



CRUISE BRUISED!! TRIES TO JOIN LESBIAN SEX CLUB



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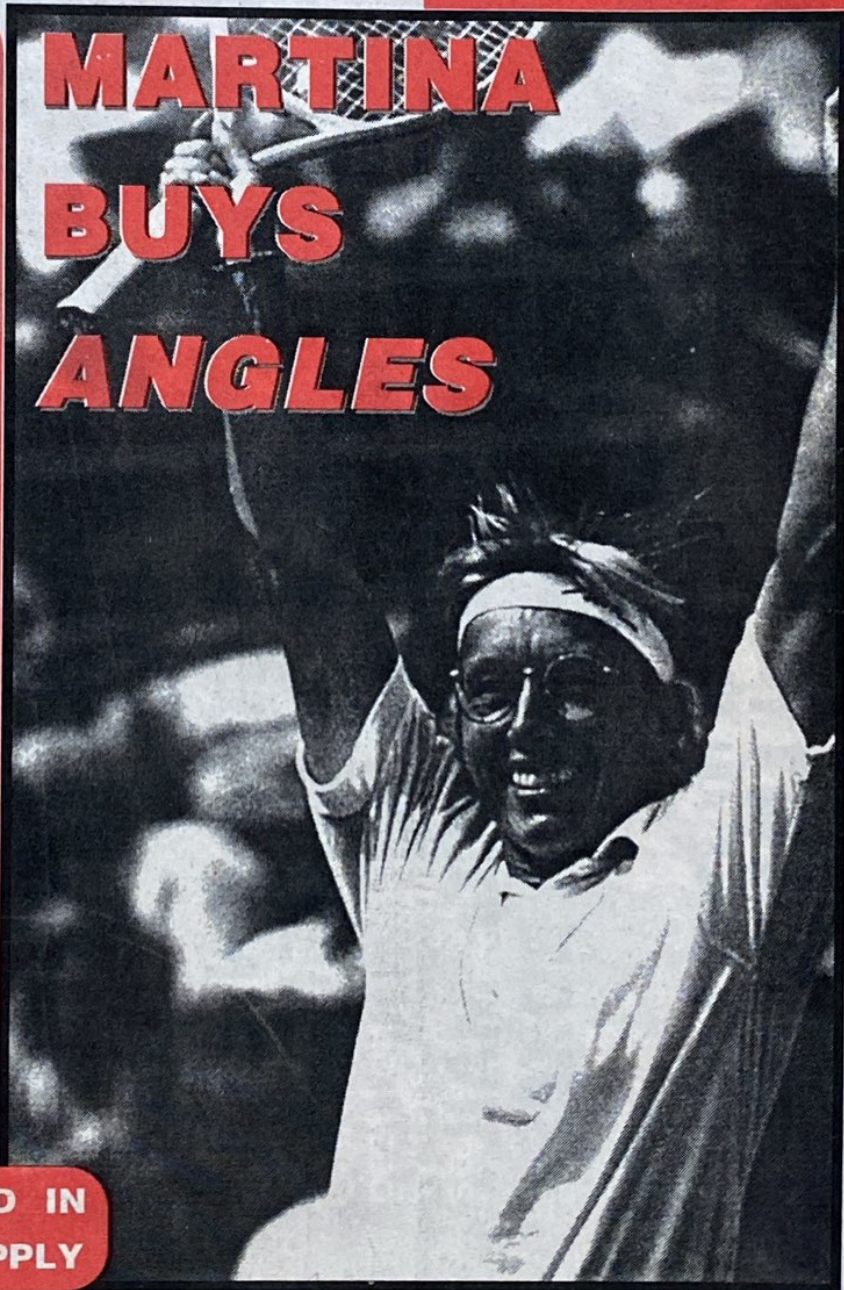
PHOTO SPECIAL

RU PAUL HOSTS GENDER BENDER BLOWOUT



DOGWOOD
MONARCHIST
SOCIETY
TURNS
25
YEARS
OLD

MARTINA BUYS ANGLES



LESBIAN GENE FOUND IN
VANCOUVER WATER SUPPLY

two men relate, makes Jeff and Harry's relationship one we believe in and care about. Further, in their credit, Thompson and Crowe find a balance between the good and the bad in this father and son relationship. For instance, though these men are very comfortable talking about their sexuality, there are limits. When Harry extols the virtues of masturbation, Jeff recoils in semi-mock-horror and observes that no man likes to think of his father masturbating, even though everyone does it at sometime.

There is no denying that *The Sum of Us* relies heavily on an idealized portrait of fathers and sons, or that tensions are too neatly resolved by the films close. While films that 'fall back' on this kind of easy resolution rarely seem credible, I believe *The Sum of Us* is an exception. Dowling and Burton are not film-makers who wear their politics on their sleeves, nor do they live in a vacuum. Rather than searching externally for resolution and political redemption, this film forces its characters and the audience to look within their own families and communities, and internally. This film does not argue for the abandonment of politics, an argument I would have trouble agreeing with, but rather looks for a new politic. *The Sum of Us* forces us to stop asking, "what are we going to do to make our lives better," and suggests instead that in simply living our lives we can create a new, more productive politic.

Film: Boys on the Side

Girls for a cry

reviewed by Francisco Ibanez

Two close friends and I went to see this movie without knowing much of it beforehand. I thought it was a comedy and now I find the TV trailers rather misleading. The story is simple: Jane (Whoopi Goldberg), a black lesbian rock singer who has just been let down by her band and her lover, meets the perky and proper Robin (Marie-Louise Carpenter, who apparently dies in many of her movies) through a newspaper ad when looking for a ride to L.A. They tolerate each other well. On their way there Jane decides to visit a young woman friend, Holly (Drew Barrymore, who highjacks the show with her looks and her charm). Holly, ever so innocent, lives in a dive with her drug addict / pusher boyfriend, who is a sexual creature that needs a bath desperately... When Jane and Robin get there he is throwing a fit for some lost money. He hits Holly, Jane hits him, the dirty hunk hits both of them and Robin judiciously stops the insanity with the characteristic demeanour of someone who "sold real estate during the eighties." Another fight ensues anyway and Holly hits her stud Megadeath boyfriend with a baseball bat. They have to leave while he is neutralised, so they tie him up and leave him in a pool of blood, not without taking one Polaroid shot of Holly and the tied up one for the road. Little did they know he will kick the bucket shortly after, but we know it's self-defence and it never becomes a source of tension for the audience.

Yes, it is a sort of *Thelma and Louise* so far, there is even a Brad-Pitt-like character who shows up later with a cute accent, overflowing tan muscles and sheathed in a cop uniform, what more can we ask for? From then on the action goes somewhere into the thick and garish depths of daytime melodrama. We learn that Robin has AIDS, Holly is pregnant (which doesn't stop her from frolicking in the sack with Abe -the- cop which I initially thought meant Ape, but it is short for Abraham) and Jane, the pillar of this newly formed family, who tends to fall in love with straight women.

No single theme is very important here — this is not a didactic statement about being a Lesbian in the US the way that Barbra Streisand and Glenn Close set up their made-for-tv movie *Serving In Silence* (which was okay, don't you think?) or about AIDS and sexuality or about unwanted pregnancy or about the *Forrest Gump* stupidity of men like Abe that is apparently rampant in the United States these days. It is an effective tear-jerker with few other pretensions. It is one more movie about women written and directed by guys (Herbert Ross and Don Roos), it could have been called "Directors On the Side."

I did like the segment in which Jane tries to set Robin up with this other hunk during this Taco-Bell kind of fiesta and they get together. They almost have sex, but in the midst of passion Robin stops panting for a moment, both still clothed, and tells him she is HIV positive. He says: "no problem, I knew that anyway" and she understands that her trust has been breached and someone has tried to help her because she is a disabled woman, well "fuck that," she says and turns him down. Good for Robin!! The music in the movie is good: Indigo Girls, Joan Armatrading, Carpenters and Sarah McLachlan. The camera work and the pace of the movie are extremely conventional — no surprises, no jolts and you get to see your share of emaciated AIDS people in case you haven't seen enough in your real life. This is a movie to cry about these things and not to think about them. I liked it because Whoopi Goldberg is in it and I watch anything she does, no matter what.