

Queer Thinking San Francisco 1994

Patrick Scully is a very tall, blond, handsome, HIV-positive guy from Minneapolis. He takes his clothes off right away, unfurling major weenie. Darn! There I go, divulging the whole plot. Anyway, the evening — allegedly/confoundingly “inspired by his reaction as a white man to *The Autobiography of Malcolm X*, *Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee*, and *Black Elk Speaks*,” go figure — is divided betwixt three separate personae. All of them (allowing for minuscule vocal modulations and varying degrees of undress) sound just like Patrick Scully chatting off the top of his head about matters that concern him. These mostly consist of anecdotes in which he behaved righteously in the face of homophobia.

Good for him. The world can always use more affable, politically conscientious, attractive gay men. On the other hand, those qualities don't automatically validate getting on a stage, rambling about whatever (while consulting laptop computer notes!) for 80 minutes, and charging admission for it. One-sided, getting-to-know-me dinner conversation ain't Art; it's just self-absorption thrust into the public arena.

Which brings up the one compelling idea *Queer Thinking* (inadvertently) raises: Is it coincidence that so many ostensibly radical gay male performance monologists happen to have penises that are inordinately large in repose? Would they feel quite so compelled to drop drawers otherwise? or to “perform” at all? Hey, just asking. I enjoy scoping a big one as much as the next bloke. But, dang, theater has to have *some* relation to the musty old values of pacing, narrative structure, characterization, thesis, etc. And they can't be measured in inches.

At Josie's Cabaret, 3583 16th St. (at Market), S.F. Through Jan. 30. (415) 861-7933.

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