

QUEER



CITY

volume 1
number 1
\$4.50

QUEER CITY



QUEER CITY WAS A LONG TIME COMING, BUT IT WAS WORTH IT.

with some help
from our friends...

QUEER CITY IS THE SOLE CREATION OF ALEX AND RACHEL,
AND WILL BE PUBLISHED WHENEVER WE FEEL LIKE IT.
SUBMISSIONS ARE WELCOME BUT IF WE DON'T LIKE IT WE WON'T USE IT.
BRUTAL, HONEST, AND EVER SO MUCH EASIER THAN FALSE SINCERITY,
DONTCHA THINK?

PHOTOGRAPHERS
THOM TYMSTONE
DIANA LYNN BERRY
LISA FISHER

THANKS TO THE ARTISTS AND PHOTOGRAPHERS WHOSE WORK WE USED.
WE LOVE YOU. WE REALLY DO.

THANKS ALSO TO RICHARD AND A DIFFERENT LIGHT
FOR MAKING MANY DREAMS COME TRUE.

TO ORDER A COPY OF QUEER CITY
SEND A CHECK FOR \$5
(MADE OUT TO A DIFFERENT LIGHT)
OR WELL WRAPPED CASH
TO:
QUEER CITY PRODUCTIONS
C/O A DIFFERENT LIGHT
489 CASTRO STREET
SAN FRANCISCO CA
94114



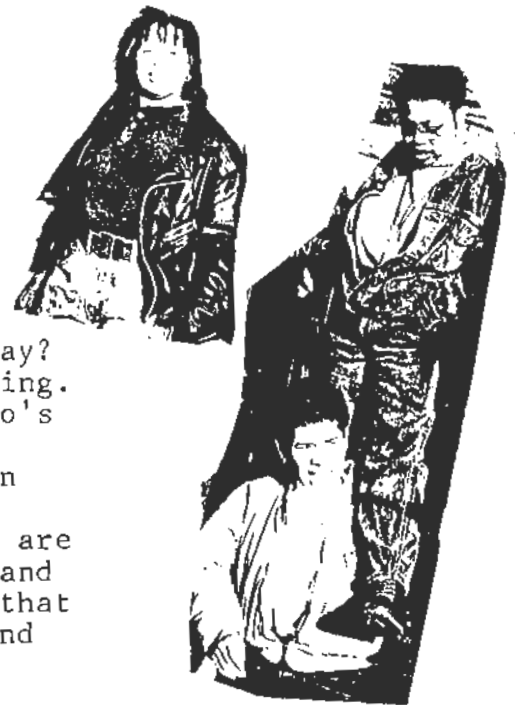
and get some

CUNT

just send \$10 for
2 issues



INTRO



So what does Queer City represent to me, anyway? Well, for me, Queer City is a many faceted thing. Working for a year at A Different Light, San Francisco's gay and lesbian bookstore, I've been struck by the incredible absence of a comprehensive gay and lesbian guidebook for the city. Sure, there's the Gay Book, advertiser sponsored and confusing to read, and there are guidebooks around like the Places of Interest series and the overly revered Bob Damron. But there was nothing that said to people like us, "here's what you should do, and why."



So just who is Queer City written for? Well, Queer City is not necessarily written for the typical gay white male establishment hurry up and wait on me I'm important kind of customer I see too many of in my store. Nor is it necessarily written for the kind of overly politically correct dyke who assumes that every dyke with dyed hair who likes to hang out with boys can't possibly be a feminist.

No. OC is meant specifically for the new co-sexual queer generation. For men and women who want to play together--but who also respect each others need for separate safe space. For those who are not afraid to express an opinion outside the realm of "politically correct." And for those who love "the scene," even while bitterly complaining about how very tired we are of all of it. That said, however, everyone is of course welcome to peruse and especially to buy Queer City. After all, how else are we gonna get rich?



I also envision Queer City as being a little something more than another bland commercially oriented guidebook. Hence the 'zine format and personal opinions expressed herein. So here, then, is the real scoop on stuff in our little Baghdad by the Bay. Read it at your own risk...it may ruin your vision of mecca forever.

So sip that latte, stroll the ever grooving streets of the Castro, look deeply into your lover's eyes from the top of Twin Peaks, and dance your ass off at the BOX Thursday nights. And remember, when you hear yourself being dished at Cafe Flore, you'll know you've truly made it.

Signed,
Your Most Gracious She Editor,

RACHEL
FOR QC



WHAT QUEER CITY IS

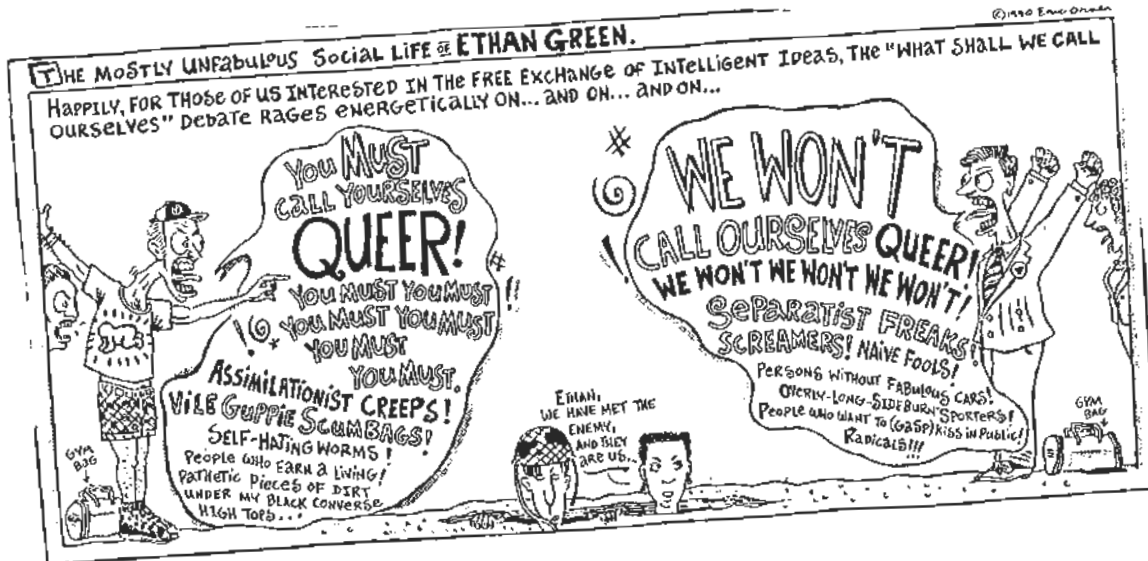


Queer City is a dream. Queer City is when you were 10 or 12 or 18 or 24 and you thought you were the only freak in the entire world like yourself and that you were trapped forever. You wanted to die rather than lie, wanted to flee and be free. Then you moved away or ran away or hitched and when you told them you were in SF they went "Oh, I see," as if everything made sense, and though you wanted to say more it evaporated in the face of that tone in their voice. You wanted to say more but you weren't ready to burn bridges, or anything else. Yet.

Here you are. We'll tell you where you can go, how to get there, but the rest is up to you. Have fun, be safe, watch out for your brothers and sisters. Welcome to Queer City.

ALEX





The Best queer cartoon Ever

QUEER IS

Listening to Sinead O'Connor, Girls in the Nose, Fifth Column, Revolting Cocks, but probably not gay men's choral tapes or super sappy women's music. Except "Turning it Over" on rainy Sunday afternoons.

the BOX
Club Uranus

Knowing queer cinema isn't Longtime Companion but is Barbara Hammer, Bruce LaBruce & GB Jones, and Azian Murudin.

Being present but not necessarily admitted.

Getting off on the work of Pat Califia, no matter if you're male or female.

Queer means never having to apologize for your opinions when you've offended someone--especially when you've purposefully tried to.

Putting a Rubberman poster up in your bathroom and a Jessica Tanzer print up over your bed.

If you're a woman you find gay male porn films more stimulating than lesbian-produced ones, and that if you're a gay man, you sneak into your dyke pal's room to look at her On Our Backs.

Men and women both wearing day glo stickers, labryses, and cockrings.

Piercings and tattoos

Considering Interview, Homocore and MS. all integral parts of your regular reading.

Knowing who Holly Hughes, Karen Finley, and Tim Miller were before their NEA grants were denied.

Queer is a melding of lifestyle and identity.

Cocteau Twins
This Mortal Coil
Dead Can Dance

Going into Queer Nation with your male roomie and knowing that he will be greeted more warmly by the lesbians, and you by the gay men.



nice &
queer

LIBERATION
NOT ASSIMILATION
POSITIVELY QUEER
I KISSED A
QUEER IN
SAN FRANCISCO
5

NEW IN TOWN? read this

1) The haight-ashbury clinic provides free general healthcare and referrals

2) If you get your clothes ripped off or if you're having a fashion emergency, go to Clothes Contact on Valencia street at 16th, where they have fabulous used fashions at \$7 a pound

3) On Saturdays and Sundays people have yard sales where they sell great stuff, and they have no idea what it's worth

4) Special club events, demonstrations, and assorted extremist specialty events leave flyers and posters in the following spots:

cafe flore
cafe macondo
cafe picaro
rojo
citizen

5) The women's building on 18th street is a great place to hook up with like-minded politicians and way-cool women. ACT UP/SF and Queer Nation/SF both meet there and there is a bulletin board as well.

rainbow health foods
cafe beano
old wives tales and
modern times bookstore

6) There is no gay/lesbian center here yet. We'll let you know if it happens.

7) Wear a whistle. If you hear one blown on the street it means someone is getting bashed. If you are getting bashed, blow it and run.

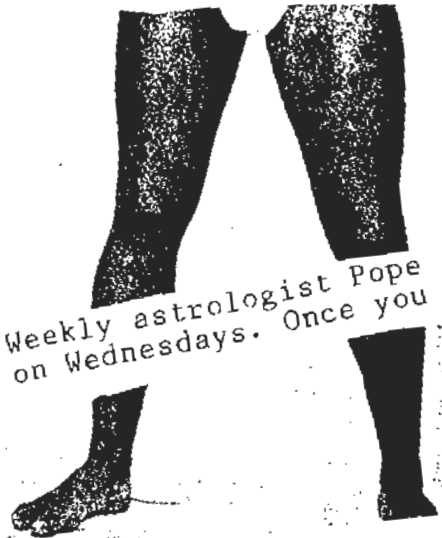
8) All in-city public transportation is 85 cents exact change. A bus transfer is good two more times in the next two hours. A muni transfer is good once in the next two hours.

9) Muni maps are \$1.61 including tax and are available at most drugstores, bookstores, and the ticket booths for the underground.

10) If someone calls you girl, it is because you're family. So be gentle.

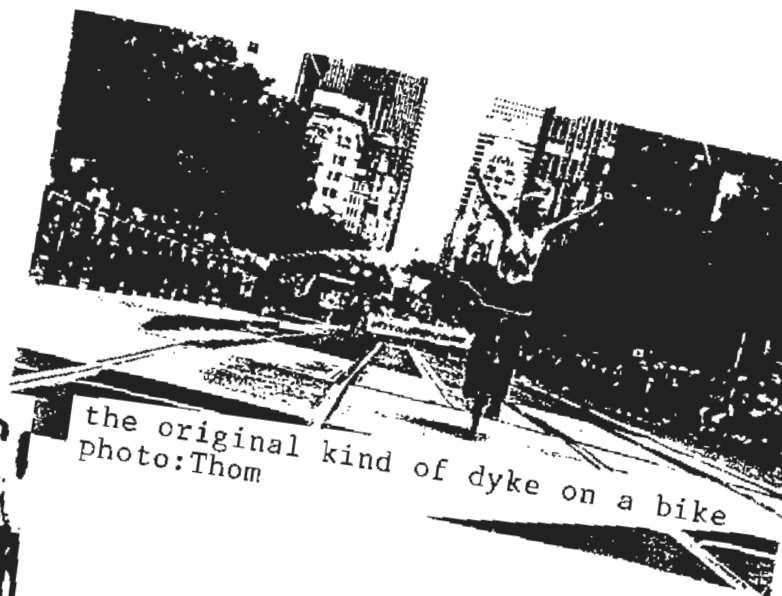


11) Best astrological advice ever: SF Weekly astrologist Pope Artaud. Back page inside, once a week on Wednesdays. Once you read him there's no going back.



QUEER CITY HISTORY

by Charles Marden Chapman



the original kind of dyke on a bike
photo:Thom

San Francisco is known as a gay mecca--a place where queers are not only tolerated or accepted, but a place where they actually take an active role in the running of their city.

Few other cities anywhere can boast that their elected officials ride in gay pride parades and actively seek out the queer vote year-round. Currently, the Board of Supervisors (City Council) includes a gay man and two lesbians as openly queer members. Domestic partnership legislation is now in effect, under which unmarried couples, including

gay men and lesbians, can register their relationships with City Hall, and there's even an openly gay man as president of the School Board.

The advances of the gay community here are built on a heritage of non-conformity. For example, the city enjoyed a wild reputation in its early days during the Gold Rush of the 1840's and 1850's. It was the location of the bawdy scene known as the Barbary Coast, in the days when a majority of residents were fortune seeking men. Its reputation as a gay city found a boost during World War Two, when the military discharged thousands of men and women for real or perceived homosexuality. Being the largest point of departure and return for service personnel leaving to and returning from the Pacific, San Francisco soon found itself stocked with a disproportionate number of homosexuals whom had nowhere else to go.

Gays and Lesbians Triumph in San Francisco Vote



that old Castro Theatre still beckons
photo:Thom

Although gay life then was a much more underground and illicit affair, organizations such as the Mattachine Society, the Daughters of Bilitis and the Society for Individual Rights were begining to form and gather strength. The 1960's saw the beginning of local politicians courting the gay and lesbian vote, and queer power reached new heights with the election of openly gay Harvey Milk to the Board of Supervisors in 1977. Milk's power base was the Castro, which is still considered the center of gay life in the city.

photos
THOM



ACT UP
WOMEN

If the 1970's were the "Golden Age" of gay life, the coming of AIDS in the early 1980's had an incredibly deadening effect on the city. The party times slowed dramatically, but building on its exsiting strength, the gay community responded to the worsening crisis by founding its own myraid of AIDS related services. As the queer community matured rapidly to cope with its losses, a new wave of ACT UP inspired activism has led to dramatic changes in the political structure within our community. Men and women are working together on issues of common concern, lesbians now hold political clout, and groups like Queer Nation have brought the movement into the 90's. Although hate motivated "Queer bashings" are still a fact of life here, and there are tensions betwen various factions of our community, San Francisco is still mecca.

And with a steady stream of new residents arriving every day, most whom are liberal thinking and radical minded, there is no reason to think that things will get anything but better as we move into the 21st century.



The annual San Francisco Lesbian and Gay Pride Parade and Celebration is the world's largest, and is always held the last Sunday of June. This year that's the 30th. For information on it call 415-864-FREE.

10 THINGS

THAT ARE THE SAME
ANYWHERE YOU GO
IN THE

QUEER NATION

- 1) In any club you go to for the first time, if you have not already slept with one person there, someone you know has.
- 2) It is no longer possible to tell if someone has politics or if they just wear the T shirt.
- 3) The dykes are looking like fags, the fags are looking like dykes, and the bisexuals are looking to be here for awhile.
- 4) Unity is not about assimilating.



PRIDE DAY 90

RACHEL

- 5) Everywhere you go, they'll be playing "Groove is in the Heart."
- 6) No one can really afford fashion games anymore and if they can...
- 7) there is always someone fiercer, faster, hotter and rougher so get over it.
- 8) In the age of safe sex, no one is a cheap date.
- 9) At the end of the day/last call/closing and evaluation, everyone is single.
- 10) The times are too bad for us to be bad to each other.

ISSUE

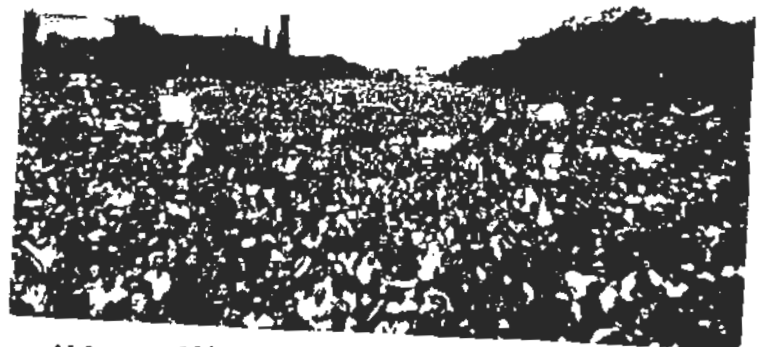
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BIMBOX

FREE TO THOSE WHO DESERVE IT.

read it or perish

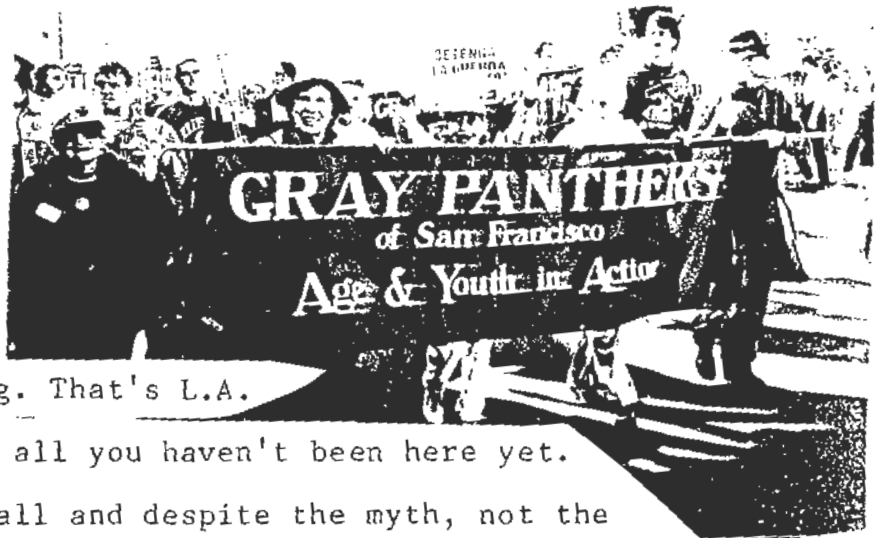


MARCH ON WASHINGTON '87

rachel

SF guidelines

BY ALEX



THOM

- 1) No one says 'hella' anything. That's L.A.
- 2) If you think you've seen it all you haven't been here yet.
- 3) The Castro is a white gay mall and despite the myth, not the end-all to be-all.
- 4) Hairdressers can refer you to tattooists.
- 5) The bars are in clusters, so pick a neighborhood and remember there aren't as many cabs here, and last call is at 1:30.



6) No one wants to hear how it's better somewhere else; chances are they just moved here from there.

7) Most of the people you'll meet did not grow up here.

8) 1 out of 3 people here are in a program, are just out of one, or are thinking of joining one, so watch what you say.

9) If someone tells you it's 7 blocks away, it may mean that you will have to climb what most other places consider a ski-slope to get there.

10) There ARE restaurants where you cannot smoke.

11) There is no city women's paper--gay men own most of our papers, clubs, and establishments.

12) Everyone is terminally mellow (except ex-New Yorkers--rp)

13) No one is buried here.

14) Most people are on cruise-control, non-stop, every day is a blind date.

15) If you meet someone named Gus, he tells you he runs a club and promises to put you on the guest list, bring \$12 just in case.

16) Conserve water--there are huge fines for exceeding limits.



RACHEL

anti
war
demo
jan 91

CRUISING THE CASTRO

(FOR WOMEN)

CASTRO

In the past few weeks, I've ruthlessly been compiling information for Queer City, as well as a new queer information phone line starting up in our fair city. I've gone underground (if that's possible) to scout out the true scoop on the women's scene here and report back to the soon to be paying masses.

As such, I've become an expert at the difference between locations and locale, between places where coffee is consumed and where it's culture, and become almost overwhelmed by the many choices we all have in this city about how to spend our time and of course our money, all in the name of art.

So here it is, a day long jaunt through Castro street for girls, named, of course, after one of my all time favorite activities. Yours too? Well, then, read on, and Castro street clones beware!



We'll start with some basic history. Back in the days of Harvey Milk's camera store, the Castro was pretty exclusively a gay male neck of the woods. The two or three blocks that actually comprise Castro street proper and the surrounding areas on 16th, 18th, 19th, Noe and Market streets were a testament to testosterone, with obvious tribute paid to male ego, male purchasing power, and male sexuality. Gay white male, that is.

However, the Castro has been changing considerably, partly because of the links men and women have made through dealing together with AIDS, and partly because we gals realized that this might be a fun neighborhood for us to play in, too. So now, in 1991, despite its notoriety as a gay male shopping mall, lots of dykes work, live and hang out here each and every single day.



Speaking from experience though, it's not always easy being a woman in the Castro. Men will push you, shove you, be rude to you, and ignore you. I guess some guys are resentful of both the changes in the air and in their collective face. Luckily, however, most men are more in tune with the times. Or at least they know how to behave when I'm around...

In any case, where to go, you ask, on your excursion into the heart of our Queer City? Well, follow me, and you shall see.



photos
diana
& others



lesbian lesbian lesbian lesbian lesbian
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**conscious
Lesbian**

Start your day off right with breakfast at Welcome Home at 464 Castro st. Welcome Home is really the only Castro street eaterie I'll patronize anymore because not only are its politics clean, it's food is good as well as cheap, and it's staff is friendly. In fact, even before they knew I was a street employee, I--a single woman dining alone--was treated respectfully here, rare in an area which survives primarily on tourist dollars.

After you've fed, hop across the street to A Different Light, the city's only gay and lesbian bookstore,



which stocks a fine selection of books, magazines, stickers, T shirts, jewelry and other goodies for your luppie boss or your favorite separatist. Observe the store's function as intellectual and social mecca combined with cruising zone (we'll leave you to decide if its the store's employees or its customers who are more blatant about this) and wander next door to Cliff's to experience true hardware store heaven. Pick up some soap at the Skin Zone, then stop in at Fatale Video and On Our Back's headquarters at 526 Castro street for some lesbo porn right from the source.

Continue from there on up to the Gauntlet at the corner of Castro and Market for a new piercing, or at least a rest stop while looking through back issues of PFQ. After all, what better way to spend a couple hours than by getting a new nipple or nose ring? And if you're feeling particularly raunchy, consider getting your labia pierced. After all, if Susie Bright could do it, so can you!

By San Francisco standards, it should be about time to have late morning-early afternoon coffee by now, so after ducking into Streetlight Records for hot must-haves like the new This Mortal Coil, check to see who's performing that night at Josie's Cabaret, then head to Cafe Flore, at the corner of Market and Noe street, after admiring that very hot dyke on a bike flying by on her Harley.

Gay & Lesbian Literature

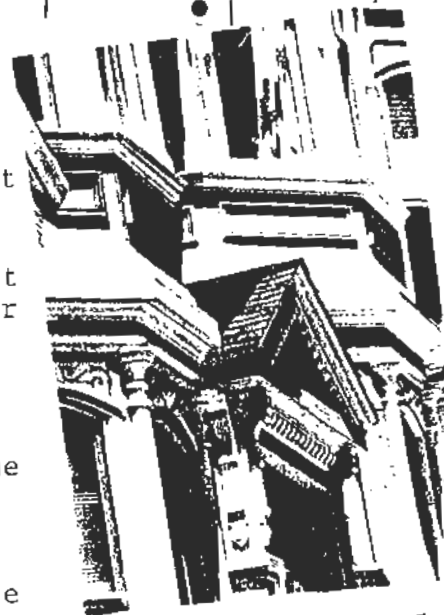
A DIFFERENT LIGHT

489 Castro St, SF, CA 94114 • 415-431-0891 •

New York, 548 Hudson Street

Los Angeles, 4014 Santa Monica Blvd

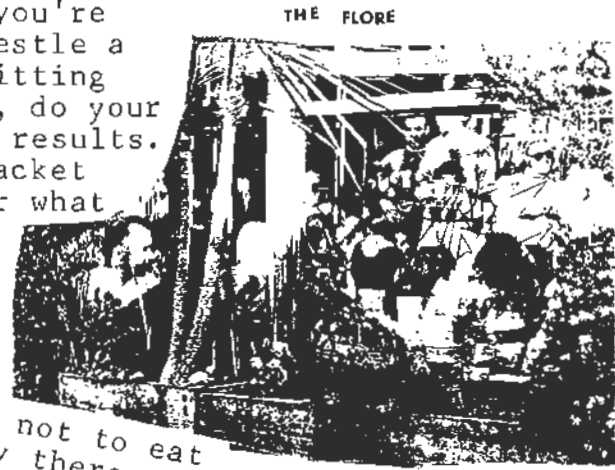
West Hollywood, 8853 Santa Monica Blvd



FEAR OF A

DYKE NATION

The Flore (say "floor") is a revolving door of queerdom where your past, present, and future lives catch up with you and where invariably, you will see at least two people from your hometown, no matter how far away you're from. Although it can be intimidating to try to wrestle a table away from some boys who have probably been sitting there for three hours making fun of women like you, do your best pushy dyke persona and you'll be sure to see results. Then, sit and sip lattes with the black leather jacket activist set, watch the babes stroll by, and wonder what all these people do for a living.



If for some reason you then choose not to eat lunch at the Flore, thereby extending your stay there even further, cross the street and pick up a healthy snack from the Harvest Market (home to organic food a-plenty and the cutest staff on the block), something Middle Eastern at Cafe Med, or have a Tofu Burger at the Bagdad Cafe. You can't miss the Bag: it's the place with the huge glass windows where all the girls were cruising you from as you walked by. And should you find yourselves in the need for a beer or a game of pool, Cafe San Marcos, the Castro's only bar for women and a favorite hangout of mine, is just a short jaunt away. If it seems like the above information is light on the shopping and heavy on the food and liquid consumption, you're correct. It is of course possible to spend lots of money at Headlines, Body, Injeanious, or at any of the other and too numerous kitschy Castro street shops that line up in between desperate boy bars like the Castro Station.



Dykes For Madonna

Frankly, however, I'm bored of looking in store windows decorated with trendy-artty tee shirts targetted at tourists, so if you must spend money, at least do it at Rolo on a pair of Docs or a woman-symbol earring. But know first that in San Francisco, coffee is not only a beverage choice, it's a lifestyle, and the act of consuming it is its own fashion statement. And know too that in this city, at least, you will never be able to cruise as well as when you're in the middle of sucking down some java, all in the name of art.

So save your walking tours and high cultural expectations for a day other than the one you've allotted for the Castro, and know that if you want to partake in a more politically correct women's culture building, you might have to step south of Guerrero street. But for now, grab that latte, put on your coolest shades, and kick back for a serious day of observing our all too glamorous queer culture and more importantly, our gorgeous girls. Remember to drink lots of water, join in any street demos that might pass your way, and avoid certain businesses--like Castro Gardens--that have proven to me on several occasions that they do not desire or deserve our hard earned lesbian dollars.

After all, while you're cruising the Castro, as well as anywhere else you may venture in this queer city that some of us call home, you, dear woman, only deserve the best!!!



LEATHER

RESOURCES FOR THE REAL PERVERTS

LEATHER FETISH SM GROUPS

SPECIAL THANKS TO FISH FOR COMPILING THIS INFO.
SHE MAY BE REACHED THRU' QUEER CITY, AND WILL BE
PUNISHED SEVERELY FOR ANY MISTAKES.

Men:

Gay leathermen new to San Francisco have lots of leather bars and groups (Bondage Buddies, the 15, etc.,) to choose from. Check a Drummer, Leather Journal, Sandmutopia Guardian, etc. for information.

Women:

Outcasts 100B 31266, SF CA 24131-0266, is an "educational, support and social group for women interested in S/M between women - including lesbian, bisexual and transsexual women." Monthly panels and workshops; enmooze and get on mailing lists for private parties.

Transgender:
ETVC (pro)

STOP
SUCKING
START
BITING

ALWAYS
OPEN TO
HONEST
CRITICISM
IF YOU
HATE
IT

REVOL
- EMMA
GOLDFIN

Transgender:
ETVC

bring

STOP
SUCKING
START
BITING



FOR WOMYN
THE

TUESDAYS
7 P.M. - 4 A.M.

bring
your
toys

1365 FOLSOM
BTWN

(BTWN 9TH & 10TH)
DONATIONS

SLIDE \$5-10 DONATION:
COMPLIMENTARY FOOD &
864

864 - 1543

BEVERAGES



"IF I CAN'T FUCK
I'M NOT COMING
TO YOUR
REVOLUTION"

- EMMA
GOLDFINGERS

**just say
DILL**

IDEOS
PRIVATE
ROOMS
PLAY
ACE

14

Mixed:

Society of Janus (POB 6794, SF CA 94101, ph. 985-7117): similar to Outcasts but open to anyone.

National Leather Association, Bay Area chapter (POB 985, SF CA 94101-855): A more politically-minded group. Monthly meetings, events.

QSM (POB 882242, SF CA 94188; ph. 550-7776): A private business hosting regular workshops on S/M topics, including an introductory session for novices. These cost money.



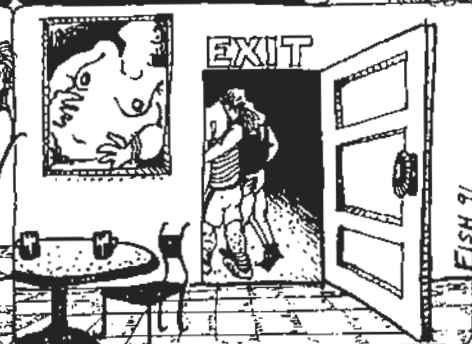
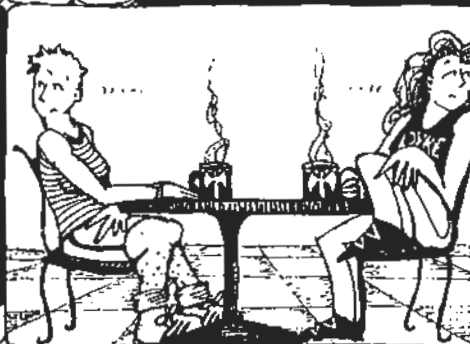
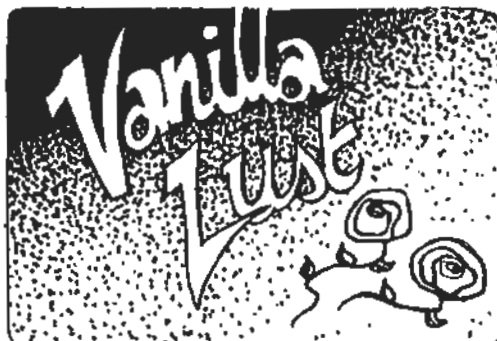
LINKS (PO Box 989, SF, CA, 94101 415-255-7566) puts out a monthly calendar of events for all leather/SM groups in the area (\$10 year) and holds mixed parties. Get on the mailing list!

MORE LEATHER by fish

SLUG (SouthBay Leather and Uniform Group, 175 Stockton St., San Jose, CA, 408-946-7270). General meetings every 3rd Sunday of the month and board meetings every 1st Wednesday at the Billy de Frank Center, as listed above. Meetings are open to the public. SLUG also organizes Mr. and Ms. South Bay Leather contests and a leather festival.

CLEAN AND SOBER

Trusted Servants (PO Box 1873 SF CA 94101) is a support group for men and women who are clean and sober and into SM. Monthly meetings and events.



Stormy Leather (1158 Howard St., ph 626-1672): a women-run business with stuff for women, men and men-women. Small art gallery and community bulletin board.

Good Vibrations (1210 Valencia St., ph 550-0827): not S/M but friendly and feminist. Dildos, books and vibrators.

Mr. S (1779 Folsom St., ph 863-7764) and S2 (4202 18th St., ph 252-1512): mainly male-oriented with some women's stuff.

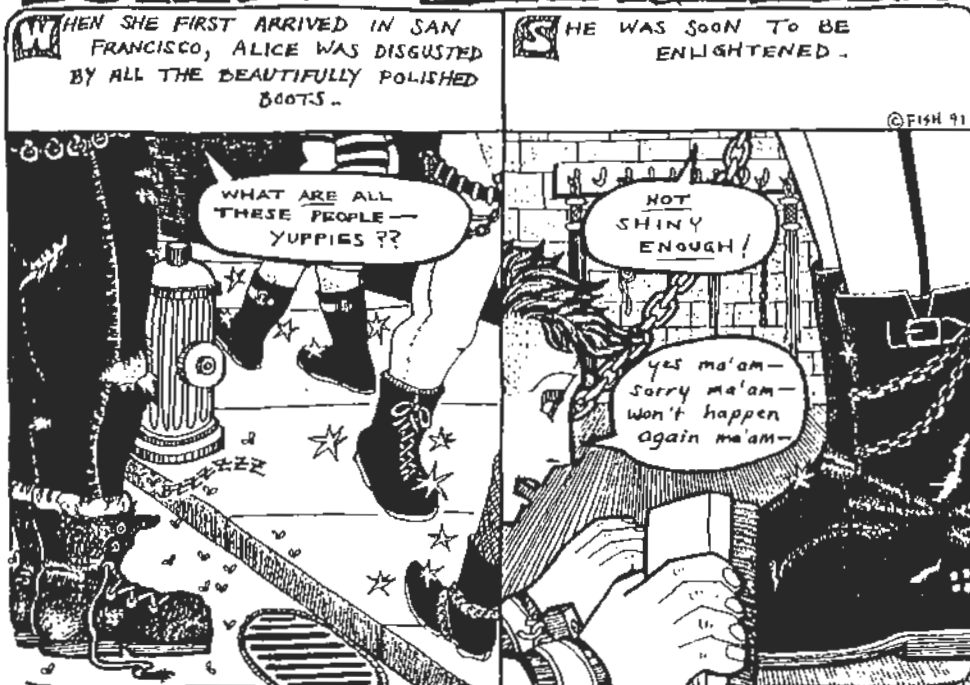
Image Leather (corner of Church and Market, 621-7551): for men.

Taste of Leather (1315 10th St., ph 252-9166): this store recently moved and is under new management. Mainly men's stuff. Points for carrying Queer Nation t-shirts.

Desmodus (24 Shotwell at 14th, ph 252-1195): Desmodus mostly does mail order but also sell retail. Worth finding for their unique selection of medical and electrical toys.



PUNK IN LEATHERLAND



Fish

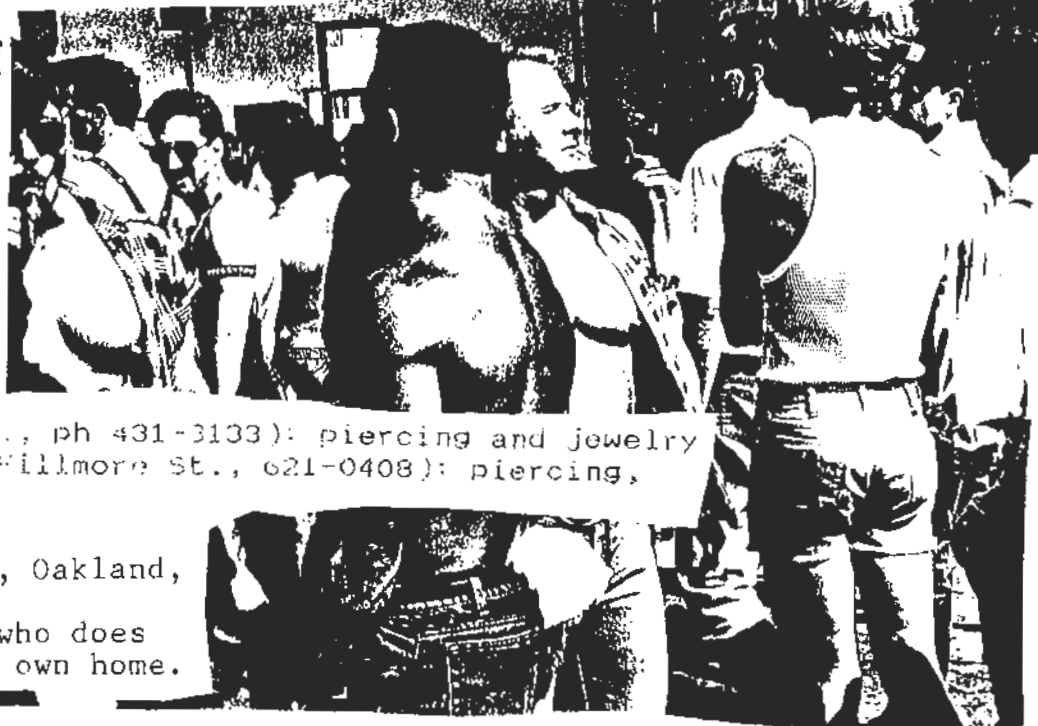


AND
STILL
MORE
LEATHER

16

BODY PIERCING ETC.

THOM



Gauntlet (2377 Market St., ph 431-3133): piercing and jewelry

Body Manipulations (254 Fillmore St., 621-0408): piercing, cutting, branding.

Raelyn Gallina (PO Box 20034, Oakland, CA, 94620, 655-2855)

Raelyn Gallina is a jeweler who does piercings and cutting in her own home.

SET YOUR DIAL FOR DIVA

CAFE FLORE at the corner of Market, Noe, and 16th Centrally located to the Catsro, Mission, and Haight neighborhoods, Cafe Flore is both stomping ground and runway for drag queens, activist types, retail junkies and smart boys and girls who pose with books they have no intention of reading. Situated between two queer gyms, Sunday afternoons turn into body beautiful table bingo. Famous for itself, the Flore is alternately loved and hated. It is the perfect place to meet dates, show off last night's trick or today's outfit and relax with a latte to music ranging from house and rap to indie rock and Patsy Cline. Saturday afternoon and Friday nights rage. Doors open at 8am, last call 11pm weekdays, 11:30 weekends. Kitchen serves standard California menu, closes mid-afternoon. Almost no one really eats here on weekends as it is too hard to be beautiful and chew, although we

queer

C
H
O
W

especially like the pasta & salad plates. All the club rats leave their flyers here for scene events, so be sure to check out the right-hand side of the bar. Long line for the bathroom and no mirror in it.

Cafe Piccaro 16th between Valencia and Guerrero Enormous. An arena of the outrageous and the laid back. People spend hours here talking up the state of the world and the overthrow of the patriarchy, smoking bitterly. People come here to hide from ex-tricks, ex-boy/girlfriends and ex-friends who they know will be at the Flore. Second-hand store aesthetic rules. The food is good, plentiful and cheap, the coffee strong, and the music is Mexican pop, flamenco, etc. Unless you really speak spanish order in English, cause they'll dis you otherwise. Books line the walls, the lighting is yellow, and there are always a few people over the edge on thorazine drinking coffee at

the far back. Outdoor patio garden in the back on sunny days, a perfect place to get blasted on white wine and oysters. Cafe Piccaro is a true haven for the penny-wise. Tall ceilings for tobacco worshippers.

Meat Market Cafe 24th and Castro

Formely a butchershop, it is now painted soft pink with purple booths and deco lights. The coffee is great, food portions are large and it is one of the few places around serving a worthy salad plate. Very private, people come here to really read books and write letters and have long and important relationship discussions away from prying eyes. Off-duty divas and people who are not "into the scene" come here to lie low and duck scandal. Very neighborhood scene, usually two babies somewhere on premisise.

Pozole on Market between 16th and 17th

Hunk-o-rama. Beautiful, beautiful men work and eat here. The food is stylish affordable Mexican and Spanish cuisine, more than worth the price. Painted deep Frida Kahlo blue, with candles to the saints on every table, pedestals bearing a skeleton drag queen, a pile of melted wax and candles, a dead tree, and an altar to the Madonna on the left of the register, it stands alone as a place to eat and cruise. Don't bring dates or boyfriends as you will forget them or vice-versa. Major supergirlfriend action. A girlene-night-on-the-town rest stop. No mirrors anywhere so be ready. Casual.

La Mediterranee located at Noe and Market

Mediterranean food served by white women who look like dykes even when they're not. Excellent food, pretty cheap, painted terra-cotta interior. Very Hellenic. Usually a wait for tables, lots of mirrors in the bathroom. Dance majors, writers, and lesbian activists on dates.

suck
it
down
sister



eat
it

17



RUTHLESS ROAMING

rachel gets ruthless concerning
the truth about girl bars

- 1) never go to clubs with dates;
only go with your bawdiest best buddies
- 2) when the dance floor is too packed
 - a) slam dance everyone out of your way or
 - b) create your own dance floor somewhere else

3) only go to bars where you're on a perpetual guest list

4) best bets are Faster Pussycat on Thursdays,
Cafe San Marcos then Club Q on Fridays,
Girl Spot on Saturdays, and Club Uranus on Sundays

5) get pissed before you even go out then
drink mineral water while you dance off the booze

6) dress to sweat at all the above mentioned clubs,
and if you've got the body for it,
wear next to nothing and flaunt it

7) if you're truly not looking to meet someone
cut in the girl scene, you always will,
especially at Club Q and G Spot

8) if you think noone is watching you make out
with that girl at Club Q, you're wrong,
but do it anyway

9) on the other hand, noone will care if you
fuck on the dance floor at Uranus; they'll be too
into themselves to even notice

10) never go to any of the above mentioned bars,
with the exception of San Marcos, before 11 pm

11) and finally, if you're not sure about whether
to take that cute young thing home with you yet
or not, take her to the Bagdad instead...
after all, there's always tomorrow night

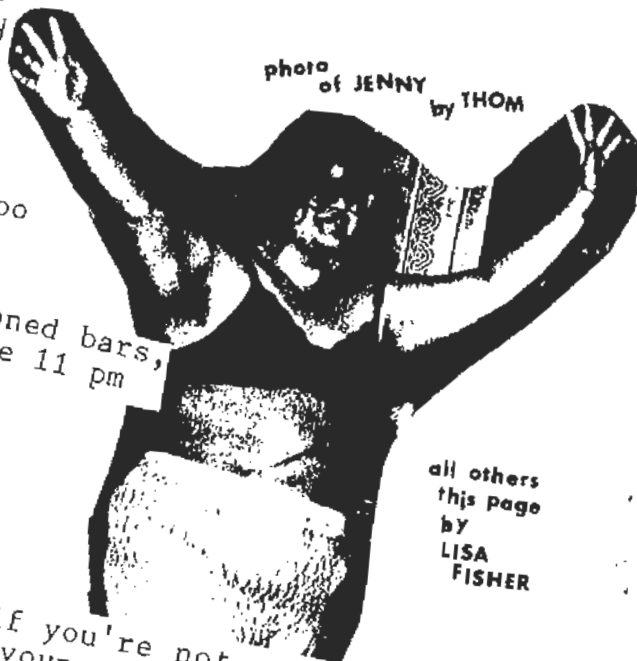
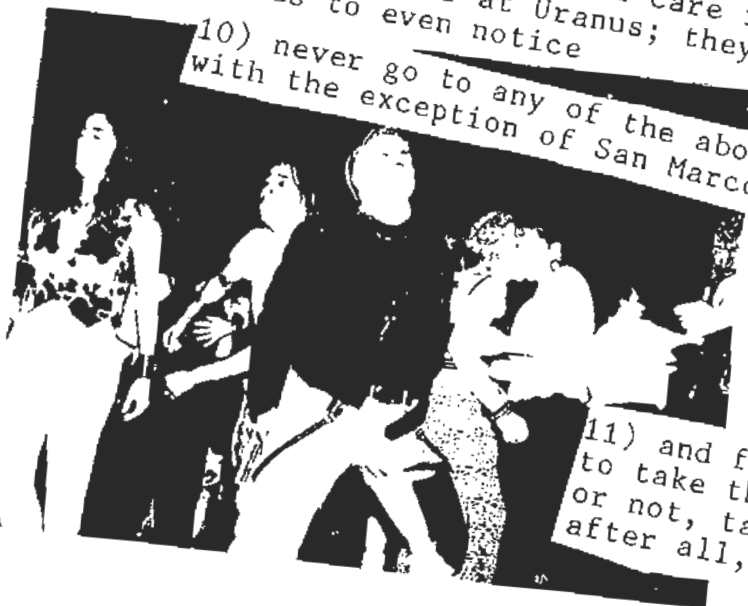
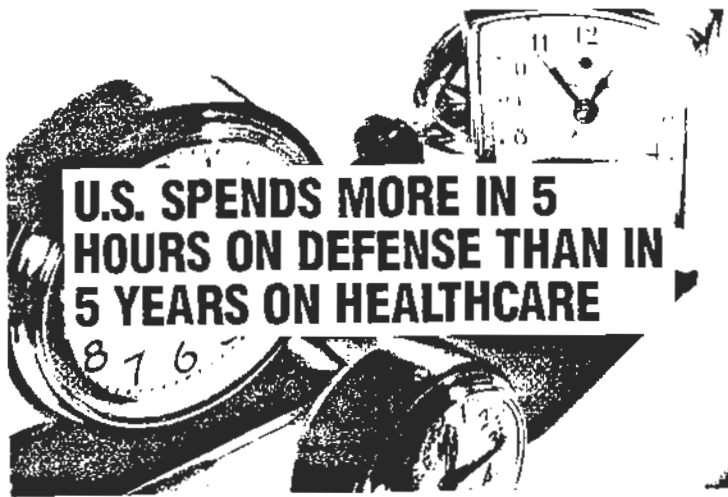


photo
of JENNY
by THOM

all others
this page
by
LISA
FISHER





U.S. SPENDS MORE IN 5 HOURS ON DEFENSE THAN IN 5 YEARS ON HEALTHCARE

8767



photo THOM

it is no secret that it is easy to get burned out on street activism here because you give and give and there is still oh so much more always to do. however, on these few pages we pay homage to two of our favorite "queer clubs" open to all, ACT UP and Queer Nation. thanks to all who participate for bringing our concerns out in the open, to the public, and very much in front of everyone's face. we love you. truly. now get your shit together, don't abandon the fight against sexism and racism, re-think that demon consensus, and let's go kick some butt.

xx,
rp

STREET PATROL

Street Patrol is a group dedicated to stopping the violence against us, commonly known as queer-bashing. To end the harassment, threats, and physical assaults, we will visibly walk the streets of the Castro.

Street Patrol is not out to enforce the law and clean up the streets, nor are we claiming the Castro as "our turf." Rather, Street Patrol intends to make the Castro a place where Queer people can hang out without being targeted for violent attack.

Street Patrol does not:

- escalate violence
- act as a vigilante squad
- carry weapons, drugs, or alcohol

Street Patrol does:

- patrol in front of bars and clubs where bashings happen
- intervene in bashings as they occur
- discourage bashings before they happen
- train in street combat techniques with the Guardian Angels
- dish, cruise, and window-shop shamelessly

Street Patrol meets every Friday and Saturday night at midnight at Rolling Pin Doughnuts, at Castro & 18th. We train every Friday at six p.m. at the Precita Center, 534 Precita Avenue & Alabama Street. You **MUST** attend trainings before coming on a patrol. Wear non-marking sneakers.

For more information, leave us a message on the Queerline, 885-7141, or snag us at Rolling Pin, or seek us out at a Queer Nation general meeting.

IGNORANCE = FEAR



photo RACHEL



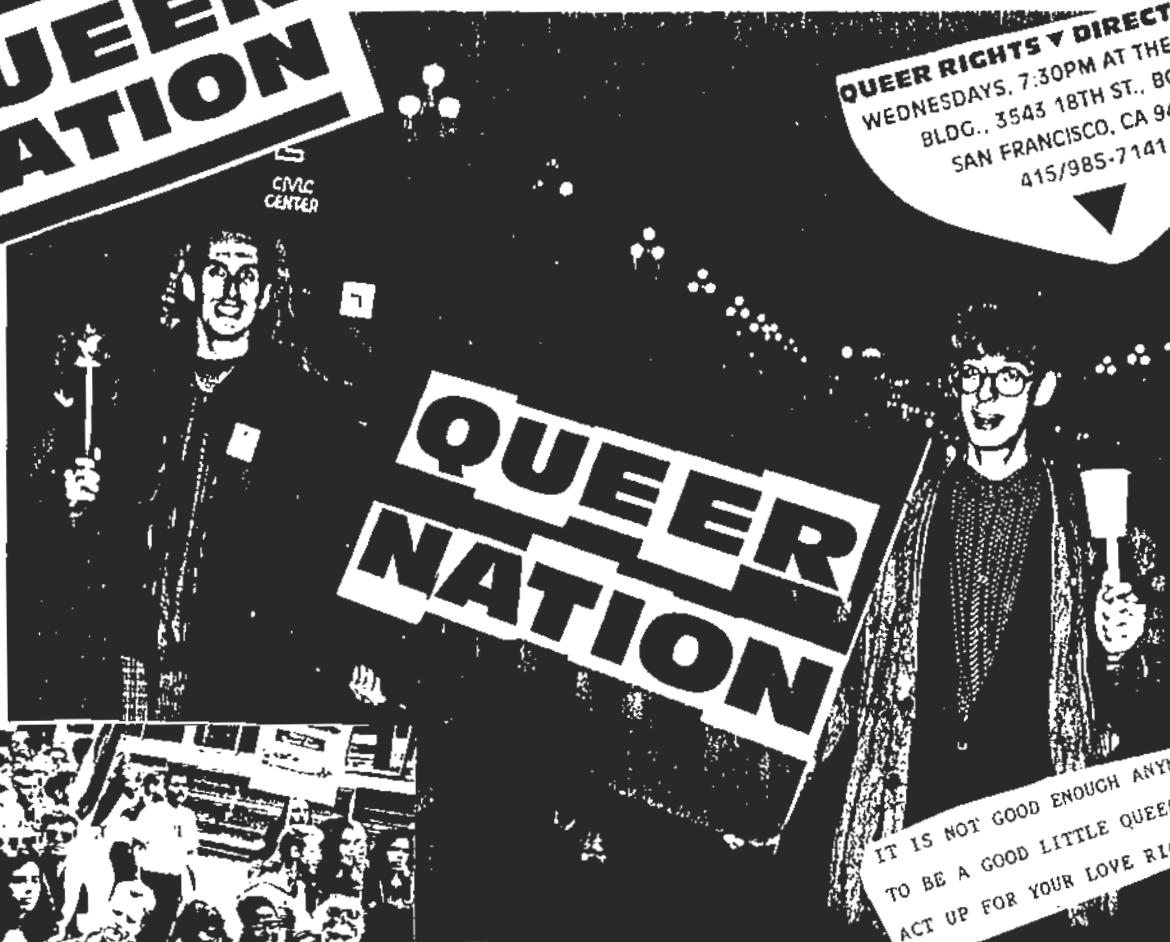
**I am out
therefore
I am**

**THE
AIDS
CRISIS
IS NOT
OVER
ACT UP**

JOIN US NOW, CALL: 212-988-1714

**QUEER
LIBERATION
NOT
ASSIMILATION**

**QUEER
NATION**



QUEER RIGHTS & DIRECT ACTION
WEDNESDAYS, 7:30PM AT THE WOMENS
BLDG., 3543 18TH ST., BOX 34,
SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94110
415/985-7141

THANKS
GRAN
FURY
and
KEITH
HARING

IT IS NOT GOOD ENOUGH ANYMORE
TO BE A GOOD LITTLE QUEER
ACT UP FOR YOUR LOVE RIGHTS

photos THOM



ACT UP
Types
Are Watching

**THE AIDS CRISIS
IS NOT OVER**

As you all know, San Francisco remains a tourist mecca for lesbians, dykes, bi-women, and other queer girls of all varieties. But where do the girls who actually live here go, anyway?

Well, like in any city, it depends on both what you're into and how in the know you are. Women visiting from out of town equipped with just a two year old guidebook could very well miss what's best for women here. And that's because as we club crawlers know, the hot scene is constantly changing, making it hard sometimes even for us residents to keep up. So here's some current information to get you going in the right direction.

photos
diana

GOING OUT

FOR
GIRLZ



If you're visiting from out of town, make sure you visit at least some of our tourist traps like Fisherman's Wharf, North Beach, Twin Peaks, and the Golden Gate Bridge. Revel in the beauty of our city, then take a cab to the Castro for dinner and a study in extremes. You may not feel comfortable making out with your girlfriend down on the piers, but it's the norm cross town in queerland. So pucker up, honey, and give your sweetie a smooch!



While in the Castro, drink coffee and people watch with the leather jacket set at Cafe Flore, have a snack at a dyke run restaurant called Bagdad Cafe, or have a beer down the street at Cafe San Marcos, upstairs at 2367 Market street, which is always packed with women, especially on Friday nights and Sundays.



Those from out of town or those just checking into the scene will find that there are tons of ongoing meetings and support groups for women ranging from 12 step to ACT UP, and the best source of information about these is The Bay Times, the city's monthly lesbian and gay newspaper, which is available free toward the beginning of the month at many Castro street and Mission area locations.



Also be sure to check out the Mission, where the city's Hispanic community and many multitudes of dykes share turf to create one of the city's most interesting and lively neighborhoods. Lots of women's businesses are located on Valencia street between about 20th and 24th streets, including Old Wives Tales, the women's bookstore, Good Vibrations, a pioneering sex toy store, and other specialty gift shops and cafe, including my own personal favorite Mission hangout, Caffe Beano, where there are always lots of cute dykes discussing the politically correct--and incorrect--matters of the day. And you must take your bod to Osento, our women's bath house, where you can join women of all sizes and colors sitting around the hottub or in the saunas. Rather than any bar, Osento, whose business is spread primarily through word of mouth, is the true heart of the San Francisco women's community.

Our weekend starts early in this city of sapphic love. If you're so inclined, check out the more male oriented places like the Box or a new women's club, the "Faster Pussycat Lounge," at the Firehouse 7, 16th street near Valencia in the Mission.

One of my favorite haunts is "Club Q," the Friday night dance bar at the Kennel Club, 628 Divisadero, which houses the super queer club "The Box" on Thursday and Saturday nights. "Q" is a club that women of all colors and classes are equally comfortable in, as long as you like to get down. So dress to sweat, cheer on those sexy "Q" dancers, and strut your stuff up on stage, where we city girls revel under the spotlights, video scans, and the watchful eyes of all you bedazzled out of towners. And now giving "Q" a run for its money is Club Venus at 836 Mission street between 4th and 5th.

But don't get so exhausted Friday that you can't enjoy "Girl Spot," or "G Spot," another super fun club for girls on Saturday night, located at my favorite SF bar, the End Up, at the corner of 6th and Harrison in the city's South of Market club area. Dance, hang out on the back patio, play pool, or just park in front of the fireplace and watch the women go by. Also on Saturdays there's Club Snatch at 510 Larkin street at Club Deco, home base of Downtown Donna and her dangerous dykes. Boys only welcome if they behave.



VIII INTERNATIONAL AIDS CONFERENCE

End the
policy
of despair...
before
it's
too late

A
THOUSAND
POINTS of LIGHT

Urban Scrawl San Francisco June 1990

QUEER CITY.

VIII INTERNATIONAL AIDS CONFERENCE

When grief
becomes
rage
anything
can
happen....

A
THOUSAND
POINTS of LIGHT

Urban Scrawl San Francisco June 1990



diana

VIII INTERNATIONAL AIDS CONFERENCE

When grief
becomes
rage
anything
can
happen....

A
THOUSAND
POINTS of LIGHT


Urban Scrawl San Francisco June 1990

VIII INTERNATIONAL AIDS CONFERENCE


When
government
abandons
its
duty....

A
THOUSAND
POINTS of LIGHT

Urban Scrawl San Francisco June 1990



DYKE SEX SURVEY



Come to
DYKE FEUD

When the results of this survey will be revealed in a humorous game-show format...and find out what's REALLY GOING ON in the bedrooms of DYKES all over

NEEDS TO KNOW!!

YOUR Butt DREAMS

BAREHANDED

Shaving her secrets

EXCLUSIVE

Innocent flirting?

Scandal

believe it!

NEEDS TO KNOW!!

SHOCKING

SEX-SLAUGHTER

sexy

NAKED PASTS

Lesbian

gals

exposed

Lust for TEASERS drives them wild

Name the word/expression you most like hearing when you fuck.

Name the word/expression you most dislike hearing when you fuck.

How do you know when your lover has been unfaithful?

What do you tell your lover after having been unfaithful?

When you hide being unfaithful, what lie do you tell?

Name something you should never do while cruising.

Name something you refuse to do the first time you have sex with someone.

Name something you refused to do the first time you had sex with a woman.

Why/When would you choose to fake orgasm?

Name something people say when they're coming.

How often do you get a hair-cut?

Name a body part lesbians shave.

Name something you do to make yourself irresistible.

Name the first article of clothing you look forward to removing during sex.

The lover of the woman you're sleeping with is in the room. What do you do?

Name a sexual activity you engage in that you feel you must hide from your friends.

Name another word for cunt.

Name something you do to drive your ex-lover crazy.

Name a leather accessory.

How many women have you slept with that you shouldn't have?

After a party when someone creeps into your bed uninvited, what do you do?

Name something dykes think about right after having sex.

Name something dykes talk about right after having sex.

Name a female celebrity who's in the closet.

Name the first body part you wash after having been unfaithful.

What's your favourite pick-up line?

What's the most offensive pick-up line you've ever heard?

What do you think about while you're having boring sex?

When you're not attracted to someone, how many drinks does it take before you change your mind?

How long does it take to reach orgasm?

Untold story behind



This Pollster Should Not Be Investigated
54% of people with AIDS in NYC are Black or Hispanic... AIDS is the No. 1 killer of women between the ages of 24 and 29 in NYC...
By 1991, more people will have died of AIDS than the entire Vietnam War... What is Reagan's real policy on AIDS?
Correlate of all HIV-related, HIV-related, and HIV-related...
AIDS = DEATH

SAFE SEX



DO IT

IN THE
QUEER CITY

FUCK DON'T FIGHT

SAY IT!!

WOMEN GET AIDS

a SELECT LOOK at BOY BARS

mostly BY alex



Club Uranus
Sunday night at the End-Up, 6th and Harrison
What can we say? For both of us, this is a favorite hangout. Network as you party, hang out in front of the fireplace, piss in the parking lot across the street to avoid the bathroom lines (the separation between men's & women's means nothing here) and dance to great music at Mike & Lewis's weekly extravaganza. Great music. Great drag. Great crowd. Don't go there to gawk, tho' the go-go dancers--both boys and girls--are some of the best. \$3 gets you in unless you're on the guest list, in which case you know you're among the queerest of the queer.

The Stud

The Stud is the old reliable, the original queerboy dive. Black lights are the only light on the dance floor, and except for the pool room and the bar, the place is dark. Seven days a week queer dancing is hard to find, the only other places being the Phoenix and the N'Touch. Cover is \$2 and only on Friday and Saturday nights. A model train runs suspended above the bar, the staff can be charming and attractive, and the drinks are tough on the head, light on the wallet. Crowd runs the gamut, from TVs and pre-ops to guppies, Berkeley boys to bikers. Best nights, in preferential order: Monday, Tuesday, Sunday, Wednesday. Friday and Saturday nights are nightmares of white T shirts and closet cases. You can do anything you want here, as silly as you dare, and no one will really care. Just give the staff some respect, girls.

the Stud's at 399 9th st.

The BOX

The Kennel Club, 628 Divisadero, on Thursdays and Saturdays. Thursday night is a trendy young crowd dressed to sweat and rub up against each other in the wall to wall queer boy action. The women who come here are usually hiding out from the women who show up on Fridays or are straight. The BOX dancers remain unchallenged as the best on the moves and usually make the stages available to talented amateurs and the descending diva dykes. Everyone talks about how racially diverse this club is and that's because unlike EVERY SINGLE OTHER CLUB in the city, there are people of color featured on their fliers. We go where we get respect. The music is a sly mix of heavy house, rap (mostly women) and hip-hop with funk and soul favorites from the past sneaking in here and there. Saturday night is more of a mix with 9-5 boys and girls, suburbanites, Berkeley kids and some straights. Non-alcohol bar to the side to avoid waiting behind bar hounds. Coat check. Video scans feature fierce fags and dykes giving it to you from the dance floor. When local talent is low, screens play videos from local queer events. Admisson ranges from \$5 to \$7 depending on the night and whether you have a membership or special flyer. The 24 Divisadero bus gets you there.



Colossus 7th and Folsum

Mega-dance action in two rooms with catwalks and hidden lounges. One pool table. Gold Room in the front plays 70's action from "Carwash" to "Dancing Queen," house/hip-hop in the back room. Two level dance floors, lasers and slides on the walls of whiteboy beefcakes. Very mixed crowd after 2 a.m. (open till 7) with leathermen fan-dancing next to half-naked muscle divas. More attitude than six back issues of L'Uomo Vogue. Three bars serving until 1:30 a.m. Not enough go-go cages and they pick boys for looks and not moves. Mostly a boy crowd with the odd slumming dyke and always a few ultra-fabulous drag queens. Huge coatcheck. \$10, unless you know Gus, and if he tells you you're getting in free that night, bring \$10 anyway because he tells that to everyone.

Klubstitute, every Wednesday night at the End-Up, 6th and Harrison

Klubstitute

This is the underground of the underground. I say that because in this many spendored city, the visable underground is actually just a new generation of clones living out some adolescent fantasy to be on the edge. Klubstitute is for people with brains, and is the only truly queer experimental scene that SF has to offer. Your infallible hots, The Popstitutes, never cease to amaze and confuse, offering such varied entertainment as bad heavy metal bands, Loretta Lynn impersonators, scathing spoken word, or folk singers, as well as guest dj's, all in one night. In short, a plethora of entertainment to be had for the delicious price of \$2.98. I could go on listing all the sights to be seen (because I've only just begun) but why should I? Next time you're in town, or for some reason if you live here and haven't done it yet, put on your best wig, be you female, male, or somewhere in between, and enter this trans-gender fantasy land.

EL RIO or Your Dive at Mission and Army
Hidden away in the heart of the Mission, right next to Caesar's Latin Palace and countless Central American restaurants, is El Rio, or Your Dive. The name accurately describes the dark panelled bar inside; just get your drink and head immediately for the backyard and patio. Amidst a lush tropical garden (as well as a cutout of Carmen Miranda) you can down tropical drinks and dance to salsa, samba, and Afro-Caribbean rhythms. Fridays between 5-7pm they serve free oysters on the half-shell and it's a good place to have conversation, relax, and flirt a little. The best time, however, is Sunday between 5-8pm when samba and salsa bands play outside in the back. Because it's outdoors and still light out, El Rio feels like a big flirtatious block party. The crowd tends to be slightly older than the usual club kids, and the ratio is about 60-40 women to men. A boy pal of mine who frequents El Rio says it's better for dancing and enjoying time with friends, rather than actually cruising, but my experience has proven that El Rio holds excellent opportunities for women. Sundays \$7 cover.
--by Justine

Club Nzinga, Fridays at El Rio, Mission St at Army. \$3 at the door for a post-PC vision of cultural fusion, with international beats (but no world beat). Don't tell Benetton about this one.



and check out the new
ROCK AND ROLL QUEER BAR.
at the Underground Tuesday nights!!!!



AND NOT JUST FOR BOYS...
--by B.A. Slane



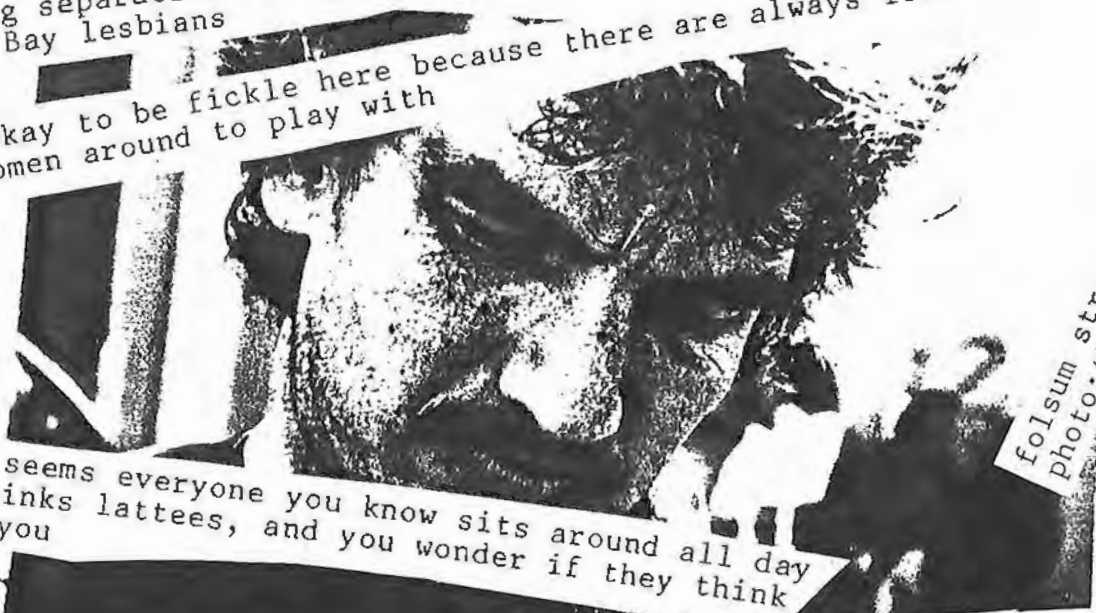
A short list from Rachel
TEN THINGS I'VE LEARNED IN SAN FRANCISCO
(well okay--eleven)

1 if you see a woman on a motorcycle, you can almost
always assume that she's a dyke on a bike

2 you can get so used to being able to have public displays
of affection with your girlfriends that you will choose not to

3 there is a big separation between San Francisco
dykes and East Bay lesbians

4 it's okay to be fickle here because there are always lots of
other women around to play with



folsum street fair snake
photo:thom

5 sometimes it seems everyone you know sits around all day
in cafes and drinks lattes, and you wonder if they think
the same about you

6 sure it's expensive here but it's worth it



7 though its numbers are enormous, the community here is a lot smaller
than you could ever believe, and gossip spreads incredibly fast

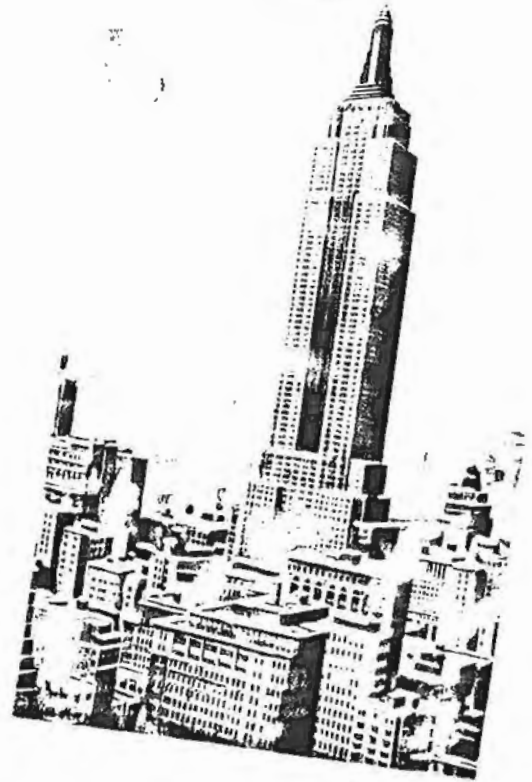
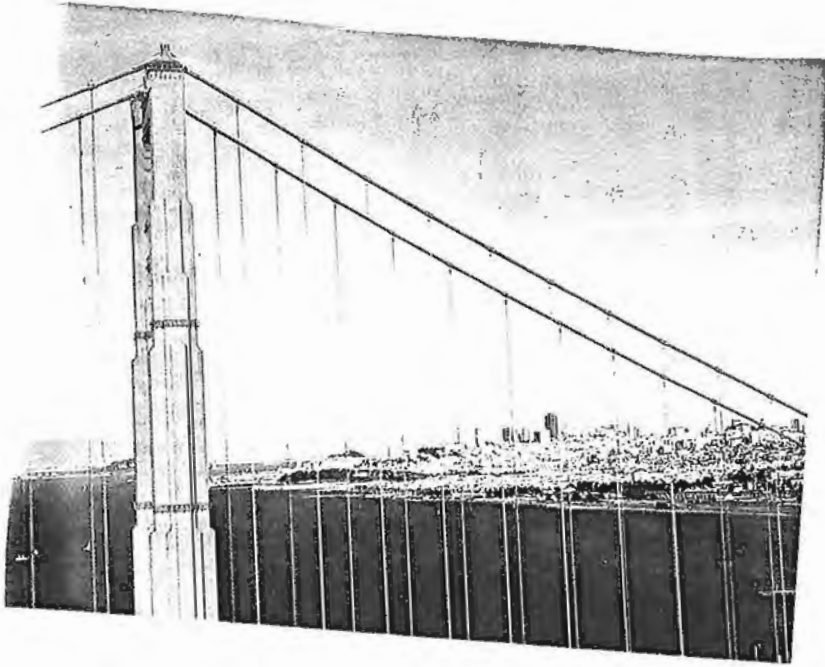
8 if you are a kick ass dyke you will be admired, feared, envied,
and eventually much sought after--especially by women who are five
years younger than you are



9 the youngest women are the boldest...and the cutest

10 noone dances sexier than San Francisco women--despite what
they think in New York

11 although you will love it here with all your might,
you will frequently be struck with a mighty desire to flee to
places from your past where you can both escape your current
reputation and remember why you could never possibly live
in those other cities ever again



TEN REASONS WHY SF IS BETTER THAN LA

- 1) This is where models come to relax but they don't live here.
- 2) No one cares if you're famous, and no one wants to be.
- 3) Everything important is about 15 minutes away; cars are passé.
- 4) Getting a tattoo is not about looking like someone who has tattoos.
- 5) There are dykes here with goatees, and drag queens with beards.
- 6) There are fewer guns and cars and fewer people with guns and cars.
- 7) No one will tell you if Madonna's dancers are around.
- 8) There's one mall and we go there to hold protests.
- 9) Justine Bateman would never give a poetry reading here.
- 10) Oakland is next door.

TEN REASONS WHY SF IS BETTER THAN NY

- 1) Nothing is ever so fabulous that you couldn't just stay home and read.
- 2) Not being able to flush your toilet every time gives you the feeling of self-sacrifice every day.
- 3) If you're horny and willing, chances are there are about 3 or 4 other people in the city in the same way and the size of the city makes it easier for you to find each other.
- 4) People read here, and if they don't, they pretend they do.
- 5) It's always cold enough to wear fabulous layers.
- 6) SF can be annoying, but NY is hell.
- 7) You're never out of style because there's always a neighborhood for the way you look, and another one to sell your old clothes in.
- 8) You can breathe.
- 9) The truly chic here have no money, work public service jobs and are concerned about coming out to their families as pierced and in recovery.
- 10) Motorcycles are the most intelligent way to get around.

by
ALEX

HETEROSEXUAL QUESTIONNAIRE

Many queers - in therapeutic situations, as well as in the "outside world" - are put into situations where they have to defend their sexuality. This places a considerable burden on people who are frequently only wanting to deal with a relationship problem, "coming out" on the job or with family and friends, or some non-sexuality-related situation. To help non-gay people understand how it feels to be put into such a position, Alan K. Malyon, Ph.D. devised a questionnaire, parts of which are excerpted here. This questionnaire is based on "heterophobic" premises, rather than homophobic premises, which exists chronically in our society.

1. What do you think caused your heterosexuality?
2. When and how did you first decide you were a heterosexual?
3. Is it possible that your heterosexuality is just a phase that you will grow out of?
4. Is it possible that your heterosexuality stems from a neurotic fear of people the same sex? Maybe you just need a positive gay experience?
5. Heterosexuals have histories of failures in gay relationships. Do you think you may have turned heterosexual out of fear of rejection?
6. If you never slept with a person of the same sex, how do you know you wouldn't prefer that?
7. If heterosexuality is normal, why are disproportionate number of mental patients heterosexual?
8. To whom have you disclosed your heterosexual tendencies? How did they react?
9. Your heterosexuality doesn't offend me as long as you leave me alone, but why do so many heterosexuals try to seduce others into that orientation?
10. If you should choose to nurture children, would you want them to be heterosexual, knowing the problems they would face?
11. Most child molesters are heterosexual. Do you consider it safe to expose your children to heterosexuals? Heterosexual teachers, particularly?
12. Why must heterosexuals be so blatant, making a public spectacle of your heterosexuality? Can't you just be what you are and keep it quiet?
13. Heterosexuals always assign themselves such narrowly restricted, stereotypical sex roles. Why do you cling to such unhealthy role-playing?
14. How can you have a fully satisfying deeply emotional or sexual experience with an opposite-sex person, when the obvious physical, biological, and temperamental differences are so vast? How can a man possibly understand what pleases a woman & vice-versa?
15. Heterosexual marriage has total societal support, yet the divorce rate continues to spiral. Why are there so few heterosexual stable relationships?
16. Since there are so few happy heterosexuals, techniques have been developed to help people change. Have you considered trying aversion therapy?
17. Could you trust a heterosexual therapist/counselor not to try to influence you to his/her own sexual leanings?
18. Do heterosexuals hate and/or distrust others of their own sex? Is that what makes them heterosexual?
19. A disproportionate number of criminals and other irresponsible types are heterosexual. So why would someone hire a heterosexual in a responsible position?
20. Why are heterosexuals so promiscuous, always having affairs, etc.?

QUEER NATION

keep a couple on hand
at all times



Photos Thom



PROMOTE QUEERNESS

PRICK PATROL by warren

Saturday nite and nothin' to do. Everyone I know is busy on a hot date or in New York. Nothin' to do except go check out my favourite Castro bar--the Detour. I'm not sure if I love this place because of the music--anything from the new Banshees single to the Revolting Cocks to the Rolling Stones--or for the crowd. Pierced punks and tatooed love boys mingle with retail queens and hair dressers on the sleaze. Throw in the occasional leatherman and pool-shark and the potpourri is complete. The giant chain link fence brings back memories of Catholic school days and the urinal troughs in the back with crotch-height mirrors bring back slightly sleazier memories. Not for those who suffer from shy bladder. You can meet just about anyone here.

Well I didn't that nite. I was either too bored or boring and no one managed to retain my attention span for more than three minutes at a time. So I tool on down the road to the 1808 Club, fortified by numerous cocktails and feeling mighty courageous. I push open the door to find a small lobby with potted palms and a man sitting behind a grill. It's kind of late so I ask if there's anyone still there. He tells me that "there's at least fifteen hot guys ready to shoot." I put out the cash and he buzzes me into the club. Once inside he hands me a basket for my clothes and that's when I realize that everyone in the place is bare-ass nekkid--shoes excepted because god only knows what you'll be stepping on.

I check my clothes, pull on my boots, grab a dixie

cup of complimentary lube from a tray at the counter--"Wi that be high-tech Wet or old fashioned Crisco?"--and wand out to the main area. "No Sucking" and "Even the Appearance of Unsafe Sex Will Not Be Tolerated" signs are posted everywhere. Sure enough there are about fifteen dudes cruising the joint in various states of excitement, pulli on lube-slicked schlongs. And most of them are hot. There a television monitor playing porn, couches, benches, cubbyholes and a plethora of mirrored surfaces completely covered in cum splats. Looks like I missed something (the ad says to come early). Two leatherqueers are working it a corner with a bottle of poppers. Not my scene. I turn a corner and come across a cute activist boy who I see arou town. What I didn't know is that he's got one of the biggest pricks known to queerkind. Not only that, he's sitting there bobbin' on his own woodie! I'm no sizeboy b I know how to appreciate a natural curiosity when I see o (National Geographic was always one of my fave mags). He looked up from his busywork, kissed me on the mouth and told me to jack it--"use both hands." I did and I got my just desserts. A smile, a thanks and a quick exit were called for.

Check this place out if you want some hot, ultra-safe action. Definitely a mecca for sizequeers. There's a twelve dollar membership fee and six bucks thereafter. Located at 1808 Market Street.



THE SACRED AND THE PROFANE

ANOTHER SATURDAY NIGHT AND I AINT GOT NOBODY... I GOT SOME MONEY
CAUSE I JUST GOT PAID... HOW I WISH I HAD SOMEONE TO FUCK WITH...
IM IN AN AWFUL WAY... (CAT STEVENS... PARAPHRASED...) OR TWO
NIGHTS WITH A SEX ADDICT... BY FRANCIS XAVIER BRADSHAW... CLERK
OF A DIFFERENT LIGHT...

SO I GET THIS URGE... DOWN THERE... KNOW WHAT I MEAN... YEAH I
JUST BET YOU DO... SO I PHONE MY SISTER BETTY... SHE MEETS ME AT
THE STORE... AFTER CLOSING WE START WALKIN TO THE CHURCH ANNEX
DOWN ON TEHAMA STREET... I LIKE TO WALK TO CHURCH... IVE BEEN
WALKIN TO CHURCH EVER SINCE I WAS IN THE SIXTH GRADE AND WAS AN
ACOLYTE AT THE 6:AM MORNING MASS AT THE CHURCH OF SAINT JOHN THE
THE APOSTLE... YOU REMEMBER... THE ONE CALLED THE BELOVED
DISCIPLE... A SMALL CHURCH IN THE TOWN WHERE I GREW UP... WAY
BACK EAST... ON THE CONTINENT... ANYWAY... I LIKE TO WALK TO
CHURCH... BETTY BITCHES MOST OF THE WAY... SHE CALLS ME E.C.M...
EARLY CHRISTIAN MARTYR... WELL ITS TRUE... THERES NOTHING LIKE
SUFFERING A LITTLE TO MAKE ME SQUIRT MY JUICES... OH YEAH...

WE LIKE TO GET TO THE ANNEX EARLY... BETWEEN MIDNIGHT AND 2:AM...
THIS WAY WE AVOID A LONG WAIT IN AN OUTDOOR LINE... WE GET TO
CHURCH AND INTO SOME ACTION BEFORE THE COLLOSSUS QUEENS ARRIVE...
CLIMBING THE STEPS TO THE DEACONS DESK... HE ASKS OUR NAMES BUT
BEFORE WE CAN RESPOND... HE REMEMBERS US... XAVIER HE SAYS...
JOHN... THATS BETTYS REAL NAME... FIVE BUCKS PLEASE... I SMILE AS
I PAY MY TITHE... THEN ON TO THE WRAP CHECK... LIKE EVERYTHING
ELSE... CHECKING OF PERSONNAL BELONGINGS IS A FRIENDLY FREE
SERVICE OF THE CHURCH MINISTRY... BETTY AND I ALWAYS SHARE A
LOCKER... IT SAVES TIME AND SPACE... ALL THAT OUT OF THE WAY...
WE MAKE A BEELINE FOR THE REFRESHMENTS... DRAFT BEER...
ALCOHOLIC... AND... AS I CALL IT... VEGETARIAN... IT HAS LESS
ALCOHOL CONTENT... MOST OF THE BRETHERN ARRIVE PRETTY TOASTED
ANYWAY... I POUR MYSELF A VEGETARIAN... BETTY KNOWS WHERE THE
WINE IS HIDDEN... I WANT TO BE CONCIIOUS WHEN COMMUNION BEGINS...
WE HAVE A DRINK TOGETHER AND I HEAD TOWARDS THE BASEMENT FOR THE
EARLY WORSHIP SERVICE... BETTY RUNS UPSTAIRS...

I LIKE TO LEAN AGAINST THE WALL AND SIP MY VEGETARIAN... DRAG ON
CIGS... AND CRUISE... CHECK OUT THE WORSHIPFUL THRONG... ITS
ALMOST ALWAYS PRETTY HOT... JUST WHEN I FINISH MY BEER THIS
LITTLE STUDDMUFFIN CATCHES MY EYE... BUT HE KEEPS ON WALKIN... TOO
BAD... SUDDENLY IM SURROUNDED BY SEVERAL GIRLFRIENDS FROM WORK...
WE BANTER ABOUT AND DISH... THEN WITH VERY DISCREET EPISCOPAL
KISSES... YOU KNOW THE KIND... WHERE YOU DONT EVEN TOUCH THE
OTHER GIRLS CHEEKS WITH YOUR OWN... SO AS NOT TO FUCK UP ANY ONES
MAKEUP... NOT THAT IT MATTERS IN THE GLARE OF THE SINGLE
BLACKLITE... THAT SOME ADVENTEROUS PIECE OF MEAT KEEPS
UNSCREWING...



WELL... THE STUDMUFFIN IS BACK... AND CRUISN UP A SERIOUS STORM... I MEAN GIRL... TAKE ME TO THE RIVER... SO HE COMES OVER TO ME... I TAKE A DRAG ON MY SMOKE AND BLOW IT IN HIS FACE DROPPING THE BUTT TO THE FLOOR... EXTINGUISHING IT WITH MY GROUND GRIPPIES...HE GRABS AT MY DICK THROUGH BLACK 501S... PUSHES



AGAINST ME... I LEAN INTO THE KID... HE PUSHES HARDER... I COLLAPSE AGAINST THE WALL... ALREADY IN LUST... HE LOOKS UP INTO MY EYES... I SEE HIM CLEARLY FOR THE FIRST TIME... SANDY BLOND HAIR...BIG BROWN EYES... LONG FACE WITH FULL SENSUOUS LIPS... WHEN HE CRACKS A SMILE... HIS MOUTH WIDENS TO EXPOSE EVERY TOOTH... I RESIST THE DESIRE TO COUNT THEM... INSTEAD... I LICK... EACH AND EVERY ONE... WE MAKE OUT FOR A WHILE... THIS IS FUN... WE TAKE OUR TIME WITH KISSING... GROPING... OTHERS ARE BEGINNING TO GATHER... AS I UNBUTTON HIS WHITE OXFORDCLOTH SHIRT WITH BUTTON DOWN COLLAR AND SLEEVES ROLLED UP TO HIS ELBOWS... A SCARY TROLL TRYs TO INTERJECT SOME BAD THEOLOGY... THIS IS HERESY... STUDMUFFIN BREAKS FROM OUR KISS AND WHISPERS LOUD ENOUGH FOR THE TROLL TO COMPREHEND... FUCK OFF... THAT SCARES AWAY THE UNWORTHY... WE CONTINUE OUR SEARCH FOR ULTIMATE TRUTH... I OPEN HIS SHIRT AND MOVE MY MOUTH DOWN TO HIS CHEST... MMM... NICE... HAIRY... HARD NIPPLES... I GIVE THEM A GOOD CHEW... HE MOANS BENDING TO BITE MY CHEST THROUGH MY TSHIRT... AWKWARD... THE STRAIN IS GREAT... SEX THATS TOO EASY IS JUST NO FUN FOR THIS GIRL... WE GO BACK AND FORTH WITH EACH OTHER... THEN HE TAKES THE INITIATIVE... WHILE TOUNGING MY MOUTH HE UNBUCKLES MY BELT... UNBUTTONS MY JEANS WHILE UNDOING HIS OWN...BINGO... WE ARE BOTH WEARING WHITE BOXERS... DE RIGUER... THOUGH I KNOW SOME INSIST ON NOT WEARING UNDER GARMENTS... I FEEL THAT ITS AN ABSOLUT MUST... YOU KNOW... JUST IN CASE YOU GET HIT BY A CAR OR SOMETHING...

SO HE GRABS MY PRONG AND GIVES IT A HARD NASTY SHAKE... OH GOD... HE BENDS DOWN AND COMMUNION BEGINS... HE TAKES THE WHOLE SHAFT AND LICKS MY BALLS WITH HIS TONGUE EACH TIME HE SWALLOWS... HE COMES UP FOR AIR... I BEND DOWN AND DO HIM... BEAUTIFUL PINGA... I EAT SLOWLY... WE WANT THIS TO LAST... MORE GUYS GATHER... I LOOK UP AND SEE SOME HUNK LICKING HIS EAR... THEY KISS... I SWALLOW... THIS IS FUN... I DROP TO MY KNEES AND GIVE IT TO HIM ROYALY... HE PULLS ME UP AND THE THREE OF US START KISSING...

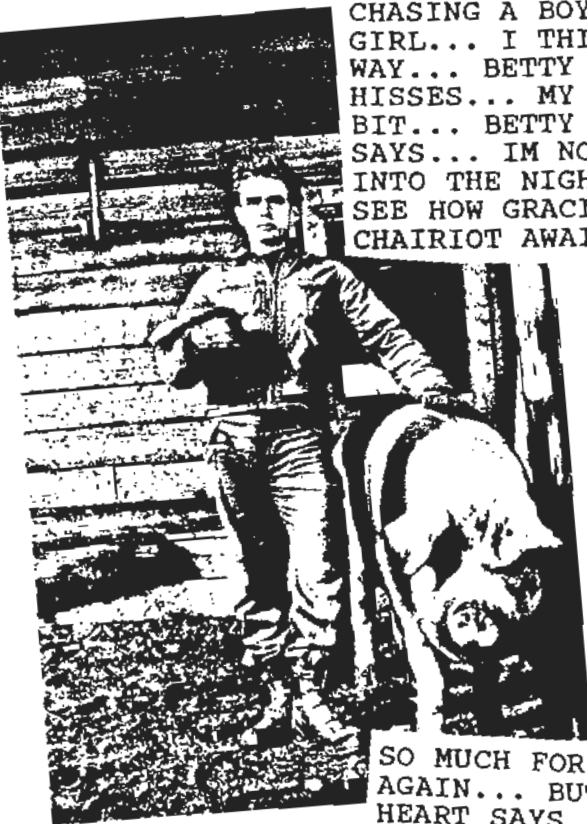
THE HUNK HAS HIS THANG OUT... WEVE GOT A TON O SPIT BETWEEN US... SO WE JACK OFF LIKE WILDMEN IN HEAT... SURE YOUVE BEEN THERE... ITS WHAT CHURCH IS ALL ABOUT... THE HUNK GETS DOWN AND GIVES ME AND STUD MUFFIN SIMULTANEOUS SUCK... WE KEEP ON TOUNGING AND SQUEEZIN EACH OTHERS TITS... HOLDING A FREE HAND ON THE BACK OF THE HUNKS HEAD TO KEEP HIM WHERE HE BELONGS...

NOW ITS ALMOST TIME... STUDMUFFIN AND ME ARE ABOUT TO BURST... OUR BREATHING COMES SO HARD WE HAVE TO KEEP PULLING AWAY FOR AIR... THE HUNK IS WORKIN OUR COLLECTIVE COCKS INTO A FRENZY... I GRAB HIM BY THE SCRUFF OF HIS NECK... STUDMUFFIN GROANS IM CUMMIN... ME TOO... THE HUNK BEGS US TO SHOOT ON HIS CHEST... STIFILING OUR SHOUTS OF EXTATIC JOY... WE SHOOT TOGETHER... ME STUDMUFFIN AND THE HUNK... I LOOK DOWN AT THE GROVLING DWEEB... HE SHOT HIS WAD ALL OVER OUR GROUND GRIPPIES... NOT TO WORRY... THEIR WASHABLE... WE KEEP ON RIDING THAT ORGASMIC WAVE... KISSING... PETTING AND ALL... THE HUNK STANDS UP... WE SMEAR OUR JIZZ ALL OVER HIS CHEST... THE THREE OF US KISS AGAIN... THE HUNK DEPARTS... STUDMUFFIN ASKS MY NAME... XAVIER I SAY... I LOVE YOUR NAME... MINE IS MARTIN... NICE TO MEET YOU MARTIN... YEAH... I HOPE WE MEET AGAIN HE SAYS WITHOUT A TOUCH OF REGRET... KNOWING FULL WELL THAT WE PROBABLY WONT... WE KISS LONG AND HARD... WE HELP EACH OTHER DRESS... DO WE LOOK PRESENTABLE... I THINK SO... GREAT... SEE YA... YEAH...



WELL THAT WAS SPECIAL... HUH... NOW I HEAD BACK UPSTAIRS... GRAB A SODA FROM THE FRIDGE... SEE THE CROWDS GETTING OUT OF CONTROL SO I MAKE A QUICK SPIN OF THE SANCTUARY... JUST TO BE SURE I DIDNT MISS ANYTHING TOO FUN... THE THEATRE LOUNGE IS SHOWING THE SAME OLD TIRED PORN O THE EIGHTIES... THE GRILL OUTSIDE IS STILL COOKING BURGERS AND HOTDOGS... THE GLORY HOLES ARE ACTIVE... I GO UPSTAIRS TO THE SECOND FLOOR... THOUGH LAID OUT NICELY... WHAT WITH A COUPLE OF DIFFICULT TO MANUVRE LABRYNTHS... AND A NICE LARGE ORGY ROOM... STAND UP ONLY... ITS WAY TOO MUCH FOR ME TO TRY TO STUFF TWENTYSEVENTHOUSAND COCKS INTO MY THROAT IN A SINGLE EVENING...

THEN I SPOT BETTY... THE HUNK IS AFTER HER... BUT BETTY IS CHASING A BOY WEARING A WILLIAM AND MARY SWEAT SHIRT... GO GIRL... I THINK OUT LOUD... GET HIM... BUT THE HUNK GETS IN THE WAY... BETTY SMASHES HER OPEN PALM IN HIS FACE... GET BACK SHE HISSES... MY SISTER... EVER SUBTLE... I GO DOWNSTAIRS AND WAIT A BIT... BETTY SHOWS UP... DISHEVELED AS EVER... CALL A CAB SHE SAYS... IM NOT WALKING HOME... WE GET OUR COATS... AND SLIP OUT INTO THE NIGHT... WHISTLING SOFTLY THE OLD HYMN... OH TASTE AND SEE HOW GRACIOUS THE LORD IS... MMM... MMM... GOOD... OUR CHARIOT AWAITS...



SO MUCH FOR SATURDAY NIGHT... COME SUNDAY I GET THE URGE ALL OVER AGAIN... BUT CHURCH CLOSSES EARLY ON SUNDAY... DO NOT DESPAIR MY HEART SAYS... MIKE IS HOSTING ANOTHER PARTY AT THE NIGHT GALLERY...

I CATCH THE MUNI ON MARKET AT CASTRO HEADED DOWNTOWN... GET OFF AT VANN NESS AND WALK DOWN TO TENTH... TURN RIGHT AND GO TOWARDS FOLSOM... ITS JUST A COUPLE OF BLOCKS FROM MARKET... YES SIR... THERES THE SIGN ON THE DOOR... PARTY UPSTAIRS... JUST LIKE BRIGHAM YOUNG SAID... THIS IS THE PLACE...

THE DOOR IS OPEN... GOING UP THE ONE FLIGHT... MIKE GREETES ME AT THE TOP... WELCOME TO MY PARTY GUY... HE ALWAYS SEEMS TO RECOGNISE ME... BUT NOT QUITE... THERES A FIVE DOLLAR DONATION TONIGHT HE CONTINUES... IF YOU WANT TO CHECK YOUR COAT MY ROOMMATE IS TAKING CARE OF THAT IN THE KITCHEN...

MY COAT SAFE IN THE KITCHEN CLOSET... I DECIDE AGAINST THE FREE STEAMED WEINERS WITH MATCHING BUNS... IT MIGHT DESTROY MY SEXUAL AURA... I POUR AN ALCOHOLIC DRAFT BEER... IT SEEMS TO ME TO BE A MORE CHEERFUL CROWD... LEATHERBOYS AND DADDYS ABOUND... THE ATTITUDE IS LOW KEY AND EASY... I RECOGNISE SOME OF THE GIRLS FROM QUEER NATION... SOME OF MY OWN CUSTOMERS... GIRL... THEY ALL SCREAM... I DIDNT KNOW YOU CAME HERE TOO... ACTUALLY ITS MY FAVOURITE HOT SPOT IN TOWN... NEXT TO LANDS END... WHICH IS ANOTHER STORY...

BEER IN HAND... I CRUISE THE ENTIRE LAYOUT... THEATRE LOUNGE... WITH SOME HALFWAY DESCENT VIDEOS... SOME OF THE COUCH POTATOES ARE POUNDIN THEIR PUPS... NEVER ONE FOR SITTING AT A PARTY I HEAD FOR THE TOILET TO TAKE A LEAK... ITS BUSY SO I GO TO THE BATHTUB... THERES A SLAVE ALREADY NAKED... KNEELING... WAITING... OPENING UP I LET GO A STREAM OF HOT PISS... HES IN HEAVEN... HAPPY TO OBLIGE... I SHAKE OUT THE LAST DROP... BUTTON UP AND CONTINUE MY ROUNDS...



TWO... SIMPLE... EASY TO MANUVRE LABRYNTHS GRACE THIS SEX FACILITY... WITH AN ADJOINING ORGY ROOM... THE WINDOWS ARE BLACKED OUT BUT SOMETIMES CRACKED OPEN SLIGHTLY TO ALLOW A REFRESHING BREEZE TO WALT THROUGH THE SPACE... SHORT SIMPLE AND TO THE POINT... GOOD MANNERS AROUND...

A DADDY GIVES ME THE LOOK... I FOLLOW FAST... HE MOVES TOWARD THE CENTRE OF THE MORE INTRICATE OF THE LABRYNTHS... A SINGLE... SLIGHTLY OFF SQUARE ROOM... DADDY... EASILY OVER SIX FEET TALL... LEANS AGAINST THE FAR WALL... I ALREADY KNOW WHAT TO DO... DRAWING ASIDE HIS BLACK LEATHER JACKET... I BEGIN WORKIN HIS TITS... BIG... HARD... MUSCULAR... DADDY IS A GYM QUEEN WHEN HES NOT DONE UP IN LEATHER... LICK MY PITS... ITS A COMMAND... I DO AS IM TOLD... HOLDING BACK EVER SO SLIGHTLY... JUST SO DADDY MIGHT PUNISH ME... A BOY COMES ALONG... HES A LOCAL... MY FRIENDS AND I CALL HIM NAPOLEAN... FOR OBVIOUS REASONS... HE AND I KNOW EACH OTHER... HE STARTS IN ON DADDYS KROTCH... DADDY SMELLS GREAT... TASTES EVEN BETTER... HE LIKES HAVING A COUPLE OF GOOD SLAVES TO SERVICE HIS EVERY WHIM...



DADDY PUSHES ME AWAY... HE SLAPS MY FACE AND CHEST HARD... A RUSH MOVES THROUGH ME THAT ONLY COMES AT TIMES LIKE THIS... DADDY IS IN CHARGE... I WILL DO ANYTHING HE TELLS ME... HE SHOVES NAPOLEAN ACROSS THE FLOOR... WE WAIT FOR DADDYS ORDERS... DADDY DROPS HIS CHAPS AND JEANS... EAT MY ASS HE TELLS ME... YES SIR... SUCK THIS MANS COCK... NAPOLEAN CRAWLS BACK... HE SUCKS LIKE A KID GOAT... DADDYS MEAT IS WAY BIG AND THICK BUT NAPOLEAN SWALLOWS THE WHOLE THING... HES SWALLOWING SO HARD THAT TEARS ARE WELLIN UP IN HIS EYES AND STREAMING DOWN HIS FACE... DADDY PULLS HIS COCK OUT OF NAPOLEANS MOUTH AND SLAPS HIS FACE WITH IT... I ALWAYS THOUGHT HE WAS A BOTTOM... I CANT WAIT TO TELL THE GIRLS AT WORK ABOUT THIS... DADDYS ASS FLESH IS HOT AND SPICY... IM LOVING IT MORE THAN YOU CAN IMAGINE... RAMMING MY TONGUE UP HIS SHIT HOLE... MMM... ROCK MAMAS KITTY...

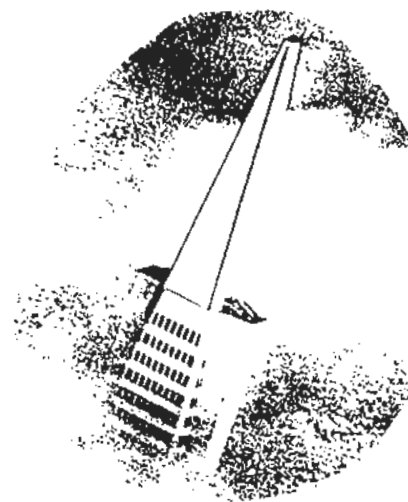
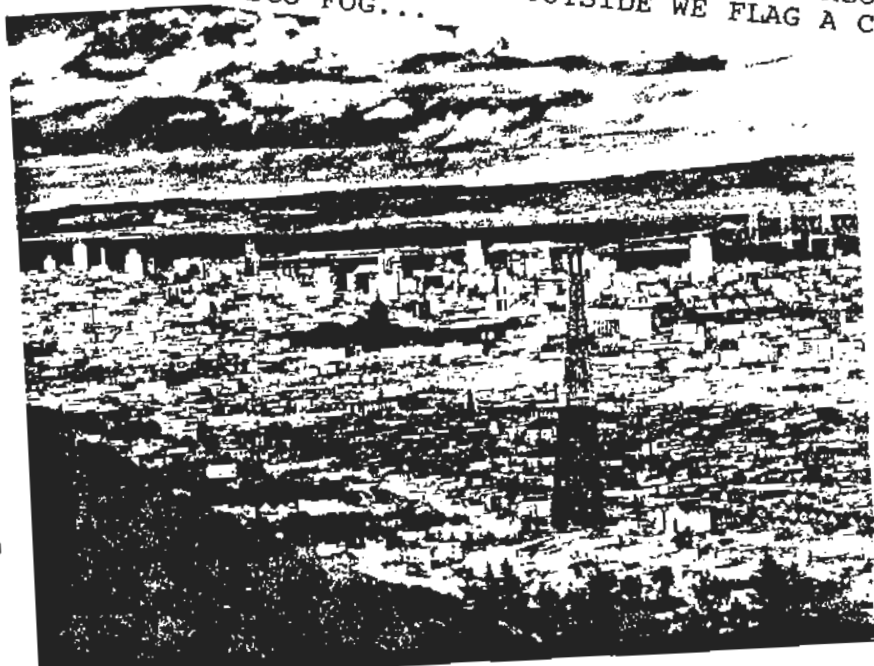
DADDY GRABS HOLD OF MY HAIR AND YANKS... I MOVE WITH THE CLUMP OF HAIR HES YANKIN... HE POSITIONS ME BEHIND NAPOLEAN... EAT HIM... WILLINGLY SIR... EATING LIKE A STARVED PIGLET... I DIG RIGHT IN FOR ALL ITS WORTH... NAPOLEAN IS VERY LIGHT SKINNED... WITH JET BLACK HAIR... ALL OVER HIS BODY... HIS ASS HAIR... SLICK AND WET WITH MY SPIT... CLINGS TO MY NOSE... TONGUE... LIPS AND FACIAL HAIR... FUCK HIM DADDY SAYS... I DROP MY PANTS AND WHIP OUT A CONDOM... NAPOLEAN IS MAKING THAT DELIGHTED SQUEALING SUCKING NOISE THAT WE ALL MAKE IN THE HEAT OF SUCK AND FUCK PASSION...

AFTER ROLLING THE RUBBER ONTO THE SHAFT... I SLIP MY POLE IN HIS GAPING HOLE... NAPOLEANS ASS IS LIKE A VACUME CLEANER... IM IN TROUBLE CAUSE I DONT EVER WANT TO STOP... BUT THE END IS NOT FAR OFF... DADDY LEANS OVER THE IMPALED FORM OF NAPOLEAN AND STARTS SLAPPING MY FACE... CHEST... SHOULDERS... STOMACH AND ASS... ANY PART OF ME HE CAN REACH... IM DRUGGED... ENDORPHINS FLOW THROUGH ME LIKE MORPHINE... I AM SWIMMING IN SEX... I SLAP NAPOLEANS ASS GOOD AND HARD... ALL THE WHILE DADDY IS SHOUTING... FUCK THAT ASS... FUCK IT... HIS FACE LEANS CLOSE TO MINE... WE TOUNGUE EACH OTHER... I CANT HOLD BACK ANY LONGER... DADDY SAYS... SHOOT IT NOW... PULLING BACK... MY COCK FLOPS OUT... I RIP OFF THE RUBBER AND SHOOT MY WAD ALL OVER NAPOLEANS BACK SHOUTING AT THE TOP OF MY LUNGS... DADDY DISENGAGES HIS COCK FROM THE BOYS MOUTH AND SPLASHES HIS CREAM IN HIS FACE... NAPOLEAN COLLAPSES IN HIS OWN SPUNK... I FALL ON TOP OF HIM... EATING DADDYS BALLS WHILE HE MILKS THE LAST OF HIS JUICE ONTO MY HAIR AND NECK... HE PUSHES ME BACK... PULLS HIMSELF TOGETHER... AND SPLITS...

KNOW YOUR SCUMBAGS



I CONTINUE TO HUMP NAPOLEAN... HE SAYS... DO YOU LIVE NEAR BY... NO... DO YOU... YEAH... WE CLEAN UP WITH MY ORANGE BANDANNA... NICE HE SAYS... WHATS IT MEAN... ANYTHING... ANYTIME... ANYWHERE... GOOD HE SAYS... LETS GO... WE GRAB OUR COATS AND START OUT... WE PASS DADDY IN THE HALL... HE DOES NOT AKNOWELEDGE EITHER OF US... HES SMOKING A CIGAR AND ROUGHING UP ONE OF THE QUEER NATION PUNKS... AS WE HEAD DOWN THE STAIRS MIKE YELLS... DONT FORGET... NO PARTY ON TUESDAY... WE ALL KNOW WHY... BUT THAT... AND WHAT NAPOLEAN AND ME ARE ABOUT TO DO... ARE TOTALLY DIFFERENT STORIES... OUTSIDE WE FLAG A CAB AND RIDE INTO THE SAN FRANCISCO FOG...



QUEER CITY EDITORS

RACHEL



The female editor of QUEER CITY is Rachel Pepper. By day she's a high-powered book clerk at A Different Light, San Francisco's queer bookstore, by night she splits a dual persona of club-girl extraordinaire and housebound recluse. She writes a bi-weekly column for the Bay Area Reporter called "The Outer Limit," is a San Francisco correspondent for OUTWEEK mag, and loves to undertake time consuming, low profit projects like this one. Check out her first solo 'zine effort, CUNT, a hot hip dyke publication she knocked out in three days of frenzied creative hysteria. Rachel's a self-described "ACT UP Type" who participates in activist politics, dyes her hair blonde, is pondering getting a tattoo, and is a strong-willed Taurean. You can sometimes find her on the stage of Club Q dancing nasty and cruising the scene with her friend Daula, or soaking in Osento's hot tub with her master gal Deborah. She loves cute women in black leather jackets who are bold enough to approach her in bars and ask for her phone number. Snap to it, girls.



TOP PHOTO BY
ELIZABETH MANGELSDORT
BOTTOM ALEX

After my father was buried, I tried to believe he was gone. My family asked how will you remember him? When will you visit the ancestral shrine? My mother donated a piano to her church, his name embossed above the keyboard. We all know he hated churches - white churches and white Christians. Every time they said they were remembering him, it seemed to me they were talking about someone else. When I came out to my family as a queer, I spent days with my mother waiting for her to ask what would dad have thought. She didn't but left for home instead. I tattooed my father on my arm inside the shadow of two dolphins crossing fins. He taught me to swim underwater, to surf, he taught me all the names of whales, dolphins and fish. He doesn't want to be in the ground, or in a church singing hymns. He is with me, alive on my skin and in my blood. When I am afraid at night, I can hold him and the man next to me and all of us sleep together the whole night through.

Q
THINK



ALEX CHEE



photos
by
CHORIE

Chicago to Frisco, USA
Butt-Fucking,
Clit-Licking
Everyday!



SEE YOU in the
QUEER CITY.

the
end

POSITIVELY QUEER

