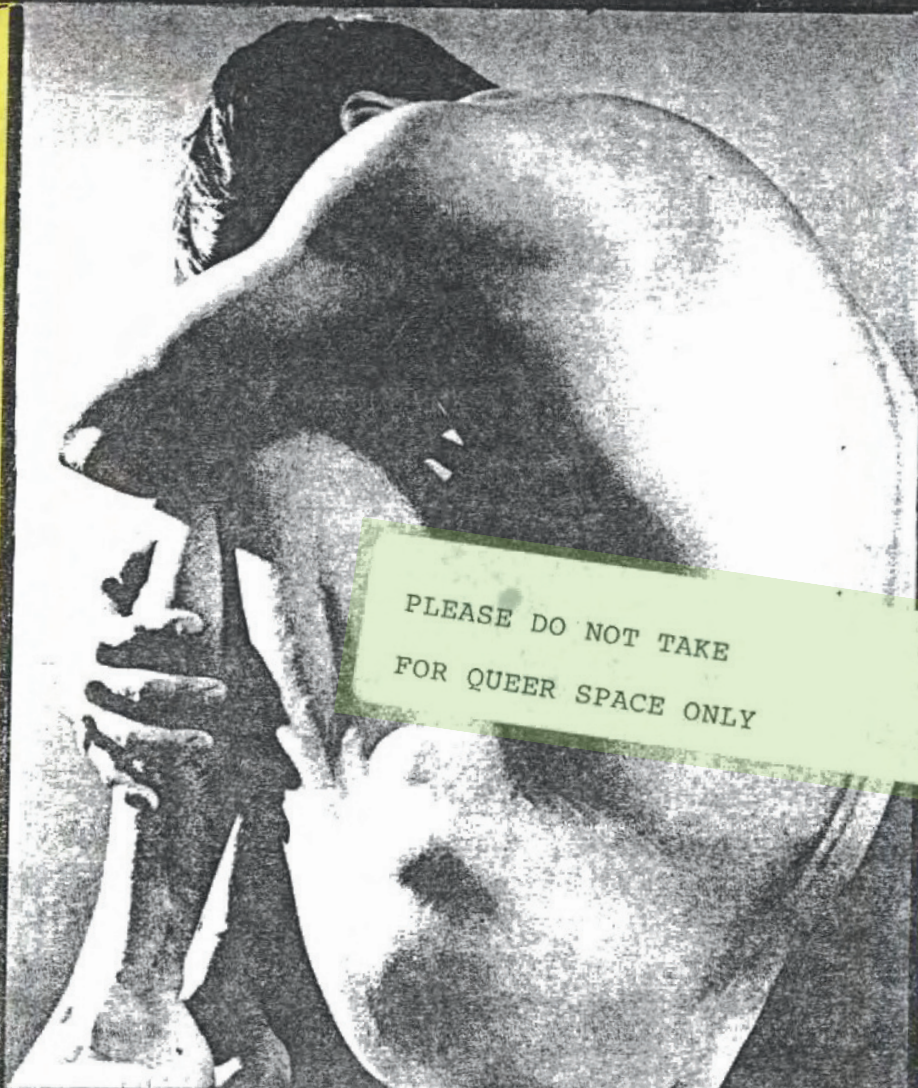


For Men

DEMURE

1992 \$2.00



BUTCHNESS

Editor's Letter

Blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, yet another queer zine, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, focusing on our vastly cultural hum-dinger of a city, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, who needs New York or San Francisco? Blah, blah!

Blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, actually we are only hoping to get dates, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, single and horny, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, very desperate, blah blah!

Blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah "Blah blah blah" blah, blah, blah, blah, obligatory ass kissing of other zine editors, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, isn't Robbie Kirby cute? Blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, isn't TEG butch? Blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, aren't we witty? Blah, blah, blah, NOT! blah, blah, blah, blah, thanks to our folks, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, thanks to our jobs for letting us sneak their xerox machine, blah, blah, special thanks to every guy we've ever fucked, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah why are you reading this?

Sarah Tyng-Mayhem
Timmer
Prince Boy Toy



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self-promotion"

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THESE ARE A FEW OF OUR FAVORITE THINGS

Besides dates



QUEER QUIZ

-ARE YOU A FAG?

1) Who's your favorite "Facts of Life" girl?

- A) Mrs. Garrett
- B) Blair
- C) Jo
- D) Tootie
- E) Natalie

(The correct answer is E. Natalie is the quintessential fag hag. If you chose B then you have misread the question. It does not ask which girl you most want to be. If you chose C then you are a lesbian. Molly Ringwald is not a choice because she only lasted one season.)



2) Who is your favorite New Kid on the Block?

- A) Jordan
- B) Joey
- C) Donnie
- D) Danny
- E) All five, buck naked and grasping their ankles

(The correct answer is E. I haven't been this horny since Menudo.)

3 What is your favorite Julian Sands film?

- A) A Room With A View
 - B) Arachnophobia
 - C) Gothic
 - D) Warlock
 - E) A and C, repeatedly, with the pause button on your VCR
- (The correct answer is E. Was he even in those other two?)



4 You like the Nelson twins because:

- A) they have great harmonies
 - B) they are technically proficient musicians
 - C) their vidoes are dimunitive cinematic triumphs
 - D) their lyrics are revealing and profound
 - E) you want to be the luncheon meat in a Nelson sandwich
- (The correct answer is E. Do you masterbate while watching M-TV too?)

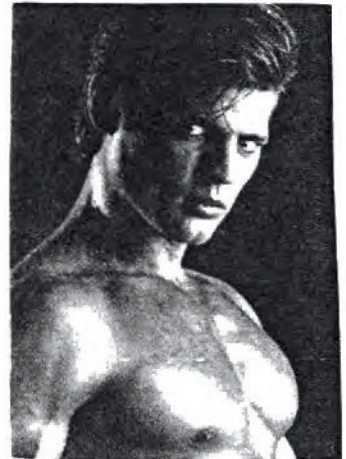


The woman you most admire is:

- 5
- A) Mother Teresa
 - B) Barbará Bush
 - C) Gloria Steinam
 - D) Anita Hill
 - E) Divine
- (The correct answer is E. God rest her immortal soul!)

The man you most admire is:

- 6
- A) Mikhail Gorbachev
 - B) George Bush
 - C) Magic Johnson
 - D) General Norman Schwartzkopf
 - E) Jeff Stryker
- (The correct answer is E. But only if you can be on top.
Daddy points for D. -editors)



You cry when watching:

- 7
- A) Terms of Endearment
 - B) E.T.
 - C) Dark Victory
 - D) Steel Magnolias
 - E) Powertool

(The correct answer is All Of The Above. No more wire hangers!)

- 8 Describe your ideal date.

- A) Dinner at Figlio and the Guthrie
- B) A quiet walk around the Lakes
- C) A sporting event and Glam Slam
- D) An exhibit at the Walker and the Loring Cafe
- E) The bookstore, bareass beach and the sidewalk sale at the Saloon

(The correct answer is E. All 3 in one night when you're horny.)

- 9 If you're having a bad hair day you:

- A) put on a baseball cap
- B) rewet and rework
- C) cry
- D) vow to get a flattop
- E) turn off the lights, lock the door, unplug the phone, refuse to go out under any circumstances and hide under the bed

(The correct answer is E. Absofuckinglutely!)

- 10 Someone is wearing the same outfit at a party. The proper response:

- A) Great outfit! Where'd you get yours?
- B) Great minds think alike!
- C) It looks much better on him!
- D) Oh is that the time? Gotta motor!
- E) I will scar you bitch!

(The correct answer is E. Being a slave to fashion is never pretty.)

*IF You Answered 1 to 3 questions correctly,
You are, perhaps, a closeted heterosexual and should
seek counseling.*

*If you answered 4 to 7 correctly,
you are promising, but can't quite get your heels
behind your neck... yet. Call us when you can.*

*If you answered 8 to 10 questions correctly,
You passed!..... FAGGOT!!*

*write: Demure Butchness
PO Box 2049 Loop Station
Mpls. MN 55402 For Dates! coo!*



Ms. Epiphany Sez!...

Hey babies! Pif here! I went to the Saloon's 3rd annual New Wave Night awhile back and it was oh so divoon! I remember last years shindig being equally scrumpdillyicious. Imagine an entire sweaty dance floor jumping up and down like whitebread suburban punkers to Billy Idol's "White Wedding", bebopping unself-consciously to Cyndi Lauper's "Girls Just Wanna Have Fun" or best of all, swaying hypnotized to an orgasmically endless mix of "Tainted Love". They were even hip enough to include some DEVO (always a favorite of Ms. Pif) and some Eurythmics (the greatest band ever, hands down). The night brought back such a flood of fond memories from Ms. Pif's childhood. After all, Ms. Pif is but a tender blooming young flower who was too young and naive to truly enjoy the gay 70's. She only knew the heterosexual connotations of Donna Summer and The Village People. I consider New Wave to be my coming of age soundtrack and I can't wait until it makes a comeback in a few years.

I remember how cool M-TV used to be and even the first video I ever watched. It was Adam and the Ants "Dog Eat Dog" and I experienced this new thrill in the basement of my good friend Jill Anderson's home. Jill was the kind of girl who would "rework" Barbie dolls with me on Sundays after church. We'd cut Barbie's hair really short and dye it Easter egg green or red. Then permanent make-up tips would be gently applied with magic markers and a few snips of the scissors would give her clothing that Sid Viscous touch. We'd usually try to leave our much improved, ultra-chic Barbies on the public bus to scare some innocent young missy into becoming a New Wave Diva of her own. Oh dearest sweet subversive Jill, how I miss those childhood artistic days! I miss the time when my family first had cable installed and I glued my impressionable young self to M-TV for 36 hours straight, hallucinating that Martha was dedicating Duran Duran's latest hit from "Rio" to me. I miss miss when my father ordered the Playboy Channel and I would sneak downstairs late at night to secretly watch "Electric Blue" for those oh too brief glimpses of the male derriere. Bring back "New Wave Night" more than once a year Saloon! I want to be flooded with more memories of those gawky, hormonal, insecure, beautiful days of Junior High shenanigans.

Pif hates it when other 'zines write about their vacations and they didn't even do anything mildly interesting. How often has someone written about their travels to someplace far and exotic and they didn't even get laid (or do anything at all sexual) (or admit to it). Well, Ms. Pif has been traipsing across this fine country of ours and she's here to tell you about her sexual adventures from coast to coast (well most of them. A girl has to have some secrets).

I had the pleasure of attending sex clubs in both New York and San Francisco this past Fall. Let me state for the record that they are as different as Jeff Stryker and Charles Nelson Reilly. Ms. Pif should preface her reiview by saying that she was a bit too young for the sexual revolution and she has only experienced the glorious bathhouses of yesteryear through watching them in old porno flix. Now although this makes some masterbatory fun I'm sure nothing "beats" the real thing!

The club I "attended" in NYC was a stripper joint near 42nd Street (come and hear those tapping feet). I forgot the name but it does advertise the special guest porn star of the week on the marquee. For a price of \$12 (oh New York!) one is given access to an upstairs area consisting of three rooms. Two contain live strippers who get completely naked (a far cry from our overstuffed jockstraps here). For a donation to their sock (on their feet silly!) you can jerk them off for a bit. Some audience members would get into the act by enthusiastically whipping out their own skinflutes and "sing along with Mitch by following the bouncing balls" but most were too shy to show their family jewels in either of the two well-lit rooms. I found most of the strippers to be quite a turn-off since they all looked like they were having as much fun as getting root-canal work (and not the fun kind my darlings!). I did manage to befriend one stripper who was kind of cute and quite friendly. Ms. Pif, for the most part, doesn't get moist for strippers. They usually look like Ken dolls and we all know the truth about Ken dolls (all plastic and no dick!). We ended up talking between his sets until about 4 in the morning. He told me that he used to be a cab driver but with the recession he took a job as a stripper (Oooh, somebody fire me from my job so I can dance naked in front of men). I was starting to get a little sticky for nim and hoping he'd show me a side of New York I'd never done when I found out he was STRAIGHT. He does the work for the money and really digs girls.



Ms. Pif has never paid for sex (although she's thought about getting paid for it...) and was not about to pay now. Oh well, he was hung nicely. He had a thick one just the way Ms. Pif likes 'em. Some of you out there may be length queens but this girl likes 'em thick. I'd rather have a stiffy stretching the walls of either orifice than poking against my rib cage (from either direction). I did have a fun liason that night with a sailor man in the dark room that night (safely of course). He didn't exactly have a chubby one but his cute short blonde military haircut and cute butch military mustache got me moist. On an interesting side note, the porn star of the week was Matt Gunther and he tried to pick up yours truly. I found him to be too egotistical for even me so I turned him down. He did let me yank on his John Thomas for free though. It was quite impressive.

Overall, Ms. Pif was not very impressed with the NYC club. The strippers were bored and the customers were too private in their exchanges. The much much more sexcellent club I encountered was the 1808 Club in San Francisco. It's a safe sex club with the tres chic idea of a mandatory clothing check (Can the Saloon do that once a month like underwear night?). For a 6 month membership fee of \$12 and \$6 a pop (I used my long defunct student ID to get \$2 off) you get access to a large room with various spaces sex-tioned off. All clothes except for shoes and socks are checked at the door and up and away you go! The rule is no oral/anal contact but I learned some new variations in manual sex. Imagine having a crowd of naked and ver hunky guys crowding around you, rubbing all over your body and practically lifting you off the ground when you come. I was so impressed with this club that I went back four times and had a fabulous time throughout (I averaged 3 very public orgasms a night). The club staff and clientel was very friendly and there were the cutest little dixie cups of either "Wet" lube or plain old Crisco available. The lighting ranged from lustly red and dark (but not too dark) to bright but indirect for the best viewing of gay guys in their gargantuan glory. There was even a non-recording video camera that Ms. Pif simply had to stage her own little movie for (Once a diva, always a diva). I still can't get over how really fun and safe and non-threatening this club was. Everyone was naked so there was no hiding or embarassment. Just gay guys doing what cums naturally! I wish we had something like it here in Minnesota (the ex-gay gym didn't count. Look who ran it!). Maybe Ms. Pif should start some safe-sex parties of her own? What do you think?

Goodbye my babies! Big orgasms and thick ones to you all!

Miss Epiphany★



Cool People in 1992

David Howe (subversive studmuffin)
Luke Tabara
Anna Bliss (bitch with powertools)
Luke Tabara
Kristin Mooney (sing for your supper, pumpkin)
Chris Hellie
Al Fielder (spaz out sometimes, man!)
Crunchy Curles
Troy Weise (hot waiter)
Pete Glaser
Jeffrey Djiuk (did everyone get enough creamed corn?)
The guy with the goatee
who works at the concession
stand at the Uptown Theater
Kim Cameron (now Fridays at the Times)
Shannon Laing
Ann Mitchell (Target goddess)
John Castanon (he's having it monogramed)
Wolfgang (at Saks Fifth Ave)
Shequita (without the Limelight)
Bear (only if he's single again)
Robbie Kirby (domestic spats in Curbside)
Che (the boy at Rainbow on Lake Street)
Jeffrey Haltli (the epitomé of cool)
Christopher Bayes (even though he's straight)
Christopher Krabbenhoft (Horst nail god)

TOP 10 CELEBRITIES I WANT TO BOINK

by Timmer

We all admit to liking certain celebrities for their sex appeal but how many of us really fantasize about exactly what we want to do with them? I know I do so here's my current wet dream extravaganza for your perverse curiosity. Be warned that by the time you read this article my list will have completely changed but hey! A girl's got the right to be fickle...

- 10) Kyle MacLachlan/Campbell Scott
Yes it's a tie but the two are interchangeable in my book since they both showed such beautiful ASSets in "Blue Velvet" and "Longtime Companion".
- 9) Flea
This boy from the band "Red Hot Chili Peppers" is so hyper-sexual that I'm sure I'd have well-deserved bruises after several days of non-stop sex. He's definitely the pull everything off the dining room table and rut like pigs type.
- 8) Christian Slater
Yell "WENDY! I'M HOME!" as you pound it to me.
- 7) Ray Liotta
This one is kinky. We spot each other and he hypnotizes me with those eyes of his. We barely make it to his car and he pulls out some handcuffs, a surgical probe and a baseball glove. Is this heaven? If I build it he will cum.
- 6) River Phoenix
I've been moist for him ever since I saw him in his underwear in "Stand By Me". We'd light some candles, drink some cheap wine, read poetry and discuss his opening scene in "My Own Private Idaho". Then we'd see how he got the name River...
- 5) Peter Dinklage
Some guys fall for Johnny Depp or Richard Gere but I sometimes like my men a little chunky (like a certain bouncer at the Saloon). This TV god can Jump my Street at least 21 times.
- 4) Annie Lennox
O.k. so she's a girl. But she is the one woman I would go straight for. Not even Madonna can do that to me.
- 3) Alex Winter
Ever since he was in "The Lust Boys" I've been moist for this little blonde. I'm getting a full-on chubby just writing about him. Excellent!
- 2) Ethan Hawke
Me on top. Nuff said!
- 1) McCauley Culkin
Just kidding. My top choice is definitely DAVID BOWIE. Anytime, anyplace.

TOP 10 CELEBRITIES I WANT TO BOINK

by Sarah Tynge-Mayhem

As our gracious co-editor, Timmer, has already brought to your attention, dear readers, there are a number of celebrities out there in severe need of being boinked. It is not my intention to conjecture their sexual orientation but merely to express my, well, never mind. Here then is my notion of a good time for your approval or dis...

10) Gerardo

Yes, he's a smarmy, gratuitous sexist dink with a hair extension but make no mistake. I still want to funk him.

9) Anthony Keidis

I don't usually like spicy foods but oh to be a tube sock.

8) Keanu Reeves

My own private spud. So long as I have a face Keanu will not want for a place to sit.

7) Marky Mark

Young and hung. Dumb as a box of hair. Thinning blonde hair. But oh yea. Feel it, feel it!

6) Blair Underwood

This L.A. Laywer can prosecute me with his gavel any damn time he likes. Under where? Underwood.

5) Richard Grieco

Not even Samantha Stevens has eyebrows like that, but if George Wayne of Paper Magazine is right, Mr. G is an avid bottom. Oooh, I'm a horn-dog for his love.

4) The Fendi Man

Making tomorrow a better place to live.

3) Alex Winter

The littlest vamp from "The Lost Boys" can rage his angry red crimson shaft through my heart from dusk to dawn and I would love every minute of it.

2) Robert Downey Jr.

He may be less than zero but I'll wager he has a great dictator.

1) The former Guess man from the "Express Yourself" video

Tie me up with silk stockings, slap me silly, taunt me with cruel words of lust, fuck me like the whore I am, cum on my tits, tell me you love me, and get out.

USE CONDOM SENSE

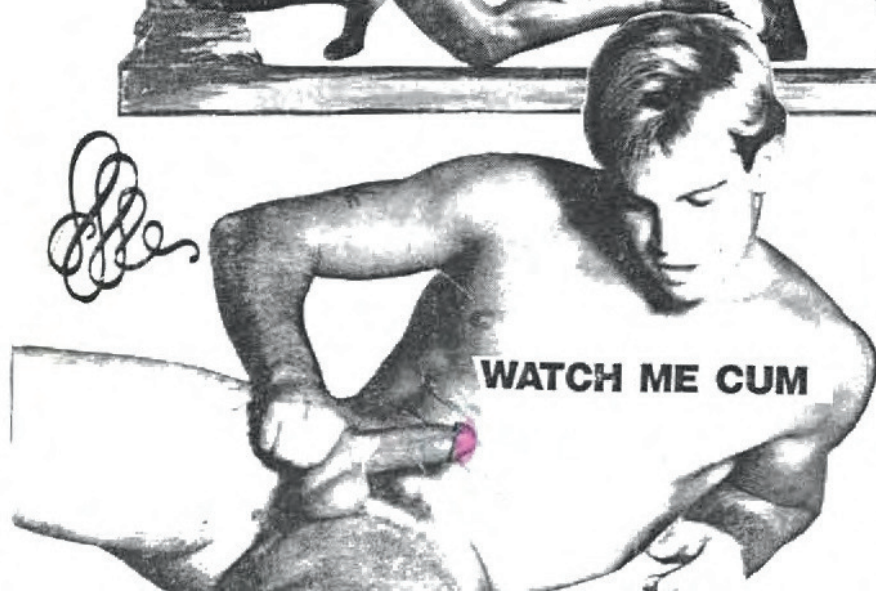
*Talk
to the
Boys of Summer...*



She



She



WATCH ME CUM

BELOW
THE
BELT

BAD BOYS JACK OFF

TELL ME WHAT TO DO!

BEAUTIFUL, BIG, AND BOLD
men

HOT
SEX

CUTE YOUNG GUYS!

18+

HUMP



Boy Toy



CLUB KIDS!
CLUB KIDS!
CLUB KIDS!



The CLUB KIDS were feeling languid. The Scene had become a tedious wash of spurious disco-tykes swishbuckling from one wiggy fracas to the next, bussing and dissing as they went. In order to avert the headlong collision with rigor mortis we knew was coming, we decided to do something.

Desperate times, desperate measures. And what could be more desperate, we asked ourselves, than stepping out in our most fabulous pajamas for a quick cocktail at the super-salacious, mega-glamorous, funtastic Saloon!

It was, after all, Sunday night and you know what that means. Boy's Night Out, that perverse institution when all the trolls come out from under their co-oped bridges to see what fine, young, firm, corruptable, moist Billy Goats are clop-clopping across the sweat and ecstasy saden dance floor. Oh, what Dorian Gray times we live in. It's blinding. It's the fucking feast of all saints. It is what Cole Porter meant when he wrote the lyric "Love for sale. Appetizing young love for sale." As we said, it was a Sunday at the Saloon.

Why not, we said to ourselves, turn Boy's Night Out into Little Boy's Night Out? Why not turn an otherwise merely self-conscious, pouty-lipped bacchanalia into a truly painfully hip event and become the mega-glamorous stars we were destined to be at the same time? So with all the glee of a guy being gang raped by the Gay Men's Chorus we slid into our favorite silk and flannel night clothes and slogged our merry way downtown, brandishing sacred stuffed animals before us as talismanic protection against the monster filled darkness.

Too demure to speak to any of the big boys and girls on their big kid turf, we let our teddy bear do the talking and kissing for us as we clawed and wedged our way through the hoi polloi and shook our fine, tender, virginal (Ha!), satin-clad groove things to the big kids ultra-cosmopolitan, raving beat.

We weren't really looked at by very many men that night. Come to think of it, we haven't been looked at by many men since, well, all

Ohh! That's better... Now where was I? Oh yes! Now, you!

right, so we've never been looked at by very many men. We don't recall asking your opinion on our sex life. Vipers.

Even we must admit that the novelty of nightclubbing in negligee wares thin after only one viewing but the most truly fabulous, mind-blowing thing happened to us the very next week. We had a brush with greatness. Who should we spy at the most elegant superette, the Blackberry Creek Market, but Emilio Estevez! You know, the little cutie who made "Repo Man" and not much since. We fondled brie not two feet away from this super-keen celebrity. He looked our way as if to say "No please, don't recognize me!". Being the demure, tactful gossip mongers that we are, we begrudgingly obliged. But if we see him again with Paula Abdoodoo on his arm, we will be forced to break into a rousing rendition of the song "Promise of a New Diet". Come on Paula, you're a little chunky nowadays. And your last album sucked really bad. Take some lessons from Janet. She's probably here in town shopping at Daytons at this very minute. Or she's shmoozing at Figlio. Get a grip Paula!

The CLUB KIDS had the pleasure of hoofing it up with another sexy skin-puppy Christian Slater. For the price of wading through a sea of pubescent, raqua-netted teeny-boppers, we viewed Christian at his skanky best for a shoot of his flick "The Baboon Heart". We even walked by him in front of the camera no less! What stars we CLUB KIDS are going to be. The true capper to the experience was later in the day when we snuck our way into Glam Slam for some nightclubbing scenes on the film. We were placed right in the middle of the dance floor (due to our ethereal beauty) right next to Rosie Perez! After one take of bussing and dissing she looked our way and smiled as if to say "You guys dance divinely but if you upstage me I'll break your teeth". Being the demure, modest publicity mongers that we are, we danced harder. It was a most successful day! So when the movie comes out in a whole year (An-tic-i-pa-aa-tion) watch for the gorgeous blond to the left of Rosie! We are stars!!!

NEXT ISSUE:

The CLUB KIDS scale the Berlin Wall and do St. Paul!



The Lady Miss Jill

When I was initially offered this column I nearly refused because, frankly, the money is lousy. One must draw a line somewhere and stand behind it. But then I learned that they had given a soapbox to that wizened old cowbag, I mean my dear aunt, Miss Epiphany. Of course, not to be outdone, I had to accept. So henceforth I will share my gorgeous life with you, dear readers, and we will both be the richer for it.

I feel it only fair to warn you that my aunt does hold some rather biased opinions concerning me. With the two of us holding forth in the same publication she is sure to rear her ugly, and I do mean ugly, head from time to time. We must remember that the sour, pinched dowager has been riding my coattails for some time and she really cannot help but be a titch bitter. As the cliché says, however, every cloud has a silver lining. After all, imitation is the sincerest form of plagiarism.

Well, enough mucking around in the labyrinth. On to more fabulous, salacious things. Namely ME. I don't know what my editors expect on their shoestring budget-no, make that the little dibit at the end of the shoestring budget- but she was on my firm, pert buttocks for weeks to write this premiere column. I can't help it if I was late. Someone else was using the pencil.

I've been on somewhat of a hiatus from the scene of late owing to my new career as a spokesmodel for the new ultra-hip Dada revival art school "The Ta-Da Institute". Our first show, "The Mother Superior's Got a Hard-On" opens next month at an as yet unnamed location. Something about licenses and a phone call from the Pope. And following the opening there will be a BYO Cat-o-nine-tails flagellation party for those with a strong sense of discipline.

My new Zen yoga enlightenment through acid emulsion high colonic therapy course has done me a world of good. I have never felt more in touch with my gastro-intestinal tract in my entire life. And I've met all manner of fabulous people there. My new composer friend, Perrie Pamplemoussier, tells me he is working furiously on an Andrew Lloyd Weber-inspired musical which is tentatively titled "Velveeta". It's the story of a young, idealistic curd-drainer who dreams of one day becoming the head of a multi-national dairy food-processing conglomerate. He claims that Gus Van Zant has promised to direct, although having seen "Malted Nachos" I advised Perrie against it. "My Own Private Idaho" is a much better film

but the story is basically the same as in his first movie. I suppose it is none too easy to sing Zippety Doo Dah down the streets of Portland when facing the grim side of life on a daily basis. Poverty doesn't have to mean impoverished. "Daughters of the Dustbowl" proves that. But I digress.

You simply wouldn't believe the people in this town, especially the older ones like my aunt. I was nearly late for a dinner engagement at Minneapolis' superswank Loring Cafe last week due to all the senior citizens out two stepping across every major intersection in town. I think the city ought to post bills stating that all octagenerians will please clear the crosswalks at rush hour. You may not be in a hurry but the humidity is making a landslide of my hair and my artichoke dip is coagulating with every minute you spend in the crosswalk. There's nothing worse than artichoke aspic.

And speaking of dining out, be wary of all eating establishments calling themselves cafes. This is merely a ruse to distract innocent patrons from noticing that the service is slow and incompetent. And the drinks invariably cost too much. With their current popularity among social super-bessies like Shequita, however, cafes are still the best places for celebrity spotting.

Until next time, my precious buttercups, I will continue to live a gratuitous, conspicuous life so you don't have to.

The Lady Miss

The Butch List

Diana Pierce
Sandra Bernhard
Shequita
Jack Palance
C.J.
Tipper Gore
Nina Gruneth



THESE ARE A FEW OF OUR

Favorite Things

Lisa Stansfield

Godiva Raspberry Marble Starfish

The Garage D'or

Stephen Sondheim

Turtle cheesecake at the Times

John Waters movies

Lee press on nails

Almond colored appliances

John Waters lectures

Chanel

Maxfield Parrish

John Waters essays

The fat chick in Wilson Phillips

Surly MTC bus drivers

John Waters stars

Dick Sargent outing himself

Jodie Foster not outing herself

Everyone else outing Jodie Foster

leering at naked straight guys in locker rooms

creative condoms

John Waters

Pete Glaser's column

The end of GLC Voice

Did I mention John Waters?

versatile porn stars

L'amour, L'amour, L'amour



ALL RIGHT! Here's Your Token Madonna Shit!
FAGS!!





DRAG HAG REVIEW

Female impersonators, cross dressers, drag queens. These are the folk heroes, the Jewish grandmothers, the torch bearers of the gay subculture. That precious enclave of sequins, towering tresses and Lee press-ons. They are truly the highest form of kitsch, the most respectable form of camp. We here at Demure Butchness believe that drag is an art and the drag demimonde a hotbed for high drama. With this in mind we have undertaken to review some of our local celebutante DQs in the manner which suits them best. As Miss

Scratching Post 1992 says, "Joke 'em if they can't take a fuck!" If you have a taste for drag, dear readers, the Gay 90's is DQ central for Minneapolis and this be what you might see.

The evening we were in attendance the Casablanca Show Lounge was at its smarmy best, rife with salacious showstoppers and skulking patrons. Local tall, dark, and bottle dyed star Jeb was spotted tipping the girls as well as a few cocktails with a wispy young thing who we can only assume is the new boy of the moment. Want to go to heaven for a dollar? And what a treat we were in for! The visiting Ms. Gay San Francisco was with us. What a superstar. Can you say Dow Corning boys and girls? Wiggling and jiggling her way through Taylor Dane or flashdancing her lithe self through Fame she held a captive audience with the most ultra-realistic bosoms of the night and those Maria Carey tresses. If the drag career bottoms out she can always get a sitcom as the new Latin Chrissy.

What would a night at the races be without the King of Queens,

Mr. Ron. What could we possibly say about her that hasn't already been said, and probably cattier? She must have been retaining water because she was definitely off her stride that night, and obviously having a bad hair day. If Judy Garland had been in "A Flock of Seagulls" she might have looked something like this. And Ron, honey, we would sack our valet if we were you. Dressing you in all manner of gold lame placemats, and that insectine dress reminded us of nothing more than a cockroach with hepatitis. You would think that with as many years as she's been doing "Champagne Taste and a Beer Bottle Pocket" that she might be able to sync the lyrics. You might be wrong. Well, as Clarissa would say, "There's always tomorrow."

Robin West is undoubtedly the best of the regular 90's DQs. She selects some really cool songs, knows her lyrics, and has a strong stage presence. Don't let this pudgy Medusa catch your eye with that "Fuck me in the morning and then just walk away" stare. It will turn you to stone or at least make you hard. Special note for Robin: Your breasts are your weapons. Use them to your advantage like Edna Turnblad. And don't be so damned demure. Come out from behind that mike stand so we can get a better look at you.

We don't even know where to begin with Miss Brett Marie. She is without a doubt the scariest of the regular performers which is an honor in itself. Her face proves true the theory that you can only lift a face so many times before entropy takes control. She looks like a hybrid of Sophia Loren and Joan Crawford-as she would look today. Marie has a unique stage presence which makes one fearful that at any moment she may jump off the stage and murder you. The night we saw her she seemed at first to have only the one dress which she would hike up a little higher for each consecutive number. Variety was ours, however, when she shed that old black shift for an outfit even more dreadful than Mr. Ron and his sequined placemat. Bob Mackie could have swallowed a bolt of cloth and puked a better dress. The happy blue blouse, white trousers, and blood red and gold lame wrap were more than even a civil palate could take. It's a drag show, not Mary McFadden's resort collection.

Tasha Monet. If you think you can move, watch this girl. As the only performer who could actually dance, or even tried to up to this point, she garners our Esther Williams Fish out of Water Award for grace under

pressure, and a variety of wigs. That red dress though. It was Gloria Espadrill and the Miami Drum Machine caught in a document shredder. No, no, no. Don't do it. Just say Nix.

Celebrity impersonations are a dicy, difficult proposition under the best of circumstances. These are not the best of circumstances. A man pretending to be a woman pretending to be another entirely different woman. Hey, wait a minute, that sounds familiar. Naaaaah. Now, we like Dolly Parton as an actress, but as a singer we think Dolly Parton is a great actress. Morgan Chessler, looking something like Dolly as Mae West as Zsa Zsa Gabor, rendered us speechless as she stumbled her way through a series of down home numbers. Those talons, er long, elegant fingernails did add that special touch of authenticity though.

Grace Jones meets Bridgette Neilson is the only way to describe Miss Methadone. What an act! What a look! What an attitude! What can we say? Was her dick untucked on purpose? She fucked the curtain, ripped up her tips, and flipped us off. Pinch us! Miss Methadone, we love you. We want to to bear your children. NOT!

Oh, fuck us! So we were hasty. Tanya Michaels can dance too. And we should hope so. As the reigning Miss Gay USA Minnesota she had better have her hoochi-coochi together. Her public awaits. And damn it if we didn't have to wait a loooong time for her number to get the lead out. But once it did she floored us. With the kick of a Rockette and the perfect sync of Milli Vanilli she wowed a bra-struck audience with that Abdul meets Jackson meets Lisa Lisa spitfire spunk-funk. And can this girl twirl? Stevie Nicks has nothing on this chick. What can we say? Tanya is one hot bitch.

The last performer we saw before we hied our little bottoms out of that wretched hive of scum and villiany was the Afro-American Carly Simon, Miss Lisa. Such concentration in a drag performer is alomst unheard of. So much was she concentrating, though for the life of us we couldn't tell you on what, that she momentarily lsot control of her ample lips and drooled all over the floor. We had to ask the people next to us if they had seen it too. And that dress was so tight you could have served cocktails off her ass. Lisa, you certainly made an impression.

Well, we're certainly gobsmacked. We hadn't been to a drag show in a good long time. The more things change, the more they don't. Cliche yes, but drag is a rock, a constant in the grey underbelly of life that so many of us inhabit, we gypsies, Jews, and fags. Outcasts of an overzealous Christian society, we have made our own. We temperate pagans must applaud ourselves, and we do. Hooray for sequins and Lancome products, and fuzzy slippers. Hooray for attitude, and sarcasm, and long press-on fingernails. Hooray for us and hooray for the DQs with the (tucked) balls to get up on that damn thankless stage every night. Long live the Queen!

What is her hair doin'?





PERSONALS

To respond to a Demure Butchness Personal please place your letter in a small envelope and write the Demure Butchness box number in the upper left-hand corner. Place small envelope(s) in a larger envelope (isn't this fun? How are you at folding straight lines?), enclose 1 condom for each reply, and mail to Demure Butchness, PO box 2049, Loop Station, Mpls, MN 55402. on second thought, send them to our home address. We really need dates. Why do you think we put out this silly magazine? For the publicity? The literary achievement? Ha! We can be whatever fantasy you want. We're creative. We're desperate. Please! Send us your replies. We need dates.

Wanted:
GNE (Gay Newspaper Editors) for hot times (and perhaps discreet photography?) Must be sleazy, sensationalistic and utterly conceited.

Demure Butchness 714

Wanted:
Cute straight guys with little/no acting talent for work in Improvisational theater. Don't worry, I just want to drool over you!

Demure Butchness 224

Let's get to the point:
See me. Pick me up. Use me. Throw up on my bathroom floor. Steal something as you sneak out the next morning. Got it?

Demure Butchness 856

Benji-

We met at the fire hydrant next to the Saloon. Let's do it again AROOOO!

-Rin Tin Tin

Straight acting/appearing GWM, 28, br/bl, well not exactly straight acting, I do walk with a swish and I do have a soft voice and my wrists are a little limp and my hair is always perfect and and both of my ears are pierced and I do use a variety of Clinique facial products but hey! Who wants to date a homosexual? Certainly not me! Straight acting/appearing only please.

Demure Butchness 326

NO SEX PLEASE! WE'RE BRITISH

Demure Butchness 840

King Triton-

Throw me on the floor and pound me like the salmon I am!

-Sorry Charlie the Tuna

Zip, Thunk, Duh!

Demure Butchness 075

OH! Me so horny!

OH! Me so horny!

OH! Me so horny!

Me love you long time!

Demure Butchness 132

National Velvet-

Neigh!

-Catherine The Great

THE T-SPOT

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Interview with D.J. Miss Melissa

My dream date with Robert Kirby (don't tell Tony!)

Top 10 Celebrities we want to kill

Why I want to be Sandra Bernhard

More Club Kids

More Miss Epiphany

More Lady Miss Jill

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