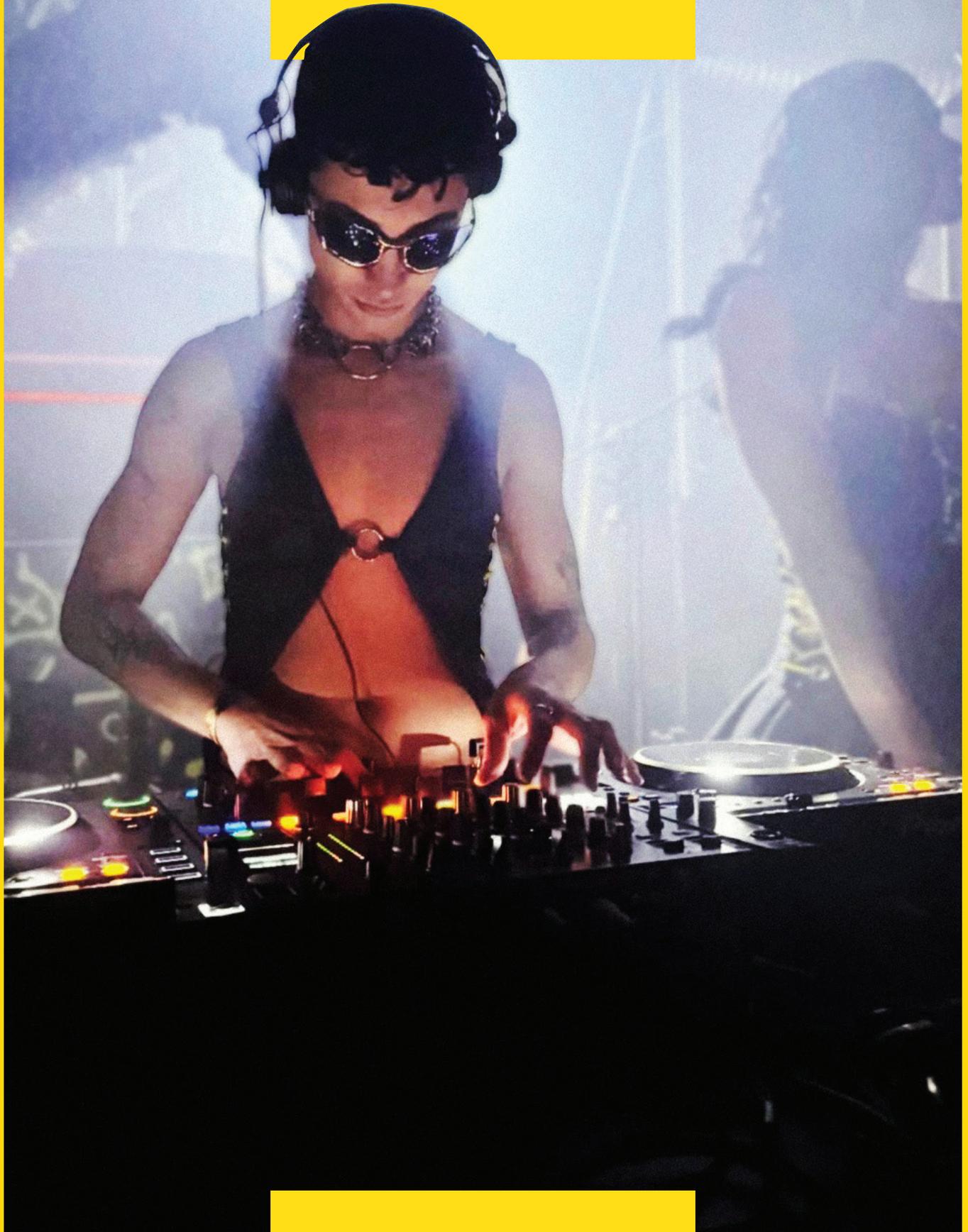


CASTRO MAGAZINE

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issue 01

Ibrahim Yorubulut
editor-in-chief

Jared Robinson
editor-at-large

Dominic Quintanilla
photography

credits

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model Felipe Sant'Anna

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model Davis Medina

image by Christian Dorsett

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image by Dave Martin

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Dick Woodward on Marshall's Beach, 1957.

Silver gelatin print, 10 x 8 inches.

Paul Dixon on Marshall's Beach, 1954 (printed c. 1955) silver gelatin print 10 x 8 inches (25.4 x 20.32 cm)

Vern Richards, c. 1955. courtesy Bob Mizer Museum and Photographic Archives.

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Courtesy of Joe Mazza

(@joemazzaphoto)

caption: Jerry Roberts AKA @JRTopDog filming his weekly instagram series, "balcony briefs" that elucidate all notable queer weekend events in San Francisco.

photo

Courtesy of Rachel Zeigler

(@rachel.z.photography)

photo

Courtesy of Mr. S Leather

(@mr.s.leather)

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model Fabianno Petriglieri



EDITOR



Ibrahim Yorubulut
Editor-in-Chief

Dear Friends,

Welcome to the very first issue of Castro Magazine. San Francisco has always been a city of music, movement, and magic. A place where queer culture thrives on the dance floor, in the streets and under neon lights. Yet sometimes, finding the fun can feel overwhelming. That's where we come in.

When I first moved to San Francisco, I felt both excited and lost. As an immigrant, I dreamed of the city's energy, the music, the nightlife, the queer magic I'd always heard about. But when I arrived, I didn't know where to go. I didn't know the venues locals loved, or the DJs who kept the city dancing. By the time I learned about an event, it was often already over. I wanted a guide, someone to show me where the fun was, where the community lived, and where I could belong.

When I think back to those first nights, I remember wishing for a place like this, a guide, a companion, a reminder that I belonged. My hope is that this magazine can be that for you. Wherever you are in your journey, I'm glad you're here. The night is just beginning.

Castro Magazine was born from that feeling. It exists so no one has to feel left out of the party. Think of it as a space where locals and visitors alike can discover what's happening, connect with each other, and get inspired by the energy of San Francisco's nightlife. Whether you're new to the city, looking for your first big night out, or have lived here your whole life, we want you to be the first to find the fun.

This magazine is your guide to the city's queer nightlife, the DJs who make us move, the drag queens redefining performance, the venues that keep our community alive, and the events you simply can't miss.

For me, Castro Magazine is more than listings and interviews, profiles and pictures. It's about belonging. It's about making sure no one feels alone or overlooked in a city bursting with lights and possibility.

Inside this first issue, you'll find the DJs shaping San Francisco's queer sound, events you shouldn't miss, fashion trends to follow and stories from the people who make our nights unforgettable. Think of us as your roadmap to the heart of queer nightlife, a way to always be in the know and on the list.

Let's step into the night together. The party is just getting started.

With love.

Ibrahim Yorubulut
Editor-in-Chief

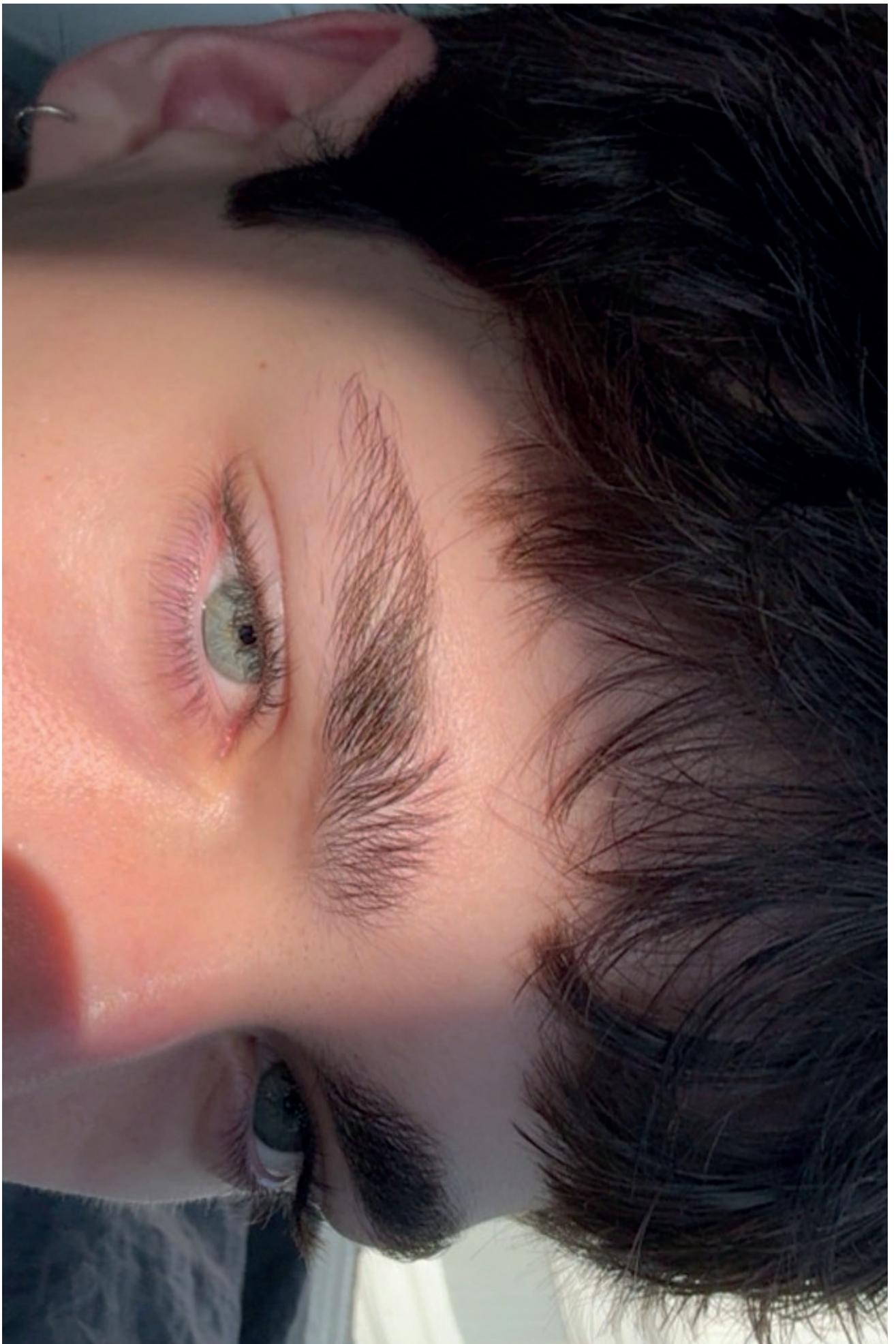


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Fashion Designer

CAM x VANTES



■ Tell us a little about yourself, what's your aesthetic?

I am a fashion designer and model whose work moves between chaos and intention. Rooted in concept yet guided by instinct, I construct each garment freehand, designing without patterns so every piece evolves on its own terms. The outcome is always one-of-one, a singular expression of mood, motion, and material.

My aesthetic is grungy, cunty, and unapologetically raw. The garments invite a double take: first the disruption, then the precision in their details. Beyond construction, the work is designed for embodiment. These pieces are made to make the wearer feel untouchable, unbothered, and entirely self-defined like no one can tell them anything. The clothes encourage people to step into their most confident, unapologetic selves.

My fashion doesn't just dress the body; it activates it, revealing the beauty that appears when control meets surrender. Evolves on its own terms. The outcome is always one-of-one, a singular expression of mood, motion, and material.

His aesthetic is grungy, cunty, and unapologetically raw. The garments invite a double take: first the disruption, then the precision in their details. Beyond construction, the work is designed for embodiment. These pieces are made to make the wearer feel untouchable, unbothered, and entirely self-defined like no one can tell them anything. The clothes encourage people to step into their most confident, unapologetic selves.

Camillo's fashion doesn't just dress the body; it activates it, revealing the beauty that appears when control meets surrender.

■ How does it feel to make clothes from scratch?

Making clothes from scratch is always a challenge. I'm usually crashing out throughout the entire process; excited, anxious, and unsure how it will turn out. There's a lot of uncertainty, and I make mistakes constantly. But those mistakes teach me the most, and sometimes they even take the piece somewhere better than I planned. The process moves between soothing and frustrating, chaos and clarity, but I've learned to trust that.

When I finally see the garment finished and on someone, whether it's me or another person, I always have that wow moment. It feels like everything I went through was worth it. I almost wish I could go back and experience the entire rollercoaster again, just to feel it happen.

And that's what motivates me to keep creating: that same crazy, frustrating, unexpectedly beautiful process, over and over.





■ **Why did you start making clothes?**

Denim was where my love for creating first began. Growing up, I couldn't always afford new clothes, so I learned to reinvent what I had, turning one shirt into a hundred looks. When I finally got a sewing machine, everything changed; it felt like unlocking my imagination. My style now blends the raw edge of denim with Vivienne Westwood's rebellious spirit, a touch of rave culture, and an emphasis on the body. Raves and festivals hold a special place in my heart, it's where I made my first outfit from scratch. I don't sketch much; instead, I draw inspiration from everyday life: a scroll through Pinterest, a post on Instagram, or something I see on the street. Once an idea hits, I just follow the flow and let it become whatever it's meant to be.



■ **What inspires you when you start a new project?**

When I start a new project, it usually begins as me on FaceTime with my creative director and photographer, Victor. We bounce ideas off each other, say “that’s cunt” a million times, and let the creative energy flow. I try to start with a strong concept, but we’re also manifesting, living in the future we want to create, knowing the idea will take us somewhere better than where we are now.

Sometimes, we have a clear vision, and then at the last second everything changes and that’s when the real magic happens. Inspiration comes from the balance between planning and chaos, concept and instinct, present and future. It’s about imagining the future of fashion and stepping into it before anyone else sees it, letting the process lead us to something bigger than we could have planned.

To Be About the Life You Choose to Live:

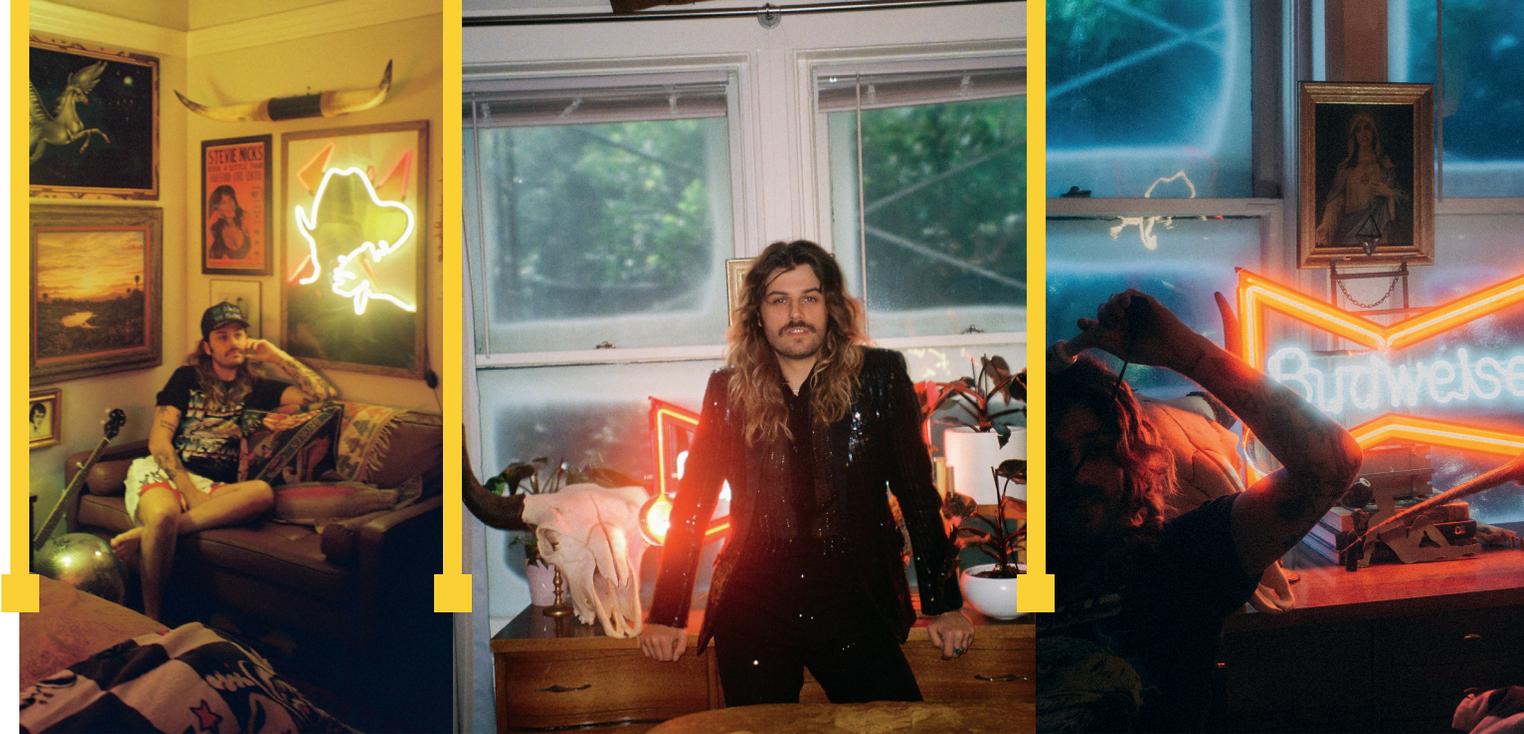
Wild West is an advocate for the preservation of San Francisco's queer, artistic history. He convenes his party, Apollo, in a building in the Tenderloin which it is his ultimate goal to have registered as an historic site. Later, he will say there was once a body hidden in the walls.



Getting Ready with the Crown Prince of San Francisco, Wild West!



Wild West greets Castro Magazine at his Lower Nob Hill spot in shorts and a t-shirt covered in boldface text. The look is head to toe. He is even wearing a scribbled over trucker hat. The hat appears to an untrained eye the country kitsch of a rest stop souvenir rack. (It's couture, obviously.) He invites us into a cozy space where a startling amount of wild game stares back at us—a buck here, a pheasant there (which he tells us later he bought just the day before.) There is neon, and rainbow-ordered books, and every available bit of wallspace is adorned in a knowing and felt collage of personal history and style, faces and places. My eye is immediately drawn to the infamous “leg lamp” from *A Christmas Story* which illuminates a corner of the wall by the bed where one of my favorite pictures of the gay country Western singer Orville Peck hangs between a black and white picture of Elvis, a Tom of Finland poster, and a sacred heart Jesus—all this huddled above a candle that appears to be a Budweiser can, where a half-smoked joint is poised, expectant. The immediate impression is of careful attention, detail and design.



West appears rather calm and unbothered for someone who is, later that day, to be coronated as Crown Prince of San Francisco and then, in the evening, flying to Australia. But as we talk it becomes clear that perseverance, presence, and a persistent desire to reach the communities he cares for are what's really grounding him. Before he begins to tell us his story, he talks about how he and his friends are also thinking of launching a magazine modeled on the exact era of memorabilia that is so lovingly arranged as the decor of his space. He crosses the room and picks up a copy of *Honcho* and a copy of *Drummer* magazine, two later 20th century outlets for (largely) gay pornography with choice interviews and editorials. He opens one on his Ed Hardy blanket as he tells *Castro Magazine* about the death of high quality print media for the gay community, at least print media that also includes the sort of editorial boudoir photography that seems to fascinate West. (On this, we agree!) He sighs and sits, "Are you ready to hear my story?"

Born in Appalachia, in East Tennessee, West grew up in a town without a stoplight, in the heart of coal country. His father and grandfather were career coal miners. This heritage colors his self-styling, rooting his taste in a form of Americana at least visually contiguous with the gold rush era in California, a wilder west. "I always feel most at home in a dive bar," West says, sort of taking in us taking in the room around him. Like so many people who started their lives out east and traveled west to seek a fortune panning for gold in California, Wild West made the difficult decision to leave Nashville in February 2020 and begin a road trip across the country to San Francisco.

West taught high school Agricultural Science for six years in Nashville before an F4 tornado flattened the area where he was living. It was then that West knew it was time to pack up and split—a sort of Dorothy on her way to Oz by the Bay. So that fateful February, as mask mandates began to spill into the states from over the ocean, West and his friend set out to California on what was meant to be an 11 day road trip. As the

pandemic was swelling into reality around them, West and his friend were off the grid camping and roaming the American south west. At Arches National Park in Utah, they found themselves staring down a bit of a revelation. "Do you know that arch from *Harry Potter*?" West asks. We do—it marks the veil between life and death. "Yeah," West says, "That one. Anyway, my friend points at the big arch and he says, 'You're about to cross over and start your new life.'" What West's friend surely meant as a narrative of rebirth, of cycles and crossings over was, back in the metropolitan areas of much of these United States, rapidly becoming a global crisis.

For West, the more or less generic story of a massive relocation, away from family and dog, friends and familiar spaces, was compounded by the claustrophobia and paranoia of that era. It takes months, he tells us, for him to settle into an apartment, and longer still to fall in with a crowd of friends. But friends did come. He recalls them first by name, then more like a crew, as his personal history opens into the years more proximate to the origins of Apollo.

West says that he started throwing Apollo in a space that was still very much a work in progress. He recounts an anxiety provoking first attempt in the middle of 2023, which followed closely on the heels of his having been fired from the job which had pulled him from the cocoon of the pandemic. The night of the party the owners told him to get there at 1am. "I was supposed to install decor," West scoffs at the still slightly bitter memory. And when he gets in the venue there's still scaffolding on the dance floor. In fact, there's still full-on construction occurring, the bathrooms are destroyed, and for some reason there is sawdust on the floor. West tells us he went into full teacher mode, and by the time the first of the 450 guests arrived the space was close enough to a proper club. "The sawdust added to the whole aesthetic," He shrugs. What was meant to be a one-time gig, an opening party for a new club in an old weed growing outfit in the TL, grew into the weekend standard that is Apollo.



But there is something larger at stake in all this personal history for West, who regularly has access to small group conversations with city leadership about the role of the arts in San Francisco. Living and working in the Tenderloin has given West a keen sense of the city's lack of social housing, and his life in the artistic civil service of party planning has lent him a unique perspective both of how a community organizes and what it needs to sustain itself—namely an outlet for artistic expression and a sense of its own history. Apollo's installation into an historically gay Tenderloin building, on par with the great Aunt Charlie's, gives his creative work a quality of advocacy for the preservation of San Francisco's history. He spills a bit of his archival tea:

"Let me tell you something cool about that space - since the 1930s the club, in what is now the Apollo venue, has been operating as an elusive queer club for those "in the know" and was first raided by police in 1936. . When, later in the 50s, it was Club 181 it was also raided for hosting drag performances." West has a deep commitment to the city of San Francisco, a city he sees as built and maintained in its truest character by the many artists and teachers, activists and counter-cultural innovators that have contributed to its national character and its myths. As we talk he starts to get dressed for his coronation to become its Prince. West is, shortly after parting with us, to attend the coronation of the Imperial Council of



San Francisco where he has been nominated to serve as the Imperial Crown Prince with the Imperial Council of San Francisco—a charitable fundraising organization with deep roots in SF's gay communities. For the occasion he pulls an all black suit with a slight, pinstripe shimmer of silver thread throughout from his closet of neatly organized, tailmade western wear. The top is YSL.

West leaves for Sydney mardi-gras that evening (it is a Saturday.) And while he is certainly headed all the way to the other side of the planet in need of a vacation, he is also doing a bit of professional development. He tells us he tries to go out and see different parties to bring a bit of the nightlife back from wherever he goes, like the art and objects he collects in his apartment, perfectly curated and deeply loved. He tells us a funny story about how on a previous trip to Brazil for Carnival he caught a glimpse of the broad reach of his work. He describes seeing a man checking him out on Ipanema Boulevard by the water, where he had been unassumingly

and seemingly anonymously listening to the ocean and having a stroll. West thinks the guy is just cruising him, he says. But the dude approaches and just says to West: "Apollo." Which catches West totally by surprise. West responds: "What?"

Turns out this person had recognized him from the party, from Apollo. He jogs West's memory with a shared cigarette, then proceeds to tell West about how—when he was visiting SF—he and his friends had gone to Apollo, twice.

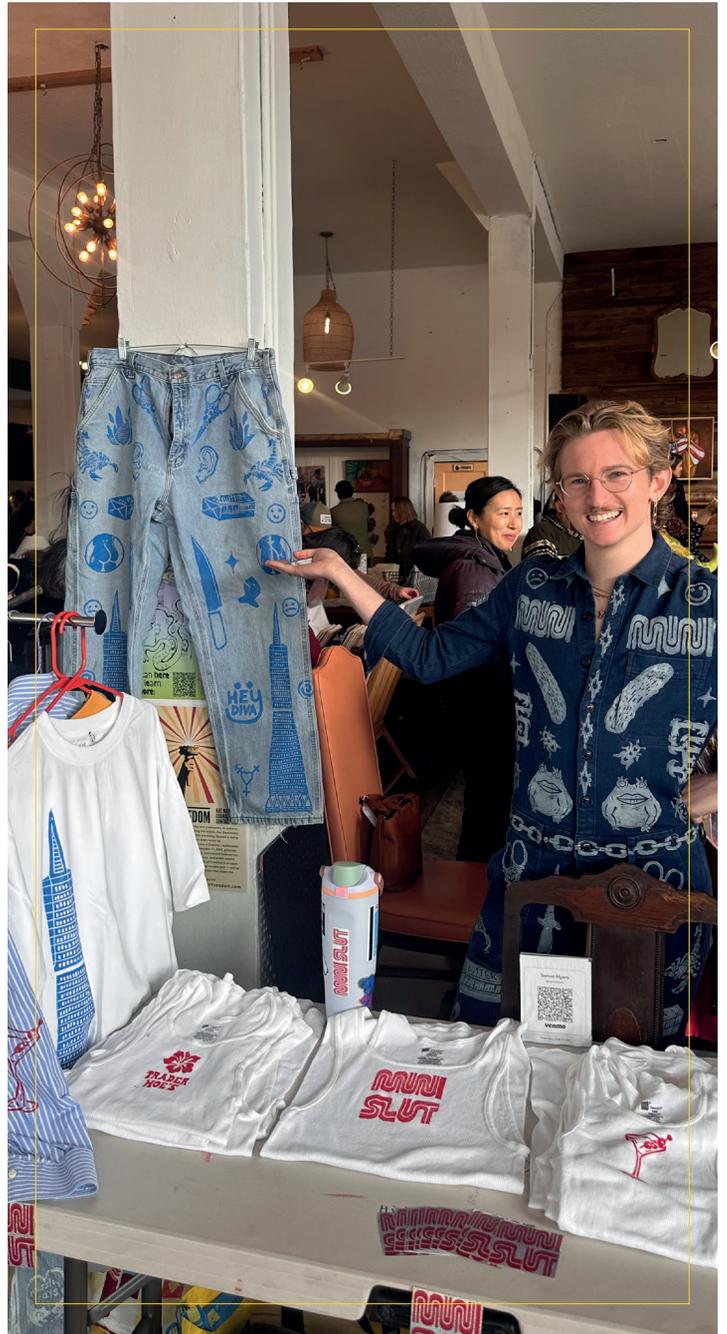


Meet Sam Myers,
fashion designer.





"My mission is to create wearable art that's sustainable, local, and an embodiment of the creativity that continues to shape SF."



There is an ambiguous cliché that runs: “Fashion is wearable art.” It is ambiguous because, like the biting “Love that shirt” so many of us queers launch at one another at Hi-Tops or Club 6, it carries a tinge of irony. Think of a sculpture, a painting, or yes even a runway look by Commes des Garçons—these do not make altogether very comfortable clothing, some might present the would-be wearer with a great deal of difficulty in even figuring out, for instance, where an arm or a head is meant to fit. Still, the ambivalent artfulness of clothes, their ability to capture the spirit and particularity of the wearer or a scene, is one of the many things that makes getting dressed so fun, even artful in itself.

Hey Diva! Sam Myers’s crafty pret-a-porter line of slutty t-shirts and art heaux jeans takes the bold, ironic

greeting of so many gay men and turns it over into wearable art. Taking inspiration from the city around him, Myers crafts cheeky tanks and collages on jeans to create West-Coast-Craft-to-Toad-Hall-ready garments, thrifted or printed to perfection.

Hey Diva! utilizes the iconography of San Francisco (the TransAmerica Pyramid, for example) to impress upon the wearer, and any passerby, a pride in being from (or at least in) SF. A pride that, for Myers, extends to the pride of SF’s vibrant queer community. Myer’s characterizes the brand like this, “It’s all about celebrating you and your eccentricities through hand-crafted pieces that ooze with queer joy!”



Myers's take on fashion is friendly, funny, and gender fluid—opting out of any recognition of gender specific clothing by focusing on a wardrobe of everyday garments : camp shirts, tanks, and jeans. The artful twist, however, is *Hey Diva!*'s transformation of vintage denim, thrifted tops, or basic blanks into handcrafted and thus unique clothes.

A pair of jeans, for instance, which utilizes the brand's favorite bootleg logo—that of the MUNI metro—is reimaged through a stamping process into a bright blue pattern of tattoos and foodstuffs.

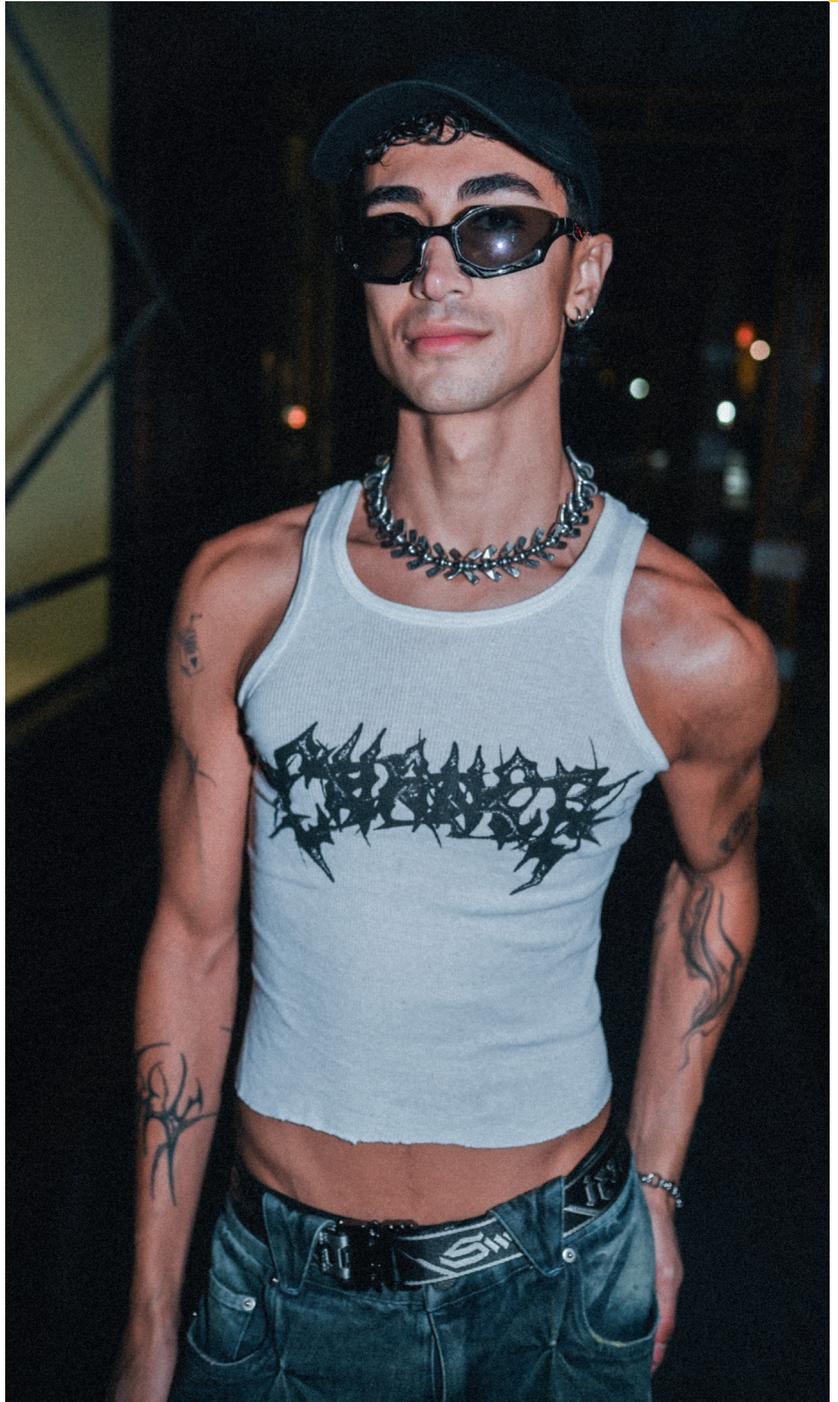
Myers started small, "in a *MISSION*, apartment with hand-carved stamps and thrifted clothes," making the lived-in quality of the vintage pieces he sources extend

into the homespun ethos of the brand's genesis. But the designer's larger intentions are clear: to bring the physical and iconographic elements of the city closer to its lived community, so closer in fact it touches their skin.

"I love breathing new life into old pieces by printing custom designs onto secondhand finds. Inspired by queer culture, SF architecture, tattoos, and everyday moments, each print tells a story: personal, imperfect, and made by hand."

DJ sweetfeep



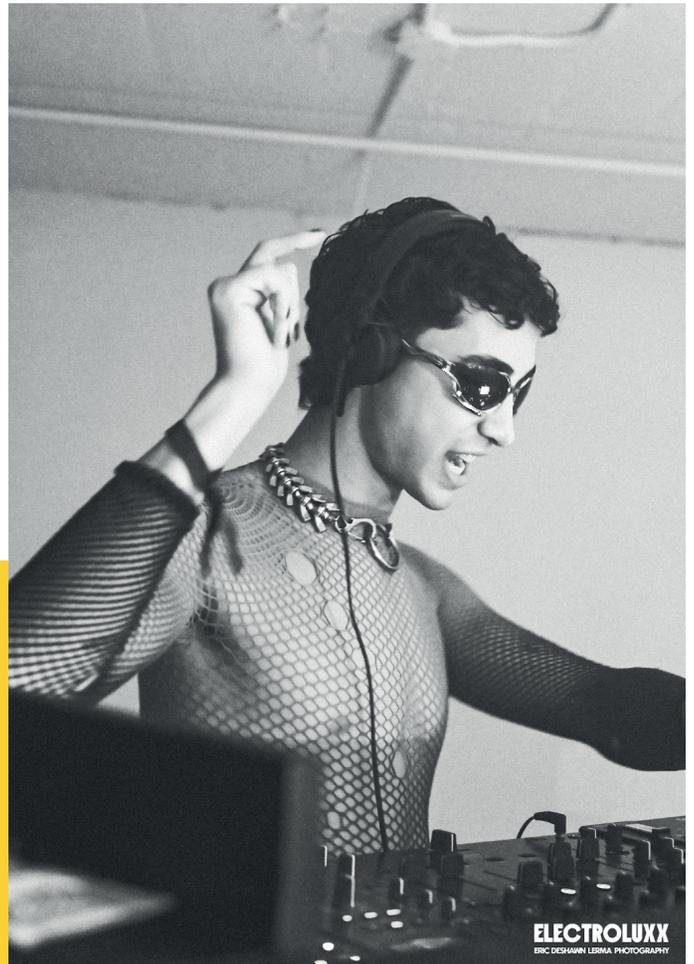
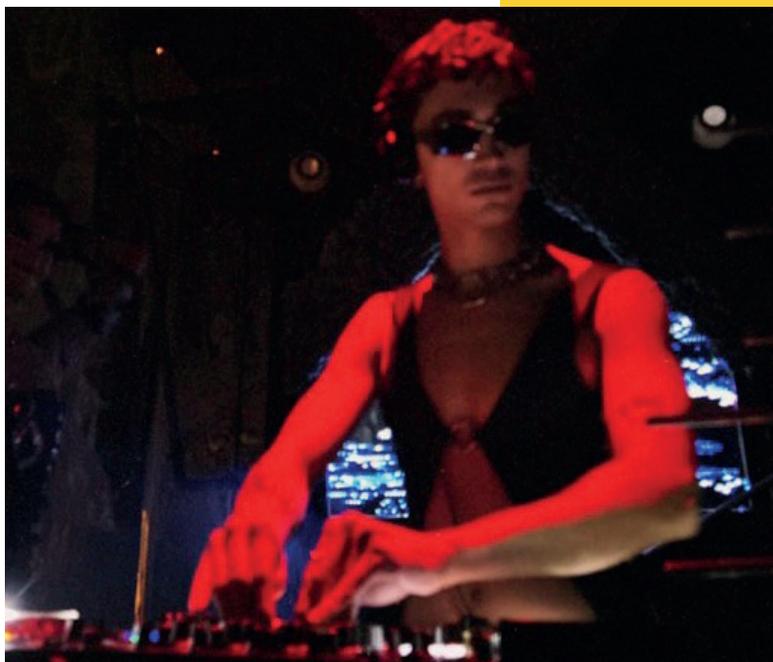


A Brazilian-American DJ based in San Francisco's Mission District, sweetfeep's path into nightlife started with drag. Over the past year, he's brought his style rooted in baile funk, house, and techno to parties like Electroluxx, Velvet, Queen Out, and Safada.



At the core of Felipe's (sweetfiep) performances is a desire to create spaces for transcendence and belonging. Born in Chicago, Felipe spent his teenage years in Brazil where family parties always got good when the guitars started to come out: "My uncles would always throw parties," he told *Castro Magazine* over zoom, mid-morning on a Sunday from his couch, "People would always start to sing and dance."

That organic feeling of connection and expression, where family and culture collide, paved the way for Felipe's performances. He speaks about the parties he likes, everything from underground parties in SF like Müll or a particularly hypnotic set in CDMX several years ago, and in every instance the feeling he's after is the same: A sense that music not only moves us toward connection with one another, but that it has an almost ritualistic power to create momentary feelings of home out of thin air (and a keen sense for selecting.)



Felipe is a DJ who thinks hard about the environment his music creates, but also about the people who find themselves in it. He gets to thinking about the feeling of being up in the booth and tells us a bit of what's going through his head, "I try to put myself in the shoes of the people I am playing music for," he says, "Ok, so I'm gay and I'm in a jockstrap right now, what do I need to hear?" And this desire to imagine the floor beyond the decks extends to Felipe's ideas for his own parties. "If I were to plan a party, I would want it to be very intentional." Intentionally open, intentionally feral—a space for release and a movement beyond the strictures of mind towards the freedom of collective embodiment.

"[DJ-ing is about] bringing people into your world," he tells us. And for Felipe that world is populated by Baile funk, house, and techno—although, in his off hours he's a bit less intense. "My Spotify age was, like, 80," he jokes, "[At home] I listen to mostly chill music." We laugh about the contrast between the intensity of his club sets and the tranquility of his home listening. But Felipe sees the space between as productive them—sitting at home, putting himself in the mindset of the club with colored lights, he builds the sets he hopes will help a room of sweaty strangers feel the magic he felt brewing at his uncle's parties in Brazil. He smiles into the camera and asks, "What spell do I want to cast?"

“IF SOMEBODY WANTS TO TRY”:

ELLIOTT C NATHAN AND THE ELECTROLUXX CREATIVE COLLECTIVE



Elliott Nathan was always throwing parties. He perches, in Birkenstocks and paint splattered pants, and hosts us with frenetic grace. As he tells *Castro Magazine* about the many different projects he’s currently working on, he continues to crack beers and clear spills, sometimes shouting across his yawning studio as he goes to fetch another glass or a piece of ephemera. The first thing he might say is that the Electroluxx parties, and in fact the whole host of events he facilitates between the Midway and the old San Francisco Mint, are not really his. He begins with a list of names: Brett and Danny are the two that come up most, his two long-time collaborators. Both of them have been a part of Electroluxx from the very beginning. Brett is the one we meet, a week later, just before an iteration of Electroluxx we all attend called: Afterdark.

Brett is far too busy in the bustle of pre-show logistics when we see him the week after this profile was written. He sweeps into the quiet studio where I type and chat to Elliott, trailed by several men, including the artist and content creator Cody Silver and the boys who throw Eruption (a party recently relocated to LA.)



They seem to have just come up to poke around and plot. While one of them finds a bottle of tequila and takes a shot, the others marvel at the candy and lights all around the room. Brett updates Elliott on something important-sounding, and Elliott complains to him, justifiably, about the difficulty of getting anything done in the frenzy of so much work around. I watch as, behind them near the entrance, Silver finds the cabinet near the door bathed in orange light, full of treats and toys and clocks. He noses around it for a second before quietly leaving with a few of the boys. Back to work, I presume. The drinker stays and proceeds to regale the assembled company with snippets from the previous evening.

Brett helps Elliott to carve a path through the thorny logistics of their large, multi-artist parties. Brett has the presence and the acumen of an old school A & R man. In fact, the stories that fill the studio as they talk, discuss the previous evening's entertainment, clarify this image of him as a talent scout as well as a producer. They all quickly disappear again, back into the bowels of the Mint to prepare for the party.

That same afternoon, Brett appears again up in the studio, this time with a package—Elliott thinks it's shrimp for his fish. Elliott is elated, trying to describe to Brett's chagrin how the contents of the styrofoam box will be fairly distributed among the fish in the aquarium by his desk. Brett goes along with this, a little confused, having brought the box up, he says, as a gift. Elliott opens the box to find almost \$700 worth of caviar. There is a collective cooing and laughter, before Elliott clarifies to me: "There's going to be a booth where you can get a bump of caviar

and a glass of champagne." "A half a glass," Brett says. Elliott's other dear friend and collaborator Danny passed a few years back. On the night we meet Elliott alone for this profile, we toast his memory as we talk.

Later, in a more tender moment, Elliott shows me a video of Danny's last DJ set, which was filmed to be shown at a party Danny'd been bummed about not being able to attend. In the video Danny bounces in a spotted wrestling singlet before one of Elliott's very Keith Herring inspired murals. He is unquestionably vivacious, wearing a highlighter yellow jacket, and spins mostly disco and funk. As we watch, Elliott talks about their dynamic as a duo—catching energy, immaculate vibes, and of course, the special love of lasting friendship. When Danny's done we hear him announce it to the camera. He covers his mouth, he strips, he thinks to bow it seems and doesn't. Elliott's voice cuts in from behind the camera. "Do you want to take a bow?" Danny does, and then he moons the lens.

Danny's sincere, edgy, playfulness lives at the heart of Electroluxx in its various guises, and indeed in all of Elliott's work. The two gallery spaces Elliott manages and curates, located within and on the neighboring lot of the Midway, host a wide variety of typically group shows with 5-15 artists. These galleries, Elliott tells us, he rotates on a mind boggling once per month cycle. While we speak to Elliott, he receives no fewer than 20 texts, takes a meeting with a set designer in Helsinki, and manages to keep his notes from getting disarrayed. It's astounding really, the level of coordination that lives in the seeming chaos of his workspace. He points to a series of tables covered with sticky notes, pieces of paper, rulers, and champagne corks. "That's the whole year," he says, "But right now there are too many tables."



ELECTROLUXX
photos by Lucas Francisco

Elliott's generosity with his space extends into a long history of hosting. The first party he ever threw was in early high school as the new kid in town, a dare to a not-so-nice group of Connecticut Yankees. This first event was humble: 20 people, at his parents' house, thrown—he tells us—as a sort of “meet-and-greet.” But all the elements of Electroluxx are there: a sacred shared space, an unfolding series of rooms, a group of soon-to-be friends or lovers come to experiment with gathering, perhaps for the first and last time. These parties grew as Elliott grew more savvy: letting his friends in through a backstair and leading them through a concatenated series of underground rooms back to the libations and the fun. (At the party we attend after this interview, the back door off the plaza thru which one typically enters to Elliott's studio is the portal to a smoking area.)

Suffice to say, several decades later, the parties have grown exponentially—not only in scale but in ethos. “I like the feeling of there being multiple parties in a party,” Elliott tells us. “I like the idea of getting more than you expect from something.” Now spanning at least three stages (and sometimes up to seven) Electroluxx

transforms the dynamic space of the Midway's gaping warehouse, or the old Mint's cavernous basement, or the hollow core of the Palace of Fine Arts, into a wonderland of art and dance music. Elliott shares his work with apparent enthusiasm, the same enthusiasm with which he shares his space with us as we talk. “The idea of an elitist party is very unappealing,” he says, and scrunches his face. Elliott's openness, his desire to be fresh and exciting, and his genuine love of hosting all culminate in parties that act more like buffets or offerings to the community, a community Elliott hopes will expand to hold the whole of San Francisco, the bay area, and beyond.

When the call from Helsinki comes in, Elliott buttons up a bit. It is 11pm. His capacity for administrative output at such an odd hour strikes me as both delightfully comic and deadly serious. As he talks numbers, we take a moment to take in the studio: what appeared at first a typically messy artist's loft reveals itself as ordered and bordered as the canvases of Elliott's painting that decorate every wall. When the meeting is over, we laugh a bit and I try to make some heady point about how –it occurs to me– Elliott is a practitioner of



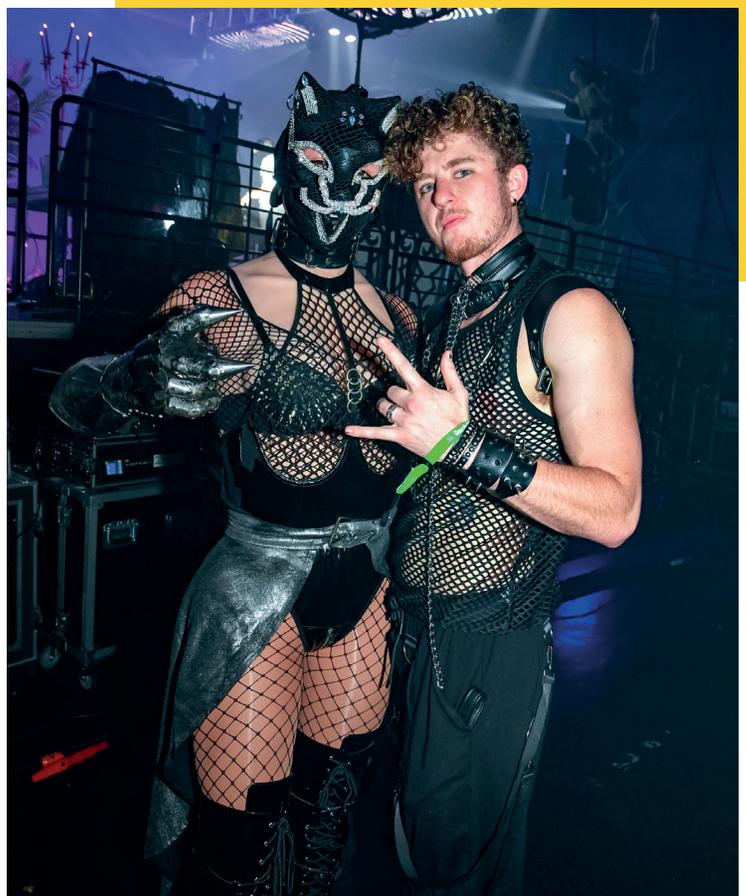
ELECTROLUXX
Photo by Cooch



a deeply diverse mode of “public art.” From the murals he paints around the city, to the murals he coordinates artists to paint in the Midway’s gallery space, and the panoramic parties he throws around the city, all in breakneck succession, a theme emerges: a community first, collaboration forward, platforming ethos that seems to produce more a mentorship and community development program than a party planning and gallery directing operation. But Elliott would bat all this away and say something more elegant: “While I was first starting out, I had a lot of help from people and nothing to offer them. Now that I have more to offer, I want to give people space to play out the ideas that are in their head.” (Everyone we speak to during the build day the Friday before the party says the same thing, working for Elliott pays, creatively as well as monetarily. A rare combination at an essentially DIY event!)

The whole of Elliott’s operation functions at the service of dreams. Elliott tells us he doesn’t start by giving artists or DJs a budget or a scope, but instead asks them to swing for the fences, pitching him on what they’d need to realize the most elaborate versions of their own fantasies. Across our time together he has no fewer than five conversations with various artists and designers wherein, at some point, an exchange like this occurs. And it always ends the same way, “Great—but I’ll ask again, is that enough money to make sure you [the artist] get paid?”

Elliott makes communities out of people who are seeking their own avenues of creation. He scouts DJs at house parties and invites them to grow with him. He is more than a grown-up DIY kid who is making parties that try to expand the feeling of having new friends around into a business, he is tinkerer grown into a thinker, who uses his incredible energy to reorganize the traditional





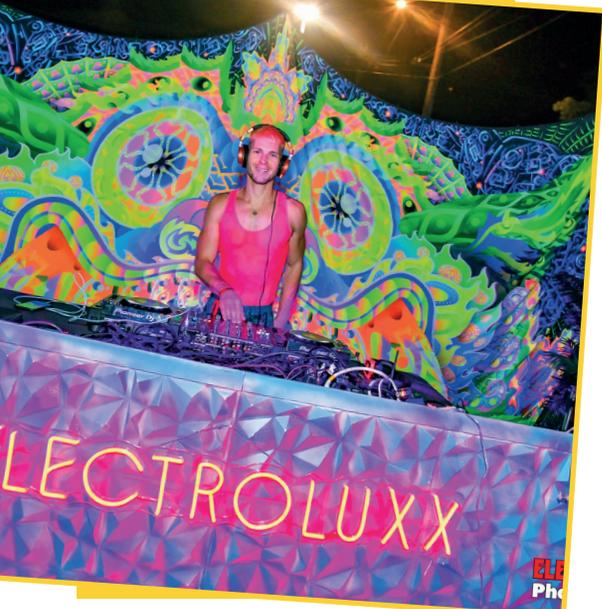
roles of a producer, a curator, an artist, a mentor, and a promoter into a single, massively impactful effort which cultivates as it celebrates, turning artisans into club kids and club kids into connoisseurs.



The most moving revelation of my short time among these collaborators and creatives was how open they have made their scene. Such that it is no longer even properly a scene. Electroluxx has made it entirely plausible that on an off chance, on a random night in February say, someone who perhaps has always felt lost or least among even supposed fellow travelers blows in, they will find a rare opportunity to release the incredible weight of feeling outclassed and overrun by the very culture which is meant to connect us. There is something grounding in Nathan's community-form beyond a shared experience of social or political ostracization. These parties, created en masse, activate a community that is not founded on trauma bonds but on the shared condition of a true entrepreneurial and artistic spirit, a sort of genius that circulates in the bowels of the Mint as we wander around on build day chatting people up. It is the idea of or the wish for such a genius community that comes through in observing the central organizing processes and people behind Electrolux.



That the party occasionally co-opts spaces once used to serve the business and promotion of the state and reallocates them to outrageous experiments and experiences with open sexuality, genuine play, and a smorgasbord of sounds and moving images, gives Electroluxx a nearly operatic scale and political edge Elliott does not claim, at least openly. His is a humility which serves to reaffirm the collegiate joy of the myriad seeming transgressions Electroluxx affirms.



mistr

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MEET BRENN BADD

Brenden is an Alaskan transplant who moved to San Francisco after visiting to chase a crush and unexpectedly falling in love with the city itself instead. Raised in competitive cheerleading since the age of six (and later working as a cheer coach), Brenden arrived in San Francisco with limited exposure to gay and queer pop culture. And he was shocked, in the best way, by the openness, safety, and community he found here.

Brenn Badd, Brenden's drag persona, was created four years ago in Anchorage, Alaska and fully realized in San Francisco after witnessing drag queens and queer people existing freely in the world-- a freedom that felt revolutionary and magnetic to a queen buried in a small town.



Grateful to the generations of LGBTQ+ people who built the freedoms he observed, Brenden now gives back. By hosting high-energy, community-driven events like *STUNT QUEENS* at 620 Jones & *BADD DRAG* at The Lookout every 1st Thursday, a late night drag show with the baddest bitches & best performers in the Bay. Brenden is working through his drag to turn what started as a leap of faith into a life rooted in joy, connection, and celebration.





A sickening performer with Alaskan roots and big party-girl energy, Brenn Badd blends athletic performance, bold drag, and infectious fun into shows that are loud, playful, and unapologetically joyful. She is a host, a stunt queen, and a celebration of queer nightlife with big aspirations, bigger energy, and a love for throwing unforgettable parties.

Follow her journey and come play. Instagram: [@brennbadd](#)

Every year we celebrate the new year by pretending we're about to become a completely new person. New goals, new routines, and definitely no doubling back to Mr. Big or more realistically, Mr. lick-everywhere-but-the-clit. But jokes aside, we all have our own little ritual when January 1st rolls around. Mine usually happens sometime on New Year's Day day, when I look up the Color of the Year.



Color of the Year 2026

Cloud Dancer
11-4201



Pantone releases their annual color selection every year, and this year's choice is Cloud Dancer. Wow. So cool. At first glance, it's nothing crazy honestly, to the Straight Male Eye, it's just white. But every year, I end up asking the same question: what's the logic behind choosing this color, and why does it matter?

Cloud Dancer is all about comfort, minimalism, and effortless style. Expect to see it everywhere from clothing and accessories that lean into polished-yet-comfortable dressing, to interiors that feel calm, airy, and spacious. Oversized "buttersmooth" blazers are perfect for a polished but easygoing look, while classic-fit cashmere crewneck sweaters often paired with white jeans offer a chic monochromatic vibe. Soft alpaca-blend cardigans are expected to be rendered in this color for spring and transitional seasons, giving texture and warmth without heaviness. Satin slip dresses and midi-length skirts bring a quiet luxury and luminous feel to evening wear, while tailored trousers wide-leg, high-waisted, or liquid satin create a flowing, elegant silhouette. Structured white leather handbags, from shoulder bags to totes, easily transition from day to night, and white boots, whether in vegan alligator prints or suede, are moving from niche trend to staple.



Styling Cloud Dancer can be versatile. Full white-on-white looks are expected to dominate, mixing textures like silk and wool for interest. Pairing it with neutrals like mocha, tan, or gray creates a soft, sophisticated look, while earth tones like beige, camel, and mocha brown bring a cozy, elevated vibe. And because it's such a neutral, Cloud Dancer can also play backdrop to bright spring-trending colors like lemon-icing yellow, candy pink, or glacier blue, letting them pop without feeling overwhelming. Whether you're getting ready for a girls' night, a casual date, or just showing up for yourself, Cloud Dancer provides a soft, elegant canvas to experiment with textures, layers, and pops of color. Minimal effort, maximum style is exactly what we need going into the new year.

RIGGED



TONY OMFG



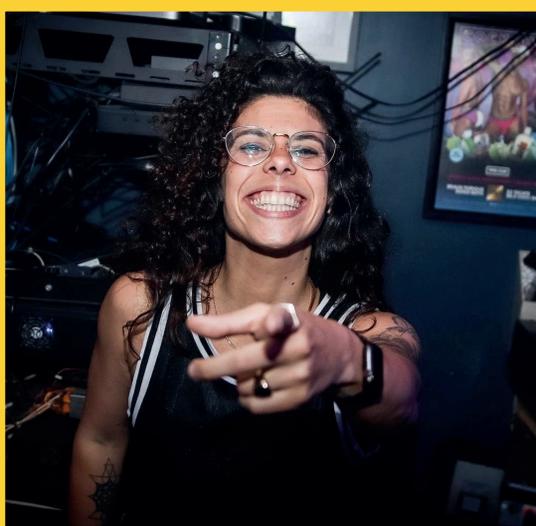
Tony OMFG, a drag performer and DJ who is the producer of **Triggered**, knows their event's name may be off-putting, but this disturbance is intentional.

Active, experimental, and terminally transgeneric, **Triggered** is more than a party: it's a queer, bass-driven ritual. In a time defined by constant over stimulation and an almost compulsive reactivity, Tony's project embraces the idea that we are, all of us, triggered—emotionally, culturally, and collectively. And while we might not wish these various breaking points to be digitally encoded, the doubled life we're all leading, at once IRL and online, seems to have trapped us in a constant stand off with our own digital footprint.



Triggered is produced by **Tony OMFG**, a performer, DJ, and producer shaped by San Francisco's queer dance floors past and present. Tony's broader work includes projects like **ICONIQUE** (co-produced with **Teresa Giudcoochie**), **Revved Up** (co-produced with **Jeffrey STFU**), and **FERAL- Unleash Your Inner Animal** (co-produced with **Frances DeVine**). All these projects were built with a specific focus on sound and visual immersion, treating the dance floor as a sensory environment rather than just a party.

Developed through collaborations with **Rush Hour (Black Pope & ianCHNG)**, **Nardi**, **Cole Baby**, **Monarch by Marlo**, **ViSCERAL**, and many other talented local SF artists, *Triggered* is guided by the mantra "**Breaking Binaries. Warping Basslines.**" a nod to challenging imposed labels and expanding how queerness is defined and expressed through music, visuals, and shared space. **Are you feeling Triggered?**



Triggered plays on the feeling of living inside a simulation: visuals glitch, realities blur, and bass-driven sound invites deep physical and emotional response. Born from San Francisco's underground, the event channels heavy low-end soundscapes, glitch-warped visuals, and immersive world-building into a transformative nightlife experience. *Triggered* moves fluidly through tech house, house, D&B, dubstep, techno, and experimental bass, ensuring the dancefloor stays pulsating all night.

At its core, *Triggered* is an intentionally curated space for queer expression to thrive, where bodies move in sync and community gathers for collective release. The aesthetic is raw, futuristic, and cyber-mystic characterized by broken-code visuals, digital portals, and performers woven directly into the environment. *Triggered* frequently collaborates with **Electroluxx** and **Soundproof**, sharing a commitment to boundary-pushing sound and intentional dancefloor curation. While currently on hiatus, the project is envisioned as an evolving ritual, returning when the moment is right to push the experience even further.

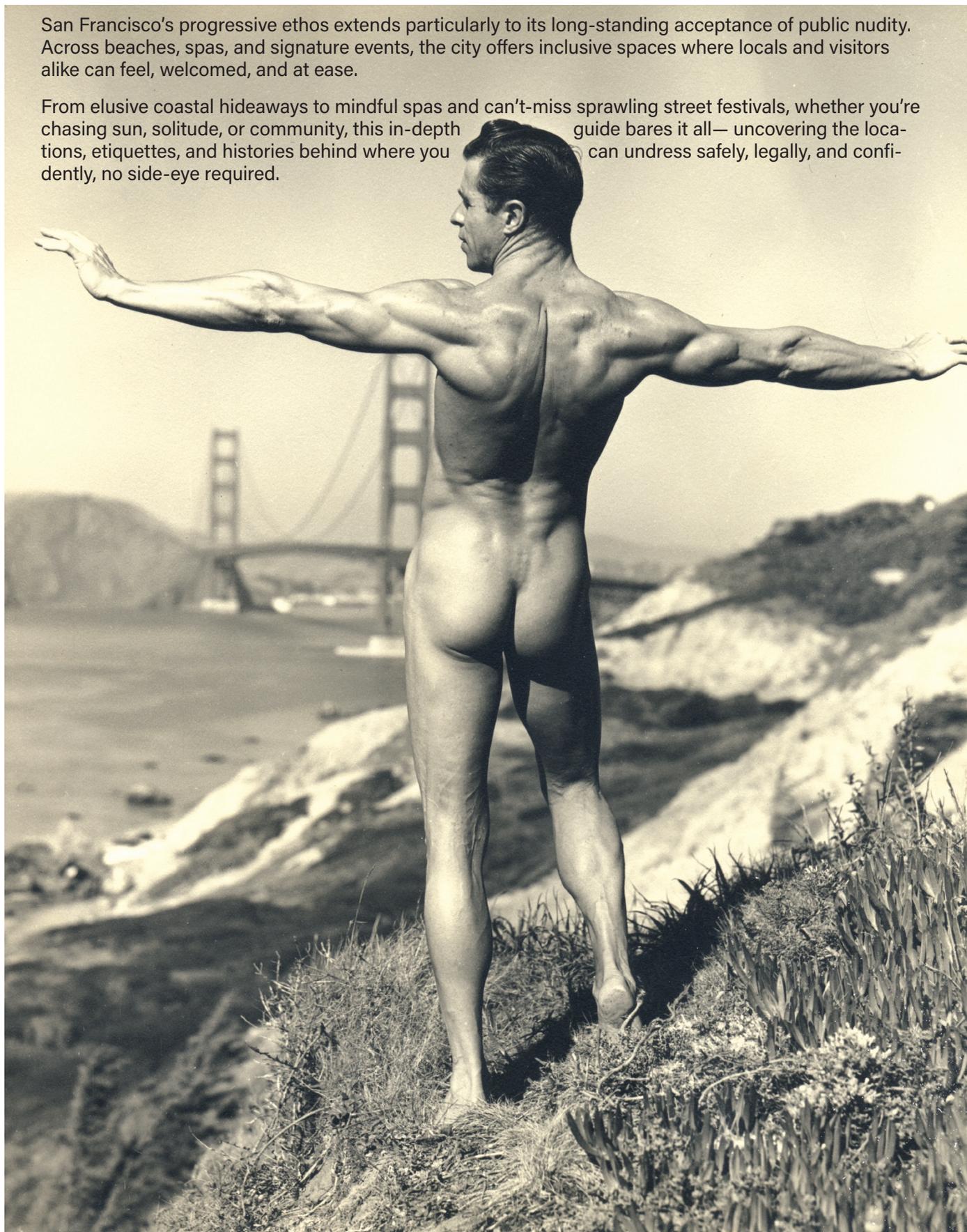


Where to Get Naked in SF

An intimate guide

San Francisco's progressive ethos extends particularly to its long-standing acceptance of public nudity. Across beaches, spas, and signature events, the city offers inclusive spaces where locals and visitors alike can feel, welcomed, and at ease.

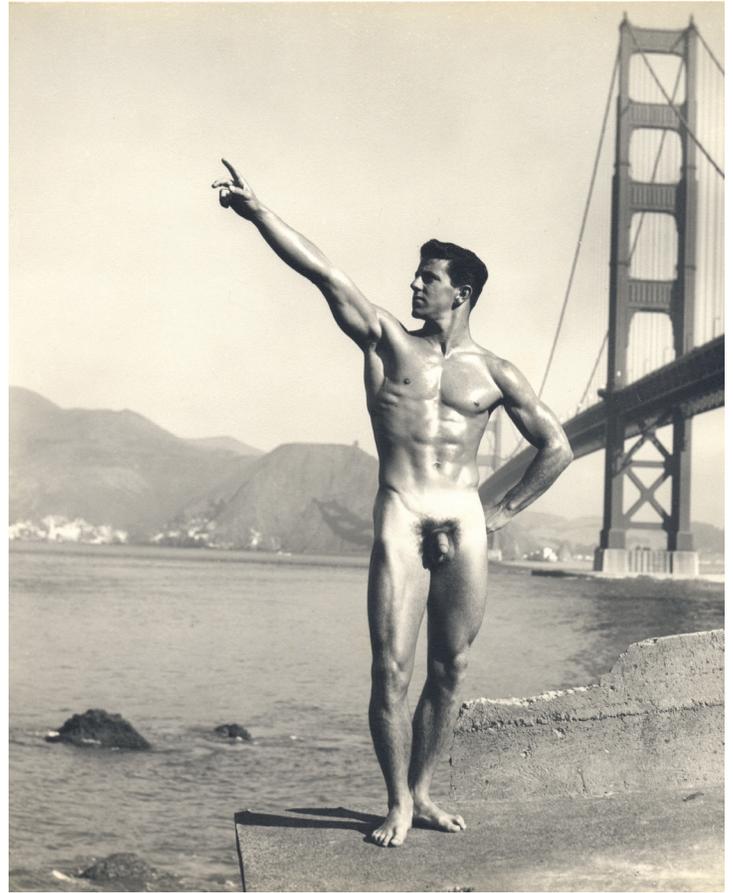
From elusive coastal hideaways to mindful spas and can't-miss sprawling street festivals, whether you're chasing sun, solitude, or community, this in-depth guide bares it all—uncovering the locations, etiquettes, and histories behind where you can undress safely, legally, and confidently, no side-eye required.



Marshall's Beach

Perhaps the easiest and most iconic location to undress and unwind is at Marshall's Beach. Located just past Baker Beach's neighboring nude-friendly northern portion, this stretch of sun-soaked sand offers a more secluded and serene gay-friendly view. When the optimally sultry September and October weather finally arrives to quell Karl, you can guarantee many in the queer community will traipse down to relax, mingle, and explore every crevice of this covert cove, all while perfecting a full-body tan.

Formerly guarded by active military artillery, those brave enough to descend prior to any official pathways gave rise to its notoriety as a gay cruising spot. In 2007 the Battery to Bluffs Trail was opened by the Golden Gate National Parks Conservancy, the Presidio Trust, and the National Park Service, providing a gently meandering 3,664-foot trail with over 500 box steps and several helpful signs. Today the Sand Ladder to the California Coastal Trail or the Golden Gate Overlook are additional ways to reach the coveted nude sanctuary. Carefully continue over or around the many rocks that shield the beach and find your perfect spot alone or among others all along the coast. Continue walking, to meet the concrete foot of the Golden Gate Bridge itself! Just be sure to hop up on a boulder and snap a cheeky photo with the colossal landmark behind you... And wear sunscreen!



Location: Presidio near Langdon Ct, San Francisco, CA 94129



Black Sands Beach

Similarly, just a short drive across the Golden Gate Bridge to Sausalito lies Black Sands Beach. With a more rugged terrain, and smaller surrounding coastal neighborhood, this beach is less frequented and more isolated, yet with the same dramatic panoramic views of the Marin Headlands and its photoworthy namesake dark grains. Parking and access are available at the limited lot of Upper Fisherman's Trailhead Head, where the clothing-optional area of the beach is then found on its western end.

Address: Conzelman Rd. Sausalito, CA 94966

Spas



Steamworks Baths Berkeley

For nudity with some revitalizing pampering, there are several Bay Area spas and bathhouses where you can sport your birthday suit indoors. A long-running institution within SF's gay bathhouse culture is Steamworks in Berkeley, expertly blending wellness, socializing, and relaxation in one steamy labyrinthian complex.

The membership or visitor fees are budget-friendly and the atmosphere is calm and leisurely, with a 24hr gym, dry and wet saunas, jacuzzis, and even DJs, Steamworks's several adjoining lounge spaces to encourage unhurried exploration. Whether you're visiting solo or with friends, the space operates with a clear understanding of boundaries and etiquette, making it approachable for both first-timers and regulars.

Location: 2107 Fourth St, Berkeley, CA 94710



EROS

Within the city, Eros discreetly offers a steamy and straightforward escape from the downtown bustle with their snug indoor space, no-frills decor, and unpretentious ambience. While the interior may be more tight-knit and cozy, it offers big rewards in overall customer satisfaction and comfort through the genuinely friendly, careful service. Along with its variety of inventive weekly themed events and generous discounts for students and more, Eros proves that the size (of a nudity-permitted space) doesn't matter.

Location: 132 Turk St, San Francisco, CA 94102

Archimedes Banya

Over in Bayview, Archimedes Banya is a widely popular cultural escape for all genders and bodies, offering an authentic Russian bathhouse with traditional hammam-style baths, Platza services, and more. The interior is sleek, clean, and literally elevated, boasting breathtaking rooftop views that are as calming to the eyes as their several holistic wellness treatments. Be sure to see their calendar for their monthly themed events, as well as their family, all-male or all-female days as well.

Location: 748 Innes Ave, San Francisco, CA 94124



Events



Naked Yoga For Men

A fantastic way to stay in shape while also fostering connections in a likeminded community is with Naked Yoga For Men in the heart of the Mission District. No matter your skill level, the professional instructors will guide you towards your healthier, more flexible, self through calming, mindful, and expert techniques.

Location: 417 14th Street, San Francisco



Mr. S. Leather

A historic cornerstone of both San Francisco's and the greater global leather community since 1979, the Mr. S. Leather flagship store is both an expansive retail space and a convivial gathering and educational hub. Mr. S allows you to strip down around the store while you shop and socialize. Events and gatherings here reinforce the city's legacy of sex positivity as grounded in consent, responsibility, and community values.

Location: 385 8th St, San Francisco



Bay to Breakers

More like "Bare" to Breakers! Equal parts citywide race, costume parade, and nude spectacular, Bay to Breakers is a run every May that spans the entire 7.46-mile diameter of the city from the Embarcadero to Ocean Beach. Whether you participate in the actual registered run or simply join in along the street closures and the bordering house parties that endure after, this is a truly essential San Francisco event through its whimsy, community, and creativity of costumes (or lack thereof)!

Folsom Street Fair and Dore Alley

Internationally recognized and proudly explicit in purpose, Folsom Street Fair and Dore Alley enliven the pinnacle of San Francisco's leather and kink culture. With Up Your Alley every tail end of July and the Folsom Street Fair every end of September, both of these events in the Folsom Leather District prioritize consent, self-expression, and nonjudgmental fetish exploration.

With Folsom Street as the main artery, the surrounding streets and alley ways are all transformed into affirming spaces buzzing with local artisan booths, performance stages for rope, whipping, and more, pup-play pens, watersports pools, and loads of uninhibited dancing.

For twice a year, these streets normalize and celebrate nudity and all the fun that comes with it. Come in your kinkiest regalia or in nothing at all.

Location: Folsom Street, San Francisco, CA



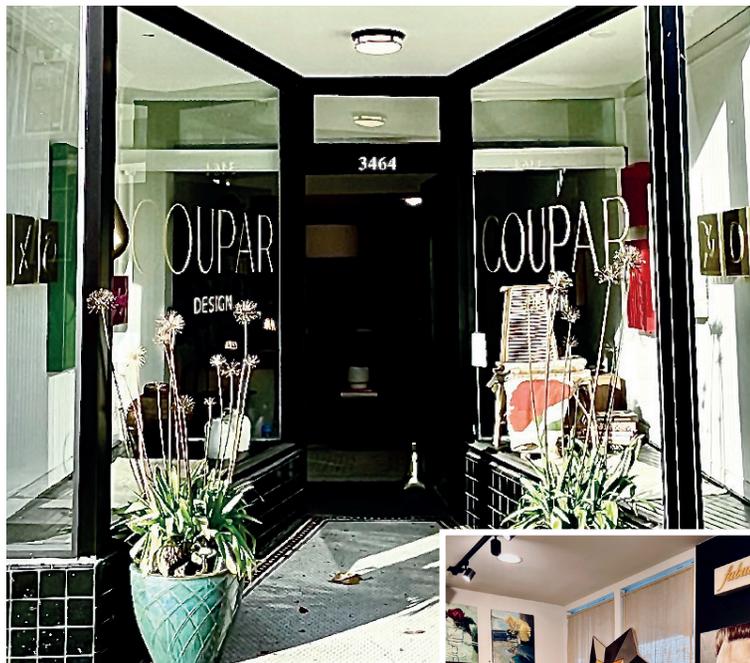
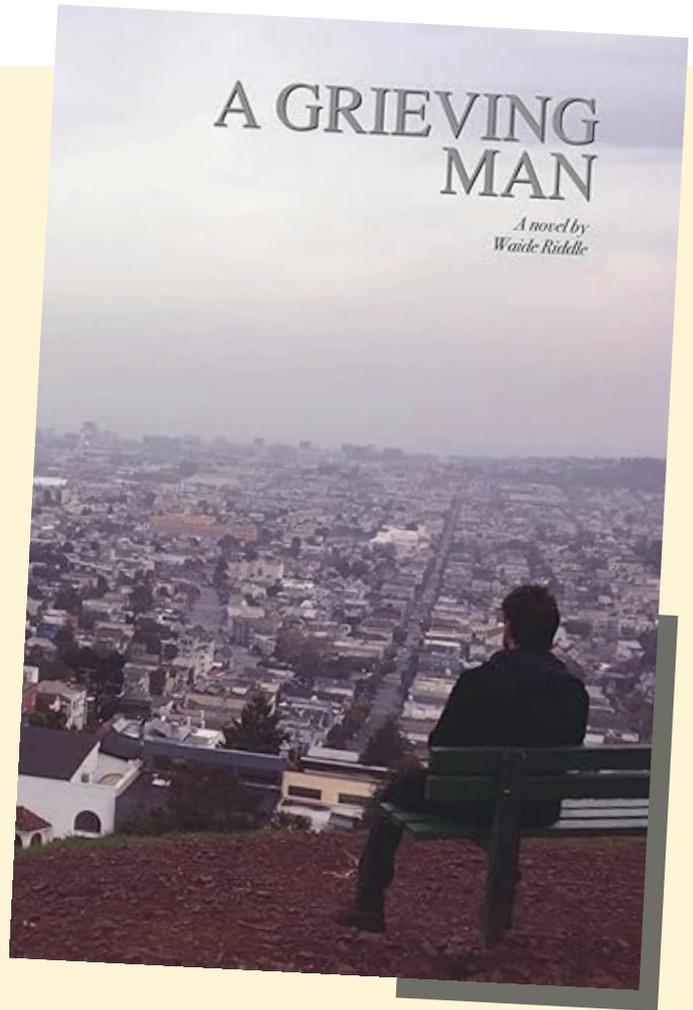
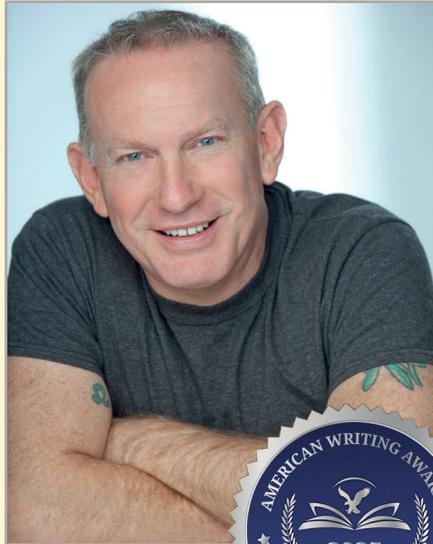
A Grieving Man is the quintessential San Francisco novel. Finalist at the 2025 American Writers Awards.

Synopsis:

Mark is an every-day man living and working in San Francisco as an 'F-Line' trolley driver.

His wife, Laura, dies unexpectedly from a massive brain aneurysm. Mark must now face the pain of loss and death. Eventually, coming to terms with his own mortality and knowing that Laura's love will always be with him.

Available at Amazon and soon-to-be at Barnes & Noble Press.



Contact:

James Bacchi Contemporary
The Shops at Thirteen Forty Five
1345 Palm Canyon Drive
Palm Springs, CA
Phone: (760) 459-9200
Email: James@JamesBacchiContemporary.com



San Francisco/Palm Springs GALLERIST JAMES BACCHI CELEBRATES 40 YEARS IN THE ART WORLD

James Bacchi Contemporary is a boutique art gallery and consultancy located in Palm Springs, California, specializing in contemporary art by New York and California Artists. With a focus on showcasing diverse collections and offering expertise to private collectors, corporations, and museums, James Bacchi Contemporary has established itself as a premier destination for art enthusiasts and collectors alike



For more information about James Bacchi Contemporary, please visit: jamesbacchicontemporary.com.

ANOTHER ONE

Who's said I would never see you again and believed and didn't
Care. Another leaf thru the interminable conversationalist's
Inane near to unmentionable drivel, the incredible limitations
In a mind that can only truly behold that which it loves. He said
Ultimately all desire is untimely, it cannot exist without being in want
And something that keeps changing out of all possible reach, that is
To grasp at the analyst's verbiage, to name the feelings and the things
Too bad I'm busy trying cucumbers with last Tuesday. All the hurdles
On the track make the track somewhat other than round, in terms
Of traversal. I say, "I would pick you" and mean literally anyone.



Cameron Pulido
Make-up Artist

 [cameronpulido](#)





What inspired you to start creating beauty content?

I've had a passion for beauty from a young age, particularly when it comes to makeup and hair. I would often restyle my sister's Barbie dolls and experiment with their hair, and my mom, who was a model and epitomized glamour, played a huge role in inspiring my love for all things beauty-related. Later, when I discovered YouTube, my mom introduced me to Kande Johnson. Her transformation videos revealed to me how beauty could be a powerful form of self-expression, which ultimately inspired me to start sharing my own content.

What made you realize this was more than a hobby?

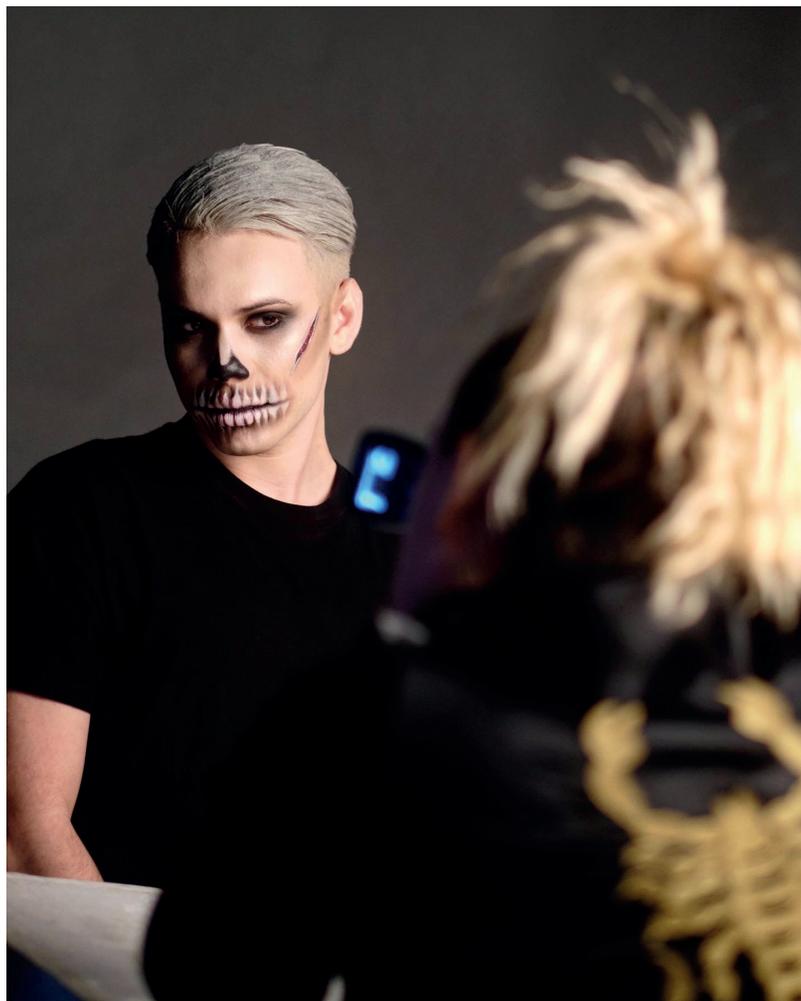
I realized this was more than a hobby in 2018 when I booked my first major gig with Too Faced Cosmetics as the face of their 20th Anniversary Then & Now campaign. After competing in the NYX Face Awards, being featured in NYX Cosmetics' global Halloween campaign in 2020 confirmed this was the career I wanted to pursue.

What's the most fun part of a transformation?

As a self-taught beauty and special effects makeup artist, the most fun part of a transformation varies by look. For special effects makeup, I love adding the finishing touches like contact lenses, wigs, and costumes. For beauty makeup, my favorite focus is on the eyes and lips.

Your biggest idol?

My biggest idols are my parents, as they shaped who I am from a young age by teaching me to believe in myself, never give up on my dreams, and pursue my passions. Another idol of mine is Tiffany Valentine from *Bride of Chucky*.



C.M. Do you think tops/bottoms really exist or is everyone a little vers?

Ben: If you're not vers, you're boring. Sorry!



DJ MAGNOLIA **POLARIS**



If you're coming to my set and enjoying yourself I want you to first and foremost know that you enjoy the curation and taste of an openly gay, nonbinary artist. And that I am able to do what I do because of the black and brown queer elders that came before me, period. So act accordingly.



My story, the story of Magnolia Polaris, began in 2017. It was a year filled with so many challenges for me from my health, to my career, to my romantic connections. And because I was 27 at the time, I felt that maybe it was all just a part of a Saturn Return (astrology dolls tap in.)

The first DJ set I ever played was at a party in a basement deep in Flatbush Brooklyn. It felt like it was in the middle of nowhere, and honestly it was. Because Magnolia Polaris started as a duo, we wanted to play as many gigs as possible and began DJing at all kinds of bars and hotels in NYC.

The name Magnolia Polaris arose out of this collaboration and the task of dreaming up an actual love child. At the time I had become best friends with an artist who was of Icelandic and Colombian descent and we had always joked about the idea of a love child and what their name would be.



I knew that if I were to have a female baby that I would want to name her Magnolia because growing up I remember my grandparents telling me that the Magnolia Tree was their favorite tree, but it wasn't until I was older that I noticed the park across the street from where they lived was filled with so many Magnolia trees.

Because it was my friend and I who had talked about the love child though I wanted the "baby name" to include an aspect of her culture or for the name to be influenced by Icelandic culture. One day I remembered the Northern Lights and the North Pole and so I thought to myself, "Well, I wonder what the scientific name of the North Star is?" And once I did my research I found that the name was Polaris.



So, I said to my friend, what if her name was Magnolia Polaris--and she fell in love. It felt like a tie between the terrestrial and the astral, two worlds coming together, so we kept the name. It wasn't until we were getting ready for our first time DJing that our friend Quetzal said, "Why don't you name your DJ group Magnolia Polaris?" And so the name stuck.

After the Summer of 2018 I realized I wanted the Magnolia Polaris project to evolve sonically and I took the project on solo

In December of that year I was asked by a friend if I wanted to be a part of a Latin Night event at a venue predominantly known for electronic and techno parties, and I thought that was so cool so I joined the line up and it was from that moment on that things really began to take off for me. It wasn't until a year later that the idea of me presenting as the physical manifestation of Magnolia Polaris came to be and so now I am her and she is me and that is the energy I take on when I perform under that moniker.

Nowadays, I try not to compare different nightlife scenes (like, SF v. NYC, for example) because ultimately each city has something different to offer, and it really is based on mutual energy between the DJ and the audience. For me I like to accept each space as it is and hope that they welcome my energy in the same way. Playing at Downtown First Thursdays here in SF was a testament to that approach. I think that might've been one of the biggest crowds I've performed for yet, and that says a lot coming from NYC nightlife! You all really turnt it!

Ultimately, bringing people together in love for music is really what it's about. I want to believe that when I play music that we can unify through respect and love for one another. If you're coming to my set and enjoying yourself I want you to first and foremost know that you enjoy the curation and taste of an openly gay, nonbinary artist. And that I am able to do what I do because of the black and brown queer elders that came before me, period. So act accordingly.



Story Corner :

"The Doors are Closing": Modern Musings on BART

By Josh Hizon

I hear the monotone, generic female voice -Gracie is her name- over the BART intercom more than I hear the voice of my mother. "The doors are closing" she tells me as I stand shoulder to shoulder with someone talking loudly on the phone and another absorbed in a book on financial literacy. I commute from Berkeley to San Francisco nearly everyday for work. Spending the past three years in the Bay Area for college, I've constantly felt surrounded by people who move with purpose, who seem to know exactly where they're going, who hop on BART without hesitation. There is something about Gracie's statement that feels like a lesson in adulthood. She doesn't care if you're ready. "The doors are closing" tells me my time is up, make a decision, and live with the consequences. And yet, the repetition of the phrase reminds me that endings are rarely absolute. Each time the train pulls into a new station, the doors open again. A new set of bodies. A new set of choices. It is a lesson in cycles more than in endings: one station, one moment passes, the next one arrives. The only constant of Gracie telling me "the doors are closing," is the fact that immediately afterwards, I am propelled forward.



Dancer: Jerry Roberts.

San Francisco's queer nightlife is pulsing with new energy, and Jerry Roberts is leading the charge. Better known as his alluringly viral online persona @jrtopdog, the 22-year-old UC Berkeley grad has easily become a standout presence across the city's LGBTQ+ party scene for his talented precision, genuine authenticity, and positive community involvement.



Jerry Roberts Becoming a New Face of SF's Queer Nightlife: "I Feel so Proud to be Doing This Right Now."

Simply scroll your Instagram feed or step into any queer San Francisco party, and chances are you will be welcomed by Jerry's magnetic presence. From commanding Baloney's sharp choreography to energizing a midweek crowd with his own personal rhythm or informing his thousands of loyal followers with his weekly "Balcony Briefs" series," Roberts has built a platform that stretches far beyond the ones he steps up on.

A model, go-go dancer, and rising host, Jerry Roberts is having a moment, and San Francisco's queer nightlife is watching. We sat down with Jerry for a look inside his career and an earnest discussion on identity, impact, and what keeps him moving.

Hi Jerry! Thank you for chatting today. Starting from the beginning, you're originally from San Diego and came to the Bay to attend UC Berkeley. Had you been to the Bay Area before applying to college and knew of its culture?

No I had no idea, but Berkeley was my dream school, and I was very big on pride around my academics. Since high school, I was really into science and so I majored in molecular and cell biology. I worked in a lab doing CRISPR with a professor who was a postgrad in Dr. Doudna's lab. I moved to Oakland after graduating.

What is the biggest insight you've learned from being in this scene, seeing how these clubs and parties operate?

Learning about just how much of the promotion and production is a team effort. I feel like most people take the planning and operations for granted. Many think, "oh, it's nightlife, it'll just happen," but no, real people make it happen. There's so much work to make these parties, promote them, find hosts, and get attendees to come out.

Though I've only been doing this for a year and a half, I already feel so close to a lot of the bars and the people behind them. Now I know all of the other go-go's and drag queens, and it's fun to talk with them as real people and learn why they created these spaces. It's such a great community and I think this is one of the best cities you can do it in.

Do you feel like the work you're doing is important to the queer community, especially around this time?

1000%. When I first got into go-go dancing, the kinds of impacts I could make weren't on my mind, but I definitely see it now that people are looking for joy, and specifically queer joy. I feel really proud to be doing this right now, to help those having a bad day feel comfortable, even on my off days.

I love bringing queer joy to the stage and to other people, like with Baloney, doing a show so explicit and gay during this time where it could be criminalized if the



current administration had their way with it. Especially also when Oasis was going to close, it was amazing seeing this huge community coming together every single weekend. The idea of that not being there was just devastating to me but luckily we're saved, as of now!

Do you have moments of doubt and how do you stay confident?

It is tough. I definitely do have moments where I feel like I'm a horrible dancer or I'm not in the best shape, especially if you're at a circuit party where it's just like all of these huge dudes. It can be hard, but I just fall back on the kind reception I get, it's a great motivator.

Even if I'm not feeling perfect about how I look, I'll still have people coming up to me and saying how much they love the dancing or how much they appreciate the energy I'm giving out. Often you can be just the most critical person of yourself.

I would say in San Francisco, at least what I've seen, is that your confidence and energy is more important than your body when it comes to go-go dancing. There's a very wide range of dancers here, and it's great to see all body types, skin tones, and genders represented.

Do you have a favorite memory or fan experience?

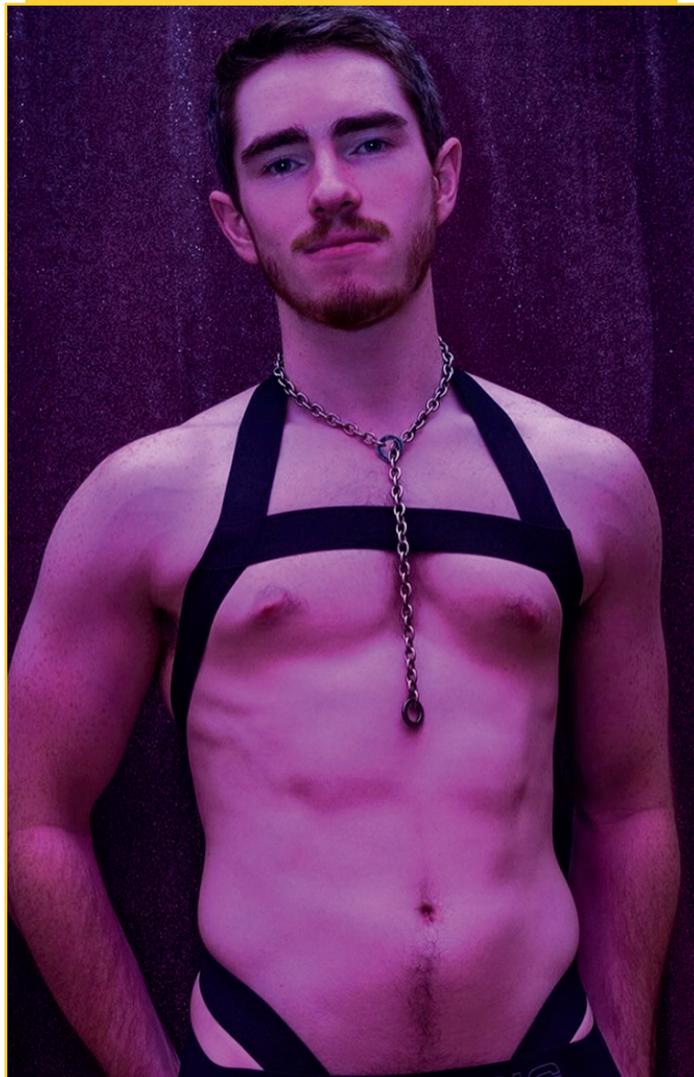
There was one guy that came to Beaux six months ago from Texas who said he basically made the entire trip out just to come see me!

Oh wow, how did that make you feel?

I was thinking, "wow, okay, far," and he just said, "oh, you're even sweeter in person than I'd imagined." Those moments are really cool. I love meeting people from online who think I'm gonna be one way, and then I'm, like, the opposite. Especially with _ , I'd say he's a little more, hmm, mean, and a little more mysterious than me in-person.

If you could host your dream party, what would it look like?

Hmm, I think it would be a fun house party with lots of pop music, different kinds of people, and varying levels of dirtiness that you can go down, similar to the inside layout of a circuit party at **Powerhouse**. Perhaps something casual that involves stripping down after work, like from a business suit or your everyday clothes.



In a city where queer nightlife has long been a sanctuary for solidarity and unapologetic self-expression, Jerry is rising up amongst a new generation of performers keeping the legacy alive. You can stay up to date on Jerry's (and @jrtpdog's) presence, engagements, and events, on his social media: **@jrtpdog**.







**CASTRO
MAGAZINE**