

NEW YORK'S
LESBIAN
AND GAY
NEWS
MAGAZINE

OUT WEEK



**SEX CLUB
COMEBACK!**

**LOVE LINERS?
ORAL FIX?**

*Women Name
The Dental Dam*

TWISTED LISTERS:

Joseph Backs Down

LUST HORIZONS:

*Why Girls Don't
Have Sex Clubs*

**WASHINGTON
MUZZLES
MAPPLETHORPE**

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C L O T H I N G



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Two Weeks of Terror

As if leaders and members of the gay and lesbian, Black, Latino and AIDS communities have nothing better to do with their time, Health Commissioner Stephen Joseph and Mayor Edward Koch recently spun us all into a dizzying, horrifying, time-consuming nightmare.

On June 5th, at the Fifth International AIDS Conference, Joseph announced his intention to begin collecting the names of people infected with HIV. The story had been leaked to the *New York Post*, where it appeared the morning of the announcement. From there it was two weeks of phone call after phone call, meeting after meeting, and protest after protest, while the people most affected lived in fear. The AIDS community found itself drawn away from pressing work to deal with a frightening situation created by the city's own health administration.

The end came only after leaders from AIDS organizations representing all of the communities affected, front-line health care providers, activists and people with AIDS were invited to breakfast at Gracie Mansion, in the city's attempt at damage control. The group unanimously came down on a suddenly neutral Koch and a suddenly conciliatory Joseph, who said he had just wanted to "spark debate."

Perhaps the city administration was really set on pursuing a program of name reporting and aggressive contact tracing, and merely went about initiating it in a politically suicidal manner. Or maybe there really was "no original plan," as Joseph recently stated. Either way, questions arise.

- What kind of city is so poorly coordinated in its health policies that its health commissioner floats a trial balloon without first consulting the experts or even the mayor?
- What kind of city has an AIDS policy based on leaks to the press?
- What kind of city has a health commissioner who scares people in the guise of "spark debate?"
- What kind of city thinks about trying to find out who has AIDS before it puts forth the dollars and services to treat those people?
- What kind of city has a health commissioner who is not only consistently opposed on AIDS issues by the *state* health commissioner, but is also constantly under attack from AIDS experts and people with the disease?
- What kind of city devotes more time and money to damage control of nonexistent AIDS policies than to developing actual AIDS policies?

The answer to all of the above: a city with a glaring lack of inclusive, culturally-sensitive, coordinated, sane leadership on AIDS and the issues swirling around it.

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News

Debate Rages Over Coors Boycott Some In Community Break Ranks

by Chris Bull

"For all their difference of opinion, all five Coors brothers are in harmony on a couple of major points. First, none have any moral qualms about selling Coors for a living ... Secondly, Joe Coors' sons are also in harmony on at least one other point: homosexuals are an abomination in the eyes of God."

— From "Coors Clan: Doing it Their Way," The Los Angeles Times, September 19, 1988.

NEW YORK—When Spectrum, a gay disco in Brooklyn, held "Silver Bullet Night" on June 3, the worst fears of anti-Coors activist Rick X were confirmed. Now even gay dollars are lining the pockets of the notoriously anti-gay Coors family, he thought. Rick X, the host of the Closet Case Show on Manhattan Cable, was soon handing out anti-Coors flyers at the entrance to Spectrum, imploring patrons to respect the boycott.

News Focus

"Tonight you are making history. By walking through Spectrum's doors, you are breaking the boycott that the New York City gay and lesbian community has maintained in all its bars, businesses and organizations until tonight, June 3, 1989. Coors has finally broken us, with a lot of good public relations talk and lots of lovely presents for everybody," announced the flyer.

While debate rages in the lesbian and gay community about whether to accept Coors dollars, the company has quietly persuaded several lesbian and gay bars to begin



THE RIGHT BEER NOW?

Coor's ad in Equal Times celebrates "Pride Month."

selling Coors. Rick X and other lesbian and gay activists hope to halt Coors' march into the bars until the company agrees to publicly denounce anti-gay bigotry and provide major financial reparations to the lesbian and gay community. "Coors has come a long way. On paper, they are now no worse than many corporations. But they still must make reparations to the community. And I don't just mean giving money to AIDS, but giving money to combat homophobia,"

said Karin Schwarz, assistant director of Gay and Lesbian Alliance Against Defamation (GLAAD).

The lesbian/gay, Black and Latino communities, as well as unionists, have battled the Adolph Coors Company for years over its alleged anti-union and far-right activities. In 1977 Harvey Milk won votes among workers by getting every gay bar in San Francisco -- nearly 100 -- to boycott the beer. At the time, the AFL-CIO contended that the company engaged in union-

News

busting tactics and discriminatory hiring policies.

The nationwide boycott, one of the most successful ever organized, slashed Coors' profits by nearly 25 percent. Coors was effectively prevented from competing in major markets on the East and West coasts. "Coors can't compete without a share of the gay market and they will do anything to get it," said Rick X.

But in recent years Coors has undertaken an aggressive public relations campaign aimed at improving its reputation among minorities and unionists. In 1987 the AFL-CIO dropped the boycott after Coors promised to allow employees to organize if they so choose. The company signed agreements with the Black and Latino communities promising to invest millions in minority-owned businesses. And the company pumped thousands of dollars into the lesbian and gay community in the form of newspaper advertising, fundraisers and direct grants, especially to AIDS organizations, and included sexual orientation in its anti-discrimination clause.

Over the last year, dozens of lesbian and gay organizations, bars and publications have begun accepting Coors money. Among the recipients of Coors largess are Gods Love, We Deliver; Lambda Awards in Philadelphia, the Gay Rodeo; Northern Lights; American Foundation for AIDS Research (AmFar); Gay Men's Chorus of New York and the San Diego AIDS Walkathon. *The Advocate*, *Equal Times*, *Frontiers*, *Private Lives* and *Wildside* are among publications currently accepting Coors advertising. The back-page Coors ad in a recent issue of *Equal Times* says "Coors Salutes Pride Month" over a photo of two heterosexual couples.

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Joseph Backs Down On Test Plan

"There Was No Plan" He Tells Experts

by Michelangelo Signorile

NEW YORK—Health Commissioner Stephen Joseph, reacting to stinging criticism of his proposal to end anonymous HIV testing and begin aggressive contact tracing, stated "there was no original plan." He spoke at an impromptu press conference following an extraordinary



THE WIND WASN'T BLOWING IN HIS DIRECTION

AmFar's Mathilde Krim

breakfast meeting on June 18 at Gracie Mansion, which brought together leaders of the AIDS community to discuss the growing firestorm of controversy surrounding his plan. In a major defeat for the embattled health commissioner, the proposal now seems stalled.

Joseph had presented the plan in Montreal at the Fifth International Conference on AIDS three weeks ago, and created an uproar among AIDS activists and advocates, who have for years opposed any governmental listing of people infected with HIV, the virus believed to

cause AIDS. Opponents of the plan charged that the Health Department would scare people from getting tested and seeking treatment if their names were on government records and if their sex or needle-sharing partners were mandatorily traced.

"It was a statement of opinion on how to reach and treat people," said Joseph. "I was not sending up a trial balloon." He added that he was not at all upset by any of the attacks on his plan. "I'm delighted," he said with a smile. "I wanted to spark a debate and I did."

The meeting was called at the height of the controversy by Mayor Edward Koch, and was not to have included the press conference. But when various print reporters showed up at the gates of Gracie Mansion, an unscheduled conference took place, at which Koch, Joseph and several of those who attended the breakfast spoke and answered questions. Neither Koch nor Joseph firmly ruled out implementation of the proposal for the future, but both took their most neutral stance so far in the three week debacle. And many AIDS experts present felt the idea had been knocked down once and for all.

"I wasn't going to make any substantive remarks, but I will" said Koch. "The city doesn't have any such testing policy. If there is to be a change, I would have to agree with it and I have not made any decisions. And the state would also have to then agree with my decision." New York State has the final say in the testing matter since a confidentiality bill was signed into law

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The Mapplethorpe Mess

D.C. Gallery Axes Retrospective

Activists And Artists Denounce Decision

by Cliff O'Neill

WASHINGTON—D.C. -- The Corcoran Art Gallery cancelled a scheduled retrospective of the works of gay photographer Robert Mapplethorpe on June 12th in an effort to avoid entanglement in a controversial political debate over congressional funding for the National Endowment for the Arts. Four days later, over 100 artists and members of Washington's gay and lesbian community gathered outside the Corcoran to denounce the gallery's decision. The protesters expressed outrage at the Corcoran's June 12th cancellation of "Robert Mapplethorpe: The Perfect Moment," a retrospective of the late photographer's works which has been on tour since earlier this spring, and was to have opened in Washington on July 1st.

Brandishing placards bearing reproductions of Mapplethorpe's photographs and condemnations of the Corcoran, the oldest private museum in Washington, the activists formed a chanting picket line, witnessed by passersby lunching in the area and crossed by a handful of visitors going into the gallery.

Mapplethorpe, who died of AIDS shortly after the tour began, has been lauded by critics nationally for his startling works. His best-known photographs are Black male nudes and sexually graphic self-portraits with sadomasochistic overtones. One photograph in the exhibition shows the naked

Mapplethorpe facing the camera, bending over, and inserting a large leather bullwhip in his rectum. Other pictures include delicate images of flowers and portraits of many well-known people, including Richard Gere, Patti Smith and Arnold Schwarzenegger. More recently, Mapplethorpe photographed Surgeon General C. Everett Koop for *Time* magazine.

In cancelling the retrospective, the Corcoran cited fears that the show would fuel a continuing controversy on Capitol Hill over National Endowment for the Arts

funding policies. The Corcoran's show was not funded by the NEA. But on June 8th, 106 conservative members of Congress sent a letter to Hugh Southern, acting chairman of the National Endowment for the Arts, denouncing federal grants to display art they deemed offensive and threatening future funding for the NEA (see sidebar). The letter mentioned the Mapplethorpe exhibit by name, and alluded to a NEA grant to a Philadelphia museum which made the retrospective's national tour possible. The University of Pennsylvania's Institute of Contemporary Art, which organized the retrospective, did receive a \$30,000 NEA grant, according to the *New York Post*.

"In its 120 years of existence, one criterion has always been steadfastly upheld at the Corcoran," stated Corcoran director Christina Orr-Cahall in a June 13th statement on the show's cancellation. "Our institution has always remained out-



BONFIRE OF INSANITIES
Activists zap the Corcoran.

Photo: Jim Marks

News



THE ARTIST AND HIS WORK
"Morally reprehensible trash."

Photo: Jim Marks

side the political arena, maintaining a position of neutrality on all such issues. Citizen and Congressional concerns, on both sides of the issue of public funds supporting controversial art, are now pulling the Corcoran into the political domain. Therefore, it is with considerable regret, the Corcoran Gallery of Art, with the unanimous approval of the board of trustees and the full support of the staff, has decided to withdraw from the tour."

Activists denounced the Corcoran's decision as a direct response to pressure from conservative members of Congress. "In saying they don't want to politicize art they are squelching that same art," stated Gay and Lesbian Activists Alliance President Roger Doughty. "They don't see the irony of their actions."

Orr-Cahall was out of town the day of the protest. She and other

Corcoran board members did not return repeated phone calls from *OutWeek*.

"Certainly the focus of members of Congress on the Mapplethorpe exhibit was fueled by homophobia. There is no question in that matter," said Sue Hyde, director of NGLTF's privacy project. "It is a disgrace that this institution has been brought down by political bullying from Capitol Hill."

Characterizing the Corcoran's decision to pull the exhibit as "cowardice and censorship," Urvashi Vaid, public information director for the National Gay and Lesbian Task Force, stated, "We're not here to criticize [conservative members of Congress] for having bad judgment and bad taste. We just think that the members of Congress, as people who have to uphold the First

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Congressional Poison Pen

Less than a week after receiving an irate missive from 106 conservative members of Congress, and three days after the Corcoran's decision to cancel the Mapplethorpe retrospective, National Endowment for the Arts Acting Chairman Hugh Southern told the *Washington Post* that he "absolutely had not requested" the show's cancellation. "We did have some conversations with Christina Orr-Cahall in which we let them know they were absolutely free to make a decision about this, it was in their hands and we had no opinion either way.

"I think they were in an immensely difficult situation, and I think they thought deeply and responsibly about it, and made their call. I find it hard to be critical of that," Southern told the *Post*.

The following is the text of the congressional letter to Southern, which was signed by, among others, Newt Gingrich, (R-GA), Guy V. Molinari (R-NY), William Dannemeyer (R-CA), and Helen Delich Bentley (R-MD), who signed "outraged" after her name. The urine mentioned in the letter belonged to Andres Serrano, the artist in question. — Andrew Miller

Dear Mr. Southern:

We, the undersigned Members of Congress, are outraged to discover two recent grants to "artists" which lead us to question whether the National Endowment for the Arts is spending tax dollars in a responsible manner.

The first regards Andres Serrano's work entitled "Piss Christ," funded in 1987 through the Awards in Visual Arts program. The AVA program received \$75,000.00 from the NEA in 1987. Mr. Serrano was given a grant of \$15,000.00 and the resulting work was a picture of the Crucifix submerged in a jar of urine.

The second is Robert

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News

Gov Appoints New Gay Liaison

Announcement Made at Center Garden Party

by Andrew Miller

NEW YORK—Governor Mario Cuomo announced the creation of "a regular, continuous, full-time liaison" between his office and the lesbian and gay community, and appointed Lance Ringel to the job, on Monday, June 19. The announcement was made at the Lesbian and Gay Community Center on West 13th Street, during the annual Garden Party, the Center's major fundraising event.

"I come to say to you that I congratulate you on the twentieth anniversary of Stonewall, and on all the movement, and all the courage, and all the strength that you've shown since that event," Cuomo said, as residents of buildings along West 13th Street piled up on their stoops to get a better view. "You've converted a tragedy into the beginning of a very exciting experience for the city, state and country," Cuomo declared, before announcing Ringel's appointment.

Ringel, who turned 37 a week ago, is currently in charge of enforcing executive order 28.1, which prohibits state government agencies from discriminating based on sexual orientation in employment and provision of services. He said his first priority would be to get out around the state to "let people know that this office is here." Ringel is already planning trips to Albany and Rochester.

Ringel's office is located in the State Office Building on West 125th Street in Harlem, among the other offices in the Division of Human Rights. "I think it's really terrific to be there," he told *OutWeek*. "There are a lot of folks from the Black, Latino and Asian communities there, and there's a lot of commonality of interest. It's important that even though we're not included in the human rights law, we're recognized

as another major constituency, and this move does that."

Ringel, who is from Bloomington, Illinois, lives in Park Slope with his lover. He said that he did not know exactly how much his new job would pay, but that it would not be less than his current annual salary of \$42,000. His new position will include the responsibilities of his former one, he said.

Cuomo's current liaison, Virginia Apuzzo, who is very well known in the community, has performed that job for three years. But Apuzzo is officially the deputy executive director of the State Consumer Protection Board, and her liaison work is technically voluntary. Ringel's appointment not only makes the position full-time, but official, and, administratively, is similar to Lee Hudson's recent municipal appointment to the newly created Mayor's Office for the

Lesbian and Gay Community.

Asked if Apuzzo wanted the job herself, she good-naturedly replied, "Are you kidding?" Asked if the community would now have two liaisons, she continued, "I am here to support Lance Ringel, I am here to support the community, and anytime I can be helpful in facilitating with the governor I'm available to do that."

Apuzzo said she had urged Ringel's appointment. "It's clear that the issues have exploded, and this community is entitled to a full-time person who deals with lesbian and gay concerns," she said.

Cuomo was enthusiastically received by the hundreds of people attending the block-party style event. The standing ovation he received contrasted sharply with the reception afforded Mayor Koch, who addressed the gathering just before Cuomo.

Amid jeers, shouts of "liar," and sporadic applause, Koch said, "In this city we will assist in every respect not only those who have the full-blown AIDS syndrome, not only those who have ARC, but we will

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JEERS, CHEERS AND A NEW LIAISON
(l. to r.) Virginia Apuzzo, Center Pres. David Nimmons, Mayor Edward Koch, Gov. Mario Cuomo.

Photo: T.L. Litt

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News

Municipal Flavor for Pride '89

City Involvement Stirs Debate

by Mark Chesnut
and Andrew Miller

NEW YORK -- "I want you all to turn around and look at that," Heritage of Pride's Janice Thom shouted over the hisses and boos intended for Mayor Koch, who stood next to her on the platform erected for the dedication of Stonewall Place on June 1st. "This is

News Analysis

the first time that our flag has ever flown from a municipal flagpole." Behind the assembled crowd, on the corner of Seventh Avenue South and Christopher Street, flew an enormous rainbow flag.

Rainbow flags regularly fly from a crescent of City Hall flagpoles at San Francisco's pride celebration. That city also helps organizers advertise the event in the hopes of generating tourist dollars. But in New York, where the marches up and down Fifth Avenue occurred without a city permit until 1985, according to parade organizers, this

is something quite new.

In fact, New York's 1989 Lesbian and Gay Pride and History Month had a distinctly municipal flavor, and it was not just limited to flagpoles. There was the huge events calendar for the month of June, produced and mailed out by the Office of the Mayor, and coordinated by Lee Hudson, Koch's liaison in the newly-created office for the lesbian and gay community. There were mayoral proclamation ceremonies on Christopher Street, mayoral debates at the Community Center, at which the community was promised a San Francisco-like domestic partnership law by three out of four candidates (Koch demurred), and mayoral (and gubernatorial) visitations to the Center's Garden Party.

"The creation of this office brings us the facility to do more," said Jan Carl Parks, Hudson's assistant. "This particular mayor has always been involved in gay issues. But this office has given us a voice in many areas previously not open to us. It gives us much more clout. There's real opportunity for input."

"I feel like we're doing a lot, and I hope the visibility is higher than in previous years," Lee Hudson told *OutWeek*, "but there have been other years in which we've done a tremendous amount of work, also." Hudson mentioned last year's photography exhibit of gay and lesbian history at the Tweed Gallery.

But there was an argument among some members of the lesbian and gay community about the degree of municipal involvement in New York's Lesbian and Gay Pride and History Month, the name of which seems to grow longer each year. To what extent the city, and therefore Mayor Edward I. Koch, should be involved in the events, given the general disapproval of Koch's handling of the AIDS crisis in New York City, generated no small amount of discord and opposition.

There is a division between those who feel that the Mayor has no place at any lesbian or gay gathering, and those who feel that the Mayor's endorsement is an integral part of the celebration. Tense relations have existed between ACT UP and Heritage of Pride (HOP) since ACT UP's disruption of last year's municipal pride month celebration at City Hall's Tweed Gallery. The dispute ranges from a major feud to a small, personal disagreement among individuals, depending on who is describing it.

These opposing views once again came to a head at the dedication of Stonewall Place on June 1st. ACT UP demonstrators came prepared with signs and shouts, turning the ceremony into pandemonium.

"The Mayor is not a friend of ACT UP. How dare Ed Koch show up at an event oriented to the lesbian and gay community and try to take any credit at all," said Michael Nesline, a registered nurse at Bellevue Hospital, and a member of ACT UP. "His record on New York City's response to AIDS is disgraceful." The feeling among most ACT UP members is that HOP should not have asked Koch to speak at all,



HOP YES, MAYOR NO.
ACT UP Acts Out at Stonewall Place

Photo: Tom McKittrick

according to Nesline.

With the democratic mayoral primary less than three months away, some claim that Koch, a long-time supporter of the gay and lesbian community, is aggressively courting the lesbian and gay vote. But Parks, Hudson and others, point out Koch's long-standing record of support for the city's gay rights legislation, and other issues of concern to the community.

ACT UP sees its anti-Koch disruptions as a way of showing dissatisfaction with what members call an entirely inadequate municipal response to the AIDS crisis. And while he praises HOP for their organizing efforts, Nesline thinks HOP should join ACT UP in taking a more oppositional stand. Still, Nesline admitted, "there is legitimate concern that ACT UP's behavior is damaging within the community."

That is one of the few points on which HOP co-coordinator Marc Berkley agrees with Nesline. "ACT UP does a lot of wonderful things," Berkley conceded. "We have always

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Pride Before Punch

In its June 27th edition, the *Village Voice* printed the following letter from Karen Schwartz, which responded to a recent *Voice* article by Gary Indiana about the Stonewall dedication ceremony. Schwartz wrote that Indiana's argument "underemphasizes Stonewall's significance to personal liberation and empowerment. Not just the birth of a movement, Stonewall is also about having the strength as an individual to stand up and say 'I'm proud enough of who I am to fight.'"

Not every gay and lesbian person attends weekly ACT UP meetings where, in the midst of throngs of others like oneself, one's sexuality is constantly affirmed. Most gays and lesbians face on their own the battery of homophobia that our culture daily dishes up.

Heritage of Pride's events -- the march, the rally and the dance -- are attended (heavily) by people taking an extra step to be visibly gay in a safe environment. Our philosophy is that for gays and lesbians, pride itself is still a revolutionary concept -- and that before one is drawn into the movement, one must feel a certain amount of pride in oneself.

There's nothing fundamentally incompatible between Heritage of Pride's philosophy of upbeat, prideful events and ACT UP's philosophy of angry, forceful activism. As a sometime participant in ACT UP's rallies and zaps, I know just how empowering they can be. But I also suspect that the vast majority of ACT UP members participated in a gay pride march or rally long before they ever attended an ACT UP meeting or zap (true, we have the advantage of having been around for 20 years in some shape or form), and that their first step up or down Fifth Avenue was seminal in their progression to the high-powered activism of ACT UP."

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Pride Across America

by Mark Chesnut

Given all the attention to municipal/mayoral involvement with Pride Month in New York, *OutWeek* thought it would be interesting to take an informal look at city sponsorship of gay and lesbian pride celebrations in sort-of-randomly-selected cities across the country.

City	Length Of Celebration	Parade? Length?	Mayoral Proclamation? Municipal Funding?	Does Mayor March In Parade?	Is There A Gay Rights Ordinance?	Cost Of Celebration	Source Of Funding	Year Of First Celebration
Atlanta	1 month	3 miles	Yes, No \$	No	For city employees	\$10,000	Merch., drinks, fundraisers	1985
Albany	20 nights June 20-30	No	None	No	No		Donations	
Birmingham, AL	June 16-25	2.5 miles	Mayoral news release; No \$	No	No	Approx. \$900	Personal donations	1979
Boston	1 month	June 10 2.5 miles	Mayoral declaration; Gay flag at city hall	No	For city employees	\$40,000	Merchandise, Donations	1970
Buffalo	1 month	No	None	No	No	\$3-4,000	Donations, cruise, concerts	
Chicago	1 week June 16-25	2.5 miles	Yes, plus free listing in comm. guide	Yes	Yes	\$8,000	Parade fees, merchandise	1970
Columbus	June 17-25	1.3 miles	No	No	Housing/employment	\$10,000	Donations, merch. events	1981
Houston	June 16-25	1 mile	Yes No \$	No Attends certificate ceremonies	No	\$40,000	Fundraisers, beer co's, merchandise, float fees.	1979
Denver	June 25-July 2	1 mile	Yes No \$	No	No	\$45,000 (incl. Rodeo)	Donations (incl. Repub. Party)	1974
Joplin, MO	None	No. Maybe party at Billy Jack's on Main St.	No	No	No			
Los Angeles	1 month	1.5 miles	Yes; Some fees waived. No \$	Yes	Yes-In West Hollywood		\$10 door, beverage sales	1969
Milwaukee	June 16-27	2 miles	Yes; No \$	No	Yes	\$12,000	Fundraiser, donations, gay found. grant	1979 demo 1988 first org. event
New York	1 month	5.5 miles	Yes	Yes	Yes	\$200,000	50% sales merch, 50% donations, community sponsors	1969-84 w/o permit, 1985-89 w/ permit
Philadelphia	1 month	3 blocks	Yes	No	Yes	Events funded separately	Parade funded personally	1985
New Orleans	2 days	6-8 blocks	Yes; No \$	No, but gives speech	No	\$40,000	Fees, beer truck, program adver.	1979
San Francisco	1 month	3 miles	Yes; \$55,000 from SF arts grants	Yes	Yes	\$225,000	Participants Fees	1970
Seattle	1 week June 18-25	2 miles	Yes; free park usage & police	No	Housing/employment	\$20,000 (approx.)	Donations, merchandise	1985
Washington, DC	1 week	Yes	Yes; free permits	No	Yes	\$40,000	Fundraising, vendors	1977

MUNICIPAL continued from page 13

supported ACT UP." But Berkley feels that ACT UP's actions at the Stonewall commemoration ceremony were inappropriate. He said the lesbian and gay community already knows about Koch's shortcomings, and by "being only at gay events, they're preaching to the converted."

Responding to the criticism over inviting Koch to speak, Berkley countered, "Koch wasn't invited. It was the Mayor of New York. Stonewall Place had to be signed into law by Koch. And it kind of ruins it for a lot of people to be called 'Nazi collaborators,'" he said, referring to a remark made by one ACT UP member, who reportedly likened associating with Koch to working for Hitler.

ACT UP and HOP also clashed on the planning of the June 24th rally in Central Park. ACT UP alleged a lack of inclusivity in HOP's list of speakers, and balked at its refusal to provide "open mike" time at the rally. Tim Powers, a member of ACT UP, was on the list of invited speakers.

Disagreements notwithstanding, Schwartz supported ACT UP's demonstration on June 1st. "Anywhere that Koch is appearing is an appropriate place for ACT UP to protest," she said. However, she questioned ACT UP's disruption of Janice Thom's speech. "Sometimes in grasping for a media opportunity, the meaningfulness [of a demonstration] is lost," she commented, adding that there is a danger when the media begins to shape the activism.

In a letter to the *Village Voice* on June 27th, Schwartz wrote "There's nothing fundamentally incompatible between Heritage of Pride's philosophy of upbeat, prideful events and ACT UP's philosophy of angry, forceful activism" (see sidebar).

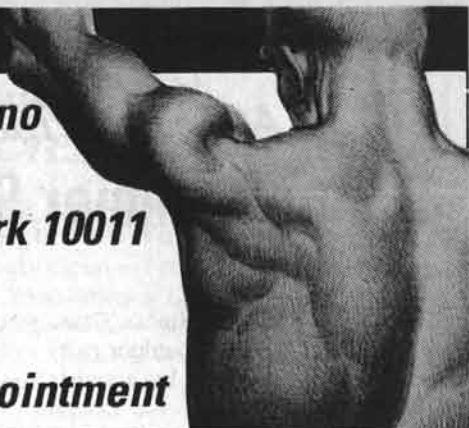
And in an interview, Nesline took pains to clarify his point of view. "ACT UP does not zap Heritage of Pride. ACT UP zaps the mayor, wherever he appears."

Meanwhile, Jan Carl Parks said that the mayor would continue to march in the parade. "He has a tradition of participation, and demonstrations or not, that's not going to change." ▼

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News

Scuffle At Boston Pride Party: Donna Summer Song Protested

by Gabriel Rotello

BOSTON—The Gay Rights Grass Roots Fund's (GRGRF) outdoor party was briefly disrupted by activists protesting the playing of a Donna Summer song, participants reported. The activists, some from Boston and some from ACT UP/New York, chanted "shame, shame, shame," at the DJ and attempted to prevent him from playing a recording by the controversial singer. The June 10 party was part of Boston's annual Gay and Lesbian Pride Week celebration. Donna Summer has been the subject of gay protests since she made religion-inspired homophobic remarks several years ago.

According to party organizer Larry Basile, the incident became a shoving match when protesters attempted to mount the portable stage to stop the music. "This is something ACT UP should look at, in terms of shooting itself in the foot. I've gotten arrested with these people in the past, but this was inappropriate." Frank Smithson of

ACT UP/NY said that many Bostonians in the crowd found the Summer song "offensive." He claimed that the protest was about to end after 60 seconds of chanting "shame" when a brief scuffle broke out.

Both sides later expressed regret over the incident, which marred an otherwise successful fundraiser for the Boston organization. Debate has swirled around Summer since her controversial statements to the *Village Voice* in 1983 concerning gay and AIDS. Recently gay clubs have begun playing her records again in the belief that she long ago apologized to the gay community. In the current issue of the *Advocate*, Summer denied ever making the offending remarks. "I did not make that statement," she insisted, "what I supposedly said I did not say." As to her religious convictions, the singer explained, "I know what my commitment to God has meant to me...If I was asked to

deny that, I'd have to deny everything else, because it's the only reason I'm alive." ▼

Filed from New York.



THIS TIME IT'S FOR REAL
Donna Summer when she was bad.

South Africa Wavers On Nkoli Passport

by Rex Wockner

JOHANNESBURG -- South African authorities are delaying, and may deny, a passport for South Africa's most well-known Black gay activist, Simon Nkoli.

Nkoli plans to attend the 11th World Conference of the International Lesbian and Gay Association in Vienna, July 16-22, and then visit Toronto and New York, and Rutgers University in New Jersey.

"Every time I go [to the passport office]," Nkoli said, "they say, 'It's not approved yet.' So, the Canadian and United States embassies are

helping me. They have written a letter to [the authorities] but they have not received a reply. My lawyer has sent a telex to the Minister of the Interior; no reply yet either.

"They don't really want to tell me that they don't want to give me a passport because they don't have a reason," Nkoli added. "I don't have a criminal record."

Under law, the government must respond to the embassies by the end of June, Nkoli said.

Nkoli is a founding member of South Africa's largest Black gay group -- the Gay & Lesbian Organization of

Witwatersrand, which celebrated its first anniversary in April. The celebration was boycotted by white gay activists, who had been sent invitations.

Nkoli became an international gay figure in 1984 when he began a three-year prison sentence in connection with his anti-apartheid activities. Among the stops he plans to make in North America are visits to the groups -- primarily Canadian -- that supported him while he was jailed.

"I'm still hopeful [the passport could come through]," Nkoli said, "but I'm not hopeful it will be on

News

time. I'm telling myself that I have to fight until I get it."

David Murphy, with the ILGA information secretariat in Stockholm, said he thinks this is the first time a delegate to an ILGA conference has been prevented from leaving his own country.

He said ILGA is "very concerned" about the matter and has provided Nkoli with a formal letter of invitation "to help the authorities decide in his favor."

Activists in Toronto say the Canadian-based Simon Nkoli Anti-Apartheid Committee is planning a nationwide tour centered around gay/lesbian visibility and anti-apartheid issues.

"It was supposed to happen before the ILGA conference," said Gary Kinsman, a writer with Rites magazine, "and then was moved until after the conference. But as you know, everything is just up in the air now." ▼

Filed from Chicago.

Those wishing to provide support may write Nkoli in care of GLOW, P.O. Box 23297, Joubert Park, Johannesburg 2044, South Africa.



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News

Three Years After Hardwick

New Focus On State Laws

by Cliff O'Neill

WASHINGTON — In shades of purple, pink and lavender, the huge wall map at the National Gay and Lesbian Task Force is sectioned off. Reminiscent of pre-Civil War maps of the U.S., the country is divided into a nation of "free" and "unfree" states. But the freedom involved here is the freedom to engage in certain sex acts with consenting partners behind closed doors.

Hardly the stuff that inspires civil wars.

But in a sense, there is one going on now, and the battle lines have been drawn.

The present confrontation began with a crushing defeat. The "massacre" in this melee took place on June 30, 1986, when the U.S. Supreme Court voted 5-4 in the landmark *Bowers v. Hardwick* deci-

sion and, in doing so, upheld the right of the state of Georgia — and hence the right of all states — to declare gay and lesbian sex illegal.

Actually, Georgia calls it sodomy. Others call it "lewd and lascivious behavior" (Fla.), a "crime against nature" (several), "sodomy and buggery" (Mass.), "sexual psychopathic behavior" (D.C.), "unnatural intercourse" (Miss.), "deviant sexual conduct" (Mont.), "unnatural or perverted sexual practice" (Md.), or, as was the case in North Carolina, the "detestable and abominable crime against nature." (The state has since trimmed down the name, but not the statute.)

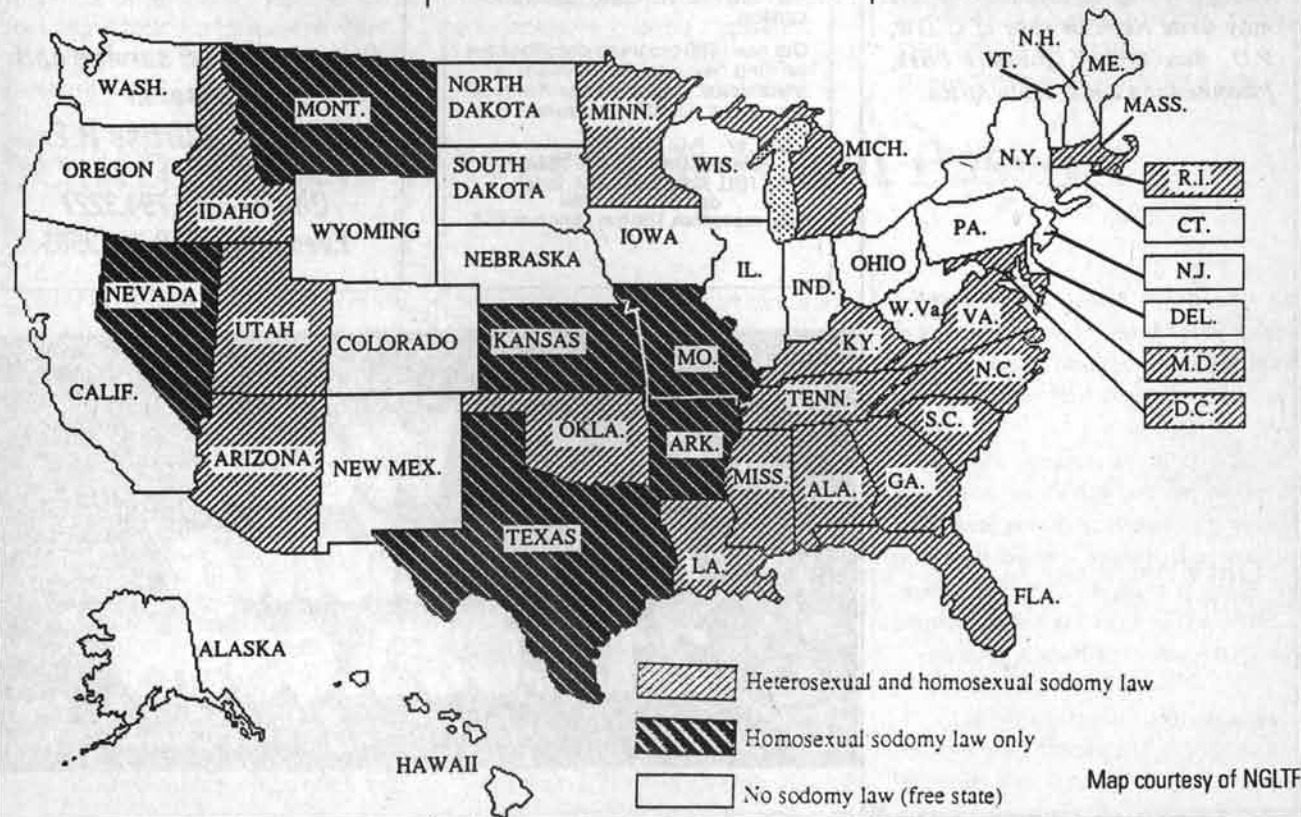
In some states it is a misdemeanor; in others, a felony. In many, it is directed specifically towards gay and lesbian sex; and in some, it extends to many forms of

heterosexual sex as well.

And in all 25 "unfree" states and the District of Columbia, the laws make unconvicted criminals of all sexually active lesbians and gay men.

"The Supreme Court dealt us a very serious blow with the *Hardwick* decision," states Sue Hyde, Privacy Project director for the National Gay & Lesbian Task Force in Washington. [It] is cited over and over again, not just in court cases, but in the legislative arena, as justification and rationale for denying us basic civil rights. [It] would be wonderful if the Supreme Court reviewed the *Hardwick* case and decided that they had erred."

In the era of the Ronald Reagan-appointed court, which recently reversed a number of landmark civil rights rulings, the only



News

chance before the Supreme Court now would be the chance that things could get worse for lesbians and gay men, according to Hyde.

Court Challenges State by State

For now, activists have redirected their attention to the states. Since the 1986 decision, many of the sodomy repeal efforts have been played out in state courts, often-times through legal challenges involving members of the gay and lesbian community (and sometimes heterosexual couples and disabled persons) recruited to claim injury from the presence of these laws. Such cases are now pending in Texas, Minnesota and Michigan courts.

The most visible of the present state court efforts is the Michigan challenge, being handled in large part by the New York-based Lambda Legal Defense and Education Fund. Filed on the second anniversary of

the Hardwick decision in 1988, the broad-based case also involves heterosexuals and the disabled, whose sex lives are also affected by the Michigan felony statute.

Filed shortly after the Hardwick defeat in 1986, a "recruits" case challenging Nevada's sodomy statute was quickly thrown out of court on a technicality. No new challenge has been filed there since.

A new appeal challenging Georgia's sodomy law is set to be filed June 30 by the Georgia American Civil Liberties Union. In that case, a heterosexual man was sent to jail for two years based on testimony during divorce proceedings in which his wife described being a willing partner in non-vaginal sex with him.

Probably the best tool with which to attack these laws, says Hyde, is a state privacy law, which would easily allow state courts to find sodomy laws unconstitutional

on privacy grounds. However, only two states, Florida and Montana, have both sodomy and privacy laws side by side.

In Montana, Hyde has found little interest in challenging the sodomy law in the state's dispersed gay and lesbian community. And in Florida, efforts headed up by the loosely formed Florida Right to Privacy Committee have suffered two false starts and now stand no further than they did two years ago when the effort was first considered.

Legislative Challenges

The other front on which to challenge these laws, Hyde says, is the state legislatures. But there, things have been even tougher. In fact, the only real change since Hardwick has been a change in Tennessee's sodomy statute which dropped the "crime" from a heterosexual/homosexual felony to a Class

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BOSTON

News

U.S. Hate Crimes Bill Clears Another Hurdle

Dannemeyer Defeated On Anti-Gay Amendments

by Cliff O'Neill

WASHINGTON -- At a dramatic and often heated meeting June 20, the U.S. House Committee on the Judiciary voted 34-1 to approve the Hate Crimes Statistics Act, defeating no fewer than three hostile amendments from anti-gay Rep. William Dannemeyer (R-Calif.) by equally striking margins.

The Hate Crimes Statistics Act (H.R. 1048) would order the U.S. Justice Department to collect data on crimes motivated by race, religion, ethnicity or sexual orientation. The bill was approved by the House last year by a broad margin, but was killed in the Senate when a last-minute tactic maneuver from Sen. Jesse Helms (R-NC) kept the bill from the Senate floor.

Lead sponsor Rep. John Conyers (D-Mich.), opening the debate on the bill, praised an amendment offered by the Criminal Justice Subcommittee's ranking Republican Rep. George Gekas (R-Penn.). In debate on the bill last year, Gekas offered two unsuccessful amendments seeking to strike the bill's "sexual orientation" provisions. However, in the May subcommittee meeting on the bill, Gekas only offered an amendment allowing the Attorney General to broaden the bill to include other groups which in the future could become a target of hate violence.

"We are all painfully aware of the brutal crimes committed because of prejudice," chimed in Rep. Charles Shumer (D-N.Y.), the subcommittee chair. Shortly thereafter, Dannemeyer surprised many of the lobbyists working on the bill by introducing his first amendment to the bill which would have limited the scope of the bill and eliminated the bill's "sexual orientation" and "ethnicity" provisions. He proposed "ethnicity" be replaced with "nation-

al origin" as per standing federal civil rights laws.

"When you affirm the heterosexual ethic in society, that value is necessarily in conflict with homosexuality," stated Dannemeyer. "We should affirm the heterosexual ethic and not have to apologize for that."

In speaking for his amendment, Dannemeyer insisted that the Hate Crimes bill would make "criminals" of those expressing their disapproval with "two men having sex in a public restroom" or a "group of men having a sex orgy in a river in California." He also blamed high rates of AIDS in New York and California on what he called "public health laws being turned on their heads" due to the "political clout of the homosexual community."

Conservative Republican Rep. Henry Hyde (R-Ill.) immediately took vocal exception with Dannemeyer's amendment, citing gay bashing as a problem which he said needs to be included in the bill.

"They literally want to beat [gay] people up," stated Hyde. "I think if you are going to quantify racial and other attacks and leave out attacks based on sexual orientation, I don't think that's appropriate."

Dannemeyer also offered an anecdote he said he heard over the weekend about a minister in Sweden, "where they have already gone down this road a great deal," who was arrested for "affirming the heterosexual ethic" from the pulpit.

Hyde continued his criticism of Dannemeyer by offering examples of religion-based attacks in Northern Ireland, adding, "We're not going down any road."

After Dannemeyer attacked the bill for seeking to collect data on hate-motivated threats, openly gay Rep. Barney Frank (D-Mass.) and Conyers defended the bill. "To

leave off sexual orientation protections in this bill is like leaving off provisions for the collection of data on racial acts of violence 20 years ago," stated Conyers.

A visibly irritated Frank vocally criticized Dannemeyer's calls for threats also to be excluded from the data collection guidelines, explaining that the threats included would be those that are criminal acts. "Fortunately we have the First Amendment in the U.S. and insults are not a crime and never have been," said Frank.

Challenged by Dannemeyer to name a threat which would constitute a criminal act, Frank responded curtly, "Threatening to blow up a plane," explaining that such threats and others against the life of presidential candidates could be motivated by bias based on race, religion or ethnicity.

After Dannemeyer's amendment was obviously rejected by a voice vote, the California Republican requested a roll call vote, inducing an incredulous look from committee chair Rep. Jack Brooks (D-Texas) who asked for a show of hands of who wanted a roll call vote. Dannemeyer's hand went up and was joined moments later by two others.

As the names were called, one by one, even the most conservative Republican members voted against Dannemeyer, leaving his amendment to fail by a 1-33 vote.

Two later Dannemeyer amendments, one seeking to limit the scope of the bill and another seeking to limit the spending for the bill to \$250,000, failed by similar margins. Another amendment, sponsored by Rep. Craig James (R-Fla.) seeking to include union-related violence, also failed by a wide margin.

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News

FDA Approves AIDS Drug AP

Community Research Trials A First

by Cliff O'Neill

WASHINGTON -- The Food and Drug Administration granted final approval status to aerosolized pentamidine (AP), a popular treatment used as a preventative against a form of pneumonia associated with AIDS. The June 15 move marked the first time that a drug has achieved FDA approval based upon information gathered exclusively in community-based trials. All trials of AP have been conducted at the Community Research Initiative in New York, and the County Community Consortium in San Francisco.

The drug will now be marketed by Lyphomed Inc. of Rosemont, Illinois under the brand name NebuPent. It has been widely available for use by AIDS patients as a prophylaxis against pneumocystis carinii pneumonia, or PCP, under an FDA pre-approval distribution program. Many patients, however, have not been able to receive insurance compensation for the treatments, due to the drug's officially experimental status. Some insurance companies and state Medicaid programs, including New York's and Massachusetts', have been making reimbursements for the treatments.

FDA Commissioner Frank Young lauded the work of the clinical trials in a prepared statement. "The approval of this vital drug heralds a new era of close cooperation among FDA, industry, and those community physicians who are on the front line of dealing with this terrible disease," Young said.

In a press conference announcing the drug's approval, Health and Human Services Secretary Dr. Louis W. Sullivan stated that he hopes the approval will help alleviate the problem of access. "Today's approval will help many of those infected with the AIDS virus avoid

one of the most deadly opportunistic infections associated with AIDS," said Sullivan. "It may help an estimated 100,000 or more individuals who are at risk of developing first or subsequent episodes of pneumocystis carinii pneumonia and will, therefore, significantly improve the quality of their lives."

PCP has until now been the leading cause of death among AIDS patients, but AIDS specialists have suggested that the widespread use of aerosolized pentamidine has begun to change that. Because of the availability of AP, many AIDS advocates have joined the medical community in encouraging voluntary HIV testing, since there is now a prophylactic treatment available for an HIV-related illness.

Aerosolized pentamidine is now one of three government-approved drugs used in treating AIDS-related conditions. The other two are AZT,

an anti-viral, and the cancer drug alpha interferon. The approval of DHPG, or ganciclovir, used in treating CMV-related retinitis, which often causes blindness in people with AIDS, is expected in coming weeks.

Activists Target Lyphomed Over Pricing

Throughout the drug's approval process, its manufacturer, Lyphomed has been the target of heated criticism for price gouging by many AIDS activist groups.

The drug can cost up to \$100 per treatment. According to Lyphomed, the approved dosage regimen is 300 milligrams every four weeks, delivered by way of a patented nebulizer, which aerosolizes liquid pentamidine into tiny droplets, which are then inhaled. That dosage could bring the cost of the drug to \$1,300 a year.

According to an investigative report in Coming Up, a San Francisco gay monthly, the company is charging an exorbitantly high price for a drug, that has a low man-

continued on next page

by Daniel Sotomayor

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SOTOMAYOR

Once upon a time,
There was a girl
She lived in the land of
never never
She made lots of money off
the backs of Gay people.

Then she said bad things
About Gay people and AIDS
AIDS is Gods punishment
to Gay people. —
Gay people stopped buying
and dancing to her music
She blew it.

One day she awoke
To find herself without a
Career
She was disappointed
And she dreamed
And she dreamed
She dreamed she could
Make a Comeback in the
Gay disco Scene —
But she was dreaming.



Dykes to Watch Out For

by Alison Bechdel



AS WE LOOK IN ON OUR HAPPY HOUSEHOLD, SPARROW'S FRIEND MILKWEED HAS ARRIVED FOR A STAY OF INDETERMINATE LENGTH.

©1989 BY ALISON BECHDEL



continued from previous page

ufacturing cost. Lyphomed has repeatedly refused to release data on the cost of the drug's manufacture.

"We've been on this quite a while," stated Paul Adams of ACT UP/Chicago, which has taken the lead in pursuing Lyphomed on this issue. "[Lyphomed officials] promised to reduce the price of the intravenous form [of the drug] once they got the aerosol patent, but no one's going to use the IV form once the aerosol is available."

In a February press release, Lyphomed promised to begin a program to help indigent AIDS patients receive AP. No such program exists

as yet.

"We are currently designing programs," Lyphomed spokesperson Melissa Marsden asserted in a phone interview on June 19. She said that the company has been examining proper dosages and funding levels before formally starting the program

The company has set up a national toll-free hotline, 1-800-PCP-7003, through which people may get information on the drug. Although that number initially reached a recording extolling the benefits of the drug, it is now a fully operational information hotline, according to the staffer on the line on June 19.

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News

Vaid To Head NGLTF

by Michelangelo Signorile

WASHINGTON—After an intensive three month search that attracted 86 candidates, Urvashi Vaid, public information director of the National Gay and Lesbian Task Force (NGLTF), has been named its executive director by a unanimous decision of the organization's board of directors.

"NGLTF's program of organizing, activism, lobbying and education is a potent vehicle for our movement," said Vaid. "My objective will be to bring in more resources so that we can continue the great work we've been doing. Specifically, my goals are to raise lots of money so we can increase our staff and increase our ability to organize around all of our pertinent issues."

Vaid succeeds Jeffrey Levi, who

is leaving the organization to expand his work in the area of public policy development. Levi has been executive director since 1986.

A graduate of Vassar College, Vaid received a law degree from Northwestern University in 1983. She has worked for more than 10 years in the lesbian and gay rights movement, holding staff positions with Gay and Lesbian Advocates and Defenders, Boston's *Gay Community News* and the National Prison Project of the American Civil Liberties Union, before joining NGLTF in 1986. In the past eight years, Vaid has also been instrumental in focusing the media on issues surrounding people with AIDS.

"We're currently in a period of political retrenchment," she said. "The Bush Administration has not



VAID AT THE CENTER GARDEN PARTY

Photo: Gerri Wells

shown us the leadership we need on AIDS issues and on issues of gay and lesbian rights. We have a lot of work ahead of us."

Vaid will officially take over the executive directorship on July 28th.

▼ Filed from New York

Protesters At Brooklyn Hospital



Photo: Ellen B. Neipris

Nearly 200 demonstrators converged on King's County Hospital (KCH), in Brooklyn, June 17, to present a list of seven demands aimed at improving medical care for people with AIDS (PWAs) at the hospital.

The groups included HEAL, ACT UP, the People's Alliance of Community Organizations, and the Coalition of Religious, Civil and Professional Organizations.

The protesters marched through the streets of Flatbush for nearly two hours to draw attention to what the activists termed "hospital genocide" at KCH. The groups accused KCH of improperly discharging PWAs without the state-mandated 24-hour notice; of denying experimental treatments to desperately ill patients; of overcrowding emergency and waiting rooms, and of treating minority patients in a racially insensitive manner.

In a prepared statement, the hospital administration later denied the allegations, and said that many of the demands would be met after the hospital undergoes an \$800 million renovation project this summer.

—Chris Bull ▼

According to New York area Coors distributor Stu Levitan, "several" gay bars have decided to begin selling the beer in the last month. "Our salespeople have had much success getting new locations in the gay community lately. I think our support of the community is finally paying off," said Levitan. He said Coors has given more to the gay community and AIDS organizations than any other beer company. "Bud hasn't done anything for the community, but we get all the criticism. Our critics accuse Coors of being homophobic. I accuse them of being Coors-phobic."

Despite the agreements and Coors' apparent willingness to bring itself within the mainstream of corporate behavior, many activists insist that the boycott should continue. They object to the funding patterns of the Adolph Coors Foundations, which supports right-wing causes to the tune of \$4 million every year.

Chip Berlet is an expert on the far-right, and a researcher for Political Research Associates in Cambridge. He told *OutWeek* that "all the family has done is buy an expensive PR firm. They still have a reactionary, even white supremacist view of America. Coors is a primary funder of racist and homophobic organizations. Every beer bought is like buying a gun for these people ... It simply pays for them to keep their mouths shut. For every dollar they give to lesbian and gay groups they give 100 to groups that work against gays."

An investigation of the Foundation's 1987-88 tax return reveals a \$100,000 donation to the Heritage Foundation, a right-wing "think tank"; \$150,000 to the Free Congress Research and Education Foundation, led by Reagan advisor Paul Weyrich; \$80,000 to the Christian Broadcasting Network University run by televangelist Pat Robertson;

\$25,000 to the Rocky Mountain Billy Graham Crusade, \$20,000 to Morality in Media and \$50,000 to the Ronald Reagan Presidential Foundation. In addition, smaller contributions were made to the U.S. Olympic Committee, which successfully fought to prevent the Gay Games from using the word "Olympic"; the Salvation Army, which has testified against every gay rights bill introduced in New York City; and the National Association of Life Underwriters, the insurance group that lobbied against HIV testing restrictions on insurance companies.

"And that's only the beginning," said Berlet. "Much of their family money goes to neo-nazi groups funneled through front organizations which are very difficult to get a handle on," he said. During the Iran-Contra hearings, Joseph Coors, a member of former president Ronald Reagan's unofficial "kitchen cabinet," admitted giving \$65,000 to Oliver North to help arm the Contras.

A Coors spokesperson, Cinde Dolphin, claimed that Coors has changed more than its image. She said the most conservative members of the family, Joseph and William Coors, no longer play a major role in the operation of the company. "Jeffrey and Peter have more influence now," she said. "Plus you have to differentiate between the company and the Foundation. They have nothing to do with one another. Coors never promised to change what it did with family money."

But as GLAAD's Schwartz pointed out, "It's not that easy to separate the company and the foundation. The problem is that they share the same board, and profits from the beer have built the foundation."

Several activists also disputed Dolphin's assertion that the younger Coors are politically moderate. For example, the Free Congress Research and Education Foundation, which lists Jeffrey Coors as chairman of the

Board, includes an order form for *Gays, AIDS and You* in its 1988 annual report.

The book, published in 1987 by the Devin Addair Company in Greenwich, Connecticut, was written by Father Enrique Rueda, founder and director of the Catholic Center of the Free Congress Foundation, who is also the author of *The Homosexual Network*. The book's introduction reads in part, "Today, throughout the United States, our children are being subjected to homosexual propaganda to an extent that would have been unthinkable just a few years ago. Moreover, this is being done in ways most of us consider to be repugnant. For the homosexual movement is nothing less than an attack on our traditional, pro-family values. And now this movement is using the AIDS crisis to pursue its political agenda. This in turn, threatens not only our values but our lives."

Buddy Noro, special events coordinator for God's Love, We Deliver told *OutWeek* that the community should still accept Coors' new-found generosity. He said that during a trip to the Coors headquarters in Golden Colorado, financed by a "community benefactor," Coors employees assured him the company is no longer anti-gay. "I really believe they are trying to turn around. I met many people who work there. It was not a setup. I met with Peter Coors and he was quite a wonderful person. As a community, we have to forgive, to allow people to change," said Noro.

A Coors Radiothon on HOT 97 recently raised over \$200,000 for God's Love. "Ultimately," Noro continued, "I don't have a political job. My job is to feed home-bound PWA's. I wouldn't take money from Adolph Hitler, but I will from Coors," he added.

Schwartz suggested following the example of a settlement reached between Boston's gay city councilor

David Scondras and Coors. In return for dropping the boycott, Coors agreed to set up a \$25,000 fund to be distributed to the community. Gary Dotterman, an aide to Scondras, said the first \$5,000 will be distributed within the next few weeks. "The boycott is over nationwide. I'm still concerned about Coors' giving patterns, but I'm not prepared to start another boycott. They are not that much different from other corporations. Domino's Pizza is just as bad. We might as well get what we can out of them," said Dotterman. ▼

Rick X and Michael Musto also provided information for this article.

Equal Time For The Silver Bullet

The Long Island-based gay publication *Equal Times* ended its boycott of the Coors Company this month, and began accepting advertising from the brewery. Its first Coors ad filled the entire back page of the edition, which was dedicated to the anniversary of Stonewall.

An accompanying editorial cites an unnamed leader of the Gay and Lesbian Labor Network who reportedly stated, "The boycott is over."

In a phone interview, *Equal Times* associate publisher Anthony Baldwin told *OutWeek*, "The outlash of the people who are still boycotting Coors is the outlash of the uninformed. We've researched this very heavily. The boycott was 10 years ago. When the boycott was started it was necessary and legitimate, but those reasons no longer exist."

Baldwin said he was unclear on Coors' precise ties to the Heritage Foundation and other right-wing, anti-gay organizations, but added, "A corporation can contribute to whomever it wants. It's entitled to do what it wants with its money. This is America."

—Gabriel Rotello and
Andrew Miller

JOSEPH continued from page 7

last year by Governor Cuomo. For anonymous testing to end, that law would have to be stricken.

Koch said the city should, instead of collecting names, expand its efforts to educate and provide medical services to the thousands of intravenous drug users who are now in treatment, and to women who may not know they are infected.

"We can do that without some mandatory approach," Koch said. "We can do it through counseling."

Dr. Mathilde Krim, founder of the American Foundation for AIDS Research (AmFAR), who also attended the breakfast meeting and the press conference said, "We have a very politically savvy mayor and he knows which way the wind is blowing -- and it isn't blowing in the direction of this proposal."

Krim said the meeting went "very well" and that all but two of the 21 attendees were in "total opposition" to Joseph's plan. Those two, according to Krim, were the mayor, whom Krim said, "remained carefully neutral," and Dr. Saul Farber, dean of New York University Medical School, whom Krim said, "was quiet." Farber serves on the city Board of Health, of which Joseph is the chairperson.

When the two-hour breakfast meeting had ended, many of those present went to a room downstairs at Gracie Mansion to which the press had been ushered. Koch spoke briefly and asked the others to say a few words, urging especially James Eigo of ACT UP to "go ahead and talk."

"I am appalled at the way the city conducts its AIDS policy," said Eigo. "They scare people and tell the press before anyone else."

When the press conference ended, reporters gathered around Eigo, while Krim and Joseph went off into a corner and had a heated debate.

"Not through contact tracing!" Krim could be heard shouting at Joseph, who seemed adamant. Later, Krim told *OutWeek*, "He keeps explaining to me that his goal is to

reach people, and I keep telling him we are doing that through the existing organizations, through counseling. Reporting and notifying don't need to be linked."

After the conference broke up, the mayor told a few reporters that he would institute newspaper and subway ads targeted to those who may be at risk of HIV infection. According to Koch, the ads would say, "Listen. We want you to know that while there's no cure or vaccine for AIDS, there are life extenders. If you come in now, we'll make them available to you and if you have no insurance, it will be free."

Koch said the group he met with for breakfast, which consisted of AIDS activists, physicians, drug treatment experts and advocates for people with AIDS, was "the best group I've ever met with on any controversial subject." He said he wanted to meet with them every three months.

Those who attended the meeting were: Ron Johnson, director of the Minority Task Force on AIDS; Dr. Robert Newman, president of Beth Israel Medical Center; Yolanda Serrano, director of ADAPT; Dr. Barbara Starrett; Dr. David Rogers, chair of the Mayor's Task Force on AIDS; Brian Dionne, president of the PWA Coalition; Bruce Vladeck, president of United Hospital Fund; Margaret Mahoney, president of the Commonwealth Foundation; Dr. Martin Cherkasky, Montefiore Medical Center; Dr. Richard Schwartz, president of the Association of New York City Medical Schools; Jim Eigo, ACT UP; Dr. Mathilde Krim, founder of the American Foundation for AIDS Research; Tim Sweeney, deputy director of the Gay Men's Health Crisis; William Case, PWA Coalition; Catherine O'Neal, senior staff attorney of the Legal Action Center; Richard Munro, co-chairperson and CEO of Time, Inc.; Dr. Saul Farber, dean of New York University Medical School. Also in attendance were Lee Hudson and other members of Koch's staff. ▼

COMING TOGETHER IN THE BATHS

Last year I had the dubious pleasure of addressing the congregation of a Roman Catholic Church in Harlem on the disproportionate incidence of AIDS among Black gay men, and the related topic of homophobia in the Black community. The assembly was attentive and supportive overall—showing a willingness to discuss issues lurking in the shadows. At one point, however, a physician not possessing the reputation of a homophile, asked, "If you're so concerned about Black gays dying, what are you—what are we as a community—going to do about the Mount Morris Baths?" This woman's tone, subtly suggesting that the establishment be closed, seemed based more on the community's desire to keep Black gay men invisible than on genuine concern for the patrons of the bath house. All eyes turned to focus on my reaction.

I explained that AIDS prevention precautions involve *how* one has sex rather than *where* one has sex, and said that representatives from several public and private health agencies discussed and would investigate methods of using this bath house to disseminate AIDS prevention information. I added that it is easier to reach a population at risk when interventions are performed in the milieu of the targeted population.

While I was confident that this was an adequate response for a church-based audience, the question of the Mount Morris Baths remained unresolved in my mind. Having lived outside of New York for several years, I was surprised to come home and find that this Harlem bath house, which is frequented by Black men, is one of four which escaped the bath house siege during the early days of the epidemic. I opposed the policy of bath house closure because I saw it not as an effective means of preventing the spread of HIV, but rather as a means of calling public attention to

the perceived sexual deviance of gay men. Still, I couldn't help question the motives that allow the Mount Morris Baths to remain open while so many similar baths have been shut down.

The relationship between racism, genocide and AIDS must be carefully scrutinized. If health officials are convinced that the closure of bath houses is in the best interest of gay men, does the unwillingness to enforce such a policy on the Mount Morris Baths, a family business whose third generation management is both white and

I questioned the motives that allow the Mount Morris Baths to stay open while other baths have been shut down.

heterosexual, indicate a disinterest in the lives of Black gay men, or worse, a conscious desire to eradicate them?

A few months after the physician posed her question, I found myself again searching for answers. I had been requested to go to the baths to investigate, in order to suggest feasible AIDS prevention interventions. My naiveté was probably obvious as I rented a room for the evening, listened carefully to the instructions of the kindly, elderly attendant, changed into my towel and unpacked my bag to ready my pen and legal pad. I was intrigued by the amount of traffic on a weeknight, and by the types and attitudes of the men who came to this place.

I saw men who ranged from their early twenties to their eighties, professionals to block boys, those who proudly strutted their nudity to one who self-consciously wore a long-sleeved sport shirt with his towel.

Some came with a burning urgency for sexual release and others came to use the steam room and sauna, and to watch the parade of bodies. The common denominator was that these were Black men who enjoyed the company of other Black men. This realization was striking against the backdrop of a society which pits Black men against each other.

I found that the incidence of anonymous sex was not as pronounced as I'd expected. Men asked each other's names, what they did for a living, what their interests were, far more often than one would assume. Rather than a monotonous chant of lustful moans and groans, I heard the chatter of multiple conversations in all parts of the bath house, occasionally drowned out by the sounds of orgasm. It seemed, in fact, that there was more social bonding taking place than physical bonding.

For many of the men that I had seen, my double brothers, the ability to name themselves—to declare their sexual attractions for other men—was neither a priority nor a probability. For these men, the manifestations of racial oppression far outweigh the injustices they experience solely on the basis of affectional preference. In addition, the gay liberation movement's failure to address the needs of gay people of color and economically and educationally disadvantaged lesbians and gay men has limited the social outlets of Black men who have sex with men.

White gay men can choose from a number of well-advertised gay-oriented social clubs, political organizations and sports collectives. If Black men opt to join such groups, they find themselves in an overwhelming minority, and the recipients of racially insensitive treatment. In addition to community and political groups, the white gay middle class has established businesses which cater to their public accommodation and recreational needs.

While the list is by no means extensive, there's a roster of bookstores, gyms, bars, restaurants, dance clubs, theaters and resorts which are gay-owned, operated and identified. But the Black gay man patronizing such facilities will only have one facet of his identity served, in a manner which may not be consistent with his tastes.

In the last few years, there has been a growth of autonomous Black gay organizations to fill this gap. Groups such as Gay Men of African Descent, Other Countries, and Rainbow Repertory Theater which respectively contribute to political, literary and artistic development within the Black gay community have been established. For the many Black men who have chosen to remain in the closet, these organizations and support services have limited appeal.

For these men, there has long been a network reminiscent of secret societies--Black gay social support groups whose memberships are solicited by invitation or advertised by word of mouth. I will not name any of these groups because their primary feature, and their appeal to many

members, is the assurance of anonymity and confidentiality. To an overwhelming extent, these groups provide their memberships with recreational outlets such as parties, boat rides and banquets, but rarely participate in political activities which would prescribe public disclosure of one's sexual/affectual proclivities.

Any time two or more Black gay men gather together, it is indeed a political act. Their mere willingness to share their mutual secret is a pivotal step toward self-empowerment through group identification. These are thoughts which came to mind during my visit to the Mount Morris Baths. From the Harlem Renaissance, through the more repressive Civil Rights and Black Power Movements, to the post-Stonewall era, this bath house, in business since 1927, has served as a refuge for Black men whose ability to connect with other men-loving men in public places was severely limited. There is something affirming about this historical continuity I would hate to see lost.

I can not negate the problematic implications of white heterosexuals

targeting Black gay men in an attempt to sell them their birthright of sexual expression. Neither can I ignore the negative reinforcement coming from the overall society, and a paucity of recreational and sociopolitical outlets within the Black, gay community. I can, however, see the political potential inherent in the gathering of members of any oppressed class regardless of the intent and motivation of that coming together.

Because I am concerned about Black gays dying--and living--I would assert that what we need to do, as individuals and as a community, is to go where our alienated double brothers are--whether it be the Mount Morris Baths, the parks, the pier or porn theaters--offering informational resources and tangible support in a continuing process of creating environments which address the needs of Black gay men. If we accomplish this task, the fate of establishments such as the Mount Morris Baths might be left in the hands of its clientele rather than in those of government officials or of reactionary, conservative Black homophobes. ▼

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New York AIDS Education: Anti-Sex Fear-Mongering

School's out. And after nine years of AIDS, the New York City Board of Education is still not giving young women and men the information they need to protect themselves from HIV, the virus believed to cause AIDS. In the epidemic's epicenter, where up to half a million people are already HIV-infected, typical "AIDS education" consists of the ominous department of health ads plastered throughout the subway system. These posters warn teenagers: "Before you do it, ask yourself how bad you really want it. You get AIDS by having sex or sharing a needle with someone who has the AIDS virus. So don't."

Rather than offering practical and useful information for young people to use in sexual decision-making, this campaign mystifies the simple facts and uses AIDS as a convenient super-weapon in the never-ending war on sex and desire, which we, as gay people, know all too well.

The same approach dominates in the schools, where the major thrust of AIDS education is abstinence. This is true even in the twelfth grade, where research indicates that at least 75 percent of students are sexually active. For sexually active students, the Board of Education recommends, "Find out about a potential sexual partner's sexual history and risk for HIV," as if potential partners would know or would tell. The curriculum barely acknowledges safer sex.

Since the schools aren't getting this life-saving information out, a group of men and women from ACT UP decided to distribute explicit safer sex information and condoms to students.

The kids loved it. They read the

leaflets with interest and asked for extra condoms. The schools, though, felt very threatened by ACT UP's presence.

At Seward Park High School on the Lower East Side, administrators called the cops. Luckily, the ACT UP group went through the 1,000 condoms they'd brought before the police arrived for a heated argument over whether condoms and safer sex information were covered by the first amendment.

The Board of Regents views the use of condoms as high risk behavior.

At Junior High School 125 in Middle Village, Queens, the principal stood at the school's entrance with a garbage can, pointing to it as the kids who took condoms passed, so that all but the most strong-willed discarded them. School District 24 in Middle Village merits special mention. The district's health education coordinator reported to me over the phone that the district takes the materials sent by the Board of Education and deletes references to homosexuality, masturbation, contraception, condoms and abortion. Which doesn't leave much of interest. "What if they ask about any of these things?" I asked. "We refer them to clergy." So much for separation of church and state.

Finally, at Cardinal Spellman High School in the Bronx, a Catholic school under Cardinal O'Connor's jurisdiction, the group was chased by a crazed priest who screamed, "You might as well be distributing swastikas in front of a synagogue."

These schools seem to have an enormous vested interest in keeping

explicit safer sex information from their students. Unfortunately the problem is far larger than the Catholic Church and a few isolated fanatic principals. In fact, it is completely systematic. The New York State Board of Regents, a powerful body with considerable control over school curricula throughout the state, has its own stupid and scary condom policy:

"The Surgeon General of the United States, the Centers for Disease Control, and state and local health departments have included condom use as one of the strategies for further preventing the spread of HIV. The Board of Regents views the use of condoms as extremely high risk behavior. The view that condoms should or can be used as a way to reduce the risk of transmission of AIDS should not be supported."


Explicit safer sex information and condoms save lives. "Just say no" has not worked to reduce teen pregnancy, and with AIDS, the stakes are much higher. The simple fact is that kids are sexually active. Period. Like it or not. Libido leads the way, and the more information they have about sex the more responsible they can be about it.

AIDS education needs to start with explicit and practical safer sex information. It must be mandatory, at least in public schools, and the Board of Education must monitor its implementation and provide staff as needed. A serious effort to encourage young people to protect themselves with condoms and dental dams must use the existing network of the schools themselves for distribution.

As usual, the bureaucracy is inert. Governor Cuomo's state AIDS policy coordinator, Dr. Nicholas Rango, claimed not even to know about the Regents condom policy when I asked him about it recently. One thing is for sure: unless AIDS education gets a lot less squeamish soon, the AIDS crisis will needlessly get much worse. ▼

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AIDS Treatment News

How To Use Hypericin

by John S. James

AIDS Treatment News has published several articles and updates on hypericin, an antiviral available in extracts of the St. John's wort plant (see *AIDS Treatment News* numbers 79, 77, 75, 74, and 63). Almost all the reports we are hearing from users are good—a fact not always reflected in our articles, as we have felt obligated to publish reports of side effects or possible dangers immediately, but have not hurried into print with the reports of benefits. Few people who have told us about their use of hypericin have failed to report benefits—usually objective improvements in symptoms, blood-test results, or both, often entirely unexpected. However we have only received about 25 reports overall, and it is possible that we have seen a biased picture because persons who did not see any effects may not have bothered to contact us. We hope that the survey elsewhere in this issue will help to correct such bias. And the upcoming prospective monitoring study by San Francisco's Community Research Alliance should obtain better information than any survey could.

There has also been confusion about how to use hypericin. We have reported several different dosage regimens, and different brands. *AIDS Treatment News* has a policy against making its own treatment recommendations; but we have closely followed the use of hypericin herbal extracts, and since little information is available, we decided to summarize the picture as we see it.

The following three standardized extracts contain significant amounts of hypericin: Yerba Prima St. John's wort tablets, Psychotonin tincture, or Hyperforat tincture. "Standardized"

means that the concentration should be uniform from batch to batch.

Of the three, the Yerba Prima tablets are much less expensive than the other two, which must be imported from Germany. As far as we know, the tablets are just as good.

AIDS Treatment News had a chemist test several brands, as we previously reported. Two other products, St. John's wort tinctures from Herb

Hypericin may be especially effective for people on AZT.

Pharm and from Jarrow Formulas, were found to contain comparable amounts of hypericin. These products are not standardized for hypericin content, however, so the concentration may vary.

Not acceptable are products which have not been independently tested. As there are no standards for herbal products in the United States, a product can be labeled "St. John's wort" no matter how little St. John's wort or hypericin it contains. Even some European extracts may have 10 times less hypericin as the products we named above. We could not test everything, however, and other products we do not know about may also be good.

Also not acceptable are teas made from dried St. John's wort, which are sold in health-food stores. As previously reported, we have heard of little or no benefits from these teas, and one report of possible harm.

Hypericin may be especially effective for persons who are also using AZT.

What about the dose? For the Yerba Prima tablets, with which we are most familiar, the usual dose is two or three of the 250 mg, 0.14 percent hypericin tablets per day. Some

people are using as many as six tablets every day. (The dose recommended on the bottle is two.) There are also intermittent schedules being tried, in which the tablets are not used every day.

Absorption and blood-level studies are now being done, with hypericin being administered intravenously, intramuscularly, and orally. Dose recommendations may change in the future. *AIDS Treatment News* will report information as it develops.

The most important safety precaution, in our view, is to have liver function tests (often included in a blood-chemistry panel) within several weeks of starting hypericin. In a handful of cases, persons using hypericin have been found to have elevated transaminase values, and their physicians had them stop all treatments which might have been responsible. While no one is sure that St. John's wort caused the problem, it would be unsafe to take risks until more is known.

Another precaution is to avoid exposure to sunlight or ultra-violet light. Photosensitivity (abnormal sensitivity to sunlight) due to St. John's wort extracts has been so rare in humans that there is debate about whether it happens at all. But again it seems better to err on the side of safety.

Drowsiness has been reported when people have used large doses of hypericin-containing extracts.

One conservative strategy for using hypericin would be to continue it only if there are clear benefits. In most of the reports we have heard, unmistakable improvements in symptoms and/or blood work were seen within a few weeks. One approach to risk reduction would be to accept the probably small risks of the treatment provided that there are clear benefits to balance the risk, but to discontinue use if there was no evidence that it was helping. ▼

Cimetidine (Tagamet) As Immunomodulator, Antitumor Treatment?

by Denny Smith

Cimetidine (Tagamet), commonly used to treat stomach ulcers and one of the most widely prescribed drugs in the U.S., has shown immune enhancing and antitumor activity in recent studies. In its original use, cimetidine worked by blocking the receptors on stomach cells which control digestive acid secretions, and it has also been shown to be useful for controlling herpes simplex and herpes zoster outbreaks, as well as chronic Epstein-Barr infection. (Cimetidine can slow the metabolism of other drugs, leading to increased concentrations of them in the bloodstream. This is important for drug interactions/half-life considerations.)

The results of the current studies demonstrated variously that cimetidine appeared to increase *in vitro* the proliferation and potency of lymphocytes, probably by stimulating interleukin-2 production; increased the median survival time of patients with gastric cancer and possibly lung cancer as well; enhanced natural killer activity in patients with leukemia and reduced T8-suppressor cell activity in patients with hypogammaglobulinemia. The most interesting research relating to HIV was done at the University of Essen in West Germany. 1200 mg of cimetidine was given daily to 33 patients with ARC for five months. All of the participants showed improvement of symptoms, such as decreased fevers, diarrhea and lymph node size, and increased body weight and sensitivity to skin antigen tests. Significant

increases in several immune functions were noticed, including elevated T-helper cell counts. These effects were reversible when cimetidine was stopped, and reproducible when resumed.

We spoke with S. Jeanne Bramhall, M.D., who conducted her own informal cimetidine monitoring project with five patients in Seattle. All five patients experienced relief from a number of AIDS or ARC symptoms, apparently after several weeks of Tagamet, 300 mg three times daily. Here is a brief summary of the results:

Patient 1: After three weeks on Tagamet and imipramine, her fatigue, night sweats and lymphadenopathy disappeared completely. These symptoms returned when the patient stopped the Tagamet, and disappeared again when she resumed. Her T-cell ratio returned to normal and the symptoms did not recur when she discontinued the Tagamet after a second three-month trial. This patient has since been lost to follow-up.

Patient 2: Experienced relief of disseminated herpes lesions and thrush after two weeks of Tagamet, and after three months a diagnosed Kaposi's sarcoma lesion in his mouth vanished. His T-cell ratio was improving after eight months, and he had added amitriptyline, acyclovir and ketoconazole to his medications. He also wanted to start AZT, but was apprehensive about the potential for cimetidine to increase the toxicity of certain drugs. To avoid this he replaced Tagamet with ranitidine (Zantac), a related drug which studies found somewhat as active as an immunomodulator but less likely to potentiate the toxicity of other drugs. After switching he suffered several bouts with a persistent staph infection and two episodes of PCP. He was also lost to follow-up.

Patient 3: Started Tagamet after hospitalization for pneumocystis. He

noticed increased energy levels and diminished oral thrush and enrolled in a local AZT study. After three months the AZT had caused anemia severe enough to warrant a transfusion (bone marrow toxicity is not unusual with AZT but perhaps the potential for toxicity was enhanced with Tagamet). He elected to discontinue both medications and after a month the anemia was corrected. He now takes no medication other than Chinese herbs, but seven months after the Tagamet he has seen four KS lesions subside and has gained 25 pounds.

Patient 4: After a month on Tagamet, his persistent leukoplakia, intermittent fevers and diarrhea all subsided. After five months, he discontinued the Tagamet and megavitamins, thinking that they were causing a recurrence of diarrhea. At the time he was lost to follow-up, he was not on any medication and had remained symptom-free.

Patient 5: Fatigue decreased dramatically after one week on Tagamet, but oral thrush persisted until he increased the dose to 400 mg three times a day for a week. He discontinued Tagamet and continues to be in good health.

Dr. Bramhall is not a researcher and did not have access to substantial funds or resources. But her anecdotal results should be a springboard for more and larger studies. She points out that cimetidine is relatively a very safe drug and is available now to people with HIV and their physicians. Our thanks to Dr. Bramhall for her work and to Jonathan Lax and Jim Tavitian for helpful information. We hope to find more information on this potential treatment at the Fifth International AIDS Conference in Montreal. ▼

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Health

ORAL SEX: WHAT THE AIDS HOTLINES SAY

The issue of safer sex continues to be fraught with confusion and disagreement. While it's often taken for granted by health officials that gay men are aware of, and practicing, safer sex, a cursory poll by OutWeek indicated a great deal of genuine confusion among men in New York about certain practices and techniques. An even greater uncertainty surrounds the issues of lesbian safer sex practices.

Recently, health officials on both coasts have begun reporting a disturbing new trend called 'relapse,' in which those who had previously engaged in safer activities were reverting to unsafe sex in the mistaken belief that certain practices are actually safe.

As a service to our readers, Outweek will periodically run a section on safer sex for gay men and lesbians. We will be specific in delineating the risks of certain practices. We will also attempt to describe, in specific language, ways to engage in, and eroticize, those practices which are safe, healthy and fun.

Some of the questions most often asked about safer sex concern the relative safety of oral sex. So we called various AIDS hotlines, and asked the same four questions of each: 1. What is their policy recommendation on oral sex; 2. Does saliva kill the virus; 3. Can the virus pass directly through mucus membrane, and; 4. How long can the virus survive outside the body? The differences in their answers were as informative as the similarities. Following are the conversations in their entirety.

NYC DEPT OF HEALTH AIDS HOTLINE

Q. What's your policy on oral sex?

A. If you perform oral sex on someone, you're coming in intimate

contact with either semen, precum or vaginal fluids. And because there's mucus membranes in your mouth, and lots of people have either bleeding gums or chapped lips, it may well be possible to absorb the virus in your mouth. If someone performs it on you, you are coming in contact with their saliva. Saliva only rarely has the virus in it, and it's in real weak concentrations. We don't see saliva as really transmitting this virus.

Q. Do you know if saliva kills the virus?

A. I've never seen a study that says saliva kills the virus. There are some studies, and they're not big studies, in which some enzymes in saliva inhibit the ability of the virus to attach onto another cell. But that's by no

Generally your risk is not going to be from saliva because HIV is not in high enough concentration to transmit.

means definitive. And we have some strong cases of oral transmission.

Now most people in the past who had oral sex had other kinds of sex, and we've always assumed the worst case scenario: if they had anal intercourse and oral sex, we assumed they got it from anal intercourse. What we're worried about is that in 10 years, when there's more people who have only had oral sex, we'll start seeing oral sex transmission much more commonly.

Q. I had once heard that HIV can pass directly through mucus membrane. Is that true?

A. Yes. We know that's possible anally and vaginally. And we know that health care workers who've been exposed to test tubes exploding and have gotten blood in their mouths, have gotten the virus through their mouths. Presumably through mucus membranes in the mouth. But maybe it was from a cold sore or something else, we don't really know.

Q. Does anybody know how long the virus lasts outside the body?

A. They've managed to keep it alive in a Petrie dish for three days. That was with perfect temperature and so forth. It's not clear. The main studies are that it lasts a few hours. But we don't see any transmission from it being outside the body.

NATIONAL AIDS HOTLINE

Q. Do you have guidelines for oral sex?

A. For anybody who's having oral sex, they're going to be at risk, whether it's male male, female female, or heterosexual. The risk is generally a lower risk compared to intercourse, because in intercourse there's no air involved. Anytime that there's no oxygen it's easier for the virus to survive. With oral sex sometimes there's oxygen, and sometimes saliva helps dilute a body fluid.

With oral sex both people are at risk. The person at higher risk is the one taking the body fluid inside their mouth. If they were to have a cut or canker sore from brushing the teeth or anything that can cause an abrasion in the mouth, the infected body fluid can get into that: blood, semen, vaginal secretions and also pre-cum. The virus may be able to get into the bloodstream through that hole in the skin. As far as someone performing on you, generally your risk is not going to be from saliva. In some people with AIDS the virus has been isolated in the saliva, but we feel it's not

continued on page 74

Political Science

How Not To Get Pneumonia If You Have AIDS

by Mark Harrington

The human body is a tropical environment teeming with microbes. One trillion immune cells course relentlessly through the blood and other organs, holding a multitude of viruses, bacteria, fungi and parasites at bay. Occasional new infections violate this benign equilibrium, and are usually disposed of rapidly by the immune system.

With AIDS, this exquisitely choreographed defense mechanism breaks down. No one knows exactly how. HIV, the virus believed to cause AIDS, directly attacks T4-helper cells, which coordinate the immune response, and infects macrophages, making them bloated and dysfunctional. Usually macrophages act as the scavengers of the immune system, engulfing and destroying invading organisms, but in AIDS they lose this ability.

The quickest way to assess whether a person is at immediate risk for AIDS is to take the test. Not the HIV antibody test, the T-cell test. HIV antibody testing does not show what stage of infection a person is at. The T-cell test does. People with more than 200 T4-cells per cubic millimeter of blood rarely develop opportunistic infections. People with 200 or less are at immediate risk for pneumocystis carinii pneumonia (PCP) and other infections. PCP occurs in 80 percent of people with AIDS and causes 60 percent of AIDS deaths.

The T-cell test provides the best "snapshot" of a person's susceptibility to AIDS-related infections. Now that treatments are available which can prevent PCP, it is essential for people

at risk to have their T-cells counted regularly—twice a year if the initial count is above 400, every three months if it's below. Unfortunately, T-cell tests are not free. If you have a private physician, most labs charge between \$75 and \$150, plus doctor's fees. If you have to use the city hospital system, the wait to get your T-cells counted ranges from between one month to indefinitely, depending on which hospital you visit. Manhattan's Community Health

The best way to assess risk is to take the test. Not the HIV test, the T-Cell test.

Project has a several-month waiting list, and Brooklyn's Bushwick Clinic, the only other city-sponsored HIV center, is closed to new patients indefinitely.

Soon the state may begin covering the costs of T-cell testing for some people. This is essential if thousands of needless AIDS deaths are to be prevented over the coming years. Over 32,000 Americans have died of PCP since the epidemic began. More than 17,000 died since Michael Callen of the Community Research Initiative (CRI) and others asked Dr. Anthony Fauci, director of the National Institute of Allergy and Infectious Disease (NIAID), which runs most federal AIDS drug trials, to expedite testing of aerosol pentamidine in 1987.

The AIDS Program gave aerosol pentamidine a "high priority" designation, but then neglected to fund trials for lack of a single staff person. The trials which resulted in June 15's FDA approval of aerosol pentamidine for marketing were carried out by new community-based institutions, San

Francisco's County Community Consortium (CCC) and New York's CRI.

The pentamidine trials showed that most people with 200 or fewer T4-cells were protected from PCP by a dose of 30 mg taken once a month. Aerosol pentamidine is breathed in via a mist of tiny droplets which deposit pentamidine in the tiny lung sacs where the pneumocystis organism grows. Although the FDA approved the 300 mg/month regimen using the Respirgard II nebulizer, there is much to be learned about which dose, frequency and nebulizer is the best, as well as what posture the pentamidine should be taken in.

Aerosol pentamidine is not yet available in all NYC hospitals. Kings County in Brooklyn, for example, doesn't even have its own nebulizer. Patients have to go to nearby SUNY Downstate to take the treatment.

There is another drug which also prevents PCP. It is cheaper and easier to take than aerosol pentamidine. Bactrim (trade name Septra) is a sulfa-based antibiotic which is taken orally once a day and effectively prevents PCP. It also seems to prevent toxoplasmosis, a dangerous infection of the brain which strikes some people with AIDS. Fifty percent of people with AIDS are allergic to Bactrim and develop rashes. But people who haven't had this allergic reaction to a sulfa-drug should consider Bactrim as the first option for preventing PCP, then switch to aerosol pentamidine if they become allergic.

Thousands of people are at immediate risk of contracting PCP unless the government moves rapidly to institute T-cell testing and PCP prophylaxis programs nationwide. But don't wait for sluggish health bureaucrats to wake up and sense the danger. If the last nine years are any guide, people at risk must fight for their own lives before the government will. ▼

In Our Own Hands

edited by Kim Christensen

Welcome to "In Our Own Hands," a column on women's health issues, which is being jointly written and edited by a collective of women. At press time, this still-growing collective includes four core members, as well as several other women who have agreed to contribute articles on various topics. Our collective includes lesbian, bisexual and heterosexual women, and both able-bodied and disabled women. Some of us have been active in the health care or disability rights movements; others have related to the health care system primarily as providers or as patients.

What we have in common is that we all see women's health as a political issue, not just a personal one. Many of our health problems are caused by the unequal distribution of resources, labor, and power resulting from discrimination based on sex, race, class, sexual orientation and dis/ability level. (Examples range from the obvious — the baby who was premature because her mother was malnourished — to the more subtle stress of being closeted to keep a job.)

The medical treatment that we receive for our health problems is also affected by these same inequalities and politics. (Witness the woman trying to get decent treatment for a vaginal infection without telling her doctor she's a lesbian, or the woman who can't even get in to see the doctor because she lacks health insurance.)

We would like to provide a space for women to share our experiences of the current health care system, and our successes and failures in self-help health care, as well as our political analyses of what's wrong with this medical system, and what we can do to change it. We also hope to help each other become aware of what self-help networks and resources exist in the New York area, so that we can take better care of ourselves and each other, while we work to change this health

care system.

The "In Our Own Hands" collective is always open to suggestions for topics, for people to interview, and for new collective members. Contact us in care of OutWeek, 77 Lexington Avenue, New York, NY 10010.

In this first column, we would like to reprint, in slightly revised form, an article from Healthtalk, the newsletter of the New York Black Women's Health Project (BWHHP).

— Kim Christensen, Kathryn L. Williams, Marion Banzhaf and Risa Denenberg

Total Health And Well- Being: A Vision For Black Women

by Gwen Braxton

"How's your health?"

"Oh I'm just fine, can't complain.

How're you doing?"

"Just fine."

I've heard variations of this all my life. I've participated in it for at least 30 years before I realized that what I meant was that I wasn't sick, I wasn't in the hospital, I hadn't seen a doctor in years, I wasn't taking any medicine, I worked every day and took care of my responsibilities, I felt about like I usually felt, I didn't even know how I felt, it wasn't important, I couldn't possibly know whether I was well or not. Other people were certainly worse off than I was, I wasn't important enough for me to be concerned about.

Somehow I had learned that how I felt wasn't important; I was discon-

nected from me. I was so alienated from myself in general and my body in particular that I didn't know that feelings were physical. I thought they were somewhere out there in my soul, wherever that was. In some sense I was walking around dead, not living my life, but I was just fine, thank you.

A lot of the time, I had no energy, was exhausted, sometimes depressed, no enthusiasm, couldn't breathe well, had trouble climbing stairs, was angry, frustrated, felt powerless, described myself as a marshmallow, spent a lot of time escaping from living through working, reading, eating, watching TV, sleeping, listening to and understanding others, fantasizing.

I made decisions to maintain the illusion that I was in charge of my life. I didn't boss anybody, and nobody bossed me, no fighting or struggling about it either. I was shy, quiet, a listener not a talker, a private person. I was scared of people. I was socially backwards and didn't know how to interact unless I had a clear role to play, or I sat, smoking cigarettes and drinking alcohol, looking like I was a part of the group. A lot of the things that I did contributed to my bad health, but I knew nothing about human beings, or what was healthy, even after four years of college, voracious reading, after health, biology and psychology courses. I was ignorant.

There is a health crisis in the City of New York. This health crisis includes heart disease, strokes, cancer, TB, high infant mortality, emotional, physical and sexual child abuse, malnutrition, alcohol and drug addiction, sexually transmitted diseases, unintended pregnancy, the use of abortion as a sole or primary birth control method, the loss of our children to the foster care system, homicide, rape and, of course, AIDS. These conditions lead to physical disabilities, emotional distress, depression,

hopelessness, isolation, and lack of self-esteem.

Many of the health problems that Black women, and all people, are suffering from, are preventable through education, and an effective support system enabling people to change their behaviors, and advocate changes in industrial and governmental policies.

The New York City chapter of the National Black Women's Health Project is initiating a citywide wellness campaign. The complexity of health problems experienced by Black women requires a comprehensive plan of action. It requires strategies designed to identify and eliminate root causes, and promote prevention and wellness, by creating new, healthy ways of living and relating, through early diagnosis, treatment, rehabilitation, follow-up and access to resources necessary to maintain life with comfort, independence, dignity and joy. The strategy must include

those who have severe disabilities, and who are chronically or terminally ill.

I was so alienated from myself in general and my body in particular that I didn't know that feelings were physical. I thought they were somewhere in my soul.

Our vision is to establish a five-year program that increases the health and well-being of Black women (and

our allies), and that decreases illness, violence, disability and death, by developing community health education programs that provide people with information regarding the nature and extent of the health crisis, and the behavioral changes needed to end it.

This includes teaching Black women of all ages to organize and lead self-help support groups, and teaching a corps of allies to lead similar groups for Black men, and women and men of all ages and races. It also includes participating in local, national and international coalitions and networks that advocate policies that insure the health and well-being of individuals and the world community.

Membership in the Black Women's Health Project is open to women and men of all races. For more information on the BWHP, write P.O. Box 401037, Brooklyn, NY 11240, or call (718) 596-6000.

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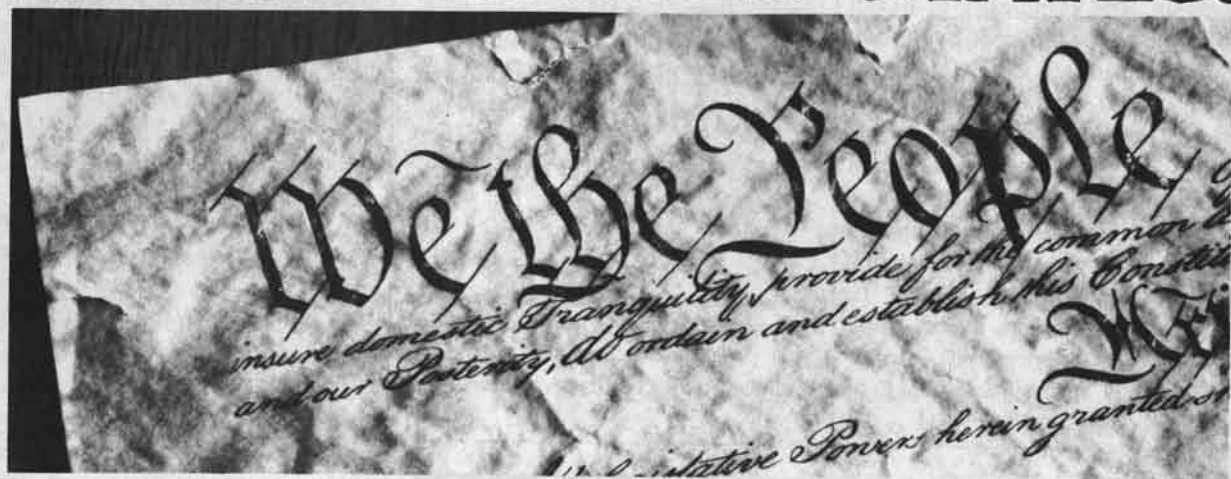
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The words we live by

EVERYTHING YOU DIDN'T WANT TO KNOW ABOUT AIDS. BUT SHOULD.

To start with, you don't have to be gay or a drug user to get it. AIDS has hit these two groups hardest because the AIDS virus hit them first, before anyone knew why or how people should protect themselves from it.

And the virus is spreading. Scientists report that about one and a half million people are already infected.

You can't tell who has it and who doesn't. Most people who have the AIDS virus don't even know it. They don't look or feel sick. It can take up to ten years for symptoms to show up. So people who seem perfectly healthy can pass the virus on to others.

HOW IS IT PASSED ON? One way is shooting up drugs with someone who's infected and sharing the needle. But most people catch the AIDS virus **THROUGH SEX**. A woman can catch it from a man. A man can catch it from a woman. A man can catch it from a man.

Obviously, the surest way to avoid the virus is to avoid sex. If you do have sex, **YOUR BEST PROTECTION IS A LATEX CONDOM** with spermicide. Use them every time, from start to finish, according to the manufacturers' directions.

You can ignore these precautions only if you and your partner have been together for at least 10 years, and both of you have been totally faithful.

Otherwise, **DON'T MAKE ANY EXCEPTIONS.**

Because the one time you do can be the one time you shouldn't have.

HELP STOP AIDS. USE A CONDOM.

Sleaze, Mister, Sleaze

by Kenneth Sedilla

Photos by Margot Kingon

It's a weeknight, shortly after 11 pm, and a group of five or six men in various stages of undress are watching a fuzzy, third-generation porn tape in a small room at Cellblock. The men who didn't check their pants at the door all have their flies open and their erections on hold. A young Body-by-Jake blond, wearing only Reeboks and a jockstrap, is yanking his bulging, oil-stained pouch with one hand and pulling one of his nipples out by the roots with the other. On the TV screen, which is suspended from the ceiling, a beefy leather boy is moaning incessantly as a greasy fist plunges deeper and deeper inside him.

As the men continue their stroking, more concerned with who is standing around them than what is happening on the tape, they begin to realize that the greasy fist in the film is actually a greasy foot; the greasy arm is actually a greasy leg. One of the men who is watching turns to a guy he's been seriously cruising for the past ten minutes and begins to twitter.

An older man, sitting on a black vinyl sofa, clears his throat and says, "Don't forget your rubbers," and the entire group, hard-ons intact, begins to laugh uncontrollably. The mood broken, they shake their heads and depart, one by one, to other corners of the club.

Such scenarios were not uncommon 10 years ago in backroom bars where the drinks were cheap and the sex was free-for-all. Those were wild, adventurous days and nights: cruising the tubs, checking out the glory holes, popping into a sleaze pit at 6 am on the way to work.

And guess what? They're back.

In the '70s some of us saw our backroom antics as liberating and politically correct. The rest saw them for what they really were — libidinous

frenzy. "Just imagine," we would tell our straight friends at the time, "if you could make it with the woman of your dreams tonight, and another one tomorrow, three more on Thursday and four more on Friday..."

The International Stud, glorified in the first act of Harvey Fierstein's *Torch Song Trilogy*, has gone the way of all flesh palaces which prospered in the '70s and early '80s — down the drain, along with the St. Marks Baths, the Anvil and *zat internacionale sensation*, the divinely decadent (but oh-so-butch) Mine Shaft.

Says one man, who frequented the sex clubs, on and off, for over a decade: "The lifestyle was wild and all that, but without the drugs I don't think people would have done half the things they did. I mean fantasies are fine: I want to get gang-banged by 20 studs and slapped around and pissed on and *whatever*... It's perverse and extreme but that's what a fantasy should be. The problem was that guys were dropping Quaaludes and sticking poppers up their noses and doing coke all night and they were going out and *living all those things out*. It was too much. When it was all over, I actually felt relieved."

The speaker says he has nightmares about the Mine Shaft. "Not about what I did there, or even what I saw going on there. But once, not too long ago, I dreamed that I was walking into the back, towards the downstairs steps. When I got there, all the staircases were closed off, but I could hear people trapped underneath me, screaming in the basement. It scared the hell out of me. I think I still see the Mine Shaft as a symbol of everything that was wrong with gay life at that time. It was society out of control. And when I read the stories in the newspapers after the city shut them down, I cringed."

The matter is one we will debate till the cows come home: Did common sense kill sleaze or was it guilt? Did AIDS put it all in perspective for us or merely blur the lines between good dirty fun and blatant irresponsibility?

After the Mine Shaft caved in under pressure from the Koch administration (and a sizable, suddenly health-conscious and totally panicked gay mandate), the sleazy-does-it crowd had some serious re-evaluating to do. The tubs were disappearing in



the same wave of terror. Gay discos went straight-to hell--and took their back rooms with them. The Saint went to heaven. The only thing missing was a Time magazine cover: "Is Gay Passé?"

The health crisis threw the lifestyle of non-stop drugs, dicks and disco right out the window. Friends and lovers were dead or dying or living with something that no one seemed to understand. In the wake of the madness, we immersed our-

But I would have preferred to out-grow it than have it ripped out from under me."

A 40-year-old disagrees: "AIDS has devastated our community, but at the same time, it has provided us with an opportunity to redefine ourselves. There is more--much more--to being gay than having anonymous or group sex in some sleazy backroom bar. Real pride includes having pride in your body and your health. Anyone who feels proud because seven com-

bidden than they seem right now, which may explain why clubs like Cellblock, Jay's, Locker Room and the Loft are thriving. (Good sleaze has a way of mushrooming in eras of oppression.)

The easing of safe sex guidelines has been another contributing factor. As one Locker Room fan explains: "I know what's safe and I know what isn't and so does everybody else in the room. The crowd is hot, the scenes are satisfying and I can feel



selves in our jobs, our gyms, our causes and our politics. We grew up. We grew strong. And then, we grew bored.

Let's face it: Acting up is great but it doesn't have the same elan as jacking off, particularly jacking off in a crowd of men who are just as sweaty and horny as you are.

"I look better than I ever have and I've completely cleaned up my act," a 35 year-old man begins. "No more coke. No more all-nighters. But do I have a lover? No. Am I happy? Sometimes, but not really. I read once that AIDS was going to force gay people to learn how to date. Well, it hasn't. Maybe the kids can approach it that way, and I'm happy for them. But I grew up having sex in t-rooms and back rooms. I grew up on having sex first and getting to know each other later. I know it's unfashionable to say, but I miss it like hell. Maybe it was sleazy. Maybe it was juvenile.

plete strangers blew him in some dirty basement couldn't possibly have much respect for himself, and he certainly doesn't have much respect for his partners, which makes the achievement that much more dubious."

Still, as the struggle continues to put AIDS into some kind of perspective, it no longer seems as tacky as it once did to miss all that sleaze, whether it was your way of life or just something you did "once in a while" after an all-nighter at 12 West, or a long night of sitting at home by yourself, longing for a close encounter with a cock that wasn't your own. Or 10 cocks. Or 10 cocks, three fists and whatever else turned you on. ("Hey buddy, is that a foot in your pocket...?")

Of course, there's much more to being a gay man than sleazing it up once in a while, but orgasms are something we've always had a flair for, especially if they're forbidden. And they've never seemed more for-

sleazy without feeling guilty."

As another notes: "I go in, I beat my meat, I twist some tits and I leave. I'm sure they're gonna come up with some new disease you can get from masturbating, but until that happens, I'm more concerned with getting athlete's foot than HIV."

If sleaze makes you happy then you'll be happy to know that New York is getting sleazy all over again. Just keep in mind that this is 1989 sleaze and the rules have changed a bit. (For one thing, there *are* rules.)

When guests enter the Loft, a two-floor apartment in the West Village, they check their clothes in the back and their beers in the front. The bartender informs them that drinking and smoking are prohibited "upstairs and in the pisser." He then tells them to have a good time and "play safe."

The Loft is actually a scaled-down Mine Shaft (with carpeting) and you will see some familiar faces on the

premises if you used to frequent the action on Little West 12th Street. There's even a room with a sling in it and, weather permitting, a tub on the patio where shower lovers can squirm around and pray for a cloudburst. But, unlike the Mine Shaft, the activities here are monitored. Fisting—a rarity these days—requires use of latex gloves with proper lubrication. The gloves are provided at the bar along with condoms and "grease."

The apartment is a series of alcoves where the nude and semi-nude can cavort with the leathered and heavy-leathered. A four-poster bed dominates the upstairs level, which also contains a miniature jail cell and a smaller room with a cot and some chairs. If it sounds spacious...well, it isn't. The sling is downstairs along with some glory holes, a bathroom equipped with a trough, some sofas and a TV set which plays S/M porn.

The music, which emanates from a reel-to-reel player by the staircase, is the same blend of heady classical and new-age mind-fuck sounds that helped set the mood at the Shaft. Ravel's "Bolero" is repeated so many times you can still hear it during the cab ride home. Rest assured, you'll never hear any disco or show tunes here, although Cole Porter's "Anything Goes" might be appropriate, particularly that line about "the set that's smart...intruding in nudist parties in studios..."

As with all the clubs, if you don't play by the rules, you'll be asked to leave. The Loft is perhaps the most liberal of these establishments when it comes to what's allowed, but rimming, unprotected penetration and the use of drugs other than poppers are grounds for dismissal. Scat is out of the question. (After all, this is someone's apartment.) Water sports and oral sex are at your own discretion.

The Loft periodically sends out a newsletter to its members, which usually consists of some steamy Tom of Finland-type art alongside the list of upcoming events. About four parties are held each week and every one of them has a theme, whether it's "Wet Wednesday," "Uncut Friday" or their once-a-month "Night at the Tubs"

bashes during which there is a strict dress code of "jockstraps, underwear, towels, bareass chaps and nudity."

On the reverse side of this sheet is a series of typed messages and announcements concerning upcoming AIDS benefits, motorcycle "runs," and leather-oriented chit-chat. A recent newsletter addressed a rumor making the rounds that the Loft had been raided. "IT DIDN'T HAPPEN," said the newsletter in bold capital letters, although one of the stories that had been circulating suggested that a NYC policeman (and former Mine Shaft member) was calling his friends and

We've always had a flair for orgasms, especially if they're forbidden. They've never seemed more forbidden than they seem now.

telling them that the Loft had been under surveillance for weeks.

The newsletter went on to say, "We are not open to the general public, we are not open every night, and we do not permit people to come and go as a public place. We do pay sales tax on entry contributions. As laws can be interpreted in many ways, I assume that we, like anyone else, could be charged with violations of some sort. But such actions are usually handled by a visitation rather than a bust. And one has a chance to correct said violations in the proper manner."

The Loft crowd is generally quite hot looking and friendly. There's a strong sense of camaraderie here—leather brotherhood, or whatever you want to call it—and everyone seems to know at least some of the other patrons. Admission is by membership so there is a steady stream of regulars with just enough new faces passing through to keep things interesting. At

a pre-announced time the doors are locked and no one else is allowed entry.

Some stop in to be with dozens of people in one night. Some prefer one-on-one's. Some just want to watch, often in amazement, at what is going on around them. Maybe you were there the night a handsome, hairy young bear was waiting for his "master" to arrive. The top, who finally stopped in around midnight, was a pale and scrawny-type dressed head to toe in leather. But, as soon as he entered, the bear walked over, kneeled down and kissed the man's boots.

"It's not easy being a slave, is it?" the top asked in a strangely soothing tone. The bottom shook his head "no" and spent the rest of the evening crawling around his master's feet, bowing, scraping and doing as he was told. Not surprisingly, they drew a crowd in whatever part of the apartment they happened to be standing in.

Meanwhile, over at Locker Room, a butch blond with a handful of tit clamps was looking for an appealing pair of nipples to use them on. As with all the safe-sex clubs, being cute is okay, but having a hot chest is imperative, unless you have a huge cock. If you've been blessed with all three of those attributes, you'll cause a mini-sensation wherever you happen to be, although group gropes are not as popular at Locker Room as they are at the Loft and Cellblock.

Locker Room's downstairs area, only open on weekends, consists of two dark and relatively large back rooms and one better-lit section for cruising. The patrons don't need monitors—mutual masturbation and titwork is about as heavy as things get here, and regulars want it to stay that way.

Safe-sex guidelines are posted just as conspicuously as those restaurant signs explaining the Heimlich Maneuver. There is also a printed admonition concerning the use of drugs on the premises.

The upstairs bar is strictly for socializing and if you haven't brought your own hard stuff, soft drinks are sold. The crowd here is younger and

less leather-oriented than at the other clubs, but a few leathermen do stop in on their way to Jay's just to make sure they aren't missing anything. On weekends it isn't uncommon to see patrons walking back and forth between the two clubs until they find someone they like or just get tired of looking.

Cellblock, the largest of the safe-sex clubs, is the former Hellfire, now known on Fridays and Saturdays as the Vault, a straight S/M joint. The club began instituting gay nights during the week about a year ago. They then opened to gays on Sundays and Mondays and have since opened a second, gay-only club, "The Annex," on Fridays and Saturdays.

It takes a special event, like the periodic Hot Ash cigar parties, to fill Cellblock and even then it seems half-empty. The crowd here is completely unpredictable (21 to 61, White, Black, Asian...) and there are always a couple of totally-hot numbers floating around. And, since group activities are *de rigueur* here ("Right this way, your table's waiting..."), you should be able to angle your way into some interesting j/o scenes.

Unlike the other clubs, Cellblock provides soft drinks for free, along with munchies (usually stale) and small dollops of lubricants in individual plastic containers. There is always an employee monitoring the action and sweeping up the debris, and the place is kept as clean as it can be without losing its sleazy charm. Cellblock advertises itself as a dungeon and, as a result, the crowd is strongly S/M-oriented. Whippings (light to heavy) are regular occurrences here on any given night and there are plenty of chains hanging from the ceiling along with certain other nasty amenities. Oral sex, water sports and anything even vaguely resembling penetration are no-nos. The club opens at 8 pm and the crowd usually changes twice before the 3 am closing, although, because of the size of the club, many people arrive during a lull and leave without giving the place a chance.

Despite it's rather active back-

room, Jay's would be more accurately described as an after-hours club. It's where the leather boys congregate when the Spike and the Eagle close; it's where employees from Palladium and the World might stop by before going out for breakfast.

Jay's doesn't really get filled until after 4 am and most of the patrons seem more interested in socializing and meeting someone to go home with than in jerking off in the back. There's a pool table here, two video monitors and plenty of music to keep



you occupied. The back features two small wooden alcoves and a more spacious corral which is dark and often packed.

There's kind of an "anything goes" attitude among the clientele who have generally been drinking and snorting earlier in the evening, although the management patrols regularly and will throw you out for unsafe activities. Group frenzies are not out of the question, but the layout of the club isn't as conducive to this sort of thing as the others are. Jay's is deliciously sleazy, though, and the mix of types--leathermen, rockers, Hispanics in Speedos, etc.--defies easy categorizing. We even spotted a well-known TV actor once, who seemed pissed that nobody recognized him.

Locker Room, Jay's and Cellblock are all within a stone's throw of each other and all are just about half a block from an apartment on 14th St. which, until recently, held some of

the hottest — and wettest — Saturday nights in town. The man who lived in the apartment (he has since moved out of state) was a wide-world-of-water-sports aficionado, who opened his home on Saturdays to some of the humpiest guys in the city.

For a \$15 contribution, the partiers (about 30 per night) had two floors to play on and all the beer or soda they could consume and recycle. A VCR in the living room offered assorted porn and the

chance for the clientele to talk and cruise. A spiral staircase took you downstairs to a plastic-wrapped playland where pissing down somebody's pants was a come-on, while pissing in a real toilet was considered a waste of natural resources.

The piss-boys take their scene seriously, defend it as safe (some even say it's healthy) and, needless to say, miss those Saturday nights on 14th St. Among the regulars was a handsome urologist who once admitted that his fascination with pee-pee started long before he grew pubic hair. When he was asked if he takes his work home with him, he rolled his eyes and said, "Everyone asks me that question."

The Loft has picked up some of the wet set with their monthly "Wet Wednesday" parties; other piss freaks have discovered "The Ground Floor,"

continued on page 74

No Roman Holiday

Why NY Girls Don't Have Sex Clubs

by Sarah Pettit

Say you're a single girl. Not an entirely implausible state of grace in this pounding metropolis. Say also you possess an inquiring mind and an equally requiring body. You're hot, hungry and pent up—not looking for love, just a wild rut. Night after night you race through the circuit of conceivable options. The Cub, The Grove, Her Bar, Girl Bar, Girl World. Every mailing list has your name. On the brink of nervous exhaustion, you descend again, but the Amstel Light and wide-screen Anita Baker only serve to pique your condition. Riding home on the IRT, you resign yourself to dissipating the eve's energies with a Camel Light, a Taylor Dayne tape and the golden massage oil your ex-lover overlooked on her departure. Before collapsing into a spent, wet heap you wonder why there can't be more.

Well, there might be more. Lesbian computer networks, a convex mirror for your ceiling, the convent. One thing you won't find in our fair city is a place to get tied up, to get low down, to jack your body. At least not readily. Unlike our brothers in arms, the Sapphic underworld has never had equal access to, or showed a clear and necessary interest in, sex clubs. The reasons behind this particular state of affairs are at once simple and complex, and, as with all issues that simultaneously straddle lesbians and sex, it requires some digging to lay them bare.

It would be easiest to assume that lesbians "by nature" don't go in for sex clubs, communal sex scenes or

public sex acts. Modern day lesbians wedded the personal and the political, drew a hard party line, and never looked back. But we all know this sort of thinking to be as rigid and non-inclusive as it appears. These are

One thing you won't find in our fair city is a place to get tied up, to get low down, to jack your body.

the '80s and we are, by all visible signs, getting down with the ladies. So, what exactly is going on?

Having taken a random, and by no means scientific, poll of the city's gals, it seems that few rather than many have ever been to a sex club. The reasons they cite are manifold. They don't care to, they would but don't know where to go, they've looked and there aren't any. Women giving the first of these responses, and there are many in this category, simply do not conceive of sex as something they wish to do or see in public. As one seasoned bouncer at a popular lesbian bar put it, "Women are looking for relationships. If they're single, they buy magazines, they go home and masturbate." With a sizable chunk of the populace showing disinterest or distaste for such clubs, it's not

entirely surprising that there aren't any. But that's not the whole story.

What of the women who are curious, who would go, but don't know where to begin? In most cases, interest infrequently translates into action. The fact is that there is no single club which caters exclusively to a lesbian clientele. New York does not have a lesbian sex club. Simple, red-blooded body lust is therefore insufficient. With no ads, no postings, no clubs, the burden is on the lesbian to look even further afield. A dyke must be willing to forgo the idea of being in a woman-only environment and actually venture into the wider, and most often less appealing, realm of sex clubs open to the general population. At this stage many will not bother proceeding.

What New York does offer is a small number of sex clubs—Paddles, The Vault—that are open to both sexes and, for a fee, offer one the opportunity to engage in public acts new and old, passive and active. Some dykes do go so far as to try them. According to one source, a lesbian who was on the S/M scene for years, these clubs are less than ideal playgrounds. They are by turns dirty, scary and dangerous. While some have management supportive of lesbians, others clearly do not. Once inside, a girl is left to fend for herself. Quite often the price of admission is lower for women (\$35 to \$45 for men, \$5 to free for women depending on whether they hold out the promise of being good tops) and consequently an atmosphere is fostered where straight men feel "enti-



ALL WORKED UP AND NOWHERE TO GO
Leather Women '89 Calendar.

Photo: JC Collins

bled" having payed their dues.

Lesbians who have stamina enough to attend these clubs often do so in groups and attempt to make their own "party." The unwritten code of ethics reads that such groups should then be left to engage in their own fun unmolested, but the reality is often quite different. Support groups such as the Lesbian Sex Mafia have sprung up over the years to provide environments for lesbians interested in sex parties, but these are limited in their comprehensiveness. According to one ex-group member, the LSM is a fairly closed circle and requires an interview-type process before admitting any new players.

It is easy to see why the sex club option is such a limited one for the New York dyke. There is not much to offer and what there is is no Roman holiday. According to Pat Califia, author and guru of the lesbian sex community, the problem is rooted in the fact that lesbians don't run clubs by and for themselves. The ownership of sex clubs is presently of the underworld variety and they "haven't

seen a way to make a profit off dykes." With lesbians not running the show, it's no great wonder that potential customers can find no place to suit their needs.

In San Francisco, a city with a strong history of sex education movements and organizations such as the Sexual Freedom League, the sex club scene is far more advantageous for the outgoing lesbian. Not only do clubs such as Amelia's frequently have burlesque nights (in New York I heard of only one such night at Club Paradise and a smattering of performance-related kinkiness care of Jennifer Blowdryer and Annie Sprinkle), but privately-owned space is regularly rented out for sex parties. These parties cater to single sex crowds and often attract up to 200 zealous individuals. One lesbian party organizer spoke excitedly about the turnout. While AIDS has dampened the entire community's attitude over the last few years, there's now a renewed spirit "celebrating what we're not giving up." For \$15 and a signed waiver (that ensures the guest will comply by

safe sex guidelines, perform only consensual sex acts, and maintain secrecy about other guests' identities) a full evening's fun is guaranteed. The management provides food, safe sex materials (gloves, condoms, dams), as well as close supervision to ensure that etiquette is maintained. When asked about the difference in atmosphere between New York and San Francisco, the organizer said the cities bore no comparison. She insisted that the lack of activity in New York among lesbians was less a product of disinterest and distaste than simply a complete lack of exposure to a positive and supportive atmosphere. Apparently, New York dykes don't know what they're missing.

So, the next time you find yourself under the late night neon glare of the IRT train bound for the simple pleasures of home, take a moment to conjure the whacky scene we New York gals could be making. Tough to imagine? I'm sure the sisters in San Francisco wouldn't mind lending us their 13-foot cross for inspiration. Just like a prayer... ▼

USING IT WON'T KILL YOU. NOT USING IT MIGHT.



Maybe you don't like using condoms. But if you're going to have sex, a latex condom with a spermicide is your best protection against the AIDS virus.

Use them every time, from start to finish, according to the manufacturers' directions. Because no one has ever been cured of AIDS. More than 40,000 Americans have already died from it.

And even if you don't like condoms, using them is definitely better than that.

HELP STOP AIDS. USE A CONDOM.

Dam, Ma'am?

by Andrew Miller

Back in March, the Women's Caucus of ACT UP initiated a contest to rename the dental dam, a latex barrier used in safer oral-vaginal sex. The purpose of the "cuntest" as it was billed, was to popularize the concept of safer oral sex with women, according to Caucus members. They also said they wanted to demonstrate a new market for the dental dams, in the hopes that condom companies would redesign them for oral sex, and make them more widely available. Many find dental dams too thick for

believe may be a way of transmitting HIV, the virus believed by many to be the cause of AIDS.

Now, just three months later, the results are in. The Women's Caucus received 466 entries, the best 50 of which were leaked to *OutWeek*, and reprinted below. The contest winner will be announced at a caucus-sponsored women's safer sex forum on July 13th at the Community Center.

Given the unwieldy success of this contest, and the rash of creativity it seems to have unleashed, and in the



Photo: Ben Thornberry

DENTAL DAMES? ACT UP Women's Caucus.

adequate sensation during sex, if they can find them at all.

The latex squares are available from some pharmaceutical companies, and from the Community Health Project (CHP), located at the Community Center at 208 West 13th Street.

According to Denise Ribble, a registered nurse with CHP, the dental dam is designed for dentists, who use them during root canals and similar procedures to protect patients' mouths from tooth fragments that break off during drilling. Ribble advocates their use for oral sex as well. The latex square is placed over the vagina during cunnilingus, in order to prevent the communication of vaginal secretions or menstrual blood, which many

interests of gender parity, *OutWeek* editors have decided to hold a contest of their own. On June 21st, they announced the "Rename the Condom Competition," with the goal of inventing a new word to describe the ever-present prophylactics, which are so important in the world of safer sex. Gabriel Rotello, *OutWeek's* editor-in-chief, said the contest will develop a word "that is as much fun to say as the damn things are to use."

Contest entries may be sent to *OutWeek*, Rename the Condom Competition, 77 Lexington Avenue, New York, New York 10010. For more information on the women's safer sex forum, contact the ACT UP Women's Caucus at (212) 533-8888. ▼

- Snatch Patch
- Vulva Veil
- Vagina Visor
- Clit Canopy
- Freedame
- SheChic/SheShiek
- Caper Capper
- Orgamask
- Box Top
- Beaver Dam
- Lickety splits
- Eat-a-sheet
- 6 x 6
- Lover cover
- Hoo Hoo Hats
- Gaily doily
- Eve Sleeve
- Dyke Dikes
- Muff Buff
- Safe Sucks
- Pussy Caps
- Dental Damselle
- Slurp-ease
- Oral surance
- Lover Cover
- Rubber Dykie
- Girl Gates
- Lover Liners
- Wonder Walls
- Bikini-betweenies
- The Sheridan Square
- Nite Nurse
- Tu-lips
- Pussy Poncho
- Lady Latex
- Clit Coat
- Woman Hood
- Envulvalope
- Fire Blanket
- Spread Sheet
- Seal-a-meal
- Bush Blocker
- Entre Nous
- Rubyfruitsuit
- Clitmitt
- Cheat Sheet
- Nose Pants
- Shower Curtains
- Helen-of-Troy
- Vulva Va-voom

Look Out



Photo: T.L. Litt

While the anti-gentry forces continue to occupy chunks of Tomkins Square Park, yuppie investoraders (investors/invaders) have gained considerable ground further south at Houston Street and Avenue A. First came the new \$10 million condo complex designed completely in simulated colonial (said one Black passerby: "They're trying to bring back slavery!"). Now there's the huge, rectangular, brick apartment building called Red Square, which has its own built-in shopping mall. With enough coaxing we might be able to swallow the fact that such a capitalist venture is named for the location of the

seat of Soviet Communism, but we'll never, ever be able to bear their use of art. The owners of Red Square, you see, obviously desiring to "jazz up" their building, strolled down to Gas at Avenue B and 2nd Street. Gas, a bar and performance space, is an old gas station reconstructed mostly with junk from the neighborhood, welded, sand-blasted, cemented and glued together. Red Square owners liked it so much, they decided to buy some of the junk art and stick it on top of their building. We only hope Gas artists charged a hefty fee so that we can rationalize at least one redeeming quality from this nightmare.

—Michelangelo Signorile

Look Out

The *Gay Dating Game* is the latest vehicle for anyone jaded by the personals but who still wants a crack at cruising the wonderous Circle Line with his or her would-be dreamboat. Created by Tommie Saeli (center), who plays producer and host, the show features "spokesmodel" La Homa Van Zandt (left) introducing bachelors and bachelorettes who ask poignant questions ("Number one, are you a heavy-duty diesel dyke?"). The *Gay Dating Game* is taped in front of a live audience every two weeks on Tuesday nights at 7:30 (July 4th and 18th) at the Sanford Misner Theater, 141 11th Avenue between 22nd and 23rd Street. It is televised every Friday evening at 7:30 pm on Manhattan Cable's Channel J. And lonelyhearts take note: One can become a contestant on *The Gay Dating Game* simply by calling (212) 645-9342.

—Michelangelo Signorile



Photo: MOZI

OUT OF MY HANDS BY BRADLEY BALL

Q: These days my lover and I always seem to be arguing about one thing or another and I'm beginning to lose hope in the future of our relationship. I've read that couples should follow constructive guidelines in their arguments and wondered if maybe you'd tell me for free what these guidelines are.

JUST ABOUT HAD IT

A: Gladly! So many problems in this world are the result of poor conflict management. If we would all take a little time to learn how to deal effectively with misunderstandings, well, just imagine how pleasant life could be for everybody.

Now, somebody is always showing up in print or on television with new ideas about conflict management,

and perhaps there really is no right or wrong way to solve a problem (human behavior being, as Joan Didion said, circumstantial). But for my money, the old ways are still the best — which is how they got to be old.

The most important thing to realize is that conflict is a tedious thing and should be strenuously avoided when at all possible. Perhaps one reason you and your lover are always arguing is that you choose to address every little problem as it occurs. If you could just save everything up for one really good fight, then you would both be spending some lovely non-confrontational time together. Through the exercise of a little self control, this can be accomplished in two ways: 1) Silence is golden. If your lover is doing something that makes you angry, learn to maintain a remote silence. If he or she truly loves you, then he or she will gradually modify his or her behavior until

you're willing to speak again. (For fun, practice this technique in restaurants or extended car trips!) 2) If you are absolutely compelled to air your grievances, try to do so in the company of friends or your lover's co-workers. That way, not only will your lover feel constrained against responding (and thus escalating the argument until it gets out of hand) but the other people present, if they have any class, will all too gladly suggest new topics of conversation — any of which will invariably be more captivating than your lover's shortcomings.

Sometimes, however, an argument is sadly unavoidable. In that case, remember that relationships are about power, and arguments are just a maneuver either to maintain or upset the balance of that power. You should, therefore, always fight to win and win through control. Always, for instance, let your lover instigate the argument, otherwise you'll get saddled

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By Michelangelo Signorile

Who is Billy Norwich?

This is the question I ask myself every day as I read his "society" column in the *New York Daily News*. I wonder moreso why he wants to chronicle the likes of the Trumps and such. Is it the parties, the champagne, the yachts, the helicopters? Or is it the dresses, the hairdos, the make-up, the face-lifts? I suppose it's all of these things, as Mr. Norwich

loves to report everything: from what the ladies wore to how they danced, chatted and sipped. It seems so exhilarating, but I sometimes think he must be lonely; an unmarried, middle-aged man who runs from party to party in search of something.

And yet, he excites me. I simply love reading about has-been party promoters who are probably his friends, and who desperately need a plug. And it tickles me when he chronicles every little thing that Jay McInerney and Brett Easton Ellis do (those two wild men!), or tells me more about the wonderful, compassionate Reagans. But what I love most are his daily ravings about Pat Buckley. This woman is simply amazing, according to Mr. Norwich, and now she even hosts AIDS benefits! So what if she remained silent when her husband William advocated tattooing the asses of people with AIDS. So what if she and everyone else who Mr. Norwich writes about are oppressing our community. So what if

these are the very Republicans who are keeping us down at best, murdering us at worst. This is what I love about Mr. Norwich. He doesn't hold things against people; so unselfish that he forgets about who he himself is. Why sometimes I wonder if he forgot his own real name. Yes, I love that Billy Goldberg.

.....

I read with interest Liz Smith's column of June 6 in which she comes to a startling realization, saying, "Even I notice that we have three AIDS benefit mentions -- for different facets of this terrible disease -- in this column alone. Does this give you a clue that AIDS may soon be the nation's No. 1 health problem? Perhaps even the world's most dangerous worry? The scare stories are proliferating these days and it behooves everyone to get into this struggle for real." Question to Liz: How long were you in a coma, and who was writing the column all that time? ▼

MAPPLETHORPE continued from page 8

Amendment, should have had the judgment not to sign that letter."

In a prepared statement, NGLTF called Orr-Cahall's statements "false and absurd." Referring to the congressional letter, the statement said "it is irrelevant that Members of Congress are offended. The freedom to be controversial, to provoke, is protected by the First Amendment."

On June 14th, the board of directors of the Washington Project for the Arts, another city arts institution, voted unanimously to request the Mapplethorpe exhibit, so that it may be shown in Washington. The Washington Post reported that several members of the WPA board also sit on the Corcoran board, which reportedly voted to cancel the controversial exhibit unanimously. The WPA trustees pledged \$30,000 to pay for the display, and one sponsor of the show at the Corcoran has also pledged to transfer a \$20,000 grant to the WPA if they choose to show the art, according to the *Washington Post*.

"WPA is a very different organization from the Corcoran, and has a different role to play," WPA board member Ann Kinney told the Post. "WPA is an organization dedicated to shows that are really selected by artists, and it is much more of an avant-garde, cutting edge institution. . . The artists on the board very much wanted to present the show at WPA, and as a board member, I support their prerogative to do so." She said she finds some of the show's images "in extremely bad taste," but nevertheless voted to bring it to WPA, according to the *Post*.

"I think the Corcoran has done the right thing for the Corcoran. I think it's sad, but I think they've done the right thing. From the WPA perspective, it's a very different problem." Kinney is married to Gilbert Kinney, chairman of the Corcoran's finance committee, who supported the decision to pull the show from the Corcoran.

Also at June 16th's demonstration was Derek Guthrie, publisher of the *New Art Examiner*, a non-profit monthly visual arts magazine. He told

the crowd that Sen. Jesse Helms (R-NC) had launched a project monitoring federally funded art programs perceived to be "anti-Christian," and was planning to introduce legislation to somehow ban funding of such art.

Helms' office did not return *OutWeek's* phone calls to confirm or deny the story, although in a June 15th report in the *Washington Post*, a Helms spokesperson stated, "The fact that the Corcoran is not going to open the show is not the end of the matter."

Countering with an attack of

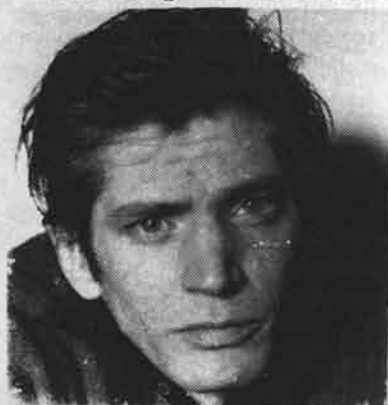


Photo: Jim Marks

their own, protesters wore pig masks and carried signs bearing Helms' name. Others carried signs that read "Experts Agree: Helms is a Pig." Still others made connections between the Mapplethorpe controversy and the fracas over Salman Rushdie's book, *The Satanic Verses*.

Gay and lesbian activists have expressed concern that a great many programs could be put at risk within such an environment, noting that gay and lesbian choruses and bands occasionally receive NEA funding, usually based on blind audio tape auditions.

To further protest the Corcoran's decision, members of the arts community will stage an evening demonstration on June 30th, the night before the show would have opened. As part of that demonstration, laser artist Rockne Krebs will project slides of Mapplethorpe photographs on the outside of the gallery.

The retrospective has already been exhibited at Philadelphia's Institute of Contemporary Art, Chicago's Museum of Contemporary

Art and the Whitney Museum of Art in New York. It is next scheduled to open in Hartford, at the Wadsworth Atheneum, beginning October 8th. There are also shows planned at the University Art Museum in Berkeley, California, Cincinnati's Contemporary Arts Center, and Boston's Institute of Contemporary Art in 1990. To replace the Mapplethorpe exhibit, which is being kept in the museum's basement until it moves on to its next stop, the Corcoran will display an exhibit of Japanese photography in America.

In a related development, Rev. Pat Robertson, on a recent edition of his syndicated program, *The 700 Club*, also launched an all-out campaign against the NEA, based on the "Piss Christ" photograph. ▼

POISON PEN continued from page 9

Mapplethorpe's 150-piece retrospective, soon to appear at the Corcoran Gallery, titled "The Perfect Moment." The Institute of Contemporary Art of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, was awarded \$30,000.00 by the NEA in 1989 to support a national tour of this exhibit, which includes "nude photographs of children, homoerotic shots of men and a sadomasochistic self portrait of the artist," and other morally repugnant materials of a sexual nature.

This is not the first time we have had concerns about the NEA funding inappropriate materials. We would like to know what steps the NEA is taking to put an end to this practice. We realize that the interpretation of art is a subjective evaluation, but there is a very clear and unambiguous line that exists between what can be classified as art and what must be called morally reprehensible trash.

We want to know what steps you and NEA will be taking to put a system of realistic criteria into place to put an end to this horrible abuse of tax dollars. If the NEA has enough money to fund this type of project, then perhaps the NEA has too much money to handle responsibly. ▼

Film

Laughing Matters

by Karl Soehnlein

"Did you hear about the two gay men who robbed an old lady? One held her down, the other did her hair." OK...so what? *Funny* is chock full of jokes like this -- told by straight white men with bad haircuts. Opening this week at Film Forum, *Funny* consists of people, including some celebrities, telling the funniest jokes they know. The film is supposed to be about laughter, but it's really about privilege: a gun-seller in North Carolina jokes about bagging women, a WASP from East Hampton, sipping gin and tonics, ridicules Catholics and Jews, a white woman affects "jive talk" to describe a Harlem synagogue ("Temple Beth-you-is-my-woman-now"). The film has moments of guilty pleasure (I admit a soft spot for Borscht belt humor myself). Still, I couldn't help but cringe at a joke (told by three different people, one of them actress Anne Jackson) that's based on an old woman longing for the gorilla who raped her ("he never calls, he never writes"). A film devoted entirely to such fare is simply not funny.

Those who prefer their laughs on the sublime side should head to the American Museum of the Moving Image in Astoria to catch the remainder of the "Comedy and Avant-Garde Film" series. Although grouped together under the rubric of "comedy," the 40 films included here are more an exploration of the relationship between humor and experimental film than laugh-a-minute sketches. The opening weekend of the series included works by the Kuchar brothers, as well as early efforts by John Waters and Paul Bartel. Never fear, lots of goodies still lie ahead, including sev-

eral new works.

Those familiar with Phil Solomon's exquisite -- but very serious -- films will be gleefully surprised at *Rocket Boy Vs. Brakhage*, his giddy spoof of the avant-garde. Solomon chronicles the generational struggles between the "old" and the "new" wave of experimental filmmakers, dropping names and puns frame by frame (critic J. Hoberman becomes "J. Über-mensch"). He endearingly pokes fun at the "establishment" in the course of a search, I imagine, for his own cinematic identity. The film is not entirely an inside joke; a section entitled "Who's on Faust?" imagines Stan Brakhage's prolific



APE RAPE

Actress Anne Jackson

film career to be the result of a deal with the devil, and is funny even on its most superficial level.

Less hilarious than Solomon's work, Emily Breer's *Brute Charm* is a whimsical look at the ways of the animal kingdom, which says much about human beings. Combining footage shots in Kenya with her own whacky animation, Breer creates a tension between these images which belie the casual surface laughs. The opening

shot of lions fucking is startlingly funny, but takes on a new meaning when, later in the film, Breer refers to faking an orgasm, then cuts back to the coupling beasts -- only this time the male lion rolls away from his mate during a post-coital thunderclap. (Another satisfied male, another anticlimax for a female.) Cartoonish visions weave in and out of the frame throughout the film. Particularly memorable was a carrot attached to a vacuum brush, phallically curling and uncurling. The "meaning" of every image is not always clear, but to dissect each piece of the puzzle is to miss the point. *Brute Charm* is worth seeing to witness Emily Breer's seemingly limitless visual imagination.

The series' best bet is the "Woman's Satire" show, a group of six films which use humor to trash the very male conventions of popular imagemaking. Abigail Child's *Covert Action* takes film loops of two "ordinary" couples ritualistically courting, and uncovers the unwritten rules of romantic interaction. Mary Filippo's *Who Do You Think You Are?* is a brilliantly deadpan look at quitting smoking. Evoking everything from the ironic promises of televised cigarette commercials to the mystique of Jack Kerouac, Filippo turns the mythology of smoking on its head.

Sharon Sandusky's *C'mon Babe (Danke Schön)* is chilling black humor. Documentary footage of lemmings marching en masse to the sea is re-worked to the accompaniment of silky jazz songs about the end of a relationship. The film simulates the horror of "taking the plunge": a woman sings "thank you for all the joy and pain" while lemmings dive off a cliff to their communal death. *C'mon Babe* is morbidly appealing, sort of like slowing down your car to view a roadside accident. Who said comedy has to be pretty?▼

Book Review

Party's Over

After the Ball—How America Will Conquer Its Fear and Hatred of Gays In the '90s
by Marshall Kirk and Hunter Madsen, Ph.D.
(Doubleday)

by Gabriel Rotello

The Gay Men's Health Crisis has a program of support groups for the 'primary care givers' of people with AIDS. Having been such a care giver, I joined a group during the final months of my friend's illness and the experience helped me get through those dismal days.

The group consisted of six gay men whose lovers had advanced AIDS infections, and a female volunteer therapist who directed and focused our discussions. The experience was warm, loving and often almost unbearably moving as we sustained each other through rituals of fear, anger and denial, and finally helped each other face our lovers' deaths.

Throughout my time in the group I was aware of a compelling fact: no one ever discussed or seriously contemplated leaving his ailing lover. I remember feeling that those homophobes who depict gay men as superficial, uncaring and incapable of deep and profound love and commitment to each other had obviously never been in such a room, or known such men.

This fact should be borne in mind when reading *After the Ball* by Marshall Kirk and Hunter Madsen, a book which among dozens of unfounded and horrific allegations, implies that gay men aren't often capable of bonding emotions. Purporting to be about homophobia, *After the Ball* is often a sad example of the behavior it so stridently decries.

The book begins with a catalogue of how straight society hates, discriminates against and oppresses gays.

Lesbians are largely ignored, unless the authors' use of the term 'gay' is taken to be inclusive of women, which I assume it is not. Kirk and Madsen take us on a depressingly accurate field trip of what they call "homohating" America. This trip, through territory familiar to even the ghetto dwellers amongst us, is followed by a rather silly pseudo-scientific analysis of how homohating arises in individuals and in society.

The reader begins to founder on the shoals of the authors' own brand of homohating when we learn that:

"'Fringe' gay groups ought to have the tact to withdraw voluntarily from public appearances at gay parades, marches and rallies, but they don't seem to care whether they fatally compromise the rest of us." The authors complain that people like the very effeminate are "selfish" in want-

Their program: ditch the drag queens and conform

ing to claim membership in the community, and that they should keep a "low profile" because "they have no right to set themselves up as spokespersons for the rest of us — especially when the rest of us are working our butts off to convince straights that...we're exactly like (other) folks." The writers' Machiavellian arrogance in casting out from our community drag queens and the very effeminate because they supposedly give us a bad name, is maniacal. To say such people, those who inaugurated the Stonewall Rebellion, are not intrinsic to the success of lesbian/gay liberation, is to miss the entire point of liberation.

This is followed by what the authors think is the jist of their present-

ation, that we all need to engage in a propagandea program to convince straight society that we're really a bunch of OK guys and gals.

But the real jist of the book comes in the next section, where the authors determinedly expose what they see as the real evils of gay (not lesbian) behavior in an orgy of self-accusation and self-hate not seen since the debate over Larry Kramer's *Faggots*. They begin by debunking no less than Oscar Wilde, whose quip that "the only way to get rid of temptation is to yield to it" is held up as an example of "...perverse moral sentiments" which have "...echoed down the decades to the present day, and are still staple ingredients of the half-baked political pronouncements of self-appointed gay 'spokespersons' and 'steering committees.'"

The chapter is littered with comments like: "How cruel we gays can be! And how richly we deserve it when it comes back and bites us in the ass!" Citing a gay who writes that straights have a propensity for selfishness and war, the authors respond: "As a group, latter-day American gays are arguably even more selfish and greedy for material things, than are straights; as for 'war,' we cite (1) various homosexual warrior castes - such as the gay Greeks [sic] of the Trojan War - of the ancient world; (2) the highly homosexual Nazi SS; and (3) the pain and hatred peddled by apologists for gay sadomasochism, for whom the leaders of our community long ago rolled out the welcome wagon."

In a passage that could have been lifted from an Anita Bryant speech, the authors cite the so-called corruption of young gay men who come to the big city looking for true love and find only cynicism and sexual degradation at the hands of jaded queers. According to the authors, such people inevitably end up as grotesque

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Theater

An Old-Fashioned Passion

by Michael Paller

The Passion of Narcisse Mondoux
by Gratien Gelinas
The Apple Corps Theater

At the outset, *The Passion of Narcisse Mondoux*, at the Apple Corps Theater, announces pleasantly and absolutely what it is: a breezy, exuberant, old-fashioned, romantic vehicle for two performers.

Written by Gratien Gelinas, *Narcisse Mondoux* features himself and his wife Huguette Oligny, two veteran performers of the Canadian theater. She plays the suddenly-widowed Laurentienne Robichaud. He is Narcisse Mondoux, a self-styled "master plumber" who has been in love with Laurentienne since adolescence, and now, a widower himself, sees a chance to woo her, win her and surround her with, as he puts it, "intensive care."

Sick of his "damned freedom," he tries numerous tacks to win her. He plies her with postcards from Florida, favors her with a bottle of genuine "Florida water" and promises a carefree existence devoid of blocked pipes and gurgling drains. Because she is interested in politics—her late husband was a member of the town

council—he has taken out papers to run for mayor. The course is less than smooth, however. Narcisse is as old-fashioned as the world he inhabits, and neither he nor it will brook women with their own supply of brains and independence. Things look especially shaky when she coolly informs him that there is no need to impress her by running for mayor, as she intends to be mayor herself. Finally, however, Narcisse shrugs his

shoulders—the world is an old, old place, so what can one do but give in?

This is not so much a play as a wisp, a fragrance wafting through the evening air. What matters, and what lingers, are not the details, but the memory of its bouquet. It's not the sort of work that calls for "realistic" acting; it is a *divertissement*, and is performed as one by actors with two very different ways of performing.

Gelinas, who for years wrote a series of revues in which he starred, has all the jauntiness of a revue performer. He punches, chops and slices the air as if it is his enemy which might prevent the words and style



DEFYING US NOT TO BE CHARMED

Gelinas (left) and Oligny in *The Passion of Narcisse Mondoux*.

from reaching the audience. He is an actor of personality, displaying his entire self in the first scene, and over the course of the evening exhibiting it from various angles and profiles, defying us not to be charmed.

Oligny, on the other hand, is a graceful woman of the theater; old style, she moves through the atmosphere with the ease of one who knows that it is caressing her and sculpting itself around her. While she

may be Narcisse's passion (and, according to the program, Gelina's inspiration for the play), the evening mostly belongs to the master plumber.

For much of its length, Gelinas stands or sits in the middle of the stage. Like a soloist in a romantic concerto, most of the big themes belong to him, and while Oligny pitches in sturdily, she is almost always in the background, providing necessary but discrete accompaniment, or the introduction from which the plumber-soloist launches into a lengthy cadenza. Peter Moss has directed the two stars, but they seem to be very much on their own and very much at home in Michael Egan's properly diaphanous setting.

Like any purely decorative entertainment, the play provides moments for the mind to wander. When the mind wanders back and picks up the thread, it discovers it hasn't missed anything crucial, and sits back to enjoy the perfumed music on the air. The play also supplies some very pleasant moments. While Narcisse's story of his schoolboy introduction to the joys of plumbing may cast a trace of doubt on the efficacy of a Catholic education, it does say something about the brothers' ability to spot a useful talent. Narcisse's phone conversation with Laurentienne's other likely mayoral opponent, whom he convinces to drop out of the race, reveals another practical skill at least as persuasive as any of those currently on display in New York during this election summer.

The Passion of Narcisse Mondoux defies carping over its simple, straightforward purpose, and has no time for an audience not interested in being charmed. And the audience, to a person, was charmed.

Incidentally, the play is performed in French on Tuesday nights. ▼

Opera

The Chase Is On

by George Heymont

Any adventure movie worth its salt features a chase scene in which cars go bounding over hills, create havoc and the action accelerates to a rousing climax. However, maintaining the momentum of a chase in a live theatrical situation is much more difficult. Dramatic time (as it elapses on the stage) moves at a much slower pace than it does in films. Thus, whenever a chase scene is staged before a live audience, the director must aim toward a definite goal while acknowledging that a series of pratfalls will occur along the way. The timing and precision of each visual gag is of paramount importance. If the dramatic equilibrium within the theater is slightly off, disaster can occur.

Two recent productions proved how intensely one man's vision can affect the success of an evening in the theater. In one case, the director not only missed, but misused a wealth of comic opportunities. In the other, a director/designer created a unique atmosphere which served to underscore the show's manic energy level.

Fumblers, Bumpers & Clowns

The first Broadway show to boast music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum*, was carefully shaped by director George Abbott as a showcase for burlesque-style comedy. Working with such great clowns as Zero Mostel, Jack Gilford and David Burns, Abbott transformed Sondheim's musical into one of the funniest romps ever to hit the Great White Way. Unfortunately, the recent staging of this work by San Francisco's American Conservatory Theater (ACT) offered audiences a mere shadow of the original show. I enjoyed Ralph Funicello's unit set and Rick Echols' wigs,

but most of Albert Takazauckas' stage direction was appallingly under par.

While some of the problem may have been due to insufficient rehearsal time, the weakness of ACT's ensemble could not be denied. *Forum* demands extremely strong musical comedy performers and, although he worked hard at trying to please an audience, Michael McShane's Pseudolus was painfully ill-at-ease with his timing, singing and enunciation. William Patterson's

Houston's Hermann Park. Although *Where's Dick?* suffered from technical problems with the sound system on opening night (nearly 30 minutes were cut from the piece at subsequent performances), it showed phenomenal potential. Thanks to Richard Foreman's design and direction, the production boasted the imaginative stamp and manic energy one might encounter if the darker side of Stephen Sondheim were placed in PeeWee Herman's Playhouse and



SLAP YOUR NEIGHBOR'S FACE AND GET INTO THE SPIRIT OF THE SHOW.

Henriksen, Oliver, Hill and Castle in *Where's Dick?*

Photo: Jim Caldwell

Ernonius missed important comic moments and Mark Daniel Cade's Hero was a professional embarrassment (the kind of performance one expects to find in a bad high school production). The strongest work of the evening came from Peter Donat's Senex, Ruth Kobart's Domina and Howard Swain's Hysterium. Alas, this was one instance wherein a grand old show was done a great injustice.

Ex-Cop Chokes Gorilla Bride

Believe it or not, that's one of the headlines touted during Act II of *Where's Dick?* This new pop opera by Stewart Wallace and Michael Korie received its world premiere last month at the Miller Outdoor Theater in

forced to watch a videotape of *The Adventures of Baron Munchausen* while on serious drugs.

In its attempt to deal with such timely issues as child abuse, fake evangelists, urban violence and America's growing dependency on drugs (which are represented in the opera by pickles), *Where's Dick?* combines an *Animal House* sense of humor with the comic book level of political awareness that has resulted from eight years of Reaganism. It is also the first opera to aim directly at the audience which reads the *National Enquirer* and watches the *Morton Downey Show*.

continued on page 76

Cabaret

Phyllis Diller

by John Wasser

Supporting an outfit best described as "Star Trek nouveau," Phyllis Diller parades an army of subjects through the ringer during her act at Rainbow and Stars. Nobody is spared, including Sylvester Stallone, Dan Quayle, obscene phone callers, John Tower, Exxon and, of course,



STAR TREK NOUVEAU

Phyllis Diller at Rainbow and Stars

Photo: Marc Raboy

everyone's favorite husband, Fang. In her first New York appearance in 10 years (her last was at Les Mouches), Diller consistently aims for the jugular and rarely misses the mark. She pokes fun at her facelifts ("I'm the Bo Derek of the Geritol set"), but the lampooning reaches full throttle when pointed at "husband" Fang ("I'd like to see his picture on a milk carton").

Admittedly, the jokes are not everybody's cup of tea (how many

people have a mother-in-law or even the *same* mother-in-law after five or six years?) and the humor might be from a bygone era, but midway through the act, I realized I was not laughing at the jokes per se, but at the windup and delivery. Like Johnny Carson, whose own monologue could use an energy infusion, Phyllis Diller has the knack of making outdated jokes sound funny. It's a rare opportunity to watch a pro in action.

Several days following the opening night performance, I spent some time with Phyllis Diller at her well-appointed East Side apartment. She's in the midst of watering her plants when I enter ("This one's a gift from Maureen McGovern") and I'm soon a captive audience learning about various flowers, some of which are edible.

Diller finishes her routine ("I should probably sing to them too") and with little prompting, offers an explanation of her long absence from the New York club scene.

"Honestly, there is no place in New York for seasoned veterans to play," she states.

If New York has missed out on Diller's unique brand of comedy, others have been more fortunate. She spends much time crisscrossing the country playing Las Vegas, the Catskills and many points in-between. "One of my next stops after New York is Michigan. I'll be playing..." She stops in mid-sentence and searches for the proper phrase to characterize comedian Pat Paulson's dinner theater. She smiles. "I'll be plaing a 'summer resort'." She then expels that famous raucous laugh.

Beside hopping from nightclub to nightclub, Diller also makes periodic forays into the theater. She was one of several women to follow Carol Channing into *Hello Dolly!* and she recently portrayed the hysterical Mother Superior in the San Francisco company of *Nunsense*. Can a return to Broadway be the next step, even

though it's been over 20 years?

"Oh yes, most definitely," she says. "As a matter of fact, I'm reading a script right now for that purpose." She points in the direction of her publicist sitting on the other side of the room.

But, rather than talking about herself, Diller likes to yap about those whom she's helped launch. "Burt McHugh, who was a model and the Tom Selleck of his generation, also ran the Bon Soir where I was appearing. It was located down on Eighth Street. One day, he mentioned that he hired an opening act. A few days later, this girl walks in dressed in head-to-toe thrift shop clothes. She told me the shoes alone cost 35 cents. Anyway, in those days she wanted to be someone like Yma Sumac, and say she was from a foreign country, but her accent was pure Brooklyn. However, when she opened her mouth, she sang like an angel. For the life of me, I'll never forget that opening night. I just knew Barbra Streisand was going places. And it wasn't just me. *Everyone* felt it."

Apart from her nightclub bookings, which already take her into the next decade, Phyllis Diller owns "La Vie," her own beauty care line ("It's sold on the Home Shopping Network"), her own chili brand currently distributed in Texas and California ("I want to go national. How did Paul Newman do it so fast?... He's probably better looking than me."), and is about to produce a western ("Until every piece of paper is signed..."). She also plans to challenge Burt Reynolds when she unveils a chain of Phyllis Diller Theaters.

Until that day, we'll have to make do with Phyllis Diller's television appearances, videos ("How to Make Money at a Garage Sale" is one title) and her current Rainbow and Stars engagement. She appears twice nightly until July 1st. Tell the reservation desk, "Fang sent you." ▼

Performance

ABSENT MOON: EIGHT SEASONS FROM THE LIFE OF

Directed and Designed by Peter Reed
The Kitchen
512 W. 19th Street.

by Charles Barber

I am hidden and I am not hidden," wrote Rimbaud at the age of 19 in 1873. Already an accomplished poet, seasoned traveler and home-wrecker of the Verlaine marriage, Rimbaud burned out brightly and swiftly, drinking too much absinthe. By the age of 21, he was a has-been: restless, ill, money-obsessed and wasting the rest of his short life running guns in Ethiopia — and maybe even dealing slaves. He died at 37, like so many in the French literary crowd of the time, of untreated syphilis.

Rimbaud would be quite at home in the world today, in the teen culture of America, 1989. He could be an invention of Dennis Cooper, washed up at 21, his slim talents already squandered, just another over-the-hill boy movie star. It's an attractive story, even a banal one, but it's saved from the obscurity of the predictable because Rimbaud's talent in fact was *not* slim: it was extraordinary. Both hidden and not hidden, his voice is real enough today that his poems and books seem eerily prophetic. *A Season in Hell*, the book on which Peter Reed has based his new performance piece *Absent Moon: Eight Seasons from the Life of Arthur*

Rimbaud, proves that Rimbaud knew all about us, about cities and sex and illness and New York; about 1980s culture as well as 1880s. He may have been examining private hells, but he's also the boy who at his lowest moment could write: "Hunger, thirst, yells, dance, dance, dance, dance!"

Rimbaud has had his share of interpreters, alas, and one hopes he will be saved from them as much as from the obscurity to which he was earlier consigned. A dull, meritorious, fag-bashing biography by Enid Starkie was clearly well-intentioned, but Rimbaud neatly eluded the 50s mentality ("As for the immorality of his homosexuality, which many consider



NO NUDE IS GOOD NUDE
Steven Cook in *Absent Moon*

Photo: Arne Svenson

his most heinous crime, the only relationship of this nature which he is known to have had, was the one which occurred when he was 17 and came under the influence of a man 10 years older than himself, who was weak, self-indulgent and vicious..."

etc.) After Starkie, a silly play by Christopher Hampton (of *Dangerous Liaisons* fame) made for a Masterpiece Theater-type occasion that strained to shock the middle-brow (Rimbaud as feckless pop star, etc.).

Now Peter Reed, a choreographer, director and designer has turned his not insubstantial resources onto the subject of Rimbaud, with disappointing results. The piece was advertised with a photo of a bearded, vacant-eyed Rimbaud, and behind him a rear view of a nude guy — the sort of theater ad cum pin-up we should all have come to dread by now. It's an inevitable sign of theatrical paucity. Inexplicably, there *are* no nude men in Reed's piece, poets or otherwise, which is not only mysterious, considering Rimbaud's justly famous odes to the asshole, etc., but irksome in the false advertising department.

Reed divides Rimbaud into three roles, and although it's hard to think of the life of a 37-year-old as young, middle-aged, and old, one actor is boyish (Byron Suber), one indeterminate (Jorge Socarras) and one ill and tired looking (Steven Cook). The production is sumptuous, and full of technical invention, but short on the blood and guts of Rimbaud. Despite the obvious extravagance, the piece is loose and dragging. Everything one could wish for is there except for any visible, compelling reason to do the piece at all. It's a bit cold and monotonous, measured out in teaspoons. While we can be grateful to Reed for avoiding the gushiness of a Christopher Hampton, Rimbaud is a curious choice if restraint is going to be the style. Unfortunately, Rimbaud's religion seems to have attracted Reed, and the tone is inevitably sanctimonious.

continued on page 78

GOING OUT

AN EVENTS CALENDAR

prepared by Rick X
with information from
The Gay & Lesbian Switchboard of New York

For more information or referrals, to rap, or to volunteer,
call the GLSB daily, noon to midnight, 212-777-1800

Send calendar items to:
Rick X, Going Out
Box 790
New York, NY 10108

Items must be received by
Monday to be included in the
following week's issue.

(Editor's Note: This calendar is a compendium of anything in the Greater New York area that may be of interest to gay, lesbian and bisexual people. Items are generally not excluded on moral, philosophical, political or aesthetic grounds. However, commercial ventures, especially those with limited appeal or requiring large expenditures, are included at the discretion of the editor.)

Regularly held meetings of organizations will be listed when they are of interest to the public and when details about the programs are submitted. When sending an organizational newsletter, please identify which events should or should not be listed in these pages; otherwise, a private potluck dinner in an apartment may become a public affair. Please provide contact numbers which are suitable for non-members to call.

Finally, for all the mistakes, current and future, regarding places, times, and phone numbers, and for all the lives ruined by such errors, the editor begs forgiveness.)

(NOTE: All phone numbers without area codes are 212.)

TUESDAY

J U N E 2 7

20th Anniversary of Stonewall

FAMILY DIVERSITY COALITION
Rally to Support Domestic Partner Legislation, at Sheridan Square, 5:15 pm; info 627-1398

MEAN OF ALL COLORS TOGETHER
Boatride around Manhattan, with music, dancing and cash bar; an alcohol-free space on upper deck; dinner available for \$12; leaves 42nd St Pier on the Hudson, 7:30 pm sharp, returns 10:30 pm; \$20; 245-6366

PEOPLE WITH AIDS COALITION
Forum: Lawrence LeShan, clinical psychologist and author of *Cancer as a Turning Point*, discusses his work; at the Center, 208 W 13 St; 7:30 pm; free; 532-0290

HETRICK-MARTIN INSTITUTE and HERITAGE OF PRIDE **Benefit Reading of Doric Wilson's Street Theater**, the acclaimed play about the Stonewall Riots; call HOP for info, 691-1774

FREDERICK TIMM presents a **Staged Reading of his "New Love"**, a new comedy by the award-winning playwright, about David and Leslie's struggle to get boyfriends; at the Center, 208 W 13 St; 8 pm; \$2; 620-7310

LESBIANS & GAY MEN OF NEW BRUNSWICK **Film: Parting Glances**, at the Friends Meeting House, 109 Nichol Avenue, New Brunswick, NJ; 8 pm; \$3 (LGMNB, Box 1949, New Brunswick, NJ 08903)

WNET-TV/13 **Before Stonewall**, a one-hour film explores the history of the gay experience in America through recollections and archival footage; 9 pm

WNET-TV/13 **Whoever Says the Truth Shall Die**, a look at the controversial life and murder of filmmaker Pier Paolo Pasolini; 1 am late night

WEDNESDAY

J U N E 2 8

RADICAL WOMEN **Report from the National Women's Studies Conference**, with dinner at 7 pm (\$6); program at 7:30 pm (\$2); at the Center, 208 W 13 St; 677-7002

LESBIAN GAY CONCERNS COMMITTEE **Videotape of the 1987 March on Washington, "Affirming Our Heritage"**, with discussion; at Unitarian Universalist Fellowship at Huntington, 109 Brown's Road; 8 pm; free

EAGLE BAR **Movie Nite: The Accused**; 1/2 price drinks from 10-11 pm; free popcorn; movie at 11 pm; 142 11th Ave at 21st St; 691-8451

WNET-TV/13 **"Choosing Children (Lesbian Parenting)"**, 11:00 pm THURSDAY, June 29

H.E.A.L. **Exposition of Effective Alternative Approaches**, includes nutrition, acupuncture, Chinese herbs, chiropractic, macrobiotics, yoga, syphilis connection, much more; at 441 Lafayette St (next to Public Theater); 674-HOPE (4673)

ACT UP LESBIAN & GAY ACTIVIST HISTORY PROJECT presents **A Queer History Teach-In**, talking about people, actions, civil disobediences and philosophies that marked the beginning of lesbian and gay liberation; at the Center, 208 W 13 St; 7-10 pm; 533-8888

GAY MEN'S HEALTH CRISIS **Preventive Health Seminars: Complimentary Health Care**, 129 W 20 St, 3rd Fl classroom; 7-9 pm; free, 807-6655 (TDD 645-7470 for hearing impaired)

FRIDAY

J U N E 3 0

NATIONAL GAY AND LESBIAN TASK FORCE (NGLTF) **National Day of Mourning for the Right to Privacy**, commemorating the third anniversary of the Supreme Court's decision in *Bowers vs. Hardwick*; 202-332-6483

LAVENDER LIGHT GOSPEL CHOIR presents **"Please Touch Somebody... Right Now!"**, 2nd in a series of seven concert programs of gospel music and information on stopping the AIDS epidemic; at Brooklyn YWCA, 30 Third Ave (take 2,3,4,5, D,B,Q,R,N to Atlantic Ave); 7 pm; free; 212-245-6266

VILLAGE PLAYWRIGHTS presents **Summer Affairs**, a production consisting of seven interrelated short plays by seven different gay and lesbian playwrights, encompassing murder, love, friendship, fun and sex at a summer resort; at Ernie Martin Theater, 311 W 43 St, 5th Fl; 8 pm; \$10; 718-499-0497 for reservations (also 7/1)

SATURDAY

J U L Y 1

VILLAGE PLAYWRIGHTS presents **Summer Affairs**, a production consisting of seven interrelated short plays by seven different gay and lesbian playwrights, encompassing murder, love, friendship, fun and sex at a summer resort; at Ernie Martin Theater, 311 W 43 St, 5th Fl; 8 pm; \$10; 718-499-0497 for reservations

WOMEN ABOUT **Assateague Island State Park camping trip**, four to seven days; visit and camp on the fascinating "Island of the Horses"; 353-0073

TUESDAY

J U L Y 4

COURTYARD PLAYHOUSE presents the opening of **Jane Chamber's "The Quintessential Image"**, through Labor Day, at 39 Grove St (west of 7th Ave below Sheridan Square); 869-3530

ISLANDERS' CLUB **July 4th PartyBoat for gay men and women**; cruise around Manhattan with dancing under the stars, buffet, and fireworks; 633-8898

WEDNESDAY

J U L Y 5

EAGLE BAR **Movie Nite: Madame Sousatzka**; 1/2 price drinks from 10-11 pm; free popcorn; movie at 11 pm; 142 11th Ave at 21st St; 691-8451 THURSDAY, July 6

JUDITH'S ROOM **Reading by Michelle M. Tokarczyk**, poet, "The House I'm Running From;" 681 Washington St (btwn 10th & Charles); 7:30 pm; free; 727-7330

CENTER SPORTS goes to **Mets vs. Cincinnati Reds**; 7:35 pm; 620-7310

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Personals

GWM, 41, 5'5, 148 lb., seeks companions of roughly similar age and height who appreciate classical music, history, religious ritual and art, international affairs, progressive politics. For spiritual communion, physical affection and very safe sex. Write: P.O. Box 7674 FDR Station, NY NY 10150.

Real Batman Seeks Real Robin: Holy partner! Let's ditch Gotham City and concentrate on each other! YOU: sharp mind & looks, 20-38, a winner who deserves the best, enjoys cuddling, laughing, old movies & fresh popcorn, comfortable in jeans, tux or a cape. ME: solid 6' showbiz pro, 185, dirty blond/sea-green eyes, young 44, handsome, hung, hot, hunky, happy, a roMANTic catch. Share safe adventures at dream BatCaves in NYC & P'town. Unmask this Caped Crusader & discover your hero, top pal, protector, defender, teacher, lover & more. Zap letter & photo now (BOTH required): POB 1704, Provincetown, MA. 02657. (NOTE: Jokers and Riddlers please apply elsewhere. Try Geraldo.)

Asian gay male interested in travel, aesthetics and a relationship sought by tall, serious, sensitive GWM, early 40's. *OutWeek Box 1000*

Need a spanking? Attractive guy, 43, 6', 160 lbs, will put you across his knee, pull down your pants--and underpants--and spank

your bare bottom till you promise to behave. Am into fantasy--not pain. Good with beginners. Box 1316 FDR Sta, NYC 10150. Seek trim guys only.

GWM, 35, 5'10, trim beard, balding. Mature, together, independent. Enjoy GWM workouts, beach, arts, architecture, history. Looking to meet guy 30-45 with similar interests and attributes. P.O. Box 379, NY, NY 10101.

Very affectionate, GWM, 41, 5'9, 170, stache, furry, attractive, seeks smoother guy 30-50 for relationship. You have a great sense of humor, enjoy musical theatre, cabarets, travel, long walks, talks, hugs & kisses. Let's get acquainted. Send letter, phone & photo to: P.O. Box 7116, FDR Sta., NYC 10150-1909.

European businessman, attractive w/m 45, 6'1, 175, commute between Paris-NY often, will host gdlk w/m 23-30, educated, cleanshaved, slim, for civilised stimulating nights of good drinks, food, conversation, (safe) fun. POB 8324, NY 10150-1918.

White male, 38, 5'6, 140, muscular, healthy, discreet, youthful, attr, seeks muscular-beefy man for safe mutual times, big arms a +, prefer men 30-55. Box 783, NYC 10008.

Overzealous dyke, young of year, firm in loin, seeks big haired girl for a nonstop bonanza. Psycho bambis, hungry monsters and dullards

need not even try. *OutWeek Box 1001*

WM, 44, look 30, 5'8", 160, seek black, Hispanic or Asian guy, 20's to 40's for fun times. Let's share affectionate experiences, safe mutual j/o, light s/m scenes or whatever we can improvise. If you're muscular, a plus. No drugs. *OutWeek Box 1002*

Old-fashioned, safe, sensuous & erotic "daddy-enemas," ass-play & more given with TLC. I cater to shy guys & beginners. Also want to share your childhood experiences. Rick, P.O. Box 45, Caldwell, NJ 07006.

LOOK NO FURTHER. GWM, experienced friend and lover seeking same. I'm easy-going, sensitive, romantic, intelligent and witty. 44 years young, 5'7", 142 lbs. Beautiful blue eyes, curly brn hair, moustache. I'm sensual, sexually vers and into safe sex. Interested in perf. arts, film, books, dancing, music. Jogger. People watcher and nature lover. Your ph/photo/letter gets mine, Box 2004, NYC 10009.

GWM 29 br/br healthy, good shape, romantic, many interests seeks younger GM for friend, poss. relatinshp. BDM Box 305 Blkn, 11240. Send letter & phone. All answered.

Are you an animal during sex? Want to be? (I mean literally) Hypnosis might give the

feeling. Let me change you. Letter/photo to D.H. Box 350-148, Booklyn NY 11235-0003.

After-the-Office: Handsome, healthy, trim, 5'10", 145, 40 Brooks Bros. type living in midtown wishes to meet male exec. for safe sensual fun after the office or at lunchtime. POB 1197 NYC 10156.

Team Coach: do you want to act out your sweaty locker room frat hazing, foot and other fantasies with a hot WM, 33, 6'1", 185, very handsome, masculine, and works out? Then tall guys write to meet for your real explosive action. Bobby, P.O. Box 304, Village Station, NY NY 10014.

Chubby-chasers wtd. by tall, handsome chubby with lots to offer--into all safe scenes--from latins to slaves, wanted photo and pix, P.O. Box 430 NY NY 10018.

Strict discipline sought from someone who knows its value. Spank, strap, paddle, whip, crop or switch my buns to a good red color while I'm tied down crying like a child. GWM 38, 5'11", 183, br/br, good shape. SS, no drugs. Can reciprocate. *OutWeek Box 1003*

Mildly Kinky: GWM, 52, attractive, 5'10", 145, versatile, risk taking, seeks hot sex, fun, relationship, friends, enjoys politics, conversation, walks, movies, much more. P.O. Box 173, NY NY 10023.

Marr/bi/gays: Getting enough/any? Me neither! Masc, ripe, hlthy guy sks ss. M-Th NYC daytim/early pm mutual fun; wkend Hamptons outdoor woods & beach romps. Write your hlthy fantasies/needs to Bob, Box 871, SAG Harbor, NY 11963. Cum on, let's go for it!

White male couple early 40's healthy, fit, nonsmokers, looking to expand social circles seek other male couples (age unimportant). We enjoy the theatre, restaurant dining, traveling and, most important, friendship. Please reply to P.O. Box 1636 NY, NY 10185-0014.

Hot, handsome, GWM, 47, 5'9", 155, br/br, moustache, healthy, youthful, smart, masculine, muscular. Seeks attr, bright, health-consc, well-built men for hot safe sex. Send phone & photo to Jim, P.O. Box 20100, NY NY 10017-9992.

Tall, slim, cute GWM, 23, activist, tv personality, writer seeks radical hunk comrade. Interests: films, reading, cable tv and the Pyramid on Sundays. Photo/phone: *OutWeek Box 1006*

Complicated guy wants simple life. Me: 5'6", 130 lbs., blondish, passionate. You: smart, funny, honest. Beard a +. Any race, any temperament. *OutWeek Box 1004*

Female: to spend time going to shows, country, just being friendly, etc. I am 49, 5',

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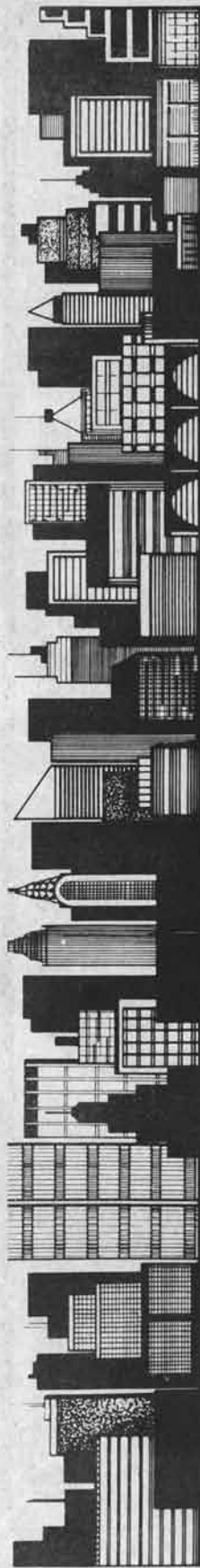
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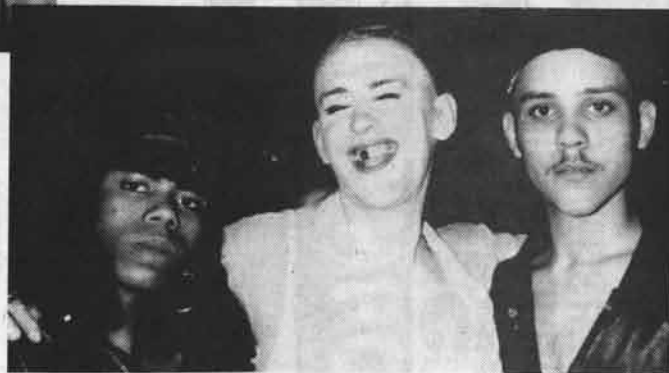
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HATE CRIMES continued from page 20

Finally the bill was approved by committee by a 34-1 vote, leaving Dannemeyer as the sole member voting against the bill.

After the vote, National Lesbian and Gay Task Force lobbyist Peri Jude Radecic was pleased that such staunch supporters of Dannemeyer's anti-gay initiative as Reps. Gekas and Bill McCollum (R-Fla.) voted against Dannemeyer's amendments. "People have come to understand that whatever their feelings are on homosexuality, this is not a civil rights bill," she said.

"Dannemeyer is breaking rank with everybody," added Human Rights Campaign Fund lobbyist Steve Smith. "You have some of the most conservative members of the House on this committee and if Dannemeyer can't even get one vote in this committee, it shows that he has no claim to leadership even within his own faction."

The bill is expected to see floor action in the House in July. A companion bill is also awaiting floor action in the Senate. That bill, however, is being held up while lobbyists seek to secure solid votes against an expected four-part "sense of the Senate" amendment from Sen. Helms which would declare that the "homosexual movement" is a threat to the "American family"; mandate the enforcement of state sodomy laws; ban funding for any school curricula which portray homosexuality as "an acceptable lifestyle"; and put the Senate on record against ever passing a law banning dis-

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GARDEN continued from page 10

provide all of the services that are required to those who are suffering from the HIV virus and are ill." By way of an example, Koch mentioned a city program that he said provides AZT to all people who are unable to pay for it. (AZT is a drug taken by many people who have HIV-related illnesses.)

"I think you know, whether you agree with everything I say or everything I do, that I want to help, and I promise you I will," Koch said.

In his speech, Cuomo, who has in the past lost a mayoral election to Koch, and beaten him in the governor's race, made an attempt to salvage Koch's reputation with the community. "I'm surprised by some of the boos," Cuomo began. "I have known the mayor for a long time. This is one of the only places in the world where you have a mayor who wanted to be governor and a gover-

nor who wanted to be mayor. I have heard him speak for the lesbian community, for the gay community over and over. I have heard him do it when it was popular, in places where it was popular, like this street, and in places where it wasn't so popular. Fairness requires that you acknowledge what this man has done for freedom, for dignity, for fairness," Cuomo said.

He qualified his remarks by saying that he was not supporting anyone in the upcoming mayoral race, but that he would support the winner of the democratic primary in September.

Cuomo also reaffirmed his support for the recently-defeated bias-related violence bill. "If there is one thing we will insist on, it is that everybody allow everybody else to be free . . . to love the way they choose to love," he said amidst cheers and applause. "You have to

celebrate diversity in this country or perish. Sometimes I regret even that I've raised the question, when I see what an ugly response it's drawn, but now that we've had that response we have to stay in this fight until we win."

The party itself went on far into the night, with performances by the Lavender Light Gospel Choir and the Flirtations. The evening's emcee was comedian Kate Clinton. Among those in attendance were Lee Hudson, Councilwoman Ruth Messinger, Brooklyn District Attorney Elizabeth Holzman and Chelsea District Leader Tom Duane, an openly gay candidate for the city council district that includes Greenwich Village.

Robert Woodworth, deputy director of the Center, estimated that over 2,000 attended the party, which he said raised at least \$30,000. ▼

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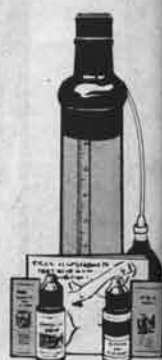
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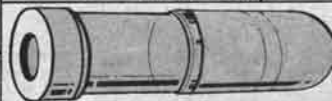
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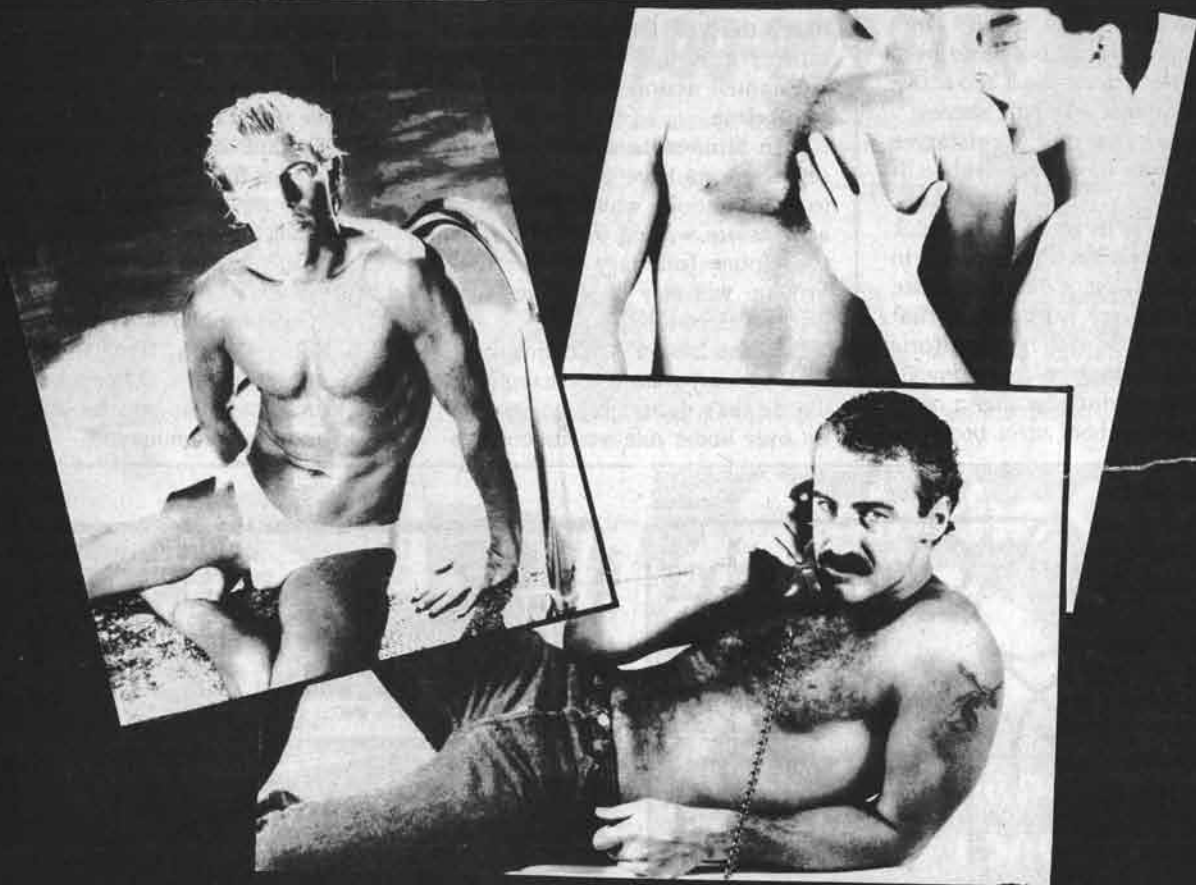
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HARDWICK continued from page 19

C homosexual-specific misdemeanor, punishable by a \$25 fine. This, according to legal activists, although continuing to stigmatize gay and lesbian sex, could open the door to a court challenge to the statute on equal protection grounds.

A New Hampshire effort to re-criminalize sodomy died in a state subcommittee in 1988, a death that Hyde characterized as "quick, timely and appropriate." But aside from that reactive victory, most pro-active actions have met with little success.

In many states, legislative repeal efforts have met with stiff resistance from skittish lawmakers. Maryland saw its state senate give quick approval of a repeal bill in 1987, only to have it die in the State House Judiciary Committee that year. The following year, efforts were concentrated on that committee, but proved fruitless after a committee member held up a brochure

from the North Man/Boy Love Association as an "example" of the sort of behaviors which would become common in the state should the sodomy law be repealed. The bill was quickly repealed.

In Minnesota, a repeal bill, sponsored by openly gay state legislators Sen. Alan Spear and Rep. Karen Clark, suffered a similar fate in that state's lower chamber.

A comparable bill was introduced this year into the Texas legislature, although it did not see substantial action before the session's close.

In Minnesota and Texas, the repeal efforts have been redirected to the courtroom, while in Maryland, activists are waiting for 1991, when the House Judiciary Committee's makeup will may be changed after the next election.

In the District of Columbia, the local sodomy statute is entangled in the district's thoroughly unique battle over home rule versus congress-


sional powers over the local government. In 1982, the District Council passed the Sexual Assault Reform Bill, which lifted the district's sodomy law and lowered the age of consent from 16 to 14. However, Congress, bowing to immense pressure from the Rev. Jerry Falwell-led Moral Majority, pulled the entire law.

A new bill, titled the Rape Protections Act of 1989, is scheduled to be introduced to the District Council June 29. Although the bill has broad support, many think that a beleaguered D.C. government may be reluctant to act, fearing further interference from Congress.

"You have to remember, when we're asking people to vote for these bills, we're asking them to vote on sex," Hyde says.

They don't like doing that."

But regardless, Hyde feels that sodomy reform should continue to be a major agenda item for the lesbian and gay community. ▼



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There are plenty more of these parties going on regularly throughout the city. You invariably have to know someone to be invited. And, though most of them insist on safe sex, some aren't as strict as they might be, which brings us to some final thoughts on the scene by the people who know it best.

"Anyone who isn't practicing safe sex in this day and age isn't just stupid, they're dangerous. When I'm in one of the clubs, I just assume that everybody is a threat to my health and take it from there. I've had great times playing by the rules and I know I'm not the only one."

"The term 'safe sex' worries me because it was all safe 20 years ago. Who knows what else could come up? I only get into masturbation scenes and have made some really nice friends at Locker Room who feel the same way."

"I like all the clubs for different reasons and have dated quite a few of the guys I've met there, which is unusual but not impossible. I've found that hanging around the bar areas to be really conducive to meeting people. It's not like the cruise bars where people just walk away when you talk to them. The people are friendlier and more relaxed. I guess it's because they've already come so many times."

"Sometimes I'll be walking home from work and I'll see guys from the clubs talking to friends, wearing their suits and holding their briefcases. We give each other a look and it's strange. I feel like I know all their secrets."

"I do go to the sex clubs from time to time but I don't feel great about it. I'd rather be home watching TV with a lover. When I come home I feel so dirty I have to take a shower. Even if I just watched."

"I like the clubs, but you have to know that this is just the beginning. I mean, the Mine Shaft didn't just come out of nowhere. There was a whole process that brought us to that point, and this was how it started."

"I've had some hot, hot scenes in these places, especially the Loft, but I don't think it's all that satisfying. I really like S/M, but I prefer getting to know my partners first. In these places everyone is just using everyone else for a quick fantasy fix. To me, real S & M is a little more involved than that."

"The clubs are great but they're addictive. I love them and I hate them."

"I'm an exhibitionist. Need I say more?"

"I always seem to have a good time when I go, but I only seem to go when I'm depressed so I guess that isn't the best barometer. When I'm happy or busy doing other things and feeling good about myself there's no way I'd go to a place like that. It's like the furthest thing from my mind."

"I met my lover two years ago at Locker Room. I was downstairs most of the night and he was upstairs. We met by the bar while I was getting a soda. Only our closest friends know where we met and they still tell little jokes about it."

"My friends tell me I'll never meet a lover in the dick clubs, but I'd rather stay home and clean my toilet bowl than stand around in one of those prissy cruise bars posing all night. Or listening to everybody whining about how much they want to meet somebody. I know that scene too well. Those queens don't want to meet anybody. They just want to complain."

"I like this scene, I play safe and I've never encouraged anyone to go who didn't want to. These kind of places have always been around and they always will be no matter what the city does or what the health department does or what happens with AIDS or herpes or anything else. We've learned a lot during the last few years but we can't just hide in our apartments and become eunuchs. Safety *and* numbers. That's my motto. And besides, safe sex is the hottest anyway." ▼

in a high enough concentration to transmit. But if the person has blood in their mouth, that could transmit back to you either through the urethra or much more likely through a cut or abrasion on the penis. And it could be a tiny cut.

Q. Does saliva kill HIV?

A. No, not that we know of. Not according to the CDC, but it may dilute body fluids containing the virus.

Q. Do you know whether or not HIV can pass directly through mucus membrane?

A. I would say there would have to be a cut or an abrasion, but it doesn't need to be a big cut, it could be microscopic.

Q. How long does HIV last outside the body?

A. Well, eventually the air would kill the virus, but we don't have a time span on that, whether it's minutes, hours or days, because it would depend on how much virus in how much body fluid

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Q. I wanted to know what guidelines you have for oral sex?

A. Use a condom. You don't want to insert the penis in your mouth without a condom.

Q. Do you know if saliva kills the HIV virus?

A. It doesn't kill the virus, no.

Q. Because a lot of people say that oral sex is OK because saliva kills the virus.

A. Well that's just stupid. People don't bother to get the facts. This is something that's so serious, that can affect their lives.

Q. I had also heard that HIV passes directly through mucus membranes. That you don't need an open cut in your mouth.

A. That's not true. It takes an open exposure to blood for the HIV virus to transmit.

Q. Do you know how long the virus lasts outside your body.

A. It dies right away, immediately.

Q. OK, thanks alot.

A. Get the facts, and be careful.



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opera continued from page 53

David Gockley had to have a lot of balls to produce *Where's Dick?* for, in many ways, the show's bitter sarcasm is better suited to an off-Broadway venue. The characters in this opera include Baby Snowflake (an albino gorilla, symbolizing pure violence, who lusts after virgin flesh), Fate Spritely (an eternal victim who carries a bridal veil in her purse—just in case), Stump Tower (the famous midget real estate developer who has a surprisingly masochistic streak in him), Mrs. Heimlich (a suburban matron who dabbles in child abuse and shopping) and Boldface Headlines (a male soprano dressed in kabuki robes). Add in such buffoons as Reverend J.J. Newright and Sister Immacula (a take-off on Jim & Tammy Bakker), Ma Paddle (a sadistic old bitch who runs an orphanage), and a pederastic Santa Claus who's tired of groping chicken, and you'll have some idea why Foreman staged this opera in "a gym-

nasium for crooks."

Wallace's lively and energetic score reflects today's pop idiom while Korie's libretto contains such startling moments as a nun describing how Reverend Newright "dangled his wang in my face," and the Tarnish Brothers (Sterling & Stainless) urging the audience to "slap your neighbor's face and get into the spirit of the show." There are plenty of bad puns — "Half girl, half ape, I'm all bent out of shape" — and a final chorus which insists that "there's a little Dick in all of us standing tall."

Like *Nixon in China*, *Where's Dick?* was written to be performed with microphones. And with good reason. This is an intensely difficult score to sing and a fearsome libretto to communicate to an audience. Working with conductor John DeMain, Texas Opera Theater's ensemble deserves nothing but kudos for its hard work. I was particularly impressed by Joyce Castle's Mrs. Heimlich, Henry Stram's Junior, Karen McVoy's Fate Spritely,

Cindy Benson's Ma Paddle, Daryl Henriksen's Reverend Newright and Natalie Oliver's Sister Immacula. Agelina Reaux (Baby Snowflake), Consuelo Hill (Chief Blowhard), Randy Wong (Boldface Headlines) and Wilbur Pauley's dirty old Santa Claus added to the fun.

Some people in the audience were horrified by the society mirrored in Michael Korie's libretto; others thought that Wallace and Korie's opera was too pornographic. The hard truth is that *Where's Dick?* is no more pornographic than the 11 o'clock news or the headlines one sees every day in the *New York Post*. My own feeling is that this extremely contemporary piece is a welcome addition to the operatic repertoire and a long overdue relief from the blandness of too many other new works. With appropriate cuts, *Where's Dick?* can and should become a highly provocative opera which will continue to outrage and entertain audiences for years to come. I certainly wish it a long and healthy life. ▼

BOOK REVIEW continued from page 51

predators themselves: "And sooner or later, there they are - at the Greyhound bus station, waiting to greet the next busload of farm boys from Peoria."

The authors seem to take a certain perverse pleasure of their own in delineating stereotypes, such as one they call the "Shrill Doll": "The first thing you'll notice about the Doll is how *stiff* he is. Typically, the body is held, tensely and rigidly, in an unnatural posture reminiscent of department store mannequins (which, it's worth noting, are usually *designed* by gay men). The posture may be effeminate, with arms akimbo or pinkly aloft, or bizarrely macho, with chin thrust forward, arms held rigidly at the side, and legs planted apart, as though in the last stages of tetanus." I'm not making this stuff up, folks, it's in the book.

The authors' agenda is strikingly illustrated by the statement that gay self-hatred was the problem of a "bygone era," while today, "we're confronted by a whole new set of issues,

some of which have to do with our liking ourselves altogether too much". Their analysis is that we've brought all this hatred down on ourselves. Their program for the future; ditch the drag queens and conform. Their statement that, "The sad truth is that, in real life, absolute individuality produces only absolute isolation and absolute loneliness," stands as the simple and sublime credo of authoritarian oppression throughout the ages, be it by fascists, totalitarians or puny little peddlars of gay self-hate.

The real 'sad truth' is that there does exist much in the lesbian/gay community that could stand improvement. The authors' complaint that we don't sufficiently support our political and service organizations is well taken. Their argument that we need to launch a media campaign to alter straights' opinions of us is interesting and could be usefully explored by more thoughtful writers. There is a great deal of unfaced racism and sexism within our community, and obviously much to do in the way of lesbian/gay interaction

and solidarity.

But to seriously propose that we should jettison major portions of our community as undesirable, and then turn around and demand that society accept us, is cynicism in the extreme. The writers' whole agenda is fatally tainted by their seemingly unconscious hypocrisy. For this reviewer, who discovered a wellspring of gay meaning, compassion and faithfulness among men in the trenches of the plague, statements like "Too many gay men stick together in pairs not for love, but for sexual convenience: having a ready cock to suck," render the entire argument of *After The Ball* sad and small and pathetic. ▼

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PERFORMANCE continued from page 55

Reed writes in the program that *A Season in Hell* "should be perceived as a literary event; to perform the text would be a disservice." But so too are the poems that Reed uses as his text, among them the most famous of Rimbaud's. They do not need a production around them, either; it would have been much more theatrical simply to have Byron Suber, who even looks like the young Rimbaud, reclining on a sofa reading the poems out loud (perhaps while nibbling at a bowl of fruit). This is, after all, the poet who wrote: "Oh to be naked now, seeking peace and sunshine/My face basking before your glorious ass/And both of us free to murmur and moan!"

Perhaps rebelling in the face of *this* Rimbaud, Reed has abstracted him. The result is strangely disembodied, in a work about a man who

was obsessed with the body. Video monitors and voices coming out of speakers are not particularly vivid devices. The three central performances seemed rather listless and inert, and did little to get the production heated up. But perhaps they felt trapped by so much TV.

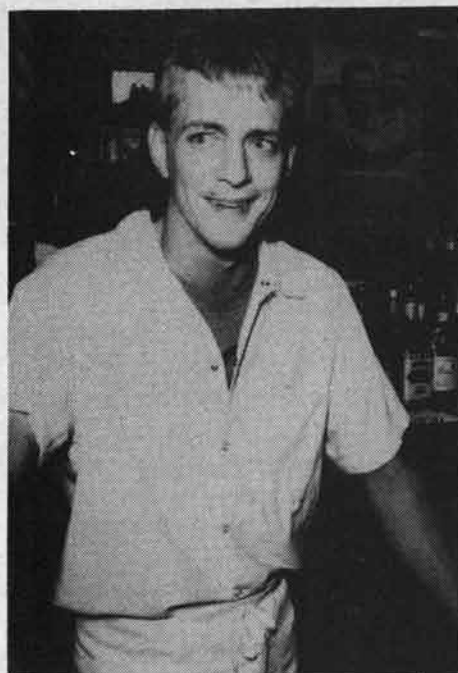
There are beautiful moments—the three Rimbauds in large sweeping black opera capes, the talented singer Marlene Meenard (unfortunately, on video), and Byron Suber's sly performance of "Le Bateau Ivre." Reed's ending, with Rimbaud tangled in a web of I.V. tubes while water softly trickles over his head, was moving and apt, and delicately achieved. If only the rest of the production had been as simple. Rimbaud's verse, like Shakespeare's, doesn't need the trappings of a production—no real poetry does. It is its own scenery. ▼

CONTROL continued from page 48

with the blame. Also, if you're the party who's been put on the defensive, yours is the choice of tactics. *Now* is the time to bring forth all of those little annoyances you've been saving up for so long. Use the testimony of other people when available, thus maintaining an atmosphere of objectivity. Remember all of your lover's faults and past indiscretions (I've found that keeping a journal is helpful for this). And if a particular line of defense strikes a disarming chord in your partner, make a mental note of it for future use. Don't go to bed angry; sleep somewhere else if need be. And don't let an argument go on forever (everything loses luster with age); two weeks should be an absolute maximum. If, after that time, you've not reached a solution, just swallow your pride, declare a stalemate and wait for the next time. Enjoy your summer! ▼

Bar Rounds

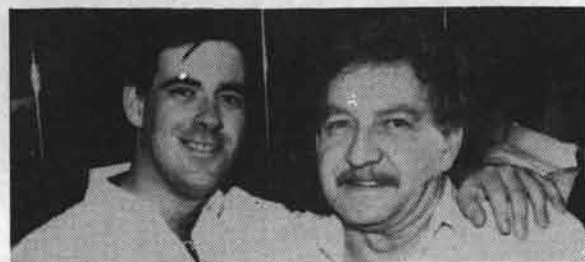
Photos: Scott Morgan



PAUL at Julius'



MARK at Eighty Eights



BRIAN and **JOE** at Clyde's



CHICKS WITH DICKS

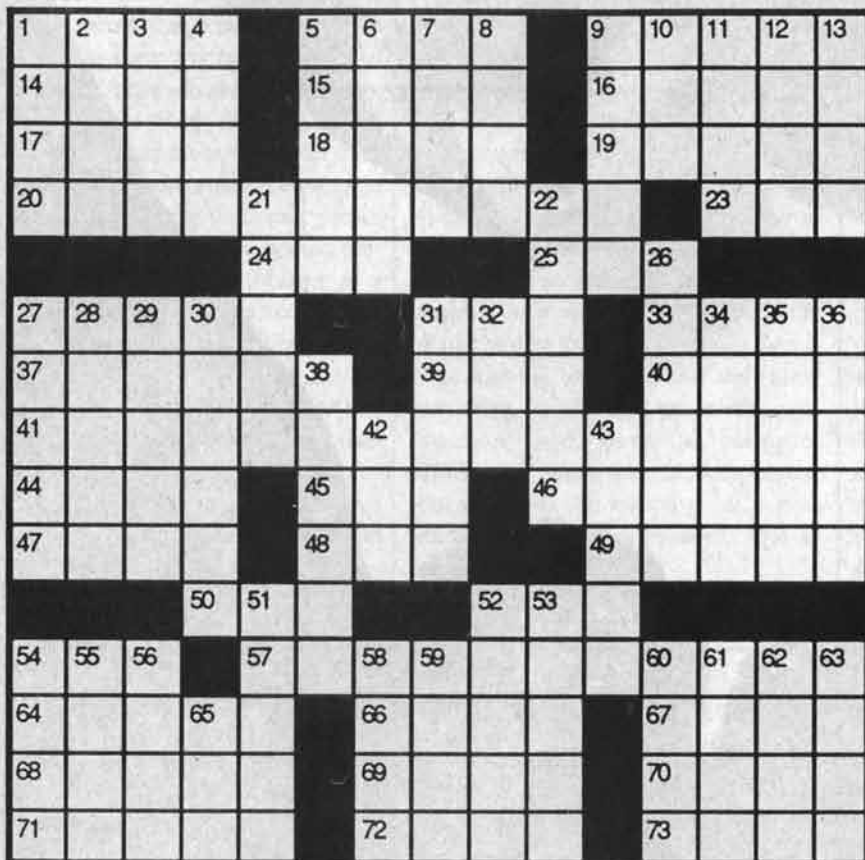
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by Phil Greco
 Edited by Gabriel Rotello



ACROSS

1. La _____ aux Folles
5. Gay play
9. _____ hair
14. "_____ of Livin' to Do"
15. Star in 11 Down
16. Stadium
17. Alexandra del _____
18. Reed instrument
19. Bucky et al.
20. Warren's novel,
The _____ (2 wds.)
23. Shrimp _____
24. Pork dish
25. Not pos.
27. Child _____
31. Actor Vallone
33. Shankar piece
37. Legume
39. _____ Khan
40. Kind of sex

41. Gay documentary
_____ (2 wds.)
44. Ireland
45. Nab
46. High-pitched
47. Italian family
48. Zorro, the _____ Blade
49. Pyromania
50. After Fri.
52. Small bird
54. Self
57. _____ Street
64. _____ Starr
66. Harem rooms
67. Making _____
68. _____ Wilde
69. Hairdo
70. Sign
71. Gertrude _____
72. Five _____ Pieces
73. Word with flag or cat

DOWN

1. Leg part
2. Winglike
3. Fagbar dancer
4. British school
5. Market
6. Scalp secretion
7. Ferrum
8. Observed
9. CA player
10. Actress Mary
11. Gay play
12. Day _____ Night
13. The Closet _____ Show
21. _____ and Saddles
22. _____ Terrible
26. Horticulturist
27. Playwright Edward
28. Drinks at Ty's
29. Out of shape
30. The Rolling _____
31. Tacky
32. Bygone
34. Saudis
35. Virologist Robert _____
36. Peter _____
38. Measurement
42. _____ cruise
43. Greek muse
51. Baby oak
52. Russian rulers
53. "_____ Party"
54. Love god
55. Essence
56. Fairy tale starter
58. Hitchcock's "gay" film
59. Thought
60. Drip sound
61. _____ sexual
62. Daredevil Knieval
63. _____ Clair
65. Gay, to Genet

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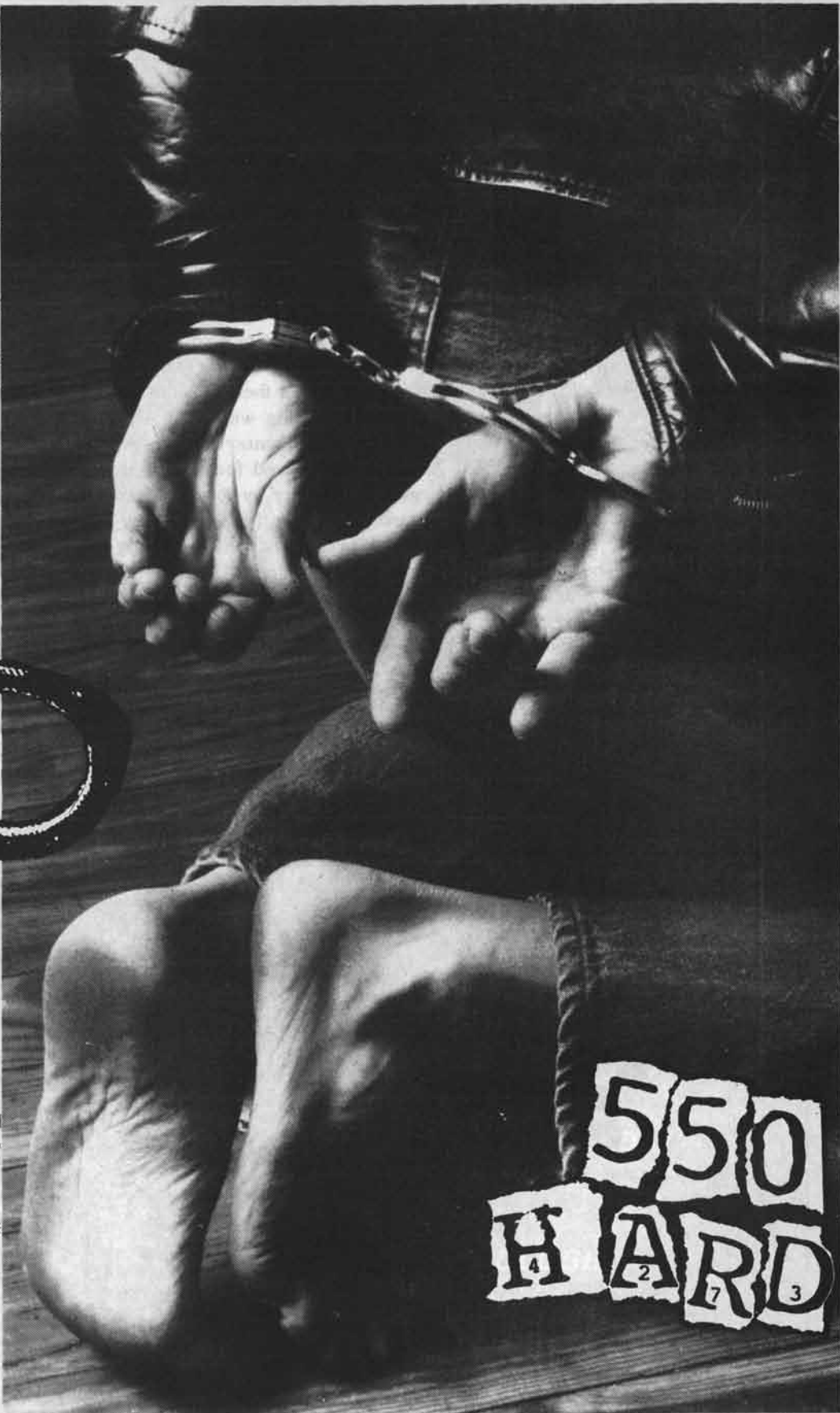
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Sports

Volleyball

MCAA Volleyball, with 300 people divided into 32 teams, is the largest volleyball organization, gay or straight, in New York City. Founded seven years ago, the league is open to all lesbians and gays at any level of skill.

The volleyball year is divided into three seasons. From early June to mid-September the league holds free play to which anyone is welcome. Games are held each Wednesday and Thursday night from 7:30 til 11:30 at the High School for the Humanities, 7th floor, on 18th St between 8th and 9th Avenue. The cost is \$5 per night and there are no membership requirements—just show up and you'll be

assigned a team for the night based on your level of skill.

The formal season begins in September. Those wishing to join pay a membership fee (last year it was \$70), go through tryouts and drafts and are then assigned a team for the duration of the 12-week season. Teams are ranked in divisions, from Recreational, up through Intermediate and Advanced, to Competitive B and the highest rank, Competitive A. Teams play within their divisions for the season, ending with an all-day tournament at Hunter College in January. The second formal season begins in February by repeating the process, and again the 12-week season ends in May with another all-day tournament at Hunter.

After a few weeks off, the league

participates in the North American Gay Volleyball Association Nationals, usually around Memorial Day. In addition, the league is host each year to the Big Apple Tournament in April, the largest annual lesbian-gay athletic event in the city, which draws 30 teams from across the U.S. and Canada.

For further information about the MCAA Volleyball League, contact Bruce Kaye, Commissioner, at (212) 242-7904. Or better still, show up at one of their weekly games and try it out yourself.

OutWeek is looking for a sports nut to write our weekly gay and lesbian sports column. Anyone interested should contact Gabriel Rotello at 212-685-6398. ▼



Photos: Scott Morgan

OutWeek Marches On

No sooner did OutWeek's first edition appear last week than it showed up on the picket line, in this case last Tuesday's zap at Forbes Magazine. Activist Marvin Shulman (left) shows off his very first copy. How many people in the picture, and the one below, are zapping, how many are reading? There will be a quiz.





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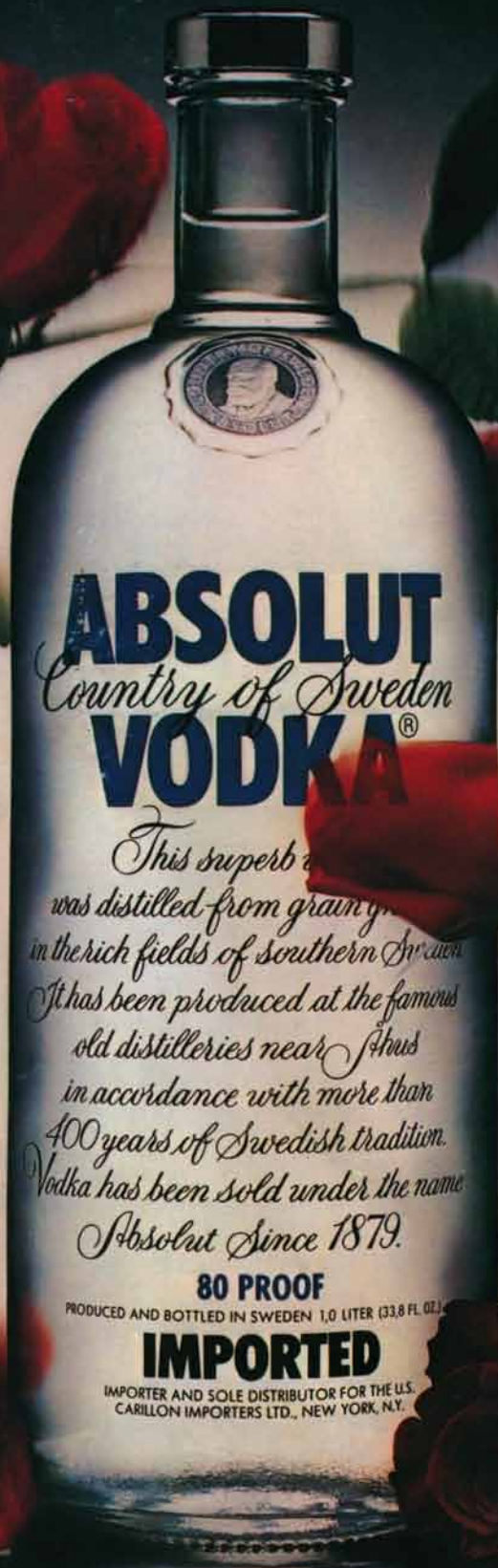
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