

performance is over. And not just because it's the last piece, but because it's powerful. Because Sarazan yelling "What???" as a teenager to her mom is real as real. Because Carol as Stacy imparts her tragic home life with every muscle of her body. Every gesture, every facial expression tells you this kid is on her own in this life.

Kathay, as Collette, narrates, and gives us the news regarding Stacy's murder. She shows up in a long black coat and you just know the news is gonna be grim. Kathay's performance was powerful, but I did find the street patois accent confusing. Some clarification regarding the accent, or removal of it, would eliminate this tiny flaw.

"Stacy" ends with an affirmative, powerful statement, and allows the audience to leave with some hope.

X/Wives, as we go to press, is performing "Stacy" in Seattle for a women's group. They hope to perform "Buried Personalities" for women's groups who are working to prevent violence to women, for groups working to solve the Green River murders, or for groups seeking to educate more people on these topics.

Personally, I hope we see lots more of this group. They're spending the summer reading and writing. They may revive "Dos Lesbos" this fall. Whatever they do, get out to see them, and support your X/Wives!

Wetdreams

by Jim Anctil

"'Nocturnal emissions' would be a great title for this play" — overheard in the audience on opening night. *Wetdreams*, the last of the *Dream Trilogy* is yet another hilarious installment in the Storefront Theatre tradition

that Ric Young has made so inimitably his. As late-night theatre goes, this confection could top a memorable evening the way a good dessert does — leaving you stimulated and wishing for a bit more.

Erotic stagework is a fascinating genre, and this one-act extravaganza seems to elicit a gamut of emotions from the audience. Indeed, this kind of entertainment taps into some rather private parts of ourselves, as it were. *Wetdreams* is alternately exhilarating, thoughtful, verbally and visually witty, and overall quite arousing.

The slowly undulating red curtain and hypnotically repetitious background music set the sensuous mood for the show. A kinky teddy bear greets us as the curtain opens, and we are immediately drawn back to childhood bedtime routines. But this is a sandman with a decided difference! Next, a staid cocktail party turns into a ludicrous and embarrassing meeting between a naked man and woman. A slow, erotic dance sequence involving 5 couples leads into a wildly funny assignation between two young lovers. "I want you," he says as they begin heavy petting. "I want you," she says breathlessly. "Yes — wait — yes — wait — I want everything to be right," she interrupts, and the absurdly incongruous developments which follow leave the audience gasping with laughter.

A young man is quietly having a drink at a San Francisco bar. Suddenly he finds himself whisked to a weird and exotic tropical setting populated by two raunchy and petulant princesses and their randy pet monkeys. He is certain something has been slipped into his Calistoga water. "But what is a man?" one of the bawdy ladies insists, and the answer comes as the poor young fellow undergoes another magical transformation. "Alice in Wonderland" gone outrageous camp!

A solo dance provides graphic depiction of male lubricity, while a lovely duet for female

with peacock conjures up overtones of Leda's hijinks with her swan. There is a riotous parody of Dr. Ruth's TV advice to the sex-lorn with two horny apes. A handsome young man bathing alone and lamenting the loss of his lover out at the bars might echo the feelings of many in the audience. A very beautiful scene with mirrors portrays the sensual ravages of autoeroticism, and the show ends with a voluptuous setting right out of 18th and 19th century Japanese *shunga* prints.

The cast of 11 is young, energetic, and physically attractive, and those who appreciate male or female nudity will surely enjoy *Wetdreams*. Unlike Ric Young's earlier *Jewel Box*, *Wetdreams* has no plot. Writers Wendy Westerwelle, Pamela Elton, and Ross Kerr have instead constructed a loose menagerie of sexual vignettes. The dance sequences, choreographed by Emery Hermans and danced by Joe Morales and Carolyn Lee *et al.* are done with verve and pelvic thrusts as well as a recognition of inner biorhythms. The sound by Bill Reinhardt underlies the subliminal effects throughout.

Young is well known for his unique costumes, and fanciful masks executed by Colt Ellis and Daniel Fagereng heighten the humorous and erotic elements. David Hayward's technical direction and Jeff Forbes' lighting are more than effective, they are delightfully subtle or blatant. *Wetdreams* plays the Storefront at 11:00 pm Fridays and Saturdays and 8:00 Sundays through August 31st and has to be seen to be believed.

The Oregonian refused to print the title of this entertainment, stating it is not appropriate for a "family" newspaper. Well, this family newspaper has no problem with *Wetdreams* at all.

— Ed

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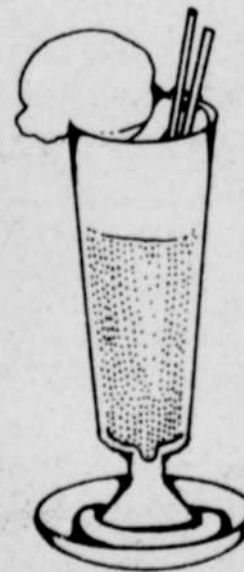
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