

New, queen-size format • Winter 1991 • Issue #5 • \$3.95 everywhere

# SIN BROS.

**Queer Fashion,  
sexy go-go boys, hot  
girls, a naked movie  
star, a clothed movie  
star, drag queens,  
the latest music, the  
best fiction, biting  
satire, and you!**





# Sincerely,

Welcome to the ever-expanding Empire of **SIN**. Our new, mondo-homo, bigger-is-better, size-queen format is in honor of our first year of publishing this in-your-face periodical that was started way back in August of 1989. Yes, it was that tiny lurid green 12-page, 8" X 5 1/2" zine that started it all: the club, the magazine, the happenin' lifestyle explosion.

After ten wonderful and grueling months of "every Tuesday night of your life" we decided to cease doing our club Sit and Spin on a weekly basis. We're now concentrating on special events and fundraisers. Watch for another one of our notorious benefits for ACT-UP in February. But beware of cheap imitations. The incredibly tired Hollywood Boys Club recently tried to ride our coattails by stating in an ad in *Frontiers*, "Go-Go Boys TO SIT AND SPIN WITH." How original, girls.

Thanks to all of those who wrote to us. Beautiful, sincere, touching, scary-as-Hell letters from France, Canada and all four corners of this country. So many inquiries: How can I subscribe to **SIN BROS**? Do you accept poetry submissions? Can I visit you when I'm released from prison?

I'd like to extend a special thanks to Lance Loud, Craig Lee, J.V. McCauley, Bill Van Parys, Johnny Noxzema and more for all the generous publicity. We've been mentioned in every magazine except *Sassy*.

Sorry for the somewhat lengthy delay since our last issue, Spring 1990, but good things come for those who wait. We will now publish on a quarterly basis. Look for the next issue in March.

Season's Greetings from **SIN BROS**. And if you should find yourself without a loved one during the holidays, don't fret. Your Marge Simpson doll from Burger King can be used as a dildo.

Without further delay... here it is.



## on the cover

Bill Eichler and Anthony Taylor were Winner and First Runner-up respectively in our First Annual **SIN BROS** cover boy competition held in October. Congrats. And, no, Anthony doesn't have trouble keeping his pants on.



*Staff members at a recent bake-off/J.O. party.*

## SIN BROS.

For you and your kind.

**Editor/Publisher:** Jeffrey Hilbert

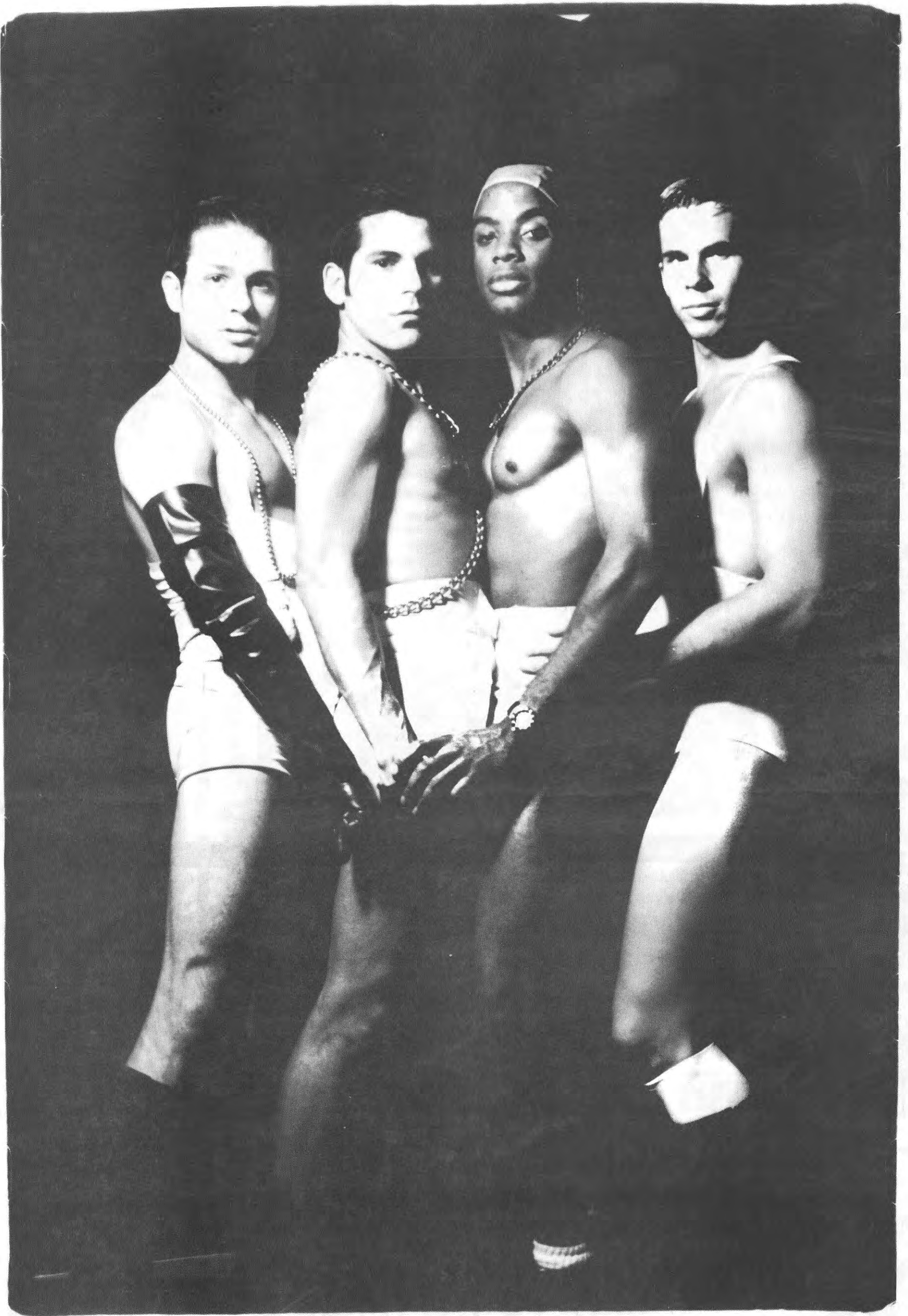
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**SHUT UP... & DANCE!**



**1970**

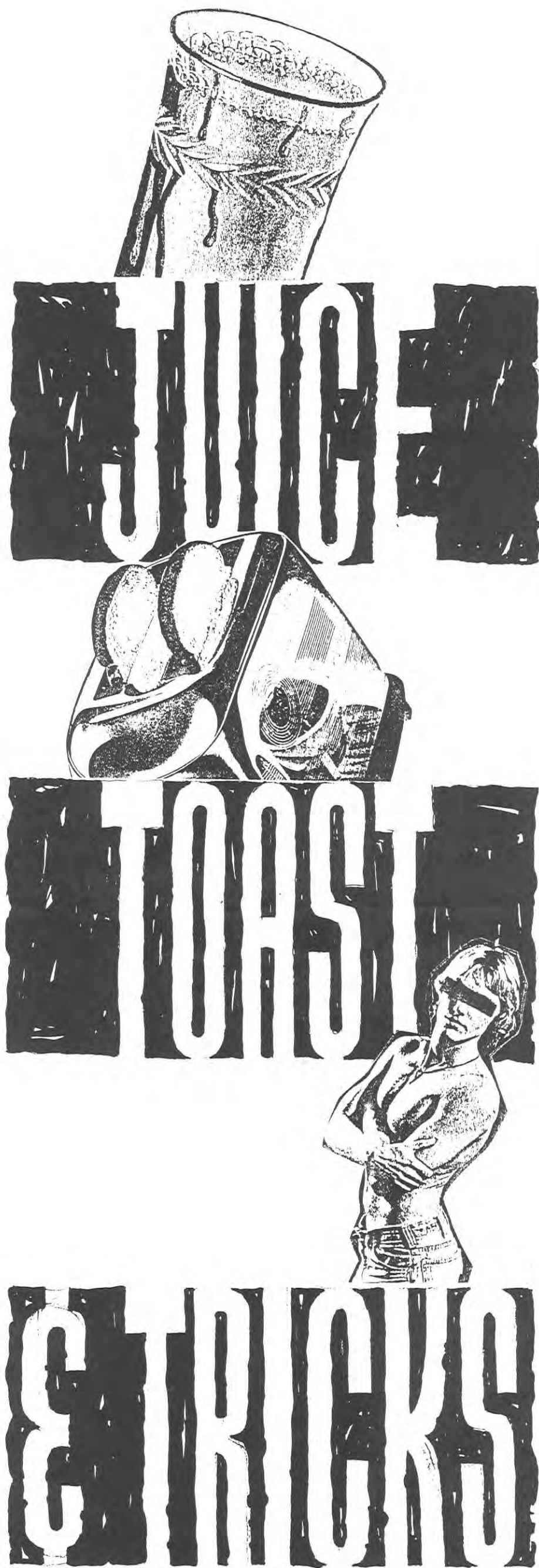
★ **THE DANCE CLUB OF THE DECADE** ★

★ **FROM ABBA TO AEROSMITH,  
PARLIAMENT TO THE PARTRIDGE FAMILY,  
THE SEX PISTOLS TO SISTER SLEDGE,  
T.REX TO THE TRAMPS,  
DONNA SUMMER TO LED ZEPPELIN!** ★

**SUNDAYS IN LOS ANGELES  
THURSDAYS IN SAN FRANCISCO**

**(213) 281★8545 ★ (415) 777★1970**





by Magnesia Van Twat

## Suppose you wake up next to that man o' your dreams you found at the Circus of Books last night and

you really want to impress him with your good taste. There is no reason why you can't give him a good seasoning of the local color that our wonderful gay underworld provides. You're gonna have a mother-fucking breakfast for the strong of stomach and weak of morals! Let the Rage refugees have their edible flowers at Butterfield's and tell Daddy to go to Carriage Trade alone.

My friend Dave has turned me on to a wonderfully seedy place called **Susanne's** (7515 Santa Monica Blvd.). The clientele is quite varied: drag queens, prosties and average Joe's all under the same roof. The framed photo featuring the cast of the hit series "Hotel" is just one of the many diversions featured in this quaint joint. The eggs benedict are said to be fantabulous. Warning: if small pieces of matter appear to be floating in your coffee, remain calm and ask for another cup. The situation will be gracefully rectified.

In the same neighborhood lies several other establishments of fine dining. The **Astro-Burger** (7475 Santa Monica Blvd.) features an adequate meal to sate your basic breakfast cravings and the patrons are so deliciously sordid! Across the street are the remains of the infamous **Oki-Dog**. Have no fear, if you like your eggs served on a long bun, filled with not-very-kosher pastrami and process American cheese food product, there is always the Okis sister ( the corner of Fairfax and Willoughby). Although much less notorious than the Oki on S.M. Blvd., your chances of being asked to buy crystal meth are greatly reduced in this part of town. Next to the old Oki is **Ida's Coffee Shop** (next to Oki Dog at Vista and Santa Monica Blvd.) The sign out front beacons you to dine in their "Famous Teriyaki Gardens" and that is all this writer needed to know. Serious grub here, nothing marinated in balsamic vinegar here! Perhaps a bit more upscale, just a bit, is the **Yukon Mining Company** (7328 Santa Monica Blvd). Yukon features more of the basic coffee shop fare, but at times you wonder if the magic wand of David Lynch wasn't waved over this West Hollywood institution. More boy-whores, tricks embarking on new journeys together and fabulously glamorous TV's.

Why do so many homos wait for hours trying to get a table at Pennyfeathers when **Norm's** (490 N. La Cienaga) is just across the street? It's incredibly inexpensive and there is an unwritten rule that you cannot leave the premises until your stomach is completely bloated. Call me a sentimental fool, but I get a rush whenever I pass by that garish sign on La Cienaga, shining proudly among the plethora of Persian rug dealers.

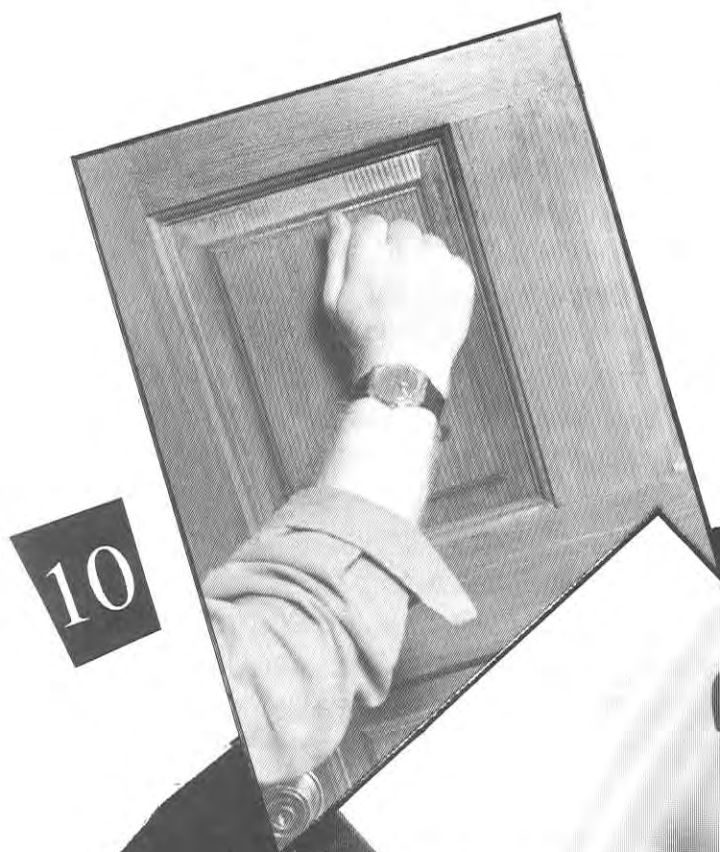
Rumor has it that the **Denny's** at Gower Gulch (Sunset Blvd. and Gower) is owned by Joni Mitchell! Well, Miss Songstress just paved paradise and put up a coffee shop. It's been recently refurbished and the service is almost always speedy. The Denny's near the 101 Freeway (address) is where many hot, young East Hollywood hoodlums-to-be learn the fine art of dine and dash. There are several more of these fine dining establishments throughout metro L.A. and for a cheap-o, filling breakfast you can't go wrong. Although it's not dive-y, I have to mention **Kokomo** inside the Framer's Market (Fairfax near Third). The Pennsylvania Dutch Swiss Cheese pancakes are truly divine, as is the near-perfect coffee cake. Tourists and local artsy fartsy gods and goddesses blend together in a fine melange that is quinessential L.A.. This is also a great place to boy watch. Some of those dudes are so cute you might just ditch your date and fall in love all over again.

If you found your stud trade on the east side of town, there are plenty of establishments befitting your tawdry tryst in the East Hollywood, Silverlake, Los Feliz areas too. For a not-quite-so-traditional eggs and pancakes breakfast try the **Yushinowa Beef Bowl** (Vine and Santa Monica Blvd.). A vivid cross-section of the Hollywood scene can be found here 24 hours a day, eating bowls of sinewy beef on a dense bed of sticky rice. And the price is so right. It also has a drive-up window for your convenience, although dining inside is preferred for the full effect, and they don't give you those huge tubs of red ginger to take home with you. **House of Pies** in Los Feliz (1869 N. Vermont Ave.) is a popular favorite with eastsiders. The pancakes are very good, the coffee endless and the service great.

If you find yourself near downtown, you'd be a fool not to start your day with a sumptuous burger at the L.A. institution **Tommy's** (Rampart and Beverly). Nothing hits the spot like a Tommy's burger, a Hostess Sno-Ball and an ice-cold Mountain Dew. Yummy yum.

Bon Appetit.









2



3



4

*Photos by Rick Castro*

Adult video superstar Joey Stefano invited Gender, L.A.'s most stunning chanteuse over recently because he had heard about Gender's fabulous blended love potion, *Bottom's Up Dacquiri*. Joey had a hot date coming over who he wanted to seduce. One thing led to another and before you knew it it was love at first sip - for Gender and Joey that is. And the date, well he was left out of this mix.



5

### Flip book fun!

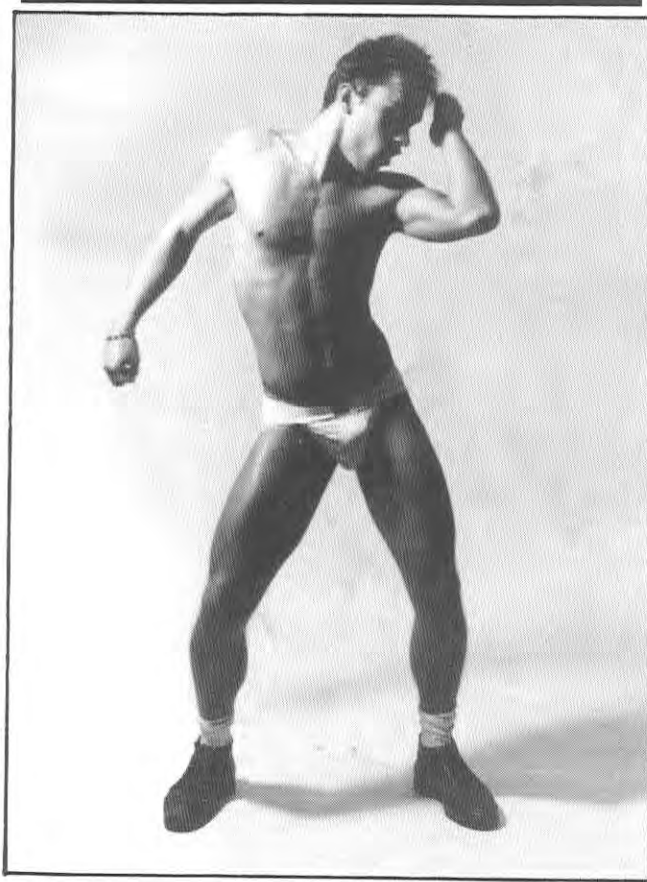
Just what you always wanted. Your own hot, hunky go-go boy. Just put on your favorite music, start flipping this and the next 7 pages and get down! Michael will never get tired. Now isn't this better than Mickey Mouse diving through a hoop?



7



6





IN SPACE NO ONE CAN HEAR YOU SQUIRM

MARC REACHED OUT AND TOUCHED TONY'S HAIR.  
"BEAUTIFUL." HE THOUGHT. THEY WERE

IN FREE FALL NOW. ZERO GRAVITY.  
"SPACE IS SO FAR-OUT." HE WHISPERED,

BRUSHING THE DARK CURLS WITH HIS LIPS.  
TONY'S VELCRO TUNIC WAS SLOWLY COMING

APART FROM THE NAVEL UP. MARC FLOATED  
CLOSER AND RELEASED THE CLIPS OF HIS

ALUMINUM TROUSERS. HE DID A QUICK BACK  
FLIP IN MIDAIR AND SUDDENLY HIS MUSCULAR

LEGS WERE BARE.  
OUTSIDE THE VIEWPORT A GLITTERING RING

OF SPACE GARBAGE TILTED SLOWLY BY-  
REFLECTING PRISMATIC COLORS INTO THE CABIN.  
"PSYCHEDELIC!" MARC MUTTERED AS HIS

NOW FLOATING UNDERSHORTS BECAME  
ENTANGLED IN HIS EXPENSIVE GLASSES. THE  
CIRCULAR WALL OF COMPUTER SCREENS

LIFTED AND BEGAN TO ROTATE AROUND THEM:  
THREE-DIMENSIONAL DEPICTIONS OF AN  
ANCIENT HINDU LOVE EPIC. BOTH THE GODS

WERE MALE.

BRIAN•DENNIS SALON (213) 663-9756

## SB film appreciation

### Moment by Moment by Blaze

I've been thinking a lot about the video industry and how perverse it is. Why is it that you can go out to any Wherehouse or 20/20 and find some relentlessly forgettable trash like say *Kramer vs. Kramer*, yet nowhere can you rent the seminal 70's love story? I am speaking of course of **Moment by Moment**, that undying masterpiece in which John Travolta and Lily Tomlin show more range than Meryl and all her accents by playing, yes, heterosexual lovers. "Trish," "Naomi," and "Strip" — the characters' names alone are genius. "Oh Strip," Lily Tomlin's Trish says to Travolta, and he does, over and over. Do I recall a flash of pubic hair in Strip's sizzling jacuzzi scene? If so, just think — that marblized hunk of Italian sausage must be there somewhere on the cutting room floor. Where is the undoubtedly gay assistant editor who made off with that choice bit of celluloid? If you are out there reading this, contact me in care of this magazine and I'm yours for just one peek.

After all this time, I can only remember a few scenes from the movie, but I have a feeling that's all there were. Bored housewife Trish meets Strip at a glitzy Malibu party where he's parking the cars, then they meet again, by chance, in Beverly Hills, Strip and Trish flirt, Strip and Trish head back to her Malibu home and jacuzzi. And then the dramatic highlight of the film. See, Trish is afraid to fess up to best friend Naomi that she's dating this young street trash, so when Strip arrives with the groceries she makes like he's the delivery boy and actually tips him. Strip stomps off, furious. Only now does Trish confess the truth to her gal-pal, who advises her to get it, girl. Which Trish does, tromping heavily down the Bev Hills sidewalks until she finds and mollifies her soulful gigolo stud creature. Fade out.

It's arty, it's erotic, it's now, and you can hold the entire movie all at once in your head (all except for that key missing bit of celluloid). Isn't that the definition of great cinema?

So video distributors, what gives?

by Blaze Pascal

### TOMLIN AND TRAVOLTA

He was a kid. She was lonely.  
She had everything. He had  
nothing. He was just starting.  
She was starting over.

### TOGETHER

They were ready.  
Ready to break conventions. Ready to  
live by their own rules.  
Ready for each other.  
Ready—at last—to live...





# SAYS NOTHING TO ME ABOUT MY LIFE:

OSCAR-BAIT FILMS ROYALTY PHIL  
JOANOU WILSON PHILLIPS NELSON  
POSTCARD EDGE CHEVY  
CHASE IN CANDY  
WARRA WHITNEY  
HOUSTON JOHN  
HUGH PALM  
SPRINGBURY  
VANILLA WITH  
DON JO HENRY  
JAGLON MICHAEL  
JEROME DOWAY THE  
BUZZ (MAGAZINE) KOOONS  
SYDNEY POLLACK D-LIFERS THE  
EDGE LOVE LEAK WHOS  
TALKING TOO DON JOHNSON NEON  
TOGS THE SUBUR  
WARRANT THE LIVING  
JESSE HELMS CHOPSTIX  
CARDINAL OCONNOR  
PETE WILSON KELLY LAN





# alexis

**After weeks of leaving messages and trying to catch up with that enigmatic and hunky stage and screen star Alexis Arquette, we finally gave up. Then, out of the blue, we received a call from nightlife czarina Eva Destruction. She wanted to take on the interview assignment as a special SIN BROS correspondent. We let her. We don't know where they met. We don't know what they ate. We don't know why the secrecy. All we know is this: Eva ignites the stages of various L.A. hotspots with her special brand of interpretive dancing, singing and dervishing and Alexis was lauded for his performance in Last Exit to Brooklyn and he also appears in Oliver Stone's new film The Doors. Alexis and Eva are rumored to be engaged.**

**Eva: Is West Hollywood really "The Creative City?"**

Alexis: Gee, West Hollywood is so glamorous. Everytime I go there I get this uncontrollable urge to wear blue contacts and hot pink and a scuba suit to a nightclub. I do think that the most creative bleach blonde hairstyles are happening in West Hollywood. A lot of tidal wave looks.

**Eva: In Last Exit to Brooklyn you sat on Peter Dobson's lap. Could you tell how big "it" was?**

Alexis: Well the first two takes wasn't much of a pleasure. He didn't give me much to play with. But when we got to that fifth and sixth take, honey.

**Eva: Was he enjoying it?**

Alexis: He was lovin' it. He turned into Elvis with that pelvis. Even in between takes he was bumping and grinding. And I made sure to strategically place his penis right in between the cheeks of my ass so that he would really have something to act with.

**Eva: Was it hard to remember your lines?**

Alexis: Yeah, but I had a lot of motivation. I stayed in the moment and worked with it.

**Eva: Are you in The Doors movie?**

Alexis: Yeah, sure.

**Eva: You play a deranged fan?**

Alexis: Yeah, we play the Death squad and we give him (Kal Kilmer as Jim Morrison) a hard time. You know, if I would have gotten any closer I would have grabbed onto that lump because Val was lookin' too fine - too much like The Lizard King. My libido was getting a little uptight.

**Eva: What filmmakers are you dying to work with?**

Alexis: I'd like to work with David Lynch.

**Eva: Did you like Wild at Heart?**

Alexis: I haven't seen it yet. I'm waiting for it to come out on video (laughs). Also I'd like to work with Jim Jarmusch and Martin Scorsese.

**Eva: Have they shot My Own Private Idaho yet? The Gus Van Sant movie.**

Alexis: Oh Gus, he's such a shit. He's too busy running around with young boys to get it together. I think they are still trying to do it. I had a meeting with him and he seemed very interested in me but who knows. He hasn't called me back. If I don't get put in his movie he will never, ever forget it.

**Eva: What is your favorite Rosanna Arquette movie?**

Alexis: Well my favorite Rosanna Arquette performance was on *Eight is Enough* when she played the pregnant teenager that Tommy was going to marry. Really hot. Knee high socks, athletic shorts with piping. Styling! But I think that her best film work that I've ever seen was probably *After Hours*. That deranged burn victim, Marcy. So much like herself, it was shocking. Flip-flopping from all those twenty five different personalities.

**Eva: What's your favorite scene in Xanadu?**

Alexis: That film for me really connected me to the whole roller skating mentality, genre. I think my favorite scene must be when it just really got really out of hand and you didn't know what the hell was going on. In that last scene she (Olivia Newton-John) is surrounded by 1940's be-bop babe singers and those pseudo punk Anne Carlisle types. And I think it was when they were all getting dressed at the boutique and Gene Kelly was kind of fagging around the set? It was so hot.

**Eva: Who's the most vile human being?**

Alexis: Male. Mickey Rourke. For having those cheek implants and not having the balls to go through with the tit job. Female. Drew Barrymore. She never did drugs, she only wished she had. She's lying the whole time. She took Tylenol with codeine and thought she was a drug addict. Not true, not true, not true. No, the most vile female of all time is Chi Chi La Rue. (laughs) I'm kidding. I love women so much I emulate them. I want to be them, that any vaginal, any cavity, any one of them I'm envious of, so of course I'm jealous of every one of them.





# & eva!



**Eva: Describe an ideal evening for Alexis.**

Alexis: My assistant is just putting on my shoes. We do want the car to be ready so we wait outside on the street. Of course my motorcycle boyfriend shows up instead and I decide, "Fuck the premiere. I don't care if it is my best film. We're going to Sit and Spin." So I hop on the back of his Harley and I grab ahold of his white leather chaps, yes, white, fringed. Yes, I love it. The tackier the better. His bleached blonde hair is getting caught in my teeth. All that crusty Dep. I love to suck it off. We get to Sit and Spin in a sweaty flurry and we burst through the doors and, don't you know it, they want me on stage now, now! I get backstage and I smush my face against Chi Chi La Rue's and take off whatever's left of make-up that she's sweated off from her last act. And I run onstage - one false eyelash on my forehead, the other on my chin and I go into a Peggy Lee-on-smack ballad. Really, really, really slow. Then my boyfriend says, "Come on bitch, we gotta go" and rips me off stage and takes me up to the top of the world on Mulholland and makes me suck his dick in front of fourteen Hispanic gardeners that are getting ready for work. And then the sun comes up and my make-up cracks and falls all over the floor.

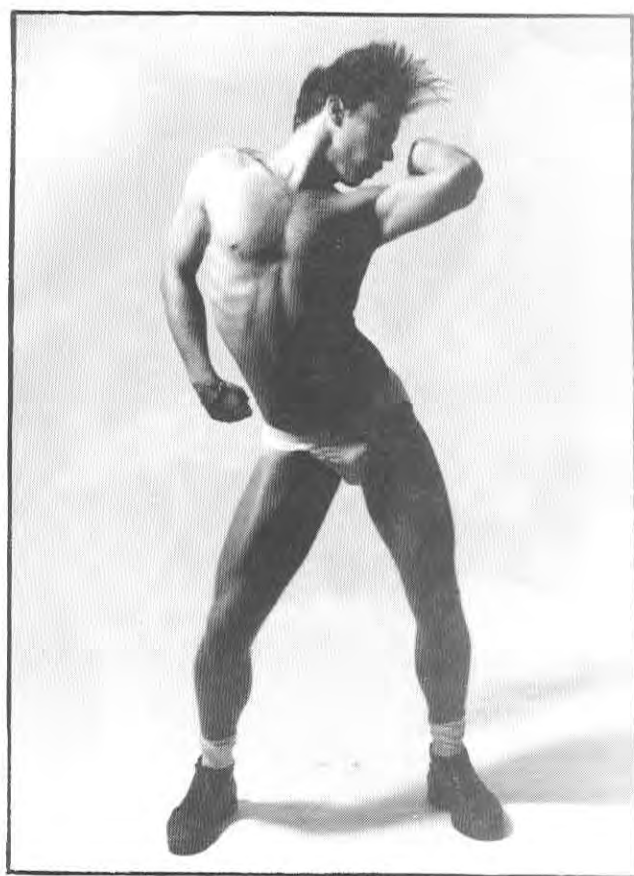
**Eva: If you were to run out of lube on a date, what would you use instead?**

Alexis: I've had this problem. In a car it's always good to try anti-freeze, coolant. It has that fabulous color. That glow in the dark thing. No, but I hardly ever use lube. I think that natural spit is the way to go, man. The hot way to go.

**Eva: What do you think of me?**

Alexis: I just wish I could accomodate you more. I know how much you want to go out and be seen and be that big star you deserve to be, but this body's too small for the both of us, babe. By noon today, it's either going to be you or me forever Eva.

photos by  
Mike Glass





# Fango

the celebutante mix



## My Life as a Celebutante

episode 5

*"Jann, let me tell you. My life is just like everyone else's, only it's been remixed by **Frankie Knuckles** and **Dave Morales**."*

Enrique Marie Presley, excerpted from *Perfect 2: The Celebutante Lifestyle* by Jann Wenner, **ROLLING STONE**, December 1990.

I woke up swimming in a sea of mustard-colored **Cerruti** bed linens, basking in the quiet afterglow that is the morning after. The cavernous, but tastefully decorated, bed chamber was bathed in diffused morning light. A soft haze permeated the room — an effect of my *love hangover*? "Silly me," I thought. "Must be *protein build-up* on my **Bausch+Lombs**; time to soak them in an ezymatic bath." Suddenly, the opening chords of the seduction theme from **Pino Donaggio**'s score to **DRESSED TO KILL** filled the room. I heard someone start up the shower in the master bath. Who...? Why couldn't I remember this man or the night before? **How Jane Fonda of me**. Who was this man? This man who delivered me into temptation... and onto his **Posturpedic mattress**! This man who freed me from my troubles, my hardships, my life. My life. MY LIFE AS A CELEBUTANTE! And just what had become of my troubles: the cell that confined me, the **Faye Dunaway** murder rap hanging over my head? Was that all A DREAM? A cruel, wicked, *yet deliciously hip* dream? Quick. Pinch yourself on the nipple. Ooh. Yes, that was real. Ah. THIS was reality; THAT was a dream! How fabulous! Enrique Marie Presley was back. And back *with a vengeance*! And now it was time to come face to face with the man who saved me. I ran my fingers through my **Umberto** cut and thought, "I hope he's got a *big one*." The Pino Donaggio score swelled as I draped the Cerruti sheet over my shoulder. Surprisingly, my body felt tight, powerful, solid. Good thing I hadn't blown off the gym yesterday. I arose and started for the master bath. Remembering what I had learned from my days at **Click**, I held my head high and took slow, even steps. Attitude. Attitude. Vogue. The Donaggio score crescendoed. As I stepped into the master bath, I was enveloped in a shroud of steam. I let the Cerruti fall to my feet. The hissing of the shower and steam was getting to me. This was my scene and I was getting off! *It was time to ride the white pony!* I grabbed a condom from off the expansive granite counter located next to the sink with the adonized steel fixtures. I reached for the shower curtain. I paused momentarily as the sweat beading up on my pecs rolled down my torso, my thighs, my calves. My mouth went dry. What was once *half-mast* was now ready for the *twenty-one gun salute*! I pulled back the curtain... IT WAS FAYE!



by Enrique Marie Presley



**Capri** cigarette. She purred, "Tell me about it, *stud*."

"Faye Dunaway," I gasped in disbelief. "But you're **dead!** No, wait... That was a dream. Okay. Okay. You're alive! No! Please... *let this be a dream!*"

"This is no dream, *shopgirl!*" she spewed out venomously. And I'm no **Bobby Ewing!** I OWN you. That's right. I BOUGHT you. At Hermes, just like one of the scarves. And NOW you are my love slave, to do with as I please. Just like LAST NIGHT, ... when we made *the beast with two backs!*

The wind was knocked out of me. I felt as if I was going to be violently ill. Imagine, *doing the nasty* with Faye! Yuck! I may be *a scamp, a camp, and a bit of a tramp*, but I **WAS NOT A SELF-HATING HOMOSEXUAL!** In the words of **RuPaul** (as **Star Booty** in the epic tour-de-force **STAR BOOTY II: THE MACK**): "This is my house; I'm coming out; It's my turn!" I was queer *and I liked it!* So, honeys, watch your backs.

I regained my composure and stared straight into THE EYES OF LAURA MARS. "Baby, you're dead. This is a dream. I wouldn't put my *love muscle* in your tired old *surgically reconstructed* bag-of-bones for all the **American Express Platinum** cards in the world. So, consider this sale *null and void*, sister!"

She sucked on the Capri and threw her head back in laughter. "Turn around, shopgirl."

I looked over my nicely-tanned, bulky-but-toned shoulder and saw three of my most hated customers from Hermes standing in formation — legs at hip distance apart: **Sally Kellerman, Raquel Welch** and **Brigitte Nielsen**. They were dressed identically: creme colored **Lagerfield/Chanel suits** with matching shoes and wraparound **Persol** sunglasses. They all wore Hermes scarves — each one with its own unique pattern. And they all had gold **Bijan** revolvers cocked and pointed at my head.

Faye stepped out of the shower and wrapped herself in an oversized **Ralph Lauren** bath sheet. "Sorry to ruin your scene, shopgirl," she purred as she splashed **Jean Nate** on her bare shoulder.

Sally Kellerman turned to her, as if waiting for some sort of signal. Faye smiled and nodded. Sally, in turn, nodded to Raquel and then to Brigitte. Faye struck a match. Sally turned to me and breathed out huskily, "This Bud's for you."

And they pulled their triggers.

"Fame. What's your name?"

"Enrique. En. Enrique Marie, wake up! Wake up now!"

I opened my eyes and saw standing over me: **Jodhi** — my publicist and close personal girlfriend — pelting my face with handfuls of **Levissima** water.

"Enrique Marie Presley! Can you get up now, you little monster!"

"Oh Jodhi, I've just had the most frightful nightmare. I was murdered: *the victim of a ritualistic, execution-style slaying* at the hands of Hollywood's most notorious retail bitches! And Faye was there!"

"Honey!" she shrieked. "I'm sorry but we do not have time for this right now. We have too many things to take care of this morning before you make your court appearance. Have you forgotten? My god, it is a zoo out there! So, up! Now!"

She was right. Today was the first day of my trial. THE CELEBUTANTE MURDER TRIAL. How could I have forgotten? Why, it must have been the overwhelming pressure of suddenly being thrust into the limelight for *allegedly* committing one notorious act and then subsequently becoming *a media darling, a flavor of the month* because of it. The past few weeks have been the most exciting and most stressful I have ever experienced in my life (as a CELEBUTANTE). What with the non-stop **interviews** and **press conferences**, carefully selected **product endorsements**, clever **merchandising tie-ins**, the **1-900 number**, and the endless stream of *high fashion photo sessions*, it was no wonder I was having nightmares. It was as if I had become Jodhi's own little *cottage industry*. But that was the price of **Fame '90**. For once, I truly knew what it felt like to be **Madonna** ... *and I pitied her! How strong she must be, that Ms. Ciccone*. For it was a mighty cross to bear: being an important cultural phenomenon while keeping in touch with your own fabulous self. (*And I speak now from experience*). Be strong, Madonna; I am with you. Enrique Marie Presley is with you! Hold your head high and walk proudly, my sister! You got what it takes, babe! You, babe! You!

But I digress.

Jodhi — Looking quite stunning in a dangerously cut **Rifat Ozbek** dress-with-bolero ensemble and sensibly proportioned **Gigli** chandelier earrings — slipped the **808 State** CD into her **Discman** to help set the mood for this morning's pow wow. ("The perfect soundtrack to your life, En-baby," she said with a wink.) She rolled in a wardrobe rack that had at least two dozen different outfits (with all the *apropos* accessories) and told me to select something appropriate to wear for my starring role in "the hottest media event of its kind since **Ted Bundy**." I couldn't believe it. My eyes had widened to the size of **Wedgewood** at the sight of *all those clothes!* All my favorite lables were there. The best of *the new school*: **Mizrahi, Gaultier, Hamnett, Hayford, Think Tank, Workers for Freedom, Red or Dead, New Republic**. The best of *the old school*: **Armani, Versace, Ungaro, Commes des Garcons, Yohji, Montana**. Even *the old standbys*: **Halston, Gucci, Fiorucci**. Well, let me tell you, being the notorious "tag hag" that I am, I was in hog heaven. I mean, really. If I was going to fry, I would go up in smoke in to-die-for threads! As I was deciding on the *fashion idea* for the day, Jodhi was on the **cellular** with her boy friday, **Chad**, instructing him to fax over the day's agenda. By the time I had settled on the electric blue **Thierry Mugler** suit and graphic-print **Claude Montana** tie, Jodhi was tearing the *transmittal* off her **portafax**.

"Good news, En! You got the cover story for next month's **Vanity Fair** and **Tina Brown** is going to cover it herself! She wanted to send **Dominick Dunne**, but I talked her out of it — Thank me later. Imagine! Dominick Dunne! Dom is already *so played out* in this town — *Hey!* Fab frock! Do it; *Works for me!* Anyway, Chad says that Tina will meet us at the courthouse this morning with **Helmut Newton**. Helmut Newton! Hey, not bad! He'll take some shots during the trial. Hmmmmm ... We'll need to schedule the cover shoot and discuss wardrobe..."

"Oh, I'm so glad that it'll be Helmut and not that **Annie Liebowitz** person. I don't know if I could deal with a cover shot by her, especially not after the **Herb Ritts** shots we did for **Per Lui** last week."

"Well, listen to *Mister Big Head!*" she said, pausing dramatically. "Anyway, the **Amaretto** people are insisting on the *Amaretto di Celebutante* tag line instead of *Amaretto di Presley* — they think it has better name recognition. Oh well, I'll tell them

to go with it... *Nix* on the **Dewar's** ad. *Wrong* image. *Wrong* demographic... The **L.A. Eyeworks** ad starts running next week. **Greg** says "hi," sends his best, *blah, blah...* The **Absolut** people are *just in love* with the **Absolut Murder** concept. You remember that one, right? Hermes scarf around neck of the Absolut bottle, spilled **Baccarat** serving dish of caviar, gold revolver... What's the matter? Don't like it, huh? Well think about it; I think it's kind of *special...*

I did, too. But I couldn't seem to shake off that dream. Something about it bothered me. What did it mean? I sort of understood Faye's presence in the dream. But why were Sally Kellerman, Raquel Welch and Brigitte Nielsen there too? What did it all mean?

"Fame. What you like is in the limo."

At the courthouse, we were rushed by a ravenous swarm of **paparazzi** as we stepped out of the *custom-built* **Lamborghini** range rover. I knew that they might want to *touch* me, and mess up my *fashion idea*. I certainly did not spend all that time fine-tuning *this look* just to have it messed up by a bunch of pushy little reporters from **The Star** and **Inside Edition**. I was going to get *network coverage with satellite hook-ups*,  
**continued on page 22**





*Dora* ↓

*Vaginal* ↓

*Glen* →







*We're here,  
 We're queer  
and we look great.*

*photographed and styled  
 by Rick Castro*

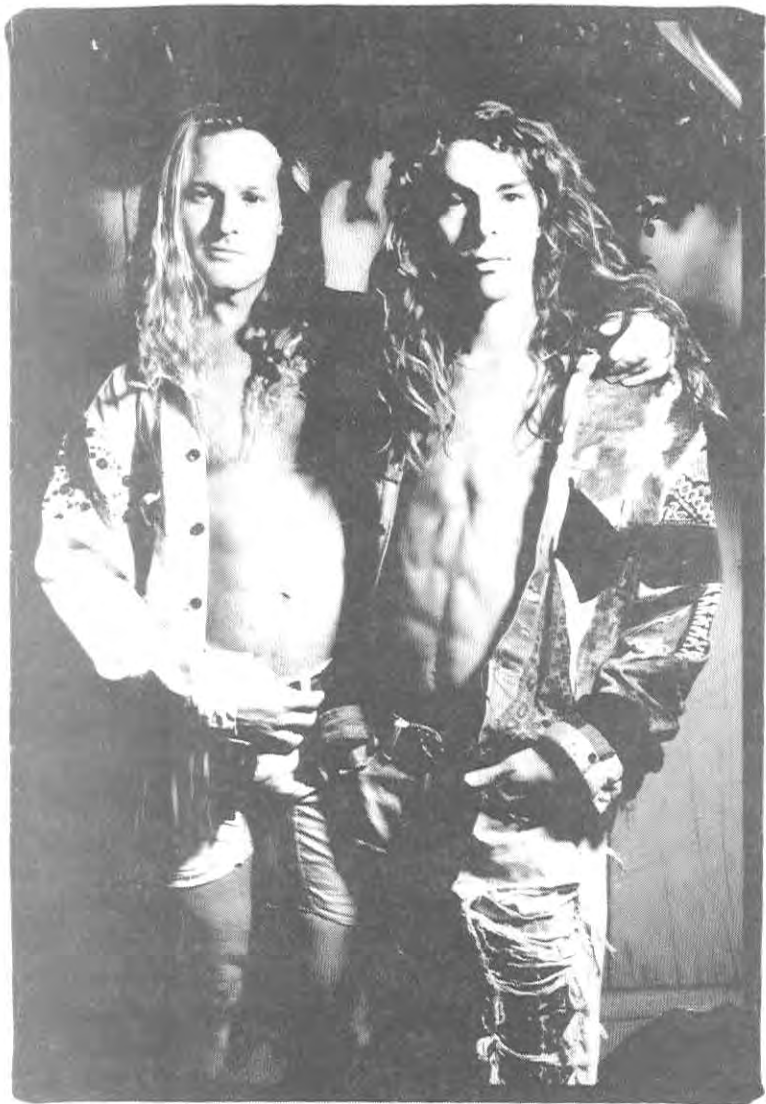
*text by the models*

*Dora's glitter hat was "found on the ground  
 at Bonnie's Party Supply after it burned to the ground,"  
 blue lamé halter handcrafted by Dora for opening  
 night of Sissy Club U.S.A. - star spangled bathing suit  
 also a Dora original, gloves courtesy of stylist. Vaginal  
 Davis is outfitted from head to toe in fashions from  
 Retail Slut: black vinyl bra with attached halter  
 neck, red waist cincher and black panties.  
 \$ Ellen is wearing a yellow fringe dress and fake  
 snakeskin collar from Retail Slut and gloves  
 are courtesy of Good Stupid Rick.*



*more →*





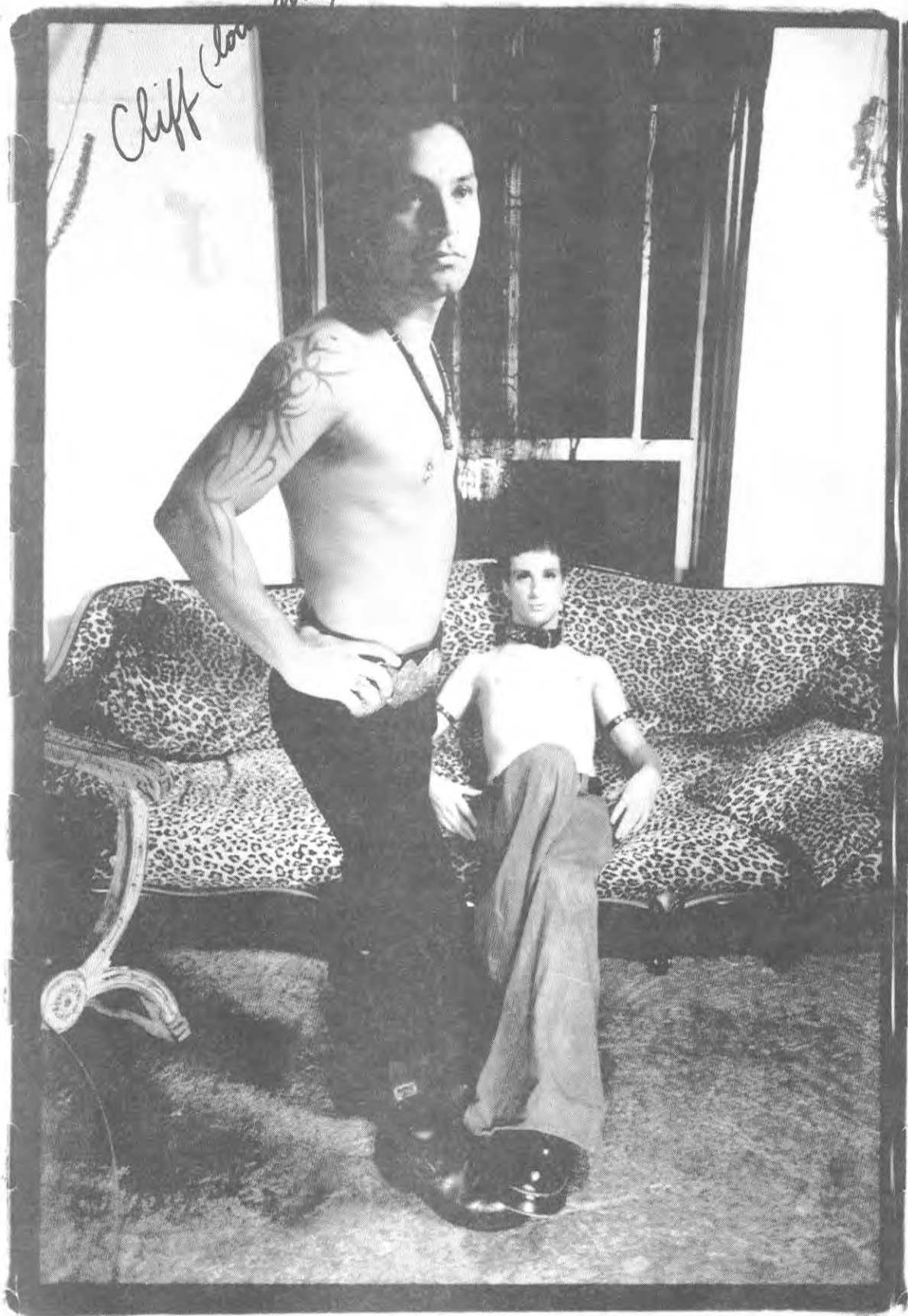
flame shorts from Berlin Wall in San Diego,  
black leather vest from boyfriend, tattoos  
courtesy of Avalon Studios. Christian (middle)  
is wearing a rubber jock

Bobby (aka Wildfire) on the left is wearing



Buck's football shorts are from Animal House,  
white jacket from the Nap, but altered by  
Brian Myrillo. Steffan's shredded jeans &  
patchwork jacket from the late State.

from Pleasure Chest, which is where Ron (right)  
got his leather one.



Cliff (long hair)

got his '70's bellbottom pants at  
Get Rag, collar with  
studs at Pleasure Chest  
and platforms from the  
Goodwill.  
Miguel (standing)  
got his crushed velvet  
pants from Lip Service,  
motorcycle boots from  
Pleasure Chest and  
tattoo from  
Laguna Tattoo





Jacqueline (front, left) obtained her chainmail jock and whip from Anonymous Leather, bra from "I don't remember her name," & tattoos by Igor Morris. Crystal's (front, right) bra is from the Undie World of Lily St. Cyr, jeans "from a chick in front of The Palms," whip from Anonymous Leather & jewelry from Red Devil Studios. Behind them (from the left) Surie's patent bra is from Pleasure Chest, skirt & jacket by Contempo Casuals. Pig Pen got her leather vest & jacket from ex-girlfriends, V-neck t-shirt "found in the street." Sweet Pea's leather cape from Pleasure Chest, girdle American Rag, stockings from the Broadway, G-string was a gift from Heidi Beller. Joni's sunglasses are from her mother's closet. Maria's blouse is from the



Cooper Building and shorts are from "ex-girlfriends that I kept."



From the left, Kelvin's fishnet body stocking is courtesy of Playmater, belt from Berlin Wall, belt from Charlie's. Frankie's gloves & harness Pleasure Chest, Max fields stockings, girdle from Thrifty, elastic chin strap fashioned by himself.

"Darby's" reflector pasties from Trak Auto, sequined swimsuit from Variety Arts Center sale. Paul's fake fur from Closet Classics in Milwaukee, gaffers tape bra made by model, under-shorts borrowed from Darby!

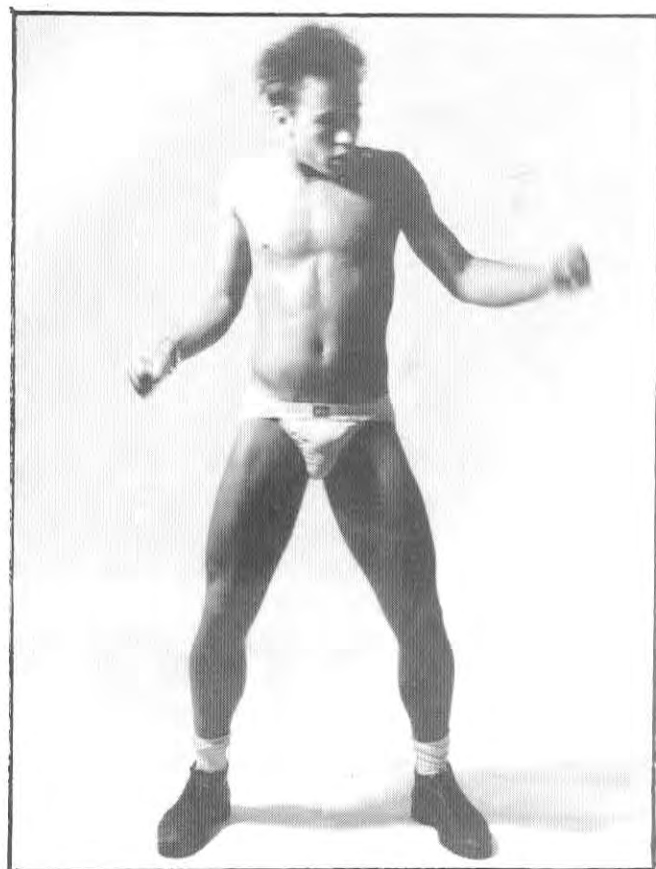






Photo: Margot Reyes Model: Mark Maxwell

# RetailSLUT™



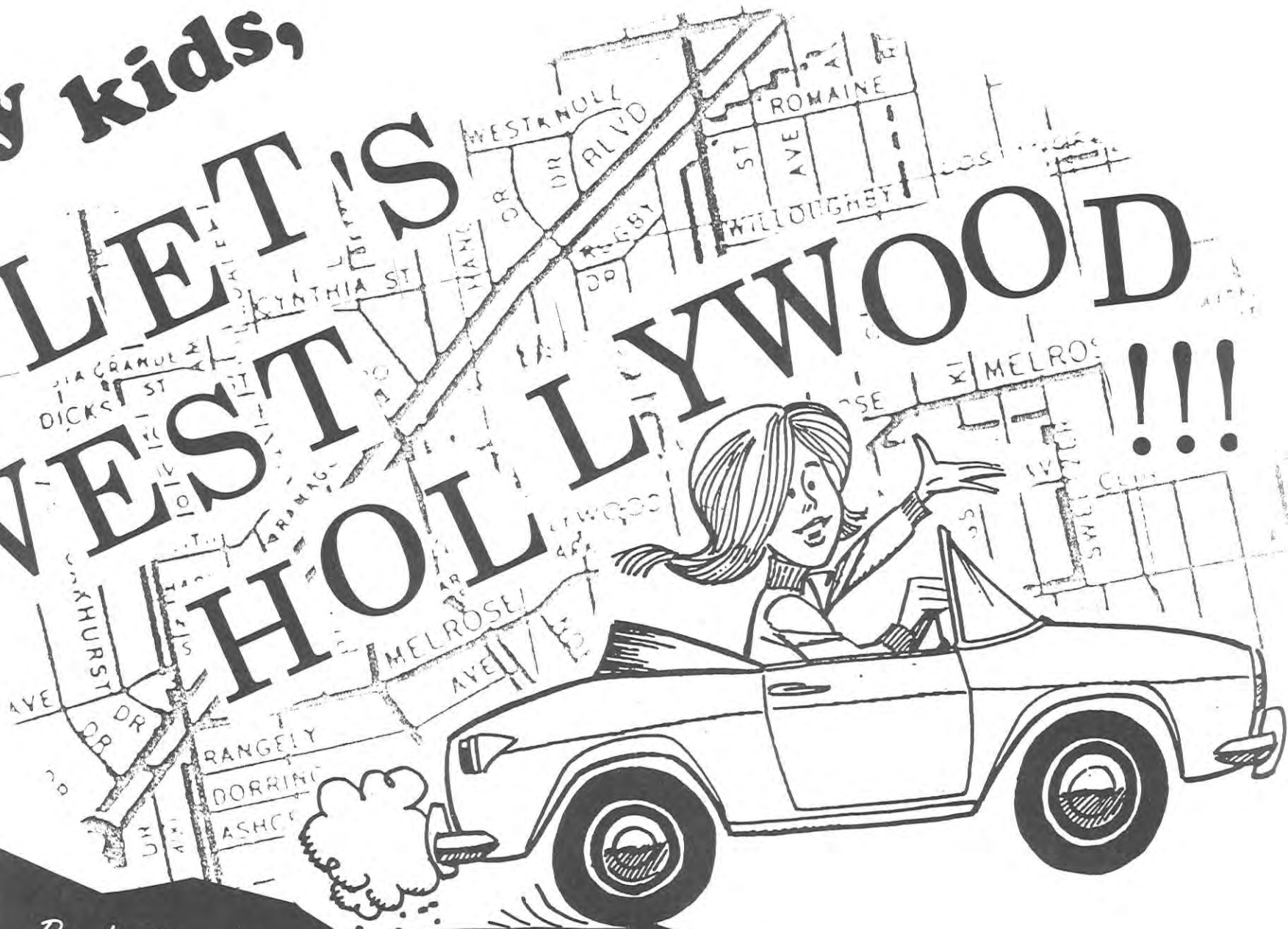
6107 Melrose Ave.

213/465-7900



Hey kids,

# LET'S WEST HOLLYWOOD !!!



Boy's Town. Girl's Town. "Get it Girl" Town. This is the City of West Hollywood. A city not so much of set boundaries, but ideological ones. From La Brea to La Cienega, from Fountain to First and beyond, you'll find it all: retail stores carrying the latest in string tank tops, abundant tanning salons, Americanized Mexican restaurants, pricey gyms, stuck-in-the-early-80's nightclubs and, yes, laser karaoke. Join us for some fun and games as we pay tribute to this most creative of cities. Come on, Let's West Hollywood. Everyone's doing it.



Test your W.H. lifestyle aptitude. Circle the one which doesn't belong?

1. a. Hair Loft b. Skin Loft c. Sun Loft d. Lorna Luft
2. a. Jeff Stryker b. Matt Gunther c. Joey Stefano d. Jim Bailey
3. a. Jeep Cherokee b. Mazda Miata c. BMW convertible d. AMC Pacer
4. a. Rage b. Mickey's c. Cheers d. fun
5. a. Bette Davis b. Joan Crawford c. Marilyn Monroe d. Joyce DeWitt
6. a. Judy Garland b. Peggy Lee c. Eartha Kitt d. Diamanda Galas
7. a. Forever Krystle b. Waterford crystal c. crystal meth d. Crystal Lite

you know the answers.





## an insider's look at the male sex industry



BY  
DIRK FESTIVE

If it's not Old Man River or Father Time, it must be Dude Summer that wined to a close and brought with it that scent of consternation to the minds of adult video performers: their season is over. Their glowing time waned as the smog changed to its autumn reds and browns and the ever present Santa Anas propelled thermometers into the frosty low 70's. Porn stars love the summer and it loves them. With the advent of Fall, there was much less work and less frequent glory evenings at the **Rage** and fewer opportunities to expose award-winning tan lines.

Looking back at the start of the summer, one man/boy strands out. One hot stud rose to stardom and deserved every minute of it. The groovy summer of 1990 was also the Summer of Stefano — everywhere you looked you saw Joey and his perfect butt, itself a work of kinetic sculpture. Here is our Joey scrapbook:

In the June 15 issue of **Entertainment Weekly**, there he was on page 70, subject of a career comparison with none other than Arnold Schwarzenegger. Here's Joey in a glossy, national magazine, representing all of maledom and the erotic industry up against Mr. Maria Shriver. It was an uncanny and straight-faced piece. Who's to say that Joey and Arnold have nothing in common? Don't they both work their bodies for money in the cinema? Aren't they both approximately equal in acting talent? The article pointed out that whereas Mr. S. commands \$11 million plus for a film role, Joey gets \$3,000 tops. Of course, Joey can make one a week if he wants to. Try **that** Arnold. See if you can look as fabulous as Joey does getting butt-fucked every Saturday with only five minutes of actor's preparation before a scene, including douche. Even if Maria worked on you with a dildo in the dressing room before each shoot, you'd have difficulty keeping pace with our very talented Joey, wouldn't you? Now, who works harder for his money?

Sunday, June 25. At the West Hollywood parade (and let's not kid ourselves that it's the "Los Angeles" pride parade) it was Joey shaking his fascist groove thang on the prow of the All Worlds Video float. It reportedly took two hits of "X" to survive the perilous westward journey down Santa Monica Blvd., but he was glorious the whole way. Also present and gyrating were Chi Chi (Ms. LaRue), Lon Flexx, Mike Henson (out of retirement!) and Butch Taylor.

Sunday, July 1, 4:00 am. There was Joey lying nude on the floor of a popular San Diego bar. Thirty extras gather around, waiting for the cameras to roll as soon as co-stars Lon Flexx and Chris McKenzie get back from freshening up in the men's room. The bar is rented for the night for the taping of Jerry Douglas's **More of a Man**, a film we've been hearing a lot about this Fall. Joey is the star, and a glittering one at that. He is just plain talented — not in the sense of having a big dick. (That's not talent after all, that's anatomy). Joey is a natural born charmer, who just happens to move well. Never one to relinquish a spotlight, he reportedly entertained the crowd for several minutes with a spontaneous ventriloquism act he's worked out with his asshole. If they'd had Joey to entertain the troops in '42 at the Hollywood Canteen, how much shorter might the big war have been?

Sunday, July 8. The premiere of the horrendously overpriced "Lost Boys" club at Arena. There was Joey, go-go-ing for all he was worth on a giant overstuffed bed with throw pillows on the dance floor. Dance Joey, dance! Work it on out, babe!

Long before there was Joey, however, there was the Summer Solstice, an event noted for its celestial regularity and ample party opportunities for the organically minded. Midnight, Saturday, June 16 — the annual solstice celebration and orgy was in full swing in San Francisco at the House of the Golden Bull. One hundred and fifty men of all shapes and sizes romped all night in a festively and elaborately decorated house in the Mission district. In attendance was the D.J. from a funky L.A. "underground" club and porn star cum directrix **Ron Pearson**, who looked lovely but was a little pushy in line for the bathroom. Wait your turn, Ron!

**Tony Take-out** — Have you ever wondered about those autographed 8x10 glossies you see on the walls of dry cleaners and delis? Just how many fading pictures of a grinning Soupy Sales do you think hang in the greater Los Angeles area, still visible under a congealed layer of particulate airborne starch and spattered mustard? Imagine our surprise at seeing staring back at us from the star-encrusted wall of **New Meiji Take-out** at 7313 Sunset, the mug of none

continued on page 24

CRYSTAL CROSS  
PIERCING



AT

RED DEVIL  
STUDIOS

1149 N. LA BREA AVE. W. HOLLYWOOD  
(213) 851-0445

By MICKEY MCGUIRE  
Special correspondent

**The outraged ghost of a pirate who died over 150 years ago is waging a campaign of terror against gays on the Caribbean isle of Trinidad — for turning his old island hideout into a den for their wild fun and games!**

The bearded old swash-buckler, who died in 1840, is hopping mad because a bunch of playboy pansies bought a historic two-story house built by the pirate and transformed

it into a private homo-heaven guest house.

"It's the ghost of Cap'n Milo Cooper, and that's for sure," declared retired mariner Elmer Boggs, whose great-grandfather helped build the old house in 1823.

"There's an old painting of Milo in the house and the people who have seen the ghost say it's him what's in the painting."

"No one else could look that mean and ornery."

The once-proud house now has a trashy coat of pink paint with the shutters flanking its

**Topless judge gets busted!**





# COLORING FUN PAGE!

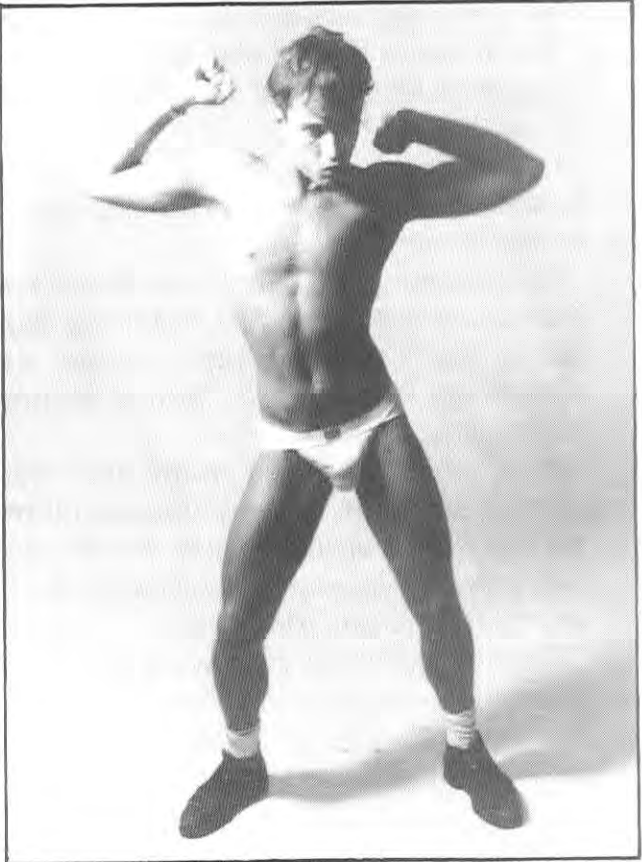


Cameron just spent 30 minutes in a tanning salon. Color him the appropriate shade.

*Pencil ready? Find your favorite songstress diva icon.*



BARBRA JENNIFER HOLLIDAY TR  
ENADROLYATLIZAMINELLIXER  
TNCHERPAULAABDULFUCKTWE  
TNOSKCAJTENAJANDREATRUE  
ETHEWEATHERGIRLSSUMRTYI  
MILLIEJACKSONERTXBILOPGY  
IMADONNACICCONEECVBHYSH  
DONNASUMMEREATSSHITWVU  
LNAMREMLEHTEKIMCARNESIO  
EATASTE OFHONEYGHMIOJDXP  
RSSORANAIDGEORGEMICHAEL





SEEKS LATINO MASC  
Is there a 100% str8 acting  
out there who is 27-34,  
after 160# ...  
art, ballet, couture, music and Laba  
glione! Ext. 2130  
STRAIGHT ACTING LATIN, HIV-,  
170 lbs, seeks other HIV-, for  
at times.  
3WM 49 6'2" 195 b/b/hz  
GRIP F/A enths  
90006 Larry. 100cs1414  
No game. Just T.L.C. Secure gdl  
27AM str8ct HIV- Youth skp  
WM. Photo to: POB 88/15  
NO FLAKE

## STR8 ACTING, STR8 APPEARING

Hi, my name is Dave. I'm what you might call straight acting, straight appearing. Let me describe myself to you. Right now I'm wearing my: Calvin Klein bikini underwear (Downy soft), Ralph Lauren argyle socks, my Malibu Art Club t-shirt, my baggy jeans (that fit remarkably tight in the crotch and butt), cowboy boots and matching cowboy belt and if that's not enough to make you hot... a big splash of Eternity Perfume for Men.

But don't shoot your load yet... there's more! I have this major hot bi-level hair-do, (Really butch). I have this awesome jeep (spotless), with a Body Glove sticker on the back (even though I don't surf) and Raiders stickers on both doors (the Raiders are soooo c-u-t-e.)

I hate it when guys act gay. Who do they think they are?

I'm versatile, but, well... mostly bottom. I really like to get fucked. It really gets me hot when a guy calls my butt-hole a pussy. Arf! I say things like, "Yeah... fuck my pussy you big hot stud." That really turns me on, cuz I'm straight acting, straight appearing.

Once, I sucked off this punky type guy. At first I thought he was kinda hot. Then he said he was into "industrial music." What the fuck is that? He said, "You know, like the Thrill Kill Kult." Whoa! I said goodbye and bolted. That sounded too fucking weird for me. And you know what really bugs me? Drag queens and nellys. What's their problem?

I go to the movies at the Beverly Center a lot with my friends who look like me, you know, straight acting, straight appearing. You'd never know we were gay.

I hate waiting in line at the Rage, but ya gotta do it.

I have the best tan.

I have the firmest ass. It sticks straight up and out.

You'd never know I was gay.

My balls and ass are shaved.

You'd never know I was gay.

Depeche Mode rules! Yeah! (Just thought I'd throw that in).

I don't know why guys would want to hold hands in public. What's the big deal? How embarrassing.

I had dinner at La Fabula last night. Yummm! It was just like being at a fraternity reunion. I could live there. Straight acting, straight appearing heaven. (At Santa Monica and Hayworth).

Well, I think I'll throw on my palm tree jams and go do some laundry. Maybe I'll mousse my hair first. It always makes me look so butch that way... or maybe I should wear my bicycle shorts. Decisions, decisions.

Ooooh if only everyone were straight acting, straight appearing. Wouldn't that be great? Then the real straights would never know we were alive! Wouldn't that be great?

Dave.

## continued from page 13

I had to look good for my **photo op!** Thank goodness for my entourage: my publicist Jodhi; her humpy assistant Chad (also a former **Click** model); her girlfriend **Allegra** (the **3M Post-it** heiress); my lawyer **Jeff Stryker**, and our bodyguard, former Mr. World **Bob Paris**. They were able to form an impregnable wall of flesh that prevented access to the riffraff and minor paparazzi. Jodhi had carefully instructed each of them to allow access to only *certain people*: the networks, **CNN**, **Time** and **Newsweek**, **People**, **MTV**, **Sportswear International**, **Grace Mirabella** AND **Anna Wintour** (*Quel dangereuse!*), **Details**, **The Face**, **Interview**, **egg**, **Exposure**, **Linda Danno** of **Attitudes**, etc. *You know, all the important people.*

As we inched our way past the velvet ropes toward the rose petal-covered courthouse steps, the massive swarm of paparazzi swelled and throbbed with our every move. Flashbulbs. Cameras. Microphones. Klieg lights. Questions. Questions. Chatter. Chatter. "Did you kill Faye Dunaway?" "Any comments for **Hard Copy**?" "Do you feel any remorse?" "What about your **alleged** association with **Prince Wilhelm von Thurn und Taxis**?" "Is it true about **the gerbils**?" "Were you not formerly employed by **Classy Guy Escorts**?" "Where did you get that **fabulous** pendant?"

Suddenly, Jodhi spotted Linda Danno and waved her into our small circle for one question. Linda: "Any fashion tips for our audience?" Enrique Marie (cinematic smile): "Belt it and go!" Applause. Jodhi waved her away and eyed the mass for other important media personalities. As Bob ushered her out, **Leeza Gibbons** burst in *uninvited* with the entire **Entertainment Tonight** remote crew. Leeza (huffing and puffing): "Enrique Marie Presley, alleged killer of legendary luminary Faye Dunaway, why did you do it?" Enrique Marie (cinematic look of disgust): "Take a **Breathsaver**, babe." Allegra slapped her upside the head. "Trash." Applause.

"Fame. Puts you there where things are hollow."

It had already been a good forty minutes and the prosecution still hadn't arrived. We were all getting restless. My face hurt from smiling. Allegra reapplied her nail polish. Bob did a few bicep curls. Jodhi adjusted her dress shields. Jeff just *adjusted*. Tina Brown was getting testy, and Jodhi told her to "shut (her) puss." *The tension was that unnerving.*

The crowd, too, was getting restless. I spotted **Ione Skye** slapping **Adam Horowitz** on the hand for scratching his crotch so shamelessly and in full view of paparazzi. But, alas, an air of *ennui* hung heavily about the courtroom.

Suddenly, Helmut Newton announced in his heavy accent, "Enough! I will shoot my pictures!" and ordered his assistants to set up. Two stylists lifted me from my chair and positioned me face-down and spread-eagle on the table. **Michael Zager Band**'s "Let's All Chant" pumped out of a boom box: "Ooooh. Ooooh." Three models — **Linda Evangelista**, **Carmen** and **Jeff Aquilon** — were arranged around me. "Ooooh. Ooooh." Carmen — in a deep crimson **Balenciaga** gown that offset her silver coif nicely — pointed a prop revolver at my head and struck different poses: happy, sad, angry, defiant, confused. "Ah Ah Eh Eh. Let's all chant!" Lying on top of me, Linda writhed her hips to the beat-beat-beat of the song-song-song: face snarling; body wearing nothing but **Donna Karan** panties and hosiery. "Ah Ah Eh Eh. Let's all chant!" Jeff Aquilon stood topless in front of my face (which was at crotch level), wearing mirrored sunglasses, the bottom half of a **CHP** uniform, and boots. "Ah Ah Eh Eh. Let's all chant." He was grabbing the back of my head with his left hand, and held a police dog on a leash with his right. "Ah Ah Eh Eh. Let's all chant!" **Stylists** applied a glistening layer of baby oil on his legendary abs. "Your body, my body; Everybody wants your body. Your body, your body; Everybody wants your body." Someone hit the **wind machine**. "Ah Ah Eh Eh. Let's all chant!" Helmut shot pictures at a breakneck pace. "Ah Ah Eh Eh. Let's all chant!" The paparazzi went wild. "Ah Ah Eh Eh. Let's all chant!" And I liked it.

"Order in the court! Order in the court!" Yelled the judge impotently, knowing full well that he was powerless in stopping *this scene*. After all, there was no denying the passionate call of the disco beat. All of a sudden, a spectator in a multi-colored body suit with a brunette flip wig got up on her chair and began to dance wildly. It took a minute, but I realized that it was **Lady Miss Kier** from **Deee-Lite**! The fever spread quickly. Within seconds, the entire crowd was on its feet doing the **M.C. Hammer**! A group of **Queer Nation** boys in **hot pants** and **Doc Martens** burst into the already capacity courtroom through the rear entrance doors. They were followed by yet another group of *scenesters* and a small army of cocktail waitresses. Before I knew it, a DJ had set up a mobile sound system next to the jury and was pulling out records to play. Spotting Lady Miss Kier on her chair, the DJ quickly spun the break beats from the Deee-Lite 12". Taking the cue, Lady Miss Kier spontaneously broke out into a rendition of "Groove is in the Heart." I couldn't believe it. Deee-Lite was performing at my murder trial, ... during my photo shoot! *I felt truly blessed.*

This impromptu party could have gone on for hours. But shortly after it began, District Attorney **Susan Dey** walked in haughtily, legal briefs in hand.

"What is going on here!?" she demanded.

"A photo session. And a private party," Jodhi shot back. "Who are you here with, babe? Can I see your invite?"

"I am the District Attorney! This is a farce!"

I continued to strike elegant, yet dramatic poses with Linda, Carmen and Jeff for Helmut's camera; but could feel someone's eyes burning into my back. I looked over my shoulder and saw the homicide dick who arrested me, **Detective Dean Upshaw**. He walked over towards me, pushing the models aside.

"I have to talk to you."

Removing the gag from my mouth, I responded, "Yes, of course..."

I was again struck by his amazing resemblance to **Alec Baldwin**. I wanted this man *in the worst possible way*. I had to catch my breath and try to maintain. After all, what good would it do me to jump the bones of the man who could put me away for *Murder One*. He leaned over to whisper something in my ear. My pulse quickened as I felt his hot breath on my neck. At the same time, I saw D.A. Susan Dey saying something to Jodhi and to my lawyer, Jeff Stryker.

continued on page 25



# mc mary 69



## IN YOUR FACE!

Whenever I sit down at my typewriter to cast my vote on the latest records trying to dominate the soundwaves, I can just hear the fat record executives on Sunset Boulevard squirming in their vinyl chairs, breathlessly waiting on MC Mary's anticipated make or break decision: will I spray their record gold or toss it in the oven where most of them belong? This time of the year, those fat execs are scrambling for the big X-mas cash. They have to pay MC Mary plenty of payola even to get a mention.

Let's have a look through the album bin first, shall we?

Upon inspection of the "new" **Morrissey** album, *Bona Drag*, I see it's all previously released material, his "hit" singles, their B-sides and his latest opus, "Picadilly Palare," recalling his golden days as a male hustler on the rack at Picadilly Circus (darling, can you really remember that far back?) Actually, it's a worthy compilation if you don't already have the singles or if you just don't want to bother changing each record on the disc player. By the way, its title *Bona Drag* is a quaint British expression meaning "love your threads, Mary!" Thanks hon.

**Pet Shop Boys** have been spending so much time lately meddling in other people's records (Liza, Dusty, etc) they seem to have not had a lot of time to do a decent job on their current release, *Behavior*. Their recent single "So Hard" (sorry, but it's not about the state of my boyfriend last night) ranks alongside some of their best songs, but so much of this album is filler material you may as well buy their upcoming singles off it instead. It's a sin!

I won't bother reviewing **Whitney Houston**'s new LP since no one with any musical taste would bother listening to her records anyway. Whit honey, the best thing I can say about you is that you did a great job muffdiving at the Palms the other night. I still have some of your lipstick smears down there.

**Public Image Limited** (PIL) has a greatest hits compilation out now and it's certainly a worthy examination of Johnny Lydon's "dance with a social conscience" outfit. It includes their current hit "Don't Ask Me," all about environmental issues. Thanks for the lecture, doll!

**Soho**, of the wonderful "Hippy Chick" number, have their debut album out in time for Santa's stocking too, but as suspected, they seem to be a one hit wonder. It all sounds so similar. The effect is a bit like hearing "Hippy Chick" played backwards, speeded up and chopped up.

My personal fave now is a Scottish band called **The Shamen**. Their latest album *Intact*, contains two dance raves "Progen" and "Make It Mine," both hybrids of post acid/rap psychedelia. The album mixes in other styles, some dub, some space-transcendental beats, making a very exciting listening experience. MC Mary particularly likes to listen to this after shooting some speed and hanging out at orgies.

A quick pick of some very funky current singles: **Happy Mondays'** "Kinky Groovy Afro" (with a "Lady Marmalade" bass-line attached) a danceable taste of their upcoming album, **Soup Dragons'** brilliant "I'm Free" is followed by the less danceable, but more melodic "Mother Universe", **808 State's** "Cubik" is an electro-industrial-dance-step-challenger, **The Farm's** "Groovy Train", **That Petrol Emotion's** "Hey Venus", **Ask's** "Dream" and from Germany, **Anti-Times'** "Dream Baby" make me want to dig my spiked heels into the floor and bump and grind. Don't forget **Meat Beat Manifesto's** "Psych-Out" which deals with important issues of our times: sex, drugs and rock and roll. Keep sniffin' those poppers. Love me, Mary.

# COMING IN 1991



H a i r



## continued from page 19

other than porn star **Tony Davis**. Now who's idea was that?

**More gym spottings** — At the Holiday Health Spa in Mission Valley, San Diego: **Kurt Bauer** and **Chris Burns**. At the Gower location in Hollywood: **Brian Maxon**, **Ray Stockwell**, **Tony Tenilli** (aka Anthony Armani) of John Summer's **Backstrokes**, luscious redhead **Erich Lange** and **Lon Flexx**.

Speaking of Lon, we've picked on him in the past but we love every square inch of his picture perfect bod. That's why we're quick to come to his aid. Lon needs your help. The poor lad has lost all the buttons off his shirts. He is never seen out and about without his shirt open to the waist, his shaved and tan chest peeking out from underneath, radiant with sparkle-glitter deposited by his Zinka-sun-protection-factor-2 oil that he is never without. Lon took time out from button ripping the week of July 15th to fly to Tucson for the Reno Memorial fundraiser benefiting the local Shanti Foundation. He raised \$1,000 in a single pledge from San Francisco's Eagle Bar when he agreed to wrestle some stud in a pit of lime jello. Now **that's** doing one's part.

**BMuseWd** — That was **Tim Kramer** driving down the boulevard in his foxy silver BMW 525i. His health products business must be plenty healthy.

**Leo affordable** — Our favorite blond star of the early 80's, **Leo Ford**, is reported to be more or less on the skids in Hawaii with his boyfriend and business partner of many years, Craig. Leo supposedly pumped thousands of his hard-earned porn dollars into Craig's gay tourism schemes in the islands, and has lost his shirt as a result. Will Leo soon again be losing his shirt literally in videos to re-build his nest egg? After a four year absence, and despite the circumstances, we hope so. He's proof that **Blonds do it Best**.

**Santa Fe is further away than ever** — If you are wondering what will become of the unceremoniously closed **Santa Fe** bar on Melrose, your worst fears are probably your safest bets. The site, formerly the charming "**1**" bar, was purchased a year ago by a well-known hair-stylist-to-the-stars. If it does reopen as a bar, our guess is that they'll keep it dark just long enough to make sure all us faggots find other watering holes, and then expensively remodel it and straighten it out. Perhaps it'll become one of those "leather and rubber" biker bars — the kind frequented by persons with \$20,000 Harleys and \$2 attitudes. They'll probably serve nothing but "dry" beers and blush wines. If we wanted blush wines, we'd expose ourselves to a bottle of Chardonnay. Watch for its opening and show up in a trenchcoat and sunglasses, press some bills into the doorman's manicured fist and announce *sotto voice*, "I want to see **Cycle Sluts** please".

**Matt Gunther**, that gorgeous Vivid Video model who graced the cover of First Mate in all his tropical glory, seems to have a skeleton in his closet and it may be wearing stiletto heels. Friends from Orange County tell us he used to show up a couple of years ago in such bars as the **D.O.K.** of Garden Grove in demi-drag, just for fun mind you. We think Matt's a stud just the way he is but we'd be equally delighted to see him become "Christie Dior — Karen Dior's only true younger sister."



**Video 10**, retail distributors for the Matt Sterling and Falcon product lines, recently joined the list of adult video companies raided by the FBI this spring. In an insidious and little-talked about operation, county agents, armed with federal search warrants, confiscated video tapes under a mandate from a task force created as a result of Reagan's Meese Commission (remember that joke?). Video 10 may face potentially expensive court battles and join other companies such as Catalina, In Hand Video and many "straight" sister companies in defending themselves against the expected obscenity charges. What country is this anyway when federal agents have nothing better to do than salivate over copies of **Cherry Cheerleaders** in the name of decency?

**Addicted to Love** — At the Revolver September 17 was wet lube spokesmodel **Rex Chandler** being a regular guy and taking the open mike at Karaoke night. We don't know how lubed up he was, but apparently his voice isn't at all bad.

**Things NOT to do with a video star** — Don't get stabbed 37 times by them with ordinary steak knives. That's the parable going around the industry this Fall. Absolutely **everybody** agrees on the details. The hapless and dead recipient of the cutlery assault was Michael Franks, a New York Off-Broadway producer. The crazed knife-wielding porn star is purported to be Ted Cox, teen star of many popular videos including **Pay to Play II**, **The Rise** and the lesser known works of **Bare Bottoms** and **Sweet Meat**, **Lost Innocence**.

This rather sobering gossip kept our phone ringing for weeks. Ted was such a **nice** boy. How could he off somebody? As the story goes, Ted was back in New York for a week that was to culminate in festivities on Fire Island with a bunch of erotic performers doing their stuff. Ted was staying with Franks and doing major

continued on page 26

# VELVEETA FONDUE'S PORN TIPS

THE ADVICE  
COLUMN FOR  
YOU AND  
YOUR KIND



Dear Velveeta:

I don't know where to turn or what to do. I married my high school sweetheart, "Muscles," five years ago. He was the captain of the football team and I was the head of play production. We fell in love and moved to a mobile home in Oceanside. We were happy for a few years, he worked as a construction worker, I as a salesman in women's shoes at Nordstrom, but this summer, disaster struck. For fun, we rented a Jeff Stryker video and Muscles related to Jeff a little too much. You see, Velveeta, I've always been able to satisfy Muscles orally. I never let him, well, fuck me. It's become an obsession for him and I'm afraid if I don't do "it," I may lose him forever. My friends tell me that Muscles should respect my decision, but I'm worried that this may break up my "marriage." What should I do?

-Abandoned in Arcadia

Dear Abandoned:

Is this some kind of joke? You work at Nordstrom and you're afraid of a little anal invasion? Nurdy boys and butt torture go together like the French and attitude, like Richard Gere and gerbil rumors. Listen, angel, you're friends are bitter, jealous queens. Marriage is a sacrifice and penetration is essential to the matrimonial experience. But, worry not, Velveeta can help you prepare for the "big" night. First, check the local paper for a sale on Fleet Disposable Enemas. (Necessities don't have to be expensive), go and buy yourself a six pack. While you're at it, pick up a tube of KY. Ask some of your friends at work if they have any Amyl you can borrow (they will) and ask mom if she has a Valium (she should). While hubby is at work, pop in your favorite home fitness tape and pay particular attention to the stretching routines. An hour before your man arrives home, pop four Advil and the Valium and wash it all down with some Stoli. Follow directions on the Fleet enema, lower the lights to create a mood and get ready to rock and roll. During the act itself, I suggest adopting the squat and drop position (it's best for first-timers) and Abandoned, when you feel him knocking at your lovin' oven, snort that Amyl like there's no tomorrow. In addition, any urge to scream can be quelled by smoking a Newport. Believe me, kitten, repeat this procedure four times a week and your cat will never stray. It's a little rough at the beginning, I know, but, "no pain, no gain" is the rule here and I promise that after a month Muscles will stay happy as a clam and you'll be up to your ears in champagne and roses.

Dear Velveeta:

I met this guy at the gym and we became friends. He's very hot and totally butch and I really want to fuck him, but I can't tell if he's gay or straight. Can you help?

- Confused in Covina

Dear Confused:

We've received a number of letters like yours and your question is certainly a stumper. Used to be a carelessly placed GQ, an abundance of hair products or any Judy Garland record would give a man away. However, things have gotten more difficult. Straight men have discovered grooming, fags have thrown out their Streisand and Midler LP's and everybody reads Interview. But, never fear,



there will always be a few things that separate the boys from the boyz. Allow me to list a few:

**Fat Girls:** Still the best indication going. Queers will no sooner give up their love for obese female dance partners than straight boys will hang up their NO FAT CHICKS license plate rims.

**Cologne:** Once a surefire homo indicator in itself, the shit has found its way into every man's boudoir. The trick is in the brand of choice. If the man o' your dreams wears Polo or Drakkar Noir, start to worry. But if Butch stocks ample portions of Sung or Habit Rouge, girl, you're half way there. Also, straight men never have a box full of samples with foreign names and they never spray their "pulse points."

**Words:** Straight men never have a "fabulous" time. Fags never have a "bitchen" one. Straights never go to a "festive" party. Fags only attend keggers by accident. Fags never say, "Dude, my dick itches." and straights never say, "Girlfriend, I fucked until my cock was raw."

Of course, the last and most effective way to gauge his orientation is to get him drunk and pound his cakes. How was it? Fabulous? Then you're on the right track. Straight men are notoriously lousy lays.

Well Chickens, that's all the space for this issue. If you have any burning questions, begging to be answered, send them in to:

**Velveeta Fondue's PORN TIPS**  
**SIN BROS.**  
 c/o W.K.  
 P.O.Box 618  
 N. Hollywood, CA 91603

and remember... **VELVEETA LOVES YOU ALL!**

## continued from page 22

Jodhi and Jeff looked over at me, eyes widened from shock and surprise. The gist of what Detective Upshaw was saying suddenly hit.

"Oh, my god."  
 And I fainted...

*"Fame. What you get is no tomorrow."*

My entourage — Jodhi, Jeff, Allegra, Chad, Bob — stood over me. Jodhi, being who she is, slapped me back into consciousness. Bob and Allegra kept the paparazzi at bay.

"Honey," Jodhi said anxiously. "How could this have happened? Now everything is ruined. All our work — history. Oh, why did this have to happen? We were so close..."

"I'm sorry. I wanted to be a **flavor of the month**. I did. How was I supposed to know that Sally Kellerman was going to end up killed the same way as Faye? Damn those Hermes scarves! Why do these women have to keep choking on them? Shit, I thought I would be able to milk this whole damn scandal for all it was worth. And now it's over. Everyone will know that I'm a fraud, that I'm innocent."

I looked up shyly to Detective Upshaw and whispered, "I'm innocent."

The paparazzi gasped and there was a long silence.

I thought about crying, but I didn't want to ruin my foundation. Now, everyone would know that I was a fraud. That I was not as fabulously notorious as they once thought. I felt cheap, used, worthless. Damn Sally. Damn Sally Kellerman! Why did she...

It was then that the true meaning of my dream dawned on my. Yes. It all began to make sense now. Faye. Sally. Raquel. Brigitte. I should have seen it before. I motioned Jeff and Bob to help me to my feet. I told Jodhi that I had something to say to the press. I was ready to meet my accusers — the paparazzi. I eyed them scornfully.

"I have something to say to you all."

I heard stifled laughter. Someone yelled out, "Yeah, tell us some more lies, *Celebutante*." Jodhi shushed them into silence.

"I know who killed Faye Dunaway. I know who killed Sally Kellerman." There was a low rumbling of chatter. "Listen to me! I know who's next! I saw it in a dream. I, I... (dramatic pause) I'M PSYCHIC!!"

NEXT TIME...

**ENRIQUE MARIE CONFIDENTIAL: Confessions of a Celebutante**



# COIFFURES

BY



MODEL: TRUDY TRUELOVE PHOTO: RICK CASTRO

## "CHRISTMAS SHOPPING FEET!"

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by "Bill"

# DIARY OF AN OFFICE SLAVE IN BREEDER HELL

**7:15am** - The shriek from my alarm clock rouses me momentarily. I could snooze-alarm my life away - couldn't you?

**8:35am** - Slow down to check out the hot, beefy construction crew long enough to insure my late arrival at Pacific Bell: my job, my curse.

**9:08am** - Pull into the parking lot and slowly approach the security door. "Christians aren't perfect, just forgiven" and "Gun control means one in each hand" bumper stickers flank my asphalt path. Oh, a new one today, "I love my cocker spaniel." Just to have a black Magic Marker, the corrections I could do with that one.

**9:11am** - Punch our top secret security code (7624), like anyone would want to get into this hell hole. I heave a heavy sigh that Satan has let me down again, never accepting my soul in exchange for destroying this building to the pile of dust and pummel it was meant to be.

**9:13am** - Entering the hallway it strikes me how much this place looks like a women's detention holding cell, complete with an absence of windows, earth tones circa 1973, metal lockers and dusty plastic plants. The hallway is teeming with polyester-clad-overweight-lower-class-den-mothers who are either chain smoking or eating or showing pictures of their ugly, white trash grandchildren.

**9:16am** - I'm greeted with the warmth of my supervisor, Leona - a huge-breasted hooker who dresses from her teenage daughter's closet. "You are tardy" she grunts. "You hear me, tardy." Tardy? Can you believe a multi-billion dollar company still calls its employees tardy? It makes me feel like I should take my Charlie's Angels lunch box and stand in the cloak room until the big hand is on the four and the little hand is, well, you get the picture. "Oh well," I retort. "Better late than never." A bald-faced lie if ever I told one.

**9:21am** - At my desk I view the office. It was last decorated over 15 years ago (I was about to have my Bar Mitzvah). The prominent color is orange - orange carpet, orange chairs, orange flowers stuck in dusty baskets on baby-shit brown walls, and again, no windows. It's the only office I have ever seen with a constantly stocked food table. People eat all day. Endless Smart and Final cakes with more lard than Roseanne. It looks like a cross between the Sizzler and an explosion at Van de Kamps.

**10:04am** - And still they continue to eat. My office is 94% fat people, most of them spend their days complaining to anyone who will listen, how their spouses won't fuck them anymore, all the while asking for someone to pass them another piece of apple nut swirl.

**11:43am** - I get up and walk away from my desk for no reason and stroll to the break room. Two women standing side-by-side have completely blocked the way to the other side of the lunch area. We' are talking square feet of hips here. They are complaining about the vending machine food. I can't blame them. Box juices, Ramona brand burritos (last week I thought I found a piece of wood in mine) and lots of sweets. "All this shit!" one of them bellows. "I wish they'd get something by Sara for christsakes!" I realized she knew Sara Lee so well they were on a firstname basis. Of course it didn't stop either one of them from getting a Dolly Madison Honey Bun and a Payday candybar, each.

**11:45am** - "Bill," yells Leona "shouldn't you be taking customer calls instead of wasting your time cruising the breakroom?" This coming from a woman who slept her way into management at Pacific Bell and only got as far as this. "From the time I get here until the time I leave it's a waste of my time Leona," I respond. "Oh you're so silly," she wheezes. She thinks I'm joking. "Come on. Time to serve the customers." How fitting from the woman who is known in my building as putting the "serve" in "customer service."

**1:00pm** - At last it's lunch time - similar to a feeding frenzy at Sea World. To try and get near a vending machine, a microwave or the refrigerator would be suicidal. I just stand back and wait until the poundage subsides. I imagine being crushed by two chunk-mamas fighting over the last package of soft serve cookies.

**1:45pm** - Sex is a weapon even with ugly people. This pinhead straight guy spends all day making "in-her-end-o's" to Leona and others in management. They eat this shit up like the last Ho-Ho in the vending machine. This guy makes damned sure these sex-starved women know he wants to plow them to Pittsburgh in exchange for getting taken off customer calls so he can chit-chat the rest of the day. This is why Yours Truly never gets taken off the line. They know I'm a homo and the only male supervisor I could suck up to is so scared he might be a girlee, that he's afraid to touch his own dick to pee, for fear of getting hard.

**2:13pm** - I watch the football stadium-sized countdown clocks on every wall tick away another minute. No glimmer of hope this day will pass quickly. I sit at my mini-nuclear green glowing screen and feel the noxious gases seep into my body. Isn't this day over yet?

**3:20pm** - Notified of a personal call (strictly forbidden). I pick up the line to find my recently ex-boyfriend shrieking about the list of things I want back from his apartment. O.K., maybe it was a little inappropriate to send it with his birthday card. Anyway, I get so upset I hang up on him in mid-shriek and stomp back to my desk. Without thinking, I answer the next call, "Thank you for calling Pacific Bell. How can I hate you." They don't seem to notice.

**4:15pm** - The aging, closeted sweater hag with tortured hair receives a bouquet of flowers from his lesbian gal pal. I guess it's his birthday. I watch in horror as the office manager rolls his Burgie Beer-induced red eyes and makes a limp-wristed gesture to Leona and they giggle in their believed hetero superiority. If only I watched more female midget mud wrestling and read "Bodacious TaTas" I might earn the office manager's rarely given respect and then get a raise. No thanks.

**4:26pm** - Still fuming from those homophobic managers, I purposefully cut off three calls in a row. The gay employees here do all the best work (as in most offices) and what do we get to show for it? Brain-dead supervisors who would just as soon give a promotion to some jerk-off straight guy because he plays in the football pool.

**5:15pm** - As the day finally draws to a close, I find myself asking the same question I do at the end of every other day. What happened? When we were young and first started these jobs we were offered credit cards and lines of loans. Being new to this money thang we ate it up. We became charge princesses. Then we turned around a few years later in debt, tied to these unbearable jobs, with bosses over us we wouldn't hire to hose down our driveways. When will it all end. I'm still young, aren't I? Maybe I'll get out.

## continued from page 24

nasty drugs. For whatever reason, Ted flipped out and got himself hitched to one of the female starlets in the troop. Next thing we know, he's in Franks' Village apartment, arguing heatedly and making for the steak knives. He was arrested the following morning, when he returned to the scene to collect his stuff and the cops didn't buy his "gosh, what happened **here?**" act. Ted's now in the slammer on first degree murder charges.

For a visual aid to complete the picture, check our Vivid's **Lewd Conduct**, a festive prison picture from last Winter. Ted's on the cover — behind bars.

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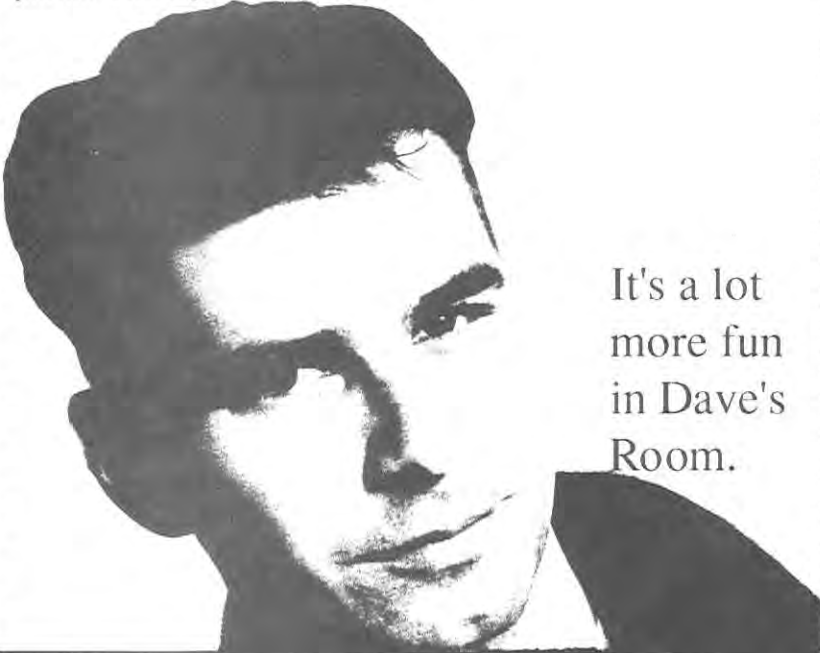


# DAVE'S ROOM

See Dave Kinnick (of **Advocate Men** and **Adult Video News**) talk about adult gay video and show clips from 3 nasty new movies.

Hear guys on video saying with straight faces lines like: "Shave your ass!!? Why can't you do it yourself." or "Bathed in a pool of my own sweat and dust, the fire in my loins overpowers me, and I can no longer control the desire and despair."

Watch Dave's interview with hot, hot, hot video performer Lon Flexx. Also included is Dave's hilarious tribute to bad porno, **The Upholstery Boys**.



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# Percy

original SIN BROS fiction  
by Miss Gerald O' Brookomore

"Raspberries!!!," I exclaimed. "Absolutely magnificent."

My head was terribly weak and I wasn't at all coherent. I had fallen and banged my head on the stone below me in the process. These dizzy spells were becoming ever more frequent, and so I scarcely cared to bother to determine the cause of this particular one - but the expanse of stone that surrounded me was rather a mystery. I could see two immense towers in the distance covered with flora, quite a lush sight. But what really propelled me toward these towers was the gold ring that clearly pierced the entirety of one of them. The ring possessed an equally immense radiance, and I hurriedly began towards it.

I wasn't even considering the question of what this expanse was. That is, until I nearly tripped and looked to the ground. Chiseled in startlingly large letters was the name:

## PERCY

And it began to come back to me, but it didn't make any sense. Percy was the name of the magnificently splendid chorus boy that had distracted me so. Yet the question remained - why was his name carved in this stone? It could simply have been that he was so embedded in my every thought that his name would have appeared in six-foot type wherever I was. But this was unlikely. My head was too muddled to make any sense of this, and so I continued walking, not knowing what else I could possibly do.

I made myself weaker still by swooning over the thought of dear Percy. "After all," I told myself, "he IS terribly statuesque. And the hoop in his left nipple is more majestic than anything else one could possibly begin to imagine, the center of the universe."

I came to a startling realization at this point, and upon thinking about it later I couldn't believe that it had evaded me for as long as it had. I was struck by the fact that the stone expanse that I was trodding upon was Percy's chest, and likewise the 'towers' that I was driven to hurl myself towards were his nipples. This explained the radiant ring atop the left tower, and I was so elated by my discovery that I practically levitated towards it.

I at last reached the peak of his nipple, and stood overwhelmed for several minutes. I was eager to examine the ring more closely, but had to collect myself first. "Magnificent!," I repeated with unrestrained glee. And as I stood there his chest suddenly began to heave. I clutched the ring, not knowing what else to do. But of course this only made his chest heave more.

And then it came - a torrent of delicious lactation! I was carried violently down the length of his nipple, careening in the milky fluid. It's a wonder I survived.

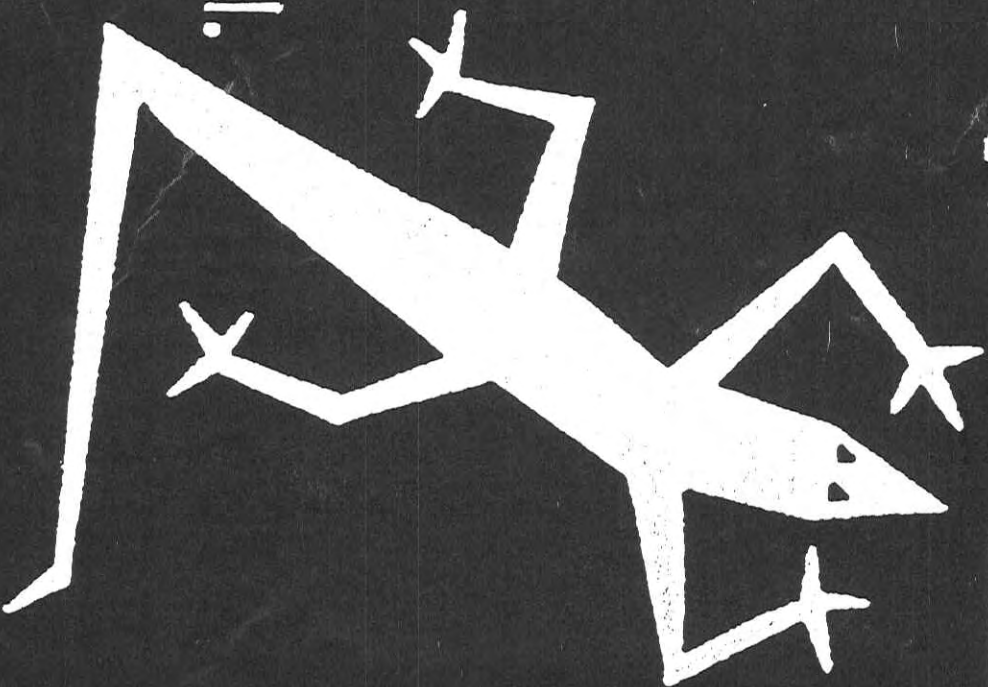
Thank you,

Mom, Laura, Felix, Mark, Reba,  
Chris, Jeremy, Kurt, Steve M., Mike,  
Bill K., Bill C., Charles, Jim, Richard,  
Todd & Emily, Ruth & Steve S., the  
baby Jesus and Loren!♥



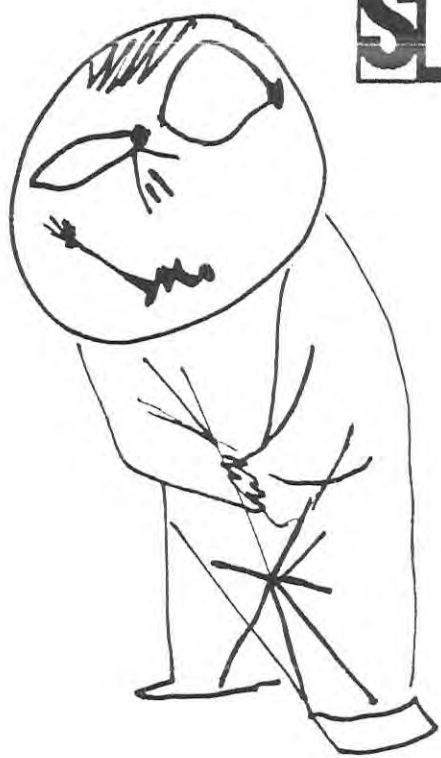


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