

Two of the mostly-straight bands not to shy away from a gay identity are New York-based When People Were Shorter and Lived Near the Water and King Missile. One person these two bands share is keyboardist Chris Xefos. On When People

Were Shorter's latest Shimmy-Disc release, *Porgy*, the band's re-imagining of Gershwin's folk opera, Xefos sings Bess' song, "My Man Is Gone Now," complete with backup vocals chanting, "His man's gone now." While Floyd's and Mould's fears might seem reasonable on the surface, Xefos' outward queerness doesn't prove musi-

cally reductive at all — indeed, it's quite the contrary. Ironically, it was Bob Mould's example that changed Xefos' life. "If I had known Bob Mould was queer [earlier on]," he says, "I would have known that there was a place for me out there." As it was, years of isolation and sexual confusion kept Xefos mired in an unproductive depression.

TALL IN THE SADDLE

Glen Meadmore

ONE

day about ten years ago, after various failed bands and fractured careers, the six-foot-seven Glen Meadmore put on a dress and walked around downtown Winnipeg. "I don't know why I did it," he says. "I guess I wanted to upset people. I guess I have a subconscious desire to change peoples' ways of thinking." It took only a few years more for this attitude to

make its way to L.A., on stage, and finally onto record.

Like a lot of the current crop of emerging queer musicians, Glen Meadmore was nurtured by the '80s performance art scene. Recalling his first performance at the now-legendary Theoretical Parties at the L.A.'s One-Way, Meadmore says he told the late underground party promoter Jim Van Tyne, "I don't know what I want to do, but I want to act weird and have some kind of electronic drone behind me." Meadmore never recovered from this anything-goes sensibility, and the result is his metamorphosis from a technopop Hank Williams in drag into one of the most stunning grunge guitarists on record.

Meadmore, like most white-boy rock guitarists, was first blown away by Jimi Hendrix, whom he says, "sent shivers down my spine." But he put down his guitar early on for the wild abandon of the performance scene. "I could only do what I was capable of doing," he says. "All I knew back then was that I could go on stage and do strange things and people would get upset." What remained for Meadmore all along, however, was his Carter Family-style country edge,

• BY DUDLEY SAUNDERS

instilled by his Native American grandmother, Cookums.

"I really liked the old country music, the simplicity of it," he says. "It was so corny it was great. It was extreme in its down-homey quaintness. My interest in country, you see, is sort of a reaction against anything that's hip or trendy. I'm just trying to get the pretention out of music." Wedding the repetitive, hypnotic drones of technopop with country music's simple and repetitive refrains, Meadmore's earliest albums — *Chicken & Biscuits* and *Squawbread* — never settled into either genre. The two forms of music endlessly circled each other, refusing to allow the listener to take either form seriously. It was neither fish nor fowl, and proud of it. It accurately depicted the off-kilter feel of a night out in the '80s underground.

As the '80s drew to a close, Meadmore finally started to feel more capable of infusing his over-the-edge guitar

Now out of the closet, he shuttles back and forth between his two bands much more self-assuredly.

Even in the more intellectual reaches of alternative music, where outright homophobia would be considered uncool, queer musicians feel isolated. Like Chris Cochrane, guitarist Chris Cochrane plays with a

predominantly straight group, the new music ensemble No Safety. His lesser known side project is Gay Nation. Cochrane, long a member of what he calls the "very straight" New York improvisation scene, spent his first years trying to "say something personal with instrumental work." This is similar to the intention of most gay "coded" lyrics, which

means saying something queer, but so obliquely only those who are clued-in can hear it. That unfortunately leaves out not only homophobic record-buyers, but also clued-out young queers. With the advent of the AIDS crisis and the discovery that "people in the music world were not paying attention to AIDS or gay issues," Cochrane

began to realize how important it was to "convey specific ideas about my life, gay life, people dying all around me." Coming out, he says, "kind of happened, 'cause there I am singing about relationships and things. It was clear to me how important it was to be out."

In No Safety, Cochrane has a "platform for singing about gay issues" in a context that is not exclusively gay. This is true also of his recent solo album, *What Stops Us?*, released on his own New York-based label (339 7th St., Brooklyn, NY 11215), a recording that suggests how successful he was in the first place at infusing his "queerness" into his instrumental music. His guitar work is percussive, full of the wild time signatures of hardcore, but with the melodic bends of Fred Frith, then Hendrix, then folk music. He is known to weave knives and old guitar strings through his frets to create new dissonances, yet his voice is strong, plain, and straightforward. His lyrics are, conversely, imagistic and circular: "While you were out/I was in/Not that I/Could be him/But that he/Could be me." Yet his ability to convey queer experience is much more straightforward: "Cop hurt, he twist my arm/Tore my dress, my slip was showing." The effect of all this new openness is so noticeable that the intellectual coldness new music tends to fall into gives way to an overpowering passion.

"It takes so much energy to be in the closet," says Xefos, and Phranc agrees. "In the artists who are out," she says, "there's just this overpowering energy. You can feel it from out in the audience, this freedom." Even, she says, in works that don't flaunt sexual preference.

Perhaps for that reason, the queer-punk-hardcore scene began almost by accident. "We did it kind of as a joke thing at first," says Fifth Column's G.B. Jones, La Bruce's co-editor at *J.D.'s*. Annoyed by the homophobia her queer hardcore crowd was encountering, she says, "We thought, 'We're gonna put out this fanzine and it's gonna be, like, all-queer, and we're gonna implicate all these hardcore people in this queer thing.' And then we thought up this little term 'homocore,' and thought, this will drive people crazy." But af-



GREG ALLEN

MEADMORE LICKS HIS CHOPS

work into the music. Around 1988, dressed in spike heels and a long blond wig, he started borrowing guitars to shoot feedback into the audience with such success that he eventually left the spike heels at home. "I began working toward music more and more, writing for the guitar, and putting the conceptual performance stuff in the background. That was my first fantasy: to be on stage in a band. That was the fantasy of my roots." Meadmore ultimately stopped doing drag altogether, formed a band, and recorded *Boned*, an artistic breakthrough, and an unprecedented, unpredictable change.

While simple country structures still serve as the framework for most of Meadmore's new work, the aggressiveness and energy of his performance art now permeates his music. But don't ask him to take it seriously. He seems congenitally incapable of that. Of "Read Your Beads," the album's astounding guitar-solo peak, he laughs, saying, "Oh, it was kind of a joke thing. We thought we'd do kind of a take off on those 20-minute guitar solos the Allman Brothers used to do. But..." — he sighs — "it only turned out to be nine minutes."

Having found a way to focus his varied talents, Meadmore has no plans to pull back now. "Oh, you think *this* is wild. Just give me some 300-watt Marshall stacks. Then I'll really go over the top." •

Amoeba Records, 5537 La Cresta Ct., Los Angeles, CA 90038

NEWSREELS

weekend. "You do 'Old MacDonald'?" asked Wag, utterly impressed by the possibility. "No, we want you to do it" was the reply. Well, at least if Mary's Danish ever breaks up, we can all rest assured that Wag has a promising career as a solo artist ahead of himself...

NASHVILLE NEEDS TRANSVESTITES

And although "Old MacDonald" may not be part of his repertoire, Glenn Meadmore, accomplished performance artist/transvestite/rock 'n' roller, now has a future ahead of himself in country music. His recent performance at Cafe Largo was fun 'n' crazy—ranging from a self-accompanied piano version of "Amazing Grace" to songs off his new Amoeba Records album, *Boned*. Hailing from the Canadian prairies, Glenn stands 6'9" without his spiked heels, during the Largo performance, however, he was attired in jeans and a *Death Valley* T-shirt. I mean, the dude is versatile! His *cappella* number was an original tune called "Deluded," with one of the greatest country lyrics yet: "...I must be retarded to think you never lied/I'm always the bridesmaid, never the bride." Yeah! It's a sentiment we can all relate to, no matter what our sex happens to be—and rest assured, Ms. Meadmore (as he likes to be called) is writing from the viewpoint of both...As for his label, it definitely deserves a mention here. Amoeba Records is an LA-based indie that's been around since 1987, and has put out albums by the likes of the *Eleventh Dream*

Day (now signed to Atlantic), *Freakwater*, and the *Hollow Men*. For a catalog, write to 5337 La Cresta Ct., LA 90038-4001. This label is chock-full of surprises!

SIN-A-MATIC & OTHER SINFUL PLEASURES

And, finally, to tie the recurrent themes of this column together in a neat little bundle, a new place in town where Jim Morrison probably would be hanging out if he were still here (and no doubt be made to crawl around on his hands and knees, bleating "Old MacDonald") is a club called Sin-A-Matic, located at Peanuts every Saturday night. Run by the same guys who do Club F—, Sin-A-Matic is more upbeat—featuring more rock and less disco, a slightly less serious crowd, and the added distinction of recently not letting MTV's *Downtown* Julie Brown in the door after the veejay with the Robin Leach accent refused to pay the cover, even after she threatened that "My show will go on without you!" (Luv ya for that, guys! In fact, I'd pay her to stay out!!!) Word has it that Ms. Brown left in a huff, after telling the door person: "I wouldn't come into your club if you paid me, bitch!" Anyway, in addition to the "Fetish Room" in the back, which is run by Ron Athey, the club also features theme nights and the occasional fashion show. And in spite of how unbearably crowded it usually gets, it is lots of fun...



PHOTO: DAWN LAUREN

Ms. Glenn Meadmore, sans transvestite gear, going country style at Cafe Largo

cappella version of "Old MacDonald" that brought the house down. The monitor man at the Troubadour was so impressed that he asked Wag to sing "Old MacDonald" with his band at the Gaslight the next

● **GLEN MEADMORE: Boned** This here's not nice, pleasant gay music — it's queer rock. With ACT UP having spawned the more radical splinter group Queer Nation — which, incidentally, maintains the parent organization's singleness of purpose — the Glen Meadmores of the music world are an obvious and necessary offshoot. On "Too Queer," Meadmore sings in a country twang, "I know you really don't like/wanna kiss/wanna bone me 'cause you think I'm too queer," and that's about the softest tune on the disc. It's country, but it's also noisy — so noisy that every track renders R.E.M.'s "Country Feedback" laughably lame. Meadmore rips into his songs with fiery Neil Young-ish lead guitar that stings as hard as lyrics like, "When I saw you picking up that trash/I knew that your tired old ass was grass." Meadmore's created a grungy guitar rock album for an indie scene that sometimes thinks it's above homophobia, and he seems to be saying, "Here, then, take this." I saw him showcase these songs at an L.A. nightclub, and at first the drag queens and leather boys seemed confused when the dance music faded and the 7-foot-tall Meadmore — sporting a ten-gallon hat and a big iron on his hip — walked on stage and slashed out walls of feedback-drenched country rock. By the end of the night, the floor had turned into a slam-dancing pit. (Amoeba, 5337 La Cresta Ct., L.A., CA 90038) — Mark Kemp

GLEN MEADMORE: Squaw Bread Well gaw-lee, Gomer, this here Glen feller seems like a right friendly sort. His cheery, aw-shucks singin' cartoon funk'n'hoedown tunes might even put dear old grandma in a good mood — until she realizes what he's talking about. Which won't take long, since he leads off the record with "I'll Teach You To Steal My Man," followed by (ahem) "Cornhole." But if she hasn't had a stroke by then, the granny might actually get a chuckle out of the footstompin' "He's a Dilly" or the unabashedly sleazy "No Money No Honey." His musical accompaniment consists of layers of cheesy but good-timey keyboard diddling — an unlikely but amusing approach, considering the barn dance idiom he's working. Conservative folks may just be annoyed, since the happy-go-lucky Meadmore offers his silly tunes without apology. Imagine, the guy actually has the nerve to yodel "you're the one who makes me glad I'm gay" as if he means it. Don't let the Ayatollah hear Squaw Bread, or Glen'll be in big trouble! (Amoeba, 5337 La Cresta Court, L.A., CA 90038) — Jon Young

S.F. WEEKLY
DEC. 4
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MUSIC WEEK

into songs like sheer n

Strada is a witty, luminous inspiration.

BONERS

Progressive funk rockers Fishbone offer an "ode to heterosexuality" on their new LP, *The Reality of My Surroundings* (Columbia), titled "Naz-Tee May'en," boasting the chant, clearly indicated on the lyric sheet, "Me Gay? No Way!" But the offense is sunk so deep in the mix, it would take an audio archaeologist to decipher it. Is this subliminal bigotry or just a nasty bonus for the literate? In either case it's rank from an act that rails so inventively against hatred and the glorification of crack-head macho.

The lyrics on Glen Meadmore's *Boned* (Amoeba) are impossible to miss and are meant to offend. Meadmore looks like a mad, hick Morrissey and sounds like a cock-crazed Gomer Pyle. If a hetero artist put this out, he'd be branded a homophobe.

On the cover, Meadmore is painted as a crazed, pointy-eared demon, which seems to be what he is aiming to imitate: every mother's *Deliverance* nightmare. On back-road hoedowns, over an unrelenting fuzz-tone guitar, he hee-haws about his quest for "beer-can dicks" and begs for someone to "take me outside and tan my hide!"

He laments acerbically, "I used to be a gay swinger, but now I'm just a bitter queen/ When you see me down at the wrinkle bar, you'll know exactly what I mean." He closes the disc with a chaste Appalachian hymn, making a poor boy's quest for cock and for salvation seem equally desperate.

Jesse Helms wouldn't like this disc, and you may not either. But if you're in need of goony queerabilly music, well, Big Glen may have the only pop stand on the turnpike.

'ZINE QUEEN

The most poignant, profound, original dyke 'zine I've seen, *Sister Nobody*, is finally

Singer Connie C
Her repertoire is



Chairman of the Boned

HOW CAN MERE words describe a 6'7" hillbilly drag queen performance artist with his own backing band? Formative years in Winnipeg, cult stardom in L.A., indecency bust in Santa Barbara — **Glen Meadmore** has been everywhere. On record, Glen pumps out happy countryish camp 'n' roll with his band the Heterosexuals, rolling out tunes like "No Money, No Honey," "I'll Teach You To Steal My Man" and the unforgettable "Do Me, Baby." On stage he's a cross between GG Allin and Divine, assaulting innocent-looking men in the audience, sporting a different outrageous costume each night, and doing to chicken heads what Karen Finley does to yams. His new album *Boned* is out on Amoeba Records (from L.A., not Berkeley). Meadmore does his thang backed by **Psychodrama** otherwise known as Bubba and Gator, two strapping 300-pound lads from Appalachia. Sat, Dec. 7, at Klubstitute, 1751 Fulton St, near Masonic, in S.E. Admission is \$4.98, or free if you're lame enough to show up before 10 pm. Call 826-5358.

PAUL WAGENSEL

Body rock

I'm that hard man, so good to find...

HENRY ROLLINS
In *Hard Volume*

BY CHRIS NORRIS
NOWADAYS WHEN I see Henry Rollins glower in Gap ads or flex in *Spin* magazine, his physique covered with mid-'80s hardcore runes like a post-punk Max Cady, I don't think "samurai poet," "hardcore survivor," or any of the other rock mag epithets. I think homocore.

I know that Rollins' whole *ilbermensch* persona is supposed to be non-sexual — more iron man than rock-Adonis — and that, even if it weren't, his tattooed biceps and square jaw are as open to the female gaze as the male. But after seeing queer

rockers Glen Meadmore storm through a set of his own aggro-style of L.A. cowpunk last week — all gussied up in floral overalls and inviting the "Nellie queens" in the Elbo Room to come join him on the rocking chorus to "Bitter Queen Blues" — Rollins' hyper-male image is suddenly much more charged, more subject to inversion.

Before I get carried away here, I have to admit that as far as the subject of gay signifiers and homocore subtexts go, I don't really know what the hell I'm talking about. I'm male, straight, and definitely no authority on the multitude of cultural codes and media messages that gay theorists have been awakening us to for the past few years. But even I can tell that, when someone as butch as Rollins is and someone who's as, er, femme (?) as Glen Meadmore is are both rocking out in post-punk abandon, it's a lot harder to tell *quien es mas macho* in rock. Or what the



words *macho* and *rock* have to do with each other of late. Perhaps there's some male element in the crowd that needs to feel challenged. Maybe they think that I'm out there trying to issue some kind of challenge to their masculinity.

Glen Meadmore's show was an all-out ballistic assault on masculinity, though probably not the kind Rollins has in mind. Without a word to the audience, the 6-foot-7-inch shaven-head singer-songwriter came out, strapped on his gee-tar, and kicked his drummer and bassist into a raging punk-fied two-step and rocked with a thrashy tightness that obliterated all of my preceding musical memories (though, admittedly, he was following an act that lip-synched the Carpenters).

HENRY ROLLINS
In *Sold Out*

yeah-yeah handclapper, "Fun in the USA") that prodded you to replace the record on the tall spindle. (P.O. Box 95364, Seattle, WA 98145.)

Fred Mills

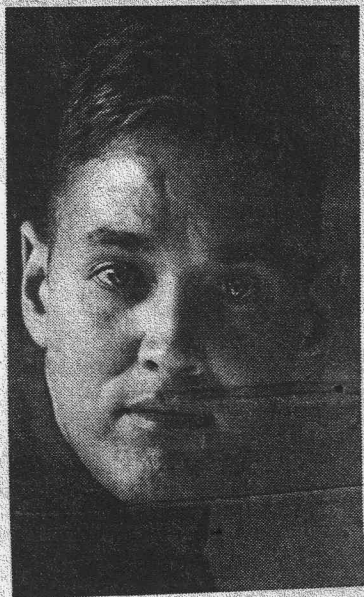
GLEN MEADMORE

Boned
Amoeba

In a nutshell, demented hillbilly grunge-rock with titles like "Bun Boy," "Tan My Hide," and "Hog-Tied and Cock-Eyed." A lyric sheet would've helped in deciphering the vocal whoops and yodels, but you're still not going to miss the main...er...thrust of these songs. And of course it's not the point, but Meadmore can play a pretty mean guitar too. But just when you're about to write it all off as a joke, he comes up with the folksy ballad "What Am I to Do" which shows a keen grasp of country pathos, and the closing devotional "Heaven Bells." Both songs are also greatly abetted by Ruby Lee Rydell's Loretta Lynnish backing vocals. It's all perfect for the homophobe in your life; and the guy's got some songs in him too. (Amoeba Records, 5337 La Cresta Court, Los Angeles, CA 90038.)

Thomas Anderson

Nuts to You



UCen student manager Cathy Guiteras performed a citizen's arrest on performance artist Glenn Meadmore (above) when he exposed his genitals at a performance during Gay and Lesbian Awareness Week.

critic's choice • music

GLEN MEADMORE



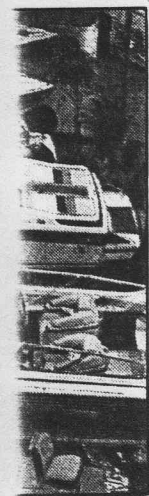
While *performance artist* may be a bit too artsy a term for L.A.'s Glen Meadmore, calling the 6-foot-8-inch, yodeling, guitar-playing drag-cowgirl a *singer-songwriter* doesn't quite get it either. On record, crooning songs like "Bitter Queen Blues," "Tan My Hide," and "Girlene" over a rocking two-step rhythm section and his own distorted guitar, Meadmore undoubtedly challenges the conventions of both good ol' boy C&W and post-punk machismo. But judging from reports of his live show — which often features an elaborate striptease, mandatory audience participation, and the creative use of chicken heads — cowboy Glen goes considerably beyond the bounds of most any kind of etiquette, rock'n'roll or otherwise. So let's just call this queerbilly rocker a cowpunk — in the same way that we might call the Butthole Surfers a rock band — and leave it at that. And if lyrics like "I've been lookin' all around this world for a boy like you to be my girl" are for you, then be sure and have a heapin' helpin' of Glen's hospitality. Southern style. Set a spell. Take your pants off.... Y'all come back now, ya hear?

Chris Norris

Glen Meadmore, with Pansy Division and Carpenteria. Sat/27 at 10 pm, Elbo Room, 647 Valencia, SF. \$5. (415) 552-7788.

DALLAS

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VICTOR DADA MEMBERS:

Three members of Victor Dada will perform "The Return of the Magi" today and Saturday at 8 p.m. at the Bath House Cultural Center, 521 E. Lawther at White Rock Lake. Admission \$4. Call 328-8428.

CHISHOLM BAND: Country band Chisholm will play today at 8 p.m., 10 p.m. and midnight at Billy Bob's Texas, 2520 N. Commerce, Fort Worth. Live bull-riding exhibitions will be featured. Cover \$5

GREENVILLE AVENUE THEATRE: The farce-comedy "Funeral Games" will open today and Saturday at 11 p.m. at the Greenville Avenue Pocket Sandwich Theatre, 1611 Greenville. The play will be presented by Emporium Productions. Seating begins at 10:30 p.m. Food and beverages will be available. The play will continue through Feb. 4. Tickets \$5. Call 821-1860.

WEIRDEST SHOW EVER: Expect shock-outrageousness from Los Angeles musician/singer/performance artist/strange person Glen Meadmore, who will perform today at 11 p.m. at the Starck Club, 703 McKinney in the Brewery. Doors open at 9 p.m. Cover \$10. Call 720-0130.

7 SATURDAY

AFRICAN DANCE TROUPE:

The 15-member Laini Kuumba Ngome Dance Troupe will perform dances from Mali, Senegal, Liberia, Zaire and Guinea on Saturday at 1 p.m. and 2:30 p.m. and Sunday at 1 p.m. and 3 p.m. in the Barrel Vault at the Dallas Museum of Art, Ross and Harwood. The troupe has been based in Houston for 3½ years. Free.

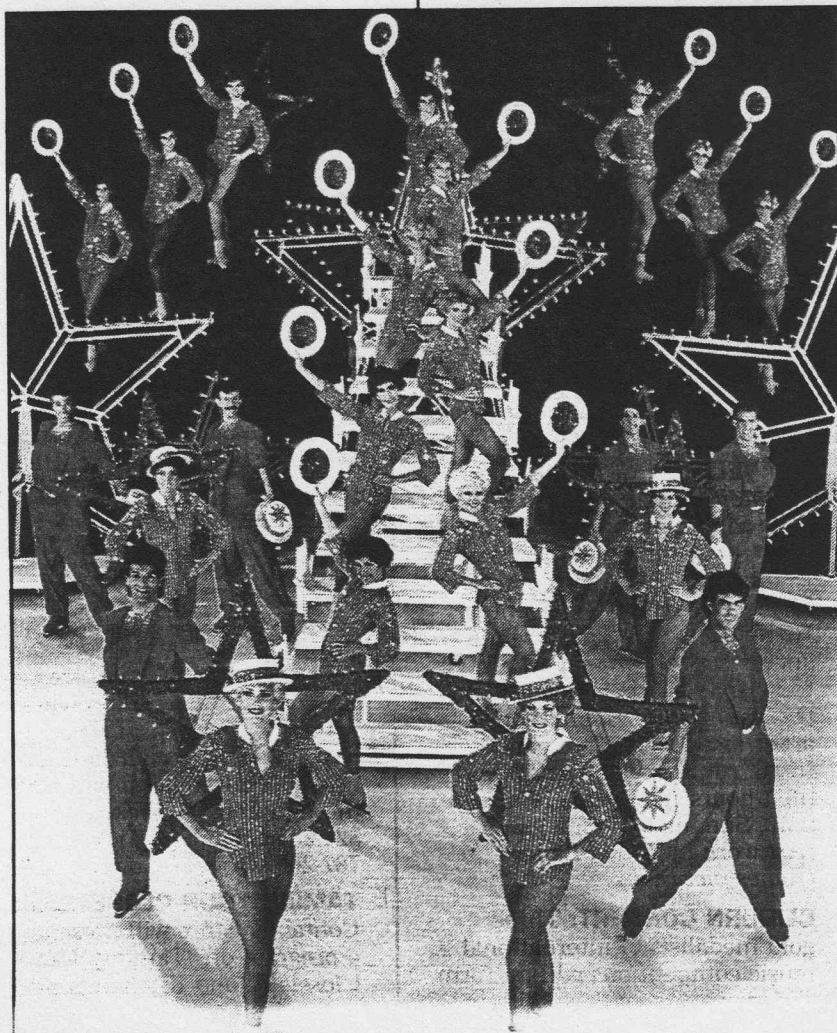
ASLEEP AT THE WHEEL: Country band Asleep at the Wheel will perform Saturday at 9 p.m. and 11 p.m. at Billy Bob's Texas, 2520 N. Commerce, Fort Worth. Tickets \$6-\$10.50 at the door. (Lead singer Ray Benson pictured.)



HOMER/HASSAM EXHIBITS:

The exhibit "Winslow Homer: Paintings of the Civil War," featuring 20 paintings and 30 related art works, will open Saturday at the Amon Carter Museum in Fort Worth. The exhibit will continue through March 12. A complementary exhibit, "The Flag Paintings of Childe Hassam," also will open Saturday. Hassam is one of America's best known exponents of impressionism. This exhibit also will run through March 12. The museum is at 3501 Camp Bowie, Fort Worth. Call (817) 738-1933. Free.

WIND SYMPHONY: The Dallas Wind Symphony will perform Saturday at 8 p.m. in Caruth Auditorium at the Owen Arts Center at SMU, Binkley and Bishop. The concert will feature seven nationally known conductors. Tickets \$10 general, \$8 students and seniors at the door.



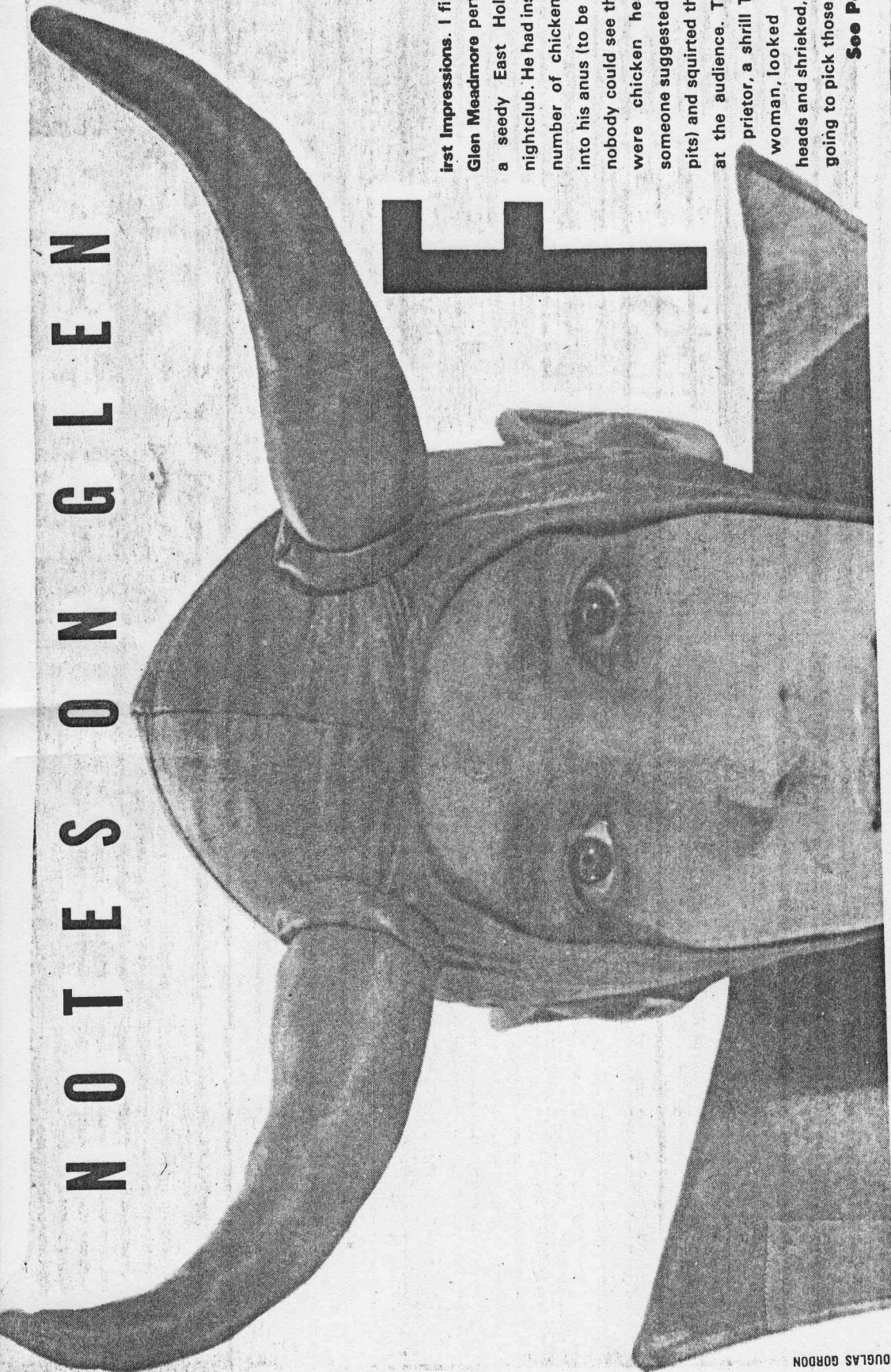
one to put on LOUD and enjoy (Roadkill, PO Box 37, Prospect Heights IL 60070-0037).*****Slow, off-kilter, twisted funk is all over **Everett Shock's Ghostboys (SST)**. If it were less dizzy, this could almost be fusion, but it has squeals, a B-52s' style of vocalist, and falsetto background vocals that take the edge off the music. The band is an eight-piece (which includes **Henry Kaiser**) with at least three full-time keyboardists. Go figure, but play it.*******Glen Meadmore's** country twang influences more than his vocals: the music on **Squaw Bread (Amoeba)** is rollicking, fun and fast. But, with back-up singers like **Ru Paul** and **Vaginal Davis**, there's something not quite right. Especially when Glen lets loose on "Little Boy From The Farm" and "I'll Teach You To Steal My Man", which is a combination square-dance romp and catfight. Maybe Glen and the Frogs could get together and jam. In any case, the music is great, Glen's vocals are naive and sweet, and it's a fun record to get to know (Amoeba, 5337 La Cresta Court, LA CA 90038-4001).

Remember to report! Next reporting dates are:
Feb. 13 & 14

Both Reyne and I will be at Gavin, so introduce yourselves.

RockPool Feb 15, 1989 p.14
Megan McLaughlin "Station to Station"

NOTES ON GLEN



DOUGLAS GORDON

F

first Impressions. I first saw Glen Meadmore perform at a seedy East Hollywood nightclub. He had inserted a number of chicken heads into his anus (to be honest, nobody could see that they were chicken heads — someone suggested papaya pits) and squirted them out at the audience. The proprietor, a shrill Tunisian woman, looked at the heads and shrieked, "Who's going to pick those up?"

See Page 3

Vital Statistics. Height: tall; very, very tall. Weight: hardly any at all. Age: "It's really impolite to ask, you know."

Humble Beginnings. Glen, the son of a professional football player, danced nude, enveloped in dry-ice fog, in a Winniepeg disco. He also had a public-access cable-TV show on which he'd ad lib little stories and fables each week. There was a great deal of viewer response, not all of it favorable. His younger brothers contemplated changing their name. In junior high school, Glen was famous for his ability to burp and talk at the same time, a facility that he still uses in his act.

What Act? Glen sings, dances and plays electronic keyboards as a cabaret act, very funny really, every week at the Limbo Lounge. His music is better than you might think. So are his costumes.

Costumes. Jim, his manager, makes a new one for each show. Favorites include a mermaid outfit with real seaweed; a pink, polka-dotted hooded vinyl spy outfit; and a body suit made of linked, life-size plastic lobsters that light up when he flicks a switch.

Two True Celebrity Stories. 1) Dom Deluise spotted Glen in Beverly Hills and asked him his waist size, exclaiming, "I love it!" Later, Glen followed him into the Grill and gave him his phone number. Later, Glen called Dom at home and spoke to his wife. Still later, Dom called Glen and told him to lay off! 2) Glen called Burt Reynolds at home and asked him if he'd like to go out. Burt said no.

Three Memorable Performances. 1) In memory of Jim! at Monterey Pop. Glen, wearing a devil suit, set an old, white Casio organ on fire. The fire extinguisher put out a lot more white stuff than he'd counted on, and the room cleared. 2) One night, in a lounge with a largely macrobiotic clientele, Glen milked the sound of sizzling hamburgers. Some people became physically ill. 3) One night, same lounge, Glen set off a stink bomb that filled the entire place with thick smoke. He thought the best part was when the fire department rushed in. It was a good way to end the set.

Glen's Four Top Ladies. 1) Diana Rigg. 2) Jerry Hall. 3) Tina Louise. 4) Julie Newmar (the Catwoman).

Glen Meadmore's new album, *Chicken & Biscuits*, is just out from Amoeba Records. Record-release parties will be held at the Limbo Lounge tonight, Thursday, January 22; and at Texas Records next Saturday, January 31.

—Jonathan Gold



Tall and Tan and Young And Strange

Los Angeles Performer Glen Meadmore
Can't Help But Stand Above the Crowd

by CHARLES ISHERWOOD

Glen Meadmore is the first to admit that being a performance artist isn't easy. He's been heckled and booed, sometimes badly reviewed. He's been arrested. He's even had to perform gymnastic acts in a tight-fitting tube skirt — no mean feat for a guy who stands 6 foot 8. On the other hand, his audiences haven't had an easy time of it either. Meadmore often recruits onlookers to be used as props — the more unwilling, the better. And even the most jaded nightclub audience is probably not

prepared — even after several drinks — to witness some of the ways Meadmore uses beer bottles and chicken heads.

So how did an admittedly mild-mannered boy from Winnipeg, Canada, find himself strutting the stages of Los Angeles's underground clubs in exotic drag, crooning, "I need some lovin' in my oven"? Blame it on Alice Cooper; pop's most macabre icon visited Winnipeg when Meadmore was an impressionable 13.

"It was my first rock concert — other than

the Everly Brothers — and it blew me away. I thought, *This is exactly what I want to do: to be on stage, be glamorous* — it was my first exposure to sequins! So Alice Cooper's what did it to me."

NO CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK

The son of a professional football player, Meadmore was cast as the black sheep of the family at an early age (his two brothers were jocks; one actually turned out to be a professional hockey player). At age 10, Meadmore was receiving his sexual initiation "the usual way, sucking off the neighbor boys." By high school, he was shaving his eyebrows and wearing bobby pins in his hair. Although he came in for his share of verbal abuse, Meadmore's towering height — by this time he was well over six feet — intimidated most would-be bullies. "I think I was actually threatened once, but the guy was so much shorter than me that I couldn't take him seriously."

It was in a high school English class that Meadmore first created what might in retrospect be labeled a piece of performance art. Chronically unable to complete school assignments of any kind (one teacher passed him with the salvo that he couldn't help but appreciate the diligence of someone who refused so persistently to do *any* work), on the day he was expected to produce a book report, Meadmore produced instead something more out of the ordinary.

"I got this huge jar of extra-large pickles, and as the class came in, I handed everyone a pickle and poured some corn syrup in their hands. I made them put the pickle in their mouths and rub their hands together. While they did this, I showed a blank film and played a tape of the Gods, a Dada rock group that sang off-key. I asked them all if they loved me — quite a few actually said yes — and then started to scream." The dumbfounded teacher gave him a passing mark — though what the production had to do with *Moby Dick* was a matter best left unexplored — and Meadmore's career was begun.

Winnipeg's charms were minimal, both in the professional and personal spheres. "There was only *one* gay disco," Meadmore explains. So at 19, he began making forays to New York to test the waters. But it was in Los Angeles that he eventually settled.

"I'd seen New York and London, but when I stopped in L.A. once on the way back from London, I fell in love with the place," Meadmore recalls. "It seemed just like the movies — I mean, palm trees and everything! I decided right away that this

was the place I wanted to be."

Since arriving on the West Coast in 1982, Meadmore has performed steadily at a number of local clubs on the underground circuit—at the infamous Limbo Lounge, where he was a regular; at Silver Lake's Olio; and, more recently, at the fashionable Apartment. His performances stand drag conventions on end; at 6 foot 8, he's certainly fooling no one in the gender department (in fact, he's never shunned heels, which bring him to within spitting distance of seven feet).

"DECADENT GLAMOUR"

Meadmore's act is a parody of a disco diva gone to seed. "The idea is to be the epitome of glamour," he explains, adding after a pause, "but *decadent* glamour." He takes the stage in elaborate costume (his outfits are all designed by longtime friend Jim Van Tyne), singing any of a number of synthesizer-oriented disco drones with titles like "I'll Teach You to Steal My Man," "Girlene," and "Do Me, Baby." But music is primarily a takeoff point for Meadmore; when he performs, he has a single purpose: "I try to shock, because shock is entertainment. When people are truly shocked, they're never bored."

And shock he generally does. Meadmore's finales often involve a form of striptease. He'll step out of a long, slim country-girl skirt, revealing a stars-and-stripes mini, for example, and then step out of that to reveal—well, pretty much everything. Or, if the mood strikes him, he might look to the audience for inspiration: "In my act, I eat people's toes and strip boys naked and play with their genitals—people in the audience, at random."

Meadmore's most notorious performance occurred at an East Hollywood club and featured a supporting cast of chicken heads. "I wanted to throw something into the audience," he explains. "Something they'd remember, and also something I could get a lot of real cheap. It occurred to me that butcher shops must have a whole lot of leftover chicken heads, so..."

For Meadmore, who swears by spontaneity, the performance in question didn't end with the old hurling-chicken-heads-at-the-audience trick. Instead, Meadmore went a little further, stopping the show by inserting several chicken heads in his derrière. When, after discussion of this memorable performance, the question of taste is gently broached, Meadmore brightens visibly and leans forward: "I'm very concerned with taste," he says earnestly. "I always try to be as tasteless as possible."

AN ARRESTING PERFORMANCE

But while such expressions of tastelessness may do little more than raise eyebrows in East Hollywood nightclubs, the student body of the University of California, Santa Barbara (UCSB), has decidedly different standards. In February of last year, after giving what was, by his standards, a relatively mild performance at a student pub during Gay and Lesbian Awareness Week, Meadmore was arrested and charged with indecent exposure and lewd behavior. Apparently, the lunch crowd at the student pub was not prepared to have its artistic

"I'm very concerned with taste," Meadmore says earnestly.

"I always try to be as tasteless as possible."

horizons widened over hamburgers and fries; the police were called in when Meadmore's dancing became a little too athletic and his miniskirt crawled a little too high, revealing that he wasn't wearing anything beneath it.

"The arrest was quite glamorous, actually," he recalls almost fondly. "They put the handcuffs on and everything. Took me away in a squad car. I got to live out my Sid Vicious fantasy." When the case went to trial, the fantasy faded to the grim reality of plea bargaining. "They kept wanting to make a deal where I'd plead guilty in exchange for not going to jail or whatever," he relates. "but I insisted on going through with the trial to prove a point."

So Meadmore's lawyers called in a battery of experts to testify that his act fell firmly within the boundaries of art and did not qualify as either of the misdemeanors in question. Ann Hamilton, a member of

the UCSB teaching staff, stunned the jury with an elaborate slide show tracing the history of performance art in the 20th century, giving colorful examples of works that made Meadmore's look positively tame (one artist used a cadaver in his act; another slashed herself with razor blades).

The finer points of the lewd-behavior law were duly brought to light: It seems that for lewd conduct to occur, there must be touching of the "genitals, buttocks, or female breast in any public space." Thus ensued much testimony about whether Meadmore's penis had or had not rested on the shoulder of a student when he draped his leg over an audience member at one point in his act. (In the end, the matter was left undecided.) When the dust settled, the jury found Meadmore not guilty of lewd behavior; it was split down the middle on the indecent-exposure charge. Meadmore's victory was complete when that charge was dismissed after a mistrial was declared.

Though nerve-racking, the incident has had no effect on Meadmore's attitude toward performing. "Well, I learned one thing," he says blithely, "and that's not to perform in Santa Barbara anymore!"

GOING HOLLYWOOD

In fact, Meadmore will be taking his show on the road again this June, but this time it will be to the thankfully more sophisticated destination of Berlin. This spring will also see the release of Meadmore's first acting venture, a video film by Meadmore's friend Kenny Camp called *Mantra*. "It's a sexual thriller," he explains. "I play a psycho transvestite who kills women. Actually it's really funny."

Though Meadmore is interested in pursuing acting and recording projects—he currently has two albums out on Amoeba Records, *Squaw Bread* and *Chicken & Biscuits*—Meadmore's first love will always be performing. "I prefer to perform, because the music is just like a background for me. I like to improvise, to get on stage and do everything I fantasize about doing in my normal life. Because the way I am onstage is a release of who I am *not* normally. I'm really calm and shy normally. But [being] onstage is a total catharsis, a total release."

Meadmore is, in fact, surprisingly quiet and thoughtful. When asked about his role models, the first names off his tongue are Quentin Crisp and Bette Davis. But a few days after the interview, he calls back: "I've been thinking about who my role models really are," he says. "And they're actually my ma and pa."

ing—often alongside them—as well as out in the open, in defiance of county air pollution regulations. The Air Pollution Control District is now investigating a recent report of outdoor painting. Cal-OSHA, which regained its duties from the federal OSHA May 1 after a two-year state funding hiatus, said that on June 1 it received two reports of Tracor violations.

The airplane mechanics who dug in their heels and refused to strip the DC9 last week accept a certain number of physical dangers as just part of the job. They breathe diesel fuel, work near deafening jet engines, and regularly experience cuts and bruises. Sometimes they work long shifts—10 to 12 hours a day, seven days a week, for weeks on end. But they are not willing to accept the solvent and paint fumes. A number of employees who have worked in areas near where stripping and painting were going on said they have an immediate reaction to the substances from headaches to rashes to nausea. "If you complain," one worker charged, "they just tell you to go put on a mask. But I'm not even sure those are the right kind of masks." OSHA director Frank Gravitt confirmed that different respirator filters are required for different substances, and some require oxygen masks.

In a shed behind the painting hangar, chemicals are kept in unmarked containers, and often mixed haphazardly. "A few of the barrels are marked, but a bunch of them aren't," King said. "You find solvent mixed up with the fuel, and buckets of paint dripping all over another barrel, who knows what's in it, and soaked rags lying around." He said it looked like a fire hazard, and he couldn't imagine what they would use to put it out.

King was also concerned about the destination of Tracor's toxic wastes. The "ramp rats," as they are called, who clean the Tracor grounds during the graveyard shift, throw used rags from the chemical stripping into the regular trash bins, according to King. "It looks pretty good," he said. "The rags are collected in special barrels, but then they just throw them in the regular trash bins. Same thing with the filters from the painting hangar."

Nearby is another shed, where there is a vat of paint stripper, and next to it, an empty trough over which employees of various job descriptions clean various plane parts with a variety of solvents.

A number of employees said they had received no training or information about the primers, paints, sealants, finishes, solvents, and other chemicals they work with. King said he asked for information on all the chemicals used that had health implications on June 5, and was told by someone in the safety office that he could have the information sheets on any chemical if he could provide the chemical's name. He compiled the names of 22 chemicals from the storage area and filled out a form requesting information for each one. He received the Material Safety Data Sheets, supplied by the manufacturers, for most of them (see box).

Also on June 5, Cal-OSHA visited Tracor. An employee at the Cal-OSHA office in Ventura said its investigator was still out in the field and would not file his report until next week, at the earliest.

Tracor was given until June 9 to either pay the fines imposed by federal OSHA and correct its violations, or appeal to the OSHA review board in Washington D.C. Tracor and OSHA officials are scheduled to meet in Santa Barbara on June 8.

Performance Artist Trial Ends

Not Guilty of Lewd Behavior

by Nick Welsh

SINGER AND PERFORMANCE ARTIST Glenn Meadmore makes a living by being outrageous. The soft-spoken Hollywood resident performs regularly in gay nightclubs and cabarets, singing sexually suggestive songs, sometimes dressed in women's clothes and sometimes dressed in nothing at all. But on February 3, when Meadmore performed during lunchtime at UCSB's Pub as part of Gay and Lesbian Awareness Week, he was too outrageous for the tastes of UCen student manager Cathy Guiteras, who placed him under citizen's arrest. Meadmore was charged with indecent exposure and lewd behavior.

Last Thursday, after lengthy—and graphic—testimony about similar acts by other performance artists, a jury of seven women and five men found Meadmore not guilty of lewd behavior. On the charge of indecent exposure, the jury was deadlocked, six to six.

Meadmore was scheduled to perform outdoors, but February 3 was cloudy, prompting the promoters to move him into the Pub, which, besides serving lunch and beers, is also used as a performance space at night. Some of those witnessing the noon-time performance were there to see Meadmore, but others were trying to get a bite to eat and had no idea what they were in for.

Meadmore launched his half-hour show wearing a long gingham "country-girl" dress and singing such suggestive songs as "Corn-hole," to the accompaniment of a tape player. In the last 10 minutes of his act, Meadmore removed his long dress, revealing a tight black miniskirt with a white skull and crossbones across the front and nothing underneath. During the performance, he danced and sprawled on tables, exposing his genitals, at one point draping his leg over the shoulder of student Rhett Davis. Whether or not his penis rested on Davis's shoulder was the subject of extensive testimony during the trial; however, no conclusion was drawn on this point.

At the heart of the matter lay the slippery legal issue of intent. Public Defender Rick Barron argued passionately that the First Amendment was on trial, not Glenn Meadmore. "Was his act tasteless? Was it tactless? Was it disgusting? It may have been all these things, but still he has the right to do these things. It's not pretty art; it's not meant to be nice. It's meant to make people think," he said. "This case isn't about penises and buttocks and scrotums and flashes of flesh; it's about freedom and about who can dictate what we can see and what we can hear."

Prosecuting attorney Ann Sullivan argued otherwise: "He [Meadmore] was trying to arouse the males in the audience pure and simple, and trying to offend the straights." She added in her summation, "Performance art is not a legal defense to his



Glenn Meadmore, whose performance, said UCSB lecturer Ann Hamilton, "challenges traditional gender alignments... that should be talked about."

crime. What if you're watching a mime in San Francisco and he picks your pocket and runs off; was a crime committed? You bet it was."

The sticky issue confronting the jurors and confounding the prosecutor was intent. According to the law, a person is guilty of indecent exposure only if there's an intent to sexually arouse oneself or others or to "affront" others.

Witnesses for the prosecution, who were offended by Meadmore's show, admitted in testimony that the performer never appeared sexually aroused during the act, and, when questioned, stated that they hadn't become sexually aroused, either. Defense attorney Barron maintained that Meadmore was a performance artist and that his display of genitalia was part of an artistic expression. "Glenn Meadmore is not some street flasher," Barron said.

Barron introduced artist and

emphasized performances far more extreme than Meadmore's, showing one artist who hung himself up next to a cadaver, a woman who sliced herself with razor blades, and another who doused an entire audience with mustard, ketchup, and relish. She showed a slide of one artist who wore an "exploding vest" to his high school reunion and confronted his former classmates. When they responded angrily, he set off firecrackers embedded in his vest.

Hamilton said that, based on accounts of Meadmore's performance, pictures she has seen, and the tape she heard, his act was consistent with performance art and quite humorous. "From what I understand, it was a parody of stereotypical gender behavior," she said. "There's a man who's dressed as a woman, then as the darker, more seductive woman in the short skirt, and then exposes himself as a man. The expectation is that he would stay within the confines of being a transvestite, but he went outside the expected modes of behavior." She added, "This performance challenges traditional gender alignments that, given the conservative nature of our times, should be talked about."

During a break in testimony, Meadmore was asked by *The Independent* whether he approached his art in these terms. "I'm not that intellectual about it. I just do it, and then later I have to look back on what I did and try to figure out what it meant," he said. "But when I do that, I'd say it comes out like she [Hamilton] is saying."

Prosecuting attorney Sullivan attempted in vain to force Hamilton to provide a more specific definition of performance art. "If someone had a milk and blood enema and then squirted the audience, is that performance art?" she asked. Hamilton responded, "I have a real problem with trying to define something out of context. I'd have to know if the performer was an artist and performing within an artistic context."

Sullivan persisted: "Someone can do these bizarre acts, and if they call it performance art and themselves performance artists, and they can get people to go along with it, then it's art?" Hamilton said it was impossible to answer that question, but added, "If someone's driving down the street and exposes themselves for a thrill, I'm not going to call it performance art. I do have boundaries." Sullivan shot back, "What if that person said it was performance art?" Hamilton said, "I'd look into it."

Hamilton may have frustrated Sullivan with her answers, but she proved critical in the jury's inability to find Meadmore guilty of indecent exposure. "Hamilton's testimony provided an artistic cover for Meadmore's actions," said juror Alan Pence. "We had to determine, beyond a reasonable doubt, that he was trying to arouse himself or others, and based on Hamilton's testimony, we couldn't dispel that doubt." Pence added that the jury found Meadmore not guilty of lewd behavior because of the conflicting testimony regarding whether or not his penis touched the student's shoulder. According to the law, there had to be touching of the "genitals, buttocks, or female breast in any public place," for lewd behavior to have taken place.

"Most of us agreed that Meadmore should not have done what he did, when he did it, and where he did it. But the way the law was written," Pence added, "we couldn't find him guilty."

UCSB lecturer Ann Hamilton, who testified at length about the history and nature of performance art, arguing that Meadmore's act—which she has never seen—was perfectly consistent with that art form. Hamilton stated that performance art challenges and confronts traditional notions of art and traditional categories of high and low art. Although she declined to define performance art beyond "any live action by an artist," Hamilton elaborated that many performance artists attempted to bash audience passivity by dragging them into the act, adding that shock is a major element in many performance pieces. Resorting at times to the esoteric language of the art theorist, Hamilton spoke frequently of the need to "contextualize" any art work. But Hamilton's arguments emerged more clearly when she put on a lengthy slide show tracing performance art from the 1890s to the 1970s. Her slides

CHRISTOPHER CANNON

INCIDENT: Performer Arrested After Being Found Hiding in Restroom

(Continued from p.4)

outrageous and wild things. He wears wild outfits, and he's really tall and thin, so he can do funny things with his body, and fun things like that ... but I'd never seen him do anything lewd like that."

"We had no idea he was going to do anything like this," said senior Amy Messinger, a Goodspeed intern and an organizer of Gay and Lesbian Awareness Week. "We feel like this undermines all the hard work we've put in this week."

"Nobody knew anything about him (Meadmore). Performers playing on campus usually have some sensitivity toward the audience, but he drove them away," Messinger said.

There is debate as to whether Meadmore will receive the \$100 that the week's organizers had agreed to pay him. "He hasn't been paid yet," Messinger said. "It was only a small stipend, but he will not be paid."

However, Eddy said he did not believe it would be possible to withhold payment. "He already has the check," he said. "We have to pay him, as far as I can see. We have a contract. I think he should get paid, but we should get a letter of apology from him. But I don't think there's any way to get out of paying him."

"We can still put a stop on the check," Rowan said. "I certainly don't think he should be paid. He didn't do what he was asked to do."

sonally do not appreciate being compared in any way with persons who have sex with animals, cadavers or children. The type of sex he envisions is not based on love and mutual caring, but on coercion and violence.

Another equally offensive device was a bogus ad which appeared on Thursday and Friday. It announced a bar-becue and rap group in celebration of the week, and a number to call for information and reservations. It amazed me that persons would go to such lengths, to not only express their blatant bigotry, but to actually pay to publicize it.

I am certain that this week will bring more examples of overt homophobia and bigotry. I wish to ask these persons a few questions:

Do you realize that you come in contact with gays and lesbians every day?

Do you realize that your close friends, your immediate family, and persons you love may be gay or lesbian?

Do you realize that you offend and hurt these people every time you demonstrate your homophobia?

What do you have to gain by doing this?

It is a shame that a small minority of individuals feel the need to be vocal in their overt bigotry. These and future examples only serve to show the need for events such as Lesbian and Gay Awareness Week. Let us hope that this need is only temporary.

Next year we can look forward to an even more successful week. Thank you once more to those who created it.

Jamey Frank is a former president of the Gay and Lesbian Student Union and co-chair of Lesbian and Gay Awareness Week.

Other committee members expressed similar sentiments. "Why would somebody do this to us?" said Jamey Frank, also a former president of the UCSB Gay and Lesbian Student Union.

Ironically, Meadmore was solicited to perform as a humorous way to end the successful week. "I would describe him as fun, basically," Eddy said. "I thought he would show some diversity in The Pub."

more concerned with "dirt" than with facts, circumstances and the many positive, well-received events.

The week was also marred by several instances of blatant homophobia even though, being at a university, we are supposedly "educated." Flyers were discovered on campus that parodied Lesbian and Gay Awareness Week, announcing "Bestiality Week," "Sodomy Week," etc.

Kirk S. Giboney's letter entitled "Deviance Is Abuse" equated homosexuality with "various alternative lifestyles such as pedophilia, necrophilia, bestiality, and sadomasochism."

While cloaked in pseudo-liberalism and philosophical rhetoric, it clearly exemplifies his homophobia and unwillingness to approach the subject in a realistic, mature, sensitive manner. He believes that homosexuality is merely a "perversion," an "alternative form of sexual gratification," and "demonstrates the tremendous capacity of people to abuse themselves and each other."

Further he believes homosexuality "exists as a testament to human self-indulgence and imprudence." Obviously, Mr. Giboney does not seriously consider that gay men and lesbians have meaningful, loving, long-term relationships. Nor that the gay community has contributed tremendously to society, culture, arts, government, civil rights, business and education. His "rationale" is especially dangerous, the same type of rhetoric espoused by right-wing extremists such as Lyndon LaRouche and William Dannemeyer.

One Tragic Incident Should Not Mar a Week of Success

recognized the need to educate about, raise awareness of and increase sensitivity toward the gay and lesbian community. I'm certain I can speak for the community when I say these persons are truly exceptional and should be commended for their tremendous support.

The signature petition opposing discrimination and supporting equal treatment for gays and lesbians received better response than anticipated. The petition stated, "I am opposed to homophobia and discrimination on the basis of sexual orientation. I support equal rights for Lesbian and Gay persons which include equal opportunities and treatment for employment, health care, insurance, housing, freedom of speech, freedom of expression, freedom of choice and other civil rights as guaranteed by the Constitution of the United States." These rights are clearly not special treatment, but are enjoyed and taken for granted by many.

Over 300 yards of blue ribbon were distributed to petition signers, and almost 300 buttons were sold. Additionally, numerous individuals gave positive feedback and supportive comments to those involved in the events. It is heartening and encouraging that our efforts to raise awareness and sensitivity can make a difference. Negative response was the rare exception and was received only anonymously or via letters to the Nexus, as most of these individuals are unwilling to present their views in person.

It is unfortunate that the single event which received coverage, publicized by now, was the only one which became problematic. I fear that the extent of this problem will be greatly blown out of proportion by those who are unsupportive and used as a weapon to negate the overall success of the week. It is a shame that many people are

Messinger, Jamey Frank

The first annual Lesbian and Gay Awareness week has been a success and has received very positive response. The week was not without obstacles, but considering this is the first time that a week of events has ever been planned surrounding these issues, the outcome has been better than projected.

I wish to extend my thanks for the numerous persons and departments that contributed to last week's success. These include (but are not limited to) Amy Messinger, co-chair of the event and Goodspeed intern for the vice chancellor of Student Services, Ron Alexander from Counseling and Career Services, John Eddy of the Gay and Lesbian Student Union, Scott Schaum, Susan Gwynne of the Women's Center, Dr. Beth Schneider of the sociology department, Geni Cowan of the Gay and Lesbian Resource Center, Mary Beth Lepkowski of Activities Planning Center, Patti Hewitt from A.S. Status of Women, the board of Critical Issues Program, A.S. Underwrite Board, Rod Davis and Dan Goldberg from the poster, Heather the La Cumbre Yearbook, Residence Halls Association, A.S. Program Board, plus all those who donated their time at the information table and helped at the movie or other events of the week.

I would especially like to note that the majority of those who planned and participated in the events were not gay or lesbian. This fact clearly shows that we have come a long way on the road to acceptance. These individuals

FEB. 1989

The Reader's Voice

Ahead Of His Era

Editor, Daily Nexus:

Last Friday's performance by and subsequent arrest of artist Glen Meadmore reminded me of a recent comment by Paul Krassner (publisher of *The Realist*) on the subject of taboos:

"In the early '60s, Lenny Bruce got arrested in a nightclub for saying 'cocksucker' in a nightclub. Two decades later, Meryl Streep got a laugh and an Academy Award for saying the same word (intending to say 'seersucker') on the big screen in *Sophie's Choice*. If she hadn't got the Oscar, Jessica Lange was also a nominee for saying the same word (as a description of her profession) in *Francis*. (*Spin*, February, 1989, page 81).

DAN HICKEY

Listen, About Last Friday

Editor, Daily Nexus:

We wish to make a formal statement of apology regarding the performance of Glen Meadmore, Feb. 3, in the Pub at UCSB. The committee which planned the Lesbian and Gay Awareness Week events had no knowledge that this performer would put on such a tasteless act. Glen Meadmore was commissioned by the committee to do an entertaining, comical musical performance with his band to wrap up the week's events in a lighthearted way.

Unfortunately, the performer didn't have the same intentions. The result has been tragic. This performance offended not only all those in attendance, but all of the numerous persons involved in planning the event. This event was not planned by the Gay and Lesbian Student Union alone, but by numerous departments and non-gay persons involved across campus with Lesbian and Gay Awareness Week.

We hoped to approach these important issues in an educational, sensitive, tasteful manner. Glen Meadmore's performance was completely contrary to our intentions. We in no way condone what he did, and offer our heartfelt apology to anybody he offended.

AMY MESSINGER
JAMEY FRANK

Performer Arrested in Pub for Overexposure

Gay Presentation is Marred by Indecent Exposure Incident as Dancer Flashes

By Dan Goldberg
Staff Writer

A 32-year-old man performing in the UCen Pub as part of a Gay and Lesbian Awareness Week event was arrested for indecent exposure when his small black mini-dress crawled up above his ungartered crotch, exposing him to the estimated 200 spectators.

First singing and dancing while decked in make-up and a long "country dress," performance artist Glen Meadmore of Hollywood then took off the longer dress to reveal a smaller outfit and began dancing and

kicking up his legs, according to Student Manager Cathy Guiteras, who said it soon became apparent to the crowd that he wore nothing underneath.

The majority of the shocked audience left the Pub area almost immediately after Meadmore began exposing himself, and several complaints of a man dancing naked in The Pub prompted a call to campus police. Meadmore hid in a nearby restroom, but police soon arrived and he reportedly did not resist arrest.

Following his arrest, Meadmore was booked into county jail and charged with indecent exposure, said UCSB Police Lt. Antonio Alvarez.

"He will be given bail or released on his own recognizance; it's up to the jail," Alvarez said. "The report will be forwarded to the district attorney, and he will decide whether to prosecute or not."

(See INCIDENT, p.4)

INCIDENT: Performer Exposes Genitalia on Stage to Large Pub Crowd

(Continued from p.1)

Meadmore was unavailable for comment.

The event was originally intended to be held in Storke Plaza, but rain forced it into The Pub. Numerous noise complaints from a computer conference in the upstairs UCen Pavilion prompted Guiteras to walk down to request that the sound be reduced.

"I only went down to have the sound turned down,"

Guiteras said. "He was wearing a country dress down to about here (the knees), singing vulgar lyrics. Then he took it off and he was wearing this short, black, tight thing, and it pulled up. He was facing me, and I could see his penis."

"Then he came over and put his arm around me, like I was part of the act," Guiteras said.

Meadmore, who has recorded a few albums and has been

performing in the Los Angeles area for several years, was hired by John Eddy, former president of the UCSB Gay and Lesbian Student Union. Eddy said he had seen Meadmore perform and knew he had a penchant for the unusual, but said Meadmore had never before engaged in any lewd behavior in public.

"He's a friend of mine," Eddy said. "I'd seen him do some" (See INCIDENT, p.7)

INDEPENDENT **OPINION****ANGRY POODLE BARBECUE****Do the Funky Chicken**

PERFORMANCE EXPOSURE: Glen Meadmore may not be well known in Santa Barbara, but by his own admission, he's a pretty nice guy, even if he has used chicken heads—dead ones, I might add—as anal suppositories. Cut him some slack; he's a performance artist, whatever that means. Meadmore, a Hollywood resident, got in trouble on February 3 performing as part of UCSB's *Gay Awareness* week. His show didn't go over too well with campus police, or the District Attorney for that matter, so he'll be performing this week in the chambers of **Muni Court Judge Frank Ochoa**. Meadmore was initially charged with Indecent Exposure, but the complaint was later reduced to Disorderly Conduct, pertaining to "Lewd and Dissolute Behavior." I must say this legal language has the precise sort of masochistic kinkiness that drives people who like to be on the receiving end of verbal flagellations wild with delight. Anyway, Meadmore and his attorney, **Public Defender Rick Barron**, intend to make a major Free Speech fight out of the case and will introduce three big-wheels from the world of Art as witnesses on Meadmore's behalf.

So what happened? Well, it all started when Meadmore first got turned on to **Alice Cooper's** heavily theatrical brand of bad-boy rock and roll 17 years ago; he hasn't been the same since. By the time he hit UCSB's Pub, Meadmore had gone way beyond Alice Cooper and developed an outrageous schtick of his own.

First he danced and pranced and sang "silly hillbilly" songs for about 25 minutes, dressed in a big country-girl dress and bonnet. He interrupted his singing to peel off one man's shoes and socks, which he says is nothing compared to his other shows, where he literally assaults his audience. Then Meadmore stripped down into a tight black mini-skirt with a white skull-and-cross bones across his butt and sang "No Money, No Honey," presumably a song all about yuppie romance. "I was playing a heavy-metal hooker chick," he explained. The mini-skirt kept creeping higher and higher, and Meadmore was wearing no underwear, leading to what Barron so properly describes as the exposure of "buttocks and genitalia."

And that's what landed him in trouble. The **Poodle** thinks it's a sexist rap, that if it was a woman showing her stuff, there would be no complaint, and the whole thing just shows the pitifully low regard in which the male physique is held.

Barron contends that Meadmore's brief flesh-flashing is artistic expression, and as such protected by the First Amendment, and that performance art has a long and glorious tradition of shocking the sensibilities of anyone in viewing distance. Testifying on Meadmore's behalf is UCSB art professor and artist **Ann Hamilton**, who will explain what performance art really is, as well as **Steve Durland**, the editor of *High Performance*

Magazine, and **Jonathan Gold**, an art critic for the *L.A. Weekly*.

HERE COMES THE JUDGE: No one knows exactly what **Superior Court Judge Tom Adams** listened to in his youthful days, but the Poodle has it on good authority that the mellifluous and soft-spoken Adams will belt out a mean version of the Surfaris stellar surf-rock hit, "Wipe Out," at a benefit for the **Legal Aid Foundation** this Saturday night at El Paseo, backed up by the band the **Usual Suspects**, back from the grave one more time. For those unfamiliar with Legal Aid, it provides legal advice to low income people who are being evicted, probably for playing "Wipe Out" too loud.

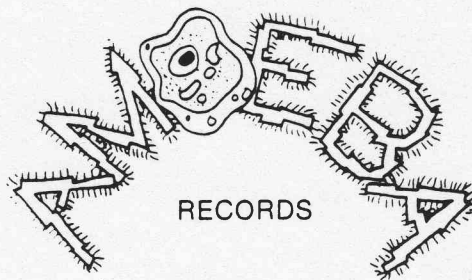
TOUCHY, TOUCHY: Last week, the *News-Press* threw away a full page ad headlined: "If Weeklies Are Such a Great Place To Advertise, How Come They Have To Give Them Away?" A bit shrill perhaps, a bit desperate, and ultimately counterproductive and deceitful. After all, the *News-Press* has spawned a weekly publication masquerading as junk mail, known as the *Spotlight*. It should be noted that not only does the *News-Press* give it away free to every household in its circulation base, it actually pays the postage to give it away free. Wouldn't it be nice if we all had money to burn?

WONDER WHAT HE MEANT BY THAT? After months of agonizing uncertainty, the **Hotel**

De Riviera finally opened last week to provide housing for mentally ill homeless, particularly Vietnam era vets with Post Traumatic Stress Disorder. It was quite the scene as all kinds of politicians, who did nothing to help out, rubbed shoulders with those who did at a ribbon-cutting ceremony that actually started on time. **Jack Crane**, who runs the county's homeless vet employment program, talked about how the project was kept alive with "rubber bands, paper-clips, spit, and bubble-gum." To which **Denver Mills**, a Vietnam Vet activist and professional bureaucrat quipped, "That's how we won Vietnam." The crowd stared nervously at the ceiling, trying to figure out what Mills was talking about when Crane shot back, "At least that's how we won World War II." The crowd laughed.

Congressman Robert Lagomarsino, a strong supporter of Reagan's policy to cut social service funding over the past eight years, was on hand, though he readily admitted he had done little so far for the hotel. So was **Ken Williams** of the welfare department, who had spoken the day before at UCSB stating: "A lot of people think the homeless just happened, but they didn't; they were created. They were created by Ronald Reagan's one-sided war against the poor." Lagomarsino and Williams never got together to talk about it.

—*Trixie*



5337 LA CRESTA COURT • LOS ANGELES, CAL

OPTION

L.A.WEEKLY

GLEN MEADMORE: Squaw Bread Well gaw-lee, Gomer, this here Glen feller seems like a right friendly sort. His cheery, aw-shucks singin' cartoon funk'n'hoedown tunes might even put dear old grandma in a good mood — until she realizes what he's talking about. Which won't take long, since he leads off the record with "I'll Teach You To Steal My Man," followed by (ahem) "Cornhole." But if she hasn't had a stroke by then, the granny might actually get a chuckle out of the footstompin' "He's a Dilly" or the unabashedly sleazy "No Money No Honey." His musical accompaniment consists of layers of cheesy but good-timey keyboard diddling — an unlikely but amusing approach, considering the barn dance idiom he's working. Conservative folks may just be annoyed, since the happy-go-lucky Meadmore offers his silly tunes without apology. Imagine, the guy actually has the nerve to yodel "you're the one who makes me glad I'm gay" as if he means it. Don't let the Ayatollah hear *Squaw Bread*, or Glen'll be in big trouble! (Amoeba, 5337 La Cresta Court, L.A., CA 90038) — Jon Young

First Impressions. I first saw Glen Meadmore perform at a seedy East Hollywood nightclub. He had inserted a number of chicken heads into his anus (to be honest, nobody could see that they were chicken heads — someone suggested papaya pits) and squirted them out at the audience. The proprietor, a shrill Tunisian woman, looked at the heads and shrieked, "Who's going to pick those up?"

ROCK POOL

*****Glen Meadmore's country twang influences more than his vocals: the music on *Squaw Bread* (Amoeba) is rollicking, fun and fast. But, with back-up singers like **Ru Paul** and **Vaginal Davis**, there's something not quite right. Especially when Glen lets loose on "Little Boy From The Farm" and "I'll Teach You To Steal My Man", which is a combination square-dance romp and catfight. Maybe Glen and the Frogs could get together and jam. In any case, the music is great, Glen's vocals are naive and sweet, and it's a fun record to get to know (Amoeba, 5337

EAST BAY EXPRESS - BERKELEY

Glen Meadmore CHICKEN & BISCUITS (Amoeba, 5337 LaCresta Court, L.A., CA 90038) Meadmore is the kind of loveable oddball that indie labels were made for. This LP is minimal, like the Normal or early Fad Gadget, and most of it's danceable. "Do Me Baby" is a technopop hoedown with a hot bluegrass fiddler adding just the right touch of authenticity; "Lovin' In My Oven" uses a funky organ riff and sounds like Tiny Tim fronting ? and the Mysterians; "Girlene" is a bitchy love song to someone that's "more than a woman," if you catch my drift; and "Gotta Thing" is spare pornographic funk that sounds like "Warm Leatherette." Pick hit.

Vital Statistics. Height: tall; very, very tall. Weight: hardly any at all. Age: "It's really impolite to ask, you know." Okay. Young.

Humble Beginnings. Glen, the son of a professional football player, danced nude, enveloped in dry-ice fog, in a Winnipeg disco. He also had a public-access cable-TV show on which he'd ad lib little stories and fables each week. There was a great deal of viewer response, not all of it favorable. His younger brothers contemplated changing their name. In junior high school, Glen was famous for his ability to burp and talk at the same time, a facility that he still uses in his act.

What Act? Glen sings, dances and plays electronic keyboards as a cabaret act, very funny really, every week at the Limbo Lounge. His music is better than you might think. So are his costumes.

Costumes. Jim, his manager, makes a new one for each show. Favorites include a mermaid outfit with real seaweed; a pink, polka-dotted hooded vinyl spy outfit; and a body suit made of linked, life-size plastic lobsters that light up when he flicks a switch.

Two True Celebrity Stories. 1) Dom DeLuise spotted Glen in Beverly Hills and asked him his waist size, exclaiming, "I love it!" Later, Glen followed him into the Grill and gave him his phone number. Later, Glen called Dom at home and spoke to his wife. Still later, Dom called Glen and told him to *lay off!* 2) Glen called Burt Reynolds at home and asked him if he'd like to go out. Burt said no.

Three Memorable Performances. 1) In memory of Jimi at Monterey Pop, Glen, wearing a devil suit, set an old, white Casio organ on fire. The fire extinguisher put out a lot more white stuff than he'd counted on, and the room cleared. 2) One night, in a lounge with a largely macrobiotic clientele, Glen miked the sound of sizzling hamburgers. Some people became physically ill. 3) One night, same lounge, Glen set off a stink bomb that filled the entire place with thick smoke. He thought the best part was when the fire department rushed in. It was a good way to end the set.

Glen's Four Top Ladies. 1) Diana Rigg. 2) Jerry Hall. 3) Tina Louise. 4) Julie Newmar (the Catwoman).

Glen Meadmore's new album, *Chicken & Biscuits*, is just out from Amoeba Records. Record-release parties will be held at the Limbo Lounge tonight, Thursday, January 22; and at Texas Records next Saturday, January 31.

—Jonathan Gold

Andy Warhol's Interview

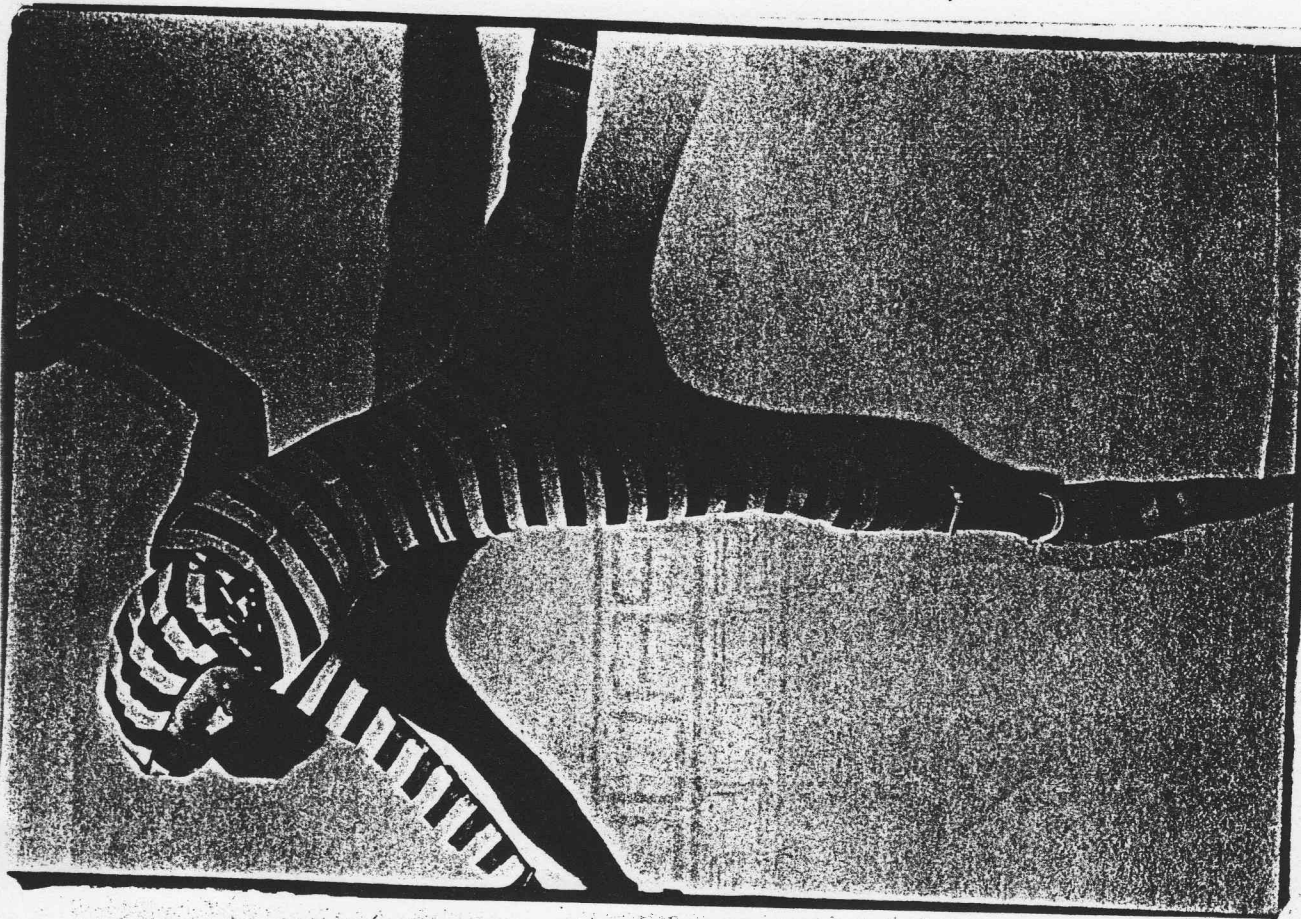
JULY 87

GLEN MEADMORE

"In my act I eat people's toes, strip boys naked and play with their genitals. People in the audience, at random. I gotta get my kicks somehow—it's the only way I get them these days. What I'm well known for is the 'Chicken-Head Act'—putting chicken heads in my derrière. I was trying to think of something to bring onstage that would be a little exciting, and I thought of chicken parts. I guess I got carried away. I've only done it once, and no one has ever complained about not seeing it again...."

"Not that long ago I was supposed to play an alien in a movie. But McDonald's was one of the movie's sponsors, and they were there when I was talking about my act. They were pretty disgusted and I lost the part. Now I just describe myself as a 'bad entertainer on the loose.'"

CREDITS: L.A.-based performance artist and actor. Singles "Do Me Baby" and "Sassy" will soon be released on Temple Records.



GLEN MEADMORE. PHOTOGRAPH BY ALBERT SANCHEZ

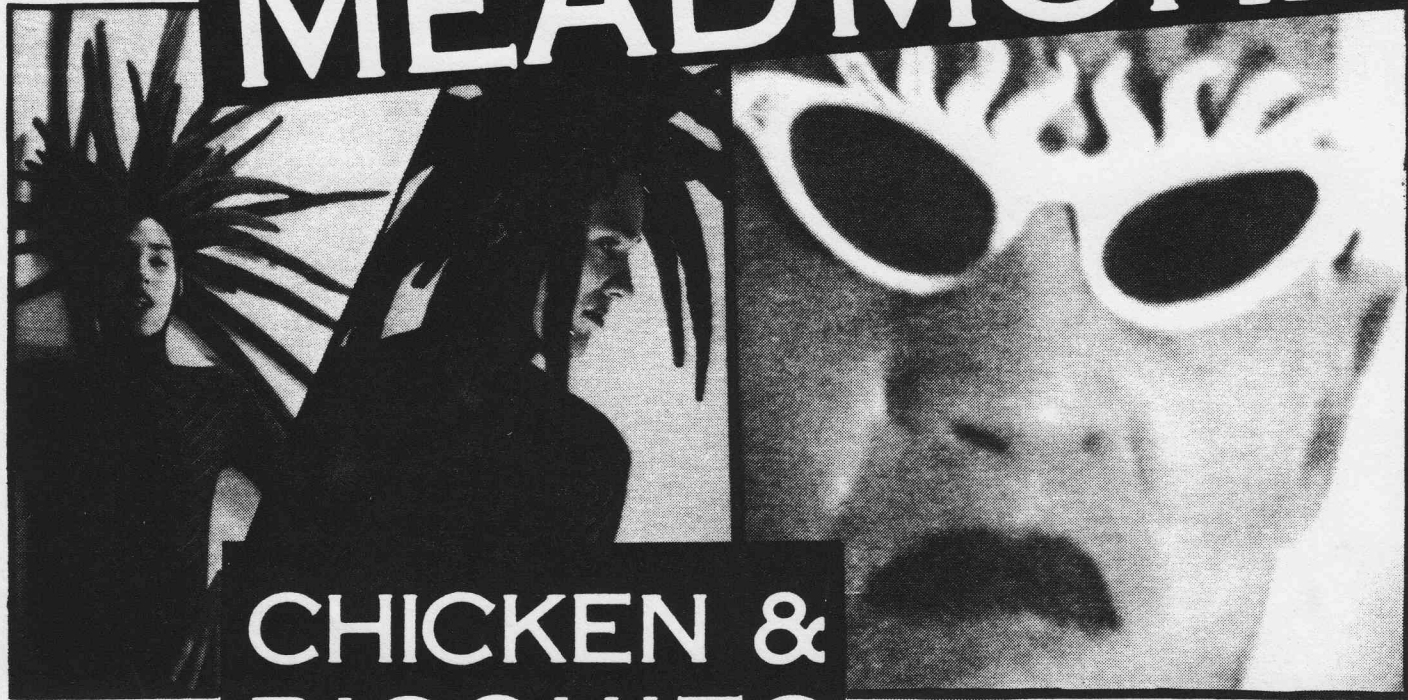
MAY/JUNE 1987 N° ISSUE \$2.50

OPTION

MUSIC ALTERNATIVES

GLENN MEADMORE: Chicken & Biscuits A novelty act performing synth-pop disco as a total joke (I hope). This was an utterly painful experience. Some of the stuff here would be OK in nightclubs; strong dance beats present on all songs except "Blissful Thing," which is pretty bland synthesized new age music. Meadmore sings (?) in a yodel-like style, kind of like Hank Williams, but without the C&W music. Since Meadmore appears as a transvestite on the insert, I suppose he's a performance artist and this record's some kind of document of his work. Stupidity reaches its climax on "Lovin' In My Oven." If you're into cross-dressing and inane humor you may like this, but it holds virtually no value otherwise. (Amoeba, 5337 La Cresta Ct., L.A., CA 90038)—Peter Margasak

GLEN MEADMORE



CHICKEN & BISCUITS

"MEADMORE IS THE KIND OF LOVEABLE ODDBALL THAT INDIE LABELS WERE MADE FOR. PICK HIT."---WESTERN ASSN. OF ROCK DJ'S (WARD)

"VERY DANCEABLE. 'DO ME BABY' IS A TECHNOPOP HOEDOWN WITH A HOT BLUEGRASS FIDDLER... 'LOVIN' IN MY OVEN' USES A FUNKY ORGAN RIFF... 'GOTTA THING' IS SPARE PORNOGRAPHIC FUNK"---DAILY CALIFORNIAN-BERKELEY

"STRONG DANCE BEATS PRESENT...SINGS(?) IN A YODEL-LIKE STYLE, KIND OF LIKE HANK WILLIAMS"---OPTION MAGAZINE

"THE HOTTEST PERFORMANCE ARTIST ON THE U.A. CIRCUIT"---L.A.WEEKLY

"LUSCIOUS LEAN THING" "SEE-IT-TO-BELIEVE-IT"

"MEADMORE SCARED THE LIVING DAYLIGHTS OUT OF SOME"---L.A.DEE DA

"THE MUSIC ON THE ALBUM IS GREAT AND THE VOCALS ARE SEVERELY BENT...THE SIGN OF A GENUINE ARTIST, A HARD THING TO FIND THESE DAYS." --- JELLO BIAFRA

"MAKE HIM A STAR, BUY THE RECORD"

"A COLORFUL LOCAL CELEBRITY WITH A FAITHFUL FOLLOWING OF FANS"---HOLLYWOOD KIDS



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