

plus: your complete guide to pride week

OUTWEEK

THE LESBIAN
AND GAY
NEWS
MAGAZINE

Issue 105 \$2.95 USA \$2.50 NYC

loud and proud

18 *american stories*
AS TOLD TO CARRIE WOFFORD



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IT'S JUST YOU & ME AGAIN THIS YEAR.

LETTERS

WELCOME HOME, LENNY BERNSTEIN

It's Monday, the day of the great distraction and abomination, New York's parade to honor our armed forces, and I'm filled with anger.

Over the weekend, I attended musical celebrations at Lincoln Center and Carnegie Hall that honored Leonard Bernstein and Cole Porter. Nowhere in the testimonials on the stage or in the extensive biographical booklets was there any mention of a powerful aspect of their lives (Do I have to tell *OutWeek* readers what?). Yet Bernsteins' bio says his Jewish heritage influenced his music and cites his support for Amnesty International. Naturally, there is no mention of Bernstein's appearance at GMHC's huge circus fund-raiser at Madison Square Garden in 1983. Invisible again!

At the Cole Porter tribute, the Whiffenpoofs from Yale were guest singers. It would have been more honest to have had the Gay Men's Chorus.

Ten years and 115,000 deaths later, homosexuality remains a dirty and embarrassing secret. The lies, fraud and deception continue.

Hal Bramson
Manhattan

TIE A YELLOW RIBBON

The June Operation Welcome Home parade seemed to be a carefully constructed three-ring circus, deliberately designed to divert attention from the tragic reality of the AIDS epidemic, lack of health care, homelessness, poverty, lack of education, drug abuse,

racism, pollution, unemployment, sexism and violence.

The parade has ended.

Each one of us must privately consider now whether we were successfully diverted or whether we want to take action to help end a crisis.

Magie L. Dominic
Manhattan

workers collecting \$5 donations from two women. These women, no doubt, were duped by the "NAP line" and the shameless use of Yusuf Hawkins.

NAP has lied and cheated and misled many people into thinking it is a liberal party, but its only politic seems congruent with Lyndon LaRouche and

Hawkins. They should apologize to his family and to the people they've taken.

Jane Testa
Brooklyn

HAZING FRAT BOYS

Thanks for your coverage of the "Club Faggots, Not Seals" T-shirts at Syracuse University [no. 102, June 12]. It's important to note that this occurred in a city that passed a fair-practices law prohibiting discrimination against lesbians and gays less than a year ago—much to our surprise, on the first try through the city's Common Council. Syracuse's Mayor Tom Young may be a far cry from David Dinkins, but he did sign this law.

For those of you readers who wish to write to the Crows' fraternity national office, in addition to their Syracuse house, the address is: Alpha Chi Rho, 109 Oxford Way, Neptune, NJ 07753.

Nancy Rhodes
Syracuse, NY

SIX DEGREES OF INFORMATION

A few weeks ago, you printed a letter written by Stephen Born concerning homophobia in John Guare's *Six Degrees of Separation* [no. 98, May 15]. He condemned the play completely, calling it "bullshit" and likening it to bashing.

I noticed a few inaccurate references to the text in Mr. Born's letter. He refers to people from Utah as being from Ohio, he refers to two men spending the night together when they do not, and, in what must be a confused typo, he refers to a heterosexual couple as homosexual.

STONEWALL RIOTS

BY ANDREA NATALIE



LYNDON LAROUCHE AND YUSUF HAWKINS

The New Alliance Party, under the guise of the "Rainbow Lobby" again seized upon a tragedy in our city—the racist beating and killing of Yusuf Hawkins—to further its own political power and fundraising goals.

At tables set up on 86th Street and Lex, I witnessed NAP

Jesse Helms.

With the debut of Spike Lee's movie *Jungle Fever* (dedicated to Yusuf Hawkins), I fear that NAP stands to make a lot of money this summer duping people with its political buzzwords. (They seemingly appear liberal with all the right jargon.)

I am infuriated that NAP would stoop to a new low and stain the name of Yusuf

These mistakes made me doubt Mr. Born's reliability. I went out and bought a copy of the play, gave it a careful reading and came to the conclusion that *Six Degrees of Separation* is homophobic in some ways, but gay-positive in others.

I wonder if Mr. Born was too influenced by *The Silence of the Lambs*, another big success, recently getting lots of press, that is clearly and grossly homophobic. But *Six Degrees* is not so clear-cut, and condemning it as such strikes me as a kind of bashing.

Bruce Carmel
Manhattan

...AND ANDREA DWORIN SAYS, "PENETRATION = RAPE"

I am in charge of the canvassing office for a statewide environmental organization in Vermont. Our offices are very PC

(to the extent of personal choice). Recycling is a must, and most current boycotts are observed. One nice thing about the office is the plethora of political rags from different political groups that we all belong to or watch.

One thing that is not tolerated in this high-energy political climate is sexual harassment. For this reason, I have not been able to leave issues 102 and 103 of *OutWeek* on the table in the office, along with newsletters and magazines that track other (political) movements.

Freedom of speech and freedom of artistic expression are important issues. But I can no more leave a magazine featuring two nude men in the act of safer sex in the office than I could allow two straight employees to kiss in the work-place.

Harassment is harassment. I am out at work. I intend to hang the new *Red Hot* and

Blue poster in my home. I just wonder if the shock value of featuring it on your cover is worth the lack of exposure that our issues might suffer due to lost straight readership.

Tony Birks,
Assistant Director
Vermont Public Interest
Research Group
Brattleboro, Vermont

I HATE OUTWEEK AS MUCH AS LIZ SMITH

What started out as a good idea, very provocative, much-needed kick-in-the-ass magazine has now turned into a ranting and raving rag! I am sick to death of all your negative bitching and moaning and your one-sided journalism. As a person living with AIDS, I am fed up with your attacks on the various organizations that started from nothing and now are the main support structure for persons with AIDS.

A number of us here in Hawaii believe that you are doing a tremendous amount of damage to the gay movement. I am sure your heart is in the right place, but "Attack! Attack!" is not always the best way. Positive journalism can be very effective. In the meantime, have fun with what has turned out to be a boring masturbation. Your magazine could have been GREAT!

Tommy Aguilar
Honolulu

CANNIBALISM AND MEDICINE

With all of the self-indulgence and cannibalism at the magazine last week, I didn't get a chance to respond to some factual errors in a letter from *Advocate* AIDS columnist, Larry A. Waites [no. 104, June 26]. He had some problems with a "Gaydar" item taking

Dykes To Watch Out For



exception to his characterization of AIDS as a "manageable chronic illness."

First, in my day job, I am an editor working for a publishing consultant, not a design consultant, as Waites wrote.

Second, Waites questioned my "training or expertise" in medicine, and he is right that I am not a doctor. However, as a reporter, I spoke to a number of AIDS doctors, and others who are affiliated with community research efforts. All agreed that Waites' characterizations of the disease is overly optimistic, though it is something to shoot for. Asthma is "manageable," and "chronic" AIDS, unfortunately, is not.

Third, when AIDS does become chronic and manageable, it will only be for people who have access to health care. Lack of access qualifies it as unmanageable in my book.

And fourth, I clearly stated in "Gaydar" that I did not want to discredit Dr. Waites, who is serving heroically in the middle of all this hell. I was simply commenting on what seems to me is premature optimism.

Michael Goff
"Gaydar" Columnist
Manhattan

RED HOT AND YOU

Bad enough that lesbian desire is completely absent from their video project—but beware girls!—the producers of *Red Hot and Blue* have reared their ugly, sexist heads again. *RHB*'s idea of (economically) "re-involving the gay community" does not include lesbians.

Girls! We're supposed to run out and encourage all our brothers to buy, buy, buy *RHB*'s safer sex posters—and maybe even buy them ourselves to give to boys that we love and care for—because those nasty people at *RHB* won't even START making a lesbian version until they recoup what it cost them to make the two (TWO!) boy posters!

But wait! What would that "lesbian version" look like? Judging from their videos...maybe (no offense to kd lang but great animosity to director Percy Adlon for reducing lesbian representation to metonymies of an absent dyke) it will be a simple yet very feminine cotton nightgown. No need for a woman. Just the nightgown will do.

The *RHB* project may be "perpetually conceptual," but it

is also PERPETUALLY SEXIST. A philanthropic organization can't use the old "fag affluence/dyke poverty" excuse for manufacturing two boy posters and no girl poster. An album doesn't go gold and a video doesn't race up the charts without female consumption.

Despite the efforts of thousands of lesbians in the ten years since the AIDS crisis began, OUR SAFER, HOT, EMPOWERING

SEX is still invisible.

Diana Arecco
Manhattan

Features Editor Vickie Starr responds: Red Hot and Blue included two videos dealing with queer love: one for the boys (Jimmy Somerville) and one for the girls (kd lang). It also achieved gender parity in the more general categories of rap, rock and pop. The other videos

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...we thank you!

that were queer-positive also included dykes, like the same-sex couples of both genders in O'Connor's video and footage of ACT UP demos in Erasure's video. What's more, there was many a' dyke heartthrob included besides kd lang (like Annie Lennox, Debbie Harry, Sinead O'Connor, Neneh Cherry, Jody Watley, blah, blah, blah).

Bad enough that your argument doesn't hold water when we look at the facts. Worse is that you would discourage a project that, by all accounts, has moved pop culture a giant step forward and raised lots of money for AIDS. Why not direct your anger at all of the AIDS projects that really have overlooked women—goddess knows there are enough of them.

BUT THESE PARTICULAR DICKS WERE PRETTY UGLY...

In the "Exposed" column by Monica Dorenkamp in issue 103 [June 19], it seems the only thing "exposed" is her obvious hatred of men and their penises. Her attempt at a review of a short film entitled *Dick*, by Jo Menell, leads us through various insulting remarks about the male anatomy and very little about the film.

She writes that "...earnest voyeurism quickly turn to distaste and then to complete disgust, as you realize what a big deal has been made over such an ugly thing. And these things are ugly."

A man's penis or any part of the human body should be viewed as beautiful and not "disgusting" or "ugly." Men and women should be learning to love their bodies and their sexuality, and *OutWeek* should not be encouraging ignorant, adolescent opinions. If a gay man had written a similar article about a woman's breasts or vagina, saying that either or both were "ugly, disgusting, small or too big," the lesbian community would be outraged,

as would be their right.

Don't add to the separatism that already exists within the gay and lesbian community.

Gerard Santos
Manhattan

AZT, 1-2-3, SPELLING BEE, YOU AND ME

I was amused by the arrogance of Mark Harrington's reply to Jim Fouratt's letter to the editor in last week's issue of *OutWeek* [no. 102, June 12]. C'mon Mark, you don't have to know how to spell Dr. Margaret Fischl or Dr. Paul Volberding to figure out which way the wind is blowin'. Harrington is a genius when it comes to detail-and data-amassing, but he fails to grasp the larger picture. Just because no deaths have been reported from people taking Zovirax doesn't diminish the larger, uglier fact that deaths have been reported from lymphomas, pancreatitis, anemia, and many other grotesque side effects from people taking nucleoside analogues such as AZT, ddI, and ddC.

AZT seems, at best, to help 10 percent of the people who take it, according to the *Lancet*. Does this justify poisoning the other 90 percent?

It is ironic to hear Harrington talk about "people with HIV having the freedom to make their own informed treatment decisions." Whose information would you have them hear?

I think there is a good-ol' boy-and-girl atmosphere within the Treatment and Data Committee in ACT UP/NY, which governs a lot of positions that group has taken, in a not-very-scientific manner. When member Peter Staley's T4 cells went up dramatically after he took AZT a few years ago, more attention was given to that single incident (after all, Peter is a major fundraiser for the group) than to the other alarming reports and indications that this very toxic substance—AZT—was having some very monstrous, horrific

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side effects in other people who were taking it. If Mr. Harrington were really interested in freedom of informed choice, he would have spoken vigorously against the official ACT-UP/NY stance (proposed by Staley) of boycotting the *New York Native* because of articles that reported on the rather perilous downsides of AZT.

It is fine for Harrington to be selective in the information he wishes to grasp in this controversy. But please don't patronize us by making that choice for us.

*Steven Luger
Manhattan*

ACTING OUT

At first, I thought writer/producer/director Rich Rubin had done something remarkable by creating the gay male theater evening *Homosexual Acts*. But after reading your article about him, I realize that nothing concerning gay white males is of any value, and that only material relating to lesbians and Blacks is worthwhile. Twenty-one years of gay liberation had led me to think that a fight for my rights and dignity is an admirable undertaking, but now I see that I am of no importance whatsoever. Thanks for setting my thinking straight.

*Robert Patrick
Atwater, Calif.*

TEEN BEAT OR OUT-WEEK? YOU DECIDE.

Monica Dorenkamp writes [no. 101, June 5] "I'd love to do opium with you, Madonna." That is her idea of exotic? How old is she? Twenty-one and a half? She writes as if Madonna will read it! I can't believe *OutWeek* is this desperate for columnists! Is being queer the only qualification? Not everyone is enthralled with the "Ciccione"!! I thought this was a queer mag, but, once again, you are obsessed and so



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impressed with straights and their ugly comments, their sexist movies, their misogynist plays! Never, at any time, will these damn hets like/accept queers. Spending more columns of time and energy reading them is ridiculous—(Besides Signorile does it so well). Create your own fucking queer movies, plays, music, art, words, ideas and write about queers, not faghags like Louise-Veronica.

Monica's obsession with Madonna is common-groupie infatuation. Her "I'll-settle-for-Madonna-'cause-there's-no-one-else" attitude is exactly what is NOT being a lesbian. "Until there's some well-publized, adult, dyke action, she'll always be my favorite faghag"—hey, Monica, wake up, you are the writer here, do some research, find someone queer, and make him/her public. Must I think of everything?

She desperately needs a thesaurus, if you must keep her. If she uses the words "favorite" and "fabulous" again, I'm sure the Book of Records would be interested...for category "most-inane paid-and-published writer"

Please let's stop buying into hets depravations [sic] (Signorile not withstanding) and empower and create (really create, not *Entertainment Tonight* repeat-reporting) and write about and for queers. I thoroughly enjoy *OutWeek*, generally, but Monica could be writing for *Teen Beaf*

Shana Gemmello
Manhattan

Monica Dorenkamp responds: Having just mentioned Henry & June in the column to which you refer, I then alluded to a line from it: "I would love to take opium with you, Anais." (I got to see Henry & June, so you know I'm at least 17.) In the context of the film—spoken by June Miller to Anais Nin in a gay

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bar—the line almost contains within it the very possibility of lesbianism. So, to Madonna, I am saying: "Be a dyke. Until you are, you will 'only be my favorite fag hag.'" (And if you look at my last column, in issue 103, you will find that she is not even that anymore.)

I won't go on. Except to say that, while I did not learn my writing skills from Teen Beat, it seems that may be how you learned to read. Don't be so literal. Be fabulous.

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SOTOMAYOR



NEWS

Missing Gay Man Finally Located—in the City Morgue

by Maer Roshan

NEW YORK—A gay man who disappeared on New Year's Day was located two weeks ago in the morgue of the city hospital where he had languished for five months, comatose and unidentified. He was the victim of what appears to have been a brutal gay-bashing.

And for five months, while her brother, John T. Brown, lay unconscious at Kings County Medical Center, Elizabeth Hauser mounted a futile search to find him. Her effort came to a conclusion on June 12, a week after Brown, 50, who lived in Park Slope, died of serious head injuries sustained during an attack early on New Year's Day.

The circumstances surrounding Brown's death, which has spurred a belated homicide investigation, raise serious questions about the handling of the case by New York City Police Department's 78th Precinct and the Emergency Medical Services, or EMS, Hauser charged.

"We are going to treat this as we did the Julio Rivera case," Matt Foreman, director of the New York City Gay and Lesbian Anti-Violence Project, or AVP, stated, referring to the murder in Queens last summer which galvanized the lesbian and gay community and focused considerable media attention on gay-bashing. "We think it's a very important case."

The police did not begin investigating the suspicious events leading up to Brown's death until last week, more than five crucial months after he was found unconscious on the corner of Lincoln Place and Underhill Avenue in Brooklyn.

And the public hospital in Brooklyn

where Brown died also began an investigation last week, after an article about the case appeared in *New York Newsday*, to determine why no notice was taken of the fact that Brown's name was inscribed on a bank card found in his pocket when he was brought into the hospital's emergency room with a fractured skull.

Because of the apparent oversight, Brown was identified by the hospital for the duration of his stay there as Wayne Galloway. The misnaming came about when hospital administrators, in an attempt to identify the comatose victim, contacted the police department, which supplied them with the name "Wayne Galloway." The real Wayne Galloway, a

39-year-old African American, had been assaulted in the same area that evening and was treated and released from Brooklyn Hospital. But when John Brown, who was white, "became" Wayne Galloway, his personal possessions, including the bank card that gave his real name, were sealed in a plastic bag and not looked at again until six days after his death.

According to police spokesperson Hugh Barry, when police were notified that "Galloway" had died, the dead man's fingerprints were taken at the morgue and checked against police records. The fingerprints were identified as belonging to "John Brown."



KINGS COUNTY DA LIAISON LIZ GARRO—Walked the line in search for Brown

Photo: Ellen B. Nemiro/Durkheim

Hospital spokesperson Phil Petrie disputed the police's account, asserting that the hospital itself discovered the mix up when it called Galloway's relatives to report the death. The family then informed the hospital that Galloway was alive, Petrie stated.

In any case, it was only after Brown had been dead for five days that police finally informed Hauser that her brother had been found. She and her family then made their trip to the Brooklyn city morgue, where Hauser said prayers over her brother's body.

"The thing that hurts the most," Hauser told *OutWeek*, "is that my brother may have come through this if I was there."

Last week, Hauser, a 45-year-old nurse from Millville, NJ, went public with her story of the tortuous obstacles, tangled bureaucracy and overt homophobia she encountered in her five-month crusade to locate her missing brother.

She said that she first became concerned when she received word that Brown hadn't shown up at his job as an elevator operator at a Park Slope building on New Year's Day.

"John had worked there for years, and he was never even late," Hauser stated. "He was a very methodical, responsible person. I knew there was something wrong."

Detectives at Brooklyn's 78th Precinct, however, were unconvinced. Though Brown was never seen after he left his apartment in the the early morning hours of January 1, Hauser recalled, police refused to classify her brother as a missing person for nearly a month.

"They said he did not meet the criteria," she continued. "I'd call them every day, and they said, 'Listen, lady, he still doesn't meet the criteria.'"

According to Hauser, her statement to police that Brown was gay was greeted derisively by officers at the 78th Precinct. "Maybe he shacked up with a nice piece of ass," one officer reportedly told her. Another police detective speculated that Brown might have killed himself on New Year's because he was homosexual. "They told me we should just wait for him to wash up," Hauser recounted.

For the next few weeks, without police support, Hauser regularly made the lengthy trek from her home in New Jersey to Brooklyn to search for her brother. Sometimes, she said, she was accompanied by her husband

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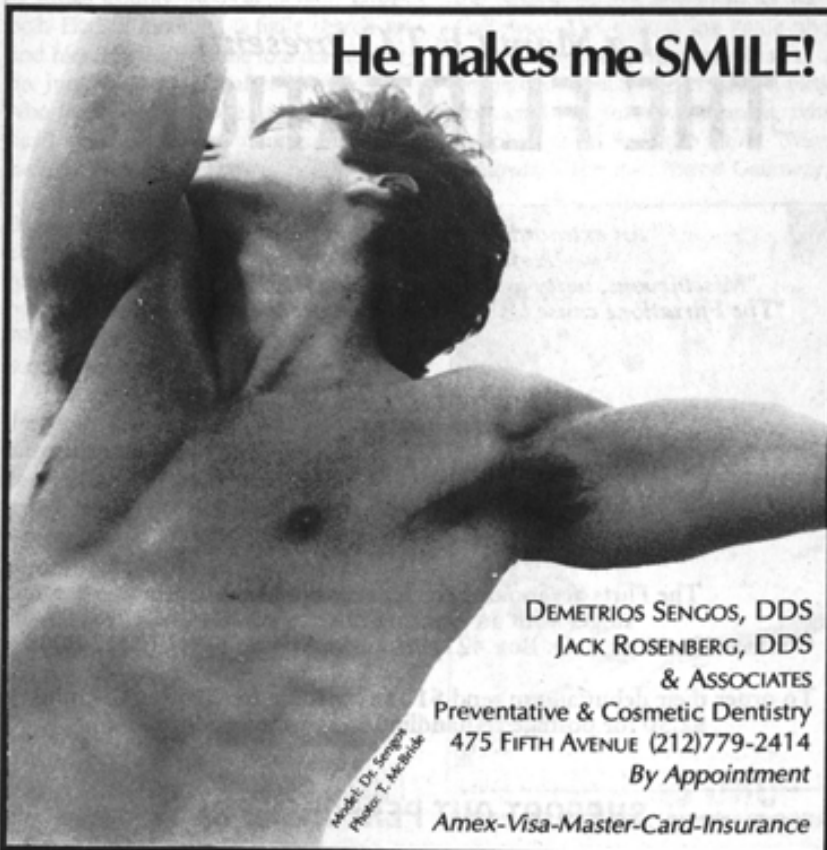
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and a younger sister.

She was soon joined by members of the lesbian and gay community, however, after John Hammond of the *New York Native* publicized Brown's disappearance and put Hauser in touch with Liz Garro, the Brooklyn district attorney's gay and lesbian liaison.

For the next few months, Garro accompanied the family to local hospitals, morgues and police stations, flashing her official ID when Hauser ran into bureaucratic resistance. Months before Brown's true identity was discovered, Hauser and Garro questioned nurses at the Kings County Medical Center, one floor below the ward where Brown, listed as "Wayne Galloway," lay unconscious.

"The gay community's response has been incredible," Hauser said, noting that individuals from a number of different community-based agencies helped her track down leads, distribute fliers and battle with institutionalized homophobia. "They've been with me a hundred percent," she added.

But, according to Garro, the response of the 78th Precinct to Brown's disappearance was considerably more lethargic.

"From the beginning," she said, "the police, the hospital and the EMS have made mistakes with this case."

According to EMS records, Brown's battered body was discovered at around 5:23 am on New Year's Day. An EMS ambulance arrived at the scene at 5:32 am, and, after waiting for a few minutes for police to show up, started off to Kings County Medical Center. The report notes that there were no police on the scene.

According to sources at Kings County, Brown arrived at the emergency room with severe injuries to his head and chest.

On June 6, Cookie Hauser and Liz Garro went to the hospital and demanded Brown's hospital records. At that time, both women said, they saw a copy of the EMS report, which stated that Brown had been attacked and beaten with blows to his face, chest and head.

The report said that Brown's chest had been kicked in, and he had been repeatedly hit in back of the head with a blunt object, Garro added.

Citing patient confidentiality laws, neither police nor hospital sources would reveal any details to *OutWeek* about Brown's condition when he was found.

Hauser said that she was told by one police officer that her brother may have been hurt "stepping off a curb."

Meanwhile, police have begun a belated investigation into Brown's death. Police spokesperson Hugh Barry, confirming that an investigation is indeed underway, said that the department had no comment on whether police suspected that the attack may have been a gay-bashing.

But AVP's Matt Foreman had no such hesitation. "Gay-bashing is a definite possibility," he asserted, noting that Brown's cash card was not taken and that Brown was discovered, severely beaten, in a gay area.

In an ironic twist, after botching Brown's identification, leaving Hauser to fret five months for her brother's well-being, recently, Hauser said, the Kings County Medical Center has begun to call her "four or five times a day," seeking insurance information about her brother and demanding to be paid for their services.

Hauser said that she is considering filing suit against the hospital, the EMS and the police department, based on what she termed the mishandling of her brother's case.

Last week, Hauser expressed surprise at the growing controversy that her brother's death has caused. "He was a quiet, ordinary person," she said.

A lifelong resident of Brooklyn, Brown graduated from Alexander Hamilton High School in 1959 as captain of both the swim team and the tennis team. She said that Brown, a Catholic, briefly studied for the priesthood and regularly attended church. "He could recite mass in English and Latin," she recalled.

She said that her brother suffered a depression in his early 20s, as he struggled to come to terms with his homosexuality, and that he chose to lead a rather solitary life in Brooklyn. "There were some people in the family that hated him for being gay," she said. "For me and my sister, it never made a difference."

And as *OutWeek* went to press, Hauser said that she was trying to retrieve Brown's body from the morgue and arrange for the proper Catholic burial her brother would have wanted. "This won't be over until the people who did this to my brother are brought to justice," she said. "My brother never hurt anyone. He didn't deserve this." ▼

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The United States of Pride

by Avril McDonald

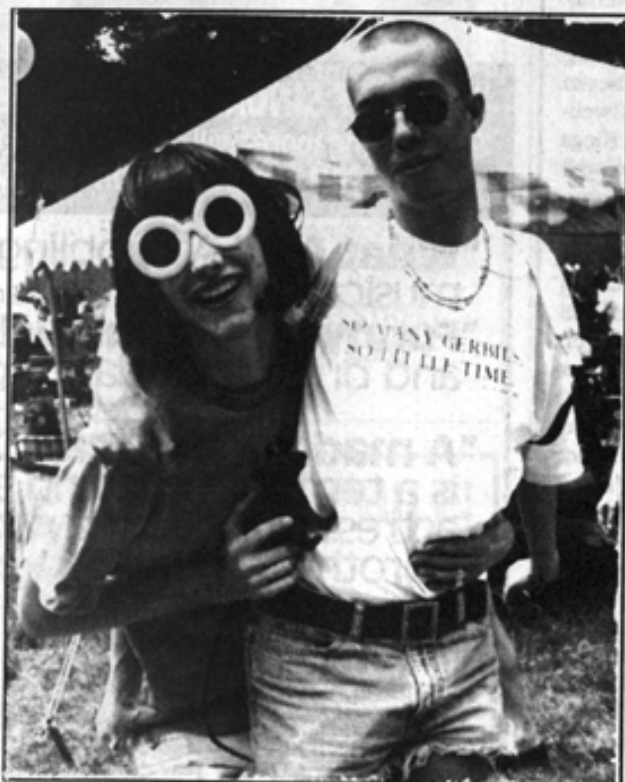
NEW YORK—June is when the 50 states become united through a common sense of pride in our gay and lesbian identities. For a day, a week, sometimes the entire month, queers in towns and cities across the United States rally together to celebrate their sexuality, to remember their history, commemorate past and present leaders, showcase the diversity of talent in the community, focus on their political struggles and have a rollicking good time.

Twenty-two years after Stonewall marked the turning point in our struggle, gay and lesbian pride is stronger than ever, and this year's celebrations promise to be bigger and better than ever before. Huge parades and rallies are taking place nationwide, with New York and San Francisco expected to be the most extravagant.

But smaller cities and towns will also stage Pride parades and rallies that are no less significant for attracting 100 rather than 500,000 queers. *OurWeek* randomly selected a number of cities and towns and spoke with organizers of Pride events about their planned festivities.

North America's lesbian and gay capital, San Francisco, will stage its largest-ever Pride celebration this month. Six-hundred thousand people are expected to march and watch the parade, titled "Hand-in-Hand Together" in a local adaptation of the international theme, "Together in Pride." This year's parade is expected to be double the size of last year's, in part because the Los Angeles parade is being held on another weekend. Pride organizers predict that a huge contingent from LA will join in the partying up north.

LOUD & PROUD



FEMALE TROUBLE—Two lovely ladies celebrate in Baltimore.

According to Linda Lopez, executive director of the San Francisco parade, many participants will be first-time marchers. The parade, San Francisco's 20th celebration of Stonewall, is scheduled for Sunday, June 30, kicking off on Market and Spear streets at 11 am and ending at City Hall Plaza, where an afternoon's entertainment is planned. In all, 183 performers and speakers will entertain the crowd from four stages.

The keynote speaker, Community United Against Violence Director Barbara Cameron, will address the rally on hate crimes. Representatives of the

leather community will speak on the unification of different subcultures, and members of the interracial group, Hot Colors, will discuss racial unification.

Donna Hitchens, a Superior Court judge, will speak on the law and queers, and Tom Ammiano, an elected member of the school board will talk about gay educators. Other speakers include Carole Midgen and Roberta Achtenberg, both of whom are openly lesbian members of San Francisco's board of supervisors, and Lenore Chin, a commissioner with the municipal human rights agency.

This serious business will be interspersed with live entertainment and hot sounds from five deejays.

But while all of this is being provided free to Pride participants, the cost to the Pride committee is approximately \$275,000. Of that amount, \$57,500 is being provided by the city, with the balance being raised through merchandising, corporate sponsorship, fund-raising events, float fees and grandstand-seat sales.

For Lopez, the city's celebratory events are not only a symbol of the community's pride and a reminder of Stonewall, but also an opportunity to provide information and education to both the gay and the straight communities. "It is also a day to celebrate our unification as well as our diversity," she added.

Chicago's Pride parade is expected to attract 100,000 marchers and onlookers, with everyone encouraged to join in on the last leg of the route to the rally site at Lincoln Park. At the rally, participants will be provided with both entertainment, including performances by Troi

and the New Concept, Linda Boyd, Ellen Rosher and Diana Laffery, and the Chi Town Squares, as well as political speeches. National Gay and Lesbian Task Force Executive Director Urvashi Vaid will be this year's keynote speaker.

The Lincoln Park rally will wind up at 7 pm, after which, revellers can choose from a plethora of parties.

Pride Committee President, Richard Pfeiffer, said that Pride celebrations in Chicago are traditionally very positive, aided partly by the gay and mainstream media's widespread pre- and post-parade coverage. This free publicity allows the Pride Committee to spend its resources on things other than advertising. The day's \$10,000-plus price tag is raised

mainly through merchandising, with buttons being the big money-maker. No grants are available to any parades in Chicago, but municipal support is evident in the mayoral proclamation and participation in the parade.

Down south in Atlanta, meanwhile, celebrations promise to be more low-key but no less vital. The city's 20th celebration of Pride will be held over two days packed with music, sports, workshops, vigils, dancing and romancing.

"Depending on the weather, we expect anywhere between 8,000 and 15,000 people," said organizer Jack Pelham. "Because there is no system of registration and people just show up to march, we can't predict how many will be there."

It's not as many people as Pelham would like, considering that Atlanta has a gay and lesbian population estimated at 300,000. "This is the Bible Belt," Pelham shrugged. "This is a very closeted area, which is one reason why Pride is so important. We have far too many people in the closet, and we have to show them what Pride means."

This year's celebration will nonetheless be a considerable improvement over last year's, which were half the size and badly organized to boot, according to Pelham. "No one was even sure when the parade was to be held," he said. "Out of 14 speakers, only four were gay."

This year, all but three of the ten speakers are queer, and the program is

eye

SPY

by ELLEN
B. NEIPRIS



THIRD STREET AND PROSPECT PARK WEST, PARK SLOPE—"A lot of people met their significant others in Front Runners," commented Dave Mose (second from right), as he prepared to jog through Prospect Park in the rain with the rest of the Brooklyn contingent. "As a matter of fact," he added, laughing, "some met several lovers here."

Case in point: Nan Bailey (left) and her lover, Barbara Berger (on bicycle), met in Front Runners, and now Nan is running for two. They're expecting a little leaping lesbian (they hope) of their own in December.

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more packed than ever. In addition to political speakers, a range of entertainment is scheduled, with Lea Delaria, comedienne par excellence, emceeding with Rick Mitchell, a local TV producer. The gay and lesbian choruses will provide aural stimulation, as will cabaret singer Bernadine Mitchell.

Pelham said that Mitchell, who is straight, was booked because "it is easier to get straight performers than gay ones, especially if the latter are trying to go mainstream." He points to bands like the Indigo Girls or local resident Elton John, who reportedly refuse to take part in Pride celebrations for fear of alienating their straight audiences.

The \$30,000-plus it costs to stage Atlanta's parade, rally and artist's market at Piedmont Park will be raised through merchandising and donations. Explaining that the Pride Committee tried unsuccessfully to get corporate sponsorship, Pelham said, "They feel that as this is the Bible Belt, they will lose money if they support a gay event."

A novel feature of the Atlanta Pride celebrations will be a commitment ceremony at 4 pm in Piedmont Park. Additionally, organizers have planned a candlelight vigil to remember those who have died of AIDS and as victims of hate crimes. The vigil will be held at John Howell Park, which is named for an openly gay man who died of AIDS.

Atlanta's Pride celebrations, the largest in the Southeast, will mark how far gay and lesbian liberation has come, even in the traditionally conservative South, said Pelham. "It may not be all it should be, but it is certainly more than it has been—and it will be more in the future," he concluded.

Thousands of miles across the Pacific, in Hawaii, pride is similarly bullish. Honolulu's second Gay Pride parade, on Sunday, June 30, is expected to attract 1,000 people and many more spectators as it passes down Kalakaua Street, Waikiki's main drag. The latter are expected to be wholly supportive, according to the chair of the Pride Parade and Rally Council, Sharyle Lyndon. "Hawaii is very accepting of gays," she said. "Three of Hawaii's kings had male lovers. The

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difficulties we have were brought in when it became a state."

She expects no hostility from locals or tourists and said that the press can also be relied on to be supportive.

Pride celebrations will continue for two days at Kapiolani Park, where an international food fair and a craft fair will take place, along with a Pride dance, sporting and musical events and a Japanese kite-flying tournament called Rokkaku. There will be the usual smattering of politics, but the emphasis will be on celebration.

Last year's celebrations cost \$3,500. This year's bill has not been tallied but ten fund-raisers are working hard to ensure that they will be covered. Funds will also be raised through merchandising. There is no charge to march.

Neither the governor nor the mayor of Honolulu will be on hand to join in the fun, but both have given their blessings.

The parade was started to encourage Hawaiians to come out and to feel more confident about their sexuality, said Lyndon. "It costs a minimum amount of money, compared with the amount of exposure we get," she added.

Back on the mainland, Pride celebrations have gotten off to a strong start in New Orleans, a city famous for revelry. A series of workshops on just about every topic of interest to queers, a film festival and a round of parties lead up to the Saturday, June 29, parade, which will file through the French Quarter. Local activist Doug Robertson said that between 50 and 70 floats are expected.

Up to 1,000 proud queers are expected to march at New Orleans' 12th parade. 5,000 people are expected to stop by the rally site at Washington Park over Pride weekend.

Although the mayor will be out of town, his liaison will appear as his representative and a proclamation has been issued. City Council members and local politicians are also expected to show their support, a not-wholly unselfish gesture. Local politicians realize the career opportunities to be gotten from cultivating the queer vote and increasingly are turning out to celebrate Pride with their constituents.

The parade ends in Washington Park where a picnic will continue for the rest of the afternoon. Local talent, including Neville Brothers' niece, Charmaine

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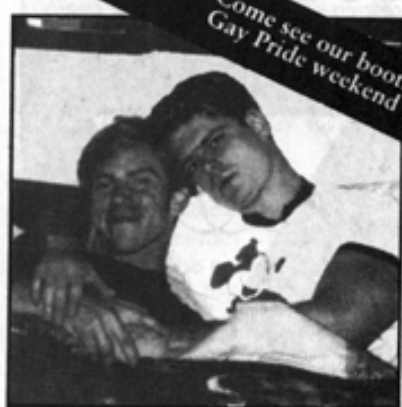
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Neville, will entertain. The grand marshal is a straight woman, Becky Allen, who was chosen because of her support for the gay community.

The \$20,000 cost of the parade and other Pride events will be raised mainly through fund-raising and merchandising. No grants from the city were available.

Local organizers have stayed with the international theme, "Together in Pride." One of the organizers, Joan Ladiner, said that this speaks of reclaiming the self-esteem that queers have been robbed of all their lives. "We're giving them their pride back. We're saying that, if you don't come out of the closet, you are missing out on a decent quality of life. The message is: Reach out there, and find yourself. Take pride."

North Carolina's Pride celebrations are statewide, alternating between the Raleigh-Durham-Chapel Hill triangle. This year, Durham is hosting the parade on June 29, and there are statewide events leading up to it. The Ninth Annual Stonewall Commemorative Supper takes place on June 25 at the Brinkley Baptist Church, and, on June 28, a pre-march dance is being held at the Sheraton University Centre, which is expected to attract between 500-600.

On the big day itself, following the march, entertainment will be laid on at the East Campus of Duke University by an assortment of local bands, such as The Capital Cowboys and Tracy Drach. A local politician, Joe Herzenberg, a member of Chapel Board of Aldermen, will speak. Unlike his predecessor, the present mayor will not be present and will not proclaim pride. The \$13,000 it will cost to hold the parade and other pride events will be raised through merchandising and fund-raising.

Despite this being Jesse Helms country, most of the rednecks are expected to stay home. "You always get two or three fundamentalists yelling from a street corner, but they don't really pose a problem," said a local activist who is involved with organizing the parade.

Last year's 2,000 attendance figure will hopefully be improved on, he added. "Attendance is steadily improving. More and more people are coming out, and new groups are forming all the time."

Indeed, this is a nationwide phenomenon. Pride is growing, especially as a business, as evidenced by the

See PRIDE on page 98

news

So Many Vendors, So Little Space



"WE COULD FILL THE WHOLE STREET WITH SAUSAGES AND T-SHIRTS"—Red Mahoney (second from right) at the 1989 candlelight vigil

by John Voelcker

It's Monday evening, two weeks before Gay and Lesbian Pride, and Red Mahoney has a problem: There are too many T-shirts.

As chair of the Christopher Street Festival Committee, Mahoney, with Committee Director Jacques Garon, assigns booth spaces to commercial vendors and nonprofit groups. Commercial vendors get 8-foot-by-8-foot spaces, while nonprofits are allocated spaces only a little larger than card tables.

Mahoney's problem is that every lesbian and gay group and every AIDS organization wants to sell their T-shirts. To ensure that every group sells enough to make the day profitable, he explains, he has to limit the number of groups

that can sell the most popular items—like T-shirts. He reached the maximum allowable number of T-shirt vendors in mid-May, and now he has to explain to group after group why they can't sell T-shirts at Pride.

The festival, which occupies the westernmost blocks of Christopher Street and extends along the intersecting side streets, is one of many traditional Pride Day activities in New York City. For many years, the festival was run by Ed Murphy, who was known as the "Mayor of Christopher Street," with Mahoney in an assisting role. Since Murphy's death a few years ago, Mahoney has carried on the tradition—with a few modifications.

"We added the carnival rides last year," he told *OutWeek*, "to give peo-

ple more things to do, so the festival could be a lot of different things to different people."

Each year, the mix of vendors changes slightly, and Mahoney said that the number of nonprofit groups has risen steadily. Tonight, he also has to turn away a sausage vendor, explaining to the man that next year he should come down in April—not mid-June—to request a space. "We could fill the whole street with sausages and T-shirts," he sighs.

The festival is run out of a cramped cement-block office in the dingy, institutional Manhattan Developmental Center, a facility for children with profound developmental disabilities, at 75 Morton St. Murphy worked there for many

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years, and because Mahoney also organizes events for the institution's children, he continues to use Murphy's old office to coordinate the festival.

Organizing the festival takes about six months—from January to June—but the bulk of the work begins in April. Mahoney holds office hours from 7 pm to 9 pm every Monday night, and he insists that anyone who wants to lease a space in the festival come down to apply in person so that he can make sure that they understand what they can and can't sell. He also screens merchandise to ensure that nothing "offensive" or "pornographic" will be sold.

The festival committee also organizes the AIDS Candlelight Vigil, now in its sixth year, from Sheridan Square down Christopher Street to Washington Street. The vigil, which will begin this year at 7 pm on June 28, is another tradition begun by Murphy.

On Pride Day itself, Mahoney arrives at the festival site by 6 am, to ensure that all vendors and nonprofit organizations are in place and set up before the area begins to fill with bystanders and Pride revellers at about 9 am. He will spend most of the rest of the day there, coping with a constant variety of problems—predatory pushcart vendors, groups who show up unannounced expecting to be provided with a space and the occasional homophobic remark by a vendor or two.

After the festival is over and the crowds disperse, Mahoney, Garon and a score of volunteers must oversee the cleanup of Christopher Street. By the next morning, Mahoney boasts, the street is "the cleanest it's been all year," even down to the removal of litter and cigarette butts from planters in front of the buildings. The cleanup is done largely by street kids, Mahoney says, who know there's always paid work at the end of the festival.

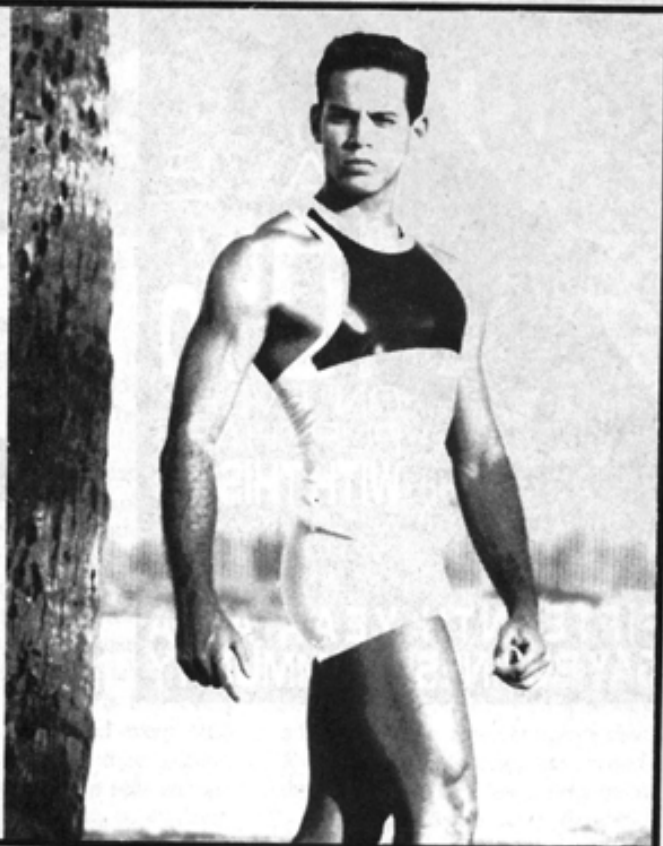
But that's still two weeks away, and meanwhile, yet another group wants to sell T-shirts. Mahoney patiently explains that he closed off permission for T-shirt sales a month ago but points out that the group's hats and buttons are unique. "You'll do great," he remarks confidently. "No one has hats like those. You'll make a bundle."

Another space is assigned, another group is registered, and the festival gathers steam. ▼

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Gay Man Snags \$5 Million in Suit Against Oil Giant



SHELL GAME WINNERS—Jeffrey Collins (left) and attorney Paul Wotman

by Lowell B. Denny III

SAN FRANCISCO—In another victory for gay and lesbian rights, a California court has awarded over \$5 million in damages to a gay man who was fired from his job after an overtly gay party invitation was found in his office.

The judge found that Shell breached the contract it had with its employees and violated California state law, which, as construed by earlier state Supreme Court decisions, prohibits employers from discriminating against workers on the basis of the employees' sexual orientation.

"This decision is a victory for all those who work and who seek to have their professional careers evaluated by their on-the-job performance and not by their employer's moral judgment," said attorney Paul Freud Wotman, who represented Dr. Jeffrey Collins in his suit against Shell.

At the time of his firing, Collins worked at Triton Biosciences, a wholly owned subsidiary of Shell, as director

of therapeutic products. Shell formed Triton to develop new drugs against cancer, AIDS and other diseases.

The controversy surrounding Collins' sexual orientation surfaced in the fall of 1985, when a copy of a party invitation was accidentally left in an office printer. Collins' secretary found it and, a few days later, turned it in to the personnel director at Triton. The invitation was subsequently forwarded to the Shell Oil Company offices in Houston, Tex.

The invitation allegedly notified guests that only safer-sex activities would be permitted at a planned party.

Weeks later, after being told that his work was unsatisfactory and that no one would follow his leadership once they knew of his private activities, Collins was fired from Triton.

Collins began working for Shell in 1967 and was promoted nine times during his 19-year tenure with the corporation prior to being given a position at Triton. Collins, who is a doctor of

veterinary medicine, was reportedly working on the development of an AZT-type drug when he was dismissed.

At first, Shell used the contents of the invitation left in an office printer as a reason to terminate Collins. Later, they cited his unauthorized use of the computer for his personal use. Finally, Shell produced a re-evaluation of Collins' work performance, which, according to Judge Jacqueline Taber, who issued the last week's decision in favor of Collins, "contradicted 19 years of positive evaluations and lauded accomplishments."

"All this was done by Shell," continued Taber's decision, "in spite of its repeated written and verbal assurances to its employees that they were to be judged only on their work performance in a fair, objective manner."

Collins did not initially seek legal recourse against Shell in response to his termination, but after Shell turned down his request for \$50,000 and remained entrenched in their decision, he sought legal advice.

The two-week-long trial came after the suit trudged its way through six years of court-calendar backlog.

Judge Taber handed down the decision on June 13, awarding Collins \$5,323,229 in damages. Of that, \$2,523,229 consists of lost wages, and \$2 million represents punitive damages for emotional distress Collins suffered. Shell was also ordered to pay Collins \$800,000 for firing him because he is gay.

"This case," Judge Taber wrote in the court decision, "presents the relatively new issue of how far a corporation may go in demanding that its managerial staff, in their respective private lives, deport and conduct themselves in a manner acceptable to the corporation's concept of propriety."

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Regarding the scenario at hand, Taber continued, Shell's response to the invitation "was a totally inappropriate overreaction," and it "deprived [Shell] of the services of an extremely able, totally devoted, ambitious and proud employee."

Wotman, Collins' attorney, sought to alert gay-rights advocates to the need for explicit state protection, using Collins' case as an example.

"Because Shell argued to the court that they had the right to fire Dr. Collins," he said, "I wish to emphasize the critical importance of the [California] Legislature passing AB 101, which will make it explicitly clear that an employer may not fire an employee because the employee is gay."

AB 101 is the gay and lesbian civil rights bill, which, proponents fear, may die in legislative committee.

Shell's options at this point are to ask Judge Taber for a re-trial, to appeal or to accept the court's decision. Wotman stated that he doubts that a re-trial will be granted and feels certain that, on appeal, the bulk of Collins' award will remain intact.

The suit marks at least the second time in recent months that Shell's lawyers have been in court to defend the company against charges of gay-related discrimination.

Michael Romei, a former Shell employee who worked in the oil giant's New York offices, has sued Shell for allegedly discriminating on the basis of a perceived disability. Romei claims that he was forced to resign after a co-worker began a campaign of systematic harassment against him because she thought that he was gay and had AIDS.

A motion to dismiss in Romei's case was recently denied by a New York Supreme Court judge, and, at present, the suit is moving forward. ▼

fight

homophobia

Activists Press Senate for Bias Bill as Rights Bill Moves



LET MY PEOPLE GO—Human Rights Commissioner Dennis deLeon releases hate stats with the mayor.

by Duncan Osborne

ALBANY—Lobbyists seeking enactment of a bias bill in New York state descended on the State Capitol last week to pressure the Republican-controlled Senate into passing that piece of long-stalled legislation.

At a press conference in the state's Capitol Building, Dick Dadey, executive director of the Empire State Pride Agenda, recalled the ceremony at which President George Bush signed the Federal Hate Crimes Statistics Act into law last year and said, "I am here today on behalf of the gay and lesbian community of New York state to urge the Republican-controlled

Senate to follow the lead of a Republican president in doing what we all know to be right."

But even as lobbyists stumped for support of the bias legislation, a Senate committee made history by passing a piece of lesbian and gay civil rights legislation.

The Committee on Investigations, Taxation and Government Operations approved Senate bill 2236, which amends state civil rights law to include sexual orientation as a protected class. Now the bill must make it through the Rules Committee, chaired by Majority Leader Ralph Marino, Republican from Staten Island, before it can come to the

full Senate floor for a vote.

In the Assembly, the lesbian and gay rights bill is ready for a vote, but advocates say that they are firming up yes votes before they bring the bill to the Assembly floor.

At the bias bill press conference, the Pride Agenda's Dadey was joined by State Attorney General Robert Abrams; Gov. Mario Cuomo; Dr. Marjorie Hill, director of the Mayor's Office for the Lesbian and Gay Community; Howie Katz, bias bill coordinator for the New York City Gay and Lesbian Anti-Violence Project; State Sen. Manfred Ohrenstein, a Democrat from Manhattan; and nearly 40 lobbyists

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representing gay and lesbian, Asian-American, African-American, disabled and Jewish organizations, as well as representatives from labor unions and the state's criminal justice system.

Hate crimes legislation would create enhanced penalties for assaults and acts of intimidation committed against a person on the basis of the victim's race, creed, age, sex, sexual orientation, national origin or disability.

After the press conference, lobbyists called on a dozen Republican senators to obtain their support for the legislation proposed by Cuomo more than three years ago and passed each year by the 150-member state Assembly. The day after the lobbying blitz, the Assembly again approved the legislation, this time by a vote of 123 to 17.

In Manhattan, Mayor David Dinkins held a press conference to announce the results of the city's Bias Documentation Project. That project, organized by the city's Human Rights Commission, sought to document the breadth of anti-gay bias crimes. Dinkins intends to go to Albany within the next ten days to lobby for the bias bill. ▼

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GLAAD TIDINGS

Geraldo, New York Post

by Karin Schwartz

"Can gays and lesbians go straight?" was the subject of the June 11 *Geraldo* show. The show's guests included Frank Joseph, founder of Wake-Up, America, who, by way of introduction, stated, "God created Adam and Eve, not Adam and Steve." Other guests included Allen Phillips, whose caption read, "Was Gay, Is Now Heterosexual," and Joanne Highley, whose caption read, "Was Lesbian, Now Counsels Gays and Lesbians."

If a single show could embody the worst aspects of talk-show exploitation of gays and lesbians, this was it. In all of our experiences monitoring the media, few shows compare to this one in its spreading of lies and hatred. *Geraldo* is viewed by a great number of geographically isolated gays and lesbians who are desperate for accurate information about homosexuality and vulnerable to this kind of twisted logic and hatred. The "homosexuality-is-a-sickness" approach is directly responsible for the fact that gay youth are three times as likely to attempt suicide than their straight counterparts.

GLAAD has met with *Geraldo*'s producers, demanding a new show rebutting the lies spread by this one. But we need your help to make it happen. Call Geraldo Rivera at (212) 332-0500, or fax a message to him at (212) 581-8196. Or, better, write to: Geraldo Rivera, Investigative News Group, 555W. 57th St., Suite 1130, New York, NY 10019.

As you may know, GLAAD/NY was founded, in large part, in response to bigoted reporting at the *Post*. While not as comprehensive as we would want, the news reporting has come a long

way from the "Gays = AIDS = Death" mentality of the early '80s. Nonetheless, the editorial pages and opinion pieces of the *Post* remain appallingly homophobic. Syndicated columnists like Patrick Buchanan and local columnists like Ray Kerrison continue to spew lies onto the *Post*'s pages, with little or no editorial balance from other columnists.

Recently, GLAAD met with *Post* Editor Jerry Nachman to discuss these issues and to formally request that the *Post* hire an openly gay or lesbian columnist. Nachman would not commit to hiring a columnist but did agree to guarantee publication of op-ed submissions by GLAAD and other community groups. GLAAD believes that Nachman's personal sensitivity and intelligence on gay issues are partly responsible for the *Post*'s coverage. But Nachman is hypocritical to cite the First Amendment as the reason that the *Post* continues to run hate-mongering columns attacking gays.

We urge you to write to Nachman and list your reasons why an openly gay or lesbian *Post* columnist is overdue. Write to: Mr. Jerry Nachman, Editor, New York *Post*, 210 South St., New York, NY 10002. (You can cc your letter to the *Post*'s publisher, Peter Kalikow, at the same address.)

GLAAD Tidings is a program of the Gay and Lesbian Alliance Against Defamation. For more information about the material in this week's column, or about GLAAD, call (212) 966-1700.



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OUTTAKES

HATE THREATS FORCE CANCELLATION OF ILGA CONFERENCE

GUADALAJARA, Mexico—The 13th World Conference of the International

Lesbian and Gay Association, to be held here June 30–July 6, was cancelled on June 12 after the city's mayor promised that he would have all the delegates arrested for "immoral behavior."

Mayor Gabriel Covarrubias Ibarra also promised to withhold police protection for the conference, which had been threatened by right-wing elements in the city. And he forced the host hotel to can-

cel its contract with ILGA and decreed that any other hotel that agreed to host the conference would be shut down by police.

The mayor of Guadalajara's wealthiest suburb and the governor of the state of Jalisco joined Covarrubias Ibarra in promising to take all steps necessary to prevent the conference.

The cancellation comes despite



WHO's not on First

NEW YORK—Declaring that the local, state and federal governments have blatantly violated the United Nations' declaration of human rights, more than 350 demonstrators marched to the United Nations last week in an appeal for financial and humanitarian disaster-relief assistance from the UN.

The action, which cited the multiple epidemics of AIDS, syphilis, tuberculosis, homelessness and drug addiction as evidence of the government's "unwillingness to fund adequate health care and social services," was led by ACT UP and the Women's Health Action Mobilization, or WHAM!

"The city of New York needs the assistance of an international body which has a vision that our own federal, state and municipal government lacks," the two groups wrote in a letter to

the coordinator of the UN's Disaster Relief Organization.

Sixteen protesters were arrested when police abruptly attempted to disperse the crowd, according to ACT UP spokesperson Stuart Tom, and one activist taken into custody, a person with AIDS, was charged with assault. The remaining arrestees were charged with disorderly conduct.

Both the disaster-relief agency and the World Health Organization responded to the appeal, and WHO, in a statement that expressed "solidarity" with all groups that seek to promote health, stated, "Governments have a responsibility for the health of their peoples which can be fulfilled only by the provision of adequate health and social measures."

—Nina Reyes



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support for the conference from Mexican President Carlos Salinas de Gortari and the Mexican National Human Rights Commission and despite guarantees in the Mexican constitution of US-style freedom of assembly.

"After having tried every possible way to save the conference, it was decided with great sadness by the organizing committee and ILGA officers that the conference had to be cancelled," said ILGA Information Secretary Micha Ramakers, speaking from Brussels, Belgium.

ILGA Co-Secretary General Lisa Power, speaking from London, said that the mess in Guadalajara "shows how much the international lesbian and gay movement is needed. Neither the Mexican authorities nor any others will stop us fighting oppression and homophobia," she said. "The loss of the conference only increases our determination."

The loss of ILGA's annual conference comes as the organization faces "a financial crisis" brought on by its rapid growth. And the problem is exacerbated by the costs of international communication. ILGA's expenses are expected to outstrip its income this year by \$13,000.

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Additionally, publicity generated by the cancellation of the International Lesbian and Gay Association's 13th World Conference in Guadalajara, Mexico, has led to repeated telephoned death threats for local organizers of the aborted event.

Jorge Romero Mendoza of the Homosexual Pride Liberation Group said that he believes that the anonymous threats come from "paramilitary ultra-right-wing Catholic groups."

—Rex Wockner/Chicago

MYERS' REPLACEMENT FOUND?

NEW YORK—The search committee charged with finding a new city health commissioner to replace Dr. Woodrow Myers has been fully constituted and is rumored to have found a likely candidate already, but enraged AIDS activists claim that the committee does not include even one person with AIDS.

"I absolutely think there should be a person with AIDS on the committee," said Donald Grove, a member of ACT UP/NY.

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queer planet

by REX WOCKNER

ENGLAND—Bisexual singer Elton John will donate all United Kingdom royalties from his future hit singles to AIDS/HIV charities. Immediate beneficiaries include the Body Positive Centre, London Lighthouse and the Terrence Higgins Trust. All were founded by gay men. Britain's most visible AIDS activist, Simon Watney, said that he was "astonished" by the singer's "very generous gift."

HUNGARY—The gay magazine *MÁSok* has risen from the dead with 18 improved pages of news, features and the sort of pictures that cannot be imported into Canada. It is published by Lambda Budapest, which is a resurrection of the now-defunct Homeros Lambda. Lambda recently registered with the Budapest government—a crucial formality throughout the former Eastern Bloc. *MÁSok* seeks photos of "mouth-watering young men with very little or no clothing—with faces. We've got models here," explained *MÁSok* Editor Takács Gábor, "but none of them allows his face to be in the photo." Write *MÁSok*, Lambda Budapest, Pf 701, Budapest, Hungary.

ICELAND—Icelandic state radio has relented and now allows the word "lesbian" to be broadcast. Formerly, the word was banned by "language consultants" because it was not Icelandic. The original dictum was probably not based on homophobia, as the island has a history of fierce resistance to foreign words in order to protect the purity of the language, which is spoken by only about 250,000 people.

IRELAND—The Irish Family Planning Association has been fined \$1,000 for selling condoms at a Dublin record store. By law, condoms may only be sold in pharmacies and to persons over the age of 18. ACT UP/Dublin and others protested the ruling. "Condoms should be available in pubs, clubs and, outside working hours, in places and at times when people are likely to have unplanned sex," said activist Rachel Martin.

ITALY—Homosexuals are the third-least-popular group in Italy after Gypsies and politicians, according to the Denomskopea pollsters. Thirty-one percent of survey respondents labeled homosexuals "uripleasant."

USSR—A second Leningrad gay and lesbian group has been denied registration with the city council. Registration of a group is advantageous in the Soviet Union in order to increase access to scarce resources (such as paper and copy machines) and decrease the threat of police harassment. The council turned down the group Banks of the Neva because Russian Penal Code Article 121.1 criminalizes anal sex between men. Organizers plan to forge ahead with efforts "to unite lesbians and gays, fight discrimination, establish a library and publish a newspaper."

USSR—Latvia has given birth to an indigenous gay and lesbian movement. The Federation for Sexual Equality's initial demands include an end to discrimination against sexual minorities, a republic-wide gay-rights law, safer-sex education, the opening of queer clubs and repeal of a law that criminalizes male anal sex. Federation President Dimitri Dukovik said that the organization has 30 active members and a mailing list of 300.

NEWS FROM AROUND THE WORLD

"This reflects the attitude that people with AIDS are a threat. In fact, people with AIDS are the best source of information on the AIDS crisis and best qualified to judge a health commissioner on that issue."

The search committee's leading choice to fill the post is Dr. Linda Randolph, director of the Office of Public Health at the New York State Department of Health. In addition to her medical degree, Randolph holds a master's degree in public health, having specialized in maternal and child health. Randolph has held various government and teaching positions since 1971.

But the selection of a new commissioner may ultimately be influenced, as everything else seems to be these days, by the city's budgetary crisis. The Department of Health's shrinking budget, and rumors that the city's various health agencies are slated for reorganization, may make the health commissioner position less attractive to possible candidates.

The city's charter requires that the health commissioner be an MD and hold a master's degree in either public health, public administration or business administration, with a health-field concentration. Any candidate must also have eight years' experience.

The seven-member search committee, which has already met once, will be chaired by Dr. June Jackson Christmas, a member of the Mayor's Advisory Committee on Appointments. Other search committee members are David Hansell, deputy executive director for policy at GMHC; Debra Fraser-Howze, executive director of the Black Leadership Commission on AIDS; Dr. Randall Bloomfield of the Health Science Center; Dr. Daniel Korin from the Bronx Lincoln Medical Center; Alan Rosenfield, dean of the Columbia School of Public Health; and Virginia Tong, assistant executive director of the Chinatown Health Clinic.

—Duncan Osborne

MASSACHUSETTS GOVERNOR AND GAY GROUP DRAW CRITICISM

BOSTON—More than 50 lesbians and gay men protested outside a gay and lesbian group's fund-raising dinner on June 10, denouncing the organization for

honoring Massachusetts Republican Gov. William Weld.

The governor, who has been widely praised for publicly vowing to defend the state's lesbian and gay civil rights law and for appointing openly gay and lesbian people to prominent positions in his administration, reportedly cancelled his scheduled appearance at the dinner because of the picket.

Protesters, shouting "Sell outs!" at people who went into the Greater Boston Lesbian and Gay Alliance's annual post-Pride reception and dinner, which was held at the Harvard Club of Boston, called Weld an enemy of poor people, working people and people with AIDS.

"Shame on the Alliance for this disgraceful reception!" remonstrated one demonstrator, dressed in drag as a Republican lady, who identified herself as "Dyke Muffy." Mike Duffy, an openly gay Weld appointee, heads the agency charged with enforcing the state's anti-discrimination laws.

A major concern of the protesters was that Weld cut Medicaid last month, removing prescription drugs and routine

health care from the subsidized health insurance system, while he raised the salaries of his cabinet members and refused to impose cigarette and gasoline taxes. Activists from ACT UP and Lesbians and Gays Against Weld, the group that organized the picket, claim that the Medicaid cuts will kill many people with AIDS who cannot afford costly AIDS drugs.

But Don Gorton, chair of the Alliance and another Weld appointee, said that he was frustrated that demonstrators were critical of the Alliance's association with Weld, which he characterized as "a relationship that has been beneficial to the community."

Another Weld supporter, openly gay African-American Republican Abner Mason, who is seeking a seat on the Boston City Council, said as he crossed the picket line to attend the Alliance dinner, "I respect what's going on, but I can't agree with them entirely."

Protesters shouted back at him, "We'll remember in November."

The Alliance dinner drew approximately 75 people.

—Carrie Wofford

PERESTROIKA AT US AIDS GROUP?

NEW YORK—Two prominent coalitions of people with AIDS have joined together to call on the National Association of People With AIDS to reorganize its board of directors to allow for more widespread national representation. The action followed April's NAPWA board meeting at which less than half of the organization's 12 national regions were represented.

The People With AIDS Coalition in New York and the Boston Living Center are urging NAPWA to facilitate representation at the next board meeting in October, scheduled to take place in Los Angeles, from those regions not represented at the last gathering.

Larry Gutenberg, president of New York's PWAC, told *OutWeek* that, in many regions, the groundwork necessary to organize elections for NAPWA board members has not been done. He believes that, as AIDS groups pay dues to NAPWA, the national association had



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a responsibility to inform them, at the time of the last board meeting, that they were not being represented.

However, he acknowledged, the local groups themselves have a duty to ensure that NAPWA is accountable to them. "It reflects back on us that we didn't demand that they report back to us," he acknowledged.

When Gutenberg showed up as a spectator at last month's NAPWA board meeting in Washington, he was unaware that the region which includes New York, New Jersey and Eastern Pennsylva-

nia had no representative. He ended up filling the position himself, but four other regions remained without representation.

That such a situation came to pass without all local AIDS groups even being aware of it, according to Gutenberg, says something about the lack of communication between national and local AIDS organizations. The districting system itself, he added, may be part of the problem.

"I don't know if it is the best way because, after all, the reality is that the pandemic is not spread evenly, and there has to be some attempt to recognize this," he said.

NAPWA Treasurer Peter Uittenbosch pointed out that as all NAPWA board members are PWAs, and some of those members are occasionally incapacitated by their illness, it is perpetually difficult to ensure that all regions are represented. Each region is mandated to elect a board member, an alternate and a second alternate board member, and all three individuals are supposed to attend national board meetings. At the April meeting, only Florida had all three representatives present.

Uittenbosch is taking seriously the calls for *perestroika*. "We would like to see changes to ensure full representation, and we will make sure that those representatives will be involved in regional elections," he stated. "However, this has also to do with regional coalitions living up to their responsibility to elect representatives. It is up to them to organize locally."

J.R. McEvoy of the Boston Living Center and Gutenberg have also chastised NAPWA's executive committee for its decision to fire Executive Director Michael Meridan without informing the full board of directors. According to Gutenberg and McEvoy, this decision was made less than three days after the board of directors gave Meridan's performance a vote of confidence.

But Uittenbosch denied that, saying that the affirmation was approved only for the NAPWA staff.

"Meridan was stood down because he interfered in board matters," Uittenbosch stated. "Staff should not interfere with board policies but just follow them."

An interim director, Paul Sathrum, has been appointed while a nationwide search for Meridan's successor continues.

—Avril McDonald

NEW GROUP TO FUND QUEER POLITICIANS

WASHINGTON—Democratic women have been doing it successfully for years, so why can't gay men and lesbians?

That's what crossed the mind of Dallas gay activist William Waybourn when he thought about how a national women's donor network helped get Texas Governor Ann Richards, a Democrat, elected last November.

Emily's List, the national women's

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group, was formed in 1986 to help get Democratic women elected to targeted local, state and federal seats. As it is not a political action committee, the group circumvents restrictions on the amount of money PACs may give to candidates by taking checks from its members made out to the individual candidates and sending them in a "bundle" to the election campaigns they are supporting.

That, Waybourn thought, could be the key to getting openly gay and lesbian candidates elected to state, local and federal offices.

Together with Washington activist and former Human Rights Campaign Fund Director Vic Basile, Waybourn sought to flesh out the idea.

After months of negotiations, during the weekend of a recently held Human Rights Campaign Fund, or HRCF, leadership conference, Basile and Waybourn met with a group of two dozen activists from six states and the District of Columbia, and the Gay and Lesbian Victory Fund was born.

At the May 3 meeting, a board was elected, a legal counsel was retained and Waybourn was named executive director. Basile will continue to help assisting in the group's formation.

"I told the board that they essentially hired themselves two executive directors," says Waybourn, alluding to the prominent role he sees Basile playing in the Victory Fund. "We're going to work harder, and we're going to work smarter. We can be really dangerous with an office and a fax machine."

Now the group is on the fast track of moving toward the 1992 elections. It is already negotiating for office space in the same building as the HRCF, which operate the nations' largest gay and lesbian PAC.

Basile, however, is quick to point out the differences between the new group and his old employer, noting that while HRCF backs gay and pro-gay candidates only in congressional races, the Victory Fund will focus primarily on state and local elections, and exclusively on openly gay office-seekers.

To receive financial backing, candidates must be openly gay or lesbian, support the federal gay and lesbian rights bill, have a promising shot at winning their race, support abortion rights and have what the group calls an "aggressive" stance on AIDS issues. Recipients may very well be both Democrats and Republicans and run the gamut of political ideologies.

—Cliff O'Neill

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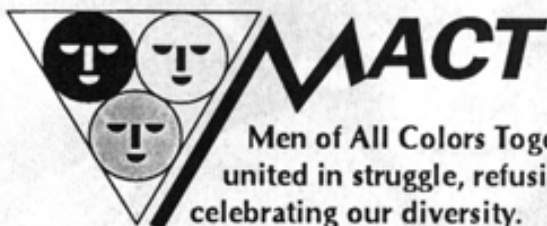
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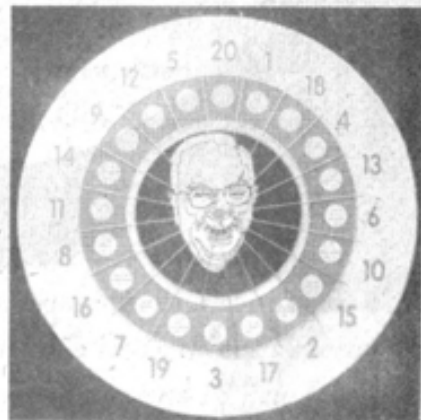
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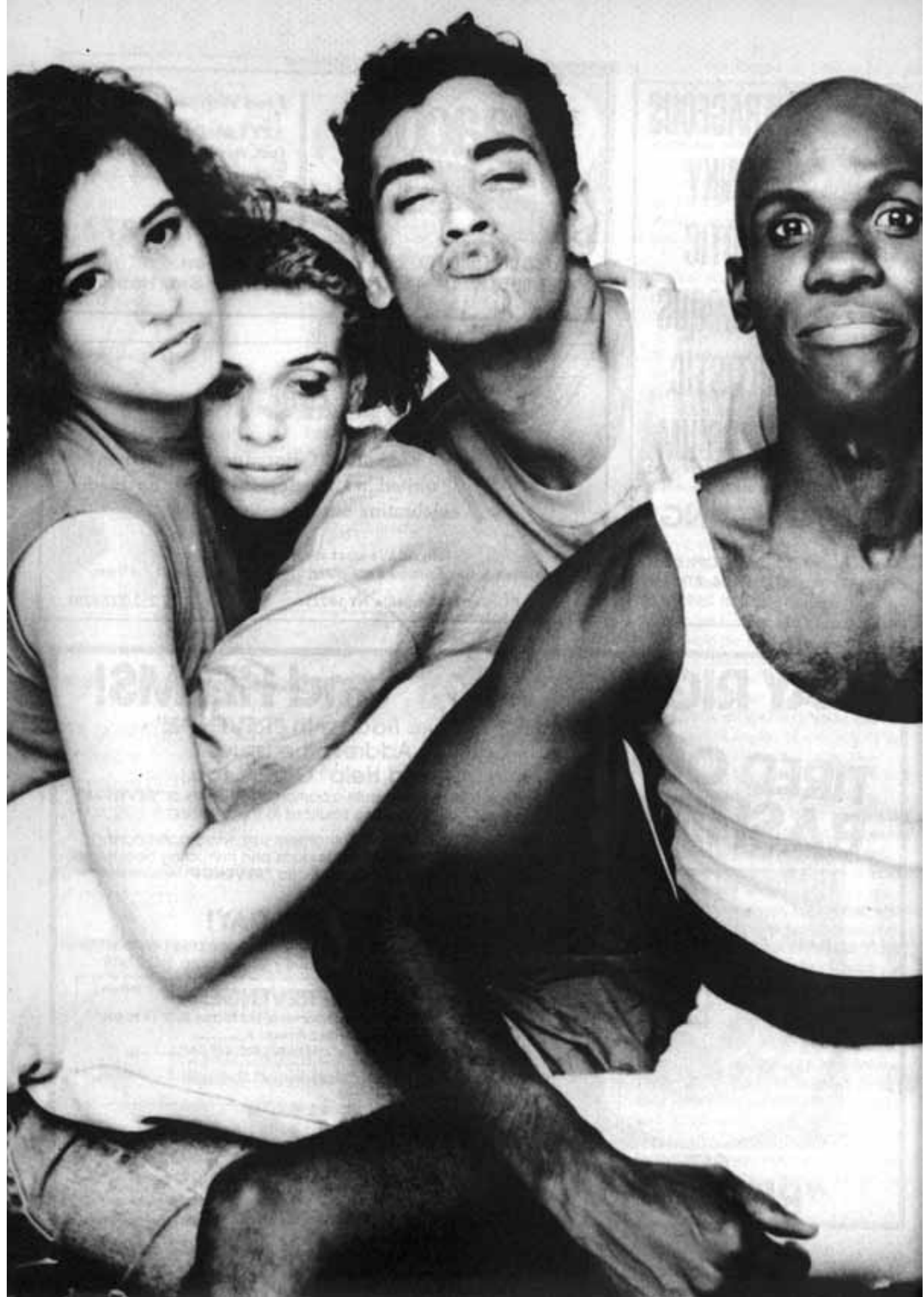
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Out in america



BY CARRIE WOFFORD

June is to lesbians and gay men what Mardi Gras is to New Orleans: a flurry of parties, parades and cultural events that keep our spirits high and our hearts pounding. But the love, strength and diversity we feel during Gay Pride—among friends and extended queer families—need not be limited to Gay Pride month. Nor is it limited to the urban centers.

In 1990, Carrie Wofford set off in search of queer America, bringing the inspirational voices of many of the people she met to OutWeek's special Gay Pride issue. This year, she presents 18 new faces, plus a few members of the OutWeek family, and shares with us her experiences in finding pride across America.



lynette rivera

"I always wanted to jump up and scream, 'I'm gay,' but I suppressed that. Then I saw my lover was out to her family, and her family was more conservative, Pentecostal. 'What the heck,' I told myself. 'I tell my kids what to do, I pay the rent. I'm doing this for myself.'"

Thirty-one-year-old Lynette Rivera left her husband four years ago and took her three children to go live with her 20-year-old lover, Iris. "It was hard because [my husband] Hector's macho ego was like, 'A woman?!' He couldn't deal with it."

Now, however, her husband has to deal with it. Lynette was diagnosed with AIDS in 1989 and needs to make legal arrangements for the care of her children, ages 2, 4 and 6. "I would prefer Iris to have them, but I'm getting a lot of flak about raising kids in a homosexual lifestyle. I'm trying to get Hector and Iris to be friends."

"I tell Hector, 'You gotta look past the fact that we're lovers. You gotta look at that she's a mother to them.' My kids have always loved her." When Lynette and Iris hold hands at the children's bus stop, other mothers aren't too pleased. But Lynette's 6-year-old son is just "proud that he has two mommies and a daddy, and other kids only have one mommy and a daddy," she says. Lynette knew that she was a lesbian at the age of 6, but had difficulty finding support and strength. "For a while, I didn't know how to tell Hector. Then Iris just gave me an ultimatum: Either I stop being afraid of what people think or she'd leave."

Lynette plans to marry Iris during Gay Pride weekend. They will celebrate where they met, at Poe Park in the Bronx, "where all the lesbians hang out." It was at Poe Park that Lynette was adopted by her gay "family," and where, like the other Latina lesbians, Lynette, a Puerto Rican, was baptized with lesbian godparents. "It's a ritual butch/femme Latinas do," she explains, noting affectionately that Iris "is very, very butch." "It's just like a heterosexual community. My gay father—she's just so strong, out to everybody. I feed off that strength."


Lynette is also feeling stronger and prouder about her AIDS diagnosis. She is frustrated that the US government counts her as a heterosexual woman (no statistics on lesbians are collected) and that GMHC does not have services for her as a lesbian.

"Now that I have my little buddies in ACT UP, I'm going to start getting something done around here," she declares emphatically. "I want others to know there's someone like me out there." One of her eight siblings is also gay and has AIDS, and Lynette is grateful that they support each other.

Lynette and Iris came out to their families by inviting both sets to a picnic. "They freaked out," Lynette recounts. "I have to flaunt it and let my family know it's not going away. She is my family. We are family. I'm tired of hiding."



Photo: Patsy Lynch



michael woods

When Michael Woods showed up at his high school prom last May, he and his date were greeted with "just your typical stares." Later, although, many of his peers joined Michael and his date, Darryl, to dance to Madonna's "Vogue."

The prom was Michael's way of coming out to his teachers and friends at the Person Senior High School. "No one at high school knew before then," he claims.

"So many people realize they're gay in high school, but when it comes to prom time, they tend to do it the hetero way. I althought, Well, if I were a girl I'd invite a guy—why shouldn't it be OK for me to invite a guy?"

Although two police were present in case of trouble, Michael entered the prom without any support. He did not tell his mother about the prom until the following day. Michael came out to his six siblings and his mother (his father died when he was 9 years old) on January 1, 1990. "I really wanted to talk about it, and there really wasn't anyone to talk with," Michael explains, describing his isolated teenage life in Roxboro, NC. The only other person Michael knew was his 30-year-old lover, with whom Michael had just broken up, after discovering that the woman his lover lived with was actually the man's wife.

Later that winter, Michael connected with a new lesbian and gay youth group in nearby Durham and served on a number of panels on issues facing gay youth, including a panel at the 1990 Lesbian and Gay Health Conference in Washington. After his graduation, Michael attended the New Pacific Academy, a summer program in San Francisco for young gay, lesbian and bisexual activists, which he found supportive.

Now, however, Michael finds himself isolated again. During his first year at Appalachian State University, in the rural town of Boone, NC, Michael was shocked by the conservative attitudes. "All these queens are very closeted," he laments. "Even interracial relations are attacked."

For the yearbook photo, half the members of the gay group turned their backs to the camera, and Michael had a hard time finding even one other volunteer to join him on the gay float for the Homecoming weekend.

"What can you ever gain by hiding in the closet?" this wise 20-year-old wonders. "You only live once, so you have to make the best of it you can. Be proud of who you are, so you don't have to live in fear."

shirley yee

Sometimes geography means everything. Thirty-two-year-old Shirley Yee came out just two years ago when she moved to Seattle for a job.

"I guess I had made a calculated decision to [come out] then. I'd led a fairly straight life in Indiana and was simply afraid to lose friendships. Since I didn't have anyone to talk to about it, I decided it might be easier to wait until I moved to Seattle, [with its] strong lesbian community and Asian community." The year before she came out, she had started "finally coming to terms with my Asian identity and trying to reclaim that."

Shirley grew up in "a white Republican suburb" in New Jersey, where her Chinese-American family was one of the few Asian families around. "I spent my childhood denying my Asian identity and only in recent years reclaiming it," Shirley says.

In the fall of 1989, Shirley attended the first international conference of Asian Pacific Lesbians in Santa Cruz, where she had her first contact with other Asian lesbians. "It was just a mind-blowing experience, very affirming, strengthening. It hit home for me how important it was to have connections with Asians."

"I don't go to the bars—that wouldn't be a place for me to meet [other Asian lesbians]. Asian women at bars are often white-identified, and there's a hesitancy to connecting to other Asians [because it would] bring you closer to coming out to your own community."

She returned to Seattle to help start the Asian Pacific Lesbians of Seattle. "The major goal was to stop the isolation that Asian lesbians often feel," she says.

Coming out to her family has been difficult, heightened by the "cultural emphasis on family and loyalty," particularly in the United States, which Shirley finds "frankly hostile to Asians." Shirley told her mother (her father is dead) and one brother, who has been "pretty cool," but not her two other siblings, who, she fears, would be uncomfortable.

"It was very hard to come out," Shirley says. "Even though I talk about my partner, there's a silence about that with [my mother]."

An assistant professor at the University of Washington in women's history and African-American women's history, Shirley is beginning to expand her studies to race and gender. "It's just so important, particularly for a woman of color, to deal with the internalized racism we inevitably grew up with. Reclaiming your ethnic identity and sexual identity is the way to survive in this country," she offers.

With her lover, a Panamanian woman, Shirley focuses on "bridging gaps between people of color" and coalition-building. "We need that unity that has been so fragmented over the years."

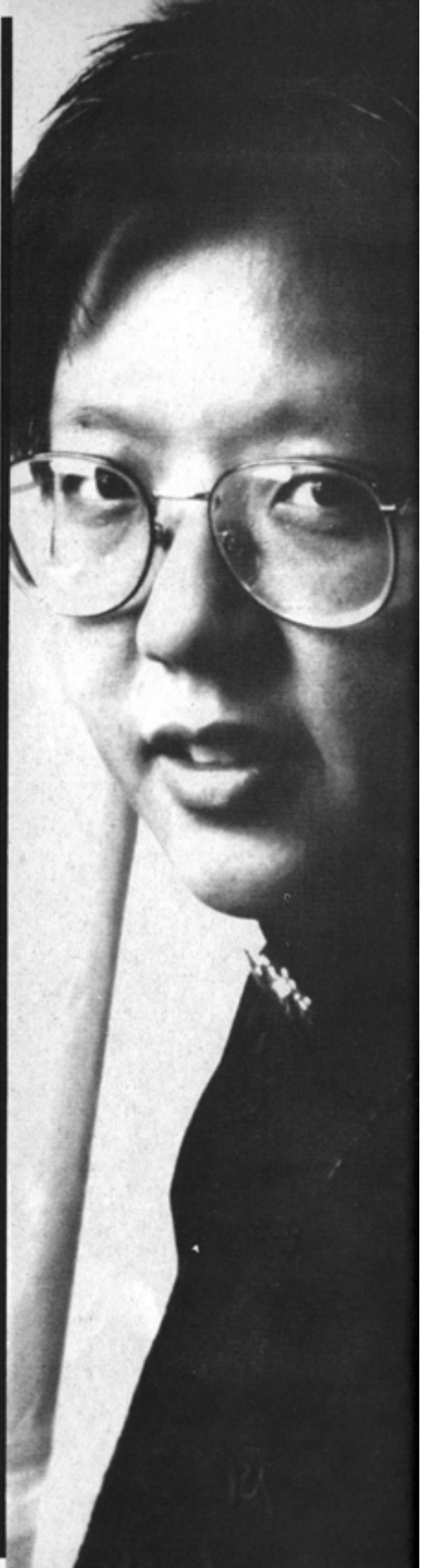


Photo: Gregory Clark

george amerson

George Amerson and his lover, Michael, marked their 20th anniversary together with a party. But it wasn't a party for them. It was a party for Michael's daughter, Laura, who had just graduated from college. "Money was short, so we chose the party for her over the party for us," George explains. "We [always] do for the kids."

George and Michael have been "doing" for the kids throughout their 20 years together. Both of Michael's children lived with them in their teenage years. And before that, George says, the kids came "anytime that it justified and we had the money!"

George met Michael in a bar, "but," George qualifies with a chuckle, "we were properly introduced."

Church is very important to George, and he attends religious services "quite regularly." He's found a few churches with openly gay congregations, but he also still subscribes "to the old Methodist doctrine in which I was trained." George was reared by very strict "country Methodist" parents with five siblings on a farm in Western Texas, near Lubbock. He even went to a seminary to study for the ministry.

"I felt that being gay was wrong religiously," he says. "I couldn't handle the fact that I was gay, but I was finding my way to the gay bars and cruising areas [anyway]."

Now he finds acceptance in religion. "I have a great deal of pride going into a religious service with other gays—[who] express themselves openly as gay and are proud of who they are, living life in a manner that is pleasing to our Maker."

Fifty-three-year-old George, who came out at 18, finally sat down with his parents eight years ago to explain it. He wasn't sure if they would know what "gay" or "homosexual" meant. Two of his five siblings are also gay, although George is the only "truly openly gay" family member.

"Pride to me means others can hold their heads high. Pride means being able to go out in public and just be ourselves. So many of us just don't recognize we are truly equal," he says solemnly. "I work to help people recognize equality is there, and they just have to claim it and live it. If someone makes a slur, it's just because they don't know better."

George tries to educate people who don't know better. As a real estate salesperson, George worked for 16 years in one company as an openly gay man. During the interview for his newer job, he told them right away he was gay.

"I find that, once people get to know me, they find they have no problem with me or that I'm gay, even if they have a problem with gay people."

NO 27 *jigna desai*

As far as her parents are concerned, 22-year-old Jigna Desai is corrupt, and her college corrupted her. "My mom asked me when I was going to get married. My father said homosexuality is unnatural, that AIDS is a scourge," she says indignantly.

But being judged as strange is nothing new to Jigna. "I've always felt queer," she says. "Because I'm a scientist in a male environment, because I'm Indian in a white environment, [and] because I consider myself a bisexual dyke, I'm queer twice in the gay community and the straight community."

The Hindu-raised astronomy researcher is out and proud about her queerness. "I'm out at work. They all bought raffle tickets to send me to the National Lesbian Conference. They're pretty cool about it."

Jigna moved to San Francisco to take a job with a government astronomy lab and apply for PhD programs in women's studies and science after graduating last May from MIT. "MIT was such a comfortable environment. It didn't matter whether you identified as gay, lesbian or bisexual."

Jigna is "not really out" with her 16-year-old brother and 11-year-old sister, partly because she only came out two summers ago at an astronomy camp. "I slept with a woman—a divorcée—the last night [of the program]," Jigna recounts. "I almost missed my plane the next day!"

Since then, Jigna has experienced the "thrill" of Gay Pride in both San Francisco and Boston. "That was so exciting. I'm very excited about this year's [parade]."

Jigna plunged headfirst into San Franciscan queer life, joining Queer Nation in January, which "was scary at first." Although she is frustrated by how male and white the organization is, Jigna has found community in the bisexual affinity group. Mostly, she thinks that "you start change with yourself, with being happy with yourself."

"You feel really lonely if you're not out," she says. "Being Indian and queer, I felt I was the only one. I've always looked at myself as not fitting in. That's changing. Now I'm not afraid to say who I am and what I believe in."



Photo: Marc Geller

candy bell

Not many teenage rodeo queens grow up to become dyke rodeo-riders. But then few women compete at all in the "rough-stock" events: steer-riding, chute-dogging (what "the old-timers called 'bull-dogging': You start hanging onto the steer in the chute, then you drag it out and throw it down") and calf-roping with the big boys.

Candy Bell joined the Arizona Gay Rodeo Association this past January. Her last official participation in rodeos was in 1979 when she was selected as the "Rodeo Queen" of Bolder, Mont., judged for horsemanship, speech, fund-raising and, of course, modeling. Looking back, Candy finds her rodeo-queen days "bizarre. It's a big difference from participating in the rodeo," she explains.

Now 32, Candy, came out to her family in 1985 when she was 27 years old, announcing that she was leaving her marriage of two years. When her parents offered help in reconciling with her husband, her mom asked, "Is it another woman?" Candy responded with "Yes, but not him." Looking back, she muses, "That's not one of the regular ways to come out to your parents, I suppose."

But it was one way to make life easier for Candy's younger sister, now 27, who came out as a lesbian this year. Their other siblings, two brothers, "ignore it—they think it might go away," Candy laughs. Although her parents objected to Candy's first relationship, with a woman who was physically abusive, now they are "accepting" of her lover and are even planning a visit to Arizona.

An ethnic mix of Swedish, British and French, Candy's family came from Montana and Idaho. Her dad rode in rodeos until he married Candy's mother; her brother and cousins also ride. "I had always ridden in 4H rodeos when I was younger," she recalls.

"One thing I found in the gay rodeo is the people are even nicer. They'll come up and talk to you. It's really neat." She treasures the atmosphere of "just being able to be yourself and accepting yourself as a whole person." Candy will spend Gay Pride competing in Denver's gay rodeo.

Candy and her lover, Jody (who sells crafts wares at rodeos), live with their six horses on four acres of corrals and "plenty of room to ride" in the surrounding mountains. Although the rural neighborhood is "redneck and family-oriented..., we're out," she says proudly.

martín hiraga

Martín Hiraga no longer feels isolated. The change reflects 35 years of searching for a community accepting of his identity. "I really struggled to find my place in the gay community," he says.

As an Asian-American gay man diagnosed with ARC in 1987, Martín felt ignored by drug recovery programs and white gay AIDS organizations who professed ignorance about his "cultural context."

Martín describes marching with a gay and lesbian Asian group in New York's 1989 Pride march as "the first time I'd gotten real permission just to be Martín." Two years earlier, at the National March on Washington, Martín "met the first Asian gay men I could talk with," men with whom he could share his fears of being shunned by his family and his frustration with the gay community's racism.

The son of a Japanese-American father and an Okinawan-American mother who practiced as Roman Catholic lay missionaries in Bolivia (South America), Martín always felt out of place, he says.

At age 18, he became a Mormon—"as a rebellion," he recounts. At 24, Martín was finally kicked out of his Mormon university, Brigham Young, after enduring aversion therapy and drug addiction. "I finally said, 'Fuck it,' and came out with a blast," he recalls, and he told everyone he knew.

"Coming out puts [Asian Americans] outside the context of our families, which have been the root of who we are. Having HIV puts me further outside," because traditional Asian parents expect their sons to care for them in old age. Still, Martín has been open with his parents because, he says, "I didn't want to lie to them."

As a "little queer boy," Martín used to dress in his sisters' kimonos, and, he says, "I was fucking boys when I was 15. But I never connected the word 'gay' or 'homosexual' with what I was doing," partly because the visible gay men he saw were white.

"How I actually came into the gay community was through [musicians] Meg Christian and Cris Williamson, with their songs of strong women," says the self-defined pro-feminist. Now he wears a "Nobody Knows I'm a Lesbian" T-shirt.

After leaving Rochester, NY, in 1990 because he found that the gay community "cannibalized Asian men," Martín has lived in Washington, DC, where he has a network of gay and lesbian Asian and Pacific Islander friends. He works nights educating gay Asian men about AIDS. "It feels like coming home. I finally have a [community] to come home to," he says of his new-found acceptance.

By day, Martín works as a sign-language interpreter (he is deaf in one ear) with Deaf Pride, a deaf self-empowerment organization which, he says, helped him learn to take power in his health care.

For Gay Pride this year, Martín will speak at the Rochester rally "as an Asian man who is proud, a gay man who is loud and proud and [a man] who is not willing to take other people's racism and their homophobia anymore. I'm finally OK with me."

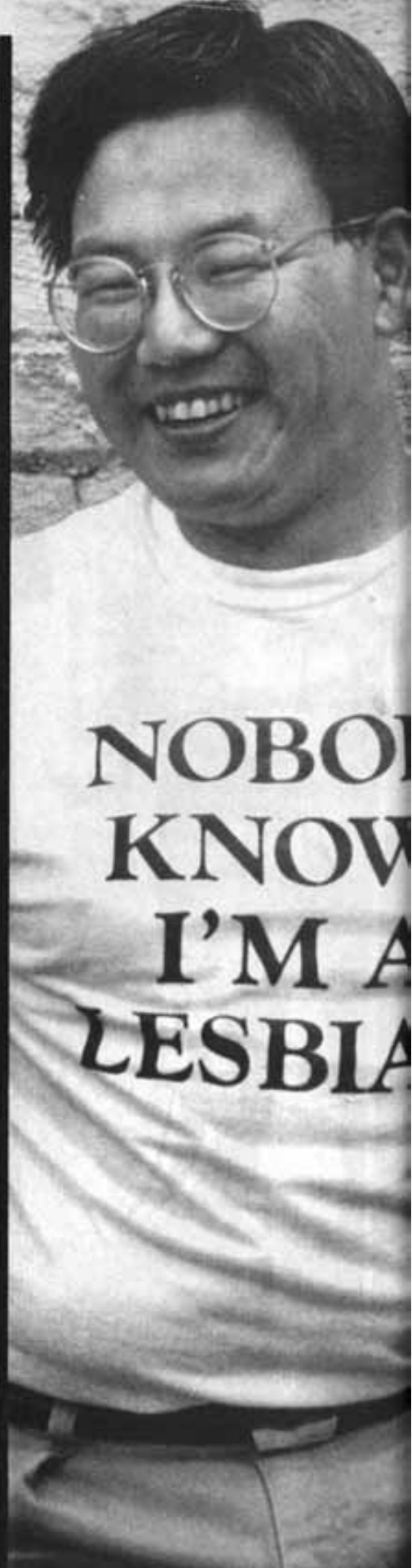


Photo: Patsy Lynch

rocky montes

"My first lover took me to San Francisco's Gay Pride in 1979. When I saw that, I realized I would never feel alone."

Three weeks later, Rocky Montes came out to her family. "I was scared I'd lose them—my first lover lost hers," Rocky recalls. But her family reacted warmly: "My mother said, 'Is that what you're all worked up about?'"

Since then, her family has supported Rocky's lifestyle. "My mother taught us that we have the right to be," says this strong, almost defiant, 32-year-old woman. "She gave me basic strength about who I am. Being a lesbian is part of that."

"I discovered I was a lesbian when I decided to have sex. I went the traditional route and then said, 'No, that isn't for me.'"

Now, when Rocky returns home to her American Indian family, her lovers are treated as a husband would be: They're served meals, like any man. "Traditional families play roles, so when I go home we play the roles," she explains. Once, when she brought home a more feminine girlfriend, Rocky was served dinner with the men.

Growing up in California as the daughter of a bee-keeper, Rocky says, "My mother and father raised us to be proud. We grew up very poor, but we did not lack for love. That's one of the things that makes me so strong today."

Rocky took that strength and pride and transformed it into her current identity as a loud and proud leather-dyke. "Everybody knows," she shares triumphantly. "I lost a job in a corporation because my boss found out, but I still refuse to stay in the closet."

For the past year, Rocky has worked on phone-sex lines in her hometown of Denver, Colo. Her goal is to start her own line next year, which will at first be directed at straight boys. That's where the money is! she explains, adding, "I will probably include a lesbian phone line once the money comes in."

A descendant and member of the Muno tribe, Rocky dances with the Two Spirited-Thunder People Native American Dance Troop, a troop of Native American lesbians who perform traditional dance.

"Being a woman of color and being a Native person is like walking on a tightrope every day," she notes. "Throw being a lesbian in on top [of that], and the tightrope just gets tighter. I understand people who can't walk the tightrope. Perhaps it's easier because I was born on a tightrope as a woman of color and an Indian."

Photo: Patsy Lynch

jeyhan rohani

After Ramadan a few years ago, Jeyhan Rohani brought more than prayers to his community mosque. He brought news that two of the members' wives had been beaten beyond recognition. Jeyhan was chased out at knifepoint for challenging the community.

Whenever he shows up at his local mosque in Santa Clara/ Santa Cruz, Jeyhan says, "I normally voice issues and am asked to leave."

Although he was born in the US, Jeyhan was raised a Sufi Muslim in Kavkaz, Turkey, near the Soviet border, where his grandfather had been the head sheik.

"I don't recognize anything going on in the mosque now, [compared to] what I was brought up with. They seem to confuse religion with politics. Intolerance seems to be the norm."

Jeyhan does not, however, encounter as much intolerance over his homosexuality. "In Islam, you must be married, and I consider myself very married," he says of his 20-year relationship with a Japanese-American man.

"The majority of the people know I live with a man. I just function in the community. I don't make a big deal that I'm gay. People accept me and welcome me into their home with my lover for the holidays."

"Bisexuality was quite prevalent" in Jeyhan's upbringing in Turkey, he says. "It seems an unspoken code that young boys will be with older boys or with older men."

"Coming out was never an issue because that's how I was. To me, there was never anything different." Now 42 years old, Jeyhan knew that he was gay when he was 8, but entered an arranged marriage at 14.

"Who I am is a gay Turkish man who is creating with my artwork." A tapestry-weaver, Jeyhan manipulates traditional weaving techniques to make tapestries of old Turkish and Arabic calligraphed manuscripts and documents. He uses "ebru" for the background, which is like marblizing, but with more intricate designs, such as flowers. His works are shown in fund-raising exhibitions for Muslim organizations in San Francisco, Vancouver, Los Angeles and Singapore.

A member of the Lavendar Crescent Society, a gay and lesbian Arab group in San Francisco, Jeyhan expresses concern about the majority of "Muslims who are gay [but] don't want to have anything to do with anyone from the old country. They're out drinking and doing debauchery." Jeyhan follows Muslim law and avoids alcohol and pork.

Although he stopped attending Gay Pride marches because he saw too many divisions and separations, feeling proud is still important to him. "You are a human being, and you should go ahead and be who you are. If not, it affects your creative ability."



Photo: Marc Geiler

alberto rossell

"I think I came out when I was born," declares Alberto Rosell. "All the time, since year one, I had crushes on boys."

Now 42 years old, Alberto remembers going to bars at age 16: "You used to walk out of gay bars and be afraid of who saw you. I remember when you had to wear a coat and tie to be served liquor, and the gay bars were piano bars with slow dancing."

Alberto still goes to bars a lot but is glad for the difference in acceptance as well as music. "I think the straight world and gay world are mixing very well, more than before."

Translating this belief into his work life and family life, he is out both at home and at work, where he buys empty lots, builds houses and sells them. "I act the same way in front of [people at work] as I do in front of everybody. If you respect them, they'll respect you back."

Alberto was born in Havana, Cuba, and moved to Miami Beach, Fla., in 1960, when he was 13. Now, he's back in Miami Beach, where he says the gay life is flourishing, after living in Atlanta, where he spent 15 years attending engineering school and living with a lover.

When he was 35, Alberto finally talked about being gay with his family. "One of the most important things in life is family. How can you live with them and lie? I was very lucky," he continues. "I have a lot of friends who have a lot of problems with family."

Friends are equally important to Alberto, and he has many of them. "There's nothing like getting around a pool, [having a] cook-out, or boating," he says. As for lovers, Alberto says, "I won't have another one" after three long-term relationships. But, he laughs, "Never say 'never,' right?"

"My life is my life," he states. "It's about time, 'eh?"

Photo: Jerry Buzzeis

nancy perez

Most gays and lesbians struggle all their lives to find a safe community of like-minded queers. But not Nancy Perez. She and her lover moved to Utah ten years ago "when we heard there was this drastic dearth of radical feminist lesbians." Utah was also "1,000 miles from our families in Burbank, Calif., and they were giving us a lot of grief," she adds.

Nancy answered Utah's homophobia by helping to start Queer Nation/Salt Lake City this past February. In April, they held their first demonstration against the Mormon church. "We were just terrified. We thought we were going to be arrested," she explains. "Being out is scary. But it's extremely empowering, and it's become more and more necessary to me. To be queer and radical is also getting to be lots of fun. I didn't think it would be so much fun."

Nancy fell in love with her first lover at 19. "It was quite a shock," she recalls. She came out to her family when that first relationship ended.

"My mother asked, 'Are you a l-l-l-lesbian?' and I said, 'Well, mother, as a matter of fact I am.'" The story is that her mother answered, "Of course, you are, dear. We'd all be with women if we could, but we can't." Then, according to Nancy, her mother said "Oops!" and covered her mouth. "She denies it now, of course."

Family ties are important to Nancy, and she traces her lesbian lineage through her Spanish and Mexican herstory to her grandmother who lived with another woman in Paris in the 1920s. "When her family found out, they sent her to Cuba for her brother to arrange a marriage," Nancy recounts.

Nancy is out at her job as a registered nurse at the University Hospital Children's Medical Center. "It's been tremendously important for me to come out. I was scared—and closeted for three years at work—but I have not gotten one negative comment. I have mostly felt intense shame that I did not come out sooner.

"I know kids who have committed suicide and Mormon friends who have undergone shock therapy. Why do they see us as not part of the family?" Nancy asks. "We are the family. I'm mad as hell—and I'm getting madder all the time."



Photo: Petsy Lynch

angukcuaq lafortune

"I think everyone who knows me, or has known me, has known that I'm gay. It was part of my healing. It's important for the healing of people around me, the healing in my family."

Healing is more than a metaphor for Angukcuaq (Richard) LaFortune, a 30-year-old member of the Yupiit Nation from the Southwestern Alaska tundra near the Kuskokwim River.

According to his people's four genders, Angukcuaq is "arnaruaq," a word that, loosely translated, means "similar to a woman."

Middle genders are like the "berdache" of other Native peoples, as written about by Walter Williams in *Spirit in the Flesh*. The middle genders cross-dress and maintain same-sex partners (who don't cross-dress "because then you wouldn't have the harmony of the genders," according to Angukcuaq) and hold roles as spiritual leaders.

Angukcuaq traces his sexuality not to the European psychological classification of the 1800s, but rather to a 50,000-year history of Yup'ik middle genders—"a different kind of people"—which "couldn't be polarized into homosexual [vs. heterosexual identities]," Angukcuaq tells.

But despite the spiritual importance of middle genders for the Yup'ik, homophobia from schools, churches and the US government have been "inherited" by traditional Nations. "It's no longer socially acceptable for people to admit they're gay and lesbian or to fulfill the role by, for example, cross-dressing."

"It's a really harsh thing to live with [Western] homophobia because it's never been here," Angukcuaq explains. "All these changes in the last couple-hundred years have been very traumatic."

In response to the trauma and need for healing, Angukcuaq helped start American Indian Gays and Lesbians in Minneapolis four years ago—the only gay Native American group in the middle part of the continent. As a spiritual circle, "they focus on the tradition of spirituality and their relationship to the Spirit World."

"Part of the reason our group exists is to keep these traditions alive... to help people remember what the traditional roles are," he says. "It's important to deal not only with historical aspects but [also] with how people are translating the historical role into a contemporary experience"—thereby providing "healing and wholeness and sobriety."

Because "the decimation of 80 percent of our people" is a truth whose impact never lessens, Angukcuaq's people are now concerned with "trying to get the message out that we're approaching the mark of a horrible commemoration of half a [millennium] of holocaust—and it's continuing. Somehow, we've survived for 500 years."

Having incorporated traditional medicine into his life over the past 15 years, Angukcuaq now works on HIV outreach for the state Indian Health Board. In June, Angukcuaq will present a panel on traditional healing at the "Two Spirits and HIV: A Conference for the Health of Gay Native Americans" (sponsored by the Gay and Lesbian Native People in New York, July 1-3, the American Indian Community House, 212-779-3151).

Photo: Robyn Dochterman

susan moir

"Being out is one of the main ways I've survived these times," Susan Moir says in a grave tone. "What [this country] is doing internationally...and domestically...to oppressed communities is nearly unspeakable. I don't know how I could survive without my family."

"I came out during the Boston-Cincinnati World Series. She was from Cincinnati. So we screwed and watched baseball. The Series was over, and so was the affair." Forty-three-year-old Susan Moir laughs freely of this memory of herself in 1975.

But, being a lesbian at age 27 wasn't easy. At 21, she had had a son: "In my most severe effort to be straight. A very conscious and very stupid attempt. I thought if I fucked boys, nobody'd know I was sick."

Although Susan knew that she was a lesbian at 9 and had the words for it by 13, she says: "I grew up in a family with a lot of secrets. I spent the first 25 years of my life trying to make sure people didn't know who I was. And I've spent the next 20 being who I am. Pride is the antidote to a lack of self-esteem," especially, she thinks, when it comes to alcoholism and other "problems of the closet."

One of her three siblings, who is also gay, brought both of them out to her working-class Irish Roman-Catholic parents ten years ago. "I had no intention of doing it. [But] in the end, I think it was really the right thing. Now I recommend it—before, I thought there wasn't any point."

Susan's 14-month-old grandson is the cause for the "Lesbian Grandmother" button she wears so proudly. Susan lives across the street from Harneen, her lover of three years. "It's a wonderful relationship," she notes, "and it's the perfect living arrangement."

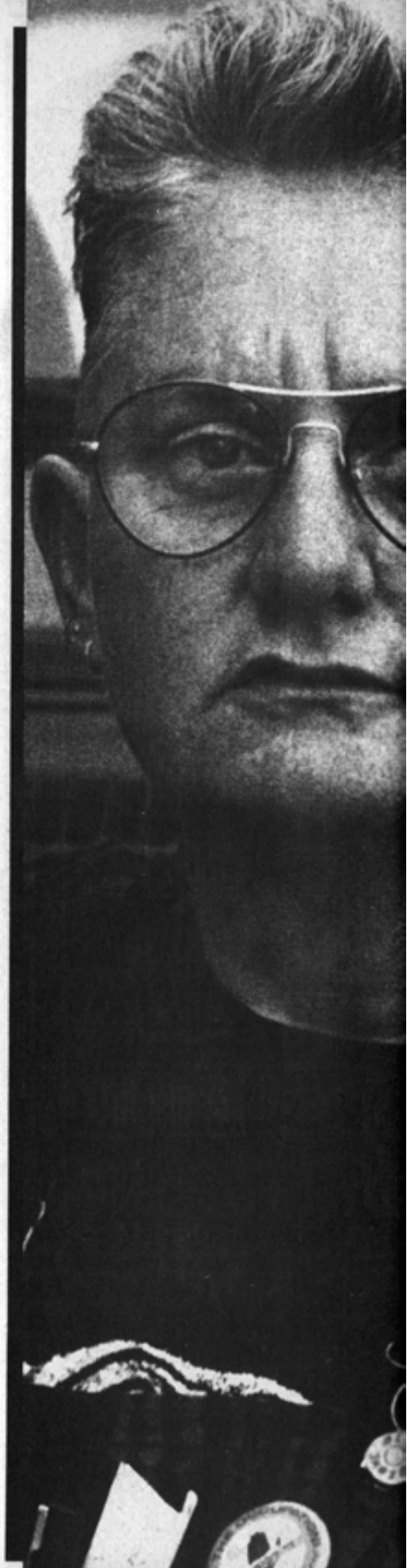
Susan works as a schoolbus driver and a steel worker and is an elected steward and the chair of the Occupational Health Committee of her union, the United Steel Workers of America, Local 8751. She also helped to form the Gay and Lesbian Labor Activists Network, or GALLAN, through which she campaigned against an anti-tax referendum last year and against the current governor's Medicare cuts.

"We want to be at the forefront of... bringing issues of lesbian and gay liberation to the union movement, and bringing union politics to the lesbian and gay movement," she states.

"The lesbian and gay movement has a really lousy history on class politics, on understanding class issues," exclaims the frustrated veteran. But, she adds, "We, as a movement, have incredible bounties to offer the rest of this sick society about what liberation is really about. At our best, we're a really joyful people."

"In Boston, as a progressive and a leftist, I go to marches and demos on a monthly basis, but there's nothing like Pride."

Photo: Benjamin Incerti





carl andrews

"The sense I have of being positive [about life] came from my mother and grandparents," claims Carl Andrews. The message he got from them was, "No matter what you are, be proud of it, and be the best at it, or there's no point in being it."

"I don't think they had this in mind," Carl laughs, "but they're really accepting."

It probably did not hurt his sense of gay pride to have been raised by his gay father during his teenage years. "His sexuality had nothing to do with mine," Carl explains carefully. "Mine was an individual choice."

His father is "not as comfortable" being out as Carl is, Carl says, "so I do the lobbying for both of us. It's difficult. Sometimes there are events I want him to go to," but his father's being closeted professionally gets in the way.

Carl's mother attended a conference Carl helped organize recently, "The Brothers and Sisters Are Gonna Work It Out," in which Carl led a discussion on homophobia. His three sisters "are just as supportive as—if not more than—my mother," he declares.

Carl, 25 years old, is involved with the James Baldwin/Pat Parker Society in Detroit, a 2-year-old African-American gay and lesbian organization named after the famous African-American gay and lesbian writers. Carl and the members of the group perform outreach in the Black gay and lesbian community to promote "brotherhood and sisterhood" and to work for social justice.

The group has struggled to find "comfortable language" because, Carl explains, "some of the women are not comfortable with the men calling each other, 'Girl.'" Since men tend to be stronger in expressing opinions, the group is working toward "an equal voice among everyone: It's as if there's an invisible round table."

Carl came out at 13 with his first lover, who was 19. "We were together for seven years, and he never touched me sexually until I was 18," Carl stresses. "He was my friend before he was my lover."

A state employee in fiscal services, Carl is active (and out) in his labor union because of the union's focus on social justice. "I have strong beliefs that equal rights means who you are, no matter what you want to be." He places strong belief in his union motto, "An injury to one is an injury to all. Until we become united as one, then divided we do fall." Applying this logic to his work with the Black gay and lesbian community, he confesses that "[conflict] among the races bothers me most about the gay community. God created one race, the human race."

For Carl, Gay Pride "is standing proud together and united as one."

bea howard

When Alix Dobkin wrote her classic lesbian-separatist album *Living With Lesbians*, she might well have had the Ozark women's land of Arkansas in mind. For the past four years, Bea Howard has lived among 20 lesbians on 241 acres near Fayetteville. Her log cabin (built by women) utilizes solar-powered electricity, and, for water, she collects rain in sisterns.

Having spent most of her life in Manhattan, Bea says that she "grew up with no trees. I love the land..., I'm learning about flowers and plants."

By July, the mortgage on the land will be paid off, just in time for the women to celebrate their tenth anniversary. Bea's daughter and grandchildren will travel from the East Coast to share the celebratory moment. "They're really accepting of my lifestyle," she happily declares.

Leaving her marriage of 17 years, Bea came out in 1975 at age 44. "I knew I was a lesbian for many years, but I didn't have the guts to get out of the marriage," she said. A consciousness-raising group helped her find the courage. "It was the women's movement that gave me strength and I'm forever grateful to Betty Friedan," Bea waxes feminist.

Two years later, she met her lover and left the marriage. Now 60, Bea spent the first 25 years of her lesbian life as a school-teacher for mentally retarded children in Manhattan and Rockland County, NY, raising her children quietly with her lover and her lover's children. "I never went around and told people I was a lesbian," Bea explains, "but my hair was always short, and I didn't hide it."

She and her lover, Berrill, bought a duplex house and moved in with their five children (ages 10 to 19): "We had the boys on one side, the girls on the other. The girls had the cats, and the boys had the dogs. We were a typical suburban family."

But typical they weren't, if only for the fact that they shared their lesbianism with their parents and children. "I told my kids right away. I had to tell them because I want to be close to them," Bea explains.

When she tried to tell her daughter, Laura, the response was, "I don't want to hear it," and she plugged her ears—literally. She knew what I was going to say," Bea explains. Now an adult, Laura's attitude has "come a long way," Bea says with pride. Laura hopes to join the "My Mother Is a Dyke" panel at the Passages Conference in Washington, DC, a gathering for old lesbians. "We're beginning to close the gaps that existed between us because of my lesbianism."

"I think everyone should be out, but it takes a while. It's hard to do," Bea concludes. "I'm leaving my mark by just living my life."

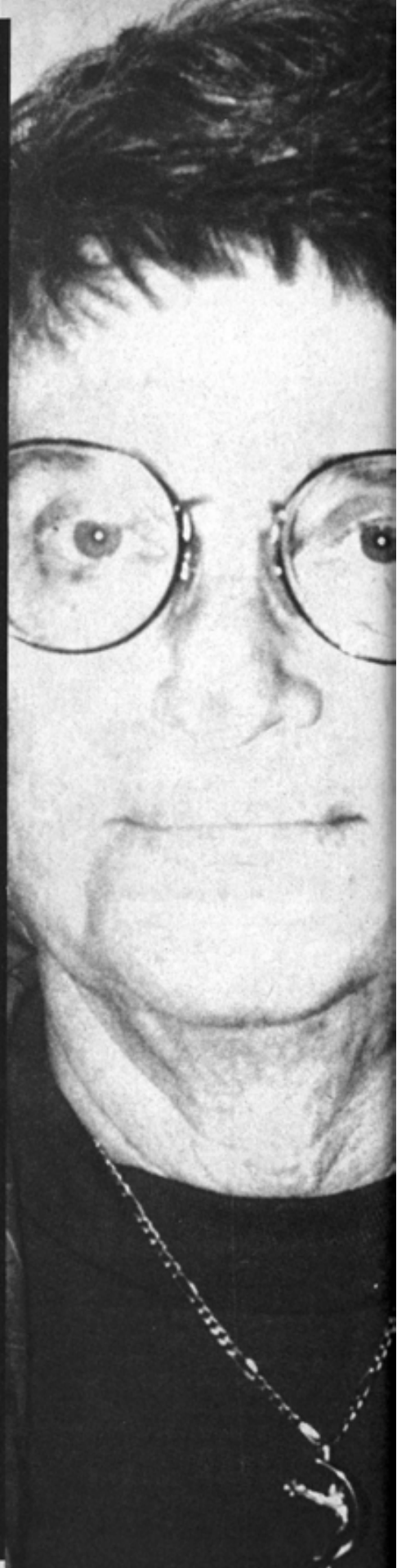


Photo: Patsy Lynch

craig riall

"There will always be men who love men," asserts the philosophical Craig Riall. As a truck driver on the East Coast, Craig has firsthand knowledge of the men who love men.

On the road three weeks to four weeks at a time, Craig has been amazed by the gay subculture. "Truck drivers do this real big charade: They play straight and make fun of homosexuals. These so-called straight men would just about do anything with anyone," Craig continues. "Their big thing is to ask if you're married—that's the telling thing."

"Truck drivers can't wait to get back to their buddies on the road. They call gay guys their 'good buddies.'" But even if there's a gay subculture among the drivers, being openly gay hasn't been easy for him. In the same breath that they try to pick him up, "they go around pointing at all the 'homos.'" Once in driving class, a woman asked if Craig was gay. "I said no, I denied it, and I really have regretted that. We never say anything. You know, but you don't talk about it. It's all this denial."

"I don't think it's unnatural to share love feelings with the people you feel love for. Men who go both ways are more balanced."

Now 29 years old, Craig came out at 18 and told his parents. His parents sent him first to a psychiatrist ("who said it didn't matter") and then to a prostitute ("so I could find out all about women"), but, finally, now "we're talking about it." Craig and his mom watched the movie, *Victor/Victoria* in order to talk about Craig's sexuality.

As a former waiter, caterer, real estate agent and even a Greenpeace staff member, Craig chose truck driving "to get away, to have time by myself. I've always been a very private person."

Even if he is private, Craig has some public ideas about gay rights. Attacking what he calls "government-sanctioned fag-bashing," he sent Sam Nunn an angry letter about equal rights. "Why am I less equal under the law?" he asked.

"Gay people are hospital administrators—they're attorneys, they're judges." And they're truck drivers. "We're everywhere," Craig proclaims.

His advice for Gay Pride? "Make love not war. Don't deny it to yourself."

becky benson

"I'm out to practically everybody I know. I don't like lying. I like people to know who I am and what I'm doing."

Twenty-seven-year old Becky Benson knows what it means to be honest in the face of lies. In June 1990, Becky tried to open minds in Raleigh, NC, when she opened a clothing store near the campus of the state college in downtown Raleigh.

"Open Mind," the store's name and logo, was printed across a bright pink triangle. Although she intended her products to be "everybody's clothes," not everybody appreciated the store or the gay and lesbian fliers posted inside.

"People in Raleigh hated it," she says angrily. "It got a reputation as a fag store. And gay people are afraid to wear my logo because a pink triangle means they're gay."

Now Becky is struggling for business. She closed down the store on May 31 but will continue to sell through mail order and at festivals, where she has always done well.

Having grown up in L.A., Becky moved to Raleigh in 1988 after living in South Carolina and Alabama. She came out in college in 1985, although, she says, "I knew I was gay when I was 10—but I tried not to know." She got her start when a T-Shirt she made as a joke (with the motto, "It's More Than Just a Phase") became popular.

Pride kept Becky from taking down the gay fliers or changing her logo, despite harassment from "frat boys." "Even though I knew that's why people weren't coming into my store," she confirms, "I didn't take that stuff down. I'd rather go out of business than take down all my gay stuff."

Becky hopes that the existence of her store gave others the strength to come out. In the world according to Becky, "Nothing will change unless you're out." She has always been out at her jobs; she'd rather be out than make money.

Becky's mother, who is "really supportive," wants Becky and her lover of two years, Catherine, to move someplace more accepting. But for now, Becky wants "to regroup my funds and get my confidence back. I'm still real upset about [what happened]. I think that Raleigh just needed a push," she notes somberly. "It still needs a push."



Photo: Lisa Floss

shane que hee

"We've formed quite a formidable duo," Shane Que Hee says, describing his relationship with his lover, Bob, whom he met in 1979 through the lesbian and gay academic union at the University of Cincinnati, where they both taught.

Veterans of the Radical Faerie gatherings in San Diego, Santa Fe and Short Mountain, Tenn., Shane says, "We see the Radical Faerie [movement] as essentially the think-tank, the generation of energy and activist thought."

They attended their first Faerie gathering in Santa Fe in order to meet Harry Hay, one of the first US gay activists, whom they both respected.

"Bob loves getting around naked," Shane says. "He believes the best way to show that one is willing to be sensitive is to make oneself vulnerable and open, and the best way to do that is [through nudity]. And I agree with that too," he says.

Unfortunately, because unlike his 69-year-old lover, 45-year-old Shane is not retired, he acknowledges that "in one's professional life, one can't do that." As a professor of environmental health sciences at UCLA, Shane is "out to the dean and the head of my department. Most people know," Shane explains, because he published an interview with Harry Hay in the gay student newspaper.

Shane came out at 15 in his native Australia where he would watch men walking on the Bondi Beach in Sydney. Of his coming out, Shane says, "My family didn't like it too much."

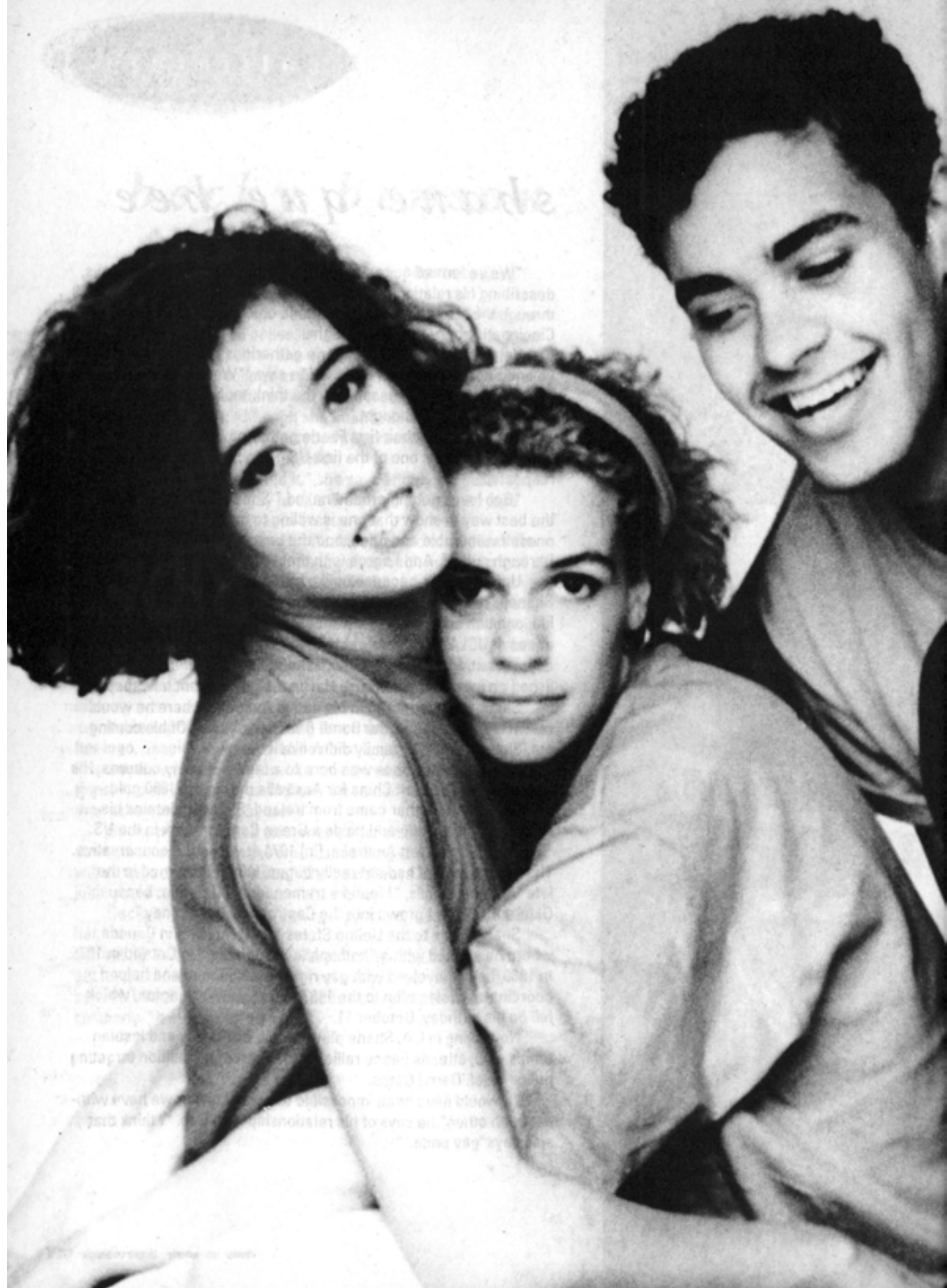
An only child, Shane was born to a family of many cultures. His father's family had left China for Australia during the 1860 gold rushes, and his mother came from Ireland. Shane maintains his Australian citizenship and holds a Green Card for work in the US.

"At the time I left Australia, [in] 1971, it was quite conservative. The gay movement had not really begun. When I returned in the late '70s," he recalls, "I found a tremendous difference, because Oxford Street had grown into the Castro Street of Sydney."

Shane came to the United States after ten years in Canada, where he worked with a "homophile association" in Ontario in 1975. In 1980, he got involved with gay rights in Cincinnati and helped coordinate a delegation to the 1987 March on Washington, which fell on his birthday, October 11.

Now living in L.A., Shane plays tennis with a gay and lesbian tennis club, attends peace rallies and is part of a coalition targeting police chief, Darryl Gates.

"It would have been impossible to achieve what we have without each other," he says of his relationship with Bob. "I think that also says 'gay pride.'"



*tanya
dessereau,
lydia anne
rosado,
misael maldonado,
rogelio parris*

"I'm happily married to Bob Henry. Make sure to include that," 31-year-old **Rogelio Parris** proudly states. Born in Panama, Rogelio has spent his last 10 years in New York, currently living with his lover, an up-and-coming fashion designer.

"Gay Pride is the big day to be out and to be proud of yourself. But it's not just for one day. For me Gay Pride is 24-7, all year long. It's important because life shouldn't have so many rules and regulations. By being out, I create my own rules and love who I want to love. Take it or leave it."

Eighteen-year-old **Lydia Anne Rosado** agrees with Rogelio's sentiment. "Gay Pride Day is important because it brings up our issues and the problems that we are having, so that people notice them again. Sometimes these things seem to be forgotten during the year. We need to remind ourselves of what gay pride is.

Lydia, who grew up in Long Island, will spend this year's Gay Pride Day at one of the women's clubs—dancing with her girlfriend, Tanya, no doubt. "We also might march with the Clit Club in this year's parade."

Tanya Dessereau likes Gay Pride "because it gives straight people a chance to see that we look just like them. They see that we are normal people and that maybe the person next to them could be gay. And it shows people that it's not just about sex."

Now 23, Tanya grew up in the Bronx and came out to her family four years ago. "My family's not thrilled about [my being gay], but they accept it. They'd like to see me married, and they'd prefer it be with a man. But they don't turn me away.

Former *OutWeek* staffer and *hunt* cover boy **Misael Maldonado** is our fourth queer family member featured here. While he was not available this week for comment, we are fairly certain that we will find La Misael and his bevy of followers at New York's Gay Pride celebrations this coming weekend. See ya there!

Photo: Michael Wakefield

carrie wofford

It's early evening. I'm standing in my deceased grandmother's kitchen, eating and talking with my Canadian aunt and cousin. I've just returned from a day in New York, editing the "Out in America" interviews. They've spent the day packing up my grandmother's books and furniture for shipping to their farm in Canada.

I share with my 17-year-old cousin the story of Michael Woods' taking a male date to his high school prom. "No way!" she exclaims. "I don't think there are any gays at my school."

Many of us, I think, grew up around neighbors or family who thought that we didn't exist. And not all of us are brave. One young man in Texas, who had just lost his job in the Republican party because he was gay, refused to be interviewed for fear of incurring further oppression. A lesbian who owns a store in Brooklyn felt that she could not risk losing business by coming out. And yet, it is in the face of denial and invisibility that the 18 lesbian, gay and bisexual women and men interviewed here perform outrageous acts of everyday rebellion by coming out.

Gay Pride, then, means visibility.

This year's interviews are longer than last year's, in order to share more of these people's lives. As a result, what comes across most strongly for me is broader politics. Ethnic pride (or anger over cultural annihilation), class politics and spirituality contribute as much to the personal politics of those interviewed as does their sexuality.

Because I benefited from gay parenting and a strong lesbian community when I first came out, I sometimes take Gay Pride for granted. Writing "Out in America" followed a year of my feeling less strongly about lesbian and gay politics and more strongly about government injustices and genocide. This feature has helped me to remember the importance of integrating gay pride into our broader politics.

Although the interviewees have come out to different people, in different degrees and different ways, for all of them, gay pride meant integrity — not only self-respect but also respect and love for the family members and friends to whom they came out.

As labor activist Susan Moir suggests, broader politics or no, being openly lesbian or gay can result in a base of support, a chosen family.

Gay pride, then, also means family and community.

I extend thanks to the following people who helped make this project possible: John Burnside, Nima Eshghi, Harry Hay, Happy Hyder, Dennis Leiba, Marc Loveless, Linda Meredith and Duncan Teague.

And thanks, of course, to the 22 people who were willing to share their feelings, wisdom and pride.



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Jim Morrison

A Walk on the Queer Side

BY JEAN PAUL DEVELLARD



Photo: David Sygal

W

hen I tell friends that I slept with Jim Morrison, it is my gay friends, curiously, who react with the most surprise. My straight friends generally feign mild indifference to the information, I believe to maintain their hip and ultra-liberal stance (and out of fear, I'm convinced, that I might supply details). But my gay friends—their eyes grow wide with disbelief, and they almost always say, "But I didn't know Jim Morrison was gay!" My pat answer has always been "Well, he was gay when he slept with me." I used to leave it at that.

But not anymore. Not after yet another cinematic attempt by Oliver Stone to revise contemporary history to conform to his own heterosexual and homophobic vision. With the release of *The Doors*, it became fairly obvious that Stone is engaging in a bit of subtle gay-bashing by not even acknowledging Jim's occasional taste for pretty, adolescent boys. Proof of this loathing for the lesbian and gay community will make itself evident in his upcoming film on the assassination of John F. Kennedy, where all the bad guys are dirty, little, homosexual communists. Wait and watch.

In the meantime, I'M OUTING JIM MORRISON, for reasons Jim would both approve of and endorse. I can't say that Jim was exclusively gay, but I can state with certainty that he was not the

exclusive heterosexual misogynist Oliver Stone portrays him as, either. I can tell you firsthand about at least one sexual encounter he had with another man.

I met Jim in the spring of 1967, in a head shop on Bourbon Street in the French Quarter of New Orleans. I was 17, a runaway child from an affluent family. I was—and remain—a devoted anarchist and practitioner of the craft of Wicca (having been inducted into a coven at age 8). I was also an androgynous blue-jean baby with shoulder-length auburn hair, dark almond-shaped eyes and a great ass. I was precocious, flirtatious and difficult as hell. AIDS, of course, had not yet draped its shroud around the shoulders of the sexual revolution, and I was a stalwart soldier in that forward guard. That spring in New Orleans, music was good, the highs were cheap, and the love was, if not free, largely discounted. In those days, a lot of people were having a lot of sex with other people. It was, as the saying goes, no big deal.

I feel foolish admitting it now, but on that spring afternoon when Jim and I picked each other up, I did not know who he was. I preferred the Jefferson Airplane, Dylan, Joplin and the Stones. What I did know was that he was gorgeous, whoever he was, and if he wasn't a famous rock star, he certainly should have been. His storm of chestnut hair shimmered in the early afternoon light and fell freely and loosely around his angelic face. Long and lean, he had poured himself into skin-tight jeans and a black T-shirt at least one size too small. I remember that he was wearing snake-skin boots with rundown heels and was smoking a cigarette.

He was slouched against a glass counter containing various and sundry drug paraphernalia. Our eyes met immediately. His lids were heavy—he looked sleepy or stoned. Suddenly, the corners of his pretty mouth crinkled into a sly smile (the proverbial cat sizing up the canary). That was all the encouragement I needed. I walked right over and said, "Looking for some smoke?" His eyes remained sleepy, his look a little distant, but the smile broadened a bit, and he answered lazily: "Nope. Looking for somebody to smoke it with." That, as the

"...wash that man right out of your hair..."

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saying goes, did the trick.

I took him back to the apartment on Calle Ursulinas where I was staying with friends. We smoked and listened to music he selected: an album of African tribal chants, a vintage Leadbelly and, oddly, an early Frank Sinatra album. We made inane conversation about music, New Orleans and the South in general (he said that he had just fallen in love with a group called the Doors, loved New Orleans and disliked the South in general but Florida specifically). He said that he was a writer and filmmaker and was in New Orleans to do research on a project about the music that developed out of French Quarter bordellos. At one point, in a lull in the conversation, he asked if I had any whiskey. I located a bottle, and we slowly slipped into a very mellow, smoky stratosphere all our own.

Due to the condition we were in, I still can't recall who seduced whom, but I'm fairly sure that I did most of the leg-work. But seduction is a fine and subtle art, and each artist has his or her own technique and style, so his sullen and laid-back style was probably only enhanced by my bold openness. I asked him if he was gay. He never answered that question. Instead, he asked if my friends were coming home anytime soon. I said no. Then he rose slowly to his feet and began removing his clothes. "Good," he said, "I'm hot. Let's cool off." And with that he disrobed completely and began dancing slowly and sensuously about the room to the crooning of Frank Sinatra (to this day, I still get a little giggle from the notion of playing out a gay seduction scene with a famous rock star to the slick tones of Frank Sinatra it was so...so middle-class and middle-aged!).

We danced about the room separately for a while, naked and glistening with sweat in the deepening shadows of the fading afternoon. Two cocks of the walk preening for one another. It was a gentle, playful seduction consummated on a pile of floor pillows.

Funny how memory works, filing seemingly insignificant details. I still recall the sweet smell of anisette cookies wafting up from the Italian bakery downstairs. I can still hear the clip-clop of horses pulling tourists in carriages

See QUEER SIDE on page 136

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THE ARTS

Covering the Slaughterfront

David Wojnarowicz Hits a Nerve

by Linda Yablonskaya

*I feel his tongue
burning down my throat
and the car is in a
seizure and he's smack-
ing me in the face to
rouse me from this sleep,
leaning in close again
like something on the
screen of a drive-in
movie, his lips forming
the whispered sounds,
"Where were you?" and
had a cop car pulled up
in that moment and had
I possession of a gun, I'd
have not thought twice
about opening fire.*

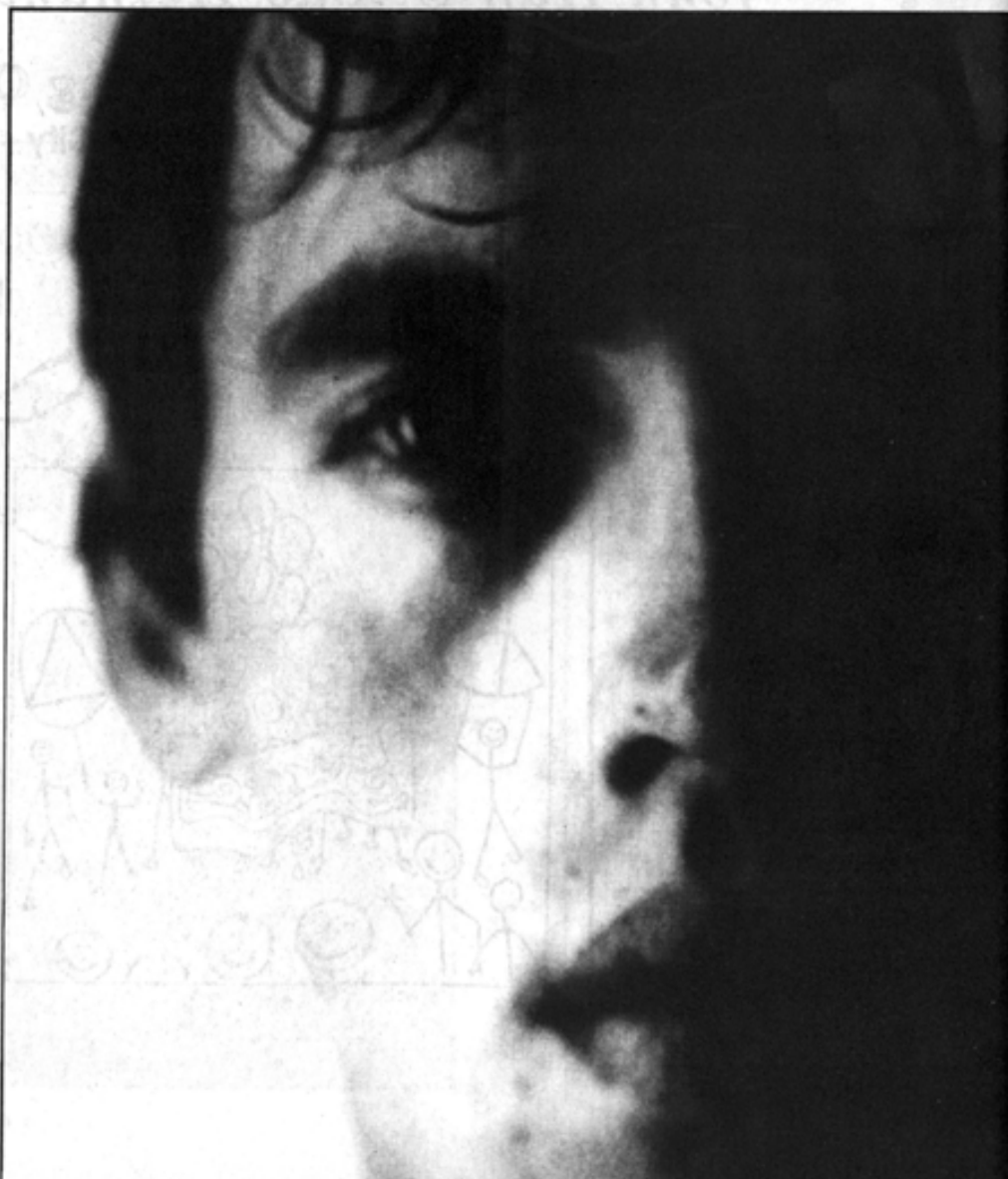
—Close to the Knives

Some people write the way they talk, but David Wojnarowicz writes like a painter and paints like a writer, weaving unforgettable, intensely eroticized imagery throughout his text and imposing outraged textual fragments onto his images.

His book *Close to the Knives: A Memoir of Disintegration*, is an incantatory,

A "WINDMILL OF TERROR"

The artist's self-portrait



subvocal narrative that freeze-frames "tabloid moments" into a slowly revealing personal history.

Drawn from Wojnarowicz's journals of the past 15 years, it becomes a phantasmagoric journey of flesh and soul through a hidden queer America, telegraphed through both his anger at, and tenderness for, the human form and sensibility.

Blessedly unencumbered by bullshit, Wojnarowicz is like a Ulysses covering the urban slaughterfront—starting out as a boy-hustler turning the dark corners of New York piers and alleys and becoming a successful artist negotiating the frontiers of death in urban hospital rooms and Western desert towns. Libidinous, confrontational and compassionate, he preserves the rawness of his experience in language both brutal and poetic.

"The thing I tried to do in the book," Wojnarowicz explains in an interview, "was to go after a form of writing that for me mirrored the fragmentation I feel on a daily basis..., to try to show the emotional depth of what was going on—and, hopefully, open some eyes." He searched for a way "to give grief form."

He has hit a nerve. In the month since its publication, *Close to the Knives* has sold out its first printing and made the top five on the *Village Voice Literary Supplement's* best-seller list.

This surprises no one more than the author. "I thought the thing would wither like a raisin and disappear," he says. Certainly, his past experience has not been one of acceptance, in or out of the art world.

"People are scared to death of me," he relates. "They think I'm this windmill of terror. You wouldn't believe the kind of crap I get from people! They are just so much in denial, they can't handle anything that has anger in it, and they're frightened to approach me. I've been getting this since I wrote that AIDS text (included in the book) two and a half years ago, and, I think, Jesus Christ—have these people never been angry in their lives?"

When Wojnarowicz wrote the

BOOKS

title chapter, in which he records the events and passions surrounding him at the time of his lover, Peter Hujar's, death,

"I just felt like nobody gave a shit about how much death and illness there was, especially heterosexuals..., and I was just so sick of having these one-dimensional images be on TV about homosexuals or lesbians and just sick of the way the epidemic was treated in the press."

Several chapters examine these issues head-on; one, in fact, brought him great notoriety in 1989, when NEA Chair John Frohnmeyer took offense, and last year, Reverend Donald E. Wildmon's American Family Association attacked him over a picture in his traveling *Tongues of Flame* exhibit. The artist faced down Wildmon in federal court—his reward, \$1.

Wojnarowicz is not interested in restraint. After his own AIDS diagnosis, about three years ago, he "lost any reason to withhold stuff in the form of privacy. It's just too ridiculous to consider my own privacy in the face of mortality and death." But he adds: "It's not easy for me. I'm so exhausted by living in this society. It's weird. Over and over, I feel like one big blank....I feel like I'm losing reason to keep making things...."

But, no matter how uncomfortable David Wojnarowicz is living in the world, his kind of writing, his way of making art, has a significantly liberating effect on not only his own consciousness but that of his audience as well. "Whenever I do a reading," he reports, a little amazed, "people take license to speak, to reveal personal things for the first time. I don't know how to handle it."

In the end, Wojnarowicz writes as he speaks—in a boom-box, six-foot-four voice that, in measured tones, fantasizes a seizure of power, a bloody coup for the powerless—because for him "there really is no difference between memory and sight, fantasy and actual vision."▼

Close to the Knives: A Memoir of Disintegration is available from *Vintage Books* for \$11.

"You wouldn't believe the kind of crap I get from people! They are just so much in denial....I've been getting this since I wrote that AIDS text two and a half years ago, and, I think, Jesus Christ—have these people never been angry in their lives?"

On Her Feet

Blanche Boyd Joins the Revolution

by Dorothy Allison

Blanche Boyd lives back in the green hills of Connecticut, drives a teenage muscle car (a Firebird formula), wears dark shades, short hair, loose black shirts over the muscles of a swimmer's body and great cowboy boots. Her novel, *The Revolution of Little Girls*, recently published by Knopf, is an account of a lesbian much like herself, a Southern expatriate, stubbornly sober but still ruefully sanguine about her years of drugging and drinking. When asked, she acknowledges the qualities in Ellen that she sees in herself, but she hasn't been seeing any imaginary, little girls lately.

"But it's true that I'm not wrapped too tight sometimes," she says with a laugh. "I've gone through my life on my knees. I'm on my feet now, but I'm not graceful. *The Revolution of Little Girls* is coming out on my tenth anniversary of sobriety, and I'm pretty happy about that."

So where have you been since you wrote *Redneck*?

"I've been at home in Connecticut, teaching and getting well. After *Mourning the Death of Magic*, it took me 13 years to write another novel. I thought I never would. I was so busted up from alcohol and drugs, I had to back my way into writing a novel.

"Fiction looks easy. I like to say, 'It's just 26 letters and a space bar.' That's all you're working with, and most of us can type. We don't talk about it, but the purpose of work is the unfolding that goes on in the writer. Fiction requires a very long apprenticeship, and that's not a popular thing to say. I published my first



SOUTHERN EXPOSURE—The author after her long silence

novel when I was 27. I don't really like it now, don't like any of the work I did in the '70s. It took me a long time to get to where I had any idea of what I was doing, things like 'Don't change the point of view' in a chapter.

"I used to think that you got to 50,000 words, and you stopped, because that was what it said in the contract: 200 pages, I'm finished. Aristotle said a story has a begin-

ning, middle and end. I didn't. My work was all middle, and that's part of the reason it has taken me so long to do another book. I really had to live long enough to know that stories had ends."

While each part of *The Revolution of Little Girls* is about Ellen's relationship with the men in her life, her father, brother, boyfriend and teacher, the major engagement of Ellen's life is that with her mother—the

BOOKS

one person whose approval Ellen will always want. That hunger for approval, I tell her, is one most Southerners will admit is always there.

Blanche Boyd agrees. "We want everybody to like us," she says, "and that has to be balanced against the part that has a very clear position in the world."

Integrity, I tell her. The thing I like most about Ellen is the sense that she has a real concept of her own integrity. She cares about right and wrong, and the responsibility we have to each other. She reminds me of what I like best in my friends who stayed down South, good, old girls who are completely matter-of-fact about their sexuality but slow to talk about their emotional lives. There's a reserve in Ellen I recognize. It's not how I've lived my life, but I know it well.

"Well, I never used the word 'lesbian' in *Redneck* or anything. It's how I am in the world, not what I talk about. I've always said that heterosexuals don't go around being defensive, talking about the fact that they're heterosexual. In *Revolution*, Ellen's not a lesbian, Ellen's Ellen. Ellen's normal for Ellen. But it's like she says, 'Sometimes she thinks there are three categories in the world—men, women and her.'

"Metaphorically, *The Revolution of Little Girls* is about the South, a horribly flawed culture. You can't build something happy there because you're standing on something rotten. But it's like my sister said, 'The South is just like the rest of the country, only more so.' [Village Voice editor] Richard Goldstein once said to me that he would never go back to the South after having been in the civil rights movement, but I said to him, 'Where do you think you're living? Go uptown, go to Harlem.' What's wrong with the South is wrong everywhere, there's just this projection on the South."

What about the curious structure of this novel, the overlapping and intricate series of stories that make up the chapters?

"I'm not really interested in chronology. I just couldn't climb into that straightjacket. I think of reading the book as being like peeling an

onion, finding one transparency laid over another, and going deeper and deeper down in the story. It's how time and memory work, how layered our experience is. I believe our lives are complicated and layered, and this approach is a way of talking about that. After a while, you realize that everything takes place in the greater now, all those stories are set in one week."

What does Blanche Boyd want now?

"To stay sober, to be part of what's good in the world, not hurt anybody and take care of myself. I keep it real simple, try to look at what I'm grateful to have and not at what I don't have. I was always told that I was talented, and that's a big seduction because it makes you feel different, special, and that can put you out of balance in a way that can be trouble. I need to feel ordinary. I am ordinary. It's funny. Before I got sober, I would have sold my grandmother to be a better writer, done anything. But now it's not the most important thing in my life."

And what's next?

She smiles and reveals that she's well into the next book. "I started my second novel before this one. It's about the four years when Ellen changed her name to Rain, and it's called *Rain and Wonderland*. It starts, 'In 1971, I played the Ten of Hearts in an outdoor production of *Alice in Wonderland*. I had just left my husband, changed my name from Ellen to Rain and gone off to Vermont to be a radical feminist. Crescent Moon Dragonwagon played the Red Queen. Crescent was wanted for bombing the Bank of America in Honolulu, but none of us knew that yet.'"

OK, I tell her, I throw my hands up. A novel about a radical feminist and lesbian collective full of women who run away from the straight world, seduce each other, lie to each other and, half the time, don't know they are lying but are convinced that they are the most revolutionary creatures since Jesus walked the Jordan: You're talking about a whole decade of my life.

"And mine," she says and looks me right in the eye. ▼

Gothic Hunger

THE REVOLUTION OF LITTLE GIRLS by Blanche McCrary Boyd.
Alfred A. Knopf. \$19 cl. 205 pp.

by Jewelle Gomez

After the Tarzan serial at the movies every Saturday afternoon, my friend Hutch and I would climb the mimosa tree in his backyard and take off our shirts and eat bananas. Neither of us wanted to play Jane.

So begins the winding tale in Blanche McCrary Boyd's new novel. And as the narrator, Ellen Lorraine, comments, "The real world was suspicious of girls who did not want to play Jane." It is this wry, 8-year-old wisdom that provides the rudder for Ellen's tumultuous journey through the next 25 years. The storms are those many of us have weathered: how to hide the first hickey, loss of virginity, death of a parent, child abuse, marriage, divorce, addictive behavior, finding acceptance as an adult.

Ellen slips through the complications of real life as many of us do—with little acknowledgement of the real traumas we're facing. When her father is killed in a car accident, she tries to remember what she had for breakfast on the day he died. When talking about her own, or her mother's, addictions, she depicts a gradual progression from numbing to disabling with a casual detachment instantly recognizable to many survivors.

But it is her comic flare that enhances both the euphoria and the absurdity of life. When, as an adult, she hears her mother make unpleasant comments about her lesbianism, she responds: "Momma, those diet pills are bad for you. They make you talk in italics. Did you know you talk in italics?"

The narrative moves seamlessly

Boyd is especially good at laying bare the particular form that abuse can take in our middle class—the combination of niceties and crudeness, self-knowledge and denial, striving and giving up that are its bitter signature.

back and forth through an adolescence in Charleston and adulthood return visits, and that fluidity allows a subtle intimacy to grow between the reader and Ellen. As a child, she puzzles over the rumors of integration, asking a young Black maid, "Barbara...do colored people want to go to school with us?"

"We has our own schools,' she said, but she wouldn't look at me.

"I tried to keep talking to her but no matter what I said, she wouldn't look at me again."

As an adult, she visits a retired English teacher to comfort him about his failing sight and let him know that she—like him—is gay. For 20 years, he's remained silent about his relationship

with a former student, now dead of cancer. The fragile bond Ellen offers is difficult for the elderly man, too accustomed to hiding, to accept. He has only one offering—music he'd shared with his dead lover:

"After dinner I lay sprawled on his sofa drinking cup after cup of instant coffee while he played me his scratchy opera records. He sat in a pink Victorian wing chair with his head tilted back, and once tears ran down his face. 'Can you hear it?' he kept saying. 'Can you hear it?'"

"I hear it," I said."

It's through such precise and poetic descriptions of Ellen's encounters that Boyd renders her inner life so complex and touching.

Ellen grows up as part of a suburban middle class at a time when the US is gearing up to prove its hegemony in Southeast Asia, when Afro-Americans are fighting to worship in the church of their choice, and white girls are definitely expected to play Jane. A common entertainment for Ellen's family was to attend frequent re-releases of *Gone With the Wind*.

The desperately heroic pledge of Scarlet O'Hara—"As God is my witness, I'll never go hungry again"—becomes Ellen's ominous credo as her hungers within steadily build. A bullying uncle physically (and possibly sexually) abuses Ellen and her younger sister, Marie. Both remain locked inside their terror until Ellen finally questions Marie during a period when she's hospitalized for an asthma attack, they remember their uncle burning them with matches and delivering bruising pinches, yet Ellen knows amnesia has blocked many of the other tortures from their consciousness.

Later, when Ellen asks her mother if she knew of the uncle's abuse, the axis of the exchange shifts subtly until the daughter is comforting her mother. Ellen asks, "Why did you let him?"

"I don't know...scared. Honey, he was my brother."

"Me too. I was scared too."

"I stroked her shoulder, and after a while, took her back up to bed....She looked afraid and old....For the rest of the night I lay awake on the sofa, burning. Matches flared in my

mind and were extinguished. I smelled sulfur. There were other memories I will not name. Sometimes I heard my own voice screaming..."

Boyd's writing is subtle and chilling. She is able to preserve the hard-edged reality of the unexplored psychological deprivations and horrors that can afflict the lives of young children, especially of girls, who are so devalued in society. She is especially good at laying bare the particular form that abuse can take in our middle class—the combination of niceties and crudeness, self-knowledge and denial, striving and giving up that are its bitter signature. And Boyd has made it possible to see this world through Ellen's eyes without sentimentalizing her character's insights or flailing attempts at survival. The child's sneaky consumption of spirits of amonia in Coca-Cola escalates to alcoholism and pill consumption. With a silky, sharp wit that refuses to ever ask for sympathy, Boyd relates her eventual recovery and her anxiety over whether or not where her mother lives can really be her home.

If I wanted something more from this novel, it was that the author give us a deeper insight into Ellen's reactions to her marriage and its ending, to finding her new lesbian life, to making herself into a writer. While she gives us poignant descriptions of her encounters with her childhood sweetheart, now run to fat and baldness, she is very cryptic about these other turning points.

But asking that makes me feel greedy, for Boyd's given so much. The world she evokes—of a young, white Southern beauty-queen-hopeful—is full of surprise, anger, love and pain. There is a gothic hunger lurking inside Ellen that mirrors the voraciousness of US culture as it devours the potential of its women, children, Afro-Americans and lesbians. Boyd's appreciation of, and anxiety about, what it means to be a white Southerner gives this story an important place in that raucous Southern literary tradition that includes Tennessee Williams and Dorothy Allison. Like much of Williams' work, it has the

exhilarating feel of autobiography seen through a fun-house mirror. And like Allison's, it has the cool rawness of truth.▼

BOOKS

Star Search

Finding Poetry's Upstart Talent

by Victoria Starr

"There are no gay men in the Dark Star Crew," Finnegan an-

nounces defiantly. "All of us are either straight or bisexual. And there are no straight women. All of

them are either gay or bisexual."

With that clarified, he appears to expect me to head for the door. Instead we both drop our preconceived notions and continue with our rice and beans. I am sprawled on the floor of a cramped Loisaida apartment, surrounded by nine poetic rebels, ages 17 to 22. They're supposed to be rehearsing for a poetry reading but are instead gossiping and cavorting, bodies in various stages of entanglement, treating me to a show that is much better than anything they will ever do onstage. Not to say that these young people are hams. For them, life is, obviously, just one large creative process.

The Dark Star Crew was formed almost two years ago, spinning out of a poetry project organized through Harvey Milk High and the Hetrick-Martin Institute. The group's initial goal was to produce a book of poetry. But as Finnegan explains, "The problem with these sort of things is that anyone and everyone can participate." In other words, the quality suffered. So a few of the poets gathered their belongings and set off on a trek of their own.

Insight into the individual members can be extracted from their self-composed bios. The oldest of the Stars is Finnegan, founding member and current Captain of the Crew, an Irish/Cuban/Black/Sicilian/Mohawk/Choctaw cyberpunk who has "fantasies of running off with Billy Idol and Annie Lennox." Other co-founders include Carleen Passenant, a 21-year-old of Japanese, Italian, Irish and Danish descent who, despite outward appearances, insists that she is not "a sweet and quiet girl"; Maria Diaz, a "politically incorrect lesbian" of mixed heritage who loves to do things with her hands; confirmed cynic Miz Mad, who claims

A PROVOCATIVE POTPOURRI OF SEXUALITY, ROMANTIC ANGST, FAMILY RELATIONS AND, YES, POLITICS—Hanging with the Crew

PERFORMANCE

that, if a movie were made of her life, the lead would be played by either Phranc or Whoopi Goldberg; and Master of Ceremonies Christian Toth.

Questions about the acquisition of the Crew's next four members elicits a more complicated response. Stuart Kuhlman's arrival was, for example, seen by some as a signal of a change in direction of the group. "Some people seemed to have a problem with another white person joining," Stuart speculates.

"There was a disagreement about politics," confirms Miz Mad rather blandly, "and eventually some people chose to leave."

"But we're not a political group," asserts Finnigan, sparking a flurry of commentary and cross-talk on racism and gender politics before he reigns in the discussion. "We are artists, and our first concern is Dark Star."

To replace the departing members, an ad was placed in a downtown paper inviting poets to audition for the Crew, eventually securing three additional members: British rogue Ickarus Bane, designer and Buddhist David Siegel and the Dark Star baby, 17-year old Minphay Chiou, a Capricorn who is counting the minutes until high school is a fading memory.

As for the Dark Star Crew's evolving product, it's a provocative potpourri of sexuality, romantic angst, family relations and, yes, politics. In presentation, the gang displays a definite Beat quality, coupled with a relaxed, informal approach that borders on anarchy. One poet reads, the rest shuffle about onstage, swapping grins and distractedly switching seats. Then, in the blink of an eye, each one has read and the show is over.

No doubt, the group could benefit from some artistic direction, but time is on their side. Meanwhile, they're fresh, bold and inspiring, a welcome jolt from a very young flock. And, they still have their sights on that book.▼

Dark Star Crew will perform at this year's Lesbian and Gay Pride rally, "Here Without Fear," on Saturday, June 29.

exposed

hungry? Try *Eating* (without gaining weight).

Henry Jaglom's film, *Eating*, is specifically about women eating—and not eating. Martine is a French filmmaker (and ex-bulimic) filming a documentary in Southern California for French television on women and food. A triple birthday-party celebration, at which three women turn 30, 40 and 50, respectively, provides her with the opportunity for many interviews.

Given a cast of almost 40 different women and no men, this film should feature one or two lesbians. In fact, no lesbians are visible.

Almost all of the women speak about their fathers, boyfriends and/or husbands and what they think (or have been led to believe) they have to look like in order to win, and keep, the various men's approval and to insure that they are not left for another (more physically desirable) woman.

This results in a film full of women constantly looking at one another. And although these looks are not meant to be sexual, they do sometimes become so. The women are, after all, looking at each other's bodies, and, halfway through the film, you get the feeling that most of their food problems would be resolved if only they were lesbians. I don't mean to suggest that only body-image problems produce food disorders (as the film inconsistently implies) or that lesbians never have food disorders and are somehow free of the politics of body culture. But within the context that the film constructs, it is the pressures of a specifically heterosexual society that have produced the problems. And, on a far more subtle level, it is the possibility of lesbianism that might "solve" them.

A few scenes in *Eating* are very sexually charged—particularly those between Martine (Nellie Alard) and the woman who is celebrating her 30th birthday, Kate (Mary Crosby). Played by

the two most conventionally attractive women in the film, and probably because of this (their looks insure that the other women are most jealous of them), Martine and Kate have a sort of honesty and self-confidence about them, even as each assures the other that her, and not her own, body is perfect. In their first scene together, an erotic energy is produced less through their conversation than through Jaglom's quick cutting back and forth between them. The scene's positioning very early in the film

insures that the possibility of such specifically erotic tension pervades the rest of it. Add Frances Bergen

by
monica
dorenkamp

to all of this, and the film is, though by no means perfect, one of the most engaging around.

Certainly, it is more engaging than even the most promising of the big studios' offerings. *Soapdish*, which seems to be wowing the critics everywhere, is occasionally funny but more often not. Much of it seems bizarrely sincere, even as it pretends to be mockingly self-parodic. This is frightening, given its general implication that real life (and, specifically, the heterosexual, nuclear family unit) is as constructed as soap-opera life (and vice versa).

If nothing else, though, we should be happy for the return of Cathy Moriarty to the screen after a brief absence. Here, she joins Carmen Maura (*The Law of Desire*) and Karen Black (*Come Back to the Five and Dime, Jimmy Dean, Jimmy Dean*) in a list of brilliant movie portrayals of transsexuals by non-transsexuals. If you can put up with Sally Field (don't believe the critics—there is no "new" Sally Field here), and with Whoopi "I-am-not-a-lesbian" Goldberg in bra, high heels and gowns (*Entertainment Weekly* quipped: "Perhaps entertainment history has been made....*Soapdish* may ultimately be remembered as the movie in which Whoopi Goldberg made a fashion statement"), then do see this one for Moriarty.

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The Politics of Ambition

by Maria Maggenti

When I attended an evening of lesbian short films recently as part of the New Festival, I went with the intention of seeing what lesbians in film are saying about themselves across the globe. The work was generally very good—technically competent, personal, sometimes ambitious and sophisticated. What was most interesting about the evening, however, was not the work but the audience. Packed to the brim on a hot, humid Tuesday night, a range of women danced up and down the aisles greeting each other and creating bottlenecks at the popcorn counter. It was a tonic to see so many unknown faces at an evening of short films by mostly unknown lesbian filmmakers.

From the moment the lights went down, there was a palpable sense of excitement and anticipation. "Girls, girls and more girls" seemed to be the *sotto voce* chant rumbling underneath the upholstered chairs. Once the films began, it was like a call-and-response session poignantly illustrating the deep desire lesbians have for seeing ourselves on-screen. Most material was received with applause, hoots and hollers or respectful silence. Material that did not conform to conventional narrative structure and instead utilized visual symbolism, unorthodox editing or cryptic dialogue was, however, largely met with either befuddlement or outright derision.

State of Mind, Angie Black's 12-minute striking and challenging exploration of female desire, violence and mysticism is a good example. It is upsetting and brilliant. Although her "message" is hard to decipher in conventional terms, her insistence on exploiting the technical aspects of the medium to their utmost and her obvious commitment to a particularized vision made her film stand out. *State of Mind* is sheer celluloid audacity. The audience clapped in confusion at the film's end. Everyone seemed to be asking: What was that? Was that a lesbian film?

My companion summed up the pulse of our peers

quite succinctly when she groaned: "Oh, brother! What the hell!" and lifted one hand as if to bat away an imaginary pest.

All of us know the clichés about being an artist and having a "personal vision"—the skill and struggle it takes to make manifest an interior universe for consumption in the outer world, the courage needed to defy social or political convention for the sake of an individual voice. But what happens to you if what you say as an artist does not conform to the multifarious desires of our many communities? When you come from a community, as an artist, do you *belong* to that community? Or can you simply say who and what *you* are—you alone—as an individual artist with a unique vision?

It could be that the ethos of lesbian/feminist politics leaves us ill-equipped to manage, nurture or develop ambitious individual voices when those voices do not conform to what we so desperately seek in artistic representation. That the communities from which we come seek instead to bind us to a particular politic may inhibit the expression of our individual points of view. In other words, we really do seem to have a problem with difference, especially when those differences show up in a medium as powerful, as expensive and as mysterious as film.

It seems that the nature of "the business" is simply not part of our political utopia—it's patriarchal, racist, misogynist, homophobic and just plain mean. But the good things about lesbian/feminist politics—a consciousness of, and commitment to, eliminating such racism, homophobia and sexism, for example—may be a bad thing if they keeps us perpetually marginalized and outside of those industries on which we unfortunately depend to feed our growing culture. And if nothing ever seems "right enough" to a

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ARTCETERA

queer audience, it may also be because we are hesitant to attempt to succeed on our own terms outside of our queer world. Lesbian and gay artists aren't just hated by the straight world, they are also vilified by the lesbian and gay community when they do not seem to "represent" anything or anyone but themselves as artists.

Our community is uniquely, almost pathologically, adept at critical discussion, once work has been created, but seems less committed to supporting creative production in its formative stages. Clearly, artists have political responsibilities, just as their work should be assessed for its covert or overt political message, but there has to be some place where lesbian

and gay artists are free to develop their craft as a craft and not simply as a temporary panacea for a hungry community. There must be some quiet place where we can let our imaginations roam beyond the imperfections we are seeking to change in our political meetings, our protests, our jobs and our relationships. It may not be what *everyone* wants to see, nor may it be about *everyone* who is lesbian or gay—but what a joy to experience the sharp, cold slap of a truly individual vision in a landscape so devoid of our real power.▼

Maria Maggenti is an MFA candidate at the NYU film school. She contributes frequently to OutWeek.

Queer to Stay

Megatone Records Keeps on Dancin'

by Kurt B. Reighley

The music business depends—more than many industries—on the unreliable laws of supply and demand. In 1978, the movie soundtrack *Saturday Night Fever*, a double LP collection of artists including the Bee Gees and Yvonne Elliman, broke uncounted sales records. The next year saw the market flooded with new dance acts, just in time to see nationwide record sales decrease by \$400 million. By 1980, most of the major labels were forced to cut back, chopping their dance divisions to a mere fraction. But San Francisco club deejay Marty Blecman still had packed houses to entertain and decided to take matters into his own hands.

Working with local synthesizer whiz Patrick Cowley, who, by 1981, had already made a name for himself, Blecman started work on a disco single in tribute to the high-energy clubs. Three years earlier, Cowley's unique keyboard contributions to the work of outrageous diva Sylvester resulted in the sensational hits "(You Make Me Feel) Mighty Real" and "Dance (Disco Heat)" for Fantasy Records. In the small but frenzied Bay area dance-music community, Cowley's pivotal role as a producer and songwriter lent substantial weight to his own futuristic

synthesizer music. When Blecman heard Patrick's work on the single in progress, tentatively titled "Energy," he tacked an "M" onto the title, redubbing the song "Menergy" (complete with appropriate gay lyrics).

The duo was certain that they had a hit, but none of the labels they approached responded. Finally, tiny Fusion Records picked up "Menergy," but, in the eight months the label took to press and distribute the single, Cowley wrote and recorded enough material to fill an album. When "Menergy" stormed up the dance charts to number one, Marty and Patrick decided to release the full LP elsewhere. "We really wanted to have our own record label, but we didn't know exactly what to do at the time," Blecman admits in David Diebold's *Tribal Rites—San Francisco's Dance Music Phenomenon* (Time Warp, 1988). Cowley considered accepting a recording offer from the notorious Moby Dick label, but, at the last moment, a benefactor provided Blecman with \$20,000 a new label: Megatone Records.

Megatron Man was the resulting LP, but, after pressing and shipping an initial run of several thousand,

Fusion slapped a restraining order on Megatone, claiming that the inclusion of "Menergy" violated earlier agreements. Undaunted, Cowley replaced the cut, and the album saw worldwide popularity within the dance community.

Unfortunately, stardom arrived as Cowley's health began to decline. The battle with illness dating back to a South American tour with Sylvester had started to turn, and doctors provided insubstantial answers. But, while Cowley languished at UC Medical Center, Sylvester visited constantly, insisting that Patrick had to pull through so the two could collaborate on a new project. As soon as Cowley's condition improved, the duo began work on a new single. Released on the Fourth of July, in 1982, "Do You Wanna Funk?" proved Megatone's biggest-selling record.

Meanwhile, Marty Blecman, along with Tip Wirrick and longtime friend John Hedges continued writing material and recruiting new talent. When Blecman and a prospective vocalist fell out over an expensive gown the artist wanted to wear for an album cover, Sylvester grabbed the new tracks for himself, leaving Fantasy Records for Megatone. The result, the album *All I Need*, yielded the hits "Don't Stop" and "Tell Me" and, according to co-producer Hedges, was "the easiest record I've ever done in my life...just fun, and absolutely no egos."

When Cowley died in November 1982, the label was confused and devastated, but Blecman decided to use music to fight Patrick's killer. Not only would the Patrick Cowley "megamedley" bear a sticker informing the consumer about the new threat of AIDS, but Blecman promised proceeds from the record sales to the newly established GMHC. But as the "new wave" epidemic began to impact on gay club attendance, Megatone encountered serious financial troubles.

Riddled with debts, Blecman couldn't pay any of Megatone's bills, including the money promised to charity. Ashamed of the circumstances, he avoided settling things amicably with

GMHC. "Things got completely out of hand, like a plot on *Dynasty*," according to Blecman. Amidst a media circus, the Megatone president eventually

MUSIC



found himself arrested for non-payment of bills, then sentenced to community service, with fines added to his debts.

But despite the public humiliation, Blecman remained dedicated to the label. By 1984, most of Megatone's debts had been settled, and record returns remained at a minimum. Meanwhile, almost all of the tiny dance labels founded in the early '80s folded. Recognizing the uncertain popularity of high-energy dance music during the AIDS crisis, Marty laid off the majority of his staff, settling in for a long, lean haul.

Ten years after its inception, Megatone persists. "We're alive ten years into an epidemic," insists current label president John Hedges. "[AIDS] devastated our lives, our artists and our record sales." A seven-album deal between Sylvester and Megatone with Warner Bros. Records collapsed after the singer succumbed to AIDS-related complications in 1988, following the mainstream success of "Someone Like You" and the album *Mutual Attraction*.

Hedges feels that, despite the increase of homophobia during the epidemic, the label's gay-owned and -operated status "didn't hurt us at all." Megatone continues to follow Blecman's policy of small pressing runs to minimize returns. Most importantly, Hedges remains faithful to the trademark high-energy Megatone sound. "We'll stay with it," he insists. "Dance music...changes names, but sounds the same."

And, although Hedges admits that the label "could use a star right now," the recent Megatone release of "White Rabbit" from David Diebold and Kim Cataluna climbed to the top of the Billboard Hot Dance Club Play charts. Despite tight finances, Megatone continues to seek new talent and release product on a regular schedule. And, as the music industry struggles through the latest recession, and independent labels worldwide go under, Megatone can rest tight knowing that ten years of lessons learned in hard times will more than likely see them through. ▼

Megatone Records, 2261 Market St., Suite 315, San Francisco, CA 94114; 1-800-788-MEGA.

MIGHTY, MIGHTY—The legendary Sylvester helped put gay-owned Megatone Records on the map.

Signs of the Times

Rough Trade Records Closes its Doors

by **Madame X**

These are sad days indeed when a long-lived independent label goes under. Independent record companies are here to counterbalance the mammoth majors; usually the point is not to make a quick buck but to release albums by artists who, in one way or another, don't fit the corporate mold. Thus, it is distressing to witness Rough Trade closing its American branch and struggling to keep its original British-based operation going. Founded by Geoff Travis in the late '70s, the label, now faced with severe cash-flow problems, is trying to sell the rights to the Smiths' catalogue in order to stay afloat.

Rough Trade was always sympathetic to sexually provocative bands (the name itself being a staple of gay male lingo). Take, for instance, the Virgin Prunes, who mixed campy cabaret and goth antics under Gavin Friday's inspired leadership. And few have come close to the Raincoats' feminist statements in the last ten years: Nothing is said these days that Gina Birch, Ana Da Silva and Vicky Aspinall didn't say already. The Raincoats' first album,

in 1979, also featured the Slits' Palmolive and a guest appearance by another Rough Trade luminary, Lora Logic—who became a Krishna some years later, thus putting an end to an iconoclastic and wildly inventive musical career. Geoff Travis never was afraid of outspoken women.

The Raincoats were typical of the Rough Trade aesthetics: They used their lack of musical proficiency to make sounds unheard of at the time, dancing around the melodies when they could have embraced them in a pop manner or destroyed them like the fledgling industrial movement (to which Rough Trade also contributed by putting out early recordings by Cabaret Voltaire). There were other risks taken as well. In 1980, Travis released Young Marble Giants' *Colossal Youth*, one of the few albums that deserve to be called a "classic," while around the same time Robert Wyatt's career was revived by this kindred spirit. The compilation *Wanna Build a Bridge* is a vivid testimony to the raw, passionate approach embraced by the label

in the late '70s and early '80s. When the Smiths exploded in 1983, they became Rough Trade's biggest-selling act, combining adolescent angst, barely closeted eroticism and the best guitar riffs of the decade.

A few years ago, the label opened offices in the US and started signing American bands, among them Scrawl, Lucinda Williams and Two Nice Girls, continuing testimony to Rough Trade's decidedly equal-opportunity approach. Unfortunately, the label's current difficulties mean that you may have problems finding some of this music in your favorite store, since much of it is locked away in the Rough Trade vaults pending a settlement of one sort or another. And new releases, like Two Nice Girls' album *Cbloes Likes Olivia*, will have a hard time being re-stocked in retail outlets.

Some Rough Trade acts have been reissued on CD (Young Marble Giants, the Virgin Prunes), but most of the back catalogue is now out of print, leaving a whole chunk of the recorded history of the '70s and '80s to wait a few years before it (hopefully) finds a new, younger audience. And that is sad indeed. ▼

To order Two Nice Girls' latest album, write to: Two Nice Girls, PO Box 4600, Austin, TX 78765.

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6. "Got to Dance" by Open Billet
7. "Oops" by 808 State with Bjork
8. "Doubt" (LP Cuts) by Jesus Jones
9. "Droppin' Like Flies" by Sheila E
10. "See You in 3-D" by Bomb the Bass

ALL THE SNOOZE THAT'S FIT TO PRINT...

Some New Yorkers can't get to that newsstand fast enough on Saturday night to snare the just-baked Sunday *Times*. Some of us are more wary—especially after the recent publication of Edmund White's article on the state of gay male literature. Not content to feed us Janet Maslin's bland apologies for *Thelma and Louise*, the *Times* has now forced us to deal with their hapless efforts at queer arts coverage.

Don't get me wrong. They should twist themselves into human pretzels to get our stories. Let's just say that this one didn't work. Hopelessly thin even as a piece on gay male writing—in its definition of that community, in its discussion of the "ghetto," in its analysis of AIDS literature—one wonders

LIP

SERVICE

RUMORS, ODDITIES
AND THE PLAIN TRUTH

whether the error lies with a witless, machete-wielding editor or with Mr. White himself. Clearly no lesbian-literature sister-piece is to follow, but, judging from the current show, we should probably be grateful.

THE LAST PICTURE SHOW...

The New Festival has closed out its marathon New York gig with more than 140 films and videos screened in a three-week period. Next, it heads out cross-country in September with a five-city (Cleveland, Philadelphia, Miami, Denver, San Diego) celluloid bonanza. For those unable to wait, a sampling of films will screen August 8-11 at Southampton College. Only New York audiences have been lucky enough to see *la lang* munching snow; Percy Adlon's film will next visit the Montreal Film Festival.

—compiled by Sarab Pettit

Times I've Been Mistaken for a Man

by Jeanette Coon

In a London dance club, the bouncer lifted the sleeves of the shirt tied round my waist after I left the women's room and said,
"Just checking for balls, love."

In a taxi stopped in front of a pub famous for its bitters in Cambridge, England, the driver surveyed my femme friends, turned to me and said,
"That'll be three-fifty, sir."

In line for the ATM at Marine Midland bank, a woman said,
"You dropped your paper, sir. I mean ma'am."
I picked up my bookmark. She turned to her friend and said,
"You can never tell these days."

In line to vote for the mayoral elections of Rochester, New York, old Mr. Noble said,
"Hello, Joey."
My mother said, "That's my daughter."
Mr. Noble said, "How ya doin', Joey?"
Mrs. Noble said, "His eyesight's not so good anymore."

In line for the concession stand at a Moody Blues concert in Canandaigua, New York, a wide-eyed little girl asked,
"Are you a boy or a girl?"
Her mother shushed her.
I said, "A little bit of both."

In the playground where I worked as a day camp counselor, a surly teenage male with a boom box asked,
"Are you a woman or a man?"
I said, "Sometimes I don't really know."

In the bathroom of the Information Center at Cumming Nature Reserve, I was picking mud from my boots when a woman entered and said,
"Sorry. I thought this was the women's room."
She left, then re-entered and said,
"Sorry. I thought..."
I said, "I know what you thought."

On 12th Street in Brooklyn, a Catholic schoolgirl in a brown plaid uniform smoking a Camel passed me and exhaled,
"Faggot."

At the West 4th subway stop, my friend Kate was going uptown and I was going downtown. As we passed through the turnstiles, a homeless man said,
"Goodnight, gentlemen."
We kissed each other goodbye.
Kate said, "Goodnight, sir."
I said, "Goodnight, buddy boy."

POETRY

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PRIDE

Continued from page 20

increasing role of merchandising. In San Francisco, Gay Pride is a significant earner for the city, the second largest annual event of its kind in California, after the Rose Bowl parade, a New Year's celebration.

Local Pride organizers believe that Pride is built on pride, and that every year's parades encourage even larger attendance the following year. Pride serves as inspiration for those who are afraid to come out, as well as an opportunity for reaffirmation for those who are already out. Unfortunately, with the growing reputation and attendance at some of the bigger parades, some of the smaller ones are suffering, through losing their participants to the better-established ones.

In Spokane, Wash., plans to host the first Gay Pride parade fell through when locals decided to travel north to the festivities in Seattle instead. However, the third annual Fruit Float and Picnic is still happening in July.

One of the problems inherent in trying to organize a parade in a small town is the conservatism that is usually prevalent. It's a lot harder to be out, loud and proud in Little Rock, Ark., where even last year's low-key celebrations will not be repeated this time around, than in New York. People are much more sensitive and susceptible to discrimination, misunderstanding and even violence in small, redneck towns, where anonymity is virtually impossible, than in large, impersonal cities.

However, parade organizers nationwide agree that, until we can join together in pride all across the country, the loss will be all of ours. Wonderful though it is to see Pride alive and well in the big cities, we must also nurture it where conditions are less hospitable. ▼

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Off with their heads!" someone once exclaimed in the heat of passion.

I couldn't agree more.

As we all know by now, George Bush said that he's much too "old-fashioned" to accept the idea of a lesbian priest—like the one who was recently ordained in his Episcopal church.

But, I suppose that lesbian photographers are OK. As reported in the *Times*' usually unreadable "Chronicle" column, *Vanity Fair*'s Annie Leibovitz "was photographing the preppy president during a Bush-family-at-home scene at the White House. The president, wearing a Persian Gulf war T-shirt and sweat pants with the presidential seal on the right leg, was pitching horseshoes with marines and soldiers who served in the war."

How sick does this make you? Will Leibovitz, who must be a millionaire at this point, photograph anything for a buck—even the freaks who are fucking over her and her kind big time?

(But, of course, she will, as evidenced by her shots of Andrew Dice Clay in *Vanity Fair*'s puff piece on him last year.)

According to "Chronicle," the photo shoot was for a possible cover story in *Vanity Fair*. I just can't wait for that one. Will Editor in Chief Tina Brown do this with dignity and put Bush on the spot regarding the AIDS crisis, the anti-gay stance of the military, his frightening positions on abortion and his administration's disregard for people of color and all other minorities? Will she make sure that his constant pandering to the religious right is pointed out? Will she note that this world leader WOULD RATHER SEE THE QUEER EDITORS AND PHOTOGRAPHERS ON HER STAFF STRIPPED OF THEIR RIGHTS AT BEST, AND LYING DEAD IN AN OVERCROWDED HOSPITAL AT WORST, THAN CHALLENGE THE HEINOUS, BIGOTED POSITIONS OF ZEALOTS, EVEN THOUGH HE KNOWS THAT THOSE POSITIONS ARE WRONG?

Or will Brown give us something similar to the puff piece on the ossified Reagans, whose tired carcasses scandalously graced the cover of *Vanity Fair* at the height of their

GOSSIP WATCH

murder spree of a presidency—a reign during which one of the greatest epidemics of all time was completely ignored and allowed by our leaders to mushroom out of control, with no mention of that fact in the *Vanity Fair* article?

Perhaps obsessively trendy Tina will invoke some of her newly acquired, hip political astuteness on this one. Let's wish her well, and give her the benefit of the doubt. I mean, we can always cut off her head, if and when the article finally comes out.

Speaking of rolling craniums, perhaps we should send *Esquire* honcho Terry McDonnell to the sidelines for

Michelangelo the Red Queen

printing that grotesque, offensive and just plain old dumb current cover story, "Sleeping Around," written by Anonymous (who, according to "Page Six" in the *Post*, is really writer Anthony Hayden Guest, who didn't use his name because he has a contract to write exclusively for *Vanity Fair* and, most likely, was afraid that Tina Brown would have his head on a pewter platter).

From the start, Guest gives a credence to that babbling fool, Frank Roccio, the one-time owner of the *World* (who refused to put condom dispensers in the club), a man who has been saying for years now that "paranoia about AIDS is over." It's all downhill from there. Guest obsessively reminds us that he's straight (sexually adventurous, but not one of them, you know) and also seems to obsessively remind you that you're

straight—by talking about AIDS as this disease that doesn't really affect us readers. Discussing HIV transmission, he tells us that "body fluids are body fluids... whom we choose to exchange them with, or how, seems to be less important than how often. So as a hetero,

I have to be (grudgingly) grateful to the women who wouldn't let me exchange mine with theirs nearly as often as I wanted." WHAT ABOUT CONDOMS? Or are those just annoying, little things that only they have to use?

Sensationalizing gay sex clubs for the mere sake of hetero curiosity, Guest takes us back to the Spike, the Hellfire and the Mineshaft. It seems that he wants to show where all of that AIDS stuff began—in their clubs, brought on by them. And he goes out of his way to serve up fake liberal prattle to make it seem that he's not a moralist, although he sums up by basically saying that nothing's changed with regard to sex and that AIDS really hasn't affected us readers all that much. Thank you for this brilliant observation, Anthony Hayden Guest.

I say, "Off with his head!" Will someone please pass the chainsaw?

And keep it plugged in—there's a lot more in *Esquire* this month. Pete Hamill served up one of those anti-PC pieces, entitled "A Confederacy of Complainers," which was remarkable similar to John Taylor's in *New York* (What do these people do? Drink cocktails and whine on about how their straight, white male butts are in danger and then plot similar stories in an attempt to get all of us "minorities" off their backs?)

The terrifying thing about Pete Hamill is that they cut his head off about ten years ago—but somehow he still manages to churn out drivel. There should be a law against this sort of thing. I mean, do we have to protect the freedom of speech of the dead too? Jesus, these people are just sooooooo politically correct, you know?

I tell you, what will go down in history as "The Last Gasp of the White Male Heterosexuals" is upon us right now (of course, there's no telling how long it will last). The way they're freaking out about everything from queers

By Michelangelo Signorile

marching in the streets to *Thelma and Louise* is quite extraordinary.

And one man whom I thought was more enlightened but who has turned out to be just another one of the threatened, little boys (in the end, they'll all stick together no matter what—trust me on that) is Richard Johnson at the *Daily News*.

For several years, Johnson wrote "Page Six" until last year, when it looked like the *Post* was going to go under. He then jumped ship and became a producer at one of those widely unwatched Fox TV entertainment and gossip shows and also began writing a column for the vastly unread weekly, the *New York Observer*.

It seemed that he was pretty much finished, as far as being in mix of that gossip dialogue that occurs in print in New York like nowhere else.

But then, at the end of the *Daily News* strike, Liz Smith (by the by, let's not even discuss *that* interview, since she said it all herself, OK?) jumped ship and went to *Newsday*. And Johnson then took over her space at the *News*, happy, I'm sure, to get out of Gossip Siberia.

At "Page Six," he covered a lot of gay issues but, in the style of the page, never really offered his own commentary. But Johnson now babbles and spouts endlessly. And suddenly you realize that he's a homophobe in disguise who tries to play it both ways—but we can see right through him.

We should have guessed it when once, in the *Observer*, he ran an article that claimed that Keith Haring "knowingly" spread HIV after he contracted it. But proof enough has come with this *Daily News* column. He has, in the past several months, complained that the city funded "a movie about drag queens" (referring to Jennie Livingston's *Paris Is Burning*, for which she got some money from the city-owned WNYC), has told us how people in the audience "winced" while watching two men kiss in the off-Broadway play *The Sum of Us*, has sensationalized the poster of the sexy *Red Hot and Blue* safer-sex posters ("I put up by] ACT UP, the militant gay rights group... some of the same people who have disrupted mass at St. Patrick's Cathedral") and, most recently, has once again promoted that homophobic artist who defamed gays two years ago in a *Vanity Fair* interview (not naming him makes him so angry).

Johnson knows very well the score with this asshole and how he seeks pub-

licity at the expense of the gay community. But still Johnson decided to give him half a column, take his word for everything and promote this hateful freak. The icing on the cake, however, comes from several people who told me that they were appalled when they heard Johnson, in public, using the word "faggy."

Now listen to me, Richard. I've known you for a long time. And I've heard as much dirt on you, Mr. Newly Married Man,

as I've heard on a lot of these other phonies. Maybe I should, for example, be more earnest about that junket that a whole bunch of us writers went on to Brazil several years ago. You remember. It was the time you brought the wife of a rich British industrialist and then asked the rest of us to *please* not write about that fact?

Don't mess with me, you feeble straight boy. It's not my first time at the guillotine.▼

GAYDAR

Holding Hands With Nicolas Cage

Advertising is the opiate of the masses, and the media's deal with the devil. It's that gray matter invading everything, telling you that happiness is found in powdered soap, and a soul at peace comes with four-wheel drive. And like Hollywood and professional sports, it is sold on the myth of the hetero nation. Last week, we perused *Advertising Age*, finding loathsome columnist Sid Bernstein who wrote, "I don't like the *Ads Against AIDS* crusade [a new pro bono project] because of its implication that AIDS is a major problem of the advertising business." He went on to argue that it still isn't a concern for the "general population."

Things are clearly different at the competition, *Adweek*, however. In the June 10 issue, they ran a feature on Jack Sansolo, president of Hill, Holiday, Connors, Cosmopolous, describing him as "one of the highest-ranking openly gay executives in all of American advertising," and probably most other industries as well. When he was introduced as the new president three years ago, the agency's CEO said, "Who would ever have thought that a Boston Brahmin and an Irish Catholic would name a gay Sephardic Jew from the Bronx president?" Sansolo's slightly sarcastic response was, "I didn't expect Jack Connors to tell everyone that I'm a Sephardic Jew." We like this man.

Adweek focused on how Sansolo does not shy away from speaking out



that is exactly what he has become with his uncompromising attitude toward homophobic clients: "If that's the way they feel, I don't want to work with them. I won't work with them."

And, it clearly hasn't hurt Sansolo or his firm. As president, he heads up their Infiniti car account in LA, and he played a role in the agency's decision to withdraw from the bidding on the Carl's Jr. account because the company's chair had "right of right-wing politics."

So, cancel your sub to *Ad Age*, skip Carl's Jr. and buy an Infiniti. It will make your soul happy.

The *Advocate* auspiciously introduced a new international network of correspondents with their cover story on global activism and the editor's

admonition: "We learn from others' mistakes. We celebrate their victories. It is time to look beyond our own narrow spaces and to embrace the international struggle." Here, on our isolationist continent, nationalism continues to be one of the most blinding and prevalent "isms" around. How often do you skip to the front section of the *Times*, just because it doesn't seem relevant?

Not so auspicious, however, was the *Advocate's* second annual Sissy Awards. The editors obviously had fun trashing people in an *OutWeek* kind of way, but, in the end, the write-ups come off like "ethnic" jewelry ordered from the *International Male* catalogue. Sure, they did a stellar job compiling the "most cowardly, cretinous and definitely

uncool queer-haters," including our favorites, **Patrick Buchanan**, **Ray Kerison**, **Pete Hamill**, **Bill Buckley**, **MGM**, *The Silence of the Lambs*, the **Hibernians** and **Daryl Gates**.

But, the big problem with their awards is the name. Calling our enemies "sissies" is, I must say, self-loathing and sexist. It validates the taunts and slights of our youth, denying how great it is to be queer. Since the word "sissy" generally connotes effeminacy and, ultimately, has a negative homosexual connotation, this is akin to bestowing Super Fag and Queer Nation Awards on virulent homophobes.

Actually, it's **Urvashi Vaid** and **Robert Bray** at the NGLTF who should be feted with a Big Sissy award, along with **Phil Donahue**, **kd lang** and **Lady Bunny**. *Interview* should get one for their piece on Harvey Milk School instructor and activist **Ann Northrop**, as well as for the photos of the married hunks **Bob Paris** and **Rod Jackson**, which are to be published in September. The *Advocate's* hall of shamers are no sissies. They're nightmare breeders. This was supposed to be an insult, right?

All those homophobes would join them in saying that sissies are bad. What is this? We should all be butch and macho—like those dudes at the *Advocate*. In their cover photo, **Cardinal O'Connor** is touched up with rouge, lipstick and earrings. Sure, it's funny, and we know that the cardinal wouldn't like it. But, when we paint him as a female caricature, the insult is turned back on us. The cover image does not celebrate gender-fuck with our drag-queen heterosexuals. It buys into them, saying that there is something cowardly and damning about being effeminate. And, most egregious of all, it implies that there is something bad or weak about being a woman. If that's where these guys are starting from, I don't know why any woman would bother working there. A cover story on dykes in sports is not enough.

Next year, perhaps the *Advocate* could hire **Nicolas Cage** to help them out. In the current *Details*, he chronicles his trip to revisit **Jack Kerouac** on the road. In a section lamenting the "hole in the soul of my generation," he writes: "Transvestites are perhaps the only true freedom fighters. They are fighting for the right to be different. We must hold hands across America for them." Hallelujah!▼

THREE DOTS...

Fantastic piece by **Katherine Boo** in the *Washington Monthly* about what the rest of the world should learn from the queer response to AIDS. Love that headline:

"What Mother Teresa Could Learn in a Leather Bar" . . .

Marian Schwinderman, *Premiere's* publisher, sent out condoms with an invitation to advertise in that magazine's "Sex in the Movies" issue. She told the *New York Times*, "Any time I have the chance to give condoms

away, I will." . . . Why nothing about lesbian literature in

the *New York Times Magazine* piece, "Out of the Closet, Onto the Bookshelf," by **Edmund White**? Or need I

ask? . . . Saddest sight of the week: A copy of **Larry Kramer's** *Notes From the Holocaust* on a 48-cent rack

at the **Strand**. Where has all the anger gone? Try reading **David Wojnarowicz's** new book, *Close to the*

Knives, to get some of it back.

—MG

LIFESTYLES OF THE DOWNWARDLY MOBILE

An old idea has risen anew in Hollywood. Testosterone-crazed pubescent males, the moguls reasoned, aren't the only ones with disposable income in this great country of ours: thus, the return of "women's movies." They don't cost \$50 million in special effects, straight couples can use them for dating purposes, and they're so goopy that, if you stepped on one, it'd stick to your shoe. Not that we're complaining, since we skipped them all anyway: *Steel Magnolias*, *Ghost*, *White Castle*, *Working Girl*, *Pretty Woman*, the whole dumb bunch.

No, we prefer "men's" movies, whatever that means, where every so often something a little unpredictable happens. And the actresses we love play the other women, the ones who get shot, the evil babysitters, the de-praved cheerleaders. We rooted for P.J. Soles, not Amy Irving, in *Carrie*; we thought that Laurie Metcalf was cooler than her suburban sister, Roseanna Arquette, in *Desperately Seeking Susan*; we were mad with chagrin when Adrienne "The Breasts" Barbeau bought the farm in *Escape From New York*. Madame X actually went out of her way to see every flick Season Hubley ever made, even if it meant staying up until 4 am to catch a particularly obscure late show.

And Linda Blair...How could we forget Linda Blair? *The Exorcist* was all right, but her later work really shone. Take *Savage Streets*, an early-'80s piece of straight-to-video soft-core exploitation in which Blair plays a high school girl who goes on a rampage to avenge her deaf-mute sister, raped on the high school gym floor by the local thugs. We squealed gleefully as our heroine shot them all one by one with a crossbow. *Telma and Louise* pales by comparison. Plus, Blair doesn't die in the end.

Then there were Blair's magnificent TV movies of the mid-'70s. Probably some kind of argument could be made about TV movies as a major force shaping the consciousness of a generation of Americans, right up there with Watergate and the oil crisis, and Linda Blair starred in the best of them. The reform-school-girls TV movie with the broomstick scene! The kidnapped-by-crazy-but-poetic-escaped-convict TV movie with the helicopter-surveillance sex scene! (Was that masterpiece really entitled *Sweet Hostage*?) Anne, a horse-crazed pre-teenager, knew her child-

hood was over when she found herself cheering the gruesome highway death of Blair's boyfriend's pony, in *Sarab T, Portrait of a Teenage Alcoholic*.

We love B-movie queens, but we're also obsessed by the forgotten actresses, trapped for all eternity in supporting roles.

Take the aforementioned P.J. Soles. She *always* played the bad girl, the one who gets into trouble because she goes out with the boys. Soles forgot about babysitting in *Halloween*, unlike goody-two-shoes Jamie Lee Curtis, who took care of her screeching brats and survived. Soles also hung out with the Ramones in *Rock 'n' Roll High School*. P.J. was the dark side of the suburban dream, the brat who smokes while tooling

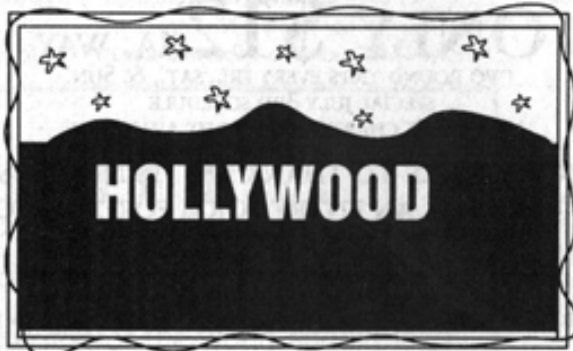
around in the wrong guy's Camaro.

Digging deeper in the cinematic archives, we find ourselves delighted by Yvonne De Carlo and bored by Marilyn Monroe, charmed by Rosalind Russell and irritated by Katharine Hepburn. The underdogs, the unknowns, the pariahs: They're so much more interesting, more human, than idols prefabricated by the industry. Madame X, for example, has founded an Alla Nazimova Appreciation Society, of which she is the sole member, dedicated to the Sapphic stage and movie actress of the '20s and '30s. Nazimova's flamboyant life included a close friendship with Nancy Reagan's mom—so says Kitty Kelley. With women like that on film, why waste our affections on wholesome closet cases like Debbie Reynolds or Hollywood zombies like Greta Garbo?

Not that we're overwhelmed with cinematic nostalgia. Stupid (but woman-positive!) B-movies continue to be made.

Divas still get dropped into dopey supporting roles. Why bother with *Sophie's Choice* when you can see La Streeep in *She-Devil*? Julia Roberts is an insufferable twerp, but when she portrays a rock musician along with Justine Bateman in the hilarious *Satisfaction*, you find yourself clutching your Kool-aid a bit tighter.

By the time you read this, we'll have spent many evenings at the Gay and Lesbian Film Festival, being—we're sure—moved and inspired by all that celluloid by us and about us...OK, OK, now we're uplifted. Save us a spot on the line for *Soapdish*. ▼



By Madame X and
Anne Rubenstein

WALLS WILL NOT PROTECT US FROM AIDS.

Caving into political pressure, the U.S. government has reversed its announced immigration policy and will now bar anyone with HIV from entering the U.S. This policy is out of step with international norms. And puts us in league with Iran, Iraq, and South Africa.

The policy is medically unjustifiable. By upholding these barriers, President Bush is surrendering to Jesse Helms and others who trade in fear—and rejecting the considered advice of his own top health officials at the U.S. Centers for Disease Control and the Department of Health and Human Services.

This policy can still be corrected. The U.S. can prove it is a fair and just nation with a rational and responsible health policy—but only if you act by August 2.

That's the deadline for a new round of public comment on the proposed cruel and discriminatory immigration policy.

Barriers to visitors or immigrants with HIV have nothing to do with a coherent policy on AIDS. In fact, all the restrictions do is stigmatize people with HIV and distract our nation from truly urgent medical needs.

Where's the logic? The U.S. doesn't bar other visitors or immigrants with life-threatening illnesses. According to health officials including Secretary of Health and Human Services

Louis Sullivan, the only disease that poses a threat sufficient to bar entry to the U.S. is TB.

Where's the risk? The U.S. already has far more recorded HIV infections and AIDS cases than other countries. We should concentrate on reducing the infection rate internally, not pretend the threat comes from outside. HIV, unlike TB, simply cannot be casually transmitted.

What's the fear? Fearmongers have raised the issue of health costs. But the U.S. Government already has the power to deny

entry to people likely to become a burden on the public. HIV restrictions only frighten undocumented persons now living in the United States away from timely diagnosis and treatment. Faced with deportation and a break-up of their families, long-time residents who are infected—the vast majority while they've been in the U.S.—are driven underground, away from care.

To bring U.S. policy into agreement with international standards, mail the coupons below immediately.

Policymakers must know how strongly you feel about protecting human rights. Walls will not protect us from AIDS. Responsible action can. And the time to act is now.

BASE U.S. IMMIGRATION POLICY ON THE MEDICAL FACTS, NOT THE POLITICS OF FEAR.

GMHC

Gay Men's Health Crisis, Inc., is the oldest and largest AIDS organization in the U.S., providing direct services, education and advocacy for men, women and children with AIDS.

ACT BY AUGUST

Charles R. McCance, Director
Division of Quarantine
Center for Prevention Services
Centers for Disease Control
Mail Stop E03
Atlanta, GA 30333

Immigration restrictions on people with HIV are medically unjustified and violate human rights. The interim rules are unacceptable. Bring U.S. immigration policy into agreement with international standards. Measures urged by those who trade in the politics of fear will not protect the public health. Responsible policy must be based on the medical facts.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

2ND.

President George Bush
The White House, Washington, D.C. 20500

Immigration restrictions on people with HIV are not medically justified and violate human rights. Take your health officials' advice. And focus America's attention on *gonorrhea* prevention.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

The Honorable Louis Sullivan, M.D.:

Your battle to lift cruel and discriminatory immigration restrictions on men, women and children with HIV is commendable. Unless these barriers are removed, it is inappropriate to hold an international conference on AIDS in the U.S. Only knowledge can protect us from this disease. Refuse to let political pressure overrule responsible medical opinion.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

Forward this urgent message to Secretary Sullivan. And please tell me how I can support GMHC's activities on behalf of people with AIDS. Please mail to: Gay Men's Health Crisis, Inc. 129 W. 20th Street, New York NY 10011.

These organizations join us in urging you to act immediately: AIDS Action Committee of Boston, AIDS Action Council, AIDS National Interfaith Network, AIDS Project Los Angeles, American Civil Liberties Union, American Foundation for AIDS Research, Human Rights Campaign Fund, National Hemophilia Foundation, Northwest AIDS Foundation, San Francisco AIDS Foundation, Whitman-Walker Clinic.

DIARY OF A MAD *Queen*

It was just another normal night.

I was sitting at home shel-lacking cockroaches and carefully gluing them onto my new wig. Oh, the things we girls do for beauty, right? As I started shaving my shoulders, the party began. A neighbor came over to borrow a cup of vodka. Friends popped over to say hello. Friends of friends arrived. Brothers and sisters of friends of friends just happened to be in the neighborhood and needed eyelash adhesive. After a few shots of tequila, we were all dancing gaily around my apartment to a Milli Vanilli album and squirting ourselves with Debbie Gibson's Electric Youth perfume.

Pretty soon, there were drag queens flashdancing in the hallways, and the front desk issued its first warning.

I packed up my things. Purses are dull; kids and lunchboxes are passé. These days, I carry everything in a bucket of Kentucky Fried Chicken. That's real chic. Trust me on this one.

We went to a loft party somewhere in TriBeCa. After a few more tequila shots, I suddenly developed a passionate new interest in linoleum and got down on the floor to inspect it more closely.

Somebody with very big boots kicked me, and a shower of little cockroach carcasses fell to the floor.

"Wanna see my toasters?"

I looked up to see a wild-eyed, overly made-up biker-chick standing in front of me.

"Uh, I beg your pardon?"

"My toasters? Want to see them?" She lifted her skirt and, lo and behold, there were four tattoos of toasters on her rear end. "I *really* like toasters."

"I'm a blender man, myself," I said, rolling my eyes.

She went on to tell me of her extensive collection of antique toasters and the stories she's written about them.

"There's Judy, she's from the 20's, and



she has doors that open like this. She's very unpredictable. And there's Yvette. I bought her in France. Burns everything..."

I crawled into a corner and stared at the floor, ignoring everybody. You know, you glue a couple of bugs to your face or cover yourself in theatrical blood once in a while, and you would be amazed at the nuts who feel free to come up and start a conversation with you. It's hard to be me.

My life is so sordid.

Sometimes I think I want a different life. I want to be...cleaner. I want to wear Anne Klein. I want to eat things like carpaccio and arugala. I want to be in a Macy's ad.

I want to be Mary Hart.

When I was growing up, I always dreamed I'd

be the type of girl who could wear crisp white linen suits without getting blood and mud and cum all over it by the end of the night.

But I keep getting older, and *it's just not happening*.

Instead, I find myself acting like a pagan and giving hand-jobs to sailors at the parade and rolling around in the gutters of Times Square.

Of course, he *was* a very handsome sailor with a very handsome penis. And I *do* love Times Square. Where would we be without the Port Authority?

You know, I really do have a great deal of freedom—I do what I want, when I want, where I want. If I want to dress up like Barbara Cortland one day or Broom Hilda the next, nobody can stop me.

And it's very cathartic, you know, dressing the way I do. I have an outlet for a lot of repressed energy. If I didn't do what I do, I would probably be an ax murderer or something by now.

So, you can keep your *nouvelle* cuisine and your crisp white linen suits, I think I'll keep my life just the way it is. ▼

By James St. James

GOING OUT

Your complete guide to Pride Week

Compiled by Dale Peck

Send announcements and listings to: 159 W. 25th St., 7th floor, New York, NY 10001. Next deadline: Monday, June 17, for issue #105, available in New York on Monday, June 24.

LIVELY ARTS

Also see the daily listings for showings of one or two days.

NEIKRUG POTOGRAPHICA presents its **Annual Rated X Exhibition**. This year's exhibition will feature work by lesbian photographers **Prinny Alavi** and **Shoshana Alavi** will be signing copies of her poster, "Her Erection," at the reception on June 14 from 6-9 pm, and **Annie Sprinkle** will be signing copies of her book, *Post Porn Modernist*, and will be available for "tits-on-your-head Polaroids." 224 E. 68th St. We-Fr from 1-5 pm and Sa from 1-6 pm. Info: (212) 288-7741. June 14 through June 27.

THE NEW SCHOOL presents **Graphic Pride**, an exhibit of broadsides, posters, buttons, shirts, stickers and banners used in the lesbian and gay pride movement from 1970-91. Bridge Gallery. 66 W. 12th St. Info: (212) 741-8778. Through June 28.

THEATER NADA presents **An Evening With Shelly Mars**. \$8. 167 Ludlow St. Fr at 10 pm. Reservations: (212) 420-1466. Through June 28.

PRIDE PRODUCTIONS presents **Moliere's Learned Ladies**, adapted by **Douglas Garland**. Starring **David Eye**, **Brian C. Luedloff**, **Carter Allen Winkle**, **Gary Andrews**, **Dan Paragon**, **Mark Falango**, **Arthur James**, **David S. Mills**, **Joseph Cianciarulo** and **Randy Moore**. \$10 or \$5 plus TDF. Westbeth Theatre Center. 151 Bank St., between West and Washington streets. We and Th at 8 pm, Fr and Sa at 7 and 9 pm. Reservations: (212) 279-4200. Through June 29.

THE BANK presents **Romeo and Juliet—A Gay Retelling of Life, Love**

OUTSTANDINGS

the best of this proud week

By Andrew Miller and Sarah Pettit



Photo: Lee Snider/Photo Images

You've heard the hype. You've seen the banners stretched across telephone poles on Christopher Street. You've waited all year. You've thought about getting out of town. You've decided you just couldn't live with yourself, if you did. And deep down, you love it. It's OUT, LOUD and PROUD, and so are you, dammit. So get your queer heinie over to Union Square on Saturday June 29, from 2 pm until 6 pm, for the HERE WITHOUT FEAR, sponsored by those hard-working fags and dykes at Heritage of Pride. See lesbian Assemblywoman Deborah Glick talk politics; hear the Anti-Violence Project's Matt Foreman bash back; watch as the baton-twirling queens from the Lesbian & Gay Big Apple Corps spin out of control; witness the Imperial Court of New York in all its splendor; and laugh, sigh, giggle, ooh and aah as Reno, Dark Star Crew, Lea Delaria, Frank Maya, Casselberry-Dupree, the Flirtations, Crystal Waters

and Anal Penetration. \$7 with reservation or pass/\$10 without. 225 E. Houston St., at Essex St. We-Sa at 8:01 pm. Reservations: (212) 260-5485. Through June 29.

MCGREGOR'S presents **Chris Lynam**, the British comic famous for his "anal pyrotechnics." \$10 plus a one-drink minimum. 15 St. Marks Pl. We-Sa at 9 pm. Reservations: (212) 674-1851. Through June 29.

ART IN GENERAL presents **Positions of Authority**, installations by **Leone & Macdonald**, **Glenn Ligon** and **Judith Weiperson**; **Among Good Christian Peoples**, photographic and video installation by **Catherine Saalfeld**, **Jocelyn Taylor** and **Jacqueline Woodson**; **The Whole/Hole Series**, an installation by **Bonnie Van Allen**; **Diverse Voices**, an audiotape by **Coast to Coast: National Women Artists of Color**; and **Past and Present**, a window installation by **Susan Wides**. 79 Walker St. Info: (212) 219-0473. Through June 29.

WESSELL O'CONNOR GALLERY presents **White Heat**, a group show of paintings and photography by **Christopher Ciccone**, **Luis de Jesus**, **Rinaldo Hopf**, **Corrado Levi**, **Loring McAlpin**, **Ridgeway Bennett**, **Adam Rolston**, **Stephen Scholfield** and **Jose Villarrubia**. The show is designed to bring together diverse artists "in joyful celebration of Gay Pride 1991 and in painful acknowledgment of the decade-long struggle with the AIDS pandemic." 580 Broadway. Tu-Sa from 12-5 pm. (212) 219-9524. Through June 29.

THE IRISH LESBIAN AND GAY ORGANIZATION presents an **Exhibition of photographs and clippings from the press covering ILGO's participation in the 1991 St. Patrick's Day parade**. Irish Arts Center. 553 W. 51st St., at Eleventh Avenue. Info: (212) 967-7711 ext. 3078. Through June 30.

PS 122 GALLERY presents **Public Spaces/Private Thoughts**, an exhibition featuring the work of **Stanley Banos** and **Robert Marshall**. Opening reception June 6 from 6-8 pm. 150 First Ave., at 9th Street. Th-Su from 12-6 pm. (212) 228-4249. June 6 through June 30.

THE NEUROTIC THEATRICAL COMPANY presents **Kaisari! Kaisari! Kaisari!** Written and directed by **Guy Bernotas**. Original music by **Dale Jeffries** and **Tom Bibia**. With **Steve R. Barron**, **Beth**

and Jennie Livingston amaze you with their talent, wit and good looks. Then it's on to the meat of the matter on Sunday at 12:30 pm when the 22nd ANNUAL LESBIAN AND GAY PRIDE MARCH kicks off from Columbus Circle and heads down Fifth Avenue to Greenwich Village, where the biggest, queerest, sausage-hawkingest little street festival will already be in progress. Buy T-shirts! Stand shoulder-to-shoulder with complete strangers! Cruise cute girls and boys! Pick them up and head west to the Christopher Street Pier at 4 pm for DANCE FIVE, the world's largest outdoor dance party. Conga until 9:30 pm, when sex-and-rock-and-roll goddess Nona Hendryx grabs the stage. Then on to the many after-the-dance dances scattered below Fourteenth Street. And for Chrissakes. Take Monday off. Tell your boss it's a holiday. We are.



What better way to spend Pride week than looking at drag queens on the site where it all began? The Stonewall Inn (formerly New Jimmy's) presents *Extraordinary Women*, a fab photo exhibit of "the most glamorous" transvestites and transsexuals of New York and Amsterdam by artist Remsen Wolff. Stonewall Inn owner Jimmy Pisano remarked, "Transvestites, transsexuals, gays and lesbians stood shoulder-to-shoulder here, so it's appropriate to salute their fearlessness here." 53 Christopher St. Through June 30.

Madonna is a goddess, but is her brother a queen? He's certainly keeping company with some of the

Dodye Bass, Nora Byrnes, Sean Patrick Campbell, Steve Diefenderfer, James K. Doyle, Wolf Eisenberg, Irenka Jakubiak, Eve Marlowe, Dawn Ouellette, Charlotte Parsons, Jeff Price and Brian Revis. \$10 or TDF. Gene Frankel Theatre. 24 Bond St. We, Fr and Sa at 8 pm and Su at 3 pm. Reservations: (212) 242-3657. Through June 30.

T. SCHREIBER STUDIO presents Enid Rudd's *Dearest Cousin*, a two-woman play dealing with the mystery and quest of power and sexuality. Directed by Terry Schreiber. Starring Gwendolyn Lewis and Glinette Molina. Free. 83 E. 4th St. Th-Sa at 8 pm and Su at 3 pm. Reservations: (212) 420-1249. Through June 30.

EVE'S GARDEN presents Prinny Alavi's *Celebrating Women*, a photography exhibition. Alavi will be presenting her poster, "Her" *Erection* at the reception. 119 W. 57th St., suite 420. Mo-Sa from 12-6:30 pm. Reception: May 7 from 5:30-8 pm. Info: (212) 757-8651. Through June 30.

THE CARNEGIE HALL MUSEUM presents its inaugural exhibition, featuring memorabilia of gay Russian composer Peter Ilyich Tchaikovsky. Included in the exhibition are pages from Tchaikovsky's original manuscripts, some of his diaries and letters, and letters to him. 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th Street. 11 am to 4 pm. Info: (212) 903-9750. Through June 30.

THE HELL'S KITCHEN AIDS PROJECT presents *Celebrations of Life*, an art exhibit by People With AIDS. The Adam Clayton Powell, Jr. State Office Building. 163 W. 125th St. Mo-Fr from 9-5 pm. Through June 30.

BLUE PEACH PRODUCTIONS presents Aaron Mack Schloff's *The Shard Story*, "a multigeneration-patriarchy disaster saga and a comedy." \$10. The Pelican Studio Theatre. 750 Eighth Ave., at 46th St. We-Sa at 8:30pm, with additional performances Th and Fr at 6 pm, and Su at 3 and 7:30 pm. Reservations: (212) 595-9413.

THE PLAYGROUND THEATRE presents Carl Watson's *Jack Daw's Paradise*. Directed by John Morace. Starring Elmer Lang, David Huberman, Pierre Brulatour and Marisa Townshend. Set in a "tawdry" bar in Chicago's uptown, and featuring a cast of "marginal characters," including the Bardman, Betty the Drag Queen and Harry the Hermaphrodite. \$8 or TDF plus \$2. 230 E.

9th St., between Second and Third avenues. Th-Sa at 8:30 pm and Su at 7:30 pm. Reservations: (212) 689-9357. Through June 30.

THE CLUB AT LA MAMA E.T.C. presents *The Flirtations*, "the world's most famous openly gay, politically active gay men's a cappella signing quintet." \$12. 74A E. 4th St. Th-Su at 10 pm. Reservations: (212) 475-7710. Through June 30.

CLUB TROCADERO presents *Four on the Floor* in an evening of comedy and silly music honoring Gay Pride. Four on the Floor are Helde O., Lynda Lyday, Susan Galardi and Michele Balan. \$10 plus a two-drink minimum. Cucina Della Fontana. 368 Bleecker St., at Charles Street. Fr and Sa at 8 and 10 pm, and Su at 7 pm. Reservations: (212) 242-0636. Through June 30.

WILD PLUM GALLERY presents *Natural Abstractions*, photographs by the late Bob Keane. Proceeds will benefit the People With AIDS Health Group. Madison St. Sag Harbor, Long Island. Reception: June 2 from 5-7 pm. Daily hours: 11 am to 6 pm. Info: (516) 725-2969. June 22 through July 1.

THE ACTOR'S PLAYHOUSE presents Robert Patrick's *The Haunted Host* and Harvey Fierstein's *Safe Sex*. Directed by Eric Concklin. Starring Harvey Fierstein and Jason Workman (*The Haunted Host* only). *The Haunted Host*, written and set in 1964, tells the story of a "Greenwich Village playwright haunted by the ghost of his young protege when the dead man's double walks into his life." \$18.50/\$22.50/\$27.50 on We and Th and \$22.50/\$27.50/\$32.50 on weekends. 100 Seventh Ave. S. We and Th at 8 pm, Fr at 8 and 11 pm, Sa at 7 and 10 pm and Su at 3:30 and 7:30 pm. Reservations: (212) 691-6226 or (212) 564-8038. Through July 14.

THE CENTER presents *New York in June*, a history of the lesbian and gay pride march. The show includes banners, placards, flyers, posters, costumes, organizational records, various other documents and memorabilia. 208 W. 13th St. Info: (212) 620-7310. Through July 19.

VILLAGE PRODUCTIONS presents *Our Town (O Sappho, O Wilder! part 2)*. Featuring the work of Keith Angora, Kevin Brofsky, Janie Astor del Valle, Barbara Kahn, Al Luongo, Carol Polcovar, Walter Veasy and Raven Hall. Directed by Seth Gordon. Performed by April Dawn

community's most talented artists this week at the Wessel O'Connor Gallery, 580 Broadway. Come see Art-with-a-capital-A by Loring McAlpin, Adam Rolston, Mr. Christopher Ciccone and others, Tuesday through Sunday from noon to 6 pm. (212) 228-4249. Through June 29.

Get down to Eve's Garden, and get it up. It's the last week to catch Prinny Alavi photography exhibition, *Celebrating Women*, which includes "Her" *Erection* and other sensual works. 119 W. 57th St., suite 420. Monday through Saturday from noon to 6:30 pm. (212) 757-8651. Through June 30.



You've always wanted a man to sing love songs to you in public. Now, for a small fee, you can have five all at once. The Flirations, "the world's most famous openly gay, politically active gay men's a cappella singing quintet" will be at La Mama through the end of the week. They're reportedly not only golden-voiced but silver-tongued as well, so don't be surprised if they ask you for a date. From the stage. 74A E. 4th St., this Thursday through Sunday at 10 pm. Reservations: (212) 475-7710.

The Duplex, everybody's favorite Christopher Street watering hole/cabaret, is celebrating Gay and Lesbian Pride week with an exhibition of Gail S. Goodman's photographs entitled *Essence of Family, Pictures of Pride*. The subject? You guessed it, pride. 61 Christopher St. (212) 255-5438. Through Sept. 2.

I love New York in June. How 'bout you? After trekking around the Village and dancing your dogs off, don't forget to stop by the Lesbian and Gay Community Services Center's new National Museum of Lesbian and Gay History for its "New York in

Adams, Kevin Carter, Kathleen Hunt, Joanna Joseph, Alan Lang, Marianne Meringolo and Mark Spina. \$10 plus a two-drink minimum. The Duplex. 61 Christopher St. Th at 8 pm. Reservations: (212) 255-5438. Through July 25.

THE CASTILLO CULTURAL CENTER represents James Chapman's *Our Young Black Men Are Dying and Nobody Seems to Care*, a look at some of those men whose lives and deaths are reflected in drug-abuse, crime, police-brutality, alcoholism, poverty and AIDS statistics. \$20. 500 Greenwich St., suite 201. Th-Sa at 8 pm and Su at 3 pm. Reservations: (212) 941-5800. Through Aug. 31.

THE DUPLEX presents Gail S. Goodman's *Essence of Family, Pictures of Pride*, an art display of 47 glass-framed photographs taken during various gay and lesbian pride events held in New York City between June 1989 and June 1990. 61 Christopher St. Info: (212) 255-5438. Through Sept. 2.

THE COURTYARD PLAYHOUSE presents John Glines' *Body and Soul*, a new gay romantic comedy asking the question, "What do you do when the love of your life returns—and you wish he hadn't?" Performed by David Boldt, Eddie Cobb, Randall Denman, Douglas Gibson and Martin Outzen. \$20. 39 Grove St., at Bleecker Street. We-Fr at 8 pm, Sa at 6 and 9 pm and Su at 7 pm. Reservations: (212) 869-3530.

BLUE ANGEL THEATER presents *Pageant*, New York's nightly, audience participation, musical beauty contest. \$50 includes show and dinner. \$30 for show only on Tu-Th/\$32.50 for show only on Fr-Su. 323 W. 44th St. Tu-Fr at 8:30 pm, Sa at 7:30 and 10:30 pm and Su at 3:30 and 7:30 pm. Reservations: (212) 262-3333.

THE WPA THEATRE presents *Red Scare on Sunset*, a new play by and starring Charles Busch, creator of *Vampire Lesbians of Sodom* and *Psycho Beach Party*. Directed by Kenneth Elliott. Starring Ralph Buckley, Roy Cockrum, Andy Halliday, Julie Halston, Mark Hamilton, Judith Hansen, Arnie Kolodner. 519 W. 23rd St. Tu-Th at 8 pm and Su at 7:30 pm—\$22. Fr and Sa at 8 pm and Su at 3 pm—\$26. Reservations: (212) 206-0523.

CHERRY LANE THEATRE presents David Stevens' *The Sum of Us*. Starring Robert Lansing and Matt Sallinger. Directed by Kevin Dowling. By the writer of *Breaker*

Morant, this play is about a father who tries to help with his son's gay relationships while looking for a new wife. 38 Commerce St. \$22.50-\$32.50. Tu-Fr at 8 pm, Sa at 7 and 10 pm, Su at 3 and 7:30 pm. Father's Day Special: (212) 989-2020.

THE FRIENDS OF ALICE AUSTEN HOUSE present *Alice Austen: The Larky Life*. From her bio, Alice Austen sounds like the Gertrude Stein of Staten Island. Visit her house, now a museum, and see pictures that she took of upper middle class men and women. 2 Hylan Blvd. Staten Island. Th-Su. 12-5 pm. Info: (718) 816-4506. Through December.

THEATER BY THE BLIND presents *Talley & Son* by Lanford Wilson. Theater Off Park, 224 Waverly Place between Perry and West 11th Streets, through June 30. Tu-Sa at 8. Matinees Sa at 2:30 and Su at 3. Reservations: (212) 279-4200.

THEATER NADA presents Simone Federman's creative adaptation of three plays by Samuel Beckett, entitled, *Samuel Beckett Meets Sticky and Palucci*. Find out if every man is male. 167 Ludlow St. Reservations: (212) 420-1466. June 26-29.

STONEWALL INN presents Remsen Wolff's photographic exhibition, *Extraordinary Women*, a loving look at some of the glamorous transvestites and transsexuals of New York and Amsterdam. 53 Christopher St. Through June 30.

ART IN GENERAL presents *Among Good Christian Peoples*, a video/photo installation by artists Catherine Saalfeld, Jacqueline Woodson and Jocelyn Taylor. An examination of church dogma as it relates to queers. 79 Walker St. Info: (212) 219-0473. Through June 29.

THE LESBIAN AND GAY COMMUNITY SERVICES CENTER presents *New York in June: A History of the Lesbian and Gay Pride March*. Banners, fliers, posters, and other tchotchkes of historical import. 208 W. 13th St. Info: (212) 620-7310.

MONDAY, JUNE 24

THE LESBIAN AND GAY COMMUNITY SERVICES CENTER's eighth annual *Garden Party*. Mayor David Dinkins and Manhattan Borough President Ruth Messinger join a galaxy of glittering community notables, including the *Lavender Light Gospel Choir*, comedian Kate Clinton, and the winners of

June" show, a history of the Lesbian and Gay Pride march. March in the march. And then revisit the march. Again and again and again and again...208 W. 13th St. (212) 620 7310. Through July 19.



What happens when one zesty artist girl gets together with another? Nothing short of fabulousness. So don't miss the collaborative work of artists Jacqueline Woodson, Catherine Saalfield and Jocelyn Taylor in a video/photographic installation *Among Good Christian Peoples* currently on show at Art in General, 79 Walker St. (212) 219-0473. Until June 29.



Have you always dreamed of being queen for a day? Wondered what Miss America does after the song ends, the curtain falls, and she kicks off her heels and slips out of her one-piece beach wear? Wished you had entered a Miss Teen Universe Pageant 20 years ago, when you were still eligible and your buns hadn't begun to sag? Then rush over to the Blue Angel Theater, where audience's participate nightly in

the Paul Rapoport Foundation's scholarships. Tickets \$50 at the door. Info: (212) 260-5652.

THE CLUB AND LA MAMA presents **A-B-C-D-E-F-Gay**, a one-night stand comedy event written and performed by Bill Graber. 74-A E. 4th St. \$10, at 8.

AIDS CENTER OF QUEENS COUNTY presents **Client Orientation Meeting**. ACOC. 97-45 Queens Blvd., suite 1220. Rego Park, NY. 6:30-8:30 pm. Info: (718) 896-2500.

GAY ACTIVIST ALLIANCE IN MORRIS COUNTY presents **Womyn's Network** and **Men's Rap Group** at 7:30 pm, before their **General Meeting** at 8:30 pm. Tonight's topic: "Gay and Smiling Through 33 Years of Activism." Barbara Gittings, founder of the New York chapter of Daughters of Bilitis, discusses activist in the early days of the lesbian and gay rights movement. 21 Normandy Heights Rd. Morristown, NJ. Info: GAAMC Gay Helpline: (201) 285-1595.

ACT UP **General Meeting**. Cooper Union. Fourth Avenue at 7th Street. 7:30 pm. Info: (212) 564-AIDS.

ONE DREAM THEATRE presents two one-act monologues: *The Impossible Heart*, written and performed by Brenda Yeager, and *Letters to Michael*, written and performed by David Mager. \$7. 232 West Broadway, at North Moore Street. 9:30 pm. [See June 25]

CELLBLOCK 28 presents **New York Strap and Paddle Association Party**. 28 Ninth Ave., downstairs, between 13th and 14th streets. 8 pm to 3 am. (212) 733-3144.

TUESDAY, JUNE 25

ALAN HERTZBERG in conjunction with THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, MEDIA NETWORK AND THE AMERICAN CIVIL LIBERTIES UNION LESBIAN AND GAY PROJECT presents **Pride and Prejudice**, a film and lecture series on homosexuality. Today's topic: "Sissy" Eastern Writers." Film: James Baldwin: *The Price of the Ticket*. Moderator: Patrick Merla, former editor of the *New York Native*. Panel: Michael Denny, senior editor, St. Martin's Press; Sallie Michael Fisher, poet and co-founder of Black and White Men Together; Gabby Haze from *RFD* magazine; Donald Vining, autobiographer and publisher and Doris Wilson, playwright. Donnell Library Center Auditorium. 20 W. 53rd St. 2:30-5:30 pm. [See June 26-29]

STAND-UP NEW YORK presents **Funny Gay Males: An Evening of Gay Comedy**. New York's favorite gay comedy trio. W. 78th St. and Broadway, at 8. Info: (212) 595-0850.

GAY MEN OF THE BRONX **Discussion and Rap Session**. Topic: Being Gay in the Bronx. 1 Fordham Plaza, suite 800. 6-8 pm. Info: Rusty at (212) 293-6042.

GAY MEN'S HEALTH CRISIS presents a **Health Seminar: Medical Treatments**. 129 W. 20th St., third floor. 7 pm. For more information, call the GMHC hotline at (212) 807-6655. TDD (212) 645-7470 for the hearing impaired.

THE LESBIANS IN THE CREATIVE ARTS GROUP of the GAY AND LESBIAN COMMUNITY CENTER present an **Arts Show** consisting of comedienne, poets, singers, dancers and a play. Highlights include comedienne **Suzanne Westenhoelter**; *Scotch and Milk*, a play by **Mary Vasilades**; poet **Eleanor Levine**; poet **Mercedes Roffe**; folk singer **Hilary Kay**; dancers **Leah Rivers**, **Maryanne Stewart** and **Heather Fenby**; and photographer **Prinny Alavi**. \$5. The Center. 208 W. 13th St. 7-9 pm. Info: Cindy at (212) 696-3975.

LESBIANS AND GAY MEN OF NEW BRUNSWICK present **Annual Gay and Lesbian Pride Night**. Bring your musical and poetic talents. Friend's Meeting House. 109 Nichol Ave. New Brunswick, NJ. 8 pm. Info: (908) 247-0515.

HERITAGE OF PRIDE **General Membership Meeting**. All interested persons invited. The Center. 208 W. 13th St. 8 pm. Info: (212) 691-1774.

SOUTHERNERS presents a **Working Evening for Pride Day**. The Center. 208 W. 13th St. 8 pm. Info: the Southerners Hotline at (212) 674-8073.

GIRL SCOUT INTERNATIONAL presents **Club des Femmes**, a women's party. \$6. The Grolier. 29 E. 32nd St., between Park and Madison avenues. 9 pm. Info: (212) 679-2932.

ONE DREAM THEATRE presents two one-act monologues: *The Impossible Heart*, written and performed by **Brenda Yeager**, and *Letters to Michael*, written and performed by **David Mager**. \$7. 232 West Broadway, at North Moore Street. 9:30 pm. [See June 24]

THE EAGLE presents **Out in the '90s Night**. A portion of the bar proceeds will

New York's only musical beauty pageant—\$50 includes *Pageant* (the one-of-a-kind show) and dinner. 323 W. 44th St. Tuesday through Friday at 8:30 pm, Saturdays at 7:30 pm and 10:30 pm and Sundays at 3:30 pm and 7:30 pm. Reservations: (212) 262-3333.



Lesbian nuns. Stigmata. The Spanish Inquisition. Carmen Maura. You dug it at the New Festival, now catch Miguel Picazo's *Extramuros* at the Cinema Village on Third Avenue. "A tale of spiritual and sensual love, deception and intrigue behind the walls of a 16th century convent." 100 Third Ave at 13th St. Starting June 28.



And if all of this fails to entertain you, and your picky palette remains unpiqued, just hold on till the steamy days of July, when nude pictures of Madonna are rumored to be scheduled for an appearance at the Museum of Modern Art. A picture's worth a thousand words. And you said that art couldn't imitate life. . .

benefit GBS and *Out in the '90s*. The Eagle. 142 Eleventh Ave., at 21st Street. 10 pm. Info: (212) 691-8451.

CELLBLOCK 28 presents **Rik McShane Pump Party**. 28 Ninth Ave., downstairs, between 13th and 14th streets. 8 pm to 3 am. (212) 733-3144.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 26

ALAN HERTZBERG in conjunction with THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, MEDIA NETWORK and THE AMERICAN CIVIL LIBERTIES UNION LESBIAN AND GAY PROJECT presents **Pride and Prejudice**, a film and lecture series on homosexuality. Today's topic: "Coming Out Post-Stonewall." Film: *Word Is Out*. Moderator: **Florence Volkman Pincus**, clinical psychologist. Panel: **Dionne Freney**, YES, the Center; and **Dr. Harold Kooden**, psychologist; **Betty Powell**, Black lesbian feminist, educator and activist. Donnell Library Center Auditorium. 20 W. 53rd St. 3-6 pm. [See June 25, 27-29]

SAGE presents **Freedom, Glorious Freedom**, a talk by **Fr. John McNeill**, noted moral theologian, gay activist and author. The Center, 208 W. 13th St. 8 pm. Info: (212) 741-2247.

NYABN **Bisexual Women's Support Group**. \$3 donation. The Center. 208 W. 13th St. 6:30-8 pm. Info: (212) 459-4784.

OPEN CIRCLE presents **Celebrate the God/dess**. Please arrive early, as the ritual begins promptly, and please bring percussion instruments. \$2 donation. The Center. 208 W. 13th St. 7-7:30 pm.

GAY MALE S/M ACTIVISTS presents **101 Ways to Tie a Man to a Bed**. Self-explanatory. \$4 members/\$6 nonmembers. The Center. 208 W. 13th St. 8 pm. Info: (212) 727-9878.

THE INSTITUTE FOR HUMAN IDENTITY presents **Outing Versus Coming Out: The Political and Psychological Identity**, a panel discussion featuring **Beverly Decker**, **Dr. Marjorie Hill**, **Gabriel Rotello**, **Charles Silverstein** and **Pedro Velasquez**. The Center. 208 W. 13th St. 8-10 pm. Info: (212) 799-9432.

TATOU presents **Michael Fairman's Daytime Cares: A Show of Support**, a benefit for the American Foundation for AIDS Research. Hosted by **Sally Jessy Raphael**. Featured performers include **Finola Hughes** and **Kimberly McCullough** from *As the World Turns*; **A.**

Martinez, **Justin Gocke** and **Frank Ranyoen** from *Santa Barbara*; **Kathleen Widdoes**, **Elizabeth Hubbard**, **Marie Masters**, **Lisa Brown** and **Keith Douglas Pruitt** from *As the World Turns*; **Linda Dano** from *Another World*; **Todd McKee**, **Hunter Tyle** and **Darlene Conley** from *The Bold and the Beautiful*; **Charlotte Ross** from *Days of Our Lives*; **William Christian** from *All My Children*. **James Reynolds** from *Generations*; **Kristoff St. John** from *The Young and the Restless*; **Michael Zaslow**, **Frank Dicoopoulos**, **Jean Carol**, **Maureen Garrett** and **Ashley Peidon** from *Guiding Light*. Special appearances by **Edward Asner**, **Dr. Ruth Westheimer** and **Joy Behar**. Open bar, hors d'oeuvres and dancing. There will also be an auction. \$75. 151 E. 50th St. 8:30 pm. Tickets: Paula Campbell at AmFAR at (212) 719-0033.

NADA presents **Gay Nation**, a band featuring **Chris Cochrane** and **Scott Heron**, in a performance entitled *The Gay Nation Revue*. The revue will feature a revolving list of guest musicians and performers, including **Dancenolise**, **Kathy Danger**, **Richard Elovich**, **Jen Green**, **Almon Grimstead** and **Linda Austin**. \$7. 167 Ludlow St. 10 pm. Reservations: (212) 420-1466.

THE EAGLE presents **Movie Night: Postcards From the Edge**. The Eagle. 142 Eleventh Ave., at 21st Street. 11 pm. (212) 691-8451.

CELLBLOCK 28 presents **Hot Ash**. 28 Ninth Ave., downstairs, between 13th and 14th streets. 8 pm to 3 am. (212) 733-3144.

THURSDAY, JUNE 27

THE THIRD ANNUAL BRONX AIDS FORUM presents **Treatment Choices: Being an Informed Consumer**. The program hopes to update service providers, advocates and consumers regarding current HIV and AIDS treatment options and to identify service gaps, barriers to care and strategies to alleviate these problems. Workshops include: "Pediatric/Adolescent AIDS Treatment Modalities," "Clinical Trials," "Alternative Treatments," "HIV Treatment and its Interaction With Other Drugs," "Access/Barriers to Treatment" and "Nutrition Information and Choice." \$12. Bronx Community College. Gould Memorial Library Rotunda. University Avenue and West 181st Street. 8 am to 4:30 pm. Info: Bronx AIDS Services at (212) 295-5598.

ALAN HERTZBERG in conjunction with

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, MEDIA NETWORK AND THE AMERICAN CIVIL LIBERTIES UNION LESBIAN AND GAY PROJECT presents **Pride and Prejudice**, a film and lecture series on homosexuality. Today's topic: "Where Do We Go From Here?: Planning Gay Lib for the 1990s." Film: *The Times of Harvey Milk*. Moderator: **David Rothenberg**, gay activist and radio commentator. Panel: **Richard Burns**, executive director of the Lesbian and Gay Community Services Center; **James Cradle**, Men of All Colors Together; **Dr. Marjorie Hill**, director of the Mayor's Office for the Gay and Lesbian Community; and **William Rubenstein**, ACLU Lesbian and Gay Project. Donnell Library Center Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. 12:30-3:30 pm. [See June 25-26, 28-29]

DIGNITY/NEW YORK presents a **Gay Pride Reflection**. The evening includes a prayer service and religious commemoration, but is not a Catholic mass. Church of St. John, West 11th Street at Waverly. 7:30 pm. Info: (212) 662-9088.

QUEER NATION **Weekly Meeting**. The Center, 208 W. 13th St. 7:30 pm. Info: (212) 9788-8720.

JULIUS' presents **Foot Friends Bar Night**, for men into bare feet, socks, sneakers, shoes and boots. 159 W. 10th St., at Waverly Place. 9:30-11 pm. Info: (212) 675-7352.

FRIDAY, JUNE 28

ALAN HERTZBERG in conjunction with THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, MEDIA NETWORK AND THE AMERICAN CIVIL LIBERTIES UNION LESBIAN AND GAY PROJECT presents **Pride and Prejudice**, a film and lecture series on homosexuality. Today's topic: "Aging and the Homosexual Community." Film: *Silent Pioneers*. Moderator: **Arlene Kochman**, executive director of SAGE. Panel: **Gerry Faler**, SAGE; **Marlin Duberman**, historian; **Richard Plant**, historian; and **Davis Platt**, activist. The Center, 208 W. 13th St. 2-5 pm. [See June 25-27, 29]

YOUTH ENRICHMENT SERVICES presents a **Lesbian and Gay Pride Celebration**. The Center, 208 W. 13th St. 6-10 pm. Info: **Dionne Freney** at (212) 620-7310.

THE CHRISTOPHER STREET FESTIVAL COMMITTEE presents the **Sixth Annual Candlelight March**, to honor the dead and support the living. The parade begins

with a performance by the **Lavender Light Gospel Choir**. Donation of \$1 for balloon and candle. Christopher Street and Sheridan Square. 6:30 pm. Info: (718) 441-4105.

CONFERENCE FOR CATHOLIC LESBIANS presents **The Place of Catholic Lesbians in the History of the Church, and in the Lesbian Community**, a special pride month version of their monthly meeting. The Center, 208 W. 13th St., at 6. Info: (718) 680-6107.

THE AMERICAN CIVIL LIBERTIES UNION LESBIAN AND GAY PROJECT, AIVF, MEDIA NETWORK AND THE NEW YORK FILM AND VIDEO COUNCIL present a **Media Symposium** asking the question, "Now that the community is under attack, what kind of product is necessary?" Discussants include, **Alfredo Bojar**, filmmaker, Latino Collaborative; **Don Derosby**, executive director of the Media Network, **Ada Gay Griffen**, Third World Newsreel, **Alan Hertzberg**, gay activist, producer and videomaker, **James Lee**, gay Asian activist, **Marie Nesthus**, head of the Donnell Library Media Center, **Hye Jung Park**, director of Downtown Community TV, **John Rowe**, president of the New York Film and Video Council, **John Scaglione**, executive producer of *Before Stonewall*; **Greta Schiller**, filmmaker; **Susan Stone Shapiro**, independent producer, NFLCP; **Chuck Sherwood**, executive director, Cape Cod Community TV, NFLCP; **Ellen Spiro**, videomaker, **Marc Weiss**, executive producer of *Point of View* and **Deborah Zimmerman** of *Women Make Movies*. \$2. Downtown Community TV, 82 Lafayette St., two blocks south of Canal Street. 7-10 pm.

SLOPE ACTIVITIES FOR LESBIANS presents a **Lesbian Pride Party**, the perfect way to start Gay Pride Weekend. Bring snacks, beverages and music. 7:30 pm. Please call 24 in advance for all SAL activities: (718) 965-7578.

THE NEW YORK CITY GAY MEN'S CHORUS and the DENVER WOMEN'S CHORUS present **Diversity**, a joint concert. Under the direction of **Gary Miller** and **Debbie Kenyon**, the two groups will sing both together and separately. \$10-\$50. Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center. Broadway at 66th St. 8 pm. Reservations: (212) 674-6770. [See June 29]

INTEGRITY presents its **Northeast Regional Convention**. Opening reception and full day of workshops. Events run through June 30th. St. Luke-in-the-Fields Church, at Hudson and Christopher Streets.

For more info, call (718) 720-3054.

KOUMBAYA and PYRAMID PRODUCTIONS present **An Evening of Love and Dancing**. With candle light, a greenhouse and a roof deck. Hosted by **Dallon Wilson**. Koumbaya is a cultural center and performance space for lesbians and gay men of African heritage. \$5. 117 W. 26th St., between Sixth and Seventh avenues. 10 pm until sunrise.

THE COLUMBIA PEP BOYS present the **Second Annual Gay and Lesbian Pride Dance**, a benefit for the Center. Columbia University Earl Hall. Broadway at 116th St. 10 pm.

THE NETWORK OF GAY AND LESBIAN ALUMNAE present a **Party** benefitting Net-GALA. Featuring a screening of *One Nation Under God*, a documentary on fundamentalist groups trying to "cure" homosexuals. The party is open to all. \$10/\$5 for students and recent graduates. The Limelight, Sixth Avenue at 20th Street. 10:30 pm. Info: Laurie at (718) 858-7190.

SPIKE E. presents **Pleasure Planet** to help kick off Gay Pride Weekend. Themed "Reinventing the meaning of love," (that's Coteau, by the way), the party will feature DJ's **John Hall** and **Aldo Hernandez**. RaPaal will be performing in *Return of Star Booty*. The Sound Factory will be serving alcohol at this party. \$20/\$15. The Sound Factory, 530 W. 27th St. 11 pm to 9 am. Info: (212) 260-3701.

SATURDAY, JUNE 29

HERITAGE OF PRIDE presents **Here Without Fear**, the one and only LESBIAN AND GAY PRIDE RALLY. **Keynote speakers** are **Larry Kramer** and **Sandra Lowe**. Entertainment and other speakers include **Dark Star Crew**, **The Flirtations**, **Paris is Burning's** own **Jennie Livingston**, **Reno**, **Frank Mays**, **Crystal Waters**. WOMEN ABOUT presents **Scouting**. For more info or to join Women About, call (212) 642-5257.

FRONTRUNNERS/NEW YORK presents its **Tenth Anniversary Gay Pride Run**. It's just you and five miles of Central Park. \$8. Check in at the International Running Center, 9 E. 89th St. 7:30-9 pm. The run begins at 9:30 pm. Info: (212) 724-9700.

GIRTH AND MIRTH presents its very own gay pride benefit, an annual party to benefit an AIDS service organization. Buffet dinner and dancing. The Center, 208 W. 13th St. \$10 members/\$12 non-members. 8:30 pm-1 am. Info: (914)

699-7735.

INTEGRAL YOGA INSTITUTE presents **Hatha Yoga Class**. Hatha Yoga refers to the physical postures, deep relaxation and breathing practices which revitalize and strengthen the body and calm the mind. This class is especially for those who are HIV-positive. 1Y1, 227 W. 13th St. 12-1:30 pm. (212) 929-0586.

ALAN HERTZBERG in conjunction with THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, MEDIA NETWORK AND THE AMERICAN CIVIL LIBERTIES UNION LESBIAN AND GAY PROJECT presents **Pride and Prejudice**, a film and lecture series on homosexuality. Today's topic: "Toward Maintaining an Independent Lesbian Identity." Film: *Women Like Us*. Moderator: **Jean Nestle**, co-founder of the Lesbian Herstory Archives, writer and activist. Panel: **Candice Boyce**, African-American Wimmin United for Societal Change; **Morgan Gwenwald**, photographer and activist; **Ann Kwong**, Asian Lesbians of the East Coast; and **Muriel Miguel**, Spiderwoman Theatre. The Center, 208 W. 13th St. 3-6 pm. [See June 25-26]

NORTH AMERICAN MAN/BOY LOVE ASSOCIATION presents an **Open Reception**. Panna II Restaurant, 93 First Ave., between 5th and 6th streets. 5-7:30 pm. Info: (212) 807-8578.

PARTICULAR PRODUCTIONS presents a **Lesbian Pride Concert**, featuring **Jamie Anderson**, **Alix Dobkin**, with **Malle and Marina**. Also scheduled: the **Lesbian Country Line Dancers**. \$15. The Center, 208 W. 13th St. 7:30 and 9:30 pm. Info: (718) 643-3284.

KOUMBAYA and FUEGO present an **After the Rally Dance for Women**, featuring House and reggae music, candle light, a greenhouse and a roof deck. Surprise guest performers will be appearing from Washington, DC. Hosted by **Moe Gonzalez**, **Hadley** and **Desiree**. Koumbaya is a cultural center and performance space for lesbians and gay men of African heritage. \$5. 117 W. 26th St., between Sixth and Seventh avenues. 8 pm.

WOMEN AND FRIENDS present their **First Lesbian Pride Dance**. \$10/\$15. Borough of Manhattan Community College, 199 Chambers St. 8 pm. Info: (212) 620-7310.

THE NEW YORK CITY GAY MEN'S CHORUS and the DENVER WOMEN'S CHO-

RUS present **Diversity**, a joint concert. Under the direction of **Gary Miller** and **Debbie Kenyon**, the two groups will sing both together and separately. \$10-\$50. Alice Tully Hall. Lincoln Center. Broadway at 66th St. 8 pm. Reservations: (212) 874-6770. [See June 28]

NELL'S presents an **All-Star Brain-Bumping, Hip-Hugging Get-Together** of gay men and lesbians to celebrate "the dance floor of life" on Lesbian and Gay Pride Day. 246 W. 14th St., at Eighth Avenue. 10 pm. (212) 675-1567.

SHESCAPE presents an **Eve of Pride Day Party for Girls**. This party kicks off a regular Saturday night gig for Shescape at this space. Opening night DJ is Susan Morabito. Admission includes a free drink. \$6/\$8. The Come Back. 507 West St., at Jane Street. 10 pm to 4 am. Info: (212) 645-6479.

MICHAEL FESCO in association with YMVA presents **Saturday Nights at Parallel**. Tonight's festivity honors Gay Pride Weekend. Featuring House/sleaze music. Drawings by **Ira Smith**. Open bar 11 pm 'til midnight. \$12. Parallel. 229 W. 28th St., between Seventh and Eighth avenues. Doors open at 11 pm. Info: (212) 563-9292.

SUNDAY, JUNE 30

HERITAGE OF PRIDE presents the 22nd **Annual LESBIAN AND GAY PRIDE MARCH, OUT, LOUD AND PROUD!** Kicks off promptly at 12:30 from Columbus Circle, W. 59th St. and Central Park West, and travel down 5th Av., through Greenwich Village, ending at Christopher and Hudson Streets. For lineup order, parade route, and more info, call HOP at (212) 691-1774 or the Lesbian and Gay Switchboard of New York, at (212) 777-1800.

THE CHRISTOPHER STREET FESTIVAL COMMITTEE presents **The Christopher Street Festival**. Featuring an assortment of food, clothing and other vendors, as well as non-profit lesbian and gay organizations. Christopher Street between Hudson and West Streets. Down to midnight.

THE FABULOUS BOYS AND GIRLS AT HERITAGE OF PRIDE present **DANCE FIVE**, the fifth annual outdoor dance-till-you-drop celebration on the Christopher Street Pier. Special effects and a laser extravaganza staged by **High Tech of Long Island**. Live performance by rock diva **Nona Hendryx**. Gates open at 4 pm, with dancing until 9:30, followed by Ms.

Tuning In:

A TV/Radio Guide for *OutWeek* Readers

Information must be **received** by Monday to be included in the following week's issue. Send items to *OutWeek* Listings, 159 W. 25th St., New York, NY 10001.

Compiled by Dale Peck.

A&E (Arts and Entertainment) 555 Fifth Ave., 10th floor, NYC 10017. (212) 661-4500 **CCTV** (Rick X. P.O. Box 790, NYC 10108) **GBS** (Gay Broadcasting System. Butch Peaston. 178 Seventh Ave., suite A-3, NYC 10011. (212) 243-1570) **GCN** (Gay Cable Network. Lou Maletta. 32 Union Square East, suite 1217. (212) 477-4220) **GLIB** (Gay and Lesbian Independent Broadcasters. (212) 473-1689) **GMHC** (Gay Men's Health Crisis. Jean Carlomusto. 129 W. 20th St., NYC 10011. (212) 807-7517) **RB PROD** (Robin Byrd Productions. P.O. Box 305, NYC 10021. (212) 988-2973) **WABC-TV** (77 W. 63rd St., NYC 10023 (212) 456-7777) **WBAI-FM** (505 Eighth Ave., 19th floor, NYC 10018 (212) 279-0707) **WCBS-TV** (51 W. 52nd St., NYC 10019. (212) 975-4321) **WNBC-TV** (30 Rockefeller Plaza, NYC 10112. (212) 664-4444) **WNET-TV** (356 W. 58th St., NYC 10019. (212) 560-3000) **WNYW-TV** (Fox. 1211 AV/AM, NYC 10036. (212) 556-2400) **WPIX-TV** (220 E. 42nd St., NYC 10017. (212) 949-1100)

MONDAY, JUNE 24

- 1:30 PM** WUSB 90.1 FM *The Word Is Out* Marc Gunning hosts a weekly lesbian, gay and bisexual variety show.
- 2 PM** WUSB 90.1 FM *Lavender Wimmen News*, songs and music produced by women for women.
- 2:30 PM** WUSB 90.1 FM *This Way Out* More queer news.
- 2:30 PM** GLIB/WBAI 99.5 FM *Gay Nightlife is Much, Much More Fun* Host Mark Allen leads a tour of New York's queer club scene.
- 8:30 PM** *The Brenda and Glenda Show* Manhattan Cable, CH 17
- 9 PM** GBS *Out in the 90's*: community news, discussion, interviews. BQ Cable, CH 56 (1:00)
- 9 PM** GCN *Gay USA* Paragon Cable, CH C/16 (:30)
- 11:30 PM** *Tomorrow/Tonight Live*: entertainment; Manhattan and Paragon Cable, CH D/17 (1:00)
- Midnight** CCTV *The Closet Case Show*: Kloset Klips; Manhattan/Paragon Cable, CH C/16 (:30)

TUESDAY, JUNE 25

- 10 PM** RB PROD *The Robin Byrd Show*: male and female strippers; Manhattan Cable, CH V/35 (1:00)
- 11 PM** GBS *Out in the 90's*: news, information and interviews; Manhattan/Paragon Cable, CH C/16 (1:00)

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 26

- 9:30 AM** WBAI 99.5 FM *Ghosts in the Machine* This radio show is hosted by *OutWeek* Features Editor Victoria Starr. 2.5 hours.
- Midnight** RB PROD *The Robin Byrd Show*: male and female strippers, live call-in show; Manhattan Cable, CH V/35

THURSDAY, JUNE 27

- 1 PM** WBAI-FM *This Way Out*, the international gay and lesbian news magazine; 99.5 FM (:30)
- 1:30 PM** WBAI-FM *An Afternoon Outing*. Local news about the gay and lesbian community with Larry Gutenburg. 99.5 FM (:30)
- 10 PM** GCN *Be Our Guest*: entertainment for and about the lesbian and gay community; Manhattan Cable, CH D/17 (:30)
- 10:30 PM** GMHC *Living With AIDS* Health and politics. Manhattan Cable, CH V/35 (:30)
- 11 PM** GCN *Gay U.S.A.*: news and entertainment from around the country; Manhattan Cable, CH V/35 (1:00)
- Midnight** GCN *Men in Films*: male erotica, interviews with adult filmstars; Manhattan Cable, CH V/35 (:30)
- 12:30 AM** RB PROD *Men For Men*: Robin Byrd presents gay male porno stars; Manhattan Cable, CH V/35 (:30)

FRIDAY, JUNE 28

- 2:30 PM** WBAI-FM *Rompiendo el Silencio* Todos los viernes, Gonzalo Aburto con temas y noticias para la comunidad latina gay y lesbiana. 99.5 FM (:15)
- 7 PM** WBAI 99.5 FM *AIDS in Focus*, Michael Alcalay, producer.
- 1 AM** RB PROD *The Robin Byrd Show*: male and female strippers; Manhattan Cable, CH V/35 (1:00)

SATURDAY, JUNE 29

- 8:30 AM** WBAI-FM *Any Saturday* with David Rothenberg; live call-in; 99.5 FM (2:00)
- 7 PM** GCN *Gay USA* News and entertainment from around the country. BQ, Unity, ACV Cable, CH 56 (1:00)
- 11 PM** *Gay TV* Male porn; Manhattan Cable, CH V/35
- 1 AM** RB PROD *The Robin Byrd Show* Male and female strippers. Paragon Cable, CH C/16 (1:00)
- 1:30 AM** RB PROD *The Robin Byrd Show* Male and female strippers. Manhattan Cable, CH V/35 (1:00)

SUNDAY, JUNE 30

- 7:30 PM** WBAI 99.5 FM *The Gay Show*. Alternates with *Outlooks*.
- 10:30 PM** RB PROD *Men For Men*: Robin Byrd presents gay male porno stars; Manhattan Cable, CH V/35 (:30)
- 11 PM** GBS *Way Out!* Mark Chesnut and Michelle VanVoorhies host. Rich Volo is the producer. CH C/16 (:30)



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QUEER SIDE

Continued from page 78

around Jackson Square. I remember the sweaty leathery smell of feet trapped too long in boots on a hot day. Funniest of all, I clearly remember a slight, faded scar just beneath his lower lip, the kind that probably comes with a childhood accident. That, and he had a lovely patch of soft golden fuzz at the base of his spine just above his ass. Funny, and a little sad to think about now.

We stayed in touch off and on through the years: a phone call from time to time, a quick note, short meetings when he was in New York. I don't know if he was still sleeping with pretty, young boys: I never asked, and he never offered the information.

In 1979, I moved to Paris to be with a lover. Three days later, I made a pilgrimage to Jim's grave in Pere-Lachaise. I was older then, wiser maybe, decidedly less promiscuous. It was hard imagining Jim dead that day, once a legend in his own time and now the most popular tourist attraction in a city of the dead. What a monstrously mythic creature our

times must have required. He would definitely have appreciated the joke.

The gravesite brought it all home to me, though. The shoddiness and ramshackle condition of one of the world's most famous cemeteries, the way it has been left to go to rack and ruin. There is a musty, timeless elegance to it. All I could help thinking was: "My, what a dump. But, at least you're in good company."

I left a bottle of Bordeaux and a string of Czechoslovakian glass Mardi Gras beads on his grave. And a poem I wrote for him that day we first met—three short lines, inscribed simply "For Jim, upon the occasion of breaking on through." It read:

*Your eyes are great gray places
where rain could be born...
or just tiny thunder hide. ▼*

Jean-Paul DeVillard is an international free-lance writer, journalist and editor who writes on such diverse topics as fashion, food and contemporary culture. Payment for this article is being donated to a charity of the author's choice.

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 my 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.

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MILESTONES

Anthony (Tony) Papp

Anthony (Tony) Papp, 29, jewelry and metal artist, died at home in New York on Saturday, June 1, 1991, of AIDS. He was the son of producer Joseph Papp and family therapist Peggy Papp.

Mr. Papp's art was influenced by the Russian Constructivists and took new directions in form and surface applications. His work, which includes necklaces, bracelets, brooches and such objects as boxes and bud vases, features a technique called "marriage of metals"—the combining of different metals, such as sterling silver, 18-karat gold, brass and copper, in an inlaying process to create a painterly effect.

He became interested in wearable art while attending Parsons School of Design. After finishing school and "sitting at a jeweler's bench for five years," he began showing his work in such art jewelry galleries as the Sheila Nussbaum Gallery in Millburn, NJ, Artwear in Soho, Quadram Gallery in Boston and the Helen Drutt Gallery in Philadelphia. Reviews of his one-man show at the Neil

Isman Gallery in New York praised his craftsmanship and the fluidity of his designs and called him a "master of patina." He opened his own gallery, the Tony Papp Gallery, in Trump Tower in December 1986. For the past several years, his work has been displayed in numerous shows around the country, and he has taught his technique at several art schools in the metropolitan area.

In addition to his father and mother, he is survived by a sister, Miranda Adani; his stepmother, Gail Merrifield Papp; his half sisters, Susan Lippman and Barbara Mosser; his half brother, Michael Faulkner; and his companion, Rosemary Jordan.

There will be a private memorial service. Donations in his memory can be made to the People With AIDS Health Group, 31 W. 26 St., New York, NY 10010.

Tom Hannan

Tom Hannan, one of the founders of the Community Research Initiative and the People With AIDS Health Group, died at home on June 4, 1991, after living with AIDS for four years and three months.

Tom was a complex, fascinating personality, and I studied him avidly for the four years of our friendship. A brilliant strategist, a witty and charismatic public speaker, Tom could sell fire to the devil himself and come out of the meeting laughing. And he did shake hands with the devil, many times, during his endless meetings with drug company and government representatives on behalf of the two organizations he helped to found.

Tom was a man who traveled light in life. His personal attachments were few and were tightly choreographed. He was a maestro of perfect timing and total control. It took guts to be Tom's friend, even as he was reminding you that he had no friends. He once told me that he pitied anyone who loved him, blinding himself to the fact that we were legion. There was definitely something wrong with the mirror in Tom's house, because he didn't see himself when he looked in it.

Tom was determined to "keep things simple" in his life, ever more so after the death of his lover, Stephen Roach, in early 1988. "I never meant to outlive him by so long," he told me. Subtlety and underreaction went a long way in dealing with Tom Hannan. So did the unspoken word. He always admired someone who could keep a poker face while rearranging the deck chairs on the Titanic.

Tom was first, last and always a performance artist, whether he was singing or testifying before the Presidential Commission on AIDS. We shared a couple of bows on both stages, although my favorites were in a Brooklyn Unitarian church choir on Christmas Eves. We also underwent a theatrical arrest together with ACT UP at City Hall. We managed to squeeze some fun in between the tears and the arguments, and in spite of the gathering clouds, I just wish that I had seen—and heard—Tom in full operatic glory, just once.

Tom wouldn't let me see him during the last days of his life, although we spoke on the phone a lot. At first it was hard to take, then I came to understand. The week before he died, a card caught my eye in a shop on Bleecker Street. I brought it home and framed it. It says, "If you get to Heaven before I do, please...send help." —Suzanne Phillips, MD

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Dialogue Is Sin

by James Waller

Les Kinsolving, a popular Baltimore talk-radio maniac, has it in for queers. For weeks before the opening of the 203rd General Assembly of the Presbyterian



Church USA, Kinsolving regaled Baltimoreans with the shocking news of the church's upcoming "Sex Convention," during which the Presbyterians were committed, Kinsolving proclaimed, to the wholesale dumping of the Christian tradition's confinement of right sexual relations within the bounds of heterosexual marriage. Kinsolving's declarations—delivered in a gruff, made-for-radio voice and bolstered by a formidable, if paranoiacly skewed, understanding of lesbian and gay politics—made for weirdly entertaining radio; one only wishes his delusions regarding the power we wield were true.

To apply the term "Sex Convention" to the gathering, held at Baltimore's harborside Convention Center, June 4-12, is imaginative, to say the least, for the voting commissioners, delegates and other attendees who filled the convention center's halls were an altogether wholesome-looking lot: Overwhelmingly gray-haired, well-scrubbed, ordinary middle-class whitefolk. Presbyterians joke that they like to do things "decently and in order." The protocol that guides their yearly confabs is astonishingly rule-ridden: It's a procedure that doesn't lend itself to the making of a revolution.

But it's just dandy for stifling one. Four years ago, the assembly commissioned a special committee to prepare a wide-ranging report on human sexuality for the denomination's consideration. The committee's 200-page majority report—theologically upstart and contain-

ing a series of recommendations that were, in Presbyterian terms, earthshaking—was released a few weeks before the convention opened, engendering an intense call-to-arms within the denomination's large conservative wing. Suddenly, the Presbyterians' meeting was being accorded media attention of a kind, as lesbian Catholic theologian Mary E. Hunt put it, "usually reserved for US invasions of small Third World countries." (Hunt's

"Oh, the church will change," James Anderson said, "but it may be the last institution to change. The society in general—even the military—they'll change first."

address, at a Saturday luncheon sponsored by Presbyterians for Gay and Lesbian Concerns, was in striking contrast to that delivered by another Roman Catholic, John Cardinal O'Connor, at a Presbyterian right-to-lifers' meeting a few days earlier.)

The special committee on human sexuality had done its job thoroughly, exploring the impact of the life of the church on a gamut of emotionally charged issues ranging from domestic violence to clergy sexual misconduct. But not surprisingly, all the attention was drawn to what the report had to say about homosexuality: To wit, that gay and lesbian people should be accorded full rights and responsibilities within the church, including the right to be

ordained to the church's three pastoral roles—minister, elder or deacon. The standing committee selected to evaluate the special committee's report was besieged by petitions, called "overtures," from scores of local church-governing bodies around the country demanding that the report be trashed. Forty of the petitions even called on the assembly to refuse to print the report in its minutes.

Setting church unity as its priority, the standing committee performed, more or less, as the report's detractors wanted. The report was resoundingly defeated on the assembly floor on Monday afternoon, though its appearance in the minutes was sustained. In its place, the assembly adopted the standing committee's package of resolutions that, while acknowledging "the pain felt by many persons of every perspective on these sensitive issues" (note the careful avoidance of the "H"-word), blandly parroted the church's traditional positions on sex outside of one-man/one-woman marriage.

Even a nondescript resolution to "honor all committed covenant relationships"—churchspeak for according same-sex unions some vague sort of respect—died in committee. All the sound and fury—including a wrenching Thursday-evening committee session in which several church leaders, speaking in favor of the human sexuality report, chose to come out to their colleagues—had, again, signified nothing.

Or maybe not quite nothing, since there's cause to wonder just how long mainline Protestant denominations can continue repressing the differences in their midst without cracking. Certainly, an unsettling, schizoid feeling pervaded the assembly. In the convention center's multifloor lobby, delegates and visitors—middle-aged men in pastel suits, ladies in crisp A-line skirts and low-heeled sandals—meandered past a tortured backdrop of panels from the AIDS

Photo: Ellen B. Neipris

Quilt. In the exhibit hall, the booths for Presbyterians for Lesbian and Gay Concerns and the Presbyterian AIDS Network (which had arranged, with the Names Project, for the Quilt's presence) were uncomfortably situated nearby the booths belonging to Presbyterians for Biblical Sexuality and Pro-Life Presbyterians. On the morning the human sexuality committee's resolution came to the assembly floor, there was a demonstration outside the center's main doors: A ring of people, about a hundred strong, shook Bibles and chanted homophobic slogans. Inside, Gordon Stewart, the likable man who had chaired the standing committee wanted to "honor the unity and diversity of the church and keep the conversation going"; outside, one of the demonstrators held aloft a placard that read "Dialogue Is Sin."

A few days before the floor vote, I'd sat in the 24th-floor suite of Baltimore's Omni Hotel that had been rented by Presbyterians for Lesbian and Gay Concerns, an advocacy organization with semi-official status within the church, talking with its current president, James Anderson.

"Oh, the church will change," Anderson, a dean at Rutgers University, told me, "but it may be the last institution to change. The society in general—even the military—they'll change first." Anderson's animated face and upbeat manner exuded the cheerfulness that's a necessary trait if you're working against such great odds. During my stay in Baltimore, I found myself wondering how so many lesbian and gay Presbyterians found the strength to continue to fight their battle.

I may have found a partial answer on Monday afternoon. After the electronic vote had been computer-tallied and the status quo reaffirmed, the assembly's new moderator, the Rev. Herbert Valentine, stepped back to the podium and announced that he was taking "a moment of personal privilege." In a quivering voice that mixed fatigue with (I think) nervousness, Valentine told the assembly that he was going to allow a "silent demonstration" by "a group of people" who were in deep pain on account of their continued exclusion.

Then, from the back of the vast plenary hall, a procession began—led by four or five men and women carrying a large wooden cross. In absolute silence, they approached the platform at the front of the hall, followed by hundreds of sup-

porters, some carrying black banners that read "Never Again" and "Silence = Death." As the procession moved forward, it was joined by some of the voting delegates on the floor and by many of the visitors from the observers' galleries. When it reached the dais, the cross was raised aloft, to allow those following to pass beneath, then laid on the floor. The aisles were filled with demonstrators; my view was blocked, and, when I heard a metallic sound ring out, I couldn't at first tell what was happening. Then I looked overhead, at one of the big-screen monitors above the dais. The camera had been turned on the cross, and one of the demonstrators was slowly hammering nails into it.

Though my skepticism has since returned, at that moment, I thought that I understood why so many Christian lesbians and gays refuse to abandon the struggle. Others' contempt must look a lot less fearsome when you've got a gospel lesson to teach. ▼

James Waller, a native of Baltimore, teaches a course on homosexuality and religion at the New School. He is a frequent contributor to OutWeek.

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GAY BROADCASTING SYSTEM

SEX SEX

R

umor has it that there are lesbian backrooms in San Francisco—you know, clubs with dark rooms where women are doing it with women they may never speak to again. I've heard no firsthand reports from one, so this may be merely urban folklore: True or not, it expresses New Yorkers' secret belief that we're not nearly as

destroy a reasonably happy, committed couple. Backrooms and similar institutions might give our primary involvements stronger boundaries by redrawing them in new places in our lives.

Well, that's utopia for you: It would require a complete rearrangement of our society's gender roles. In the meantime, maybe a lesbian backroom would mean the cooptation of women's culture by the patriarchy. Would we have thought of it if gay men hadn't thought of it first? Would women who look like Linda Evangelista get more attention than women who don't? Would we overemphasize penetration, sex toys, orgasms? Would straight men write porn about it?

Maybe gender roles will determine how we act in new settings, like backrooms, as in more familiar ones, like potlucks and softball games. Will we go secretly hoping to meet the woman we'll marry? Will we prefer friends to acquaintances, and prefer acquaintances to strangers? Will the careful etiquette of male backrooms not work for us? Will we be able to invent new rules? Will we worry too much about others' pleasure and not at all about our own? Will there be a shortage of femmes?

On the other hand, maybe a lesbian backroom would represent a victory over puritanism, a new development in the ongoing struggle over what gender difference and sexual orientation are supposed to mean. Would it open up women's repressed erotic potential? Would we begin to discover just what we are capable of? Would we be empowered, transformed, liberated? Would it be fun?

The answer to all these questions is...probably. Maybe. I dunno. But aren't you dying to find out for yourself? ▼

—Anne Rubenstein

cutting edge as they are on the Left Coast.

In any case, the inevitable response to this tale is to wonder when a dyke backroom will open here. Reactions range from anticipation ("Hope I'm on *that* mailing list!") to cynicism ("Women won't actually *do* anything in a backroom but stand around gossiping") to horror ("No real lesbian would do that!"). Me, I'm already worrying about what it all means.

One utopian possibility: If lesbians had backrooms, our primary relationships would be stronger. Gay men tend to couple up with less alacrity than lesbians, but their relationships last longer, because they have a whole set of social institutions—including backrooms—which allow for sexual expression without a monogamous relationship and "cheating" within one. A gay male couple, like a married straight couple, can define itself without reference to sex alone. Lesbians, on the other hand, often act as though one night of passion leads inexorably to joint checking accounts. Thus, a single fling can