

Campy Fun and Classic Queer Love Stories

BAM BAM AND CELESTE

Margaret Cho writes and stars in this hilarious film about the meaning of beauty. Teenagers Celeste (Cho) and her best friend Bam Bam (Bruce Daniels) are constantly on the receiving end of "ugly" jokes. Sick and tired of how their lives are unfolding, the two decide to take matters into their own hands. Self-conscious and eager, they set out on a road trip to leave their godforsaken hometown, and travel to New York to enter a beauty contest. The movie is cluttered with edgy and sharp humor that will have you smiling throughout the whole film. The laughs will keep you entertained, but it is the backcloth notion of beauty that plays the most important role in the film. The subtle moments of questioning personal identity, existence and normality is what makes this film such a joy.

—Nicholas Guinta



THAT TENDER TOUCH (1969)

A vintage classic partially restored from its original 35mm format, *That Tender Touch* examines the relationship of once lesbian lovers Marsha (Bea Tompkins) and Terry (Sue Bernard). Adoringly hopeless and unrestrained Terry falls into the hands of her older friend Marsha after another hetero heartbreak. Vowing to never let another man break Terry's heart, Marsha becomes her new lover. Although grateful to Marsha, it is obvious that Terry is still looking for a man to treat her right. Once Terry finds her man, Ken, she leaves Marsha behind, but Marsha isn't finished with Terry. Marsha shows up on the doorsteps of Terry and Ken's house trying to win Terry back, but while doing so, she might fall off the brink of sanity.

—Nicholas Guinta

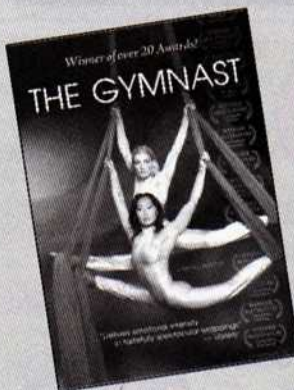


THE GYMNAST

This is a timeless story of Jane (Drea Weber), a professional gymnast, whose career is ended by a tragic accident. Now Jane has the chance to go back to her glory days and do Cirque de Soleil-style aerial tricks. The acrobatics awaken her mind and body, and she soon longs to escape her loveless marriage as she starts to fall for her aerial partner, Serena (Addie Yungmee), a closeted lesbian.

The film is about finding out who you are and learning not to be afraid of it, and always to love yourself at the end of the day. Both Jane and Serena have their own struggles to overcome. Jane wants children and feels she is simply running out of time, and Serena has stereotypes to tackle. Having been raised in a strict Korean family doesn't make it easy. In confronting these obstacles, they both find strength and comfort in each other.

—Nicole Racciatti



Who Says All Gays Know Fashion?

BY JULIAN LOPEZ

Recently, as I was flipping through the colorful pages of the latest *Details*, I came across the dossier section on gays and their fashion taste. To my astonishment, its bold headline read, "Who Says All Gay Men Are Stylish?" How rude, I thought as I became instantly defensive and allowed my



Julian Lopez


next intake of air to diminish the negativity that a mainstream publication could stir inside me. We know fashion, I thought, as I scanned their photo of a stereotypical gay male in what seemed to be Chelsea, New York

wearing "gay" clothes—Capri pants, a sleeveless tee and multiple accessories that I inevitably found myself counting.

Actually, the more I looked at it, the more I found the designer ensemble quite sassy. Then, my next thought surfaced: could this obviously "gay" outfit, much like other stereotypical gay apparel, be the fashion allurements that separates us from the straights? Unfortunately, no, it wasn't. Not when you catch heterosexual guys wearing the same Capri pants and sleeveless tees. The reality was that they were right, as much as we hate to admit it; fashion sense is not in everyone's genes—gay or straight.

I thought of my people, particularly my gay friends, who I find myself wishing would spice up their wardrobe and move on from T-shirts acquired from a detergent- or alcohol-promo giveaway at some Pride festival from several years ago. I guess it would be okay if it were gym wear, but unfortunately, that has not been the case, because these same T-shirts are occasionally being spotted at local gay bars.

What's wrong with that, you say? Where do I begin?

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