

## If one is flying to Europe

Greeting militants and radicals ... you know, I think I'm gonna dub myself the Queen of the Last Minute. In trying to get my passport so I could leave for Germany, I kept having set-back after set-back. Stupid shit, too, like I had the old address and by the time I got to the new one it was closed for the day, and once I did get in there, I'm waiting and waiting, *then* I discover that you need a number. But where do you get the fucking number? Then, I filled out the application in red ink (a huge no-no) and so on. Finally I got my passport at 3pm on Tuesday. My plane left at 6:15pm ... on Tuesday. I am Queen. Of the last minute, of course.

... Now, if one is flying to Europe, one should fly Air France. Never have I been treated so well, felt so comfortable (on a long-ass flight) and fed so often. And the food! My Goddess, I didn't realize airplane food could be so good. 10 hours after take-off we landed at Charles De Gaulle Airport in Paris, France. So badly I wanted to get on the Metro and go into the city. However, with only a four hour lay-over, there wasn't time. C'est damn. Just a few short hours later, we were landing in Berlin. I always feel sad when I get off a plane and there is no one there to greet me, but this was different. I was excited and kind of scared, being in a strange country and all. To my rescue came Gerard Koskovitch. He was in Berlin to write an account on the event I was to speak at for a local breeder rag, and he was in the airport as well. No more fear! Then, I met Kyle. Kyle was sent by Rosa Von Pruenhiem, the film maker and driving force behind the event, and Kyle was going to take me to my hotel. Kyle is a student at University of Wisconsin who happened to be studying in Germany for awhile. So, the first two people I talk to on German soil were American. Go figure! After my first ride on the autobahn, we get to the fabulous Albatros Hotel. Brand new. Very clean. My own luxurious room. The honorable Tom Ammiano and the honorable Greg Day were staying in the same hotel. We all had a cocktail together in the hotel bar and then Kyle and Joso (my assistant for the week) went to find food. After stuffing myself gleefully, we went dancing. We went to a bar where Crystal Mason works. Although I did not see her that night, as we were going in, (and I do mean "going in") I ran into Tony Meredith. Well, honey, after the screaming subsided, I discovered Tony was there for a wedding of a couple of friends. Geez! A fun time was had by all. Great DJs. Lousy drinks. I slept like a baby. The next day, there was a press conference to announce the opening of the exhibition. I *love* press conferences. As a matter of fact, there was an ad for the event in the last OBLIVION. "Goodbye to Berlin?" 100 years of Gay Liberation at the Akademie Der Kunst. I could go on forever about the different sensations and sights I experienced in Berlin. I should've kept a diary, but I'm not that organized. It was, however, very moving and educational to be there with Empress Jose Sarria, who had been in Berlin 50 years prior. It was fucking fabulous to be treated like royalty for a whole week and not spend one franc. It was mind-boggling to suddenly see the Brandenburg Gate and buildings that still had bullet holes in them from "the war." It was disheartening to notice that the boys over there all believe in the same conformity masquerading as



PHOTO BY CHRISTINE ANDERSON

individuality as they do here. It was frightening to tour the old Jewish section of Berlin and see signs and other symbols of the horrors that took place there. It was a great relief to see the lights of Sutro Tower welcoming my black ass back home, too.

... Speaking of atrocities, is there a gay-run Bed and Breakfast deep in the Western Addition -excuse me, I mean perched on picturesque Alamo Square- where even today one can experience Teutonic inhospitality? A photographer friend of mine and his parents, in from New York to share a round of Sonoma golf and wineries, were shown the door *despite* a reservation of a month's standing with a curt "I sink you would not be comfortable here." What's up with that?

... Mea culpa! Peggy Sue, I am so very sorry I did not make it to Cyberworld for the Bare Chest Contest. I really was on my way there, but when I called, the gentleman on the phone said it was all over. What a mess. Please forgive me. With all of my presidential belongings scattered about around our fair city, it's kinda hard for me to pull it together sometimes, ya know? Don't hate me.

... Well, since I'm not doing my talk show live right now, although I will soon, I'll use this column to interview folks hopefully starting next issue. I wonder who my first guest will be?

... Mark Huckabay, a photographer I met in 1991 in Chicago, has died in a freak boating accident. Mark was a charming fellow and he and my friend Fluffyboy (who published "Homoture," a stellar zine) are responsible for some of the best-ever photos of yours truly. I could never thank Mark (or the Fluff-ster) enough for putting my image out there so many years ago, and I must say it's a hell of a shock to lose a friend so suddenly. His glamorous shots of SF celebs, his work for "Homoture," and his more serious work, will live on as a testimony to his genius. He will be missed.

... Boy am I glad that OBLIVION is now coming out every 2 weeks! That means I can give more of them to folks who come into A Different Light Bookstore (where I work), looking for something fresh to do, and it will light a fire under my butt to write more. Until next time, remember, real eyes realize real lies. ☹

Ciao for now, Joan Jett-Blakk

# Joan Jett-Blakk



## Off to Germany!

As I get ready to fly off to Germany, I've got a couple of wonderful things under my belt. Now, you may not know this, but I am an honorary dyke. That's right. On May 10th, I spoke at a benefit for the Lesbian Avengers. They fucking rule, OK? Pat Califia, who also spoke that night, read some poetry that rocked my world, and everyone else was great as well.

...Speaking of rocking my world, and yours too, while we're at it, Happy Anniversary to Downtown Donna and her Faster Pussycat nights. Chicks with dicks are always high on my list for kicks.

...Oh, did I ever have a good time bartending at my new (very) part time job. It, you may ask, is a club called SF Underground, and it happens at Vsf on Saturdays. OK, maybe we should say early Sunday. It opens at 4am and closes at noon. (My favorite hours) even though I'm not the best bartender (I'm kinda slow and I'm extremely finicky, you know, afraid to get my hands wet and all) but what I lack in skills I make up for in charm and musculature. Jerry Bonham tore it up. Everybody: Todd, Mike, Chris, Woody, Stephanie, Ken, and everyone I forgot to mention who helped me that night, Thank you! I also ran into an old boyfriend, someone I had not seen in 11 years! Love this town.

...I see that one of my favorite DJ musicians, BT, will be here on Sunday the 25th of May at 1015 Folsom for one of their Spundae nights. Cool. I actually went to Spundae recently, and the music was excellent, but I really wonder if straight boys ever understand how cute they are. I'm so sure.

...Happy Birthday to Armistead Maupin on the 13th.

...Liberace has a birthday on the 16th, but who cares?

...Things to look for: Freakshow, put on by one of my fav DJs Cougar Cash. This night promises to be exactly what it says, folks, and that means big fun! I'm sorry about the short article this month, but hey, I'm writing this in the (almost) Presidential limo on the way to the airport to catch my plane. So, to make up for it, I'll send my next article from Berlin, alright?

...Wish me luck, and if you're good, I'll bring you something back from my trip, OK?

...By the way, many congrats to the charming fellow known as Kenneth who has just started spinning records at Castro Station. Go there.



PHOTO BY CHRISTINE ANDERSON

Check it out. He's fucking fierce.

...Another by the way.

...Did my ears deceive me, or did Eddie fucking Murphy just get arrested for picking up trannies on Sunset Blvd!?! Why, yes. The next time you hear a rumor about someone in Hollywood, believe it!

...One more. I fucking wish someone would throw, or try to throw me out of a bar - a gay bar - in San Francisco at that! Poor Donna Sachet. Don't worry girl. Dr. Steve will be taking that back before too long. The Q.R.A has heard and the Q.R.A is not happy... (11)

bye-bye now.  
See ya later christian hater  
Joan Jett-Blakk



JOAN & JOHN WATERS  
AT THE CASTRO  
THEATER. PHOTO BY  
MARK HEUSTIS

# Joan Jett-Blakk



## Homophobia

Greetings all jewelry lovers...

Rode any good comets lately? Just kidding...

Here's one for you: There is a group here in our wonderful city called the California Lavender Smokefree Project. They are diligently trying to encourage people to quit smoking cigarettes. One of the ways they have seen fit to get this done is to distribute matches. OK. What's wrong with this picture? I mean, all of the information is there: statistics on how dangerous smoking is, blah, blah, blah. BUT ON MATCHBOOKS? Just whom are they targeting with this campaign? It seems a little odd to me that anyone who is even thinking about quitting would look on their matches for inspiration, ya know what I mean?...

It seems that every time I turn on the television, I see something that makes me want to kill. The latest time was no exception. I was doing that flippy thing with that channel changing thing and I came across "The Jerry Springer Show." Why I stopped there, Goddess only knows, but I was intrigued by the theme of the show: "My 12 Year-Old Daughter is in a Gang." How stupidly funny this could be, I thought. Well, I thought wrong. After 5 minutes of watching this homphobic drivel, I was ready to blow up the studio where Jerry and his hateful audience were. What I saw was a woman discussing her wayward daughter and wondering what to do. OK, then they bring the daughter out and we discover that (A) no way is this girl in a gang and (B) the daughter is miffed at mom because of mom's lover, who is a woman. Things don't look too bad until the young girl, after a litany of complaints, most of them minor, demands that her mother make a choice between the lover and her. OK, then we meet the lover and there is clearly no love lost between her and the hateful daughter. Then fucking Springer jumps in and sides with the girl and tells mom she should make a choice, hunting all the while which one it should be - ie, "your daughter is fucked up because you're a lesbian, and that's bad, so if you do the right thing and denounce your same-sex love, your daughter will leave her "gang" (which consists of one other girl), and everything will get back to normal. Amen." As if that wasn't enough, when the Mom refused to make a choice, the audience "boo"-ed her, thereby showing their obvious distaste for queers, not daughters in gangs. By then I was fit to be tied. Is all of television that homophobic? How can this be? Aren't there laws against this sort of thing? Oh, I forgot. There's not. Let this be a message to Jerry


LONG LIVE ALLEN GINSBERG!



PHOTO BY CHRISTINE ANDERSON

Springer: you better open your mail carefully, Missy, because the time for being nice is over!...

Homophobia in SF Report: My friend Anita Lofton, who is one hell of a DJ, started a club night called Cherry Bar about a month ago. While I was not able to go myself (unlike a lot of other boys, I respect women spaces), I was interested in how it was going. I ran into Anita the other day and found out. It seems that the 1st night was a huge success. As it sometimes goes with club nights, the second night was not as successful, but they had been promised 4 nights. Well, apparently, the owner of the Skylark Bar, on 16th Street where Cherry Bar occurred, pulled the entire thing, saying that it was not a success, or something to that effect. Could it be, Mr. Straight-bar-owner, that you were shocked by the sudden number of gay women who felt comfortable in your bar? I'm wondering if some gay women came into Skylark on other nights and, boy, wouldn't that make you squirm, eh?...

One more: Way over that-a-way, in Charlotte, NC, the Mecklenburg County Commission voted 5 to 4 to cut off \$2.5 million of county money from the Arts and Science Council budget because...they support groups that present "perverted forms of sexuality." Oh. My. These are probably the same folks who support companies pulling their advertising from that TV show with the (almost) lesbian woman playing an (almost) lesbian character. Sometimes it seems as though we have made no gains at all, and then I walk outside and realize where I am, and it all seems OK again. This is one fuck of a roller-coaster ride, ain't it? 

See ya later, masturbator: Joan Jett-Blakk

# Joan Jett-Blakk



*This installment of Joan Jett-Blakk's column first appeared in the March 14 - April 18 1996 issue of OBLIVION magazine.*

The other day, I got a call that quite surprised me. It seems that quite a few people had recommended me for a role in a television show being shot here starring a has-been actor who is trying to revive his career by playing a cop. Again.

Now, don't get me wrong. I am very grateful to the people who referred my name and blow kisses to them all, but I must say that I'm not really a black-tress. I'm very happy being a drag-queen political figure and believe you me, it takes up all of my glamorous time being a public servant and I love what I do. However, out of respect to those involved, I went to the audition.

Having many friends who go through this on a regular basis, I kinda knew what to expect. First, you read for the part so they can see how you sound. Then you read for the director (in costume) and after that you read with the other principals and then you wait for a call to see if you got the part.

When I got to the office, I looked at a script that one of the beauty queens had and my worst fears were confirmed. The script was horrible! It was an insult to every tranny and tranzie out there who has to, well, work it for a living. We were to read lines for street hooker girls who are helping to solve a murder. What kind of lines do you think we had? Yep, you guessed it, the dumbest fucking lines possible. You could tell that some breeder in L.A. thinks that all gender stompers are stupid, competitive, vengeful, spiteful creatures. Not so, dear readers. This is San Francisco, honey, and we take care of each other here. The girls on the street are a lot more together than creators of cop shows give them credit for. Down with degrading tranny hookers! I must, however, offer congrats to the brave souls who went through the audition process and got the roles offered. The lure of money is a strong one, and I wish them well. I just hope that no one watches cop shows anyway and in the future, writers will do a little more homework before putting words in the mouths of our babes.

On the campaign front, we are rolling right along as planned. Since we really don't need primaries and such, we can work on our strong base of support all across the country and come out with the big pink guns in November. The more Pat Buchanan looks like Ronald Reagan, the more Joan



Jett-Blakk looks like president. Pat talks a lot about the economy and the plight of the common man. I say raise the minimum wage to \$10 an hour and take it from there. What a shame that the rifle Pat held over his head recently wasn't pointed at his head. Oh well. Maybe he'll attack me in Texas and then I can shoot him.

I'd like to thank every single person who came to the Meet the Mayor event put on by the Harvey Milk Institute. It was a rollicking evening of political discourse that makes one feel proud of being part of an involved community. Whether you agree with anything that was said or done that night, if you were there at all, it proved you care about the neighborhood of your choice. I want to apologize to the fellow who thought I was being disrespectful of older gay folk. That was not my intention. I do, however, think we need to get past the discussion of whether or not to use the words 'queer' or 'nigger' and discuss how to use the words 'empowerment' and 'homegrown'. More power to the people!

Well, I've got to go and study my proposal to have free public transportation a nation-wide thing when I'm elected president. You know, what colors in the buses, what fabric on the train, etc.

Ciao for now! ☺

# Joan Jett-Blakk



# JOAN JETT-BLAKK

## **The Rev. Dr. Joan Jett-Blakk Does the Proust Questionnaire.**

**What do you consider your greatest achievement?**  
—learning foot massage.

**What is your idea of perfect happiness?**  
—Sunlight, ganja, chrome, endless clothes, my friends.

**What is your current state of mind?**  
—Better.

**What is your most treasured possession?**  
—Whatever jewelry I'm wearing.

**What or who is the greatest love of your life?**  
—David Bowie.

**What is your favorite journey?**  
—Don't stop believing.

**What is it you most dislike?**  
—The Patriarchy and running out of ganja.

**What is your greatest fear?**  
—Growing old alone.

**What is your greatest extravagance?**  
—Ganja.

**Which living person do you most despise?**  
—The Poop, er, the Pope, His Hopelessness.

**What is your greatest regret?**  
—Not meeting Jackie O. or the Duchess of Windsor.

**Which talent would you most like to have?**  
—To be able to get laid.

**Where would you most like to live?**  
—In a glass brick Mies Van der Rohe-ish house of my design on a hill in San Francisco with all my friends.

**What is the trait you most deplore in yourself?**  
—My racism.



PHOTO BY KENT TAYLOR

**Which trait do you most deplore in others?**  
—Their fear of my sexual being.

**What do you most value in your friends?**  
—Their value is unquantifiable.

**Who is your favorite hero of fiction?**  
—Any porn star I like.

**Who are your heroes in real life?**  
—Jackie, Andy, Bianca, Halston, and certainly my friends that I hang with.

**Which living person do you most admire?**  
—David Bowie.

**What are your favorite names?**  
—Cocoa Chanel, Gucci, Salvation Armani, Aberchrombie and Fence, Bergdorf Goodwill, Cholo Sport, Ferrari, Nikon, Ritz, Harry Winston, Elsa Peretti, Grace Jones, Pat Cleveland...

**How would you like to die?**  
—In the middle of an orgasm.

**If you were to die and come back as a person or a thing, what do you think it would be?**  
—A swimming pool in a very, very good all-boy's high school in Connecticut.

**If you could choose what to come back as, what would it be?**  
—A skateboard in Marin County belonging to a 16 year-old bisexual art student.

**What is your motto?**  
—OK ????

Now you must be worrying your brain about how, suddenly, I have not one but two addendums to my name. Well, Rod and Staph and I and the rest of my advisors, consultants and such, my secretary Mimi Me, my chef Pete Zaboy, and my driver Parker Heere, have all formed the B'Hii Temple, sort of a B'Hii Bro. That makes us all High Priests of the B'Hii. Hence my Reverend. I also hold a degree in Podiatry from Northwestern University, donchaknow? Actually, I'm a Doctor of Foot Massage. Just ask and you may receive. We have certain criteria however, so bone up. ☺



# JOAN JETT-BLAKK

... It was one of those stellar moments. It happened at Liquid on a recent Monday night. I was doing my usual DJ worshipping and asking them if I could get them a drink or something (DJs mostly get asked to play stupid requests). That evening, this meant I got to flirt with a VERY charming and hetero (imagine!) bartender named Christian. First up was Majorie (who, by the way, also works at Tweeker Records on Haight Street) and she was really taking us there. Then, up stepped Dani (who spins at the new talk of the town, Sister on Mondays at Cat's Alley) and that's when the stellar moment happened. She mixed in a song that instantly created one of those "oh, no she's not gonna play this fabulous old record" recognition waves that swept the entire club. Sure enough, it was "I Don't Go For That," a monster hit by Hall and Oates from about 1980 or so. Oh course, everyone knows the words and we were all joyfully singing when Dani turned the music off and everyone continued to sing. After a bit, Dani punched the music back in at precisely the right time, and the club erupted into a deafening cheer - like a football game or something. Instantaneous exuberance is the best high! Much better than any sex I've ever had...All this madness prompted the doorman to go and buy Hall and Oates' Greatest Hits!

...No, there can't be a perfume called "Gossip." I would think that Gossip wouldn't smell too good, ya know

...Some people are so silly. Now there is a group that you can call to adopt a turkey. Once you do this, your turkey will be fed and you'll get a photo and a certificate. Well, I'll fix them. I'll sign up only if they kill the damn thing and send it to me so I can eat it. That seems like the most humane thing I could do.

I'm sorry to report that Mona Ray, also known as Len, a very sweet bartender who now works at the End-Up (but worked at the Box forever) has suffered an aneurism. At the present time, she's preparing to go back to her native Sweden for the rather expensive treatment needed to rehabilitate her. By the time you read this, there will have been a couple of benefits in Lena's honor, but you can still help, too.




PHOTO BY KENT TAYLOR

Just fill out a check and send it to L.M. Ray c/o California Federal Bank, account #9614176163. Please help one of our own get back on her feet.

...It's getting to be a big birthday season. Happy happy to DJs Larry Reed and Jason Hayes. Also, very happy birthday to Randy, one of the head honchos of this very magazine...Whilst at Sugar on Sat Dec 6, I got the bright idea to do something different for this article. I got the lofty idea that I would interview people in the club and transcribe their responses. First of all, I don't have a tape recorder. Second, like I even have the time to do that! So, I got the brilliant idea to have a few people write their own impressions and here is what I gathered. My first victim was the DJ by the name of Jay J. I asked him why he liked Sugar and he replied "The energy, the smiles, and the dancing." I'd heard that he recently returned from Chicago, where I lived before coming here. So I asked him if he played in Chi-town and he said, "Yes." "Where did you play," I asked. "At a new place called the Convent." "Did they love you?" "Of course!" (Actually he just smiled. I interpreted that to mean "of course.") Then I met two of the hottest girls there, Ally and Spike. They told me that it seemed to them that black and white clothing was the theme of the evening. Looking around, it certainly appeared to be true. I chatted a bit with Mario Gonzales. He stated that it was the music that brought him there. Also, he was wearing a fabulous shirt and I wondered aloud how he came to wear it. He said "It was the first thing I picked. I took me no time at all." Fashion maven! Rich Breezy needed to dirty up the shirt he was wearing. Gary Avedovech, who came to Sugar to get the sugar rush, said he wore what he wore because it spoke to him as he was looking through his closet. After that, I drafted my new partner in the SF-is-a-very-small-town sweepstakes, Eric Trif. Bless his heart. He wrote more than space allows me to print here. I'm glad he was (and is) so ready to rock. Eric, honey, I'll try to make some sense of your lovely story, even as I shorten it a bit. First, there was exercise and meditation. Then, after some heavy closet searching, an Indonesian batik shirt revealed itself to him. Highlighted with some glow-in-the-dark beads, it was perfection. And a magical night it was too, for he became reacquainted with old friends and embarked on new friendships. Loving SF! Thank you, Eric. Then there was Chris Sherman. A vision in white, with a cowboy hat to match. I must find a way to dance with him again. One of our editors, Kevin, expressed a love for Sugar in all its forms. DJ Ellen's wife, Cindy Ferries, came to support the goddess 'cause hey - she loves her!...Sugar Rules!

...Fuck Disney for selling KDIA. Fuck the Court of Appeals or whoever over-turned Prop. 215..Support the Gay/Straight Alliance at San Leandro High School.

PS...at one point at Sugar, Jay J, Jamie J, Jim James and I were chatting together...It was a "J" thang, OK???

Ciao, Joan Jett-Blakk 



## Public Transportation Can't Be Beatin'

Greetings Kids,

...Oh, boy have I been hearing the fucking funniest stories about our fair city lately. One of them goes like this. It seems that, for the most part, BART rides at 11pm are pretty run-of-the-mill. However, one night, a young man, in a suit mind you, stands up and announces to the entire car that he is about to jack off. Well, even in SF, a statement like that would make one look up, OK? So, Missy promptly did just that. Then, as if he hadn't been entertainment enough already, as the train pulled (!) into his stop, he announces that he's on his way to Gettsomme Park if anyone would like to join him. Hell, if anything that fun (and funny) happens to me on the train, it'll be some scary fucking Nazi or something like that ... Oh, Lordy. On the Thursday before Gai Pryde, I had the pleasure of being a co-emcee at a benefit for the Brothers Network thrown by Joseph Solis over at Anthem. It really was a lot of fun, and since the fabulous Ultra Naté was the headliner, Honey (and she tore it up, thank you very much) it was the shit. Children were living. Now, it happens that one of the other emcees that evening was a charming young man, Lord Martine. He does a "suzy" kind of article for this magazine and recently got a great job doing the same thing for one of the local newspapers. (No, I don't know which one, I read the New York Times ... ) Now, Deaf Lord was the subject of a nasty little exercise in blatant homophobia by two breeder-goons in the SF Weekly not too long ago. It's being looked onto by the Q.R.A. (the Queer Rifle Association). Anyway, in the Lord's next column, he mentioned this event as if he was the only person on stage. He barely said anything about Ultra Naté, and never mentioned the Brothers Network at all. My good Lord, I must say that while many wonderful things can and do happen in San Francisco, you hosting a benefit for the Brothers Network, alone, probably is not one of them, OK? ... You may not know this, but I've been a socialite for, oh, twenty-five years or so, and I've seldom had as much fun as I have at the Endup on Saturday morning. Yes, I said Saturday morning. Like around 10am till 3pm or so. The super-bad Ellen Ferrato, the dynamic Lewis Christ Superstar and that Dr. Stephanie Phillips showed us exactly what joy music can bring. Sunshine, dancing, and high fashion: I mean, what more could a girl ask for? To top it all off, it's all run by one of the nice-est people to draw breath, Allison. Carl, the gentleman who owns the place, is frankly, like it or not, part of SF herstory. It's so fucking cool to be able to occasionally hang that way, you know? Being a DJ groupie, I get wet from a good mix, OK??? I mean, ultimately, it's about the music, right? Eau mi gawd, that sound system. Hey, pish posh on those new Saturday morning cartoons. Mekka lekka high, mekka hiney ho ... Do you know the twilight-zonish story about Bette Davis that came true? No? OK. Once a Newcastle upon Time, Lady Bette Davis, Actressa for life, played the stern matriarch of a luxury hotel in a television series called "Hotel." Shortly thereafter, Lady Davis suffered her first stroke. She was replaced by Anne Baxter I. In Nineteen fifty, Bette Davis starred in a fabulous film called "All About Eve." Hello. Yes, you've guessed it right by now, playing the role of sweet, wonderful, conniving, crafty Eve Harrington to La Davisina's weathered by determined Margo Channing? Anne Baxter ... Today's secret word is: Penetrabilia. Now, you know what to do when anyone says the secret word, right? Scream real loud. Ready? Lets try it!



... Some new great drag names (thank you Dragazine!) Dwight OnRice, Ida Thoughtsew, Nick Atyme, and Dwight Awrnryee and from Dr. DJ Kenneth, Flo Reeda ... Speaking of the Endup. Was that really a flier from the fabled club shown on the Jay Leno Show recently? Was Pete Avila's name splashed all over the world??? My sources (who only use a TV for one thing mind you) say oui. Smell it, OK??? ... and remember girls, you must always respect your DJ, all right? He/She is as much of the show as you are. Buy them a drink. Thank them. Often ... Count your blessings kids. Things could be worse. The CIA could very well have gotten speed into the ghetto instead of crack. Try to imagine the (already) hyped-up home boysngirls on day three or four and then try to picture those very same folks when they can't get any Chrissy, Missy. That would be a rather ugly picture indeed, doncha think? ... Spurred on by the knowledge that in Los Angeles, there exists a radio station that plays "soft rock" called KLIT, and a rock station in Colorado called KRAK, I've decided to become a media mogul. My first station will be KFAG, 69FM. Of course, we'll have a heavy metal station called KILL, 66.6FM. Then we'll see if we have room for KHOL. Radio that can't get up off the ground. Look out Rupert Murdoch ... You know, I think I've got it all figured out. It's all about Santa Claus. That's where it starts. Listen, if you can convince a child that something as stoopid and ridiculous as Santa Claus exists, then hey, the fucking Easter Bunny is a snap! Your stoopid-ass will believe anything, even the whole Christ died for your sins bullshit. Don't believe me? OK. Why do drawings of Santa and God look like the same guy? Huh? Huh? ... Also from the makers of DAMITOL, the pill for when you just don't give a fuck, comes new DICANNOL. For those lonely days and knights ... It really looks like we'll be doing Late Night with Joan Jett-Blakk on August 9th. Sister Roma will ho-host. So far, Blackberri and poet h.edgar will guest. More to be announced. See ya there! ... I love how the FBI was not sure they had found the body of Andrew Cunanan. They (the FBI) are having a great year, huh? First, the disappearing SWAT van and now this major fuck-up. C'est dommage, boys ... Just so you know, I agree with Mayor Brown about this Critical Mass thing. If you wanna do that shit, do it far outside the city limits, OK? I'm mad because I know it's only a power trip, ie, a bike is bigger than a person and a car is bigger than a bike. People on bikes have no regard to people walking, and I'm tired of it. I've said this before, but the very next time someone on a bike (on the sidewalk!) cuts me off or sideswipes me or scares me, I'm going to kick your ass ... and speaking of kicking ass, Reginald will perform at ATA on August 16th, \$5 a pop. Missy sings like a golden bird and gives diva new meaning. Be there ... Chi vedi amo! I kissa botha cheeks. Ciao for now ... Dr. Joan Jett-Blakk

# Joan Jett-Blakk



# JOAN JETT-BLAKK

On a recent Sunday afternoon, whilst out on my daily constitutional, I was dumfounded by the sight of dozens, nay, hundreds of folkies in assorted tie-dye frocks. Now, this is not an alarming sight on Haight Street, between, say, Divis. and Stanyan. But on Hayes Street, well, one takes notice. After pinching myself a few times to make sure I was awake, I got really scared when I was all the way down at Embarcadero and flowering flowy dresses on cute but horifically dirty boys was all I could see. For a week or so, I said nothing about it to anyone. Then I read some article about the Summer of Love Celebration and my nightmare just became another daily reality.



PHOTO BY KENT TAYLOR

...Somebody pleeze, pleeze tell me why Winnie-fucking-Mandella (not anymore) was one of the featured speakers at the Million Women March? Excuse me, but where was Bell Hooks? Where was Angela Davis? Where was Naomi Campbell? Why didn't they elect to go back home and castrate the million men? Huh?

... On a similar train in vain, women's organizations that monitor discrimination in the workplace have noticed that those empowering television ads for Nike Women do not reflect the practice of Nike the company. D-U-H.

... The Stupid-Ass Award of all time goes to the moron who launched seventy-five pounds of plutonium into space so some over-paid NASA scientists could study the rings of Saturn. Only a small amount of plutonium, as you must know, can kill quite a few people. Seventy-five pounds of it can kill everybody in the whole world, no lie. The folks at NASA use the scary phrase "almost no chance" when questioned about the possibility of an accident. I'd rather hear "no chance at all." Wouldn't you? Hence, their award.

... Now that Halloween is over, here are a few monsters I didn't see: Winnie-the-Pooh-Mandela, Tigger Woods, RuPaul Lynde, L.B.O.J Simpson, Jimmie Nell Carter, Jackie Ono, Snoopy Doggy-Dog, Mr. Whipple Clean, Donald Trump Knotts, Gore Vidal Sassoon, Bette Davis Boop, David Bowie Duke, Bette Barry White, Snow Berry White, Bette Sammy Davis Jr., Jerry Lewis Farrakhan, Bill Clinton the Cat, Billy Rae Jean King Cyrus, Agatha Christy Turlington, Joan Crawford of Arc, Susan Sarandon Powter, Robnoxious Reiner, Queen Elizabeth Latifa, Red Skelton Riding Hood, Lady Miss Kir Di Bunny, Billie Holiday Jean King, John Wayne Newton Bobbitt, Ally Sheedy Baba, Pauly Al Gore Breene B. Shore, Humpty Dumpty Hump, Sally Jesse Norman Raphael, Don King Kong Ho, Peppermint Patty Duke Ellington, Aunt Bee Jemima, Mr. Kenny Rodgers, Mary Kay Mother of Christ, Edith Bunker Massey, John Ella Fitzgerald Kennedy, Mary Lou Retton Diamond Phillips, Bo Diddly Duke, Sherman Leona Helmsley, Pee Wee Herman Munster, Jackie Gleason Onassis, Shakesperehead, The Virgin Mary J. Blidge Poppins, The Electric Judith Light Orchestral Maneuvers in the Dark, and Calvin Klein and Hobbes. Many thanks to Jon and George for their help in compiling this giddy list.

... A couple of the fun clubs I've been to happen (gasp!) on the weekend! Usually reserved for amateurs and tourists, the weekend is shaping up quite nicely with "I Heard That" on Saturday down at Kate O'Brians and "Water Pool" at Miss Pearl's Jam House (Back Flip) on Sunday. Both of these weekly events have done a lot to help me get over my heterophobia. The DJs, like Sean and Tony Martinez, kick serious ass. Read those fliers folks.

... Look out for Cassini in the sky and we'll see you next time.

Ciao for now, Joan Jett-Blakk ☺



# JOAN JETT-BLAKK

... Happy Anniversary to my mom and dad. As of Nov 12, they've been happily married for forty-two years. These two wonderful folks raised three smart, adventuresome, and honest children, giving them a base of love from which to bounce any number of interests. They met on a blind date and actually fell in love at first sight. It makes me question why I can't even get a date. Oh well. Many more, you guys, and thank you for everything you've ever done for me! I love you more than I could ever say ... Also, a huge kissy thank you to Gilbert Baker (who invented the Rainbow Flag in 1978) and Alan White (organizer par excellence) for asking me to emcee the 20th Anniversary of Harvey Milk's election to the Board of Supervisors. Whilst I was actually doing the event, I would occasionally pinch myself to see if I was awake or dreaming. It really moves me to be a part of (in some small way) the momentum that Harvey started, although H.R.H. Empress José Sarria (Hey Girl!) did open those doors way back in 1962. As I stood there next to Mayor Brown (don't we make a handsome couple?), I noticed that I could see one of my favorite structures, Sutro Tower, on one end of Market; down at the other end, the aptly-named Fairy Building. I was immediately reminded of that old ACT-UP/Queer Nation chant, "Whose Streets? Our Streets!" For all of you cynical little fucks who say, "I hate the Rainbow Flag," I say, "Lighten up, Faggot. Obviously, you are not old enough to remember how good it felt to see that flag on someone's Ferrari zipping by on the highway or in a window of a home in a part of town you thought we had not gotten to yet. Gilbert is not responsible for the gross over-marketing that has befallen the flag in the years since. Let's move forward in solidarity, shall we? ... That same evening, I had the unmitigated pleasure of hosting, along with my beloved Sister Roma, the Drag King event at the Embassy Ballroom. If you remember, I wrote a while ago how much I love Drag Kings. Lo and behold, I get to spend an entire testosterone-charged evening with some of the best. Mo B. Dick, and everyone else from the House of Dick in New York was, well, la merde. I got to meet (gasp!) Monica Treut. I saw Stephanie Rosenbaum (loving her!) and the ever-fabulous designer, Queer David. By the way, Cooper is the hottest babe alive.



PHOTO BY KENT TAYLOR

Loving Stafford and Jordy. ... Dirk, Tony, and Cameron: working with you on Halloween was a real treat, like a gift from Van Cleef and Arpel's or Harry Winston. Sorry if I was a bit of a grouch at times, but I'm always striving for my best. You know as well as I do that once I've got the microphone in my hand and the camera is on, I can deliver. So do you. Maybe we should really consider a kind of "Queen in the Street" interview-newsy show, hmmm? ... As usual, Thyrodde and Thystraph, my Can't-keep-a-secret service men, were top drawer. ... Hey! Are there any Queer-owned Limo services out there? We need to chat... Congrats to Brian Freeman on the success of his play "Civil Sex," currently playing at The Marsh. We worked together when I was a member of the Pomo Afro Homos. I can tell you from my own personal point of view that anything he does is worth seeing. (Eric Gupton, girl, I swear I'll call you.) ... I'd like to see some damn Republican Senators try to override one of my eye-liner item vetos! I would slap the pink right off them. I'd also sit Saddam Hussein down and have a talk with him and Texaco, and Amaco and other miners of crude. Oil, that is. We don't need war, thank you, just some knocking together of some very hard heads.

... So, is that Safeway on Market gonna be the biggest supermarket on Earth, or what? And hello! The line that states "Cash Only" should not even have the apparatus to do any of that other hocus pocus.

... Congrats to Doug Holsclaw and Theatre Rhino. Yet another smash hit. Hey, Doug, when are you going to write something an old colored woman (like me) can do? ... The next Late Nite show is on Nov. 21, right after the town meeting about censorship. Sister Roma and I welcome Tony of the Sick and Twisted Players, Jeff Ward from Does Your Father Know? (He does), and the band Blue Period. We will be continuing the censorship discussion as well. Please, please, please come and join our studio audience. Our next show, in December, will showcase fetishes, so we're looking forward to that one. ... As you probably know, I'm already a candidate for Supervisor. I'm in the process of forming a fresh, new political party called the After Party. Honey, this is one party that has an extensive VIP list. I believe you're on it, are you not? I intend to say what no supervisor can say and do what no supervisor can do. Since I'm running without any money at all, no one will own me but the magnificent citizens of San Francisco. I hope to hold a city-wide dress-conference on January 1, 1998 from my web-site. I want to help make San Francisco a fun, cheap, unified, radically compassionate city. We are almost there, but with your input we can do more... That's all for now folks, and remember what Toni Morrison says: Your crown has already been bought. Just put it on and wear it. ☺

Chi vedi amo,  
Joan Jett-Blakk



# JOAN JETT-BLAKK

Speaking of delight, and weren't we just, I had plenty of it recently by doing what quite a few devoted dervishes do - attend Community. Garth and Simon were serving it up better than the finest food in the finest restaurant in Paris. The energy at 1015 Folsom that night had the power to spin the planet in the other direction, OK? Thank you also to Tawea, one of the best bartenders around. Around the corner, at the Endup, on any given Monday, bliss can be found at Club Dread (You make me jump and twist Sherston!) Even though Rastas are kinda weird, you know, with the way they treat women and their position on queers and all, they have great hair, great ways to unwind, and damn the music is good. Then I come to find out that Saint Ellen of Ferrato has coolness going on over at Vsf on Tuesday night. It's all about Markiss (Happy BD) Nickolai, Thomas Roberts and the fabulous new friends I've found in Todd and Cynara and Robby and Stu and Machiko, who has another movie coming out soon. It's called "Premenstrual Spotting." She wrote, directed and edited, winning the Best Experimental Film of the Year from the Chicago Underground Film Festival this year. Can Cannes be far behind?

Which authoress was recently scheduled to sign books at a certain bookstore (of course she's too important to actually read from the thing), showed up, did her task - for all of five minutes or so - and dashed right back out the door? Could it be the same person who once was a radical? A lover of athletes? (Well, one that we're aware of.) Hmmm? Just asking.

True Stories # 1,733,888: I have a friend, Kenneth, who got the chance to introduce his friend Biskit to another friend named Gravey. One could pee one's pants.

The most recent offering from the band Fu Manchu, "The Action is Go" is le merde. It's on constant rotation in my motorcade, I'll tell you. In fact, when my white Di Tomasso Pantera gets out of the shop, I'm gonna go drive across Montana a few times with that record on the stereo. No speed limit in Montana during the day, don't ya know.

Sooooo, that jack of the Bean (sprouts), Jason Mecier was the victim of "Liberal Censorship" at the hands of Yerba Buena Gardens Center for the Arts, I see. Whatever!! Why do I have

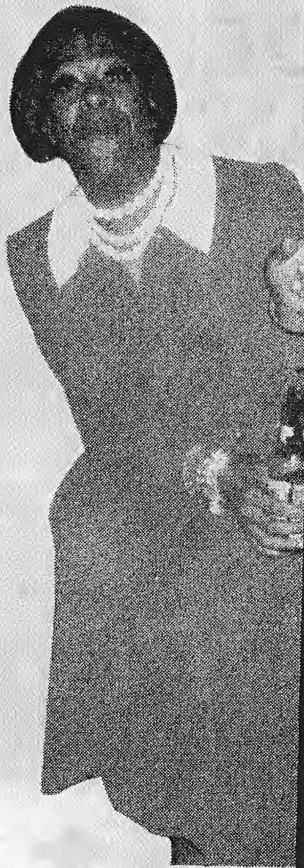


PHOTO BY JIM JAMES

this feeling, that the entire board who made the decision to pull Mr. Mecier's portrait of Belva Davis (who I'm told I resemble. Isn't that sweet?) because it was made (well her face anyway) of brown fun fur. I suppose someone thought that brown fun fur as skin is racist. Now, all of this, is, on my part, just supposition because I don't really know the reason the portrait was pulled, but it sure smacks of the Harold Washington incident a few years ago at the Art Institute of Chicago. What happened, you ask? An enterprising artist painted a portrait of Mayor Harold Washington who was, by then, quite dead, so he could not have sat for this alarming (and alarmingly funny) rendering of ole Harold in a bra and panties. Outrage! Sacrilege! No Respect! Ok, so a few of the Chicago Aldermen (and women) marched their little butts right into the Art Institute and took it down! Washington himself would have laughed at the painting and really busted a gut at the antics of his fellow City Officials. I hope Jason is none the worse for wear because of this. By the way, when, darling, are you going to do a portrait of moi? Just asking.

You may have heard that I am a candidate for Supervisor (although unannounced so far) in 1998. Allow me to titillate you with a couple of the prospects I have in mind. A day off with pay, of course, for all women in the City and County of San Francisco when, you know, that day of the month arrives. Free 24 hour Muni. No cars allowed on Sunday. No bikes either. Automatic voter registration upon your 18th birthday. Rent control as it was in 1970, for residential and business. No dog shit, ever, or we stun the dog, OK? Let me know what your interests are.

Why is it that whenever I have a specific event to get to and I call a cab, any cab, and I wind up waiting, I'm not joking, an hour and a half, two, sometimes two and a half hours, have to call different companies more than once, endure being snapped at by the dirty little rug rat that answers the fucking phone and still, even though I'm ready to walk out the door hours before said event, I get there late? Any other time the phone call is made and they've come, (and gone) before one has a chance to hang up the phone and get downstairs. And, the thing that really sticks in my presidential craw is that your friends and fellow attendees always blame you. The first thing I always hear is "We worried and we thought you weren't coming" or "You're late," from people who have never heard of saying something like "We're glad you could make it Joan. Hope you didn't have to wait too long for your ride. You look lovely. Here's your drink." I hate to the core of my being waiting alone outside or in some lobby (Ritz Hotel not included) just a sitting duck-ess for random heterosexual violence ya know? Everyone's so fucking sanctimonious about time, even when no one has thought to make (and it is not wrong to expect) travel arrangements for you, OK???? I want that motorcade, baby, that's what I want.

Have a luminous full moon and keep those cards and letters coming and come and see my show. ☺

Ciao for now, Joan Jett-Blakk