

CLIKQUE

JANUARY 1997

\$2

**GMAD'S
TENTH
ANNIVERSARY!**

**ALVIN AILEY
SHOW STOPPERS**

NEW BOOKS BY
**KEITH BOYKIN
& JAMES EARL HARDY**

**AND ALL
THE BALLS
YOU EVER
WANTED!**



CLIKQUE

FOREVER YOURS



EDITORIAL



I can hardly believe that it has been six months since the concept that has materialized into **CLIKQUE** came into being. It has not been easy, and at times I felt like this was too much for one person to do. As Frederick Douglas said, "without struggle, there is no progress." But with the abled assistance and encouragement from my Creative Director, we are still here; thank you Andrew. As the holidays approach, let us reflect upon the year that has passed and what we hope to achieve for 1997. Let us get rid of the negativity and replace it with positivity; pick up your phone and call two people to tell them you love them.

It is time to do some soul searching and revamping of our lives as it relates to the community to which we belong. Let us concentrate less on finding a man to make us whole, and channel our energies into something useful and productive. In time, the man will be right there when you least expect him. Let us promise each other to be there when needed. Let us stop bickering and backstabbing each other. Let us give more of ourselves and our time for the betterment of society.

At this time I would like to recognize the efforts of organizations such as Gay Men Of African Decent (GMAD), The Gentlemen Inc., and Jamaica AIDS Support (JAS) for the work they have been doing. Congratulations on a fine job. To those of you who have called or written to support my efforts, a big thank you, and I wish this year will be a very inspiring productive and successful one for you. Again thanks for your support and happy holidays. ▼

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Happy holidays from the entire CLIKQUE crew!



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



I was overjoyed to see that finally, someone had taken the initiative to publish a magazine for Gay People of Color. As a frequent visitor to New York, I was pleased to find out about all the happening places to be, all in one guide. I read your magazine from cover to cover, and then spent days drooling over the pictures of the boys. Where can I find those boys? Your writer Nikki Lewis is a fantastic writer and I just love her style. Thanks for providing a much needed service to Black Gays across the country.

—MALIK MENZES,
CHAPEL HILL N.C.



Dear Malik, Thank you for writing in. We appreciate your reading our magazine and hope you will continue to do so. As far as the boys go, you can find them in just about any club in New York City, where the boys are hung and pretty. Nikki Lewis is happy to hear that you like her work but quite frankly, she is a he.

Sincerely, The Editor.



I was visiting New York on Gay Pride weekend with friends.

When the parade was over there was a guy that caught my attention. He introduced himself and welcomed us to New York; then he told us about a new magazine that was coming out named **CLIKQUE**. And I must say, I was very impressed with the articles and my GOD, the pictures of the boys! I would like to be a subscriber to **CLIKQUE**. Can you please tell me how to get a subscription?



—DAVID BENNEFELD
SPRINGFIELD, MA.

Dear David, Thanks for your letter of encouragement and praise.

We are happy to receive your kind words. You can obtain a 12-month subscription to **CLIKQUE** by sending a check or money order for \$18 to Lewis Nicholson at the address listed below.

Yours Truly, The Editor.

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CLIKQUE

**THE ONLY
BLACK GAY
MAGAZINE
IN NEW YORK!**

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TO ACKNOWLEDGE
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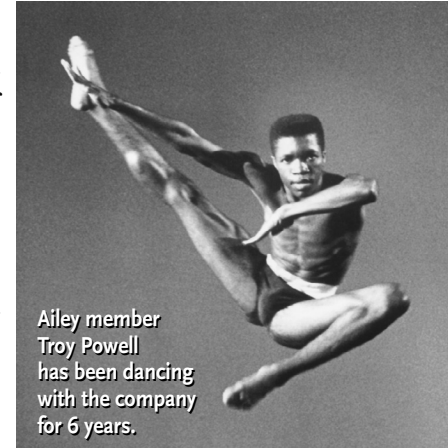
BY LEWIS NICHOLSON

It hardly gets any better than this! Than *what?* Seeing six of the Alvin Ailey American Dance Theater Company's finest male dancers do the male interpretation of Jawole Willa Jo Zollar's *Shelter*. In what must be labeled an electrifying performance, the men did justice to Zollar's piece. Usually when one sees a group of dancers there is always one or two who stand out. However, due to the choreography and the dancers desire to outdo themselves, the piece appeared to have six equal stars.

The men danced! They gave full meaning to the lives of Black men in American society and the plight of homelessness. From the struggles of existence, unification, and working together, the audience gets a strong sense of unity as the men take control of the stage. Fluid movements and some vigorous high energy Originally conceptualized as a women's piece, this is the first time that a group of men are doing this interpretation. According to company member Troy Powell, the men would jokingly imitate the moves of this piece when it was considered an all woman's piece, and seeing their impressive undirected work, artistic director Judith Jamison decided to get permission to make it a man's piece. With the proper direction, the men have made the piece look brand new. The men's version of *Shelter*, was premiered on the day of the Million Man March, while the company

was touring in Germany. Caught up in the spirit of said march, it is reported that the men of the company bonded in an appropriate million man call to be strong black men for community's sake.

The Ailey company premiered Lar Lubovitch's *Cavalcade*,



Ailey member Troy Powell has been dancing with the company for 6 years.

Rushing, who illuminated the stage with their elegance and maturity which the piece required. Leonard Meeks was also a picture of perfection as he simply glided through the entire performance. I strongly recommend seeing this piece.

What is an Ailey performance without *Revelations*? No matter how many times you see *Revelations*, there will always be a part that looks new, and that depends on who is dancing.

The cast seen on Thursday December 12 was an excellent ensemble. *Revelations* is Alvin Ailey's signature piece which features three major sequences. There were some great moments during the performance of *Revelations*, but the most outstanding belonged to Michael Joy and Vikkia Lambert in *Fix Me, Jesus*. The pair appeared like a match made in heaven. Joy is a picture of strong black manhood who has certainly come into his

own, while Lambert was the epitome of perfection. Other standouts in *Revelations* were Troy Powell as the processional leader. Lisa Johnson took control of *Wade In the Water* with her very moving performance. Dudley Williams refused to be outdone in a nicely orchestrated rendition of *I Wanna Be Ready*. Usually, the second movement in *Sinnerman* steals the show because of its choreography, but Michael Thomas wasn't having it as he gave new meaning to the third movement. Thank you Michael! The Ailey company, under the Direction of Judith Jamison and Masazumi Chaya, continues to bring you dance at its best. See them before they leave town on January 1, 1997. ▼

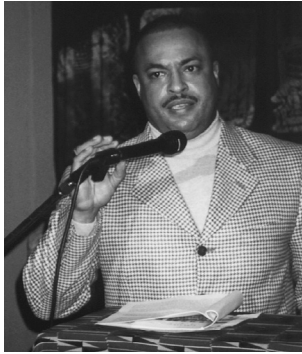


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CELEBRATING THE TENTH ANNIVERSARY OF

BY NIKKI LEWIS



Writer E. Lynn Harris, Angel Awardee.



Comedian Sharon Williams was so outrageously funny—a must see!



Malcolm X at a GMAD event? Better: Community Stalwart Carl Strange.

Waves of emotion came over me as I walked into the auditorium of the National Black Theater in Harlem on December 7, 1996, to witness the commemoration of the 10th anniversary of Gay Men of African Decent (GMAD). The energy was high and positive, as just over two hundred of the black gay elite and their friends gathered to celebrate this milestone event. The occasion was deemed black tie optional but very few exercised the option to not wear a black tie. The guestlist read more like a Who's Who in Black America, rather than a GMAD function. In celebrating their anniversary, GMAD opted to award stalwarts in the community with the *Angel* awards. The *Angel* awards are named in honor and loving memory of GMAD founder the late Reverend Charles Angel.

Receiving the first *Angel* award of the evening was New York State Senator David Paterson, who could not be there because of a prior engagement. One reason cited for his being awarded was his constant fight to increase penalties for people convicted of bias related crimes against gays. Dr. Majorie Hill, who got married last summer to her partner in a much publicized wedding, thanked the GMAD for her award and said she considered herself an honorary member. Her nomination and subsequent winning was just one instance where-in Lesbians and Gay Men of

Color were able to prove that they can work together.

Author E. Lynn Harris was awarded for his contributions to literature and was cited as the poster child of dreams come true. Billy E. Jones, M.D. M.S., a senior health



Cary Allen Johnson, Executive Director, GMAD.

and mental health care administrator with 25 years of experience in top executive positions, and a Vietnam veteran, was lauded for his outspoken views on being gay and in the public light. His work was described as incomparable. Dr. Jones has been a long time friend of GMAD.

Probably the most notorious of the *Angel* award recipients was none other than Broadway top gun, writer, director George C. Wolfe. Wolfe, who directed such noteworthy as *Angels In America* and Anna Deveare Smith's, *Twilight Los Angeles* will probably be most recognized as the man behind the *Colored Museum*. In accepting his award Wolfe said, "Thank you, it's mine but I am not worthy".

Thank you speech of the evening went to Angel

GAY MEN OF AFRICAN DESCENT



award recipient James Saunders, who was recognized for his work in the community, especially in the field of entertainment. Saunders is the founder of U-Men • U-Sweat promotions. He has also been a strong supporter of many charities, which adds to his credibility as an awardee.

**PATTI LABELLE
MADE A SURPRISE
APPEARANCE,
SINGING A
WONDERFUL
MEDLEY OF SONGS...**



None other than Patti LaBelle, long time GMAD supporter, aka Sybil Barrington

The evenings entertainment saw the writers group Other Countries outdo themselves in a presentation on Black Gay life. G. Winston James and Anthony Brown, both Columbia graduates, were in rare form, but so too were Christopher Adams and Christopher-Dana Rose. Brown had the crowd in

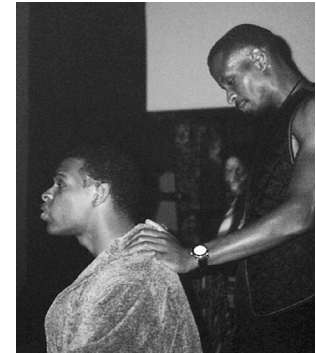
stitches with his witty delayed timing style and subtle humor. Speaking of humor, comedienne Sharon Williams was hysterical and had the crowd rolling in the aisles from her somewhat sordid sense of humor. The excitement of the evening continued to heighten, and just when you thought it couldn't get any better, it did.

Patti LaBelle made a surprise appearance, doing a wonderful medley of songs until the crowd caught on and realized that it was impersonator Sybil Barrington of Bermuda doing her thing. She received a standing ovation. Some of us felt cheated, as we were tricked by the carrying ons of the two lovely emcees of the evenings proceedings, David Maurasse and Darnell Brewster of the Gentlemen's Inc.

Manhattan Borough President Ruth Messenger declared December seventh, 1996 GMAD day in the borough and handed over the proclamation to GMAD executive director Cary Alan Johnson. We were also introduced to the GMAD's board of directors Kenneth Tolbert, Wade Hanley, Kevin McGruder, Clayton Wilson, Bill Barnes, Sherwood Brown, Reggie Shuford, Dwayne Thomason and Robert C. Wright, who looked lovely as they stood up to take their bows. A good time was there to be had by all. On a scale of 1- 10 the GMAD function was a perfect 10, and that 's just my opinion to which everyone is entitled. ▼



Promoter James Saunders, Angel Award recipient.



Other Countries performers Tony & Glenn mesmerize the audience.



Ruth Messenger declaring December 6th GMAD Day in Manhattan.

REQUIRED READING: ONE MORE RIVER TO CROSS

BY LEWIS NICHOLSON

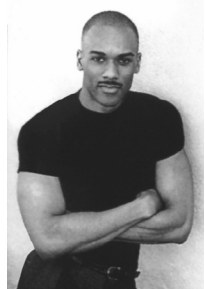
Never have I read a book that has left me feeling as inspired, fired up, and totally aware of who I am than Keith Boykin's *One More River To Cross*. A masterpiece and a divine work of art, Boykin's book on being Black and Gay in American society attacks, examines, and successfully critiques the attitudes of Black Gays and Lesbians and society's response to them.

The book starts off on an auto biographical note, which gives the reader an insight as to the thought processes of the mind behind this most illustrious work. Boykin is an educated black man who has had to face and live with the double indemnity that most Black Gays are born with. He however, has decided to live his only life to suit himself, and has thus become a role model for young people across America. It doesn't hurt that he is also a handsome fellow, who was described in *Malebox* magazine of December 1996 as the type of man your mother fell on her knees and asked God to send her son after you told her you were gay. (Don't we wish our mothers really did that!)

One More River To Cross deals with family's reactions to the news of a gay in the family, the homophobia in the Black community, and especially in the church. Boykin quite nicely illustrates the difference between the White and Black Gay communities, thereby showing that racism is very much a part of the

Gay community. There are points at which one just wants to scream in agreement with the words of wisdom and reach for Keith Boykin, only to realize that one is riding the train to work.

The chapter on Blacks and Gays being the same is very informative, and should be included as required reading for all. People will always differ on this subject, but I am with Boykin on this one. Let's talk about religion and Gays when you have read the book. Boykin's book deals with the delicate issue of race without being offensive while telling the truth. Boykin's book is an historical document which will be a brilliant literary source for academicians and lay-people alike. I would suggest that a class bearing the name of Boykin's book be included in all college curriculum as mandatory for graduation. I fell in love with Keith Boykin while reading his book and simply cannot wait to meet him. *One More River To Cross* is published by Anchor Books and is available in bookstores nationwide. This book will make an excellent gift for anyone able to read. ▼



Keith Boykin—Beautiful, Black, and the Bomb!

DRAGALOGUE

Will be back in the February issue of

CLIQUE.



DRAGALOGUE

will feature

Victoria Lace

second runner-up in the Miss KRASH 1997 pageant.

CLIQUE Congratulates You!

From the Pages of POYSSEN VINCENT

Entry 3
11:07PM

I caught him with his pants down! It was a rainy April morning. I was sitting in the executive suite reading the latest copy of *Black Enterprise*, when I looked up to discover a caramel coated masculine body standing on the other side of the glass doors. He was wearing a heavy jacket and a pair of fatigues. He attempted to enter, however, unsuccessful because he didn't have the proper access. So, after he motioned that he was harmless, I buzzed him in. When I asked how I could help him, he just stood there trying to convince me that we'd met before. He exclaimed "Don't you recognize me?!" I didn't but I played along. He informed me that he'd be sharing the suite with me effective Monday. After recovering from the initial shock, I introduced myself. He cut me off before I could get to my title of Senior Vice President of Operations. None-the-less, we shook hands and chatted briefly, I had a lunch date

with my daughter's mother so I had to cut it short.

I WAS LIKE A BABY WITH A PACIFIER; I JUST COULDN'T CONTROL MYSELF. HE HAD TO PULL ME OFF OF HIM.

It took an eternity for the weekend to go by. I couldn't stop thinking about this black statue. Monday finally arrived. As I eagerly raced to catch the elevator, a rather large hand reached out to hold the doors. It was him. Daniel McFarland. He spoke so eloquently with every bit of bass. "And now a formal introduction," he said, "Good Morning, Poysen Vincent." "Thank you," I said, as I was trying to catch my breath. We got off on the seventh floor and went to our respective offices within the suite. I dropped my briefcase, removed my overcoat and

rushed to the washroom that separated the two offices.

Without knocking, I entered only to discover Daniel's reflection baring all of 10½ inches of uncut flesh. About ten seconds had passed when I heard a slightly passive voice utter "You may close the door now." I couldn't move. "Well, what's the matter? You didn't have breakfast?" he said with a devilish grin. I couldn't hide my erection, so he instructed me to close the door, and since my mother always said to do as you are told... I did! It was too early for this, I thought.

He thrust his erect smooth and shiny into my mouth. I was like a baby with a pacifier; I just couldn't control myself. He had to pull me off of him. By the time it was all over, there was a mess all over the bathroom mirror. And then I heard the toilet flush and a loud knock at the bathroom door accompanied by a loud voice saying, "Mr. Vincent, we're gonna be late for the staff meeting. I quickly jumped up from my desk and discovered a very fine Daniel McFarland standing on the other side of the door. Well, you know what they say, most dreams are signs of what's to cum! ▼

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JAMES EARL HARDY'S SECOND SUCCESS

BY ANITA GOODLAE

It is not easy to write a second novel as inspiring or as brilliant as your first, but author James Earl Hardy has done just that. Though his new book *Second Time Around* is the sequel to his bestseller *B-Boy Blues*, the two books are very different. They do have two things in common: their characters and their readability. In *Second Time Around*, there is less emphasis on the sexual behaviors of Raheim and Little Bit and more in-depth examination of the relationship between them.

ARE WE BLACK FIRST,
OR ARE WE GAY FIRST?
AND IS "GAY" A
WHITE TERM?

Hardy is able to give Raheim the ability to express his feelings and emote more. We see him crying on his return to Little Bit and again at the joy of his son's graduation. Hardy also takes us through the rigors of growing up in Harlem in a single-parent household. The relationship between the title characters takes on an interesting twist with top-man Raheim becoming the flexible dream partner in bed.

Again, the author was able to make some very important social commentary. This was particularly interesting because as Black Gays we often face the dilemma of identity. Are we *Black* first, or are we *Gay* first? And is "gay" a white term? The dialogue is easy to follow, and as was the case with his previous book, this one is a single sitting read for the avid reader. Noticeably missing from this new effort is the homo eroticism that

was a signature element of *B-Boy Blues*. None-the-less, *Second Time Around* delivers, and in fine style. The relationship between Raheim and his mother, as well as his Baby's mother, Sunshine, come to life, and in some instances, steal the show. When the movie version of *Second Time Around* is made, I definitely would like to see Jada Pinkett in the role of Sunshine.

On the serious side, Hardy shows us the way in which we respond to death and failure in our lives, and gives us his version of what it would be like if one of our Raheims makes it big in the fashion world. Another very poignant aspect of the book is its discussion of politics between lovers. This is reassuring, since I find the Black Gay community to be generally apolitical. There are many thought provoking lessons to be learned from this book. After reading *Second Time Around*, I have to ask myself if "Gay" is really a suitable way to identify myself, since the life we lead is anything but gay. It is sometimes fun, other times exiting, very discriminating, but certainly not *gay*.

Hardy continues to give hope to Gay Black male relationships in a very realistic manner. He is neither patronizing nor utopic in his rendition of Black men loving Black men. *Second Time Around* is good reading and should be included in all your holiday gift packages for your Gay friends and others who can appreciate a good story on Gay Black love. *Second Time Around* was just published by Alyson Publications and is available in bookstores nationwide for \$11.95, so just buy it! ▼

A GOOD MAN IS HARD TO FIND

BY RAY HARDY

Picture it: It's a warm and hazy summer day and Greenwich Village is teeming with people enjoying the summer weather. You've made plans to meet your boys and hang out for a while. If they are true to the usual form they will be late. Eventually they show up, and you start down Christopher St., headed for the piers, laughing and joking every step of the way. It takes you longer than it should, because members of your group address and converse with friends.

Then suddenly, without warning, it happens, you see him. The most attractive man you have ever seen. Of course he's noticed you too. You play the cruising game for a while until finally one of you speaks, so it begins. This man seems to be perfect in every way, in the beginning. Things seem great between the two of you. You talk on the phone everyday and see each other just as much. Then it happens. Things begin to change. The calls lessen, as do the rendezvous, and shortly, its over as quickly as it began.

This is a typical incident at best, one that has happened to every Gay Black man at least once. The idea to write this essay was given to me by a friend. He originally suggested the title should be "Why is it so hard for a single Gay Black man to find a lover?"

I found that title to be inappropriate, because as I began to ask myself the question, I couldn't provide an answer. I decided his idea deserved merit.

In this age, where unsafe sexual promiscuity has proven to be a danger to us all, you would expect the gay populace to be more geared towards monogamous relationships. Unfortunately it just isn't so, in fact, it seems to be the farthest thing from certain minds.

WHY IS IT
SO HARD FOR
A SINGLE BLACK
GAY MAN TO
FIND A LOVER?
THERE IS NO
SPECIFIC ANSWER.

In my search for the answer to the question at hand I received several different responses. A review of those answers seemed to enlighten me to the old saying "men are dogs," but I can't accept that. There are several reasons that contribute to the difficulty of finding a good man. One reason is the limited number of Gay Black establishments in the metropolitan area keyed specifically for the meeting of men. There are so few, that the ones that do exist are overcrowded and there should be a personality meter installed at the doors. So you take your chances, but truth be told, that's merely an underlying

factor in the big picture. Again It comes back to the individual and the fact that he's a man. One opinion I received indicated that we are all especially susceptible to sweet talk. Once we are lulled, and sex has entered the relationship, its all over.

None of this is anything new to us, most of us have been dumped one way or another in one fashion or another. Is this all we have to look forward to when meeting someone? The most engaging opinion I received stated that finding a lover was never the problem, keeping one, however, is always a problem. Men find it hard to settle for something good, always thinking something better may be next. An interesting concept! Can many of us say we've never ever done that?

I could go on and on, but I'll get right to the answer to the big question: "Why is it so hard for a single Black Gay man to find a lover?" There is no specific answer. There are a hundred different reasons. The bottom line is, we as men must change. We've been born with several strikes against us already. We are Black, which in today's society is a struggle in itself. We are men, and much is already expected of us; and we are Gay. We as individuals must look within ourselves and examine who and what we are. Maybe then and only then can you hope that the next man you meet will be the perfect man, whatever perfect means to you. ▼

MR.
JANUARY

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Gossip Mill

BY NIKKI LEWIS

The kids were very shady as not too many of them showed up to the L'Aviticus Ball. This Ball should have been one of the bigger balls because of the many acts of kindness we are told father Tim L'Aviticus does for the community. Lady Ashley St. Claire turned it out, winning a number of categories and looking flawless. Selvin L'Aviticus looked absolutely divine in a red and white ensemble, which I am sure was something couture. The true diva of the evening was butch queen in drags, the lovely Camille Latex who finally got hers. You better work Ms. Camille.

...I HAVE NOT MET HIM YET, BUT FOR NOW, I LOVE HIM.

The ever so lovely Karyn Chanel Int'l won the Femme Queen Face, the Vogueing, and some other categories. She looked wonderful in a baby blue ensemble of pure silk. The Chaneles Rob and Damon swept the Face categories and the Ovah Body of the night belonged to Mailik. Speaking of ovah, let us go back to Danielle Revlon's carrying on, at her function held at the YWCA on Dec 8, 1996. Dressed in a purple body-hugging gown with an orange and purple neck accessory, Danielle treated the crowd to a show of grace, face and the ultimate performance. The mini-balls at the Clubhouse continue to be fun and enlightening, so see you there next Wednesday.

In other news, our good sister Shawn is heading for the alter again

with man in tow. We wish him all the best. The President of Christopher Street and First Lady (Brian and Savoy) celebrated their first Christmas together and are still going strong. I would like to wish my ex from Washington Heights a prosperous 1997, and I am sorry for the hurt I caused you a year ago. I love you J.G.

Lately, I have been running into so many men who claim to be single and looking. Since there are so many of you who claim to be good catches, I hereby suggest that you get together with each other, and if that doesn't work give me a call. There are lots of great places to find gorgeous men, and Blatino has got to be the number one spot. I must admit that my alter ego told me that the boys up in Blatino are fierce. And that they hardly go to regular clubs, so you must go to Blatino to find them. Milk on Mondays is cute too, and so is Clubhouse on Wednesdays. So find that boy, and come Valentine's Day, I will be able to invite you to my couples only party. Speaking of gorgeous men, I am using this column to publicly express my love for Keith Boykin, author of *One More River To Cross*. I have not met him yet, but for now, I love him. Go buy his book.

The Gossip Mill has also learned that the Sound Factory Bar is closing soon, which means a lot of unemployed people. I hope the Playground and Factoria find a new home soon. Good luck Charles and Rob. Until later, play hard, be safe, and remember to love yourself. ▼

Bianca

Greetings guys and dolls, I am Bianca Buchanan, the illegitimate lovechild of Rupaul and Pat Buchanan. Naturally, I chose to keep my father's last name, since mommy dearest does not have one. I was born and raised in a small town just outside of Atlanta, Georgia. I relocated to New York City about seven years ago. I just felt this sudden urge to blossom, so what other place than the Big Apple. Consequently, I've been a counselor and confidant the major bulk of my illustrious life. I've given mucho advice to some of the biggest names in Hollywood, and since I'm not a name dropper, I won't divulge, at least not now. More importantly, I look forward to hearing from you and providing my wonderful advice. Remember, happy holidays, enjoy life, and be safe in everything you do.

Dear Bianca, My friends insist on calling me a snow queen. I don't know what it is with me, but I am a Black man who likes to date white boys. They also tell me that I have that snowqueen look about me. What does a snowqueen look like, and is there anything wrong with a Black man who dates white boys only? -Cory T.

Dear Cory T., Well, I don't exactly have the time to counsel you to find out the root of your fetish for white men. However, I will give you some advice. I am assuming that your friends are black, of course. There really

isn't a law against dating outside of your race anymore, although, I must ask these questions: Do you love yourself? Have you ever dated black men? What is it about men of color that doesn't attract you to them? Now, to the second part of your question, what does a snow queen look like? Well they come in all shapes and sizes, dear. Anyway, one Saturday afternoon as I was leaving my brownstone in Brooklyn, I decided to run on over to Chelsea to do some investigating. I discovered the following, and if you meet any of these criteria, you may be a snow queen. If you answer yes to three of these questions then you are more than a shoe in.

1. Do you frequent the Big Cup?
2. Do you own a Kipling bag?
3. Is your hair permed to achieve a Caesar cut?
4. Do you prefer Champs over the Octagon?
5. Do you cruise Christopher St. during the day instead of at night?
6. Do you prefer to listen to Barbara Streisand and Elton John rather than Mary J. Blige and the late Tupac?

Dear Bianca, My problem is this: I have been dating this man in D.C. for eight months, and recently he went on a date with someone else. He said nothing happened. He insists it wasn't a date but my rival for his attention is really cute. I feel like beating that dizzy cut and my man as well, but I am a well-bred girl who usually walks away from a fight. What do I do?

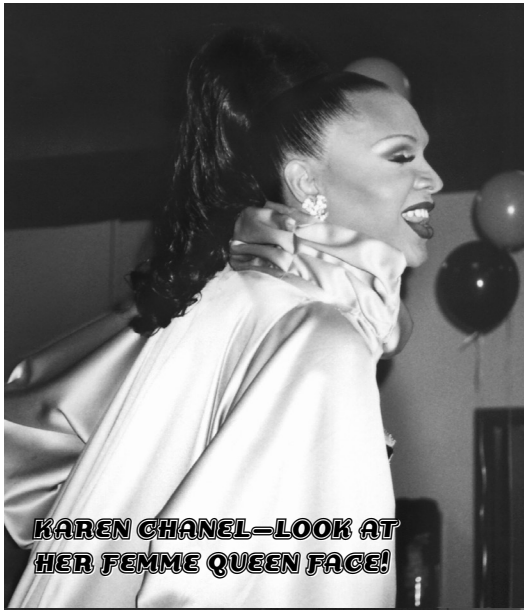
-Worried in New York.

Dear Worried in New York, I've always believed that D.C. was the best place to lose your man, but don't let my opinion scare you. It is very difficult to maintain a long distance relationship, so I commend you on lasting eight months. Now about this date, I don't feel that he should have even gone on the date in the first place. None-the-less, if he claims nothing happened, believe him. There's no need to trouble yourself over something you didn't see or hear. And take it from another well bred girl, don't resort to violence, just keep your cool. In closing, I would let the diggy cunt know that she is fucking with the wrong New York bitch, and she should go find someone else's man or one of her own to toy around with.

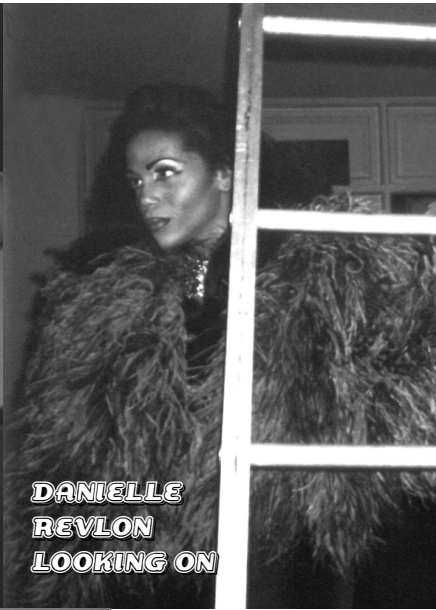
Dearest Bianca, I have gotten myself in a major Jam-No Peanut Butter-but Jam. I am having an affair with my best friend's boyfriend. We have not had sex, but kissed passionately one evening. He says that I am everything his boyfriend isn't and would leave him in an instant if I gave him the green light—as in go. We talk on the phone everyday and meet secretly. What to do? What to do? Do I already know the answer? Am I a bad person? -The Other Boy

HELLO!! Are you a bad person? Yes you are, better yet, you are one tawdry, tired, malodorous, fragment of filth meandering aimlessly in the sewers of amicable endeavors, refusing to be flushed. And miss girl, if you left school early, that means you are a no good whore! I would love to catch you and that boyfriend of your friend's and gag you both with the heels of my size 12 pumps. If you truly feel bad, then go home on your knees and beg your mother for forgiveness, then go shopping and buy your girlfriend something fierce. And by the way, use your own credit card.

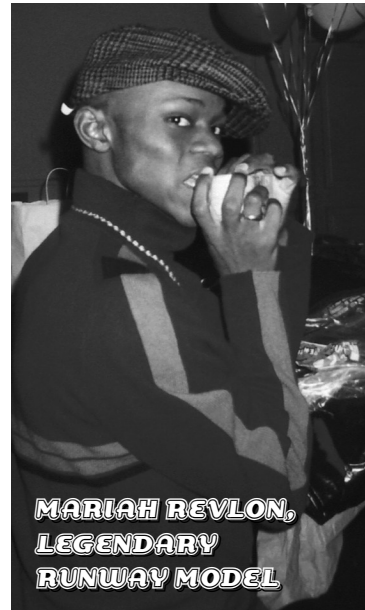
I want to thank all of you for writing in, and encourage those who haven't. If you include a photo and you may get an individual advisement session. Love you all! -Bianca ▼



KAREN CHANEL—LOOK AT HER FEMME QUEEN FACE!



**DANIELLE REVLON
LOOKING ON**



**MARIAH REVLON,
LEGENDARY
RUNWAY MODEL**



**FATHER TIM
L'AVITICUS**



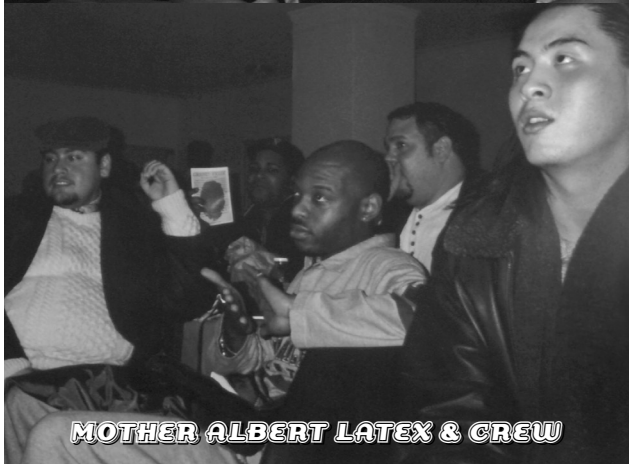
**CAMILE LATEX
GETS IT LATER**



**CAPPUCCINO
REVLON
—DELICIOUS!**



DANNY MUGLER & HIS MUGLER CARTER



MOTHER ALBERT LATEX & CREW

**THE
TWISTED/
COME
FUCK
ME UP**

&

**LA'VITICUS
BALLS**

For complete coverage,
read the *Gossip Mill*
in this issue.

Also checkout the *Club
Listings* for complete listing
of upcoming balls and
mini-balls happening soon!



**LADIES
OF
L'AVITICUS!**



**ALL HAIL
QUEEN
JASMINE
L'AVITICUS!**



**SPIN!
SPIN!
SPIN!
DANIELLE
REVLON**

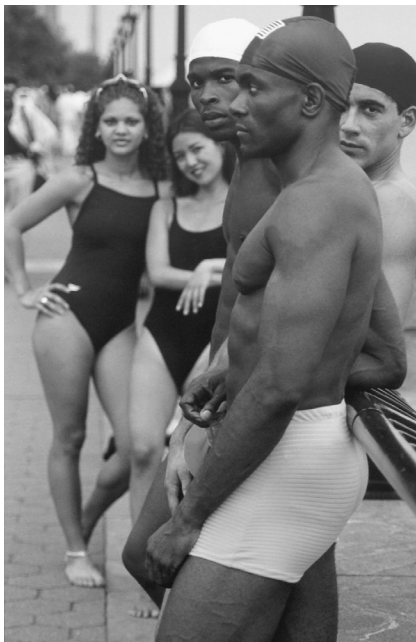
PICTURE THIS

BY RAWJ

There I was face to face with the one enigma I've always dreamed of unravelling with my lens.

Armed with a fully loaded camera in hand and a million thoughts and ideas dancing, running—no—dashing hysterically across my mind, and it just didn't happen. Pride forbids me from admitting that I froze, so I opt to say that the timing just wasn't right. That was my second opportunity to photograph Michael Jackson and I blew it. I sometimes think about it and I am optimistic that I'll have the opportunity again and I'll work it.

Queen with a sweet ghetto essence inside her is how I like to describe the subject of one of my more memorable shoots. She was the perfect lady and the perfect homegirl all in the same eyeful.



Left: One of many of Roderick Warner's photographs taken for **CLIKQUE** MAGAZINE during his tenure with us.

She was cooperative, friendly and bearably bitchy at times. After withstanding the torture of the hot lights and several pauses for make up, face and title in tact, Latifah remains Queen.

Over the years I have photographed several celebrities, but they were never as fascinating as the many nameless, faceless celebrities all living with fabulous dreams and aspirations of making it big in good old NYC. From pretty little Anna Rexic to pleasant sexy jobs, I've seen them all. Good hair, bad hair, little hair, no hair; great smile, no smile, nice teeth, few teeth; great shape, no shape, too many shapes—I've shot them all. Don't you dare try to tell them that they're not model material.

Photography for me offers the perfect view into the subjects true self. It is sometimes amazing to see the most outgoing, extroverted people recoil and become almost vulnerable, giving themselves up to the mercy of the photographer. I have learned that

most people share a common longing, a longing to be viewed by everyone as beautiful, gorgeous, stunning, breathtaking or just good looking. The most sheepish people fall victim to the many antics and superficial desires of vanity.

Standing behind the camera offers a great escape, especially for a shy photographer.

I enjoy directing the focus of everyone's attention to the subject, however, people always find my job to be fascinating or at least, interesting, so I rarely escape questioning. It is frustrating to work with uncooperative people who either refuse to or are unable to get into the groove or fall into character.

LOOK, MISS THING,
YOU ARE NO NAOMI,
AND CERTAINLY NO
THREAT TO TYSON,
SO TAKE IT DOWN,
WAY DOWN.

Often times people show up on sets with unshakable *Vogue* or *GQ* visions in their minds and it's usually so tempting to say: "Look, Miss Thing, you are no Naomi, and you're certainly no threat to Tyson, so take it down, way down."

Having had the opportunity of working with some of the worlds most glamorous, famous, wealthy, envied and desired personalities is a wonderful feeling. I look back at times and find it almost unbelievable. Fortunately I was there, or I wouldn't believe half of my own stories. I've never been startstruck and I've never made a big deal of a celebrity; I've shared their limos, slouched in their sofas, played with their pets (despite my allergies), and sampled their cooking—Gladys Knight is a fabulous cook. The most rewarding feeling in the world for me is that of being appreciated and occasionally hearing someone compliment my work. There's nothing like a satisfied client. With or without the recognition, however, nothing will stop me from doing what I love most (not even my mom telling me to get a real job).

Remember, your fantasy flick is always at the end of my **CLIKQUE**.

Ovah Octagon: Club Of The Month

BY ANITA GOODLAE

It isn't always easy getting into the Octagon Night Club on Friday nights when U-Men • U-Sweat presents New York's fiercest Friday night dance party. The line is often long, but it does move. The greeting one receives from the U-Men staff is overwhelmingly warm and gracious. Promoter and CEO James Saunders, who recently received an Angel award for his service to the community, is a very pleasant person and rather easy to talk to.

The club is huge and the main dance floor on the lower level is spacious and quite comfortable. There is a balcony overlooking the dance floor, which is perfect for spotting that boy you so badly want, before you go in for the kill. On the other hand, it is also useful if you need to keep an eye on your man. There is also a bar on the balcony level, which provides a good excuse for your being up there, if you are accused of unjust cruising. I often watch my friends rub-up on somebody's son from this vantage point. The D.J. booth is also located on this level, so one gets to see the master Fred Pierce at work in all his glory. Fred Pierce is definitely in the runnings for D.J. Of The Year when **CLIKQUE** holds its first annual **CLIKQUE** Awards this June.



Fred Pierce may be D.J. of the year.

I EVEN SPOTTED
MY 11TH GRADE
BIOLOGY TEACHER
GETTING DOWN.
HE IS A MARINE
BIOLOGIST NOW
AND AS SEXY AS EVER.

When Fred plays "Fired Up" it sounds better than from any other D.J. I have heard, and before the night is over, Fred will most certainly take you back in time to the days gone by, or introduce those of you too young to remember to what it felt like then. The boys are ovah, as the men in their mid twenties and thirties are forced to take off their shirts to keep up with Fred.

When I am at the Octagon, I feel like I am in Boy Heaven. Speaking of heaven, let us

ascend to the Boom Boom Room, and try taking the gorgeous U-Men staffer Tony with you. The Boom Boom Room is hot and sweaty, but it couldn't be any other way. D.J. Calvin Smith has the kids bumping and grinding, and did I say *grinding* to his wicked reggae and Hip-Hop sounds. Calvin takes me there and then some, and if a fine papi gets too close, he is in for the grind of his life. The room is generally crowded. I have spotted lawyers, doctors and journalists, and even some of the most pretentious black gay men alive getting down and dirty to the sounds of Calvin Smith. I even spotted my 11th grade Biology teacher getting down. He is a Marine Biologist now and as sexy as ever. I can't remember if I already mentioned how cute the men in the Octagon are, so just in case I didn't, let me take time out to say from the bartenders, to the go-go boys, to the staff—and more so—the patrons, the boys are fine.

While an Octagon Friday is fun, I must mention how horrendously uncouth the bouncers are. If we were not told that they were not hired by U-Men • U-Sweat, they would have cost U-Men this commendation as club of the month since *Factoria* at the Sound Factory Bar was a rather close second. ▼

FEELING CUNTY?

BY RODOLFO PRICE

For queens who have been waiting for the song that perfectly embodies personal identity, "Cunty (the feeling)" is here!

You can walk, vogue (old style, new style, or whatever you do these days), or just plain dance to this smashing collaboration between Kevin Aviance of the House of Aviance and Jerel Black.

With lyrics like, "She's cunt, I'm cunt, he's cunt," those of you that have a hard time getting the lyrics to songs correct should have no problem at all. These lyrics

are pretty much repeated throughout the record and requires you to remember little. Good for you and for me.

Unlike many records of late, "Cunty (the feeling)" has a beat that will get you on the floor and keep you there. There's a break where Kevin repeats "Cunty," the beat reaches a crescendo, and you fall out.

This is the record of the month, so put on your walking or running boots and sashay over to your nearest record store and pick up a copy. It's available on the infamous Strictly Rhythm Records as follows: RAGEOUS projecting Kevin Aviance "Cunty (the Feeling)." ▼

SHE'S CUNT, I'M CUNT, HE'S CUNT, WE'RE ALL CUNT!



It's the Cunty Crew!
From back: Kevin Aviance & Flan. In front: Victoria Lace, Madonna, a diva, & Laritza Dumont

Listen, Children: The holidays are here and we are going to celebrate. So Live Live Live!
—Kevin Aviance



Here are some songs that are worth mentioning that you may have heard in the club but did not know what to say or sing when you went to the record store and told the clerk that you were looking for "that popular song that's being played in the clubs" and the clerk looked at you like he just lost his dog.

- 1 Cunt (the Feeling)**—Rageous projecting Kevin Aviance
- 2 Sugar Is Sweeter**—C.J. Bolland, for that Sugar Daddy
- 3 Un-Break My Heart (House Version)**—Toni Braxton

- 4 Stand Up**—Love Tribe
Throw your hands in the air
- 5 Fired Up**—Funky Green Dogs
- 6 Living in Ecstasy**—Fonda
Rae Remember this Fat Rat?
- 7 Everything**—Sarah Washington
- 8 Heaven Knows—Deep, Deep Down**—Angel Moraes
- 9 Aw Yeah**—Chupacabra
Don't ask
- 10 It's Gonna Be Alright**
—Deep Zone

Now you don't have to go buy these records, but do it anyway since some of you have nothing better to do with your money. ▼

CLUB LISTINGS

NEW YORK

monday

Milk at Champs
17 West 19th St. (5th Ave.) 629-1911
Banjee boys milk it with big, buffed Chelsea guys who cruise, dance and get busy in the 'Cream Lounge'. Music provided by D.J. T-Pro. Doors open at 10PM.

Sugarbabies at Irving Plaza
17 Irving Plaza (15th St.) 777-6817
Always packed with a mostly gay crowd that is serious about their music. D.J.s alternate, but the percussion is always provided by Fred *the Animal*. Doors open at 11:30PM. \$6 is all it takes.

tuesday

Flashback Tuesdays at the Monster
80 Grove St. (West 4th St.) 924-3557
Get your retro seventies gear and head over to the Monster for some good ol' fashioned partying after work. Warren Gluk spins the classics, and best of all it's free!

Power Skate at the Roxy
515 West 18th St. (10th Ave.) 645-5756
The kids go around and around on rollerblades. Don't fall down. Rock, skate, don't be late. The rollerderby starts at 8PM. Go bump into that girl you have always hated; just don't get caught speeding.

wednesday saturday

Clubhouse
215 West 28th St. (7th Ave.) 726-8820
D.J. Frankie Paradise spins the latest house tunes for your jumping up pleasure. Be there or be straight! Come late for the mini-balls & shows.

Krash
34-48 Steinway St., Astoria 718-366-2934
Tasty cakes if you know what I mean. This Latin party you don't want to miss. 10PM. \$10.

Legends at Side Bar
366 8th Ave. (28th St.)
Kevin Ultra Omni presents a night of legends with D.J. Andre Collins & D.J. Rodney from the Delta, D.C. Voguing contest 12-28; cash prizes.

thursday

Jump at Krash
34-48 Steinway St., Astoria 718-366-2934
Give it up! J.R. has a hit with this happening spot that offers everything for your viewing pleasure. One hot Latin dance party. I'll be the one on the box with the Daisy Duke's on. Wepa! \$5.

sunday

Cafe Con Leche at Club Expo
124 West 43rd St. 330-9061
Manhattan's longest running Latin party with a totally mixed crowd. D.J. Lord G.

U-Men • U-Sweat at Side Bar
366 8th Ave. (28th St.)
Go-go gods pound it out to D.J. Calvin Smith's beats. Look for Cute D.J. Panama at their weekly contests.

friday

U-Men • U-Sweat at Octagon
555 West 33rd St. (10th Ave.) 947-0400
D.J.s Fred Pierce & Calvin Smith give it up to you with house, hip-hop & the like. It's the only place to be (on Friday).

WATCH FOR
COMPLETE COVERAGE
OF THE REOPENING
OF LA ESCUELITA

WHICH
CLUB
WILL
REPLACE
SOUND
FACTORY
BAR?

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& ROBERT REVLON**
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January 1

The HOUSE OF APHRODITE

Mini-Ball
January 8

The HOUSE OF COUTURE
Mini-Ball
January 15

CLUBHOUSE

Talent Showcase/Mini-Ball
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THAT NEXT ISSUE, HUH?**



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