

THE LESBIAN AND GAY NEWS MAGAZINE NO. 66

OUTWEEK

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Amherst College, October 1963**

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CONTENTS

NEWS	Bar Guide.....66
News12	Classifieds69
Out Takes.....24	Crossword.....82
DEPARTMENTS	HEALTH
Outspoken.....4	In Our Own Hands.....30
Letters5	Political Science.....32
Stonewall Riots.....5	ARTS
Jennifer Camper8	FILM: The Witches <i>A diva is born according to Madam X...</i> 50
Sotomayor.....10	MUSIC: Melissa Etheridge <i>Paula Walowitz spins in Melissamania.....</i> 51
Blurt Out11	ART: Nan Goldin <i>The photographer lets Linda Yablonskaya in on some negatives and positives.</i> 52
Milestones34	ART Queer/Bric-A-Brac/The Lazaretto <i>John Donahue browses the galleries.....</i> 54
Look Out.....45	BOOKS: Realms of Strife <i>Max Cavitch peels back the identities of Juan Goytisolo....</i> 55
Out of My Hands.....46	POETRY: D.O.A. <i>Tim Dlugos..</i> 56
Gossip Watch47	
Out on the Town.....48	
Going Out Calendar59	
Tuning In.....62	
Dancing Out.....63	
Community Directory.....64	

ON THE COVER

Queen of a Thousand Faces *Joe E. Jeffreys recounts the illustrious life of Ethyl Eichelberger.....*36

Photo of Ethyl Eichelberger in "Nefertiti" by Paula Court

OutWeek (ISSN 1047-8442) is published weekly (52 issues) by OutWeek Publishing Corporation, 159 West 25th St., New York, N.Y. 10001 (212) 337-1200. Application to mail at second class postage rates is pending at New York, N.Y. Subscription prices: \$101.40 per year.

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SCHOOLS, GAYS AND THE DAMAGE DONE

The public school system is intended to cure—not cause—bias and ignorance. In modern times, it has also frequently superseded religion and the family, becoming the primary route by which moral values are transmitted to children. Yet in the case of sexual difference, our school system perverts the role of education, instead promoting and perpetuating the disease of homophobia.

It's no accident that schoolchildren can be among the cruelest, most openly queer-hating members of society. Many teachers subtly or overtly encourage homophobia. And in many districts, it's illegal for progressive teachers and administrators to discipline homophobic students. Such discipline is considered "encouraging the acceptance of homosexuality" and can sometimes result in the dismissal of the teacher, not the student.

Attitudes toward gays on the primary and secondary school level are founded on the assumption that homosexuality is somehow "caused" when adults "encourage" its acceptance. According to this theory, homosexuality would simply disappear if lesbians and gays were adequately disciplined and discouraged. Laughable as this seems to us (particularly in the age of AIDS), it nonetheless forms the basis of much of the scholastic approach to homosexuality.

Another ancient fiction is the concept that gay positivity in education somehow leads to child abuse. Science, experience and accumulated evidence long ago debunked these feeble theories. Yet homophobes continue to cite them when explaining why gay-positive education must be proscribed.

Meanwhile, for 10 percent of the school-age population, education remains a frightening, mean and alienating enterprise. Attempts to remedy the situation by inserting gay-positive information into the curriculum, such as New York's Multicultural Educational initiative, continue to be openly rebuffed by politicians or quietly smothered by bureaucrats.

Most people eventually discover that the morals they imbibe as children are imperfectly practiced as adults. Academic attempts to discourage racism, sexism and other biases are never wholly successful. Nevertheless, childhood values are indelibly etched into a person's vision of the world as it *should* be. And such ethics usually prove to be among the most permanent, intractable parts of one's makeup.

As long as schools refuse to give even lip service to equality and respect for lesbians and gays, pervasive homophobia is inescapable. What is sown in the child is inevitably reaped in the adult. Until society's anti-gay educational perversion is challenged and changed, all other remedies our movement undertakes are little more than damage control.

If you're a New Yorker who cares about the current homophobic climate in education, write to the schools chancellor. Ask him what he's doing to create a gay-positive, multicultural curriculum. Ask him in particular what he's doing to secure funds for the revamping of the curriculum, funds for textbooks and programs that challenge, rather than support, academic homophobia.

Write to: Chancellor Joseph Hernandez
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LETTERS

LESS THAN ECSTATIC

As an avid reader of *OutWeek* who recognizes it as a responsible source of information for the lesbian and gay community, I found the Sept. 5 [no. 62] column of "Out on the Town With Liz & Sydney" glaringly offensive and disturbing.

Their "advice" regarding the use of Ecstasy (which may be laced with mescaline or acid)—"Find a buddy...don't be alarmed, you'll come down—eventually."

Give me a break, wimmin! I never was impressed by your adolescent concept of hipness. Your incessant droning about the NYC club scene is boring enough—but this is gross. Ecstasy is not an addictive drug. No one needs to use it (just in case you attempt to justify your "advice" by drawing an analogy to providing clean needles to IV drug users). Drugs are definitely *not* hip (what bathroom stall have you been hiding in for the past few years?), so why the hell are you promoting this nonsense?

OutWeek, I find your advocacy of safer sex and drug use in the same magazine somewhat of a contradiction, to say the least. I vote to suspend the girls for the next weekend and force them to stay home drooling as they watch *Saturday Night Fever* for the 35th time.

Deb Benson
Manhattan

Liz and Sydney respond: Like it or not, Ecstasy use is prevalent in some segments of the gay community—and not just the downtown night life scene. Perhaps you misinterpreted what was written. We did not advocate drug use; we commented upon such behavior. Like information on clean works or needle exchange, our words were meant

to prevent further physical harm to drug users. Regardless of whether Ecstasy is physically addictive or not, people are using it. The ingestion of the combination of substances we described, especially when unplanned, may result in situations of great physical peril.

The choice to use drugs is a decision for every individual to make, but it must be based on informed consent. This is not an issue of hip or not hip; it is an issue of information, put in terms that those people involved will understand and comprehend. (And we don't drool!)

LO-KEY BEATS NO-KEY

As a new resident of the Village from Jesse Helms' hometown, I cannot understand the point of Charles Merrill's unfortunate full-page ad [no. 64, Sept. 19] showing his discontent with the Harvey Gantt campaign because they were slow in acknowledging contributions and did not issue him an engraved invitation to a local luncheon.

If this were the Al D'Amato campaign, this might be a reasonable reaction. But I cannot fathom a "queer activist" wanting anything more than a pulse from someone who might defeat Helms. In case we need reminding, Helms goes out of his way to create anti-gay crusades that otherwise would not exist and has the power to make them stick.

Last summer, my lover and I were in on the initial stages of forming North Carolina Senate Vote '90 with other gay people, long before anyone knew or cared who would be running against Jesse Helms. Other progressive groups have been attracted to what was originally an all-gay organization, until it now functions as an independent PAC working to

help elect Harvey Gantt the next senator from North Carolina. That the group is treating gay issues on a "low-key" basis now is all right with me. Low-key is better than no-key, and even openly gay candidates here in New York probably do not stress gay issues enough to suit Mr. Merrill.

If Harvey Gantt were *more* homophobic than Jesse Helms, I would still want him to win. But actually, Gantt sought out gay support and approached the Senate Vote '90 organization, ultimately winning their endorsement before the primary.

I would hate to see *OutWeek* readers decide not to give money to defeat Helms because of this ad. The address for contributions for NC Senate Vote '90 is 604 W.

Chapel Hill St., Durham, NC 27701.

Marty Winfree
Manhattan

LIFE IN HELMS (A SATIRE)

I can no longer be silent.

Call me a love-sick fool, but I think Sen. Jesse Helms is the fiercest man in Congress. Not only is he *big* and *dumb*, he is *h-o-t* *positivel*. Of course, I've always had a weak spot for double chins, beady eyes and smart-looking glasses...but aside from these striking attributes, my Jesse has a unique charm all his own: his sweet Southern drawl, his sexy paunch, his sensuous little gray sprouts of hair...*who can resist?!*

I couldn't. Still can't.

STONEWALL RIOTS

BY ANDREA NATALIE



THE NIGHT AUDREY'S VIBRATOR SPOKE.

Jesse, I know you're reading this. It's Tom! I still love you! Please stop giving everybody a hard time! Don't you remember the special times we shared?!

I know...that's a stupid question. Of course you do. I was a fool to leave you. I admit that. I loved you with every fiber of my being. But you have to understand! I had to leave you. I couldn't continue to be the "other woman"...or live your lie. I told you then and I repeat it now: When you're ready to leave "the missus" (as you so lovingly referred to her); when you're ready to love me without shame...with wild abandon—as I loved (and still love) you—then, and only then, will I return to you. Yes, I, your little boy.

I'm sorry that I had to do this but I can't just sit around, twiddling my fingers and thinking of you, while you vent your anger over our failed relationship upon the gay and lesbian community! Yes, yes, I remember how much you hate the word "community" but it's true! I've experienced it! After I left you, I fell into it. If you would just stop pretending, you'd see! Most gay men that I've met (just met, I could never sleep with anyone as wonderful and fulfilling as you) have the same passions and sensitivity that you do—deep down.

Please Jesse! Please Papa! Please Sir! Don't do this anymore! Leave your people alone! If you're angry or repressed, take it out on me, not them.

Remember, I love you, and I'm waiting patiently for you. In the meantime, and please don't think I'm cruel, I hope Gantt kicks your honey-sweet, lily-white, droopy-skinned ass...the ass I once held so tenderly and hope to caress again....

Your little boy,

Tom Eubanks
The Donna Reed,
Palm Springs, Calif.

I WANT MY ROTC

So Joseph Steffan used to think that "fairness just happens

in society" [no. 62, Sept. 5]. But then something terrible happened to him—he was kicked out of the Naval Academy for being gay, and he had this, well, this epiphany: "You really have to fight for fairness." Evidently you don't have to be too bright about the world to be in Annapolis' top ten, but Joe is in good company; his razor-sharp perceptions about society are perfectly reflected in the general obliviousness and downright ignorance displayed in the article about ROTC.

Yes, there were demonstrations in the 1960s, but neither Al Weisel nor his interviewees seem to have noticed that they were different—people way back then actually thought that war was not a good thing and that the military was to be avoided because armies tend to kill and maim people. Those demonstrators saw that women had crummy jobs for crummy pay, that the United States used its Armed Forces to oppress people, that American corporations could be counted on to help the American empire whenever needed. They also saw that the environment was being trashed by those same corporate folks who were really interested in the development and protection of oil but couldn't be bothered with solar energy. So people demonstrated against war, against ROTC, against racism and sexism and what was quaintly called the "military-industrial complex."

Stonewall had to happen before all that consciousness could be applied effectively to another group: ours, lesbians and gay men. And much has changed in the last two decades. But you know what? Women still make 70 cents to 75 cents for every dollar that men make. The untrammelled free market given to us by Reagan and his friends has thrown countless people into the streets and our society is still racist. Know what else? The military hasn't been idle. It exhausts our resources and lives in vital places like Grenada, Panama and now

Saudi Arabia. I had hoped that people who form one of humanity's most despised minorities might see society differently from others. But no, there isn't the slightest hint of any of that in Weisel's article. Don't you notice that there's a *difference* between wanting to get out of Vietnam and wanting to get into ROTC? Just because the straights have it, do we have to have it too? Doesn't it matter what ROTC is used for? Is this mad crush to get into the Armed Forces *really* what gay and lesbian civil rights are about?

Or should we be asking how we can make things different and better, how we can reject all the institutions of militarism and oppression that destroy people everywhere, including us?

Nah—too corny. Sign me up—I want my piece of ROTC too. I won't let them discriminate against me, by god.

Lenore Beaky
Manhattan

TAKING DESERT TO HEART

Michelangelo Antonioni's *Red Desert*, reviewed by Robert Hillferty in *OutWeek* [no.62, Sept. 5], is not an instrument of a male director's "transsexuality." Rather, it is a shallow, though beautifully filmed, portrait of that universally favorite cinematic stereotype, the "hysterical woman," seen through the eyes of a fetishizing male.

Hysteria, from the Greek for "womb," is the uniquely feminine (or so men say) malady which, as the Greeks said, is caused by a "wandering womb." In filmmaking, as in opera, theater, and other performing arts, it is the byword for the woman who needs to get "fucked" in order to put her back in her proper place in society.

In his review, Mr. Hillferty does not even mention the two gruesome rapes which occur in the film. These are completely unforgettable moments.

The review is an unfortunately typical male homosexual reaction

to the stereotype of the hysterical woman. Just because many of us have watched our mothers force themselves to conform to the role of the "good" woman (i.e., complete passive-aggressive wrecks) doesn't mean that we as gay men have to become their apologists.

Red Desert is a story about a straight woman's marriage compact: in return for pedestal worship and physical protection, she gets sexually, emotionally and physically exploited. When worship or protection or even compassion is withdrawn by the man, the compact is broken. What does the straight woman do? If it's our mother, and we (as gay men) are watching, we think she is heroic when she maintains the status quo. Or, if she's consumed by "hysteria," she dies a glamorous death, and we, as campy queens, can put a recording of *Camille* on the turntable and cry a river of crocodile tears.

Go on and seduce us. We'll pay to see films that portray a woman's need to escape marriage as simple "hysteria." Tell us how beautiful these movies are (and this one is). Don't even bother to tell *OutWeek's* readers about the rapes which frame the beautifully colored landscape of *Red Desert*. Like so many gay men, you're creating an illusory history of glamour for your downtrodden mother or cousin or sister or niece, and committing another heterosexist attack on gay, and women's sexuality. But do us all a favor and ask yourself one question next time: Would the same movie have been made about a man? I'm waiting for the answer.

John Kyriazis
Manhattan

Robert Hillferty responds: Is this letter for real? If you could see and feel more deeply than your "politically correct" myopia allows you, then you would see that the "rape scenes" (is every excruciating heterosexual encounter a rape?) are clearly what

Antonioni wants to condemn. Antonioni is not depicting a situation he condones: That straight men so often offer their cocks forcefully as consolation to their otherwise demoralized women is truly pathetic. Guilliana is a woman in crisis. Her dilemma: She needs men, but they offer her nothing but their cocks. In his film, which is neither shallow nor fetishizing, Antonioni unequivocally comes down on the side of the woman. As for your question, the same movie could not have been made about a man. That's the whole point. And leave my mother out of it!

FACTS DOWN THERE

I really enjoyed your coverage of Gay Games III in Vancouver [no. 61, Aug. 29]. I was looking forward to being there but had to miss it due to a family crisis in Aotearoa, New Zealand, which brings me to my only quibble with the coverage.

The women's touch-football team, which knocked out New York's team from the competition, was described as being from "Tamaki Aotearoa, the Maori name for Auckland, Australia."

That should have been "Tarnaki Makaurau, Aotearoa, the Maori name for Auckland, New Zealand." Just for the sake of stating the obvious, but frequently unknown, fact to citizens of the Northern Hemisphere, Australia and New Zealand are two separate countries with distinct indigenous cultures.

The Maori language is currently undergoing vigorous revival after decades of repression and should be identified with the land from which it comes, as should the lesbian football players who carried their city's and country's Maori names proudly.

Kevin Langley
San Francisco

DIVIDED AND CONQUERED

As a participant in the organization of the "Outrage Into Action" march against anti-lesbian violence in Park Slope, as well as a neighborhood resident, I wish

to put into words the frustration and sadness I experienced as a result of the divisive controversy that arose around the issue of racial insensitivity.

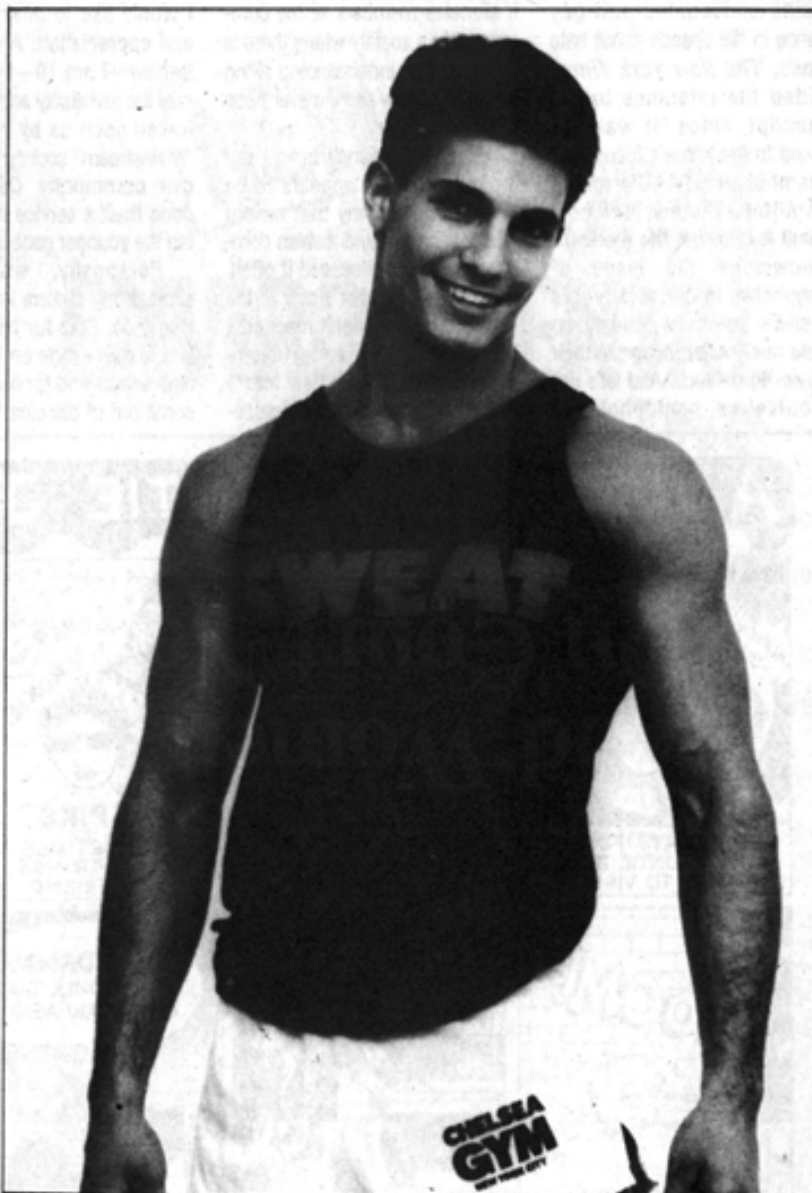
My initial reaction to the BWMA claim ["Letters," no. 64, Sept. 19] that the concerns of women of color were being silenced was defensive. To me, the word "lesbian" is race-blind and carries with it no special privilege for white women. Here we were, a roomful of lesbians

and gay men, planning a general anti-bias march—"taking up the cause" of straight women, children, differently abled people and racial minorities (regardless of sexual orientation). In our clamor to be "politically correct," we were perpetuating and contributing to the invisibility of lesbians and gay men.

At the same time, I was and am compelled by the statements of women of color who feel that to march in a predominantly white

march against homophobic violence is to deny part of their identity. I understand and support the woman who said: "I cannot wear different hats depending on what I'm marching for today. I am always a lesbian of color, and my issues are always interrelated." Seen in that light, I could not ask any person of color to join in any march that was not committed to "anti-racism."

So my frustration boils down to this. Is there any appropriate



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way for a racially diverse group to respond to the issue of homophobic violence?

The problem is that racism, unlike homophobia, is an issue that our society, as well as our media, pays easy lip service to. Because of the greater history associated with and respect paid to the civil rights movement, people will acknowledge that racism is a reality, even if they are racist or racially insensitive themselves.

Homophobia, on the other hand, is still an issue to be swept under the rug. When David Dinkins condemned anti-gay violence in his speech about hate crimes, *The New York Times* omitted the reference in the transcript, since "it was not relevant to the article's focus." As a member of GLAAD's media committee, I know just how difficult it is to get the media to acknowledge the issue of homophobia. In our society it is still status quo to be anti-gay, so people rarely even recognize their behavior to be such. And let's not kid ourselves, homophobia is

generally positively reinforced.

What's the solution? To shout our cry from the highest tower and to force the issue even when people don't want to hear it. And in this case, I believe that had we changed our focus to include anti-racist violence, the march would have been remembered and reported as single-issue, anti-racist. At the very least, homophobia would have taken a back seat.

My sadness comes from the fact that I see no easy answers to this problem. I believe that we must "focus" our anger, but not if it alienates members of the community. In a society where there is so much misunderstanding along racial lines, how can we ever hope to work together?

Sorry if it sounds hokey, but the only solution appears to be trust. I do not deny that racism plagues the gay and lesbian community, I have witnessed it often. However, from what I saw at the "Outrage Into Action" meetings, this was not the real problem. Many whites simply flew into a defensive "how-dare-you-accuse-

me-of-being-racist" attitude, while many people of color adopted the "you're-all-white-and-just-don't-get-it" stance. That didn't get us anywhere. In fact, it divided and eventually conquered a burgeoning movement in a neighborhood that should be a community leader.

Jeffrey Winter
Brooklyn

ALIVE AND UNDER 25

In regard to your Sept. 12 issue [no. 63] and the stories concerning the gay and lesbian youth I would like to offer my thanks and appreciation. As a "young" lesbian—I am 19—I fully recognize the invisibility and oppression forced upon us by not only the "mainstream" society but also our own community. *OutWeek* has done itself a service by highlighting the younger generation.

Personally, I would like to express my sincere admiration to Henry M. Diaz for his insightful and honest article on being out in high school and for his courage to come out of the closet and into a

society that is terrified of *los patos* (by the way I believe his mother's quote is spelled "*Te parases...*" not "*parases*") and often times wants to believe that we don't exist.

I would love to continue seeing articles by, for and about us, the youth. We have more to offer than most people give us credit for.

OutWeek, thank you, once again, for showing the world that dykes and fags do exist under the age of 25.

Lea Rivera
Brooklyn

AND WHEN THE JOB WAS NICELY DONE...

We regret that we were not given a chance to reply to Steve Cheslik-DeMeyer's letter [no. 64, Sept. 19] complaining about our review of his rock musical about Lizzie Borden. He said we wrote a "mean-spirited attack"; actually, we thought we'd been generous, given the mediocrity of the musical and its production.

We do want to contest Cheslik-DeMeyer's notion that *OutWeek's* critics owe "support"



to all work by gay or lesbian artists. Nonjudgmental support is what Cheslik-DeMeyer can expect from his therapist, or maybe his mom. Critics have a different job to do. What Cheslik-DeMeyer (and our readers) had a right to expect from *OutWeek* was the informed and considered judgment of critics who are more receptive to lesbian themes than they are to straight ones. And that's what they got. We're sorry if this surprised those responsible for *Lizzie Borden*. But if all they wanted was a pageful of praise in *OutWeek*, well, they could have bought an ad and written it themselves.

Madam X and
Anne Rubenstein
Brooklyn

MISSING THE BOAT

I was very excited to see the new magazine when *OutWeek* first appeared. After reading the first three or four issues, I realized it was less than I had hoped. I cut back and read it once a month or so.

We need *OutWeek*—or a magazine or newspaper that can be a counterweight to the *Native*. But we need to have a quality magazine that can speak to a wide readership. *OutWeek* is missing the boat!

First, why have you stopped printing a cover date? You should be able to schedule your printing so that you can have a cover date that matches the day the mag appears and carries calendar entries for that week.

A significant portion of regular columns in *OutWeek* are written in such arcane language that at least this reader feels that perhaps the columnist is communicating in private code with a few close friends—or maybe he [or she] just doesn't give a shit what he [or she] writes, as long as he fills a page with words and gets to see his or her name in print. I'd be happy to stop seeing such gems as "Out of My Hands," "Gossip Watch" and "Out on the Town."

On the plus side, you do have some really good departments, like the "Doctor Is Out," "Out on the Town," "Going Out Calendar,"

"Tuning In," "Dancing Out" and the "Community Directory." "Look Out" is also great fun.

However, your news coverage, feature stories and media reviews are just not sufficiently compelling to make me feel that my week is incomplete if I don't read *OutWeek*. I know there are difficulties in reviewing short-lived performances in a weekly magazine, but I really hate reading a review that makes me hunger to see a show that's already closed!

Please—we need a really good magazine for a gay and lesbian community. Work some more on *OutWeek*, and make it that.

Phil Reiss
Manhattan

P.S. I may not have mentioned the personals, classifieds or phone ads—but what do you think I always read first?

MILK FUND

Several weeks ago you published a letter from a Mr.

Devlin, concerning the ashes of Harvey Milk in the vault at Congressional Cemetery in Washington, DC, and a contribution that had been made on his behalf. Mr. Devlin of Ridgewood, NY, apparently received no acknowledgement for that donation.

Mr. Devlin has my personal apologies for this oversight. It has been our intent to respond in some fashion to thank all of the contributors to the Harvey Milk

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cause. Indeed, we have on deposit a \$200 contribution from Mr. Devlin. This contribution is set aside to help defray the cost of the interment here at Congressional. Thank you Mr. Devlin. I only wish that more people felt as you do about Harvey Milk.

What is the status of Harvey Milk's ashes? Briefly—his site has been paid for; funds enough to inter are on deposit; and additional funds are on deposit to be used for some type of memorialization.

A fine organization, the Never Forget Foundation (Harvey Milk Fund), under the capable guidance of project manager, Andy lives, has been in close communication with me.

Timetables have not yet been established as to when the interment will take place, but we are headed in the right direction. For those readers that wish to be a part of this, or if they have questions, they should contact Mr. Andy lives, Project Manager, Harvey Milk Memorial, 584

Castro St., Suite 607, San Francisco, CA 94114-2588.

Once again, thanks to Mr. Devlin for his concern about the contribution to the Harvey Milk fund. Mr. Milk was a man of great character and high integrity, and the action of Mr. Devlin is reflective of that same character and integrity.

John S. Hanley
Executive Director
Historic Congressional Cemetery
Washington, DC

LESBIANS, STRAIGHTS AND GCN

In issue 63 [Sept. 12] of *Out-Week*, a letter to the editor appeared that attacked both myself and the Gay Cable Network for being prejudiced to the lesbian community and extremely helpful to heterosexuals. The letter was signed by six lesbians who alleged facts about the network that were never corroborated by any of the group. A very, very wrong thing to do, leaving the entire group open to slander and li-

bel and promoting discord when we should be promoting unity.

First, here are the facts:

The Gay Cable Network began on April 10, 1982. Although the network began with *Men and Films*, from the beginning I added news features including the first conference on GRID (Gay Related Immune Deficiency), as AIDS was then called. Other firsts include the first gay TV coverage of the presidential conventions in 1984. In 1988, I brought a crew of 12 people to both Atlanta and New Orleans. We produced a program each night and sent it up by satellite around the country. At those conventions, our crew included lesbians, two straights and seven gay men. The cost of those two projects alone was in excess of \$30,000. The gay community contributed a total of less than \$5,000. The remainder came from my pocket. These are only a few of the highlights of what GCN has accomplished. The reason I point this information out is that

straight people have been helping at GCN for many years. I appreciate their help, for without them our programming would not have been produced. Make no mistake about it: I make the final decisions as to what is covered and what appears on the air. I believe that we cannot advance if we ghettoize ourselves. I do not seek out help from the straight community for the network, but if they volunteer and understand what the network is doing and what our goals are, and meet our requirements, and especially when there are no gays or lesbians that come forward, I will work with them. Television is our greatest tool for educating not only the gay and lesbian community, but advancing our cause with the straight community. I believe there is no better way to educate the straight community about us than for them to be part of our organizations and witness firsthand the prejudice and phobia we encounter on a daily

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PREJUDICE AND INADEQUATE HEALTH CARE
IN THE INNER CITY NEED TO BE ADDRESSED!

BUT... NOT
BY US!

JUST
SAY
NO!

basis. At the present time there are six gay men, six lesbians, three straight women and one straight man working with GCN. We have constantly advertised for assistance not only on the air, but in publications as well. Our requirements are simple: You must be able to spend at least five hours in one day and at least one day per week for a six-month commitment. You must understand what the network is working for and make a sincere commitment in quality time.

The letter in *OutWeek* went on to mention that a straight woman had written a sitcom for GCN. Gay Cable Network has produced two sitcoms both written by gay men. A false statement could have been corrected if any of the women had checked with me before submitting this letter. As far as Rebecca's interviews not being cablecast, my reply is simple: As the national director, I must make decisions on airing material based on what is best for the program; correspondents know that fact from the beginning, and it is a known fact in the industry.

As far as the lesbian and gay community supporting GCN, if we had more lesbians working for us, I believe this is an empty promise. At present we have six lesbians at GCN and *no advertisements from lesbians*. In fact very few lesbians have donated money to our organization.

So I offer the lesbians who authored this letter a challenge. If the statements they made are important to them then enter into a dialogue with me in ways that will improve GCN's image with them. It is a bad habit of the gay and lesbian community to spread dissent and then not to be present to rebuild what has been torn down.

Louis P. Maletta
National Director
Gay Cable Network

CHICKY DICKY

Unhappy subway riders are paying with pennies. As a result, reports the *Times*, "The Transit Authority is now the largest depositor of pennies with the Federal Reserve."

Meanwhile, Federal depositors are bulging with tons of unwanted Susan B. Anthony dollars that have to be stored. At taxpayer expense, of course.

Here is a modest *Chicky Dicky* proposal to solve the latter government dilemma to everyone's satisfaction.

Readers are likely aware that Susan wrote love letters to Anna Dickinson, 22 years her junior, which began, "My Dear Chicky Dicky Darling."

Well, imagine what will happen if queers in all 50 states, Puerto Rico, the Virgin Islands, American Samoa and Guam go to their banks tomorrow and ask for change in Susan B. Anthony dollars? If *OutWeek* and other business pay employees entirely in SBAs? If store owners order SBAs in amounts of \$1,000 and up, to anticipate demand? If gay businesses give a discount when paid with SBAs? If waiters are tipped with coins, not paper?

Larry Kramer and Allen Ginsberg, like cowboys of yore, will be expected to load their pockets with silver dollars, of course. Michael Jackson will be forced to choose: coin or paper. Musicians will be recording, "Man, How I Love Ya, Susan!" Jesse Helms, reaching into his pocket to pay for his Kraft cheese sandwich and Miller beer, will come up with an SBA dollar, hand it to the guy at the cash register, and hear "Thanks, honey!"

What better way to celebrate American feminist Anna Dickinson's Oct. 28, 1842 birthday!

OK, *everyone*, see you at the bank! Tomorrow! You, too, Michelangelo Signorile! Don't let Liz Smith include you in her scoop on guess-who-*didn't*-pay-in-Susan-B.-Anthony-dollars. Meanwhile, if the proposal succeeds in calling

attention to the tremendous nationwide spending power of gays, maybe Susan's Feb. 16, 1820 birthday can thereafter be called Chicky Dicky Day.

Allen Windsor
Manhattan

FIGURE THIS OUT

Apropos the term "Breeder": The only people I know who have children are lesbians. All the straight women I know are intent upon avoiding pregnancy because they feel it will ruin their figures, thereby lessening their opportunity to fuck around with *men!* Why this "Miss Nomer"?

Miss Tracy

PINES LAMENT

I just performed at the Robin Byrd/CRI benefit in the Grove in Fire Island. Though the benefit itself was a success and the Ice Place very friendly, it seemed to me that in the Pines, those of us who perform in the porn industry, both male and female, were not made to feel welcome at all. We were treated rudely, and at one restaurant, where they didn't want to wait on us, we were told, "We don't want your kind."

In addition, posters in the Pines informing people of the benefit were taken down before the performance. It is my understanding that John White was responsible. I'd like to ask him "Why?"

It appears to me to be some kind of petty game between the Pines and the Grove, and the Pines felt they had to prove something. What they proved to me and to the porn stars with me, especially the women, is that they need to grow up and stop this bitter feuding. I wish they would remember that every little bit helps. I wish they would stop trying to have the most "fabulous" party. It's not about "fabulous." It's about ending the AIDS crisis.

Jake Corbin
San Francisco

BLURT OUT

LIFE IS A MS.TERY...

After a long hiatus, Ms. has resurfaced. The new, trimmed-down book wears considerably less gloss, and is invigoratingly ad free. No longer cuckolded by ad concerns, the editors promise to make Ms. a brash, outspoken forum. Readers have unanimously, wildly—big surprisingly—requested that more attention be given to lesbians. Which brings us to this summer's first issue and a piquante interview with the Absolute Torch herself, k.d. lang. Speaking to the legendary Lesley Gore, k.d. engages some of the hard questions. Let's sample the convo: "Lesley: You've felt the extra pressures on a female star, country or pop, who chooses to remain unmarried? k.d.: Oh, yeah. Lesley: It's always been a problem for me, and in 27 years I haven't seen attitudes improve. k.d.: Sure, I mean there's that question." What? Oh, yeah. *That.*

—Sarah Pettit

NEWS

City Blocks Gay Cable Reshuffle

by Gabriel Rotello

NEW YORK—In a move that surprised gay activists, New York City requested that Time/Warner, operator of Manhattan Cable and Paragon, suspend its dismantling of programming on Channel 23/J for at least one month, sources told *OutWeek* on Friday. The request from Deputy Mayor Sally Hernandez-Pinero and Telecommunications Commissioner William Squadron came amid charges that the planned programming transition, scheduled to take place on Oct. 1, was proceeding too quickly to allow independent producers to adjust, and would negatively impact gay cable TV shows.

In another move with broad implications for gay programming, the city will require Time/Warner to suspend enforcement of the so-called "Holtzman restriction" for 60 days. That restriction, which went into force on Aug. 27, had prohibited cable producers from airing ads which were defined as "indecent," except during the hours of midnight to 4:30 a.m. Independent cable producers contended that the restriction would devastate gay and lesbian programming, which is financially dependent on ads for phone sex and other sexual services. The Holtzman restriction, part of a new contract between the city and Time/Warner, is named after its primary sponsor, Comptroller Elizabeth Holtzman, who had previously agreed to a 60-day delay in the implementation of the restrictions she backed.

Twin Problems

The twin problems of the Channel J transition and the "indecent" restriction rocked the world of cable TV recently. But while the dismantling of Channel J

programming had equally affected African-American, lesbian and gay and Spanish-language programming, the indecency provision threatened to wipe out gay shows entirely.

Both moves by the city surprised and pleased gay and lesbian observers of the cable TV crisis, who had watched in dismay as Time/Warner began to censor sexual ads and slash the community programming which had long been a staple on Channel 23/J.

The decision to seek the temporary suspensions resulted from a meeting on Friday at City Hall between city officials and Fair Access, a group representing lesbian and gay interests on cable TV.

"Deputy Mayor Hernandez-Pinero has committed to ask Time/Warner for a one-month suspension of the Channel J transition," announced Rosemary Kuropat, Hernandez's chief of staff. "Based on what we've heard, we feel we need this extra time to ensure a smooth transition."

Commenting on the city's ability to force the cable company to agree to the delay, New York City Telecommunications Commissioner William Squadron was upbeat.

"Time/Warner has always agreed to be flexible when it comes to the transition," Squadron said. "The city will now say to them that in order to be flexible, we need you to grant a one-month suspension."



VERTICAL HOLD—Deputy Mayor Sally Hernandez-Pinero

However, Evan Wolfson of Lambda Legal Defense and Education Fund, which has worked closely with Fair Access, was skeptical that the cable company would agree to the city's request.

"If Time/Warner is interested in providing the city with a rich abundance of programming, they won't hold to the arbitrary Oct. 1 deadline," Wolfson said. "We'll now have a

chance to watch what they do, not what they say."

While the city has no jurisdictional power to force Time/Warner to delay the Channel 23/J transition, it does have the power to enforce a delay of the indecency clause.

"We will effectively suspend enforcement of the indecency provision for 60 days," said Squadron.

However, Squadron expressed doubt that a suspension would accomplish much unless political will was quickly exerted to find an ultimate solution.

"The question of what we'll end up with after 60 days, whether it's alternate funding for gay programs, [or] redefining indecency to mean obscenity, or whatever, I just don't know," Squadron said.

Meanwhile, gay and lesbian leaders expressed satisfaction with the city's actions.

"I'm pleased that we'll have more time to explore constructive ways of

getting the city out of the business of censorship without having to go to court," said Wolfson, who has been preparing a legal challenge to the indecency clause in the event that a political solution cannot be found.

"As soon as we can dispose of the indecency restriction, we can all work together with the city on increasing other gay programming," Wolfson said.

The Holtzman restriction resulted in the immediate censoring of a number of phone-sex ads. The cable company, which is responsible for enforcement of the restriction, has been unwilling to specifically define what is indecent. Instead, it was requiring producers to pre-submit their commercials. It then rejected those it deemed "indecent."

City Disputes Formula

In a related development, city officials now openly dispute Time/Warner's assertion that it is complying with federal law in a crucial aspect of the Channel 23/J transfer. According to the city, Time/Warner is obligated by the Cable Act of 1984 to make at least 10 percent of its 36 channels, or at least 4 channels, available for leased use. However, the cable company currently has set aside only one channel for leased access. The resulting squeeze on available hours for community producers reduced the supply and inevitably raised the demand, and therefore the price, for the limited space.

Many producers have complained that Time/Warner is raising its rates from 200 percent to 2,000 percent per half-hour during current negotiations to move programming from Channel 23/J to the new station, Channel 35. According to the producers, Time/Warner is citing limited available hours and high demand as the reason.

"We have advised Manhattan Cable that they are not making a sufficient number of commercial channels available," Commissioner Squadron said. "Time/Warner has responded that the city has no authority over this. They intend to fight us." A spokesperson for Time/Warner was not immediately available for comment.

According to the Federal Cable Act, in the event that a local cable company is suspected of making too few leased stations available, producers have the option of taking the company to court. It is unclear, however, whether the city also has that option. ▼

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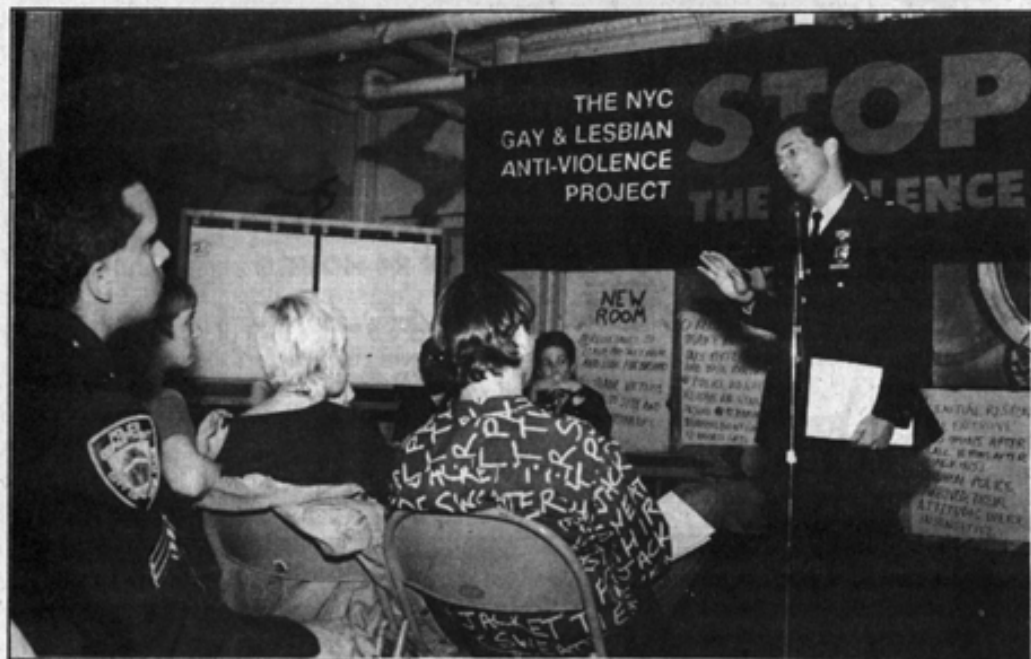


Photo: Ben Thornberry/OurWeek

"ONE OF THE BIGGEST PROBLEMS WE HAVE IS INSENSITIVITY."—Deputy Inspector Michael Julian.
Goal member Edgar Rodriguez is among the audience members.

by Nina Reyes

NEW YORK—Cops at the 9th Precinct have come under intense criticism from anti-violence activists and gay men involved in a near-riot that occurred two weeks ago in front of an East Village gay bar, just around the cor-

ner from precinct headquarters.

And last week, the precinct's commanding officer promised to thoroughly investigate charges of unprofessional and inadequate police performance during the confrontation.

The pledge, which came at a

community forum last week, included plans to discipline officers found to have violated procedure to hold regular monthly meetings with an advisory committee on lesbian and gay issues.

Deputy Inspector Michael Julian also agreed to station a police vehicle at the site of the confrontation for the next few weeks or until tension in that vicinity eases.

But the commander's promises seemed to do little to allay community dissatisfaction with the response of the police to the confrontation. Some activists were, however, encouraged that the precinct's top brass took allegations of poor police performance seriously enough to stand before the community and make significant commitments towards ensuring that the scenario will not be repeated.

"I was quite pleased by his candid

SLASHER GETS SIX YEARS

NEW YORK—While gay-bashings, even when they do not leave victims seriously injured, are invariably chilling, in some instances, gay men and lesbians have been able to fight back effectively against their attackers with the few weapons the legal and judicial systems provide.

Just two weeks ago, for instance, according to a report from the Manhattan district attorney's office, a 24-year-old Brooklyn resident was sentenced to six years in prison for slashing a gay man with a razor in late July. The defendant, Ronald Canaby, was a prior

offender, and will be eligible for parole in three years.

Six other defendants arrested in connection with the violent attack, which took place near the Christopher Street pier, are scheduled to go to court in October.

In another case, last week, a group of youths who caroused down Christopher Street allegedly randomly assaulting gay men were arrested in the PATH station on Christopher Street when several bystanders intervened in the perpetrators' attempted escape.

—N.R.

A DOZEN ASSAULTED IN SEVEN DAYS

NEW YORK—More than a dozen gay men reportedly were assaulted in at least six separate incidents last week, including one which involved a handgun.

In the early hours of Sept. 15, two gay men were violently assaulted and mugged on Fourth Street between Avenues B and C by a group of four or five youths. Two of the youths acted as cheerleaders for their companions, chanting, "Hit the faggots! Hit the faggots!"

"They didn't seem really interested in the money," recalled Ned Miller, who required ten stitches on his forehead to close a gash incurred during the bashing. His friend, Mark Dendy, emerged from the beating with two black eyes and a swollen face. Although the two men did flag down a police van, and searched the neighborhood for their attackers with the police escort, no arrests have been made in connection with the assault.

That same evening, several hours after Miller and Dendy were attacked, six gay men who had just left a club on West 14th Street between Ninth and Tenth Avenues were besieged by a group of seven youths, one of whom threatened the men with a handgun.

The incident began with a verbal exchange between the two groups of men. As the group of youths passed the gay men, one of the youths turned around and jeered, "They were looking at my ass!" and then added, "Do you want me?"

"There's nothing really to want," responded Robert Mignott, who described the incident to *OutWeek*. But as Mignott and his friends attempted to pass the group of youths, one of the gay men was struck to the ground by a blow on the back of his head.

One of the assailants, demanding an apology, pulled a gun and put it to Mignott's head.

"Next time I'll blow you away," the gunman reportedly said, and then turned his weapon on the group of gay men, and his companions jumped the group.

As the brawl moved down 14th Street towards Eighth Avenue, another group of youths joined the first group, and the gay men found themselves faced with more than a dozen attackers.

Mignott grabbed a metal wastebasket from the street and began swinging it at his assailants just as a police cruiser rounded the corner, and Mignott quickly found himself slung up against the side of the car by cops. By the time he convinced the police that his actions were reactive, the group of gay-bashers had disappeared. One attacker, who had punched Mignott in the midst of the assault, was eventually arrested.

However, hours later Mignott claims he was coerced into dropping the charges against his assailant by a sergeant at the 6th Precinct, who threatened counter charges for disorderly conduct. The case is still under investigation as a bias-related assault.

In addition, at least four other gay men were reportedly assaulted on or near Christopher Street. None was seriously injured. — N.R.

admissions of how he has perceived his own officers respond to the public," said Matt Foreman, director of the Lesbian and Gay Anti-Violence Project, of Deputy Inspector Michael Julian's comments during the forum. "The tough part is going to be following up on it, because traditionally these things fall apart."

The forum, which took place on Sept. 17 at the Lesbian and Gay Community Services Center, was designed to publicly air the grievances of people involved with the series of confrontations that occurred during the early hours of Sept. 8 in front of the Bar, a Second Avenue gay establishment that draws large crowds of gay men on weekend nights.

Clashes between bar patrons, would-be gay bashers and police led to near-riot conditions that night, according to witnesses, some of whom also alleged that police showed a "general reluctance" to leave the station house.

One witness told the crowded forum that when police eventually arrived at the scene, approximately 20 minutes after the first emergency call was made, Bar patrons were treated as though they were the perpetrators, while the youths who had been lobbing bottles at them from across the street were ushered away. "The two [police officers] that were facing us were clearly adopting a posture that was meant to keep us from the men who had been throwing bottles at us," he said.

According to one participant in the brawl, a police car that cruised down Second Avenue refused to provide assistance to the Bar patrons, even though at least three people attempted to flag the vehicle down. And when the series of confrontations ended, hours after the first anti-gay assault, Bar patrons filing complaints against both the bashers, several of whom were eventually arrested, and against police officers who had allegedly acted unprofessionally, insensitively, brutally or with unnecessary physical force, again reportedly met with police resistance to their charges.

"One of the biggest problems we have in the police department is insensitivity," Julian admitted, as the speak-out portion of the forum con-

cluded, pointing out that New York's finest have traditionally shown a near-complete lack of regard to not only lesbians and gay men, but to African Americans, Latinos, Asian Americans and women, too.

While more recent graduates of the police academy have undergone sensitivity training as part of their general curriculum, Julian contended that anti-gay bigotry among older cops could be addressed by commanding officers who make it known that insensitivity will not be tolerated.

Sam Ciccone, director of Gay

Officers Action League, an organization of gay and lesbian police officers, added that his group is currently helping to develop a comprehensive, department-wide sensitivity training program.

But although the police commissioner supports the program in theory, Ciccone stated, two months from now, when the project is expected to be completed, demand for its implementation from the lesbian and gay community will be needed to ensure that it is in fact integrated into the department. ▼

Lesbians Plead Guilty in Bombing of US Capitol



Photos: Joan E Biren/JEB

RESIST AND PROTEST—*Laura Whitehorn and Linda Evans*

by Susie Day

WASHINGTON—Three women—two of them lesbians—pleaded guilty on Sept. 7 to taking part in a conspiracy that carried out a series of eight protest bombings, including the 1983 bombing of the Capitol building, following the US invasion of Grenada. Separated from courtroom spectators by a bullet-proof Plexiglas wall, lesbians Linda Evans, 43, and Laura Whitehorn, 45, stood

individually before US District Judge Harold Greene and declared that they were "guilty of participating in a conspiracy...to resist and protest the unjust practices of the United States." When asked if she was guilty of the same charges, Marilyn Buck, 43, answered, "Yes, I am." About 100 supporters stood and cheered for the women as court was dismissed.

In return for these pleas, government prosecutors agreed to drop

charges against Susan Rosenberg, 34, and Tim Blunk, 33, already serving 58 years for weapons possession, and Alan Berkman, serving 12 years on similar charges. Berkman, now in the locked ward at the DC General Hospital, is undergoing chemotherapy for a recurrence of Hodgkin's disease. Because of this plea bargain, he is immediately eligible for parole, although his ultimate release remains uncertain.

"We began negotiations with the government in order to prevent them from killing Alan," defendants said in a written statement. Defense attorneys explained that the government has been reluctant to diagnose and treat Berkman's cancer, which recurred last May, two years after the six defendants were brought to the Washington, DC, detention facility and charged with the bombings. The resulting "resistance conspiracy" case has attracted international attention from thousands of activists, largely in lesbian and gay communities.

Charged with conspiring to "influence, change and protest policies and practices of the US government...through violent and illegal means," Evans, Whitehorn and Buck originally faced 45 years in prison, even though Evans and Buck were already serving sentences of 35 and 70 years, respectively, on previous charges. Laura Whitehorn, in prison since 1985 and currently unsentenced, has been held without bail longer than any federal prisoner in US history.

Government forensic experts have admitted that they have no evidence that any of the defendants actually planted the bombs, which, in addition to the Capitol, were detonated at such sites as the National War College at Fort McNair, the Washington Navy Yard Officer's Club, the South African Consulate in New York City and the New York Patrolmen's Benevolent Association. The bombings damaged government property but injured no one. "We are pleading guilty," said the women, "to a government that is guilty of the worst violence on the face of the earth. The context is skewed by the fact that we're in the hands of a completely unjust system." Evans, Whitehorn and Buck have worked for more than 20 years in alliance with African-American and Puerto Rican nationalist groups and in women's communities on a variety of issues.

After the hearing, government and defense attorneys spoke to the press on the courthouse steps. "Today's convictions demonstrate that we will be relentless in bringing to

justice those who seek to influence the policies of our...democratic institutions through terrorism," announced US prosecuting attorney Jay Stephens, whose comments were nearly drowned out by scores of gay and straight demonstrators who chanted: "Free all US political prisoners! Jail Jay Stephens!"

In addition to the conspiracy, Evans, Buck and Whitehorn pleaded guilty to aiding and abetting the Capitol bombing and could receive

up to 15 years in prison on both counts. Whitehorn could receive an additional 5 years for possession of false identification documents found in her Baltimore apartment after an FBI raid. Judge Greene will decide their sentences in court on Nov. 28.

After sentencing, the women will be taken to federal prisons and placed in maximum security units reserved for the more than 100 US prisoners currently incarcerated for opposing government policies. ▼

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Gay and Women's Groups Pile On Court Nominee

by Cliff O'Neill

WASHINGTON—A growing coalition of women's, abortion rights and gay and lesbian groups came out publicly against the nomination of Judge David Souter to the Supreme Court during the week of his Senate confirmation hearings on Sept. 12.

Leaders of the National Gay and Lesbian Task Force, the National Organization for Women, the Fund for the Feminist Majority and others piled on the jurist at a press conference on the eve of Souter's Senate confirmation hearings and later at a lunchtime rally during his second day of questioning.

Taking aim at the public perception that Souter's record is a "blank slate" on their issues, a battery of speakers at both events repeatedly brought up elements of Souter's record as New Hampshire attorney general and as a member of the state Supreme Court which, they insist, prove that he is against abortion, affirmative action programs and minority and women's rights.

On the issue of gay and lesbian civil rights, the activists zeroed in on a New Hampshire Supreme Court decision Souter signed onto which upheld the constitutionality of a state law declaring gay men and lesbians "unfit" to serve as adoptive and foster parents. The decision also found that a ban on gay people running day care systems, however, did violate the Constitution's equal protection clause.

"This decision does great violence to lesbians and gay men, many of whom are loving parents," said Urvashi Vaid, executive director of the Task Force. "The court opted for prejudice over truth and no justice was served."



UNSOUTABLE?—Supreme Court nominee David Souter

Vaid stated that the Task Force will urge its 17,000 members to lobby Congress to oppose the nomination.

A spokesperson speaking on behalf of the New York-based Lambda Legal Defense and Education Fund at the Sept. 12 press conference also opposed the Souter nomination.

Contacted on Sept. 14, Gregory King, communications director for the Human Rights Campaign Fund, stated that the Fund will wait until Souter has finished testifying before making a decision on whether or not to oppose his nomination.

"We anticipate that if the informa-

tion as we know it right now does not change during the hearings, we will oppose him," said King. "We would first like to hear his response to some of the questions that are sure to be put before him by members of the Judiciary Committee."

Although King did not anticipate committee members asking Souter a direct question on gay and lesbian rights, he did suggest that questions on privacy could shed more light on his views on gay-related issues.

But for the handful of groups represented at the Sept. 14 rally, Souter's record is all they need.

"Nothing we have heard negates our conclusion that this man does not belong on the Supreme Court," said NOW President Molly Yard. Yard anticipated that a number of other groups would be coming on board against Souter as the hearings progress.

In addition to the negative comments, 12 activists from ACT UP/NY and WHAM! briefly disrupted the Souter hearings on the

opening day on Sept. 13. During the introductory remarks by members of the Judiciary Committee, the demonstrators rose and yelled out a series of demands, including the appointment of an openly lesbian or gay Supreme Court judge, the overturning of the *Hardwick* decision, the security of abortion rights and protection from discrimination for lesbians, gays and PWAs. Following the disruption, the activists were arrested, charged with two misdemeanors and released.

Adding to the suspicion about the judge is the fact that he is being backed strongly by White House Chief of Staff

See SOUTER on page 42

Photo: Patsy Lynch

OUTWEEK

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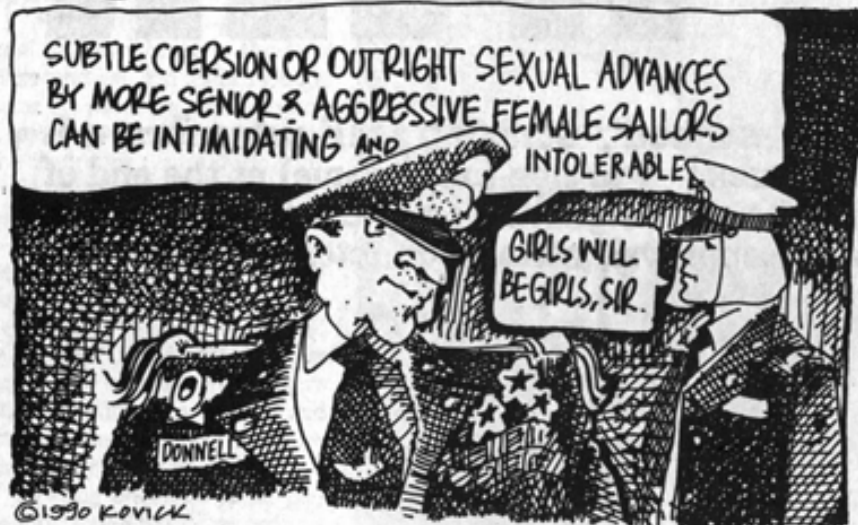
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Navy to Discriminate Equally Against Lesbians

Illustration: Kris Kovick



by Rex Wockner

WASHINGTON—The commander of the US Navy's Atlantic Ocean surface

fleet has instructed officers of the 200 ships and 40 shore installations under his authority to discriminate against les-

bians with the same vigor with which the Navy hunts down gay men.

Vice Admiral Joseph S. Donnell wired a memo to all commanders, commanding officers and officers in charge in late July, stating, "With the influx of women on our ships and throughout the Navy in general, it is necessary to address the sensitive issue of female homosexuality and ensure equal treatment of male and female homosexuals."

"There is a perception by many that female homosexuality is somewhat tolerated, while male homosexuality is dealt with swiftly and sternly," Donnell wrote. "[You must] demonstrate equality in the treatment of male and female homosexuals. The problem won't just go away."

Ironically, Donnell also pointed out that "experience has...shown that

IN THE NAVY . . .

SAN FRANCISCO—Yet another gay officer who was hounded out of the military has been asked to repay the cost of his tuition at the US Naval Academy.

Orlando Gotay, a 1987 graduate of the Annapolis academy, was honorably discharged from the Navy this past spring, in a negotiated settlement to an administrative separation action taken against him. In June 1989, Gotay was subjected to a Naval investigation into charges that he had "fraternized" with enlisted personnel, but Gotay later discovered that the action had been precipitated by allegations that he was gay.

No proof of Gotay's homosexuality was presented, and no basis for the charge that he had violated Navy policy by having social contact with enlisted personnel came out of the investigation, so Gotay's commanding officer dismissed all charges against him.

Months later, Gotay learned that if he did not resign, he would be forced to go through an officer separation board, upon the explicit orders of the chief of Naval personnel. "Faced with that, I tendered my resignation in November of 1989," Gotay related, "and I finally got discharged honorably in March of this year."

As if forced separation were not punishment enough, one week after Gotay received notice of his honorable discharge, he received a bill for the entire cost of his education at Annapolis: \$22,949.99. "Not only do they drum me out of the service, but now they want me to pay for it too," commented Gotay wryly.

The Navy is seeking to recoup the funds spent on Gotay's education based on a repayment agreement that cadets must sign upon entering the Naval Academy. According to the agreement, the Navy may seek to recoup academic expenditures if the officer fails to serve five years' active duty following graduation from the academy due to a finding of misconduct, or if the officer voluntarily seeks separation from the service. "Since Mr. Gotay left the service not of his own wish but to satisfy the Navy's, and since he was not separated for misconduct, he does not owe the money," argued Matthew Coles, an American Civil Liberties Union attorney, in a letter to the secretary of the Navy.

In addition to the ACLU's intervention, in late August, US Rep. Nancy Pelosi, a San Francisco Democrat, issued a strongly worded condemnation of the Navy's "punitive and unjust" action against Gotay, calling the Navy policy of excluding lesbians and gay men from service "ill-conceived." —Nina Reyes/New York

RECRUIT THIS

Department of Defense Directive 1332.14 reads, in its entirety:

"Homosexuality is incompatible with military service. The presence in the military environment of persons who engage in homosexual conduct or who, by their statements, demonstrate a propensity to engage in homosexual conduct seriously impairs the accomplishment of the military mission. The presence of such members adversely affects the ability of the Armed Forces to maintain discipline, good order and morale; to foster mutual trust and confidence among service members; to ensure the integrity of the system of rank and command; to facilitate assignment and worldwide deployment of service members who frequently must live and work under close conditions affording minimal privacy; to recruit and retain members of the Armed Forces; to maintain the public acceptability of military service; and to prevent breaches of security. Homosexual acts are crimes under the Uniform Code of Military Justice.

"A homosexual act means bodily contact, actively undertaken or passively permitted, between members of the same sex for the purpose of satisfying sexual desires.

"Discharge for homosexuality can result from: 1) committing homosexual acts; 2) attempting to commit homosexual acts; 3) stating the desire or intent to commit homosexual acts."

—R.W.

the stereotypical female homosexual in the Navy is hard-working, career-oriented, willing to put in long hours on the job and among the Command's top professionals."

Still, Donnell wrote, "For sailors in their berthing and work spaces, overt or covert homosexual activity impacts in a very negative way on morale.

"Particularly for our young, often vulnerable, female sailors," Donnell explained, "subtle coercion or outright sexual advances by more senior

See NAVY on page 42



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Drag Queen's Arrest Sparks P-Town Melee



Photo: Mike Mammone

SPIRITS RUN HIGH—The Spiritus in Provincetown

by **Nina Reyes and Carrie Wofford**

PROVINCETOWN, Mass.—The riot-like situation following the arrest of a local drag queen for playfully chasing a car with a toilet plunger has rocked this quiet retreat at the tip of Cape Cod and forced the poor relationship between the town's lesbian and gay community and the local police back into the public spotlight.

The spontaneous demonstration on Sept. 5, during which a police vehicle reportedly suffered several thousand dollars worth of damage and four arrests were made, was followed by a meeting of the town's Board of Selectmen punctuated by outbursts from residents angry about all aspects of the incident.

In the early morning hours of Sept. 5, shortly after the conclusion of a spoof awards ceremony, town police arrested a drag queen on a disorderly conduct charge, prompting hundreds of lesbians and gay men gathered at Spiritus, a pop-

ular late-night hangout, to surround the police vehicle and demand the drag queen's release.

According to the drag queen, known as Vanilla, the arrest came after police spotted her, on the central thoroughfare of the town, chasing a van to which she had attached one of the spoof awards—a bathroom plunger spray-painted gold. But suddenly, after cuffing Vanilla and putting her inside the cruiser, the police officers found themselves surrounded by a mob of outraged lesbians and gay men who wanted both an explanation of the charges against Vanilla and her immediate release. In the ensuing fray, police grabbed a woman from the crowd, whom they later claimed had attempted to open the cruiser's door, and arrested her, too.

Several people sat down in front of the cruiser, and, as tension mounted and the standoff continued, the crowd began to rock the vehicle, chanting

"Let them go!"

After nearly an hour had passed, Vanilla kicked the passenger window out of the police car in an attempt to get ventilation. "My wrists are bleeding, and I couldn't breathe," Vanilla said pleadingly to the crowd gathered around the vehicle, but her action apparently incited the crowd further, and several trash bags were emptied onto the vehicle amid renewed angry chants.

The confrontation drew to a close after Vanilla agreed to proceed to the police station for booking on foot. A large number of the demonstrators marched alongside her and waited outside the station house for the release of all four men and women who had by then been taken into custody.

Some local activists think that the action came as a result of continued police harassment all summer long of lesbians and gay men. "I heard stories all summer of people who were harassed by the police, people who were thrown into protective custody and released the next day," explained Mike Mammone, who participated in the Sept. 5 demonstration. "I think the Provincetown police use it as a tactic of harassment."

Another gay activist and year-round Provincetown resident, Paul deRenzis, speculated that part of the frustration with police action manifested that night came from a long summer of anti-gay violence. Just the week before the incident with Vanilla, deRenzis and his lover were arrested on a disorderly conduct charge after they were verbally assaulted by a group of rowdy youths.

Other local pundits, likening the events to the spontaneous Stonewall rebellion in 1969, attributed the unorganized action to a renewed sense of pride and gay nationalism.

See P-TOWN on page 43

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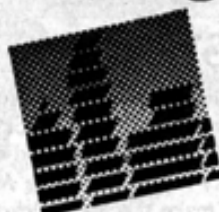
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Photo: Jenny Labaline, The Independent (Durham, NC)



READY, AIM, DRAW—Sen. Jesse Helms

COLOR ME JESSE

ASHEVILLE, NC—Jesse Helms wants you to make him look pretty.

OutWeek has learned that the Broadway Arts Building in Asheville, NC, will make the Republican senator the subject of its 1990 national portrait competition.

Among the panel of judges will be Dusty Benedict, a professor in the art department at Warren Wilson College, a member of the Community Arts Council in Asheville and an as-yet-to-be-named representative from Helms' office.

First prize consists of a week for two in Kiawah Island, SC. Awardee must provide his or her own transportation. Second and third prizes in the contest are \$300 and \$150 cash, respectively.

A nonpartisan exhibition of the portraits will open on Oct. 26, at 6 pm, in the Broadway Arts Building

in downtown Asheville, where all contest entries will be offered for sale. Ten percent of all proceeds will be donated to the local community arts council.

Submissions must be two-dimensional and not exceed two feet by three feet. The panel of judges asks that the paintings, drawings or mixed-media work be either representational or abstract and invites artists to be serious or humorous in their tributes to the celebrated senator.

All artwork should be sent to: the Gallery Fridholm Fine Arts Art Space, the Historic Downtown Center for the Visual and Performing Arts, Broadway Arts Building, 49 Broadway, Asheville, NC 28801, by Oct. 21.

Contest officials did not answer their telephone before deadline; the number is (704) 258-9206.

—Sarab Pettit and Andrew Miller/
New York

NY TIMES NIXES AIDS BEAT

NEW YORK—In a move that has sparked the ire of advocates for people with AIDS, *The New York Times* has opted to reassign its one full-time AIDS beat reporter and to make local AIDS stories the domain of the journalist currently covering the city's Health and Hospitals Corporation.

"The *Times* will no longer have a separate and distinct reporter covering AIDS," said Bruce Lambert, the journalist who has written many of the *Times*' social and political AIDS stories for the past two years.

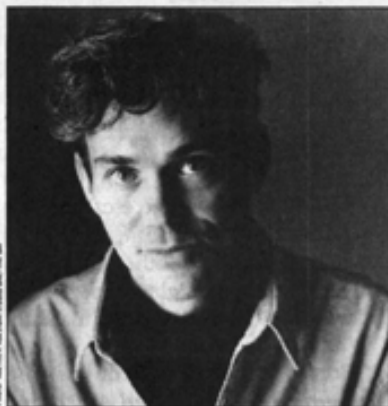
Lambert, who characterized the AIDS beat as "the most challenging and rewarding assignment I have had," will cover labor and workplace issues instead. Josh Barbanel will add Lambert's former beat to his own, which includes many of the city's health-related issues. Science desk reporters at the *Times*, including Gina Kolata, Natalie Angier and Lawrence K. Altman, will continue to cover medical issues related to AIDS.

The move, characterized as "irresponsible" by a spokesperson at the Gay Men's Health Crisis, will make Catherine Woodard at *New York Newsday* the city's only full-time AIDS reporter.

It is unclear what effect the shuffle will have on the paper of record's AIDS reporting. Lambert's byline has been noticeably scarce of late, and sources at the paper said that Lambert's stories more often than not never made it to print.


And public relations professionals at the city's many AIDS organizations cannot be excited by the prospect of having to develop a relationship with a new reporter.

Citing the growing body of law pertaining to the AIDS epidemic and the health care issues highlighted by its spread, GMHC spokesperson Carisa Cunningham suggested that the *Times*'



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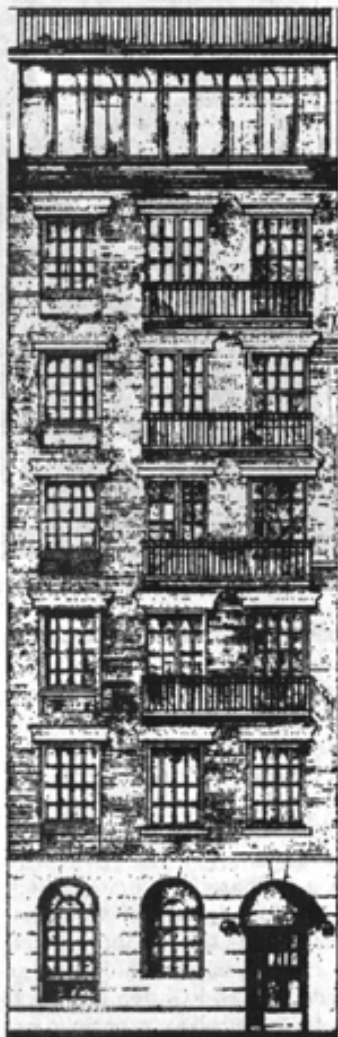
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decision was motivated by disregard for people with AIDS.

"It is probably not a coincidence that at a time when AIDS is affecting people of color and drug users more and more, the *Times* coverage has dropped off," Cunningham opined. "The attitudes toward gay men, drug users and people of color that dominate our society are also present in the *Times*' newsroom."

And William Adler, a spokesperson for the *Times*, denied that the AIDS beat had been eliminated, adding that AIDS would be Barbanell's "primary focus" and attributing the shuffle to a standard rotation of reporters.

Meanwhile, a source in the media told *OutWeek* that social and political AIDS stories are perceived as "old news" by many at the *Times*, and that disputes between Lambert and his editors may have been behind the reassignment.

—Duncan Osborne

GEFFEN RECORDS DITCHES ANDREW DICE CLAY

LOS ANGELES—Geffen Records, the multimillion-dollar record company headed by gay music mogul David Geffen, has terminated its manufacturing and distribution deal with Def American Recordings. The label carries the Geto Boys and Andrew Dice Clay, artists who have come under increasing attack recently for what critics call the misogynist and homophobic content of their work.

In a tersely worded statement issued last week, the company cited differences in "creative philosophy" that arose after Geffen Records declined to distribute the most recent Geto Boys album. That work contains descriptions of violence against women that critics say is particularly horrific.

Geffen Records' head, David Geffen, has also been the target of increasingly hostile criticism from some in the gay community, who sought to have the work of Andrew Dice Clay, a comedian known for his vitriolic attacks



THE DICEMAN GOETH—Andrew Dice Clay

on women and gays, struck from his company's roster.

Bryn Bridenthal, a spokesperson for Geffen, attributed the decision to drop Def American to a unanimous vote of the company's professional staff but denied that pressure from the gay and lesbian community played any part in the decision.

In a prepared statement, Rick Rubin, the founder of Def American, acknowledged the "controversial nature" of some of his recording artists and added: "David Geffen is a good friend of mine. I believe strongly in my artists and am willing to personally defend them. I am upset that David was put in a position where he was forced to defend them, especially from fringe organizations."

A top executive at Geffen Records, Mark Di Dia, has also recently defected to Def American, where he became the general manager. The entire roster of Def American's artists will now be distributed by the record conglomerate Warner/Elektra/Asylum, a subsidiary of Time/Warner, Inc.

Specific information on the financial consequences for Geffen were not readily available.

—Duncan Osborne/New York

ARGENTINE GAY LEADERS UNDER FIRE

BUENOS AIRES—The escalating harassment of the Argentine gay rights movement reached another crescendo last week when gay rights leader Rafael Freda was fired from his job as a translator at TV Liberty/Channel 9.

Freda, vice president of the *Comunidad Homosexual Argentina*, had appeared a day earlier on a talk show on TV Liberty discussing the recent court ruling that effectively put the nation's gay rights movement out of business.

The following morning, at 9 am, Freda "received at his apartment a telegram of good-bye from his job," as CHA put it in a press release.

The August court ruling, by a federal appeals court, stated that CHA may not register as a legal entity. The net effect is that the group is prohibited from renting an office, opening a bank account, raising money or conducting any formal activities.

CHA's STOP AIDS Campaign and Civil Rights Campaign were to shut down immediately, along with all other formal activities.

CHA will appeal the ruling to the Argentine Supreme Court, which is expected to refuse to hear it. The group will then move to the court of last resort—the InterAmerican Court of Human Rights in San Jose, Costa Rica.

Inflation is rampant in Argentina, and CHA has no money for its fight against extinction. Group leaders need \$8,000 US to pay lawyers and have issued a plea for gay and lesbian organizations worldwide to send \$100 each, if they can.

Since CHA does not legally exist, it may not cash checks. Money orders and bank checks should be made out to Freda or CHA President Alejandro Zalazar. The group's address is: Catamarca 469, PB "A," 1213 Buenos Aires, Argentina. Freda's direct-dial phone is 011-54-1-3620-8261.

"The costs and fees for this appeal are out of reach for CHA," Freda said. "We must appeal to...organizations in America. We are in a very feeble position unless we can go to the Supreme Court and to San Jose."

CHA's new difficulties come amidst an ongoing police crackdown on gay

men, who are arrested on the streets at the rate of 30 per night. They are either taken to the police station for a "records check" or charged with "incitation to commit the carnal act in public."

—Rex Wockner/Chicago

HIV TRACING UNDER REVIEW IN NYC

NEW YORK—Commissioner of Health Dr. Woodrow Myers has appointed a task force to review the city's current partner notification policy for HIV infection and to recommend changes in the strategies and guidelines governing the program.

The recommendations of the 30 clinicians, AIDS service providers, medical ethicists and people with AIDS may



Photo: Peter Schaefer/GMHFC

TIM SWEENEY

result in expanded partner notification practices in certain populations in the city. But members of the task force, the Partner Notification Work Group, were at pains to distinguish between partner notification, a strictly voluntary practice, and contact tracing programs, like the one used for syphilis, which is mandatory. The city's current partner notification program encourages those who test positive for HIV to inform their sexual and needle-sharing partners that they may have been exposed to HIV.

With contact tracing, which is not

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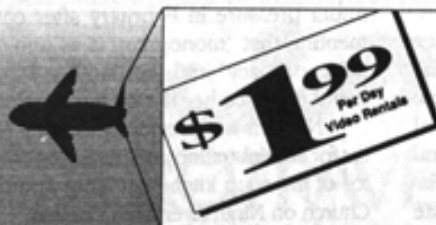


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currently used for HIV, the client is required by law to provide a list of those contacts to the health department, which then informs the contacts without revealing the identity of the source.

The city's current partner notification program encourages those who test positive for HIV to inform their sexual and needle-sharing partners that they may have been exposed to HIV.

With contact tracing, which is not currently used for HIV, the client is required by law to provide a list of those contacts to the health department, which then informs the contacts without revealing the identity of the source.

Mayor David Dinkins has said that there will be no HIV-related contact tracing in New York during his administration.

Nancy Dubler, the chair of the work group and an attorney and medical ethicist at the Montefiore Medical Center, stated, "There is nothing in the work group that contradicts existing policy." She added that the existence of prophylaxis and treatments for people who are HIV-positive and asymptomatic make a policy review timely. Dubler also cited the increasing infections among populations who may not know or believe that they are at risk for HIV infection.

Tim Sweeney, another task force member and executive director of the Gay Men's Health Crisis, termed the job of the group "a thoughtful, general review of policy that is appropriate" and suggested that different policies for distinct populations may be an appropriate guideline for policy changes.

Ellen Rautenberg, assistant commissioner for the Department of Health's Division of AIDS Program Services, said that the Department of Health currently handles only ten or 12 notifications per month. "We think people are telling their partners themselves," said Rautenberg. "A lot of people who come to anonymous testing centers say they have been warned."

Rautenberg said that issues of notification were included in both pre- and post-HIV test counseling at the city's nine anonymous testing centers and the provider notification option is made available to clients. The centers run roughly 12,000 HIV-antibody tests per month, 3,500 of which are referrals from the Department of Health.

The Partner Notification Work Group

was appointed in June and had its first meeting in early September. The group will meet in closed session three more times before reporting their initial recommendations to Commissioner Myers.

—Duncan Osborne

GAY MINISTRY GETS NEW CHIEF

HOBOKEN, NJ—Rev. David Norgard, newly selected as executive director of the Oasis, the official ministry of the Episcopal Diocese of Newark for lesbians and gay men, will be instituted on Sept. 29 at All Saint's Church in a ceremony open to the public.

"It is a rather sensitive position in the church, but I'm really excited about it because I believe very much in its mission," Norgard told *OutWeek*. "The Oasis should be a place of spiritual refreshment for lesbian and gay people."

Norgard, who assumed his duties at the Oasis on Aug. 1, was selected by the Oasis board from a field of more than 30 candidates. He replaces the Rev. Robert Williams, who resigned under pressure in February after commenting that "monogamy is as unnatural as celibacy" and that Mother Teresa could enhance her life by having sex.

Norgard was previously assistant rector for administration and managing director of the soup kitchen at Holy Apostles Church on Ninth Avenue in Chelsea.

Norgard said that the bishop who ordained him, Right Rev. Robert M. Anderson of Minnesota, knew that Norgard was living in a gay relationship at the time of his ordination in 1984. The new Oasis director is a graduate of Berkely Divinity School at Yale University.

—Bob Nelson

GAY CONGRESSMAN'S ATTACKERS GET PROBATION

WASHINGTON—A federal judge has sentenced two Maryland men to pro-

bation and community service for their attack on openly gay Democratic Rep. Gerry Studds of Massachusetts last June.

Magistrate Patrick Attridge sentenced the pair on Sept. 7, saying that he chose not to punish them with jail time since they were drunk, and their judgment was impaired at the time of the incident. According to printed reports, Attridge also considered the assailants' admission of guilt in his sentencing decision.

Silver Spring resident James L. Byrne, 19, was ordered to one year of probation and 100 hours of community service in



Photo: Jim Marks

REP. GERRY STUDDS

addition to a \$170 fine. Gaithersburg resident Thomas E. Carter, 19, was placed on probation for three years and also ordered to provide 100 hours of community service and pay a \$170 fine.

Byrne and Carter could have received from one year to ten years in jail and a \$100,000 fine under federal sentencing guidelines for attacking a member of Congress.

The two had earlier pled guilty to attacking Studds, 53, as part of a plea agreement with federal prosecutors wherein the felony charges were lowered to misdemeanors.

The attack occurred on June 7. Studds has stated that he heard no anti-gay epithets from the attackers and has eschewed suggestions that the attack was anti-gay in nature. According to police records, witnesses did not suggest that the attack was motivated by anti-gay prejudice.

—Cliff O'Neill



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Melancholy Baby

by Risa Denenberg

At least 30,000 people kill themselves each year in the US. Among the most vulnerable are the elderly and adolescents. People with chronic and life-threatening illnesses frequently consider suicide if they are able. Men have a higher rate of success in their suicide attempts. Women, who are significantly more often depressed, make more unsuccessful attempts.



This is an article not about suicide but about depression—one of its major causes. I do not intend to argue that suicide is preventable, only that living with depression is unbearable. Depression is a major health threat that all women face. It saps our vitality, our creativity, our productivity and our spirit. And for many of us, it kills.

An Analysis of Depression in Women

Powerlessness is a real phenomenon in women's lives, and it is compounded by other forms of oppression that women face: racism, homophobia, antisemitism, classism, ageism, ableism, sizeism and so on. We learn from women in our families about our culture and our often powerless role in it. Our understanding is reinforced and regulated by men and institutions like religion and the state. If we dare to find our place unacceptable, we are punished, often violently.

Women are the caretakers charged with balancing all of the contradictions in a chaotic, demagogic world of men. We are to remain one step behind, knowing that it could be healed and made right, but unallowed to fix it. Yet we bear a tremendous burden of guilt that we do not/have not/can not translate our visions into a wholesome reality for our-

selves, our loved ones and our communities. Women must constantly change their personalities in order to adapt to the one-step-behind position. Maggie Scarf, in her book *Unfinished Business*, describes the contradictions in women's lives:

"A sense of very firm ego boundaries, of knowing who one is and what one wants and where one is going, can be a relative disadvantage when it comes right down to the difficult—yet critically important—life business of

describes this process:

"The taboos against our feeling and expressing anger are so powerful that even knowing when we are angry is not a simple matter....Feelings of depression, low self-esteem, self-betrayal and even self-hatred are inevitable when we fight but continue to submit to unfair circumstances when we complain but live in a way that betrays our hopes, values and potentials, or when we find ourselves fulfilling society's stereotype of the bitchy, nagging, bitter or destructive

NEWS IN FEMININE DISORDERS



Illustration by Kris Kovick

establishing a love bond."

Yet taking care of intimacy and emotions is women's business, regardless of what other roles we engage in, or what our sexual identity. And most women are taught to suppress anger and rage, or learn only the ineffective, guilt-producing expressions of anger that do not secure for us our needs. Harriet Lerner, in *The Dance of Anger*,

woman. Those of us who are locked into ineffective expressions of anger suffer as deeply as those of us who dare not get angry at all."

Women live with the chronic stress of overwork, too much responsibility, too few resources, too little validation. Jennifer James describes this experience in *Women and the Blues*:

"You know how it feels. Your body

is tense; your neck and shoulders ache; you feel jumpy. Your mind and emotions are irritated and tense. Sometimes you feel tired all over, even though you haven't accomplished much. Stress is a major source of depression.*

The Physical Symptoms of Depression

Sometimes once depression sets in, you get used to it or don't even recognize it. Yet your body tries to let you know with fatigue, frequent illnesses, headaches, back pain, sleep problems, palpitations, high blood pressure, constipation. You feel restless, anxious, impatient, resentful.

Change in eating behavior is common, especially a disinterest in food accompanied by weight loss. Sleep disturbances are common, often causing early morning awakening without being able to get back to sleep. Sluggishness, loss of sex drive and a desire to isolate can also occur. Memory, concentration and thinking can seem impaired. Speech is subdued in tone and content; posture is slouched; facial expression is dull. Food has little taste; colors seem less vibrant; the mouth is often dry.

Many women have some or most of these symptoms, while continuing to function in a satisfactory manner at home or at work. Yet it is clear that during these times, we are not OK, even if no one seems to notice. Brooding, feeling hopeless, crying, being harshly self-critical take up larger portions of our world. Thoughts of suicide inevitably occur.

What May Help/What Doesn't Work

Drugs. Many women who experience depression have alcohol or drug dependence. It is a matter of public debate as to which comes first, emotional instability or addiction. Clearly the goal is to achieve relief of unbearable symptoms. The chronic erasure of symptoms almost never alleviates underlying serious problems. Unconscious, unexpressed material becomes more intense and more volatile. Meanwhile, drugs and alcohol can do irreversible damage to the body, to social systems and to one's productivity. But long-term pharmacological drug therapy for depression is a thorny issue. Much more is unknown than is understood about the effects of long-term psychoactive medications. Sometimes there does not seem

See DENENBERG on page 58



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Life Among the Ruins

by Mark Harrington

"That it keeps on going like this is the catastrophe."

—Walter Benjamin

Numb from constant loss, distracted by frantic activism, ACT UP enters the fall of 1990, adrift. Each victory remains intangible, while the toll of suffering and death from AIDS continues to mount, unabated and excruciatingly tangible. ACT UP may be more active and focused, more productive than ever, yet most of this activity goes on far from the public eye, encapsulated for ACT UP's floor in brief, sound byte-like reports, and is seldom told to the wider public.

Incremental gains in the realm of biomedical research remain unavailable to most people at risk or infected. Over one year after the licensing of aerosolized pentamidine to prevent PCP, that pneumonia remains the leading cause of AIDS-related death in New York and, most likely, everywhere else. While the world teeters on the brink of a catastrophic war, Congress and the White House remain indifferent to the plight of millions of Americans held hostage by a virus. While Congress has authorized, in the CARE bill of 1990 (Comprehensive AIDS Research and Education Act), \$800 million for AIDS prevention and treatment for the most hard-hit areas, not one dime of that has yet been appropriated, and these funds are competing with child care, education and homeless bills, while the threat of Gramm-Rudman budget cuts hovers ominously in the background. Locally, the Dinkins administration, which will be responsible for disbursing New York City's CARE millions, has yet to even begin planning their distribution. At the state level, the AIDS Drug Assistance Program (ADAP) has yet to spend



three-quarters of this year's \$4-million budget for AIDS drugs for people with inadequate insurance. Politicians are unanimous in their claim that we lack the resources to take care of people with HIV, while untold billions are squandered propping up failing banks and attempting to restore a feudal regime in the Persian Gulf.

Private AIDS organizations are adrift, mostly leaderless or in transition, many failing to fulfill their missions, most unaccountable to the communities

It is time for activists to demand accountability from all AIDS-related organizations.

they serve. It is likely that most dollars given to fight AIDS are wasted on organizational infrastructures and featherbedding patronage. It is time for activists to demand accountability from all AIDS-related organizations, to publish their account sheets, overhead, staff levels and some justification for their existence. Most such organizations still lack the presence of people with HIV at all levels. No longer can we simply assume that because organizations claim to be community-based or include the word "community" in their name, they are truly open and accountable to us. We must examine their performance with the same stringency recently given to the AIDS Clinical Trials Group of the NIH.

On every front, research is foundering and ill-coordinated. Drugs proved active in test tube studies take years to be given to humans. Press hype feeds a frenzy for mysterious, exotic, unlikely cures. Drugs thought promising in 1985

and 1987 are coming back to haunt us, still untested, still "promising." Drug companies and their advocates are waiting that AIDS activists are driving research to Europe or forcing researchers out of the field. Progressive laws like the Waxman Orphan Drug Law Amendments are opposed by misguided activists unaware of the financial toxicity of most current, monopoly AIDS orphan drugs like AZT, pentamidine and EPO. At the same time, the promise of community-based research remains as speculative as ever. Neither NIAID's network nor AmFAR's have yet to begin a major, multicenter trial other than those sponsored by pharmaceutical companies. At the present rate, community-based research will simply become a processing system to expedite pharmaceutical research, while shunting aside the original vision of research generated and conducted by people with AIDS and HIV themselves.

Pharmaceutical concerns continue to limit even NIAID's ability to conduct large-scale efficacy studies of the most promising combination regimens. At the same time, drug sponsors remain reluctant to adopt the FDA's 1988 guidelines for two-phase drug testing and approval; only Bristol Myers Squibb has dared try the new course—with ddI—and it is being held up to general industry ridicule, as though giving 10,000 people with AIDS ddI were some sort of laughable error.


The HIV-related problems of drug users, women and children remain, despite years of soothing rhetoric, at the bottom of the mainstream AIDS research agenda. Despite ritual invocations of the need for "drug treatment programs," city, state and federal officials have no idea what this phrase means, other than narrow and unsupportive methadone programs usually divorced from HIV care.

When I left the San Francisco conference in late June, I felt that I had

peered into the depths of an abyss that would grow ever larger for the rest of this millennium. African health professionals told of their ill-funded efforts to care for people living with "Slim disease." A female Soviet journalist described the rapid spread of HIV across the Eurasian continent, abetted by ignorance, denial and improper needle sterilization techniques. New York City health officials remained deaf to the needs for decriminalizing needles and distributing bleach and condoms among drug users.

The only recourse we have as activists is to step up our efforts on every front. We must make the spenders of AIDS dollars accountable, and we must demand more. The consensus about health care and social services in America must be transformed. National health care is a broad umbrella and a distant goal, but it is essential if we are not to be seen as a special interest group. We must make common cause with advocates for other diseases, demanding a doubling of NIH research funds (both intramural and extramural) and, with an even broader coalition—including such groups as the AFL-CIO and NOW—to demand national health care. Extending insurance to cover the 37 million uninsured Americans would only be a Band-Aid, since most insurance is grievously inadequate, preferring to fund expensive acute care rather than cheaper, outpatient ambulatory preventive programs.

Perhaps the only optimistic element of the last few months has been the explosion of direct action groups tackling other social problems like homophobia and censorship. If we are going to continue making a difference, we are going to have to continue to go forth and multiply, under the rubric of "Do it yourself." ▼



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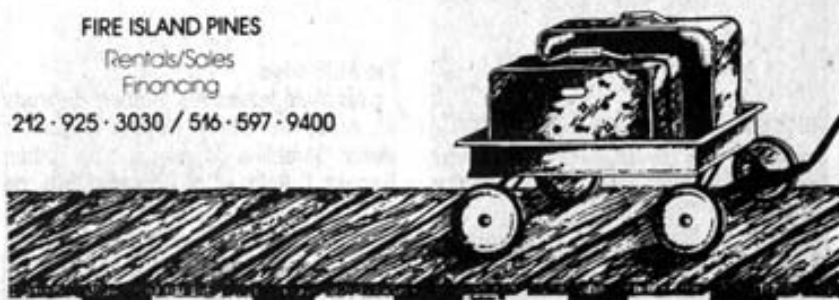
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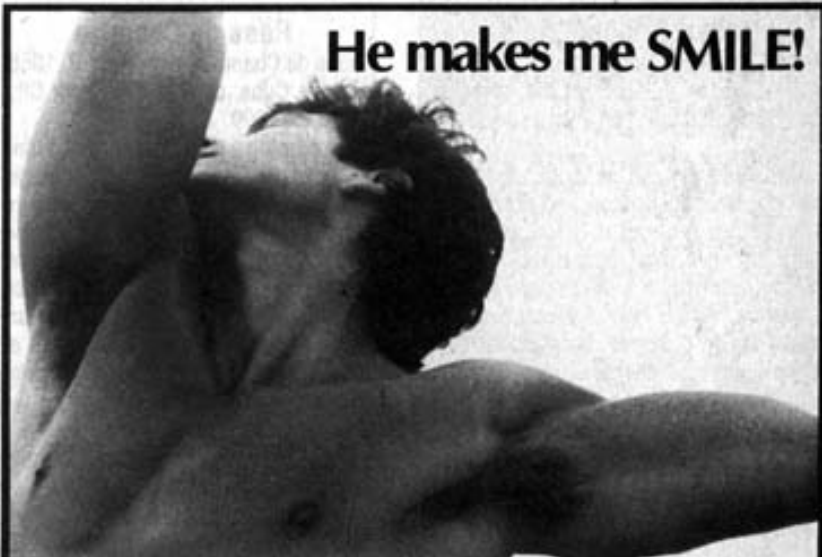
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MILESTONES

UNIONS

Andrew Weiser and Ed Nicholas

Surrounded by longtime friends, Andrew Weiser and Ed Nicholas celebrated the blessing of their union on Saturday, Sept. 8, 1990. The Rev. Ann Holmes Redding officiated at the ceremony, which was held at A Place in the Park in Hawley, Pa.

Mr. Nicholas is the sales manager for Newcastle Communications, a leading telecommunications sales and marketing company. He is a founder of FAIRPAC and the former longtime president of the Greater Gotham Business Council.

Mr. Weiser is a real estate salesperson with the Corcoran Group, Inc., and is on the board of directors of the Greater Gotham Business Council.

On the following day, an informal brunch was held at the couple's Whitney Lake home.

OBITUARIES

Robert Brigham Auld

Robert Brigham Auld, 46, died of complications due to AIDS, at his home in Provincetown, Mass., on Wednesday, Aug. 29, 1990.

Mr. Auld, known as Brigham to his friends, lived in Boston and New York City before moving to Provincetown more than two years ago. He summered in Provincetown for more than 20 years.

Before retiring from the interior landscape design business, Mr. Auld attracted an illustrious clientele. Virginia Graham, a big client, introduced Lucille Ball and Paulette Goddard to his design work. Actress Susan Hayward was a source of great inspiration to Auld. He ran Terestria, a rooftop greenhouse in NYC. During the Christmas season of 1986 and 1987, he designed and installed all of the holiday decorations at Trump Tower.

In 1989, Mr. Auld was elected president of the Provincetown Positive People With AIDS Coalition, an office he held until his death. His passion for the principles of self-empowerment was widely acclaimed, and he was an acknowledged leader of the local response to

the AIDS crisis.

Mr. Auld leaves his mother, Gertrude M. Auld; his father, Robert F. Auld; a sister, Geraldine Correia; and a brother, Ronald J. Auld; all of Bourne, Mass. He also leaves a dear cousin, Ellen Leahy, of Boston, and four nieces, two nephews, one grandnephew, a sister and a brother-in-law. Among the many friends he leaves in Provincetown are Jim Rann, Pasquale Natale, Jeffrey Maienza and John Perry Ryan.

A memorial service is planned for Sunday, Sept. 9, at the Unitarian Universalist Meeting House in Provincetown at 3 pm. A tea will immediately follow. Memorial donations in Mr. Auld's name may be made to the Provincetown Positive PWA Coalition and the Provincetown AIDS Support Group.

For more information, please feel free to contact: Jim Rann at (508) 487-1206; Pasquale Natale at (508) 487-9631 or John Perry Ryan at (508) 487-1725 or 3049.

—Provincetown Positive PWA Coalition

Rene de Chamizo

Rene de Chamizo, born April 9, 1956, in Havana Cuba, died in New York City, on Aug. 15, 1990.

The coming in and going out: Rene walked that path in 34 years, with courage, and created and painted a palette of beauty, laughter and inspiration from living clay. And so he fashioned in those he touched the same divinity from whence he came and where he dwells. He is survived by love, for he was a celebration of God's light and life in the world. He continues to enrich our lives even while we grieve the absence of his smile.

—Carl Pedersen

Richard R. Briggs

A memorial service for Richard R. Briggs, veteran actor and stage manager, will take place on Aug. 8, at 6 pm, in the Garden Room at the Judson Memorial Church, 241 Thompson St., in Greenwich Village.

Briggs, who spent more than 50 years in his profession, died on July 12 at St. Vincent's Hospital, following a short illness. He was 71. He was born in Pasadena, son of Fred Briggs, an actor-

manager who toured the West. Following in his father's footsteps, he moved to New York to study under Sanford Meisner at the Neighborhood Playhouse. A classmate was Gregory Peck. His professional debut occurred in touring shows of Guthrie McClintic. His Broadway debut occurred when he replaced



Kirk Douglas in *Spring Again*.

During World War II, following basic training in Georgia, Briggs was assigned to the Pacific, promoted to sergeant and worked in Special Service, touring shows like *The Male Animal* to Army bases.

This experience led to his decision to become a stage manager, a capacity in which he worked for several seasons for the Shuberts in New York and on the road. He did several tours of the Shubert perennials, *The Student Prince* and *Blossom Time*. In the late '40s, he became stage and company manager for folk singer Susan Reed on her tours of the United States and Canada.

In 1951, Briggs joined ABC as stage manager, doing TV specials such as *Live From Lincoln Center* and *The David Frost Show*, as well as daytime drama and commercials. He returned to acting as his career, playing Mendenhall on *Ryan's Hope* for four years, as well as stage managing. After his retirement, he returned to acting full-time, appearing on *All My Children*, *Saturday Night Live*, *The David Letterman Show*, as well as many Broadway shows, including *The Cherry Orchard* and *Uncle Vanya*.

His last appearance occurred over the 1989-90 Christmas holidays, when Briggs appeared in the title role of *The Wizard of Oz* at a dinner theater in Akron, Ohio.

There are no immediate survivors.

In lieu of flowers, donations to Gay Men's Health Crisis are suggested.

GEORGE M. ARMSTRONG, JR.

George M. Armstrong, Jr., 37, a law professor at Louisiana State University in Baton Rouge, died from AIDS-related com-

plications on Sunday, Sept. 9, 1990. He was the founder of the Baton Rouge AIDS Task Force and a member of the Louisiana Legislative Task Force on AIDS.

Jack Armstrong lived in New York City from 1981 to 1984, practicing law for two years with the firm of Alexander & Green before joining the faculty of New York Law School, where he specialized in commercial law. A native of the South, he felt uncomfortable living in New York and joined the Louisiana State faculty in 1984 so that he could teach in his native language!

He was a dedicated scholar in comparative law, publishing, in 1983, a book on Soviet property law and, in 1988, another on Mexican commercial law. He authored a treatise on Louisiana landlord and tenant law which has become the standard reference work on that subject. He was one of the best-educated men I have ever met, having earned his undergraduate degree from Vanderbilt, master's degrees from Sussex University in England and Princeton University, a law degree from the University of Pennsylvania and a doctorate from Princeton, but he really enjoyed being a Southern "good old boy."

Arriving in Baton Rouge in 1984 and finding little knowledge or awareness of AIDS, Jack set to work in getting the community organized. He joined the fight to get Baton Rouge businesses to adopt progressive AIDS policies and helped to organize a full-day conference sponsored by the Chamber of Commerce, which was attended by most of the leading figures in the local business community. He lobbied hard for progressive legislative policies in a state where there is great resistance to change. Jack was one of the hundreds of unsung local heroes of the fight against the epidemic of fear that accompanies AIDS.

Although diagnosed with AIDS two years ago, Jack continued to teach until this summer, when he was taken seriously ill while participating in a summer law program in Spain. He is survived by Gerard, his domestic partner of several years, and his parents, Mr. and Mrs. George M. Armstrong, Sr., of Tennessee.

—Arthur S. Leonard

PAUL SHANNON

Paul Shannon
Born: Feb. 15, 1947
Died: Sept. 10, 1990

—Charles Brand

See MILESTONES on page 58

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The Illustrious Life of Ethyl Eichelberger

by Joe E. Jeffreys

for those of you who wanted a classic drag act—I'm sorry. But I'll do a little something for you so you won't be disappointed.* Two wigs teased and ratted together to form a foot-high mountain of hair, pump-me-up-and-fuck-me patent leather stiletto heels supplementing the acrylic hair six more inches, six-foot-two-inch (natural height) Ethyl Eichelberger teeters onto the stage like a skyscraper in a bad '70s earthquake disaster movie. Accordion in tow, he frantically gestures



and articulates his way through 30 seconds of the drag canon: "So here goes, classy drag act: Is that a gun in your pocket or are you just happy to see me what a dump Blanche what a dump there's no business like show business the calla lilies are in bloom again falling in love again on the good ship lollipop stop in the name of love happy birthday Mr. President can we talk diamonds are a girl's best friend of course I just farted darling do you think I always smell like this." Then, a pause and a glance at the audience through four pairs of eyelashes and enough eye shadow to blind Ann Miller, and: "I will not do Judy. She's sacred. You can do Judy—and your little dog, too!"

Costumed in a red tutued min[n]i[e]-skirted French maid outfit, mandatory fishnet stockings and jewelry of profound proportions, Ethyl begins his performance of Minnie the Maid. Once dubbed an "eye-averting eyesore" by the *Village Voice*, Ethyl has never failed to live up to, and indeed surpass, his press. Virtually the entire history of the theater was to be found in one of his performances: *Of course* it was eye-averting.

Quite beyond the obvious—his height, costumes and a full-back angel tattoo—Ethyl was a performer so charismatic, so in possession of his method, that no matter how bad the particular play—and there were a few which one did not rush to tell friends about—one never took one's eyes off him.

"Too much of a good thing is wonderful," opined Liberace. Ethyl's maximalist theater of the kitchen sink—not everything *but* the kitchen sink, rather, everything *plus* the kitchen sink—flabbergasted audiences for nearly 20 years not only in the East Village but also uptown, nationwide, even worldwide. In despair over, and exhausted by, his battle against AIDS and the adverse side effects of AZT, Ethyl took his life on Aug. 12, 1990, and the world lost something unique—a man whom *The New York Times* attempted to summarize as an indisputable impact on experimental theater. But there was and is more to Ethyl—too much more of a good thing, and all of it is wonderful *and* an eye-averting eyesore.

born James Roy Eichelberger, on July 17, 1945, to Amish Mennonite parents, in Pekin (the City of Marigolds), Illinois (Land of Lincoln), he grew up surrounded by the popular culture of the heartland. Some facts: His mother played the accordion. As a child, he witnessed traveling minstrel and medicine shows, took tap dance lessons and was part of a song and dance team which performed at local functions.

By the time he entered fifth grade, James was ready to undertake his first drag role. A forward-looking teacher cast him as the witch in the class play, *Hansel and Gretel*. "My mother made me a black crepe paper dress and a big, black, pointed hat," he mused many years later. "She put pink yarn on it for hair. I've never recovered." The Midwest was unwittingly preparing him for a career in New York's avant-garde theater.

At Pekin High, home of the Pekin Chinks, Jimmy was well groomed to become the star of the drama department and emerge as an overachiever. From 1960 to 1963, under the direction of Edith Harrod, he appeared as Mr. Miller in *Ab, Wilderness*, Andrew Crocker-Harris in *The Browning Version*, *Bernadine*, Virgil in *Mrs. McThing*, Prince Paul in *Anastasia*, Henry Antrobus in *Skin of Our Teeth*, Kenneth Dowey (costumed in a kilt) in *The Old Lady Shows Her Medals*, Clifford Snell in *The Solid Gold Cadillac* and Captain Jack Absolute in *The Rituals*. Production shots gleaned from the *Pekintian*, Pekin High's yearbook, reveal

a tall blond boy mugging and acting through pose-striking. (That, perhaps, is to be expected from such early acting attempts.) Yet in those photos, Jimmy's poses hauntingly bring to mind the stances Ethyl would later adopt for his *Lucrezia Borgia* or *Nefertiti*. Ethyl captured Jimmy's amateurism and transmogrified it into an aesthetic.

Edith Harrod, his beloved high school drama teacher, recognized talent when she saw it and set out to help her star student land a college scholarship. Adopting a more sober name, James soon found himself at Galesburg's Knox College, Carl Sandburg's old stomping ground. During his first year there, he performed the title roles in both *Oedipus* and *Hamlet*. The *Knox Student*, the campus newspaper, noted that James' Hamlet was "truly impressive" and that "the play belonged primarily to Mr. Eichelberger."

Rowland Kimberly Chase, director of *Hamlet*, also recognized talent when he saw it. Chase advised the exceptionally talented Beta Theta Pi fraternity member to leave Knox and spend his time more constructively at an acting conservatory. To this end, Chase aided Eichelberger in winning an ABC-TV scholarship for study at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York.

Graduating from the Academy in 1967, he joined Adrian Hall's Trinity Square Repertory Company in Providence, Rhode Island. Living in a '40s streamlined trailer, Eichelberger worked as the company's lead character actor for seven years. A production of *The Three Penny Opera* required him to learn the accordion—an accomplishment which he would call upon for the rest of his life.

Eventually, the Trinity experience began to wear thin. A perceived overemphasis on technical proficiency, which sacrificed the excitement and liveliness that had drawn him to the theater in the first place, caused him to seek new theatrical forms. "I started seeing actors get so technically proficient—and bored—that they would start walking through their performances," he explained. "I thought, I've got to get out of here. I saw myself where I could do that too if I wasn't careful."

During time-off from Trinity, he frequently visited New York and stayed with his friend John Brockmeyer, whom he had met through someone at the Academy. Brockmeyer, an actor with the late Charles Ludlam's Ridiculous Theatrical Company, drew James into the periphery of the company.

In 1973, Eichelberger left Rhode Island and moved into a Lower East Side storefront. With little furniture, the storefront evolved over the years into his own personal theatrical production house crammed with costumes, sets, props and memorabilia. But in the late '80s, he was evicted and moved to Staten Island, where he became the principal caretaker for Brockmeyer, who was by then gravely ill with AIDS. Eichelberger's theatrical properties were moved to a storage space in Manhattan.

Having, by his own admission, "slept his way" into the Ridiculous, Eichelberger worked in various capacities with the company for four years. He appeared in *Camille*, *Der Ring Gott Farblonjet*, *Gellas*, *Stage Blood*, *Caprice* and *Salamambo*. Years later, he would return for an appearance in *The Artificial Jungle*. Realizing that eking a living solely from acting was virtually impossible, and knowing enough to know that "you can always make a living in hair," he enrolled in the Ultissima Beauty School. He liked to joke that on the first day, the instructor wrote on the chalk board "Hair has no brain." Eichelberger knew that

ETHYL STRIKES A POSE—(above)

IN LEER—Playing the instrument that would become his trademark (below)



"I only want to play the most glamorous, most magnificent, strong women in the world, that have ever been in history. And I do, and it has turned me into a better person."

he had selected the correct school.

His work with Charles Ludlam brought about major changes and confirmations in his theatrical theories and techniques, and in his entire way of life. He decided to make a complete break with the past. Having never identified with his given name and reeling from Ludlam's impact, in 1975 he legally changed his name, explaining: "Only you have the right to decide what you are called. You can go along with what your parents name you, but ultimately, you decide who you are—even down to your name."

Reading the newspaper, his attention was captured by an obituary for a man named Ethyl. Thus, his new moniker was found. Reveling in the assonance, he thrilled at the allusion to the great Ethel's of theater—Barrymore, Merman and Mertz. And the spelling difference—the "y" instead of an "e"—would conjure up images of a "high-octane" performance. The name first appeared on his *Ultissima* diploma.

Even Ethyl Eichelberger did not emerge full-blown from the thigh of Venus Castina. The road from *Hansel and Gretel* to the *Ridiculous* was truly an evolving one. "When I first came to New York, I used to go to Lincoln Center Library, because that's where you could listen to records for free," he said. "I saw a film clip of Sarah Bernhardt doing *Phaedra*. It changed my life."

By 1977, Ethyl realized that "it wasn't his [Charles Ludlam's] company that I was emulating. It was him that I wanted to be. I felt all along that I wanted to be in his company, and I was, and I kept wanting more. Finally, I realized that I wanted to be like

ARMED AND DANGEROUS IN *KLYTEMNESTRA*



him. I wanted to be this person who put on his own shows." Ludlam gave Ethyl the confidence and daring he had never before had. "He gave me the strength to write. In school and college, I let myself be browbeaten into thinking that I couldn't write because my sensibility is off-the-wall." He now set out on a solo career supporting himself through hairdressing.

At first, Ethyl worked various clubs such as Frieda's Disco, the Paradise Garage and the Big Top, developing his unique style of drag. Michael Feingold described this style in the *Village Voice* as "never wholly in drag and never wholly out...transvestite as deconstructor, trashing definable gender roles, along with dramatic structure, stage propriety and common coherence, while he's in the very act of asserting them."

Drag may not at first seem the natural mode of performance for a six-foot-two-inch boy from the heartland. As Ethyl explained: "I chose to be a drag performer...because I was tired of being a character actor who played weird people, because I know it affects your life. What you play on-stage affects who you are, and at one point I said, 'I only want to play the most glamorous, most magnificent, strong women in the world, that have ever been in history.' And I do it, and it has turned me into a better person."

Ethyl, resolute, never looked back. The great women of history and literature are the starting points for his plays: The trials and tribulations of being a queen could be played out through them in every sense of the word. Over the next 20 years, he paraded them on nearly every New York space that passed as a stage. From the two-foot-wide slip of wooden bar at the Pyramid Club to the pipe-organ-equipped Avery Fisher Hall, Ethyl's life was lived to perform.

The plays average 20 typed pages each. Yet, in any performance, Ethyl could be counted on to amend fire-eating, accordion-accompanied songs, cartwheels, splits, film and dance. Twenty pages suddenly proliferated into two hours of nonstop, inspired mayhem. In the act of performing his own words, he was dissimilating them just as he was dissembling codified gender roles through drag.

His orgasmic employment of the aside never shortened a play, either. Friends were always recognized from the stage and incorporated into the script. Fearlessly, Ethyl would also include the evening's critic. During a performance of *Herd of Buffalo*, Ethyl stepped over the footlights and removed the ever-present notepad of *Village Voice* critic C. Carr. Towering over the seated critic, he remarked: "Let me see. I always let you see what I write," and then immediately followed with an extremely complimentary remark. In this turn, he exemplified one of his theatrical maxims: Always follow a remark that may be interpreted badly with an excessively kind one.

His theater went far beyond gay—it was queer. Like the theater of his mentor, Ludlam, the love that dare not speak its name rarely did in his plays. It was the exception to see an identifiably gay character in Ethyl's plays. Demonstrating his virtuosity of the aside, he went rambling one night during the performance of his last play, *Das Vedanya Mama*, to clarify this point: "If you want to see gay art, you go over to the Public Theater. There, you will see, living in the flesh, heterosexual men playing faggots. They'll make you cry and feel sorry for

"The minute I put on a dress and the makeup and walk out in front of an audience, it's the most joyous thing that I have in my life."

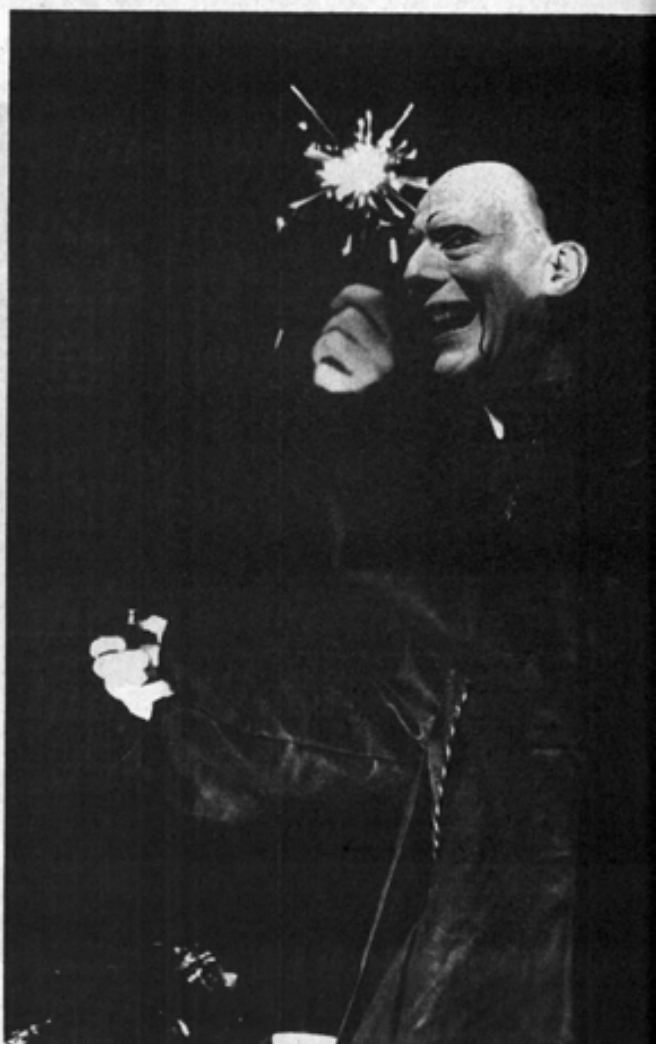


Photo: Dana Ann McQuinn

THE TEMPEST OF CHIN-LEE



the plays of ethyl eichelberger

Phaedra (1977), *Oedipus* (1977), *Nefertiti* (1978), *Auntie Belle Emme* (1979), *Medea* (1980), *Carlotta, Empress of Mexico* (1980), *Minnie the Maid* (1981 Villager Award), *Shi Liu* (1981), *Jocasta, or Boy Crazy* (1982), *Catherine Was Great* (1982), *Elizabeth I and Mary Stuart* (1982), *Lucrezia Borgla* (1982 Oble Award), *Marie Antoinette* (1983), *Lola Montez* (1983), *Toulouse Women* (1984), *Ruth Ruth* (1984), *Souled Out, or Dr. Mary Faustus* (1984), *Mrs. Wiggs in the Cabbage Patch* (1985), *Medusa* (1985), *Leer* (1985), *Fowl Ball* (1985), *Cassanova* (1985), *Rip Van Winkle* (1986), *The Tempest of Chin Lee* (1987), *Saint Joan* (1987), *Klytemnestra, The Nightingale of Argos* (1987), *Fiasco* (1988), *The Liqcolns* (1988 *Serious Fun!* commission), *Ariadne Obnoxious* (1988), *Herd of Buffalo* (1989), *Dilbert Dingle Dong (the Doomed)*, or *A Nest Full of Ninnies* (1990) and *Das Vedanya Mama* (1990).

them. You come over here, and you'll see a real, live non-heterosexual faggot playing a woman, and all I can do is make you laugh. That's the difference. This is my kind of theater. You don't see any homoerotic art in my plays ever, do you?"

Perhaps Ethyl sensed early on that he was a person destined to leave a mark on the theater. To this end, he seemed to live his life as a kind of role model. "I don't smoke, I don't drink," he explained. "I try to show young people that you are responsible for what you do and say when you are on that stage. It doesn't matter if somebody else wrote the words, and it's by virtue of all that that the fact that I'm doing drag up at Lincoln Center [for Robert Woodruff's production of *The Comedy of Errors*] thrills me. I can turn to a young person and say, 'Look, I'm up there. It can be done. If this is what you want to do, I'm there. They're not ashamed of me.'"

Ethyl recalled a typical situation exemplifying his stance while working with Trinity Repertory: "I'd played a few gay or drag characters. All of a sudden, people sort of appeared in my life—young people who were looking for some sort of self-confirmation. There was one in particular, a young queen named April. She was gorgeous, a beautiful 15-year-old who had been thrown out of high school, thrown out of the public school system, not helped. They threw her out and told her never to come back again, because she would appear sometimes wearing very feminine clothes or a little makeup. Then, her father proceeded to beat her up and throw her out of the house. She started living on the street, supporting herself as a prostitute. This is a little 15-year-old kid, who should have been helped. And he came to me. I tried as much as I could; I did some good, but not a lot. And I realized, through people like that, who would find their way to me, that if one has a role in life, that was what my role was."

It was true. Ethyl never failed to fulfill that role. During his years at the Pyramid Club, he was always there with makeup and performance tips. "They call me 'Queen Mother' there," he said. They all call me that. This is the role that I love, because I'm trying to better the world for drag performers." In so doing, his style of drag greatly influenced the club's aesthetic. Ethyl understood well the line his *Medea* speaks: "People will strike at those who glitter." Ethyl was always there to put the sparkle back.

Performance was Ethyl's life, and he lived it out on the stage and in rehearsals. "The minute I put on a dress and the makeup and walk out in front of an audience, it's the most joyous thing that I have in my life," he said. Robbed of the physical capacity to perform, due to the debilitating effects of AZT, Ethyl apparently believed that he had to die, even if death meant taking his own life. His performance style, so inspired by life that the offhand remark or aside became an art form unto itself in his work, may have mandated such a radical, absolute action. As Black-Eyed Susan, Ethyl's longtime friend and frequent co-performer, noted at the Bessie Award tribute to Ethyl: "When he realized he could no longer work, he died. Ethyl was brave."

At Charles Ludlam's memorial, a line from his production of *Camille* became the most fitting epithet: "Toodle-oo Marguerite." The olio is now down on Ethyl too. Perhaps his perfect epithet should be the title of his last play, *Das Vedanya Mama*.▼

A memorial service for Ethyl Eichelberger will be held Sept. 24 at 8 pm at the La Mama Annex. Admission is free and open to the public.

NAVY

Continued from page 21

and aggressive female sailors can be intimidating and intolerable, impacting negatively on work performance and mental state."

"Women must be assured they do not have to exist in a predator-type environment," Donnell concluded.

Donnell believes that the misperception that lesbianism is tolerated in the Navy stems from several facts. First, he said, "Unless a woman admits to being a homosexual, it is often very difficult to prove."

Further, he explained: "Experience has shown that the stereotypical female homosexual in the Navy is more aggressive than her male counterpart, intimidating those women who might turn her in to the chain of command. As a result, the ability to obtain credible evidence during an investigation of female homosexuality is often stymied, and all that remains are unsubstantiated rumors, leading to accusations of a 'witch hunt' as investigators unsuccessfully search for evidence."

Nonetheless, Donnell pointed out, statistics show that from 1985 to 1989, "the number of women discharged for homosexuality as a percent of...strength was roughly double that of men."

In closing his memo, Donnell urged commanders to "take a close look at the chain of command within your organization. Is the information freely flowing, both up and down?" he asked.

"Review the sexual makeup of the chain of command," Donnell stressed, "with an eye toward the type of problems I have just discussed....Be up-front and open about the issues. Emphasize the right of our sailors to be free from sexual harassment, which includes their ability to report such incidents without fear of reprisal."

Reaction to Donnell's memo, which was leaked by Navy personnel, was swift.

Gay Democratic Rep. Gerry Studds of Massachusetts called the memo "one of the most disturbing documents I have seen over the course of my work against the Pentagon's anti-gay policy. It is an alarming display of Naval sexism as well as homophobia.

"I cannot help but think of the lesbian officer serving on board a ship off Saudi Arabia right this minute, risking her life," Studds said. "This document sits on her shipboard desk, telling her in no uncertain terms that if the Iraqis don't get her, the US Navy will."

Molly Yard, president of the National Organization for Women, said: "Rarely is the public privy to such a clear example of the military's homophobic, sexist bigotry. Clearly, elements in the military still chafe at the success of women in their ranks. This directive uses the military's institutionalized homophobia to directly attack women in the Navy who are, by the author's own admission, 'the Command's top professionals.'"

Sandy Lowe of the Lambda Legal Defense and Education Fund took particular exception to the characterization of lesbians as "predators."

"I liken that to the myth that male homosexuals are child molesters," she said.

Lowe also charged that there was a "gender component" to the memo.

"Women who are competent are always suspect. They don't want any of us, and here is one group they can get rid of," she said.

About 1 percent of US sailors are women, according to Lt. Comdr. Ryland Dodge, a spokesperson for Donnell.

The Armed Forces together discharge about 1,400 individuals yearly because "homosexuality is incompatible with military service." ▼

—filed from Chicago

SOUTER

Continued from page 18

John Sununu, the administration's most vocal opponent of abortion.

At the Friday rally, NOW released confidential internal documents from the right-wing Coalitions for America which revealed that the group's leaders initially expressed concern over the Souter nomination, only to be soothed by Sununu.

The documents show that right-wing forces feared that the 50-year-old bachelor may be gay but were reportedly reassured by Sununu that the suspicions were "nonsense" because there was "nothing to find" on the allegations.

The memos also suggested that

Souter is far more conservative than has been suggested by his record, quoting Sununu as telling conservative operative Pat McGuigan that Souter's nomination is a "home run" for the right wing, "and the ball is still ascending. In fact it's just about to leave earth orbit."

Leaders of the anti-Souter movement repeatedly compared the Supreme Court nominee to former candidate Robert Bork, who was defeated in a bitter battle three years ago over his controversial stands on civil rights. Noting that they were among the minority of public interest groups that opposed the nomination of Anthony Kennedy, who has since gone on to establish a record comparable to what Bork's might have been, Eleanor Smeal, leader of the Feminist Majority, added, "We were right then, and we are right now."

"We are gathered here," quipped Vaid at the Friday rally, "because a Bork by any other name does not smell as sweet."

Foremost in the minds of those opposing Souter is the fear that he could become the fifth vote needed to overturn the key *Roe v. Wade* decision which legalized abortion in America.

The organization heads urged that Americans concerned with maintaining women's, abortion and gay and lesbian civil rights pressure their senators to also oppose the nomination unless Souter explicitly acknowledges the existence of a constitutional right to privacy which includes a woman's right to an abortion.

"We are not quibbling about litmus tests," added Smeal. "We are talking about fundamental liberties here....Let there be no pretense: This is a referendum on abortion in America."

As the Senate hearings began, Smeal joined the other activists in being "dismayed" that Souter was not being asked "tougher" questions by the senators and that many of his "evasive" answers to privacy questions often went "unchallenged."

"They're playing patty-cake with him," roared Yard. "They're not really going after him."

The Task Force's Vaid is scheduled to testify on the Souter nomination on Sept. 18. ▼



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at that ridiculous excuse for a publishing company. I had a major crush on you, but couldn't quite figure you out. It was always fun talking to you -

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Young mermaid seeks similiar like minded swimmer, diver or water person for wet and wild times on the beach, in the tub or the pool. Swim suits not needed. Diving at your own risk. Send photo/letter/phone to my Outweek Box 3287

GOOD OL' FASHIONED CO

dependent seeks same for mutual caretaking. I'll anticipate your needs before you even know what they are. Fill the voids, if ya know what I mean.(I'd like to hear from the lesbian who GETS this joke). Write, photo, phone, favorite breakfast cereal box top to Outweek Box 3281

BROOKLYN BABE

seeks companion for fall frolic. Unattached, sexy, intelligent, secure. We have these traits in common, yes? Tell me about yourself. I'm 23, 5'4" br/br, 125. A photo is a good thing...I'll send one in return.

Write, already! Outweek Box 3252

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WILL YOU TEACH ME...

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Skandinavian soul-sister for long, depressing walks on the beach, contemplations of the many varieties of herring and self-absorbed, moody times. Oh- we can also go out dancing and spend a lot of time discussing the blond highlights in our hair. Respond with photo, phone, and tell me whether you prefer the fishing villages on the North or Baltic Sea. Skol! Outweek Box 3232

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permanence, loyalty, and continuity, am an intellectual, moderate workaholic, smoker. Your sincere letter brings details. Outweek Box 3224

WHAT I LOVE:

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genuine smile; I love to laugh & bring out the nut in shy women and get into a frenzy with like-witted folks. I say what I mean & appreciate the same in others; there is too much to write—23 year's worth of life is not easily slashed down to a 2-3 inch personals ad...anyway, if this has caught your eye & you feel as adventurous as I do, send a fun photo & telling letter about yourselves. Perhaps mutual earthly delights can be met. I've taken the first step, now it's your turn. Clean fun—no drugs. Pref. nonsmokers. Don't hesitate... Outweek Box 2894

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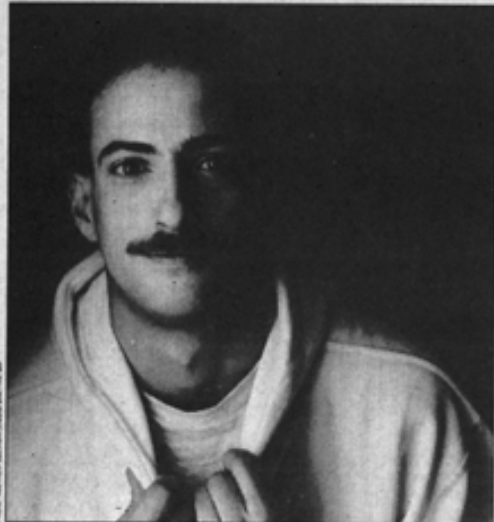
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This includes needles, syringes, droppers, spoons, cottons or cookers. If you must reuse works, clean them after each use with bleach, or in an emergency with rubbing alcohol or vodka, by drawing the solution into the needle three times and then drawing clean water into the needle three times.

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Who require really exciting service - top or bottom - by a hot WM, 34, 6'1", 185, vy hndsm, masc, wks out, +sinc. Please call to meet in NYC (no phone j/o) for regular sweaty explosive action and poss more: Roy (212) 675-7352.

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GWM, 38 195#, will use, abuse you just the way you want it. You are worthless and you know it. Safe sex only. Replies with explicit photo, letter of desire, phone # too: WL LTS20276, NYC 10011-9993

NICE GUY NICE BODY

Nice guy with nice body seeks like individual with passion for life and great sex meetings. No bullshit. Out-week Box 3285

SUPER MUSCLE

GWM, 38 195# nor BB wants you for friend confident, possible lover if we hit it off. Friendship at first. Serious only. Replies with photo, letter, phone# too: SM LTS20053 NYC 10011-9993

MAN MEAT MONSTER

Local sex animal looking for young muscle dudes into long hot sessions with soothing fish oils and sandpacks. Must like Gregorian love chants and extended vacations in humid climates. Outweek Box 3280

MUSCLE BONDAGE

Hot BB 28yrs 5'8" 175# 17A 46C 30W looking for muscle guy to tie me up and wok me over. Tight inescapable ropes, merciless tormenting.

tormenting.
Safe/sane intense
fun. Photo/phone
to POB 966 NY NY
10113-0905

LOVESEXY

Jewish American
Prince, 26, 5'10",
160, seeks literate
creative preppy for
repartee, friendship,
and maybe a walk
through the purple
rain. (I know this is
perverse, but I'm
especially attracted
to lawyers.) Out-
week Box 3278

GWM, 35 YRS, BL, 5'11",

145 pds.
Handsome, secure,
intelligent, likes
jazz, classical, out-
doors, politics, The
Fountainhead,
seeks GW 30-42
yrs that is ready for
a monogamous
relationship only.
Ph/phone, letter,
serious only. Out-
week Box 3272

SADIST DADDY TOP

Muscle-bound
sadist Daddy Top
with large man tool
and bull balls seeks
passive, submissive
latin fuck stud for
long hard butt ses-
sions and fierce ball
licking therapy
classes. No slinkies,
femmes or
wannabes. Ph/Ph to
Outweek Box 3271

CAPITAL DISTRICT

two guys looking
for a third or ano-
ther couple for dive-
right-in fun and
games. We like

long, hot tit plat,
licking, probing
and sucking. We
are both in our
30's, furry, slutty
and have BIG
ONES—you
should too. Reply
to P.O. Box 1469,
Troy, NY 1218
1

FUN-LOVING BOTTOM

with a sense of
wonder for life. 32
5'9" 145 lbs lt br/bl
attractive, affection-
ate prof. I run,
workout, enjoy
movies, plays, read
and like simple
pleasures. Seek top
(pref. dark) to
share same. PH/PH
Box X3, 496A Hud-
son St, NYC 10014.
Let's get toget
her!

DEAR ABBY

Most 30 year old
cute, spunky, intel-
ligent, sexy guys
seek same or
younger. None
seem to have time
for me. What's a
poor 44 year old
boy to do? (am
cute, spunky, intel-
ligent and sexy
myself)
Reply to Outweek
3264

URBAN GUERRILLA SEEKS CORN FED FARMBOY

Stressed out city
boy, 5'9" cauca-
zoid, good looks
seeks romance in
the outback. I know
you're out there.
Willing to travel for
healthy times in the
back 40 or in the

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NIGHT CLUB INFO • TALKING PERSONALS • FIRE
ISLAND FERRY SCHEDULE & WEATHER UPDATES

PERSONALS OF THE WEEK

MEN

I LOVE

CHARLOTTE'S WEB

Good wine. Music that inspires. Sweaty dancing. Children. Calvin Trillon. Company. Solitude. Being sexual. Being sensual.

Water. Fresh food. Lazy Sundays. Busy Mondays... 26 yr.old city kid, 5'11", 155, brown hair, green eyes, looking for other. Responses will be reviewed on a rolling admissions basis. Letter appreciated. Photo optional.

Honesty expected. Outweek Box 3296



D.K. - WE WORKED TOGETHER ALL TOO BRIEFLY

at that ridiculous excuse for a publishing company. I had a major crush on you, but couldn't quite figure you out. It was always fun talking to you

- write back, willst du?
E.L. Out-week Box 3315

WOMEN

SAFETY TIPS

You can never insure that you won't become a crime victim. No crime victim is to blame for the crime committed against them. Nevertheless, these few safety tips may be helpful:

• Identify local "danger zones" in the places you frequent. Avoid these areas, especially when you are alone. Keep on top of the news, especially the lesbian and gay press, to learn if a particular neighborhood has become a target for gay bashing.

• Plot our "safe" routes from subway stations and bus stops to your home and other places you frequent often. Note well-lit streets and stores open late at night.

• If you feel threatened or unsafe, trust your instincts and remove yourself from the situations quickly as possible. Run. Bang garbage cans. Make noise. Yell "Fire". Call 911 for police assistance as soon as possible.

• Letting someone you don't know into your home makes you vulnerable to robbery and assault. If you leave a bar with someone you've just met, introduce her/him to a friend or the bartender. Let other people know you are leaving together. Exchange names and phone numbers before you get home.

• Women should beware of men in "mixed" bars who claim to be gay and invite women to their homes.

• Be wary of taxis that wait outside of gay and lesbian bars and clubs. Try to leave bars, community centers, and other gay/lesbian identifies facilities with people you know. Assailants sometimes wait for potential victims outside places where lesbians and gay men meet.

• Carry a whistle. consider taking a self-defense class.

• Most importantly, be alert and remain aware of your surroundings.

550

2 B
6 O
3 D
9 Y

Hot Hard Muscle...
WE'VE GOT THE BEEF!
15¢ min - 40¢ first - Adults Only - 24 hrs

hayloft. Nude horseback riding? Paint the barn? Yee-hah! Photo/phone gets mine. Outweek Box 3260

ANNOYING QUEER

Skinny boys with good taste, artistically inclined, jangling jewelry OK. Club scene? Sometimes. Hobbies include dropping water balloons on straight couples from rooftops. Come visit my dinky apt. We'll boff til the neighbors bang on the walls from all the noise. Me? 5'10" white boy w/brown hr. grey eyes, moderately smooth. Outweek Box 3258

IN AND OUT

Tender, loving good-looking top guy wants something of value with a mature guy who shines inside and outside and enjoys being in love. I'm a GWM, 43, 5'9", 155 lbs. You're over 30 but not overweight. Phone + pic. to P.O. Box 746, NY 11364

MAN SEEKS MAN

GWM, 33 6'2" 180 br/br moustache, wks out, handsome, employed, fun who enjoys dancing and the company of other men not seeking lover but several boyfriends would be O.K. Seeks man (key word man) in 30's to share some

hot times together. Outweek Box 3239

TOKYOITE, 24, 5'9"

slim, good-looking, romantic, intelligent and healthy. Seeks GWM who is honest and sincere for companionship — possible relationship. Serious replies only. Ph/ph please. P.O. Box 294, NY, NY 10116-0294

ITALIO-AMERICAN, 30,

slim and good-looking. As a slave of beauty I need a man who makes me want to eat his ears, but I'll never settle for a looker who bores me. With a self image that ranges from pathetic sissy to rugged street-smart sailor, I don't know if I want to be possessed or to possess. Maybe I'd like to take care of someone who doesn't need it. If you consider yourself non-traditionally sexy and are intrigued, write. Robert. Outweek Box 3219

WHAT A SUMMER

I can't stand it. Just when you get comfortable knowing that you are wild about a friend, his long summer vacation is over. And you feel at a real loss. I can't stand it. Remember that first weekend at the Roxy when we real-

ized just how fabulous each other was: a week of clubbing followed. The when you returned from Fire Island, a couple more weeks of clubbing and activism. Dancing with Grace, protesting in Montreal, me falling in "love?" there, then Fire Island and you getting caught spinning your pony-tail round and round, using it as a whip to beat your trick with (and we all thought you were a top!), more activism, more clubs—including the night at Sodomee when I was—as usual—a star. I can't stand it. You're going back to L.A. I'll miss you, you "gay activist wannabe." If there's anybody out there who thinks they could be as wild, write me. Outweek Box 3215

CLIPPER HAIR CUTS

Handsome, hung Wm, 31, turns on to cleaning you up—flattops, crewcuts, military, punk, headshaves. Already short-haired guys also get me hot. POB 2291, New York, NY 10185

GAY DAD & SON?

Sexy GWM wants to get it on w/gay or bi father & son. Prefer together, separately ok. Must be real. Hot looking

for "Daddy's Boy" scene. Me: Attr, 36, 5'11", 190, br/tz, hot. P.O. Box 2520 Times Sq. Sta. NYC 10108.

SUBMISSIVE, MANLY

GWM SEEKS in-shape, dominant man (25-60) for SS. No drugs, pot, boozers, hustlers. Easy apartment car parking here. Box LSA, 1328 B'Way, #1054, NYC 10001. I dig men wearing uniforms, jeans, business suits.

HUGE BASKET

8", well, maybe 7 1/2"... looking for other like-sized dudes for hot August nights. Let's roam the East Village, holding hands...laughing...dancing till dawn...bagels & lox when the sun comes up. We'll fall asleep in each other's arms, only to wake with your tongue in my ear... I'm 28, sexy bod, full lips, and Boy, have I got eyes for you. Photo/phone/letter. If you're for real, then I'm waiting to hear all about you. Outweek Box 3172

MEANWHILE... BACK AT THE RANCH

Cute & slim prof GWM Mid-20's 6'1" BI/BI mstche pulling back the reins in the hopes of being closer to fine. Closet roman-

tic and dreamchaser with a sometimes pithy sense of humor and a no-nonsense intellect seeking a "mi media naranja" to make me a better man. Sense of humor & mustache a plus—must be willing to grow either. PH/PH appreciated. Outweek Box 3171

ME: CHUBBY GWM

Babyfaced 37, 5'5", 200, Br/Br, cin. shv., hairy chest, u/c. You 45 or under, masculine, well-built, any race (Asians, "South Asians" a+) hot body, hotter mind! Us: SAFE, sweaty good times (maybe fantasy wrestling?) in my midtown apt. day or night. Photo or description to: TJ, Box 112, Executive Suite, 330 W. 42nd St., NYC 10036.

BASEBALL, HOTDOGS, SODOMY, AND CHEVROLET

After the game, don't you want to kick back in the back seat of the car and let me lick your foot long? With your legs up in the air, your uniform pulled down to your ankles and your cleats ripping the upholstery, together we can rev up a homo run or two with the great American passtime: GAY SEX! Photo

please, in or out of uniform. Outweek Box 2942

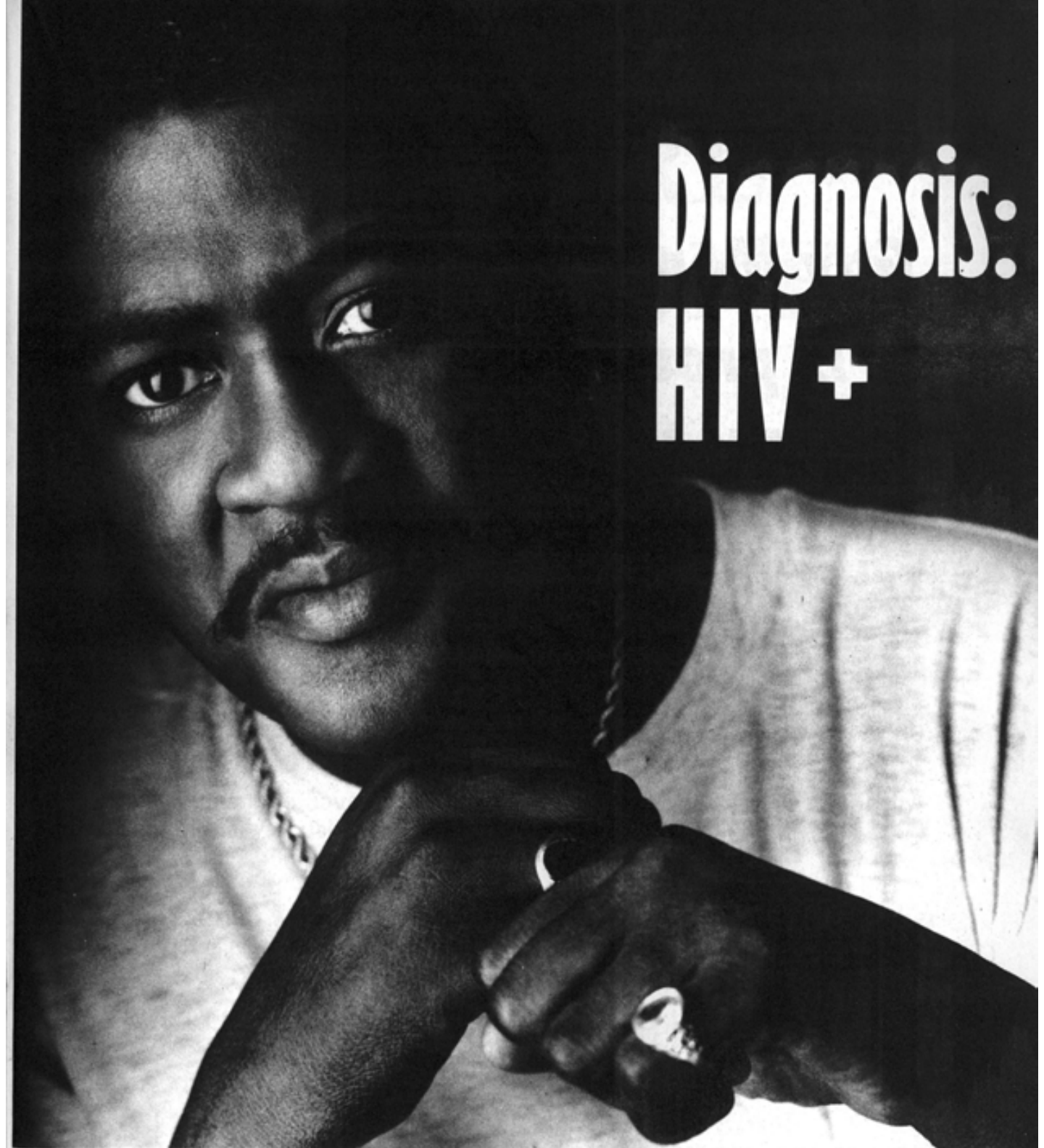
OPPOSITES ATTRACT GWM

33, bearded, balding, sexy big hairy gut seeks masculine sensual man, thin to well built under 40. Call (212)929-8605 P.S. Men who are creative, sexy and mysterious a plus!

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year subscription (4 issues) is only \$30.00. To subscribe, or to make a contribution, send your check to AmFAR.

Your patient's options may be greater than you think.



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For men and women who are survivors of anti-lesbian or anti-gay assaults.

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For lesbians who have in the past or are now living through physically or emotionally abusive relationships.

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AIDS
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N MASSAGE

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Models interviewed

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Models Interviewed

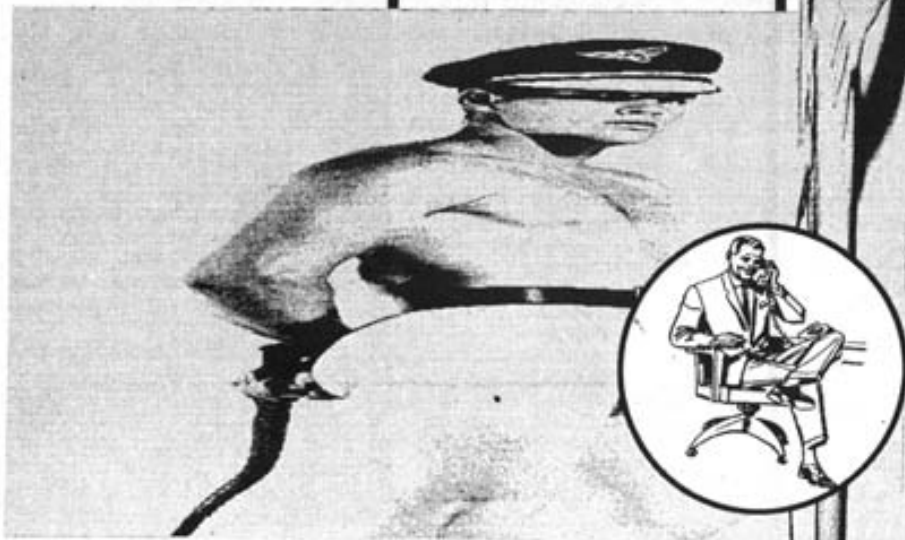
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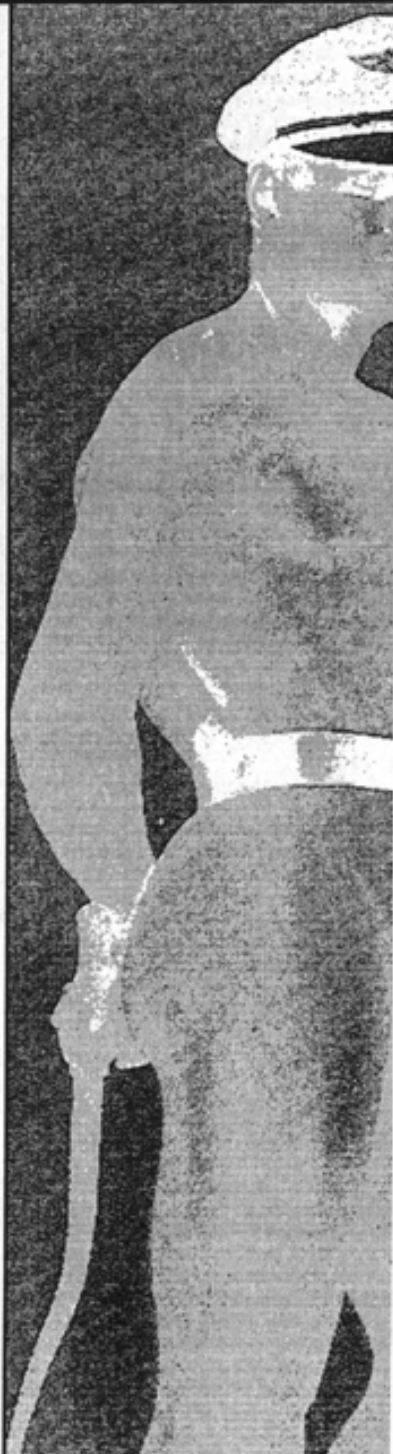
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P-TOWN

Continued from page 22

But while acknowledging local frustrations over homophobia and AIDS, at least one resident, 58-year-old AIDS activist Alice Foley, described the melee as "cocktail activism at its best. It was the end of summer, after Labor Day, with lots of drinking."

The Sept. 5 incident, and a meeting on the steps of the post office the following day in which demands were publicly delivered to the town's political hierarchy, recalled last year's Pride-parade furor, and during the Board of Selectmen's meeting on Sept. 10, some local politicians cautioned the reigning body to deal seriously with the evident anger of the town's lesbian and gay activist community.

During the 1989 Pride parade, a controversy arose—over a sexually explicit placard that one gay man carried along the route—that stirred the town's large lesbian and gay population to question the resort's presumptively tolerant atmosphere.

Demands arising from the Sept. 5 incident included a call for the addition of openly gay and lesbian police officers to the Provincetown force, a demand for apology from the police force for "harassment actions that provoked a riot by lesbian and gay townspeople" and a request that the town's governing board condemn "abusive police actions."

While so far there has been no official response to the two former demands, in a direct rebuff of the activists, less than two days after the events on Sept. 5, the Board of Selectmen commended the police for their handling of the situation. *OutWeek's* phone calls to the Provincetown police department were not returned.

In the aftermath of the incident, Vanilla reported that she has been harassed by strangers and snubbed by people with whom she had formerly had friendly relations. "I appreciated those who stuck up for me, but I had no control," she told an *OutWeek* reporter. "I was ashamed of how the crowd reacted."

—filed from New York and Boston

OutWeek's reporting is based in part on a videotape of the Sept. 5 events, filmed by Linwood Fraser and provided by Michael Mammone. ▼

OUTTAKES

Continued from page 20

PANEL URGES NEA TO DROP PLEDGE

WASHINGTON—An independent government commission charged with reviewing the funding procedures of the National Endowment for the Arts released its long-awaited report on Sept.

11, calling on the agency to rescind its year-old policy of making artists pledge not to create "obscene" art.

"With its discretion to spend public money," the report read, "the Endowment must make sure that its policies and procedures are fair, reasonable and thorough. Insuring freedom of expression necessary to nourish the arts while bearing in mind limits of public understanding and tolerance requires unusual wisdom, prudence and, most of all, common sense."



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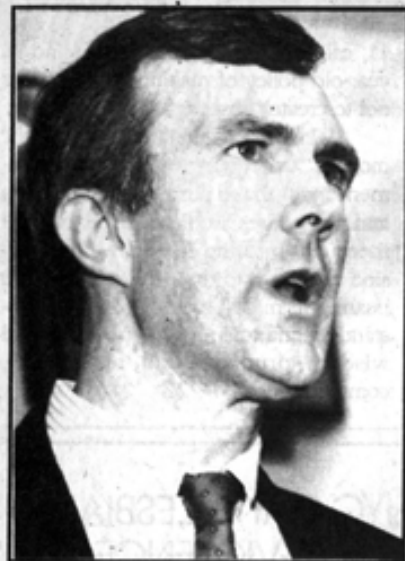
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TOOK THE "FUN" OUT OF FUNDING— John Frohnmayer

Nevertheless, NEA Chairman John Frohnmayer said, on Sept. 17, that he had no plans to drop the pledge policy. "The reason the language was put in the terms and conditions that artists have to sign is to let the artist know what the law is and let the Congress know that we know," Mr. Frohnmayer said at a press conference last Monday. "And I have to say, we succeeded in that regard."

He added: "We need to be sensitive and listen to what the American people are saying. Taxpayers really do own the NEA."

The 12-member panel, composed of officials appointed by Congress and the White House, was created by Congress after conservative legislators expressed outrage at the NEA's writing grants for a handful of controversial artworks, many of which were created by gay people.

—Cliff O'Neill

MISS FIRE ISLAND ATTRACTS TROUBLE

CHERRY GROVE, NY—As contestants basked in the afterglow of the Ice Palace's annual Miss Fire Island Contest, an unsavory lot of straights fought amongst themselves, wreaking havoc on land and at sea on the evening of Sept. 9.

Although the Suffolk County police made no arrests, officers from the 5th Precinct and officials from the Ferry Service confirmed that an incident arose on board one of the ferries departing Cherry Grove *en route* to the mainland when an obnoxious group of straights refused to be seated, causing a scuffle.

"It was strictly between some mainland people and our crew. It had nothing to do with the gay community whatsoever," claimed Cal, the operations manager of the Ferry Service. But in the next breath, he added, "Evidently this group caused trouble [in the Grove] after the Miss Fire Island Contest."

Proprietors of the Ice Palace, Cherry Grove's largest disco, did not return *OutWeek's* phone calls.

Area businesspeople are quick to stress that the day of the contest is their most profitable of the season; however, they are equally adept at identifying the myriad of undesirables the event seems to attract. Many residents feel that droves of dregs from Long Island come to Fire Island to gawk at the gays and lesbians. Still, no one here considers gay-bashing to be an issue in the incident.

"I'm not gay, and I got bashed!" raged Richie Freddi, co-manager of the Monster, another popular Cherry Grove bar. Five times in a row, Freddi, who stands 5 feet, 10 inches and weighs 200 pounds, asked an obnoxiously drunken, straight customer to leave his bar. Upon the fifth request, the patron wrestled him to the ground and tossed him around, injuring three of Freddi's ribs as well as his left elbow.

According to Freddi, the belligerent behavior of patrons is especially difficult to control because the police force cuts its staff in half after Labor Day.

"Straights that came over were actually turning on themselves! They drink, they get macho....A guy was beating up his girl in front of the grocery store."

Jeff, a summer resident of the Pines, spent most of his vacation time in the Grove, where he believes the atmosphere is more earthy and relaxed. But he did admit, "If you're gay, on the day of Miss Fire Island, if you live here, you don't come out."

Freddi, who told *OutWeek* that he's ashamed to be straight, simply stated, "If people come over here, all they have to do is respect the way we live."

But Bill, a Monster bartender, was not so optimistic. "[Straights] look at it [the contest] as a freak show. It's like being at a carnival," he complained.

—Janis Astor

POLITICAL UNKNOWN IS FRONT RUNNER FOR TOP US HEALTH POST

WASHINGTON—Administration officials are leaning toward nominating Dr. Bernadine P. Healy, the research head of the Cleveland Clinic, to run the National Institutes of Health, the Department of Health and Human Services announced on Sept. 9.

Healy, a cardiologist, has served as president of the American Federation for Clinical Research, the American Heart Association and, from 1984 to 1986, the White House Office of Science and Technology Policy.

If confirmed by the Senate, she would become the first woman to head the NIH.

The office of the NIH director has been vacant since the resignation of Dr. James Wyngaarden last year. The director's duties have been handled by acting chair William F. Raub.

Printed accounts suggest that Health and Human Services Secretary Louis W. Sullivan has had a tough time finding someone to fill the position. And candidates would have to echo the White House's tough position against abortion and fetal tissue research. At least four scientists have reportedly turned down the job, not agreeing to support the president's position on these sensitive topics.

Healy, according to the *Washington Post*, is personally opposed to abortion.

At present, Healy is unknown to AIDS activists here and around the country, who say that they will now investigate her position on AIDS research issues.

—Cliff O'Neill


LOOKOUT

The buzz last week in newsrooms was about ACT UP and Wham!'s latest glossy press kit billed "Stop the Church II: Cardinal on Trial." With all the glitz, fun and hype of a Broadway show media packet, it certainly commanded attention—if not for the short bios of the "St. Patrick's Seven" (on trial after they were arrested inside St. Patrick's Cathedral last December in the massive protest against the Catholic Church's AIDS and abortion policies), than definitely for the 29 year-old photograph of the defendant Sharon Tramutola in her communion dress, captioned "Would you put this girl jail?" An obvious and blatant attempt at inducing media sympathy, no doubt.

(The trial begins on Monday, Sept 24 and will continue for the remainder of the week. The groups say they need hundreds of supporters each day to pack the courtroom located at 100 Centre St., Room BT-6 on the 5th floor, 9:30-5:00.) M.S.


St. Patrick's Seven

SHARON TRAMUTOLA
Age 29, Brooklyn, N.Y. For the past 10 years, Sharon has been an active member of the St. Patrick's Cathedral parish. She was arrested on Dec. 17, 1989, after leaving the church on an early morning walk. She is currently on bail and is expected to appear in court on Sept. 24. She is currently on bail and is expected to appear in court on Sept. 24.




St. Patrick's Seven

CHARLES KING
Age 28, Manhattan, N.Y. Charles is a member of the St. Patrick's Cathedral parish. He was arrested on Dec. 17, 1989, after leaving the church on an early morning walk. He is currently on bail and is expected to appear in court on Sept. 24.




St. Patrick's Seven

MICHAEL FERRARO
Age 31, Manhattan, N.Y. Michael is a member of the St. Patrick's Cathedral parish. He was arrested on Dec. 17, 1989, after leaving the church on an early morning walk. He is currently on bail and is expected to appear in court on Sept. 24.




St. Patrick's Seven

JOHN WILSON
Age 31, Manhattan, N.Y. John is a member of the St. Patrick's Cathedral parish. He was arrested on Dec. 17, 1989, after leaving the church on an early morning walk. He is currently on bail and is expected to appear in court on Sept. 24.




St. Patrick's Seven

JOHN WILSON
Age 31, Manhattan, N.Y. John is a member of the St. Patrick's Cathedral parish. He was arrested on Dec. 17, 1989, after leaving the church on an early morning walk. He is currently on bail and is expected to appear in court on Sept. 24.



St. Patrick's Seven

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Age 31, Manhattan, N.Y. John is a member of the St. Patrick's Cathedral parish. He was arrested on Dec. 17, 1989, after leaving the church on an early morning walk. He is currently on bail and is expected to appear in court on Sept. 24.



STOP THE CHURCH II: CARDINAL ON TRIAL
WOULD YOU PUT THIS GIRL IN JAIL?



Sharon Tramutola, one of the St. Patrick's Seven, in her communion dress at age 19.

CARDINAL O'CONNOR WOULD.

Hundreds of activists are needed to pack the courtroom EACH DAY. The trial will begin Sept. 24 (and will continue 5:30-8:00 daily) in BT-6, on the 5th floor of criminal court, 100 Centre St., from 9:30-5:00.

OUT OF MY HANDS

I am, at this point, when the schoolhouse bell tolls once more and the autumn winds bear forlorn memories (yea, we wept when we remembered Edmonton), supremely sorry that I ever heard of an Annual Summer Fudge Competition and sorrier moreover that I allowed myself to become involved with it. What used to be a simple, little affair, remarkable only for its insouciance and toothsome-ness, has now become, as simple, little affairs are wont (remind me one day to tell you about the Remembrance Day weekend of 1977), snarled up with politics and intrigue, and as a consequence, I find myself—weeks after a winner should have been announced and a pastry marble awarded and the whole matter put to rest for another 12 months—being forced at moral gunpoint to declare an ambiguously defined allegiance by choosing one competition entry over another.

The thousands of entries painstakingly collected, typed and mailed in for you, my dear readers, have long since been stolen from my office by a person or persons unknown. I am left only with that dubious entry submitted by the alleged "aunt" of *Out-Week's* personnel liaison, Edelweiss—make no mistake, I realize that this should be construed as the *official* entry—and an entry cleverly concealed in the lining of a hat which was given me last week by a certain Johann, who represents a certain Julian, who claims to be my old school chum (though the Henry Wise-wood High School yearbook confirms no such claim). This entry, I've been led to understand, contains a message of vital importance to something called the community. Which, then, is the true—that is to say, the correct—summer fudge?

Edelweiss' "Aunt"'s Summer Fudge

Place in large mixing bowl:

- Two 12-ounce packages of chocolate chips
- One pint jar of marshmallow cream
- Two tablespoons of butter
- One dash of salt
- One teaspoon of vanilla

Cook in a large heavy pan:

- One large can of evaporated milk
- Four and one-half cups of sugar

Bring to a rolling boil and cook six minutes, stirring constantly. Pour over mixture in bowl. Stir (don't beat) until thoroughly mixed. Be ready to pour into a large, buttered jelly-roll pan. (If it gets too stiff, add a little cream or milk.) When nearly cool, cut into squares. Makes about five pounds.

Julian's Summer Fudge for the Community

Place in large mixing bowl:

- Two 12-ounce packages of chocolate chips



By Bradley Ball

- One pint jar of marshmallow cream
- Two tablespoons of butter
- Two or three cups of pecans
- One dash of salt
- One teaspoon of vanilla

Cook in a large heavy pan:

- One large can of evaporated milk
- Four and one-half cups of sugar

Bring to a rolling boil and cook six minutes, stirring constantly. Pour over mixture in bowl. Stir (don't beat) until thoroughly mixed. Be ready to pour into a large, buttered jelly-roll pan. (If it gets too stiff, add a little cream or milk.) When nearly cool, cut into squares. Makes about five pounds.

You have, no doubt, discerned that while both recipes display a shocking contempt for metric measurements, Julian's is expressly inclusive of pecans, acknowledging in no uncertain terms the significant contribution of nuts to the consistency of any well-made fudge. Edelweiss' "aunt"'s recipe, on the other hand, demonstrates poignant sensitivity to the particular sweet tooth allergic to pecans and would be unable to comply strictly with the first entry. But, on the third hand, can I casually disregard the fact that the supposedly *official* entry, no matter how sensitive, has been submitted in flagrant violation of the *official* competition guidelines, notwithstanding the wholly arbitrary nature of guidelines? On the fourth hand, where lies my obligation to an entry that I've been clearly told contains a vital message to the community; what, for instance, would be the consequence should the community not receive this message? On the fifth hand, is there any chance for a compromise solution which may appease all parties concerned, or is that compromise simply a cowardly abdication of my political responsibility? On the sixth hand, should the Annual Summer Fudge Competition have been politicized in the first place (but here, of course, one can take the ancillary position that, times being what they are, all things are inherently politicized)? On the eighth hand, times being what they are, is there such a thing as a definitive answer in any case? And what happened to the seventh hand?

Clearly, in the absence of expert advisors, I need to consult my reference library, but I see by the clock that it's time to take my medication and go meet my friends Alvin and Earl at the Bell Jar Bar and Grill, where the world itself is a bad dream, so these considerations will just have to wait. I'm sure, of course, that under these circumstances (times being what they are), my editor will allow me some flexibility on my deadline. I mean, it's not like I do this every week or something. ▼

GOSSIP WATCH

Shit. The miserable *New York Post* survived. It's folding would

not only have meant the demise of loonies like Suzy as well as Cindy and Joey Adams, but we'd also have slayed a whole pack of dragons—Pete Hamill, Eric Breindel, Ed Koch, Ray Kerrison, Patrick Buchanan and others—in one fatal blow. And what paper would pick up these dinosaurs? (Meanwhile, the only truly credible columnists in that rag—resident liberal Amy Pagnozzi and ace horoscope-whiz Patric Walker—would have been snapped up immediately.)

But no. Not only did it manage to stay afloat, but I'm somehow courting that most dreaded of terms in these times, "censorship," even by *thinking* that the *Post* should be forced to do so. Yes, the knee-jerk response about the *Post's* possible death, among many a noted liberal type, was that, though the politics of the paper are horribly reactionary and right-wing, it was still somehow wrong to applaud a news outlet going under because it means the killing of a "voice," and every "voice" is valid. We must, after all, protect "freedom of speech" because next time it may be our own that is threatened.

What bullshit.

First of all, many of our papers and other means of expression *have* been folding for years (and with increasing frequency now) because of some very frightening reasons that have everything to do with government censorship. Our community is being silenced, whether or not we come out for "saving the *Post*." No, getting rid of that rag could only do us good: Certainly gay-bashers find their urges validated by the hatred that has spewed from that wretched paper, a publication which does all it can to influence and further homophobia in society.

And the *Post* is not owned by the government; nor was it threatened by the government. It is a private company owned by businesspeople making their own decisions regarding how they're going to earn—or throw away—their big money. But this has been the most confusing point to get across in this hypersensitive censorship debate.

For instance, a few knee-jerkers at the *Village Voice* wrote a little blurb in the "Rockbeat" column (it's always signed by three or four people) last week, praising WEA's picking up of the Geto Boys for distribution after Geffen Records dropped the rap group because of their sexist and AIDS-phobic song lyrics. The column even quotes Geto Boy Bushwick Bull saying, "Freedom of speech has prevailed again." GIVE ME A FUCKING BREAK!

Can't knee-jerkers come to realize that record companies are private industries making their *own* choices? For sure, those decisions are based on money—and we can't deny that racism, sexism and homophobia also play a role when corporate decisions to cut

or reject artists are made—but they are still decisions made by *private* industry, which has never adopted an egalitarian position in choosing who gets to be on their labels and what those people who are signed on are allowed to say (certainly, record companies in 1990 wouldn't sign the Ku Klux Klan to do an album advocating genocide of Blacks and Jews). The Geto Boys are not being subjected to government censorship. They were not forced into silence by the NEA or put in jail because of their song lyrics. I champion the Geto Boys' constitutional right to scream at the top of their lungs on the streets that they'd like to slice women with AIDS into little pieces with a chain saw (as one song expresses), but a *private* record company has every right to decide that it will not participate in possible violence directed at women and people with AIDS by letting the band use their label to spew such hatred. For years, record companies—and television stations and film studios and radio programmers—have followed admittedly ambiguous "standards and ethics" and have thereby prevented defamation of many communities on their airwaves, in their films and on their records. **WE'RE NOW DEMANDING THAT WE BE INCLUDED AS ONE OF THOSE COMMUNITIES; THAT WE BE TREATED AS EVERYONE ELSE.**

And certainly, Geffen Records is starting to see that this is an issue of sensitivity and not censorship. Beyond the Geto Boys, Geffen last week did an astonishing thing: As is reported in *OutWeek's* "Outtakes" this week [page 26], Geffen cut off its distribution deal with Def American Records completely, which is the label not only of the Geto Boys and a few lesser-known but equally objectionable, heavy metal bands, but also of the great homo-hater of the year, Andrew Dice Clay.

Literally throwing away money for political reasons, David Geffen, whom we've bashed over the head here again and again and again, should finally be commended—at least a little bit. Granted, Dice Clay was already down the tubes, and cutting him off now is similar to Atlantic Records' slimy Doug Morris and Ahmet Ertegun coming out against their anti-gay band Audio Two only *after* the group began sliding down the charts. But still, by dropping an *entire label* and making it publicly known (the story was in *The New York Times* last week), Geffen is taking the lead on what we hope will become two powerful trends in the entertainment industry: 1) the responsibility of companies to groups which are constantly under violent attack; 2) the accountability by gays in high places to their own community, much the way that Blacks, Jews and women in high places are accountable to their respective communities.

*David Geffen
should be
commended—
at least a little
bit.*

By Michelangelo Signorile

See GOSSIP
on page 80

OUT ON THE TOWN WITH LIZ & SYDNEY

LIZ: It's 1980, and you're singing "In the Navy" along with your Village People album. If you're Sydney, you think "Village" means "Anytown, USA," and if you're me, you *knew* why they wore their keys on the left. But it's 1990—Sydney knows where the Village is now, and the Village People appeared at Roxy last Sunday and (almost) nothing had changed (they have a new top -oops— frontman). Touting themselves as the "Old Kids on the Block," a little more *out* than



THE VILLAGE PEOPLE

some of the *new* ones, they played to a loving crowd that formed "Y-M-C-A" with their bodies. The concert celebrated the combining of YMVA with Roxy's A Groovy Kind of Love, and the crowd was a mix of men (as opposed to "boys"), preppies and some lesbians. The move will become official next week.

Sydney: SheScape, the nomadic band of lesbian party promoters, has premiered at yet another club—this time, disproving our belief that nothing fun ever happens above 14th Street. Named Pulse—not to be confused with Tower Record's music magazine—the new space is a wonderfully tacky post-disco glitter box. Lying somewhere between an Atlantic City night spot and Regine's, the tea dance is a whole new experience in lesbian night life. Swirling lights, abundant chrome, enough mirrors to check your hair from any angle, a deejay playing a hefty portion of dance hits from 1975-79, and a Lite-Brite mural of the Manhattan skyline (as seen from Long Island City) overshadowing the dance floor, all make you feel that either it is 1977 again or lesbians have taken over Copia and enforced a strict women-only door policy.

Liz: *Pyramid: The Sequel.* Just when you thought it was safe to assume everything had settled down, the ownership of the Pyramid has changed hands (again), and the chips fell pretty hard. After Ron Dobrin left, the formerly new management helped bring three successful gay, lesbian and mixed parties to the club (Channel 69, Girl Bar and, most recently, Scream). The *new* new owner brought in his own managers, D'ja and Theresa DeVeto, who had been working at the Love Shack (formerly Lismar Lounge). Their first act was to fire (and rehire) popular bartender André Wyland, involved with Channel 69 despite a contract agreement. Then they broke Girl Bar's contract, made with Jenny Eigner. They gave her one week's notice; Eigner reportedly replied she would notify everyone else. Apparently, their fear of losing the crowd led them to cancel even the last party and quickly and quietly replace it with Booby Trap. It had

been speculated by some that DeVeto and her partner would move Booby Trap into Girl Bar's night after the Lismar closed, in an effort to make it more successful. Meanwhile, the only signs of Girl Bar were leaflets handed out by former Girl Bar employees as women entered and exited. Rumor has it, Eigner's new party will be somewhere on West 16th Street. Channel 69 and Scream remain unchanged.

Sydney: Disco redux II—Polyester, Tommy Gunn's gay party at Reins, the Ramada Inn of night-

clubs, brings you NYC's answer to Charlie's Angels—Robi Martin, Perfidia and Sister Codie Ravioli—plus a leisure-suited deejay, Dr. Fever, and a gaggle of polyestered go-go creatures. While seated in the "beautifully appointed" red-carpeted and red-walled foyer, we were accosted by one such disco casualty, temporarily named "Carol" (really club kid Lois in a Carol Brady-like wig) who forced us to feel her polyester clothing. While we marveled at the miracle of synthetic fibers, Carol did the splits. This was only to be followed by a demonstration of the few disco dances she remembered from gym class. Now I know why I never believed that "disco sucks."

Liz: House mother to some of those Angels, Patricia Field, won an Emmy last week for Costume Design. She worked with Shelley Duvall on Showtime's *Fairie Tale Theatre*. Who said those stories were Grimm? We see it now, JoJo and the Jockstraps as the Three Little Bears...

The Cowgirl Hall of Fame's Patsy Cline Look-a-Like Contest got a little heated recently when Lulu Field, drag performer and the spitting image of Ms. Cline, entered the contest. "The judges were shady," she said. "The crowd loved me, but (the judges) didn't want to give it to me." The people won out, and Lulu became the first male winner of a Patsy Cline event. One small step for drag queens, one giant step for queenkind...

Sydney: Answering the musical question "how many promoters can you fit on one pass?" Disco Interruptus took over Thursday nights at the Roxy, sweeping the entire East Village performance scene west. Club veterans Brian Butterick (Pyramid), Dugwah (Wah Wah Hut), Jeanette and Victor Anonymous (Limbo) scheduled performances by such notables as Dancenoise, John Kelly and Penny Arcade, among others. An installation, designed by artist Huck Snyder and featuring eerie black-and-white faces, helped to transform the mood from the "shut-up-and-dance" attitude of Saturday into "shut-up-and-listen." ▼



By Liz Tracey & Sydney Pokorny

Photo: Liz & Sydney

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THE ARTS

It's Witchcraft

THE WITCHES. Directed by Nicolas Roeg.

Produced by Jim Henson. Warner Bros.

by Madam X

You may not imagine that you'd be interested in seeing *The Witches*. It's been advertised as a children's movie and seems to fit the bill, with its young boy "hero" and effects by the late Jim Henson. The irony is that Jim Henson's last project is all about hat-

ing children.

The movie comes from England, a country with a unique tradition of fairy tales and movies about them. One need only remember *Dream Child* or *The Company of Wolves*. In this case, Nicolas Roeg adapted one of Roald Dahl's grim, deadpan chil-

FILM

dren's books, in which a small boy is pursued by hundreds of kid-loathing witches. One can imagine what would have happened had *The Witches* been produced by the Disney "dream factory": a sickening pile of saccharine in which the most reactionary ideas about family or women are reinforced. But in the great British style of nasty stories for youth, this movie has real bite and characters any of us could respect.

It begins with a loving grandmother (played by Mai Zetterling, famed Scandinavian actress and filmmaker in her own right) explaining to her grandson, Luke, how to identify witches when encountering them. Witches, you see, look exactly like "normal" women, except that they wear long gloves to hide their crooked fingers and a wig to cover their baldness. Witches hate children and would do anything to be rid of them. Within five minutes, we are in a world where this makes perfect sense. Within the next five, Luke's parents die in a car accident.

Luke and his grandmother leave for a seaside vacation. Their stay coincides with the annual meeting of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, which is, in fact, the annual meeting of the British witches. The Grand High Witch, played with an exacerbated sense of camp by Anjelica Huston, has discovered a potion which turns children into mice. She asks her colleagues to quit their jobs and open candy stores to—guess what? Luke discovers the plot and is turned into a mouse. You will have to pay \$7 to know the outcome.

The movie is a delight from beginning to end, not least because women occupy center stage, and—oh,

WITCHY WOMAN—Anjelica Huston as the Grand High Witch



joy!—some of them are shown to *bate* children. This is quite refreshing at a time when women land about one-third of all movie roles, and when they do utter more than two lines of dialogue, they are generously allowed to play a loving mother, a dedicated wife or a prostitute. (Two possibilities: She either gets killed or is "saved" by a rich guy.) Of course, in this particular case, the women who hate children happen to be witches and are, therefore, evil, but when was the last time you also saw children depicted as greedy, obnoxious creatures (the greedy child seems to be a staple in Dahl's books)? Witches only express a distaste that the "normal" women in the movie are also shown to share, only more covertly. In one hilarious scene, Huston can't even pronounce "children" without feeling nauseous.

The Witches displays a cynicism

and a wicked sense of humor quite rare these days: The happy ending looks like an afterthought. Mai Zetterling shines with benevolence and energy, and it's a treat to see an older woman playing such an active role. But the real gem in this film is Anjelica Huston, who, in these days of super-macho leading men and featherweight 19-year-old debutantes, truly belongs to the tradition of classic Hollywood actresses. Her obvious delight in portraying a larger-than-life villainess is matched only by Margaret Hamilton's Wicked Witch of the West. No other actress right now possesses this aura of evil glamour. The delight with which two gay men sitting nearby in the theater welcomed each of her appearances seems to indicate that Huston is well on her way to attaining a cult status unparalleled by any other contemporary actress. ▼

Driving Miss Melissa

MELISSA ETHERIDGE. Rhythm Fest. Labor Day Weekend.

by Paula Walowitz

It was worth it. Spending 24 hours in an old Chevy Citation with my lover and my ex-lover, nursing an ear infection, getting stung by a bee and twisting my ankle—it was all worth it just to see Melissa Etheridge at a women's music festival.

I had missed her at the Southern and West Coast festivals, where she was billed as "Melissa" long before her 1989 Grammy appearance sent lesbians, along with thousands of more financially gifted types, rushing out to find her first album. Since then, I had seen her perform five times in person, from the front row, and had interviewed her for a gay and lesbian monthly.

But I had never seen her at an all-woman (who are we kidding?), overwhelmingly lesbian event. Rumors had been flying that she would appear at the First Annual Rhythm Fest, "atop Lookout Mountain, where Tennessee, Alabama and Georgia meet,"

and several of us in Chicago were torn. Do we venture into the Smokey Mountains, possibly wasting a whole Labor Day weekend, on the shred of possibility that it could be true? Choosing to reach out and touch someone, I dialed the Rhythm Fest phone number. "I suppose you can't tell me if Melissa Ether—" I began. "Melissa is confirmed for Saturday night," said the bored voice, obviously sick of repeating the same information, and yes, there was cabin space still available. We were on our way.

To be completely fair and accurate, Rhythm Fest could not have been a waste of our weekend even without Melissa (perish the thought). Organized and run by "a cooperative of workers," the festival promised "security without attitude" and a generally nonhierarchical approach to putting on a show. It came through.

The beautiful setting allowed for hay



**BABY YOU CAN DRIVE MY
CAR**—Melissa Etheridge remembers
her roots.

rides, swimming, canoeing and volleyball, and exciting night stage performances were the rule rather than the exception. Some of the highlights included Alix and Melissa, of course, Yer Girlfriend, a band that is almost frighteningly good (though they need a better lyricist), Holly Near, the Toshi Reagon Band, Casselberry-DuPree, comic Margo Gomez—classy, delightful, gorgeous—and the lesbian answer to Jackie Gleason and Robin Williams, the nearly out-of-control comedian Lea De Laria.

It was definitely not a time-waster. Melissa Etheridge held more than 1,000 women—mostly queer, Southern and very friendly—transfixed and in the palm of her hand during her acoustic solo set,

MUSIC

in which she debuted several new soulful, riveting tunes, including one about the challenges of her Saturn return. A Gemini, Melissa turned 29 in May. It was as if she had invited us into her backyard so she could try out her new material at the family picnic.

From the stage, she fessed up that in her song "You Can Sleep While I Drive," the phrase "Barbara from Nashville" refers to her good friend Barbara Savage, one of the festival organizers. She made friendly jokes about the shower shortage during "Bring Me Some Water" and drove the crowd into an appreciative frenzy by ending the set with steamy versions of "Pink Cadillac" and "Let's Get It On," accompanied by Barbara Marino's silky saxophone.

But, aside from hearing Melissa deliver one of the most intimate and powerful sets I've seen (on a mountaintop, no less), my favorite part was that she actually *worked* at the festival. She had reportedly been answering the phone in the office, saying: "No, it's not a rumor. Melissa Etheridge *will* be performing."

It was to the credit of the attendees and the organizers that, for the most part, people let her relax while she was there. She seemed truly to be among family. Fans restricted their stares and autograph-seeking to the scheduled session after breakfast on Sunday. Melissa had promised to sign anything, and the hot sun beat down for hours on the endless line of well-behaved women, keeping their adolescence in check, determined to bring home a souvenir.

On the shuttle back to the parking lot and to what Alix Dobkin likes to call "the fake world," one festival-goer bragged: "I got a picture of us standing cheek-to-cheek. This cheek, right here," she pointed, laughing. "Ooo, can I touch it?" asked another. Everybody laughed—at themselves and their own hero worship perhaps, but it didn't seem to diminish their Melissa-mania.

So, as a reasonably objective journalist and an unreasonably devoted fan, I can report that Melissa Etheridge made a thousand women happy over Labor Day weekend. Furthermore, she seemed to have had a good time doing it. ▼

NAN GOLDIN, "SELF-PORTRAIT IN THE LODGE: ON THE CHAIR, BELMONT, MA."

Nan Goldin Curates Life

NAN GOLDIN. Pace/MacGill Gallery. 32 E. 57th St. (212) 759-7999.
Through Oct. 20.

by Linda Yablonskaya

Last November, an AIDS-related group exhibition called *Witnesses: Against Our Vanishing* opened at the normally tranquil TriBeCa gallery known as Artists Space. It attracted nationwide media attention when John Frohnmayer, then the newly appointed chairperson of the National Endowment for the Arts, saw the show, read its catalog and revoked its NEA funding—on political grounds—only to reinstate it a few days later.

Influenced, no doubt, by the controversial Helms amendment—which prohibits the Endowment from financing art that may be considered obscene, homoerotic or that depicts individuals engaged in sex acts—Mr. Frohnmayer's actions overshadowed the efforts of the person who conceived and organized the show. That person was New York photographer Nan Goldin.

Nan's work has always

had, among other things, homoerotic content and showed scenes of actual sex acts—none of which are particularly obscene. The creator of *The Ballad of Sexual Dependency*—a continually evolving slide set to prerecorded music—Nan is as much a diarist and historian as an artist. She is also an energetic and sympathetic woman with strong political views and an outspoken commitment to the gay and lesbian community. Her work is about that community.

This year, after having gone on television and demanded Mr. Frohnmayer's resignation, Nan applied for an NEA grant—and won it. Will she sign the troublesome statement conforming to the Helms proposition? Only her hairdresser knows.

Chances are, when she makes her decision, she won't make it quietly. Nan is nothing if not honest and fearless about exposing the intimate

ART





NAN GOLDIN, "COOKIE AT VITTORIO'S CASKET, NYC (SEPT. 1989)."

within the communal. Why does she do it? "You stand a chance," she told me during a recent interview, "of a lot of people understanding, and the possibility of some people really identifying—and my work has always been about making the private, public. I just want my pictures to be true to what I'm living."

Nan first picked up a camera 17 years ago and began photographing drag queens who fascinated her to the point of obsession. "I was attracted to gay men for a long time," she recalled. "I was really attracted to drag queens—very profoundly, deeply. I had long periods of being with men sexually and long periods of being with women sexually. My earliest orgasms were with girls, with my school girlfriends when I was about 11. We had slumber parties. But I'm still attracted to older men; I'm still attracted to gay men. But I'm involved in a monogamous relationship with a woman, and I'm really there, I'm really in it, and that's where I am."

Nan's work has culminated in a unique visual record of those with whom she's been deeply involved. *The Ballad of Sexual Dependency* has played, over the years, in a number of museums, galleries and universities across the country and in Western Europe. In 1986 a selection from *Ballad* became available in a book from Aperture.

In 1988, Nan took herself to a

drug rehab in Boston, emerging five months later with a new way of seeing. After years spent in the after-hours, she discovered the use of daylight. The results are currently on view at Pace/MacGill Gallery.

"I think the only thing I had left by the time I went to the hospital was my 'career,' which was disintegrating too, but that was my identity in the world. So that was taken away, and the drugs were taken away, and so I didn't know who I was in a very intense way. In the halfway house I was allowed to have a camera again, and I started taking pictures to find out what I looked like. They became like my mirror."

The show at Pace/MacGill consists of four distinct sequences of associated images: studies of her lover, Siobhan Liddell; self-portraits taken in the Boston halfway house; portraits of various friends, including a visual history of her friendship with the late writer Cookie Mueller, who died last year from complications due to AIDS. The work, as a whole, is as disturbing as it ever was, but it is also filled, not just with illumination, but with allure. "Generally, I want to show people how I see them as beautiful," she said. "I like to photograph them over and over again, because eventually you get to show them exactly what they look like to you. In terms of talking about what's been lost by

"Somehow, when I was on drugs, I didn't see what people's bodies looked like."

AIDS, [you get] the full range of experience with a person—like Cookie—and that person's experience in life and their relationships, their love for other people, my love for them, their love for me—just to see what's really lost, in someone's death, versus just a name or a statistic."

Though she names photographers like Cecil Beaton and Hōrst as early influences, Nan does not attempt to gild any lilies—she's probably not that interested in lilies—but she can readily stun the senses. She doesn't try to objectify people, and it's clear that she has found more inspiration in the work of Larry Clark, Weegee and Brassai. She uses her camera not as a weapon with which to "shoot" people, but as an extension of her arms in an affectionate embrace.

She explained: "An objective photograph is where the people become form versus content, where whatever's in the picture is so much about the structure within that frame, and it's all about references to the aesthetic history of photography. But that's not interesting to me. It's always the eye of the photographer—every time you take a picture, you're making a choice. It's almost like you're curating life, by taking a picture."

"I want to make films, but right now, I'm still interested in the accumulation of stills—like a slide show—versus the sin-

ART

gle perfect image. I don't believe in the 'decisive moment' in my own work. I don't believe in kind of paring things down to this one instant and compartmentalizing, sort of encapsulating, everything within a single frame. An accumulation of images has a more emotional impact—for me, the subtexts become more clear, the relationships become more visible. It becomes less about photography and more about the relationship. And it becomes more political, I think."

And what does she mean by "political"? "The politics of sexuality," she explained. "In terms of the personal political stance one takes in the world as a woman is much clearer...I mean, I think the work about Siobhan has been a lot about learning the distance between me and another person. I'm really fascinated by having that permission to touch another person's flesh. And that's what that work was about: How close could you get to another?"

"Somehow," she continued, "when I was on drugs, I didn't see what people's bodies looked like. I don't know how I avoided it, but I don't remember being aware of them, and that's become a really new thing for me. I mean, if a few beautiful nudes of Siobhan were up on the wall, in single large-format images, matted and framed in this fancy gallery, I don't think it would speak about obsession and desire in the same way. Maybe it would still be clear of my position, or even that I'm her lover, but I don't think as clear."

In viewing a Nan Goldin photo, we don't see just the image of one person touching another: We actually feel the touch. Even more remarkably, we hear the cry of the heart that goes with it, both in its ecstasy and in its pain. We see how people shape not only their daily relationships, but their greater destinies—or rather, we see the paths that take them there. "That's why I want to make films," she confided. "To feel more in touch with the flow of things, instead of life as a series of frozen moments."

Does she have a title for the show that's up now?

"Now, I don't." She paused. "New Work! It should have a title," she concluded. "I guess: *The Unconditional Love Boat*." ▼

Art and About

QUEER. Wessel O'Connor. 580 Broadway. (212) 219-0010. Through Sept. 29. BRIC-A-BRAC. Stux Gallery. 155 Spring St. (212) 219-9524. Through Oct. 6. THE LAZARETTO. PPOW. 532 Broadway. (212) 941-8642. Through Sept. 29.

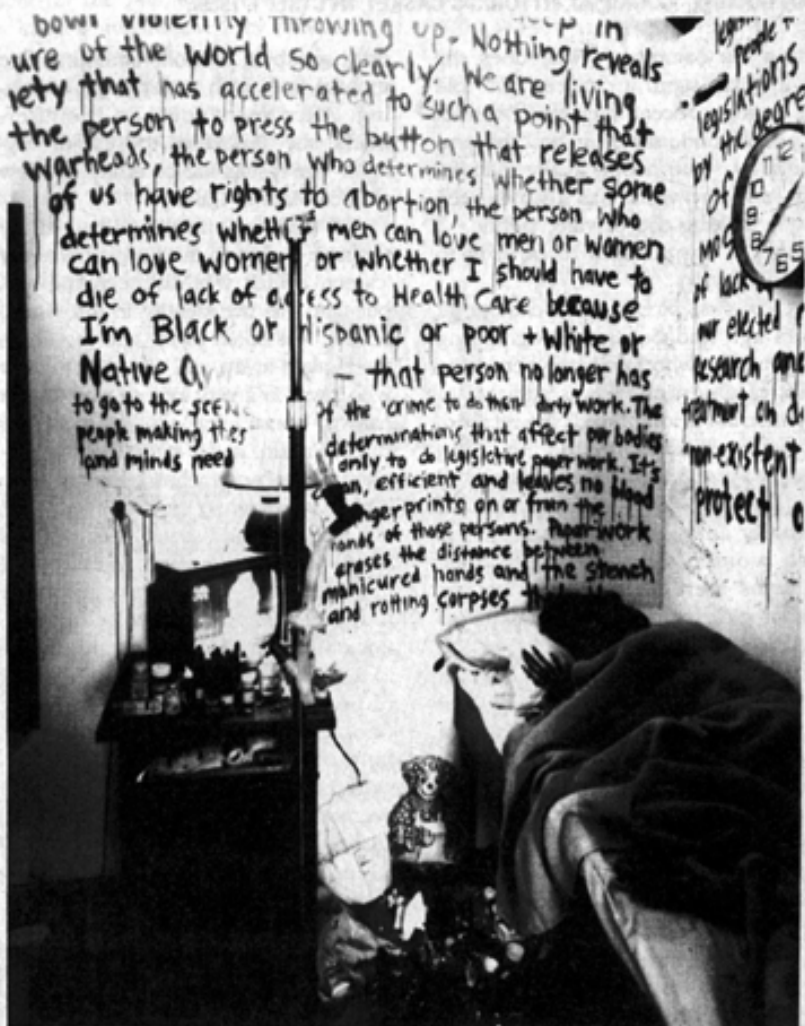
by John Donahue

Queer answers the question: Does being a gay artist mean drawing a lot of dick? The answer? A resounding yes. Including 62 works, the show spans a remarkably narrow range of the gay world. While many different media are employed, there are only a handful of woman artists or people of color, and AIDS issues are scarcely represented at all.

Instead, the show worships the perfect white, male body.

In its attempt to be up-to-the-minute, representing gay images "at a time when America seems to be saying that it doesn't need art from this segment of its population," the show turns back the clock. Happily, being queer is too big a topic and too diverse to be represented by pinups. Many of the artists might appear

ART



ANONYMOUS, "THE LAZARETTO" (1990). INSTALLATION VIEW.

stronger in a different context; here, inclusion seems based on stereotypical gay iconography. Some of the collages make you wish such a technique had never been invented.

The stronger work includes Bastille's untitled 1982 oil of five men connected by tubes, having intricate sex. Keith Milow's sculpture, "Blue Balls," is both funny and poignant. William Sande contributes a perverse mixed-media piece of a dirty sock mounted on cardboard which is attached to a plywood scrap decorated with a cheesy pinup. Linda Matalon's "From the Wound Series #4" is a vertical tarred box with gauze slit that battles all the encroaching maleness. There is also a "dried sperm" work by Mike Biblo, a Rainer Fetting tucked in the back office and a notebook of delicate ink washes by David Wojnarowicz, entitled "Ink Paintings of Third Avenue Movie Houses Before Health Dept. Closures."

Cary Leibowitz contributes a belt triptych to *Queer*. Each buckle is a word—as with Madonna's Boytoy belt—the three spelling out "Your Dick Here." More of Leibowitz's (aka Candyass), satire can be seen at Stux Gallery. In an installation entitled *bric-a-brac*, he's decorated the walls with pennants that say, "Go Sadness," "Life Sucks," and "Drop Dead." The lower half of the wall is covered with wallpaper that reads "I am a miserable and selfish person." Large felt banners, dinner plates, teddy bears, floor mats and flattened cardboard boxes displayed in two other rooms deliver different messages.

There are many influences at play in Candyass' work, most notably Mike Kelley, though not in as sloppy an incarnation. Three pairs of polyester pants, with "Kick me" spelled across their seats, suggest Jenny Holzer loose in a K-mart.

One of the best pieces is the calendar given away at the gallery's counter. Every month is September and features a different nude photo of a very hairy Candyass performing household chores such as vacuuming or weighing himself on a scale. It is this sense of absurdity that is Candyass' strongest suit, and not his celebration of angst.

An installation about the current

status of the AIDS crisis is at PPOW. Entitled *The Lazaretto*, after a quarantine hospital, the exhibition seeks to draw the parallel between PWAs and lepers. One enters the installation through a labyrinth of black plastic walls. In these hot and claustrophobic passages, PWAs' handwritten horror stories are taped to the plastic. Some of the handwriting is shaky; some is clear; some may remind you of your own. These are disturbing statements, free of jargon and matter-of-fact: "I get black and blue very easily."

The viewer is in a New York City tenement apartment. A bleeding skeleton lies in the bed: The nightstand is crowded with medication; garbage and vomit dot the floor. Under the bed lies the *Post*, with the headline "We May Lose Some Boys."

Spanish Eyes

REALMS OF STRIFE: THE MEMOIRS OF JUAN GOYTISOLO, 1957-1982
by Juan Goytisolo. Translated by Peter Bush. North Point Press. \$19.95 cl. 261 pp.

by Max Cavitch

Juan Goytisolo is one of the most important Spanish novelists of the 20th century. He was also a prominent figure on the international literary scene and a vocal opponent of Franco's regime. Yet, unlike his similarly brilliant, acclaimed and politically correct (or wildly incorrect) peers such as Genet, Calvino, Beckett and Borges, Goytisolo remains relatively unknown to the American reading public. Not only do his marvelous books go neglected, but the man himself remains a stranger.

Happily, a little more of Juan Goytisolo is now available to us in *Realms of Strife*, a second and final installment of his memoirs. The first, entitled *Forbidden Territory*, was published in English last year, also by North Point Press, and leaves off more or less where *Realms of Strife* begins. Both volumes, however, rely very little upon sequential narrative, so that one need not feel obliged to begin at the beginning. *Realms of Strife* stands on its own as one

In the last room drifts a lifeboat with passengers Cardinal O'Connor, George Bush and Jesse Helms. The sea is full of drowning men whom they ignore, continuing their feast of brown babies. The walls have clock faces with no hands and white arms reach out from the black plastic. There are pie charts displaying the demographics of AIDS.

The artists responsible for this report from the front wish to remain anonymous. They prefer education to career advancement. In the front gallery are three tables of extensive information about available services. One only wishes that the men in the boat and others like them would see the installation. To an HIV-positive person, this show is his or her worst nightmare; to someone with AIDS, it's all too familiar. ▼

man's exploration of his identity.

Of course, I mean *identities*, for Goytisolo has many: writer, politico, Spaniard, expatriate, husband, homosexual. The struggle so thoroughly charted in his memoirs is the struggle between the identity he is trying to synthesize and the many tribes, places and principles he identifies *with*. Ideally, there would be no struggle; ideally, the world without would tally with the world within. But it never does, especially for a gifted novelist who is also a propagandist; especially for a Spanish-born hater of Spain, obsessed with a country he cannot live in; especially for a gay man in love with a woman. The contradictions Goytisolo embodies are striking, and what he learns from them during the course of a lifetime is his gift to the reader of *Realms of Strife*.

Early in the book, Goytisolo makes a touching admission that resonates throughout these pages. Speaking of

the pain that results when nostalgia for the old confronts longing for the new, he observes that we "who are not single-minded

BOOKS

but are made up of variegated, anti-theoretical features struggle for a world that we will perhaps find uninhabitable." Over and over again, this proves true, as in his fight for the liberation of a country in which he can neither live nor write, and in his devotion to a lifetime partnership with Monique Lange, though in many ways it cannot accommodate his developing sense of himself as a gay man.

Anyone who feels impelled toward alignment with a difficult cause or an unpopular lifestyle knows, along with Goytisolo, that the urge to take part and join with others is often thrown into crisis by the new discoveries we constantly make about ourselves. Suddenly and without warning, the tribes, places and principles we have long embraced can come to seem less and less like expressions of who we really are. Or think we are. Euphoria encounters disillusionment, trust becomes resentment.

Thus, there comes a point in Goytisolo's activism when he realizes that the anti-Franco movement is misdirected and futile. Fed up with the pettiness and infighting that tend to characterize all political movements, no matter how righteous, he becomes disaffected: "I had prepared myself for something that never happened and for a time experienced a strong sense of being cheated." The alternatives are, on the one hand, despair, on the other, radical change—both in himself and in his writing. He opts for the latter: "a change of skin, an end to posturing, gradual purification, a purging of a surly, inhospitable identity." He flirts with Cuba, clings to Paris, cultivates his relationship with Genet and continues to adore Monique while exploring the "masculine world" toward which he is newly drawn, always seeking to develop a better, more honest voice.

One great challenge to that voice is the letter Goytisolo decides to write to Monique prior to their trip to the Soviet Union in 1965. It is, foremost, a coming-out letter, but it is also a letter about integrity and sacrifice and therefore has much to do with Goytisolo's own exposure to the Soviet system and the realities of political change. Coming out from behind the Iron Curtain is the distillation of a lifetime of insight for Goytisolo: insight into himself and his sexuality as well as the political world in which

he is still trying to find a place.

Years ago, the feminist movement deconstructed a tired, old opposition and, at the same time, gave us a very useful slogan: "The personal is political." So shopworn has that phrase become, however, that it has lost its usefulness. *Everything* is political. *Everything* is personal. The words don't mean anything anymore. Juan Goytisolo hasn't come up

D.O.A.

by Tim Dlugos

"You knew who I was when I walked in the door. You thought that I was dead. Well, I am dead. A man can walk and talk and even breathe and still be dead." Edmond O'Brien is perspiring and chewing up the scenery in my favorite film noir, *D.O.A.* I can't stop watching, can't stop relating. When I walked down Columbus to Endicott last night to pick up Tor's new novel, I felt the eyes of every Puerto Rican teen, crackhead, yuppie couple focus on my cane and makeup. "You're dead," they seemed to say in chorus. Somewhere in a dark bar years ago, I picked up "luminous poisoning." My eyes glowed as I sipped my drink. After that, there was no cure, no turning back. I had to find out what was gnawing at my gut. The hardest part's not even the physical effects: stumbling like a drunk (Edmond O'Brien was one of Hollywood's most active luses) through Forties sets, alternating sweats and fevers, reptilian spots on face and scalp. It's having to say goodbye like the scene where soundtrack violins go crazy as O'Brien gives his last embrace to his girlfriend-cum-Girl Friday, Paula, played by Pamela Britton. They're filmdom's least likely lovers—the squat and jowly alkie and the homely fundamentally talentless actress who would hit

with a brilliant, new catch phrase of his own, but he has restored a little clarity to the old one. The political and the personal are, in his memoirs, distinct realms; they are "realms of strife" and realms *in* strife with one another. Neither one can be absorbed by the other; neither one can be ignored. It's the antagonism of the two that helps Goytisolo see what he may become. ▼

the height of her fame as the pillhead-acting landlady on *My Favorite Martian* fifteen years in the future. I don't have fifteen years, and neither does Edmond O'Brien. He has just enough time to tell Paula how much he loves her, then to drive off in a convertible for the showdown with his killer. I'd like to have a showdown too, if I could figure out which pistol-packing brilliantined and ruthless villain in a hound's-tooth overcoat took my life. Lust, addiction, being in the wrong place at the wrong time? That's not the whole story. Absolute fidelity to the truth of what I felt, open to the moment, and in every case a kind of love: all of the above brought me to this tottering self-conscious state—pneumonia, emaciation, grisly cancer, no future, heart of gold, passionate engagement with a great B film, a glorious summer afternoon in which to pick up the ripest plum tomatoes of the year and prosciutto for the feast I'll cook tonight for the man I love, phone calls from my friends and a walk to the park, ignoring stares, to clear my head. A day like any, like no other. Not so bad for the dead.

POETRY

Tim Dlugos lives in New York and in New Haven. His most recent collection of poems is *Entre Nous: New and Selected Poems*. ▼

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MILESTONES

Continued from page 38

TJ MYERS

Terry Joseph "TJ" Myers, charismatic heartthrob of the a cappella group the Flirtations, lead dancer with the Rachel Lampert Dance Company and organizational whiz kid of the Gay Men's Health Crisis, died peacefully of complications due to AIDS on Aug. 28, days after moving from New York to San Francisco to join his lover, Michael Weiss. Born on Feb. 7, 1960, in Twenty-Nine Palms, Calif., TJ had always wanted to live in his sunny birthstate. And in very TJ-like fashion, he did what he set out to do.

A singer, dancer, actor, choreographer, producer, teacher, graphics designer and adventurer, TJ was a man of boundless talent and energy. There was seemingly nothing he couldn't do, nothing he couldn't make happen. He had the quickest mind I've ever seen, and there was nothing he loved more than a challenge.

When he came to New York after graduating Phi Beta Kappa from the University of Iowa (the state where he spent most of his youth), he became a lead dancer with Rachel Lampert's modern dance troupe—an association that continued until his death. He also danced with several companies including MTA and the TNT Dancers, and in numerous shows and industrials. He also taught at the Joffrey.

He worked in GMHC's Department of Client Services for several years. There he developed their excellent publication, *Living With Aids*, a resource directory for New York City. He also brought the department

into the computer age, changing most of their operational procedures and making them far more efficient.

His unexpected death left behind an army of friends, relatives and acquaintances: his lover, Michael (will we ever forget their matching homemade Mickey Mouse Gay Pride Day T-shirts?); his brother, Randy, and Randy's lover, Jimmy Mello, with whom TJ and Michael had lived in New York; his mother, Shirley; his three sisters and one other brother (all back in Iowa); Rachel Lampert and countless dance partners, students and choreographers with whom he worked through the years; the "FAB-ulous Flirts" (as he used to call them, his voice soaring), with whom he created something that transcended the sum of their lives; scores of co-workers at GMHC; and thousands of friends and fans across the country.

Funeral services were held in Iowa in early September, but a memorial service and celebration of his life will be held in New York at a date to be announced. The family requests that memorial contributions be made to the Department of Dance at the University of Iowa or an appropriate AIDS organization. Donations will be collected by the Flirtations at PO Box 421, Prince St. Station, NY 10012. It's little consolation, but I'm glad that his final concert with the Flirts was a thrilling, magical performance (he was in his glory). I'm glad that he made it back home to California. I'm glad that Michael was at his side at the end.

—Jon Arterton



Photo: Roy Blotnik

DENENBERG

Continued from page 31

to be a better temporary alternative.

Therapy. Psychotherapy is neither a panacea nor a closed system designed to oppress women. It has in fact been a source of great help to many women. Selecting a therapist can be empowering or endangering. Trust your own instincts. Don't work with someone whom you think doesn't like you. (In other words, don't believe you're not worth liking.) Check out what resources exist to provide low-cost therapy. Consider the difference between working individually or within a group therapy model. Dance, art, music or movement therapy may be suited to your needs.

Traditional Chinese medicine. TCM treats the person holistically, according to individual symptoms. It seems better suited than Western medicine to the treatment of depression. By observing signs of the body's overall well-being, the energy and spirit quality that is referred to as "chi," Chinese medicine in the form of acupuncture, herbs and other techniques is utilized to rebalance the body's functioning. Feeling better, more energetic and relieved of pain enable the client to take other productive steps to make necessary changes.

Short-term hospitalization. When someone is actively suicidal, it may seem unavoidable to consider hospitalization, which may or may not be a useful deterrent or stabilizer.

There are many things that may help if you are depressed. It's important to acknowledge that no one knows more than you do about what may help. Sometimes just making a change can make you feel better. Don't let depression fester and swell until it becomes your entire life. Talk about it. Write a daily journal. Join a group. Become politically involved.

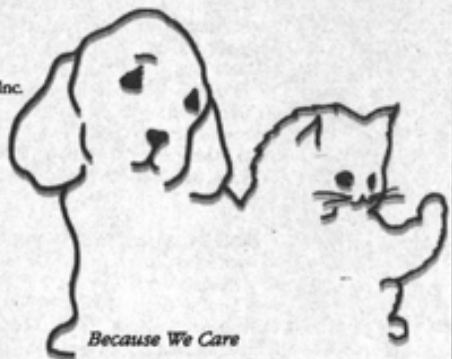
Try a change in diet. Reduce or eliminate sugar, alcohol and caffeine. Get some regular exercise—walking, biking, swimming, yoga. Take a self-defense or assertiveness-training class. Take a B-complex vitamin daily. Learn something new. Get a massage or a facial. Buy something nice for yourself; bring plants or flowers into your home. But fight depression like the deadly enemy that it is. ▼

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GOSSIP

Continued from page 47

In terms of strategy, it should tell us that the more pressure we put on people—especially our own people, like Geffen, who are in positions of power—the more we can convince them to do the right thing. Geffen's decision comes after almost a year of screaming, yelling and kicking; of phone zaps, letter-writing campaigns and demonstrations like the one three weeks ago in LA where Queer Nation showed up to make some rather embarrassing but true statements at an AIDS Project Los Angeles benefit Geffen was hosting.

And it also comes after plenty of behind-the-scenes prodding. Five-hundred-and-fifty-million-dollar men like Geffen exist in a hazy world far from reality. Perhaps Geffen has never *intentionally* meant to cause any harm to his community (certainly he's given lots of dollars to fund AIDS research). HE'S JUST SIMPLY SO OUT OF THE LOOP, TRYING TO MAKE AS MUCH MONEY AS HE CAN AT SUCH A RAPID PACE, THAT HE HAS NO IDEA WHAT THE FUCK IS GOING ON OUT ON THE STREETS; NOR DOES HE STOP TO THINK ABOUT IT. No, it takes people like his friend Kevin Sessums at *Vanity Fair* to tell him what's happening—and to tell him why his fellow queers are screaming at him and what he should and could do.

Sessums has had some major battles with me regarding these issues, and all of that fighting took place here on these pages. But I'd like him to know that, for what it's worth, I don't think that he's a horrible monster, and I think that it's fine that he does what he does behind the scenes. Though we've disagreed on tactics, I think that it was quite evident from Sessums' first letter here that he is out and somewhat committed to fighting for gay rights, even though many times his own job—and the circles he travels in—cause major internal and external conflict. But I suppose that he's light years ahead of other self-loathing yet selfish pinheads up at *Vanity Fair* such as Bob Colacello, David Kuhn, Sharon Delano and a slew of others who've developed—each in a different way—frightening rationalizations for sim-

ply ignoring what the fuck is going on.

And of late, Sessums has done some good things with his section of the magazine, "FanFair," this month featuring queer artists Holly Hughes, Tim Miller and John Fleck, running a piece on the queerly inspired and followed band, BETTY, and highlighting an upcoming GMHC "Music for Life" benefit. Last month, he even ran a small piece on Dark Star Crew, the group of lesbian and gay teen performers.

God, all of this back-patting feels rather...nice. (Is this a new me? Well...just for this week.) So lets get back to that star-studded AIDS Project Los Angeles benefit, to the wondrous Madonna and her speech on being honored with an award for all she's done in the fight against AIDS: "It's very easy to lend your name to a celebrity fund-raiser if you're famous, and it's very easy to donate money to AIDS research if you're rich. What isn't easy is changing the way people think. While the AIDS epidemic is wreaking havoc on this planet, it's also released a wave of homophobia that is truly frightening....It takes a lot of courage these days to come out and say, 'I'm gay,' but it takes...a warrior to come out and say, 'I have AIDS.' These are the people who deserve awards so much more than I. So, to the handful of people I have known and loved dearly who have died of AIDS, to the thousands I have heard about and to the millions I will never know, I share this award with you. You are my heroes."

And then there was the rabidly out British actor Ian McKellan who, on accepting his honors at the benefit, reportedly told the throngs of assembled closet-case Tinseltown glitterati, that being openly gay "hasn't done my career any harm. I was actor of the year in London last year. I played John Profumo in the film *Scandal*, and all that anybody knows about Profumo is that he was a raging heterosexual. It's lovely out of the closet!"

We can only hope Hollywood takes heed. ▼



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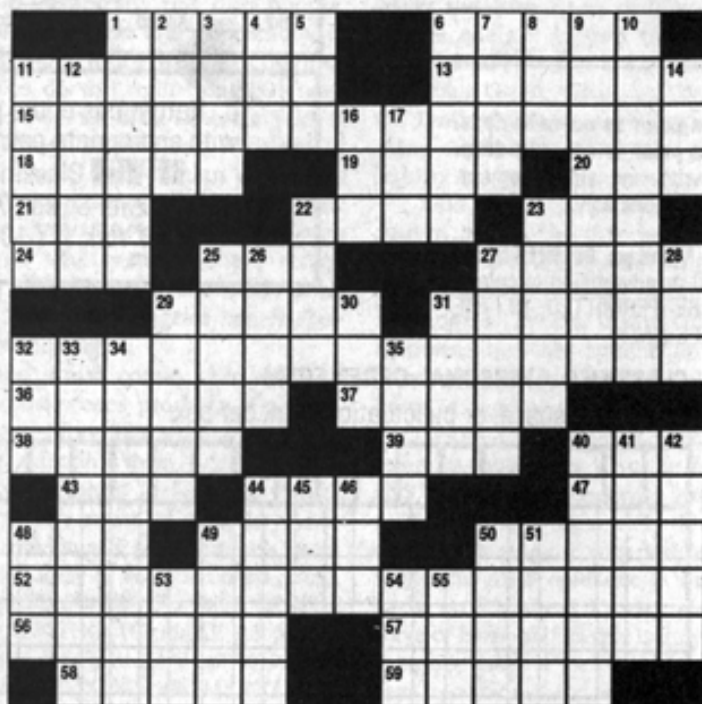
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OUTWEEK CROSSWORD

by Greg Baysans Edited by Gerard Mackey



- 23. Nanjing nannies
- 25. As red as _____
- 26. Twerp's cousin
- 27. Fracas
- 28. Shoe size
- 29. _____ lease, apt. hunter's option
- 30. Ovum
- 31. Thesaurus entries: abbr.
- 32. Tennis serve
- 33. Coauthor of *Mutiny on the Bounty*
- 34. Assimilator
- 35. _____ U, and sometimes Y
- 40. _____ *Now*, book by Ram Dass
- 41. Nautical direction
- 42. Gets up
- 44. Legal wrongs
- 45. Mr. Charles
- 46. Gerund suffix
- 48. Santa _____, CA
- 49. _____ majeste
- 50. Kett, of the comics
- 51. Scand. god
- 53. Sierra Leone native
- 54. _____ *Poetica*
- 55. Hankering

SOLUTION IN NEXT WEEK'S OUTWEEK—ON SALE MONDAY

ACROSS

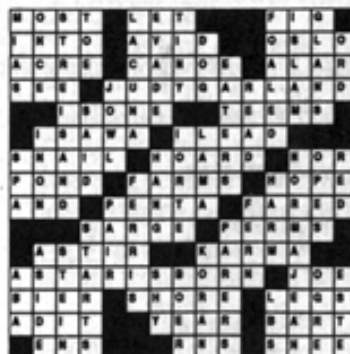
- 1. Descendant
- 6. Uncouth
- 11. With disapproval
- 13. Pluses
- 15. Part one of quote ending in "...just gay there." (Stein)
- 18. _____ by his own petard
- 19. Brown shade
- 20. NYC opera
- 21. *A Boy's _____ Story*
- 22. NA Indian
- 23. Dined
- 24. Draft org.
- 25. Cuckoo
- 27. Struck
- 29. More than plump
- 31. Naval frogman
- 32. Quote part two
- 36. Minted
- 37. Polite blokes
- 38. Cereal disease
- 39. If _____ desire
- 40. Pub
- 43. _____ Alte
- 44. The Magi, e.g.

- 47. Prefix for tome or cure
- 48. Sounds of pleasure
- 49. Bank transaction
- 50. Central principles
- 52. Quote, part III
- 56. _____ fit for a king
- 57. Comebacks
- 58. Sautés
- 59. Trap

DOWN

- 1. Yarn quantities
- 2. Coral islands
- 3. Part of MIT
- 4. Autumn mo.
- 5. Teachers' org.
- 6. Key group
- 7. Q-V link
- 8. Residue
- 9. Appear
- 10. *Father of the Bride* author
- 11. Dumas protagonist
- 12. Exhibits
- 14. Solidify
- 16. Still
- 17. Author Umberto
- 22. French river

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Michelangelo.

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