lipstick cases a few years back with the fagulous *Hello*, *Your Love Takes Me Higher*, and *Scarlet Beautiful*, to name only a few of the top tracks from their first and best disc, **Happiness**... Those timeless Bohemian fag rockers **Book of Love** must always grace any gig you give. From the stylin' and oh so influential *Boy* straight, so to speak, through to *Boy Pop*, these non-stop rock lobsters garner laurels not only for dance-bug-up-your-butt disco but also for the fullest, poutiest lips in the industry... And who could have survived the 80s without **Dead or Alive**. The man who single-handedly gave spandex and pin curls a bad name, **Pete Burns** does a better **Cher** than Cher. From the early *Misty Circles* and *That's the Way (I Like It)*, to *You Spin Me Round*, to *Come Home With Me Baby*, the music is as pert and undulous as Pete's buns. Vivacious vixens everywhere will thank you for including these alabaster boys whose discs are all worth playing anytime... If you are lucky enough to find it, usually at used vinyl shops, subject your guests to **Mrs. Miller**. This dotty chanteuse is a 60s camp classic whose tuneless staccato renderings of *Downtown*, *Hard Days Night*, and *These Boots are Made for Walkin'* will have at the very least the hippest hopsters twinkle-toeing 'round like a record. Clumsy two-steppers fear not: If you can't keep up with the beat neither can she. Forget the lyrics? Just mumble over them and no one will be the wiser. Apopos for any festive occasion. Guaranteed.

Thang Number 5 All right, listen way up, all you dégageé dick suckers. The **Club Kids** have tried to give you, our gorgeous darlings, some guidance for queenious, fagulous, **Martha Stewartless** partying. Remember we cannot be at every soiree at the same time. You'll have to take some responsibility for your own fabulousness. Faux Pas records. These are to be avoided under pain of death. The death of your party at least, if not you as well. Please do not play these tired old things and invite **Club Kids** to your place on the same night. **Black Box**. RuPaul does it better. **C&C Music Factory**. Gonna make you stop. Dancing that is. **Mariah Carey**. She's not called Pariah Scarey for nothin'. **Whitney Houston**. We get so emetical. That wailing diva syndrome is so tired. Let's hope it goes the way of grunge soon.

Well, our little pups, our diminutive daisies, our social scions, we must let you go now. For if you truly love something you will set it free. And you know how much we love all of you. Now that you know how, there's nothing to it but to do it. Have a party. Have two, they're small. If you're playing some or all of the above musical selections we'll guarantee an affirmative R.S.V.P., because, as you all know, **Club Kids** are the ne plus ultra party guests, spending all of our time and yours on the dance floor instead of huddled around the cheese whiz and fingos buffet. Besides, we're cheap dates. Love us. Kiss, kiss.



Drag Queen Confidential

PLEASE NOTE: TIMMER TAKES ABSOLUTELY NO RESPONSIBILITY FOR WRITING THIS. THE TOTALLY HUSH-HUSH IDENTITY OF THIS CRITIC IS A CLOSELY GUARDED SECRET AT PRICE WATERHOUSE. IT'S JUST SAFER THAT WAY...

Ever since we published that little ole drag hag review in *Demure Butchness #1*, the effusive praise, the gratuitous gift giving, the happy correspondence has been without end. Of course, there is still that price on our heads. These drag demons makes Salman Rushdie's life seem like a jaunt through a verdant forest singing zippedy-fucking-do-da. And so it is that now, much against our better judgement, we have decided to take life and limb in hand and publish a second studied critique of our local dick-tuckers.

Only this time, dear readers, we've devised an even more trumped up survey. There is, we reasoned, sooo much truly expansive talent out there that it simply would not be fair to limit ourselves to the Casablanca Show Lounge, so we're including both the Minneapolis *and* St. Paul DQs. Plus, oh yes there's more, we're awarding a point system. Queens will receive points for their music, lip-sync, wardrobe, stage presence, and general...performance. We have to admit that it is a somewhat stilted point scale, being totally arbitrary and all. Then again, all is fair in drag and war.

Not much has changed in the Casablanca Lounge upstairs at the Gay 90s in the nearly two years since we last sallied forth to sully some reputations. Not that most of them couldn't have done with a touch of tarn-x already. And speaking of tarnish, our very own ticky-tacky, Vegas style showroom still packs in the local debs and celebs like nobodys business. Why within five minutes of our arrival who should amble in but the former madcap host of Channel Nine's Club FiV and current auto show spokesperson, Frank Maciel. Gee, we wonder, whatever happened to that L.A. thang, Frank? Well, you know what they say. if you can make it here, you'll fail everywhere else.

And then there's Club Metro. Or should we say Club Retro? If 1985 was your favorite year and you want to relive it again and again and again, Metro is the gay bowling alley...err Club for you! Vogue and Push It are eternally still on the charts, acid wash is still a fashion choice, and the real breasts outnumber the artificial ones. On our recent visit, however, we had a tingly encounter with Walker performance art curator, John Killacky, who, in a very rare fit of bashfulness, kept his clothing on. Unhappily, not all of the queens were so modest. The names have not been changed to protect the innocent because there are no innocents in the drag world. They have only been alphabetized.

*Remember: There's no such thing as bad publicity,
only bad performances!*

Hey girls: Don't get mad. Get even!

And most importantly: We love you all!

*To all the queens we missed for this review:
Don't fret! We'll rip you to shreds soon!*

Kendra Blake: 1993 will no doubt be remembered as the year of Kendra. One of the few queens we saw at both the 90s and Club Metro, she also has the dubious honor of being the only goil we saw sporting real tits. You go girl! Boy! Girl! Whatever. Although on that first night she looked sort of like Tammy Faye Baker with Taylor Dane's hair and Joel Grey's lips, she later redeemed herself by coming on strong as a pretreatment Drew Barrymore. The next night we viewed her, she was a dead ringer for Piper Laurie's younger, sluttier sister. Such a chameleon! Too bad the same can't be said for her musical choices. Kendra, honey, you're white. Very, very white. We love Eartha Kitt and Tina Turner but from your lips, well, raid your tape collection again. And another thing, white girls can't dance. Her steps, such as they were, in combination with a dreadful fakeskin-snakeskin pant suit reminded us of nothing more than a serpent in the process of shedding. **MUSIC 9 points LIP-SYNC 7 points APPEARANCE 9 points STAGE PRESENCE 7 points PERFORMANCE 7 points TOTAL: 39**

Tiffany Cartier: Flawedness, flawlessness is hers! Go tell it on the mountain. The old guard queens are dead. This histrionic whirling dervish among faux femmes has rocked our world in the best way. She is an avatar channeling Janice Joplin through the body of Edie Brickell with the kinky yet elegant moves of a frenetic Natalie Merchant. Glamour grunge is not dead and this girl knows how to make it her own. If it is possible to wail while lip-syncing Tiffany does it. She can even pop the veins in her forehead on a good night. We witnessed her belt out What's Going On? so furiously that even Four Non-Blondes themselves would have cause to pause. Hair so real we had to ask does she or doesn't she? And a henna rinse Julia Brown would kill for. Ask for her by name. Tiffany is one hot bitch. Nuff said. **MUSIC 20 points LIP-SYNC 20 points APPEARANCE 20 points STAGE PRESENCE 20 points PERFORMANCE 20 points TOTAL: 100**

Monique Champagne: Newsflash! We've discovered the missing member of the Jets! Kidding. As the Burl Ives of the drag world Miss Monique simply cannot resist a ballad. Too bad. We've now seen her belt out several of them, the least appealing of which was the tired-before-it-was-released Whitney Houston cover of *I Will Always Love Shoes*. Yuk. Poor taste in music aside, MC is in all other respects a fierce dee-vuh, as brilliant and effervescent as Edie Gorme ever was in her prime. And with that Darth Vader helmet hair the two of them bear an eerie resemblance to each other. If Edie had been laid to rest in the 60s that is. Miss Thing can emote like Nora Desmond. Her precise, minimal performance style--no drag hands or restless shuffling as an excuse for not being able to dance--only made her to-the-syllable-perfect lip-sync that much more fabulous. And good posture to boot. What more do you want in a traditional drag queen? **MUSIC 1 point LIP-SYNC 20 points APPEARANCE 15 points STAGE PRESENCE 20 points PERFORMANCE 17 points TOTAL: 73**

Morgan Chancellor: What a vision! But from who's bad trip we're not altogether certain. We must give her bonus points for doing the original Dolly Parton *I Will Always Love You*, a daring choice but luckily Monique didn't scratch her eyes out. But this is Dolly before dexatrim. As the country goddess herself has said, "the higher the hair, the closer to God." This philosophy Morgan has taken to her heart and to her head. Especially her head. Her lip-sync was lousy and the poor thing was concentrating so hard on not tipping over in that too-tight-for-her-might, 19th Century, mint julep sipping, frilly ass cocktail dress that she definitely had Excedrin written all over her cherubic face. And you know, to see her wiggle and scoot down the runway really does look like two pigs fightin' under a blanket. **MUSIC 10 points LIP-SYNC 2 points APPEARANCE 6 points STAGE PRESENCE 5 points PERFORMANCE 6 points TOTAL: 29 points**

Camille Collins: The Twin Cities own Catwoman, or should we say Cat in the Hat woman, and newly crowned Ms. Club Metro gets our vote for Queen with the best equilibrium. Teetering around on the stilts she favors, and at the frenzied pace she can maintain, we're surprised not to have seen a few faceplants. She is Siamese if you please. Tall and spindly with sharp corners, Ms. Collins' stage presence is an eclectic combination of young Eartha Kitt and old Ethel Merman. Camille is living proof that there really is no business like show business. Fans of the 1980 Dino de Laurentis fiasco Flash Gordon will appreciate her sleek, bugle beaded gowns and slightly salacious temperament. *Time and Tide* was, of course, an inspired selection, and Basia could not have lip-synced better herself. Looking like a bust of Nefertiti with the girliest non-padded hips in the house, CC gets the award for most improvement from her very humble beginnings (remember her disastrous *Dance 10 Looks 3?* Eeek!) **MUSIC 15 points LIP-SYNC 20 points APPEARANCE 15 points STAGE PRESENCE 6 points PERFORMANCE 12 points TOTAL: 68**

Betty Cooper: Annie Lennox is always a good choice, but Sweet Dreams (are made of this) made our little hearts go pitter-pat as few other songs do. Not being vicious people, we did want to say something nice first. Evidently Betty has not yet enrolled in Female Impersonation 101. If she had she would have learned that the cardinal rule of being a drag queen is to at least attempt to look like a woman (hag drag aside). Betty looks like a boy. In fact, her crayon-applied make-up made her look like dime store Duran Duran trade. Establishing a stage presence, also important in a successful drag performance, requires using the stage. This Betty did for about 10 seconds, then leapt off the stage and worked the dark room for the rest of the number. Swaggering around glaring at patrons like some mad, dyspeptic dominatrix, and brandishing a cigarette holder which looked to us like a penile implant, are not the moves of choice. Now, we do not wish to judge Betty uncharitably, but as the old gag goes: How do you get to Carnegie Hall? Practice, practice, practice! **MUSIC 20 points LIP-SYNC 3 points APPEARANCE 0 points STAGE PRESENCE 3 points PERFORMANCE 2 points TOTAL: 28**

Felicia Fontaine: Looking like a leftover dowager from Dynasty, Miss Fontaine found her way onto both the 90s and Metro stages. Her gown was certainly bright enough--sequins never really do go out of style--and happily it did all of the sparkling that she didn't. The dame Joan Sutherland demeanor and sparse, rigid choreography couldn't possibly hope to give that dress its due. We looked for the dance lesson foot markers but they were well concealed. Her musical selections are fabulous. Mostly old school show stoppers like *Big Spender*; an ironic choice for the Casablanca Show Lounge. If only Felicia could work with her music and her clothes instead of letting them do the work for her. **MUSIC 10 points LIP-SYNC 14 points APPEARANCE 8 points STAGE PRESENCE 0 points PERFORMANCE 6 points TOTAL: 38**

Lady Lubricant: Lubricant? Oh yes she can! We're still moist from watching this divinely inspired mix of Betty Boo, Annie Lennox, and Liquid Drano. She is the TC's own Karen Finley. Lipping a variety of touch my clit discobscenity songs and strutting around like some slinking, slithering succubus, Miss Lube is Madame Flashpants in a masturbatory melee. Not so much working a room as working it over, the less than demure Lady L is one performer you will not soon forget. This is especially true if she gets her overreaching clutches on you, as recently befell this zine's own distinguished editor, Timmer, who had the misfortune of trying to tip her eminent Lubeness. Five minutes and fifteen stitches later, Mister T is singing falsetto and recuperating uncomfortably in Our Lady of the Terminally Tumescient Hospice. Her excitable stage presence notwithstanding -- AT LEAST SHE HAS ONE -- Lady Lubejob is one of the most electric, eclectic, totally fabulous performers Metro or any club has to offer. **MUSIC 20 points LIP-SYNC 20 points APPEARANCE 20 points STAGE PRESENCE 20 points PERFORMANCE 20 points TOTAL:100**

Roxy Marquis: Okay, Roxie has moxie. The one (thank you Jesus!) Madonna throwback of the drag set certainly doesn't want for lack of enthusiasm or self-confidence, but my word, we hadn't been aware that they were doing drag shows in Somalia. And how apropos of her emaciated look that Ms. Marquis should choose *Fever* as her number since she seems to have quite recently recovered from a rather severe one herself. Now if Madonna had been a member of the Addams Family she'd have something. That wiry, frolicsome body is not without its uses though, and she lithely and blithely works it for what it's worth. She slinks and rolls over the floor more smoothly and efficiently than your grandma's Bissell. **MUSIC 4 points LIP-SYNC 11 points APPEARANCE 1 point STAGE PRESENCE 5 points PERFORMANCE 6 points TOTAL: 27 points**

Lady Michelle: This rather emphatic queen stormed onto the stage singing Proud Mary: Bonus points. It would have been more exciting if she would have hired some ersatz Ike to beat the piss out of her right there on stage. Well, no one said drag had to be in good taste. Affix Mick Jagger's lips onto Michael Stipe's hips and you can imagine Lady Michelle. As slippery and fluid as water, Miss M also exhibited the wetter element's propensity for overflowing its accustomed boundaries and deluging anything in its path. It's a wonder she doesn't need a chiroprapist by now. Her tall, willowy, shapeless body complimented the choreography but not the hapless dress which was left clinging to what should have been a curvaceous behind. Padding may be out at the Miss America pageant but it's perfectly acceptable at a drag show. Though our hearts do go out to her in this one respect: It must have been a bitch not having any Jeri curl relaxer handy. Glamour = suffering. **MUSIC 15 points LIP-SYNC 10 points APPEARANCE 3 points STAGE PRESENCE 4 points PERFORMANCE 8 points TOTAL: 40**

Misha Monroe: This chick is Strictly Ballgown if ever a queen has been. The taffeta. It wrinkles so easily. The tulle. More glamour. The sequins. A thousand points of light. George Bush, suck her mams. Plus lots of points for realness. Probably the realest looking DQ in the TCs. If Morgan Fairchild had played the Shelly Winters role in The Poseidon Adventure she would have looked something like this. And she would have swam to other side too. But, and we really do hate to bring it up, what is that blonde geyser erupting from her head? Hair? A little less freeze-n-shine might help. We were curious about the peculiar hand and arm gesticulations, but after some initial puzzlement we came to understand that the ever-thoughtful MM was signing for the deaf patrons in the audience. What a sweetheart! And we thought she was just warming up for her *Beauty and the Beast* number. The tale, as the song reminds us, may be as old as time, but it's nowhere as old as this tired fun fur puppet routine. Jim Henson's passing was traumatic enough, but this Shari Lewis and Lionchop meets the Muppet Show refugee routine has been performed one too many times. But what can we say? She's still got that ten thousand watt smile, that Mount Everest tiara, and that great ass, and no one can take those things away! Go girl! **MUSIC 15 points LIP-SYNC 17 points APPEARANCE 20 points STAGE PRESENCE 18 points PERFORMANCE 17 points TOTAL: 87**

Ballad Queens: Monique Champagne, Misha Monroe, Dee Richards

Concept Queens: Tiffany Cartier, Camille Collins, Lady Lubricant

Impersonators: Tiffany Cartier, Morgan Chancellor, Miss Stevie, Jamie Wells

High Energy Chicks: Tiffany Cartier, Lady Lubricant, Roxy Marquis, Lady Michelle, Mr. Ronn, Terry Winston-O'Connor

Real Looking Girls: Tiffany Cartier, Camille Collins, Misha Monroe

Sofonda Peters: This is the woman who put the cunt back in Country. Her entire repertoire seemingly consists of lame, tit-bearing, twangy-ass CW songs which we have never heard of nor wish to hear again. Don't cry for me Alabama. With the face of a stevedore and the body of a blancmange, Ms. Peters looks like a dangerous hybrid of a retired roller derby queen and Shirley McClaine in Postcards From The Edge. Calaban has met his match. The Island of Dr. Moreau could boast no more frightful a resident. And, Good Lord, those jacked up teeth! All the better to eat you with my dear! Be it too many cocktails or simply laziness in learning lyrics we do not know, but the sloppy Japanese B-monster movie dubbing job that passed for her lip-sync was hands down even worse than Mr. Ronn. **MUSIC 1 point LIP-SYNC 0 points APPEARANCE 1 point STAGE PRESENCE 4 points PERFORMANCE 2 points TOTAL: 8**

Dee Richards: This girl is quite the fixture at the Casablanca Show Lounge (and what a large fixture she is!). She's sort of a cross between Chi Chi Larue and Carney Phillips, with a little bit of the old Rikki Lake mixed in for good measure. In fact, if John Waters was going to make a movie about drag queens (instead of just casting them), it would probably be about Dee. This girl knows how to fit a dress just right to make her look pretty and de-emphasize her bowling ball figure. She's got smart fashion sense. But her music choices? Maria Scarey: The Vegas Years? Someone needs to limit her to one ballad a night. Only one. We mean it. And no doubles either. Then if she did more numbers like her chair song, we'd love her more and not need to go check out the piano lounge every time she hauls out yet another tired Oleta Adams ballad. You've got the face to do ballads well dear Dee, but show us more range. We know you're talented enough. **MUSIC 3 points LIP-SYNC 18 points APPEARANCE 16 points STAGE PRESENCE 17 points PERFORMANCE 17 points TOTAL: 71**

Mr. Ronn: Aren't short senior citizens jolly? Oh, a Judy Garland medley. Well color us bushwhacked. Judy, we hardly knew ye. And neither does Mr. Ronn. Now we understand why Judy met an untimely demise. Mr. Ronn's dancing was so frenetic and impatient that we weren't sure if she was semaphoring us that she was still alive or she just sorely needed to urinate. The bundt cake hair, the attempted lip-syncing to a lyricless string section (twice), the mummified make-up, all this and more can be yours when Mr. Ronn takes the stage. Not that we're insinuating anything, but we certainly hope that wig tape doesn't let loose, or everyone will think she's had a stroke. They say age brings wisdom but decades can't add talent. **MUSIC 5 points LIP-SYNC 0 points APPEARANCE 3 points STAGE PRESENCE 6 points PERFORMANCE 2 points TOTAL: 16**

Miss Stevie: Let us declare right here and now, no more Cher impersonators! Madonnas are sometimes tasty. Classics like Betty, Bette, Liza, Judy and Carole are sometimes acceptable, but if we see one more queen put on a long black wig and twist her mouth to convince us she's Cher we'll puke! Case in point: Miss Stevie. Our very own high cholesterol Cher. Heard of the Stairmaster Stevie? Liposuction? Elizabeth Taylor may have porked up but I have yet to see Cher on a beauty product infomercial with thighs that large. And were the several pair of mismatched tights under your severely ripped jeans to hide an especially hairy ass? We don't like to be mean but, well yes we do. Cher impersonations are tired. **MUSIC 2 points LIP-SYNC 8 points APPEARANCE 0 points STAGE PRESENCE 4 points PERFORMANCE 5 points TOTAL: 19**

Jamie Wells: A new girl struggling to find her niche in this cutthroat world of lip gloss and sequins. When first we viewed her at Club Metro, she had a severe identity crisis. One does not do 4 Non-Blondes and k.d. lang in a lace body stocking without sending us into hysterics. Somehow k.d. is not the sex kitten songstress of the year. Looking like sort of Emma Peel meets Joey Heatherton with hair straight off of Peg Bundy, Jamie appeared to be a missing family member of the upcoming "Addams Family Values". And watch those overactive drag hands. Well, shiver me timbers! She changed her wig and found her place. Our next viewing gave us the best Liza Minelli we've seen this side of La Cage in Vegas. It was practically flawless. But if she chooses to don the big wig again, tell her to stick to sex kitten songs. She definitely has those "fuck me" eyes if not yet stage presence. **MUSIC 10 points LIP-SYNC 13 points APPEARANCE 8 points STAGE PRESENCE 12 points PERFORMANCE 12 points TOTAL: 55**

Robin West: What can we say about Robin West that we can also print? Libel is such an unfriendly word. And gee, we didn't know Truman Capote did drag. Hasn't it been two years since we last lambasted the local queens? Then why is Ms. West still slogging through *Fancy* night after night? That same damn song still socks that wistful, white trash anti-glamour punch, but the vinyl is wearing thin and so is this beer-sotted ballad. If only Robin's repertoire were as expansive as she is. But we must give credit where credit is due. Details count. That delicious looking edible candy bracelet wins best accoutrement awards. But what Robin lacks in new music and wardrobe savvy, she more than makes up for with her over the top attitude. After Robin is done with you, you know you have been entertained. Ultimately though, it's the "I really need to get fucked, *right now!*" face that makes us love Robin so. Just convince her to learn a new song and we'll be satiated. **MUSIC 5 points LIP-SYNC 15 points APPEARANCE 12 points STAGE PRESENCE 18 points PERFORMANCE 16 points TOTAL: 66 points**

Terry Winston-O'Connor: I will personally pay someone big bucks to plant some small plastic explosives in this chick's music collection. She hands down wins the award for worst choice of music. It's as if Columbia Record House put together a "Worst Disco Hits of The mid 1980's" and shipped it off to Terry. She puts her heart into near perfect lip-sync and tries to hoof it up to the endless remixes but hey! Retire that Patty LaBelle on a bad hair night song! And she looks almost real, if you don't look at her profile. Plastic surgery anyone? If Morgan Fairchild were really a lesbian...she'd look nothing like this. Norma Desmond lives! **MUSIC 0 points LIP-SYNC 18 points APPEARANCE 9 points STAGE PRESENCE 5 points PERFORMANCE 5 points TOTAL: 37**

DEMURE BUTCHNESS' TOP 5 DRAG QUEENS
(tip these bitchea big fellaa!)

- 1) Tiffany Cartier/Lady Lubricant (tie)
- 2) Misha Monroe
- 3) Monique Champagne
- 4) Dee Richards
- 5) Camille Collins

THE BOTTOM FIVE
(retirement?)

- 13) Betty Cooper
- 14) Roxy Marquis
- 15) Miss Stevic
- 16) Mr. Ronn
- 17) Sofonda Peters



RAISED ON DISCO-Addicted to Donna Summer

You know, for someone my age, disco has a strange place in my life. I am old enough to remember when all those classic songs came out, but too young to have attended the clubs playing the music. I lived a sheltered enough childhood that I had no idea the Village People were gay when I would roller skate around Skateland pre-vogueing my arms wildly to *YMCA*. In fact, it wasn't until I was almost out of high school that I had any idea of those costumed crusaders' sexuality and I was in college before I had even heard of Sylvester. So why does disco still hold such a strong place in my heart?

For starters, I have always been a disco fan, even during the eighties when it wasn't cool to like disco. While the rest of my friends were denouncing disco a sin in favor of such boring bands as Dire Straights, The Police, and U2, I was still sashaying around my house to my old soundtracks to *Saturday Night Fever* and *Xanadu*. In fact, I even still have the 45 to an old disco hit of Robert Palmer (Yes, that talentless dimwit Robert Palmer had a disco hit!). So I felt cheated when classic disco recently came back into style and all of the former denouncers were suddenly jumping on the bandwagon.

I was nine years old when *Saturday Night Fever* hit the movie screen. I didn't get to see it until the PG version came out later, but I had the soundtrack and learned *The Hustle* at my local shopping mall almost immediately. My favorite song from that huge double album was of course *Disco Inferno* but *Night on Bald Mountain* came in a close second and I am still disappointed to this day that *Disco Duck* was featured in the movie but did not make it onto the soundtrack.

Being only nine years old (and in the cultural wasteland of Omaha, Nebraska to boot), I had no knowledge whatsoever of the gay influence on disco and of the look, environment or clientele of the gay clubs. But I did have some pretty groovy disco parties of my own. I religiously ordered *Dynamite Magazine* out of the Scholastic Reader at school and it featured a fabulous cover story on how to host a disco party in your own home. I bought red and a blue light bulbs to put into lamps, a cheap strobe light from Spencer Gifts at the Mall, and covered the walls of my basement in tin foil. My mom made some punch in a large bowl, bought some chips and Woweee did I have cool disco parties. We would all lip-sync to *Summer Nights* from *Grease* and dance in a circle to all those interchangeable hits by K.C. and the Sunshine Band. I even had some song by Styx that we kids considered a disco classic. My disco parties were the hit of the neighborhood and

THE DISCO ERA

By 1977, two out of every three songs released either had that disco beat and/or the word "dance" in the title.

we would often leave our faboo decorations up all week until Mom forced us to take them down. So what if I didn't know the pleasures of poppers, the clone look and backroom sex, I had my own copy of Gloria Gaynor's *I Will Survive*, Amii Stewart's *Knock On Wood* and that all-time favorite, *I Love The Nightlife*.

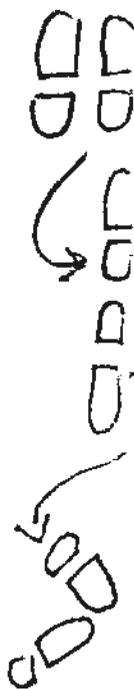
Of course, some of my friends had to keep up appearances even at that age. Two of my male friends joined the KISS army (for only \$5.00 plus tax you too can be part of KISS' unstoppable legion!). I wasn't really into KISS (except *Beth*, of course. Who wasn't into that fucking song?) because when I was in fourth grade, my music teacher told us that KISS was really an acronym for Kings In Satan's Service. I believed her. I was a gullible kid. So instead, I bought the Shaun Cassidy Scrapbook and learned all the lyrics to *Da Doo Run Run*. I would buy Song Lyrics magazine to keep up with all those complicated disco lyrics (Remember *Boogie Oogie Oogie*?)

Then, there was the queen, Donna. She is to this day the undisputed goddess of Disco and I still treasure my Giorgio Moroder remixed greatest hits album as one of the all-time greatest records ever. I had *Bad Girls* as soon as it came out and I didn't just listen, I felt it! *Hot Stuff* made me as horny as I could be at that pre-pubescent age and I wanted to be one of the *Bad Girls* when I grew up. I wasn't yet as appreciative of *Sunset People* as I am now (i think it's her best song) but *Dim All The Lights* made all of us giggle with how naughty it was. Even songs from her other albums had a profound effect on me. I almost cried as *McArthur Park* tugged at my heart and *I Feel Love* still whips me into a frenzy. But at that age, I was in love. Even if she did ruin her career with homophobic comments, I still put on the endless mix of greatest hits and dance to my memories of love for Donna Summer.

XANADU, the ultimate disco movie (surpassing even *Roller Boogie* with Linda Blair and *Can't Stop the Music* with The Village People). I still have a copy of it on video which I religiously pull out and watch every three months. I think the true test of a real disco fan is whether they like this movie or not. I worship Olivia Newton John in this (even above *Grease*) and the E.L.O. soundtrack makes me swoon in ecstasy. And how about that old codger Gene Kelly coming out of retirement to try on the latest polyester fashions in that fabulous *All Over The World* dance number? Then that extra special guest appearance by The Tubes... "Now we are here, in Xanadu. Xanadu, your neon lights will shine, for you Xanadu!"

DISCO

Extra-tight fabrics like Lycra-Spandex are especially good for absorbing a lot of the sweat of disco—marathoners, or disco roller-derby fans, and they look good too!



Although not officially a disco album, *GREASE* was a must have in every household on my block. We would march up and down the block singing all the parts to *Summer Nights* and I secretly fantasized that I was Stockard Channing singing *There Are Worse Things I Could Do*. Funny though, I was a naive little kid and the sexual innuendos in the movie went right over my head. I didn't catch onto Rizzo thinking she might be pregnant until about the twelfth time I saw the film. Still, I could sing all the lyrics to *We'll Be Together* from memory and I recently sang *You're The One That I Want* in a Karaoke Bar with my very last girlfriend (now there's a whole another story). To pre-pubescents like me and my friends, *GREASE* was even more important than *SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER*.

ABBA may or may not be classified as disco but oh did I love them as a youngster. They equal Donna Summer for the sheer number of continuous hits and I loved listening to them all. This recent Abba craze started by Erasure has been cool but it's not enough. Everyone should be remaking these classic songs (except Michael Bolton). Can't you just hear Red Hot Chili Peppers singing "Fernando" or Pearl Jam singing "Dancing Queen".

Well, as much as I love Disco, I truly came of age during New Wave. Blondie, Adam and the Ants, A Flock of Seagulls and early Eurythmics are my true heroes. But that is the focus of another article. Until then, Do a little dance, Make a little love, Get down tonight!

MY TOP 10 DISCO SONGS OF ALL TIME

1) *Disco Inferno* by The Trammps

This is the best. Burn! Baby Burn! I get goose bumps every time a DJ slips this on in a club. I want the extended version to be played at my funeral.

2) *I Feel Love* by Donna Summer

I must have seven remixes of this one. So simple and so complex at the same time. I heard a story that while David Bowie was making his album *LOW*, Brian Eno brought him a copy of this and said it was the future of music.

3) *I Love The Night Life* by Alicia Bridges

Remember that cheesy cinematic classic, *Love at First Bite*?



The object of Disco dressing is to show off as much of you as you can and not get yelled at by your father.

- 4) *Does Your Mother Know* by Abba
Wasn't this the first song the boys sang lead vocals on? I loved the back beat and the relentless guitar solos.
- 5) *Knock on Wood* by Amii Stewart
This was the end-all danceathon song in my circle of friends.
- 6) *Ring My Bell* by Anita Ward
Only for the classic lyric "So sit back and relax while I put away the dishes". It doesn't get any better than that.
- 7) *I Will Survive* by Gloria Gaynor
Yes, everyone makes fun of this piano bar monstrosity, but I think it is the all-time greatest song to lip-sync to in the privacy of your own home.
- 8) *You Should Be Dancing* by The Bee Gees
A close relative to Disco Inferno but just a bit funkier. The three ugly ones have never been better than this song.
- 9) *Get Down Tonight* by KC And The Sunshine Band
I loved all of his hit songs but I actually didn't find him cute until much later in life. Where is he now?
- 10) *Car Wash* by Rose Royce/*FunkyTown* by Lipps, Inc. (tie)
The two essential goofy songs a little kid would love. They still funk to this day.

Honorable Mentions: *YMCA* Village People, *Boogie Oogie Oogie* A Taste Of Honey, *Shake Your Groove Thing* Peaches & Herb, *We Are Family* Sister Sledge, *Shake Your Body (Down To The Ground)* The Jacksons, and the immortal *No More Tears* by Barbra Streisand and Donna Summer.

Coming next:

Raised on *Friday the 13th*-Addicted to Gore



DEMURE BUTCHNESS'



The Get Down Tonight Best D.J. Award
John Schultz
(runner-up Miss Miss)



The Hot Man Eternal Award
Pablo

The Fallen Hero/Hot Air Award
TEG

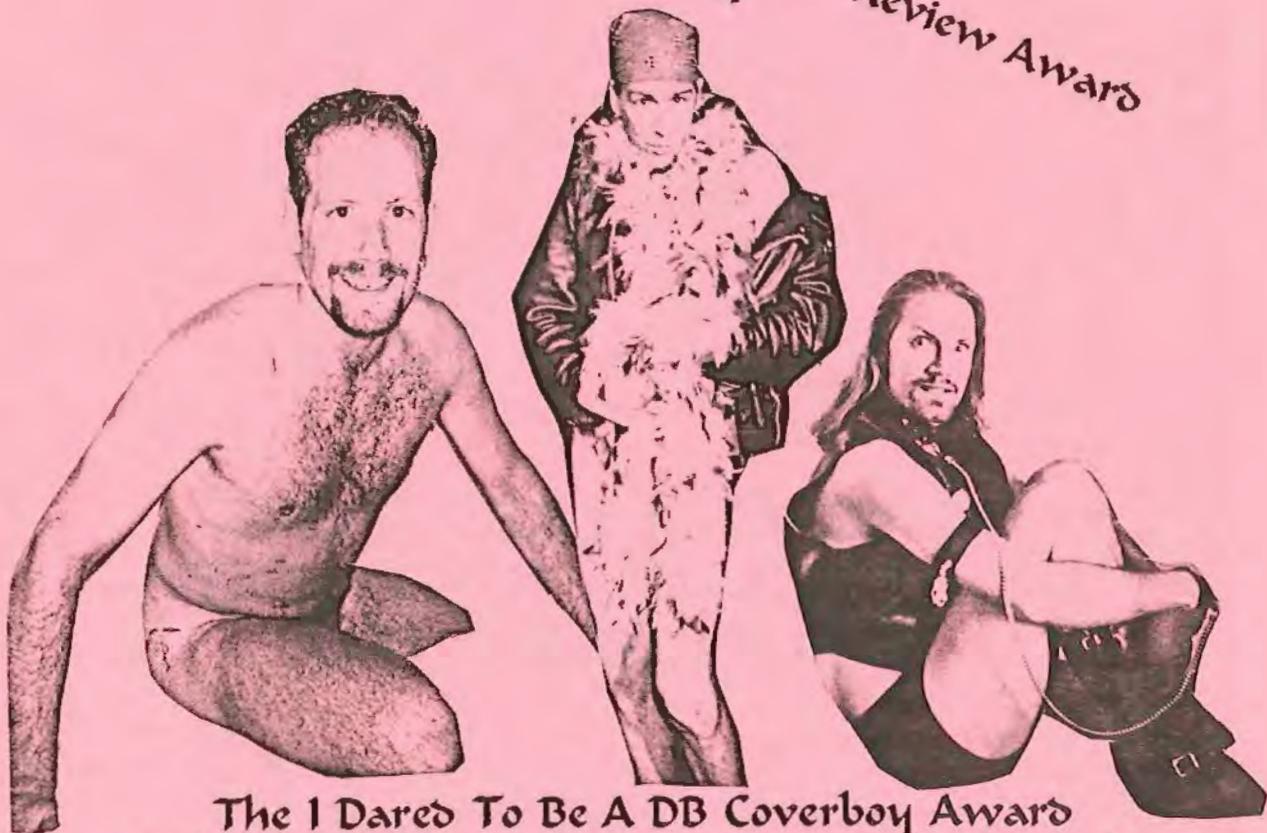


The You Should Be In Porno Best Dick In Minnesota Award
Bear
(runner-up Steve Haugan)

HALL OF FAME

The Even I'd Tip Her best Drag Queen Award
Tiffany Cartier and Lady Lubricant
(runner-up Misha Monroe)

The I Didn't Really Read It Strange Review Award
Peter Glaser



The I Dared To Be A DB Coverboy Award
Keith Lunak, David Howe, Jerikk Todd, Christopher
Krabbenhoft



**WARD AND THE BEAVER
READ DEMURE BUTCHNESS
WHAT ABOUT YOU?**