

# Alternate

WHAT'S HAPPENING IN YOUR WORLD

December 1977

150

**Sam & Joe Gage**  
**PORN KINGS**

**ANITA: Back**  
**On The Warpath**

**Coors? NO!**

**THE RELIGION**  
**OF JOCK**

**GIFTING**  
**FOR GAYS**

**Blue Collar**  
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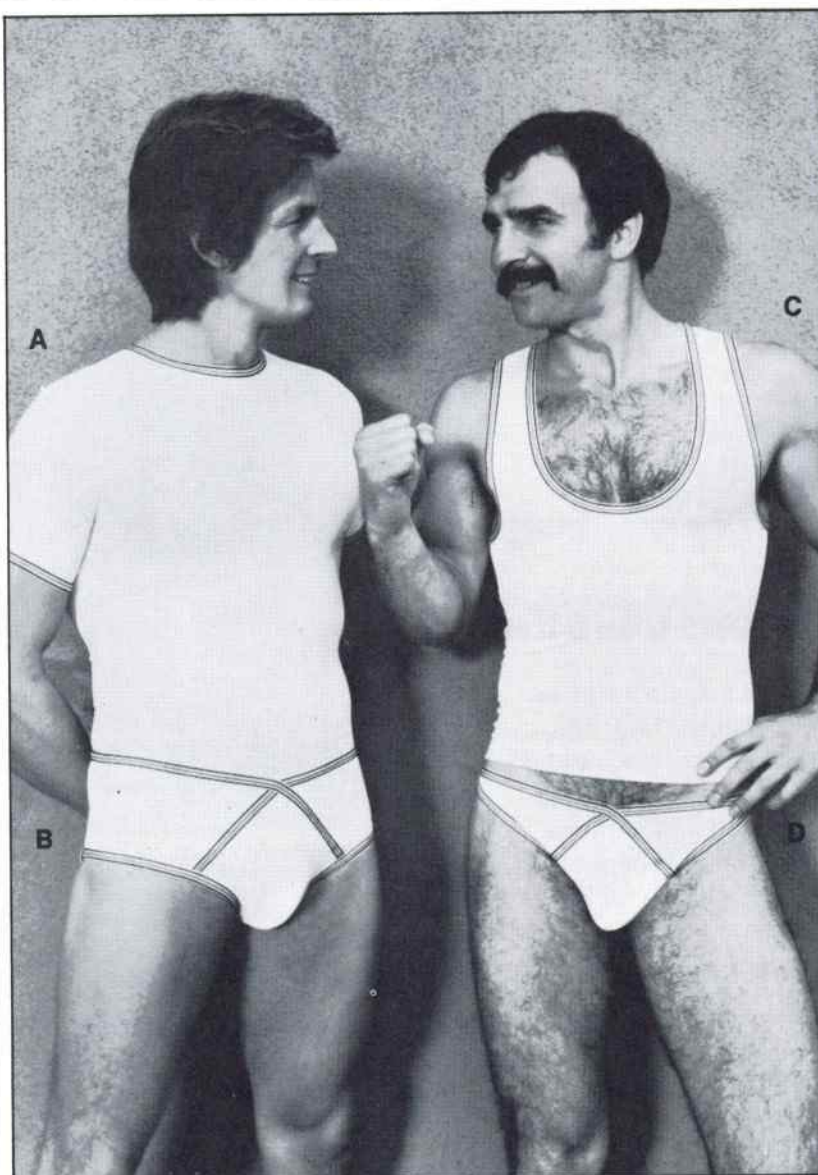
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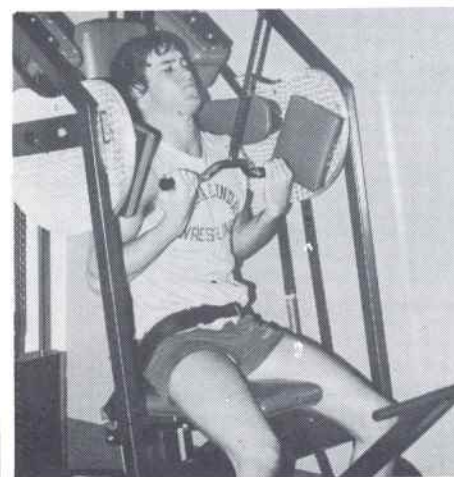
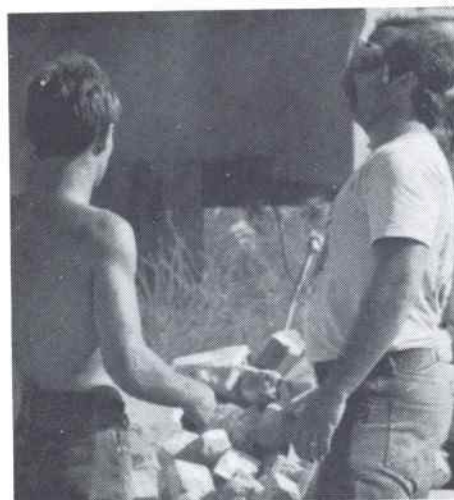
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# Alternate<sup>®</sup>

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# Anita: Back on the Stump



Anita Bryant: Creamed in Des Moines, she makes a comeback for God, Country and to promote a new book

WIDE WORLD

It seemed like a sudden flashback to last summer. Anita Bryant, the anti-gay crusader who led a successful drive to repeal a gay rights ordinance in Dade County, Fla. was back on the stump again.

The 37-year-old singer was brought out of semi-retirement by hints that her lucrative promotion contract with the Florida Department of Citrus may be in jeopardy, and the release of her new book, *The Anita Bryant Story*.

And like last summer, Bryant faced determined gay demonstrators nearly everywhere she went.

In Des Moines, Iowa, where the singer announced that she was considering opening clinics to "cure" gays, a Minneapolis activist shoved a banana cream pie in her face. "At least it's a fruit pie," the singer quipped before being asked to pray instead of joke by her husband Bob Green.

In New York, the singer taped an ap-

pearance on NBC's Today Show with host Tom Brokaw. After viewing a videotape of the earlier pie incident, Bryant revealed that she favored a Federal law outlawing homosexuality. "I believe in God's laws and the law of the land should be in alignment with it."

When Brokaw asked if she specifically endorsed a federal law against gays, Bryant replied, "Yes I do!"

Outside NBC's New York broadcast center on West 50th Street, an estimated 150 demonstrators from the Gay Activists Alliance chanted "gay power" and demanded that "Anita Go Home."

Eugene, Ore. has been added to the list of American municipalities which have passed gay rights ordinances. Eugene is the third city — following Wichita, Kan. and Champaign, Ill. — to pass such a law since the repeal of a gay rights ordinance in Dade County, Fla.

The city has about 80,000 residents and is the home of the University of Oregon.

The Eugene City Council approved the measure in October by a 5-3 vote. The Council defeated a proposed amendment which would have exempted employers in cases where a job involved 12-to-15-year-olds.

A scheduled news conference the same day was cancelled in New York — allegedly because of bomb threats delivered to NBC and Bryant's hotel. Activists said they would picket the singer and tie up traffic at the New York Hilton Hotel, planned site of the news conference.

"I'm not afraid," Anita said in an interview. "So they kill me, so what?" Bryant was apparently referring to gay activists. She claimed her life had been



threatened and her livelihood put in jeopardy. Bryant earns an estimated \$500,000 a year.

Bryant's husband-manager Bob Green asked, "Why don't they kill us and get it over with."

Melodramatics aside, there was clearly self-interest involved in Bryant's latest foray into the limelight. She has been on an extensive promotion tour for her new book, even returning to the Phil Donahue Show for a second go-round with the contentious pro-gay TV host.

Her sharpest ire has lately been reserved not for gays, but for the Florida Department of Citrus. Bryant is an \$100,000-a-year employee of the Department, appearing in advertising for Florida orange juice. A "gaycott" of orange juice may be responsible for a reported drop in sales of the product.

Edward Taylor, executive director of the Department, said there is evidence that Bryant's campaign against gays has hurt sales. "That's no way to sell orange juice," Taylor told Florida growers.

A decision to can Bryant must be made by a majority vote of the 12-member citrus commission. Thus far, the commission's executive director, Dan Richardson, has continued to express support for Bryant. Her contract does not expire until August 1978, and Richardson said the group has no plans to curtail her advertising.

But Taylor said future advertising would deemphasize Bryant, and present other personalities, including skater Peggy Fleming and conductor Arthur Fiedler.

Bryant responded that "I am clearly the victim of religious persecution, and this is another evidence of religious decay in America."

"There are those forces," Bryant continued, "who, through boycotts and influencing of some of the staff of the Department of Citrus, want me fired only because I took a stand as a concerned citizen and for the protection of my four children."

"I'm sick and tired," she said, "of being put on the cross continually. If they want to fire me, let them do it now and give me peace."

*Advertising Age*, a respected industry source, suggested at the end of the month, however, that a drop in orange juice sales might have more to do with Taylor's remarks than "religious persecution."

The Department's latest quarterly report on advertising effectiveness showed "declining appeal at an accelerated rate" among the under-25 age group and working women, the newspaper reported.

Earlier, Bryant was picketed by approximately 150 demonstrators in Joplin, Mo. where she was appearing with the "Revive America" crusade. A huge tent erected for the revival meeting was toppled by unknown persons, and crusade volunteers worked over the weekend to re-erect it. The demonstrators came as a surprise to Cecil Todd, a crusade official. "Joplin is right here on the buckle of the Bible Belt," he said. Bryant appeared with "born-again" Watergate suspect Charles Colson.

# 'God Put a Flame in My Heart'

One needn't look any further than Old Tappan, N.J. to find the reason for Anita Bryant's recent emergence from semi-retirement. Old Tappan is the headquarters of Fleming H. Revell Company, a religious book publisher that last month released *The Anita Bryant Story*. Bryant and Revell obviously hope that the singer's recent television appearances on the nationally-televised Today and Phil Donohue shows will mean more copies sold — and more money earned — for both.

The long-awaited book is a fascinating tale of one woman's "courageous struggle," or struggling faculties, depending upon the reader's viewpoint. It is also an intriguing compendium of Anita trivia, from the fact, mentioned in the frontispiece, that one can write Bryant simply by addressing an envelope to her in care of Miami, Fla., to her list of grateful acknowledgements in the back of the book. (Included: Billy Graham, Pat Boone, Dale Evans and Roy Rogers, Phyllis Schlafly, Oral Roberts, Sen. Jesse Helms, Calif. Sen. John Briggs, former Sen. Sam Ervin, New Orleans Mayor Moon Landrieu, the Mormon Church, the Friends Church, and — listed as "supportive media" — The Miami News and Herald.)

The title of the first chapter clues the reader as to what to expect: "God Put a Flame in My Heart." Bryant (her sighs barely breathe from the pages) informs that "Because of my love for Almighty God, because of my love for His Word, because of my love for my country, because of my love for my children, I took a stand — one that was not popular."

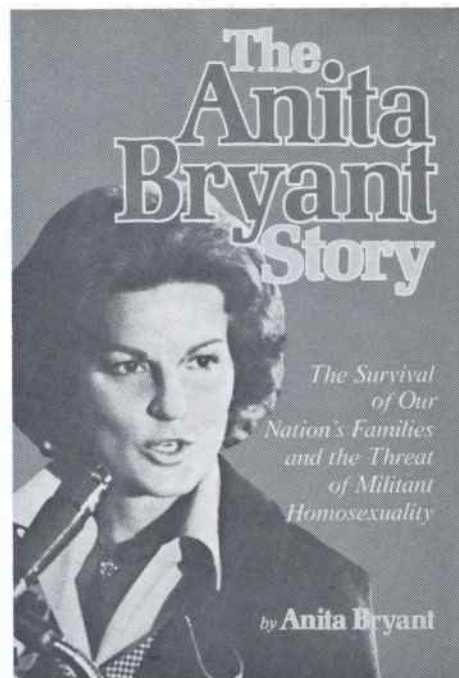
Bryant describes her first inklings of civic action (inspired by her pastor, Brother Bill) and the "divine disturbance" that followed.

Then comes the event that changed the course of Anita's life — a Divine message in the form of a three-car collision. "It was only by the grace of God," Bryant writes, "that we didn't pile-up too."

"Barbara (Bryant's daughter) took my hand and said, 'Mama, if God can help us in a bad accident like that, can't He help you in the courtroom?'" Bryant now knew, she writes, that "not a hair of my head would be touched unless He allowed it . . . if God wanted me to speak at the hearing, I wouldn't be afraid anymore." The road was clear, so to speak, for Bryant's Divinely-inspired fight against homosexuals.

"Our stand brought death threats, harassment, heartaches, distortions . . . by the media, disruption of our private lives, and a host of problems we had not envisioned when we took our stand." (Though Bryant complains bitterly of death threats, she fails to note that only gays supporting the referendum were ever the targets of real bombs and bullets.)

But Bryant is at first turned back. The Metro Commission sustains the gay rights bill and Bryant and Brother Bill leave the hearing to share banana sandwiches at the pastor's suburban home.



The Anita Bryant Story: She doesn't tell all

"Brother Bill," Bryant asks, "are you sure God will forgive me for my sin of ignorance and not being more aware of the issues and for having my head in the sand and being so apathetic?" Brother Bill assures her that she is "washed in the blood of Christ, and then, like a scene from *Going My Way*, begins to whistle "Victory in Jesus."

"I'm down," Bryant rallies, "but not out!"

There are similar stories here: how Bryant weeps upon first hearing of the existence of House Resolution 2998, a national version of the Miami law; her grief over the Equal Rights Amendment; her shock at opening the mail at the Save Our Children campaign and finding the "most hideous thing I had ever seen — a picture of two nude men committing an act of homosexuality."

The Anita of *The Anita Bryant Story* is a fragile creature indeed. Her tears drop from nearly every page. When the entertainer is informed that her negotiations with the Singer Sewing Machine Co. have been cancelled because of her controversial activities, she is "stunned." As she tells her husband Bob Green, "I was raised with the Singer Sewing Machine . . . Grandma Berry made all my clothes on her old treadle Singer . . ."

"Why me?" she asks Brother Bill. "I mean, I'm just a woman. I shouldn't be involved. And it's not in the Bible!" Later, after suffering a further setback, Bryant becomes engulfed "in a private kind of grief . . . a particular woman's pain that he (Bob Green) was unable to share with me."

It is ironic indeed that Bryant should feel such inferiority as a woman, when it is she who earns the income in her family. Husband Bob Green just manages his wife's career.



Bryant quotes the homophobic hysteric, Murray Norris, as saying that "50 percent of all suicides and homicides can be attributed to homosexuals." In a remarkable coincidence, the same source reports that 50 percent of venereal disease can also be traced to homosexuals.

But the whole experience was not that bad, Bryant writes. In fact, "It was a whole new experience for this woman!

"Now suddenly new friends were ringing my doorbell, I was hostessing teas for up to four hundred women, and impromptu meetings might happen at any time of the day or night." The Florida Conservative Union even holds a surprise birthday party for Bryant, where the singer receives a personal thank you from former California Gov. Ronald Reagan.

Says Bryant in conclusion: "Bob and I have a deep burden to continue to minister to them (homosexuals) in whatever direction God leads us."

"Whatever I have suffered," Anita Bryant writes, "has caused me to identify more closely with Jesus' sufferings."

Critics might wonder if we all haven't already suffered enough.

## Revenge Is Sweet

"Thus always to bigots," was the comment that Minnesota gay activist Tom Higgins uttered in front of dozens of reporters and photographers. He had just smeared a "well-defrosted" Banquet banana cream pie in the face of Anita Bryant.

Higgins is associated with the Target City Coalition, a Minneapolis gay rights group that has used the pie tactic before. Some gays wish they'd knock it off (they have "pied" a state senator and an archbishop), but Higgins intends to "pie, pie again."

"This is the year of the pie," says Higgins, who says he has studied with well-known pie-thrower Aaron Kay. (Kay was wrestled to the ground last month after failing in an attempt to pie Water-gater Frank Sturgis.)

"I saved her a bullet," Higgins says. "The pie thing relieved a lot of anger that gays feel towards her . . . it left another bigot with a sticky face."

Says Higgins with ill-concealed glee, "it (the pie) stuck all over her face and then fell on the first copy of her book." The sticky book was later presented to Iowa Gov. Robert Ray.

A videotape of the pie incident, aired on NBC's Today Show, recorded the singer's first reaction — "Well at least it's a fruit pie." Moments later, however, the singer was in tears and praying for Higgins. The pie-thrower says Bryant's husband, Bob Green, pinched her to remind her to cry.

What's next, or rather, who's next?

"We're having a National Gay Pie Day next May 12. We don't want to leave a bigot left un-pied."

## LAWMAKERS

# Massachusetts: A House In Disorder



Rep. Barney Frank: He lobbied hard but the majority said "no."

It was closer than gays had ever come before — but it was not close enough. After passage in the state Senate, the Massachusetts House voted 129-93 to reject a bill protecting gays in state employment.

While more than 40 municipalities have passed such bills, no state legislature has yet done so.

And the Massachusetts bill was also a measure of the fears and emotions that the gay rights issue can generate. No bill this session was as hotly debated in Boston.

Opponents said a "yea" vote from the House would "condone homosexuality." One member rose in the chamber to describe an uncomfortable encounter with a homosexual during his youth.

Rep. Paul Shea took a shot at the bill's sponsor and the country's only acknowledged lesbian legislator, Rep. Elaine Nobel. Shea said Nobel was exploiting her status as a lesbian elected to the House. "Do you find my presence in the House demeaning?" Nobel inquired. "I think you're a hypocrite," Shea responded.

The controversial measure was introduced by Nobel, and passed the Massachusetts Senate earlier this year on a 19-14 vote. Attached to the bill, however, was a proviso — unpopular with gay leaders — that called for a non-binding statewide referendum on the question.

Some suggested that the referendum — non-binding though it was — could turn Massachusetts into a Dade County-style battleground on the subject of gay rights.

Though the House first rejected the Nobel bill on a 120-101 roll call, Nobel and other representatives were optimistic. They moved for reconsideration, and, after considerable midnight lobbying, got a second chance. Nobel, Rep. Barney Frank and gay rights lobbyists from Massachusetts Legislation debated deleting police and fire fighters from employment protection, a trouble spot for the bill.

The same day Frank and Nobel requested a one day's delay in the reconsideration vote, throwing the chamber into an uproar. "You dirty son of a bith," shouted one House member at pro-gay Speaker Thomas McGee. McGee responded with an angry — albeit errant — fist swing.

"We're not going to have this rail-roaded" screamed an opponent. "There is a sickness in the House," another warned. "We are hating each other."

An hour-long debate followed, and a deeply-divided House voted to postpone the vote.

An amendment to exclude police, fire fighters and correctional officers was voted the next day over the strenuous



# A Tough Campaign, a Sweet Victory in S.F.

San Franciscans went to the polls on November 8 and elected the first openly gay person to public office in the city's history. Harvey Milk, 47, who owns a small photographic supply shop on Castro Street in the heart of the "gay ghetto," was overwhelmingly elected Supervisor from the newly created 5th District.

Milk, a liberal Democrat, has long been an active community organizer and tireless campaigner for neighborhood interests. His fierce independence, demonstrated in his grassroots campaign and certain to be reinforced by his stunning victory, was a serious blow to San Francisco's traditional power brokers, including gay big-wigs, the Democratic machine and the Downtown real estate and big business interests.

Before his victory at the polls, Milk had labored long and hard for the implementation of district election of supervisors — a measure which took effective political power out of the hands of the "big money" interests and returned it to the neighborhoods. The municipal election on Nov. 8 was the direct result of a successful referendum on last year's Proposition T, which divided the city into 11 supervisorial districts. The 5th District, comprised of some of the most steadfastly liberal precincts in the city, is a predominantly working class area with a large gay population, with some estimates



DAVE PATRICK

Milk. After three tries, a ticket to City Hall

as high as 20 percent. In past races, Milk has always swept this area, ultimately to be thwarted in his bids for elective office by massive voter roll-ups for incumbents in more conservative areas in the at-large contests.

Milk's name recognition in the 5th is high and his popularity as a spokesperson for "little people" is immense. However, few — and certainly not Milk — expected the landslide proportions of his victory in the balloting. For one thing, the hotly-contested 5th District hosted a field of 17 candidates, more than any other district. Several of the other candidates had strong backing from groups Milk might otherwise have expected to have garnered support from. The city's Democratic machine politicians, lead by entrenched Congressman Philip Burton and Mayor George Moscone, both wary of Milk's stubborn independence and immense popularity, worked hard to defeat him, encouraging a credible liberal, Terrence "Kayo" Hallinan, a young anti-war activist with solid labor credentials, to oppose Milk. At the same time establishment politicians encouraged a moderate gay lawyer, Rick Stokes, to enter the race, hoping he would erode Milk's gay power-base. Many feared what this would do, would throw the election to conservative businessman Bob St. Clair. With the labor bosses and Democratic Central Committee firmly behind Hallinan and with wealthy and establishment gays behind Stokes, Milk had no where to turn — except to the people.

His campaign, operating on a shoestring — Milk spent approximately \$10,000, as opposed to \$50,000 by Stokes — emphasized a grueling schedule of face-to-face meetings with voters in every corner of the district. Milk didn't let up for a day. Though Stokes did well among upper-income gays and Hallinan made a respectable showing in many areas, Milk swept the district, decisively beating all comers in all working class precincts — gay and non-gay. In fact,

Milk fared considerably better in some non-gay areas than he did in some gay areas. An unchallenged record as a tireless labor partisan may have proved the decisive factor in Milk's wide margin, as he rolled up impressive pluralities in what many thought was Hallinan territory.

Lionized for his proven political courage and his ceaseless dedication to neighborhood causes by the liberal weekly *Bay Guardian*, which had endorsed him heartily, Milk was taken by surprise by the staunchly conservative *Chronicle*, which found him "most qualified." In an unprecedented move, the city's biggest newspaper urged its readers to vote for the gay candidate, although the word "gay" appeared nowhere in the endorsement. Milk was also supported by the two local gay papers, *B.A.R.* and the *Sentinel*, although not by the big gay national, the *Advocate*, whose millionaire, would-be kingmaker publisher pushed heavily for Stokes.

Milk, who will take office in January, will enter City Hall beholden to none of the power elites that control San Francisco. Together with like-minded (and pro-gay) supervisors-elect Ella Hutch and Carol Ruth Silver, Milk expects to help effect a new outlook on the rash of perennial problem plaguing San Francisco. His experience as a Wall Street financial analyst, coupled with his humanist approach to social questions bodes well for a troubled city. But perhaps the most significant consequences of Milk's victory will lie in the symbolic importance it promises to all gay people, everywhere.

Milk tells a story, in his own down-to-earth way, which helps capture just what the importance of his political success means to gay people. "Nobody can speak for the entire non-gay community and in no way can any one person speak for the entire gay community. As far as what my election means to gay people — apart from the fact gay people are people like everyone else who are getting screwed by the Big Money interests Downtown . . . let me tell you a story.

"I got a phone call from a young person who said, 'My name is Steven; I'm 17 and I realized I was gay recently. I come from a very religious family and I can't tell anybody. But I read everything. Thank you very much.' And he hung up. He was afraid I would ask him his name. What he was saying to me," continued an obviously moved Milk, "is that he's looking for someone to show that gay life is not just the typical stereotypes. There are a lot of Stevens out there. Everything I do and everything I say will be looked upon by the Stevens — and that gives a great responsibility that I have to carry — to make sure that I'm honest and don't fuck up; 'cause I can't disappoint them. I have to do better than the non-gay politicians — much better."

## Mass.

Continued from page 9

objections of gay lobbyists. A pro-gay leadership, however, refused to accept the weakened version. Confusion reigned as legislators attempted to determine which version of the bill was now before a vote. After a short recess, the lawmakers discovered that they were again considering the Nobel bill which had been previously defeated. They killed it by a 129-93 roll-call vote.

It had been close. Gay leaders in the Bay State are now redoubling their efforts to bring the legislation next year to a more sympathetic legislature. They plan fund-raisers and voting drives to elect favorably inclined House members in next year's state elections.

While a few suggested that Anita Bryant's successful campaign against gay rights in Dade County was responsible for the defeat, a more likely cause was legislative redistricting. A League of Women Voters measure to cut the number of state representatives will force many lawmakers into races against colleagues in neighboring districts. Many legislators facing such contests are playing politics especially "safe" this year.

Massachusetts gay lobbyists hope they may be more courageous next session with the election behind them.

— Brian McNaught



## WASHINGTON

# Jimmy Stands by Midge

"Homos in the White House!" exploded an irate Midwestern labor leader. His outburst had not been sparked by any clandestine discoveries in the men's room, but rather by a well-publicized White House rap session President Carter's Assistant for Public Liaison, Midge Costanza, had arranged for gay activists at the height of the Anita Bryant rampage.

The former vice mayor of Rochester, New York — and one of Carter's earliest boosters north of the Mason-Dixon Line — Midge has lately been pegged as Carter's domestic Andy Young. Like Young, she is outspoken, even brazen, and by Washington standards, unconventional. Except for Zbigniew Brzezinski, she is the only non-Georgian on the President's senior staff. She is also the most liberal member of the inner circle, as well as the only woman in the upper reaches of the White House power elite.

When outsider Jimmy Carter was campaigning against the Washington political establishment, Midge's irreverent style and common sense politics seemed to fit naturally into the new national mood Carter seemed to be seeking to create. Now that Carter is President, many around him have a business-as-usual approach to running the government and the country, and to those people Midge Costanza is a severe embarrassment.

Her penchant for the anti-traditional doesn't always sit all that well in this most tradition-bound of American cities. The fact that Midge cavorts around in blue jeans, minces no words and has strong, close ties with many non-Establishment groups, has made her some powerful enemies within the Power Structure. Some Carter lieutenants fear her primary loyalties are reserved for the Women's Movement and other ideals and principles, rather than for the administration. And, although, no one says so publically, a number of Establishment types are up-in-arms over Midge's lifestyle, as well as her workstyle. Her refusal to buckle under to Washington social niceties have kept the gossip mills churning up in a town far more renowned for its uptightness than for such radical departures from the status quo as a tough and independent-minded woman offers.

After giving some of the country's leading gay spokespersons a White House forum to espouse their positions — positions still viewed with fear and apprehension by many Americans — Midge then publically opposed the President's decision not to support federally-funded abortions for the poor. When she became the first Administration official to call for the resignation of Bert Lance, at a time when Carter was still trying to keep his cool and his Budget Director, it became obvious to the White House Press Corps that Costanza was treading on doesn't always sit all that well in this

suggested snidely that she, rather than Lance, resign. Other White House staffers wanted her to "tone down and straighten up."

Instead, she went right on rocking the boat, ensuring that there was never a dull moment for anybody around an already-beleaguered 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue. By the beginning of November arch-conservative House members Robert Michel, the Minority Whip from Illinois, and John Rousselot, a rabid right wing homophobe from California, were urging Carter to fire her.

When the President *did* talk to the irrepressible 44-year-old bachelorette, it was to tell her she was going a good job and to keep up the good work. Carter is painfully aware that the outsider image which played so important a role in electing him to office, is quickly fading and that it is controversial independents within the Administration, like Young and Costanza, who have maintained even a semblance of the Populism that had him faring so well with anti-Establishment voters.

If Costanza irks the President, it's going to take more than a smattering of controversy for him to fire her. "Midge irritates me sometimes, but she renders a

real service around here," explained White House Top Dog Hamilton Jordan. "I know the President feels the same way."

Reinforced and boosted by that support, Midge is determined to continue in what many call "the most thankless job in the Administration." If the President hired her to keep his lines open with groups outside the "mainstream," that's exactly what she intends to go on doing. And in her own way.

## 'Gayjack' Ends In Death

In the wake of the German hijacking escapade that ended in the deaths of a pilot and several hijackers in Somalia, an anguished American hijacker took his own life, after releasing all his hostages from a Boeing 737 jetliner. The suicide followed a 12-hour-drama that began in Grand Island, Neb. and ended in Georgia, at Atlanta Airport.

The hijacker, Thomas Michael Hannan, 29, had demanded the release of his lover, Joseph David Stewart, also 29, from an Atlanta jail where he was awaiting trial on charges stemming from an alleged attempt to rob an Atlanta branch of the National Bank of Georgia. Hannan, also charged in that robbery, was free on \$5,000 bail. Besides the release of his lover, the hijacker was also demanding \$3 million, 2 machine guns and 2 parachutes in return for the 15 hostages aboard the Frontier Airlines jet he had seized at his hometown airport.

It was Hannan's lover who played the pivotal role in convincing him that his ill-founded plan was hopeless. Speaking by two-way radio from the airport control tower, Stewart told Hannan to release the prisoners and surrender.

"I appreciate your devotion, but your life is worth more than just throwing it away," Stewart told his friend. "You haven't made your demands in any political ideology or anything. The only place we could go is out of the country, maybe to Cuba. I don't think Castro would want us. Those countries would be embarrassed by us."

Hannan, who had earlier released all women passengers and a man with a heart condition, allowed two stewardesses to leave the plane after talking with his parents and lawyer. Later Stewart convinced him to free the remaining hostages and half an hour later he ended his own life by shooting himself in the chest with the sawed-off shotgun he had used to commandeer the plane that morning.



GROSS

Costanza: Not popular with the Georgia mafia.



# ALTERNATE CURRENT

## PM, 81, INTO W/S . . .

"For the past five or six years," India's Prime Minister Morarji Desai confided to reporters recently, "I have drunk a glass of my own urine — about six to eight ounces — every morning."

The 81-year-old head of state explained that drinking urine was a cure for cancer, cataracts and tuberculosis.

"It is very good for you, and it is even free. Even in the Bible it says to drink from your own cistern."

"What is your own cistern?" the Prime Minister asked. "It is your own urine. Urine is the water of life."

## RIDE ON THE MTA

The Miami Tourist Authority has started its own affirmative action program. After complaints from the Dade County Commission on the Status of Women, the MTA will shoot publicity photos of men romping through the surf as well as women.

The trick, reports Miami photographer Dick Kassan, is to pose the male models so they don't appear "klutzy."

## NOBEL WON'T RUN

Massachusetts Rep. Elaine Nobel has announced that she "probably" will not run for reelection in 1978. Nobel, a nationally-known gay leader, is the first acknowledged lesbian to win an elected office.

Nobel's district was merged with that of Rep. Barney Frank, another popular pro-gay politician, in redistricting that cut the number of seats in the Massachusetts House. Frank's constituents make up the majority of the new district.

But Nobel's political career may not be over — she is keeping her eye on a seat on the Boston City Council should it be expanded as proposed. Nobel, 33, is also considering returning to her teaching career.

"One thing I have learned," Nobel told the *Boston Globe*, "is that maybe I'll never make a good politician. You have got to have a killer instinct — and I don't have it."

## BRYANT'S CONTRACT RENEWED

The Florida Citrus Commission settled the question of Bryant's employment by extending her contract until August 1979. The action ended widespread speculation about Bryant's future.

The commission, in a move certain to spawn more call for a "gaycott" of Florida citrus, also praised the entertainer for her "courageous leadership on a moral issue." The commission referred to Bryant's leadership in the anti-gay movement.

The action provoked an immediate response from the International Union of Gay Athletes. A spokesperson for the group said \$100,000 — much of it raised from professional athletes — would be spent to "alert people who are concerned to which citrus products come out of Florida, and to encourage them to boycott those products."

The commission also decreed that there will be no further public discussion of the issue by any employee or member of the commission. The move was an apparent slap in the face to Commission executive director Ed Taylor, who had questioned the effectiveness of using Bryant as a spokesperson for the commission.

## FIRE KILLS AIDE

One of the eight men killed in a Washington, D.C. gay theater was an aide to a South Carolina congressman.

Eight persons died in a fire at the Cinema Follies, including Charles Beebe Jr. Beebe was an aide to Rep. Butler Derrick (D-S.C.). He is survived by his wife and a five-year-old daughter.

## BOWIE & BING, TOGETHER AT LAST

Notes from the wonderful world of entertainment: David Bowie and the late Bing Crosby appear together in an "Christmas spectacular" for English Independent television. The show features "Little Drummer Boy," and, of course, "White Christmas."

English critics call Bowie and Bing the odd couple of the year.

Gay poet Allen Ginsberg has recorded an album — it contains original blues numbers and is called "First Blues."

The album's producer John Hammond is trying to get it released through Columbia Records. So far, no go.

According to Hammond the album is "absolutely brilliant." But, says the producer, "Allen gets pretty enthusiastic about pederasty, but I don't see any reason why a poet can't sing about what the hell he wants to." Look it up, we're not telling you what it means.

## NO ONE'S SAFE

No publication, apparently, is safe from censorship in Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.

According to one bookseller in the Florida beach community, police there have classified the November issue of *Blueboy* and a recent issue of the *Advocate* as obscene. "It won't hold up in court," the dealer said, "but a lot of these small bookstores can't fight it and are driven out of business."

The bookseller said he would seek a Federal injunction to stop the police "harassment."

In contrast to the busts in Florida, which occurred at an adult bookstore, both the *Advocate* and *Blueboy* are sold in grocery stores and newsstands in other parts of the country.

"It's part of a trend occurring in other central Florida cities," the bookseller said. "They really want to close us down."

## MIAMI LOSES GUESTS

Miami Beach has been struck by a pair of boycotts that may cost the city as much as \$8 million in tourist and convention business.

The National Library Association and the National Education Association has informed the Miami Beach Convention Bureau that they should not bother to solicit their annual meetings until Florida ratifies that Equal Rights Amendment.

The boycott tactic is being promoted by the National Organization for Women as a way of pressuring state legislatures to approve the constitutional amendment.

And that isn't the only problem facing Miami Beach tourism officials — the fight in Dade County over gay rights has also cost some booking for the city.

According to Hal Cohen, executive director of the Miami Beach Tourist Development Authority, "the impact from the gay issue is not as great, but it is picking up momentum. We lost a group of 100 Brazilians who would have been here a week." According to Cohen, many smaller groups have also cancelled.

Dr. Joyce Brothers says that homosexual teachers should be removed from the classroom only if they are found "proselytizing" instead of teaching.

"I feel very strongly that a homosexual teacher doesn't harm children," Brothers told a Reno, Nev. audience. "Their sexuality is formed at the age of 2 or 3 . . . studies have shown there are no specific emotional problems associated with homosexuals."

As one writer put it to the *Boston Globe*: "I'd rather have my daughters taught by Elaine Nobel than by Roman Polanski." Said another, "If history had relegated all gays to menial tasks, Michaelangelo would have been a house painter and Tennessee Williams a typist."



## THE COVER

# BLUE COLLAR GAYS

## On the job, and increasingly out of the closet

*"BLUE COLLAR, adj. Of or pertaining to wage earners in jobs performed in rough clothing and often involving manual labor..."*

What's it like, being a blue collar worker — and gay? On the surface, it sounds like a little bit of heaven. Big, gorgeous men, laboring, in the hot sun. Brawny chests gleaming with sweat. Levis slung low on narrow, muscular waists. Hard, well-rounded buttocks above massive thighs. Handsome, dark and hairy men working together with their hands, slapping ass and drinking beer. Bulging crotches and biceps — any red-blooded American homosexual's dream come true.

Or is it? I remember my college days. Being poor, I supported myself working on the loading dock of a trucking company. Every afternoon at four, I became "one of the guys" for the next six hours, swearing and sweating, getting blisters and callouses, busting my ass. As I remember it, it wasn't quite the way that last paragraph described it. As a matter of fact, it was nothing like that at all.

Oh, there was one man, Tom, who fit the picture. Tall and brawny, built like a weight lifter, his body drove me up the wall night after night. And he played it

for all he could get out of it. He usually went shirtless and wore loose-fitting work pants that somehow managed to stay above his hips, although none of us could ever figure out quite how. They rode just at the top of his pubic hairs, slanted at an angle. He usually managed to work with me once a week or so, and we would stay behind after the rest of the crew knocked off at ten o'clock. From then until six in the morning, the loading platform was empty and he'd lock up after they left. Then we'd go into one of the trailers and he'd let me suck him off.

His cock lived up to his image too. His wife and three kids notwithstanding, he liked to sex with a man from time to time, "Just for the hell of it." Was he gay? I don't know, because I've never quite come up with a definition of that word that fits every guy I know who messes around. But he was a man and I enjoyed him (and I think he did me, too, by the way), I liked his body and I liked his company as well. In our own way, we had a rather satisfying relationship going, on-the-job, for a couple years there until I graduated and left the east coast.

So there it is, the blue collar story, right out of a porny movie. Right? Wrong. I can also remember the other members of the crew. Out of the thirty-

odd of us, there was Tom, as I said, a knockout. And there was me, all of nineteen and still young and slender and pretty. The rest were quite another story. They were chubby to just plain fat. They all had beer guts to some degree, mostly more than less. They had small, piggy eyes and short foreheads. They had the mentalities of apes and spent most of their time talking about all the pussy they had (unlikely) or how they would have played last Saturdays Rams-Jets game (they'd coronary if they ran down the stairs too fast, much less went out for a wide pass).

That's the other side of the coin. But is it that way for everyone? I talked with a few guys I know who make their livings in the blue collar areas.

One is a carpenter, named Chip who works for himself here in San Francisco. He remodels old houses, putting in new plumbing or wiring, redoing kitchens and bathrooms, adding sun decks or restoring Fictorian facades. He has a good-looking young assistant. Together, they make a good looking couple that should be able to get themselves into an occasional situation. Lou works for a city transit system, as a mechanic. His job involves working with a crew of men, usually four to eight guys, the rest of whom are



straight. He's tall, has dark skin and a very hairy chest, lots of muscles and beautiful green eyes. The whole package is topped off with shining, thick black hair. He's your basic heartbreaker.

The third, Al, is young, tall and slender. He works on an assembly line where three-quarters of the crew is gay, both male and female. He's not real hard on the eyes either, if you like them young and pretty. The fourth I talked with, Tony, is a driver/delivery man for an air freight forwarding company. He's about five nine or so, bald, with a thick beard and mustache. He's pretty well muscled, especially through his shoulders and chest. His arms are mammoth. He's also a pretty horny guy who ought to be able to get himself into a few situations in the small back rooms and basements where he takes most of the stuff he delivers.

So what is it like on the job, being gay and blue collar? Three of these guys deal pretty much with straights most of the time. Working in a situation that involves close interaction with straights could pose some problems, or so it would seem. After all, men who work with their hands are not known for their libertarian views on matters political, social, or sexual. Working in an office in a city, any city, one encounters all kinds of people, but also encounters a large degree of acceptance from those around you. On the assembly line or on the construction site, that must be another matter.

Chip the carpenter, whose partner is gay, most often finds himself dealing with homeowners and landlords who are straight, married, and more concerned with the results of what they pay him to do — and really don't seem to want to get to know him as a person at all. Except for a cursory look at the work in progress from time to time, he says he has very little to do with the people he's working for. They call him in, usually based on a recommendation from someone he's previously done work for, tell him what they want done, find out what it will cost and then tell him to do it. And that's about all he has to do with them. "Ninety-nine times out of a hundred," he adds, "they're nice to me, but really don't seem to know I'm there." It's not that they ignore him because he's gay — not at all. "I've had more than one bored housewife come on to me on the job," he laughs. "Then I just politely tell them I'm married and don't get involved with other women."

He claims, rather, that the people he works for mostly just want him to do the work as quickly, neatly, and inexpensively as possible, then get the hell out of their houses. "People don't really like strangers in their homes, especially when that person is disrupting their day-to-day lives." He does a lot of kitchen renovations and claims that the longer it takes, the more testy people get. "That's what bothers people, not the fact that I'm gay." He laughs, his deeply tanned face lighting up. "Of course, there have been a few jobs I've done for gay guys — now that's another story." To begin with, he says, most guys know he, too, is gay and treat him more as a friend than just a hired hand. "They will at least



offer me a beer and tell me to take a break on a hot day. The straights treat me like I'm only something to be ignored, overlooked for the week or two I'm in their homes. The gays, the men and the women, perhaps because we have that in common, treat me nice." Again, his deep laugh interrupts the conversation, then he goes on. "There have been a few times when I was working for gay guys that I did a little more than just provide carpentry services — if you know what I mean. In fact, a couple of times Lou and I both got into the action."

He must have seen the gleam in my eye, because he went on quickly then, cutting down my fantasy before it had a chance to get off the ground. "But that was strictly laughs, you know — sex between a couple horny guys. Once it was over, that was the end of it. And besides, that's a pretty rare occurrence." The way he sees it, most of the time his private life simply never is mentioned at all with his clients, so there really is no problem with how they might feel or react to a gay man working for them. They want a good carpenter before anything else. "In fact, most of them want a good carpenter — and nothing else at all."

That's fine. He works for himself and has little if anything to do with other blue collars during the course of the day. But what about the others, all of whom work daily (and closely) with straights on a one-to-one basis? What problems do they encounter. Al, who works on an assembly line for a company that manufactures home care products, has little problem. "Of course," he laughs, "you have to realize that out of the fifty or so of us on the line, about thirty are gay men or women." This seems a rather odd situation, so many gay people working on the line for the same small company.

"It is, in a way. But remember, when the company needs help, we all know about it and tell our friends who are looking for a job." He thinks about it for a minute, then adds, "I suspect, although no one has mentioned it, that the

company would rather have gays working the line. We all get along pretty well together, do a good job for the company, and that's what really counts." He frankly admits that some of the straights on the line don't last very long. "Seems like the men, especially the younger men, come here for a week or so, get an idea of what kind of people they're working with and get very nervous and quit."

"We aren't real discreet there, you know." Like most blue collar workers, the emphasis on conversation is sex and money. "Most of us work there because it pays well, not because we like it. So, to keep the day light and pass the time, we talk all the time. About who got laid last, how great it was, which bars are hot and which ones aren't, you know, all that stuff. If a straight guy is bothered by all that, he probably won't last long." He thinks for a minute, then goes on, "Besides, I guess they must feel pretty isolated, working there and not being gay. I mean, after all, what is there to talk about with a straight guy who's uptight about the whole thing?"

Lou works with a crew of men daily, all of whom are straight. He frankly doesn't like the men he works with, but he does like the money (\$9.87 an hour, plus overtime), and the fact that he's usually outside and using his hands. "I never have liked working in an office, wearing a tie and all that," he begins. "Even if the guys are all red necks, it's still better than listening to the ladies chat all day long about their kids or their recipes." Do the guys he works with know he's gay? "One does, Larry, but he's pretty cool. He found out pretty much by accident, and it doesn't seem to make any difference to him. Of course, he's an older guy and pretty mellow. He also knows I'd probably have to quit if anyone else found out, so he's always kept it to himself."

Lou works in a closet, admits it, and doesn't feel particularly guilty about it. "Let's face it, friend, if those guys knew I was a queer, they'd bug me right out of there. They wouldn't want to work with



me for a second. As it stands, they think I've got a steady girl and that I lead a fairly quiet life. What would be gained if they knew the truth? Now all I have to do is put up with the constant remarks about pussy and tits and that's fine. I don't try to act like one of them, but I don't act different from them either." He frowns, thinking about it for a moment, then goes on. "I do get a little down over the fag jokes sometimes, but it's easier to just keep my mouth shut and remember these guys are all clowns who just don't know the truth." It bothers him after all, but not enough to make him think about leaving, even for a second. "No sir, that trip to the bank every other Thursday makes up for it — all of it."

Tony, the driver for the freight forwarder, also works as part of a large crew. The thing that saves him, as he puts it, is that he only sees them for about an hour in the morning before leaving for his route, and then about half an hour at night before he clocks out. He also likes working out of doors most of the time, and secretly gets off on being gay and blue collar. "It's kind of fun in a way — working with all those guys who think they're big butch truck drivers, proving their masculinity and heterosexuality through their work, knowing that I'm just as good as any of them and gay." There are actually three drivers there that are gay, and about half the other men know who they are. But it doesn't seem to cause any great problems. "In fact, I was just named 'Driver of the Month' by the union. I don't know if that's much of an honor, but the vote was made by a lot of guys, quite a few of whom know I'm gay. They don't really seem to care too much at all." He looks me right in the eye and smiles when he tells me he's also the shop steward for the union. He obviously takes pride in where he's at and how much he likes his work and the acceptance from the other men there. "Of course, you have to realize that I don't go out drinking with the boys after work." I asked him why, and his answer was, "Well, they never asked and I really don't want to. As I said, an hour or so a day with them is plenty. When I finish work, I'd rather come home and be with my own kind."

Working with straights is something each of these men puts up with daily. Each one has his own way of dealing with it. One has no problem at all, one simply ignores the entire issue, the other two pretty much stay in a closet. For each one, it's their way of taking the easiest path — the road of least resistance. Still, what Lou said about losing his job if his co-workers found out he was gay bothered me. In this day and age, it's unsettling to know that sort of thing can (and apparently does) still go on. Is being gay still a great detriment in our society? Can it prevent a man from getting ahead and realizing his full potential?

Lou has little desire for the higher echelons to begin with. He says he's perfectly happy to stay on the crew and do his job five days a week. "I really don't want to be a crew leader and have to put up with all that politics they use.

It's not worth the few extra bucks a month." He goes on then, "Besides, I really don't want to draw that much attention to myself. As it is now, I can just do my job and then go home. No hassles and that's the way I like it. If I was a crew leader, then I'd have to take all the shit from the other guys on the crew and then turn around and get shit from the top too. It's just not worth it." But still, why this fear of drawing attention to himself? "Shit, man, I already told you what would happen if they knew I was a fairy. If I was leader, sooner or later it would come out and that would be that." Lou's face turns dark and he looks down at the floor for a minute, thinking about what he has just said. "Well, I guess that does bother me. I guess that being gay does hold me back sometimes. Still, I've never really wanted to be much of anything other than a working stiff, so it really doesn't make much difference. You know?" I wasn't so sure I did know, but I let it go at that.

"LET'S FACE IT, FRIEND.  
IF THOSE GUYS KNEW  
I WAS QUEER, THEY'D  
BUG ME RIGHT OUT OF THERE."

Similarly, Al really doesn't want more from his job than the minimum. "Look, I just put in the eight hours and then go home and get into my Levis and go to the bar. I don't want to be a line foreman — that's for assholes." Why not? Why does he feel so strongly negative toward those who go upward and become foremen? "Ah, they're just on a power trip, wanting to brown nose up to the owners so they can make a little name for themselves. They're finks, is what they are — and I don't want to be one of them." But is this it? All you want to do forever? "What else is there? You got to work, to get the bread to eat and go out and party. I've got no education, didn't even finish high school. What else can I be than what I am? Hell, I'm lucky to have this job. At least I can put up with it eight hours a day — and I don't hate it. I know a lot of guys who really, really hate their jobs. At least I don't mind going to work in the morning — not too much, anyway."

I made one last attempt. Does any of this come from your homosexuality, these negative feelings? "Fuck, no. Like I said, man, I'm basically an ignorant, uneducated slob who knows it. I was lucky enough to get a good-paying job and I'm going to keep it as long as they'll have me. No waves, no problems. All I want to do is go through and have a good time as I can. Get it?" I did, and it still depresses me.

Tony, the driver, was more positive, even optimistic. "Sure, I want to get ahead. They're going to be replacing the dispatcher next year (the old one's retiring), and I've already applied for the job." But wait a minute. Before you said

you didn't like having to deal with the other drivers any more than was necessary. Now you're saying you've applied for a job dealing with all day long. "Sure, but that's different. I mean, the dispatcher has a lot to do all day, scheduling runs and loads, pick ups and drops, and HE TELLS THOSE GUYS WHERE TO GO AND WHAT TO DO." (The emphasis is mine.) His face lights up and he goes on, "That would be nice. Besides, it's a lot more money than I'm making now."

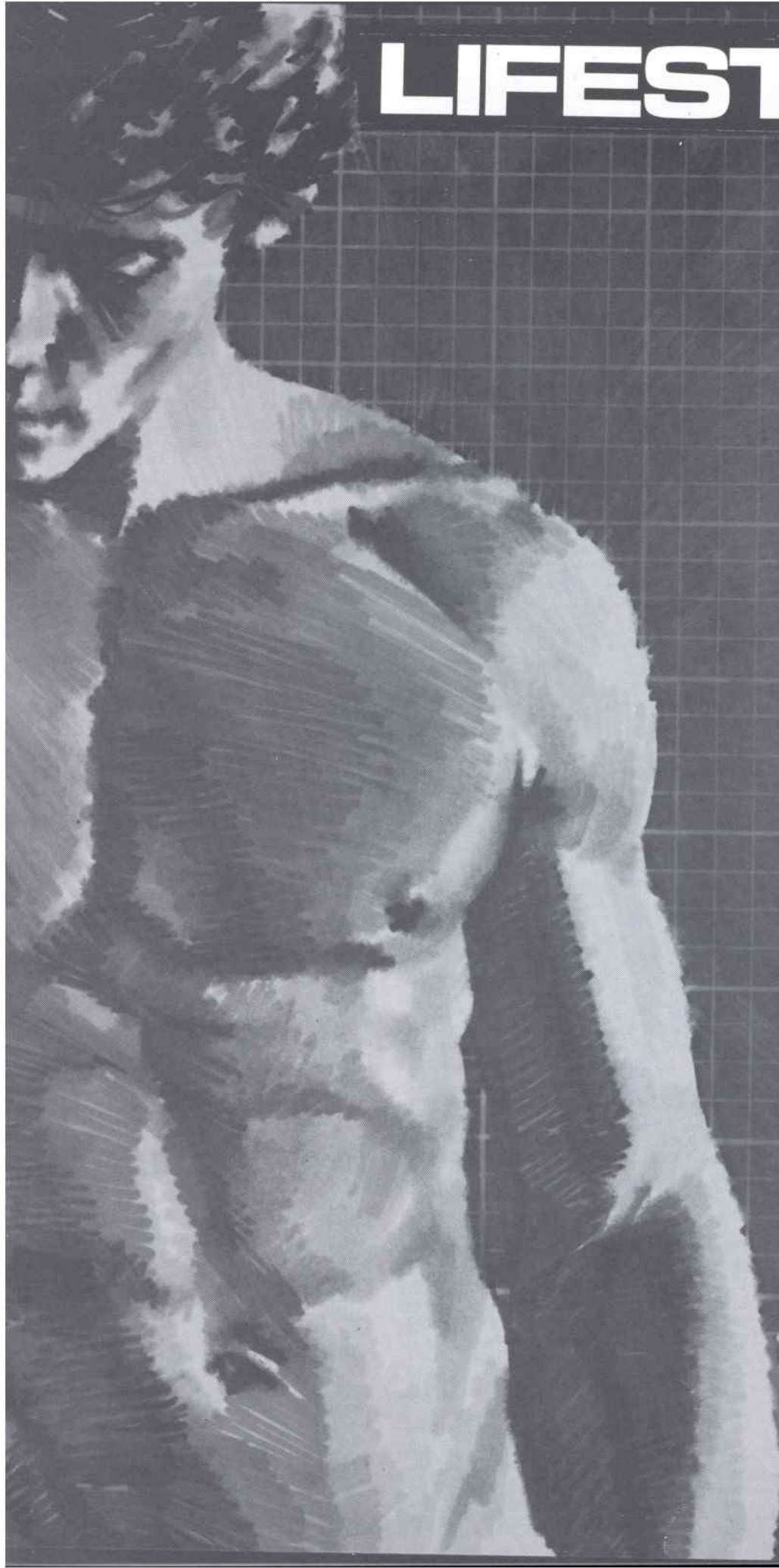
Will it cause any trouble, with so many of them knowing you're a homosexual? Will they take your orders willingly? "Oh sure. It's not like they don't know me. No matter how they might feel about all that, they know I was a damned good driver and besides, I was their shop steward, too. They'll know me and who I am, and that I know what I'm doing." He adds one more thing. "I think I'm going to be picked for it, too. The president of the lipe has already called me in twice to talk about it. The second time, he was trying to ask me something, but couldn't. Finally, I just looked him right in the eye and said, 'Look, a fag can do the job just as well as anybody else. Is that what's worrying you?' He laughed then, and said it had been. But somehow, he guessed I was different and could do it if anyone could. Shit, I wanted to tell the asshole that I wasn't any different than most other gay guys. But I didn't. I'm not a crusader." It doesn't look like Tony's homosexuality is going to stand between him and a better job in the future. I couldn't help thinking, "Now that's more like it!"

Chip is a different story when it comes to the future and advancement. He told me that before he got into working for himself, he had been a fairly successful salesman for a book publishing firm. He had covered the northwestern states and made a lot of money. "But I hated it, totally. I had all this education and wasn't using it at all. Finally, I just said 'Enough is enough,' and quit. I turned my back on that whole money/ego trip. It wasn't making me happy, gave me an ulcer as a matter of fact. Now I've got my own business, make my own hours, and I'm happy. As far as the future, I own a couple buildings that will insure an income in old age, and I'm certain I'll be working as long as I can. There's a lot of demand for a good carpenter these days, you know. I'm constantly turning down jobs just because I don't have the time."

After thinking it over for a minute, he follows up. "It's funny. Ten years ago, I would have said you were crazy if you had told me I'd be doing this today. But now I wouldn't have it any other way. A couple fellows tried to get me to start a contracting firm a year or so ago. They had all the financing for it, all they wanted was my business sense and knowledge of building. I turned them down cold. It seemed like a sweet deal, and the money was surely good. But I could see it leading right back to twelve hour days and no weekends and that's what I got away from five years ago. Go back to that now? Not on your life."

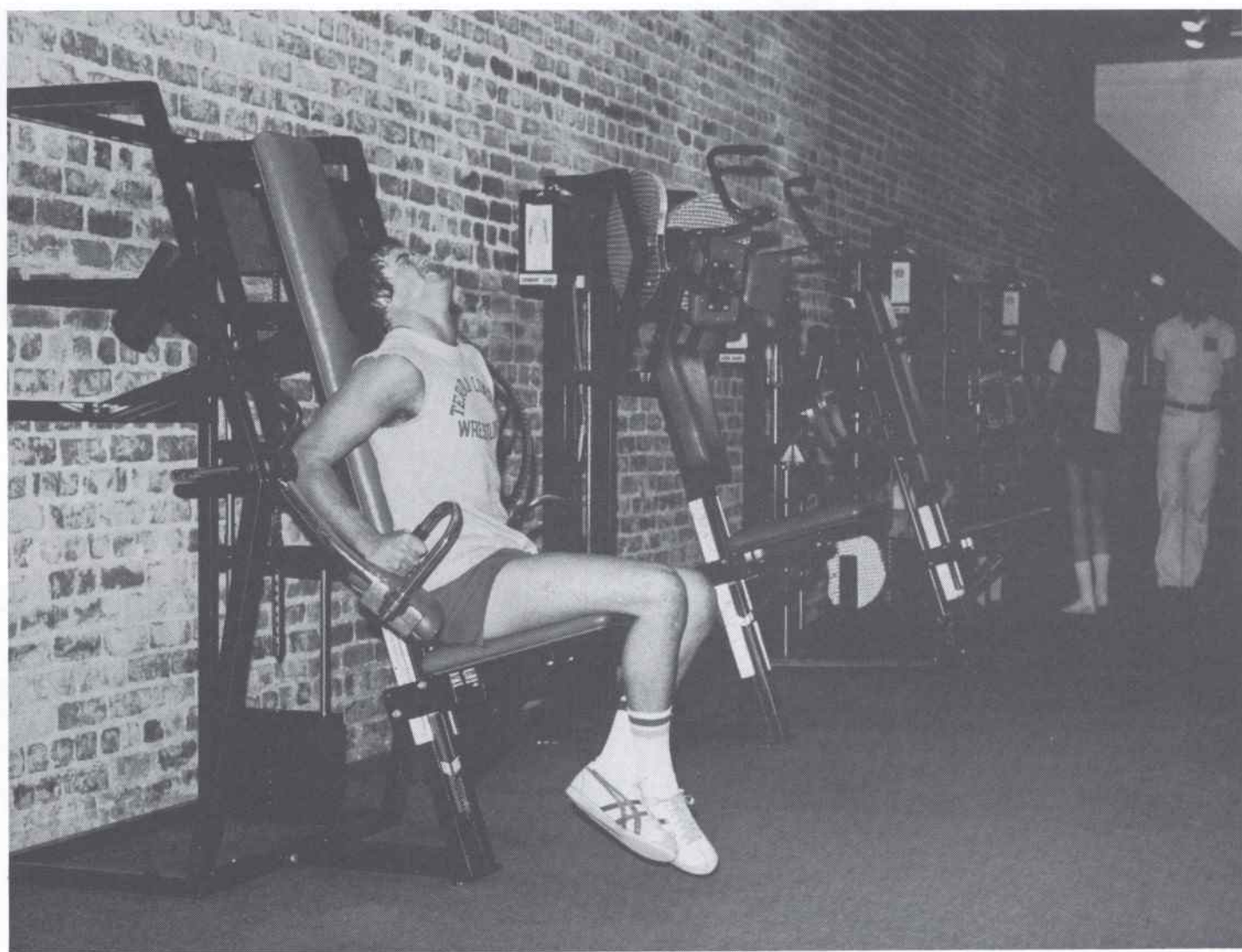


# LIFESTYLES



*Jim Fulp*





HY CHASE

# Jock: The Newest Religion

By Al leGrand

I've found a new religion. I'm born again. Got saved. Now, before you conclude that this may be a lead-in for a testimony on behalf of Anita Bryant, let me reassure you. To be sure, I used to interpret those catch phrases in the traditional way, at least as they applied to my own life, but no more. I have now converted to Jock.

The religion of Jock is new to me, but of course it is a very ancient cult. Why, I remember seeing some of its most noted idols in art photographs, or in the galleries of the Louvre, those marvelous classic Greek gods and heroes whose proportions are still envied and pursued to this day. In our own time, Jock is experiencing a grand revival, and I'm afraid I was caught up in the enthusiasm after many years of seeking salvation fruitlessly in other philosophies.

Those of you who were born Jock will find it hard to comprehend what life is like for one who is not so privileged. In

earlier years, I was always the kid who would "dry up and blow away" because I didn't eat enough, the incarnation of the 97-pound weakling in the Charles Atlas ads. Baseball? Football? You must be kidding. But I was a whiz at badminton. And, of course, I was insufferably smart. And I took music lessons. And wore glasses.

When I reached adulthood, at 5'6" and 127 pounds, I was, it turned out, some said, "frail," but not bad looking in a bookish way. And, it seems, there were quite a few attractive people who liked me that way. However, in the treacherous thirties the raging metabolism that had burned up thousands of hot fudge sundaes, tamales, and spaghetti dinners began to cool down. By the time I was 37, an age I had always considered splendidly sexy, I was not. The burden of fat and flab weighed heavily, and the pains of age "gat hold upon me," to borrow a phrase from the Psalmist. My doctor, an outrageous fifty, lean, tanned, looking and talking like Paul Henreid, weighed me in the balance and found me wanting. 180 pounds! What would deliver me from

the body of this fat? Diet, of course.

And so, on my own, I followed the doctor-prescribed regimen and managed to get down to about 165, where I was stopped cold, still looking like hell. Fat and flab on a spare, unmuscular frame can only be called *dumpy*. I conjured a hideous vision of myself at forty, fifty, fifty-five . . . suicide at sixty seemed the most equitable solution.

The unkindest blow came in the form of a remark by a Jewish bodybuilder friend who converted to Jock at sixteen. "You just have a cherubic body, that's all." Perceptive, but cruel. I told another friend that, when I looked in the mirror I saw a person who stepped out of a Rubens' painting. He remarked that that was not so bad, since he found the men in Rubens' paintings a bit of a turn-on. Unfortunately, I saw myself as one of Rubens' female figures.

Like the alcoholic, the flabby must hit rock bottom before he can be saved. I reached a depth of depression not a little propelled by a nasty slump in my sex life, and there in that "slough of despond," I got terribly angry. Angry at myself, my



# LIFESTYLES

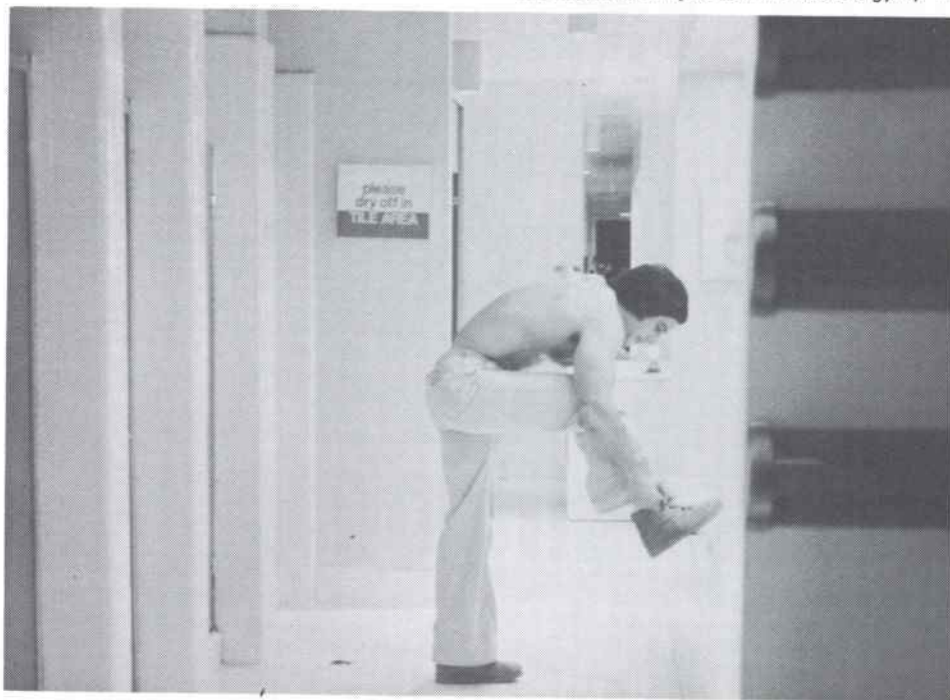
genetic heritage, the American food industry, bodybuilders, everybody who looked better than I did (a considerable portion of the male population). It was then that Jock presented itself.

A close friend of mine was attending a Jock temple regularly with very perceptible results. Another lifted weights at home, a secret disciple no doubt, like the reluctant Nicodemus who came to Jesus by night. Perhaps Jock could be my salvation as well.

At the temple, which was cleverly disguised as a health club on an ordinary suburban boulevard, I spoke with a counselor, to whom I poured out my anxieties. What good news he had! Even at my age, even with the weight of years of neglect, even with an unJock heritage and mentality, I could still benefit — a place in the kingdom could be mine! The



The fabulous temple: San Francisco's gym, "The Bodyworks."

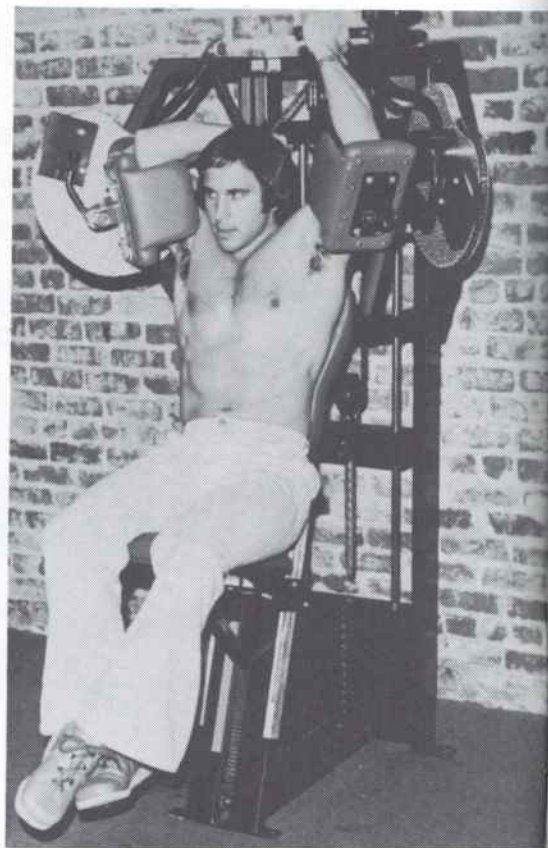


testimonies of those who had gone before me were impressive, the accouterments of the temple seemed more than adequate, and the contributions I should have to make to its upkeep were within my means, so I became a novice.

Jock, like its spiritual forerunners, provides the Way of Salvation for its devotees, but the devotee must provide the will. On my first day in the temple, I entered the locker room, an alien place, but one which did not bring back entirely unhappy memories. There, I proceeded to put on the garments of holiness — jock-strap, sneakers, gym shorts, crew socks. Then, I entered the sacred precincts of the inner court, the gym itself. It was bathed in a cleansing fluorescent light, its walls mirrored, the floor softly carpeted. Ranged along both sides were strange machines, no doubt altars dedi-

cated to some exotic devotions. The priestly attendant greeted me. He was splendid in his garb of office, trim cut dark slacks and a bulging, rippling tee shirt with the escutcheon of the temple emblazoned on his chest. Sensing my anxiety, he put me at my ease, prescribing the preliminary rites of exercycling and situps, to "get the blood moving."

Presently, I was brought face to face with the first of the forbidding exercise engines called "Nautilus." These sinister machines, I discovered, are the instruments of punishment for past sins. They inflict indignities upon every muscle group of the body, selectively subjecting the devotee to exquisite suffering. When the pain becomes bearable, then one must increase the weight on the machine to make it unbearable once again. As we passed from one machine to another,



PHOTOS BY HY CHASE

other sinners were strapping themselves in, encircling themselves, howling and cursing as the agonies overcame them. But I persevered. Nothing would deter me from the road to salvation.

Having passed through the demonstration of the instruments of torture, I looked back at the ten great steel destroyers of muscle tissue, I realized, for the first time, that here were the Stations of the Cross, the Way of Sorrow. But this time, there was no Jesus to suffer on my behalf. In Jock, each man suffers for his own sins!



## Coors' New Advocate

Coors Beer has been around for a long time. Brewed in Golden, Colorado, its bland pale, pilsner taste has made it popular with Americans as distinguished as former President Gerald Ford.

While Ford's taste, along with much of the Great American public, has never been epicurian, his preference for Coors made national copy when cases were shipped from Colorado all the way back to the White House. Coors has been distributed exclusively in the western states — California is its major market. The Coors label has been the beer sales leader in that state for years; however that lead has become tenuous in the past few months. Coors had 36.5 percent of the California Market this time last year and now is down to 31.6 percent, allowing Anheuser-Busch to take the top spot. Now Coors is pushing eastward expanding distribution to Missouri and Texas to make up for loss.

The reason for the slide? Coors Chairman William Coors contended at a press conference in Los Angeles that "massive advertising by competitors" and consumer resistance to Coors' non-detachable can lids (which will be discontinued) were to blame. Not, he insisted, the union-sponsored boycott of Coors' beer that has the support of the Teamsters, the National Organization for Women and Mexican-American and gay rights groups.

But Coors' distributors aren't too sure. Company representatives, along with local distributors have been attending gay organization meetings and making overtures to, among others, *Advocate* publisher David Goodstein.

The latter pitch seems to have paid off. Issue 228 of the *Advocate* devoted its cover and five and one half inside pages to the Coors controversy, with a predigested conclusion on the lead page that the publication's official decision was "not to recommend a continuation of the national boycott for the present." Now, according to the *Advocate*, drinking Coors is okay after all.

The lengthy article contained an

interview with William and Joseph Coors who owned up to contributing to many ultra conservative causes — admitting that they had no idea nor control over what the money was used for. They did disclaim any *direct* contributions to Anita Bryant, however.

Among the Coors' beneficiaries is Richard Viguerie, the right wing fund raiser for Anita in Florida and Los Angeles Police Chief Ed Davis' California gubernatorial campaign. Joseph Coors went on the record as being especially fond of the good works of Howard Phillips of the Conservative Caucus, New Hampshire governor Meldrim Thompson and perennial candidate-ex-governor-actor Ronald Reagan.

In spite of the fact that the Coors brothers admitted that these notoriously anti-gay groups (and others) were where a percentage of every Coors' dollar ends up, the *Advocate* advocates cooling the boycott. One reason: "The AFL-CIO has no record of supporting gay rights either, and there is no indication from them that they will support us in the future."

Probably true. It is also true that the Coors family could hardly be termed pro-labor and tales of past discrimination, polygraph tests and uptight working conditions in Golden are not without some basis in fact. Dealing as an employee with either Coors or the Teamsters is probably no bed of roses. That is the problem of anyone working at Coors, and it can be said without too much fear of contradiction that there are damn few gays in Coors' employ.

The point that the *Advocate* seems to have missed is not so much "What has Coors done against gays" — there are plenty of industrial giants with as bad or worse track records — but rather "What are they doing for us?"



EMERY REIFF

If consumption in gay bars throughout Coors distribution area has dropped to almost nothing, it would seem logical to most enterprising businessmen — even those whose political philosophies are more a part of the last century than the present one — to make amends. Perhaps, even, to prime the pump. According to *Ad Age*, Adolph Coors Co. is initiating a dramatic departure from past advertising. Soon, country and western, rock, soul and Latin music themes will replace the company's conservative advertising. The pitch is directed at young people of varied economic levels and ethnic backgrounds. Coors' new ad theme: "Make it Coors. Make it yours." It will be backed by an estimated \$13,500,000 budget, more than double that of past years.

The hundreds of gay bars that formerly dispensed Coors by the thousands of cases a week might start doing it again when some of the 'new image' advertising starts appearing in national and regional gay publications to support this gay communication network. And even more so, when some of the money that the Coors brothers are dispensing to the right-wing hate merchants also goes to gay foundations and service organizations. Perhaps, even in proportion to the amount of Coors consumed by gays.

The *Alternate* recommendation: If Coors, or anyone else wants gay business — and gays constitute the largest, most affluent, most demonstrative minority in the United States — then they had better make it worth our while. Some of those gay dollars need to come back to do good works for the community that spends them.

In the words of the *Advocate*, "... because it is the first time gay economic power has had any tangible effect."



# GOD, HOMOPHOB

Paul Hardman

It is said that "If there were not a God, man would have invented one." Considering the tragedies about us, God serves a useful purpose. He can be blamed for natural tragedy, and is around to forgive man-made disaster.

Nations pray to God when they make war. Condemned prisoners are prayed for before they are dispatched by state executioners. It is "God's Will" when a plane falls from the sky, or a tornado destroys a school for deaf children.

Jews have been driven from their homelands, Christians theirs, and Moslems, too, when their turn came. Catholics have murdered Protestants; Protestants, Catholics; and a list of other endless variations — "Holy Wars," in the "Name of God."

It should surprise no one that gays, too, should be the target of religious persecution. Many fundamentalists receive a special venom for anything concerned with S-E-X.

Both atheists and Christians have claimed Thomas Jefferson as one of their own. But on the subject of separation of church and state, the principal framer of the Constitution was adamant. "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion..." He thought this concept so important to democracy that he had it inscribed upon his tombstone.

The meaning of these words were reflected in the passage of the income tax code as it related to the tax-exempt status of churches. They were "not to influence legislation." They were not to influence political campaigns. They were not to influence public votes on any issues. Period.

But it is a measure of the power of the churches that they have blatantly flaunted these laws — and gotten away with it.

Examples abound. Examining the largest first, we find the Roman Catholic Church lobbying against gay legislation in Minneapolis, New York City and, of course, Miami.

A few days before voters in Miami were to consider repeal of a gay rights ordinance last June, Archbishop Coleman Carroll declared that "We cannot... support this ordinance." The letter was printed in a religious newspaper and addressed to "The Priest, the Religious and Faithful of the Archdioceses of Miami." The letter expressed clearly the Archbishop's intent — "to indicate clearly the position of the Catholic Church on this important moral issue."

Roman Catholic Church interference in other issues — abortion, the Equal Rights Amendment, school prayer, and assistance to parochial schools — is well documented.

Last June, a group of fundamentalists in Bass, Ark. published a special issue of *The Torch* about homosexuality. *The Torch* is published by an arm of the Ku Klux Klan and is called "the Revolutionary newspaper of White Christianity."

Included in the issue was an article entitled "Gas Gays." It called for the murder of all homosexuals. "The White People's Committee to Restore God's Law is not embarrassed to admit that we seek and endorse the execution of all homosexuals."

"It is not our intention," the editor continued, "to put this up to a discussion or debate the matter over with a rabid sex-perverted Jew, or start a dialogue with a committee of queers as to their rights or sexual freedom. The law of God states the death penalty for homosexuals and when God's laws are again in force the death penalty is what it will be."

The newspaper shows a smiling Anita Bryant with her quote, "Let all America and all the world hear what the people have said." The editors of *The Torch*, at least, heard Bryant's message.

LIMITED OFFER

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## THE MEDIA

# Gaysweek: Making It in New York

Alan Bell, publisher and editor of the New York City *Gaysweek*, is looking forward to celebrating the paper's first anniversary. Though many thought it wouldn't make it, *Gaysweek* has grown from what was barely more than a small, weekly calendar of events, 10 months ago, to a twenty page weekly of news reporting, several fascinating columnists, and comprehensive guides to events and activities.

The Nov. 7 issue marked the beginning of a new twelve-page "Arts and Letters" cultural supplement. There are now correspondents from five states outside of New York and both subscriptions and advertisers are increasing. Plans for a national distribution are in process for the near future.

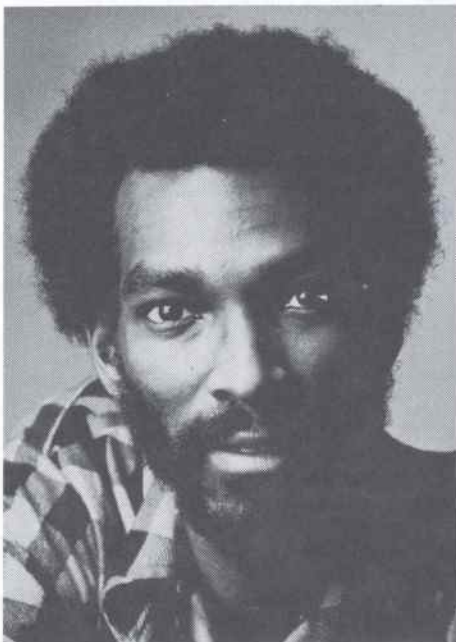
Bell's entry to journalism and the field of publishing seems to have been very thoroughly planned on his part, except that it wasn't. He was, however, the editor of his Los Angeles high school newspaper. It was one of the three daily high school newspapers in the world, Alan said, though, that he "never really had the burning desire to start a newspaper after high school."

His entry to publishing was facilitated by the typesetting business, Inter-Typographics, Inc., which he established himself. Alan developed gay movement experience as the result of handling gay accounts and typesetting ads, flyers, and publications such as the Mattachine Society's paper, *New Times*, and the National Gay Task Force's publication, *It's Time*. He said he was "constantly thrown up against people who were publishing things."

Others had failed in their attempts to establish a New York City paper. His successful typesetting business was the perfect point from which to launch the new enterprise, already having the office space, desks, and typesetting equipment to use.

Bell said his beginning concept with the paper was to do "only what I could do well." That's why he was limited at first to the "What's Happening" guide. He says again "If someone can't do it well, we just won't do it."

Bell recognized that no one else had attempted starting a paper for a long time (it had been almost two years since *Gotham*, the last attempted gay newspaper, had folded). He thought people would easily recognize the need for such a paper and be eager to help with it and that advertising would be easy to get simply as support for a worthwhile pro-



Publisher Bell: Making it work

ject. These were idealistic assumptions. Everything was considerably more difficult than Bell had imagined. He says "If I'd known it was going to be as difficult as it was, I probably wouldn't have gone ahead with it."

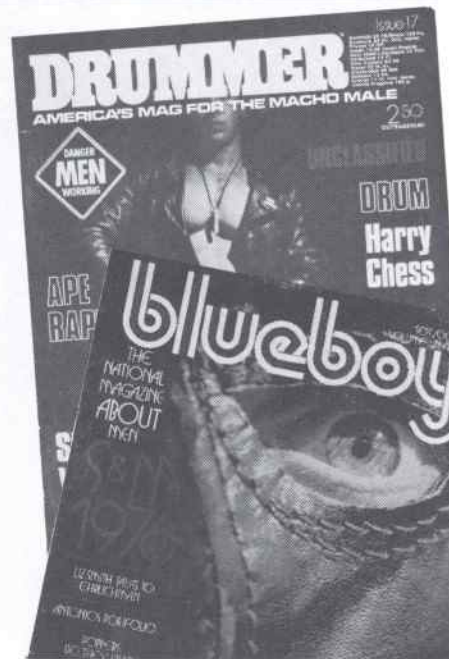
As an editor, Bell says "Fairness and accuracy are the most important things on my mind, even the illusion of fairness." There have been occasions when something was written fairly, but was still omitted from publication because it might just happen to appear unfair, he said.

Bell feels that "The essence of a newspaper is timeliness" and that "it's almost impossible to have a timely national newspaper" in terms of a broad coverage. However, he says, people outside of New York are reading and enjoying *Gaysweek* just because it is coming out of New York City.

Bell studied philosophy and sociology in college. His background, or academic tradition, is the phenomenologist approach to sociology which places all the divisions of plurality on the same level, making it, he says, "difficult to say what's wrong or right. There's no one group that's plugged into the truth. My business is not to make a choice (between various groups or community factions) but to report what they're all doing."

This approach may account for the reason he's had no major criticism about the paper. Some people have said there's too much reporting on the Gay Activists Alliance, for example, and that the paper is too activist-oriented, or too political. Others have said at times that the reviewers "aren't gay enough," that their reviews could have just as easily appeared in the straight press. Alan says "As long as everyone sees different things about the paper, that's fine."

"I'll worry when all of the comments point in the same direction."



In its ever-continuing search for national identity, Canada has often sought to separate itself from the American giant south of its border. As Prime Minister Elliot Trudeau once commented, "Living next to the United States is like sleeping next to an elephant."

And a continuing part of the search has included attacks by conservative Canadians accusing the U.S. of "decadence."

"They see the United States as a source of sin to the south," says Toronto bookseller Gary Gerald. Gerald ought to know — he has been the victim of "puritanism" on the part of Canadian customs officials since he opened his gay bookstore there three years ago. He says it is one of only five serious gay literature stores he knows of in North America.

Thus far, the Canadians have seized a number of books and publications destined for Glad Day and other bookdealers. Included — an issue of *Mandate* which showed two shirtless men touching on the cover; an issue of *Blueboy* dealing with sadomasochism; and, more recently, *Drummer* and "Loving Man," a gay sex guide.

Gerald reported that *Drummer*, which frequently presents "S and M" material, "is almost always seized at the border." He said "Loving Man" had been declared obscene, but that decision is being appealed by Canadian gay activists.

One shipment of books was delayed for two months for inspection in Ottawa, though it showed nothing more sinister than two fully-clothed lesbians with their arms around one another. The book, "Lesbian Love," was subtitled "The Yes Book of Sex." Quips Gerald: "If it had been called 'The No Book of Sex,' it would have sailed right through."

And what becomes of material declared obscene by customs? No, it's not returned to the sender, says Gerald, it is burned. That, he says, "is the real obscenity."



# Play Ball!

It probably won't ever surpass the first, but softball is rapidly becoming the nation's second favorite gay sport.

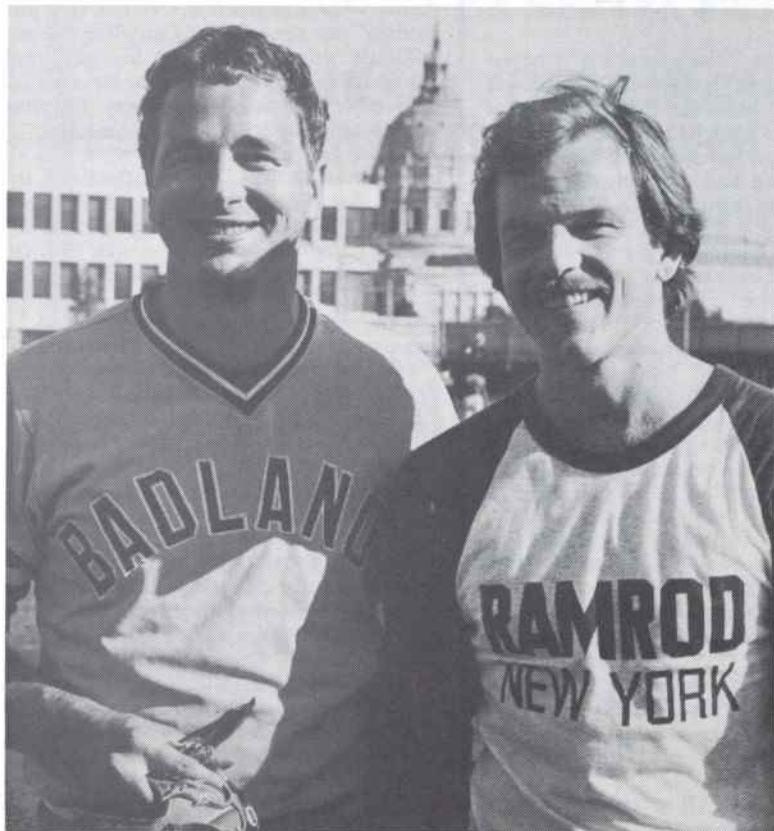
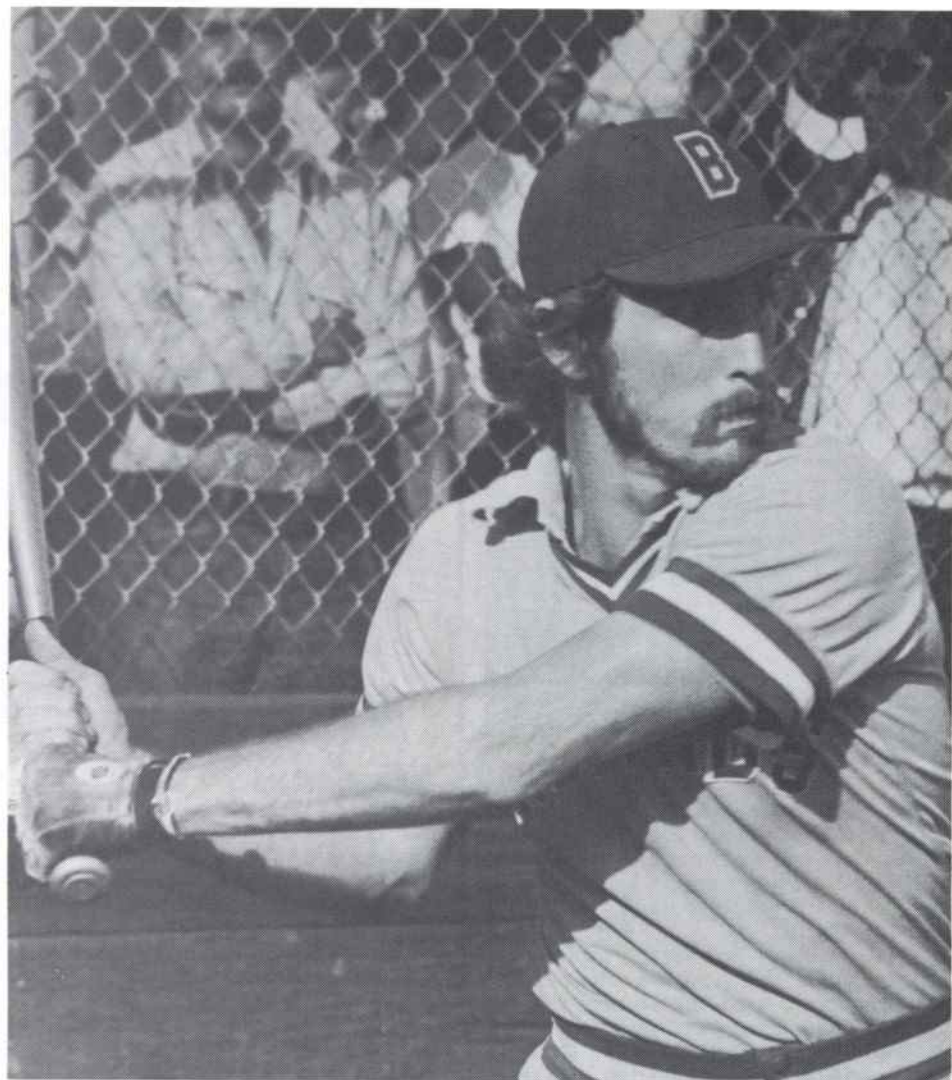
Organized (though often new and sometimes disorganized) teams have sprung up in New York, Los Angeles, Chicago and Toronto. San Francisco has a head start, however. That city's Community Softball League is five years old and has 16 teams.

And this year it's a whole new ball game with the start of the Gay World Series. The first series was played Oct. 29-30 in San Francisco between S.F. champs Badlands and New York's top team, Ramrod.

Nearly 3,000 persons came out to cheer for the two teams. The Ramrod brought many of their supporters with them from New York. Rooters aside, it was experience that gave Badlands the edge. The team has been together for five years, and they are experienced with soft-pitch playing. The Ramrod has been playing fast-pitch ball and the transition undoubtedly hurt. Badlands won both games, 14-3 and 18-3.

Earlier this year Badland's defeated a team from the San Francisco Police Department. The gay-police contest is an annual tradition in The City. The police lead the charity series 3 games to 2.

Organizers predict that another tradition was started with the New York-San Francisco game.







Below, Ramrod's home-run champ, Jeff, receives his team's applause after another round-tripper. Below left, Badlands manager Jerry de Ford at the plate. Below far left, Badlands and Ramrod team managers exchange greetings after the series.





# PRESENT PRESENTS

By Bob Kiggins

There's a pervasive atmosphere of joy, happiness, and camaraderie when the holiday season rolls around. Except when it comes time to find the "right" gift for that terribly special someone. Here are a number of "alternate" suggestions:

## Gay-sic Beauty

Distinctively different is this hand-crafted Christmas wreath. As pleasing to the nose as the eyes, the 15" diameter wreath is assembled from California bay leaves, which after the holidays can be used leaf by leaf as a cooking herb. A pamphlet with a few suggestions for dried bay leaves is included. Available at Williams-Sonoma, 576 Sutter St., San Francisco, and 438 N. Rodeo Drive in Beverly Hills. \$16.50.



## Say "Cheese"

If you've wracked your brain for a really personalized, memorable, yet intriguing gift for a favorite pair of lovers, or especially for you and your own significant other, how about having an erotic moment captured for posterity? The L.A. based Kitsch Studios will arrange for a licensed photographer to set up and shoot a series of "intimate" expressions, either at your residence or any suitable environment you may have in mind.

Have a fantasy fulfilled. Whether you're after a Viva, Colt Studio, or 42nd St. look, Kitsch Studios guarantee satisfaction. Discreet, professional, quality work. \$50 and up (depending upon the time required and the number and size of finished photographs requested — which are delivered mounted).

Full details can be obtained by telephoning (213) 275-2921.

## Film Lure

Ah, the technological age we live in! The '70s answer to the blind date is the videotape introduction service, and there's one solely for gay people. A worthwhile present that might be a welcome alternative to the frustration of continually trying to fix your best unattached friend up is a gift membership to — **Club Alternative**.

The \$50 fee allows one to be filmed, stating a brief message, after which the tape is entered into the club's steadily growing files of prospective-partner-seekers.

Club Alternative says it's "a merging group of bright, attractive, sincere persons fed up with life in the bars." In addition to unlimited access to the vast video library, members are extended invitations to participate in more direct-confrontation get-togethers such as lectures, rap groups, workshops, and motion picture screenings.

The original Club Alternative, which recently celebrated its first birthday, is headquartered in Los Angeles at 6515 W. Sunset Blvd. Their telephone number is (213) 461-3406. Another branch has opened in Chicago at 205 W. Wacker Dr., (312) 726-6001, and operations are expected to be in full swing in San Francisco and New York by 1978.

## The Pips

To match his digital watch, clock and calculator, what could be more appropriate than **Gammonmaster II**, the computerized backgammon set? This advanced-state-of-the-art electronic novelty uses micro-processors and memory banks to do everything from generating a random roll of the dice to recognizing an illegal move.

The compact unit (12¾" x 7½" x 1½") unit has a sturdy carrying case, set of instructions, 32 men, and a 110-volt AC adapter. Available in brown only.

Call (800) 621-8318, or write DCI Marketing, 333 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60601, and it's yours for \$199.50.

## Leg-acy

Beguiling at the beach and perfect for pool-side or patio are Ah-Men's white **Wrap-Around Pants**. They tie in front and behind, and the wearer's discretion determines exactly how much leg will show. (Instructions are included.) A soft cotton/polyester blend, they adjust to fit any frame. Price: \$14.95. Available at Ah-Men, 8900 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles, or order toll-free from (800) 421-0686. (Catalog sent upon request.)

## More Than One Way to Skin a "Cat"

Skin-care products for men are finally coming out of the closet, and although some manufacturers (Clinique, for example) have begun introducing "male-oriented" lines, the majority of preparations on the market today are unisexual, unbeknownst to most people. Cosmetologists seem more than willing to





assist the occasional male who wanders through the once-taboo "fragrance" section of a department store.

Do-it-yourself (and to each other) facials are less expensive than professional ones (albeit you do forfeit the luxury of feeling pampered), but certainly as effective — when you take the time to ask questions and sample what's available over-the-counter. Assembling a gift-pack of skin-care products is not only thoughtful but downright fun.

We've found Shiseido's line of cosmetics to be especially beneficial. The Tokyo-based company puts out a superb **Refining Mineral Mask** (\$7.50 for 4.2 oz.) and a wonder-working **Facial Pack** (\$6.50 for 2 oz.; \$8.50 for dry skin). For day-time moisturizers, choose from Shiseido's **Benefique** collection. The glorious **Nutrient Lotion** (4.3 oz.) sells for \$12.50, and the slightly heavier **Nutrient Emulsion** (4.3 oz.) is \$12.50 also. An accompanying **Conditioning Lotion** (5.2 oz.) goes for \$10. For the rest of the body there's the magnificently sensual **Zen bath oil** (\$7.50/oz.)

Incidentally, all Shiseido face products are fragrance-free and contain natural ingredients.

Available at Bullock's (Los Angeles), Macy's (San Francisco and New York) and better department stores.

#### Putting on the Dog

Whether or not he brings your pipe and slippers after you're home from work, he never fails to show constant affection and devotion, and he deserves to be remembered on Dec. 25, too. We mean the dog, of course. Any pooch can be decked out in style (and kept warm, too!) with a **Canine Casual**, the sweat-shirt for dogs. The latest in animal magnetism comes in sizes extra-small to large, in a choice of beige, brown, navy, black or white. 100% polyester. \$4, at Machismo, 8865 Santa Monica Blvd., L.A.

#### Palatable Pulp

Cookbooks are forever-appreciated Christmas presents. They aren't tossed after one reading, and they provide inspiration as well as invaluable instructions. Following is an arbitrary recommendation from the proliferation presently in print:

**The Escoffier Cookbook:** Auguste Escoffier justly deserved his title as "King of Chefs, Chef of Kings." This volume, the American version of Escoffier's *Guide Culinaire*, contains almost 3,000 recipes. (\$6.95)

**The Key to Chinese Cooking,** by Irene Kuo: An educational, intelligently written text, concentrating on basic Oriental cooking techniques. Over 300 recipes are listed. (\$15)

**James Beard's Theory & Practice of Good Cooking:** The master's wit and wisdom, intended to encourage the development of every cook's individuality. (\$12.95)

**The Alice in Wonderland Cookbook,** by John Fisher: Lively, entertaining



reading, interspersed with off-beat recipes such as one for "ambidexterous mushrooms." (\$6.95)

**Food in Vogue:** Compiled from the files of *British Vogue*, a richly illustrated, sophisticated assemblage of recipes and food-related articles which appeared from 1920-1970. (\$30)

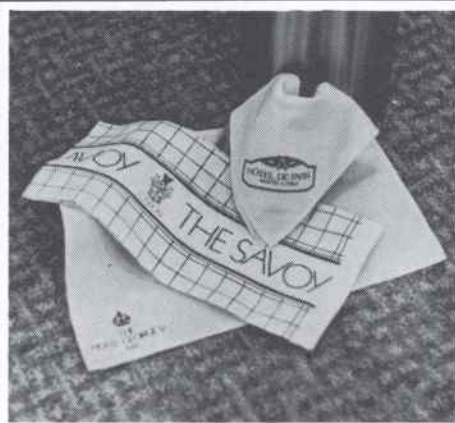
**The Classic Italian Cookbook,** by Marcella Hazan: Very helpful, smoothly written, with recipes that call for ingredients the American cook would never have trouble locating. (\$12.95)

#### Vintage Vinyl

No matter how hard you try, it's virtually impossible to disguise a record album with gift-wrapping. Still, it's a great gift, and the choice invariably comes as a surprise to the recipient. Especially if it's from **Don Owens Celebrity Records** in West Hollywood (8947 Santa Monica Blvd.). Don stocks some of the more uncommon LP's ever recorded. Along with an extensive selection of vintage and current Broadway cast albums and film soundtracks, there are such oddities as **Jacqueline Kennedy — Her Speeches, Outtakes from Film Musicals**, and radio broadcasts by Louella Parsons, Cary Grant, and Gloria Swanson. You can also stumble across classic recordings by vocal greats like Fanny Brice, Ruth Etting, Florence Foster Jenkins, and Gertrude Lawrence. (Mail orders available; send for catalog.)

#### On the Scent

Light, masculine, and sexy as hell aptly describes **Yatagan Pour Monsieur**, the understated, all-occasion French cologne from Caron. The Yatagan line also includes an after-shave and soap.



#### Name That Town

Now anybody can boast having pilfered from the best hotels in Europe. Who'd argue after witnessing this assortment of kitchen items — napkins, place mats, bar towels and potholders — all bearing the insignia of the likes of Madrid's Hotel Ritz, the Savoy, or the Hotel George V in Paris? Irresistible, and a nicely nostalgic gift for those who have "slept around" in the right places.

All-cotton, white with choice of blue, red, brown or black insignia. Potholder, \$1.85; napkin (16" sq.) \$1.65; bar towel (16" x 32") \$2; place mat (12" x 18") \$1.85. Matching apron (not shown) \$8.75. From Machismo, Los Angeles.



#### Write On!

Here's a kicky suggestion for the faithful correspondent or compulsive note-scribbler on your gift list: **Easy Writer**, the "high quality" stationery. A clever take-off on the E-Z Wider rolling papers container, inside are 20 sheets of stationery, 10 envelopes. Choice of white or wheat-colored, \$3.50. In trendier gift/stationery stores, or from Writing High Stationery Moving Co., L.A. 90291.



# SEASONAL

## Palm Springs Eternal

Truly one of the loveliest winter vacation spots in the U.S. *Palm Springs* is quintessentially Southern California, and — in case you haven't heard — it's also quite gay. Convenient, too: two hours from L.A. by car; 90 minutes by plane from the Bay Area.

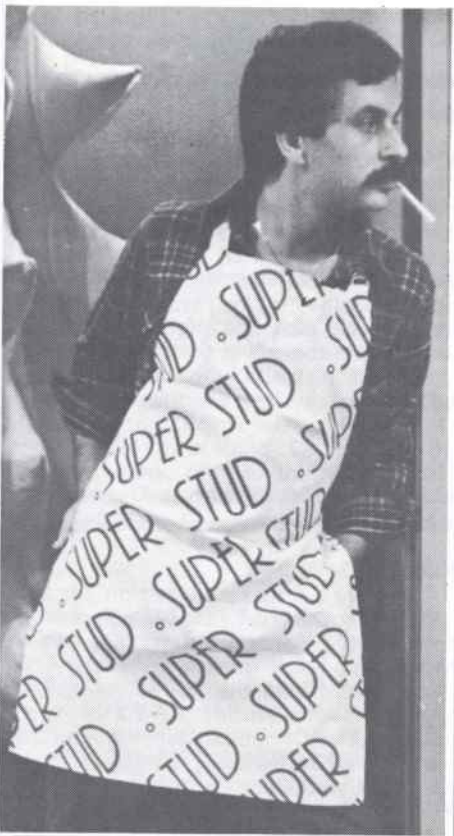
A handful of Palm Springs establishments cater exclusively to a gay clientele. By far the nicest for a "get-away" holiday stay is *Harlow Haven*, with its sense of secluded privacy, attractive landscaping, attentive service, and a delightful dash of Hollywood "era" ambience, having been built in 1932 for Jean Harlow's mother. It's an ideal "second-honeymoon" site. Or first, for that matter.

There are 12 comfortably furnished bungalows (some equipped with kitchen facilities), a large pool and a cozy, nude sundeck — all for as low as \$22.50 a night. (On weekends, a two-night minimum is required; three nights on holidays.)

Harlow Haven is located at 175 E. El Alameda, Palm Springs, Calif. 92262. Write for brochure or telephone (714) 325-9093.

## Pots & Pans

Tells it like it is. Nobody'll question the authority or prowess — in the kitchen, at least — of anybody wearing this **Super-Stud** apron. Made out of canvas, with dark brown lettering. One size fits all, \$7. Matching canvas laundry bag (24" x 32"), \$10. From Machismo, Los Angeles.



## Divinely Decadent

Most of us find nothing more absolutely essential each a.m. than that first sip of java. Why not make it a pleasure as well? You can with these eye-openers, an artistic pair of ceramic coffee mugs gracefully fashioned with a flamingo for a handle. Designed by Susan Drell, they sell for \$15 per set of two (white on white), and can be bought exclusively at Propinquity, 8915 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles. (Mail order available; write for catalog.)



## Well, on a Scale of . . .

16. Let someone know exactly how he rates with the **Measure of a Man** pendant. This conversation starter (or stopper) is shaped to read "6+," "7+," "8+," and "9+." Sorry, but nobody's a perfect 10. The 3/4 inch high pendant is attached to an 18-inch chain and available in sterling silver (\$18.50) or 14K gold (\$69 — \$49 without chain). Orders (including \$1 postage) should be addressed to: Tate Gallery USA, Dept. B, 54 E. 8th St., New York 10003. To charge on BankAmericard/Visa, call (212) 674-8315.



## About Face

His first effort proved to be fascinating, in his new book, **Scavullo On Men** (Random House, \$15). Equally enjoyable, this volume profiles personages as diverse as Mick Jagger and Harry Reasoner, accompanied by the incomparable illustrations of the prince of picture-taking.

## With Your Time the Tone Will Be . . .

Tension vanishes along with unwanted flab in no time at all with the portable **Body Toner**. Whenever the mood hits, a relaxing massage is literally right at one's fingertips. And everybody likes to feel kneaded. The Body Toner is manufactured in either lucite (\$42.50) or walnut (\$10). At Propinquity, Los Angeles.

## "Your Words are Like Music to My Ears"

A coterie of creative zanies calling themselves "**Live Wires**" have brought the singing telegram — once considered as outmoded as the 10c cup of coffee, twice-a-day mail delivery, "extra" editions, and trousers without bell-bottoms — vibrantly back to life in the L.A. area. You can have a special-occasion message warbled over the telephone (to the melody of, say, the **1812 Overture**), or delivered in person by an authentic, bellhop-attired messenger.

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"**Live Wires**" can be contacted at (213) 659-7360.

And for those wishing to send a singing telegram in San Francisco, **Western Onion** (of which "**Live Wires**" is an offshoot) continues to accommodate even the most outrageous requests. Their number is (415) 647-1580.





ALTERNATE'S

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# TKO Floors Briggs — for Now

By Phillip Gerson

A typographical error has forced State Sen. John Briggs (R-Fullerton) to withdraw his antihomosexual teacher initiative from its contest for inclusion on the June 1978 state ballot. The Save Our Children Foundation, Inc., has refiled the initiative in an effort to qualify it for the November 1978 ballot.

Seven words were omitted from the summary of the initiative which appeared on the petitions the organization was circulating in the state, thus causing the 100,000 signatures Senator Briggs claimed to have already collected to be declared invalid by the Attorney General's office.

On November 1, one day before the California Supreme Court was scheduled to hand down a decision in a suit filed by The Pride Foundation of San Francisco challenging the legality of the initiative, Briggs held a press conference in Los Angeles at which he announced his withdrawal of the initiative as well as his intention to refile immediately. He also blamed the Attorney General's office for the delay, citing a typographical omission on a press release issued from that office as the cause.

Flo Snyder, a spokesperson for Attorney General Evelle Younger admitted that a typist had left a line out of the press release, omitting seven words, but went on to say, "What happened is that instead of taking the title and summary from the official documents that we sent him, he took it from a press release that we issued." There were no mistakes on the official documents. "It had to have all the words in it," Snyder added, "or it would invalidate the signatures. They would be signing something that was not accurate." The words omitted were, "provides for filing charges, hearing and judicial review."

The initiative, if passed, would require a school district to fire or refuse to hire a teacher judged unfit due to public avowal of his or her homosexuality, or advocacy of homosexual acts.

Briggs termed his withdrawal of the initiative "voluntary," and said that the initiative's opponents should not consider the move a victory. Paul Hardman, chairperson of The Pride Foundation, countered with the statement, "We shot him out of the water."

The Pride Foundation (which is incidentally the same organization which is suing Anita Bryant and Briggs over the shooting death of San Francisco's Robert Hillsborough in June) filed suit in California Supreme Court on October 17, 1977, charging that the title and summary of the petition were "deceptive



PHOTO BY PAT ROCCO

Sen. John Briggs: He'll keep trying

and defective." The summary was deceptive, the organization contended, because it made the initiative appear to apply only to admitted homosexuals but would in fact apply to heterosexuals who promote or advocate homosexuality, as well.

Briggs was quoted as saying, "I'm not going to put the fate of California's children in the hands of (California Supreme Court Chief Justice) Rose Bird. I don't trust her. She's unqualified. Politics are going to be played in that court, and I'm not her type of politician."

Steven Bull, chief administrative assistant to Chief Justice Bird, responded by saying, "The Chief Justice believes in the first amendment and in the right of Mr. Briggs to make any comment he wishes in the political arena."

Homosexual rights organizations deemed the series of events encouraging. Peter Thomas Judge, president of the Gay Rights Chapter of the Los Angeles ACLU, pointed out that 100,000 signatures collected over a period of two

months doesn't bode well for the initiative, and added, "I don't think they have the money to do it all again." The Rev. Jim Sandmire of the Metropolitan Community Church pointed out that the 100,000 signatures had been collected on a total of some 800,000 petitions, which were heavily circulated and "dragooned in the churches." David Mixner, consultant for the New Alliance for Gay Equality (New AGE) said, "We're delighted that we have more time."

Norm McClelland, president of the Gay Teachers of Los Angeles, said, "It's a small psychological boost for us and a psychological negative on their side. It will be a little harder for the opposition to get enthusiasm going. It does give us six months to organize and educate, although it gives them six months, too."

The one assessment of the situation upon which most observers agreed was that, if the initiative were to qualify, a November ballot would provide a greater opportunity for its defeat. More Democratic and independent voters — those who usually vote more liberally on such matters — are expected to vote in November's general election than in June, which will primarily decide Republican contests.

Stu Mollrich, a spokesman for the Save Our Children Foundation, disagreed, saying, "That's not a valid point. I think this issue crosses party lines. In Miami, heavily Democratic precincts voted to repeal the ordinance."

One of those June Republican contests is gubernatorial primary. Briggs is a candidate in this race, as is Attorney General Evelle Younger, who is said to be "dubious" over the constitutionality of the Briggs initiative.

For the initiative to qualify for the November ballot, 312,404 valid signatures must be collected (this number represents five percent of the vote for Governor in the last election). Usually, organizations circulating initiatives need to collect some 100,000 signatures above this amount to insure that a sufficient number will be valid. The signatures must be collected by 150 days after the date title is granted to the initiative, or by May 4 at the latest.

Briggs claimed that the Save Our Children Foundation does have the money and resources to continue, adding that the 100,000 invalid signatures will be used as a direct-mail list to solicit further funds.

Stu Mollrich confirmed that the Foundation is solvent, adding, "This time we will be certain that all statements issued by the Attorney General's office are correct. Generally, the public doesn't ex-



pect the Attorney General to send out incorrect statements, even on press releases."

Senator Briggs further contended that the United States Supreme Court, in refusing to hear the Gaylord case earlier this year, proved the constitutionality of his initiative.

Attorney Tom Coleman, reached in Los Angeles, denied Briggs' contention, saying that the Supreme Court had not denied an appeal from Gaylord, but had rather denied a writ of certiorari. Coleman explained that "they were merely denying to hear the case, not upholding the decision's legality," and added that the Supreme Court denying a writ of certiorari had "no legal significance in this case whatsoever."

Regardless of whether or not the initiative qualifies for the November ballot, its presence as a possibility has made the issue a question in the gubernatorial race especially among the Republican candidates. If it does end up collecting enough signatures to appear on the ballot, it will also undoubtedly provide a high-powered setting for the human rights question, and will focus all eyes on California.

## and now, DEATH

State Sen. John Briggs (R-Fullerton) proposed a second state initiative November 9. Eight days earlier, Briggs "voluntarily" withdrew his defective antihomosexual teacher initiative; Briggs and the California Save Our Children Foundation refiled this initiative later in the week; Briggs announced in a Sacramento news conference on November 9 his intention to also file for inclusion on the November general election ballot his proposed "people's death penalty" initiative.

Briggs, who had been the only Senate Republican to vote against overriding Governor Brown's veto of the now-effective death penalty bill, called the current law "weak and unconstitutional."

If enacted into law, Briggs' proposal would provide for the most sweeping and broad death penalty legislation in the country. In effect, this second Briggs initiative, which was drafted by former Assistant U.S. Attorney Donald Heller (the successful prosecutor of Lynette Fromme for the attempted murder of Gerald Ford), would simply broaden the specific crimes under which a person found guilty of first-degree murder could be sentenced to death. The public organization supporting this particular initiative is called "Citizens for an Effective Death Penalty."

Briggs made no bones about tying the initiative to his campaign for Governor. "I intend to make this a very big part of my gubernatorial campaign," he said. This represents a change in tactics, since he has insisted that his antihomosexual teacher position is an issue he has "been involved in for years." Current polls show Briggs running last among five potential Republican candidates for governor.

Briggs, in submitting timely initiatives on emotional issues, has apparently found a novel way of focusing attention on an underdog campaign for elected office.



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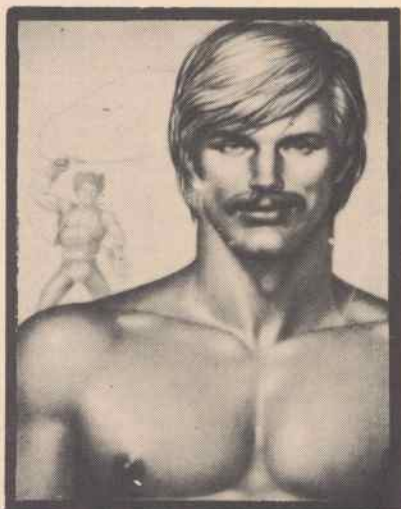
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## LAW & ORDER

### UNIQUE OBSCENITY CASE FACES LOS ANGELES COURT

An intriguing series of events has turned what was termed "a silly little case" even by those prosecuting it, into what could conceivably become a landmark trial attempting to define "lewd and dissolute" conduct under California state law.

In Los Angeles on September 7, Arthur Wayman, a salesman at Tad's Adult Bookstore on La Cienega Blvd., was approached by two men inquiring about a sign on the shop wall concerning masturbation (the sign specifically said, "Delight to the ecstasy of masturbation"). He explained that Tad's was the retail outlet for Jac-Masters, distributors of an artificial masturbation device called the Accu-Jac.

He showed the men a mannequin with the device attached to it, and demonstrated on the mannequin the way in which the device worked. He further told the men that they could try the machine for themselves for a \$15 fee, which could be applied toward the purchase price of the machine, should they choose to buy it.

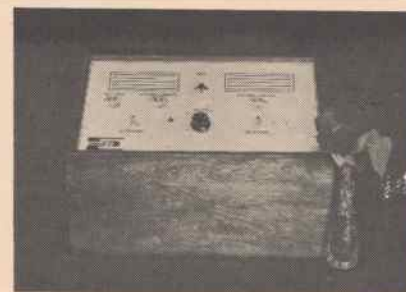
Had the two men chosen to accept his offer, they would have been shown into a private room, where the machine would have been hooked up for them, and they would have been left to their own devices — you should pardon the expression. There was no, and would have been no physical contact between the men and the clerk.

The men refused the offer.

Two weeks later, Wayman received a citation which charged him with violating California Penal Codes 647A and 647B, specifying that he "did solicit a person to engage in and did engage in lewd and dissolute conduct in a public place," and that he "did solicit and engage in an act of prostitution."

You can imagine Wayman's surprise when he was arraigned on October 10.

A number of unusual details make understanding this case tricky. The charges were levelled against Wayman — not against the store or the manufacturers. To the knowledge of Tom Coleman, attorney for Mr. Wayman, no complaints had been lodged against Tad's, a store which is more discreet than most in that it is set back from the street and does not appear to be an adult book store. Lt. Day of the LAPD (the plain-clothed officer who approached Wayman) wasn't acting on any official orders when he entered the store on September 7. Usually when someone is charged with prostitution, they are arrested on the spot; in this case a citation was received



two weeks after the fact. Furthermore, the police had only requested a prostitution rap — the City Attorney had tacked on the "lewd and dissolute" charge.

Confusing? Definitely. Laughable? Not really. The City Attorney has assigned the case to R. Dorn, who, as special assistant to the head of the Criminal Division, is unusually highly-placed for a case of this nature. This move prompted Coleman to wonder if somebody in the city government may be trying to make some sort of landmark case out of this incident. "There was apparently no pre-planned scheme," he adds, "Lt. Day just arbitrarily walked into the store."

What exactly is the city prosecuting? Are they contending that the Accu-Jac is lewd in and of itself? Or that its sale is lewd? Or that Wayman was acting as a pimp for the aforementioned mannequin? Or has somebody decided to turn this into a component in a larger, generalized crackdown? A crackdown on what? Thus far, these questions go unanswered.

One thing is certain, however, the city is spending a lot of the taxpayers' money on this case. By the time the first pre-trial hearing was held on November 7, it was estimated that \$25,000 had already been spent (this figure includes a daily court cost of \$2,000, the services of two city attorneys, offices, clerks, etc.).

Only time, and the whims of the City Attorney's office, will tell what arena this case is brought to.

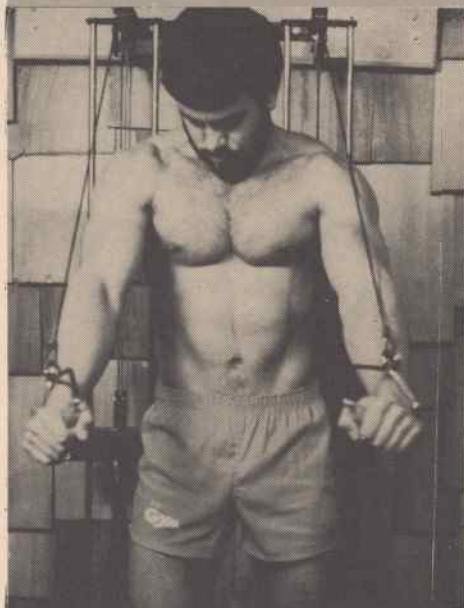
Incidentally, the mannequin was unavailable for comment — while the case is being deliberated, Tad's has removed it from public display.

— Phillip Gerson

A little background on the Accu-Jac seems in order. The machine retails for anywhere between \$200 and \$800. It is patented, and patents are not issued for devices which are lewd or obscene. The \$15 demonstration fee that Tad's charges covers the use of a non-reusable sheath, but can be applied towards the purchase price of the machine; furthermore, Arthur Schwartz, a spokesman for the store and the defendant, points out that to sell a machine for \$800 without offering a demonstration prior to its sale would be tantamount to consumer fraud. There has also been some recent medical profession interest in the device, and research is now being conducted by several prestigious institutions with satisfactory results on patients involved in sexual therapy.



# WEST WORDS



## SWEET SWEAT

The Gym is exactly what the simplicity of its name suggests: a no-frills health club where men can work out in an unpretentious, friendly environment. No chrome-plated calisthenics here; to give you an example of the charming straight-forwardness of this club, they're currently very excited about their massage-type shower heads. Sandwiched in between two eateries (with the unfortunate names of Le Pubelle and Two Dollar Bill's) in Hollywood's relaxed Beachwood area, The Gym's emphasis is on personalized programs, reasonable rates and comfortable contact. To celebrate their first anniversary, co-owners Larry Lane and Richard Sternberger are offering during December the slim rate of two years of body beautiful for \$225. Their regular rates go up January 1, too, so muscle your way in now.

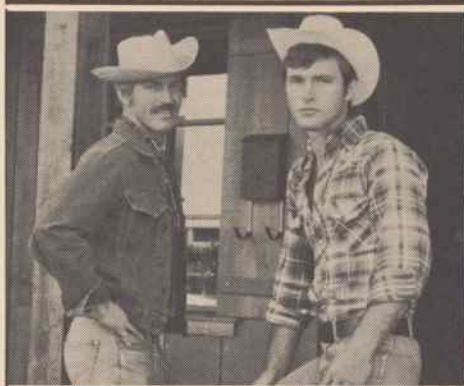
**THE GYM 5915 FRANKLIN AVENUE, HOLLYWOOD / 213-462-9531**



## I'M ALWAYS CHASING RAINBOWS

Writing a play about a homosexual who comes to question his sexuality, rather than vice-versa, wouldn't seem to be in vogue this season, but that's exactly what George Birimisa has done. "A Rainbow In The Night," directed by James Eric, is the story of a sharp-edged love triangle and of a search for faith in oneself. It begins previewing on December 12; it will open in January.

**MATRIX THEATRE / 7615 MELROSE AVENUE, HOLLYWOOD / 852-9411**



## MUCHO MACHO

Flannel, flannel and more flannel. If the Masculine Western Logger Look is your thing, you would be hard put to find a larger selection of your things than is available at Intermountain Logging Company. Campers of every description swear by this store which, in an effort to get their outerwear out, has reduced such items thirty to forty percent through the end of the year.

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## PROPINQUITOUS OCCURANCE

These two ladies sipping from their demi-tasses might call the store called Propinquity demi-chic. Call it what you like, but it's a totally original serendipitous establishment which features, among innumerable abnormalities, the above pillow (measuring in at 20 by 17 inches and \$35). The strangely shaped store and its cleverly designed catalogue (featuring this season a snow-bound pelican under a palm tree on its cover) do a thriving holiday business of unusual gifts, foods, clothes, and other odds and ends, so shop early to avoid the Christmas crazies.

**PROPINQUITY / 8915 SANTA MONICA BOULEVARD, WEST HOLLYWOOD / 213-652-2953.**

*The Frog Pond*  
2106 Hyperion Avenue  
Los Angeles

One of the nice surprises at the *Frog Pond* is that you never know if it will look the same each time you visit. That's because owner Bob White decided last summer to donate the restaurant's wall space to up-and-coming artists as a means of showcasing their wares, and the "exhibits" change every month or so.

Such an idea generates exposure for the artists (works can be purchased), and creates an exceedingly pleasant ambience in the roomy, subtly-lit dining area.

The decor may change, but the food with some exceptions — is consistently above-average. While not unlimited, the menu does offer a varied selection, and is more than moderately priced (figure about \$10-\$15 per person) and mercifully unpretentious.

A sure bet from the appetizers is the shrimp cocktail (\$3.50), a half-dozen impeccably fresh, jumbo shrimp served with the zestiest sauce outside of New Orleans. Not to be slighted, though, are the tasty avocado cocktail, topped with a heap of fresh bay shrimp (\$2.75), and the Caesar salad for two (\$5).

Soup and salad come with all dinners. Soups vary, ranging from an agreeable French onion to a hearty, savory vegetable.

Assorted crisp greens and quartered cucumbers comprise the salad, and I enjoyed the house dressing — a tangy blend of oil and vinegar with a hint of sweetness.

(It should be mentioned that bread — chewy French rolls, served warm — arrives with the salad course. Speak up if you want it earlier.)

As for the main entrees, current chef Arthur Fredette may not be "inspired," but he manages to exercise a modicum of imagination and prepares carefully. Both the filet mignon (\$8.50) and N.Y. steak (\$9.50) proved plump, quality cuts, tender and juicy. Oysters *a la chef* (\$7.95) are mornay-style — topped with a cheese sauce and baked — and a spicy version. Another admirable dish is the veal picatta (\$7.95), tender and delicate.

Rounding out the menu are chopped steak, scampi, liver, coquilles St. Jacques, chopped steak and, if you were wondering — yes, frogs legs. All are in the \$5-\$8 bracket. There are also nightly specials like sole amandine or Chateaubriand (for two).

Few desserts are offered, but the moist carrot cake (\$1) or cheesecake (\$1.50) should easily take care of sweet-tooths.

The Frog Pond's wine list is satisfactory — well-rounded and priced within reason. A requested Cruse et Fils pouilly fuisse (\$8.50) was temporarily unavailable, but the same label's graves (\$5.50) sufficed with its light, dry flavor. The house wine is Martini (\$3.95/carafe), and the bar stocks an impressive array of after-dinner drinks.

A word about the service: It tends to be sluggish. Should you be the type who prefers a leisurely-paced dinner, this is your kind of place.

For reservations, call 660-6222. Closed Mondays. All major credit cards accepted. Also serves Sunday brunch.

— R.K.



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# DINING OUT

*New Saigon*  
4238 Eighteenth Street  
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Vietnamese food is still new to American palates, the influx of immigrants for the Vietnam non-war notwithstanding, and a bit scary to the unadventurous. Which is unfortunate, as the culture has evolved from the marriage of two important and classic foodstyles; Oriental and French.

When the French occupied the two Vietnams they brought with their rubber plantation technology a love of delicate sauces and cooking with wine. What evolved is a cuisine both extraordinary and delightful.

Chagio traditionally opens a meal; with its delicate combination of baby shrimp, crab and vegetables wrapped in rice paper. Unlike its most Oriental sister, the egg roll, Chagio is light, spicy and crunchy. Legend has it that the Chagio was developed by an Emperor with a kitchen personality; which is as rare as the succulent nature of his discovery.

Three entrees on New Saigon's large menu are of superior quality. The classic Bocuonlalot (beef with five seasonings) could replace the Greek dolmathes (stuffed grape leaves) and the dreary Swedish meatball as buffet and cocktail party favorites.

The beef in Bocuonlalot is 100 percent meat marinated for two days in sesame oil, garlic, onion, pepper and soya sauce. It is rolled in tropical leaves and broiled (served with a house sauce). Bocuonlalot is recommended for the first forage into Vietnamese cuisine, being highly reflective of the style and taste you will be experiencing.

The Roast Crab is a well known dish in the orient, but the French influence heightens the delicate texture of the crab meat by broiling it in a butter and herb sauce. Typically Vietnamese, the pre-seasoned crab is served whole. Canard A L'Orange, another traditional French item, is infinitely more interesting under Vietnamese treatment; the duck is less oily, the seasoning blends better with the orange sauce, and the dish is served with a chicken salad that, unlike the American wet, crumbly version, is shredded and cleans the palate.

New Saigon also includes on its menu eight combination plates, each centered around a different meat or treatment; from a Mekong River variety of shrimp dishes to a Vegetarian's dinner with not only no meat, but no meat-based stocks used.

Each day the New Saigon has two dinner specials; a lunch special from noon to 3 p.m.

The foremost achievement is a magnificent seven course feast demonstrating the various ways the Vietnamese have utilized a single meat — beef.

The beef soup is an eastern onion soup with slivers of tender beef and rice noodles. Bocuonlalot is served next. A Beef Loaf with shrimp chips gives the meat a wild river taste that seems incompatible until tasted. Beef in Brochette uses peanuts and shaved carrots in its sauce. There is a sauteed beef, brought to life with mysterious and tasty spices, served over rice. The final dish is cooked at your table; very tender beef slices in vinegar and broth. At \$8.95 (the most expensive dinner served) it leaves your palate excited and satisfied.

There is a single dessert, Bananas in batter. Half bananas are dipped in a sweet tempuri and deep fried, served alone or with ice cream.

The wine list at New Saigon is usual restaurant fare. Only a few dishes, such as the Roast Crab or the Beef with Broccoli lend themselves well to wine — there is already much use of red wine in about half of the beef dishes.

New Saigon is open seven days a week. Reservations are recommended for dinner.  
— J.W.R.

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# The Great Slave Auction



The Mark IV Slave Auction Benefit of April 10, 1976 was a phenomena the likes of which will probably not be seen again soon. What started out as a private three or four hour social affair for the leather set in Los Angeles grew in less than twenty-four hours to an affair celebre' attended by two hundred-fifty admission-paying men and one woman, plus at least half that number from the feared Metro Squad of the L.A.P.D., California Highway Patrol, District Attorney's office and police publicists. Forty persons were arrested through the night, eighty were detained until early dawn. After the L.A.P.D.'s version of the raid hit almost every front page across the country, a national reaction set in, almost completely the opposite hoped for by the police chief Edward M. Davis.

Now, after a year and a half of court confrontations, some amazing truths have emerged from the passion, rhetoric and the confusion of that celebrated night. Two days after the raid, the Los Angeles Police Department, which later was to withhold information from the District Attorney's office for a full two weeks, had an immediate press conference, called in selected media, supplying movie films for television, press releases for radio and the newspapers. AP and UP picked up staged photos of officers, who knew better, pointing to (unused) dungeon props and made front pages even in small-town weeklies.

Politically ambitious Davis, with his eye on the California Republican gubernatorial nomination and smarting from the California legislature's passing of a consenting-adults sexual bill (not to mention a marijuana reform bill) seized police intelligence reports of the "Slave Auction." These were gleaned from wire-

taps on Drummer Publishing's phones, using postal inspector Kenneth Elesser usurping of an invitation in the mail as his citizen complainant Mr. Elesser, aka Kenneth Schmidt operated out of Post Office Box 71002, Los Angeles 90071. Over two months in the planning, the police hierarchy pooled officers, helicopter pilots, bus drivers from all over the vast Los Angeles network that Davis commands. Equipment requiring absolute top level assignment was given to "Operation Emancipation." No expenditure of manpower or money was spared. Ed Davis then left town, as is his want, in case anything went wrong.

Over one hundred policemen came into the Mark IV baths at midnight like an avenging army, busting down unlocked doors, shoving everyone around, living up to the stormtrooper reputation of the department. Arrestees were incapacitated with nylon-plastic handcuffs, which cut off circulation rather like a tourniquet. No one was allowed to go to the toilet in the hours that followed. The bus used to haul those arrested (capacity exactly forty) was awash with urine, as was the holding room later at Parker Center.

The official charge was a nineteenth one of "slavery," which along with the overkill technique of those pressing it was laughed out of both the District Attorney's and the City Attorney's offices. Finally after City Attorney Burt Pines refused to touch any of the cases, thirty-six were dropped (resulting in \$15,000,000 in lawsuits against the city). However newly appointed District Attorney John Vandekamp, who was up for election, was talked into holding four for trial on a felony pandering charge. And so began the legal battle.

The Gay Community raised over

\$20,000 with fund-raisers and attorneys Charles Rubin, Albert Gordon, Thomas Hunter Russell and Alan Mays were retained to represent the four: Jeanne Barney, then-editor of DRUMMER magazine, John Embry publisher, Val Martin (actor/auctioneer) and Doug Holliday.

After over a full eighteen months after Ed's big night and approximately twenty court appearances, the four defendants, on advice of their attorneys, took the district attorney's long-proffered deal and plead to a misdemeanor; that of "contributing to an act of prostitution," namely 647-b. The alternative: an anticipated two months in court in an atmosphere tainted by the activities of state senator Briggs and anticipated visits from Anita Bryant.

*These photos, among others, were confiscated by the L.A.P.D. the night of the Big Bust. They were processed by the police lab and after being returned to their owners by the court, are presented here for the first time ever. Photographer is Rob Clayton.*





Memorable moments from the days in court:

After one of the secret police, who seemed most blank of his group testifying, couldn't remember much of anything about the night in question, assistant district attorney Jorgenson blurted, "Officer Bare, did the defendant say anything else you can't recall?" and broke up the courtroom.

Then when one of the 'slave' witnesses was through testifying on behest of the prosecution, he walked over to Lt. Martin, choreographer of the whole raid and held his hand out for payment. Payment consisted of his parking fee, which he had been promised. Martin grumbled that his testimony hadn't even been worth the two and a half dollars he was given.

Pre-trial Judge Richard M. Moore saw nothing wrong with the police confiscating film (without a search warrant) from the photographers who were present as representatives of gay and underground publications, but excepting the AP photographer's film from seizure. He did, however, quash five search warrants for the defendants' homes, autos and offices. He stated that he did not know how any magistrate could have signed them. The magistrate who did was a Judge Saur, who has been accused of signing warrants in blank for the L.A.P.D.

Trial Judge Charles Velarde saw plenty wrong and returned photographers Rob Clayton's and Bob Opel's film to them. He stated that if the police could seize film without warrant, they could just as easily seize film from the television news cameras outside the courtroom. Jorgenson argued against that philosophy and lost.

Judge E.A. Davenport, in whose lap the case originally landed, had one attitude when the media or the public was

present and an entirely different one when they weren't. His first day was distinguished by a statement that he couldn't issue a bench warrant for Chief Davis, despite Davis' having ignored a subpoena, because the judge was "having lunch with the Chief Wednesday and it would be hard to explain issuing a warrant for him." Judge Moore resisted making Davis' subpoenas good too, even though he threatened the absent prosecution witnesses with bench warrants.

During the days in court the assistant D.A. did not distinguish himself or his office. His presentation of meaningless exhibits, such as an empty file folder, receipts, bills and unrelated social correspondence (later returned to the defendants), irked the judge and bewildered the other attorneys. He began the year by announcing to the press all of the defendants' home addresses. His grinning and rolling his eyes to the ceiling as the defendants' attorneys were speaking was not particularly endearing. His summoning of the press and media to the sentencing appearance was construed as an effort to influence the judge. It did when Judge Velarde amazed everyone, even Jorgenson that morning by sentencing Ms. Barney, Embry and Martin to ten days in jail. The probation reports recommended just the opposite and the district attorney's office had not asked for it. However, probation was summary, that is, without supervision. It was attorney Albert Gordon who asked for, and later got (when no reporters were present) the three on an eighty-hour voluntary "do-good" work program instead. The only stipulation being from Judge Velarde that the Gay Community Services Center not be one of the organizations to benefit. There was no explana-

tion.

Jorgenson's office sent out press releases on the guilty plea and the judge's ten day sentence, which were duly picked up by the wire services. The defendants were counseled to not make any statements.

For the slight Davis/Van de Kamp "victory" the cost was high. A stack of court transcriptions of the affair stands about twenty-four inches high, costing the Los Angeles taxpayers at least two dollars a page. Ed Davis' show of strength was conservatively estimated at another \$100,000. However one thing is fairly certain. The city council and the taxpayers will probably never know exactly how much. The information was refused them by the L.A.P.D. The only real cooperation the department gave was to the news media.

Los Angeles has an ex-policeman as mayor, ex-police on the police commission and a police force that, until now, has allowed only its own chosen insiders to take over the chain of command, handed down by each police chief in a self-perpetuating dynasty.

There will probably be nothing as flamboyant as "Crazy Ed's" Slave Auction Bust but the harassment will be as deadly but more subtle. The Slave Auction trial was held in the media and, unlike the first year of court appearances when representatives and friends from the gay community filled the courtrooms, along with the press, on the last, if not final day, the defendants were alone, accompanied only with their attorneys.



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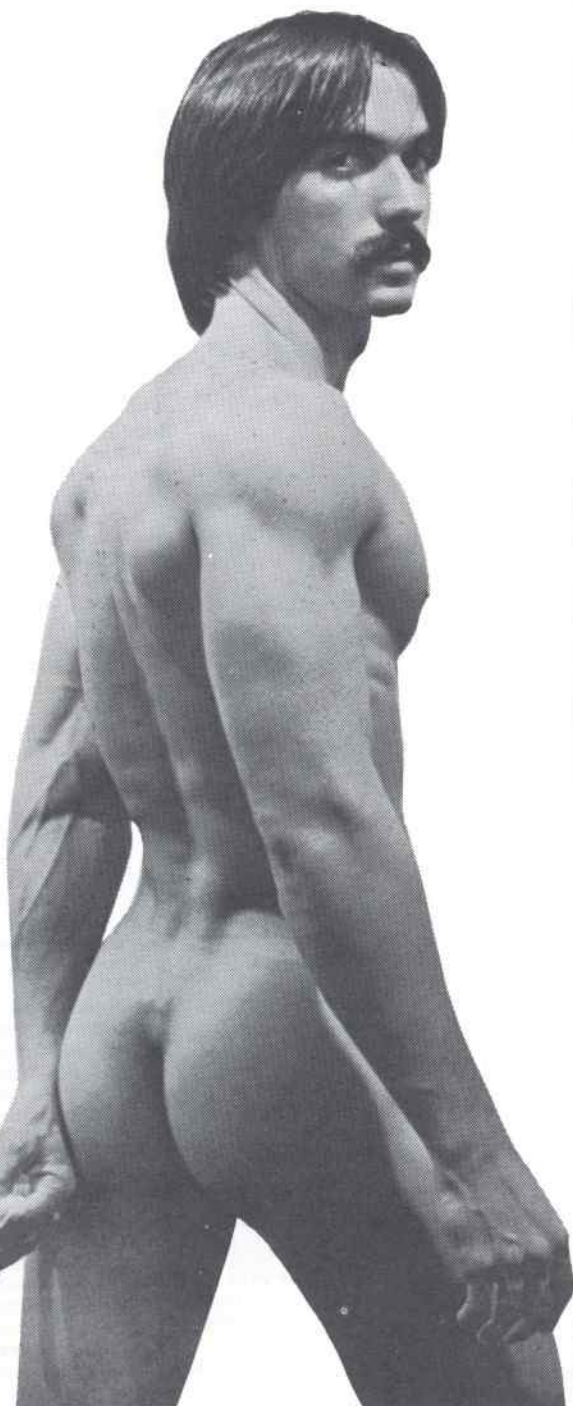
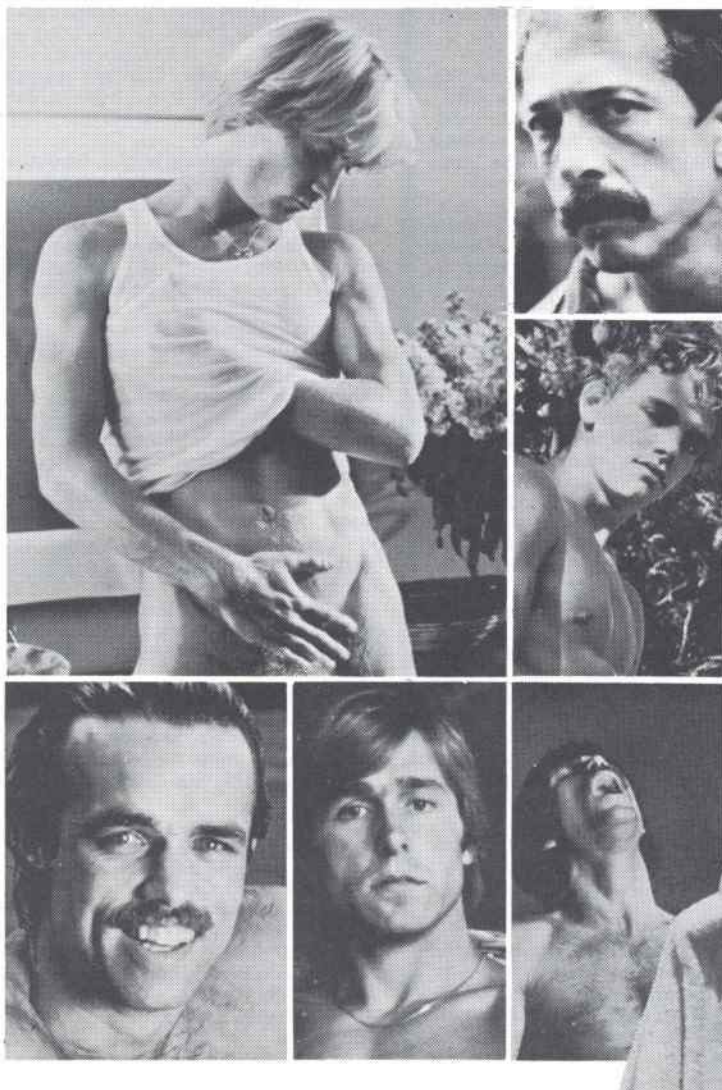
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# Who, What, Why, When,

## FRESNO

### Regular Weekly Events

#### TUESDAYS

Don your dungarees for Levi Auction Night at the Red Lantern, from 8 p.m., 4618 E. Belmont Ave.

#### WEDNESDAYS

MCC Bible Study, 7 p.m. Meetings in members' homes, so call (209) 251-7476 for address.

#### SUNDAYS

MCC Study Group, 5 p.m., Unitarian Church, 4144 N. Millbrook.

#### LONG BEACH

### Regular Weekly Events

#### TUESDAYS

Alcoholics Together Men's Stag, 8 p.m., MCC, 785 Junipero St.

#### WEDNESDAYS

Gay Catholics rap with DIGNITY, 7:30 p.m. Location, other information: (213) 433-0588.

MCC Singspiration and guest speaker, 7:30 p.m., 785 Junipero St.

Alcoholics Together meet at 8:30, Unitarian Church, Bellflower and Atherton.

#### THURSDAYS

MCC Youth Group meets for gays from 12 to 20 . . . open rap for others . . . both at 7:30 p.m., 785 Junipero St.

#### FRIDAYS

Alcoholics Together meeting, 8:30 p.m., MCC, 785 Junipero St.

#### SATURDAYS

Alcoholics Together Big Book Study, 7 p.m., 1149 E. 1st St., Apt. K.

#### SUNDAYS

MCC services, 11 a.m. and 7:30 p.m., 785 Junipero St.

Alcoholics Together participation meeting, 7:30 p.m., Los Angeles County General Hospital, Ward 1400, 5901 E. 7th St.

## LOS ANGELES/HOLLYWOOD

### Regular Weekly Events

#### MONDAYS

Dorr Legg's "Homosexuality in History" class begins at 8 p.m., ONE Institute, 2256 Venice Blvd., \$1. Call (213) 735-5252 for weekly discussion topic.

#### TUESDAYS

Overeaters Anonymous use the Twelve Step Program to fight the battle of the bulge, 6:30 p.m., Gay Community Services Center, 1213 N. Highland Ave.

Alcoholics Together meeting, 8:30 p.m., MCC, 1050 S. Hill St.

#### WEDNESDAYS

Practice the Twelve Step Program with Overeaters Anonymous, 6:30 p.m., Gay Community Services Center, 1213 N. Highland Ave. All you have to lose is your fat!

DIGNITY/LA informal rap session for gay Catholics, 7:30 p.m. Address, other information: (213) 660-6249.

MCC midweek prayer service, 7:30 p.m., 1050 S. Hill St.

#### THURSDAYS

CHIRO, a group of and for handicapped gays, meets at 7:30 p.m., MCC, 1050 S. Hill St.

Lutherans Concerned Bible Study, 7:30 p.m. Call (213) 663-7816 for address, etc.

#### FRIDAYS

Beth Chayim Chadshim Sabbath Services, 8:30 p.m., 6000 W. Pico Blvd. Shalom!

#### SATURDAYS

Overeaters Anonymous take it off with the Twelve Step Program, 7:30 p.m., Gay Community Services Center, 1213 N. Highland Ave.

#### SUNDAYS

MCC services, 11 a.m. and 7:30 p.m., 1050 S. Hill St.

Gay Catholics celebrate Mass and Liturgy with DIGNITY/LA, 6 p.m., The Newman Center, 4665 Willow Brook Ave.

Drop a load (of weight, that is) with Overeaters Anonymous, 6:30 p.m., Gay Community Services Center, 1213 N. Highland Ave.

#### SPECIAL

#### EVENTS

Wednesday, November 16

H.E.L.P., reaching the gay community through legal services. See how YOU can help, 8 p.m., back room of David's, 7013 Melrose near La Brea.

Saturday, November 19

Queen Mother of Southern California Coronation Ball, 8 p.m., Edgewater Hyatt House on Pacific Coast Hwy in Long Beach.

Parents and Friends of Gays conference and luncheon meeting, 11:30 a.m. to 4 p.m., Los Angeles Hilton Patio Room 930 Wilshire Blvd. at Figueroa, \$10.

Nacionalidades y Lenguas Unidas de Metropolitan Community Church presents "Caravana '77, Gran Fiesta Latina," an evening of Latin entertainment: live singers; mariachi; ballet Folklorico; and traditional music and costumes; 7 p.m. to midnight, 1050 S. Hill St., \$3 donation, refreshments.

Monday, November 21

The Santa Monica Court Bazaar is a perfect place to do some Christmas shopping, 8 p.m., The Hollywood Club, 1719 Vine St.

Tuesday, November 22

The incomparable Justin Smith in concert, Queen Mary Lounge, 12449 Ventura Blvd., Studio City, first show at 9 p.m., \$3 donation helps Christopher Street West Assn. to defray the expense of their float in the Santa Claus Lane Parade.

Friday, November 25

Something to be thankful for, Gay Faire '77 this evening begins a weekend of fun at the corner of Sunset and Cherokee. Admission: adults, 50c, children, 25c.

Saturday, November 26

Get to Gay Faire '77 early for rides, games, arts, crafts, etc., Sunset and Cherokee, 50c for big kids, 25c for those under 12.

Sunday, November 27

Beth Chayim Chadshim Board of Directors meeting, 6 p.m., 6000 W. Pico Blvd. All interested parties invited to attend.

The Los Angeles Coronation "Brings Back Camp" from 6 p.m., Circus Disco, 6648 Lexington Ave., \$7 donation.

Gay Faire '77 wraps it up with all-day delights, Sunset and Cherokee, 50c for adults, 25c for children.

Don't miss the Santa Claus Lane Parade! This traditional event for the VERY FIRST TIME includes a gay . . . that's right, gay! . . . float. The "Human Rights Train," entered by CSW Assn., will be one of the largest to cruise down Hollywood Blvd.

Monday, November 28

Busty O'Shea presents the Mr.—Ms.—Miss Chubby Contest, 8 p.m., The Hollywood Club, 1719 Vine St.

Wednesday, November 30

H.E.L.P. is Southern California's only gay legal aid corporation. Find out what they do at 8 p.m., back room of David's, 7013 Melrose near La Brea.

Saturday, December 3

Democratic State Party Gay Caucus begins at 8:30 a.m., Disneyland Hotel in Anaheim. This statewide gathering invites and encourages all gay Democrats to attend and participate.

Beth Chayim Chadshim's Sixth Annual Chanukah Dance, 8:30 p.m., Social Hall of Temple Isaiah, 10345 W. Pico Blvd., \$3.50

Sunday, December 11

Hear symphony, piano and opera classics on original 78s, played on modern stereo equipment, 7:30 p.m., 5701 Briarcliff Rd. Program info: (213) 469-8007.

Monday, December 12

Gay Rights Chapter of the ACLU meeting, 7:30 p.m., City National Bank Building, 8525 W. Pico Blvd., west of La Cienega.

Wednesday, December 14

Catch One dishes up a free buffet for its Sagittarius Party, 9 p.m., 4067 W. Pico Blvd.

And H.E.L.P. dishes out legal aid to the gay community, 8 p.m., back room of David's, 7013 Melrose near La Brea.

#### CONTINUING EVENTS

Rex Reace, MA, MFCC and Jeff Beane, MS, MFCC, present a monthly series of Playshops for Gay Men on Saturdays from 9 a.m. to 9 p.m., through January. Topics include "Coming Out . . . Gay Consciousness Raising," "Body Awareness" and "Making and Maintaining Contact." Advance reservations a must: (213) 396-3391 / 465-3219.

American Theatre Arts presents "The Instant Doctor," a modernization of Moliere's "The Physician in Spite of Himself," weekends only through December 18: Fridays-Saturdays, 8 p.m.; Sundays, 7:30 p.m., \$4 for adults.

## ORANGE COUNTY

### Regular Weekly Events

#### TUESDAYS

DIGNITY/Orange County rap session for gay Catholics, 7:30 p.m., Address, other info: (714) 892-5274.

#### WEDNESDAYS

L.I.F.E. (Lesbians in the Feminist Effort) is alive and meeting for business at 7 p.m., discussion at 8, 195 S. James St., Orange.

#### SUNDAYS

Morning people can worship at 11 and then have brunch with Christ Chapel MCC, 723 Bush St., Santa Ana. For late sleepers, there's also a 7 p.m. service.

Saturday, November 19

MCC couples' party. For time, place, other info: (714) 835-0722.

Saturday, November 26

Be thankful you're single and meet others who are, at MCC's singles' party. Time, place, etc. from (714) 835-0722.

Saturday, December 3

The Democratic State Party Gay Caucus invites interested gay Democrats to attend and participate in their second meeting, 8:30 a.m., Disneyland Hotel in Anaheim.

Saturday, December 17

Have a couple for Christmas with other couples and MCC. Full details from (714) 835-0722.

## POMONA

### Regular Weekly Events

#### WEDNESDAYS

MCC midweek activities: choir practice, 6 p.m.; open mixed rap and prayer meeting, 8 p.m. Call (714) 984-7839 or (213) 337-9948 for locations.

#### SUNDAYS

MCC services, 11 a.m., 233 Pomona Mall East.

## RIVERSIDE

### Regular Weekly Events

#### SUNDAYS

Trinity MCC worship service, 11 a.m., 5539 Mission Blvd., Rubidoux.

## SACRAMENTO

### Regular Weekly Events

#### SUNDAYS

Worship with MCC at 11 in the morning or 7:15 in the evening, 2741 34th St.



# & Where in DECEMBER

## SAN DIEGO Regular Weekly Events TUESDAYS

MCC choir rehearsal, 7:30 p.m. Sing along at 1355 Fern St.

## WEDNESDAYS

MCC Bible study, 6:30 p.m.; midweek worship services, 8 p.m. Both at 1355 Fern St.

## THURSDAYS

Learn public speaking or lose your hearts at the bridge party, 7:30 p.m., MCC, 1355 Fern St. Same time, same place . . . "Getting to Know You" informal, informative rap session for gay men and women.

## FRIDAYS

Feeling social? MCC's Friday Night Social provides the right atmosphere, 8 p.m., 1355 Fern St.

Alcoholics Together meet at 8:30 p.m., St. Paul's Church, Sixth and Nutmeg.

## SATURDAYS

Gay Catholics celebrate Mass with DIGNITY/San Diego, 7:30 p.m. Address, other info: (714) 448-8384.

## SUNDAYS

MCC morning worship service, 10:45; evening service, 7:30 . . . 1355 Fern St.

Palomar MCC worship service, 11 a.m., 113 N. Tremont, Oceanside.

Gay Alcoholics meeting, 2 p.m., MCC, 1355 Fern St.

## SAN FERNANDO VALLEY

### Regular Weekly Events

## MONDAYS

The Gay Students Union of Cal-State Northridge meets at 7:30 p.m., SS-123 on campus. First Monday is business, the others are pleasure: entertainment, guest speakers, rap sessions, social events. Public cordially invited.

## SUNDAYS

MCC services at 11 a.m. and, for late-risers, 7:30 p.m., MCC in the Valley, 11717 Victory Blvd., North Hollywood.

Gay Catholics celebrate Mass and Communion with DIGNITY/San Fernando Valley, 5 p.m. Address, other details: (213) 894-7982.

## SPECIAL EVENTS

Tuesday, November 22

Justin Smith does his thing at the Queen Mary Lounge, 12449 Ventura Blvd., Studio City, first show at 9 p.m., \$3 donation goes to CSW Assn. to help offset the cost of their float in the Santa Claus Lane Parade.

## SAN FRANCISCO/BAY AREA

### Regular Weekly Events

## MONDAYS

Don't give the clap a hand! San Francisco VD Clinic is open from 9:30 a.m. to 6 p.m., 250 Fourth St. No appointment, no charge, no gossip.

GPU Collective has Open House from 7:30 to 10:30 p.m., Bible Study beginning at 9 p.m., Old Firehouse in Stanford.

Over-30 lesbian rap group, 8 p.m., Gay Community Center-East Bay, 2714 Telegraph Ave., Berkeley.

## TUESDAYS

San Francisco Gay Rap, 8 p.m., First Congregational Church, Post and Mason.

The Women's Collective of Stanford GPU meets from 8 p.m., Old Firehouse, Stanford.

Humans Under Attack Committee, a political organization formed around the orange juice boycott, meets at 7 p.m., Gay Community Center-East Bay, 2714 Telegraph Ave., Berkeley.

## WEDNESDAYS

GPU happenings at the Old Firehouse in Stanford; business meeting, 7:30 to 8 p.m.;

gay defense meeting, 8 to 9 p.m.; social session from 9 p.m.

MCC midweek service in San Jose, 7 p.m., 30 - Te h St.

Meet old friends, make new ones at the San Francisco Gay Rap, 8 p.m., First Congregational Church, Post and Mason.

Have a slug of "Fruit Punch," gay men's radio in the Bay Area, 10 p.m., KPFA FM, 94.1.

## THURSDAYS

Get VD out of your ABCs! San Francisco VD Clinic, 9:30 a.m. to 6 p.m., 250 Fourth St. Donations cheerfully accepted.

Drop in for conversation, other good stuff, 7:30 to 10:30 p.m., GPU, Old Firehouse, Stanford.

## FRIDAYS

San Francisco Gay Rap kicks off the weekend, 8 p.m., San Francisco Gay Community Center, 32 Page St. at Franklin and Market.

Gay Rap at GPU, too, 8 p.m., Old Firehouse in Stanford.

## SATURDAYS

Socialize with the GPU Collective from 7:30 to 10:30 p.m., Old Firehouse, Stanford.

## SUNDAYS

General Community Meeting, 1 p.m., Gay Community Center-East Bay, 2714 Telegraph Ave., Berkeley.

MCC all over the place: in Berkeley at 7:30 p.m., Gay Community Center-East Bay, 2714 Telegraph Ave.; in Monterey, noon, 1154 2nd St.; in Oakland, 7:15 p.m., 2624 West St.; in The City, 1 and 7:30 p.m., 23rd and Capp Sts.; and if you know the way to San Jose, services are at 7 p.m., 300 S.Tenth St.

Drop in with GPU from 7:30 to 10:30 p.m. and stick around for gay cultural night, beginning at 8:30 p.m., Old Firehouse, Stanford.

## SPECIAL EVENTS

Saturday, November 19

Hurry! Roslyn Kind (I hate to say it, but she's Streisand's sister) sings tonight and tomorrow only, 9 and 11 p.m., The City, Montgomery at Broadway. Reservations.

Sunday, November 20

Last night for Carmen McRae, so don't miss 'er! Shows at 9 and 11 p.m., The Mocambo, Polk at Sutter. Reservations: (415) 776-2133.

Tuesday, November 22

Wailing tonight through December 4 is Freda Payne, 9 and 11 p.m., The Mocambo, Polk at Sutter. Reservations: (415) 776-2133.

Wednesday, November 23

The New Age Society of Spiritual Science invites people of all lifestyles to informal worship services, 7:30 p.m., 801 Baker St., No. 7. Counseling available by calling (415) 931-3326.

Friday, November 25

VD is not to be thankful for! Free, confidential testing at the Berkeley Gay Men's Health Collective, 6:30 to 10 p.m., 2714 Telegraph Ave., Berkeley.

Saturday, November 26

Grand Duke and Duchess Coronation Ball is "Saturday Night at the Bolshoi," 8 p.m., The Cristal Room of the PSA Hotel San Franciscan, \$8.50 at the door.

Friday, December 9

Get an early Christmas gift? Get rid of it free, quietly through the VD program at the Berkeley Gay Men's Health Collective, 6:30 to 10 p.m., 2714 Telegraph Ave., Berkeley.

Wednesday, December 14

Attend informal worship services with The New Age Society of Spiritual Science, 7:30 p.m., 801 Baker St., No. 7. Request counseling

in advance: (415) 931-3326.

## SANTA MONICA/SOUTH BAY

### Regular Weekly Events

## TUESDAYS

Men's rap group, 8 to 10 p.m., 1301 Main St., Venice. Please enter through the rear.

## WEDNESDAYS

Gay men's rap group, 7:30 p.m., Unitarian Society of Los Angeles, 3744 S. Barrington near Venice, Mar Vista.

## THURSDAYS

Rap group for gay and bisexual men in their middle years, 8 to 10 p.m., 1301 Main (rear entrance), Venice.

## SUNDAYS

West Bay MCC services, 2 p.m., 1260 18th St., Santa Monica. Child care available.

## CONTINUING EVENTS

Rex Reece, MA, MFCC, and Jeff Beane, MS, MFCC, facilitate a series of Playshops for Gay men, monthly on Saturdays through January from 9 a.m. to 9 p.m., 1301 Main St. (rear entrance), Venice. Complete information, reservations: (213) 396-3391/465-3219.

## STOCKTON

### Regular Weekly Events

## SUNDAYS

MCC evening worship service, 7 p.m., 2737 Pacific Ave.

## VENTURA

### Regular Weekly Events

## SUNDAYS

MCC Sunday School, 5 p.m., followed at 6:30 by worship service, 362 N. Ventura Ave.


*The Cleandar is presented as a service to Alternate readers. There is no charge for listings.*

*Each Calendar covers a 30-day period, from the 15th of the month of publication through the 15th of the month following publication.*

*Listings are accepted at the discretion of the Calendar Editor and are as accurate as we can make them according to information received.*

*Listings must be telephoned or mailed to arrive no later than the 20th of any month.*

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# West Coast

## HOLLYWOOD STILL 'UNCLEAN,' CHAMBER SAYS

The Hollywood Chamber of Commerce has told Los Angeles Mayor Tom Bradley that they think his "clean-up" campaign is a failure.

Chamber President Jerry Fairbanks said that Chamber members were "utterly dissatisfied" with Bradley's Special Task Force on Hollywood. "We believe there have been absolutely no substantive changes within the city bureaucracy that will have a positive affect on Hollywood."

Bradley appointed the Task Force after accusations of increased crime and decreased business were leveled at Hollywood.

According to Fairbanks, the streets of Hollywood are "unsafe, dirty and peopled by prostitutes, both male and female."

Bradley replied that "it is outrageous that a letter — addressed to the mayor — critical of the special task force I created in June to deal with Hollywood's problems, was given to the media for sensationalized effect, before it was delivered to me."

"It raised the question of good faith," the mayor said. He also noted that a member of the Chamber has been monitoring Task Force meetings and had not brought up the point mentioned in the letter.

Many gay leaders have charged that the campaign has been used by politicians and police as excuse to harass gays.

## EUGENE IN UPROAR OVER NEW RIGHTS LAW

The city of Eugene, Ore. is locked in a heated debate over the issue of gay rights, following the passage of a civil rights ordinance by the city's Council.

The city is the third in the country to pass such a law since the repeat of a gay rights ordinance in Dade County, Fla. last June. But the Eugene ordinance is not yet out of the woods. The controversy that swells around the new law could prompt the council to repeal it when they must take a second vote on the issue Nov. 28.

The bill has produced a public response rarely seen in this relatively peaceful liberal bastion. The city is the home of the University of Oregon.

A recent sampling of letters printed in the *Eugene Register-Guard* showed six persons in favor of the bill and three opposed. The paper has received a huge volume of mail on the subject and recently announced a moratorium on letters until the week preceding the council's vote. "The subject has been exhausted," the paper said.

Many of the letters have centered on the issue of Bible quotations — verses have been used to support both sides of the issue. Other readers claimed that the bill would encourage homosexuality and the spread of "decadence."

But as opponents continue to quote Biblical passages from the Book of Leviticus, supporters have frequently quoted two other passages: "Judge not that ye be judged," and, "let whoever is without sin cast the first stone."

Make that "orange."

## CADETS MAY GET PREGNANT — AND STAY

Cadets at the U.S. Air Force Academy at Colorado Springs may now get pregnant and remain in school.

The new policy was announced by the Department of the Air Force. Currently, both prospective fathers and mothers attending the U.S. Naval Academy and West Point, face automatic expulsion.

The Air Force move will probably be copied by the other services.

"There is a strong feeling that this would never stand up in court — either for a man or for a woman," a Defense Department official was quoted as saying.

## DONNY AND MARIE LEAVE HOLLYWOOD

The Osmond Family has unveiled its new \$3.5 million Utah Television Studio with a promise to "help clean up a sickness in the industry."

Donny and Marie Osmond are leaving Hollywood for good, and will record their network television show in the new studio.

The family presented the new facilities at an open house attended by 1,000 invited guests, including Utah Gov. Scott Mattheson, and Mormon Church President Spencer Kimball.

The 80,000 square foot studio is built on the former site of a fruit orchard.

## A MOTHER IS WORRIED

An Arvada, Colo. mother is worried about gays invited to a local high school for a discussion of homosexuality.

The mother is Mrs. Barney O'Kane, a member of the Colorado Eagle Forum, an off-shoot of the anti-ERA organization headed by Phyllis Schlafly.

"They are trying to get into the schools," O'Kane said. She said it was a "directive" of national gay organizations to form clubs at the high school age level.

"They are coming out of their closets and becoming more sophisticated," she said. "Their presentations can be very disarming," O'Kane warned.



# Current

## MOSCONE SUPPORTS CENTER, GAY COMMISSIONER

San Francisco Mayor George Moscone has promised to support public funds for a gay community center and this city's annual gay parade, and appoint a gay to the police commission.

Mascone, addressing an assemblage of about 75 gay activists, said he would "try to convince the chief administrative officer of the need to give funding" to the parade out of city hotel tax funds. The gay parade is the only major San Francisco parade not subsidized by the city.

"Before the end of my administration, there will be a gay appointed to the police commission," Moscone promised. He did not say however, if that appointment would fill the vacancy left by the recent resignation of the Rev. James A. Hall.

Representatives at the meeting came from the Alice B. Toklas Democratic Club (which requested the session), the Gay Political Action Caucus, the Coalition for Human Rights, the Gay Latino/Latina Alliance, the San Francisco Gay Democratic Club and the Women's Caucus of the Coalition for Human Rights.

## WOMEN NAMED TO IWY CONFERENCE

Patsy Fulcher, a California state and welfare official, has been elected chair of the California delegation to the National Women's Conference.

Los Angeles Deputy Mayor Grace Davis and Alice Travis, a California Democratic Leader, have been elected vice-chair of California's 96-member delegation to the Houston Conference.

The conferences' national commission has also appointed 25 delegates-at-large to attend the Nov. 18-21 conference. The California delegation is considered heavily pro-feminist and is expected to support resolutions supportive of gay civil rights.

Appointed at large delegates include: Dolores Huerta, of the United Farm Workers Union; Phyllis Lyon, a member of the San Francisco Human Rights Commission; Aileen Hernandez, former president of the National Organization for Women; Sister Irene Woodward, president of Holy Names, Oakland; U.S. Rep. Yvonne Burke (D-Inglewood); and U.S. District Court Judge Shirley Hufstedler.

Conservative minority forces from around the country, many with strong financial support, are expected to fight the feminist slate on such issues as the ERA, abortion, sex education, and, of course, gay rights.

## JUST WINDOW DRESSING?

San Francisco's venerated Sutter Street furnishings store, W & J Sloane, has put a little gay consciousness into its window.

A recent window display for bedroom furnishings included a mussed-up bed, a tuxedo tossed in the corner of the "room," an open copy of *Blueboy* magazine on the bed, and a book of matches from Trinity Place. *Blueboy* is a popular gay magazine; Trinity Place is a San Francisco gay financial district bar.

It was not immediately known if the display was a prank or a calculated appeal to the gay market, but the window display did not go unnoticed.

It was mentioned in Herb Caen's widely-read column in the *San Francisco Chronicle*, along with another gay item. Pranksters got to the top of a French Airline billboard near the city's heavily gay Castro Street area, and changed the scene from a happy boy-girl couple running through the Tahitian surf, to a picture of two men. The culprits used paint to make the billboard change, which was removed by the company after two days.

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DAVE PATRICK

The polls in San Francisco's municipal elections had just closed and the mood in the Castro Street photo supply store was guardedly up-beat. Many of the informally dressed men and women had been at "victory parties" for their candidate before, only there had never been a victory before — close races, but victory had alluded them three times before. Now early returns showed the candidate taking a modest lead right from the beginning.

The candidate — the proprietor of the little photo store — is 47-year-old Harvey Milk. Because New York-born Milk makes no bones about his sexual orientation — he is gay — his run for the \$9,600 a year supervisorial seat was attracting national attention. Harvey Milk campaigns always have historical overtones. It makes them very special for the campaign workers.

Two blocks down Castro Street, and just around a corner, hiding it from the pulse and clamor of the city's main gay thoroughfare, was the makeshift storefront headquarters of Rick Stokes, the "other" gay candidate. There, the mood was morose, depressing. Though Stokes had outspent every candidate in the city — spending \$50,000 to Milk's \$10,000 — his campaign had never even come close to catching on on a grass-roots level. His opposition to Milk, a longtime neighborhood activist with a tremendous reserve of respect and admiration inside and outside the gay community, was seen as a possible stumbling block to the election of the city's first

upfront gay to office. People saw Stokes as a spoiler. Many feared he would draw enough votes away from Milk to allow one of the other 15 candidates in the hotly-contested Fifth District to slip in. No one ever thought that Stokes himself could win, but there was a chance he could throw the election to liberal Democrat Terrance "Kayo" Hallinan, who had massive support from labor bosses and Establishment Democrats, or to conservative businessman Robert St. Clair, who could benefit from a splintering of the liberal vote.

But by 10 p.m., an hour after the polls closed, the mood at Milk headquarters had turned from guarded optimism to utter jubilation. With every new precinct reporting, Milk was increasing his already commanding lead. Precincts in the Haight that were supposed to be strong Hallinan territory were coming in for Milk. Milk began rolling up unbeatable pluralities in non-gay areas, as Hallinan, Stokes and St. Clair fell further and further back. The crowd grew and overflowed into the street. The mood was infectious. It wasn't a politico-type crowd; Milk's supporters have always been "just neighborhood folks." They're the ones that were giving him the biggest non-incumbent victory in the entire city. It was their victory.

A little after 11 o'clock Milk pulled up to the shop on his campaign manager's Honda 550, escorted by Sheriff Richard Hongisto (also on a motorcycle). The TV stations had already declared Milk a big winner. The crowd in the street was alive with exuberance and it was growing larger

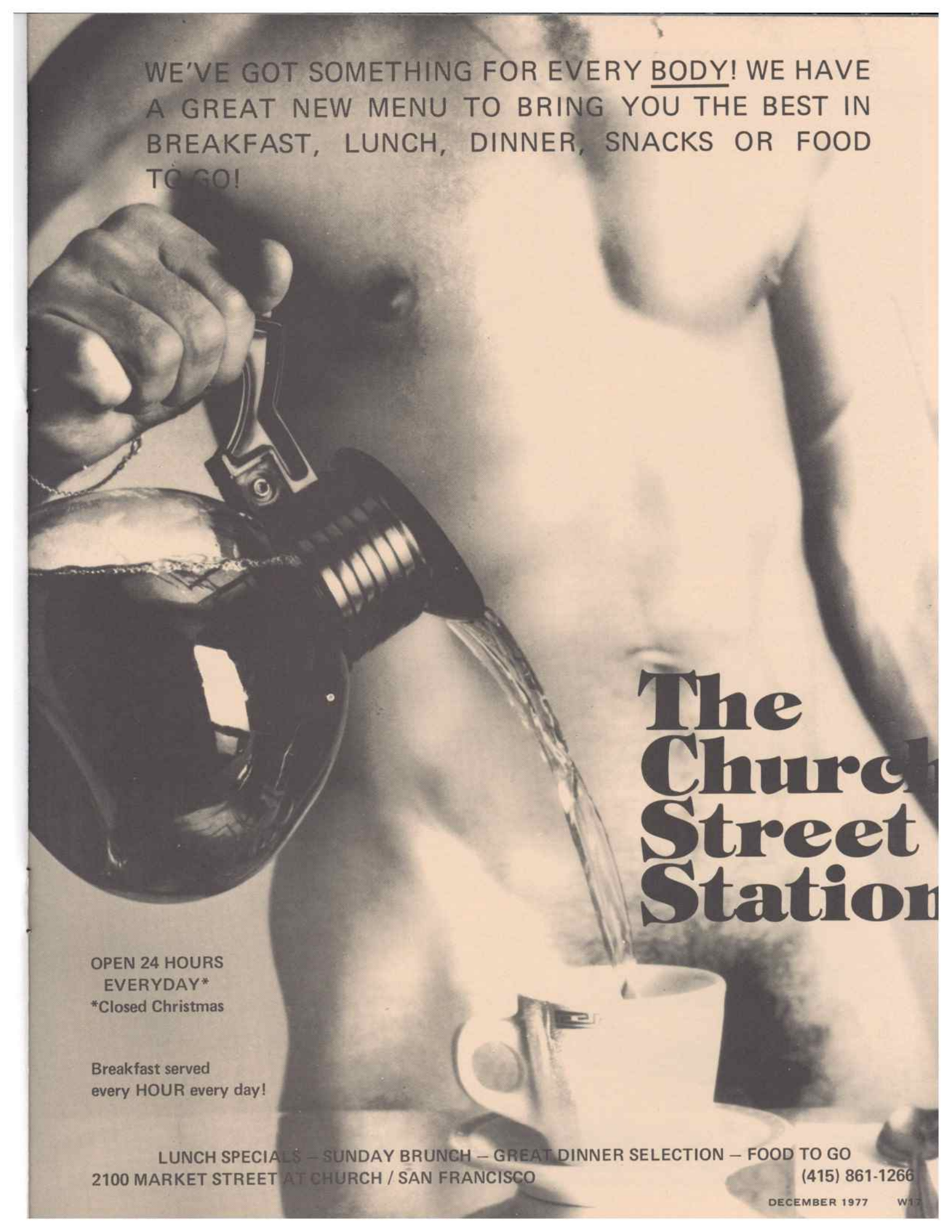
and larger as news of the Milk victory spread to the gay bars up the street. Somebody tossed Milk a bouquet. He greeted hundreds of people by name. He told them it was their victory. He had no support from self-proclaimed gay "leaders" like Jim Foster and David Goodstein. They had opposed him with all their might — and money — and this night had shown them to be devoid of any real political clout.

But to the people on Castro Street — to the people who had watched Milk in action over the years, fighting doggedly for neighborhood interests, for the interests of "the little man," against the tyranny of the real estate and Chamber of Commerce — to these people it was a dream come true. Some had tears in their eyes. People were already yelling, "Harvey for Mayor."

Inside his headquarters Milk was thanking the crowd. Local and national media people were already beginning to arrive. Flash-bulbs were going off everywhere. Milk was telling everyone how it was *their* victory, *their* victory, *their* victory. He got up to publically thank his campaign manager, his business partner and their employee, and his lover. Emotions were high; it had been a long time coming. And now it was a reality. A gay man had been elected. A straight district had elected a gay man as its representative — and by a wide margin. Gay supporters still couldn't believe it — one of us, one of us — a San Francisco supervisor who could talk about, "my lover, Jack."



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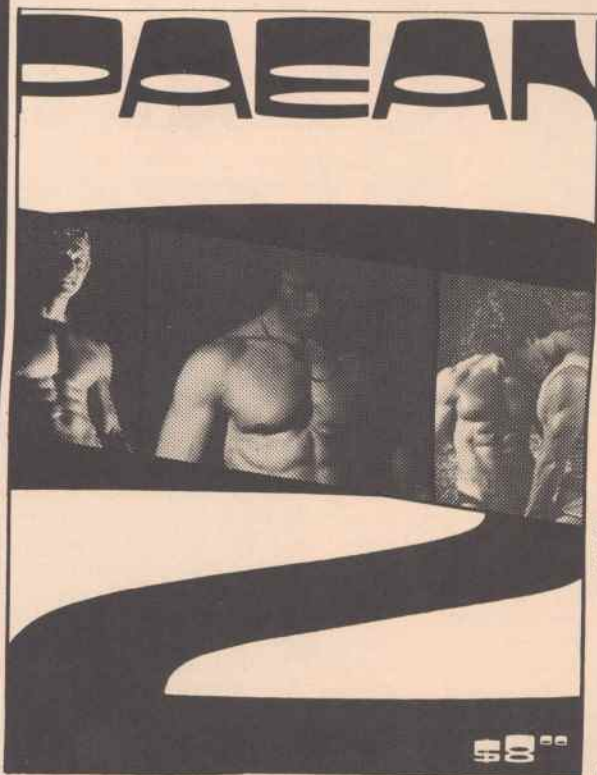
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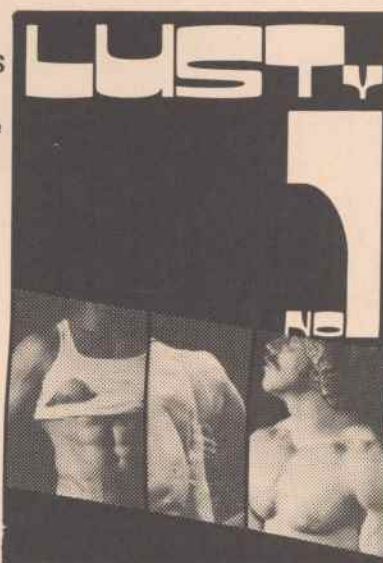
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# Polk: A Celebration Lost

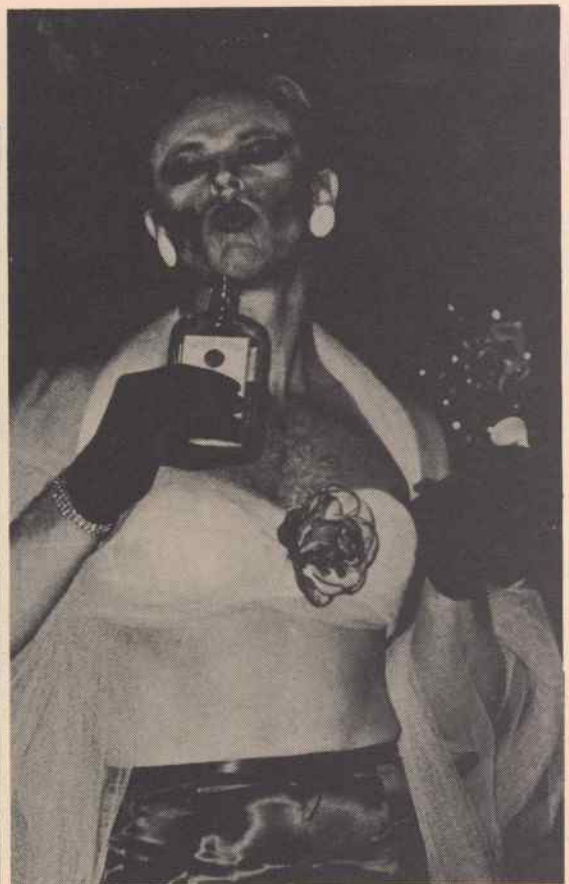


PHOTO BY MARIE UEDA

By John W. Rowberry

It had rained the night before. In a city that was noted for clean swept skies, dark clouds threatened to linger another day and defuse the moonlight. Elvira hoped they would. She leaned across the small cocktail table towards her friend, "It would be so very nice if it were cloudy and dark tomorrow."

"You mean on Halloween? It might rain?" Gretchen, the friend, was a bit taken back, rain on Halloween! And after all the work that had gone into her costume. That she might not get to stroll down Polk Street in all her finery was as chilling a thought as the wind that had accompanied yesterday's rainfall.

"Yes, rain on Halloween . . . perfect. I wouldn't be able to wear my costume, but it would be perfect . . . all those poor dears standing in the downpour trying to have a good time!"

"Elvira, you're cruel . . . and mad," Gretchen admonished.

"Yes."

Mario and Eddy sat, crouched down in the space between two apartment houses, passing the joint back and forth.

"What you gonna do tonight?"

Eddy held the joint tightly between two fingers, "I donno, you?"

"You want to go to Polk and watch the queers?"

"Nah."

"Yea, man, commone. We might score."

"From the queers?" Eddy passed the joint back.

"No, there chicks go there on Halloween, they get drunk."

"I don't know."

"Yea, man, you know Raphael . . . he told me he fucked some chicks in a car last year there."

"Yea?"

"He told me, man. He said they were drunk and he just grabbed them."

Mario passed the joint to his friend.

Traditionally San Franciscans have celebrated Halloween in a variety of both orthodox and unusual ways; from the mini-gangs of ghost dressed children clutching brown paper bags and ringing doorbell after doorbell; to the opulent Beaux Arts Ball, hosted by the Tavern Guild, with its extravagantly feathered and jeweled participants.

For others, either too old for trickertreating and too poor for pagentry; Halloween is either just another night or a good time to go out and get drunk. Like Christmas, there are those who avoid it like the plague, preferring a movie or a quiet dinner at home, or the solitude of television to the chaos of the streets and more public places.

It's a take-it-or-leave-it kind of day, semi-observable or ignored.

Gays everywhere probably envy New Orleans and its Mardi Gras, where for two weeks celebration is the rule. Stemming from a strictly Catholic origin, the last days before the sacrifices of Lent, Mardi Gras attracts gays by the thousands. The cream-de-la-cream of the costumed drag queens pile it on and strut with the best of them for Mardi Gras, the tourists gawk and oggle and snap pictures all the while.

San Francisco gays probably envy Mardi Gras more than others; so hard have they tried to import its attitude to the Halloween affair on Polk Street. And

they have been moderately successful in the past. While dominated mostly by gays, Halloween on Polk Street has attracted much non-gay attention (some good, some not so) and a good deal of press coverage. And like almost everything else in San Francisco, anything done twice becomes "traditional."

Six o'clock. By now the streets would be filling with sidewalk squatters, anxious to see it all, some masked, some dressed for the weather. Here and there a sprinkling of family groupings, mother, father, two or more children. One or two elderly citizens preferring the carnival madness of Polk Street to the solitude of a furnished room.

Elvira sat before the huge oval mirror that dominated her bedroom carefully pinning back her long, thick hair. Pins in mouth and hands, she occasionally glanced over to the open window facing Polk Street at the sound of some too loud laugh or shout of surprise. She intended to go out late, perhaps nine o'clock, when she could make an entrance noteworthy to the half filled street. She imagined the streets would be only half filled by then.

By Seven o'clock it was difficult to traverse the six blocks without coming to a complete stop at least a dozen times, due to the growing congestion of people at cross-streets. Basically, it was an orderly crowd, a preponderance of people doing more viewing than actually participating in the costume revellers. Here and there a beer can found its way into the gutter, a bag wrapped bottle, its open neck exposed, tossed amid the refuse.

By Eight o'clock the area was filled, comfortably, more costumed apparitions

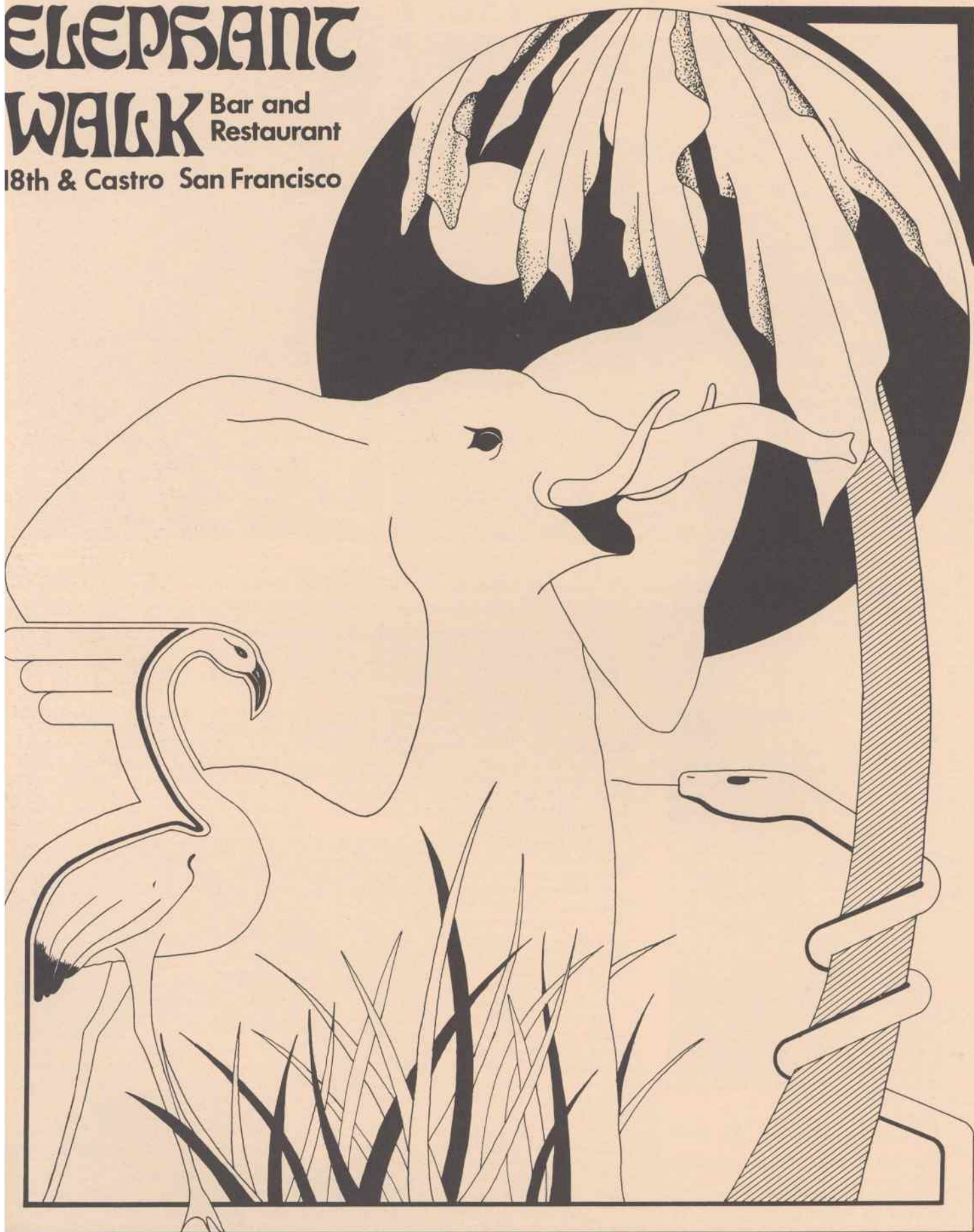


# ELEPHANT

# WALK

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had joined . . . but even more watchers, crowding onto the neutrality of sidewalks, passing beer and bottles back and forth.

By Nine o'clock you could hardly move, except in the direction the crowd was swaying. The middle-aged couple from Iowa, whose in-laws had recommended they see Polk Street along with the other sights decided to go back to their hotel after someone had bumped into them, knocking the woman to her knees.

Occasionally you could make out the deep blue uniform of a policeman amid the crowd, mostly in pairs, mainly at cross streets, watching.

In front of a liquor store that had stayed open a tight-muscled Chicano youth swung his fist in the face of a long-haired blonde man. Another Chicano youth, entering the fray, kicked at the groin of the fallen man repeatedly until grabbed by a huge policeman with shouts of "What the fuck's going on, huh?"

Elvira stepped out of her doorway, white feathered cape pulled up around her chin; waited for the first sing of recognition from the crowd, then gingerly stepped into the street.

Her long, graceful legs carried her a few feet, then to the sound of ohs and ahs she turned and smiled at her audience.

By Ten o'clock there were more discarded cans and bottles on the street than in hands. Entering the main of Polk Street from the cross streets was more difficult. Flashbulbs went off intermittently throughout the crowd.

Two black men, dressed in flashy and chic clothes, stopped occasional passerbys, always males, and conferred briefly, motioning towards a van where the open side door revealed a teenage black girl in a slip and high heels sitting crosslegged on a velvet bean bag chair.

Gretchen desperately looked out the window of Kimo's, one hand on her drink, the other guarding the empty chair she had been wrestling away from people all evening in anticipation of Elvira's arrival. Her frosted wig and hat, decorated and piled high with oranges, tilted slightly on her head. Her simple print dress revealed a spilled drink, two cigarette burns and a pale pink powder of unknown origin.

A woman danced in her window, stereo blasting, to the delight of the spectators on the street. Slowly, by in time to the music, she stripped off her blouse, and to the cheers and shouts of "more!" and "Show some pussy!" unhooked her bra . . . unmasking and shaking her breasts for her admirers.

Elvira looked down to see two very small Chinese children peering up at her in wonder. Taken aback, she stopped, decided they were harmless, and smiled at them.

"Hello, what's your name," she quieried in her too masculine voice.

They immediately broke out in giggles and darted away. Elvira reassumed her stately march up the street.

By Eleven o'clock you could not move, except a few feet, and only in available directions. Twice a firetruck had

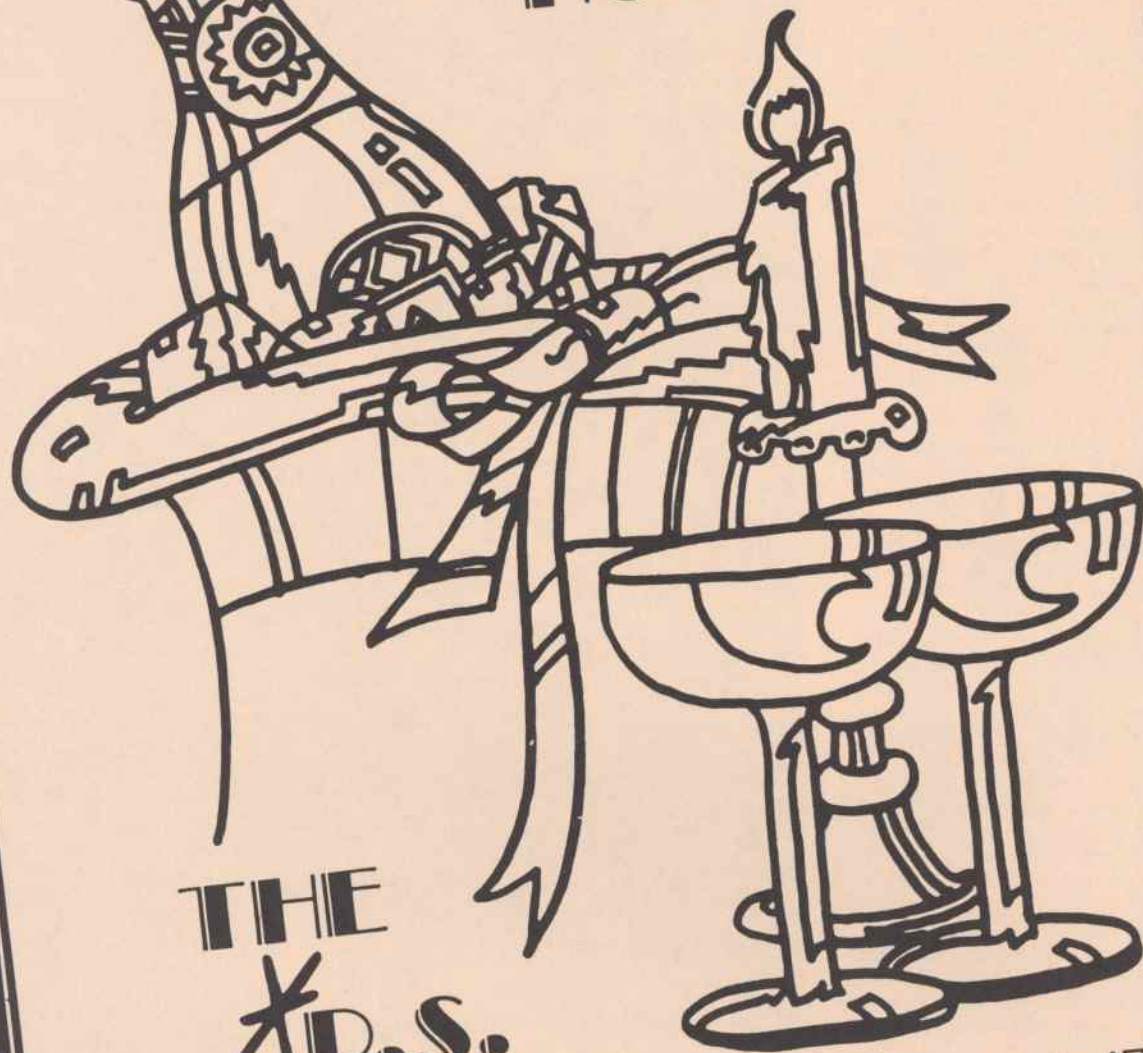


Polk's Halloween: A parade of costumes, an ugly air





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turned towards Polk only to turn away. The scant 80 or so police were all but invisible. People desperate to leave found themselves bitterly fighting their way down sidewalks filled with drunken bodies, unmoving gawkers and hostile citizens involved in their own endeavors towards countermovement.

Mario and Eddy stood against a parked VW, passing another joint.

"Look at that fag, you can see his ass."

Eddy was watching the woman across the street fondling the crotch of a tall young man dressed in tennis shorts and a tee shirt.

"One of those faggots looks at me and I'm gonna deck 'em," Mario tossed out to the crowd. He put the dead roach in his shirt pocket with the others.

Eddy raised the beer can to his lips, never taking his eyes off the woman, her hand now inside the shorts, the man smiling.

"Show us some pink!"

The woman in the window had removed her skirt, holding it up to the crowd, who cheered, and her panties, tossing them out the window. The sill, however, cut off the expected from sight.

Elvira had to pee. She contemplated waiting until she got to Kimo's, decided that getting in the restroom there might prove impossible; looked for an alley, settled on a darkened phone booth. It took a while to forge her way through the mass of bodies, incredibly the booth was empty although someone had already hit on Elvira's idea, the smell of urine wafted to her nose the moment she stepped inside. She turned her back on the noise of the crowd, raised her dress in the front and attempted to keep the stream off her costume.

The hand that aimed the full wine bottle at the back of her head found its

mark with a force that smashed her face into the booth's glass.

By Midnight the crowd had begun to leave in noticeable numbers. The remaining participants were either too drunk to fight their way out of the madness, or to desperate to have fun to leave. A lot of them had never seen anything like this before. Many of them were feeling justified in their opinions that gays were a bunch of freaks; some didn't know a homosexual when they saw one. Since the crowd of over 100,000 were mostly non-gays, a predominance of youths from across the city, some never saw a gay person; or at least a recognizably so one.

Perhaps as a final tribute to what is the worst in us, someone threw a tear gas bomb into the crowd.

It would become obvious to the gays there that the future would bring even more charges of wantonness and lewdness on the head of San Francisco gays. While the police would only make a scattering of arrests, less than fifty, mostly for fighting and drunkenness, gays could expect the upstanding city citizens to cry out that gays had disrupted the otherwise quiet and regular social scene.

And it would do no good for the gay community to try and distinguish between the gays and the affair and the violent straights. It would be believed once again that gays were to blame.

Perhaps next year the gay community will abandon Halloween on Polk Street to the football game crowd that obviously wants it for their own. Perhaps next year, on Halloween, a section of the city can be set aside for all the macho jocks and their supportive wives and girlfriends to gather and try and break each other's heads. Halloween is no longer a gay event on Polk Street. It's more like Rollerball.

Oh, yes, and a woman was raped.



#### DID YOU ENJOY HALLOWEEN AS MUCH THIS YEAR AS IN THE PAST?

"Not really, no. It was okay, but everybody was kind of on edge, waiting for trouble or something to go wrong. It was kind of like we all had to watch our step or something, like we knew a lot of people were watching us and waiting for a chance to cause trouble."

"Not as much as before. We all went to Polk Street for the big party, but it was so full of punks and straight trouble makers that we left after about twenty minutes."

"Well, kind of. To tell the truth, I felt like the whole world was watching us and waiting for us to act like fools so they could all feel like Anita Bryant was right about us. It was as if we all had to be on our best behavior this year, like our mother was watching."

"Oh sure. Definitely. But then again, we went to a private party and didn't spend any time on the streets at all. Too many young punks were out looking for trouble to go to Polk. We did go to Castro afterwards, and that was good, but still it was kind of quiet — for Halloween and all. But we definitely had a ball."

"No. No way. We got tear gassed on Polk Street — some asshole threw a tear gas bomb and there were so many people you just couldn't get away from it. My eyes hurt and I couldn't breathe. It was awful."

"No. Everybody was very uptight and restrained this year, like they all had to be on their best behavior or something. It was really dull."

"No. I got hit in the head with an empty beer can on Polk Street and then a bunch of young kids started making trouble and pushing and calling us names. We kind of got into a fight, but the cops came and broke it up before anything bad happened. Still, it wrecked the rest of the night for us. We went home real early, all down and depressed because of those rotten kids."

"Yeah, I had a real good time. We stayed on Castro, though, didn't go near Polk. I heard it was a real mad house there, so I guess it was a good idea not to go there."

"Of course, darling. I always have a good time Halloween. I tossed on the living room drapes and an old dust mop and went as a housefrau. You know — pink fluffy mules and everything. I was gorgeous."

"No. I stayed home and watched TV."

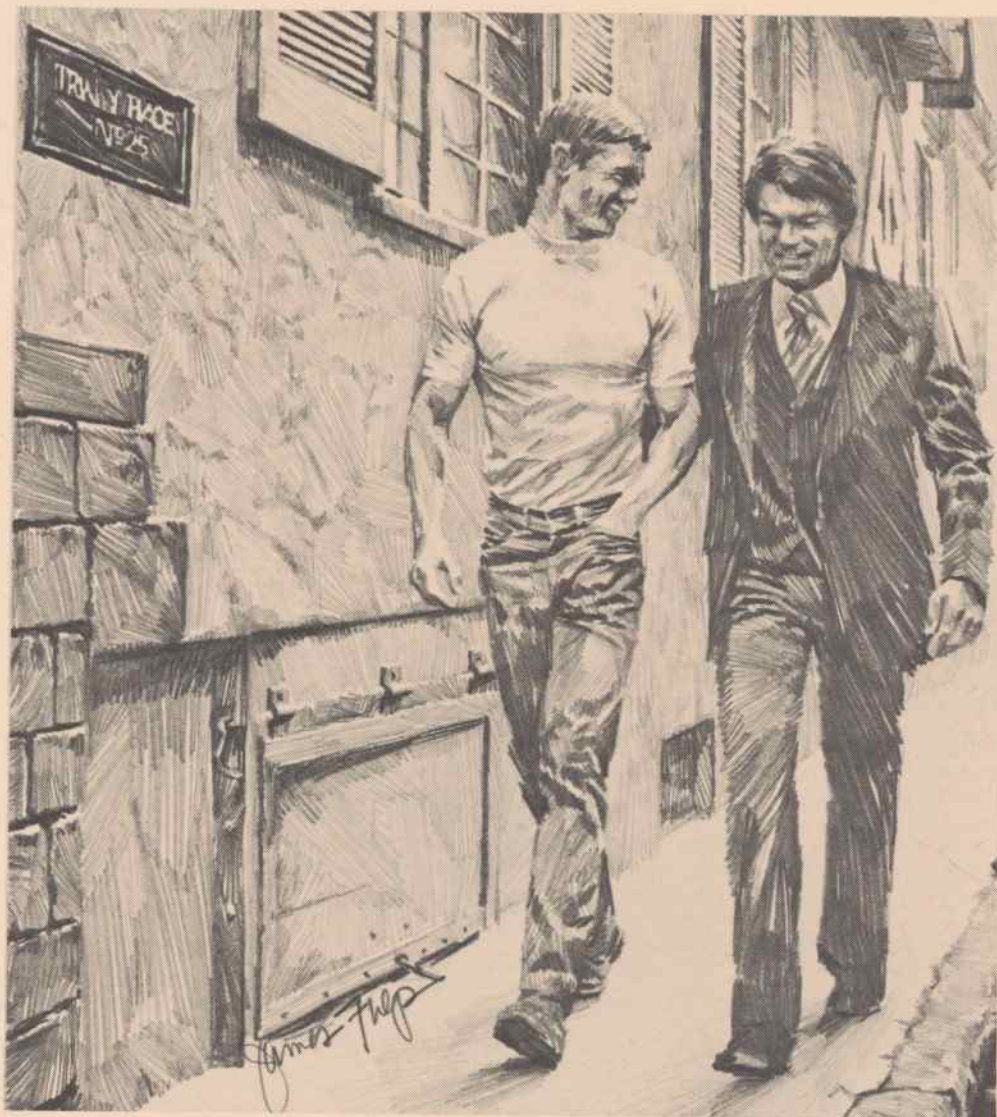
"Yes. I stayed home and watched TV and fucked after."

PHOTO BY MARIE UEDA





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## 'Pop Masculinity'

With it, Sam and Joe Gage Hope to Revolutionize Porn

Gay filmmakers Sam and Joe Gage (unrelated except by pseudonyms) are throwing down the gauntlet again. When their record-breaking *Kansas City Trucking Co.* was about to be nationally released last year, Sam, the producer half of the team, declared, "It's a war, this business. If you believe in your product and that what you're doing is right, then you just have to keep fighting."

Today, although their experience confirmed "It is a pitched battle, both to get your picture fairly distributed and fairly exploited in the media, and the general battle about whether gay people have the right to express themselves and people who believe in hardcore sexuality in films have the right to express themselves," the youngish partners are about to assault the barricades once more, with their *El Paso Wrecking Corp.* scheduled to premiere across the country on December 26.

In a reflective mood for this interview, Sam (28) and Joe (33), the writer-director, reveal that "what we're really trying to say in our films is that it's okay to act on your sexual desires." This they do by dealing, in Sam's words, "with casual sexuality, about people having a right to see somebody, get turned on, get into it, and then walk away and feel terrific about it."

"That was a concept," Sam goes on, "that men all over the country..."

"... were waiting to see," Joe, unconsciously acknowledging the Gallagher-and-Sheen symbiosis of their relationship, finished the thought. Sam, unfazed, continues, "— they didn't have to feel degraded, they didn't have to see things about hustlers, they didn't have to see things about fist-fucking, they could see things about just getting it on in a wonderfully casual situation, and respond. That's why *El Paso Wrecking Corp.* is as it is: we learned it's a formula that works, for us."

Underscoring that basic concept is their calculated decision to create a very masculine image as "role model" for gay males. "What homosexuals are into is men," Sam explains. "I really think that a lot of the effimacy (sic) in things that have been created are not what *homosexuals* want — it's what the world has created for us about homosexuality. It's the way we've been expected to behave by mothers and teachers all the way along. A male homosexual should be a man, and that's part of what we're trying to trade on."

"The point is that if we're ever going to conquer this political bullshit that's going around — Anita Bryant and 'can we teach in schools' and all that stuff — homosexuals are going to have to..."



Sam Gage and cameraman on the set of *El Paso*.

"... stop acting like queens, is what they're gonna have to do," Joe interrupts, going into the act again. "— and start acting like what they are —" Sam plods on gamely.

But Joe overlaps with "— and in order for them to do that they have to have role models, they have to see that it's all right —" "to be a man!" Sam concludes, turning the tables triumphantly. At this point the interviewer expressed some confusion about whether the two filmmakers were perhaps in some slight disagreement: were they recommending that the male homosexual should be more masculine, or merely *act* more masculine? And is there really any difference between the two?

With a meaningful glance at his bearded colleague, Joe cuts in. "I want to field this one," he says. "I feel strongly about it. I don't want to mention names, but I feel the idea of someone very effeminate, like ..... , being constantly exposed on television as an example of an acceptable homosexual to the public, is shoddy and shocking. Then, the idea that the very macho ..... is acceptable, only because he's 'covered,' is sad. I think in the seventies, the way the world's moving now, gay macho men like ..... can be loose and casual and it's okay. They don't have to be court jesters."

After a moment, Sam picks up on the question. "There is a difference between being a man and acting out being a man, and it may be that in our work we sell the 'acting out,' because that's what film's about. It's not about being, it's about creating an image. And in this par-

ticular film we *are* creating an image of men who act like men. Whether they are men or not is another question —" (Joe: "They *are* men, it's not a question at all") "— but the acting out is the point we're dealing with here."

"I think a man can be a homosexual, can even be an effeminate homosexual, and he can still be proud of the fact that he's a man. And if he's acquired certain habits that are not totally 'masculine,' I don't think he needs to be ashamed of those habits. I think he needs to begin saying 'I am a man who has these habits, maybe I wanna dump them, maybe I don't wanna dump them,' but the point is that the feeling of manhood should begin to develop."

"And what they should see on the screen is that it is okay to be a homosexual and to be a man. You don't have to hide either one of those things. It is okay to be effeminate as long as you're not ashamed of your manhood, if you're not imitating effeminacy out of fear. I think every homosexual, from the drag queen to the butchest number, all of those people, are *men* first. That's what we all have in common, that binds us together in this movement, and it's why you can't push anybody out of the movement or out of the marches. Because the drag queen deserves to be there just as much as the football player who's homosexual."

Sam pauses for breath, and Joe takes over. "Straight men and macho gay men who are hung up on their macho both have the same fears. They're watching a swishy queen walk down the street and they're saying 'There, but for the grace



of God and my tricks of handling myself, go I.' That's the fear that straight people have and gay men who..."

"... That's what's in the film," Sam, having gotten his breath back, summarizes. "It's an acting-out of the whole masculine role image, just as corny as other role images. What we're really trying to say is that it's okay to act on your sexual desires."

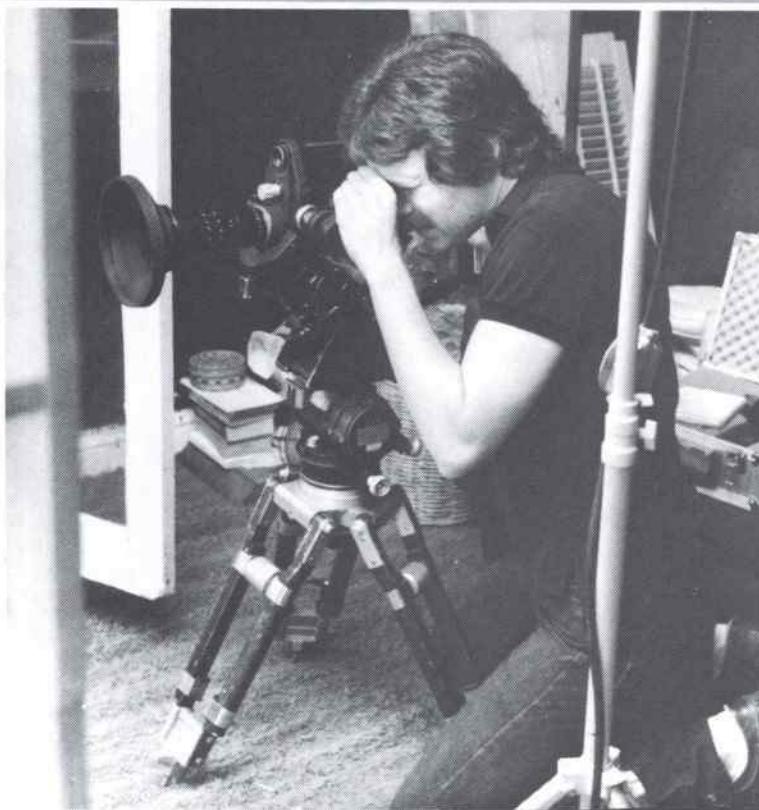
Familiar with their work, the interviewer fearlessly reminds the pair that, however, they never cast the "swishy" type in their films. Joe, the writer, responds flatly, "Because I don't find them sexual. My personal thing is that I find most men who are effeminate are troubled. They're acting in an unnatural way." Less so, the interviewer wonders aloud, than the gay male who works so hard at being macho? "They have a right to act that way," Joe says. "All I'm saying is that a man who is acting like a queen is stressing his self-hatred in a way so that he knows he is going to be punished by society."

"The films are our version of what is 'pop' masculinity. I prefer 'pop masculinity' to 'macho' because I think 'macho' is one of the most sick, troubled American hang-ups that has been around for the last hundred years or so. Which is what I want to say about *this* picture. The most masculine men in *El Paso* and *Kansas City* do not swagger. They're not ripping up 2-by-4s with their teeth. The most masculine men in the picture are rather calm, and always have a sort of happy-go-lucky smile on their face, and they take life and sex pretty easily."

Sam, determined to have the last word, adds, "It's part of the whole image that we, as homosexual men, can decide to create a picture for a homosexual audience, we can make it successful, we can please the ticket buyer, and we can make money out of it. That's one of the battles we've won — acceptance of our credibility as filmmakers in this market."

"The other battles that we're fighting is against the 'establishment' of the hardcore business, and that goes back and forth. I mean, we've won a few and we've lost a few. There is a limited amount of clout and power that you have when you're dealing with a person who's got the only gay movie house in a given city and he operates as a dishonest person. You either play the game or you don't play the city. And we have not played certain cities because of that."

"But, also, you have to have great luck. I think that luck goes along with being talented and intelligent —." " — that's part of talent, generating luck around you" interjects you-know-who. " — and we've been lucky. It's a combination of events. There are so many variables. Getting the initial financing is the easiest part, strangely enough, even though we leaned on our friends and compatriots to give us that money to start us off and it didn't seem so easy at the time."



*El Paso Wrecking Corp.* marks the return to the screen of actor-filmmaker Fred Halsted, who last appeared in *L.A. Plays Itself* and *Sextool*. An acknowledged pioneer in the field of explicit filmmaking, Halsted reports that "*El Paso* is the first script I've been offered that excited me. It makes a statement about the working man and provides pop entertainment for the audience."

Co-starring with Halsted is Richard Locke, recreating the role of the adventurous trucker that he originated in *Kansas City Trucking Co.* Georgina Spelvin, noted for her performance in *The Devil in Miss Jones*, makes a special appearance, joined by twenty additional cast members in what Sam calls "the most ambitious and expensive motion

picture yet produced in its field. In addition to an original score, and use of the multi-speaker SurroundSound audio system and the employment of a large number of vehicles, several action-stunt sequences will culminate in the climactic, fullscale demolition of an industrial building."

And what comes next for Gage Productions? Sam reports, "Well, I'm constantly going to escape to an island, and Joe's constantly thinking up 26 new projects that are impossible to film and would cost \$900,000, and someplace between those two we come to a practical compromise."

This time, Joe possesses himself in silence, but his eyes gleam with challenge.

—Ed Franklin





# News and Reviews

In terms of box office receipts, at least, movies are enjoying their most successful year in history, led by that authentic phenomenon, *Star Wars* (at well past \$180 million in grosses, the most profitable film ever). This does not mean that more people are patronizing their local Bijou, but rather that inflated ticket tariffs are of small concern to those who do want to see "what everyone is talking about." Hence, the euphoria from backlots to Polo Lounge is palpable and, what with the always-profitable holiday season hard upon us (gulp), might well lift this little non-city of Hollywood right off its unstable foundations.

Pulling them in as of mid-fall were:

*Star Wars* (PG) — Still the champ, with the cute vulnerability of Mal Hamill and the macho maturity of Harrison Ford at hand to provide their own kinds of fantasies.

*You Light Up My Life* (PG) — A sappy sleeper, cashing in on the unwarranted popularity of its syrupy title tune, this low budget production fairly cries out for the subtitle "A Star is Stillborn."

*The Spy Who Loved Me* (PG) — lots of nice dirty fun, with the still firm flesh of Roger Moore on ample display and the kind of plot that is more clothesline than snare.

*The First Nudie Musical* (R) — Male chauvinism is the only triumph this dumb flick can boast of, what with excessive exploitation of the female anatomy and only the most transitory glimpses of the male. There are a few pleasant songs by Bruce Kimmel (also star, scenarist, and co-director), with "Where Is A Man?" a potential gay favorite.

*The Happy Hooker Goes to Washington* (R) — Nothing but sheer prurient interest can explain the success of this Joey Heatherton vehicle about a congressional committee investigating a sex scandal. Again, acres and acres of female nudity, but male exhibitionism is minimal.

*Annie Hall* (PG) — The film that assures Diane Keaton well-deserved stardom, with Woody Allen providing a deliciously bittersweet obligatto. This one is not to be missed.

*One on One* (PG) — Robby Benson co-authored and stars in this college basketball homage to *Rocky*. A little heavy in the sentiment-and-message departments, but pleasant enough in overall impact, with locker room scenes that are almost, but not quite, everything you would want them to be.

*Final Chapter — Walking Tall* (R) — The late Sheriff Buford Pusser (sexy Bo Swenson) again slanders the entire State of Tennessee, and one can only breathe a

fervent prayer as to the accuracy of that title.

*Oh, God!* (PG) — George Burns underplays the title role, and John Denver (bare-chested on occasion) makes an impressive film debut in this Carl Reiner-directed comedy. Not nearly as funny as it thinks it is, but still an interestingly off-beat slice of American life.

*Bobby Deerfield* (PG) — One of our finest actors, Al Pacino, adds even greater stature to his imposing credits in his first romantic role. Although the film has resonances of *Love Story*, this one is for adults, and Marthe Keller brilliantly shows how a dying girl really acts.

COMING UP:

Nov. 17 — *The Turning Point* (Fox) with Anne Bancroft and Shirley Maclaine as two ballerinas whose paths cross after twenty years. Also marks Mikhail Baryshnikov's film debut, and conscientiously provides a visual feast for balletomanes.

Nov. 18 — *Silver Bears* (COL), with Louis Jourdan, Michael Caine, Tom Smothers, and Cybill Sheppard.

Nov. 18 — *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* (COL) premieres, but doesn't go into limited multiple release until Dec. 14. With Richard Dreyfuss and Francois Truffaut, this is the Steven Spielberg film about meeting up with alien beings that has been kept so secretive for so long. Look for Bruce Davison in a cameo surprise. *Star Wars*, watch out!

Nov. 22 — *The Legend of the Wolf Woman* (Dimension), with Fred Stafford and Anne Borel. (Who?)

Nov. 23 — *Damnation Alley* (formerly *Survival Run*) (Fox), Jan-Michael Vincent billed above George Peppard and Dominique Sanda in another science fiction exercise.

Nov. 23 — *Another Man, Another Chance* (UA), with James Caan and Genevieve Bujold.

Nov. 25 — *Cat* (Dimension), with Donald Pleasance and Nancy Kwan.

Dec. — *The G.O.d.ye Sir* (MGM-warners) stars Richard Dreyfuss (he's been a busy one!) and Marsha Mason as struggling actors, in a script by Neil Simon.

Dec. 16 — *Saturday Night Fever* (PAR) gives us John Travolta in a film that threatens to "present the 70's generation." Insiders tell us that the sometime sweat-hog really grooved on the disco scenes.

Dec. 16 — *Pete's Dragon* (Disney) stars Helen Reddy in a live-action and animation musical, scored by Oscar winners Kasha and Joel Hirschorn.

Mid-December (date undetermined at press time) — *Semi-Tough* (UA), based on the novel by Dan Jenkins, features the on- and off-field antics (with a great deal of locker room "horseplay") of football players Burt Reynolds and Kris Kristofferson. Lotte Lenya makes a rare screen appearance as a healing magician.

THE ALTERNATE RECOMMENDATIONS: Bruce Davison's chilling tour de force as *Short Eyes* . . . an hilarious import, *Pardon Mon Affaire*, by Yves (The tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe) Robert, with Jean Rochefort, Claude Brasseur, and Danielle Delorme . . . *Julia*, an episode from Lilian Hellman's *Pentimento* expanded into a richly-textured motion picture with Jane Fonda, Vanessa Redgrave, and Jason Robards all at the very peak of their talents.

NOTE: Rita Hayworth will be toasted (definitely not roasted) by the Thelians at Hollywood's Century Plaza on Nov. 19 . . . Richard Chamberlain has been signed to co-star with Alejandro Rey in *The Swarm*, joining Michael Caine, Katharine Ross, Richard Widmark, and Henry Fonda in the \$11 million effort . . . Lloyd and Beau Bridges working on *Surf* in Sydney, Australia . . . Mark Hamill can't decide between girl friend Annie Potts and a Chevy Corvette in *Stingray* . . . *Rabbit Test*, co-authored and directed by Joan Rivers, not only features Billy Crystal as a night-school English teacher who gets pregnant by a gypsy girl, but also Roddy McDowall as the 80-year-old gypsy matriarch who discovers that fact in the course of a tea bag reading.

It is interesting to note that West Germany has taken the lead in production of films with gay themes. Prolific cult director Rainer Werner Fassbinder, an "unabashed homosexual" himself, is represented with *Fox and His Friends*, focusing on his problems of the proletarian gay male, and upcoming Wim Wenders has just completed *Ex und Hopp* (untranslatable, but roughly corresponding to "No Deposit, No Return"), a semi-documentary look at the gay bars and drug culture in Charlottenburg (West Berlin).

— E.F.

*A Special Day (Una Giornata Particolare)* Directed by Ettore Scola, with Sophia Loren, Marcello Mastroianni, John Vernon and Francoise Berd; Music by Armando Trovatioli, screenplay by Ruggero Maccari, Ettore Scola and Maurizio Costanzo. Italian with English subtitles.

It is a day in the spring of 1938 in the city of Rome. Adolph Hitler is to arrive, greet the Italian dictator Mussolini; and appear to the masses in a giant, sprawling parade throughout the eternal city's streets.

She is a typical fascist housewife, married to a minor fascist bureaucrat, mother of five, or six, young fascist children. While everyone is excited by the imminent arrival of the great German fuhrer, hurriedly dressing in adopted fascist costumes, she is picking up dis-



carded nightshirts, waking a grumbling husband, cleaning a dirty infant's diapers, not going to the parade.

She is happy, so it would seem, living in unexploited poverty in the middle of what will historically become Italy's biggest mistake. She is happy being a fascist; while she never explores the implications of her alliance she keeps a monumental scrapbook . . . filled with images of party leaders, her own husband in his minor celebrations, Il Duce, and, of course, the mighty Hitler.

She has a pet, a thoughtless myna that spews fascist rhetoric as it mispronounces her name. The mispronunciation she corrects, the tirades she applauds.

It is after the family has gone, joining thousands of other upstanding Italian fascists along the streets of the city; that her day begins. Gently, not to rush the viewer, the camera lingers over routine duties and automated chores. She shuffles from one room to the next of their rambling apartment, making beds, cleaning mirrors, sweeping floors — augmented by the sound of the day's festivities coming in the open window from the blast radio of the building's elderly fascist taker. There is nothing special about this day.

He sits at his desk, also hearing the broadcasts from the too loud radio, silently addressing envelopes; marking off names from a long, neat list. Next to the pile of completed correspondence is a gun, small, compact, like a service revolver. Occasionally he looks up, stares you straight in the face, once he glances down at the revolver, picks it up, touches it like a man touches a flower.

His pain, evident from the first glance, is silent. He is obviously not a fascist; not content to let the parade and history pass. He appears on the verge of getting out. It is a special day for him.

They meet. The aforementioned bird escapes and flies to his window ledge for safety. She asks him to help her capture it. He is dashing, gallant, sophisticated.



He implores her to stay a while, have some wine, learn to dance. She is impressed, frightened, excited. What could have been nothing more than a day of housework could become an affair.

That's how it begins, this bittersweet, delicate story of human destruction. Set against a constant, unrelenting background of historical sounds, Loren (as the housewife Antonettia) and Mastroianni (as the homosexual Gabrielle) move like chesspieces through a day long past, almost completely forgotten.

The subtlety of their situation, tenants, ultimately friends, finally lovers; is never sacrificed to the cliché of movie-making. The hand of a genius like Scola molds what could be mundane and defeatist into a valentine to gays and the women who love them.

Of course, there is injustice in the fact that Gabrielle is a denounced broadcaster, sentenced to be exiled to a prison camp that night, quickly setting his life in order by leaving his possessions to special friends, saying goodbye to his lover in a terse, and brief, phone conversation; being seduced by the moral fascist Antonettia, exploding in a final rage against the wrong, the new world of Il Duce has done him. But this is not a film about the injustice done to gays.

Scola is telling a story that happens daily, throughout history, throughout the world. There is something about the homosexual that, while it does not replace the sheer brutality of the heterosexual male; seems to and indeed does surpass it. It is the lover, Scola tells us, that every woman wants . . . even, as his point is made, a right-wing loyal fascist like Antonettia.

That opposites attract is too easy a ploy to blanket *A Special Day*. While the housewife and her lover are opposites on one level, what they have in common, what could have been a mutual suicide of the spirit, blossoms into something more powerful in Scola's hands. They reinforce their individuality in their encounter, he remains the outcast homosexual (he tells her so: "It doesn't change anything. I'm the same as before."), she puts back on her fascist housecoat.

She could have been an intellectual, perhaps, had history been different. She is literate, and knows to serve coffee in clean cups, bothers to try and fluff her hair in a stolen moment in the bathroom. He is an intellectual, and hides spilled coffee beans under a rug, can cook, gives her a book to read that he has earlier read over the radio.

That's all she has, when he is taken away to face his exile.

Watching Loren and Mastroianni spill out their lives for the space of two hours is to understand and be moved by much in the human condition. There is both much joy in their performances and much sorrow in their story. Loren is at her best; disheveled, sans make-up, the elegant brown hair mousey and unkempt. Her singular beauty, which originates from within, makes her highly desirable to Gabrielle and totally acceptable to the viewer.

Mastroianni's Gabrielle needs no apologies. He is tormented not by the demons of his sexuality but of the state, and the state's refusal to allow him to contribute his best effort.

They are both elegant actors, rare and wonderful in their understanding of the





characters and their motivations. More than anything, they are professionals who bring their roles to life without pandering to the sensational script.

— John Rowberry

## SHORT EYES

Hollywood's morbid fascination with the profitability of prison flicks peaked in the thirties, featuring a standard brew of lovably unreconstructable cons, patient blond doxies, hard-nosed screws, martyr-prone chaplains, and ineffectual wardens.

Until, that is, the new Film League Inc. release of a Harris-Fox production, *Short Eyes*, directed with unrelenting power by Robert Young from a script which Miguel Pinero adapted from his own quasi-autobiographical play (Pinero endured five years at Sing Sing for armed robbery and is currently under indictment for "other crimes"). Those involved have employed a documentary approach, shooting on location in the New York City Tombs, which is unsettlingly right on target.

The storyline is tenuous, at best, but then this production is cons away from any "once-upon-a-time" attack, both in theme and characterization. We are, simply, presented with a mixed group of rapists, murderers, robbers, you name it, into which is thrust a young white prisoner (Bruce Davison) on a charge of child molestation. In prison lingo this makes him "short eyes," and in prison hierarchy places him literally at the bottom of the pecking order. As such, he becomes the catalyst — not unlike Eugene O'Neill's Iceman — that provokes the climactic violence.

In the course of the events we are bombarded by a cacophony of appropriate four-letter words, spat out by a company of inmates: Pinero himself as a hustler, Jose Perez as an optimistic Puerto Rican, Joseph Carberry as a vicious white, Curtis Mayfield the philosophic older man, black actors Nathan George and Don Blakely, and Shawn Elliott as a Puerto Rican who has the hots for cute little Tito ("Cupcakes") Goya. As a matter of fact, homosexuality runs rampant, with the entire cast seemingly affected.

It is Bruce Davison's focal performance that makes the whole thing work, however. Playing a role that might easily have gotten out of hand by even the most disciplined of performers, Davison neatly shades the tempting histrionics in such a way that we are left with a character who disturbs as well as repulses. His innocently blond good looks add to the general effect, especially as contrasted against the proliferation of blacks and Puerto Ricans in a milieu where the normal concept of minorities is turned upsidedown.

Only slightly jarring the overall thrust



Bruce Davison

of the film are occasional lapses into lyrical theatricality, inadequate explanations of the passage of time, and utterly gratuitous musical interludes.

Otherwise, its searing expose of the sudden violence and seething sexuality implicit in our Medieval prison system makes *Short Eyes* a film to be recommended virtually without qualification.

— Ed Franklin

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a few of them. And there must surely be a lot more out there. It seems they have some things in common. They don't really want their homosexuality to become an issue on the job. It's something that just plain doesn't belong there. It could hurt them or embarrass them, or whatever. It wouldn't be good, that much is certain. They are always aware of the fact that they're gay and working in a world that is mostly straight. It doesn't really bother them too much, although it can be a downer from time to time. They claim it isn't a detriment to them, that it doesn't keep them from achieving what they want. Chip got where he is because he recognized what he wanted and did it. Lou doesn't want more than a nice, little job with few responsibilities and no hassles. Al thinks he's pretty lucky to be where he's at now, and that he won't go any further because of his lack of education and ability. Tony does plan to get ahead, and has considered what being gay will do to his chances. I don't think it will stop him, not for an instant, nor does he.

In the end, being gay and blue collar doesn't seem to be the problem. The men are limited by many things, but only those things they feel can limit them. None of them seem to feel their homosexuality is one of those things. It may be lack of education or confidence, but no one said that he was being prevented from going further by his sex life. That was positive and made me feel good. Whatever the problems of these men, and I'm not even sure they are real problems, being gay is neither positive or negative. It's no problem at all — it's just there. Like their callouses.

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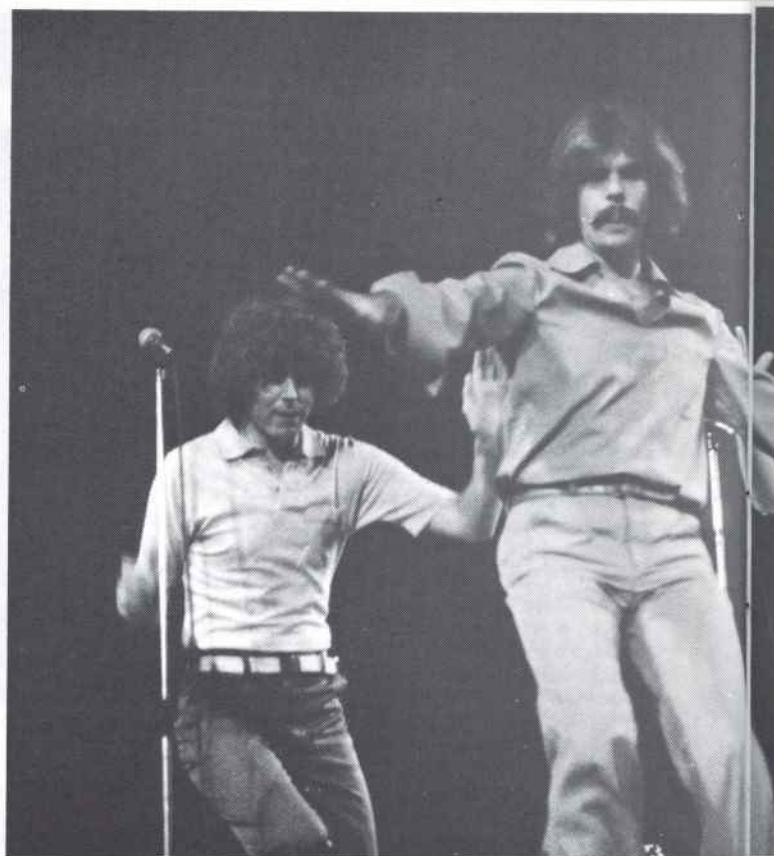
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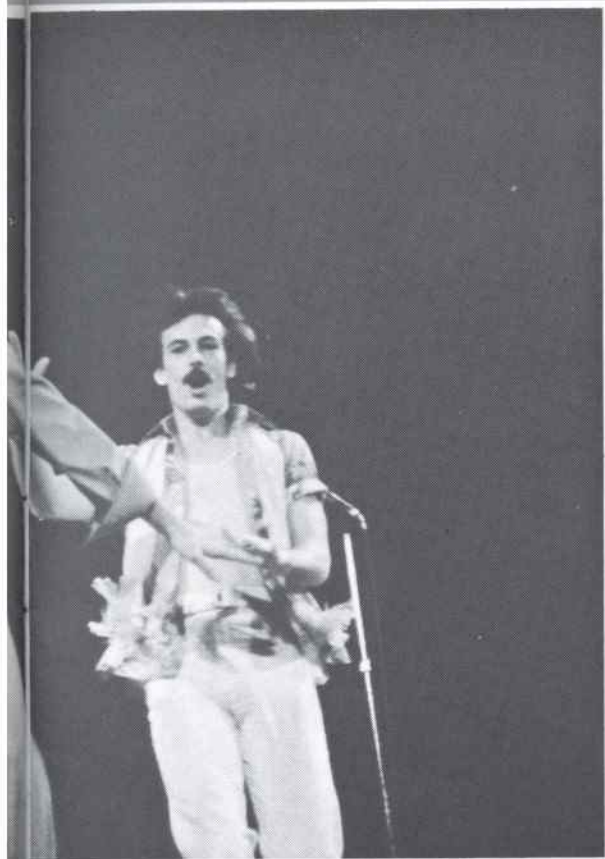


## 'ENCORE' BENEFIT, D.C.

The stars of 'Encore:' Clockwise from top, left, Tom Gauger, Gloria Steinem, Dave Kopay, Gotham, Barbara Cook, and Cassie Culver, alone and with her back-up musicians.







"I wouldn't be here if President Carter was not in sympathy," one White House staffer remarked. "If it were Nixon or Ford, they would have said, 'No you cannot go.'"

Washington, its official and unofficial hemispheres both, came from behind its traditional closed doors Oct. 1, to celebrate in "Encore for Freedom" with Gloria Steinem, Dave Kopay, Barbara Cook, Gotham and other celebs. The setting of the event was — appropriate to the coming-out party flavor — the people's-owned John F. Kennedy Arts Center.

Though the *Washington Post* called the 1,500 celebrants "the real stars of the evening," spirited sets were performed by familiar class acts like the song-and-dance troupe Gotham and singer Barbara Cook.

Casse Culver, a lesbian-feminist singer in the Ronstadt mold proved a clear favorite with the enthusiastic audience, and Red Shoes Walkin', a satirical comedy group performed two skits that speak for themselves, "Homo Madness" and "The Anita Bryant Story." (Example from "Homo": *What is that crazy madness / that makes you want to bake a quiche / or walk a poodle on a leash / on Fire Island?*)

What madness indeed brings former Redskin player Kopay on stage with popular local deejay Tom Gauger, classical singer Kay Granger and feminist Steinem? Washington's twin serpents, politics and money. The show raised \$10,000 (of a \$20,000 gate) for the non-profit activities

of the Dialog for Human Rights, the Gay Activists Alliance, the Gertrude Stein Democratic Club and the National Organization for Women. Said Dialog Coordinator Cade Ware: "We want to get gay community benefits out of the ghetto and into the mainstream of metropolitan life, where they belong."

The main catalyst behind the Dialog's formation and the benefit revue could not attend, but was mentioned by many of the performers.

"We're sending Anita (Bryant) to Evelyn Wood to speed up her consciousness," Gotham announced to the audience's roar of approval. Red Shoes continued that "this woman is fighting in order to keep drag queens from driving your children's school buses."

More seriously, Steinem said "It is very clear there is a reason why it is the same forces in society that oppress women also try to dictate peoples' personal lives and sexual preferences. Women, who are the most basic means of reproduction in society, are its most controlled members. And any form of sex that cannot end in conception is subject to the same oppression for the same reasons."

One didn't exactly expect to see President Carter in a box seat at the event, but how does Washington's most powerful person feel about it all?

"Carter is from a small town," a White House aide at the event commented. "He's learning about gays and getting to understand them. He believes in equal rights for all people. He is coming around. It takes a while."

— Doug Wright



*Let's plan  
on each  
other...*

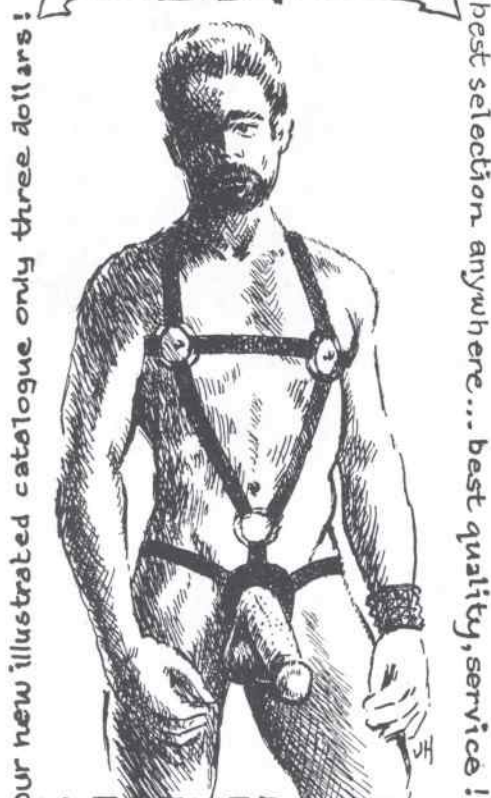
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# PEOPLE



Richard Ruberdue: Arizona activist

## RICHARD RUBERDUE

There will be a consenting adults law in the ultra-conservative State of Arizona before the New Year is rung in.

This promise comes from Richard Ruberdue, of Phoenix, Ariz., who has recently caused the biggest uproar for gay rights in this state's history.

At 27, Ruberdue has organized the more than 800 member Citizens For Constitutional Rights (CCR), which became widely known during the hearings on the Arizona Revised Criminal Code earlier this year.

The proposed law would have made it a felony for committing a homosexual act. The penalty would carry a year in prison and \$10,000 fine.

Ruberdue led more than 600 members of CCR onto the lawn of the state capitol to be heard. 275 of the members were allowed into the hearing chambers where many gay activists voiced their opinions to legislators along with some leading heterosexual gay sympathizers.

Dressed in a nicely tailored suit, white shirt and tie, the handsome activist told the lawmakers, "We believe in living our lives naturally and peacefully and that affectional relationships that we conduct with other consenting adults in the privacy of our homes are not, and should never be the concern of the state."

A watered down compromise was approved by House and Senate lawmakers. Laws prohibiting homosexual

conduct, adultery and "open and notorious" cohabitation would be reduced from a felony to a misdemeanor status.

"Not enough," Ruberdue said, then continued, "I will get a consenting adult law passed in Arizona before New Year's Eve."

Richard resigned his position as bartender in a famous Phoenix gay bar to work full time in an effort to help educate the general public. He spends hours each day speaking before women's clubs, fraternal organizations, at business men's meetings, service organizations, and many others.

He is an outstanding public speaker, although a bit on the shy side when not in public. Among friends he down plays the role as a gay leader. This soft-spoken individual is sharp, intelligent, and even tempered. He easily handles questions thrown at him by homophobes.

Ruberdue's efforts to get a consenting adults law passed will include a mass rally in Tucson, and another in Phoenix, with Elaine Noble at his side. Rusty Warren, recently named among the top ten commediennes on the Las Vegas strip, has joined forces with him and appears at many gay functions in the Grand Canyon State.

He offers several suggestions to all gay people in this country in an effort to create more strength. Ruberdue believes there is a need for a strong communications network between all gay organizations, a nationwide rumor control committee, and an investigation commission among gay people to probe into companies and organizations throwing support into anti-gay programs.

He said, "Gay people should not panic over a few defeats. Keep patient. We can't advance if there is tension among our ranks. In due time we will hit with force."

Ruberdue has won support from much of the gay community to back him as a candidate for the state senate. The young Democrat admits he is interested, but intends to seek more experience in the political field in which he has become active.

## CHARLES LEE MORRIS

"It constantly amazes the 'power' that people say I have," says Charles Lee Morris, editor and publisher of the San Francisco gay newspaper, *The Sentinel*.

Morris, 34, bought the paper this year — on April 1, in fact. ("It is a strange day to buy a paper.") Then-publisher Bill Beardemphl was looking for a buyer and, according to Morris, "had very definite ideas about who he would sell it to and who he wouldn't." Morris borrowed from a friend and bought the *Sentinel*, where he had worked as a columnist, news editor, and eventually editor.

"It's really one of my proudest accomplishments," he says. "I really expected to lose my ass the first year."

"But," says Morris, "advertising and subscriptions have doubled, and the staff has quadrupled." Circulation stands at



Charles Morris: *Sentinel*?

15,000, most of it free, according to Morris.

He started his career in journalism at the age of 12 as a high school sports stringer for the Los Angeles *Herald-Express*, now defunct. From there he went to two hometown papers, before entering UCLA in 1961. In his sophomore year, he left southern California for San Francisco's tiny St. Mary's College.

A perilous freelance writing career followed college ("five-and-a-half years, no degree," he notes). During this period he published 14 books under different names (none of them his own) including porn, children's books and a "horrible political novel."

"I'd just as soon people didn't discover those books," he says.

Morris' goal for the *Sentinel* is to make it a "newspaper" (his emphasis) in the strict sense of that word. He says the *Sentinel* often beats the straight press simply out of alertness, and points to a recent television news "scoop" that the *Sentinel* had printed a year before. "I'm sure KRON was a little red in the face," he says.

His two most controversial stories? "The articles on Save Our Human Rights (a San Francisco gay group) and on (San Francisco District Attorney Joe) Freitas' plea-bargaining with the suspects in the Robert Hillsborough murder." Though Morris says that both SOHR and Freitas have denied his stories, "neither has offered any refutation of the charges."

"They can't — we printed the truth."



# READING MATTER

**THE JOY OF GAY SEX: AN INTIMATE GUIDE FOR GAY MEN TO THE PLEASURES OF A GAY LIFESTYLE**, by Dr. Charles Silverstein & Edmund White. Crown Publishers, Inc., One Park Avenue, New York, N.Y., 10016. Hardbound, 239 pages. Illustrated. \$12.95.

The purpose of *The Joy of Gay Sex*, we are informed by its jacket blurb, is "to enrich the lives of men whose sexual preference is for men by indicating how to get the most out of sex, by pointing out ways to banish negative emotions like guilt and by encouraging intelligent, creative relationships." This is one of those rare occasions when publicity puffery is, would you believe, *modest*.

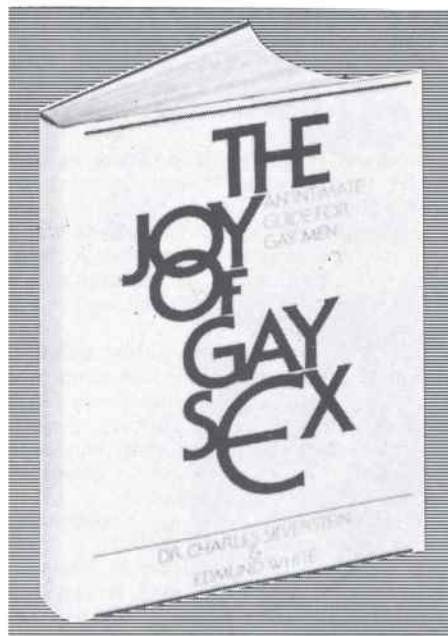
For this elegantly produced work, written by Dr. Charles Silverstein and Edmund White, combines — in an encyclopedic-like format — history, philosophy, sociology, biology, and psychiatry in an immensely readable treatise of enormous value to all gays from neophyte to nonagenarian. It is the ideal collaboration of unobtrusive wisdom with practical experience, a subtle clue to the origins of which can be inferred from the Dedication. "To William from Charles; to all my tricks from Ed."

The book's down-to-earthiness, marked by a pleasantly breezy style, is almost always right on target, whether discussing hustlers, bars, lubricants, drugs, coming out, fucking positions (*nine* are described in anatomical detail), cruising, rimming, bondage, threesomes, guilt, relaxation, or scores of other entries. Writers Silverstein and White make a most convincing case for their Introductory assertion that "Male homosexuality as it is today is a brand new phenomenon."

They do not, however, totally manage to avoid the pesky faults inherent to their restrictive format: repetitions, platitudes, and simplicisms. It is less easy in this context to excuse an evangelical fervor for gay militancy, unqualified promotion of consciousness raising and desensitizing techniques, and what virtually amounts to a vendetta against straight psychiatrists, medical doctors, and therapists. A slight New York City orientation also insinuates its way into otherwise non-parochial attitudes.

Generalized alphabetical listings require frequent references to the comprehensive Index (*i.e.*, "Booze" would not be one's immediate frame of reference for the extremely instructive section on a subject matter one might more logically expect to find under "Alcoholism"). And, while there is no listing whatsoever for "Princeton rub," a cover-to-cover reading discovers it, under "Frottage," to be "interfemoral fucking" (perhaps Dr. Silverstein's association with Rutgers explains the oversight?).

Crown publishers is to be commended without qualification for the T.L.C. lavished on production values, primary among which are the illustrations (many "suitable for framing") so carefully — and literally — integrated with the text. Michael Leonard's sepia work is especially compelling, the historical replicas (erotic



Persian, Greek, Japanese, Byzantine) by Ian Beck are amusingly authentic, and Julian Graddon's line drawings realistically but tastefully graphic.

The incidental intelligences are a constant delight. Did you know, for example, that the Graham cracker was concocted by Sylvester Graham in 1834 as a "mild food" supposed to "decrease erotic appetites" and "reduce all sexual cravings"? Or that John Harvey Kellogg "created breakfast cereals designed to curtail children's inclinations toward masturbation"?

Special mention must be accorded the lengthy section on "Venereal and other diseases," a succinct compendium of symptoms and treatment for everything from clap to scabies. After digesting these pages you may opt for a life of eternal celibacy, or at least conclude that a mockery has been made of that operative word "joy" in the volume's title, but there is no gainsaying the fact that much bright light is shed where desperately needed.

All in all, *The Joy of Gay Sex* utterly lives up to its subtitle, "An Intimate Guide for Gay Men in the Pleasures of a Gay Lifestyle," and would be a bargain at twice its price. Buy it, read it, present it, and may your joy be uncontained.

— Ed Franklin

## BOOK NEWS

Merrily (if greedily) gearing up for the holiday season, the book industry is currently intent on making big buyers (not necessarily readers) of us all. While reinforcing your cocktail table for an anticipated onslaught of ponderously pretentious tomes, you might want to take a break and dip into one of the more human-sized books that have made the desperate journey to national Best Seller lists. Those in the fiction category represent an astonishing change from a

mere one month ago:

*The Silmarillion*, by J.R.R. Tolkien. Your tolerance for fantasy will determine your reaction to what some have called "monumental myth-making," in a book covering the millenia of the "first age" of Middle-earth. All about elves, you might consider this the "Roots" for hobbits.

*The Thorn Birds*, by Colleen McCullough. Wait for the movie, and you won't have to wade through this endless Australian version of *Gone With the Wind*.

*Illusions*, by Richard Bach. There are over 200,000 copies in print of this sugary view of life by the author who gave you *Jonathan Livingston Seagull*. Not for diabetics.

*The Honorable Schoolboy*, by John le Carré (David Cornwell). The master who elevated spy stories to an art form is at his very best here, ennobling the tradition of Graham Greene and Eric Ambler. His sense of place, social observation, and sardonic eye have never been more incisive. Read it!

*Daniel Martin*, by John Fowles. You won't be able to put down this searing study of an English writer who has 'gone Hollywood' but must return home to face the seedy remnants of his past.

*The Crash of 79*, by Paul E. Erdman. Big Business, with an emphasis on oil cartels, is the villain in this dreary novel. An utter waste of time and effort.

*Delta of Venus*, by Anaïs Nin. A curiously interesting work, right on the brink of pornography (if, indeed, such a "brink" exists any longer).

*Coma*, by Robin Cook. The movie version may make this tiresome behind-the-scenes hospital story palatable, but I doubt it.

*The Investigation*, by Dorothy Uhnak. Move over, Mr. Wambaugh. Ms. Uhnak has penned a grim blockbuster about big city police shenanigans that may well be the season's big book. It confirms everything you always suspected about what our "guardians of the peace" are really like.

*The Immigrants*, by Howard Fast. Don't miss this fine work, Part I of a trilogy. Sense of time and place (early San Francisco) are incredible, and the young male protagonist fascinating.

The Nonfiction list is a mixed bag, lurching from James Herriot's bucolic *All Things Wise and Wonderful* through Carl Sagan's sagacious investigation into the origins of intelligence, *The Dragons of Eden*, to Anne Edwards' unsparing but affectionate biography, *Vivien Leigh*. Compulsive self-improvers can get their highs either from *Looking Out for No. 1* (Robert J. Ringer) or the more substantial *Your Erroneous Zones* (Wayne W. Dyer). For historians and/or current events enthusiasts the seamy Panama Canal story is nicely set forth in *The Path Between the Seas* by David McCullough, and nostalgia buffs are sumptuously provided with *At Random*, the reminiscences of Bennett Cerf, who apparently knew just *everybody*.

COMING UP (next four weeks):

Two books about Aristotle Onassis:



*Onassis: An Extravagant Life* by Frank Brady (Prentice-Hall) and *Aristotle Onassis* by London Sunday Times reporters Nicholas Fraser, Philip Jacobson, Mark Ottoway, and Lewis Chester (Lippincott).

*Desperate Bargain: Why Jimmy Hoffa Had to Die*, by veteran labor reporter Lester Velie (Reader's Digest Press).

*The Habit of Being*, Flannery O'Connor's letters to literary friends and others (Farrar, Strauss & Giroux).

*Big Bad Wolves: Male Sexuality in American Films*, by Joan Mellen — an account of "how Hollywood's myth-making factory has created the image of the indomitable male and, in the process, shaped and distorted our understanding of male sexuality" (Pantheon).

*Flesh and Blood*, Pete Hamill's novel about Bobby Fallon, young Irish heavyweight from Brooklyn, among whose lovers are his son, Bobby, and mother, Kate (Random House).

*A Party of Animals*, Harold Brodsky's novel about a young man's "sexual awakening" (Farrar, Strauss & Giroux).

*A Postillion Struck By Lightning*, pretentiously-titled Dirk Bogarde autobiography (from childhood up to outbreak of World War II) promising emphasis on his "close friendship" in a provincial repertory theatre with Peter Ustinov (Holt Rinehart & Winston).

Elton John (with an assist from photographer and "close friend" David Nutter) "shares a year of adventures and memories" in *Elton: It's a Little Bit Funny* — you can get it either soft (Penguin) or hard (Viking).

Dr. Sheldon L. Fellman and Paul Neimark's *The Virile Man* (Pocket) assures us that "potency is only 60 seconds away."

NOTE: *T.E. Lawrence*, by Desmond Stewart (Harper & Row), calmly accepts Lawrence's homosexuality, but effectively debunks the oft-told tale of his being whipped and raped by lustful Turks. His "deepest discoveries about his basic nature," we are told, came rather "from the compliance of a sturdy young Arab whom he respected and loved." . . . Edward Bonetti's *The Wine Cellar* (Viking), comprised of five short stories and one novella, reveals ghoulish preoccupation with homosexuality — observed (first hand?) in some of its more outlandish manifestations.

THE ALTERNATE RECOMMENDATIONS: *Shakedown*, by Jonathan Kwitney (Putnam); *The Oz Scrapbook*, by David L. Greene and Dick Martin (Random House); *The Making of the Wizard of Oz*, by Aljean Harmetz (Knopf); *Deathwork*, by James McLendon (Lippincott); *A Fine Old Conflict*, by Jessica Mitford (Knopf); *Six Men*, by Alistair Cooke (Knopf); *Blood Relations*, by Roberta Silman (Atlantic/Little Brown); and *The Joy of Gay Sex*, by Dr. Charles Silverstein and Ed White (Crown). TO BE AVOIDED AT ALL COSTS: *The Gay Tapes*, *A Candid Discussion About Male Homosexuality*, by Dr. David I. Gottlieb (Stein and Day).

— E.F. —

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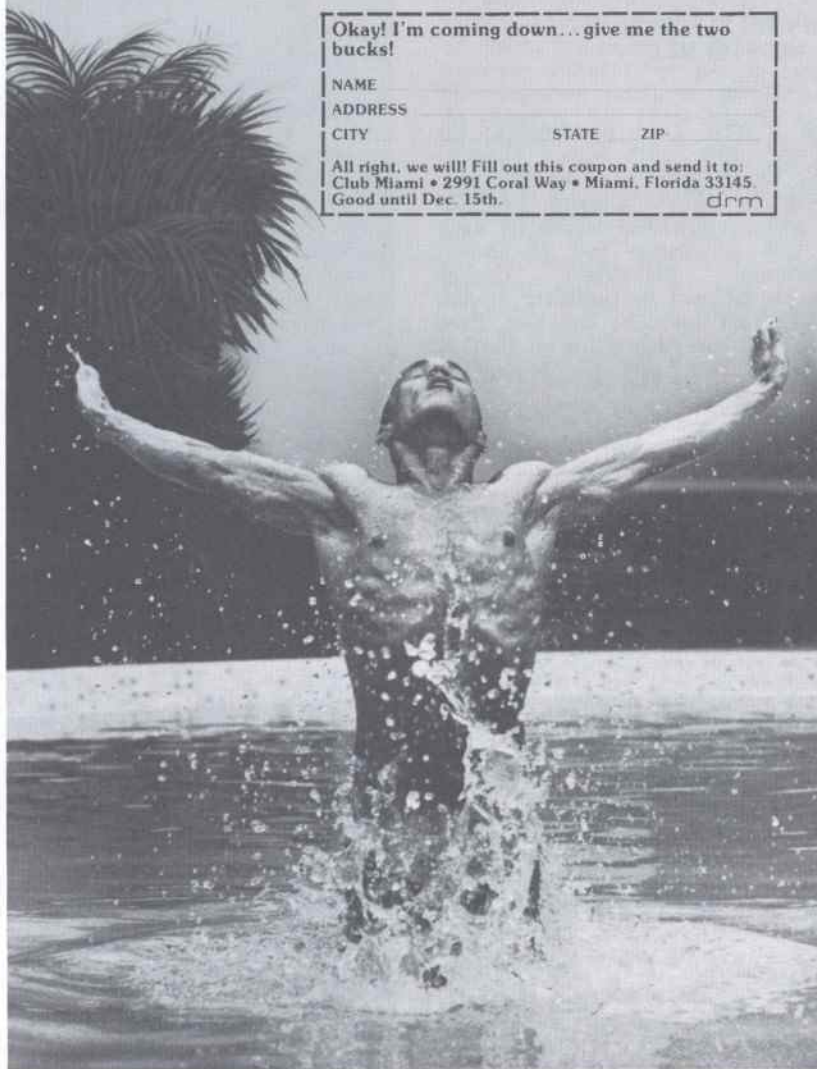
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## WHO'S WHO PLAYWRIGHT DECLARES I'M ME!

By Ed Franklin

With a New York premiere of his play *Pogey Bait* (13th Street Theatre) and the world premiere of his *Rainbow in the Night* (Matrix Theatre, Los Angeles) scheduled within weeks of each other this November and December, award-winning playwright George Birisima is inclined to ruminate on the past. "To this day," he chuckles, "the play that has me labeled for all time as 'that mad, mad, gay playwright,' is *Georgie Porgie*."

Opening at Eugenia's Cooper Square Arts Theatre exactly nine years ago this month, *Georgie Porgie* was a lacerating watershed, piercing the outer limits of homosexual experience and flaunting frontal male nudity. Recipient of critical acclaim in the Village Voice (Ross Wetzsteon), it appeared in Michael Smith's anthology *More Plays from Off Off Broadway* and was selected by Burns Mantle as one of the best Off Off Broadway plays of the year. An Off Broadway revival at the Village Arena in 1971 ran 110 performances.

"I was out to shock," Birisima now exults. "I was just pouring it out to that audience. I was out to shake up the whole goddamned world!"

"If I hadn't written that play, I think I would've killed myself. I was crazy. I was nuts. I was a heavy alcoholic, I was on pills, I was a nervous wreck. But — doing!"

That fire inside, that rage, that "life force" the fiftyish playwright refers to, has never abated. Its genesis was back in the clannish hamlet of Watsonville, California, where Birisima was one of several children born to an alcoholic Yugoslavian Communist and his flighty

wife. "My mother was always running away from my father with me and my sisters, but my brothers always got left with my father," he chortles, "so you can begin to see how I identified!"

"My father was a very beautiful, lusty, sexy man, curly blond hair, muscular body — God! I'd look at him and I'd think that if I saw him walking down the street I'd tackle him and drag him home!" And George Birisima's huge and toothy smile bursts into a booming infectious roar of laughter.

When the nascent writer was eight, his idolized father died under circumstances indirectly related to his Communist activities, and young George was dumped into a nearby institution, "and that's where my great anger came from."

"Here I was in an orphanage four miles out of the town where all my relatives were the wealthy people of the town."

"But I gotta say it was good for me. That rage was the thing, I think, that turned me into a writer, that made me totally and completely reject all those bourgeois, middle class values. It's taken me a long time to get over that rage. Or, at least to be able to contain it and use it. I can smile at it now, and not go crazy from it," he reflects.

The following years, including a youthful stint in the Navy (cf. *Pogey Bait*), during which "I was all over the place," get "very complicated." Then came "probably the biggest event of my life, when I fell in love with this doctor, an ophthalmologist. We lived together for ten years, during the last three of which he was going mad, insane. And I almost did, too."

"The thing that saved my ass was my first big success in New York, in 1966, a play called *Daddy Violet*, at the Cafe Cino, and then the tour of the country with it." This unconventional work was

selected as the best play at the Contemporary Festival of the Arts at the University of British Columbia, and published in their quarterly Prism International. It ended its tour by opening in an Equity production at the Committee Theatre in San Francisco, and has also been performed at Actors' Studio in New York.

Asked if all his plays have a gay orientation, Birisima lights a long mentholated American Light, and ticks them off in his mind, dark eyes thoughtful. "*Daddy Violet* wasn't basically a gay play, but it had some elements. The way I got turned on to it, I saw *Futz!* at La Mama, with all this exploring of the free form, and I went home and said 'I'm going to write the maddest avant garde play that's ever been written. And I did.'"

Two years later (1968 — the year *Georgie Porgie* debuted), Birisima received a grant from the Rockefeller Foundation to attend rehearsals in London for his *Mr. Jello*. It opened at the International Theatre Club and also played Brighton, England, and the Traverse Theatre in Edinburgh, Scotland. (In 1974 he expanded the play and with the addition of songs it opened at La Mama in New York.)

He moved to Los Angeles in March of last year, and a month later his *A Dress Made of Diamonds* opened for a short run at the Matrix. Less than half a year had gone by before the considerably more successful *Pogey Bait* premiered at One Flight Up and, in six weeks, moved to the Las Palmas. *Rainbow in the Night* is the third play of this highly-autobiographical trilogy.

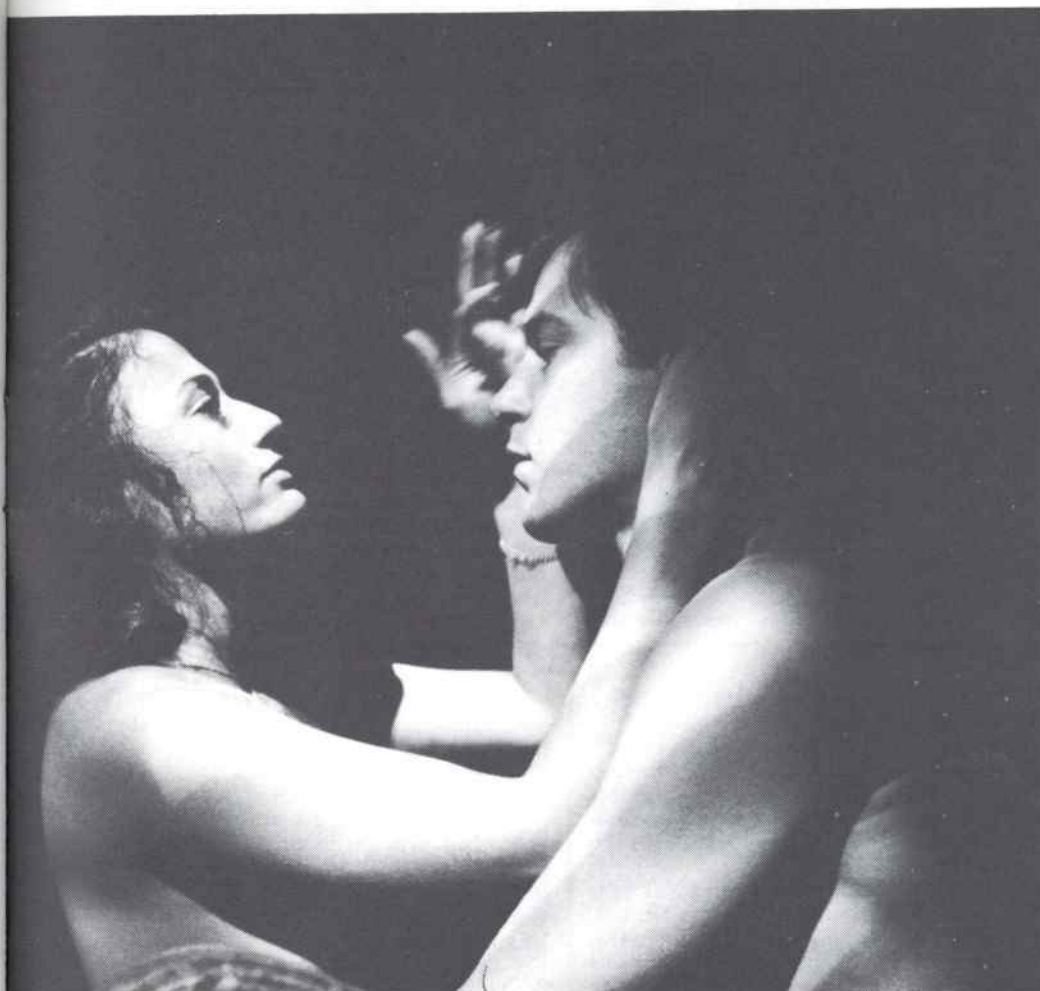
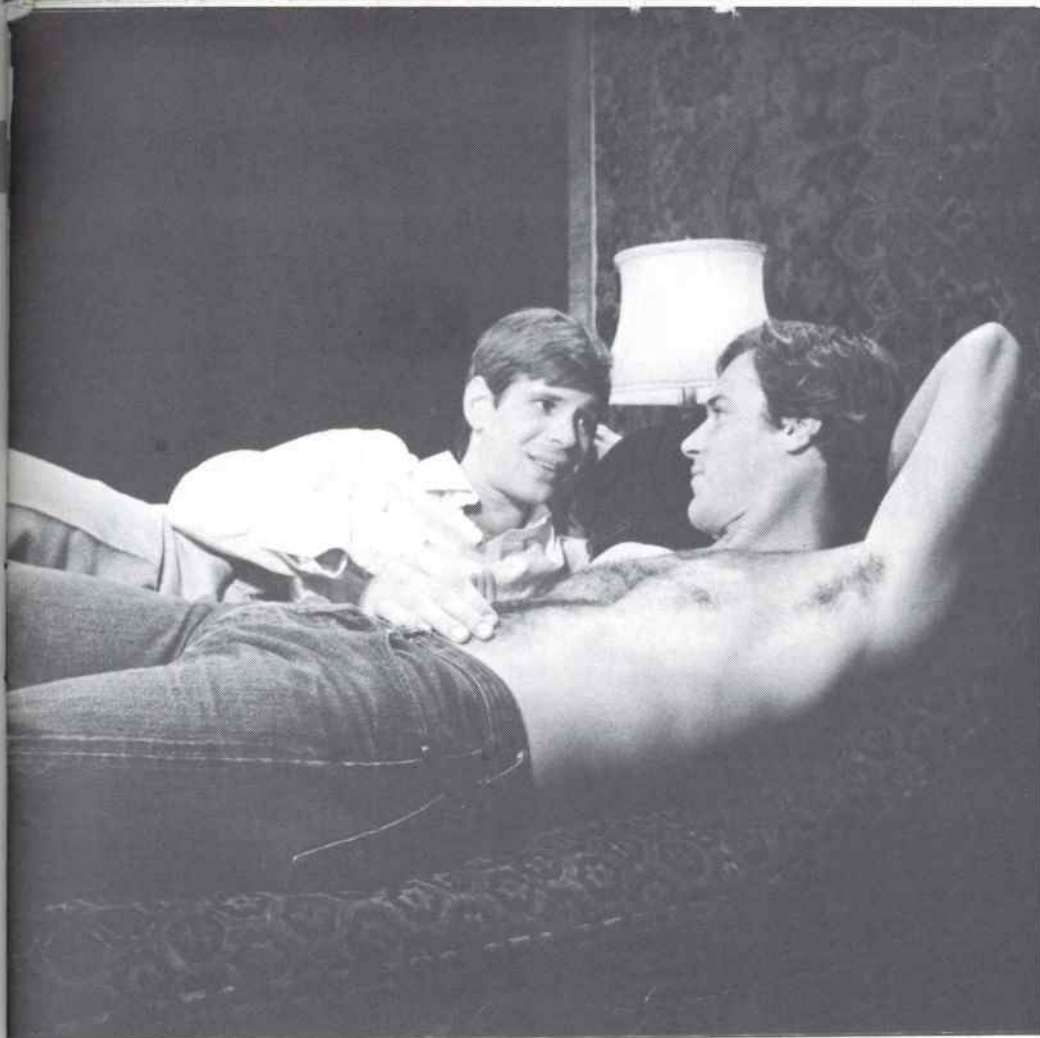
"I call it a trilogy now because I just finished the third play," Birisima explains, kicking off his blue canvas loafers and curling his feet under him on the sofa. "What I'm doing is writing the story of a gay kid, Joey Jurovich, his whole life story, which is very close to me. Not me, but very close. From when he is eight years old until . . . whenever."

"And the first play takes him from 8 to 17, and then the second play is just one week, and then the third play is Joey at 29, when he is living with Adrian, who's — I hate to use these words — I guess you'd call him 'Nellie.' Joey has a very low self-image of himself. He's trying to become a writer. He doesn't have an education, he's a guy who was in an orphanage. And he goes into the Navy. And everywhere he goes it's like he's somehow a reject, on almost all levels."

"He wants something more, but he doesn't know what it is. He has this thing inside of him, and it's like a weight, and he wants it to come out. And it's his creativity. And he doesn't know yet how to release it. Now, in this new play, he's starting on the road of releasing it."

"To me, writing a play is rewriting it. But also, you have to have your sense of integrity about it — getting the thing and then developing it and developing it and





then finding the whole total feeling of it — to bring the insides out: that's what's so hard. *I* know how *I* feel, and lots of times that's the trap in autobiography. When it's that close you *think* other people are seeing it, and you're still having it inside and it's not really out yet."

As he expostulates, Birisima gestures constantly and effectively, even leaping theatrically to his stockinged-feet on occasion to emphasize a point with appropriate action. The "Smog Must Go" buckle on his white leather belt, glints in the late afternoon sun. He becomes quietly troubled, however, when asked about the theme of *Rainbow in the Night*.

After a long pause, he speaks, slowly, thoughtfully: "I would say it's Joey going against his basic nature when he thinks he falls in love with a woman, and then his understanding that *that* kind of 'social acceptance' is not where it's at with him. The play is a triangle between Joey, his lover Adrian, and the woman. Adrian is the tour-de-force in the play — every line is a zinger!

"Joey is a very stud-type guy, from the streets, who's always very emotional. A street tough guy. Although he and Adrian are lovers, it's near the end of the 'love' part, the sex part, but their *need* for each other is even greater. It all takes place in 1953, the height of the McCarthy era. What I'm trying to do in this play is basically show three people and their own separate conflicts, and what they do about it. But of course the accent is on Joey because he's the main character.

"There are going to be some nude scenes in it, by the way; that's what the director, James Eric, says. *If* he can get the actors to do it. There shouldn't be any problem as long as it's organic to the scene, and not gratuitous."

Listed in the 38th Edition of *Who's Who in America*, George Birisima claims he is no longer out to "shake up" audiences, however. His current goal is "the exact opposite, to turn them on, to make them see their *own* spirit, their *own* life force." Then he modestly adds "I feel I have done it, that I have found myself.

"I feel that it's been a long, long road to get here, and that I have a fire inside of me, the sun, I guess, inside of me, and I want to communicate that. I want to communicate that amidst all this horror and terror, that you must have the courage to find yourself, that you *can* break through, that it isn't the miserable, horrible mess that it seems to be. I don't think it's a good world, I think it's a *horrible* world: the Establishment does everything to crush the artist, especially the homosexual artist. God.

"But what you have to do is realize what you *want* to do. If you only want material success, forget it! If you want to be a true artist, you have to forget that. It may happen, but you've got to forget it because that just leads to frustration, to death. I mean, I know where I'm coming from, and I have the faith in myself."

There is nothing more to add, so George Birisima puts on his shoes, picks up his blue and white BOAC flight bag, and pursues his dreams out into the early dark.



# THE BEE GEES

## The Knights on Broadway

The Bee Gees have been around so long — over 20 years in show business — that you'd have to figure they're *ancient*; or at least middle-aged, anyway. Well, guess again. Each of the Bee Gees, the three Brothers Gibb, is in his 20's! Their trick, of course, was an early start. Their first professional gig was when the twins, Maurice and Robin, were 7 and big brother Barry was 10. They sang "Lollipop," "Wedding Bells," and Paul Anka's "I Love You Baby" for 3 shillings at a small club in England. Today, with their albums going gold and platinum as fast as they can turn them out, the Bee Gees are *bona fide* superstars. Play a Top 40 radio station for a couple of hours and you're bound to hear a Bee Gees' song, maybe two. December brings them — or at least their music — to the cinema, where they provide the bulk of the sound-track for the new disco extravaganza, SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER. Not long after that, the Bee Gees *themselves* (in the flesh) will be making their film debut. Recently ALTERNATE talked to Barry, Robin and Maurice in L.A., where they are being filmed for the title role, along with Peter Frampton, in SERGEANT PEPPER'S LONELY HEARTS CLUB BAND.

The film, which they see as a kind of "musical *Star Wars*," is in the tradition of the MGM musical spectaculars of the 40's. The score consists of 29 Beatles songs from several of their albums, woven together in an extravagant fantasy. "Since we've been kids, we've wanted to be in films," says Barry. "We're having the time of our lives."

And if the three English-born Gibbs are having a good time, no one can deny that they have earned the right to enjoy themselves. Like so many young rock idols, the young Bee Gees were torn to pieces by The Music Business. "Robin and Maurice were 17 when we made it," points out Barry. "By the time they were 19, it was *crazy*. There were hysterical kids everywhere."

"Too many cars; too much spending-what-you-will," adds Robin. "Our egos took over; The Business took over. We didn't have any choice what we did. We were on call 24 hours a day — photograph sessions, tours, whatever. There was no break for the Bee Gees. It was like two years solid of constant flat-outness. Call it what you like, but everyone in that period went through it — even the Beatles."

"Immaturity," sums up Maurice. "By the time I was 19 I'd had 4 Rolls Royces and an Asten-Martin. By the time I was 21, I'd had *everything* — including whatever you don't wanna publish."

What was left," rejoins Barry, "was his enormous ego; the same for me; the same as Robin. And eventually we could no longer tolerate each other. We all thought, 'It's me that's behind this group.' Everybody was telling each of us that we were the brains behind the group. The people around us destroyed the Bee Gees."

Well, not quite "destroyed." The group broke up and the three brothers embarked on short-lived solo careers. It wasn't much fun for any of them and the hits that had kept them in Rolls stopped flowing. Each of them had a couple of sobering, reflective years.



Barry Gibb: Success again

"It's bloody *cold* out there," shudders Barry, sitting comfortably now in a stadium-sized living room looking out on a magnificent swimming pool in the Beverly Hills home they are sharing during filming. "When you're not selling records, it's amazing how many people are *not interested*."

"All of a sudden we weren't being told we were big anymore," laughs Robin. "No one was slapping our backs anymore. Those two years actually did us good because we got right back to our roots

again. We became serious . . . We had nothing else. And we went into the studio to cut *Main Course* and *nobody* was there to tell us how great we were — no ego-boosters. All the people who were hanging around us in '68-'69 had all disappeared — all gone. We were back to just the three of us again. Everytime we did a track we worked on it and no one was coming up and saying, 'That's a monster, man; that's a smash.' We were just getting on with it."

"All we had," adds Barry, "was our own ears to tell us what was good. All the backscratches were gone."

And their ears served them well. *Main Course* went platinum (one million copies sold) — twice. It contained the chart-busting snashes, "Nights on Broadway" and "Jive Talkin'." They followed that with the equally successful *Children of the World* a year later and a string of hit singles including "You Should Be Dancing," "Love So Right" and "Boogie Child." It was just like the old days — the hits just kept on rolling. Except it wasn't really *just* like the old days. The Brothers Gibb had grown up.

"We're creative people," explains Maurice. "It's like being painters. We write music and we record it in the studio. We wanna see that 'til the end of our lives. We don't want to just be stars with Cadillacs for a couple of years. We want to be doing this all our lives without all the bullshit."

"We picked up where we left off," explains Barry, "because we became proud of our records again — before anyone else had heard them. In the past we didn't do that. We let records go because other people said they were great, not because we thought they were great. Now when we record — we produce ourselves — we know, before we leave the studio, that what we've got under our arms makes our hearts beat — makes us feel emotional. And *that's* when you've got something. We won't leave the studio now until we've got something we like."

"If it makes your hair stand on your own back," adds Robin, "then you know . . ."

And when the Bee Gees came out with their slick new disco sound in '75, they did know — but, at first, no one else did. "No one really knew it was us," smiles Barry, reminiscing about "Jive Talkin'."

A while back we got stuck in a ballad vein. This brought us out of it. What we should have been doing in that period is doing all kinds of music. But everyone wanted Beatles kinds of songs. If you listen to that stuff now, it's a lot like the Beatles. In fact that's what we were doing then. We were influenced by the





The Bee Gees: "Saturday Night Fever" and "Sergeant Pepper," too

GEMMA LA MANA

Beatles and those surroundings. Today we're influenced by different surroundings and our music's different."

True enough — the music is different. But the money's as green as it ever was

and it's coming in faster than it ever did before. And, of course, there's a lot more to come. This month they're finishing up on the SERGEANT PEPPER film. Then it's back to the studio for another album,

then a tour of Russia, an American tour and then their own film. And then there's another year to think about after that.

## Recordings

**SHOW SOME EMOTION**  
Joan Armatrading  
A&M SP 4663

Joan Armatrading is more than just the best singer/song-writer of the year. Her fourth, and best, album, *SHOW SOME EMOTION*, will establish her as one of the pre-eminent forces in pop music. The low-keyed 27-year-old West Indies-born performer has been called a

cross between Nina Simone, Jimi Hendrix and Elton John — which covers an awful lot of ground (and that doesn't even include the inevitable Van Morrison comparisons). Her new album shows why. The content, given away by the upbeat and delicately gorgeous title track, ranges through a full spectrum of emotions, a feat that comes naturally for a vocalist as multi-faceted as Armatrading. Her phrasing attests to an inner sensitivity which has made each of her albums a masterpiece. The unique, original quality

of her vocals may make her *sound* great, but it is the passionate and innovative writing on the album which makes it apparent that it is Joan that is great. A thrilling album. \*\*\*\*\*

**OXYGENE**  
Jean Michel Jarre  
Polydor PD-1-6112

There's something ridiculous about thinking of this musical masterpiece as "pop music" and, although it was a pop



chartbuster throughout Europe and the U.K., it will probably meet with only moderate commercial success in this country. Jarre is a brilliant composer and his electronic music on this album is anything but clinical or cold. Though he devotes a great deal of time and effort to recording (he builds his own equipment and instruments, for example), his work is far from impregnable. Though not quite the blatantly commercial disco of Kraftwerk, this dedicated young Frenchman has succeeded in offering the public a work which is at once accessible and *avant garde*. \*\*\*\*

## ROCKET TO RUSSIA

Ramones

Sire SR 6042

The third Ramones lp, this may well be the one to break it open for this dynamic foursome. The most easily penetrable of the Ramones' hard-rockin' records, *ROCKET* is chock full of pop-sounding songs bridging angry, explosive big city music and good-time surf sounds of bygone days. This is the strongest album of the current rock'n'roll renaissance. Hit after hit after hit. \*\*\*\*\*

## MARY KAY PLACE

Mary Kay Place

Columbia PC 34908

Mary Kay, who won a place in millions of hearts as Mary Hartman's lovely country-singin' neighbor, has just released her second album. Like the first one, it is by-and-large an up-beat work, light and smooth. Her vocals are clear and attractive, though lacking in any powerful distinctiveness. Emmylou Harris and her Hot Band, probably the tightest band in contemporary country music, plays magnificently behind Mary Kay, insuring the record's ultimate listenability. Lyrical value varies widely, high points being reached through the work of Emmylou's not-so-secret weapon, Rodney Crowell. The contrast between Willie Nelson's unaffected tenor and Mary Kay's sweet enthusiasm turns "Something to Brag About" into a wonderful number, and Mary Kay shines on her version of "Save the Last Dance for Me," on which Leon Russell plays piano. \*\*

## SPECTRES

Blue Oyster Cult

Columbia JC 35019

For years one of America's finest heavy metal rock bands, it wasn't until last year that the BOC "went commercial." What their number 1 single of the year ("The Reaper") did in 1976 — make their music accessible to a wide audience — is what *SPECTRES* is doing on an even larger scale this year. It is a work of perfection — it reaches the heights of technical achievement without losing an erg of the dynamic Cult energy and searing brilliance. "Godzilla" captures them at their funniest and "Golden Age of Leather," at their most playful. No flaws. \*\*\*\*\*

## SIMPLE DREAMS

Linda Ronstadt

Asylum 6E-104

Unquestionably Linda Ronstadt has one of the most thrillingly gorgeous voices in popular music. The restrained power, even magnificence, of her vocal stylizing once again serves her single-minded musical purpose: to portray the perpetually broken heart, at once fiercely independent and also touchingly vulnerable. If *SIMPLE DREAMS* is lyrically morose and desperate, clearly it is Ronstadt's chilling voice that is the *raison d'être* for this project. She has had better material to use it on in the past. A decent collection of torch tunes for AM radio. \*\*\*

## YOUNG, LOUD AND SNOTTY

Dead Boys

Sire SR 6038

Rock'n'roll at its rawest and most basic; primitive and exciting. This hard, fast bunch of anti-musicians hails from Cleveland where they found out what it takes to devastate the cultural numbness of the Industrial Heartland. Vocalist Stiv Bators does brutal justice to such Dead Boys masterpieces as "Sonic Reducer" and "I Need Lunch." Their vision of "what love is" is forever anthemized in the unequivocal "Caught With the Meat in Your Mouth." \*\*\*\*

## BRASS CONSTRUCTION III

Brass Construction

United Artists UA-LA 755-H

One of the funkier — and thereby more interesting — disco bands, Brass Construction has been a giant since their first album. Before that, they had been playing parties and school dances in Brooklyn. The nine musicians, all in their early 20's, have put together an album which transcends — at least partially — the oppression of disco's predictable thumps and thuds. \*\*

## TALKING HEADS 77

Talking Heads

Sire SR 6036

Art? Yes. Brilliant art, even. But rock'n'roll? Well, they do have a couple of guitars, a bass and a drum set... Talking Heads are one of the most interesting and stimulating bands to emerge from New York's "new wave" scene. Although you can pick up a familiar CBGB's guitar riff here and there, this band has little to do with bands like the Ramones, Dictators, or even Television, another arty band, let alone the English new wavers. The album stands alone — a work of living, fascinating art. The music is both complex and facile; the lyrics farcical and penetrating. Exquisite record. \*\*\*\*\*

## NEVER MIND THE BOLLOCKS.

HERE'S THE SEX PISTOLS

Sex Pistols

Warner Brothers BSK 3147

With their American vinyl debut, the Sex Pistols will see if they can transfer their immense English popularity to these shores. Judging by the music, they should have no trouble. The Pistols play hard, pulsatingly fast music. Vocalist Johnny Rotten's snarls may be the voice of today's alienated youth. Many call it "punk rock" but what it really is is simple, straight-forward basic rock'n'roll, devoid of arty pretensions and unburdened by big-money production techniques and boring over-dubs. The album includes all of their English hit singles and a number of excellent new tunes like "EMI" and the previously unreleased "Sub-Mission." \*\*\*\*

## SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER

Various Artists

RSO RS-2-4001

The soundtrack for the disco film, "Saturday Night Fever," (starring John Travolta) this record includes six songs by the Bee Gees, three by David Shire and one each by Yvonne Elliman, Kool and the Gang, Walter Murphy, MFSB, Ralph McDonald, The Trammps, Tavares, and K.C. and the Sunshine Band. Many of the songs are simply re-packaged hits like Murphy's embarrassing "Fifth of Beethoven" and the Bee Gees' "Jive Talkin'." The album is a well-paced collection of super-slick, ultra-clean cuts. It will no doubt be as popular as it is uninspired. \*

# OPERA

## MAHLER'S COMIC OPERA

For a dose of anti-inflationary cheer, consider the classical LP. Prices do go up every year or so, it's true. Even so, today you can buy a symphony or quartet or opera at half or less the price you would have paid 30 years ago, in superb stereo or quad sound. And of course the repertory has simply exploded. Today we have multiple versions of the established classics to choose from, and we are able to explore an enormous range of lost or unknown composers and compositions, discover a new masterpiece or reject an old horror well forgotten.

Here are a few recent examples. If not all masterpieces, they're all well worth hearing.

It has often been asked why Gustav Mahler, one of the greatest opera conductors of his day, never wrote an opera himself. A partial answer is now available. In the 1880's Mahler took up the sketches for *Die Drei Pintos*, a comic opera left unfinished by Karl Maria von Weber's early death 60 years earlier. Mahler completed the work by borrowing whole concepts from other Weber works and his own young genius, and orchestrating the entire score. The result should be attributed to Mahler-Weber, and it is a sheer delight — sung by a superb cast



featuring Lucia Popp and Hermann Prey. A comic opera by Mahler? You bet, and a zinger.

Two operas you may have read about but never heard before have just been issued in their first modern recordings, Montemezzi's *Love of Three Kings* and Wolf-Ferrari's *Secret of Suzanne*. The Montemezzi was a showcase for Grace Moore but has virtually disappeared since her death. It is lovely music supporting a gruesome libretto, heroine strangled, husband and lover both die from kissing her lips which have been smeared with poison, that sort of thing. Anna Moffo continues to display an alarming number of bad mannerisms, crooning and swooping through the score, pausing now and then to hit a note head-on. But she dies most effectively in the middle of the second act, allowing us to sit back and relish the superior vocalism of Cesare Siepi and Plácido Domingo without reservation.

*Suzanne* is a delightful two-character one-act opera in Wolf-Ferrari's charming light vein. Just under an hour in length, we should hear it more often on double or triple bills, perhaps as a relief from endless *Gianni Schicchi*'s. One deterrent may be the nature of Suzanne's secret; unbeknownst to her husband, she smokes cigarettes, the naughty minx. Great innocent fun, charmingly sung by Maria Chiara and Bernd Weikl, conducted by Lamberto Gardelli.

A different kind of fun is the new three-disc album of music by Kurt Weill. Some of it is relatively unknown, such as the early (1924) Violin Concerto, *The Protagonist* (a 1925 one-act opera), and the *Berlin Requiem*. Suites and selections from *Mahagonny*, *Three-Penny Opera* and *Happy End* may be more familiar. If you're a Weill buff, this is a must; if not, it's a good introduction to one of this century's most fascinating composers. The album is superbly performed by the London Sinfonietta, conducted by David Atherton, and features such prominent British singers as Benjamin Luxon and Mary Thomas.

Montserrat Caballe has perhaps the most perfectly produced soprano voice heard today. As an interpreter and actress she often strikes me as cold or mannered. But she has an enormous repertory of Rossini, Bellini, Donizetti and early Verdi (she must learn a new opera a month), and most of the heroines of these operas suffer from interchangeable afflictions. Anyway, she has just released two new operas, Rossini's *Elisabetta* and Donizetti's *Gemma di Vergy*. Elizabeth loses her man because she's a queen; Gemma loses her husband because she's barren. They both suffer at length through exquisite cavatins and cabalettas. Caballe is excellent in both instances and well supported by capable singers. If you're into the belcanto revival, these are both winners.

Mme. Caballe ventures into the more familiar world of Floria Tosca in another new release with her same cold perfect approach, and the results are chill. She

does not do the part justice vocally or dramatically and is outsung and outacted by both her Cavaradossi (Carreras) and Scarpia (Wixell).

But her Tosca is masterful compared to another recent one by Galina Vishnevskaya, with her husband Mstislav Rostropovich conducting. Pretty painful to my ears. If you're an opera buff, you already have your favorite Toscas, Callas or Price or Tebaldi.

They have in no way been superseded by either of these new releases.

#### LA TRIVATA: BOY MEETS BOY

The gay word is heard increasingly in today's novels, plays and movies. Even television, that watchdog of the American family's eternal right to violence, soft-core smut and cheap ethnic jokes, has occasionally approached the forbidden closet. You may not like what you see or read; I would have walked out on that party in *Boys in the Band* after five minutes. But there it is — the statement is being made, and the closet door slowly swings open.

Except at the Met, the San Francisco, and other opera houses across the continent and the world. Will Rudolfo and Marcello ever make it? What's been going on all those years in that cave between Siegfried and Mime before they had that dreadful row? Will there ever be a gay opera?

Opera librettists have always steered clear of gay subjects, with one exception, which we'll get to in a minute. There have been many close friendships between men, witness some of those splendid male duets in Verdi. There have been oaths and loyalties, contracts and compacts — but never *animal contact*. Several composers from Monteverdi to Boito tackled Nero but strictly as a kinky monster. Discount all those ladies and men in drag roles, that's an old and odd convention now dead, I hope. It was never gay.

Opera is the most traditional of arts this side of Greek tragedy, in part because it has usually drawn on traditional stories, established plays and novels, legends from antiquity and ancient history. This made such contemporary realism found in *Elektra* and *Carmen* shocking and scandalous to opening night audiences. *Elektra* is a fine old Greek myth but Strauss' modern treatment of the theme horrified our grandparents. (Lesbians may well claim *Elektra* as a sister; she gets very chummy with Chrysothemis at one point, strongly hinting at a homosexual incest.)

Benjamin Britten, throughout his 30-year career as an opera composer, toyed with story-lines that often hinted at homosexuality. Peter Grimes is indeed "queer" but unless you get your jollies whipping boy apprentices and knocking women down, you can't call him "gay." Albert Herring is the only virgin in town of either sex but he disposes of his cherry in discreet ambiguity between Acts II and III. The homosexual overtones in *Billy Budd* and *Turn of the Screw*, both

Britten operas, have been pored over for years by Ph.D. candidates and New Critics, though never acknowledged by their creators Herman Melville and Henry James. And we are reminded in *Midsummer's Night Dream* that the whole fuss starts with a quarrel between the King and the Queen of the fairies over a beautiful little boy. Mr. and Mrs. Oberon really go at it; Oberon in the fluty tones of a counter tenor in the Britten version.

Well, that's all very amusing, but allusory and not explicit. In his last opera, *Death in Venice*, Britten steps out of the closet. Sort of. The hero, a man of middle years, has yearnings of an erotic sort for a young boy. They never meet, though they do cruise a bit; they never even speak. For that matter, the boy may well be a mute, since he only dances. And Aschenbach, the hero, talks almost entirely to himself. The climax to the opera is a sung confrontation between Apollo and Dionysius. Gay? Well, perhaps barely. Definitely not fun, since Aschenbach succumbs to the plague, his love wholly unrequited. Larry Hart had something to say about that.

But as I said, opera is usually old-fashioned. Britten himself used material from Shakespeare, James, Melville, de Maupassant and Mann from stories or plays written before he was born. Are there gay novels, or plays that would adapt well to opera?

At first blush, my reaction is "no." The explicitly gay literature is too new, too tentative and in some cases too didactic, too close to propaganda. Opera usually follows public taste, rather than leading it. Only two operas brought forth in the past 50 years have even approached "hit" status, *Wozzeck* and *Peter Grimes*. Opera is probably the most expensive of all art forms in terms of individual performance; impresarios have to play it safe.

So the prospect of a gay opera is iffy. Even if one were written, major companies would probably shy away. They can't fill an opera house with anything written after Puccini. Why risk the double hazard, horrid modern music and taboo subject?

But smaller houses, college opera groups and subsidized companies in Europe don't face such a financial risk. So they might undertake a gay opera if a good one were offered them. As far as plots go, there are such classic stories as Zeus and Ganymede, Edward II, plays about Oscar Wilde, some of the Gide novels, to cite the most obvious. Such frameworks present possibilities. So do switches on standard hetero stories, adaptations and new versions of old classics. Lady Macbeth as a man? (She's already close.) A little tinkering with *Wuthering Heights*? Romeo and Paris, those star-cross't boys? Even simpler, the love of Tony and Mario in *West Side Story*? Just one switch of a letter, then a slight rewrite on the libretto. It could be interesting.

Now, who's going to write the music?

— D. J. Coombs



With sophomoric *Soap* and heavy-handed *Three's Company* the readily-ignored exceptions, our 1977-78 television season of regular series shows has generally ignored the existence in America of 20 million homosexuals. Network execs, in their abject retreat from the militant minority forces of the P.T.A., A.M.A., Southern Baptist Convention and those of similarly narrow evangelistic fervor, have contrived lookalike programs of enervating blandness. Apparently, along with violence, homosexuality is now considered a fact of life from which middle American sensibilities are to be zealously shielded.

Given what fare is available, is it any wonder that the following ten emerged as favorites as the fall season got into full swing?

1. *Laverne and Shirley* (ABC) — The art of insult, when reduced to its lowest common denominator, becomes little more than a dirty dig, which is precisely what this feeble-minded enterprise thrives on.

2. *Happy Days* (ABC) — How long, O Lord how long will this rigidly-stereotyped brace of aging boys put up with playing second fiddle to a boorish something called "The Fonz"?

3. *Charlie's Angels* (ABC) — Cheryl Ladd (by merest chance sister-in-law to the man who runs the studio where this tit tribute is filmed) has done nothing to increase the quality of a show that has elevated voyeurism to the status of a national passtime.

4. *Three's Company* (ABC) — A once-promising premise, now beginning to show the paucity of its creators' invention.

5. *All in the Family* (CBS) — As familiarity with this series breeds content, it becomes increasingly apparent that Jean Stapleton is the glue that holds more than just the Bunker family together.

6. *Little House on the Prairie* (NBC) — Overall, a competent endeavor, quietly extolling those virtues that so many Americans still like to think we once believed in.

7. *Barney Miller* (ABC) — Proof positive that when you add superior scripting to top-notch ensemble playing, you can't lose.

8. *Alice* (CBS) — Exasperating, in that it could be so much better if only they did not so relentlessly pursue the quest for cheap gags.

9. *Baretta* (ABC) — Robert Blake's biceps are in their last season, and their ornery owners seems intent on making it a good one.

10. *What's Happening!!* (ABC) — The title's punctuation itself is a major clue to the pre-adolescent thrust of this embarrassment.

## COMING UP:

Nov. 23 — *The George Burns One-Man Show* (CBS), with Ann-Margret, Bob Hope, and others joining the entitled star.



Nov. 23 — *Once Upon a Brothers Grimm* (CBS), a "new fairy tale."

Nov. 24 — the music of The Beatles, performed by Ray Charles, Mel Tillis, Anthony Newley, Paul Williams, Bernadette Peters, Diahann Carroll, and Tony Randall (NBC).

Nov. 25 — Bette Midler, Jerry Lee Lewis, Keith Moon, and Martin Sheen, among others, celebrate the 10th Anniversary of *Rolling Stone* Magazine (CBS).

Nov. 25 — Richard Thomas hosts *Miss Teenage America 1978* (NBC).

Nov. 27 — *The Hobbit* (NBC), an animated special based on the J.R.R. Tolkien novel.

Nov. 29 — Bob Hope and Dean Martin with an "international galaxy of stars" in a three-hour *America Salutes the Queen* (of England, that is) at London Palladium (NBC).

Nov. 30 — Carol Burnett and George Burns special (CBS).

Dec. 2 — Johnny Cash special (CBS).

Early December — *The Second Annual Circus of Stars* (CBS), with Michael York, Lucille Ball, Telly Savalas, and Cindy Williams as ringmasters, and a clutch of muscles displayed in aerial acts (Robert Conrad, Richard Hatch, David Nelson, Gary Collins, Peter Fonda, et al), to say nothing of Jack Ford in a "novelty act."

Dec. 7 — *The Mac Davis Special* (NBC), in which the star is joined by David Soul, Engelbert Humperdinck, and

Shields & Yarnell.

Dec. 11 — *The Billboard Awards* (NBC).

Dec. 15 — *The 100th Anniversary of Recorded Sound* (NBC) promises 30 "top stars" under the direction of Ray Charles (the arranger and choral director, not the singer).

Dec. 16 — *Have I Got a Christmas for You* (NBC), Hall of Fame original about a Jewish community's gift to Christian neighbors.

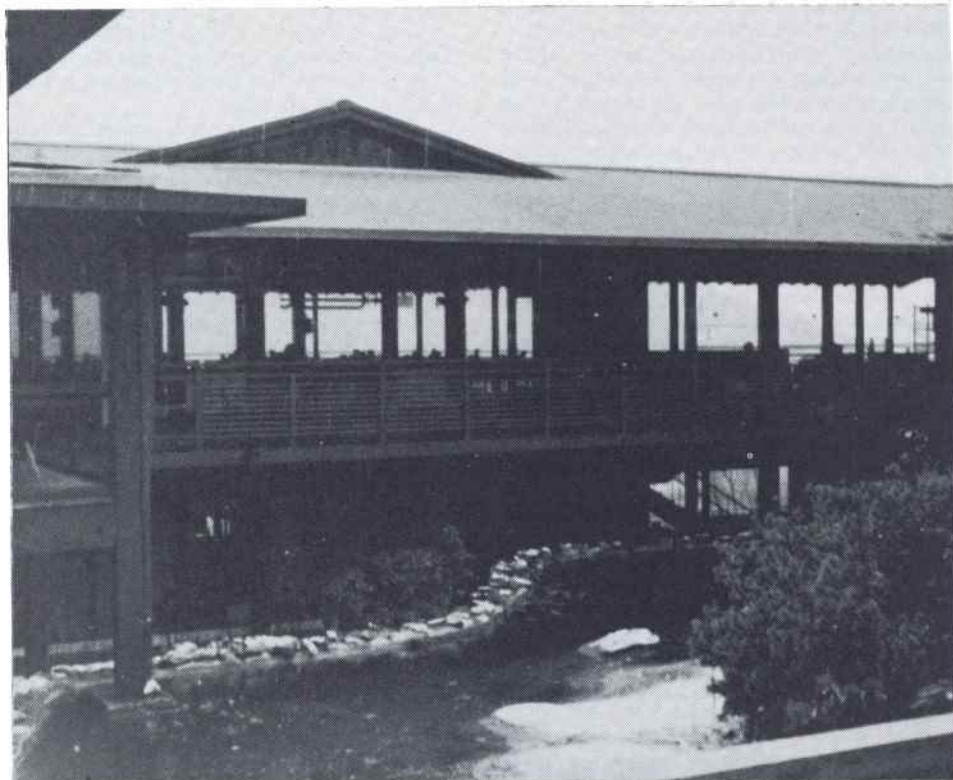
RADIO: On Nov. 24 (Thanksgiving evening), a two-hour radio program produced and distributed by the DIR radio syndication firm will air, over 257 stations coast to coast, the results of the first annual North American Rock Radio Awards.

NOTE: Maturity can chalk up one minor victory this fall. The National Association of Broadcasters' TV board approved a new obscenity provision for its TV code which reads that its subscribers "shall not broadcast any material which they determine to be obscene, profane, or indecent." The original draft referred to material "generally perceived to be obscene, indecent or profane." Credit strong criticism from the Screen Actors Guild, the Motion Picture Association of America, Writers Guild of America west, and producer Norman Lear for the final, milder result.

— E.F.



# Scouting Out A New Gay Resort



By Harold Pickett

The "gayla opening" of the Motel On The Mountain Sept. 23 certainly didn't pass unnoticed. Local citizens demonstrated against the opening of the gay resort while gay activists from New York City counter-demonstrated against in defense of gay rights. The opening and the demonstrations were covered by news media.

Motel On The Mountain is located on Route 17 North, about an hour's travel from mid-town Manhattan. Short-Line runs frequent busses from Port Authority to the town of Suffern (round trip fare is \$6.10) and a short cab ride completes the trip.

The motel was designed by Tokyo architect Junzo Yoshimura and opened nearly twenty-two years ago, becoming a famous landmark which attracted an international clientele. Called "the eighth wonder of the world," the motel used the cantilevered suspension method later to become common in California for building on hillsides. The beautiful Japanese-inspired design affords spaciousness and multi-leveled views and has an organic harmony with its natural surroundings.

After the demonstrations, full-page ads continued to appear in gay publications. My curiosity was aroused. A few weeks later, my lover and I phoned the motel and made our arrangements for a weekend visit, traveling there on the Short-Line bus.

In Suffern, we took a cab to the motel. On the way, we passed the village of Hillburn, a small cluster of houses. Residents have to travel to one of the other nearby small towns to do their shopping.

The taxi driver said the Hillburn residents were "crazy to risk losing the motel. It pays 90 percent of their taxes. Without it, they'd be up the creek." The driver later remarked that many visitors left the motel feeling the place was a "rip-off" and don't plan to return. On the way up the steep, winding road leading to the motel, we passed the huge letters spelling out its name, in imitation of the famous Hollywood sign.

We arrived at the office where we met Carl, who was handling reservations and check-ins that evening. He was young, attractive, and one of the few gay employees there. He spoke to us efficiently, though not warmly, and seemed to be a bit unnecessarily guarded. He asked us if we wanted to have a room with X-rated movies on the TV, at \$5 additional charge. Although Carl did not describe the films to us, I assumed that they were gay-oriented, as we were at a "gay" resort.

The next day, however, another guest mentioned that he was not too pleased about the "straight" porno films. Straight porno films at a gay resort?

When I later returned to the office, I asked Carl about the films. He said the

system was new, hadn't been installed in all the rooms as yet, and that he believed the motel had taken the system on a thirty-day trial basis and that the film selection was presently determined by the other company. He was certain that the selection would be corrected. Although he'd not done so in my case, he said he always informed the guests that the porno films were "straight." Yet while I was still in the office, another guest checked-in. When Carl asked the guy if he wanted a room with porno films on the TV, he happened to forget again to mention the detail of orientation. The guy paid the extra charge for films and would find out for himself.

There are about one hundred rooms currently in use at the motel. Others are not yet opened for the public. All bungalows are connected by a covered walkway to one another and to the main buildings that house the restaurant, bar, disco, and cabaret room. The structures of all the buildings were sturdy and the architecture was pleasing with a simple eloquence that was charming in the natural surroundings. Each bungalow contained two separate units. Room rates for one person, or for a double bed for two persons, or even for two double beds for two persons are \$36.40 on Friday and Saturday nights. From Sunday to Thursday, they're \$26.00.

The interiors of the rooms, from the foyer partition to the A-shaped ceiling, were carefully and pleasantly designed. One of the nicest features of the rooms were the large picture windows which provided an expanded feeling of spaciousness and a visual escape from the four walls. Some of the rooms have glass doors that open onto a small, private terrace from which you could touch the trees. The view was lovely.

Furnishing, carpets, and drapes in the rooms are now along the lines of a Howard Johnson decor. Successive owners have clearly had poorer taste than the first. Tasteless decor in a motel room is certainly not unusual, and in itself, is not disturbing.

What is disturbing is the lack of care and maintenance which could easily be corrected by the management. The rooms are not kept clean or in good repair. The three guest rooms that I saw all needed minor repairs in plastering and touch-up painting. The need for additional repairs varied from room-to-room, but each could probably have been fixed-up for less than \$50 each.

The first room we were given had no trash can, a dresser drawer was broken, the phone wasn't working, and TV reception was poor.

Changing to a second room, we checked the above conditions and found that they were improved. However, we soon discovered that one of our beds had



a broken rail and the mattress sagged to the floor. Neither of the bedside lamps worked. There was no phone directory and no stopper in the bath tub.

We changed rooms again the next day. The new room was a definite improvement, although it, too, had places needing plaster and paint and one of the bathroom light fixtures didn't work. Though towels were supplied in each room, wash cloths were not. Each room did have a Gideon Bible, though.

The most easily corrected annoyance was the general, prevailing lack of cleanliness. Other than having the beds made, none of the rooms looked as though they were prepared for guests. The picture windows and bathroom mirrors needed washing. The carpeting was linty. In another instance, cakes of used soap were left in the bathtub dish. The condition of the rooms seemed to reflect a lack of respect for the motel's guests.

The poor condition of the rooms is somewhat off-set by the excellence of the dining facilities. The view of the Ramapo Valley and surrounding mountains, preserved by the State against development, was magnificent by day and romantic at night.

The food is terrific. An average dinner for two costs around \$25.00. I sampled three veal dishes, each of which was delicious. The Veal Parmigiana with spaghetti (\$8.50) was wonderful. Veal Scallopini Ala Francese (\$8.75) was excellent, but the definite winner was Veal Scallopini Ala Marsala (\$9.25) sauteed in

wine sauce and topped with proscuitto and mushrooms. The baked potato was perfect and there was no skimping on the salads. Appetizers ranged from soup (\$1) to shrimps (\$3.50). The huge Peach Melba (\$1.75) was my favorite dessert.

Day-time provides a good selection of outdoor activities. The grand location at the top of a fifty-acre mountain affords plenty of hiking opportunities, while off the mountain there are nearby horse-back riding facilities. Sterling Forest, located a short distance away, offers Winter skiing for both beginners and intermediates. The only drawback is that you need a car to reach these activities, although transportation arrangements are on the drawing board. For warmer weather, the motel has an out-door swimming pool and there are plans to add tennis courts and a sauna around Springtime.

It's a definite plus to have your own car for exploring the surrounding area. About twenty-five minutes away in Washingtonville there's the Brotherhood Winery which offers a nice tour and a pleasant chance for a wine-tasting party. For those inclined, there's the additional chance for antique excursions, or just a casual drive through the beautiful countryside.

At night, there's the bar and disco. On weekends, it gets quite lively with a crowd of men and women from all the cross-sections of gay life. Good cruising.

The disco music is up-to-date and the dance floor will soon be expanded to almost twice its present size. One whole

wall of the bar area is comprised of windows which can be opened to freshen the air. It's quite an image to see the flash of disco lights at the immediate level and at the same time the drops of light from distant towns and automobiles in the expanse of dark space far below.

Downstairs is another dance area, pin-ball machines, and the Allen Ross Cabaret Room — intimate, yet having a good seating capacity.

Singer Phoebe Otis performed in the Cabaret the weekend of our visit. Ms. Otis is superb. Her stage presence is both dynamic and charming.

Future attractions at the motel include Holly Woodlawn, Village People, and an all male French revue.

I'm disappointed to have to mention criticisms about the motel. It is a good idea whose time is now and it has all the potential imaginable. The beautiful scenery, the sturdy structures, the magnificent design, the convenience, and the need for such a retreat are already given. But a sensitivity to esthetics and to the needs of the guests are still required.

An important first step for the owners to take would be to hire a gay manager. The motel has all the potential for being as great of an attraction to gay people as are Provincetown and Fire Island. Only the style and sensitivity are missing.

As my lover aptly phrased it, "The difference between straight and gay is the difference between Coney Island and Fire Island!"

# Christopher Street

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## AT ST. PAT'S

On a sunny early fall Sunday morning, the toy-Gothic spires of Saint Patrick's cathedral reflect off the dark glass of the sleek new Fifth Avenue office complex, Olympic Towers. Some two dozen members of Dignity-New York, the Catholic church's gay caucus, are converging on the flagship of American Catholicism for a non-violent confrontation with the priesthood.

The particular target of today's demonstration is the recent official silencing of Father John McNeill's outspokenly pro-gay writings. But the chronic source of local anger, the festering sore that makes Saint Patrick's a constant object of activist venom, is the archdiocese's unflinching lobby against this city's long-stalled gay rights bill.

The plan of action is polite, serious, and — befitting the group's name — dignified. Outside on the steps, a few men in suits are handing out leaflets that analyze the Scriptural passages often used to attack homosexuality. Once inside, the entire group will sit together in the front-most pews, wearing "Dignity For Gays" buttons. They will kneel at the communion rail and challenge the priests to deny their equal right to the sacrament. Visibility is the theme of the day: we are here, and we are a part of your community.

Visibility is not a salient trait of the Catholic church. The church prefers to overlook, or make invisible, ideas and people that contradict its own vision of the truth. If excommunication and witch-burning are not sufficient symbols, consider the cathedral itself. Tourists can scarcely realize it, but Saint Pat's is held up by a metal frame very similar in principle to that of its gargantuan modern neighbor, Olympic Towers. But the frame of the church — its true structure — is cloaked with stone gingerbread in the style of the fourteenth century. No matter how much the world changes, this building seems to say, we will not admit new realities to intrude on our fixed image of it.

In such a context, for gay people simply to assert their visibility — their part in the world's intrinsic structure — is a revolutionary act. The word *obscene* comes from the Latin for "off-stage" — it is time for gays to come onstage, to participate openly in the rituals of the wider community. And visible they are today: close to thirty people, mostly male, mostly in their twenties and thirties, in jeans and dress shirts. The first six rows of the vast hall are a solid phalanx of white "Gay" buttons.

The warm and comforting values of this dark, jewel-lit chamber — continuity, security, a sure knowledge of right and wrong — once lured me powerfully, too. But no longer: somehow, the magic Jewish temple of my own youth evapor-

ated when I learned that there were some people, and some troubles, God's people saw fit to ignore. (And that's not only gay people: my wanting to belong to an institution, yet feeling it irrelevant or untrustworthy, dates back to the early days of the Vietnam war.)

Tradition is very comforting, but the thread of continuity can only stretch so far. Glancing up at the cathedral's glowing stained glass, I spot a Biblical scene: Romans and Christians realistically portrayed in the Judean desert. But the very realism brings home how far away, in space and time, these scenes took place. I can no longer understand how people continue to restrict their lives to fit a moral code developed for a few levantine tribes two millennia ago.

The priest's opening prayer asks for "a sense of justice in our daily lives." The hypocrite, I mutter — we all know that justice actively excludes "certain people."

No, the thread binding me to these spiritual ancestors has snapped. For better or worse, an entire tradition — both its moralistic restraints (thank goodness) and its ritual beauty (unfortunately) — has lost its power to control me. And it is a loss: the sense of relieved escape, the desire to dance on the coffin of a dying myth, will always be studded with nails of regret.

The time for the Eucharist has arrived. Ironically, the prayer for the beginning of communion comes directly from the ancient Hebrew litany so familiar to me as a boy:

Holy, holy, holy,  
Lord, God of power and might,  
Heaven and earth are full of your  
glory . . .  
Hosanna in the highest.

The chanting, the ancient blessing — all my childhood memories flood back upon me. And along with them the bitter sense of loss, the yearning to share wholeheartedly in a transcendent ritual whose values do not battle with mine. I watch from the pew as the gay Catholics file in a determined single line up to the altar rail.

A photographer scurries into position. Hundreds of eyes watch: Will the priests turn away their "flagrant" parishioners? Will they act publicly on their official position (which they work to maintain in the civil lawbooks) that we are beyond the protection of both God and society?

The Dignity members advance one by one, kneel, and are served the bread and wine just like all the others in the perfunctory assembly-line of salvation. The priests simply take no notice of them one way or the other. The only excitement comes from one agitated communicant who runs up to the photographer gasping, "You took my picture, and I'm not part of that group!"

Because there is no official reaction, the event is not "hot news;" nothing, in a sense, happened. But today is not an anti-climax; an event can be noteworthy for its meaning rather than its commotion quotient. It might be more correct to say

something important did happen here today, and the church did nothing about it. Their interpretation of this event will probably be that nothing worth noting took place; our interpretation would be that, for the unwilling photographee as for many others present, our visibility was noted, and that it demonstrated the church's powerlessness to frighten us into submission.

Outside on the steps after the mass, Dignity president Bob Reilly comments, "We didn't expect any reaction from the priests — the priests at the cathedral are pretty blasé." They see so many dissidents these days that any protest is a relief as long as it's not a bomb. In any case, Reilly points out, some members of the hierarchy are more sympathetic than others: "It's not the cathedral that's our enemy, it's the chancery" (the cardinal's headquarters).

The group forms a friendship circle to conclude their successful action. Andy Humm speaks in celebration of the spirit that unites them all in the confrontation with hostile forces, but warns against the sense of false progress that comes from a close-knit support group: "We sometimes become isolated in our world of Dignity." We must not allow our new-found solidarity to blind us to the work that remains: "Let us not feel secure until the battle is over."

Maybe he's right. The church is still there, and someone has to confront it. Personally, though, I've about given up hope of returning to the old *schul*. I'm tired of attacking, tired of critiquing and lamenting. It's time to do something constructive instead: to build a new sense of community with the people who already share our "deviant" beliefs. If "isolation" means sharing life with those who affirm and enhance my own deepest feelings, I can think of no better goal toward which to direct my own energies.

I've recently become firedly with a gay woman who is deaf; we share a great many goals and enthusiasms. Like any two new acquaintances, we have had to work out a common language to express the joys we have in common; the fact that our communication involves my learning sign language just makes the process more obvious than usual. Frustrating as it gets to find my traditional vocabulary unusable, somehow we find the equivalents in sign language quickly enough. And the common bond we sense, the reinforcement of each other's selfhood, makes the extra effort worthwhile. Friends — gay friends, accepting friends — are hard to find.

So right now, learning sign seems far more constructive to me than learning Latin — or re-learning Hebrew. I'm too busy with all the people I'm meeting outside the church door to try very hard to get inside. Nevertheless, I'm glad Dignity cares enough to fight that battle for us all. Maybe it's not utopian, after all, to hope that someday we will be able to return to our ancient pastoral folds as loving and beloved sheep who are merely lavender, not black. James M. Saslow



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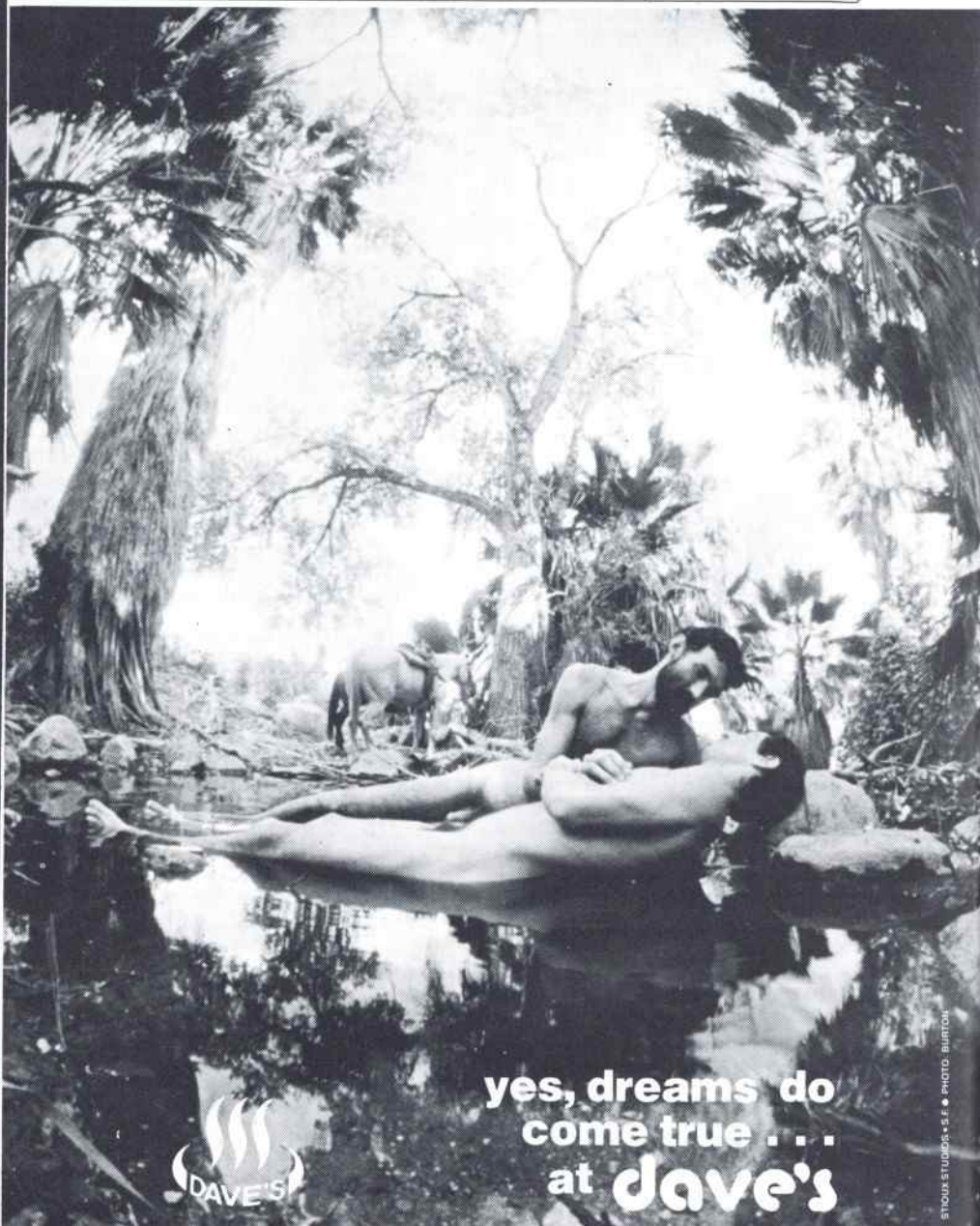
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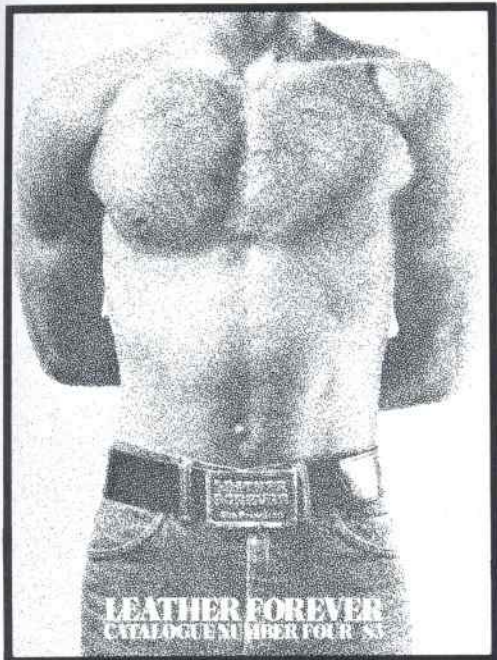
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# TOYING WITH ST. NICK



By Loretta Lotman

The City. Christmas. Snow on the streets, traffic jams, blinking white imported Italian tree lights made in Taiwan, shoppers, packages — the usual. Holiday spirit was in the air, along with all the known pollutants and a few viral presents from the secret corridors of Uncle Sam. It was just another Christmas, and yet there was a difference. Something was going to break. I didn't know what, but I could sense it.

I'm a writer.

9:05 p.m. — I received an urgent call from Santa Claus. He wanted to break a story and specified me as the writer. I was surprised. After all, I'm Jewish. He was not going to bother me with an ordinary Christmas story. He said he'd send a sleigh for me. I told him I'd be ready.

9:23 p.m. — I heard jingle bells approaching out of the northwest, threw on my coat, rushed to the chimney, stuck my finger next to my nose and elevated to the roof. The sleigh had just arrived. It was a sports model — two reindeer, single bench seat with oxblood leather covers and art deco chrome trim. It was my first look at the personal taste of Mr. S. Claus. I liked it. As the sleigh took off, I settled back into the seat and closed my eyes. Acrophobia. I only put up with heights for a story. I had a hunch this one would be worth it.

10:15 p.m. — The North Pole. Sharp, cold air in my lungs. Intense quiet. Peace. The reindeer stopped outside a large log cabin. There, a door opened and I was met by an elf. Without a word, he led me through what looked like one of Santa's workshops. We made our way around the Chatty Cathys and through the Cookie Monsters to a small, cozy back room. The elf showed me in, then left.

And there was Santa. The old man sat in a well-worn leather chair, facing a roaring fire, lost in thought. He wore a flannel plaid shirt and well-worn levis; not the usual red and white. He looked very tired.

"Mr. Claus?" I said softly.

"What?" He jumped a bit, startled out of his reverie. Then his kindly eyes focused on me. He smiled. "Thank you for coming on such short notice." He motioned me towards a bentwood rocker.

"It's an honor that you called on me for this," I replied, sitting down. "What can I do for you?"

Santa sighed, a sound that mixed resolution and regret. "It's time," he said. "It's late, but it's time."

I watched his face. It reflected the calm that comes of great and difficult decisions.

"I have to let the people know."

"Know what?"

He hesitated, then placed the weight of years of repression into his voice. "I must let them know that I, Santa Claus, am gay."

We stared at each other, afraid to

move in the revelation of the moment. The revelation was enormous. Visions of Pulitizers danced in my head.

Finally, I asked, "How long have you known?"

"Always. Oh, I fought it. I wasn't *one of those*, you know? I was a big guy, good at sports, active, intelligent. All I knew about homosexuality were the stereotypes, and I knew they didn't fit. That was before the liberation movement. I couldn't accept myself. So I denied my feelings for a long time. Did the whole cover-up, you know? Dating, macho jokes, then marriage. I moved up here and set up shop, safely out of the way of the temptations."

"Ah, but there's always the Supremes," I said, trying to lighten the mood.

Santa suppressed a wince. "I stayed away from people, from the world, except for that one night a year, and even then I was just trying to make people love me. I was buying their love with presents, over-compensating. It wasn't very honest. And still, with all the good things I did and the isolation, my sexual orientation kept coming back to haunt me."

"About twenty years ago, I threw an end-of-season bash. It was just for 'us', the ones who were different — elves, leprechauns, dwarves, a Druid or two. That's when it happened. I saw him across a crowded room and couldn't take my eyes off him. He looked back, and I knew I couldn't hide from myself any longer. My years of self-control evaporated and all I could think about was him. We left the party and went to the stable to talk and . . . and . . ."

"Mother Nature took it from there?" I offered.

"No. She was busy inside cruising Vixen. Actually, we realized it was truly love, for both of us, and there were some hard decisions to be made. I think you'll understand when you meet him." Santa got up, walked to a small side door, knocked and said softly, "You can come out now, dear."

The door swung open slowly. Standing in the doorway was a small, stocky figure, much shorter than Santa, more solidly built. At first, I could only see him in silhouette but I could not mistake that shape anywhere. Then, he walked into the light and my suspicions were confirmed.

"Grumpy!" I gasped.

"Yes, Grumpy," Santa murmured, gazing warmly at the little man.

His face had changed, the deep scowl lines giving way to something softer, gentler. His dark brown eyes were warm and liquid, making him look more basset hound than grouch. Maybe that's what love does. I don't know.

"Hello," he said quietly.

"Hello," I replied. Then the magnitude hit me. "Does Disney know?"

Santa shuddered. "Oh, no. We've been terribly discreet. Openly gay people aren't allowed in Disneyland or Disney World, let alone on the payroll. Grumpy couldn't risk his job. Besides, that house in the woods was a gay commune off where no one would bother them. Only problem was those six other guys were driving Grumpy crazy. That's why he was in such a lousey mood all the time. When he moved in with me, he became a different dwarf."

"So why are you deciding to discuss your relationship openly now?"

Santa took Grumpy's hand and held it as he spoke. "I'm an old man," he said. "I don't have the time or strength to hide much longer. For twenty years, fear of discovery has made us lie to the rest of the world. I was afraid. Parents would go hysterical if they found out that all those presents to children were coming from a *fag*." He conveyed a homophobic attitude with a limp wrist and a sneer. We all cringed a bit from the accuracy of his charicature.

"That's why I have to come out now. This is the man I love and I don't care what anyone says. The world has the right to know the truth — and we have the right to love each other in peace. I've spent enough time in chimneys and closets; it's time that I came out as gay and proud." A fiercely merry twinkle came into his eyes. Grumpy remained silent, gazing warmly at his lover's determination. They were a beautiful couple.

"How will you live?" I asked.

"Well, I own this land, the cabins are paid for and I've got some money saved. Life at the Pole isn't that expensive. Maybe I'll write my memoirs. Maybe I can make some money speaking to groups about gay rights. We'll be OK."

"What about Mrs. Claus?"

Santa laughed, a merry olde laugh. "Didn't you know? She's been carrying on with Peter Pan for years!" He leaned closer. "Sometimes with Tinkerbell, too. Mrs. C. spends her time in NeverNeverland, cleaning house and flying around. She always hated the climate up here and hasn't been around for years. As I said, we've been very discreet."

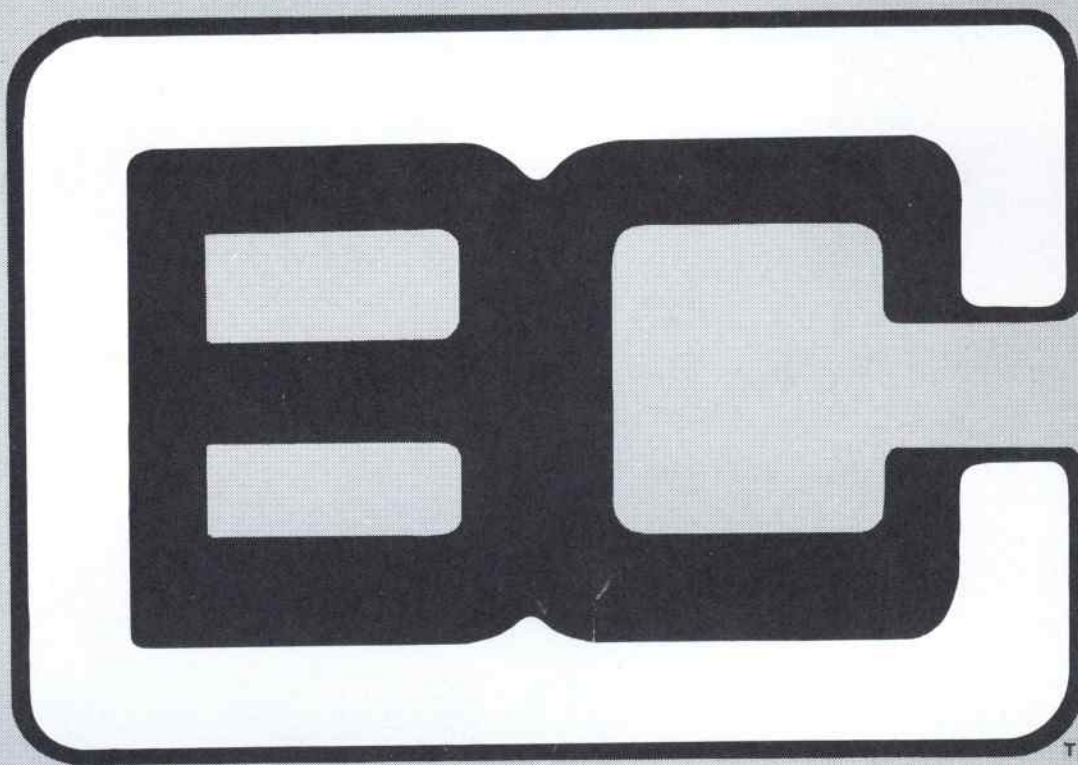
11:48 p.m. — The interview was over and the couple showed me to the sleigh. Santa put a kindly hand on my shoulder and said, "Let them know, Kid." I looked at this great old man and his stubby friend. A tear came to my eye. I was suddenly filled with a solemn sense of responsibility, and said, "I'll try."

I climbed into the sleigh and we took off. Up, up and away it carried me, circling higher and higher as the reindeer got their bearings. I leaned over the edge for one final look. Santa and Grumpy stood watching, arms around each other, and they waved me a final farewell.

And you know, I heard Santa exclaim as I rode out of sight, "Merry Christmas to all — and to all, our gay rights!"



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