

# CLIKQUE

WOMEN'S HISTORY MONTH ISSUE

MARCH 1997

\$2

## DUNYE DOES IT!

WITH HER NEW FILM

## WATERMELON WOMAN

*At The  
Mayoral  
Debates:*  
**WHO'S ON  
YOUR SIDE?**

**EVITA  
OR  
MADONNA?**

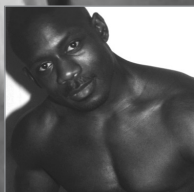
**NIGHT AT  
THE OSCARS**



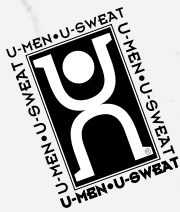
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SUHEIR HAMMAD



MR. MARCH



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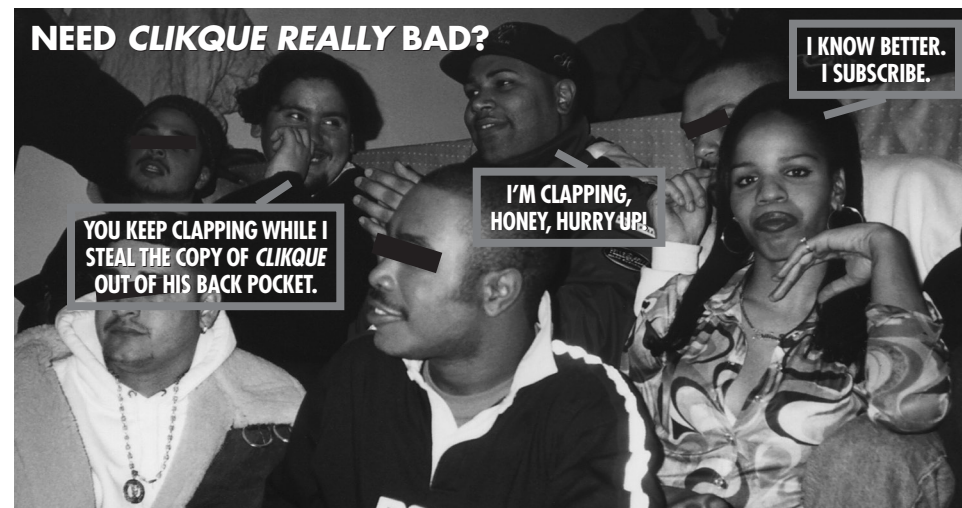
# CLIKQUE

SPREADING THE WORD

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**H**onesty, integrity, unity. Do these words mean anything to you? Honesty means being true, upright and fair in your dealings with others. Integrity is a synonym for honesty which is being used for emphasis, and unity means to join together for action.

Now, if we as a community were to accept these words as key to our daily existence, then we would be able to really make a difference to this world in which we live. We need to stand up for each other. We need to come together for the benefit of the common good.

We have to rise above broken hearts and put our differences aside and even work with our ex-boyfriends and girlfriends. In any case, isn't everyone a potential future ex? We complain unceasingly about what the white man has done to us, but, have we ever stopped to think about what we are doing to our selves? We continue to kill and maim each other. We rob, cheat, and humiliate each other and not to mention the hurt we cause each other in the name of love.

We criticize one another for not supporting each others causes, but when we are called upon for support, we end up doing the same thing we accuse others of doing. Nothing!

Look in the mirror this month, and promise to make a change by starting with the man you see there. People will tell you how much they appre-

ciate what you are trying to do and as soon as you turn your back they start talking crap.

This month is Women's History Month and we at CLIKQUE have tried to make this issue as girly as we could, but we didn't get any support from the sisters either. We hope next year will be different.

In honor of all the women of society, we salute you for keeping the community going and for the endless years of heading the household. So, we encourage you all to do something good for the women in your lives.

On another note, we would like to welcome our readers from the Washington Metropolitan area, as well as those from Los Angeles, and we hope that we are entering into a long and lasting relationship. To our subscribers, we say a hearty thank you. Without you we could not continue to publish.

I would like to clear up the issue of who gets mentioned in this magazine, which seems to concern some of our most avid readers. The magazine is for the entire Gay community of Color: Blacks, Latinos, the Asian-Pacific Islander diaspora, and all those hailing from the Middle East. The ballroom community is as welcomed as the Gay Men Of African Descent. We endeavor to be a magazine for everyone of Color, even if we may not look it just yet. If you want to help us get there, feel free to call or write. Thanks for your support and happy reading. ▼

## COURTING THE GAY VOTE

BY CHAZ

**O**n February 20 at the Omni Hotel, candidates seeking the democratic mayoral nomination to take New York City back from its current republican control claimed to support Gay marriage and equal status for all.

Candidates Sal Albanese, Al Sharpton, Ruth Messenger, and Fernando Ferrer spoke with a sense of conviction and determination to court the Gay vote.

In response to the question "Would you perform gay marriages and institute the Rainbow curriculum in city schools in order to raise awareness in young people to gay and lesbian issues?" They all answered in the affirmative. Reverend Al Sharpton's



White Lady Ruth has reason to be truest to our cause

response was, "I am the only candidate who can really perform a gay marriage and that I will do whether I win or lose the election. I support the human rights of people to decide their own choices in life. It is a human rights violation to deny Gays and Lesbians this right simply because of homophobia."

Manhattan Borough President, Ruth Messenger, also supported Sharpton's

## KEITH BOYKIN READS READIN'

BY KEVIN MCCREARY

**A**n important question was raised at Pace University during the discussion, reading, and book signing of Keith Boykin's, *One More River to Cross*, which made references to African-American gay males disrespecting each other by the use of derogatory names. These names, which are also often used in the heterosexual society, include *faggot*, *queen*, *queer*; and *bitch*. The rhetoric also explored the way we separate ourselves by statements such as "Don't talk to him, she's a queen" or "That bitch thinks he's the shit." It was very apparent during the dis-

ussion that we as African-American male homosexuals need to present a united front in the heterosexual society we live in. It is very easy to sit back and complain about all of the things that offend us, as author Keith Boykin stated, but why is it not as easy to sit down and write a letter to those who have offended us:

The likes of "motivational speaker" Les Brown, who made homophobic remarks on his WBLS radio morning show, and Kris Rock who made negative references to two men dancing with each other during Toni Braxton's pulsating performance at Billboard's award show. Are we too busy reading each

stand, but made the issue even more personal by telling everyone, at this very public forum, that she has a lesbian daughter of whom she is very proud and supports fully.

Ferrer said that he supported gay marriages as well as the inclusion of the Rainbow curriculum at the 4<sup>th</sup> or 5<sup>th</sup> grade level where kids will be more receptive to that kind of material.

"I don't know if I would perform a gay marriage at City Hall, but I support the rights of gay marriages as a state issue," said Sal Albanese.

On racism, which was touched on briefly, Al Sharpton summed it up: "The Giuliani administration is like the Rocky Mountains, the higher up you go the whiter it gets." Some of New York's most influential business people and journalists were present. ▼

other in the same text our heterosexual counterparts refer to us?

If we spend as much time reading books as we read each other, perhaps we may begin to come together outside of the clubs, the balls, the bars, and the piers, taking a stand, proud of who we really are: great, virile, beautiful, and powerful men who have the strength to make a difference through unity. Unfortunately, there were a lot of empty seats during the reading of *One More River to Cross*. My compliments to the brothers of The Gentlemen Inc, Pace University Coalition for Diversity, and the Pace University Stonewall Coalition for sponsorship. ▼

# MADONNA, HOW DARE YOU!

BY FOI PI

I can't believe *Evita* has been reduced to a silly, inaccurate musical. I know it's just a musical and it's not real life, but that is my point. When will the fantasy and the lies stop comforting us. Look, Madonna does not need you or your money, she is a self indulged woman.

I think some of our brain-dead celebrities would bite me for saying this, and Madonna is one of them. I have a question for Madonna, how much money is enough? But I also have a bone to pick with you guys. Wake up or else you are going to be late for your own stardom.

Madonna prays every time she's on tour; is that real or is that an act? Watch out! Does the name Donna Summer mean anything to you? Back to Madonna, and why it is so irritating that she took the role of Evita. "Only I can do Eva Peron. She went hungry like me, and like me, she left her home in order to succeed," says Madonna.

Let us compare Eva Peron with you, Madonna. Eva built schools, you, your own fortune. Eva changed the condition of the poor in her country, you change your hair color. Eva was a radio soap star, you do music and music videos, both bad. Eva had no siblings, you do. Eva was a bad actress, you are too, A match finally.

This is Americanism at it's best. Don't read your history books, just turn your back to it. Madonna is a perfectly

packaged American product. It did not matter how badly the people of Argentina begged for Madonna to leave their country, she did not. They even got to the point of threatening her life, and she still didn't leave. I ask, is this disrespect to Argentina?



I am giving a review of *Evita* and did not see it. Shhhh! Look, Madonna does not need you or your money, she is a self indulged woman.

Now of all the Latina actresses in this country or in Latin American countries they could not find an Evita. If they are going to Hollywoodify Evita inaccurately, they could have at least used latin folks to do it. Antonio Banderas was in the movie, but is he the only Latino actor known to mankind?

Can you imagine if they had cast Maria Conchita Alonso to play the life of Jackie O., the musical and the movie? This country would have had a riot. And if JFK were to be portrayed by Forrest Whittaker, Hollywood would burn to a KFC extra crispy, no lie.

I am giving a review of *Evita* and did not see it. Shhhh! I'll tell you why. I don't think one has to see a movie in order to review a subject they have researched tirelessly. I even came upon information about the movie and its creator and its actors. It is a fantasy piece, not a political piece, nor a re-enactment, and that is shameful.

I am furious with the casting, and thought it to be unfair when so many Latin actors who are far more talented could have portrayed their own political figures in a Hollywood film.

Hollywood has once again proven that it does not give a damn about culture and lacks respect for the idea of equal exposure for all. Hollywood cares about one thing—\$. I chose not to be a spineless spirit to my opinion and do something about it. So I did not support it in any form that it could benefit from me. And that is my opinion on the whole *Evita* issue.

This issue of *CLIQUE* is dedicated to women so I will share a few feelings of mine on the women of society. I think they are far superior to men. If you look closely at the human race you will see that men are in charge, and that could be what's wrong. Put the women in charge! ▼

## Ms. Esmerelda Nuevas Tradiciones Por

La Primavera esta cerca! Aunque el invierno de este año en NY no fue tan fuerte como el del año pasado, yaesta bueno y hay que prepararse fuerte como el del año pasado, ya esta bueno y hay que prepararse para el Verano con el calor y la ropa ligera y corta. Pero, a pesar de todo, no hay que olvidar el lado bueno del tiempo de frio. Despues de las comilonas del día de Gracias, Navidad y la de los Reyes, fue bueno taparse un poco para que no se vieran esas llantas de tractor que se le puedan estacionar a cualquiera, como a la del 305. Cada quien vela su propio santo y cuida su dieta, decía mi abuela.

La verdad sea dicha, yo si hice mis aerobicos todo el fin

de año, pues esta ves me voy por el Caribe el proximo mes. Y claro había que quemar esos pasteles de pollo y los tamales... etc. para poder mostrar con orgullo mis piernas. Bueno, un poco pálidas pues no han tenido sol desde Julio, pero con 15 minutos, y ahí llega la sabrosura. Ahá!

Febrero fue un mes muy ajetreado. Vi "La risa presente", una comedia teatral donde todo le sale mal al protagonista, con el proxeneta Franc Langelá. ¡Queridos míos, déjenme decirles que el hombre todavía tiene balas! ¡Y puede sacar su pistola! ¡Qué mentes sucias!

Segundo, días despues fui a un cóctel y recital para beneficio de Lesbian & Gay Immigration Rights Task Force. Esta organizacion esta

tratando de que imigación acepte que parejas gays y lesbianas permanescan juntas a pesar de qué uno de ellos no es ciudadano americano.

La parte musical fué a cargo de Elena Bennet y cantó en Francés canciones de la Piaf. Si no se acuerdan La Piaf fue la Diva francesa que cantó La vida de color de rosa, hojas de Otoño y otras. Fue la oportunidad de usar el vestido como el de Madonna en los Globos de Oro. La gente quedó fría pues todo el mundo llegó despues del trabajo así que las ejecutivas se quedaron verde. Que emoción!

También fui a Twilo el Día del Presidente. Como siempre, los chicos lucieron pechos, brazos, traseros, piernas y, sobre todo, ¡moda! Bueno, basta de ñonar, es hora de empacar porque toda mi ropa tiene que caber en una maleta. Nos vemos en el espejo. ▼

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# DRAGALOGUE: ANGEL IN AMERICA

BY LEWIS NICHOLSON

A new phenomenon has taken the New York club scene by storm and has given new meaning to the term Drag Show. So what?

The fact is, it's 1997 and the club world known to Blacks and Latinos is dying. However, there is hope, especially with the opening of *The New Escuelita*.

We would like to introduce you to the person at the helm of the entertainment at this new club and show place: Ms. Angel Sheridan, aka Jose Garcia. A plus-size diva, Angel Sheridan is a bundle of sheer joy. It goes without saying that this man is talented. He is a handsome man and a gorgeous woman. Some of the stars would do well in calling Angel to design some of their splendid fashions for the upcoming Academy Awards.

A recent arrival from hot & sunny Fort Lauderdale, Angel has only been here, in New York, for 3 years. She started off working at La Cage, where she mainly did spoofs on Madonna, Cher, and others. Of New York she says "I love New York, snowstorms and all. It is the best thing that has happened to my career. I have travelled to Europe six times, and also to Israel—something which probably would not have happened if I had not come to New York."

I mention those dresses? Isaac Mizrahi has nothing on Angel. In essence, a one-woman cottage industry that Escuelita would crash without. How does one person do all this? It is done through hard work, and with a drive to be the best. "Sometimes I work three weeks without a day off." How many people can state that claim? Angel's favorite thing is the nurturing of new talent.

I love New York, snowstorms and all. It's the best thing that helped my career.

Angel was born in Key West, Florida and hopes to one day set up a scholarship fund for children wishing to get into the arts. She got her current job at Escuelita after introducing its owner, Ben to the world of drag showplaces. Now, she wears many hats (and head dresses). The multi-talented Angel works as the Escuelita choreographer, the costume designer, seamstress, and is responsible for all the drag bookings. And did



Those dollars aren't props, Honey—she's workin'!



¡Mira, chica, dame el traje!

This brings a broad and captivating smile to her face as she launches a talk on how rare it is to find the quality shows presented at Escuelita anywhere in big cities in America. "It is very expensive, but it is worth the money," she says. "Broadway quality is what we strive for", and that they have achieved. The shows are simply fabulous as all the cast members are extremely talented.

One pet peeve of Angel's is shared by many others, and that is to see a girl run around the club in her Joyce Leslie dress and then go on stage at showtime in the same dress. "There is nothing like looking and acting like a star. I love my fans, but the line must be drawn to maintain the mystery."

Little did the people at the Waterfront Club in Miami Beach know that the winner of their amateur night (her first time in drag) would go on to be a superstar 'Drag' entertainer in New York City.

A big thanks is being extended to all of her loyal fans who have made her all she is. Ms. Angel is single and lives in Manhattan. ▼

# HE

has a face of an angel. He would enter a room and it would instantly be filled with a warm soft glow. His eyes are like soft magnetic points of light, your attraction to him is undeniable. He possesses the karma of *Shanti* and at one time would even chant the words "Ohm Shanti." Translation: "I am a peaceful soul." His face is the definition of proportion, even his eyebrows—although never touched—are unbelievably disciplined.

Behind soft spoken lips, lips, that as they move, make your body tingle with the anticipation and excitement of a perfect kiss, behind these wishes lie well polished, proud

# SCARFACE

BY RAW J

PART 1

pillars, standing strong, guarding secrets, wishes, fantasies, even desires—desires he dare not disclose for they would diminish his wholesome heavenly self. They would make him real.

He's too intimidating to be approached by those enthralled, too solid for the fickle to bother.

He has a strong yet gentle build. He carries with him all the hugs you missed as a lonely child, the embrace you always searched for from a distant lover.

In his confidence there is modesty, in his smile, sincerity, and in his tone, honesty. His words were free yet he seemed not to want to offend anyone with his intellect. He leaves the way he enters and remains mysterious.

He's too intimidating to be approached by those enthralled, too solid for the fickle to bother. Some try, and even when the answer is *No*, he says it with a comforting, promising smile and you accept it, understand and let him go. Who is this stranger with the ability to tame a savage bitch? ▼

Look for Part 2 in April.

Are you an HIV-negative gay man?  
Do you have trouble keeping sex safer?  
Are you involved in a positive/negative relationship?

If you said "yes" to any of these questions, maybe you'd like to share your thoughts with us.

*Only Human* is a new documentary video about the experiences and struggles of hiv-negative gay men within the aids epidemic. *Only Human* reports on the crisis of ongoing hiv infection in gay men's communities—especially among gay men of color and youth—and considers how we can survive the epidemic.

Some of the topics that **ONLY HUMAN** explores are:

Alcohol and drug use · Internal and external homophobia · Isolation and community  
Sexual spontaneity, trust, and intimacy in relationships · Coming of age in the epidemic  
What makes life worth living · Loss, grieving, and survivor guilt

The queer producers of *Only Human* are looking for gay men of all ages and cultural backgrounds to contribute to this groundbreaking documentary. We need you to tell us your stories about being hiv-negative in on-and off-camera interviews starting this Spring.

Help yourself—help your community!

If you would like to take part, contact **Nitty Gritty Productions**  
260 W Broadway, Ste 8B, NYC 10013  
718-388-1978 tel / 212-219-3784 fax

**Only human**

HIV-negative gay men in the AIDS epidemic



# Gossip Mill

BY KEVIN OMNI

Everyone is getting ready for the Ebony Ball and it promises to be a total success. Legends from as far away as Texas will be there and so will I.

Now for some dirt...the *Gossip Mill* has been made aware that there is a particular D.J. who gets his rocks off during the night in bathroom stalls, while an assistant takes over. You know who you are. My advice to you is to keep the needle on the record; we wouldn't want your name to slip out (amongst other things). You know, the children are talking.

**In spite of the cold weather and curfew, it is duly noted that Prospect Park is still booming at night.**

To all people of status, your image is important. Good hygiene goes a long way, from club entrances to D.J. booths. Please keep yourself together or you will be talked about.

I've been told that the recent ball given in Atlanta was a horrible mess. The individual gave two balls in less than a six month period and at each ball the Grand-Prize category money was never given out due to an old craft of staging a fight and cancelling the category. It's a shame when you have people making preparations, only to be

disappointed. Time is money, honey. Instead of giving your balls two balls up, I give that nonsense two split nuts.

The *Gossip Mill* also has it that in spite of the cold weather and curfew, it is duly noted that Prospect Park is still booming at night. To all the children who are doing Broadway/Nassau train station after dark: Try playing lotto, this way you'll wind up with something you want, and not in something you don't, like a bust. Be careful, *Crime Starters*, the motor-man is watching.

There are some other issues we need to think of, such as defending *gay* marriages, fighting against gov't. funding being cut for AIDS, maintaining rent-stabilization laws—you know your job. The Community needs more support, involvement, and concern.

The *Gossip Mill* has learned that Wendy Williams of Hot 97 was told that the Blatino party was cancelled. However, our most reliable sources told us that the party was jamming with over 800 people, and that some were being turned away due to the overcrowding. Now that's walking on the wild side. We also hear that Frankie Paradise has gone solo with Sundays at the Side Bar. We wish him continued success.

Until next time, be safe, and remember that this is the Year of Unity. ▼

## CLEAR AND PRESENT VISION

BY KING HENRY

**T**he devil himself, senator Jesse Helms dislikes Cheryl Dunye. Why? Simple. She is smart, funny, intriguing, Black and a Lesbian.

Cheryl Dunye is a filmmaker with a passion. A passion for characters and story telling. A passion for soul searching. Her independent film, *The Watermelon Woman*, deals with these things while engaging the viewer. Giving you a glimpse into the heart and soul of a young, intelligent, Black woman searching for her own identity while seeking out another's.

Most independent films being made can be summed up as deep moving pieces that delve into the psyche of its characters and usually don't deliver. Dunye, on the other hand delivers the goods. Not only is she a gifted story teller who slowly weaves her story through the lives of she and her running buddy, Tamara, played with scene-stealing vigor by actress Valerie Walker, but she is also a beautiful and giving actress in her own right.

Not only has Dunye written, directed, and starred in an excellent tale of the search for an actress of the days of the mammie nicknamed *The Watermelon Woman*, but she has assembled a cast of actors giving them free reign to create odd ball characters so real, you laugh hysterically at them the whole time.

*The Watermelon Woman* opens new doors in filmmaking. It is not about a Black woman, but a Black Lesbian.

Brian Freeman of Pomo Afro Homos has a bit of a part as a rare film memorabilia collector with a hint of queen seeping through his pores. He and Walker—offscreen—but heard, throw eclipsing shade at one another so glaringly real it's funny.

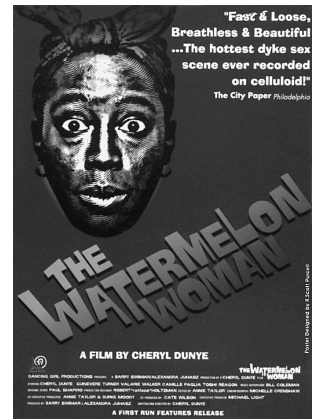
Dunye's film is one of the funniest I have ever seen. As poignant and as moving as it



Now at Film Forum

is, you actually care about the characters, especially when Diana (Guin Turner) of *Go Fish* arrives on the scene.

As soon as our Black heroine starts to date Diana, the interracial overtones take effect and are quickly squelched with one defining scene between Cheryl and best friend Tamara that rings with truth. Refusing to cower to petty name calling and race baiting, Dunye allows Cheryl's reactions to be so utterly pure, laced with hints of profound amazement at the fact that people are still so fucking stupid, you want to applaud.



Dunye is a Black female filmmaker, but it sounds as stereotyping as the other title I'm trying to stay away from, therefore I will refer to her as a young Black Lesbian filmmaker pioneer, paving the way for not only women but

black women. She will receive her fare share of likening to an early Spike Lee only because she is Black and doing films on a shoe string budget. Forget Lee's sexism, racism, homophobia, and hate (it's what makes most of his work powerful), and remember his raw talent and enthusiasm that made him the most gifted new filmmakers in the last decade.

Dunye is on her way to similar reception, especially as the world starts to accept lesbians as untapped resources with stories ready to pour about Black Lesbians; not costume melodramas like *Waiting To Exhale*, which would have been nothing without the brilliance of Angela Bassett.

*The Watermelon Woman* opens new doors in filmmaking. It's not about a Black woman, but a Black Lesbian. This is made audibly clear: she is woman. Hear her roar. ▼

# SUHEIR HAMMAD

## STRUGGLING & SURVIVING

BY LEWIS NICHOLSON

In a world where we are all too familiar, with the pains of growing up and finding ourselves, the harsh realities need to be documented as a reminder of where we are as a people and where we need to go.

Suheir Hammad's collection of poems, *born Palestinian, born Black* is one such artifact.

Written in urban language with some mystic imagery, Hammad's work speaks from the depths of the heart and touches even the most firm believer in the American dream.

Hammad speaks to us, not at us, and moves the reader to the point of tears. Her words are powerful and real. They keep you wanting more as you clutch the book close to your heart while making the decision to be more in tune with the struggles of our people. Hammad's tales of rape, incest, racism, homophobia and sexist attitudes across the world are compellingly told. When you read of women beat-

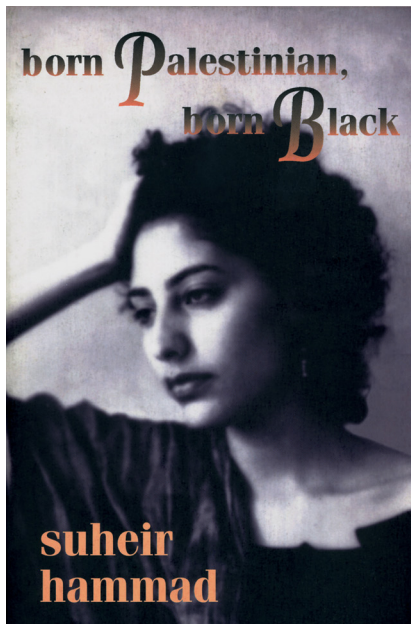
en by their mates and raped of their dignity one cannot help but feel ashamed of sitting by and just letting it happen.

Hammad understands what it is like to be a quadruple minority, in American society and this has made her a strong and admirable woman. Hammad is a Palestinian, Black, woman immigrant. She has however

rose above all these handicaps and has proven with her work that she is a woman of substance.

Hammad's work is readable poignant and meaningful. Her tales of starting her life in war torn countries and ending up in Brooklyn would seem as the classic case of jumping from the frying pan into the fire. However, Hammad has championed the cause of the young black woman by being brutally honest about the way she feels.

Suheir Hammad's love for Bob Marley's music emanates in one poem with resounding vigor. Hammad sings her own songs of freedom—her freedom to be. Soaring high above the heads of the dispossessed in this world, her words are piercing as they rip through your heart and get to your soul. This volume is a must-read, as it can bring you back from moping over a lost love to the things in life that really matter, reminding you of just how much worse things could be. ▼



### POET'S PLACE: DOUGLAS H MCNEIL & KWAME

#### DOUGLAS H MCNEIL: *HallMark Moments*

I often think	Without doubt
If you arrived	Without fear
Unannounced	Without selfishness
Unpretentious	If you cared
If you gave-willingly	Without pity
Without intent	Without lies
Without reason	Honestly
If you knew	Would I let you live
What you wanted	Without me

#### KWAME: *Ode To my Brothers*

My brothers,	Is all that you
Strong and proud	Must strive to be
Different but one	With these
Stronger than you	We must form a link
Ever know	That will
More beautiful than	Never break
You'll ever dream	Because
Compassionate	We are
And loving	And we must

## SUHEIR HAMMAD

WE SPENT THE FOURTH OF JULY IN BED

even now

young walking girls are exploding legs  
stepping on shells of  
american hatred left  
dug in iraqi soil

even now malaysian girls  
must choose between the sex trade and  
hunger young philipinas  
go blind constructing the computer discs  
poems like this are saved on

ants crawl out of somali eyes  
a puerto rican woman goes blind in  
an all white prison cell  
self-determination her crime  
yemeni eyes search out concrete  
bodega walls to feed  
homesick elders and  
beepers and sneakers burst  
round brown bed stuy eyes

yeah the smell of suffer  
lingers even now  
lover as we lay  
in amazement and  
if baby as you say

my skin is the color of sun  
warmed sand then your  
my moonless night and  
we the beach  
wet and tidal all that  
good shhhh wet yet  
as we lay

shrapnel awakens pain on  
an island of young paraplegics  
courtesy of the 80s gun craze  
to our generation violence  
isn't a phase it's the day to day

and though my head is filled  
with your sweetness now  
this same head knows  
nagasaki girls picked maggots out of stomach  
sores with chopsticks and hiroshima mothers  
rocked headless babies to sleep  
this head knows  
*palestini* youth maimed absorbing rubber bullets  
homes demolished trees uprooted roots dispersed  
this same head with  
all them love songs and  
husky whispers knows  
our moans come with a history  
deeper than groins our  
groans marry a story older  
than this lust

as we lay and love  
our touch is not free  
it comes with memories  
and the reality that even now  
food is a luxury  
viruses free

limbs mangled hang limp  
from fig trees and southern  
family tree limbs limp  
with the names of the murdered

we baby  
look into our brownness to  
see those who've gone without  
knowing this comfort of entangled legs  
foreheads of sweat heart beats of love and sex

our sighs indeed heavy with  
history destiny cum and responsibility  
even now in this heat  
on this futon  
we are not alone

on this third day of my  
seven day candle the flame  
flickers on bodies  
on my walls of lavender purple  
in the shadows we see goddesses  
abandoning children  
daughters and their nations getting  
raped with big guns by  
bastard sons of the earth

even as we lay in  
all this good feeling  
people lay in dirt vomit shit and blood

and i gotta tell you  
that my sincere love for real  
is for my peeps my family humanity  
love for real or real freedom  
well fed human dignity  
for sisters and their lovers

lover even now  
i open myself to  
share this

i gotta tell you  
there ain't enough good feelings  
to push the pain and awareness out  
not enough nothing to  
make me forget

and i ain't no  
woman of steel  
it feels needed this touch that  
kiss there that rhythm  
needed and wanted yeah now  
hold me a little while longer  
just a bit just  
a bit 'cause we  
gotta get up soon  
come on now baby  
we got work to do

# MR. MARCH

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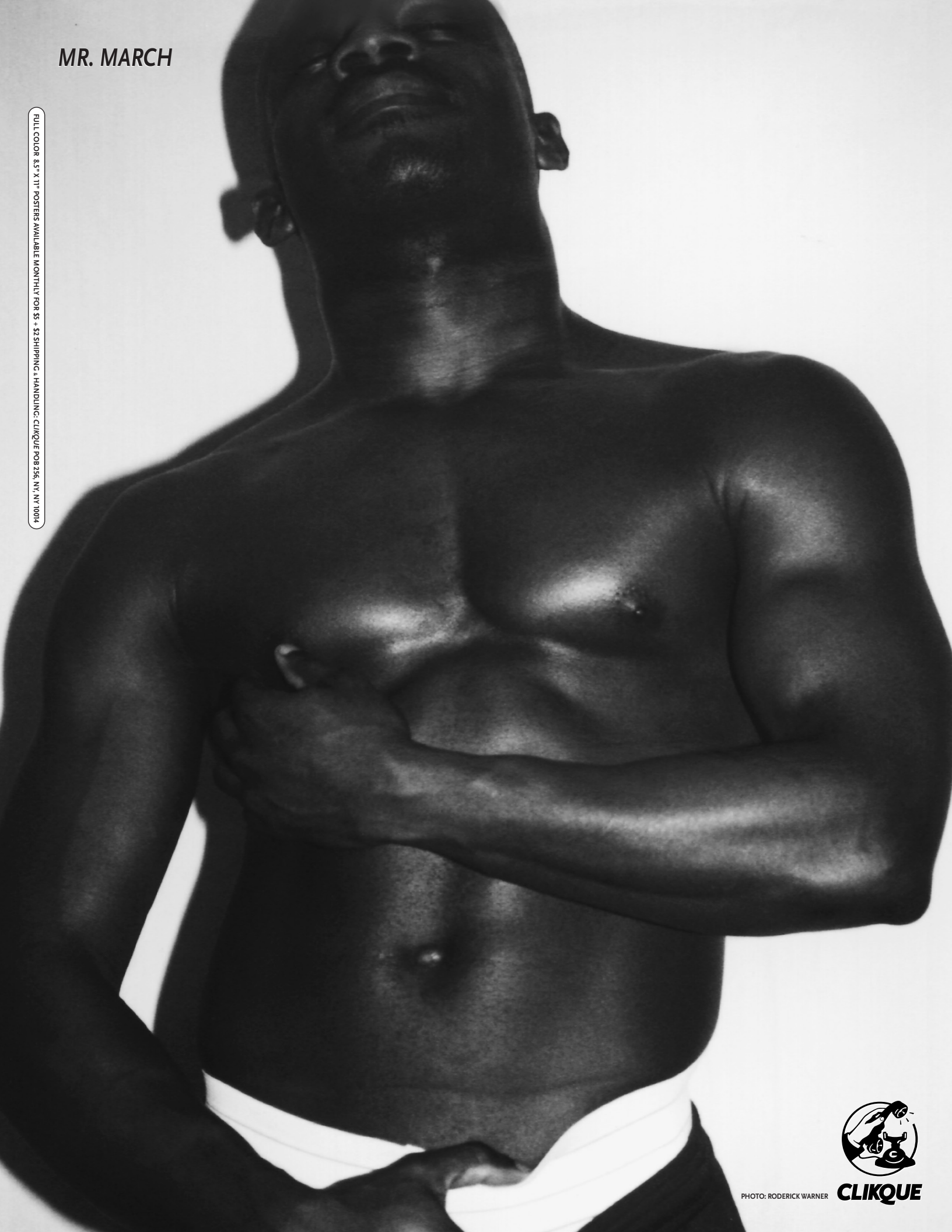


PHOTO: RODERICK WARNER **CLIQQUE**

# OSCAR NIGHT WITHOUT EVITA

BY WILLIAM LOPEZ

The Academy Awards will have a lot of fresh new faces in the audience this year. As for the veterans, they will just have to look on from the sidelines as the newcomers celebrate their freshman year. This year will be mostly remembered for the largest number of nominations for independent films in the history of the show. And maybe its too soon, but movies with gay content may eventually get more conspicuous recognition from the mainstream. Anyway, the 'Indies' have certainly gotten an unusually large number of nominations in the four big categories (picture, actor, actress, director). In doing so, they have left a lot of room for controversy.

This year, it seems unfortunate that the main categories allow only five places for the nominations. Then again, in previous years it was painful to see marginal or cute films nominated for the lack of better competition. Many of those nominated this year have not been broadly popular movies, however, this is a refreshing development especially with the more recent box office hits being, sadly, *Dumb and Dumber*, *The Cable Guy* and *Independence Day*, et al, which are certainly not any cinematic jewels. The fact that many viewers this year will not be able to recognize most of the names among the categories, gives us hope for greater focus on better movies in the years to come.

Evita starred Madonna as the title character, which upset a lot of people, not only in Argentina, but here in the US.

The cinematically riveting *Evita* is one of the movies this year that has captured a lot of attention for being visibly absent from the four big categories. This movie starred Madonna as the title character, which upset a lot of people, not only in Argentina, but here at home. Critics went to see the movie with the preconceived idea of seeing a bad performance. The best that her many detractors have been willing to say about her stellar performance was that she was

good enough for a music video. These critics trivialized this remarkable work, which far from being a music video, is a ground-breaking operetta set to film. Many have speculated that Madonna's self-promotion, coupled with her public statements, confidently proclaiming her expectation of an award doomed her chances of an Oscar nod. The fallout from this snub may have prevented the film from recognition in the 'big four'.

Of the nominations that *Evita* received, it is probable that it will win Best Cinematography, exquisitely done by Darius Khondji and Best Song "You Must Love Me," by Andrew Lloyd Webber. The other three nominations—Best Art Direction, Sound, and Editing—are all strong contenders, but you never know. It would certainly be interesting if *Evita* were to win all five Oscars. I'll see you at the party afterward. ▼

## THE FAVORITES TO WIN AN OSCAR THIS YEAR ARE:

### BEST PICTURE

*The English Patient*. *Fargo* is also a big contender along with the Hollywood-produced, *Jerry Maguire*.

### BEST ACTOR

Tom Cruise, but watch for stiff competition from Ralph Fiennes for his performance in *The English Patient*.

### BEST ACTRESS

Emily Watson from *Breaking the Waves*, another Indie favorite. Frances McDormand from *Fargo* is also a strong contender.

### BEST DIRECTOR

Anthony Minghella for *The English Patient*.

### BEST SUPPORTING ACTOR

Cuba Gooding Jr. from *Jerry Maguire* is likely to walk away with his very own Oscar, but he had better watch out for James Woods, a strong contender in *Ghosts of Mississippi*.

### BEST SUPPORTING ACTRESS

The choice will be Lauren Bacall for *The Mirror Has Two Faces*, upsetting a possible win for Joan Allen for her performance in *The Crucible*.

# LIKQUE ELIZSHA

LADIES OF CLIKQUE

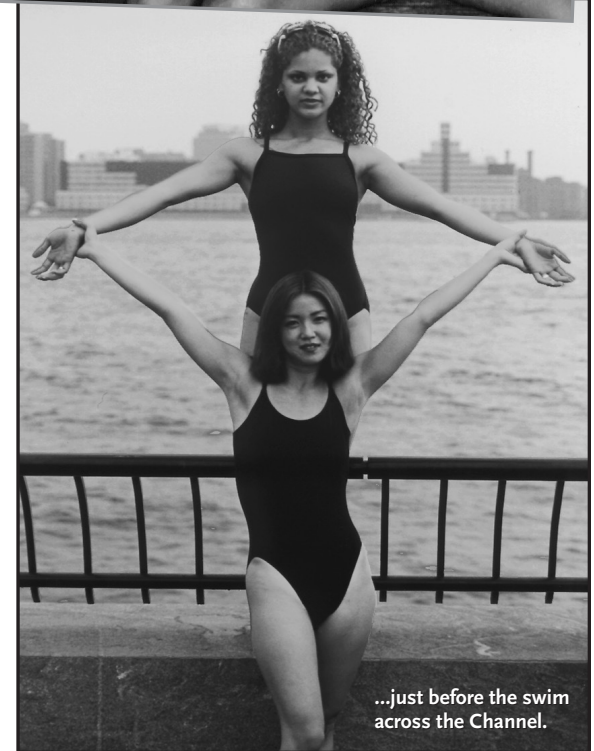
Elizsha is our *Girl of the Month*. She has been with us as a model and supporter from the very first issue, and for that we thank her. She is an inspiration to those who come in contact with her and can be seen showcasing her talents in various clubs in the Metropolitan New York area. She is a lovable and darling woman, and did we mention beautiful and single? We wish her the best.

Here, we have an assembly of some of our favorite Elizsha photos. All of them were shot by the talented Roderick Warner, with the exception being the photo directly to the right, where she is accompanied by that hunky boy. ▼

RIGHT: Waiting for you in bed.  
BELOW: Chillin' between go-go sets at Krash in Queens.



Peek-a-boo!



...just before the swim across the Channel.

**IRVING**

Oh yes! That was the best sex I'd had in months. "Wow! You guys really know how to make dreams cum true with those magic wands of yours." That was my exclamation upon the conclusion of a great evening of hot passionate eroticism.

Okay lets back up a little bit, shall we. Well, my self-proclaimed extended Thanksgiving holiday lasted longer than I had anticipated. I spent five glorious days and four festive nights in beautiful, sunny Puerto Rico. I vowed to myself not to have any connection with my job on this trip. That meant no lap top, no cell phone, no pager and most important no forwarding number. Nothing!

Mmmmm... Puerto Rico. Beautiful sandy beaches, tall shady trees, rich culture, and beautiful native women. (Sorry. Not only was I day-dreaming but I was beginning to think like my father again!) Of course there were very attractive women. However, my primary reason for visiting the island was for the evenly tanned, thick, dark-haired, bit-o-honey-tasting, native papis. I tend to get a little overwhelmed when it comes to my hidden fetish for Puerto Rican men. It's the wavy black hair, the sparkling white smile and the tanned skin that excites me so.

It was my third day in P. R. My late morning shower was

interrupted by a loud, urgent knock on the door. I had ordered brunch through room service. Wearing only a towel around my waist, I rushed to answer the door. Standing before me, with a shining silver cart full of gourmet foods and tropical fruit, was the *only* Puerto Rican god. I had to pay him, so I put myself back together. and I invited him in. I had not dried off and the air conditioner was giving me a chill so I asked him to wait. He didn't speak English very well. Right! So, I said it in his native tongue. He responded with, "No hay una problema."

With the shower still running, I hurried to answer, to discover not one, but two of the finest Puerto Rican gods.

Wouldn't you know it! My towel had fallen to my feet as I stood there completely bare. I was fully erect, my dark skin in contrast to the white towel at my feet. He immediately noticed as I stood there with embarrassment written all over my face. I noticed a grin on his face. I apologized. He replied once again "No hay una problema." As I paid him, I noticed movement in his uniform. Below the belt. I questioned him, "A que hora termina su trabajo?" ("What time do you get off.") He answered eagerly, "A las tres." With a devilish

thought in mind, I asked him to return to my room at 3:30. His reply... "No Problem!"

After three hours of shopping in the villa, I rushed back for a quick shower. I must have been in the shower all of four minutes when there was a crash at the door. With the shower still running, I hurried to answer, to discover not one, but two of the finest Puerto Rican gods. Twins never the less. Without invitation they entered. One immediately began to remove his clothes. The other one hesitated so I assisted him. I couldn't believe it. How was I gonna take on two? Easy: one at a time.

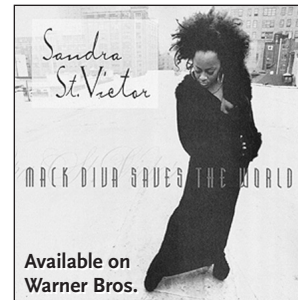
Their names were Miguel and Mario. Mario, the more aggressive one grabbed me and put his tongue into my mouth and down my throat. Miguel, the quiet one, stroked my erection with his hot steamy tongue. After lubricating me with his hot saliva, Miguel entered me with at least 10 inches of thick, hearty, Boriquan bicho. Utopia in the Tropics. After changing positions we ended in some sort of chain gang, gang bang. With me in the middle. It felt wonderful as we stroked in unison. Mario had such a tight grip on my hardness that I knew I would soon explode inside him. He didn't want to let go. Talk about explosive. The steam from their aftermath settled on my body.

The three of us engaged in afterplay as we showered. Once again explosives fell to the shower floor. This was absolutely a dream cum true. They dressed as I laid across my bed in total awe. I sighed, "Thanks for a great afternoon, papis!" They responded in unison, "No hay una problema!" ▼

**SANDRA ST. VICTOR: THE DIVA ROCKS OUR WORLD, MACK DADDY** BY JASON KING

Sandra St. Victor's first solo album, "Mack Diva Saves the World," may not save the world, but it might relieve strain briefly. The former lead singer of the ill-fated 1980s group, The Family Stand ("Ghetto Heaven"), and a former backup singer for Chaka Khan, St. Victor is a welcome addition to a long line of artists like Phyllis Hyman and Khan, whose voices can only be discussed in superlatives.

Looking like a feisty "blaxploitation mama," with her teased Afro-blowout and her voluptuous body, St. Victor has a voice that is elastic in its ability to riff, tough in its middle range, throaty in the lower notes and sharp in higher registers. She sings her own lyrics of 'phony' brothers who can't rise ("Rise"), her recipe for 'real' brothers ("Mph!"), and reaction to the 'right' brothers ("Wet"). The killer songs on this disc are the singles, "Chocolate" (an ode to Black men which contains a reference to the Million Man March) and "Mph," both of which are energetic, hip and funky with hooks that stick even when the album has long finished.



Available on Warner Bros.

Other songs are accomplished and well-produced, yet they fall safely within a "Quiet Storm" R&B format without musical risk. Her voice is too sophisticated for the music—a problem which Khan, Hyman, and other black female divas had. Her lyrics—which are as honest a revelation of black female identity as Me'Shell Ndegeocello's—have been put to music by a number of different musicians, each with a unique sound. Taken as a whole, the musical choices often contradict each other, but it's still about the voice, and oh what a voice! How would Sandra St. Victor sink her teeth into a pop standard like Chaka Khan's *Through the Fire* or a 'Philly soul' type ballad? Maybe the world will save her (from pending obscurity), she'll release more albums, and we'll get to find out. ▼

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# SO YOU WANT TO FUCK? BY DICK LONG

**A**nonymous sex has always been a part of the world in which we live. Men have always enjoyed sticking their dicks here, there, and everywhere, in order to satisfy their needs for sexual gratification. Maslow, in his now famous Hierarchy of Needs Pyramid, lists this need as one Of the very basic of human needs.

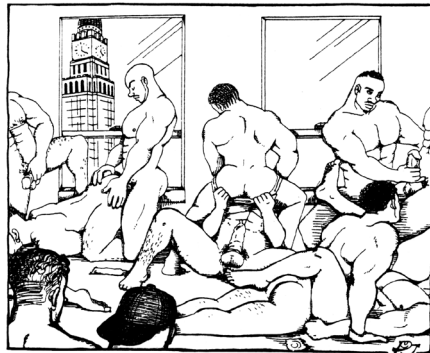
Of particular interest to us is **Blatino**. The name we were told in an on-line interview came about as a result of the producer being both Black and Latino. He wanted to create a place where men could get together in a safe environment to explore their sexual limits. The results have been tremendous thus far, with Hot 97's Wendy Williams dedicating a whole week trying to find out where Blatino was located.

As our chat continued, we learned some interesting facts. First, Blatino has a discretionary door policy, and because we live in a world where thin is in and to be fat is a sin, no fats allowed. Rippling muscles are highly recommended and you should not look a day over 35 even if you are.

If you are a little cunt, don't bother; but most of us are actors and can pretend long enough to get in the door. Because Blatino delivers the bannies and rough, rugged brothers, they promise the door policy is strictly adhered to. Our sources also tell us that the place is usually filled with bario boys, hot Latinos from Washington



Heights, Black men from Bed-Stuy, and men trying to get away from their wives and their boyfriends. The first Blatino party was held on Quincy Street in Bed-Stuy. Now wasn't that some shit: A bunch of rough necks humping rumps in the hood. About forty people were expected at that first party, so when over a hundred showed up, they knew they had found a way of providing a needed service. The mailing list grew from seventy-five to five hundred in just one week.



The concept of Blatino has caught on so much that they now have a chapter in Los Angeles. A membership sys-

tem was established and now there are only 25 places available until the summer, when some people may not renew their memberships, making more spaces free.

Blatino has gone from Bed-Stuy to Park Slope, to Manhattan and back to the hood, without repeating location. This is important in keeping the activities of its members clandestine. While they want hot brothers to know about Blatino, there is no need to leave a trail where wives and boyfriends can go catch their men in the act. I was told that I couldn't find out where the next Blatino was going to be unless I became a member and got the secret code.

Blatino parties are held whenever the promoters feel like it and the clientele includes your doctor, my dentist, your minister and all my ex-boyfriends.

We were pleased to find out that a number of minority AIDS services can vouch for the safety of the practices of the Blatino members. A GMHC survey rated Blatino a perfect ten for safety guidelines and availability of lube and condoms.

Organizations such as POCC, Harlem United and the House Of Latex Project set up tables with HIV information at all parties.

Blatino gives anonymously to various charities and can be reached at BLA01TINO@aol.com. The correspondent we caught up with on-line would like to acknowledge all the brothers who took time out to let Wendy Williams have it, and for their continued support. ▼

# BAD AS YOU THINK YOU ARE

BY KING HENRY

**F**or years, NBA players were considered big dumb jocks with physical prowess we admired, among a few other things. But Dennis Rodman is a bad boy with a volatile temper, who is always late for games and/or practice and not the novelty he would like us to think he is.

Accused of burning a poor girl with herpes he made headlines. This young woman should be glad that that is all he purportedly gave her. He soared to new heights when Madonna began wrapping up her years of the global mating ritual by dating him. He got a taste of money, fame and success, and he has not been the same since. Rodman was widely hated. He was a dirty player; even Michael Jordan, revered as god, disliked him. Now, Jordan and Rodman play on the same team. I once met Dennis in a now defunct club in Chicago (Vortex). Madonna introduced Rodman to gay clubs; he supposedly hated being ambushed in straight clubs by his fans... unless they were bleached and full of silicone.

I was leaving after hanging out with what was left of the '80s pop trio, Bananarama (don't ask). He was standing next to the gigantic video screen that displayed two men frantically fucking. He had a small entourage of twenty white men who must have been agents, bodyguards and hangers on. I politely asked one of them to break the little circle they formed so that I could get by, but he

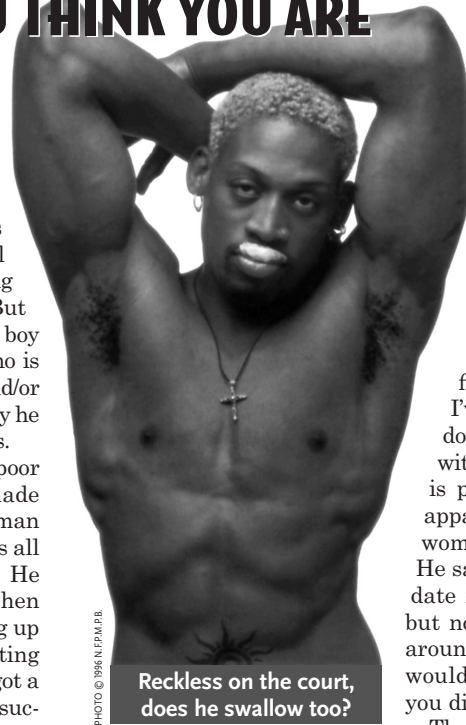


PHOTO © 1996 N. EPAPPE

Reckless on the court, does he swallow too?

looked at me like I was crazy. I thought he didn't hear me, so I put my mouth to his ear and yelled, "Will you move?", he continued to stare me down so I pushed past him and found myself face to face with Rodman. As I stood in front of him he gave me a quick look and turned his head as if to say, "here we go again." He returned his stare in my direction and said, "No autographs." I was stunned but managed a laugh. As I looked him dead in the eye I glaringly answered, "You took the words right out of my mouth," and I disappeared.

As his popularity grew, so did his ego. The funniest thing I saw on TV last year was most certainly Rodman's appearance on Oprah. The priceless close up of his face as he broke out in tearful sobs, because the mother of his child, who happened to be

backstage the whole time, refused to bring their little girl, Alexis out to make her television debut. It also led me to believe that he should not be doing McDonald's ads, but the *before* segments of "...Oxycute em" spots. That is where he could really make a fortune. The saddest thing about the longest fifteen minutes of fame I've ever seen is that he does nothing worthwhile with it. The only thing he is passionate about is his apparent hatred for black women, excepting Oprah. He said "They didn't wanna date me when I was broke, but now they're all hanging around me." The white girls wouldn't date you either if you didn't have a dime.

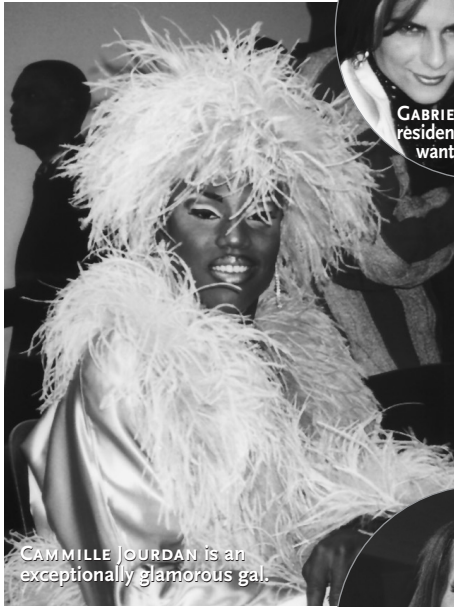
That he thrives off the gay community by being seen with drag queens, and appearing as a horrendous drag queen himself, is insulting. Dennis Rodman is not gay. He merely exploits gay culture and the knowledge that many in the gay community revere athletes as sexual gods.

Rodman is a walking, talking phallic symbol that puts black men back two hundred years. If he were at all intelligent, I might have been impressed. Anyone with the right people behind them can be rich and famous, but you need a gimmick. His is getting tired—fast.

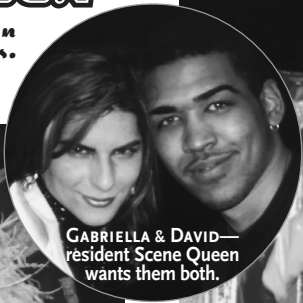
As Rodman himself has said referring to himself in the third person, "Everybody talking 'bout Dennis Rodman this, Dennis Rodman that, don't worry about Dennis, 'cause Dennis 'gon get his." He's getting it right now... bad as he may think he is. ▼

# SCENE QUEEN

Hello kids. If your face is on this page, you are fabulous. If your club gets plugged, it was fierce fun.



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HARMONICA SUNBEAM kept them laughin' at the Octagon last Friday.

# CLICK CLICK

BY DWIGHT DAY

Click, click. Yes that's all it takes. With a few clicks of the mouse, you can be connected to CompuServe's service, *Go Pride*. Once there, you can navigate yourself into *Pride Central*, *Adults Only Men*, *Matchmaker*, *Women*, or *Pride Universe Virtual World*. It's not at all difficult. You are the one in control and you decide what you'll do and what you'll accept.

You can log on from the comfort of your home, whether it's simply to make friends, to get a date, or to chat. You can join one of the topic-based chat rooms or choose a blank room and strike up a convo of your own topic.

After connecting to *Adults Only Chat*, and clicking on the *Who* button, you'll see the pseudonyms of others like

yourself looking for similar, if not the same things you are. You'll likely see user names like *Black Stallion*, *Sub M*, *Silver Fox*, *DC Boy*, *Body & Brains*, *Yardie*, *Big Dick*, *Blk Top*, *Bottom Slut*, *23-yo-4-u*, *Boy in Boxers*, and so on. Click again to talk to a guy nearby or as far away as Australia.

**'Sup?** **'Sup?**  
**Top or bottom?** **Top. U?**  
**Bottom.** **Where you at?**  
**Baltimore, u?** **New York City.**  
**How old r u?** **26, u?**  
**23.** **What's your name?**  
**Jeff.** **Mine is Roy.**  
**So what r u into?**  
**What do u mean?**  
**U know, sex-wise?**  
**I am into black brothers.**  
**Cool. Me too.**

And the conversation goes on. Of course it all depends on you and where you want to take it. Many go as far as actually meeting. For what, depends upon the person, but sex is usually the topic hanging in the air.

Cybersex is very possible and very safe. You never

have to wonder about catching a sexual disease. In fact you never even see the person on the other side of the screen and hence who knows what and who's over there.

But, be careful. Don't be quick to exchange numbers or invite someone to town. You might get the shock of your life. A photo doesn't always show all the details, and what you see on screen may not be what you'll actually get in person.

A friend of mine recently met someone on one of these networks and he invited him to town. It was not what they had both expected, and yes it was a total disaster. But that doesn't mean that you cannot meet Mr. or Ms. Right. Just don't get carried away looking for Mr. *Right Now*. Usually our instincts are right now. One method doesn't work for all scenarios.

Good luck in cyber world. Just do not click yourselves out of reality. ▼

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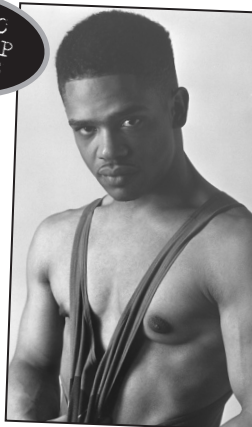
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## NEW YORK

### monday

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### tuesday

**Flashback Tuesdays at the Monster**  
80 Grove St. (W. 4<sup>th</sup> 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!

### wednesday

**Clubhouse**  
215 W. 28<sup>th</sup> St. (7<sup>th</sup> 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. 10PM. Admission varies with time.

### 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 wide eyes and bouncing body. One hot Latin dance party. Wepa! \$5.

**La Nueva Escuelita**  
301 W.39<sup>th</sup> St. (8<sup>th</sup> Ave.) 631-0588  
This latin hot spot offers the finest drag entertainment as well as fierce, fine men, and pumping music by D.J. Joel Torres.

**U-Men•U-Sweat at Side Bar**  
366 8<sup>th</sup> Ave. (W.28<sup>th</sup> St.) 244-2668  
This new Caribbean night features D.J.s Panama & Calvin Smith with a bunch of fired-up West Indians and wannabees. Work it if you can!

### friday

**U-Men•U-Sweat at Octagon**  
555 W. 33<sup>rd</sup> St. (10<sup>th</sup> Ave.) 947-0400  
D.J.s Fred Pierce & Calvin Smith give it up to you with house, hip-hop & the like. Once you have had a U-Men Friday, you never forget.

**La Nueva Escuelita**  
301 W.39<sup>th</sup> St. (8<sup>th</sup> Ave.) 631-0588  
Free before 11pm., this show must go on and so should you. La Nueva Escuelita is all that and a bag of hot fried platinos. Come early 'cause the line does get long. Wepa!

### saturday

**La Nueva Escuelita**  
301 W.39<sup>th</sup> St. (8<sup>th</sup> Ave.) 631-0588  
Tonight is really special as the show takes on a strong Broadway appeal and the glamour is to die for. All the bario boys come out and so do their wives and boyfriends. Showtime de *Las Estrellas* is at 2AM and worth the wait.

### sunday

**Cafe Con Leche at Club Expo**  
124 W. 43<sup>rd</sup> St. 330-9061  
Manhattan's longest running Latin party with a totally mixed crowd. D.J. Lord G. spins.

**La Nueva Escuelita**  
301 W.39<sup>th</sup> St. (8<sup>th</sup> Ave.) 631-0588  
Tonight is the block contest as well as the big pinga pageant. Gag at go-go gods galore; all you ever wanted to see and didn't quite know how to ask. Coming this month, The Kevin Aviance show.

**Mo Brothas Productions at Side Bar**  
366 8<sup>th</sup> Ave. (W.28<sup>th</sup> St.) 244-2668  
Anything goes. All are welcome to this fiasco of sheer creativity & spunk. hard-bodied men vs. the cunty crew. D.J. Frankie Paradise serves.

### SPECIAL EVENTS

**Napy Productions One Night Only**  
337 E. 18<sup>th</sup> st. (Broadway) 501-1630  
One night only. Mixed party. Sat., April 12<sup>th</sup>. D.J.s Roman & Cadet. Prize: All expenses-paid, 7-day trip to Paris.

**Expect the Unexpected**  
L. S. N. C., 250 W. 65<sup>th</sup> Street  
Jones International Model Management presents its first annual fashion show & ball on Sunday, June 1st, 1997. 212.843.1190 or 718.740.3854.

**OUT FM**  
WBAI, 99.5 FM; Sundays @ 6:30PM  
Hourly gay radio program offers news, guests, invaluable info.

# CLUB LISTINGS

## LOS ANGELES

### monday

#### Catch One

4067 W. Pico Blvd. 203-734-8849  
Jewel's Happy Hour and Divas for Dollars drag show. Free until 11PM. \$4.00 cover after.

#### Executive Suite

3428 E. Pacific Coast Hwy., Long Beach 310-597-3884  
Hip-Hop music and some of Long Beach's finest men.

### tuesday

#### Catch One

4067 W. Pico Blvd. 203-734-8849  
Video Karaoke @ 9:30PM. No cover.

#### Annex Club

835 S. La Brea, Inglewood  
Jukebox, pool table, small but cute dancefloor, and a major parking lot for cruising.

#### Caper Room

244 S. Market, Inglewood 310-766-0403  
Neighborhood bar with pool table, dancing, and a friendly staff.

#### Circus Disco

6655 Santa Monica Blvd. 213-462-1291  
This latin dance club offers a fierce drag show, good food, & cash give aways—only \$3.

### wednesday

#### La Poppy Papi

657 N. Roberson Blvd. 310 659 0471  
A hot latin night with the sexiest male exotic dancers on the West Coast. Techno, Hip-Hop, and House. \$6.

#### Catch One

4067 W. Pico Blvd. 203-734-8849  
Male strippers perform @ 10:30PM and midnight. Free drink with your admission before 9PM. \$4.

### thursday

#### Club Deep

2810 Hyperion, Silver Lake 213-660-1503  
Free Before 11PM. Doors open at 10PM and don't close till you drop. \$5 cover.

#### The Lodge

4923 Lankershim Blvd., North Hollywood 818-769-7722  
Your basic Black Man's dance party with a nice mix of old school and Hip-Hop music.

### friday

#### Circus Disco

6655 Santa Monica Blvd. 213-462-1291  
Latino Heaven—yes this is it. LA's best Friday night dance party with a heavy Latin flavor. \$7 admission; free before 10PM.

#### The Lodge

4923 Lankershim Blvd., North Hollywood 818-769-7722  
Dance all night as D.J. Felicia spins you into a frenzy. Surprise contest at 12AM. \$3.

#### Catch One

4067 W. Pico Blvd. 203-734-8849  
Half price (\$4) before 11PM; \$8 after. Generally the first stop for out-of-towners, especially the New York boys. A really good place to get your first taste of the LA night life. See what you can catch!

#### Checca Restaurant & Night Club

7323 Santa Monica Blvd. 213-850-7471  
Dine, and afterward, dance 'til you drop to Hip-Hop and Reggae. Doors open at 10PM.

### saturday

#### Catch One

4067 W. Pico Blvd. 203-734-8849  
Similar to Friday nights but with a more happening and cute crowd. Go get 'em!

#### Study

1723 N. Western Ave 213-646-9551  
Bar only, with two drink minimum, no Cover, doors open at 6PM. Stay till 2AM.

#### The Lodge

4923 Lankershim Blvd., North Hollywood 818-769-7722  
Dance all nite, as D.J. Ben brings you our famous inner city Saturdays with the best Urban House and Hip-Hop. \$3.

#### Annex Club

835 S. La Brea, Inglewood  
This infamous parking lot where the cruising never stops, actually has a club with a dance floor to go with it. Free.

#### Does Your Mama Know?

8117 Sunset Blvd. 213-957-4787  
After hours brought to you by the folks who gave you *Candelabra*. D.J.s Tony Largo, Marquis Wyatt, and guests do carry on and you get your life. \$10. Skip work tomorrow.

#### Griffen Park

This is not a club, but the upper level in the rear has lots of goodies for you. Just follow the fag trail. Good Luck!

# CLUB LISTINGS

## WASHINGTON

### monday

#### The Edge

56 L St., S.E. 202-488-1200  
Come watch the boys bump, grind, and show their stuff. There's a cast of the finest D.C. go-go boys strutting their wares for you and some actually sell it. Cum and see. \$6.

### tuesday

#### Bachelors' Mill

1106 8<sup>th</sup> St. S.E. 202-544-1931  
The Bachelors Mill is open seven days a week and your patronage is always appreciated and welcomed.

### wednesday

#### Bachelors' Mill

1106 8<sup>th</sup> St. S.E. 202-544-1931  
Come see Sparkle Ma Harris and her gang perform the fiercest drag show this side of the Mason Dixon line.

### thursday

#### Bachelors' Mill

1106 8<sup>th</sup> St. S.E. 202-544-1931  
This is the night to come out if you want to meet that sugar daddy you've been dreaming of; but don't worry, the men ain't retirement-age. Shake what your momma gave you and get him. There is a dancefloor on the first floor and an upstairs to lounge and chill. \$3 admission for dance floor only.

### friday

#### The Edge

56 L St., S.E. 202-488-1200  
The only place to be on a Friday night. Come unwind yourself and get into a groove. The men are friendly, the music is jumping, but don't jump too high, New York boys, the D.C. boys are a bit more reserved; you might land on them.

### saturday

#### The Delta

3734 10<sup>th</sup> St. N.E. 202-259-0626  
If you only like going out once a week, save your energy for this night. The music is pumping, the boys are jumping, and I am on the stage shaking it! Feeling Cunty? This one's for you! \$6.

### sunday

#### Tracks

80 M St., S.E. 202-488-3320  
Probably the oldest or longest running-nightclub for gay men of color, Tracks is known for it's legendary music and its huge size. It has kept up the tradition. Doors are open to the 18-and-older crowd, and that is simply great, as all young and upcoming queens deserve a place to party too (you remember how hard it was faking 21 when you were only 17 years old). Tell them that Buckwheat Clinton from *CLIKQUE MAGAZINE* says *Hello*. \$5 gets you into the life.

#### The Circle

1629 Connecticut Ave. N.W. (corner of R St.) 202-462-5575  
This is the Sunday hang out for all of us. Take a shower, brush your teeth, and apply any and all applicable make up to get him. Personally, I pull out the Trish McEvoy. Later, you can take him or yourself downstairs to the dance floor and twirl. The music is good and it's free for now.

#### Escandalo

2122 P St. N.W. 202-822-8909 (between 21<sup>st</sup> & 22<sup>nd</sup> Sts.)  
When you are through with the Circle and want to see some fine men, bring your ass on over here. The place is not big, but, the quality of men that you're rubbing up against are USDA prime and are worth every bite. \$3 cheap.

**GBM PRODUCTIONS CO.**  
WITH  
**CLUB DELTA**  
PRESENT

**MR. BLACK  
D.C. UNIVERSE  
PAGEANT '97**

**SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1997**

AT THE  
Holiday Inn Capitol Hotel—  
Columbia Grand Ballroom  
550 C Street, S.W. • 202-581-1316

\$10 in advance/\$12 at door  
Doors: 8PM/Start: 9PM

**CASH & PRIZES WORTH OVER \$2,000**  
Winner: \$800, Crown, Trophy, Vacation  
First runner-up: \$150, Trophy

# THE CLUBHOUSE

726-8820/215 W. 28 ST @ 7AVE.

**EVERY WEDNESDAY NIGHT**

**ALWAYS  
SERVING!**

**ALWAYS  
HAPPENING!**

IN THE  
**BOY LOUNGE**  
R&B, HIP-HOP, REGGAE

**HOUSE**  
ON THE MAIN FLOOR

**DJ FRANKIE  
PARADISE**  
HOUSE, TRIBAL, REGGAE

**WEEKLY  
GIVEAWAYS**

AND **CASH  
DOOR PRIZES!**

**DOORS OPEN AT 10PM  
FREE UNTIL 11PM!  
\$5 UNTIL MIDNIGHT,  
\$8 THEREAFTER**

**CALL FOR BALL INFO!**