OUTWEEK

SMASHING THE CLOSET

THE PROS AND CONS OF OUTING

ESSAYS BY:

Steve Beery  Victoria Brownworth
Ayofemi Folayan  Hunter Madsen
Andrew Miller  Sarah Pettit
Gabriel Rotello
RAINBOW RUN FOR THE END OF AIDS
CALL FOR VOLUNTEERS / CONTRIBUTORS

Brent Nicholson Earle, the man who ran 10,000 miles around this country in 1987 to awaken Middle America to the AIDS epidemic, will run again this summer. The Rainbow run for the end of AIDS is a 1,000 mile run from San Francisco to Vancouver. Brent begins June 7 and arrives in Vancouver on August 4 to attend The Gay Games.

Brent will dedicate the Rainbow Run to two leaders of the gay and lesbian community: Dr. Tom Waddell, founder of The Gay Games, and artist and activist Keith Haring—both cut down by AIDS.

Carrying a Rainbow Flag—the symbol of the gay & lesbian community—Brent will make appearances at fundraisers in major cities along the route, raising money and awareness for local AIDS groups.

The Rainbow Run needs your financial support. And we need volunteers on the East and West Coasts to distribute leaflets, coordinate publicity, and sell t-shirts and buttons. Will you go the distance with us?

### ITINERARY

**JUNE**
- 7 - Leaving San Francisco
- 7 - Oakland / Berkeley CA
- 13 - Sacramento CA
- 15 - Russian River CA
- 22 - Chico CA
- 23 - San Francisco for AIDS Conference
- 24 - Gay Pride Day in San Francisco

**JULY**
- 4 - Medford OR
- 5 - Grants Pass OR
- 14 - Eugene OR
- 18 - Salem OR
- 21 - Portland OR
- 25 - Olympia WA
- 26 - Tacoma WA
- 27 - Seattle WA

**AUGUST**
- 4 - Vancouver—arrival for The Gay Games

New York City Coordinator:
Jay Blotcher (212) 533-4913
San Francisco Coordinator:
Rob Rodd (415) 861-1453


### RAINBOW RUN FOR THE END OF AIDS

Name: ____________________________
Address: __________________________

☐ Yes. I want to sponsor Brent for _______ miles
   @ $40 per mile. In honor / memory of
   ____________________________

☐ I enclose a contribution of
   $125 $75 $35 $15 other

Make checks payable to AREA
(The American Run for the End of AIDS)
300 Mercer Street, Suite 26L • New York, NY 10003
Your contribution is tax-deductible
OUT WITH THE IN CROWD?

Ever since Time magazine dubbed this publication's behavior as "outing," it's been the only thing in town to talk about. And now more talk — but certainly not the last word — with essays by: Steve Beery, Victoria Brownworth, Ayofemi Folayan, Hunter Madsen, Andrew Miller, Sarah Pettit and Gabriel Rotello.

Longtime Companion, p. 63

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Cover Considerations

A recent letter to OutWeek by novelist Sarah Schulman raises questions about our policy concerning cover photographs. She cites "a very disconcerting rumor" that "the reason OutWeek primarily runs covers of white men is because when you don't, sales drop." She continues that "if it is really true that the gay male community ... is so sexist and racist that they won't purchase a gay magazine if there are women or Black people on the cover" then this deserves to be raised in editorials and columns "full of CAPITAL LETTERS."

There are two important issues here. One is whether sales of lesbian and gay publications like ours drop when women or people of color are on the cover. The second is, if they do, does OutWeek "capitulate," as Ms. Schulman writes, to these "racist, sexist buying practices?"

On the first question, statistics here show that sales usually dropped for the approximately one-third of our covers that depicted women, while issues that have had people of color on the cover have shown no measurable drop in purchases. The sexist, selfish implications of this phenomenon are obvious, pathetic and need to be continuously addressed by our community, particularly gay men.

As to the second question: For most magazines, financial considerations are the sole factor in determining what goes on a cover. In a lesbian and gay magazine, however, financial considerations are not the only ones that determine cover art. We have a responsibility to make sure our magazine physically and editorially reflects the values we espouse. Because of that, we often deliberately choose covers that may result in a drop in circulation but which give visibility to an important topic or group.

Visibility, which we as gays and lesbians demand of society at large, is an end in itself for a gay and lesbian magazine. Giving visibility to groups unfairly ignored or made invisible is one of OutWeek's reasons for existence. While a cover is not an entire magazine and often bears little relationship to most actual content, it does have symbolic value.

At OutWeek, some business advisers have complained that too few covers are designed to achieve maximum circulation. On the other side, we sometimes hear that too many are, and that too few combat the invisibility of lesbians and communities of color.

No publication, especially a new one, can afford to totally ignore the bottom line. Yet no gay and lesbian magazine deserves to survive if it ignores the moral bottom line. The struggle to balance economic survival against the need for full inclusion and visibility remains an unfortunate fact of life, and we invite readers' comments on how best to deal with it.
**LETTERS**

**Bodybuild Beef**

As a member of the bodybuilding community, I must take issue with your rather scurrilous April 25th (no. 43) cover story “Big Toned Gals,” the world of lesbian bodybuilding. First off there is no lesbian bodybuilding-only bodybuilding, which, as in all sport, includes straights, gays, lesbians, Orientals, Blacks, etc.

There seems to be a rather bitter tone coming from the people interviewed regarding personal appearance, i.e. Jan Austin “femme up her appearance.” Where does it say that a competitor in any sport shouldn’t be attractive? Bodybuilding is also an entertainment. No entertainer who has hopes of succeeding gets up on stage without the possible “LOOK.”

If Ms. Lurie had bothered to do her homework she would have known the female breast tissue does not flatten out from Anabolic Steroids. But, from various upper body chest exercises—hence the need (for those who choose) to have breast implants.

The statement that only a handful of national competitions use urinalysis is untrue. All mentioned national competitions are drug tested. And with reference to the Ms. Olympia contest, there is random drug testing given with only two days notice.

I’m disappointed with Lisa Shoenberg’s statement that “they, the judges, don’t want lesbians to represent female bodybuilding.” The judges don’t know the competitors’ SEXUAL PREFERENCES. I know of no competitions where an athlete has come on stage declaring via microphone or sign

**“I’m A LESBIAN!”**

One final note of the women featured in the article. None have physiques of such a caliber that their comments can only be construed as sour grapes. And they do a disservice to the NYC National Physique Committee, the governing Federation, for bodybuilders and its athletes, judges and promoters.

Rodney Ford
Manhattan

**Doin’ It For Ourselves**

I’ve just seen your editorial on “Lesbians and AIDS” (no. 44, May 2) endorsing (among other things) a cohort study on woman-to-woman transmission. Kudos on your courageous and, I know very well, controversial stance!

Last year, at the “Lesbians and AIDS” workshop (a last minute inclusion) at the National AIDS Update, several of us spoke to the need for community study and activism in determining what the risks are for lesbians and how to fight against the ghettoizing of those lesbians who are living with HIV infection and AIDS. Lesbians with HIV are continually rendered invisible, blamed for being ill, and discounted not only by the likes of the CDC but also in our own community.

I’m fed up with being shouted down because what I know from my experiences as a lesbian care provider and as an advocate of safer sex/writer/activist are reduced to “anecdotal” or somehow “psychological manifestations (of sexphobia or homophobia).” Hardly, honey. What gets me is these girls are often those loudly disclaiming governmental/pharmaceutical brands of “scientific method” in other AIDS contexts.

Nobody’s going to do it for us. We gotta do it for ourselves—as usual. So let’s find out if/how woman-to-woman transmission can happen already! And have some hot and horny workshops of our own.

**STONEWALL RIOTS**

By Andrea Natalie

AND THE FEMINIST TART NO LESS!
It's especially exciting to see a co-sexual publication like yours take a stand which is investigatory and inclusive, not condescending.

— Marea Murray
Boston, MA

Fixture Rixation?
Imagine my surprise when, as I read the May 2nd issue, I found myself referred to as a "Democratic Party fixture" (see no. 44, “Gay Partisans File Letter...“). Actually, when I read that over again, I wasn't sure if you meant to refer to me in that way. If you simply forgot to put in a comma, which would have changed the meaning of the sentence. Given my own confusion about how to interpret what you had written, I decided to write this letter and clarify something for you and your readers.

I am not a fixture of the Democratic Party. (Indeed, I am not a "fixture" of anything.) It is true that I have worked on several progressive electoral campaigns within the Democratic Party and might do the same again in the future. I was involved in those efforts not because I have any faith that the Democratic Party will offer long-term meaningful solutions to the problems of our community and our nation faces, but because in my opinion these particular races represented an important step forward.

One of the organizations I work with is the National Committee for Independent Political Action, a network of organizers from a range of progressive social movements. We share a commitment to working to build a national, independent, political force which is strong enough to mount and win electoral campaigns, as well as engage in organizing and mobilization of people in non-electoral efforts. I hope that the time will come when it will be realistic to build a new party in this country. In the meantime, those of us who work for change can not ignore the positive impact of some Democratic Party races, nor the struggle of African-Americans and Latinos within that party.

Leslie Cogan
Manhattan

Two Wrongs
In an otherwise informative edition of GLAAD Tidings (no. 44, May 2), Henry Yeager makes the unfortunate observation that "...the American public is probably more openly homophobic than racist." On the surface, perhaps this seems true; it is, after all, more acceptable to say "faggot" or "dyke" in public than "nigger." But in a society as deeply racist as ours, this is not a very illuminating observation.

Yeager probably did not mean to imply that African-Americans have it better than white gay men and lesbians. Yet that is how his comparison comes across. In this he is by no means alone; gay white people often complain that we do not have the civil rights that Blacks gained in the 60s. Such a view ignores the devastating economic exclusion of Americans of African descent, an exclusion not likely to be experienced by those of us who are gay and white (men in particular).

Rather than downplaying the oppression of others (by design or commission), let us all work to recognize, expose and eradicate oppression of all people, however it manifests itself.

Steve Quester
Manhattan

Advice to the Shrink-lom
Your article "Need a Shrink?" (no. 44, May 2) was very good. Having been a gay activist and psychologist for 20 years in New York, I would like to mention a few additional things that are important considerations for finding a good therapist:

First, there are an awful lot of incompetent therapists out there—both straight and gay with and without advanced degrees. So be critical and interview at least two or three perspective therapists before deciding on one;

Second, the man or woman one chooses should have some real knowledge of a feminist analysis of gender roles;

Third, he or she should be at least somewhat happy as a gay person and should seem like they have had some significant sexual experience and been comfortable with that experience;

Fourth, don't pick someone who wants his or her patients to be their friends. This often masks the shrink's own deep personal need and often grows out of an inadequate psycho-sexual life; and

Finally, please don't be afraid to leave therapy if you are not getting some result in a couple of months, and/or find yourself consistently uncomfortable with the therapist's style or methods. You can find someone else or you can always go back.

Keep up your very fine work, especially your cover-
age of lesbian/gay politics and AIDS.

Jim Serafin, Ph.D.
Manhattan

Raiding Party
About ten minutes after being let in to the Wednesday night Shescape at Twenty/Twenty, past a man arguing with the bouncer who denied him admission, the police arrived on the scene and informed us that the bar was closed. Some patrons cited overcrowding which created a fire hazard, others claimed it was lack of a cabaret license and another speculated that, whatever it was, we could thank the guy who was turned away for making the phone call, which promptly brought the police over.

A few weeks ago I was informed by staff at the WOW cafe that the reason they had no identification on the building was to keep the police from coming in during performances and sending everybody home, again, under the name of fire hazard, due to overcrowding.

Legitimate concern or blatant harassment? I thought the days of police raids on the bars and having to keep a low profile were over.

Helene Christopoulos
Manhattan

Les Is More

Thanks so much for printing some of my gay thoughts about My Comrade and Sister! magazine (no 43, Apr. 25). If that was an "outing" I'd certainly recommend it to others; the experience was very liberating and I got tons of great feedback.

I guess the only major point I didn't get to convey in the article is that My Comrade and Sister! is available at stores such as Patricia Field, Oscar Wilde, St. Mark's Bookstore, Einstein's and Manic Panic. But I suppose that info could be mentioned in another issue, perhaps this one, yes?

OutWeek, you constantly amaze me. Good luck in all you do.

Les Simpson, Editor
My Comrade/Sister!

Straight Debate
What we of the Fund for Human Dignity find most disturbing about your recent editorial ("Straights, Gays and Leadership," no. 43, Apr. 25) is your insistence that there can be only one way to advance the gay/lesbian cause of tolerance and self-affirmation. Our view holds that the greater the diversity of approaches used, the greater the opportunities we have for success.

The educational mission of the Fund for Human Dignity is to encourage better understanding of gay and
lesbian lives, on the premise that ignorance is the root of prejudice. We employ a variety of approaches, including telephone materials, the media, conferences and channel grants.

All our services are made possible by the collaborative effort of volunteers, staff, donors and friends. Faced with growth and change, the Fund recognized that strong and responsive management was essential to help all these participants do their jobs more effectively.

This was a primary consideration in the methodical search for a new executive director. In Robert Brading we found not only the professional skills we sought, but also a special ability to listen and respond to other people's concerns; a generous and genuinely humanistic attitude; a dedication to social progress; and first-hand experience (as an associate director of the National Conference of Christians and Jews) in creating bridges where there are chasms of misunderstanding between groups of people. This is why Robert Brading is the next executive director of the Fund for Human Dignity.

The problem with the rigidity of viewpoint set forth in your editorial is that it does not allow for response to a changing reality. To claim that anything was "answered" 20 years ago is to assume stagnation. In fact, we seem to have opened up even more questions and challenges in that time, and that is a mark of the health and dynamism that powers the gay and lesbian community.

Among many changes, the most pertinent here is that, simply put, it is now illegal in the City of New York to discriminate in hiring on the basis of sexual orientation. You worked for that law. We worked for that law. Are you now insisting that we ignore the letter and spirit of that law? That we exempt ourselves from it, as would some organizations on "religious" grounds? That we assume the law applies only when we are on the receiving end, and not when we are empowered to advance its inherent fairness?

We hope not. A history of discrimination does not have to justify reverse discrimination on our part. We do not agree that a non-gay person should have to "prove" himself "worthy," or be subjected to any narrowly defined, social or political litmus test to determine (oh, please!) "moral grounding"—just to work side-by-side with us to achieve our goals.

We of the Fund for Human Dignity have no doubt that our choice of a non-gay executive director will be the grist for much philosophical discussion. This is as it should be. But we hope the lesbian and gay community will be open-minded enough to give it a fair chance.

We are confident of our decision, and we disagree strongly with your assertion that it is "an insult to every gay or lesbian who ever thanklessly worked a midnight crisis line or participated in a demonstration." We are those people, too. And what we see is an affirmation of the success of all that hard work: that gay and lesbian issues are better understood and more widely valued as an essential part of a better society. "Gay problems" are everybody's problems.
The work continues, and it needs all the help, ideas and allies it can get. The challenges grow and change. We see no reason to limit opportunities because of prejudice of stagnant thinking.

Ann Wilson, Frank Stark, Co-Chairs
The Fund for Human Dignity
Manhattan

Hersory Lesson
Concerning "Notes on the Modern Lesbian/Wandering Through Heifand" (no. 40, Apr. 4):

While I do remember making a statement about

the need for unity among gay men and lesbians, I certainly don't remember looking glazed and incoherent while doing it. In fact, I admitted my ignorance to Ms. Maggenti at the kitchen table. She will be pleased to know my current roommate has made great inroads in acquainting me with my lesbian history, which I unfortunately didn't have a chance to learn when coming out 11 years ago.

Liz Tracey
Manhattan

Stay Quiet. Don't Riot
There are many of us in San Francisco who are quite concerned about the threat of violence during this June's Sixth Annual International AIDS Conference.

Thousands of medical, scientific and social service professionals from a variety of countries, some traveling at extreme sacrifice, will meet to exchange information and learn new ways of fighting this epidemic. There will also be thousands of people with HIV disease, their families and friends expressing their concern, anger and frustration that many national governments (our chief among them) have responded too slowly to the devastation wrought by AIDS. Add to these the thousands of people who migrate to San Francisco during that week to celebrate Lesbian and Gay Freedom Day, and you have a potentially combustible mixture. And the world press will be here to record how we deal with it.

There are some AIDS activists, from outside San Francisco, who have called for riots on the streets of our city. This is despicable.

The harm that such violence can do, to those involved in any action, and to the fight against this epidemic, is legion. Such behavior will only supply more ammunition to those who would slow down the fight against AIDS.

At a time when the current level of money and volunteer effort cannot keep up with the need, we must find ways to make our point constructively and non-violently.

All national and local faith groups and organizations who are concerned about this epidemic must let their voices be heard. Let us work together to send a peaceful but powerful message to the world that this epidemic must end.

Bob Nelson, Chair
S.F. Interfaith Coalition on AIDS

Who's Out First?
Although I'm reluctant to help Robert Williams remain in the spotlight, criticism of me in his letter in issue 44 (May 2) does indeed raise an interesting question I hope you will explore. What is "being out" in 1990?

Robert and I disagree about how many open, non-celibate lesbians and gays have been ordained in the Episcopal Church. In his letter, Robert has modified his position significantly. He now claims he was the first lesbian or gay man "ordained with the full knowledge of everyone concerned at every level of the process." That is not true, but even if it were, it's not what the press was told. Had they been told that, I suspect very few would have shown up in Hoboken on December 16. According to press accounts, what they were told by the diocese was merely, "Robert Williams will be the second openly homosexual person to be ordained in the Episcopal Church."

Throughout his letter Robert uses phrases such as "a truly openly lesbian or gay priest," "really out," "I don't call that being out," and "very few...meet my definition (and I think, Out-Week's) of being out." "I'm willing to admit I'm wrong if there is some new definition of "out" that I've missed. Granted, the term has changed through the years. "Coming out" originally meant having one's first sexual encounter—a meaning of the phrase still used to describe a certain literary genre. I thought the current, though perhaps now outdated meaning, was being honest about one's sexuality and one's self or with anyone who asks or who needs to know. Of course, people are out to varying degrees with different people and in different situations, but what degree of openness means one truly out or really out? Does one have to wear a sign to the supermarket or the gym? Does one have to be on the cover of Out-Week?

I hope you'll consider doing an editorial to explore this question.

This disagreement between Robert and me over definitions started because several priests and their friends contacted me to say that they were bothered by Robert's claims. During their ordination processes they had been honest with everyone who asked them—and many who hadn't. Many had paid dearly for their openness, including, in several cases, their ordinations postponed for years. The Rev. Ray Mesler, now priest-in-charge of St. Simon's, Staten Island, was expelled from seminary for being gay more than 20 years before his ordination. During the ordination process he had frank discussions with all the committees and his bishop about his sexuality. His sponsoring parish was fully aware he was gay and in a relationship. What distinguished Ray from Robert? A press release. If press coverage is required to be truly or really open, then perhaps Robert is right. Let me know what you think.

Edgar K. Byham
Guttenberg, NJ

Midnight at the Oasis
James Walser's piece ("The Sex Prophet," no. 42, Apr. 18), which purported to be an even-handed reporting of the Robert Williams debacle with the Episcopal Diocese of Newark, was screamingly deficient in proper research.

I don't know who the "several sources" were who "corroborated Williams' claim that the board of directors of The Oasis Ministry is stacked with members who are closeted gays and lesbians..." but I do know that the claim is slanderous bullshit and shouldn't have been...
reporting without checking with the board personally. I do not consider being publicly named a gay man slanderous—but I do consider being called homophobic slanderous, since I've been working in the gay rights movement for 14 years. You also failed to mention that half of the board are non-gay lay and clergy people, who are not only visibly and proudly pro-gay/lesbian, but certainly not vengeful and vindictive as Robert Williams himself is. You might also like to know that in announcing Robert's resignation from his post, the entire board stood up publicly before the assembled diocesan convention.

One more point would be that the board of The Oasis requested Williams resignation because he was unwilling to perform the job for which we hired him—and that included, for better or worse, obeying his bishop. I was sorry we were forced to do what we did. I am even sorrier that Williams seems to have decided to devote his entire life to destroying his own work and the work of his gay and lesbian predecessors within the Episcopal Church, just because his board of directors wouldn't let him play the game his way. Not one member of the board has ever said anything publicly to question Williams' validity as a priest, nor did any of us ever expect the hysterical enmity that followed his resignation.

Equally pointless is Waller's final comment that there has been no sense of humor in the whole Williams debate. Every priest in the Episcopal Church must first and foremost be a diplomat, playing the feelings and needs of his flock before his/her own need to be flip or amusing. Every greenhorn politician knows that. A newly-ordained gay priest acting as the head of a controversial new ministry should be doubly aware of this delicate position.

If Waller believes Williams' claims to be the innocent victim of a conspiracy of homophobic closet cases, then he's more gullible than any journalist ought to be.

Ulysses G. Dietz
Secretary,
The Oasis
Maplewood, NJ

James Waller Responds:
Mr. Dietz mistakenly detects a bias in my piece on Robert Williams that simply is not there. Despite my obviously personal comments on Williams' efficacy as a priest and on his sense of humor, the article as a whole can hardly be construed as a defense of Williams. Much of the opinion I gathered ran strongly against what Williams had done. I represented this negative assessment as accurately and fully as I could. As for the Oasis board's willingness to retain Williams if he had opted to obey his bishop, I think that my piece—which
quotes acting Oasis director Kathy Ragsdale on the subject—says exactly that. Rereading my story, I find that, far from neglecting the issue of Episcopal authority so central to the Williams case, I emphasize this point. And I am certain that I nowhere imply that members of the Oasis board had questioned Williams' legitimacy as a priest (though Bishop Spong certainly did). As far as I can tell, my story contains no statements that even border on being slanderous. As I reported, my ability to quote some of those with whom I spoke was constricted by their unwillingness to be identified. Their fear, as some of them said, have been exacerbated by Williams' so-called recklessness.

But the entire affair seems to me to illustrate the pitfalls of a politics of tokenism (with all its need for "tact and diplomacy") within a basically homophobic institution. I have the strong impression that the "hysterical enmity" described by Mr. Dietz flows in two directions, and Mr. Dietz and others who are so angry at Williams ought to ask themselves why. Williams' claim of being scapegoated may be partly self-serving, but to an outsider, there seems some merit to the claim. If Williams has done as much damage as his (gay) detractors claim, it's probable that he was made to represent too much in the first place.
Bombing at Gay Bar Raises Community Ire

by Andrew Miller and Duncan Osborne

NEW YORK—A pipe bomb planted in a garbage pail full of empty beer bottles exploded at a crowded gay bar early on Saturday, April 28, sending three people to the hospital.

And despite the urging of Mayor David Dinkins, the police department has not classified the incident as a bias-related crime. An investigation conducted by the police department’s Arson/Explosion Unit is ongoing.

The night following the explosion, a group of nearly 1,500 demonstrators marched through the West Village to express their concern over the increasing incidence of violence directed at gay people.

Both the police department and the lesbian and gay community have offered rewards for information about the bombing, which occurred at Uncle Charlie’s, a bar on Greenwich Avenue known for its younger, suit-and-tie crowd. According to a police department spokesperson, at approximately ten minutes past midnight on April 28, a person or persons, as yet unidentified, placed a six-by-two-and-one-half-inch pipe bomb loaded with M-80 firecrackers in a garbage can at the rear of the bar.

Although there was no structural damage, two patrons and an employee were injured by flying glass. All three were taken to St. Vincent’s Hospital, where they were treated and released.

According to police department sources, the bomb was set with a short fuse that was lit in the bar just prior to its explosion, pointing to an amateur job.

Police Officer Anthony Mazzola, the spokesman for the deputy commissioner’s office for public information, said that the police had no evidence that the bombing was bias-related. The police department’s bias unit is, however, being advised on the progress of the investigation. No group or individual has claimed responsibility for the bombing, and Uncle Charlie’s received no threats prior to the incident.

Clearly at odds with the police department, Mayor Dinkins released a statement just hours after the explosion, calling the bombing “the 26th bias incident
against gay people this year." Decrying the "rising frequency of these attacks on members of the gay community," the mayor called on the state legislature to pass the anti-bias bill currently stalled in committee, calling it "vital to the city's efforts to put an end to violent discriminatory acts," and deriding senators who "have stalled the bill, fearing that their constituency will take issue with its inclusion of people who are gay."

While unhappy that the incident had not immediately been declared bias-related, Matt Foreman, executive director of the New York City Gay and Lesbian Anti-Violence Project, characterized overall police response to the bombing as "good."

Similarly, the general manager of Uncle Charlie's, who asked that his name not be used, said, "The Sixth Precinct has been fantastic. You can't ask for anything better."

For several nights after the explosion, a van from the bomb squad was parked in front of the bar, where detectives solicited information from patrons and passersby.

And security has been beefed up at Uncle Charlie's, where the garbage pails have also been removed, and all patrons are now required to check their coats and bags.

The response from the larger lesbian and gay community was also rapid. The night following the bombing, a large group of demonstrators carrying a banner reading "bash back" assembled in front of Uncle Charlie's, and then wound its way through the Village streets, at one point marching past the Sixth Precinct building on West 10th Street.

"Any kind of violence against any member of our community is unacceptable. We will respond in force any time we encounter violence," promised Alan Klein, who spoke at the protest organized by the Queer Nation, an offshoot of ACT UP dedicated to gay and lesbian visibility.

According to the Anti-Violence Project's Foreman, there have been one physical and two verbal attacks against gay men reported just outside of Uncle Charlie's since January.

A $5,000 reward for information leading to the arrest and conviction of those responsible for the bombing has been offered by the Anti-Violence Project, which put up the money along with the Monster, another West Village bar near Uncle Charlie's. Anyone with information may call the Anti-Violence Project at (212) 807-4841.

Crime Stoppers, an arm of the police department, has also offered a $1,000 reward for the same information, which can be phoned in anonymously. That phone number is (212) 557-TIPS.

In Two Village Gay Bashings, Police Response Key

by John Voelcker

NEW YORK—Two separate gay bashing incidents near popular gay bars last week highlighted the importance of prompt police response. In one incident, two alleged assailants were captured, identified and arrested, while in the other, police never responded to a 911 call, and eight attackers drove away after parking down the block from their victim for half an hour.

The first attack took place at 2 a.m. on Sunday, May 29, on West 15th Street between 10th and 11th Avenues. Murton Edelstein, 32, and two friends were returning home to the East Village from the Spike, a popular leather bar a few blocks away, when a pair of cars pulled up next to them.

According to police reports, a man inside one car rolled down his window and announced, "Gay bashing!" At that point, every door on both cars opened and eight males in their mid-to-late-20s piled out in pursuit of the three men. While two of the gay men escaped, three of the eight assailants caught Edelstein, punched and beat him in the head and knocked him to the ground.

The attackers apparently stopped when workers at a newspaper distribution plant across the street heard the noise, came out into the street and called 911. The attackers did not leave, but drove twice more around the block and then parked down the street where they remained for as long as a half hour, according to witnesses.

No police responded to the 911 call, although an Emergency Medical Service ambulance arrived 30 to 40 minutes later. Edelstein was taken to St. Vincent's Hospital where he was treated for a possible broken nose and head trauma more serious than a simple concussion. He still suffers from headaches, memory loss, dizziness and an inability to read, and is undergoing further medical treatment.

According to Matt Foreman, executive director of the New York City Gay and Lesbian Anti-Violence Project (AVP), the victims have filed a complaint with the Civilian Complaint Review Board, which reviews police conduct, about the failure of police from the Tenth Precinct to respond.

The incident has been declared an anti-gay bias crime. Police are attempting to trace the two vehicles, one of them a white Saab.

In the second attack, when Joseph Letscher, 38, was set upon by a group of several men and women outside another bar at about midnight on Wednesday, May 2, officers from the Sixth Precinct responded immediately. The incident began when six to eight people who had allegedly been rampaging through the Village turned down Christopher Street.

They reportedly yelled, "Faggot! We should beat up the faggot!" when they saw Letscher standing across the street in front of Ty's, at 114 Christopher. The group then allegedly punched and stabbed Letscher, who suffered a broken nose and cuts to his arm.

During the attack, several patrons who came out of the bar to help Letscher, including the actor Everett Quinton, were also kicked and punched.

Of the three men and one woman apprehended by police after a four-block chase, Letscher, with the help of the crowd, identified two men as his alleged

See BASHINGS on page 31
People of Color Honor City’s Ranking Gay Men

by Andrew Miller

NEW YORK—Spirits were high, the politicking and handshaking was subtle but insistent, and everyone was dressed to the nines at a cocktail reception honoring New York City’s two openly gay commissioners on Monday, April 30.

The event, sponsored jointly by Gay Men of African Descent, the Boricua Gay and Lesbian Forum, and the Gay Men’s Health Crisis, packed hundreds of New York’s current and aspiring politicos into Rogers and Barbero restaurant on Eighth Avenue, and attracted both Woodrow Myers, the city’s health commissioner, and Emilio Carillo, president of the Health and Hospitals Corporation. Also present was Dr. Marjorie Hill, who was named the mayor’s liaison to the lesbian and gay community the following morning.

When Mayor David Dinkins appointed Dr. Billy E. Jones commissioner of mental health and Dennis de Leon to the post of human rights commissioner earlier this year, they became the first openly gay commissioner-level appointments in the history of New York City. The reception was held to recognize their roots not only in the gay community, but in communities of color as well.

Jones, one of the founding members of the Minority Task Force on AIDS, recalled that he learned of the historical significance of his appointment from an OutWeek reporter. “I couldn’t imagine being the first anything in New York. So when OutWeek indicated that I was the first gay commissioner, I said, “That can’t be true. I’ve known some,” he joked.

In fact, former Health Services Administrator Howard Brown and former Cultural Affairs Commissioner Henry Geldzahler, both appointees of former Mayor Edward Koch, came out while in office.

De Leon spoke of the significance of such a large gathering of gay and lesbian people of color. “I hope we find reasons to join together politically in the near future, because our issues are the same: They’re health, discrimination, and

Tell It Sandy

The following is a transcription of the welcome for Commissioners Dennis de Leon and Billy Jones delivered by Sandra Lowe, staff attorney at Lambda Legal Defense and Education Fund. The text of her remarks were transcribed from a videotape shot by Gregg Bordowitz and Jean Carlomusto of the Gay Men’s Health Crisis’ Audiovisual Department. — A.M.

We’re proud of you. We are proud of what you’ve achieved. We hope your appointments portend a sea of change...in our visibility as lesbian and gay people of color, and in the city’s responsiveness to our issues and concerns.

We wanted to meet you, so we had a party. We wanted to tell you that we are here, we are visible, we surround you, we are your resources...We are here for you; you are of us, we are of you. This is our city, we are the people.

We are going to lift you up. We are going to make it possible for you to change the way people think...We are your resource. We expect you, we want you, we invite you to use us.

We know many, many things about the gay and lesbian community, and about people of color communities...We are proud of you. We are proud of ourselves. We are going to lift this city up together. Together. And we are going to make the change that ends AIDS and makes a dent in racism and discrimination and the despair in our communities. We’re going to do it starting today.

I’m glad to know you. I’m glad you came — you too, Dr. Myers, and all of the administration here. We are here for you, as you are here for us. We are visible. This is a warning [laughter]. We’re out, we’re open, we’re going to change it and we’re going to struggle. Thank you all for coming.
Black Gay Political Clout Saluted

by Mark Chesnut

NEW YORK—Alderman Keith St. John of Albany, New York, was the honored guest on April 28 at a "Salute to Black Gay Leadership" sponsored by Gay Men of African Descent (GMAD), Gay and Lesbian Independent Democrats (GLID), and the Lesbian and Gay Students Alliance at Hunter College. St. John, who was elected last fall, is the first openly-gay African American to be elected to office in the United States. Proceeds from the event, which was held at Hunter College's Roosevelt House and featured speakers and entertainment, went toward paying off the debt from St. John's campaign.

The event also served as a forum for current thoughts on the political progress of lesbian and gay African Americans. Kenneth Reeves, vice mayor and alderman from Cambridge, Massachusetts, emphasized the precedent that St. John has set: "...it is not in all quarters fully understood that to be a gay Black political official is really taking a step out on enormous faith. And what Keith has done is to provide the answer to that much-unanswered question: as a gay Black man or woman, if you are an openly-announced candidate, what will happen?"

Upon presenting flowers to St. John, Reeves congratulated him, saying "You have defined a new era. You have opened the door. Nationally, there will be men and women who think about seeking public office, who are gay, who will not be able to say, 'I can't do it because of my sexual preference.'"

"As much as people would like to keep us in the closet," St. John commented, "we have to come out. Because that's how we succeed."

Speaking about specific goals for his office, St. John expressed optimism about a human rights ordinance he plans on introducing in the city of Albany, which would include protection against discrimination on the basis of sexual orientation. He also highlighted a broad range of concerns, including homelessness and working with low-income families. Prior to his election, St. John worked as a legal aid attorney, dealing with financially-disadvantaged residents in Albany.

El Gates of GMAD emphasized the need for coalition building to increase political effectiveness: "The gay community of color is the bridge in constructing an enduring progressive coalition. The community of color can't do it alone, and the gay community can't do it alone, and unless there's a way for both communities to be brought together and to cooperate, we're never going to be able to elect the numbers of people to high public office that we need in order to get the agenda we want."

Other speakers included Phillip Reed, the openly gay Democratic district leader for the 69th Assembly District in New York City; C. Virginia Fields, New York City Councilperson for Harlem; and Dennis de Leon, the openly gay New York City Human Rights Commissioner.
Feds Meet With Doctors Who “Cure” Gays

by Duncan Osborne

WASHINGTON—Dr. Louis Sullivan, U.S. Secretary of Health and Human Services, met with a delegation of people dedicated to “curing” homosexuals which then lobbied his department for funding, OutWeek has learned. The meeting may have included up to a half dozen high-level federal officials.

Robert Schmermund, an HHS spokesperson, confirmed that the meeting with the right-wing, anti-gay Traditional Values Coalition took place February 1, but refused to comment on its agenda, referring to it as “a private meeting.”

But in an eight-paragraph article in its March 1990 newsletter, the TVC gave specific details of the meeting, which reportedly included Rev. Louis Sheldon of the Traditional Values Coalition; his spouse, Beverly Sheldon, the director of the California Coalition for Traditional Values; and three practitioners of reparative therapy: Dr. Elizabeth Moberly, Dr. George Rekers and Dr. Judith Reisman. Reparative therapy purports to successfully alter a person’s sexual orientation from homosexual to heterosexual.

The TVC newsletter claims that the delegation asked HHS to put “...efforts into further research in the area of reparative therapy.” Additionally, the newsletter, Traditional Values Report, claims the delegation asked HHS to provide grants to study the prevalence of homosexuality in America.

According to TVC spokesperson Steve Sheldon, the son of the Rev. and Beverly Sheldon, sex-research pioneer Alfred Kinsey’s landmark study that laid the basis for the widely accepted statistic that one in 10 American men is homosexual is inaccurate. TVC further claims that the government uses this figure when making funding decisions for programs dealing with lesbians and gay men. Traditional Values Report added that the group complained to Sullivan of a “bias” in AIDS policy that is “tilted towards the homosexual political agenda.”

OutWeek has also obtained, through the Freedom of Information Act, a portion of the briefing memorandum that shows that the meeting was also to be attended by Paul Simmons, deputy assistant secretary for health and communications; Alan Leshner, deputy director of the National Institutes of Mental Health; Bruce Artim, acting deputy director for the National AIDS Program Office; Nabers Cabaniss, deputy assistant secretary for health and population affairs; and Krys Krystynak, deputy director of the Office of Health Facilities.

Leshner told OutWeek that the TVC asked for “contacts” at HHS to assist the group in obtaining funding for the study of reparative therapy and the incidence of homosexuality in America, and that he himself has become one such contact.

OutWeek is currently attempting to obtain the entire memo through the Freedom of Information Act.

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AIDS Activists Meet With HHS Chief

by Cliff O’Neill

WASHINGTON—AIDS activists got a clearer idea of the Bush Administration’s stand on a host of policy matters on the epidemic following an unprecedented meeting April 19 with Health and Human Services Secretary Dr. Louis W. Sullivan. And although they are optimistic about the beginning of a dialogue with the department head, they are still at odds on a variety of issues.

The activists, working under the coalition banner of the National Organizations Responding to AIDS (NORA), discussed with Sullivan a wide variety of AIDS care, prevention and research matters with mixed results, according to meeting participants. Gay concerns not related to AIDS were not
discussed.

"I think we were clear from the beginning that it was highly unlikely that [Sullivan] was going to be saying anything of note," said Jean McGuire, co-chair of the NORA coalition. "This meeting was more of a 'get-to-know-you' meeting."

The 45-minute meeting covered such disparate AIDS issues as the standing policy banning HIV-infected foreign nationals from immigrating to or visiting the U.S., AIDS prevention and research efforts and the federal government's commitment to AIDS health care.

On the AIDS immigration issue, a major sticking point between AIDS activists and the White House, Sullivan reportedly expressed the sentiment that the White House has now done all it can to loosen the standing policy by broadening the government's waiver policies for travelers with HIV coming to health conferences in the U.S.

Reportedly, Sullivan was disappointed that the activists were not more pleased with what the administration has done on the issue.

Another major sore spot was the White House's insistence that the government should not be in the business of HIV-specific health care financing or delivery improvements.

A bill funneling $600 million on disaster relief to areas hit particularly hard by AIDS is currently wending its way through Congress. Two other bills dealing with AIDS and Medicaid and early intervention for HIV-infected persons are also pending in the U.S. House. The White House has not yet taken a position on any of them.

The activists also asked Sullivan to identify a staff person with whom they could continue their lobbying efforts. According to McGuire, Sullivan referred them to Undersecretary of Health James O. Mason.

"It was a historic meeting, though," stated Peri Jude Radecic, lobbyist for the National Gay and Lesbian Task Force. "I was happy to be there because I got to say, 'The National Gay and Lesbian Task Force' to him and shake his hand. But we established communication with the secretary on the AIDS issue. And I think he will be helpful on several of the things we asked him to do."
Anti-Helms Group to Turn up Heat

by Kathy Hoke

DURHAM, N.C.—As the Jesse Helms campaign cranks out letters describing the 1990 senate race in North Carolina as "the toughest political fight of his life," an embryonic coalition initiated by North Carolina gay and lesbian activists hopes to prove him right.

A day before the state's May 8 primary, organizers of North Carolina Senate Vote '90 plan to go public with their grass-roots plan to keep Helms from returning to a fourth term and six more years in the U.S. Senate.

Organizers of the non-affiliated political action committee (PAC) hope to raise $2 million to work for Helms' defeat. Appeals will be made in North Carolina and all over the nation to lesbians and gay men, people of color, feminists, pro-choice advocates, artists,

Anti-Helms Marlboro boycott kicks off

ALL CHOKED UP—ACT UP kicks the habit

WASHINGTON—Members of ACT UP/D.C., criticizing the Philip Morris Company for funding the re-election campaign of Sen. Jesse Helms (R-N.C.), on April 26 kicked off what they hope will blossom into a nationwide boycott of the company's Marlboro brand cigarettes.

Staging a brief protest in front of Philip Morris' Washington headquarters, members of the local chapter of the AIDS Coalition To Unleash Power (ACT UP/D.C.) sought to draw attention to the company's continued funding of the campaign of the North Carolina senator who is up for re-election this year.

"We chose Marlboro cigarettes because we think that when you mention North Carolina to many gay and lesbian people they think of two things: tobacco and Jesse Helms," stated Michael Petrelis, a spokesperson for the group. "We want to equate the two so that people will stop smoking Marlboro as a way of getting Jesse Helms out of office."

Philip Morris, which produces Marlboro cigarettes, has historically been among the larger corporate contributors to Helms' campaigns. In a move that has further angered Helms' detractors, Philip Morris has also donated $200,000 to help establish the Jesse Helms Citizenship Center in Wingate, N.C.

Throughout his 17-year tenure in the U.S. Senate, and particularly in the past five years, Helms has emerged as the most vociferous and keen-minded opponent of gay and AIDS activists, routinely bottling up AIDS-related legislation with parliamentary procedure and introducing a variety of anti-gay amendments to a host of bills.

Philip Morris, which also owns Kraft Food Products and the Miller Beer Company, responded to the demonstrators with a one-page statement, pointing out that for a "very long time" it has been funding AIDS research projects through its Corporate Contributions Program.

"Philip Morris has also been supportive of individuals and organizations that make important contributions to its business interests and the communities the company calls home," read the company statement. "Senator Jesse Helms of North Carolina has been and continues to be a stalwart supporter of the company's business interests, especially tobacco."

In its statement Philip Morris stated that it would continue to fund both AIDS research efforts and Senator Helms.

Later the same day, AIDS activists in New York staged a similar demonstration against Philip Morris and, according to the D.C. activists, engaged in a "phone zap" tying up the company's phone and fax lines in protest of its funding of Helms.

—Cliff O'Neill
environmentalists, civil libertarians, advocates for the homeless and other natural Helms enemies, said PAC director Mandy Carter of Durham, a longtime lesbian activist and professional organizer for the War Resisters' League.

"We'll never match Helms dollar-for-dollar," Carter said, "but we can outmatch his people in our own commitment if we simply raise the money it will take to do all the work we need to do."

A major part of that work will involve grass-roots organizing and voter registration to draw Helms' opponents to the polls. Tied into that strategy is a campaign to remind North Carolinians that Helms finds himself alone on his bigotry and right-wing crusades.

"Jesse Helms does not represent North Carolina," Carter said. "He should be embarrassed and ashamed of how he votes. We owe it to this country to educate people about who Jesse Helms is and what he represents."

If money were votes, Helms would win the election. By April 1, Helms had raised $5.4 million from right-wing supporters all over the country. He spent all but $375,000 of that money, targeting most of it for direct mail, voting lists and consulting fees.

Meanwhile, the four serious Democratic contenders for Helms' seat had raised donations and campaign loans adding up to just $660,000 by April 1.

As the primary nears, state and national Democrats have kept their distance from the Senate race. The state's major newspapers nearly ignored the Democratic primary until the final weeks of the campaign. Only one group, the state AFL-CIO, has endorsed a moderate candidate who is tough on crime. North Carolina voters, he has said, want a "moderate, independent voice on issues."

Maverick candidate John Ingram, the state's former insurance commissioner who ran unsuccessfully against Helms in 1978, had raised only $5,525 for his campaign by March 31. In his press conferences, he has often refused to answer questions. A businessman who in recent years has spent much time in South Carolina, Ingram has been dogged by allegations that he does not maintain a valid North Carolina address.

Two other candidates, Bob Hannon of Greensboro and Lloyd Garner of Thomasville, are considered marginal.

All four candidates have strong pro-choice stands and solid records on environmental issues. And the lack of clear distinctions among the candidates has diffused energy in the primary, commented Carter.

"No matter who wins the primary, even if it's someone I don't like, I will work for that candidate," Carter said. "We may have a personal preference for a candidate, but the bottom line is who gets the most votes on November 6. We see ANTI-HELMS on page 27.
"We are often ignored, shunned or even told we aren't 'really' sick."

The Hazy World of Chronic Illness

Fighting Invisibility is a series of occasional articles on subjects not often discussed in relation to the lesbian community. This is the sixth article in that series.

by Victoria A. Brownworth
Illustrated by Kris Kovick

It's midafternoon and I stand in my kitchen just looking around. First I go to the refrigerator. I stand, ignoring energy concerns, for some three minutes with the door open, surveying the contents. Fresh fruit, cheeses, vegetables, Italian chocolates, a bottle of French champagne.

From there I go to the cabinets, opening each and looking at the rows of canned goods, pastas, bread, spices.

Finally at the last cupboard—15 minutes after I have entered the kitchen—I make my choice: a Celestial Seasonings Cranberry Cove teabag and spring water. It's the most flavorful lunch I can let myself have today.

If this sounds like the food-obsessed musings of an anorexic or bulimic on the downside of a binge, it could be. But it isn't. Rather, it is an excerpt from my own journal, a few weeks ago. I am obsessed by food these days, it's true, but only because, due to chronic illness, I can't eat it.

Being on a clear-liquids-only diet is only one of the problems of my particular chronic illness. And it is only one of the problems faced by many other lesbians with chronic illness. It may seem like the worst—but it isn't.

The gay and lesbian community copes with illness daily in the form of AIDS and HIV infection. The community also has heightened its sensitivity toward those of us who are physically challenged. But for those of us who fall between those two groups, there is sometimes little access to what is meant by "community." The place between AIDS and a wheelchair is a vast one called chronic illness: Those who have it aren't going to die any time soon, nor does the answer for them lie in signers for the deaf or wheelchair access. Because our disease is not AIDS and our disability not readily seen, we are often ignored, shunned or even told we aren't "really" sick.

Chronic, non-AIDS-related illness afflicts many within our community,
predominantly lesbians who have higher rates of such diseases as Crohn's, IBD, myasthenia gravis, arthritis and cancer than do men.

But because there is no acronym and few support groups, many of us become extremely isolated. And angry.

Because some of us are as disabled by our unseen illnesses as those of our community who are physically challenged. And some of us are as sick and pain-ridden as those in our community with AIDS.

I spoke with nine lesbians with chronic illness for this article. Each woman spoke at length about her anger and frustration. And each woman knew another five or six or seven lesbians with similar problems of chronic illness, who had voiced the same complaints.

Chronic disabling illness isolates us from the community and narrows our world.

In the first two months of this year I had been to the emergency room over 15 times.

And even as I begin to feel better I must remember to work hard while I can, because tomorrow I could be just as sick again. And next time it could last for two months again. Or it could last for the rest of my life.

In recounting the specifics of my illness over the last several months, what stands out more than the sensory deprivations of not being able to eat, sleep or read, is the almost unbearable isolation. Few of us want visitors when we're terribly ill—there's no energy to share, there's no concentration available.

Yet few of us want to be ill and alone, either. The isolation created for the person with chronic illness comes from two areas—friends who don't understand because they're healthy and ourselves who become afraid to "impose" on those same friends by asking for help or by cancelling plans. This isolation can be terrible.

Those close to the chronically ill person are frustrated because there's no end in sight. The friend with chronic illness will neither die nor get well. Instead, there is a static middle ground of semi-crisis that wears down friends and lovers almost as much as the ill person herself, sometimes breaking down relationships altogether. It is difficult—sometimes impossible—for a healthy person to understand what it means to be chronically ill. And for those people who are afflicted with terminal illnesses, the response to the chronically ill person is that yes, they might be ill, but they aren't going to die.

Dr. Beverly Keefer is a therapist in private practice in Philadelphia. She is on the teaching faculty of the University of Pennsylvania and until a few months ago was the clinical director of a wellness program at a major Philadelphia teaching hospital. Keefer has suffered from Crohn's disease for over 20 years and cancer for five. Currently she is healthy. Sometimes.

"There are so many problems associated with having chronic illness or cancer. The hardest one is the isolation. Another doozie is how the medical establishment treats you. And then there's the fact that all the folks around you just don't get it," she explains.

Keefer is angry about all of it. "One thing AIDS has taught us is that our community is only as strong as our ability to support our most needy members. But there are simply no supports out there for those of us with chronic illness. Let me rephrase that—women with chronic illness. Because I think it is true that both heterosexual and gay men elicit more support than we do. And the reason for
that is pretty clear—there are always women around to help them. But there are not women around to help other women.”

Keefer says that unless there is a sexual component involved, women generally cannot get support for illness. If you get sick, and a woman wants to jump your bones, she'll be right there to help you. But if you just want help, then it's a different story. I think single lesbians with chronic illness are probably the most lonely, isolated and needful members of our community. There's just nothing there for them.”

Keefer says that when she was young and diagnosed with Crohn's, a chronic disorder of the entire digestive tract that is characterized by intestinal obstructions and infections, she didn't talk about it at all. “But after a while you have to begin to talk about it because it affects of much of what you do. I never had a whole lot of support from my family so I tried to take on all the responsibility for the illness, myself. But you can't always do that. Yet I realize now that the problem is that there's a universal isolation created by the fact that your friends simply have no long-term ability to deal with the problem of chronic illness.”

Sandra Kennedy has Crohn’s, cancer and a chronic arthritis that affects mostly her chest and arms. She agrees with Keefer that the primary problem is isolation and knowing whom to turn to for support. “I've been sick for over six years and I just find my world getting more and more narrow. Sometimes it feels like just my lover and me. I wonder sometimes how much more isolated and oppressed I can feel—not only am I a Black lesbian but I'm chronically ill too. You'd be amazed how quickly people want to turn away from that combination! I wonder sometimes if the community even knows we are out here.”

Keefer thinks that the community doesn't want to know about all the lesbians with chronic illnesses because it has no ability to cope with the consequence. “We're very resentful. One illness—AIDS—has a hallmark, and others don't. And while I certainly understand the emphasis on AIDS, there are a whole lot of sick lesbians who aren't getting care.”

For Sandra Kennedy that means
liter. care. "Finding personal support is hard, but sometimes finding medical support is the hardest. It has taken me six years of interviewing doctors to finally find a woman who sees me as more than a series of symptoms."

Kennedy thinks that doctors are another part of the chronic illness problem. "First, because we are lesbians, our lovers are automatically excluded from our medical lives. Many doctors and hospitals are resistant to letting your lover know what's happening with you or, if you're in an ER situation, even being with you. And it isn't easier if you out-and-out tell them the woman is your lover—it's worse."

For Keefer there is a second problem with the medical profession, of which she is a part. "Doctors are always telling you to keep your chin up. They don't allow you to feel your own feelings of being sick, in pain, sometimes feeling absolutely desperate."

The reasons for that can be the same as the reasons for friends fading into the background. Doctors like successes and chronic illness isn't one of them. I had three doctors tell me I was "somaticizing" before my current doctor suggested the tests that sent me off for major surgery. I knew the kind of pain I was having, yet because I didn't fit a profile for the disease, my doctors rejected my own knowledge of my body.

Keefer believes that acknowledgement of these problems would be a giant first step toward supports for lesbians with chronic illness. "There are a lot of diseases out there that women get that are chronic and disabling. We need to educate the community in the same way we have about AIDS and physical disabilities. How many concerts and other lesbian events have you been to where there's wheelchair access, signing for the deaf and reduced fees for people with AIDS? But if I went into the women's room at intermission and asked to get at the head of the line because of my Crohn's, I'd get a pretty angry response. My option is to soil myself instead."

Kennedy finds that this lack of sensitivity extends to the lovers of lesbians who are chronically ill. "A lot of our women get ignored in a weird way. Because we're sick; people use them as a conduit, always asking how we are and never acknowledging their needs. The other problems for lovers is that the burden of our illnesses often fall on them. Yet because they're lesbians, they can't share that with others at work and so forth. My lover can't call in sick because she's been up all night with me in an ER. But it would be different if she were a man. Our lovers are also isolated by our illness because they spend a lot of time caring for us and ignoring their own needs."

Keefer suggests that lesbians start looking at the total picture of illness in our community, not just AIDS. "If I'm a perfectly healthy lesbian, I don't have to care about the concerns of the chronically ill, but I have to see them, I have to become sensitized to what their needs are, just as I have become sensitized to AIDS or physical disability. There are an awful lot of us out there. It's easy to offer help at the onset of an illness or right after a surgery. But often when we most need the help is six months later when no one is offering. Sometimes we need really simple things—like someone to clean the house or do the laundry or clean the bathtub. Sometimes we just need to know that there are other women who can appreciate the isolation we feel."

Nearly one in every three women in the U.S. has severe arthritis or some form of IBD—chronically debilitating illnesses. One in nine women will get breast cancer; one in 20, some form of gynecological cancer; one in 15, lung cancer. Muscular diseases affect women over 40 percent of the time, such as multiple sclerosis or myasthenia gravis. Though some of these diseases can kill, most merely debilitate. But the pain and disability are real and carry with them all the same problems and fears that come with the disease our community knows all too well: AIDS. And, as with all diseases in our society, there is the fear in the healthy that they will become infected, even though none of these diseases is transmissible. And, like AIDS, all these illnesses affect young women primarily (and men).

For those of us suffering with chronic illness, the pain of being sick forever is grim enough. But the added pain of our invisibility is far worse. And to many, the community support often seems as far away as miracle cures. ▼
Sex Clubs Closed in City Fire Crackdown

by Janis Astor and Andrew Miller

NEW YORK—For years, two buildings at the edge of the West Village that rented space to various after-hours clubs have enjoyed a working relationship with the overseers of the city's building and fire department guidelines. But last month, the basements of the buildings housing three of Manhattan's gay safe-sex clubs were padlocked, in the wake of the March 25 Happy Land Social Club fire in the Bronx. That alleged arson, in which 87 people perished, has been dubbed the worst mass murder in U.S. history.

But according to city officials, none of the sex clubs has actually been cited for fire violations, and the manager of at least one claims that homophobia, and not fire safety, is at the root of the closings.

The three clubs, The Locker Room, The Annex and The Cellblock, all located near the corner of Ninth Avenue and 14th Street in the meat-packing district, have in recent years become popular late-night forays for gay men, often attracting hundreds in a single weekend evening.

Reports that a fourth, private sex club on Christopher Street near the Hudson River had also been closed down could not be confirmed by press time.

But while it appears that the clubs fell victim to the inevitable crackdown that followed the devastating Bronx fire, the city itself seems confused about just why those clubs were actually closed down.

Happy Land had been deemed a firetrap by city officials and ordered closed by the Mayor's Social Club Task Force nearly a year and a half prior to the tragedy, for various building and fire code violations. That task force, now comprised of two police officers, one building department official and one fire department inspector, was formed in 1988 by then-Mayor Edward Koch, after the El Hoyo Social Club fire in the Bronx, which killed six people.

Sgt. Peter Sweeney, a spokesperson for the task force, said that the three gay clubs in question were all closed because they don't have a liquor license. He refused to comment further when informed that all three operated strictly on a bring-your-own-bottle policy, and that no liquor was ever sold on the premises.

And according to Lenny Waller, the manager of The Cellblock, the task force issued that club a vacate order on March 31, citing it with an inadequate sprinkler system. When Waller, who claims that the sprinkler system was already up to previous code specification, summoned a contractor on April 4, a member of the

Michelle Shocked Speaks Out on Outing

by Rex Wockner

CHICAGO—Singer Michelle Shocked, in an interview in the May issue of Chicago's Outlines, acknowledged that she had sexual relationships with women, but stopped short of calling herself a lesbian.

Speaking to reporter Christie Nordheim following an Earth Day concert in Lincoln Park, Shocked said: "If this is in any sense a coming out on my part, it's that I would like a much broader definition for myself. Not everybody is that way, but for me, I've never really been able to fit into square holes or round holes. So for my part, I just leave the question open."

But a few moments later, Shocked continued: "I resent like hell that I was maybe 18-years-old before I even heard the 'L' word. I mean, that's understood, growing up sheltered in a Mormon environment. But it would have made all the difference for me, had I grown up knowing that the reason I didn't fit in was because they hadn't told me there..."
task force arrived and prohibited the construction from continuing until Waller obtained a work permit, he told Outweek.

"You've changed the ballgame. You can't make everything right overnight. But don't shut us down when someone is trying to comply," he raged.

In apparent contradiction to the task force's version of the story, Vah~ Tlryak~n, a spokesperson for the buildings department, confirmed that The Cellblock had been cited for an improper sprinkler system, but could not confirm that the club was ordered to close. He refused to comment further.

Contrary to the information provided by Sweeney, Waller maintains that he closed The Armex voluntarily, and is complying with a City order.

The force would not confirm or deny the story.

And Waller claims that homophobia is playing at least a small role in the runaround he says his club is receiving. "They're doing it all the social clubs, but they're having a little more fun with ours," he said. Noting that his clubs had been operating with the full knowledge of the city up until the end of March, he added, "It's all bureaucratic bullshit."

Waller, who hopes to reopen next month in time for the scheduled addition of a lesbian night at The Cellblock, said of the closings, "It's a politician's game. It buys votes, sells press. It's a hot topic now. Unfortunately, a lot of people suffer in the interim."

An investigation by Outweek reporters revealed that both The Cellblock and The Annex are in fact equipped with working fire extinguishers, and two separate fire exits, both with doors with panic bolts. Exit lights and emergency lights are in place on the walls, but it was not confirmed if they actually work. Each club also has the same overhead pipes with sprinklers seen in many loft buildings downtown.

Outweek was unable to gain access to The Locker Room, and its manager, Bill Ross, could not be reached for comment. A former employee told Outweek that the lower level of the two-story club had no working fire extinguishers and no fire exits — only the wooden staircase which leads to the upstairs. If there ever were a fire, "the place would be like a roach motel: one way in and no way out," he told Outweek.

The three clubs, where safe-sex "rules" have been strictly enforced, are believed to be the only such establishments in the city. 

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May 16, 1990 OutWeek 25
Hill, who has long been active in New York's African American lesbian and gay community, will begin her new position in mid-June.

Hill has held several prominent positions in the lesbian and gay community, including co-chair, with Allen Roskoff, of Lesbians and Gays for Jackson during Rev. Jesse Jackson's 1988 presidential bid. Hill also served on the committee of Lesbians and Gays for Dinkins. Additionally, Hill is the lesbian and gay representative on the North Star board, a progressive, not-for-profit corporation that funds community-based organizations. Hill has also served on the People of Color Steering Committee, a coalition of 15 African American, Latin American and Asian American gay and lesbian groups.

Currently, Hill is a member of African American Women United for Societal Change (formerly Salsa Soul Sisters), a group that provides a support network and a voice for the African American lesbian community.

In addition to announcing Hill's appointment, Mayor Dinkins announced the appointment of Robert S. Greene to head Veterans' Affairs and Virgo Y. Lee for Asian American Affairs.

"With these three appointments," said Dinkins in a prepared statement, "I know that these communities will be well-represented. Marjorie Hill, Robert Greene and Virgo Lee, working with Victor Quintana, the Director of Constituency Affairs, will be responsible for bringing to my attention issues, problems and concerns that affect these communities, while they exercise their very sound judgment to work out sensible solutions to these difficulties."

Hill, 33, is a licensed psychologist who has served as director of the Psychology Internship Program at Lincoln Hospital since 1988 and as Coordinator of Psychiatric Education. She received both her graduate and undergraduate degrees at Adelphi University. Hill will earn $55,000 per year.

—Duncan Osborne

Speakers at the rally afterwards formed a veritable who's who of lesbian and gay New York City and state gay politics and activists, including author Barbara Smith, Albany Councilman Keith St. John, Rochester Councilman Tim Mains, Lambda Legal Defense and Education Fund chief Tom Stoddard and Tim Sweeney, deputy director of the Gay Men's Health Crisis.

One of the most moving speeches of the afternoon came from Claudia Brenner, a woman whose lover was murdered in an anti-lesbian incident in which she herself was nearly killed.

Jennifer Rich, chair of the New York State Lesbian and Gay Lobby, dubbed the lobbying days which followed the march and rally "very successful," naming state Senators John Marchi (R-Staten Island) and Christopher Mega (R-Brooklyn) as responsive to the idea of both a statewide lesbian and gay rights bill and an anti-bias bill similar to those now passed in seven other states and also by the federal government.

New York state's gay rights bill has been a political hot potato in Albany for nearly 20 years. The bias bill has been tied up in committee since last year's legislative session.

—Andrew Miller and Andrew Lichtenstein
NEW YORK—In its First Annual Media Awards, the Gay & Lesbian Alliance Against Defamation (GLAAD) recently handed out kudos and castigations to groups and individuals primarily in the mainstream news and entertainment media for their portrayal and coverage of the AIDS crisis, lesbians and gays. The ceremony, held as a fundraiser for the national organization, was hosted by GLAAD's "media person of the year," Phil Donahue, and was attended by many notables, including comptroller Liz Holtzman and Mayor David Dinkins. Donahue attended with his wife, actress Marlo Thomas. (They are pictured above along with Vito Russo, Craig Davidson and Marcia Palley.)

With 60 nominations, the awards, called GLADS, were instituted by the five-year-old organization "to recognize accurate and positive portrayals by the media with the hopes that others will do the same," according to Executive Director Craig Davidson.

For outstanding broadcast news or editorial, an award was given to the PBS show The AIDS Quarterly and to the Academy Award-winning HBO documentary Common Threads. Newsweek magazine's article "The Family," which included lesbians and gay men, was chosen for outstanding print feature. The television critic for The New York Times, John J. O'Connor, was honored for reporting done by an individual in print news or editorial. And for most improved reporting on gay and lesbian issues, Time magazine was singled out on the national level. The Village Voice received the same award for New York area coverage.

Some of those acknowledged in the "special recognition" category were Gay Cable Network, Out in the 90s, WBAI-FM/New York, Bob Hope for his GLAAD-sponsored public service announcement, Artists Space, whose exhibiton Witness: Against Our Vanishing landed the gallery in the middle of a huge controversy with the National Endowment for the Arts.

Also in the nominations were various defamation categories. The list, a who's who of public bigots, included Guns 'n' Roses, Andrew Dice Clay, Sam Kinison, Andy Rooney, Howard Stern, Patrick Buchanan, William F. Buckley, Jr., National Review and New Dimensions magazines. Film critic Vito Russo and Penthouse contributor and GLAAD co-founder Marcia Palley gave a special presentation on homophobia and the media.

GLAAD spokesperson Karin Schwartz referred to the negative nominations not as awards but as an educational tool. She told OutWeek that GLAAD chose to not "decide who was worse than anyone else." Instead, presenters referred to the nominees throughout the night, at times using video clips as illustrations. One of the nominees, John Leo of US News & World Report, reportedly called GLAAD asking why he was included with such arch-homophobes as Buckley and Buchanan, leading to a successful meeting between Leo and the organization.

—R. Sugden
Queens AIDS center to open Jamaica office

NEW YORK—The AIDS Center of Queens County (ACQC) will open a counseling center in Jamaica, to serve the HIV-impacted community of Southeast Queens.

This announcement, made on April 20, comes after a search for office space that lasted for over three months and had reportedly been frustrated by discrimination on the part of many landlords in the area. According to Howard Goldberg, the Center’s director of development, the group had “looked at at least a dozen places” where the landlords were interested in renting out the space, but “once they found out the kind of organization we were, they would come up with 101 reasons why they couldn't rent to us.”

Complaints of discrimination have been lodged by ACQC against several Jamaica landlords with the New York City Human Rights Commission.

According to Goldberg, ACQC, which is based in Rego Park, Queens, saw a need to set up a Jamaica office to better serve the “hard-to-reach” community in that area, namely women and drug users. Twenty-five percent of Queens’ AIDS cases are in Jamaica.

The Jamaica Office, located in the vicinity of Merrick Boulevard and Jamaica Avenue, will offer crisis intervention counseling, case management and support groups to people dealing with or concerned about AIDS.

ACT UP on the move?

NEW YORK—Rarely missing a week since its inception, ACT UP has held its meetings every Monday for over three years at the Gay and Lesbian Community Services Center on West 13th Street, for which it has become an important source of much-needed revenue.

But now, grappling with its own success and faced with jam-packed meetings where the temperature and tempers alike run high, ACT UP has begun the quest for a new meeting space able to accommodate a rapidly increasing membership.

Tom Cunningham, ACT UP’s unpaid administrator, said the group’s total membership now exceeds 900, adding that at Monday night meetings, “people are tripping over each other.” He estimated that each week over 500 people pack themselves into the Center’s first-floor assembly hall, a room designed for half that number.

While acknowledging the economic impact such a move would have, Richard Burns, the Center’s executive director, was mainly concerned about the Center’s loss of ACT UP’s politics and energy. Burns said that the Center provides not only meeting space for gay groups, but the opportunity for members of those groups to meet each other and exchange ideas.

According to Burns, the Center collects between $1,200 and $1,500 per month in rent income from ACT UP, making the group the Center’s single largest source of rent income.

Revenue from ACT UP’s dozens of committee meetings has also slowly dried up since the activist group rented its own office around the corner last year.

And although the Center has offered to air condition the room in an effort to get ACT UP to remain, the bottom line seems to be space.

The Center charges rent on an honor system basis, asking groups for two dollars per head per meeting.

ACT UP was founded in 1987 at the Community Center, at a lecture in its regular Tuesday night series by playwright Larry Kramer.

According to Cunningham, ACT UP is eying an auditorium at Cooper Union, an arts and engineering school in the East Village.

—Janis Astor and Andrew Miller
The satellite office is funded by the New York State Department of Health and the state's AIDS Institute. Support also came from Queens State Assemblywoman Barbara Clark, whom Goldberg described as the "most influential" member of ACQC's advisory board on the project. Clark will join former Congresswoman Geraldine Ferraro and New York Newsday Publisher Robert M. Johnson on June 1, as an honoree at the ACQC's second annual awards reception.

For more information about the AIDS Center of Queens County, call (718) 896-2500 (Voice), or (718) 896-2985 (TDD).

---Mark Chesnut

GMHC wins national volunteer award

NEW YORK—Gay Men's Health Crisis (GMHC) received a citation in the 1990 President's Volunteer Service Awards Program. Out of over 2,800 nominations, GMHC was one of the 51 citationists. There were 19 winners. GMHC was the only AIDS organization or gay-oriented group recognized. This was the second consecutive year the group had been cited by the program.

Mayor David N. Dinkins honored the six New York area citationists at a city hall ceremony on April 23. In accepting the award for GMHC, Executive Director Jeffrey Braff said, "The six gay men who founded GMHC were this country's first AIDS volunteers. For confronting AIDS when many Americans ignore it or shun those who are ill, they deserve the highest award our country can bestow."

"AIDS volunteers deserve the highest recognition," agreed Carisa Cunningham, a spokesperson for GMHC. "But it's still not enough." While she said they were not informed about specific criteria the program used to select winners, Cunningham claimed that the fact there were no other AIDS organizations recognized by the awards program "indicates they don't understand or appreciate the breadth or depth of involvement around AIDS. There should have been more AIDS organizations recognized."

The other New York area citationists are the St. Nicholas Neighborhood
Preservation Association, the City Volunteer Corps of New York, Boys Brotherhood Republic, the National Council of Jewish Women and Molly Moon, a founder of the National Urban League Guild.

GMHC was founded in 1981, and involves 1,600 volunteers in providing legal, financial, medical, recreation and support services free of charge to an estimated 2,800 people with AIDS and others.

—Mark Chesnut

Texas court OKs firing of AIDS volunteers

HOUSTON—A Texas appeals court ruled on March 8 that a volunteer for the Houston AIDS Foundation who was discharged from her job with a paint company for refusing to quit her volunteer work has no legal remedy against her employer. The unanimous ruling held that Janet Brunner, who is not infected with HIV, could be fired by her employer who feared she might expose him and his employees to AIDS.

Brunner told her boss at Apollo Paint & Body, Farouk Al Attar, that she was volunteering weekends and evenings to work with persons with AIDS, but that there was no danger to anybody at the company because AIDS is not casually transmitted. Brunner also told Al Attar that his customers did not have to know about her volunteer work, which she would not discuss in the workplace. Brunner charges that Al Attar told her that she could not continue to work at Apollo unless she quit her volunteer work, because "he did not want to place himself, his family and his office workers in jeopardy."

Brunner charged that her discharge violated the Texas handicap-discrimination law, and also claimed damages for a discharge in violation of public policy. A Harris County trial court dismissed the case, and the first District Court of Appeals upheld the dismissal.

In Texas, a right-to-work state, employers are free to discharge employees unless the discharge is for refusing to commit an illegal act, to avoid pension liability, or for a reason specifically forbidden by law, such as handicap discrimination. The court reasoned that because Brunner was not herself disabled, she was not entitled to protection under the state's handicap-discrimination law. Texas, unlike New York and many other states, does not provide protection for people who, although not themselves disabled, suffer discrimination due to the fears of others about risk of workplace contagion.

—Arthur S. Leonard

New state AIDS bill

ALBANY, N.Y.—Gary Proud, a Democrat who represents the 131st District (Rochester) in the New York State Assembly, recently introduced legislation that would prohibit discrimination against people who are HIV-positive. The bill, A.10665, would add "HIV status" to the list of attributes (such as race, creed, sex or disability) that under state law cannot provide the basis for discrimination.

Proud said that he decided to introduce the bill after meeting with representatives of the Rochester-area gay and lesbian community.

"They kept telling me about people with AIDS who'd been discriminated against," said Proud. "So I said, 'Why don't you get somebody to introduce an antidiscrimination bill?' So they said, 'Why don't you? So I did.'"

Proud, who told OutWeek that he sees AIDS as "a medical matter, not a political matter," said that he thinks the bill has a good chance of passing the assembly. "If you listen to the rhetoric around this place, it should have a good chance," Proud said.

The bill has made no progress since its introduction in late March because legislators in Albany have been engaged full-time for more than a month in hammering out next year's state budget; all other legislative matters have been put on hold.

—James Waller

Minnesota health chief, a nun, under fire

MINNEAPOLIS—Sixty AIDS and abortion rights activists gathered on the steps of the Capitol to protest the firing of the head of the state Department of Health, a nun, who had been dismissed by Governor Rudy P. Perpich. The nun was fired last week for refusing to quit her volunteer work as a coordinator of a project to provide AIDS education to minority communities. The nun, Sister Margaret Mary, was dismissed by Governor Perpich for refusing to quit her volunteer work as a coordinator of a project to provide AIDS education to minority communities.

—Mark Chesnut
the incident, adding that Richardson's departure was "an internal personnel decision and we don't want to talk to reporters about it." 

SHOCKED from page 24

were more categories to fit into."

Shocked said that only in the past three or four years has she been "willing to take myself out of the prison I created. I just built barricades," she explained. "You know, I obviously didn't fit into society, so my reaction was, 'Well, fuck you.'"

Shocked had her first female lover about a year and a half ago, she said, but does not now automatically identify as a lesbian.

"To be honest," she explained, "the real fear of coming out of the closet—not fear, but the real pressures of coming out of the closet—had been if you had certain problems identifying yourself one way or the other. It's been difficult."

Shocked, whose albums Short Sharp Shocked and Captain Swing are quite popular in the lesbian and gay community, granted the interview to Outlines to clarify her position on "outing," which she had criticized from the stage during an April 20 concert in Chicago.

ACT UP members attended the concert and reportedly demanded that Shocked make an announcement about an upcoming demonstration.

Shocked finally read the announcement, but prefaced it with the comment, "If you want to support an organization that drags people out of the closet." She did not complete the sentence.

In the Outlines interview, Shocked described outing as "unethical" and "destructive."

"It's a cannibalism," she said, "yet I perfectly understand the frustrations."

Shocked seemed to imply in the interview that she had some concern about beingouted by ACT UP herself, but both ACT UP and Outlines writers say no such threat was made.

"There was no plot to out her," said Carol Hayse of the ACT UP women's caucus. "We never thought she would be in any way hostile to ACT UP. Outing Michelle Shocked was the last thing we were worrying about at that time. It would have been about 980,000th on our list."

BASHINGS from page 13

attackers. Mark Ricciardi, 17, of 107 West 28th Street, and Chip Benane, 18, of 90 Graveling Avenue in Meriden, Conn., were arrested on charges of second-degree assault and aggravated harassment.

Because the men arrested had short haircuts and wore studded leather clothing, some news reports called the incident an attack by skinheads. This second gay bashing received widespread television coverage.

According to the AVP's Foreman, there has been a 60-percent rise in reported anti-gay bias crimes during the first quarter of 1990 compared to last year. Within that total, the number of assaults increased 76 percent. There were 181 reports of anti-gay violence in the first quarter of this year, up from 113 last year, and 53 reported anti-gay assaults, compared to 30 last year.

Police are seeking additional witnesses to either attack. Anyone with information can call the New York City Police Department's Bias Crimes Investigation Unit at (212) 374-5267."
Obituaries

Donald C. Knutson,
NGRA Co-Founder

Donald C. Knutson, prominent San Francisco attorney who co-founded National Gay Rights Advocates (NGRA) and was a co-founder of Bay Area Lawyers for Individual Freedom, died April 19 of complications from AIDS.

Knutson taught the first law school course in the nation on homosexuality and the law at the University of Southern California Law School where he was a professor. He also served as the first faculty advisor to the Gay Student Union at USC.

In 1977, Knutson co-founded National Gay Rights Advocates in San Francisco with Richard Roulard, and served as its first legal director. Among the key cases he argued was the precedent-setting Pacific Bell case, which resulted in a California State Supreme Court ruling that protects job rights for lesbians and gay men. He also was the lead attorney on challenges to a 1917 U.S. immigration law which bars homosexuals from entering the country, and, in a case argued before the U.S. Supreme Court, to an Oklahoma law banning gay teachers, modeled on California's defeated Proposition Six of 1978.

"San Francisco is a better city because Don Knutson made his home here," Mayor Art Agnos said. "His work left people safer and freer of discrimination, and I am proud that I left people safer and freer of discrimination, and I am proud that I took Michael Brown, of the Gay Liberation Front, which helped organize a demonstration.

This quote made by Michael was in The New York Times, June 29, 1970. The demonstration referred to was the first Christopher Street Liberation Day March. It was the first time a "Quote of the Day" by an acknowledged gay person was used in the New York Times.

In addition to being an organizer of the first march, Michael was, a year earlier, a co-founder of the Gay Liberation Front (GLF). GLF was the first radical gay movement formed following the Christopher Street riots in June 1969. One of many projects to grow out of GLF was the newspaper Come Out, a radical gay and lesbian forum, of which Michael was a co-founder and a writer.

Michael was born and raised in Los Angeles but grew up in the tumultuous and exhilarating New York City of the 1960s. Michael suffered from emphysema and found the last 15 years of his life in Provincetown and Wellfleet most beneficial. Michael died March 10 from heart failure caused by emphysema. A memorial service will be held April 29 in Provincetown at the Universalist Church.

His spirit and sense of equality will be missed.

—Jim Anderson

Michael Brown
1940-1990

"We're probably the most barrased, persecuted minority group in history, but we'll never have the freedom and civil rights we deserve as human beings unless we stop hiding in closets and in the shelter of anonymity."—Michael Brown, of the Gay Liberation Front, which helped organize a demonstration.

Obituary Policy

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—David Anger
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In Our Own Hands

Those Painful Little Sores Down There

A monthly column about women's health.

by Risa Denenberg

Suzanne told me she thought she had a yeast infection without much emotion. It was difficult to get her to talk during our interview, and I was unprepared to discover, on her exam, that she had open sores across her vulva and thighs, and inside her vagina. She hadn't been able to pee in almost 24 hours. Her temperature was 101 degrees and her glands were swollen and tender. When I said, "You must be in a lot of pain," she began to cry. But when I told her I believed she had a herpes infection, she said, "But I couldn't. It's impossible."

When I shared my concern with Robin, her lover of three months, she said, "But I haven't had an outbreak in years." Suzanne became angry. "You didn't tell me you had herpes," she accused. "I didn't think I could give it to you," Robin said quietly, beginning to cry too.

Later that evening I saw Marilyn, who was angry and upset. "I have a sore, and I just know it's herpes. I probably got it from this guy I slept with one time, two years ago. What am I going to do? I don't want to give it to my girlfriend." Her exam was entirely unrevealing, and though I reassured her that nothing indicated a herpes infection, she decided on an expensive panel of tests which were, unfortunately, inconclusive.

Genital herpes is a viral illness with an intensely emotional component ranging from denial to panic to rage. It was big news in the mainstream media in the late 1970s, prior to news about AIDS, when it was presented as an incurable, sexually transmitted infection which could threaten fetuses and newborns, and could be linked to cervical cancer in women, particularly those with multiple sexual partners. As a women's health care provider, I have shared the diagnosis with many women and their female and male partners, and have observed the very real desperation the news provokes.

The Family of Herpes

Herpes belongs to a family of viruses which cause cold sores, genital herpes (HSV-1, HSV-2), mononucleosis (Epstein-Barr, or EBV), shingles (Herpes zoster), chickenpox (varicella) and cytomegalovirus (CMV). Nearly 100 million people in the U.S. experience recurrent herpes cold sores, usually caused by HSV-1, on the lips, mouth or face. And between 3-9 million people in the U.S. have recurrent genital herpes, which is primarily caused by HSV-2, but can also be due to HSV-1 (undoubtedly transmitted by oral sex).

EBV, CMV and human herpes virus-6 (HHV-6) have all been implicated as playing a role in chronic fatigue syndrome. Some research has postulated that HSV-2 is a cofactor for acquiring the HIV virus. EBV can develop into a form of cancer called Burkitt's lymphoma. And HSV-2, as genital herpes, is associated with an increased risk of cervical cancer.

Suzanne became angry. "You didn'ttell me you had herpes," she accused. "I didn't think I could give it to you," Robin said quietly.

Herpes viruses are also a cause of rare but serious infections of the eye that can lead to blindness, and occasionally can cause meningitis. When transmitted during pregnancy to a fetus, or during delivery to a newborn, HSV can result in a serious, life threatening generalized viral illness.

Transmission

Transmission generally requires close body to body contact with a person who is shedding the virus at a mucous membrane or from a body secretion. Once in the body, the virus enters cells, and after replicating moves further inside along nerve pathways, often settling in for a lifetime residence within nerve structures called ganglia. At this point the virus is latent or inactive, but it can be reactivated by various stimuli.

Recurrences often occur repeatedly at the same place on the skin or genitals. While sores and lesions often accompany the viral recurrence, viral shedding has been shown to occur even in the absence of symptoms.

Standard safe sex measures such as condoms and dental dams do not always prevent herpes transmission since viral shedding can occur in uncovered areas such as thighs, buttocks or scrotum. In woman-to-woman sex, oral sex, direct genital to genital contact, and fingers can spread herpes, which is easily transmitted. Sex during an outbreak is very risky, but even safe sex without presence of sores bears some risk. Sexual partners really must be prepared to assume the risk, although reasonable efforts are often successful.

Symptoms of Genital Herpes

Not everyone who is sexually exposed to HSV-1 or HSV-2 develops symptoms. Many still test positive for antibodies to both viruses without any history of outbreaks. A primary infec-
tion of genital herpes is characterized initially by flu-like symptoms such as headache, fever, muscular pains and swollen glands. Feelings of fatigue and depression are common. The blistery rash is often preceded by local itching or burning or painful urination. Sometimes a vaginal discharge is present and the cervix may appear infected also. The entire episode generally lasts two to four weeks. Inability to urinate can be a serious problem requiring catheterization (removing urine by a tube).

The average duration of recurrent episodes is 15 days, and the symptoms are usually milder. Most people experience a day or so of warning such as fever, tingling or itching. Some women with chronic herpes experience outbreaks that last only a day or two. Frequency of recurrences, and the severity of clinical symptoms, is affected by the individual's general state of health, resistance to disease, immune status and the type of herpes virus involved. It is possible that persons who have had a long-standing infection with HSV-1 orally have milder HSV-2 genital infections when initially exposed, due to prior presence of HSV-1 antibodies. In the immune-compromised person, the outbreaks may be more frequent, more prolonged and involve a greater degree of viral shedding.

**Treatment**

The goals of treatment include decreasing the severity and duration of outbreaks, as well as relieving symptoms; prevention of transmission to others and to other sites; and increasing the time interval between outbreaks. The virus can spread from one area of the body to another, so hand washing is important. It's especially important to protect the eyes.

The medical treatment for an initial outbreak is oral acyclovir (Zovirax) for five to ten days. This has also been shown to decrease the length of initial infections. Acyclovir ointment is also available for topical use.

For recurrences, other local treatments are suggested from holistic, herbal and home medicine and are geared toward comfort and rapid healing. Ice can be helpful and may even abort an attack if used very early, before blisters appear. Applications of

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See SORES on page 37

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May 16, 1990 OUT\WEEK 35
Question:
I'm gay and I've been married to a woman for 14 years. Last year I told her that I was gay. She blew up and demanded that I leave the house. We're in the process of getting a divorce. But that's not the thing that bothers me. I have two kids, a 12-year-old boy and a daughter who's eight-years-old. They don't know that I'm gay. I want them to know about my life because I now live with a lover and I want them to understand that I still love them and welcome them in my house. Obviously my wife is against it. She wants to protect them from ever knowing I'm gay, which is ridiculous. The kids know that my wife and I had a fight, but I've never answered their questions about what the problem is between their parents. Do you think I should tell them now, even if it makes my wife angry?

Answer:
It sounds as if your wife is hurt and bitter over her marriage with you. Many wives in her situation feel as if the years you spent together were a fraud, that they were wasted years. They express their bitterness in a number of ways. Throwing you out of the house was obviously the first. Now she's doing what many wives do when faced with the coming out of their husbands—using the children as pawns. Her claim that she's thinking of the welfare of her children covers up feelings about herself and her anger at you.

Are you so sure that your 12-year-old son doesn't know that you're gay?

Dr. Silverstein, co-author (with Edmund White) of the Joy of Gay Sex, is a psychologist in private practice. His latest book about psychotherapy with gays and lesbians will be published late in the year. Send your questions to: Doctor Silverstein, c/o OutWeek Magazine, 159 W. 25th St. #7, New York, NY 10001.

You need to discuss a few issues with your children when you come out. For example, a son may worry that he may become gay because his father is gay.

While not impossible, it's unlikely that he's as uninformed as you seem to think, especially with all the publicity about AIDS on TV and in the papers. You also haven't considered that your daughter and son don't talk about what happened between you and your wife. Of course a lot has to do with what you and your wife told them about the divorce. I gather that you didn't tell them the real reason. I assume that both you and your wife either lied about why you left the house, or gave no reason at all. That dishonesty is the first problem you'll meet when you come out to your children. You lied to them and they'll feel hurt because of it. One or both of them may even feel guilty about the divorce, worrying that they were the cause of the conflict between you and your wife. So expect some anger from them.

One question you face is whether to tell them at the same time, or separately. You have to make this judgment. Kids often feel that their questions may be considered stupid. It's easier to ask questions without another kid around. And you want to encourage your kids to ask questions. But don't expect your kids to ask a lot of questions at first. They may be too shy. Just be certain that they know that they can ask questions about your gayness whenever they want.

I think that you need to discuss a few issues with your children when you come out. A son may worry that he may become gay because his father is gay. Daughters sometimes feel embarrassed when their school friends find out. They should be assured that homosexuality is not genetic, that it's not something that you get from your parents. This will likely lead into a discussion of why you became gay. I can only suggest telling them the truth, which is that we don't know why some of us become gay.

Second is the question of who else in the family knows of your gayness. Obviously they will discuss it with your wife. But how about their grandparents, uncles, aunts, cousins? You'll have to be quite explicit about this.

Finally, there's the question of when to introduce your lover to your children—as your lover, not your roommate. Here's how I would handle it. I would not come out to your children with your lover present. I think you owe them family privacy so that they feel comfortable asking you questions about "Uncle Bill." They might not be able to say what's on their mind in his presence, even if they like him a lot. Uncle Bill can appear after the discussion. Then let the kids take the initiative in making contact with your lover. They'll bring him into the family in their own way. I can't emphasize this enough—children will integrate a lover into your family in their own way and with their own time schedule. Don't force it.

You always need to be age appropriate. The approach that works for grade school children won't work for teenagers. You should join the Gay Fathers Forum. It meets every Friday evening at the Gay Community Center. Their phone number is (212) 979-7541. You'll find a lot of married gay men who have gone through the same experience. They can be very helpful to you.

If you are a gay father and want to respond to this column, send the letter to me c/o OutWeek. Your experience may be useful in publishing a follow-up article.
warm tea bags with tannic acid, comfrey or camomile may help. Sitz baths with these herbs, and also calendula, burdock or echinacea are soothing. Vitamin E, aloe or witch hazel can also be applied. Benedryl, an over the counter antihistamine, can be taken orally if itching is a problem.

In addition, sources recommend vitamin A, B-complex and BHT (an antioxidant). Acupuncture may also be helpful. Diet, stress-reduction and exercise, as usual, all play a role in maintaining resistance to outbreaks. While herpes can be frustrating and difficult to cope with, it is important to realize that it is manageable, usually improves over time and that much can be done to reduce the frequency of outbreaks.

ANTI-HELMS from page 19

want to make sure it's not Jesse Helms."

In its early stages, gay activists planned to create an independent gay strategy against Helms that would link efforts with other groups wanting to defeat him. But strategists decided this spring to launch a coalition PAC because no other group was taking a lead.

As a federal non-affiliated PAC, North Carolina Senate Vote '90 will work independently of the Democratic nominee or any other group or corporation. Its non-affiliated status allows the PAC to raise an unlimited amount of money. Carter, who has been living mainly off her savings, is the only paid staff member.

For more information or to mail checks, write to Mandy Carter, director, North Carolina Senate Vote '90, 604 West Chapel Hill St., Durham, NC 27701, or call her at (919) 682-6374.

Meanwhile, paperwork is underway to start another North Carolina political action committee aimed at addressing lesbian and gay issues in local, state and federal elections. Tentatively called the Family Fund, the proposed PAC may have a longer, more descriptive name to meet federal guidelines, according to Teachout, the PAC's organizer and chairperson.

For more information, contact the Family Fund, P.O. Box 187, Rocky Point, NC 28457.
TIDINGS

by Karin Schwartz

Business Week appears to be unable to distinguish between fundraising solicitations by gay, lesbian and AIDS groups and “homosexual pornography.”

A recent edition of Business Week included a small article titled “Halting the Junk-Mail Juggernaut.” The article’s intention was reasonable enough—to help people who have been swamped with junk mail to reduce the mail they receive. It also provided some tips on how to avoid getting on mailing lists that are shared with other businesses.

So far so good. But when the writer of the article tried to illustrate the point, he slipped into homophobic stereotyping. He wrote: “Last year, a New Yorker gave money to help AIDS research. The next week, her mailbox was flooded with homosexual pornography.”

Well I, and many people I know, have given money to help AIDS research and education efforts. And none of us have had the experience of receiving unsolicited homosexual pornography in the non-profit groups that fight bigotry, discrimination and violence against gays and lesbians, but I wouldn’t characterize them as “pornography.”

Perhaps the woman-in-question really had a negative experience, maybe donating to a nonreputable AIDS organization. It seems far more likely that the woman, and the author of the article, can’t and won’t make the distinction between gay activism and social services on the one hand, and gay pornography on the other. And that failure spells bigotry.

It’s somewhat akin to Eddie Murphy’s and Sam Kinison’s attempts to about the violence and discrimination we face when we are alive and thriving.

We urge you to write to Business Week and point out that this subtle homophobic slip in their article suggests a pervasive anti-gay bias at the publication. Write Stephen Shepard, Editor-in-Chief, Business Week, 1221 Avenue of the Americas, 39th floor, New York, NY 10020. And send a copy to the article’s author, Jeffrey Rothfeder. The phone number is (212) 512-2511.

GLAAD isn’t only interested in confronting the media when it is defamatory. We also work for positive and accurate portrayals of gays and lesbians in the media. This next item has that goal in mind.

New York City Mayor David Dinkins recently appointed Thomas B. Morgan as president of the WMYC Communications Group. In this capacity, Morgan will have direct influence on programming by WNYC-TV/Channel 31, as well as WNYC-AM and WNYC-FM. A significant amount of WNYC’s programming is picked up by PBS and National Public Radio.

According to The New York Times, Morgan has stated that he would like WNYC to become “more responsive to New Yorkers by serving constituents not addressed by commercial television or other public television stations.” This could be good news for gay and lesbian New Yorkers who have been underrepresented in our own public media for far too long.

We urge you to act now to ensure that Morgan’s vision includes gays and lesbians. In particular, encourage him to increase the gay and lesbian content of WNYC’s news coverage, educational programs and entertainment programs. Point out that gays and lesbians are a significant chunk of the city’s mosaic, numbering over 600,000 strong. Write to: Thomas B. Morgan, President, WNYC Communications Group, 1 Centre Street, New York, NY 10007. Or call (212) 669-7800.
There is no cure for HIV. But there is an expanding array of treatment options. The AIDS/HIV Treatment Directory, published by the American Foundation for AIDS Research (AmFAR) is a "user-friendly" guide to the full range of approved and experimental treatments, presented in a clear but comprehensive format for people with HIV disease and their primary-care physicians.

A paid subscription to the Directory is the best way to guarantee receiving this vital information regularly. A subscription is also an ideal way to support the important, on-going efforts of AmFAR to raise desperately needed funds to underwrite research and education about HIV disease. A one-year subscription (4 issues) is only $30.00. To subscribe, or to make a contribution, send your check to AmFAR.

Your options may be greater than you think.

American Foundation for AIDS Research
1515 Broadway, New York, NY 10036

People with HIV disease who cannot afford a paid subscription may obtain a complimentary copy by calling the National AIDS Information Clearinghouse at 1-800-458-5231.
NEWSFLASH

OUTING SEIZES
AMERICA!

Not too long ago, some of us at OurWeek decided that we could no longer participate in helping rich and famous gays and lesbians stay in the closet. We felt an obligation to tell the truth.

In one such case — that of Malcolm Forbes — all of the editors of OurWeek decided that we would frankly discuss his homosexuality in the magazine. That cover story hit the stands three weeks after the famous multimillionaire died, and sent shock waves throughout the media.

Telling such truths is now called “outing,” named, of course, by heterosexuals who had to put a quick McDonald’s-like label on our behavior. It’s a term that suggests something negative; something active, aggressive and evil. And it makes a silly metaphor seem only more real. Lest we forget, there is no closet, no door, no hinges. There are just individuals who’ve told a lot of people that they’re queer, and individuals who’ve told fewer people that they’re queer. And the whole thing is pretty arbitrary. (How many people must one confide in to be “out of the closet”?)

But we’re stuck with calling all of this “outing,” a term neatly coined by Time. And we’re finding ourselves in a raging, but productive and much-needed debate. This is a controversy that seems to have no boundaries within a political framework. Even within that sliver of the spectrum we call “the far Left,” there are at least 20 different positions about it, running the gamut.

The same is true here. Believe it or not, there is no official OurWeek position on outing. As the following essays will show, editors of this magazine have widely divergent views on the subject. To help clarify all of the complex issues raised by outing, we asked them and other writers from around the country to offer their diverse opinions on the subject.

Though wide and various in their scope, all probably agree: Something big has happened — something from which there is no turning back. As some have said, “The genie is out of the lamp.” And, as for myself, I think it’s all exciting, wonderful, fabulous, powerful, progressive and truly great.

But that’s just me.

— Michelangelo Signorile
Tattle Tale Traps

by Hunter Madsen

A reporter asked me during my book tour last summer for After The Ball, a question that stopped me flat. He said Armistead Maupin had suggested this question to ask me: If I possessed a big, thick computer list naming every gay person in America, would I be willing to publish that list for straights to see?

The idea had appeal. Isn't it publish or perish, these days? Doesn't my own book, in the macho cause of political pragmatism, urge every gay American to leap from the closet, and pronto? Wouldn't the sheer bulk of the homolist instantly add heft to our demand for civil rights? Wouldn't the list sextuple my prospects for a date on Saturday night? Wouldn't it be heroin-pure pleasure to rout all the gay community's sneaky cowards, quislings and hypocrites at once? Isn't the list already familiar, anyway, to gay gossips far and wide?

I answered each of these questions to myself with a qualified yes. But I told the reporter no, I simply couldn't publish the homolist.

Since last summer, the idea of gay-listing has been re-christened "outing" and retro-fitted with several rationales. Outing has attracted a noisy gang of tattlers who've gone rampaging through others' closets, looking for frightened queers to drag into the icy spotlight of public bigotry, where they'll either learn to like it or else die of exposure.

I still think outing is wrong and impractical, in nearly all cases. In After the Ball, we make it Rule Nine of our preferred social code for gay America: "I'll encourage other gays to come out, but never expose them against their will."

Why not? To see what's wrong with tattling, let's start with the case of closeted gays who are not public figures, then consider those who are.

No evangelical is more heedlessly dogged than a new convert. Some gays—particularly the recently arrived—have found it such a relief and joy to come out of the closet that they simply insist upon the same for all their gay acquaintances. No more hiding for them... or anyone else! If straights ask who's who (and sometimes even when they don't ask) these gays lunge to clue them in. Top of their tattle-list: closeted gays they especially like, and those they particularly despise. I'm troubled by such disclosures for four reasons.

(1) Being out is good, but coming out is better. We must cherish the process of coming out. No gay person should deny another the incomparable, irreplaceable, once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to come out of the closet under his or her own steam, as the fruit of deep personal reflection, courage and conviction. For each individual, self-confrontation runs by its own internal clock; to the exasperation of onlookers, the moment of truth is often evaded or postponed for months, years, a lifetime. But, for many a closeted homosexual, the moment does eventually arrive when she steps forward to affirm her own character openly, and thereby becomes the author of it. This rite of passage is far too important to the development of a positive gay identity for someone else—some venal or irresistible blabbermouth—to callously preempt it, to steal it away.

(2) To be closeted is bad, but to be outed can be worse.

Being flushed into the open by others before one is ready—before one has overcome shame and guilt, before one has constructed a solid personal alternative to society's mores—can crush a person. Indeed, the effect is doubly
among the citizenry itself. Yet how can consenting adults should enjoy a right to privacy, than in one at the present moment, so I'd rather that everything
after all, that coming out isn't
doesn't.
Bill of Rights—that bars scrutiny and perpetrators are when the rest of the world
conspiriators are when the rest of the world
doesn't.

(3) It's better to live in a society that respects your right to privacy, than in one where the world is a fly on your bedroom wall. Exposing the private sex lives of others to public rumor, and asserting that it's perfectly fine to do so, is a needlessly risky strategy for gays. Here's why: For decades, gays have been squawking, in courtrooms and to the press, that what they do in bed, and with whom, isn't anyone else's business; that sexual activity among consenting adults should enjoy a special right to privacy—implicit in the Bill of Rights—that bars scrutiny and interference from society and the state.

I happen to agree with those squawkers. But our benighted Supreme Court does not: It doubts both the notion of a constitutional right to privacy and our claim that gay sex is protected by such a principle. Consequently, the right to be left alone in sexual matters will not be enforced from the top down in America. This means that a tolerant respect for sexual privacy can only be cultivated—by gays, if no one else—from the bottom up, among the citizenry itself. Yet how can we hope to teach straights to mind their own damned business, when they see us relentlessly sniffing out one another's homosexuality and then squealing to the neighbors?

Ironically, this recent appetite for outing other gays ‘for their
own good, and ours’ takes its meddlesome spirit from the conservative contagion of our times. As the late Henry Fairlie observed, “America too is becoming a nation of informers. We are encouraged to go around checking on everyone else’s eating, drinking, smoking, sexual proclivities, and general hygiene.” (Alas, as co-author of a book that pokes and prods the gay community’s welfare without mercy or restraint, I'm in no position to press this point too far)

(4) It's better to live in a gay community that operates on mutual trust rather than mutual finkering. This point is simple but important: what kind of gay subculture do you prefer to live in—one with an atmosphere of trust, or one of gimlet-eyed suspicion? The latter is what develops when everyone is outing everyone else.

Not all gays can or will come out fully at the present moment, so I'd rather that our demimonde continue to be a refuge for them; an inviting place where they can let their hair down and dance, confident that the waltz is entre nous. This goes for closeted gays both famous and unknown; as a rule, their secret should be safe with us until they deem otherwise.

Keeping such secrets is one of the odd pleasures of being the member of an outgroup: It makes you a kind of insider, for a change, to know who your co-conspirators are when the rest of the world doesn't.

I have detailed at length the demerits of outing private figures, for a reason. Many readers would quickly agree that snitching on other hapless nobodies is mean, pointless and bad for the gay community in the long run. On the other hand, they feel that exposing the sex lives of famous people—who, after all, live in a fish bowl already—is somehow more acceptable.

Their distinction is callous, as can now be seen: My four complaints still apply. The outing of closeted celebrities can—as with the rest of us—rob them of that precious, irreplaceable chance to grow personally by coming out. Outing can damage them emotionally and materially. It dramatically undermines the gay community's claim that sexual preference should be a strictly private, not a public, concern. And it fans the atmosphere of whispering mistrust within the gay community.

The benefits of outing big shots must, therefore, be so very compelling that they can outweigh these hulkling drawbacks. Are they? Consider the common rationales.

(1) Young gay people need positive role models, so famous people should be outing if they haven't the civic decency to come out on their own. Gabriel Rotello, the editor of this journal, recently justified outing for The New York Times in this way: "It's taken for granted that other minorities deserve to have role models, so why not gays?"

The only possible reply is yes, gays should have their own uncolusted role models, and one wishes that the nation's many covertly gay 'success stories' had the gumption to do the right thing, drop their elaborate covers and come clean. But a positive role model who has to be outing simply isn't one! Closet cases—however accomplished they might otherwise be—hardly set a good example for young gays once they've been exposed as cowardly lions.

Next, think of the impression outing makes on the general public. After centuries of straights bullying and queerbaiting homosexuals, now gays are turning each other in. The image of homosexuality as a furtive, sick, shameful thing is amply reinforced by the spectacle of otherwise prominent closet-cases being driven out from their dark hiding places into the blinding light of day, only to suffer (as they usually do) an immediate fall from public grace. Role models, indeed.

(2) The straight press's double standard against reporting the homosexual intimacies of celebrities should be smashed. Here's a truly peculiar argument, again
issued by Rotello: "The media talks about the private lives of famous people in great detail. But when it comes to somebody being gay, there is a code of silence...because being gay is perceived...as just about the worst thing somebody can be. And by imposing this code of silence, we are perpetuating that notion." In other words, if the press is going to descend to trash-tabloid standards by invading the sexual privacy of straights, then it darn well ought to do the same for closeted homosexuals—with the gay community's help, if necessary. Evidently, to paraphrase Oscar Wilde, the only thing worse than being talked about is not being talked about.

Now, this reasoning is so patently cockeyed that, if you can't already see the problem, I'm not sure I can explain it to you. Certainly, the more the straight press discusses gay issues in a matter-of-fact way, the more desensitized the public will become on the issue (my book speaks at length about this process). But deliberately encouraging the trampling of gay people's privacy rights just to serve this purpose is ill-advised. Might it not make more sense to encourage media discussion of gay issues instead of gay personalities?

Moreover, the press never treats the stories of forcibly outing celebrities in a matter-of-fact way: It's always a sensational scandal! And who really believes the press observes a double standard nowadays, anyway? The prestige press still considers celebrity sex lives basically off-limits—being the stuff of libel suits—and so declines to monger straight or gay tattle. The tabloid press, on the other hand, digs into both with gusto. (Just check out the tabloids' recent exposes on Forbes, Chamberlain and Schwarzenegger).

Speaking of Forbes, I should add in passing that I'm less distressed by the outing of deceased celebrities than of living ones. In the case of the dead, of course, our concerns about the heartache, stunted personal growth and career damage that outing can cause are moot.

(3) The more gay leaders who are out, the more powerful the gay movement becomes. This is true, and only sometimes, if the famous gay person has come out under his or her own steam—as in the case of Congressman Barney Frank. My own guess is that outing prominent gays will, by embarrassing them and rendering them targets of bigotry, tend to diminish their power within the mainstream and marginalize their position. We'd never wish to do that to the gay community's closeted but otherwise supportive friends in government—who can, perhaps, do us more good than harm by remaining undercover for the time being. On the other hand, those conservative creeps who acted as our enemies before their outing will have little reason (or power) to help the gay community thereafter—Robert Bauman's example notwithstanding.

(4) Some closeted enemies of the gay community must be neutralized through exposure. Outing does have its merits as a form of political castration and psychological terrorism, but this is a dire remedy to be reserved for the most diabolical hypocrites, which are few. I have in mind those cases where one observes a consistent pattern of malignant attack on gay rights and interests, by someone who—in his private hours—enjoys the gay life he publicly abhors.

But resort to outing in these instances entails setting aside our general ethic of privacy in order to attack another for lacking such ethics. This contradiction Barney Frank deflects well: "There is a right to privacy but not hypocrisy. If politicians are gay or lesbian and then use that against other people, they have forfeited their right to privacy."

Even so, this tactic puts us on a slippery slope to a bad habit of coercion, and validates the kind of exposure-blackmail long favored by the other side. First, you'll out a public figure only for being aggressively anti-gay; next, for supporting a gay civil rights bill only tepidly; and eventually, for taking conservative stands deemed 'politically incorrect' on all manner of issue within the Rainbow Coalition. That goes much too far.

Outing's Last inning

What, in the end, is behind the outing craze (apart from the gay intelligentsia's perennial need for something new to bicker over)? A big part of the answer, as Randy Shilts noted some time ago, is AIDS. Frustration over failure by the nation's governmental and commercial elites to assume full leadership in fighting the disease has boiled over, first, into rancorous public demonstrations—ACT UP-style—and, lately, into the threat of outing gay leaders who presumably could do much more. As an expression of valid rage, then, one must grant outing its share of moral justification even though it is impractical and ultimately self-defeating.

My hope and expectation is that, within a decade, the outing debate will be swept into utter irrelevance by a sea change in the sheer number of gays, in places high and low, who surge out of the closet. For it won't be long before the real benefits of being openly gay outweigh the perceived costs. Even now we are close—perhaps very close—to tipping the scale in that direction. In the meantime, may the bitter tacticians of outing do nothing that inadvertently makes coming out seem more frightful than it actually is.

May 16, 1990 OUT WEEK
Take it from me, an experienced "out" who's been telling the truth about closeted celebrities for years now. Outing is a tactic whose time has come. But I'd like to step back a minute and explain what it is we're talking about here.

Editorials from coast to coast have tried to cast the outing debate as a battle between the gays. It's more accurately characterized as a battle between the mainstream media and those of us who feel they've been allowed to get away with telling lies for far too long.

A staggering double standard exists. We're invisible and the irrational fear of homosexuality has resulted in a massive conspiracy of silence. This outing controversy will be valuable even if it only alerts the press that we expect more—more than the lies they've deliberately manufactured, more than the contempt, the dishonesty and the public indifference they've condemned us to.

Since the dawn of time, we've talked amongst ourselves about who is and who isn't, and nothing is going to prevent us from continuing to talk. What's at stake here is what the press is willing to print. Why is homosexuality the only thing we aren't allowed to write about? Drug addiction, childhood sexual trauma, teenage abortions, rape, incest and patriaclude are the life blood of popular journalism. The columnists never demand privacy for Marla Maples or Donna Rice, both of whom were 'private citizens' before everybody got curious. The private lives of Roseanne Barr and Elizabeth Taylor are laid more open for public consumption than the Freedom of Information Act. But dare to tell the truth about Malcolm Forbes, like my colleague Mike Signorile did, and every commentator comes up with a two-bit reason why society is supposed to be better off not knowing.

The principle is really very simple. Either being gay is OK or it isn't. And allowing homosexuality to take its place as a normal part of the human sexual spectrum requires ceasing to treat it as a dirty little secret.

Outing is nothing new to me. I first took Liz Smith to task in October 1984, in my film column in The Advocate. She had expressed disgust at Harvey Fierstein for thanking his lover on the Tony Awards show, all the while continuing to report such unlikely romantic pairings as Tommy Tune and Twiggy, and Richard Chamberlain and Linda Evans. I couldn't believe her hypocrisy, and said so.

Defending her position, Smith wrote "May I ask who are you to judge what Tommy Tune and Twiggy are doing with their lives? Their romantic involvement happened to be very real while it lasted. It amazed everybody I knew. I certainly would have been remiss not to write about it when they were all over New York entwined, clutched in each other's arms and she was living in his apartment, madly in love with him." I need hardly add that this sense of astonishment never found its way into print. But I must have hit a nerve. This was better dish than any Liz Smith column I'd ever read. "Richard Chamberlain and Linda Evans do go out together," she continued. "I have no idea what they do or don't do in their private moments. I don't believe I ever said they were madly physically in love because I don't know. Do you? Don't these people (even especially the gay ones) have the right to keep the lid on, covering for their friends, conveniently reporting heterosexual "dates" to help mask the truth, which is that many of these actors and actresses, directors and movie stars—popular celebrities who enjoy the world's acclaim—are gay and lesbian.

Smith was doing what she's done all along: keeping the lid on, covering for her friends, conveniently reporting heterosexual "dates" to help mask the truth, which is that many of these actors and actresses, directors and movie stars—popular celebrities who enjoy the world's acclaim—are gay and lesbian.

I challenged her again the following year, when she insisted on having the last word on the Rock Hudson story. She wrote that she deplored the "media barrage" surrounding Hudson's illness, and revealed that she had once dreamily doodled "Mrs. Rock Hudson" in the margins of her notepad. I wrote that that particular column was nothing less than high camp to those who knew Smith personally.

This brought another, even more irate letter. "How dare you call my deep inner feelings about Rock 'high camp?'" she fumed, "I certainly was not part of any 'conspiracy' to misrepresent his sex life.
knew him very well for many years and he never once said anything about it to me or to anyone else I knew. Was I supposed to repudiate his own position publicly? How well did you know Rock?"

Well enough to have been cruised by him one afternoon in 1980, at his house on Beverly Crest Drive. Was Smith honestly saying she hadn't known he was gay? I couldn't believe how ridiculous the woman was making herself. But she was caught, poor thing, and still hasn't figured out how to extricate herself.

It starts, Liz, with telling the truth.

Back came word from The Advocate. Smith's second letter had been opened by the editors before they forwarded it. I was bluntly told to lay off. Was there really any compelling reason for attacking... (gasp)... Liz Smith? The editors claimed that the kind of stuff published in gossip columns was too insubstantial to make a fuss about. And they didn't feel comfortable printing her letters, since she had written to me directly rather than to the Advocate letters page.

It was clear to me then that the gay press was neglecting its responsibility. This is an issue that needs to be discussed thoroughly, because the lies have been mounting for so long they're accepted without question. But no editor in the world wants to let us. Even the gay ones. Even those who claim to represent the gay press.

I knew some background that The Advocate didn't. Years earlier, back in 1981, I'd transcribed an interview with Smith for Interview magazine. She'd been interviewed at her Manhattan apartment, and on the tape her roommate, the archaeologist Iris Love, could be heard making comments in the background. But Smith trusted us to play by the same rules she applies to her own reporting. She automatically assumed that either I or the editor at Interview would discretely edit Love out of the piece, to make it appear as though Liz lived there alone. She was right.

In the intro to that particular piece I went so far as to call Smith "America's best-loved gossip." The crazy thing is, at the time, I believed it.

What all this boils down to is the overwhelming hypocrisy of the press, and the double standard that keeps us invisible. Smith's favorite lament is "little, powerless me." If she really believes this, she underestimates herself and the power she wields. These closeted lesbian and gay columnists play into the prejudices of their homophobic editors. Together, they keep the power structure firmly in place. They have the final say on how gay the world appears to be at any given moment.

Self-censorship is an odious instinct. Gay people do it all the time, whenever we decide to blend in and disappear. I was guilty of it myself, by editing Iris Love out of that interview.

The real question is: Who's writing journalism? Reporters or PR flacks? So much space is given over to promotion that we've turned into a nation of unpaid press agents, eager and willing to perpetuate the lies of the rich and famous, all for the sake of somebody else's "career."

There's a reason we're the most despised minority on the planet. Too many people, of all ages, in all walks of life, still don't know of anyone who's gay. We're either perverts and child molesters or nameless, faceless "gay militants," marching in the streets, wearing dresses when we're happy and throwing things when we're mad. We're repeatedly told we're making too big a deal about sex when what we really should be celebrating is our right to privacy.

Ask the press to take responsibility for their conspiracy and they get sanctimonious in a hurry. The San Francisco Chronicle declared in an editorial last month that outing goes against traditions of sexual privacy. The Chronicle's editors say outing will result in an abridgement of liberty similar to that seen in Nazi Germany, where citizens were required to spy on their neighbors.

This is patently absurd, and the Chronicle knows it. What they're trying to do is codify a system that says Malcolm Forbes can be rich and powerful as long as he shuts up about being queer, and the "gay militants" will remain powerless because we insist on telling the truth.

What's needed is a test of the libel laws. When I say, as I do often, that someone is gay, I say it without malice I'm gay myself, and I'm tired of being defined in terms of other people's prejudices. Most editors and publishers honestly believe that homosexuality is too disgusting to be written about. If you're famous enough, you're made an honorary heterosexual.

Since the burden of proof has been handed to us, I mean to make the most of it.

Those opposed to outing say we're defending our own purpose. They say we should be celebrating our right to privacy, that outing breeds sensationalism, that those who are brought out aren't good
role models anyway. And my favorite excuse: that prejudice is so deeply entrenched, there will always be someone, somewhere, who will rabidly hate gay men and lesbians.

What? Our hatred of this system of lies isn’t enough? We’re supposed to internalize the moral outrage of our enemies? I frankly don’t care about role models being acceptable when we’re fighting total invisibility.

The privacy argument is a lot of hot air. I have too much respect for the men I’ve loved—several of whom are now dead—to represent myself as anything less than what I am. Showing the world who we are will only humanize us, and we’ve been denied humanity. How often have you seen this photograph: two men, holding hands, shot from behind so their blue-jean butts show instead of their faces? This is the “acceptable” public image of homosexuals. It’s easier to hate a cipher.

Is outing “ethical”? Since when are ethics dragged in to excuse lying? Where are the ethics of the press, in distorting the world to fit their image of reality? How ethical is it for Representative Dannemeyer to squelch a federal report showing that gay teenagers are three times more likely to commit suicide than straights, just because it doesn’t jibe with “family values”? How ethical is it for Senator Helms to try to water down a badly needed Hate Crimes bill with an amendment that once again adds insult to injury by further depersonalizing gay men and women?

Where are ethics when the murderer of a gay man can get off on the “homosexual panic” defense—claiming that being cruised by another man was so terrifying, the only natural response was to kill him?

Wake up, folks. They’re using their unfamiliarity with us as a club to beat us with. And when we try to declare ourselves, they lecture us about ethics. It’s long past time to rip the closet doors off the hinges and let the world see who comes tumbling out.

Once you announce yourself, it ceases to be news. I’m just back from London, where I witnessed this principle in action. Some close friends of mine, frustrated by the abridgement of liberties that Thatcher’s government is getting away with, have come out of the closet in a big way. What’s more, they’re actors, members of the profession Liz Smith has put herself in charge of covering for. Watch out for Michael Cashman; he’s a renegade on the subject. He wouldn’t mind seeing pictures of every closet case in Parliament plastered on billboards all over Piccadilly Circus.

When Ian McKellen asked me three years ago if I thought he should come out of the closet, I sat up until four in the morning telling him why I thought he should. Today, the man who’s acknowledged as the greatest classical actor of his generation says he’s happier, both personally and professionally, than ever before in his life.

By seizing the initiative, you set the rules about how the world responds. This is what David Hockney and Christopher Isherwood did; it’s what W.H. Auden and Tennessee Williams did. Liberace and Halston never figured it out.

For years I grew up thinking I was the only person in the world attracted to my own sex. And while I was never victimized myself, I can’t help remembering the power that older, small-town homosexuals hold over terrified youth. The power comes from fear of “exposure.” The old gay-boy and gay-girl network has a vested interest in keeping the scene illicit and underground. Otherwise their hold over the scared young kids would evaporate.

Similarly, many of our so-called “gay leaders” have been co-opted by closeted fags and dykes in positions of power. They take the Byzantine layers of hypocrisy for granted; they pride themselves on knowing how to navigate. How many times have you heard this one: “We’re more effective working within the system.” Nonsense. By remaining invisible, they’re perpetuating the system.

All the smoke and hot air won’t change the fact that it’s time to be open about who we are. The time for timidity is past. The world is finally curious about us, and I plan to speak up both for myself and for those “brothers” and “sisters” who are doing their best to prove to the world we don’t exist.

Running for cover seems especially cowardly today. Remaining hidden has bought us a government that feels no sense of urgency to cure AIDS. We still have lessons to teach the world, in compassion and caring that transcend archaic sex-roles. We won’t teach these lessons by hiding those we love and insisting on a right to a private life.

As long as Eddie Murphy can insult “faggots” in front of an audience of millions, I don’t feel timid about questioning the sexuality of Barry Diller, the man who greased the skids at Paramount for Murphy’s rise to the top.

As long as there’s such a thing as the “homosexual panic” defense—as long as they can kill us and get away with murder, as long as our very unfamiliarity is used to condemn us—I don’t feel bad about doing my best to familiarize the public with homosexuality.

And I’m not alone.
Whose Life Is It, Anyway?

by Ayofemi Folayan

Ayofemi Folayan is a lesbian writer and activist. She resides in Los Angeles.

The end never justifies the means, and how you do something is reflected in the result you accomplish.

I was asked to write on the subject of bringing celebrities out of the closet, particularly those who have been in positions where their being openly gay or lesbian could have positively affected our lives, for example, the members of Congress who have felt compelled to vote in response to their own internalized homophobia or the recent decision by this magazine to expose the hidden homosexual life of Malcolm Forbes. I have a number of responses to this issue that have come screaming forth from my insides, all of them strongly opposed to what the media has exploited as the term “outing.”

I don’t think it is either appropriate or ethical to categorize people on the basis of their prominence and then subject them to treatment that is somehow different or punitive. As a Black lesbian with disabilities, I have spent much of my life dodging choices this society has historically made to treat me differently simply because I belonged to a group that was chosen as a target of oppression. The end never justifies the means, and how you do something is reflected in the result you accomplish. Using these same tactics of singling out someone for the supposedly more noble purpose of exposing that person as gay or lesbian is simply not acceptable.

While I recognize that powerful people have access to privileges that others lack, I do not think that gives us the right in a homophobic society to deliberately subject them to the oppression they have felt it essential to escape. The reasoning has been proposed that they have nothing to lose, precisely because they are prominent and bringing them out of the closet will not specifically jeopardize their income or celebrity status. The lessons of the McCarthy era and the guilt by mere implication that ruined the lives and careers of many alleged “communist sympathizers” are too fresh for me to assume that Jesse Helms and his hysterical response to “obscenity” (which includes homosexual art) will not expand to a similar zealous purge of gay men and lesbians from public life. While I may personally resent the advantages that closeted celebrities enjoy, choosing to target them is not an appropriate way to address the inequities of privilege and class in this society. I see this argument as an example of the internalized homophobia that poisons our thinking, since no effort is made to equally disempower or jeopardize the status of renowned heterosexuals.

I also find spurious the argument that bringing celebrities “out of the closet” is important as a way to encourage young people to be open about their own sexual orientation. To me it is analogous to saying that one can learn a lesson about honesty by watching the police drag a shoplifter in handcuffs from a store. It is true that some deterrent factor may be imprinted in the subconscious. I would personally be more affected by the rare account of an individual who realized he or she had been given excess change or someone else’s purchase and returned to the store to rectify the mistake. It is a far more powerful role model for someone to choose to voluntarily identify themselves as gay or lesbian than for someone to make that choice out of fear that it will be made for them.

I particularly resent that OutWeek chose to participate in what I view as journalism that smacks of sensationalism. When I walk in the supermarket and see a headline in one of the tabloids about Chastity Bono or Kristy McNichol or Richard Chamberlain being in a homosexual relationship, I assume that is probably true because of rumors that I have heard within the gay and lesbian community. However, I still resent the intrusion into those individual lives for the purpose of making a dollar. When I see the same type of headline about Malcolm Forbes in this magazine, I am no less convinced that the motivation is pandering to that prurient element in the reader who needs a shot of sleaze in their life. It offends me as a reader who is looking to the publications from within our community to model the values of pride and ethics that are lacking in the larger society.

My philosophy on this subject can be captured in the simple maxim, “Live and Let Live.” I cannot decide what is right for anyone else, whether it be the choice to be gay or lesbian, the choice to be openly gay or lesbian or the choice to live the “lifestyle of the rich and famous.” I don’t want someone else making those decisions for me and will actively resist any attempts to do so.
This year outing has become as popular as voguing. Everyone has a point of view on how or whether to do it, to whom, and the level of outrageousness involved. In the still-as-apathetic-as-the-80s 90s it's one of the few issues to goad liberal and conservative alike. Even college campuses are aware of outing and students have big questions.

Last month I was a featured speaker at the Pride Week festivities of Haverford and Bryn Mawr Colleges. My topic was the subversion of gay culture by heterosexual society and the talk was attended by a refreshingly large number of students—male and female, white and non-white in nearly equal numbers. Because much of the talk focused on denial of homosexuality—either by the heterosexual culture or by gay artists and writers themselves—many of the early questions in the period following the lecture focused on closeting and, by extension, outing.

So what do the students of two of America's most prestigious colleges think about outing? They love it and it scares them to death. After nearly an hour-and-a-half of questions, the consensus was that outing is a good thing to do to people who are dead (Forbes), evil (Ritter and Roy Cohn) or working against us (oops, we haven't outed him yet) but not something to do to anyone gay who might ever do anything nice or helpful for other gays. Including themselves. For as one young Black woman said, “How can we be sure that as we're outing these people we can stay safe?"

In short, how do young gays and lesbians out the people they don't like—the gays they believe should be “exposed” for their internalized homophobia—while remaining safely cocooned in the closet themselves?

These students had serious questions about the long-range effects of outing and the ethics of it. They also wanted to talk about the techniques: how to out homophobic college administrators, for example. But the more questions they asked, the more apparent was their underlying fear: To participate in outing must you be out yourself?

I have been on both sides of the outing issue since before it was called outing. In the 15 years I've been writing for the gay and mainstream press I've had occasion to “out”—sometimes intentionally and sometimes by accident. When I was in my early 20s I had a lot of sympathy for closeted queers. When I hit 30 it stopped completely.

In telling these students the story of my own activism—being expelled from my high school for being a lesbian (in the enlightened 70s, no less), being arrested in “zaps” of anti-gay organizations, media and the like, being a token lipstick lesbian on television talk shows and basically taking on the day-to-day homophobia from a very public place—I also told them that I have no patience any longer for anyone in the closet. I told them that every gay man and lesbian woman who “passes” (and tries to) oppresses me further and reaps the benefits of my activism while hiding the strength of our numbers from the people to whom those numbers would make a difference.

When we talk about outing, what are we really talking about? We're talking about exposing the collaborationists, we're talking about exposing those who think they'll never get marched to the gas chambers because "nobody knows."

We know outing has arrived because it is suddenly a mainstream media topic. Outing has become a matter of “ethics” for the liberal left who liken it to McCarthy tactics and red-baiting; the neo-cons are gloating because they see it as the final feeding frenzy.

by Victoria A. Brownworth

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before we kill ourselves off. But outing is, in reality, a civil rights tactic. Radical yes, but then so was refusing to move to the back of the bus.

Talking with these students and listening to their fears of coming out, the threat they believe is posed to them specifically, individually, by the outing issue made me believe even more strongly in the need for just such tactics. Here are 18, 19, and 20 years-olds poised on the brink of the rest of their lives and they have the choice of being openly gay and facing the possibility of discrimination that is very real or hiding it and facing the reality of a double life for all eternity. Yet because they cannot look to the huge and compelling variety of gay and lesbian models—from the Hermann Goeings and Roy Coehn to the boys and girls next door — because they continue to be closeted from them, they think there is only one choice that makes sense. That choice is the one they see practiced most often: climbing into the closet, changing pronouns, faking heterosexuality and praying every day of their life that no one finds out. This is the choice we offer our gay and lesbian youth.

Outing has become an essential in the quest for gay and lesbian rights, gay and lesbian equality. The big question is: Is outing ethical? Is outing politically correct?

These questions come from the same source as the oppression that fuels them. Let's reverse those questions and, instead of blaming the activists striving for equal rights, let's shift the blame to the self-proclaimed victims. Is it ethical to stay in the closet, pass for straight, assume the mantle of heterosexual privilege and enjoy its benefits while those who are openly gay suffer the oppression of their minority status? Is it ethical to turn a deaf ear to AIDS? Is it politically correct to ignore the fact that gays and lesbians have absolutely no rights under the law?

This is why outing cannot be equated with red-baiting and this is why outing should be welcomed rather than feared by the gay and lesbian youth of America. Outing represents a step toward freedom, a step toward acknowledgement of our diversity and our vast numbers. Gays and lesbians are the largest single minority in the U.S., yet because of the huge number who remain silent and closeted, we appear to the heterosexual society to be far smaller and, as a consequence, less strong, less politically powerful, less financially powerful, less self-determinant.

One student asked me if outing didn't represent a threat to the privacy of the individual. In one sense it does, most certainly, yet if we look at the history of oppression, the most virulent backlash has been directed toward those groups who were able to "pass" as members of the majority group—like the majority of Jews in Germany in the final days of the Weimar Republic.

Blacks, Asians, Hispanics, and women cannot "pass." Gays and lesbians can. And as long as we perpetuate the theory that in passing we can augur change from within, we perpetuate the whole cycle of oppression. When we try to pass there is always the possibility we will be uncovered. Outing represents the refutation of that level of oppression, the oppression of passing. Passing only gives the illusion of allowing us access to power, yet by forcing us to pass, to be other than who we really are, the culture maintains its dominance over us. It has disallowed us ourselves.

In urging these students to come out now, to acknowledge themselves and to declare themselves, I also asked that they refuse the role of collaborator—not simply in their own oppression, but in the oppression of others as well.

One student asked what if we outing someone who really wasn't gay, wouldn't we destroy that person's life? The answer to that is self-evident. As long as fear surrounds gayness, rather than affirmation, there will be denial. And until the gays and lesbians of the world begin to assume with the same level of arrogance that heterosexuals have assumed—until we operate on the assumption that everyone is gay until proven otherwise—we are not going to shift the balance of power.

There is a radicalism attached to outing that is different from any other gay rights activism. Because at the heart of outing is a refutation of internalized homophobia; participating in outing makes the statement that anyone can be gay and that as a group we can accept that. That's a major leap toward self-love and independence. And quite simply, until we believe and act like we are worthy of the same legal protections, rights and privileges awarded the heterosexual society, we won't achieve them.

This is the lesson I wanted to teach those students last month: That they are in charge of their own freedom. That outing should become a tool for them toward that freedom. That until heterosexuals can be presumed gay until proven otherwise, until being called gay isn't the worst thing that can happen to you, there is going to be a struggle. And the best way to participate in that struggle is to come out, acknowledge yourself, refuse to be placed in the closet.

We will not have equality and we will not have legal rights until the closet doors in this country—on every level—are ripped off their hinges and their occupants declared.

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To participate in outing, must you be out yourself?
Since when did telling the truth become taboo?

As a journalist, I find it appalling that so many of my colleagues are tripping over each other to justify engaging in perhaps the longest ongoing media coverup in the history of the fourth estate: hiding the homosexuality of the rich and famous.

It's as appalling as the libel laws that impinge on the free speech of lesbians and gay men by actually making the discussion of someone's homosexuality, whether actual or imagined, a crime.

Not that the topic itself isn't irresistible, particularly to writers in the mainstream media, who have, in their never ending search for a narcissistic approach to gay and lesbian issues, discovered one that dovetails nicely with their own world. Straight papers are only interested in outing because it means that some of them might actually be some of us. So don't expect to see anti-gay violence, or the battle against sodomy laws, covered with the reams of newsprint and hours of airtime devoted to outing any time soon.

But let's leave aside for a moment the objections to outing raised by straight people. Gay people as disparate and well-respected as National Gay and Lesbian Task Force chief Urvashi Vaid, Lambda Legal Defense and Education Fund director Tom Stoddard, Lisa Keen, editor of the highly-acclaimed Washington Blade, and Richard Goldstein, arts editor for the Village Voice, have all gone on record opposing outing with well-defended, well-reasoned arguments.

Yet all are eager to abandon those arguments in the case of a closeted, anti-gay public figure, whose malice could be ended by exposing his or her true nature. Moral high ground or slippery slope? You decide.

I suspect that much of the opposition to outing coming from the lesbian and gay community, wreathed as it is in lofty arguments about the right to privacy, the higher need for gay unity and the dangers of appropriating the tactics of fascism, is actually a mask for deeper feelings that are no less legitimate, but are a whole lot less cool.

Fascinating, too, is the alacrity with which rabid conservatives have jumped on the anti-outing bandwagon. Always wary of finding myself in bed with the right wing (Catherine McKinnon, are you reading this?), the vehemence with which the Mike Roykos and William Dannemeyers are proclaiming the right of gay people to stay in the closet makes me uneasy.

But not as uneasy as dragging people out, which for many gay people is in direct conflict with their picture of our community as a gentle, angry people, strumming guitars, perhaps blocking traffic when necessary, and never, ever ceding the perceived moral high ground to anyone at any time for any reason, not even the revolution itself.

In short, while it may be politically expedient, outing isn't a very nice thing to do. Indeed, I don't have an argument with the purported benefits of outing. I believe that once we're all out of the closet, and everyone knows that his six-term congressman and her favorite actress are gay, we will all be able to walk down the street holding hands without getting our guts stomped out. But the glee and vindictiveness that some bring to outing sickens me.

As a journalist working for the gay press for two years, I can personally appreciate the irony of closeted gay reporters who have landed jobs with well-paying high-level daily papers speaking out against dragging people out of the closets that have enabled them to land those well-paying, high-level jobs that it will be a cold day in hell before I have access to because I can't (won't) go back into the closet. And that kind of pisses me off.

One of my gay colleagues in the mainstream press, whom I hold in high esteem, told me recently that while he would never out someone himself, "it doesn't mean that I wouldn't enjoy someone else doing it."
For me, I will never enjoy it—but I won't veil it in issues of right to privacy, right to secrecy or the right to anything else. There is no constitutional right to stay in the closet, and whether it's my gay colleagues at The New York Times or Malcolm Forbes himself, their closets are oppressing me and all our out sisters and brothers. And, in the words of Tracy Chapman, who has sung about revolution, "if not now, when?"

Nevertheless, I'm uncomfortable with the idea of a revolution by any means necessary, and in some ways the gay community is wrestling with the same tactical issues that our Black forebears struggled with in the tense days when both Martin Luther King and Malcolm X walked the earth.

The non-violence/by-any-means-necessary argument threatened to divide that movement, too. Perhaps it did. But when the Black Panthers got guns and followed around the Chicago police, it also moved their struggle for liberation and equality to a new, if uncomfortable, level. Now outing has shown the world that at least some of our numbers are willing to play hardball.

Journalists, who make careers out of printing secrets, should tell the whole truth, and I have no respect for reporters, including Liz Smith, who continue to lie about gay people. When a closeted lawmaker back pro-gay legislation in the United States Senate, his or her sexual orientation is as much an issue as Justice Thurgood Marshall's race is when he writes an important civil rights decision for the Supreme Court. Or, for that matter, as relevant as Manhattan Borough President Ruth Messinger's heterosexuality in the history of her pivotal support for New York City's lesbian and gay rights ordinance.

Most openly gay people remember the closet, where none of us asked to be, where society demanded that we stay. And we remember the terror of people guessing we might be gay, of our families finding out we were gay, of people telling other people we are gay as we teetered on the threshold of the very societal construct that tyrannizes our people through our own participation in it.

So while outing may be politically expedient and sometimes journalistically ethical, it is also undeniably painful, frightening and confusing for its targets. And while wrecking people's psyches in order to expose hypocrisy and tell the truth comes with a journalist's territory, I don't think it is ever something I will get used to, or take lightly.▼

"Desperate times call for desperate measures," counsels the old chestnut. America in the early 90s is our desperate time, outing our desperate measure. It is appropriate that this issue should coalesce now and inevitable that the media be the place it occurs; our realities are focused by the lenses of TV and film and made audible through the radio waves, the time of disparate, contained discourse and morality is rapidly receding. As the seas on our political globe are made stormy by eyeballing from a bland lunar 'spectatorship,' manipulation of the means of communication is the order of the day. So the Presidential Debates are given a 'spin' so too do Gran Fury's campaigns toy with the images and language of popular culture.

High in the Hollywood Hills a languorous figure rests by a pool's edge. Her companion does laps in the azure water, the drift of the afternoon uncharitable save the shifting shadow of palms. With all the effort she can muster, the languorous figure wipes a trace of sweat from between her Norma Kamali'd breasts. She is bored, bored by this outing business. "Fascists," she calls them, lunatic fringe desperados with pins at the ready. Ready to burst her bubble, Christian Lacroix, weekends in Staad, Spago and all.

But what becomes a queer star most? Not, as one might suspect, the closet, but rather that lofty ether somewhere beyond it. Being a gay or lesbian celebrity in the 90s is less the business of deep, dark closets than it is the reign of a subtle yet haunting club mentality. So Sandra Bernhard rolls her eyes, Pedro Almodovar becomes obtuse, John Waters hands Rice Lake another cupcake. The articulate turn away, their mouths suddenly full of marbles. More often, they scoff. The question, they say, is irrelevant, parochial, literal minded, not to be dignified with an answer.

The question is, quite definitely, not irrelevant. But our attention to it is. "Role models," we cry, all the while feverishly hucking the cart before the horse. Outing is a red herring and those leading us with it are, unfortunately, too upwind to smell the rot. The gay and lesbian movement, having squeezed blood from stone for years, having sewn silk purses from sows' ears, having forged the dizzy and strength we have with our own hands, ought to know better by now. Life, unlike theater, is sadly without a Deus ex machina. In a time of great despair and exhaustion, as the hate crime statistics rise and our friends die around us, it would be a relief to us all if there were one. The actuality is that our progress will be maddeningly slow. Activists of the 90s have learned that surprise demos change minds and agendas, but progress comes at a crawl with a lot of homework.

The notion that all we need is a rash of outing is wrongheaded. What happens once this invisible world is rendered visible? What happens when meat puppet matinee idol is exposed as pouting ponce? What transpires when leggy pop vixen is caught in a lezzie love-up? Not as much as we'd hoped, I'd venture. We are all perfectly well aware that minority groups are not insulated simply by being identifiable. Bigotry is not obliterated by having a witness. A glamour puss in Gaultier admitting to Sapphic digressions doesn't save a flat-topped dyke from a bashing on a dark street corner.

My question is not whether it is right or moral to dig through Tom Cruise's trash can. My point is that I don't care if we come up with Crackerjacks or a copy of Col magazine. My priorities are in finding the most expedient and practical political strategies for the future of this movement. My priorities are in recognizing the gay and lesbian heroes we already have. My priorities are, finally, in questioning the very construction and idolization of public figures. I would prefer to hand the youth of today a copy of Giovanni's Room or Beebo Brinker or Nightwood than a People article on Greta Garbo's secret life. I care more about my gay male peers educating themselves about the culture my sisters are building now than I do about them discovering that Liz Smith took her archaeologist to Tangiers. Are we so much in the twilight of reality that we dream of cinematic heroes who, skin all bronzed, pecs at the ready, sweep down and carry us off to a safer world? I ask that our movement recognize the fatuousness and danger of such fantasies. With our faces pointed towards the stars, are we missing the shifting sands beneath our feet?▼

On Glamor and Parochialism

By Sarah Pettit
Sarah Pettit is the arts editor at OutWeek

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Tactical Considerations

The unexpected emergence of the issue of forcing famous gays and lesbians out of the closet, or "outing," is causing us to reappraise basic assumptions about ourselves and our movement. For the first time, movement activists are declaring that powerful closeted gays, and perhaps by extension all gays, have an inherent obligation to their community. That obligation is, simply put, to come out.

Whether gay public figures have an obligation to the gay commons is at the heart of the outing debate. By proclaiming that they do, we redefine the concept of a gay and lesbian community. Because such an assertion presupposes that the gay community is a genuine, inescapable minority like the Black or Latino community, into which one is born, from which one derives advantages and disadvantages, and to which one owes inherent allegiance. It brands as immoral the attempt by powerful gays to escape the social penalties of homosexuality, and asserts a claim of moral kinship where none existed before.

Such an unexpected redefinition of gayness is being bitterly resisted by both straights who fear and loathe the concept of gays as a legitimate minority, and by gays who are unprepared for the implications of such a redefinition.

Outing is subversive in other ways. It presumes that those who engage in frequent, voluntary homosexual conduct, whatever their state of political awareness, are by definition gay. This challenges a long-held philosophical conviction among many in the movement that being gay was different from being homosexual, that being gay was a political statement or a spiritual choice. Outers, by their actions, vividly reject the notion that being gay is a choice.

Outers are also declaring that the movement's four-decades-old strategic focus on the 'right to privacy' has now become merely a quest for a right to secrete, a right to hide one's homosexuality from a hostile world. Such a strategy, necessary as it once was to create the conditions whereby a gay community could come into being, is now destructive and reactionary when it conflicts with openness and honesty. Outing activists maintain that what homosexuals now need is the right to be openly gay, not the right to hide.

Outing is more than a response to frustration at the snail's pace and self-imposed limitations of much of the modern gay movement. It is also a tactic, a tactic which both proclaims a new reality and creates it at the same time. For by calling powerful closeted gays to account, such people have become accountable. In fact, by merely engaging in the outing debate, we alter forever the dynamic of the closet.

Gays who oppose outing cite many reasons, but their opposition essentially focuses on the brutality inherent in undesired exposure. It's a valid and humanitarian concern. By raising the stakes and calling for accountability, gay people are indeed bound to get hurt. This potential for hurt, especially to people who have not volunteered for the honor, represents a very uncomfortable escalation in a movement that has long prided itself on its gentleness. Many lesbians and gays, remembering their own pain at coming out and sensing the pain outing might inflict even on the famous or powerful, will never come to terms with the practice.

They don't have to. Logic dictates that if gays are a real, inescapable minority marching toward increasing self-realization as a real, inescapable minority, then such self-realization will inevitably assert itself as it has with every other emerging minority. As self-hate declines and self-awareness grows, demands that the powerful among us declare themselves will continue to increase. And the fact that such demands are easily enforceable by a simple newspaper headline, means that outing is virtually inevitable.

The controversy surrounding outing is a reminder of how far we have to go in becoming a real minority, and how easily we have taken self-disrespect for granted.

For example, we live in an anti-Semitic and racist society. There are very real penalties for being Jewish or Black. Yet it's inconceivable that Jews or Blacks would insist that their most successful members have an inherent right to actively lie, deny their own kind and pass for Gentile or white. It's even more inconceivable that those minorities would demand that the press has a moral obligation to respect and reprint such lies.

Yet that is exactly what gays opposed to outing are arguing. Their excuses are numerous and obvious: "Outing can hurt a celebrity's chances to earn more millions," they say, "it doesn't produce valid role models," "it denies powerful people a chance to come out on their own," "it will divide us," "it will drive people further into the closet," "it's an invasion of privacy," "it's just plain embarrassing."

These reasons would be absolutely valid if gays had no obligation to their kind. They would be particularly valid if being gay were a choice, if our community wasn't a real minority which could exert claims of moral kinship, but instead a loose association one could join and leave voluntarily. Most straights, and many gays, think it is. If that were the case, the very idea of outing a millionaire or a senator or an archbishop would be immoral and indefensible. After all, by that definition, you're not gay unless you say you are.

But if gays in fact are a real minority, and if people who engage primarily in

by Gabriel Rotello

Gabriel Rotello is editor-in-chief at OutWeek.
homosexual conduct are by definition members of that minority, such objections evaporate, as they would for any other minority. For no claim of expediency or embarrassment, privacy or financial gain, could ever excuse denying one's own kind and turning one's back on one's own people. Especially if by so doing one irreparably harmed one's people. No beleaguered minority, no threatened nationality, no oppressed religious group would ever respect such betrayal. Why should gays?

By accepting such betrayal, gays and lesbians have been demonstrating exactly how fragile our claims to minority status are. And by now rejecting the celebrity closet, we are finally asserting ourselves collectively as a true minority and contemplating ourselves as we really are in 1990. A people. A terrified oppressed people. A people who need visibility, role models and the power inherent in numbers. And a people who are being disclaim ed, and thereby betrayed, by their most powerful members, those rich and famous grandees who deny us and hide from the consequences of their sexual kinship with us.

But even if all of the above is true and the gay community can now claim the allegiance of all its brothers and sisters, even those who would deny us, that still leaves the question: Why? What is the point of outing? What is to be gained? And, do the costs outweigh the benefits?

To answer, it's useful to look for historical parallels. They're not hard to find.

In 1959 it was social and professional suicide for straights to live in out-of-wedlock arrangements. Those old enough to remember know that 'shacking up' was unacceptable to middle-class society. When a famous person like a movie star 'co-habitated' with a lover, it was covered up and ignored by the press; gossip columnists simply looked the other way. Such journalistic silence was the pillar of the double standard that then existed about a major facet of heterosexuality.

In the late 60s, however, things changed. Landmark Supreme Court decisions freed the press from the threat of libel suits. Writers, biographers and, especially, gossip columnists began honestly reporting the sexual lives and live-in arrangements of the stars. To a shocked public it suddenly seemed that practically everybody was 'living in sin.'

The celebrities thus 'exposed' were outraged at this journalistic invasion. 'Who are you in the press to violate our right to secrecy?' they and their lawyers argued. Some were financially damaged, as conservative producers and advertisers retaliated with moral indignation, particularly against the women involved.

But this flood of exposure to alternative domestic arrangements lubricated a glacial shift in public attitudes. Everyday people, liberated by the press from the hypocrisy of silence, reconsidered their earlier disapproval. The young, always eager to experiment with premarital sex, now pointed to movie stars and pop stars as sexual examples and role models. Parents, at first horrified, loosened up. Society grew tolerant. And finally the 50s "out-of-wedlock/living in sin" became the 80s 'domestic partnership.' Laws are now being passed giving legal sanction to relationships once deemed unspeakable. Celebrities, unwilling though they were, had taken the lead. Kids today can't even imagine how different things were for straights just 25 years ago.

Those of us who argue for journalistic honesty about gay celebrities feel that what happened to heterosexual prudery can now happen to homophobia. Once the press drops the double standard and the lies and starts dealing with gay reality, once outset is mentioned, the stage will be set for the goals and tactics of the past. As the practice of outing becomes commonplace, the goals and tactics of the past. As the practice of outing becomes commonplace, the world will change dramatically.

Conversely, homophobia will never disappear as long as the code of silence about real-life gays is maintained. As long as the celebrity closet is respected by the press, homosexuality will remain illegitimate, a shameful sad secret to be hidden up. To respect the rights of the celebrity closet is to respect homophobia. And like outing, such respect for the closet isn't just a philosophy, it too is a tactic: it creates and perpetuates the homophobic reality it reflects.

Paradoxically, those gay leaders opposed to 'journalistic honesty' about famous gays universally agree that the world would be drastically improved if everyone famous were to suddenly come out. There seems to be no disagreement about that. Our leaders loudly lament that this hasn't even begun to happen 21 years after Stonewall. They wring their hands and talk of a little progress here, a bill passed there, one defeated somewhere else. They sigh and dream of a better world.

Yet outing, a tactic which could drasti-

May 16, 1990 OUT\WEEK 53
Those who thirst for the ultimate in labeling will find David Ludwig's queer coming out T-shirts a street titillation of the highest order.

"It's a simple, humorous, social and political statement," says Ludwig. "The quintessential downtown demonstration or club shirt."

(ACT UP gets all the proceeds of the T-shirts, which are available at Amalgamated, Little Rickie and other downtown shops.)

—M.S.
Seemingly fascinated with the supermarket tabloids, the New York Post last week wrote all about the tabs' sudden obsession with outing and then jumped on the outing bandwagon itself, printing—for the first time in a mainstream publication—all of the names (John Travolta, Kristy McNichol, Chastity Bono, Richard Chamberlain) of live gay celebrities.

Not to be outdone on outing, only two days later the great New York Daily News, manual of New York's masses and the most-read city daily in the U.S., threw Mick Jagger and David Bowie—torrid homo love affair and all—on its cover, pulling out of the closet two of rock's premier icons.

Of course, these were all the respectable journalists, who screamed "right to privacy" a month ago. But that was before Star and National Enquirer revealed sales and circulation figures for their outing cover stories.

—M.S.
E
ven under the best of circumstances (those in which some other person can charge the meal to their expense account), dining out is always an unpredictable and potentially dangerous activity. Especially when other people are involved. Especially when other people are involved with each other. Not only is the ever-present anxiety provoked by trying to anticipate the exact form in which homophobia (internal, external or otherwise) will inevitably manifest itself—just last week in a Hungarian restaurant, which shall go nameless, my credit card was declined on the spurious claim that I had "exceeded my limit"—but added to this is the daunting probability that one may be forced to overhear intimate conversations, sometimes at one's own table. Owing to these factors, it's not at all surprising that several so-called acquaintances preferred not to come along on one of these, to coin a phrase, outings. Still, if our liberation is to stand any chance for success, perseverance is a necessity and I was eventual

ally and quite fortunately able to secure a tentative acceptance from my very dearest acquaintances, Alvin and Earl. (I say "quite fortunately" because they happen to be, or at least were until very recently, bona fide young people and, as such, in heavy demand.) In fact, Earl expressed great enthusiasms once I clearly outlined the sweeping political implications of this action—when an everyday activity is imbued with greater significance this is called, I believe, "empowerment"—but first, of course, he had to consult with Alvin to make sure they weren't already committed to anything else on that particular evening. Anticipating as much, I had tendered the invitation early in the week which proved wise. Over the next five days, the three of us traded several phone calls because each forgot to check with the other. Alvin finally called to confirm at seven o'clock Saturday morning, rousing me from that recurring dream in which I'm a schoolteacher in Edinburgh (so much for the new medication).

We agreed to meet for drinks beforehand in the revolving cocktail lounge of the Marriott Marquis Hotel.

When I was shown to my customary table by the window, the pianist was playing "The Best of Times Is Now." I ordered a stiff and stiffly-priced Gibson and contented myself to observe the hectic hustle and bustle of the street below. Only after the pianist started playing "Mame" did I realize that I could no longer see the street below and that something must be delaying Alvin and Earl, no doubt the treacherous journey up from their popular Rivington Street apartment. The waitress asked me if I was really expecting somebody to join me. I assured her, in my most proudful voice, that I was indeed expecting somebody, that, as a matter of fact, I was expecting two openly gay young people. Having been thus enlightened, she left me alone and I decided to engage in one of my favorite pastimes where I imagine I belong to the Anti-Fascist Resistance in Nazi Germany and that I'm sitting, with my crutches, in a restaurant near the railroad station in Berlin waiting to meet my beloved childhood friend, now a famous Jewish playwright, who has agreed to smuggle $5,000 into the country so that we can buy the release of 500 people, maybe a thousand if we bargain right. This kept me well occupied right up until the waitress, whom I momentarily mistook for a Gestapo spy, informed me that last call was being announced. When I got home, inexplicably humming "I Am What I Am," there was a message on my machine from Alvin saying that he and Earl had received a last minute invitation to a club opening and would I mind terribly if they took a rain check. Of course I didn't mind; flexibility is, after all, the hallmark of a firm acquaintanceship. Besides, our struggle for liberation will always be there, but invitations to club openings won't keep coming forever, as I think one couple is about to discover. 

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**THE SECRET CELIBATE LIFE OF MOTHER TERESA**
"She would never, ever touch herself," said one close friend. "Not even while washing!"

**THE SECRET STRAIGHT LIFE OF MARGARET THATCHER**
"It was weird," claims someone who knew her as a teenager. "She would always be looking at boys in that suggestive, sexy, come-hither way that she has.

**THE SECRET BESTIAL LIFE OF LASSIE**
Exclaims one shocked neighbor: "She slept with a German Shepherd! I swear!"

_Darla Fould, Victoria Starr_
"GMHC are a bunch of ass holes..."

By Michelangelo Signorile

"GMHC are a bunch of ass holes..."

So says one of the richest men in America, Geffen Records billionaire honcho David Geffen, about Gay Men's Health Crisis, an organization which is trying to save lives during the worst epidemic of modern times. This is a self-hating man of power and privilege, who—while GMHC volunteers work 'round the clock toiling to help people with AIDS—spends his days literally making millions and then pumping those millions into homophobes like Guns 'n' Roses and Andrew Dice Clay so that he can net even more millions for himself while they spew venom on their own people.

"...assholes...

How could a man of such excessive wealth and such luxurious ease of living say that about any charitable organization working to help people much less fortunate than himself whose lives have been devastated?

"...assholes...

How could those queer writers and editors at, say, Vanity Fair—as well as their social climber-in-chief Tina Brown—give this guy an editorial rim-job every murderous day of his life?

"...assholes...

How could Liz "Do they want me to be the great lesbian of the western world?" Smith (Daily News) lick his ass regularly and call Geffen the great "wunderkind of Hollywood?"

"...assholes...

How can any fag or dyke in the entertainment industry kow-tow to this greedy bastard?

Because they all want to get somewhere quick. And Geffen gives out the crumbs. It doesn't matter that he's killing them, their lovers, their friends. What's more important is: DON'T ROCK THE BOAT, Get it?

But actually, the boat may be tipping a bit right now anyway. There are queers at some publications—as well as straight people of conscience—who know when and where to draw the line. People magazine recently did a piece which dealt with Guns 'n' Roses and their homophobic and racist bigotry. And Entertainment Weekly, a few weeks ago, ran a very unfavorable and revealing story about the vile entertainment mogul himself. In that piece, discussion centered around GMHC's pulling out of a benefit concert that Geffen was planning which GMHC learned was to include his Guns 'n' Roses. Geffen was insulted by GMHC's actions and told Entertainment Weekly: "I don't care what [Guns 'n' Roses] record was. If you need a blood donor and the only person who can give you a transfusion is Hitler, you take the blood."

(Contacted for comment; GMHC's executive director, Jeffrey Braff, told me: "I wouldn't take a pint of blood from Geffen himself if I were dying!"

On the telephone, Geffen's publicist, Bryn Bridenthal, enlightened me: "They are not homophobic. Haven't you ever heard of cinema vérité?

(Does Axel Rose even know what that means?) And what about Geffen's comments about GMHC? "It's a free country," explained Bridenthal.

I have mentioned Geffen many times in this column. Certainly the regular Gossip Watch reader knows the score when it comes to this self-loathing freak. But his comments made to Michael Musto in the Village Voice last week even shocked me.

Try some of these ditties: "It isn't so that [Guns 'n' Roses] are homophobic. The word faggot makes the song homophobic...Guns 'n' Roses volunteered to do the benefit. GMHC are a bunch of assholes for dropping them...It's my job to distribute records..."

Musto asks him, "May I ask if you're openly gay?" to which Geffen asks back, "For your column or your personal knowledge?" When Musto responds that it is for the column, Geffen replies: "I'm not interested in saying."

How on earth, you wonder, can Geffen back a band that gleefully sings: "Immigrants and faggots...think they'll do as they please/Like start a mini-Iran, or spread some fucking disease?"

It's like Elie Weisel producing a tribute to Mengele!

GEFFEN, YOU PIG. WE DEMAND THAT YOU IMMEDIATELY STAND UP FOR YOURSELF AND THIS COMMUNITY AND DENOUNCE AND DROP GUNS 'N' ROSES. We demand an apology for their gross, violence-inciting statements—both from you for not saying anything as they spewed such venom and from them for their ignorance. WE DEMAND THAT YOU MAKE AMENDS WITH GAY MEN'S HEALTH CRISIS AND THE ENTIRE LESBIAN AND GAY COMMUNITY FOR YOUR HORRIOUS STATEMENTS.

I don't care how much blood money you've given to fight AIDS. As I've said before, you are like Pat and Bill Buckley in one person: You slit our throats with one hand and help deaden the pain with the other. You, David Geffen, are the most horrifying kind of nightmare I've come to study in the grotesque mosaic of the media swirl. The more I hear about you, the bigger my file grows and the more ammunition we have to fire. Yes, the porn star Joey Stefano told a lot last..."

See GOSSIP WATCH on page 59
Out on the Town
With Liz and Sydney
by Liz Tracey and Sydney Pokorony

Sydney: When I told people that I was going on vacation to Atlanta, the first question they asked was “Are you going to file from Atlanta?” The next question was “What are you going to write about.” Since I am nestled in the suburbs (if this were L.A., I’d be in the Valley), there is not a whole lot to cover. WELL, the volleyball court at the Sportspage, the local dyke bar, has opened. The rest of the fun occurs on Community Access TV. Unlike Manhattan with its seemingly unlimited number of community channels, Atlanta has only One-People TV. In between gospel concerts and bearded men sitting in front of a handwritten sign urging viewers to “End Zionist Apartheid—Close the Israeli Consulate,” incomprehensibly babbling about Poltergeists (the phenomenon—not the film), there are two shows with lovely Southern drag queens as your hostesses.

Lurleen’s Beaute Box features a redheaded beautician, Park Overall sound alike Lurleen, changing dresses and lip-synching “Angie Baby” and other soft rock classics. A Wigstock ’89 poster with the eerily enlarged face of Lady Bunny stood out from the Beaute Box backdrop like a beacon lighting the way home in the dark.

Deandra Peek’s Teenage Music Club is the next show in the carnivalesque rotation. Miss Peek is a mess; thrift store fashion victim wearing garish print dresses, white powder to affect that frail porcelain complexion, and an uncombed white wig. I am not sure who watches this show, or where they get their videotapes, but the Teenage Music Club operates primarily as a propaganda machine for the NY club scene. The entire show was comprised of video tapes of downtown performers—Karen Finley screaming at Pyramid, Phoebe Legere moaning about Marilyn Monroe, La Palace de Beaute (the group—Larry Tee, Lahoma and Ru Paul—not the club) singing about vogueing at the World, Ru Paul singing about Ecstasy and the Pop Tarts walling about elections. The Teenage Music Club should be renamed the Voice of New York, since it makes you want to defect to where it appears as if they have much more fun. Never mind that these clubs have closed or that the featured personalities have moved on to different projects; it all looks so fun and wild. Oh, but that is the magic of TV.

—filed from Atlanta

Liz: Back in New York—Tuesday night was Invasion of the Rumor Queens. Madonna on Arsenio Hall asking if he had been tugging at Paula Abdul’s and/or Eddie Murphy’s tights. Flustered, he brought up the Sandra Situation, and then that the Turtles took movement classes in costume to avoid bumping into things during shooting.

—That the film was shot in August of last year—the heat helping the Turtles lose weight during filming.

—Yes, Mary, there will be a sequel.

I was surprised to learn that in fact this fine actor (anyone who can actually act in 70 pounds of green foam and plastic is well on his way to the Academy) was four inches shorter than I was, putting his eyeslit somewhere about Turtle chest height, earning newfound respect for both the action film stars and all of those earnest young people who work at Disneyland.

Speaking of action films—Joey Stefano, the chiseled porn star (and screen writing hopeful) is in town. He is performing at Show World, and promoting his new film, Pond Focus. At a dinner with him before his performance at Mars Sunday (where he ended up starting a nude vogueing trend at 5:00 am), we learned about “butt stand-ins” (pictures from underneath) and safe sex practices in the industry. For those of you looking to watch responsible video, In Hand and Vivid Video are those that require condom usage. Falcon and Higgins do not allow them: They instead use enormous amounts of nonoxynol-9. If a star is a big enough name, they can insist on condoms. (Stefano insists there are stars who are too big to wear them.)

Joey says he’s always wanted to be in this business. His favorite person to work with: Jon Vincent. His most famous liaison: David Geffen.

Perhaps the most fun had at dinner was watching Joey and Robin Byrd play with her new portable telephone, while a woman at the next table asked us if we would like to watch the Ringling Brothers elephants walk through the Midtown Tunnel (back to Long Island City, where they are quartered).

This just in: Clubs are carding heavily due to the Happy Land disaster—so bring your I.D. (anyone’s). ▼
That means everything from Guns 'n' Roses to Andrew Dice Clay to Cher to his upcoming film production of Dreamgirls. (In fact, because of Dreamgirls, let's extend this recommendation to all of you critics, whom I know lots and lots and lots about.)

I mean, really, by now we've collected unbelievable amounts of information of ALL kinds. I'm talking to you Tina Brown, Charles Churchwood, Annie Leibovitz, David Kuhn, Sharon DeLano and all the rest of the gang.

And my dear, dear friend Liz. Well, Ms. Smith, perhaps we should begin really talking about Iris Love some more. Or no, let's reminisce. How about Diane Judge. Or let's go way back and talk about that actress Amy who mysteriously disappeared. Then there's all that stuff about Kaye Ballard and Helen Gurley Brown.

In fact, I would say that all of you who are Geffen's good, good friends, should go one step further than just stop writing about him as a public service to the the lesbian and gay community. Yes, I think you owe us even more. I think you should give him a call and urge him to make amends and go public. In fact, someone had better pick up the phone and start dialing.

NOW.

Since 1980, People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals has become this nation's most effective and hard-hitting advocate on behalf of animal protection. PETA is committed to exposing and stopping animal cruelty—especially in laboratories.

New attitudes toward animals and innovative ways to defend them have made animal rights the fast-growing movement it is today. PETA is working to educate the public through pamphlets, direct action and media exposure . . . that animals have rights too. They also initiate crucial litigation and direct veterinary care to save animals from pain and suffering.

For more information on how you can become part of this vital work, write PETA, P.O. Box 42516, Washington DC 20015 or call (301) 770-7444.
Greta Garbo, of course, had nothing to do with the fact that she died on Easter. In the tersest release since "He is risen," New York Hospital announced Garbo's death on Sunday, April 15, at age 84 adding no details, like cause of death. True to her myth, Garbo told the world all it needed to know and then goodbye. True to the allusions of that mythology, its accident and allegory, the definitive screen sufferer left this life on the feast of the Resurrection.

Even the MGM publicity machine couldn't have pulled that one off, and this underexplained passing in an obituary-heavy era synopsized Garbo's ceaseless allure. Without even the courtesy of an explanation, her death made headlines, her nemesis. You got the conflict of the Garbo legend in closeup: the mistress of self-determination was also contradiction incarnate.

The most obvious contradiction, of course, is Garbo's aversion to publicity, which made her every act an event for six decades, despite the fact that, in the years immediately following her arrival at MGM in 1925, the new Swedish girl in town, the one with the frizzy hair and thick ankles, was known as the "poet of the publicity department." Garbo stopped communicating with the press during her landmark battle for star salary with Louis B. Mayer in 1927. Mayer had seen Garbo a few years earlier in a film by her mentor, Mauritz Stiller, and, smelling the potential, brought her to Hollywood as a clause in a package deal. According to Louise Brooks, Mayer planned to use Garbo to break the contract stronghold of the silent stars. Ostensibly an aside—Stiller was Mayer's priority acquisition, although he never made a film for Metro—Garbo was news before her first role was completed. (Brooks adds that the fastest way to kill a controversy with women stars in late 20s Hollywood was to mention Garbo's name. "Yes, isn't she divine?" closed the subject.)

Her salary for 

Flesh and the Devil,

the film that confirmed Garbo as MGM's trump, was $600 a week. Her costar, John Gilbert, got $10,000 a week. Garbo went to bat for more money, and her victory broke the two cardinal rules of the studio. She humiliated the boss and kissed off the press. She became the apotheosis of the film star.

Grounded

in the one quality of blood royalty Hollywood royalty never grasped—distance—Garbo's stardom is a catalogue of contrasts, beginning with the driven privacy of that most public of figures, a film star. It finally became the truest grist for the mill. But Garbo's hold began in the theaters and with the first gift of the film star, the face—in this case, by popular consent, the face of the century. This face was such a case, in fact, that it rarely had to add or even do much of anything. The gimmicks that made other careers were so much clutter. The face didn't need the pudginess of the jazz babies, the papering of the femme fatale, or the apple pie of the ingenue. It broke all sorts of rules. It was long rather than short and safe. It had a real chin and a forehead strong enough to suggest a brain, a concept backed up by the eyes. It was never wholesome and didn't have to pout or wink or even imply a tongue to make its point. When the face finally got around to talking—Garbo was virtually the last star to come to talkies, and all of her interim silents made money—the key asset of the first film era opened its mouth to reveal the key asset of the next. The accent only completed the picture.

The offscreen silence intensified it. A pack of reporters once chased Garbo into Central Park. By the mid-30s, when a schoolboy found himself
before a magistrate for stealing a photograph of Garbo from a movie theater, the judge's first question—"who is Greta Garbo?"—was an incredulous international headline. At about the same time, the star herself lived alone, brown-bagged her lunch to work and bummed her chauffeur's newspaper at the end of the day.

Contradiction doesn't get more blatant, although Garbo seems to have at least one more conflict up her sleeve. We won't know for sure, of course, until someone writes a documented study on the select society of film celebrities who have defined the American concept of human sexuality, including said stars' personal preferences. Garbo's own choice has been a subject of suitably hot debate, the evidence, considering the source, either circumstantial or talk. (Tallulah Bankhead story: After Bankhead's infamous birthday song to Mayer—"Bye-bye, Jewbird"—she was given her walking papers. Bankhead informed Mayer that she was heading straight for the first reporter with her every Hollywood adventure, "beginning, dahling, with your little friend, Miss Garbo." Bankhead stayed.) The hard information begins with Stiller, an impresario in the Diaghilev tradition, who was clued into Garbo's existence by a Swedish matinee idol fancied by both Stiller and the stage-struck young actress. Further, Garbo's known longtime associations included only one with anyone approaching her own age, her first American adventure, John Gilbert. They more often involved conspicuously older men (Stokowski), married men (George Schlee) and homosexual men (Cecil Beaton). Finally, Garbo's career became celebrated for the widest brims since the American West and for much of her retirement referred to herself in the masculine pronoun. Perhaps the most telling of all the Garbo arcana is the persistent, and inaccurate, legend that she had big feet. It's not only because she was tall.

Garbo's celebrity, of course, dates from an era when lesbianism was a hangin' crime, particularly for actresses (as with the effect of rumors on the career of Eva la Gallienne, an associate of Garbo through their mutual friend, Mercedes de Acosta). Whatever its offscreen reality, Garbo's sexual potency was a moveable feast onscreen. In fact, it was rich enough never to have made the question an issue, however unorthodox Queen Christina's behavior might have been on the street. Garbo's...
# Gay Cable Network

**EVERY WEEK ON MANHATTAN CABLE CHANNEL J (23)**
**EVERY SATURDAY 6:30-7:30 PM ON PARAGON CABLE CHANNEL J (23)**

## THURSDAYS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Program</th>
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| 10:30 pm | **Pride & Progress**   | - Gay Week in Review  
- Act-Up  
- GCN Close-Up  
- Sports  
- Lavender Health |
| 11:00 pm | **The Right Stuff**     | - Naming Names  
- All About Women  
- Media Watch  
- Staying Out  
- Around the Country  
- Razor Sharp |
| 11:00 pm | **The Opening of Longtime Companion** | Interview with Roberta Actenberg from the National Center for Lesbian Rights. |

## SUNDAYS

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<tr>
<td>11:30 pm</td>
<td><strong>Men &amp; Films</strong></td>
<td>Reviews of male erotica along with interviews behind the scenes with film stars</td>
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<tr>
<td>10:00 pm</td>
<td><strong>Be My Guest</strong></td>
<td>Sybil Brunchen hosts a panel game show with surprise guests. Secret Passions An original gay soap opera.</td>
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## MONDAYS

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Gay Cable Network  
32 Union Square East, Suite 1217  
New York, NY 10003  
(212) 477-4220

**Celebrating our 8th year.**
As we all know too well, a feature film about AIDS has been a long time coming. Besides Bill Sherwood's *Parting Glances* (1986), there have been no films, either from independent producers or from Hollywood studios, about the AIDS crisis. Those few made-for-television films turned AIDS into a (white) family affair, systematically excluding those groups (gay men, African-Americans, Latinos/as, single women, etc.) who did not sit comfortably around that stuffy dinner table of television melodrama. Thus, when Lindsay Law, executive producer of *American Playhouse*, announced plans for a feature film following the lives of eight gay men in New York during the AIDS crisis, hope was in order. Even better was the news that the film would not simply bury its PWAs, but would dramatize the ways in which the gay community, either through education, service-providing or activism, fought back against media indifference and governmental neglect. And even though *American Playhouse* could find, first, no financial backers, and later no distributor, they nevertheless got the film made by bankrolling it themselves—a first in their history—and by hounding industry people for the best distribution.

Having already heroized the film's production, I was all prepared, from the film's opening beach scenes at sunny Fire Island, to swallow any cliché for the sake of that deep male-to-male kiss that was coming up just around the next shot. But the price of such local attention became, however, all too apparent. Despite—and in some cases even because of—its sensitivity to gay representation, the film's narrow focus ends up repeating many of the brutal clichés that have perpetuated the disease for this long in the first place. There is, of course, nothing wrong with recounting the lives of eight (fairly wealthy, white) gay men during the AIDS crisis, especially when their stories reveal the compassion and care gay men have shown for each other. But the film unfortunately tells its stories too well, ghettoizing them to a narrative that remains oblivious to its own historical groundwork.

Beginning with the now infamous *New York Times* report on the sudden appearance of Kaposi's sarcoma in gay men, the film chronicles the cultural shift from denial to tragic intimacy as these men, either from their own death or from the deaths of their friends, become inextricably bound up in the AIDS crisis. But when John (Dermot Mulroney), the group's first PWA, is interned in a city hospital with pneumonia, his friends recognize the epidemic's proximity only by distancing themselves from its social/political reality. As John's friends, Willy (Campbell Scott) and David (Bruce Davison), wait uncom-
In the last 20 or 30 years, feminists have been busy rediscovering the accomplishments of women whose lives and works have virtually been erased from our cultural memory. Such work has provided countless women with the wider recognition they not only deserve but also enjoyed during their lifetimes; and has provided us with countless, formerly invisible, role models in almost every profession.

The two films, International Sweethearts of Rhythm and Tiny and Ruby: Hell Divin’ Women, are examples of some of the best of such work of recognition and recovery. In these “companion” films, Greta Schiller and Andrea Weiss document the history of a not-widely-known women’s jazz band of the 1940s, and of two of its members, Tiny Davis and Ruby Lucas. Both films (though especially Tiny and Ruby) are extraordinary in simultaneously recording the obvious pleasure the women musicians take in their work as well as the pleasure the filmmakers take in theirs. Although they work in different arts—filmmaking and music—it is clear that Schiller and Weiss’ work is inspired by that of their subjects; they do not depend—although they easily could have—on The Sweethearts to carry the whole show, which makes it all twice as fun.

And fun is what these films are. Anyone who thinks the GoGos were the hottest thing in all-girl bands has a surprise in store. The Sweethearts were a 16-piece, interracial (though mostly Black) band that toured the country, playing regularly to sell-out crowds. Through as interweaving of interviews, 1940s film footage, still photos and music, the infectious spirit of the band is captured. These women are happy to have been Sweethearts, and the love and affection with which they speak of “the girls” reveals a highly eroticized, exclusive community. As “the greatest girl band in America” they were, perhaps, inevitably exclusive as a result of their marginalization. A portion of Sweethearts questions their status as a “novelty” band. Such labels have been used to discount, if not dismiss, the work of women; and these women claim such a label is simply unfair since they “worked as hard as any man.”

But these are the more complicated issues that these films raise. As the accomplishments of women are being re-discovered and re-contextualized in our cultural history, they are inevitably compared to the already established patriarchal “norm.” Man is inevitably the measure and women are judged—usually by men—accordingly. So the amazing trompet-player Tiny Davis becomes “a female Louis Armstrong”; and the Sweethearts’ drummer “played drums like a man” and the band becomes a “girls’ band and hence a “novelty.” Schiller and Weiss effectively, and subversively, question such ways of determining value without offering any easy ways out. When
we haven't heard of Tiny Davis, is there a more effective way to convey how good a trumpet player she is than to say she is as good as Louis Armstrong?

Yes, and Schiller and Weiss have found it. They allow the women to speak so much for themselves and, even more, simply to be themselves. And they are proud and confident and funny and happy. You come away from these films not thinking "the hottest all-girl band" but simply one of the hottest bands, period. The fact that you've never heard of them before (if you haven't, as I had not) becomes all the more depressing and all the more politically charged.

This is even more true of Tiny and Ruby insofar as it documents an openly lesbian relationship made invisible only by Tiny and Ruby's own invisibility; that is, the question of being out is not even a question until someone knows you. And it is so good to know Tiny Davis and drummer/pianist Ruby Lucas who, when this film was made, had been living together 42 years, and who seem only very proud of that fact. The loud and raunchy 76-year-old Tiny ("I got what it takes but nobody wants to take it"), with her single large hoop earring and deep voice, threatens to steal the show at times, but Schiller and Weiss give the quieter Ruby equal time, and by the end you don't know whom you like better only that you like them both very, very much.

Their relationship, and the filmmakers' portrayal of it, provides such a powerful and positive image of lesbians (in a great moment Tiny plays trumpet with her young grandson) that not only should everyone who is a dyke see it, but so should everyone who is not a dyke. This image is reinforced by voiced-over narrative poetry by Black, lesbian poet Cheryl Clarke, which effectively extends some of what Tiny and Ruby only hint at themselves, without claiming to speak for them. And the poetry, like the filmmaking, seems to continue the work—although in a different form—of women like Tiny Davis and Ruby Lucas.

The Hell Divers was the name of one of Tiny Davis' bands, and all of these women truly are hell divers, in their challenges to the man-made world as well as in the confidence and pride and sassiness with which (and because of which) they posed such challenges. It was in such attitudes, such security, that they found their power. And as Tiny says, "If you've got power you can do anything you want. Like you young girls today—do anything you want." And why not? She certainly did.

Both titles are now available for home video sale on VHS for 29.95 each. To order, please send check or money order, plus $3.50 postage and handling, to Jezebel Productions, 330 West 42nd Street, Suite 2410. NY, NY 10036.

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Theater

Dingle-Dong Merrily On High

Dilbert Dingle-Dong (the doomed) or A Nest Full of Ninnies. Written by Ethyl Eichelberger. Music by Peter Golub. Mama ETC. Closed.

by Maria Maggenti

You are a cuckold with a stutter, you have hair like a rooster and you and your wacky family of friends and foes all wear garbage bags. It is France sometime long ago and you are a farmer whose famous rock star wife has taken up with the new neighbor, a hairdresser who brandishes a blowdryer as he lasciviously brags about his sexual conquests. Your faithful servant is a half-blind nymphet dressed as a dominatrix. Your daughter (wearing white and pink garbage bags) is sexually precocious to the point of nymphomania and your mother-in-law is a major Black drag queen playing a former silent screen star. How will you get your wife back? How will that massive black wig that points towards the heavens stay on your head? How will your myopic maid manage to intercept your wife’s love letters? Why is everyone screaming and having such a good time?

The answers lie in the insane brilliance of Ethyl Eichelberger who in this new show, Dilbert Dingle-Dong (the doomed) or A Nest Full of Ninnies, manages to push the limits of off-off-off Broadway theater to their most illogical and hilarious extremes. Inspired by Molière's George Dandin (along with Agatha Christie suspense novels and sensationalist tabloids), Dilbert is a putative French farce with,

his garbage bag farmer’s outfit. Though we hear about the famous wife, La Dona, frequently at the beginning of the show, we do not meet her until well into the first act. When she does appear on stage, she is truly a powerhouse of a wife, inspiring awe, fear and desire in all who meet her. Played by Black-Eyed Susan, La Dona almost steals the show with her vision of vixen rock stardom. She is both the most insane and the most down-to-earth of anyone in the family and when she Waltzes around, it is as though the stage itself is following her every move. She is appropriately captivating and strangely, for this farcical tale, believable. I could not keep my eyes off of her.

While Dilbert attempts to woo his wife from her new lover, he must step over his truly mad family. Each member gets a moment in the limelight singing some tale about life love and in the case of Dolly the mother-in-law (Mahogany Plywood), the beautiful olfactory illusions of the silver screen. The swain, Valentine (Jonathan Baker), who has captured the erotic imagination of La Dona, shows a muscular sexuality that belies the jokes made throughout the play about his profession as a hairdresser. Ethyl Eichelberger, forever queer and with a serious bitchy queen tongue, knows how to swing high drag and gender bending across his scripts like a dueling but slightly tipsy prince and there is a kind of familial gayness to all of this that only heightens its campy humor.

All is not completely copacetic on the farm, however, and as the show moves into the second act one cannot help but feel a bit winded.

See DONG on page 72
Job is mystical about weightlifting. "To lift weights above one's head," he says, "is to pierce the heavens." This particular weightlifter named Job (any resemblance between him and his biblical forefather is entirely purposeful) is attempting to set the world record for the clean-and-jerk. The question is, can he do it before he is murdered (someone is stabbing weightlifters to death) or loses his faith in the woman (God?) he loves named Phyllis?

I say "This particular weightlifter," but the problem with Fernando Arrabal's new play called The Body Builder's Book of Love at INTAR is that there is nothing particular about Job the weightlifter (Saul Stein) or his tormentor Tao (Mark Dold). They are not characters who, in a specific situation perform specific actions to attain a hoped-for end. Rather, they are obedient servants doing what the playwright demands, whether it makes sense or not.

The best way, generally, to give characters life is to give them their heads and then follow them. The point where their desires and the demands of the playwright meet is the place where the play is born. Both sides must participate equally. If the playwright sits back and lets the characters run where they will, the result is a play that is all over the map, with no discernible theme or point. If, however, he throttles them every time they depart from his carefully thought-out scheme, he's left eventually with plenty of theme and a handful of dead characters. Or, at best, puppets.

Puppets can be entertaining when they are colorful enough, when the puppet master uses their limitations—their artificial joints and features, their strings and poles—to do things that humans can't. In this case, neither Arrabal nor director Tom O'Horgan are effective puppet masters. They are merely dictators.

Not even the audience is allowed to think for itself. Rather than letting us discover in the course of things that this is a re-telling of the Job story, O'Horgan has printed six verses from the Book of Job in the program. This puts Arrabal at a disadvantage. The Biblical verse is direct and simple; Arrabal's language is self-conscious and baroque.

After his first cleaning-and-jerking attempt fails ("I failed because the Holy Ghost vanished at the last instant," he says) Job retreats to his locker room. Christine Weppner has designed a curious locker room indeed: The walls resemble a cave; the floor has a pond and flora strewn around it (later, the body of Job's murdered masseur surfaces in it, as does—to the crashing of cymbals and symbols—a dead lamb). Here, Job encounters Tao—read Satan—who has come either to murder him with a pair of scissors, or kill his faith in the mysterious Phyllis.

Unfortunately, it doesn't matter what Tao has come to do. All is lost in the sort of allegorical dialogue that no believable human character in a play or Bible would be caught speaking. Job waves peach-colored banners as he speaks; Tao rubs the celibate weightlifter with oil and succeeds in arousing him; later, he tricks him into drinking an aphrodisiac and then dares him to try a rape. Tao appears wrapped in chains, wearing a crown of thorns and begs Job to free him, all the while undermining his faith in Phyllis (who may be the killer. Or Tao may be the killer. Or Tao may be Phyllis.)

All of this is perhaps meant to be
Music

Not Like They Said It Would Be

I Do Not Want What I Haven’t Got.
Sinead O’Connor. Chrysalis.

by Rachel Pepper

W hen Sinead O’Connor first released The Lion and The Cobra in 1987, record stores told me they couldn’t have given it away for free. Yet little more than two years later, Sinead is watching her second album soar to the top of the charts in most of the English-speaking world. Not bad for a 23-year-old gal from Dublin.

Not bad, especially when you consider that it all just as easily may not have happened. For a while it seemed no one really liked this screechy-voiced, Jean-clad, shorn singer, except for musical thrill seekers like myself, and straight boys in the college press. In fact, the progressive, lesbian-dominated newsroom where I worked wouldn’t play her, so I programmed my CD player to skip past half of Cobra’s cuts.

Slowly but surely, though, liking Sinead became respectable. “Mandinka” mixes became dance favorites at all the best girl bars, and “I Want Your Hands On Me” evolved into a call to action for every lusty dyke I knew. Soon it became cool to play Sinead at parties, and her 1988 concert tour was a “don’t miss” affair, a sold-out spectacle where I almost broke a drunken frat boy’s nose after he fell over me, crying out his passions one too many times. The same newsroom which had once rejected Sinead now embraced her, her tape could be heard around the Michigan women’s fest that summer, and Sinead even met mainstream USA head-on at her Grammy appearance in 1989, albeit with “Nothing Compares 2 U” which, despite some mainstream resistance, became a gay friend told me she knew by her head in the world.

But what a dream. Call it matura-

tion, call it marketing, or maybe call it both, but Sinead’s music has changed, and for the better. The anguish and soaring passions that made Cobra stand out are not gone, but they’ve been refined, smoothed out around the edges to make her more palatable.

From its first breath of prayer to its last lulling whisper, I Do Not Want is a wonderfully orchestrated mixture of Irish folk melodies, string ensemble, pulsing drum beats and Sinead’s powerhouse voice.

And what a voice, capable of serenading, then imploring, then soaring to a screech before dropping to an anguished whisper the very next moment, as it does on her heart-stopping rendition of Prince’s “Nothing Compares to You.”

If there are moments on I Do Not Want which disappoint, they are only because our expectations of Sinead run so high. For example, I wish there were more dark moments, or at least one song where Sinead really let go, like the way she did on Cobra’s “Troy” or “Just Like U Said It Would Be.” And while through songs like “Emperor’s New Clothes” and “The Last Day of Our Acquaintance” Sinead makes it clear that she is trying hard to stand her ground in the world, there are almost too many reminders on the album that she is both very young and very heterosexual.

Still, passion is a universal emotion, and any listener will be blown away by I Do Not Want What I Haven’t Got. From the enigmatic elegy “Three Babies,” to the taught sensuality of “Feel So Different,” to the sexy pulse of “I Am Stretched On Your Grave” this album is a winner. The rocking beat and consumed lyrics of “Jump in the River,” a rocking ballad about obsessive love, are enough reason alone to get this album:

and if you said jump in the river I would because it would probably be a good idea you’re not supposed to be here at all it’s all been a gorgeous mistake, sick one or clean one the best one that God ever made

And Sinead’s even become political with “Black Boys on Moped” standing out as a simple but eloquent
Dance
Present Indicative

The Paul Taylor Dance Company.
City Center, 131 W. 55th St. Through May 13.

by Otis Stuart

The Paul Taylor company's 35th anniversary season runs through this Sunday evening at City Center. Get there because not even the ghost of victories past can upstage this company dancing this repertory at full tilt. Taylor is celebrating his company's birthday (and his own—this June he turns 60) in the present tense, beginning with two new pieces, one scathing, even for Taylor, and one ambitious, ditto. A squad of new dancers are taking to his work like ducks on June bugs, and the senior dancers have set sail for icon territory. In fact, the beauty of the bloom to Cathy McCann, Karl Wolfangle, Ellie Chiab and Christopher Gillis spotlights the season's single nostalgic note. Closing night will be New York's last sight of the great Kate Johnson, who retires from performing after the Taylor summer engagement at Jacob's Pillow.

The repertory for the final week is the Taylor triptych in closeup, refecting Taylor the cathartic cut-up (Snow White) against the lyric Taylor (Arden Court) against Taylor the dramatist (Le Sacre du Printemps—The Rehearsal, and don't miss it). A new piece, The Sorcerer's Sofa, is the first category at its sauciest. The whimsy softening Taylor's cloming lately is dead meat in his absurdist nightmare of a "gynephobe" beset by scarlet, six-breasted (five at the waist) Medusas. Assisted by a Chaste Lounge on pointe—the sympathetic female, with a few tricks up her own lining—the protagonist encounters everyman's first nightmare, a woman who's better hung and is his mother to boot. Of Bright & Blue Birds & The Gala Sun weds the soaring Taylor and the storyteller in a full-evening allegory sure enough to hold onto the most evasive of allusions, mystery. The central figures, the ones to tell us where we are, keep redefining themselves. Chiab's paterfamilias is a chameleon deity, benevolent and devouring. His closest offspring is both snake and messiah. The dance drops from the heights of aspiration to the underworld at fever pitch and without recourse to a literal or demonstrative gesture (but at least one good joke: couples at the suicide party in hell fling themselves into the abyss with exactly the flourish of Odette and Siegfried into Swan Lake). The resplendent, ambivalent muscularity—tender as it is tough, the dance never stops moving—makes the dancers' interaction the meat of the matter. You have to watch.

Which means they'd best be good. Recent Taylor seasons have been qualified by a tentativeness among the ensemble, particularly the men, that this season shows were the signs of adjustment. Changes in the roster changed the company outline on stage, leaving a frayed edge. No more. Even the freshest faces found the throughline via the most arduous and absorbing, route: physical abandon. With longtime standouts such as Chiab and Gillis settled into full maturity and McCann on a level of freedom exhilarating even for her, Taylor's most recent recruits made themselves felt at every opportunity, right in your face. The new men are in the process of redefining the Taylor male. Joao Mauricio is the prototype: a frantic, fearless virtuoso who can sink with the best of them but is always waiting for the pedal to hit the floorboard. The Beef that made Taylor intermissions the only ones with the longer line for the men's room has been reproportioned by the flailing extremity that's worked its way into Taylor's vocabulary through the second half of the 80s. The broad expanse of chest is tougher, more sinuous, more of this earth. The new practicality does nothing to diminish the heat.

And approaching retirement is doing nothing to diminish Johnson's impact. Nightly, her slight, silken figure, with the only blond bob in town that reads as sleek rather than sweet, is tearing through the complexities of her repertory with the urgency of first discovery. The rush of Johnson's performances goes right to the heart of her appeal: the smallest dancer on stage, she's also the most elusive, scattering contrasts like petals—an allegro dancer who rides adagio like a cloud, a fair-
Books

Textured Worlds

The Healing Notebooks by Kenny Fries. Open Books. $6.00 pb. 46 pp.

by Beatrix Gates

Kenny Fries' poem, The Healing Notebooks, is a lean and powerful narrative in 19 parts that travels and encompasses a difficult geography: how two men live in a changed love and a changed world. The poem traces the relationship—the physical and emotional contours of their love, alive within the present or live within the poet's memory. How to name the change that fear of full-blown AIDS has brought to every part of their lives? Fries uses the natural world as a hard ground to the emotional portrait. Season, too, can be tracked and counted out as a kind of hope, a comparable measure to a life that both changes and stays the same. Kenny Fries must be read, aloud and quietly, to yourself and to your friends, to appreciate these deep moment's glances, rarely and slowly caught, that mark new boundaries of emotional awareness with beauty and respect.

I admire the texture of worlds within the poem. As the poem opens, the landlady and her large man become the speakers of innocent ironies and humorous advice: "Try it with a girl," he says" and we experience the risks of moving in together. We then move very close, into the shared bathtub, as the two trade intimacy for danger with the poet's first direct question: "Did your teeth break skin? Look at my neck. Did you draw blood?" The worlds of danger, threat and safety begin to merge, imparted beautifully in the fabulous line in (3): "We slept with hammers by our beds." The reading of this simple fact powerfully changes everything that follows and locks our vision on the life of these two lovers—ready to be one of them and both of them. There follows the passionate combing of the body as if it could divulge the source of danger in the blood and the search for protection as instinct becomes negotiator. Fries never speaks of wanting to escape the body altogether, but holds on to sensual beauty. He remembers passion ("that rusty hinge"), his dreams alone and the pure nakedness-of-being they both face each day, together or apart. To be in the relationship demands honesty.

At the end of (9), he asks: "Do you remember how scared we were?" and this first fresh taste of fear in a new relationship sounds so homey and comforting next to the fear that has come to live with them today. In (11), Fries sees his lover in a stunning sequence that ends with the bare skinew, "you":

Not the way they hold me, but the way they hold the cup, the way your cheeks rest on your knuckles...
...here in this house, toward the middle of our lives: of all bands your hands of all men you.

These lean lines figure throughout The Healing Notebooks and have such tensile strength that the reader is pulled through them by necessity, the necessity bred by reading unmatched honesty and hungering for more. In (12), the poet comments on the process of finding the poem and springs off the words of others who have been useful in his search, acknowledging the anger and responsibility that accompany the pain of AIDS for a writer. His lover challenges his words and motives in the starkly moving lines: "You said all I could write about was/ your dying. Can't you see that's not true? I'm writing about our lives." So the pain speaks true.

Nature is a vivid voice in the sequence offering a companion cruelty and strangeness in its laws as well as the more obvious beauty, relief and breath given to the heart and the heart's journey. One of my favorite passages, from (15), illustrates this intertwining of forces:

Who knows the precise moment when the stream will overflow? You look for signs: white on your tongue...
Who knows when it begins? The rituals of the worried well...
...But who is immune to hope?
On a night like this who would keep the window closed? Open it and hear the stream flowing all night long.

At the end of the sequence in (17), (18) and (19), the
portrait of the Swedish monarch, the vehicle she fought for, included a passage from Molière on the horrors of sleeping in the same bed with a man every night, a full-on-the-lips kiss to a ready lady in waiting and a sharp retort to a warning about dying an old maid: "I will die a bachelor."

Garbo's calling card remained as clear as the names of her silent films—The Torrent, The Temptress, Love and getting right to the point, A Woman of Affairs and Flesh and the Devil. The sexual intent is never obscured. Garbo looks at Gilbert in Flesh and the Devil and we're talking, as her biographer John Bainbridge wrote, "the invitation direct." In her most transcendent vehicle, Camille, the moment of consent finds Garbo's breath hot against Robert Taylor's cheek. He steps away. Unfinished, she reaches after him, and, for just a moment and just barely, bares her teeth.

True to the times, Garbo paid for her pleasures, and no one but Bette Davis expired more consistently or variously. Garbo hardly survived a film until Ninotchka, but the serenity of her sexuality—in those eyes, lust is noble—toppled the totem of male sexual supremacy onscreen once and for all. This is not adjunct sex. It's a center piece, and Garbo's sexual completeness cleared the path the characterizations of stature. As an actress, she worked in a tradition that has gone the way of the dinosaur. It went for the big one. All we may ever know of the soaring stage tragediennes who preceded Garbo's generation may be the passages of the grander Garbo vehicles that can make contemporary audiences howl at their extravagance. Her first lines in Grand "I want to be alone" Hotel—including nothing less than "I think I have never been so tired in my life"—are hard for the reality-mongers to buy. Garbo is the actress who stretched the talkies to the scale of the silents and without need for scenery, spectacle or special effects. Just turn the camera, as Rouben Mamoulian did in the fabled last shot of Queen Christina, on that face. The wind blowing in the wrong direction is nothing. The rest is silence.

Garbo as an actress, of course, is a matter of personal preference. Her position as a force in the development of sex on film is as certifiable as the latest print of Camille. Lillian Gish with a sex drive, Garbo was the single film siren who worked—and endured—without a stereotype to humanize (a la Harlow or Stanwyck), crack open (a la Davis) or invent (a la Crawford). She began in the best vamp tradition but ended up with a

The Healing Notebooks is available through Open Books, 1631 Grant St., Berkeley, CA 94703. Phone: (415) 546-2208.
those other unfortunately sick "others." When Willy takes a grip on his fears by channeling them into something constructive, such as being a GMHC buddy, he equally converts an "AIDS buddy" into something akin to a missionary spreading the good news to the heathen. Reprimanding his Latino client for not taking care of himself in a rhetoric reminiscent of Republicans complaining of "lazy" welfare recipients, Willy demonstrates his utter distance by threatening to use it, to walk away from his "buddy." But the fact that he can walk away (and catch the subway back to Chelsea) in no way diminishes the fact that other communities are quite capable—as the over 80,000 Haitians protesting against discriminatory blood policies a few weeks ago demonstrates—of empowering themselves.

Although the film quite clearly points out the "second epidemic" of discrimination (in housing, in insurance, in health care, etc.) that has afflicted gay men, its own narrative issues forth the very quarantine it fears by isolating itself from other communities. No gay men, it would begin to an insular monkish existence. No gay men, it would appear, were having sex after 1985.

In the end, however, Longtime Companion is not so much unrealistic, as too realistic, about the institutionalized racism that informs the crisis in the AIDS epidemic. But rather than critically addressing it, the film has simply internalized it as its narrative structure, as its narrow focus. It is perhaps perfectly fitting then, that the last scene, a pseudo-utopian vision of a future without AIDS, should return to the beaches of Fire Island. Standing at the land's end, Willy, his lover Fuzzy (Stephan Caffrey) and Lisa (Mary-Louise Parker), their non-lesbian friend, talk with excitement about getting arrested the next day. But where? Over what? With whom? (ACT UP is never named here, but reduced to a fashion statement: rolled up jeans, "Read My Lips" t-shirt, long sideburns.) So far from the streets where people are fighting for their lives, these characters, and the film itself, have in a sense never left the island they came from.

Will we be able to keep up with the wild energy of Dilbert and company? Will Dilbert be able to extend this outrageous farce another 60 minutes? Uh-oh, it seems that some people cannot take the pace of it all and a few have hitched up their saddles and split by the end of the first act. This isn't entirely Eichelberger's fault, though one does wish that he had trimmed this extravaganza down a bit. It is like being at a party where the host keeps asking you to stay for one more drink or one more story or one more skit and though you are having a good time you really do, seriously, this time we mean it, have to get going.

The 90 minutes of the show notwithstanding, Dilbert turns out to discover that love comes in many forms and maybe not always the most orthodox. Eichelberger allows his cast of characters a kind of quasi-religious moment of unity that sums up the great affectionate clankiness of this show, and Dilbert Dingle-Dong with his repulsive, lovable and daft family surrounding him at the end of the show looks as though his cup, indeed, runneth over.

a phantasmagoria in which Job is tempted to renounce the faith from which he draws his weight-lifting strength (for those interested in further allegory, Job and Tao might also be seen as Samson and Delilah). But with so little recognizably human dialogue or action to latch on to, the mind wanders, and after a while it becomes difficult to say exactly what Arrabal is up to beyond taking a stark tale of faith and vulgarizing it with pseudomysticism and adolescent eroticism.

The actors don't fare well. It is difficult enough to play human beings on stage; it is impossible to play symbols and allegories. Dold and Stein—at the behest of their director, one imagines—must resort to a great deal of vocal and physical tension, shouting and grimacing their way through the play. One can't fault them if there is little truth to their work; they've been given none to begin with. An Old Testament God (or vengeful Phyllis) might judge them; it would be unfair for a mere critic to presume.

call to the end of violence and racism. Such a song would have seemed unthinkable from her two years ago.

Unlike the boys in the straight press, I'm not going to gush on about Sinead's shaved head (now grown out to a crew cut) or piercing stare, although of course they have hitched up their saddles and split by the end of the first act. This isn't entirely Eichelberger's fault, though one does wish that he had trimmed this extravaganza down a bit. It is like being at a party where the host keeps asking you to stay for one more drink or one more story or one more skit and though you are having a good time you really do, seriously, this time we mean it, have to get going.

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AT HOME WITH THE (LESBIAN HER- STORY) ARCHIVES present Reading by Jane Lurie and Bea Goren; "infamous and not so infamous researchers discuss their use of the Archives for diverse projects. All women welcome"; at the Center, 208 W 13 St; 8 p.m; $3; 874-7230

GAY MALE S/M ACTIVISTS Playing Safe: First-Aid for S/M; "knowing the right thing to do when things go wrong may save you, or your partner, from a serious injury"; at the Center, 208 W 13 St; 6 p.m (program at 6:30); $3 members/$5 non-members; 727-9787

THURSDAY, MAY 10

JUDITH'S ROOM BOOKSTORE presents John Suliga and Dinah; 6 Hubert St (off 6th Ave, Manhattan); AT HOME WITH THE (LESBIAN HER-STORY) MEETING Men Men Meeting Men Workshop; at the Center, 208 W 13 St; 8-9:30 pm; free, no pre-registration required; 867-6885

EAGLE BAR Movie Night: Halloween & The Revenge of Michael Meyers; 142 11th Ave (at 21 St); 11 pm; 691-8451

THURSDAY, MAY 11

JUDITH'S ROOM BOOKSTORE presents Alicia Ostler reading with Rita Cabis in the 4th and last of Emerging Talent Competition Series; 681 Washington St (at Charles St); 7:30 pm; free, but limited seating; 727-7320 (wheelchair accessible)

JUDSON MEMORIAL CHURCH opens A Carmines's The Journey of Snow White, a musical theater fairy tale with queens, kings, witches, princes, dwarfs and animals, exploring the "adult themes of feminism and the Jungian duality of the female and male"; at the Center, 208 W 13 St; 7 p.m (program at 6:30); $5 Washington Square South; $16; THU-SUN at 8; 777-0033 (thru MAY 20)

CHIP DUCKETT presents Homoerotic Art at Galerie!, tonight featuring the drawings of Joe Smith: Gay Life, NYC: 1978-85, work that appeared in many gay bar/bath advertisements of the period; plus dancing/partying with DJs John Suliga and Dish; 6 Hubert St (off Hudson, 6 blocks below Canal); 10 pm; $10/$7 with invite; 925-2442

NANCY opens Doll Bar at the Mike Todd Room, to continue every Thursday, 123 E 13 St; 8 p.m - 2 a.m; $6; (Palladium) 473-7171 (Editor: not to be confused with Jenny's Girl Bar on 7th and 14th, same day same time.)

DJ PATRICK'S WONDERLAND celebrates Citrus Hills Birthday, with hosts Loretta B. DeMille and Wendy Wild; open bar from 10-11:30 pm; citrus motif and sex dancing; Mars, 3rd Floor, 13th St & West Side Highway; 691-6682

MORE LISTINGS NEXT PAGE
FRI DAY, MAY 11

WOMEN ABOUT Warbler Weekend at the Pocono Environmental Educational Center, Dingmans Ferry, PA; thru MAY 13; $68 includes workshops, meals, lodging; Ana 718/278-0747, for last-minute availability.

THE ANSWER IS LOVING Women Talking Women's Talk: Maternally Yours; "For those who have, for those who went, for those who regret not having, for those who are not sure, for those that know Not Me, we will have an evening of feelings around children"; led by Ruth Berman and Connie Kurtz; Sheephad Bay, Brooklyn; 7-45 pm; $6; 718/998-2305

MEN OF ALL COLORS TOGETHER/NY Panel Discussion: NYC's Lesbian, Gay Male and AIDS Service Organizations Serving the Hispanic/Latino/a Community; at the Center, 208 W 13 St; 7:45 pm; 222-9749, 245-8366

GAY MEN OF AFRICAN DESCENT Discussion Meeting; Gay Sons & Their Moms, with just such a panel who will join members in discussing some of the many worrisome questions about coming out, getting/getting support, compromising, accepting; at the Center, Charles Angel/People of Color Room, 208 W 13 St; 8 pm; member info 718/602-0162

MEN OF ALL COLORS TOGETHER/NY Two Days of Cross Cultural Self-Education and Consciousness Raising; Hispanic/Latino Lesbians & Gay Men in the U.S., for men and women; with topics addressing personal his/herstory; lesbian/gay/AIDS resources in the Latin/Hispanic communities; the difference between Latinand Hispanic, the Puerto Rican Independence Movement; with food, music, poetry, dance; at the Center, 208 W 13 St; 8-10:30 pm tonight and 11 am - 5:30 pm tomorrow, MAY 12; free; David or Marcos, 823-3138

SHESCAPE opens Fridays at the Chapel (at Limalight), tonight and continuing every Saturday; 49 W 20 St (at 6th Ave, garden entrance); 10 pm; 645-6479

MOTHER'S DAY

WOMEN ABOUT Play Day at the Beach, Watch Hill, Fire Island; bring frisbees, beachballs, warm clothing; Judith 201/433-1974

DIFFERENT SPOKES Browse through Bergen County, NJ, some lakes, hills and nice suburbs; about 50 miles; 212/316-3013

LEGGARDS LIGHT GOSPEL CHOIR Annual Spring Pre-Mother's Day Concert, at the Friends Meeting House, 221 E 15 St; 7 pm; $10 (mothers $5/PWAs from 62-91 years old, 212/245-3366). (Editor's note: This gospel concert is billed, which can be a show in itself.)

PEOPLE'S VOICE CAFE Homosexual Art Slide Show, presented by Elliot Rabner, on artists choosing homosexual themes from ancient Greece through the Renaissance, to after Stonewall in the gay rights and AIDS era; home-baked goodies sold; 133 W 4 St, Washington Square Church Parlor; doors open 7:30 pm, show at 8 pm sharp; $5 or $10 donation; info 718/458-2185, 212/777-2528 on shownight after 6 pm.

JACK NIGHTS WRESTLING CLUB Fundraiser Tournament, with 20 wrestlers in flight, middle, and heavy weight categories, in an elimination tournament following freestyle wrestling rules; at the Center, 208 W 13 St; 8 pm; 615-271-2017 (Editor's entry: Tell the Knights they should let me put them on my cable show. I can only be gay and a robot for so long.)

HERITAGE OF PRIDE General membership meeting, at the Center, 208 W 13 St, 8 pm, 691-1774 (also JUNE 11)

ISLANDERS' Club sees Aspects of Love, by Andrew Lloyd Webber; $60 members/$70 nonmembers; 833-8896

TUESDAY, MAY 15

THE NEW SCHOOL 6-Week American Musical Theatre Course, taught by publisher Andrew Velez; tonight 8:30 pm and 7 pm; TBA; 66 W 12 St; 6-7:30 pm; $15; New School 741-5600, Mr. Velez (days) 929-0169

LEGGARDS UNITED Monthly Meeting of a coalition of 37 New York lesbian organizations committed to lesbian visibility; all women welcome; at the Center, 208 W 13 St; 6:30-8:30 pm; 718/693-8458

GAY MEN'S HEALTH CRISIS HIV Health Seminar: Benefits Information and Nutritional Issues; 129 W 20 St; 3rd & 6th Floors; 7 pm; free; 807-6655, TDD 645-7470 (this and every 3rd TUES)

COALITION FOR LESBIAN AND GAY RIGHTS presents Hon. Dennis deLeon, NYC's new, and first openly gay, Commissioner of Human Rights, leading a Forum: Healing Divides in the AIDS Community; at the Center, 208 W 13 St; 8 pm; $4 donation; info 627-1388 (Editor's note: CLGR has a forum every third TUES)

HERITAGE OF PRIDE Independent Marathon Outreach #2 for community volunteers interested in working at the June 23 Rally and/or June 24 March; free refreshments; at the Center, 208 W 13 St; 8 pm; 691-1774
Every Night (or almost)

Monster (West Village) 80 Grove St at Sheridan Sq; 924-3557
Spectrum (closed Mon & Tue, WED free, THU free & 2-4-1 drinks, FRI m/f strippers, SAT guest star show, SUN live show & free 9-10 pm) 802 64th St @ 8th Ave, Bay Ridge, BKlyn; 718/238-8213

DANCING OUT for Women

Tuesday
Hattie's 126-10 Queens Blvd., Kew Gardens; 718/261-8484
Grand Central (women's night, also open Wed-Sun) 210 Merrick Road, Rockville Centre, LI; 516/536-4800

Wednesday
Bedrock 121 Woodfield Rd, W. Hempstead, LI; 516/486-9516
Excitability (Ladies Night, $1 drinks) corner 10th/Jefferson behind football stadium, Hoboken, NJ; 201-795-1161

Thursday
Bedrock 121 Woodfield Rd, W. Hempstead, LI; 516/486-9516
Big Hunt Club (Her Planet, 8 pm - 2 am; began 3/29) 804 Washington St, 4 blocks below 14 St; info 727-7816
Mike Todd Room (Nancy's Doll Bar, starts May 10; 8 pm - 2 am) 123 E 13 St; club (Palladium) 473-7171
Pyramid (Jenny's Girl Bar, started May 3; 8 pm - 2 am) 101 Avenue A (btwn 67 & 68 Sts); $5; 475-3535

Friday
Bedrock 121 Woodfield Rd, W. Hempstead, LI; 516/486-9516
Chapel at Limelight (Shescape party, starts May 11) 49 W 20 St at 6th Ave; 645-6479
Cheeks 2000 Long Beach Road, Island Park, LI; 516/451-5700
Hattie's 126-10 Queens Blvd., Kew Gardens; 718/261-8484
*Mike Todd Room (Chip Duckett's Boys'Boy/Girl; girls tend to come earlier, boys later) 123 E 13 St; club (Palladium) 473-7171
Visions 56-01 Queens Blvd, Woodside; info 718/964-7131 , club 718/899-9031

Saturday
Bedrock 121 Woodfield Rd, W. Hempstead, LI; 516/486-9516
Chapel at Limelight (Shescape party, starts May 12) 49 W 20 St at 6th Ave; 645-6479
Mars (alternate Saturday, Her planet, May 12, May 26 this month) 13 St & West Side Av.; 991-6262
Reds (women's party, buffet, burlesque show) 6090 Jericho Tkpe, Commack; 516/543-4740

Sunday
Bedrock 121 Woodfield Rd, W. Hempstead, LI; 516/486-9516
Cave Canem (Sandwich Sister Sunday) 24 1st Ave at 1st St; 529-9685

Every Night (or almost)

Colby Hall (tine dance floor) 438 Hudson St @ Morton St; 243-9079
Duchess II Sheridan Sq. & 7th Ave South; 242-1405
Spectrum (closed Mon & Tue; good gay/lesbian mix, see Every Night, above, for details) 802 64th St, BKlyn; 718/238-8213

Editor's tips for tourists:
The NYC club scene is volatile. Call first to confirm parties. Recent openings have dates noted, and can be blasts or busts.

Admissions range from $3 to $15. Invites offer discounts.

A (*) denotes a club that attracts TVs.

Some clubs, such as Copacabana (the most notorious), Roxy, Quick, Mars and Underground have door policies in which you are admitted by being "chosen." The humiliation is part of the mystique. Arriving before midnight helps. Dress erotic, exotic or rich. Look fun. IDs are a must. Mixed gay/straight parties tend to have the nastiest doors. These parties often get gayer later. Special one-time parties are listed in the day-by-day calendar. Send additions, corrections and dish to Rick K, Box 790, NYC 10110.

May 16, 1990  OUT\WEEK 77
COMMUNITY DIRECTORY

A.C.O.C. AIDS CENTER OF QUEENS COUNTY
SOCIAL SERVICES • EDUCATION • BUDDIES
COUNCIL • SUPPORT GROUP
Volunteer Opportunities
(718) 695-2500(Voice) (718) 695-2509(TDD)

ACT UP (AIDS Coalition to Unleash Power)
406A Hudson Street, Suite 44 NYC 10014
(212) 898-9114
A diverse, non-partisan group of individuals united in anger and committed to direct action to end the AIDS crisis. Gen. meetings Mon. nights 7:30, at the Community Center, 208 W. 13th St.

ALSO/LAPN-NY (Asian Lesbians of the East Coast/Asian Pacific Lesbian Network—New York)
We are a political, social and support network of Asian Lesbian and Gay Community. We meet on the 1st Sunday and social events on the last Friday of each month. Call (212) 571-5588 for more information.

ARCS (AIDS-Related Community Services) for Dutchess, Orange, Putnam, Rockland, Sullivan, Ulster and Westchester counties. AIDS education, client services, crisis intervention, support groups, case management, HIV and cancer issues, and hospital visitor program. 314 Central Ave., White Plains, NY 10606 (914) 693-0900 838 Broadway, New York, NY 12250 (914) 952-0505 AIDSLine (914) 952-0507

ATR (AIDS TREATMENT REGISTRY, INC.) Publishes a bi-monthly Directory of clinical trials of experimental AIDS/HIV treatments in NY/NJ, and has educational materials/ conferences for trial participants. ATR also advocates for improvements in the trial system. P.O. Box 30234, NY, NY 1011-0102. (212) 288-4118. Publications free/donation requested.

BAR ASSOCIATION FOR HUMAN RIGHTS Lawyers Referral Service for the Lesbian and Gay Community Full Range of Legal Services (212) 691-4529

BAR ASSOCIATION FOR HUMAN RIGHTS Free Walk-in Legal Clinic, Tuesday 6-8 pm Lesbian & Gay Community Center, Ground Floor

BLOUSE YOUTH
Informal social & support group for Bisexual kids/youth. Monthly meeting/potluck held 1:30pm on fourth Thursday of the month at members homes. Call NYABN for this month's location. This group is a part of the New York Area Bisexual Network.

BLUE-BRONX LESBIANS UNITED IN SISTERSHOOD Social, political and support networking group for women and their friends. Regular social events and meetings on the first and third Fridays of every month. At The Community Center, 208 W. 13th St., from 8:30-8pm. For more info call Lisa at (212) 829-8617.

BODY POSITIVE
If you or your lover has tested HIV+, we offer support groups, seminars, public forums, reference library, referrals, social activities and up-to-date national monthly, "THE BODY POSITIVE" ($25/year).
(212) 721-1348
208 W. 13th St., NYC, NY 10011

BROOKLYN'S LESBIAN AND GAY POLITICAL CLUB LAMBDA INDEPENDENT DEMOCRATS L.I.D. endorses and works for candidates in local, state and national elections. Volunteers are eligible to run for office. We support and conduct community outreach through street fairs and meetings on special topics. Join us. 330 Ninth St., Suite 150, Brooklyn, NY 11215 (718) 965-9492

BISEXUAL YOUTH
Informal social & support group for Bisexual kids/youth. Monthly meeting/potluck held 1:30pm on fourth Thursday of the month at members homes. Call NYABN for this month's location. This group is a part of the New York Area Bisexual Network.

CIRCLE OF MORE LIGHT Spiritual support and sharing in a gay/lesbian affirmative group. West-Park Presbyterian Church 165 West 86th Street Wed: worship service 6:30 pm, program 7:30. Leader: (212) 304-4337, Charlie: (212) 361-1115

COMMUNITY HEALTH CENTER 208 West 12th Street, NYC 10011 For Appointments and Information (212) 873-0000 (TTY/Voice) PROVIDING CARING, SENSITIVE AND LOW COST HEALTH CARE SERVICES TO THE LESBIAN AND GAY COMMUNITY

COMMUNITY RESOURCES INITIATIVE PWAs, PWARCs & their physicians taking the initiative to seek prevention intervention against AIDS in a non-judgmental atmosphere. For more info or to volunteer please call (212) 481-1050.

CONGREGATION BETH SIMCHAT TORAH NY's Gay and Lesbian Synagogue Services Friday at 6:30pm 57 Bartholomew Street For info, call: (212) 929-9498.

DIGNITY/RIGHTS APPLE A community of Lesbian and Gay Catholics. Activities include Liturgies and socials every Sat., 8:00 pm, at the Center, 208 W. 13th Street. NYC. (212) 818-1300.

DIGNITY NEW YORK lesbians and gay Catholics and friends AIDS Ministry, Spiritual Development, The Cathedral Project, Worship Services & Social-Sun. Evens, 7:30pm-St. John's Episcopal Church 218 West 11th Street © Waverly 675-2179

EDGE Education in a Disabled Gay Environment For the physically disabled Lesbian and Gay Community P.O. Box 305 Village Station, New York, NY 10014

FEMMlE SUPPORT GROUP For lesbians who self identify as Femmes. For info and meeting times call Lisa at(212) 829-8617. No men please.

FORT RUNNERS A running club for lesbians and gay athletes of all abilities. Runs Thurs of 1-3 on miles every Sat, at 10am and Wed, at 7pm in Central Park and every Tues, at 7pm in Prospect Park. For information: call (212) 724-9700.

THE FUND FOR HUMAN DIGNITY
National Gay & Lesbian Crisis Line "AIDS 800"—1-800-SOS-GAYS Educational Resource Center: Positive Images Media Center: NY State Arts Program 808 E. 47th St. 10014 (212) 528-1000

THE GAY AMERICANS OF WESTCHESTER (The G.A.A.) is a community based support group formed in Westchester County. Various activities are planned for the coming months. Please call 914-737-0272 for more info.

GLAAD Gay & Lesbian Alliance Against Defamation 80 Varick Street, NYC 10013 (212) 995-1700 GLAAD combats homophobia in the media and elsewhere by promoting visibility of the lesbian and gay community and organizing grassroots responses to anti-gay bigotry.

Do you have 30 minutes a month to fight homophobia? Join the GLAAD Phone Tract Call (212) 995-1700 for information.

GLIB Gay and Lesbian Independent Broadcasters invites you to tune into OUTLOOKS on WBAI-FM, 99.5 FM every other Sunday, 7:30-8:00pm and join us every other Tuesday at 7:00pm to become a member of GLIB. No experience needed.

515 Eighth Avenue, 19th floor. (212) 749-0405.

GAY & LESBIAN HEALTH CONCERNS
An office of the NYC Dept. of Health, provides linkages between NYC Health & Human Services, and the Lesbian & Gay Community, focusing on ALL health concerns; resource information for health services consumers, and providers. 125 Worth Street, Box 67, New York, NY 10013. For info call (212) 998-4855.

GAY & LESBIAN PSYCHOTHERAPY Sliding scale fees • Insurance accepted. Institute for Human Identity. (212) 790-9432

GAY MALE S/M ACTIVISTS Dedicated to safe and healthy S/M since 1981. Open meetings w/programs on S/M techniques, lifestyles, politics and social concerns. Also special events, speakers bureau, workshops, demos, affinity groups, newsletter. 70-34 30th Ave. - Dept. 0, 408A Hudson Street, Suite D23, NYC 10014. (212) 727-9878.

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GMD/GAY MEN OF AFRICAN DESCENT
90 Verick Street, NYC 10013 a support group of Gay Men of African Descent dedicated to consciousness-raising initiatives of the Lesbian and Gay Community. GMD is inclusive of African, African-American, Caribbean and Hispanic/Latino men of color. Meetings are held, weekly, on Fridays. For more information, call 718-862-5182.

GAY MEN'S HEALTH CRISIS HOTLINE FOR INFORMATION ON SAFER SEX AND HIV-RELATED HEALTH SERVICES AND INFORMATION ON ONE-TIME, WALK-IN AIDS COUNSELING SERVICES
212-847-8600
212-847-8470 TDD (For the Hearing Impaired)
Mon.-Fri. 10:00 a.m. to 9 p.m. Sat 12:00 to 5:00

GIRTH & MIRTH CLUB OF NEW YORK
Social club for heavy, chubby gay men & their admirers. Monthly social at the "Center", weekly bar nights Thursdays at the "Chelsea Transfer", monthly Fat Apple Review, bi-monthly F.A.R. panels. For more information call Ernie at 914-689-7358 or write: G&M/Cent. Dept. O, P.O. Box 10, Palmetto, NY 10003.

HEAL (Health Education AIDS Liasion)
Weekly info. and support group for treatments for AIDS which do not compromise the immune system further, including holistic seminars and holistic approach sessions. Wed. 6pm. 208 W. 13th St. (212)674-HOPE.

HEATRICK-MARTIN INSTITUTE for lesbian and gay youth. Counselling, drop-in center (M-F, 3-5pm), rap groups, Harvey Milk High School, AIDS and safer sex information, referrals, professional education. (212) 633-8020(Voice) (212) 633-8029 TTY for deaf

HISPANIC UNITED GAYS & LESBIANS
Educational service, political action, counseling and social activities in Spanish and English by and for the Latino Lesbian and Gay Community. General meetings 8:00 pm 4th Thursday of every month at 208 West 13th Street. For info: write H.U.G.L., P.O. Box 226 Canal Street Station, New York, NY 10013.

IDENTITY HOUSE
Now in our 20th year, we provide peer counseling, therapy referrals and group support for the lesbian, gay bisexual community. Call us at (212) 243-6181. Visit us at 544 6th Ave., between 14th-15th Streets, Manhattan.

LAMBDA LEGAL DEFENSE AND EDUCATION FUND
Presidency-initiated litigation nationwide for lesbians, gay men and people with AIDS. Membership ($35 and up) inc. newsletter and invitations to special events. Volunteer night on Thursdays. Intake call: 2-4pm Mon thru Fri (212) 995-8855

LAVA (LESBIANS ABOUT VISUAL ART)
Call for slides for Lesbian Artists' Exhibition, Gay & Lesbian Community Center, NYC. For more information, send SASE to: Midas Forgare, 118 Fort Greene Place, Brooklyn, NY 11217.

THE GAY AND LESBIAN BIG APPLE CORPS

LESBIAN & GAY COMMUNITY SERVICES CENTER
208 West 13th Street New York, NY 10011 (212) 820-7310 8am-11pm everyday. A place for community organizing and networking, social services, cultural programs, and social events sponsored by the Center and more than 150 community organizations.

LESBIAN AND GAY LABOR NETWORK
An organization of Lesbians and Gays who are active in their labor unions working on domestic partnership benefits and AIDS issues. For more information call (212)828-0060.

LESBIAN AND GAY RIGHTS PROJECT
of the American Civil Liberties Union
KNOW YOUR RIGHTS/WE’RE EXPANDING THEM
(212) 944-9800, ext. 545

LESBIANS AND GAYS OF FLATBUSH
Brooklyn's social organization for both gay men and lesbians. P.O. Box 100, Midwood Station New York, NY 11231 + (718) 89-9437

LESBIAN HERSTORY ARCHIVES
P.O. Box 1238
New York, New York 10116
212-787-7252
Since 1974, the Archives has inspired, shaped and reflected Lesbian lives everywhere. Call to arrange a visit or to volunteer for Thursday worknights.

LONG ISLAND ACT-UP
P.O. Box 291, New Hyde Park, NY 11040
Support us for change on Long Island. (516)323-9022 (516) 987-5236 Nassau (516) 828-0230 Suffolk

MEN OF ALL COLORS TOGETHER NY
A multi-ethnic gay men's support group. Every Friday night at 7:45 at the Lesbian and Gay Community Services Center. 208 W. 13th Street. For more info. call: (212) 245-8306 or (212) 222-8794.

METROPOLITAN TENNIS CLUB(MTC)

MOCA (Men of Color AIDS Prevention Programs)
Provides safer sex and AIDS education information to gay and bisexual Men of Color; coordinates a network of peer-support groups for gay and bisexual Men of Color in all 5 boroughs of New York City. 303 Ninth Ave, New York, NY 10011 or call (212) 236-2796.

NATIONAL GAY AND LESBIAN TASK FORCE
is the national grassroots political organization for lesbians and gay men. Membership is $30/year: issue-oriented projects address violence, sodomy laws, AIDS, gay rights ordinances, families, media, etc. through lobbying, education, organizing and direct action. NLGTF 1517 U Street NW, Washington, DC 20009.

NEW YORK ADVERTISING AND COMMUNICATIONS NETWORK
NYACN is the community's largest gay and lesbian professional group, welcoming all in communications—and their friends. Monthly meetings, 3rd Wed. 6:30pm at the Community Center. Members' newsletter, job hotline, annual directory. Phone (212) 517-0390 for more info. Meet OutWeek for one free newsletter.

NEW YORK’S WOMEN’S SOFTBALL GUILD
For experienced, serious Softball Players, Coaches and Managers. We play mod/fast pitch weekends in Manhattan and Queens. Try-outs begin Feb. 11 thru April- or until filled. (212) 225-1379 Janet.

NINTH STREET CENTER
Since 1973, a community dedicated to demonstrating that a homosexual lifestyle is a rational, desirable choice for individuals with the rewards of conventional living. Psychologically-focused new rap groups, Tues., Sat., 6 to 10 pm. peer counselling available. 318 E. 9 Street, New York, NY 10003, for info call (212) 228-5153.

NORTH AMERICAN MAN/BOY LOVE ASSOCIATION (NAMBLA)
Dedicated to sexual freedom and especially interested in gay intergenerational relationships. Monthly Bulletin and regular chapter meetings on the first Saturday of each month. Yearly membership is $20; write NAMBLA. PO Box 174, Midtown Station, New York, NY 10018 or call (212) 907-8578 for information.

NORTHERN LIGHTS ALTERNATIVES
Improving Quality of Life for People with AIDS/HIV.
THE AIDS MASTERY WORKSHOP: Exploring the possibilities of a powerful and creative life in the face of AIDS. Call (212) 295-8554

NYC GAY & LESBIAN ANTI-VIOLENCE PROJECT
Counseling, advising, and information for survivors of anti-gay and anti-lesbian violence, sexual assault, domestic violence, and other types of victimization. All services free and confidential. 24 hour hotline (212) 807-8187

PEOPLE WITH AIDS COALITION
(212) 522-0290-800-828-3280/Hotline (212) 522-6566 Monday thru Friday 10am-6pm Meal programs, support groups, and approved medical and referral services for PWA's and PWAs'

PEOPLE WITH AIDS HEALTH GROUP
Underground buyer's outlet of approved medications and nutritional supplements. 31 West 26th St. 4th Floor (212) 532-0290

SAGE (Senior Action in a Gay Environment)
Social Service Agency providing case, activities, & educational services for gay & lesbian senior citizens. Also serves over 160 homebound seniors & older PWA's. 208 West 13th St. NYC 10011. (212) 741-2247

SETHAN GAYS, LESBIANS AND BISEXUALS
For all of us interested in reaching out to each other with exuberance to spontaneously explore and expand upon the SETHAN "philosophy" as it relates to our lives, personally, sexually and politically. Call AI (212) 979-5104.

THE OUTREACH USING COMMUNAL HEALING (TOUCH)
Community volunteers providing a weekly buffet supper for the Brooklyn AIDS community. TOUCH meets Monday nights. 5pm to 8pm at downtown Brooklyn Friends Meeting House (110 Schenck Ave., Brooklyn, New York, 11205). Transit transportation may be arranged. Info: (718) 822-2700. TOUCH welcomes contributions of funds, food and volunteers.

ULSTER COUNTY GAY AND LESBIAN ALLIANCE
Meetas first and third Monday of each month at 7:30 p.m. at the Unitarian Church on Seward Hill Road in Kingston. For information, call (914) 828-3203.

UPPER MANHATTAN TASK FORCE ON AIDS
Education, Hotline, Supportive Case Management, and Volunteer Recruitment and Referral. 212-970-3352

WHAM! (Women's Health Action Mobilization)
A non-partisan coalition committed to demanding, securing and defending absolute reproductive freedom and quality health care for all women. We meet every Wed. at 8:30 pm at the Village Independent Democrats, 224 West Fourth Street (off Sheridan Sq.). We are not affiliated with VID. (212) 713-5988, Mailing address: WHAM, P.O. Box 733, NYC 10009

WOMEN'S ALTERNATIVE COMMUNITY CENTER (WACC)
A non-profit, Lesbian community center serving Queens, Nassau and Suffolk counties. Thurs night weekly discussion group 8:30pm, for other activities please contact us at (516) 463-2060.

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CHELSEA (212)

Barbery Coast, 64 7th Ave. (14th St.), 675-0385
The Break, 232 8th Ave. (22nd St.), 627-0072.
Chelsea Transfer, 131 8th Ave. (bet. 16th & 17th), 929-7193
Eagle's Nest, 142 11th Ave (21st St.), 691-8451
Private Eyes, 12 W. 21st St. (bet. 5th & 6th), 206-7770
Rawhide, 212 8th Ave., (21st St.), unlisted.

WEST VILLAGE (212)

The Annex (to Cellblock 28), 673 Hudson St. (bet. 13th & 14th), 627-1140
Badlands, Christopher & West St., 741-9236
Boots & Saddle, 76 Christopher St., 929-9684
Cellblock 28, 28 9th Ave., 733-3144
The Cubbyhole, 438 Hudson (Morton St), 243-9079
D.T.'s Fat Cat, 281 W. 12th St., 243-9041
Duchess II, 70 Grove St (7th Ave.), 242-1406
J's, 675 Hudson St., 242-9292
Julius, 159 W. 10th St., 929-9672
Keller's, 384 West St. (at Christopher), 243-1907
Kelly's Village West, 46 Bedford St., 929-9322
The Locker Room, 400 W. 14th St. (9th Ave), 459-4299
Marie's Crisis, 59 Grove St. (7th Ave), 243-9323
The Monster, 80 Grove St. (7th Ave.), 924-3558
Ninth Circle, 139 W. 10th St., 243-9204
Sneakers, 392 West St., 242-9830.
Two Potato, 145 Christopher St., 243-9340.
Uncle Charlie's, 56 Greenwich Ave., 255-8787

EAST SIDE (212)

Bogart's, 320 E. 59th St., 688-8534
Brandy's Piano Bar, 235 E. 84th St., 650-1944
G.H. Club, 353 E. 53rd St., 223-9752
Johnny's Pub, 123 E. 47th St., 355-9714
Regent East, 204 E. 58th St., 355-9465
Rounds, 303 E. 53rd St., 593-0807
South Dakota, 405 3rd Ave., 694-8376
Star Sapphire, 400 E. 59th St., 688-4710
The Townhouse, 236 E. 58th St., 754-4649
Twenty-Nine Palms, 129 Lexington Ave., 688-8299

540-OUTT

- The gay nightlife Guide for NY, LI, and Westchester.
- Fire Island Train and Ferry Schedules
- Weather Updates

11PM - Noon Daily
New York's hottest gay personal ads.
$2.00 for the first minute, 95¢ each add.

BROOKLYN (718)

After Five Plus, 5 Front St., 852-0139
Spectrum, 802 84th St. (at 8th Ave), 745-9611
Sweet Sensations, 6322 20th St., 435-2580

QUEENS (718)

Breadstix, 113-24 Queens Blvd., Forest Hills, 236-0300
Hatfield's, 126-10 Queens Blvd., Kew Gardens, 261-8484
Hideaway, 87-36 Parsons Blvd., Jamaica, 657-4585
Love Boat, 77-02 Broadway, Elmhurst, 429-8670
Magic Touch, 73-13 37th Rd, Jackson Hghts, 429-8605

STATEN ISLAND (718)

Sandcastle, 86 Mills Ave., 447-9365
WESTCHESTER (914)
Playroom, 580 Nepperhan Ave., Yonkers, 965-6900
Stutz, 202 Westchester Ave, White Plains, 761-3100

LONG ISLAND—NASSAU (516)
Bedrock, 121 Woodfield Rd., West Hempstead, 498-9516
Blanche, 47-2 Boundary Ave., Farmingdale, 694-6906
Cheeks, 2000 Long Beach Rd, Island Park, 431-5700
Grand Central, 210 Merrick Rd, Rockville Centre, 536-4800
Pal Joey's, 2457 Jerusalem Ave., North Bellmore, 785-5031
Silver Lining, 175 Cherry Lane, New Hyde Park, 354-8641

LONG ISLAND—SUFFOLK (516)
Bunkhouse, 192 N. Main St. Sayville, 567-9834
Club Swamp, Sizes, 8 E. Main St., Bay Shore, 665-5175
Kiss, 161 Farmardie Dr., Lake Ronkonkoma, 467-9273
Mr.'s, 608 Sunrise Hwy., W. Babylon, 661-9580
Starz, 836 Grand Boulevard, Deer Park, 242-3857
Thunders, 894 W. Jericho Tpke., Smithtown, 864-1410

NEW JERSEY (201)
Charlie's West, 536 Main St., E. Orange, 678-5002
The Den, 12-16 Hiram St, New Brunswick, 545-7329
Feather's, 77 Kinderkamack Rd., River Edge, 342-6410
Friendly's Bar, 6310 Park Ave., West New York, 854-9895
Le Mannequin, 67 Orchard St., Elizabeth, 353-9694
The Station, 308 Watchung Ave., Plainfield, 755-4000
Excalibur, 10th & Jefferson, Hoboken, NJ, 795-1023

DO THE WRITE THING
Your checkbook can change the world. So however much—or little—you can afford, please support your community organizations. Or they might not be around to support you.

JENNY PRESENTS:

GIRL BAR
EVERY THURSDAY
8pm - 2am

AT
PYRAMID CLUB
101 Avenue A
(Between 6th and 7th Streets)

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Young, smooth, strong, handsome, athletic, student, 25, 180#, fun, safe, discreet. Will travel.
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YEAH!
SIX FOOT SOLOFLEX
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GREAT LOOKS/CLEAN CUT
HONEST THICK NINE

Massage Included
$100 (415) 863-SEXY

Goodlookin Guy
Gives Excellent Massage
Smart Built and Hung, Blk Hair
Blue Eyes, 6’, 170#, 42” c, 32” w
JIM (415) 999-9988

NUDE MASSAGE
Very handsome European BB. 5’10”, 190#, 47” ch, 30” w. Gives great massage. Total relief! Hot and safe.
$60-$75.
Call Pat (213) 839-3817.

BLACK BB +
Best full/sensual massage. Hot oil, hot body. Safe, discreet. $60.
Venice Beach (213) 396-4761.
Come. 7 days. 24 hours.

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Experience the benefits of true relaxation with a professional deep-tissue massage.
Greg (213) 866-1081.

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Complete satisfying massage by handsome man downtown SF.
(415) 396-2441. Jeff. 24 Hours.

UCLA Stud.
Personable, honest, handsome and educ guy is available for Swedish oil massage for sophisticated gentlemen. Hotel calls welcome
Greg (213) 851-2098

RUSSIAN MASSAGE
Complete full body sensual massage by Joseph, well-built, hot, warm, friendly.
(213) 657-4920

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Keith (408) 295-5026

PLEASURE
Sensual massage by good-looking trained masseur.
Call Sean at (213) 481-0313.
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WITH OTHER
CALLERS.

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ADULTS ONLY 99¢ PER MIN.
COMING THIS SUMMER
Lesbian nude sunbathing rotating rooftop potluck barbecue parties with a slew of hot babes. Don't miss out! Sign up now/phone/photo/ideas please. Outweek Box 2405

MOSTLY GAY/BIGREK GODDESS
25 seeks free love. Remember the sexual revolution? Me too! Let's create a sex nest for two; we'll read the sexiest poems, swim in the nude at midnight. We'll live like we are on Lesbos. Women only. Leave your PMS at home please. Photo/letter. Outweek Box 2408

HORNY BLOND FEM
seeks exp. butch top for Sexcapade. Send Fantasy, Photo & Phone Outweek Box 2410

MY FIRST AD
I'm 28, 5'7", green eyes, auburn hair, living in N.J., close to N.Y. I enjoy all music, except country, dancing, animals, new people and new experiences. You must have a good sense of humor, ambition and be single! Send letter and photo to Outweek Box 2458

HEARING-IMPAIRED LESBIAN FEMINIST
seeking other dykes: post-lingually or adventitiously deafened to form support/re- source group. Outweek Box 2500

INTELLIGENT DYKE, 34
in recovery seeks relationship. I'm a little more femme than butch. Political, committed to fighting "isms". Damn honest. I don't just want to open my heart. No heavy roles or S/M. Start by writing. Picture please.

ONCE UPON A TIME
an attractive 27yr old black woman awoke to discover herself a lesbian. Immediately, while laying in bed she threw a party for herself. Believe it or not, the celebration continues. Want to come? RSVP with photo. Outweek Box 1939

LOOKING FOR LOVE
GWF 25 mature good sense of humor seeking GWF 28 or older for relationship. I enjoy music, movies concerts baseball and most of all to have fun. Please send photo with your letter. Outweek Box 1925

VERY CUTE GWF WANTS MORE DATES that was DATES not relationships. I am 5'6" 125# hair in the growth stage and CUTE CUTE CUTE! Enough about me...YOU YOU... uninhibited, any color, any size, we'll have a great time exploring each other. Send a photo and letter that show your truly interesting character. Outweek Box 2520

I NEED TO GET OUT MORE safe fun, movies, scuba-diving— LET'S PLAY! Light-hearted, warm intellectual seeks friends and/or others for Brooklyn playtime. Photo/phone/letter. Outweek Box 2523

INTELLIGENT DYKE, 34
in recovery seeks relationship. I'm a little more femme than butch. Political, committed to...
550-TOOL

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lick St. NY NY
10014.

ITALIAN
Handsome GWM
29 hrd working
and caring wants
to meet Italian to
date, possibly
more. Phone and
letter to Outweek
Box 2421

SUITED?
Very good looking
GWM, 30, sensi-
tive, independent
wants to meet
sexy businessmen-type who
enjoys being very
dominant. Photo +
letter to Outweek
Box 2422

GWM, 38, 5'10"
165lbs, BLOND
HAIR
blue eyes, clean
shaven, good
build. Seeks same
on Li and/or
Queens for friends
ship and/or rela-
tionship. Enjoys.

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honesty, and trust important. This is not for everyone. But if it grabs your interest, you might be pleasantly surprised. I'm active and involved in trying to make a difficult time a little easier. Nonsmoker and photo if possible. Outweek Box 2437

HOT BOTTOM/ SPANKING
Very goodlooking gd build GWM 5'6", 190lbs hot bottom wants hot top for safe Greek/Spanking/E NM etc. Really like big guys my age or older or hung, or muscular, but like all aggressive top guys into my great butt and tits. Box 1602, Old Chelsea Stn, NYC 10011.

HISPANIC MALE
HIV+ with a good heart wanted by warm, skinny Italian. 35. Eventually, you make the coffee in the morning & I do everything else. Until then, let's share interests. Health conditions unimportant. Photo if possible. Outweek Box 2442

DOM. MAN (25-60) SOUGHT
Submission, manly GWM, 59, seeks in-shape, dominant man (25-60) for S/S. No drugs, pot, boozers, hustlers. Easy apt. car parking here. Write to LSA, 147 W. 42 St., #603, NYC 10036. I love men wearing uniforms, business suits, and jeans.

SPRING FLING!
Cute GWM, 29, br/br, 5'5", 130, healthy, prof'l, shy w/warm heart

seeks similar for fun times and more! I like popcorn at the movies, candlelight dinners and good conversation. Passion, humor, and charm await! Don't settle for draft beer and neon when you can have champagne under the stars! Letter/photo to P.O. Box 5673, LIC, NY 11105.

ANY ROMANTICS LEFT?
GWM, 6', 34, 168lbs., brown hair, blue eyes. I am an attractive, romantic, healthy, HIV-, nonsmoking professional who is looking for that one special person to complete my life. A few of my interests are: the gym, music, volleyball, dancing, film, and evenings at home with that special someone. You should be 30-44, attractive, healthy, and desire a monogamous relationship. Please send your phone number and a current photo to: Outweek Box 2457

SEX MAKE YOU ANIMAL?
Hypnosis can let you feel like UR really transforming. I am decent looking or better, healthy, not into abuse, just into making you change. Send letter/photo to DH Box 350-148 Brooklyn, NY 11235-0003.

HEATWAVE EXPECTED
35 165 lbs. gr/br very handsome warm upbeat healthy athletic curious fun-loving preppy professional seeks outgoing spontaneous affectionate honest responsive bewitching sexy GWM 25-35 for adventures etc. Ph/ph to P.O. Box 1831 Peter Stuyvesant Station, NYC 10009.

TINY JAPANESE GUYS
5'3" or less wanted to service a tall handsome German with extra large balls & fat cock. You'll have a great time if you're fascinated by big testicles. MLD Suite 348 163 Amsterdam NYC 10023.

FOOD HAZING
Open your mouth wide and I will feed you with food till you are swollen and fat. You can only waddle from place to place. I will treat you like the pig you are. Answer with photo and letter of desire to: F.H., LTS 20053, NYC 10011-9993.

SOMETIMES THERE'S TRUTH IN ADVERTISING
Handsome, fit GWM, 41, HIV neg. I'm fun, bright, passionate, accomplished. Seeking similar guy for the long run. Phone (photo appreciated) to Box 20878, NYC 10026-9991.

REAL LIFE COUNTRY BOY
In New York City, 39, dark hair/blue eyes, clean-shaven, hairy body, in shape. Raised in the country, but knows life in the city. Enjoys theatre, music, travel, walks in the park, dinner in romantic places. Seeks someone who is not afraid
If you have sex with other men, no matter how infrequently, always use latex condoms.
Because once is all it takes to transmit the AIDS virus.
So protect yourself...and your partner. For more information, call:

AIDS Hotline 718 485-8111.
to be honest, maturity more important than age. Willing to build a relationship, not into drugs or one-night stands, OK if you turn heads in a crowd... I do too. Photo/phone to: Outweek Box 2482 (212) 873-2381 Expert blow jobs for men with un-usually fat cocks—know how big around it is when you call. No hassle—just a super blow! Leave number, I'll call you right back (212) 873-2307.

GWM, 28, 5'5", 120, BR/BR, healthy HIV-, househusband/lover material seeks financially secure, stable man who loves to cuddle and pamper. Friendly companionship could lead to unlimited possibilities. Honesty and compassion are my weaknesses. OUTWEEK BOX 2484.

JEFF STRYKER didoe that is I have it and will use it and make you scream with delight. You should be ready willing and able to take it all. Answers with photo letter phone # get answered L.T.S 20276 New York, NY 10011-9993.

BOY WANTS SEX GWM 21 (looks younger) 5'8" 125 tight teen body masculinity wants creative safe FUN sex w/young cute lean straight-look-ing boys esp w/beefy feet. Let's trade photos & fantasies: J.C. Box 8007 543 W. 43rd St, NYC 10036.

MISSION IMPOSSIBLE? GWM 6'155# 23 y.o. BI/Bi/Bi seeking that special life-long mate. Me & You: mature, honest, monogamous, caring, humorous & intelligent. Our goals: Intimacy & commitment plus a willingness to explore & experience our feelings & emotions. Your mission, should you decide to accept it will be to establish an order

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of meaning & importance in our lives. Outweek Box 2496

GWM 27 VERY HANDSOME
5'11", 160lbs.
BR/BL works out
seeks handsome, masculine, in-shape men for
safe fun. Into bondage, safe
kink a plus. Write
with photo +
phone to Outweek
Box 2505

I'M OKAY ARE U OKAY?
Healthy GWM, 35,
comfortable looks
and demeanor
seeks comple-
ment. I am ready
to receive the fun
and affection I'm
eager to give.
More off-beat than
conventional,
more simple than
frou-frou. I value
laughter, long
walks and peanut
butter. Theatre is
a passion and
friendships a
must. Send
PH/PH to Out-
week Box 2506

YOU'RE MY BEST BUDDY
Incorrigible cuddler,
silly and
thoughtful, seeks
energetic pal for
metropolitan
(mis)adventures.
I'm a swarthy look-
er, 29, dark
brown/hazel, 5'9,
160. You're a cow
tipper with a feisty
optimism shining
from your bright,
boyish face. Let's
buddy-up.... Out-
week Box 1922

AMORE POSTERIORE A/P
29, br/bl, 6', mas-
culine, very athlet-
ic & young looks,
stable, quiet, very
healthy, loving, un-
pretentious, hand-
some, cleancut,
communicative,
lightweight, into
foreign travel,
cities, nature,
books, workouts,
cycling, beaches,
massage, variety.
Need some dates
with fun, mascu-
line, athletic, low
key, clean, not too
hairy guys, dark
hair a+; travel-hap-
py lover eventual
goal. No wild
partiers or
queens. 25-35!
letter and foto to: Box 1316, NYC,
10009.

HOT YOUNG TEXAN
BiWM, 20, 6', 175,
Brown hair, green
eyes and hand-
some and new to
the NYC area
seeks Bi or GWM
20 to 30yrs and fi-
nancially secure to
show me the
sights and sounds
of NYC for hot fun
crazy times in the
city, must enjoy
dancing, music,
and just pure fun.
Send photo/phone
and bio to: Out-
week Box 1927

MUSCLE BONDAGE
Hot BB 27 5'8",
175# 46c 17A
30W seeking that
special guy to tie
me up tight and
make me em
squirm. Safe sane
intense bondage
fun UI musc with
playful mean
streak. Ph/Ph:
POB 966 NY, NY
10113-0905.

SPIT
Is to work-sweaty
armpits what
10W40 is to pick-
up trucks. Check
under the hood for
you, buddy? Out-
week Box 1931

TOO WONDER-
FUL
warm, caring, in-
teresting, attrac-
tive to be alone?
Me too! Let's do
something about
it. GWM, 33, 5'10",
150, brown/blue,
YOU MAKE THE CALL...
WE MAKE THE CONNECTION
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1-800-888-MALE
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fed up with scene, has a lot to offer. the right guy. Bright days and sultry nights await us.

Photo/phone/note to: Outweek Box 1935

ROMANTIC, PROF. musician with access to feelings wants to share successes, explore intimacy, and play. 46yo healthy PWARC, basically asymptomatic. 5'6", 140lbs., br/gr balding, moustache, attractive, energetic. No drugs, alcohol, or smoke. Outweek Box 1936

SWEATY HORNY JOCKS
Do you want your big feet (size 11+) serviced by a hot WM, 33, 6'1", 185, vry hdstm, masc, +wks out? Then call Ray, btwn 8pm-12mid, at 212-675-7352 to meet (no phone Vol, for exciting locker room scenes, explosive action, and more.

I KNOW IT'S STRANGE
Establishment but unconventional GWM, 50, attractive, athletic, healthy, cultured, successful, rich—I'm all that stuff one's supposed to be at my age—wants date with younger, goodlooking, intelligent, articulate, radical/activist/E.Village type guy (who genuinely likes older men)—just for the hell of it. Outweek Box 1941

RENAISSANCE MAN
GWM, 23, with dirty blond hair, 5'7", 135#, swim-
TALK LIVE WITH UP TO 6 HOT GUYS, ONE ON ONE, LEAVE MESSAGES, RETRIEVE MESSAGES. IT'S SAFE AND DISCREET. LIVE YOUR FANTASIES.

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Meet the men you want to meet from the New York area. With The Gay Connection, talk privately one-on-one with others who share your interests. Or, call Gay Selections and listen to “voice personal” messages left by others, and respond with a message of your own.

Two great ways to meet the right one.

**The Gay Connection**

1-900-468-MEET

1-900-370-2211

Probability of matching varies. Only 90¢ per minute.

TRY OUR DEMO #’s:

(212) 967-8809 (one-on-one) • (212) 594-1901 (voice personals)

Meet the men you want to meet from the New York area. With The Gay Connection, talk privately one-on-one with others who share your interests. Or, call Gay Selections and listen to “voice personal” messages left by others, and respond with a message of your own.

Two great ways to meet the right one.

**Gay Selections**

Seeks a pal to play with. Should be young (25-35), bright, independent, confident, and very pleasant. Send photo/phone # with letter r. Out-week Box 2521

**THIS CUTE YET LONELY**

fem. GWM feels the pressure to be manly, but would rather feel a manly pressure! Want to have stories and suggestions on how to deal with the anti-fem discrimination among gays. Write to Andrew P.O. Box 3731, Cherry Hill, NJ 08034 All replies welcome!

**DATE WANTED**

GWM, 28 5’6” 145 lbs. brown/brown/straight acting/movienut seeks GM 25-35 for friendship+ Photo/phone/letter/P.O. Box 2522 West New York NJ 07093. No drugs/smokers/jerks.

**HOT & ROWDY ACTIVIST**

New Yorker, 30, looking for men of all colors who like hot sweaty gay sex. I like hot men who like to shower after a roll on the mat. No clean queens, please. Write with photo/phone. Out-week Box 2526

**EXHIBITIONISTS**

Public displays, embarrassing situations, street, subway, bus, locked-out nude, etc. Also huge, obscene, erect, traffic-stopping bulging basket displays in skin-tight sweats, spandex, too-small shorts, anything sprayed-on, rude, vulgar. Swell it out of proportion, tease, pose, exhibit. If it’s too big to control in your pants then contact hot 29 with required photo & phone for reply. Imaginative and humongous only. P.O. Box 1699 Old Chelsea Station, NYC 10011.

**TINY JAPANESE GUYS**

5’5” or less wanted to service a tall handsome German with extra large balls & fat cock. You’ll have a great time if you’re fascinated by big testicles. MLD Suite 946 163 Amsterdam NYC 10023.

**FOOD HAZING**

Open your mouth wide and I will feed you with food till you are swollen and fat. You can only waddle from place to place. I will treat you like the pig you are. Answer with photo and letter of desire to; F.H., LTS 20053, NYC 10011-9993.

**REAL LIFE COUNTRY BOY**

In New York City-39, dark hair/blue eyes, clean-shaven, hairy body, in shape. Raised in the country, but knows life in the city. Enjoyes theatre,
MAN-2-MAN
COAST-2-COAST
TELEPHONE PERSONAL INTROS

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music, travel, walks in the park, dinner in romantic places. Seeks someone who is not afraid to be honest, maturity more important than age. Willing to build a relationship, not into drugs or one-night stands. OK if you turn heads in a crowd... I do too.

Photo/phone to: Outweek Box 2482

(212) 873-2307

Expert blow jobs for men with unusually fat cocks—know how big around it is when you call. No hassle—just a super blow. Leave number, I’ll call you right back(2-12)873-2307.

BOY IN LINGERIE
White Latin male, Cfn shaven, cute; healthy, 5'4", 130, 39, hairy, uncut

will be slut for top dominant man.

service, spanking, verbal, safe kink.

Write with pho. no. P.O. Box 2099, NY NY 10185.

BIG GUY
Sought by attr. blue eyed ex-cop 38 yo 5'8" 150 very

musc./masc./seek s football/power-lifter type/200

lb.+/very

masc./healthy

safe. You work out/it shows=A+. Various safe fun

OK/me = basically top. Photo please. Box 998 201 Var- lick St. NY NY 10014.

ITALIAN

Handsome GWM 29 hrd working and caring wants to meet Italian to date, possibly more. Phone and letter to Outweek Box 2421

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(970-2255)

Try our New Number First!

970-5225

DIAL

970-LOAD

The number says it all!

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MASTERS!
SLAVES!

1-900-HOT-LEATHER

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**Safer Sex Guidelines**

1. **USE A CONDOM WHEN FUCKING.** Avoid oil-based lubricants such as baby oil, Vaseline, Crisco etc., as they can cause condoms to break. Instead use water-based tubes like KY. The older a condom, the less reliable, so find condoms whose manufacturers’ dates are less than three months old.

2. **USE A CONDOM DURING ORAL SEX.** If you don’t, avoid placing the head of your partner’s cock in your mouth. HIV-infected cum or precum can enter your bloodstream through cuts, tears or ulcers in your mouth.

3. **USE DENTAL DAMS DURING ORAL-VAGINAL SEX.** HIV is present in some amounts in vaginal secretions, urine, menstrual blood, and infection-related vaginal discharge.

4. **NEVER SHARE WORKS.** This includes needles, syringes, droppers, spoons, cottons or cookers. If you must reuse works, clean them after each use with bleach, or in an emergency with rubbing alcohol or vodka, by drawing the solution into the needle three times and then drawing clean water into the needle three times.

5. **AVOID FISTING, RIMMING, OR SHARING UNCLEANED SEX TOYS.**

6. **AVOID POPPERS.**

7. **AVOID EXCESSIVE ALCOHOL OR DRUG USE.** Many people are unable to maintain safer sex practices after getting high.

8. **DON’T HESITATE TO:** Fuck with a condom, have oral sex with a condom. Play with, but don’t share, clean sex toys, vibrators and dildoes. Enjoy massage, hugging, masturbation (alone, with a partner or in a group), and role-playing.

   Remember, sex is good, and gay sex is great. Don’t avoid sex, just avoid the virus. Learn to eroticize safer sex and you can protect others, remain safe and have fun.

---

**WOMEN’S PERSONALS**

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94

fighting "isms", retractable claws.

Damn honest. I tell me where you want to be.

Don’t JUST want to

Avoid oil-based lubricants such as baby oil, Vaseline, Crisco etc., as they can cause condoms to break. Instead use water-based tubes like KY. The older a condom, the less reliable, so find condoms whose manufacturers’ dates are less than three months old.

DO THESE PERSONALS WORK? Sober GWF 24, 5’3”, 125#, high-energy, love to really let go on the dance floor (I have some of my most intense orgasms there) seeking another woman who loves being in her body. I’m telling you… OutWeek Box 2522

HORNBlND FEM seeks exp. butch top for Sexcapade. Send Fantasy, Photo & Phone Outweek Box 2410

MOSTLY GAY/BIG GREEK SEX GODDESS 25 seeks free love. Remember the sexual revolution? Me too! Let’s create a sex nest for two; we’ll read the sexiest poems, swim in the nude at midnight. We’ll live like we are on Lesbos. Women only. Leave your PMS at home please. Photo/letter. Outweek Box 2408

MY FIRST AD

I’m 28, 5’7”, green eyes, auburn hair, living in N.J., close to N.Y. I enjoy all music, except country, dancing, animals, new people and new experiences. You must have a good sense of humor, ambition and be single! Send letter and photo to OutWeek Box 2458

COMING THIS SUMMER

Lesbian nude sunbathing rotating rooftop potluck barbeque parties with a slew of hot babes. Don’t miss out! Sign up now! Phone/photo/ideas please. Outweek Box 2405
BODY BUILDERS
BODY WORSHIP.
HOT HARD MUSCLE!

CALL NOW:
550-BODY
CLASSIFIED / PERSONAL ORDER FORM

Name ____________________________
Address ____________________________
City/State/Zip _______________________
Phone ________________________________

All OutWeek Classified Advertising is prepaid. The Deadline is NOON MONDAY, one week before on-sale date. OutWeek reserves the right to edit, reject or rewrite any advertisement. In case of error on our part, no refunds -- additional insertions only.

$15.00 fee for copy changes or cancellations.
Mail sent to OutWeek Box #'s is forwarded weekly, on Mondays. OutWeek boxes are NOT to be used for the distribution of bulk mail or advertising circulars.

FORYOURSAFETY, NO STREET ADDRESSES ARE PERMITTED IN THE PERSONALS SECTION. OUTWEEK BOX #S OR P.O. BOXES ONLY.

CLASSIFIED RATES:
$3 per line (seven line minimum). Please conform your ad copy to the grid.

FREQUENCY DISCOUNTS:
4x ........................................10%
13x ........................................15%
26x ........................................20%

PERSONALS RATES:
$1 per line (seven line minimum). Please conform your ad copy to the grid.

DISPLAY CLASSIFIED RATES:
$25 / column inch. Please inquire for frequency discounts. Column width: 1 7/8

PERSONALS
____ lines @ $1.00 (seven line minimum)=
times ____ weeks ad is to run:

Give me an OutWeek Box # and forward my mail each week for ____ months @ $20 per month =

Telephoning verification charge: (if your phone # appears in ad) @ $10.00 =

TOTAL ENCLOSED: ________________________________

CLASSIFIEDS

Category: ________________________________
____ lines @ $3.00 (seven line minimum)=
times ____ weeks ad is to run:

if ad is to run four or more times, deduct appropriate frequency discount:

TOTAL ENCLOSED: ________________________________

Charge my Visa / Mastercard. Acct. # __________________ Exp. __________________

Signature: ________________________________
550 HARD

D.A.G.F.
(212, 718, 316, 914)
Naked
B.D. & T.
Skiing

Rs. Hardog
D.A.G.F.
(212, 718, 316, 914)
Naked
B.D. & T.
Skiing

Rs. Hardog
Master
The Ultimate in Hardog
In HardogRE Ultimate HARDWARE
"Where the Topmen
Where The Topmen are"
15¢ per minute/15¢
1st Minute 40¢/15¢
100% Gay Owned/Operated
Gay Owned/Operated
Call . . CALL
550 HARD
ACROSS
1. NYC attraction
5. Down with: Fr.
9. Certain ammo
12. Islamic leader
13. Bell-shaped flower
15. Crawford classic
17. Ballads
18. Astrological function
19. Heraldic border
20. Symbol of sovereignty
21. Allen Ginsberg poem
23. Siskel’s partner
25. Miss Brice
26. Actress Heckart
28. Spasky’s game
30. Mangles
31. Leaflet
32. Radio station emps.
35. La ___ gauche
36. Map
37. Low tide
38. Ending for Brooklyn
39. Light refractor
40. “Don’t ___ thing”
41. Some horses

42. Heed
43. Bedeck
45. Soil
46. ___ de guerre
52. Dole (out)
53. Serrated
54. Soviet river
55. Period after Passover
56. Tropical fruits
57. Scene of the silents
58. Concorde
59. Brine component
60. Org.

DOWN
1. Venus de ___
2. The tentmaker
3. Ginsberg poem
4. Morns
5. Transfer: legal
6. ___ sienna
7. Landed
8. Warble
9. Bistre and sepia
10. Member of the peerage
11. Inane
14. Faultless

Solution to Last Week’s Puzzle:

16. Composer Rorem
21. Sandra and Ruby
22. Hops kiln
24. See 48 down
26. Green land
27. Eye part
28. Indelicate
29. Injury
31. Reedlike
32. Ginsberg poem
33. Bowles or Grey
34. Bridge
36. Started a Model T
37. Aerie
39. Stoma
40. Spanish painter
41. Mapplethorpe
42. Most recent
43. Attention-getting sounds
44. Is fond of
45. A Ford
46. Weather forecasters’ assn.
47. Gershwin, et al.
48. With 24 down, Latin phrase
50. Singles
51. Horace or Thomas
54. Mauna ___

Solution in Next Week’s OUTWEEK on Sale Monday
DIAL NOW GUYS ARE WAITING!

VOICEMAIL! 1·900·568·3636

E WAITING!

TALK LIVE!

CHARGED TO YOUR MASTERCARD OR VISA AS "PSI INDUSTRIES"

75¢ PER HALF MINUTE

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A RUBBER IS A FRIEND IN YOUR POCKET

UN CONDON ES UN AMIGO EN EL BOLSILLO

FOR ANY INFORMATION CALL THE GMHC HOTLINE 212-807-6655/TDD 212-645-7470 (for hearing impaired)