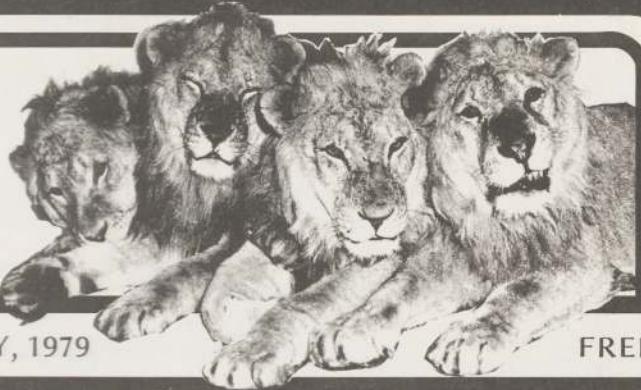


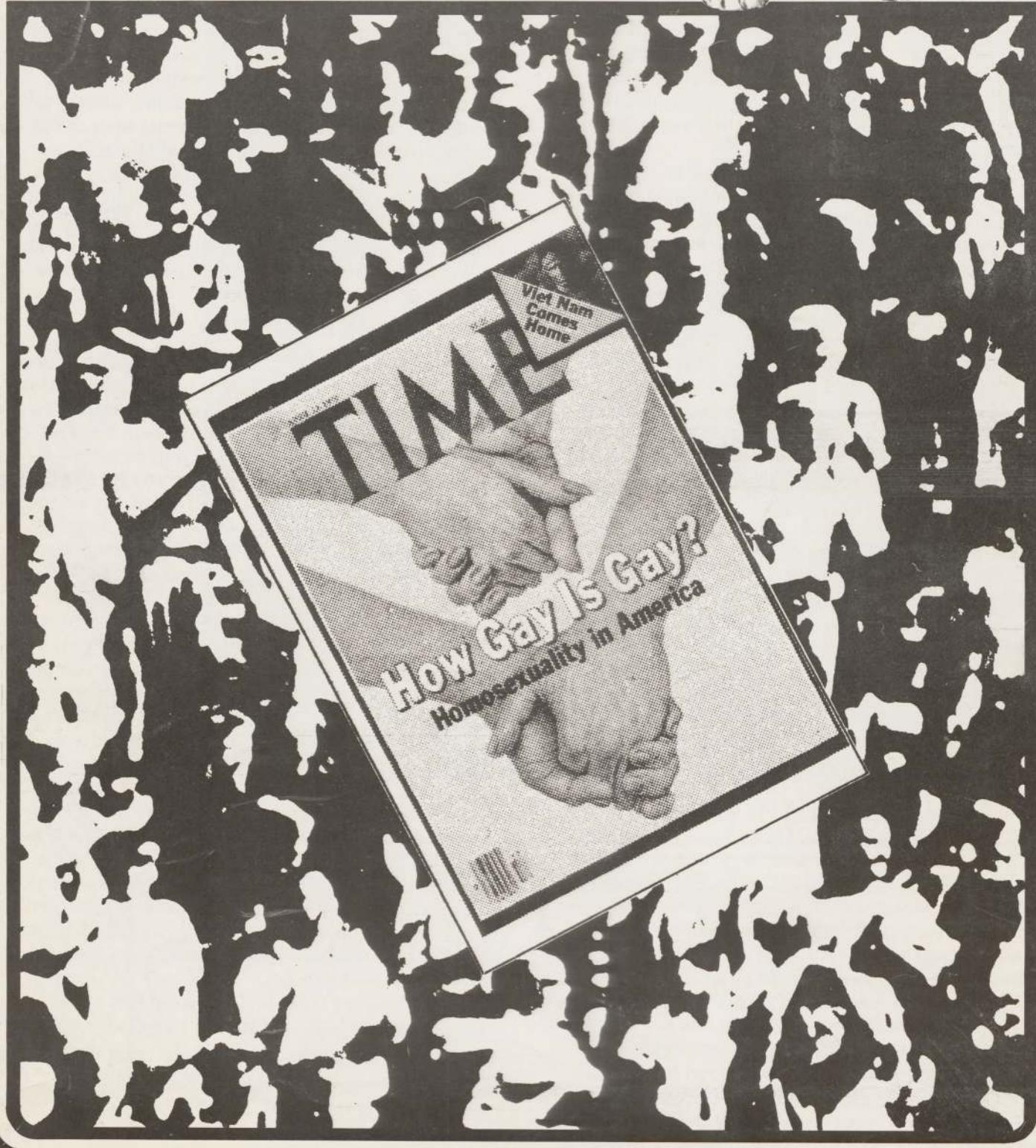
THE  
**PRIDE**  
OF ARIZONA



VOLUME 3. ISSUE IV

MAY, 1979

FREE



Well, Arizona, are you ready? I sure hope so, since it's about to happen here. We'd all better prepare ourselves and find some interesting at-home activities to occupy our evenings. People are lining up endlessly to wait for gas in California, and while it hasn't happened here yet, you can bet your sweet bippie that it soon will, and for what? Why, so the gas companies can say, "Sorry, we've had a shortage so we'll have to raise the price to \$1.10 a gallon now." What I want to know is why they just don't go ahead and raise the price now and let us have the gas they're sitting on. Somehow I just can't convince myself that there really is any shortage.

Do you remember how it was back in 1973-74? They told us there was a shortage then, and we all lined up to buy gas under the threat of rationing. You were either very brave (or maybe crazy) if you tried to drive to L.A. during that "crisis" without carrying extra gas along with you. We used to do it in a VW Bug with an auxiliary tank so we didn't have to buy gas at all in California. And the prices! It seemed like overnight gas went from 50 cents to 78 cents a gallon. But you know, it ended so suddenly — as suddenly as it began — and wonder of wonders, we then had more gasoline than we knew what to do with...it just cost considerably more. So, I hope you're ready for all of this, and prepared to be inconvenienced for a while so a few people can make a lot of money at our expense. But don't bother sticking your heads out of your front windows shouting, "I'm mad as hell and I'm just not going to take it anymore!" since either no one will notice, or if they do, you will probably be arrested for disturbing the peace. But that's life in the good ol' USA these days, I guess.

And while I'm on the subject of stomach-turning situations — have you been keeping up with the Marjory Ollson vs. the Arizona Gay Community story? She's been a busy lady lately, and if you've been following the string of news releases that CCR's Lobbyist Roland Atkins has been sending to the AGN practically weekly, you know by now how dangerous she really is. When we first uncovered Rep. Marjory Ollson and her homophobic point of view back in March, we had no idea she would keep pushing for such blatant anti-Gay laws. But she keeps trying. Her latest effort in the closing days of the Legislative Session would have lost jobs for probably something like half of us in Arizona. Actions such as hers (tacking on anti-Gay amendments on otherwise good Bills at the last minute) are more the style of people like Trudy Camping and Donna Carlson, but no. Here comes this grandmotherly little person from Southern

Arizona prepared to do everything and anything she can to put us all in jail (she's the kind who says we are all child molesters). The vote on the last amendment was just TOO CLOSE and during the next session of the Legislature, we're all pretty sure she will try again. CCR's Lobbyist Committee is preparing for this and will do everything possible to fight her. It would be well-worth your own future in this state to support those efforts. Afterall, your own future in Arizona ought to be worth something to you — isn't it? And you can offer that support in some pretty easy ways...there's that five dollar membership fee and there are the fundraising events such as the Village People Look-Alike Contest at HisCo Disco on Thursday, May 10. Both the cover and a percentage of the bar will go to CCR that night, so you see, you can help yourself and have fun at the same time. Just how far CCR can go to protect your rights in Arizona is really up to you — how much is your freedom worth to you anyway?

#### DOWN THE ROAD...

We had an opportunity to buzz on down to Tucson one day last month, and it proved to be a delightful little trip. A change of scene is really pleasant now and then, and we found that going to Tucson was far enough to go to feel like we had "gotten away" for a little while. If you're into books, you'll enjoy a stop into Books Brothers — their selection of gay-oriented material is far superior to anything we've found in Phoenix, and if you can't get to them, they do have a mail order service included in their ad. We were pleased we took the time to stop in. The bars are all interesting, too, and not one of them resembles any bar in Phoenix. Dales Graduate has 50 cent drink specials everyday — when was the last time you paid 50 cents for a drink? Long-time Gay night spot, whose claim to fame has always been some super shows is Jekyll's where you'll also hear some hot disco. The Hair Tiz is a friendly bar in downtown Tucson, and the Joshua Tree/Back Pocket gives you a variety of fun. There we were greeted warmly by Bob Bishop, the owner, and we even ran into the AGN's own Bob Ellis and crew. They're adding a new patio to the bar which looks like it will be a great place to relax and meet some new friends. The patio is supposed to have its grand opening Sunday, May 13, and also on that day they are beginning to have Disco from 3 to 7 p.m. to liven things up.

Everywhere we went in Tucson we had a great time and we are looking forward to a return trip soon. So, when it comes time to get away from Phoenix for a while, Tucson is a great place to go, and with the impending gas crunch, it makes sense to "get away" to a place that's only 110 miles from Phoenix.

—Jack.

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# NOW THAT WAS TACKY

- \* We have it on *very* good authority that if a certain Dear Blabby doesn't lay off the nasty cracks about a certain entertainer who is *very big* in Phoenix, that certain Phoenix entertainer will take a trip to Tucson and that certain Dear Blabby will think it's Elephant Walk revisited...this time without Liz Taylor!
- \* Meanwhile, down in Tucson some people are getting on STU and TOM's cases, and without just cause. It seems that somehow a paragraph got left off their Rural Report last month by the typesetter (Mary Ethel Trash), and it just wasn't their fault. But then, there are always a few people who are looking for just *anything* to throw in someone's face... right, darlings???
- \* Speaking of MARY ETHEL TRASH *The Pride's* crack typesetter (or is that *typesetting crack*?) has been on the rag so much lately, she's now wearing pampers!...
- \* CRAIG F's bedroom guest-book is now so heavy he needs a wheelbarrow to move it!
- \* Speaking of heavy things...if a certain someone crams one more pound into that tired old Judy Garland dress, there'll be an explosion that could blow Tucson right off the map.
- \* STEVE S has discovered that happiness IS a warm puppy...fun to sleep with, and you don't have to sit on the foot of the bed, smoking a cigarette, saying how wonderful it was...
- \* Well, the WHORES IN THE CAVE haven't been able to find a new cave yet, soooo, they've moved back into their respective families caves...
- \* And speaking of that *illustrious couple*, they now look like a pair of orange-headed bookends with matching bleach-jobs on their hair. From the resulting color, it looks like they either did it in the dark (the bleaching, that is) or they were really loaded at the time...probably both!..!
- \* Will SAL's fantasy about being plundered by 16 butch bikers ever be fulfilled. His problem is NOT being plundered, but finding 16 biker who ARE butch...!
- \* Word has it that JOSIE's mother was frightened during early pregnancy by a washing machine... probably a *Speed Queen*...!!!
- \* Oh DRAGON, poor DRAGON! Seems Dragon Lady's Geritol enemas aren't working too well... she STILL has more wrinkles than a crepe-paper bag full of prunes!!!

- \* Did the proprietor of the now famous introduction service have fun ordering his banana split at Goog's? Just goes to show, you can dress a president up and get him stoned...but you can't take him anywhere!
- \* Recently seen on a bumper sticker: Sex is like snow, it depends on how many inches you get and how long it lasts!
- \* Two questions: Is TONY BALONEY really making rum-runs to MIKE R's (Forum) house? and... What happened to Tony's teenage trick when he passed out during the rum run...?
- \* BOB E. (AGN) may just win the coveted title of *MISS QUOTE OF 1979*!
- \* And while we're handing out awards and titles... The "Now That Was Tacky — Skagg of the Month Award" simply must go to Ms. BLANCHE du BOIS for her striking resemblance to "The Egg Lady" in Divine's movie, *Pink Flamingos*...Not only is that tacky, but it's sick, *real sick*!!!
- \* GERRY D. has a new one...did this one come from Church's or Colonel Sanders...?
- \* So one of Ms. P. CUNTALES monthly manhunts finally paid off... Tell us, dear, do you keep his seeing eye dog in the bedroom with you, hmmm?
- \* Well, the ever-mumified, ever-ancient (pardon me, I may giggle) DRAGON LADY has been named *Sow of the Month* at Casa. Oh, isn't that a nice title for her to hold in addition to once having been chosen poster girl for 1903 by the National Laxative Council. We think *Sow of the Month* is a *terrible* understatement!..!
- \* Also at Casa, STANLEY-BELLE should be more aptly named...*Nellie-Belle*...!
- \* Confidential to STEVE S (not Simpson): Somehow the name "Chuckles" doesn't quite fit with levis and leather... "Hi, my name's Chuckles, are you into whips and chains?..." No, *Peaches* is a much better nickname!
- \* We notice that the ever-large AQUANETTA has found a new watering-hole and is now hanging out at the Casa's Thursday night Beer Bust...hanging out of her shirt, hanging out of her pants... When IS that girl going to go on a diet? A beautiful face isn't everything when you have a body that looks like a sack full of doorknobs...

*continued on next page.*

TACKY, continued from previous page.

\* It was interesting to watch DAVID C passing out flyers for the GAU Dance and telling everyone, "This is my phone number — call me anytime!" And it seems to have worked, since we hear Ma Bell has beat a hasty path to his door to install a rotary. But why wasn't it installed on his phone...?!

\* Haven't seen MYRTLE MYTH out whoring in the bars lately. Perhaps it's all out of her system now and she's back to being "the plant lady of Phoenix' fashionable North Side (Sunny-slope)" again...

\* If you haven't been down to help with the new SERVICE CENTER, or at least to check it out, you really should... You may not need it right now, but circumstances have a way of changing, and someday you might just be damn glad there is a place you can go for help. Think about it... and do your part.

\* Seems TED M. has yet another new flame. Could it be he's borrowed Josie's Take-A-Number system? If not, maybe he should...!

\* Word is just in from the Arizona State Highway Department that when the crew is finished with the repairs on the sagging Freeway bridge over the Salt, they'll begin work on TISH TANNER's (also sagging) buns!

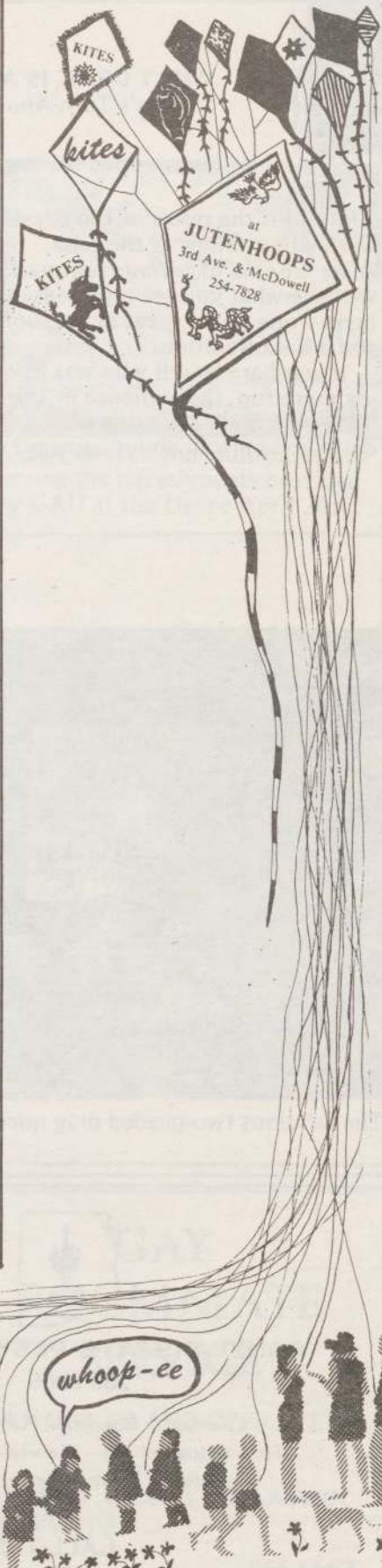
\* Well, that now famous CAVE that used to be inhabited by those now famous WHORES is now inhabited by the soon-to-be-famous SLUTS. We'll make sure you hear LOTS about them in months to come...!

\* The only thing nice LENNY GITECK (Advocate's crack "reporter") could say about a certain party he attended here last month was "the chopped liver was *fabulous*." What about that trick you snatched up so quickly at said party and whisked away to your motel room... Hmmm, Lenny?

\* And on the same subject... The common consensus of opinion around Phoenix concerning Ms. (Ms....ya, Ms.) GITECK's journalistic abilities is that his experience heretofore has been exclusively at writing on T-room walls... and he should stick to it!!!

\* And finally, contrary to Ms. GITECK's Advocate comments and snide innuendos, Phoenix is a *wonderful* place to live... *particularly* wonderful because he doesn't live here!!!!

\* We'll leave you with a question we've been asked in the past month: Is it true that BLANCHE du BOIS learned all she knows about feminine hygiene from a perverted Roto-Rooter man?... We'll never tell!



## AROUND THE TOWN



### WHAT DRAG IS ALL ABOUT... Casa's Turn-About Show

And this is the result of the latest Turn-About Show at the Casa. After months of tedious rehearsal we have what you see represented here — one of the great drag-spoofs and a Casa tradition.

It was hard to tell who was having more fun, the audience or the performers (?). Isn't this what drag shows are all about anyway?



Danny Butler of the Forum, obviously star-struck from all this beauty.



Ren — the most ravishing drag this side of Ajo!



Casa owner Tony Baloney and manager Stanley-Belle. Boy, what these "girls" won't do to sell a drink!



The fabulous two-headed drag queen.



Stan, getting ready to indulge in some of his weird sex practices...



And last, but not (necessarily) least is Allan. Movements — 10, Looks — 0.



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## AROUND THE TOWN

### GAY ACADEMIC UNION DANCE



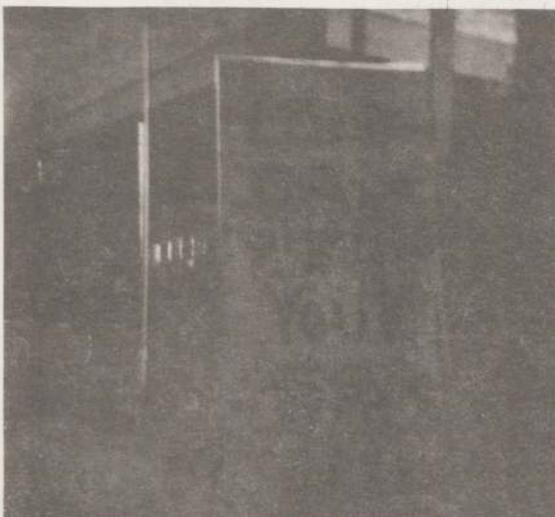
Gary Shiffman, GAU's president greeted everyone warmly at the dance.

GAU hosted a fantastic dance on the ASU Campus this past month which proved to be a true delight. The room was dim, the music and light show super, and the crowd attending had a great time. Straights and Gays together at such an occasion is somewhat of an unusual occurrence, but in this case it came off wonderfully. Even the security guards were asked to join in on the fun.

The only unfortunate incident was the graffiti scrawled on the sign-board on the Mall, but such things are to be expected from time to time — the world is full of jealous people. Congratulations to GAU on their successful endeavor.



A cake to feed the multitudes was among the refreshments provided by GAU at the Dance April 26th.



These spray-painted words on the sign announcing the dance may have obscured the information, but it certainly didn't dampen the spirits of the people who attended.

### CONNECTION'S RAFFLE TO BE HELD MAY 27th

If you haven't yet bought your tickets for the Connection's Raffle for the trip to Hawaii, you'd better get with it!

The trip will feature round-trip air fare, limosine transportation to and from the hotel, and a welcoming upon your arrival on the islands including flower leis (not to be confused with "lays", which you will easily find for yourself!).

The accommodations are right on the beach and are first class.

This could be the vacation you've always dreamed of, and all for just ONE DOLLAR! Tickets are available at the Connection, \$1 each, or 12 for \$10. The drawing will be held May 27th during the Connection's Fair.



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## "...THAT FLOWS BY THE THRONE OF GOD"

"This water is cold down here!"

"What?"

"I said the water's cold. Aren't we about finished?"

"Just about, not much more to do."

I'm hoping this is the last bucket as big drops of mud hit me smack on the head as the bucket is drawn up once again. At last the bottom of the well is almost free of mud and fresh cold water is rapidly running back in. TUG, goes the rope as the bucket with me sitting on it, my arms extended upward, my hands tightly clutching the rope as the squeaking roller seems to be sounding a warning cry as I slowly begin to rise on my uneasy perch. It's a long, slow forty foot ride to the top of the family well and all I want is to get out of this wet muddy hole in the ground.

Up I go as the water begins flooding the well. I am watching the roller turn so far above my head, and then...SNAP...and like some gigantic snake I see the rope coming down at me and SPLASH...I am back on the bottom of the well now knee-deep in chilly water.

My father is peering down the hole so far above me as I stand there holding the now-useless bucket and rope, my knees shaking from the rising chilling flow. "Damn," he says, "Rope broke. Are you hurt?" "No, I don't think so. But get me out of here, the water's really cold and it's up to my knees already." "I've got to get another rope from town. You just hold on to the side of the well. I'll be back as soon as I can." His face disappears from the hole.

"But that will take a couple of hours!" I shout. "No choice" I heard him faintly reply as he moved away from the well.

It seems like I've been down here for an eternity and now the coldness is up around my waist, I keep looking to the hole of light above me — when will I ever get out of here?

"Hey!!" I shout, "Get me out of here! I'll drown!" There is no reply. Up to my neck now, "Help me!!" my back against one side of the well, my feet against the other and maybe seven feet of water below me. I'm numb, I'm tired, I can't hold on. Two hours have passed, maybe more.

And then...the roller is squeaking again, I think, but I'm so exhausted I can't even look up and I feel myself beginning to sink into to frigid water. It almost sounds like someone is speaking, but I'm not sure and I sink into the water... and nothing.

"Again! Pull his arms again!!" Is the squeaking roller speaking to me? Pain — my throat is burning. Cough! The air is rushing back into my lungs as my father is pulling my arms forcing life back into my shivering body. "I'm sick," I tried to say as the air

rushes in and out. "Thank God," my father is holding me and praying loudly, "Thank you sweet Jesus, you have spared my boy. Thank you, Jesus!"

My eyes are flooded with tears and mud and I try to thank him for getting me out, but I am still very frightened and the sound of the squeaking roller and the rushing water stays in my mind and I hear it in the night, and in the darkness of my bedroom it happens over and over, night after night...

Months have passed and I'm beginning to forget the trauma of the experience. It's a Sunday morning and all is music and singing as I put my dime and my nickel into the collection basket as it passes along in front of me.

"Thank God for your favors," says the preacher. "Join the church..." he is saying, "Give your soul to God." My father is staring down at me. "Do it," he demands, "Now."

Everyone is staring at me as I walk hesitantly down that seemingly endless aisle, I'm shaking and I'm frightened. Larger than life the preacher looms up over me and glares down at me saying, "Take my hand, son."

"Lord," he says, "here is another soul, you have another small soul." He grips my hand so tightly it hurts. "Lord, he is yours and will enter the kingdom of heaven, and we will baptize him in your name." More fear, I tug away. "You must be baptized in order to go to heaven." They would do it next Sunday, next Sunday, next Sunday. It rang in my ears all week.

New pants, new shirt, a new coat of polish on my shoes, my only shoes. My clothes will be ruined, I thought. "Are you dressed yet?" my father asked. "Hurry up, we don't want to be late." I didn't answer him.

Squeaky singing in the distance, church tones are heard and down the path, not far from the church, is the small lake where all the baptisms are done. The squeaky singing becomes clearer as we walk... "Shall we gather at the river, the beau-ti-ful, the beau-ti-ful, the ri-ver," many mothers and fathers are here — a large crowd to witness the latest soul saved for Jesus. "...Gather with the saints at the the ri-ver, that flows by the throne of God..." the singing continues and finally dies out as the preacher, waist-deep in the lake speaks his quick sermon, and the witnesses are hushed.

An old woman suddenly appears from beneath the surface of the water, but I don't remember seeing her wade out there, as the preacher is saying, "I baptize thee in the name of the Father and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost! You will enter the

*continued next page*

kingdom of heaven!" She stumbles out of the lake, her old body trembling from the cold as other women drape a blanket around her, and I can see one of her shoes is floating in the lake.

A small child is next and is led out into the lake to the smiling, waiting preacher. The child is scared and screams until the preacher plunges him under the water, repeating the same words he just used with the old woman. And then the poor, frightened soaking child is proudly taken away by his delighted mother.

My turn! My father points the way and unwillingly I edge my way out into the lake. Cold water covers my polished shoes, cold water surrounding my legs, I struggle to walk on the muddy bottom. Cold water, up around my chest. I'm soaked, and cold, and scared. The fear inside me is overwhelming, the terrible fear. I look up into the sky — a round hole of light above me, my father is peering down at me, and the squeaking sounds fill my ears — the roller — the singing — which is it? I'll drown! Get me a rope, get me out!!! It suddenly seems very dark, but I keep on edging out into the lake.

Past the preacher, "Where's he going?" He grabs my arm, I struggle to get free of his wet hands. Cold, I'm

so cold, I feel myself slipping down the side of the well into that black water. Oh, hurry with the rope, don't let me drown, get me out of here!

His firm hands are subduing me — God, don't stick my face under the water. He's forcing me down, saying, "Save him. He will never get to heaven...In the name of the Father, and of the Son and..." I'm under the water, struggling, as one of my shoes floats up past my face. I know I am at the bottom of the well, and it's so dark, so cold...

"Again, pull his arms!! Pull his arms!!" Cough, my lungs burn, I feel sick, how did I get here. My father is pulling air into my lungs, lifting my head — memories of the well! I scream in terror — and that devil is standing out there in the lake, smiling and beckoning the next person out into the water...

So you may say,  
It's for me to tell.  
One dark day,  
At the bottom of a well  
They knelt to pray,  
In the kingdom of hell!

...If Only I Were A Hundred.

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While the crowd present was less than huge (which was too bad — you should have gone), it was one of the most enthusiastic crowds HisCo has seen for a long time. Many people came in costume, costumes which covered a broad spectrum of characters, ranging from a Musketeer to Miss Piggy — the fantasies displayed were incredible. These evenings are planned for your enjoyment and designed to raise money for the host organization. By not attending, you are really hurting only yourself, since you limit the amount of good these organizations can do with their funds. Take it to heart and remember it the next time one of these kinds of things comes up.



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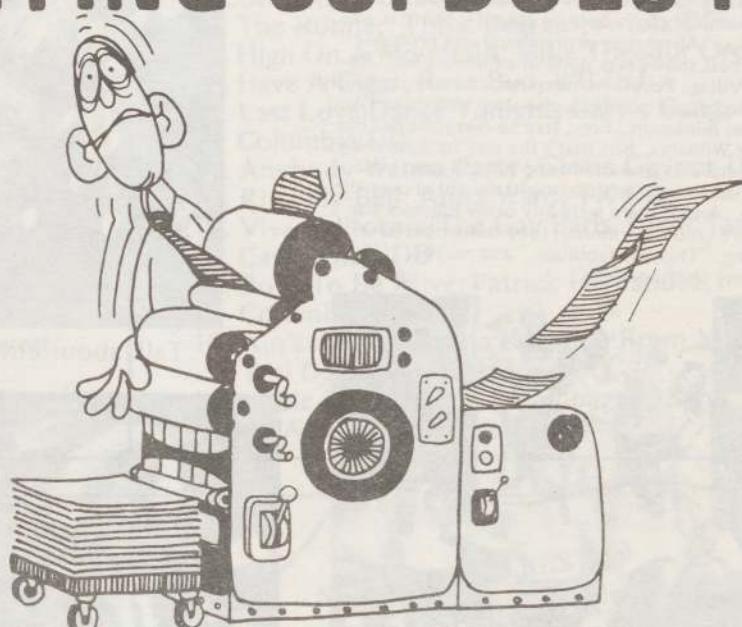
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# AROUND THE TOWN

## VILLAGE PEOPLE SHOW (Connection-Style)...A SMASH

Sunday evening, April 29th, found me on my way to the Connection, muttering something about wishing I could have continued watching the tube and just relaxing. But...

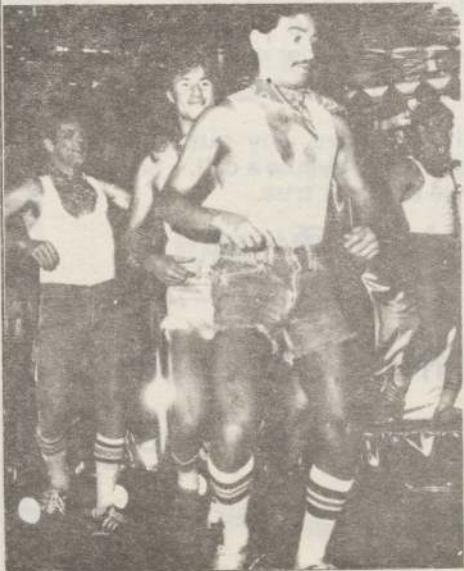
So, I dragged my buns over to the Connection to take some pictures of what I thought was going to be amateur night at the local stud bar. Had to park a block away — must be a lot of people with nowhere else to go tonight.

But inside, the place is packed, then the show started, and show is the word for it! I thought the Connection's Ice Show was good — but this was outrageous. If I did not know some of the people on stage I'd think it was the real thing. Absolutely professional and probably one of the best shows ever done in a Phoenix bar. Between the Village People numbers were some excellently choreographed dance numbers, also very well done. And, no cover, no minimum...Free, free to everyone but bar owner Dale Williams. But that's the way he does things. He'll really have to go some to top himself next time. Everyone had to have left that night delighted over the experience. And if there were any other Phoenix bar owners there (and I saw none), they too would have left thinking, "This was fabulous," and maybe, "I'd better get my shit together."

—Skip.



(Above & Below) Dancers David, Fernando, Gary, Tom & Tim (not in order) doing "Hot Number" and as you can see, they're all hot numbers.



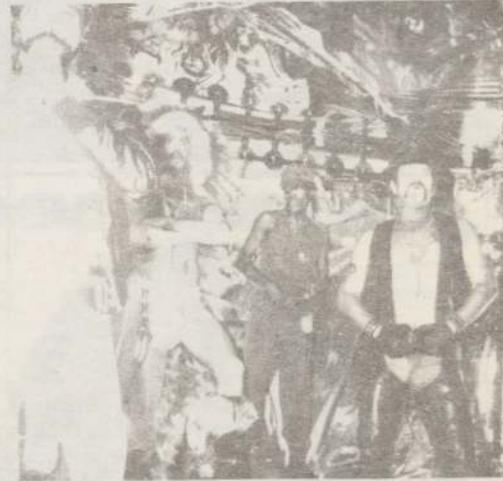
Donny as Felipe, the Indian



Talk about butch!

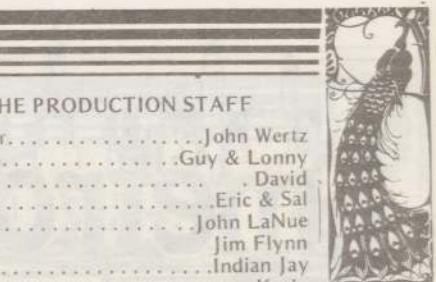


Kent, Sal and Lou.



Lou as Victor with Donny, Bill as Alex and George as Glenn

THE PRODUCTION STAFF	
Choreographer.....	John Wertz
Sound.....	Guy & Lonny
Lights.....	David
Slide.....	Eric & Sal
Set Design.....	John LaNue
Stage Help.....	Jim Flynn
Telegram.....	Indian Jay
	Kevin
	Pat Williams



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Forum's Number One DJ, George Hill, has been named Regional DJ of the Year for the Southwest.

WHAT'S ON TOP, courtesy George Hill

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2. Dance/Dance to Dance; Gido Saccio, WB/RFC
3. Work That Body; Tanner Garnener; Westend DD
4. In The Navy; Village People, Casablanca DD
5. Make Your Move; Joe Thomas, TK DD
6. Bad Girls; Donna Summer, Casablanca DD
7. All Through Me/Some Love/Dancin in my feet;  
Laura Taylor LP
8. Dance With Me; Carrie Lucas, Solar DD
9. Love Exiter/Dance Man; Elco Co., AVI DD
10. The Runner; Three Degrees, Ariola DD
11. High On A Mountain; Mike Theodor Orch. DD
12. Have A Cigar; Rose Bud, WB DD
13. Last Love Dance Tonight; Gary's Gang,  
Columbia DD
14. Anybody Wanna Party; Gloria Gaynor DD
15. Ring My Bell; Anita Ward, TK DD
16. Viva California/The Gay Paris, Patric Janet,  
Casablanca, DD
17. Born To Be Alive; Patrick Hernandez,  
Columbia DD
18. Ain't Nothin Gonna Keep Me From You;  
Teri De Sario, Casablanca DD
19. Music Box, Evelyn "Champagne" King,  
RCA DD

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## PHOENIX CITY BOND ELECTION MAY 22...

Registered voters, it's almost time to go cast your ballots again, this time it's a Bond Election on May 22.

Sample ballots have been mailed to registered voters in the city giving the specifics of the bonds proposed for your consideration. There are seventeen Propositions on the ballot covering a wide range of services, including Water System Bonds, Solid Waste Disposal Bonds, Sanitary Sewer System Bonds, Airport Improvement Bonds, and the like.

Two of the Propositions, and only two, deserve a negative vote. They are:

### Proposition Number 14 —

#### NEIGHBORHOOD FAMILY SERVICE CENTER

...for the purpose of acquiring, constructing, remodeling, renovating and equipping a multi-purpose family service center to be used for providing human resource services and paying all expenses properly incidental thereto and to the issuance of such bonds, not to exceed Two Hundred Thousand Dollars of the proceeds of such bonds to be expended for the purchase of sites. **VOTE NO!**

Not only is this ridiculous from the standpoint of the amount of money to be expended just for the site, which could be construed as "the lot", and \$200,000 for a lot is too much, but these

centers (or center) would in no way improve the quality of your life, nor could you even use it as a Gay person. **VOTE NO!**

### Proposition Number 17 —

#### POLICE PROTECTION BONDS

...for the purpose of acquiring, constructing, improving, and equipping police and public safety buildings, facilities and equipment necessary or desirable for providing police protection services and paying all expenses properly incidental thereto and to the issuance of such bonds, not to exceed Five Hundred Thousand Dollars of the proceeds of such bonds to be expended for the purchase of sites. **VOTE NO!**

The reason should be obvious. **VOTE NO!**

The rest of the Propositions seem to be valuable for the quality of life in general in this valley, and should be approved.

Exercise your right to vote. Take a few minutes on your way to work on May 22, and go to your polling place (the same as last November's Election, if you haven't moved). This is your opportunity to help determine just how much money the City of Phoenix will be able to spend for services. Do it! You owe it to yourself!

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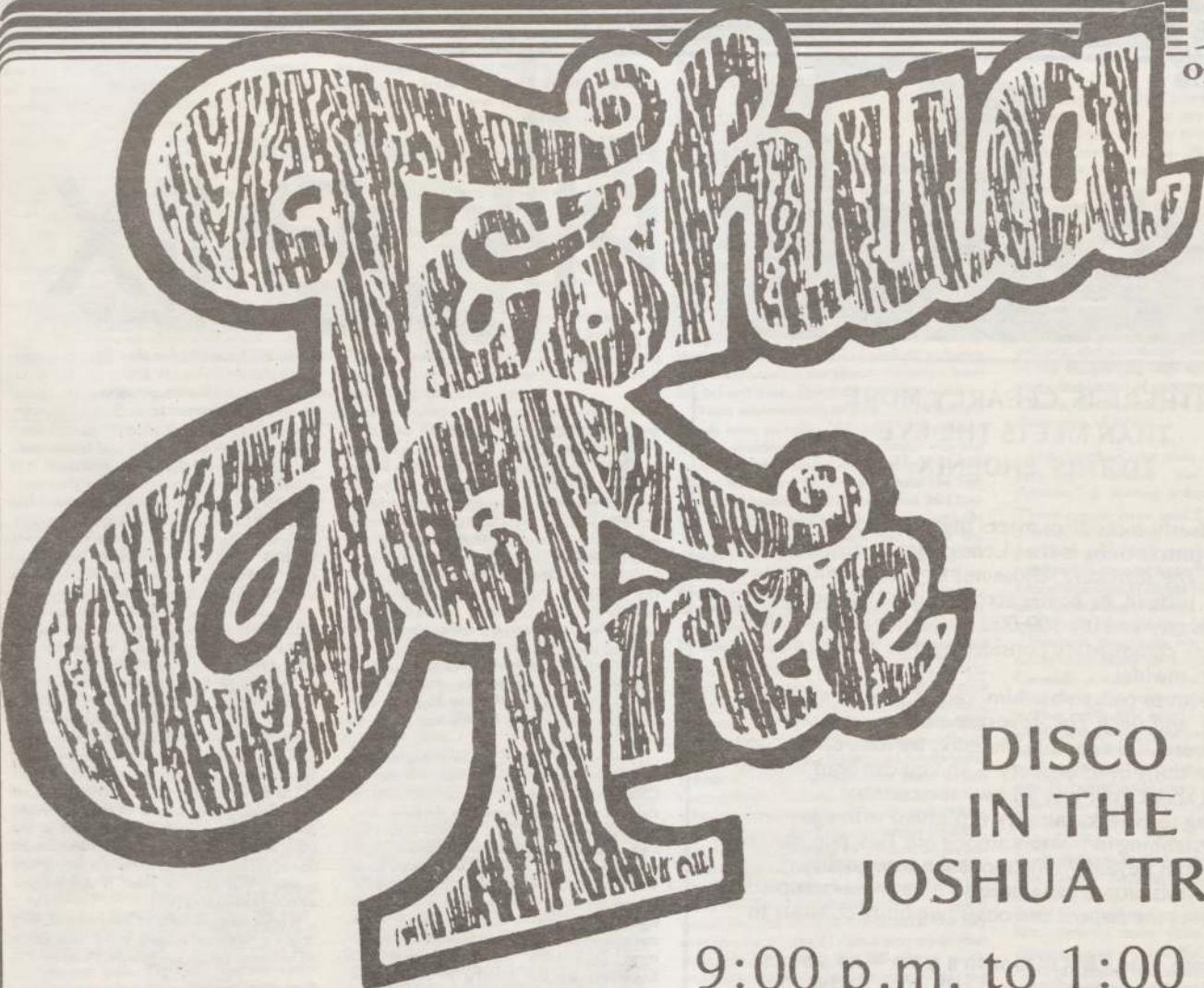
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# The Face of Gay

A Community Rises Behind the Cactus Curtain

# PHOENIX

by Lenny Giteck

**"THERE IS CLEARLY MORE  
THAN MEETS THE EYE  
TO THIS PHOENIX."**

There is clearly more than meets the eye to this Phoenix. The unfortunate thing is that Lenny Giteck, author of this article for *The Advocate*, chose not to share it with his audience. Instead, he comes across as if he had something against this city and it's 100,000 Gay inhabitants — an unfortunate commentary considering that *The Advocate* is read nationwide.

Rather than to paraphrase him, rather than to excerpt the article, and since *The Advocate* can only manage to peddle a mere 300 copies in Phoenix, we have chosen to reprint the thing in its entirety — so you can read what is being said about your city all over the country.

According to Giteck, our city is plagued with ego-manical back-stabbing in-fighters among our Gay population. Nowhere does he *really* talk about the true quality of Gay life in this city — he seemed to be too pre-occupied with cruising the airport and observing body contests to do that.

At any rate, read. But read with a grain — no a block would be more appropriate — of salt. You'll have to take the quotes that way, too. We wonder why he bothered to use a tape-recorder at all! But I guess something is better than nothing...or is it? —jack.

**phoe • nix:** n. 1) Egyptian mythology. A bird that consumed itself by fire after 500 years, and rose renewed from its ashes.

2) A person or thing of unsurpassed excellence or beauty; paragon.

—The American Heritage Dictionary of the English Language

**T**HE CITY OF PHOENIX rose, not from its own ashes, but from the desert sand of the Salt River Valley ... and rose ... and rose ... so that the metropolitan area now spreads over an astonishing 9,253 square miles with more than 1,300,000 inhabitants. Phoenix has consistently been one of the fastest-growing cities in the United States — the population has increased tenfold since 1940 — a fact that is readily apparent as we swoop down over the great urban sprawl and descend into a layer of smog, buckling our seatbelts in preparation for landing at Sky Harbor Airport. (Sky Harbor; Phoenix may not have the biggest or busiest airport in the world, but it certainly has the one with the most romantic name.)

The smog, of course, is a surprise, arid it's not something you'll hear about from the Chamber of Commerce. Phoenixians used to claim it blew over from Los Angeles, like some gigantic urban fart, but now even they own up to the fact that the city produces its own. I was born and raised in Tucson, back when Arizona was the place you sent your sinuses for a rest. In those days, everyone in the state was either a local redneck or a transplanted, asthmatic Easterner who had come to breathe the clear desert air. Easterners are still moving to Arizona in droves, but now they're hacking right along with the rest of the world.

Anyway, we come in for a landing at Sky Harbor. In the terminal, I am at once struck by the scarcity of bola ties. A few years ago the place would have been swarming with those stringy, noose-like contraptions — as

well as Levis, Western boots and cowboy hats. Now white shoes and leisure suits are everywhere. (I have seen the future, it is polyester, and it does not wrinkle.)

We expect to find Indians in Phoenix, but of the Native American variety; instead, we are greeted by a follower of the great Chief Krishna. Krishna consciousness has apparently become a universal attribute of all airports — like runways and radar.

We all decide we've got to empty our bladders after the two-hour flight, so we troop off to the john. I stand in front of a urinal and stare directly ahead, convinced that if I look to either side some apoplectic cowboy will murder me in a fit of homophobia. But back outside, one member of our entourage comments that it was the cruisiest bathroom he'd seen in any airport anywhere. There is clearly more than meets the eye to this Phoenix.

The rent-a-car shuttle van arrives, and we head out, passing rows of executive jets parked on the tarmac. A passenger in the front announces he would have flown his jet down, except he figured parking it would be a problem this time of year. (I don't know whether to laugh or cry.)

We pile into our rented Chevette and, with "Have a nice day" ringing in our ears, gallop off to town. Yahoo and howdy, Phoenix!

We're at the Hisco Disco, one of two gay discoteques in Phoenix, where I'm about to be a judge in the 1979 Mr. Hisco Disco contest. It's 10:30 and the place is crowded and noisy for a Thursday night. Most of the men

*continued on next page.*



Publishers Jack Caldwell (r) and Skip Green



Richard Rubadue: Founder of CCR



Long-term couple Ron Johnson (r) and Chuck Monte

are very young, including a large contingent of what are known locally as "cha-cha queens." (Hisco is referred to as the "cha-cha palace" by gay Phoenicians.) Although originally an ethnic slur on effeminate Chicano, "cha-cha queen" is now generally used to mean anyone who is young, terminally cute and wears Qiana body shirts. The rest of the crowd is surprisingly diverse in attire—apparently the Castro clones have not yet taken over the entire world—and everyone seems quite friendly.

In Hisco's kitchen, a tall, black drag queen named Ebony is holding court for a number of hunky, young admirers. Ebony, who has lived in Phoenix for three years and is normally employed as a male nurse, was Miss Gay Chicago of 1972. He considers himself a "female illusionist," quite a claim since he has positively the skinniest legs I've ever seen—and no hips or breasts to speak of, either. He is wearing a dress made from fake tiger fur and has a lime-green boa wrapped seductively around his shoulders, which I gather is considered tres chic out here in the desert. (It turns out the premier drag personality in Phoenix is someone named Cissy Goldberg—"My son the female illusionist"—who everyone says is very funny, very talented, and who has just moved on to bigger and better things in Vegas.)

The competition is about to start. Ken Coyer, assistant manager of Hisco and impresario of the night's event, herds us over to the judges' table, quiets the crowd and announces that the evening's entertainment will be provided by Ebony. Ebony comes out wearing a stringy gold lame dress and a long, black wig; he looks like a cross between Twiggy and Tina Turner. As it happens, he is supposed to be Tina Turner, because he proceeds to lip sync an unintelligible song from *Tommy*—the one where the acid queen tries to turn the boy into a man—while dancing around a hapless young stud provided for the number. Now, that's entertainment!

Round One of the contest begins as Coyer calls the 12 contestants out onto the now-empty dance floor one at a time, providing a few vital statistics about each ("19 years old, six feet one inch, 175 lbs"). On the opened hot-number scale, the men range from rather tepid to scalding-plus. Some are embarrassed and just stand around looking at the floor, while others strut their stuff with obvious relish. One has black hair and a moustache, "bedroom" eyes and great definition; although he desperately needs to visit

an orthodontist, he is sexy as hell. (When you have a body like his, it doesn't matter how much space you have between your teeth.) Also noteworthy is a strapping blond with thick arms, deep chest and narrow waist. He's wearing Levis and a plaid flannel shirt. One contestant is in leather. Another comes out clutching a huge tub of Lube. Still another, as Mae West would say, either has a gun in his pocket or is very, very happy to see us. All are directed to the judges' table so we can get a closer look, as a great cacophony of whistles, shrieks and lewd comments comes from the penis gallery.

Round One ends, and during intermission we all get up and boogie. Ebony lip-syncs some disco ditty, and Round Two begins; it is more of same, except that some of the men have changed into new outfits.

More dancing, and then Ebony reappears for Round Three, the swimsuit competition, wearing a nightgown, housecoat, bedroom slippers and curlers. He lip-syncs "Take the Ribbon from My Hair" while yanking pink and green ribbons out of his wig and handing them to members of the audience. Toward the end of the song, he pulls out two dildos—one black and one pink—and twists them round and round his outstretched tongue. The crowd goes wild.

Of course, the contestants are at their hottest in the swimming trunks; the audience begs them to take it all off, but to no avail. The man who was so happy to see us is still happy to see us, except that now his joy is sticking out of one side of his trunks. And that's it. The 1979 Mr. Hisco Disco contest draws to a close.

We judges retire to the business office to tabulate our scores. The first-place winner will receive \$150, second-place \$125, and third-place \$100. One judge proudly points out that everything is done "on the up and up," although it never really occurred to me that anyone would go to the trouble of fixing something like this.

After completing our computations, we troop out to give Coyer the results. He announces the third- and second-place winners, who march to the front of the dance floor and mount the victory platform. AND THE WINNER IS . . . 21-year-old Gary George, the hunky blond. Once the pandemonium dies down, I ask the new Mr. Hisco Disco if winning the contest won't cramp his style in the bars. Won't people be too intimidated to approach him now? "No-

body ever approaches me anyway," he replies. Does he ever approach other people? "Well, you may not believe this, but I just don't have the confidence to do that. I just don't have the confidence."

Long before the first white settlers began to build Phoenix in the late 1860s, an ancient Hohokam Indian civilization had flourished in the Salt River Valley. The Hohokams tamed the inhospitable environment by constructing an elaborate network of irrigation canals and growing crops with water diverted from the river. But sometime between 1200 and 1400 A.D., the Hohokams mysteriously disappeared—Erich Von Daniken would undoubtedly contend they moved to high-rise condominiums on the planet Xerxon—leaving behind their splendid irrigation system.

When white settlers arrived, the Hohokam canals were in ruins and water was again a serious problem. John Y.T. Smith was the first successful white entrepreneur in the valley, harvesting Galleta grass near the Salt River and hauling it 30 miles to Fort McDowell where the cavalry used it as horse feed. By 1868, the new inhabitants had rebuilt the prehistoric irrigation system, and agriculture was again possible. One of the pioneers, an Englishman named "Lord Darrell" Dupp, named the settlement "Phoenix" because it was being built on the earlier Hohokam site.)

Nearby Roosevelt Dam was completed in 1911, providing the community with its first steady water supply. With the city's rapid growth, the lack of water continued to be a problem, and in 1968 Congress provided nearly a billion dollars for the construction of the Central Arizona Project, a controversial system to bring Colorado river water to the metropolitan Phoenix area. The project is scheduled to be completed by the mid-1980s.

Perhaps even more than irrigation projects, it was the development of modern air conditioning that made today's Phoenix possible. The Salt River Valley is nicknamed "the Valley of the Sun," and it certainly is. To put it succinctly, the place is hot as hell. The city averages more than 83 days a year when temperatures rise above the 100 degree mark, and the average high temperature in July is a sweaty 106.5. Furthermore, largely because of all the irrigation in the valley, the relative humidity averages 33 per cent, making Phoenix not so much a city as one huge sauna.

With the miracle of modern air conditioning, however, everything is possible. Phoenix

has become a major tourist destination—tourism now earns the city more than \$250 million a year—and is one of the nation's main retirement areas. Agriculture is still important, for irrigation has made the surrounding desert amazingly fertile. Cotton, melons, alfalfa, vegetables, grains, citrus fruits, grapes and dates are all cultivated. Manufacturing is now the mainstay of the economy, with about a fifth of the local work force employed in the production of computers, chemicals, electronic equipment, fertilizers, military weapons and processed foods.

All of this has happened in a period of a century, and as a major Southwestern center of the burgeoning Sun Belt, Phoenix gives every indication of continued rapid growth. That is, unless everyone just picks up and disappears, of course.

Phil Santhon, the man Phoenix newspapers have dubbed "the porno czar of Arizona," is hosting a fundraising cocktail Thirty people have paid \$20 apiece for the privilege of standing around Santhon's dining room table and attacking canapes with toothpicks—earning some \$600 for the cause, minus expenses. (The gay revolution is probably the first in the history of the world to be waged with sweet-and-sour meatballs.)

Santhon lives with his mother in their newly built home in a fashionable part of Glendale, a suburb to the northwest of the city. (In a marvelous piece of irony, his mother is the first cousin of William Rehnquist, perhaps the most conservative justice on the United States Supreme Court.) The rotund, 29-year-old Santhon owns or operates 14 "adult" bookstores in Arizona, risky business in a state where people like him are still referred to as "smut peddlers." As a consequence, he now faces a possible 130 years in prison because of charges brought against him under Arizona obscenity statutes—including more than 200 civil counts and 24 grand jury indictments. Santhon, who has been arrested more times than there are pubic hairs in a porno flick, has the best attorneys fighting the constitutionality of the Arizona law and may have a good case, since authorities set up their own pornographic bookstore in order to catch him distributing the stuff. Still, this time he's really worried about the outcome.

*continued on next page.*



Gary George: Mr. Hisco Disco  
The ADVOCATE, May 17, 1979



MCC Minister Fred Pattison



Marty Levy: Mobile disco owner



BJ Bud (r) of the Information Network and Lydia Javins

**tech  
disco**

# the RIDE of arizona

Well known in Phoenix's gay community, Santhon is often simply called "The Czar," an appellation he reportedly revels in. (He once showed up at a big gay shindig in "Romanov drag," complete with scepter.) He's one of the few major figures in the porno business who are gay and has been an unflagging supporter of gay causes in Phoenix, usually with generous cash contributions. But while most gays appreciate his largess, it makes some feel uncomfortable, for the community's reputation could only be damaged if it became widely known that The Czar is one of its chief supporters. The dilemma concerning Santhon became particularly acute of late because he recently donated a warehouse that adjoins one of his bookstores as a gay community center, even promising to pay for the utilities. It was an offer gays in Phoenix simply couldn't refuse.

A few gays have alleged that Santhon has ties to organized crime, a charge at which he scoffs. "Well," says Santhon, "what I do is considered to be criminal by many people here and we are organized—that's the essence of running a business—but if they mean I'm a member of the Mafia, that's ridiculous." Whatever he is, Santhon seems to be genuinely committed to the struggle for gay rights. He proudly admits that he discriminates against homophobic straights when hiring employees for his bookstores, pointing out that job discrimination against homosexuals is still perfectly legal in Phoenix. "Until that changes," he says with a smile, "I'm going to continue to discriminate against heterosexuals who don't respect gay people."

At the party, everyone is very friendly—especially Santhon, who is both likable and eager to be liked. One guest, a nationally known entertainer, is particularly warm and quite charming. "Gays in Phoenix," she says with disgust, "just don't give a shit. There may be 100,000 gay people in the Phoenix area, and look at the turnout we get to something like this. During the anti-Briggs campaign, I had to go to Denver to give a benefit performance because gays here just wouldn't come."

Another lesbian, 49-year-old Eva Flanagan, agrees to talk about gay life in Phoenix, so we move to Santhon's bedroom, where it's quiet. A former hairdresser, Flanagan has lived with her well-to-do lover for the past 18 years; the two women travel frequently to the east and west coasts and to Texas, where they have many friends.

"When I've gone to CCR meetings in the past," she says, "they always wind up having these big discussions about who is going to throw the next raffle and how many tickets were sold in the last one. I couldn't care less about that sort of thing, but it's what they're always talking about. There's a lot of bickering because the outspoken people in the gay community here are mainly interested in building up their own egos, and that's been very detrimental to the community as a whole. This is especially true of B.J. Bud."

B.J. Bud stirs strong emotion in much of Phoenix's gay community. While many people give the 30-year-old computer programmer high marks for working hard and having good intentions, they fault her for being abrasive, difficult to get along with and

publicity-hungry. Bud currently heads the Information Network, an umbrella organization of local gay groups and businesses, and is one of the leaders of Sunday's Childe, a gay social service agency. At one time, the diminutive woman was active in CCR, but because of personality conflicts with much of the group's leadership, she no longer participates. Bud is not the fundraiser.

One gay activist who would only talk about Bud if his name were not revealed contends, "B.J. has set herself up as a gay leader, but she really doesn't represent a very broad segment of the community here. There are a lot of other people in the gay community who put in a great deal of time and effort, but they don't get any recognition because B.J. crowds them out with her media orientation. She's just one of a number of egotrippers who feel they must have a hand in every decision that's made, and that turns a lot of people off from being active."

For her part, Bud is quick to admit she's not the easiest person in the world to get along with. "I'm only hard to work with if people don't want to work. If you tell me that you'll hit these three bars for some project and then you don't, that really upsets me, and I'll probably let you know that I'm upset. But I don't think I'm judgmental about people. I think I'm fairly understanding."

While personality conflicts have contributed to the quiescence of the Phoenix gay political scene, they haven't been the entire cause. There has been a continuous turnover in the leadership of CCR, making effective operation difficult. In addition, a past failure

of CCR to issue financial statements has led to charges of mismanagement of funds—or worse, malfeasance.

Gay activism in Phoenix reached a peak about two years ago when the state legislature was considering a measure that would have created a mandatory 20-year prison term for sodomy. More than 600 gay men and women demonstrated at the legislative hearings then—an incredible show of force for anything in Arizona—and the measure went down to defeat. Since that time, community activism has waned considerably. The vast majority of Phoenix's gay population is politically apathetic, mirroring a similar attitude in the heterosexual community.

All of this, of course, is hardly unique to Phoenix, but it's unfortunate that in a city with a large number of talented gay people, so much energy has gone to political infighting. Two of the leaders with whom Bud has conducted a running feud are Skip Green and Jack Caldwell, publishers of the gay *Pride of Arizona* magazine and printers of CCR literature. (Green and Caldwell inform me that while Bud may be fighting with them, they have absolutely nothing against her. "It takes two to make a feud," says Caldwell. This is clearly the tack they have decided to take for public consumption.) At the party, Green sidles up to me and mumbles, "You know, it might be better if you don't mention anything about all this stuff with B.J." "Uh-huh," I reply, trying to appear as noncommittal as possible. "I mean, we'd sort of appreciate it if you don't make a big deal of it." "Yes, uh-huh." "I mean, it probably

## CHURCH-BURNINGS, EGO-TRIPPING AND ROMANOV DRAG, The Face of Gay Phoenix According to The Advocate

wouldn't do the gay community here any good to air all that stuff publicly." "Listen," I say, looking at him now for the first time, "I got it. I got that you don't want me to say anything about B.J. Bud."

A short while later I leave the party. All I can say is, the chopped liver was *fabulous*.

On the evening of Oct. 22, 1978, Rev. Fred Pattison was driving down Phoenix's Black Canyon Highway, returning to conduct late services at Metropolitan Community Church, when he noticed the fire engines in the distance.

"As soon as I saw them," he recalls, "I said to my friend, 'I just know it's the church.' After we went through the police blockade, I left my car and ran toward our building, but it was too late. It had been firebombed and was already in flames."

MCC Phoenix was the first congregation in the predominantly gay denomination to own its own building, even before the mother church in Los Angeles. Last year, Pattison was active in the local Gay Pride week, and both he and the church received a great deal of media coverage as a result. That's when the break-ins and vandalism against the congregation began and he started receiving hate mail. "They would write that I was deviled-possessed and was going to hell. It's something most MCC ministers go through." Then the church was burned.

Afterwards, a detective from the arson squad suggested to Pattison that "it was undoubtedly some sexually frustrated fruit that started the fire."

"He told me this about three times," the minister says, "and it really made me mad. In fact, he went on to claim that 80 per cent of the arson in Phoenix was started by 'sexually frustrated fruits.' I don't know how he arrived at that statistic."

Since then, MCC Phoenix has raised \$22,000 for a new building fund—out of the \$25,000 needed to begin construction. "When I watched the church burn," says Pattison, "a Bible scripture kept running through my mind—the verse that says, 'All things work together for good for them that love God.' And that has happened, because as a result of the fire, our congregation has been unified like it never was before."

Arizona is Goldwater country, but what most people don't know is that Goldwater is considered to be part of the moderate wing of the state's Republican party. (Goldwater himself does not seem to be blatantly antigay, perhaps because a close relative of his is a well-known figure in Phoenix's gay bars.) Much of the rest of the state's political leadership stands directly to the right of Attila the Hun.

That is especially true of the Arizona State Legislature in Phoenix. Heavily influenced by the Mormon and Catholic churches, the body has rejected the Equal Rights Amendment six times. James Elliott, state representative, has said, "Human rights is crap . . . sodomy rights is not human rights. ERA is not human rights." A state senator, Stan Turley, has declared, "I wish to make it plain to you that I consider

homosexual activity of any kind an abomination before God and man . . . seems to me that the gay community is already getting too much attention and too many concessions." Two of the most virulently antigay members of the legislature are Senator Trudy Camping (I) and Representative Donna Carlson. Mormons both, they oppose the ERA, abortion and gay rights. Says Camping, "If you will consider the history of most of the nations that have failed, you will find that almost without exception their decline has followed a lapse in morality, specifically in the areas of homosexuality and lesbianism . . . My efforts will not push our country down that road."

The legislature has enacted an incredible series of draconian sex laws, turning large segments of the state's population—both heterosexual and homosexual—into criminals. Until recently, for example, you could be sent to prison for three years for committing adultery, or receive a three-year sentence for living with someone without being married ("Open and notorious cohabitation"). Sodomy—even when both parties involved were consenting adults—could have resulted in a 20-year sentence. All of these laws still exist, although they are rarely enforced and the penalties were reduced about four months ago when revisions in the state's criminal code came into effect. Currently, sodomy is a misdemeanor bringing 30 days in jail, a \$200 fine or both, so that homosexuals are now only slightly criminal.

For the past two and a half years, Ron Atkins, a 38-year-old hair-

dresser, has been trying to change the political climate for gays in Arizona. Atkins is the lobbyist for CCR, working part-time and without pay at educating state legislators about homosexuality. It is no easy task—one legislator literally begins to shake when he even sees Atkins. Some of the senators and representatives know Atkins as "Ron" and are aware that he is gay, but many think his name is "Ronald" and assume he is straight; in Arizona, it seems, even the gay lobbyist must sometimes remain in the closet. Atkins, who was raised in the heart of the Louisiana Bible Belt and speaks in a lush Southern drawl, recounts the difficulties he faces in lobbying for gay rights:

"The legislators here are basically backward, ignorant, unsophisticated people. They're very difficult to talk with. If they even suspect you're homosexual, they become hostile. When they ask me if I'm gay, I ask, 'Why do you want to know?' And if they pursue it, I say, 'If it really matters to you so much, yes I am.' That's when the hostility really begins."

"Trudy Camping and Donna Carlson hate me openly. I have been physically thrown out of their offices. They call me a 'queer' and a 'faggot.'

"Right now we're working on a bill that is basically about screening people before they adopt children. The bill was amended by a sweet little old lady named Mrs. Marjory Olson—she looks just like the Mrs. Olsen on television—to read, 'A homosexual shall not be certified by the court as acceptable to adopt a child.' [Ed Note—The amendment continued on next page.]

was eventually defeated.] I interviewed her recently and asked why she would write an amendment like that. She said, 'Well, we can't have those people around our children.' I asked her if she knew any homosexuals. She said she may have known a couple in the past, but wasn't sure. I asked why she didn't find out how homosexuals felt about the issue. 'I don't know anybody like that now,' was her response. I inquired why she didn't take the word 'homosexual' out of her amendment and put in the word 'black,' and she told me we couldn't do something like that with black people. Then I said, 'You know, you're talking about another minority group, and a very large one.' And she said, 'I don't understand...uh...are you like that?' I asked her what difference it made. She said, 'It would matter a great deal to me, because if you were like that, I don't think I'd want to talk to you.' And I answered, 'Well, in that case I'm not like that, because I would like to continue this conversation.'

"This woman is dangerous because she's totally ignorant of the facts. You can deal with someone who at least knows the facts, but it's very difficult to deal with people like Mrs. Ollson, because you've got to educate them. That's my primary goal: to educate people like her.

"In our entire legislature of 30 senators and 60 representatives, we only have four or five legislators I can talk to as an openly gay person. Not one legislator is openly progay. We have a few people who are quietly progay, but if they were open about it, they would be destroyed politically. The governor, Bruce Babbitt, is progay. He told me if a Briggs-type measure were passed by the Arizona legislature, he would veto it. But if he stood up and said something like that publicly, he would be out in an instant.

"I have to deal with the legislature from a very weak position, but we've run a pretty good bluff. We did get some of the laws changed. The only thing we failed on was something called 'Sexual Abuse,' where you can get two and a half years in prison if you get a little drunk and grope someone in a bar—or pinch a waitress in a restaurant. Mind you, they slipped this one in at the last minute, and we just didn't see it.

"Sometimes I get frightened. I've been threatened by some of the legislators. Individuals will make quiet comments like, 'If you continue to do what you're doing, we're going to get you.' They tell me they'll have my name splattered all over the papers and my picture spread around. I just say, 'Go ahead. I don't care.' One guy came up to me in the legislature and said, 'I can't stand queers. Queers are all Communists.' Just like that.

"I would say the Arizona state legislature reflects the attitude of most of the people here. There are Easterners who have come to Phoenix with more sophisticated ideas and values, but they build a wall around themselves. They come here to be quiet and get away from it all. They don't want to get involved or stir anything up.

"The people in the Arizona legislature sit down and play games with your freedom and my free-

dom. They throw little pieces of paper at each other and use our rights as a trump card. Politics are strictly a power-play here, which is why we're doing everything we can to establish a gay vote in Phoenix. That's why I'm active. I want to change the criminal statutes on gay people in Arizona. I don't want to be called a criminal, because I'm not."

Richard Rubadue is bullish on Phoenix. The 28-year-old Rubadue founded CCR and is one local gay leader almost universally respected and admired. No longer active in CCR, he is now involved in Democratic party politics, the American Civil Liberties Union and creating the new gay community center.

"This city is really growing," he says, "and gays are playing an active role in that growth. The gay areas of town are expanding very quickly because gay people are moving here from all over the country. They seem to feel comfortable in Phoenix."

Rubadue estimates there are from 120,000 to 130,000 gays living in the metropolitan Phoenix area, and believes the number is increasing because of the warm climate, friendly people, slow pace and informal lifestyle.

The city is still in its adolescence, so most of it appears new and fresh; despite an inordinate number of trailer parks, car lots and gas stations, Phoenix is physically attractive and spotlessly clean. It's situated in what has to be one of the most beautiful stretches of desert anywhere. The surrounding area offers a wide variety of recreational activities, including boating on nearby lakes, inner-tubing down the Salt River and hiking in the desert. Snow skiing is just a few hours' drive away, and you can go white water rafting on the Colorado. (Reservations for the latter, however, must now be made two years in advance.)

Phoenix is probably the only city in the world to have its very own artificial ocean, Big Surf. Built 10 years ago, Big Surf operates on the principle of a gigantic toilet bowl; water is pumped into a huge holding reservoir and then released, forming man-made waves suitable for surfing. There's even a trucked-in beach for sunbathing.

Culturally, Phoenix boasts symphony, chamber and pop orchestras, as well as more than 20 community theatre groups and a nascent ballet company. There's a classical film society and numerous art museums, galleries and festivals. Arizona State University at Tempe is one focal point of cultural activity, and Phoenix is a stop for a large number of touring performers. (The Royal Winnipeg Ballet had performed just before we arrived.) The level of the local cultural life may not rival that found in New York and Los Angeles, but it's slowly improving.

Similarly, while gay life in Phoenix does not have the variety and richness of, say, the gay scene in Los Angeles, it is far from barren. There is no real gay "ghetto" in Phoenix, but the area that stretches along Central Avenue from downtown to North Mountain has a large concentration of gays. (This is especially true of the neighborhood around Encanto park.) Real estate prices are on the

rise, but they're still reasonable compared to much of the rest of the country. Rubadue, a real estate agent, says this is another reason gays are moving to Phoenix. He notes, for example, that "starter homes" can still be found for \$30,000 to \$40,000, and large, older homes in need of some repair can be bought for \$40,000 to \$60,000. "But you can also go as high as you want," he says. "If you have \$5 million to spend on a house, we've got those too."

There are some 15 gay bars and discos in the Phoenix area; most of the people we interviewed claim the bars are friendlier than those they've visited in other major cities. Besides the bars, two organizations—Sunday's Childe and Free Spirit—provide an opportunity for meeting people by sponsoring picnics, hayrides, game nights and "coffee houses" in members' homes. There's a local gay bowling league, and the gay community holds a yearly "Gay Pride Week"; this year's included a highly successful art show.

Phoenix is not without its problems, of course. Phoenixians complain about a lack of adequate public transportation, the urban sprawl, a low pay scale, inadequate roads—there is only one freeway, the Black Canyon Highway, and its roadbed is almost as smooth as the Appian Way's—and inadequate social services for the poor. All of this is relative; while Phoenix may have some smog, it's nothing compared to the pea soup you'll find in Los Angeles.

As for gay life, many of the immigrants who have moved to Phoenix from larger, more cosmopolitan communities bemoan what they consider to be a lack of gay activities. There are no good gay restaurants in Phoenix, for example. Gays also complain about the homophobic attitude shown in the past by Phoenix's two newspapers—the *Republic* and the *Gazette*. (The *Republic* still refers to communists as "commies" and "reds," and prominently displays a daily prayer in each issue.) On the other hand, two of the local television stations have produced objective and positive series on gay life.

There is a paradox here, for while gays resent the ultra-conservative, near-redneck political climate in Phoenix, they insist most of the population takes a live-and-let-live attitude characteristic of the West. This ambivalence is reflected in the way the Phoenix police department deals with the city's gays. Most people we spoke to insist there is no real police harassment in Phoenix, pointing out that the bars and baths are not raided. Some, however, report they've been hassled by policemen while in the vicinity of a gay bar or while just walking in the streets. Terry Oehler, an attorney, recalls one incident when he was walking his dog in Encanto park: "This cop came up to me and asked what I was doing there. When I told him I was walking my dog, he took my driver's license, wrote down all the information on a file card and said, 'I don't know if you're gay or not, but if you are you should stay out of the park. We leave the bars alone in this town, and that's where you should go.'"

Through his law practice, Oehler has met a number of gay men who

have been entrapped by undercover police officers in the local adult bookstores. In some cases, the gays have told the police they were not interested in having sex, but they were arrested anyway.

"The problem," says Oehler, "is that the cops know nobody is going to challenge them. The gays negotiate the charge down to a non-sex offense such as 'disturbing the peace' and pay a fine. Any of these cases could be challenged on entrapment grounds with a very good chance of winning, but people don't want to pay the attorneys' fees, or risk the publicity and exposure that would result."

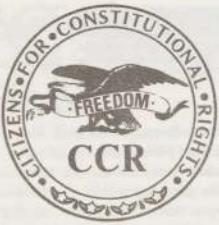
From the people we interviewed, it is clear that possible job discrimination weighs heavily on a large number of gays living in Phoenix. Unlike gay residents of Tucson, where there is a gay rights ordinance, gays in Phoenix have no legal recourse if they are fired because of their homosexuality. As a result, much of the gay community is heavily closeted, one reason the local Gay Pride Week does not include a parade. There are a large number of highly professional gays in Phoenix who could contribute their money and talent to the gay cause, but most refuse to be openly identified with the gay community. (Some are meeting quietly in each other's posh homes on Camelback Mountain.)

Despite all this, most gays in Phoenix seem to agree with Rubadue, who insists, "We don't feel oppressed here in Phoenix because we don't have any reason to feel oppressed. It's true that there are a number of antigay laws on the books, but they're rarely, if ever, enforced. It will take a while and we'll have some setbacks, but eventually we'll win."

A warm desert wind slithers out of the sunset and moves silently by, while I, standing on the observation platform at Sky Harbor, wait to leave Phoenix. In the distance, the city's skyscrapers stand like a cluster of giant cacti. The surrounding mountains are luminous gray ghosts, silhouettes against orange-and-red fingers that grip the sky and hold back the night. For an instant, I sense the nobility in raising this city from the sands. And the lunacy.

Further down the platform, perhaps 10 feet away, a beautiful Western dude, all gussied up, leans against the railing. He seems to be giving me a long and longing look, but I'm not certain. I walk slowly by, feigning nonchalance and cursing myself for not being better at playing these games. He turns and we stand side by side—both holding onto the rail, both stealing glances, both wondering. I am struck by how delicious these secret rites can be in a place such as Phoenix, where it's not easy to just stand up and say, "I'm gay." How bittersweet the underground closet—and, ultimately, how sad and silly and futile.

I turn to look at my "friend" once again, but he's gone. I'm still not sure if he was interested, but it doesn't matter, for a few minutes later, I—like all good modern-day cowboys—ride off into the sunset on a DC-10.



CITIZENS FOR CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHTS, INC.  
POST OFFICE BOX 2266 • PHOENIX, ARIZONA 85002

**OLLSON STILL DROPPING ANTI-GAY BOMBS...**

CCR's Lobbyist Committee reports that the closing days of the 34th session of the Arizona Legislature produced another and by far the most vicious attack on Human Rights by Representative Marjory Ollson (D-Dist. 7). Her attempt was met with a narrow defeat, quite unlike her previous efforts in this session.

Marjory Ollson unleashed her bomb on Arizona's Gay Community on Thursday, April 19, 1979 — the next to the last day of the session. With the advise of the many enemies of Human Rights in this state, she unleashed her bomb in the form of still another amendment, this time to a Senate Bill (S.B. 1099), "Children: Payments of Costs for State Care" — a Bill designed to correct certain accounting proceedings in the department of Economic Security. Her amendment, which she and her kind tried to sneak through, would have "banned employment of homosexuals in any correctional, educational, recreational or probative agency where they would be in any contact with minors." This amendment attempted more of a complete denial of Human Rights than did the infamous Proposition 6 (Briggs) in California.

The amendment, which was offered in the FINAL House Debate on the Bill lost by a horrifying 23-17 standing vote on Thursday, and since it went without a roll call, the names of those favoring Mrs. Ollson's amendment were not recorded.

This attack was defeated by only a 6 vote margin and clearly displays the lengths to which the opponents of Human Rights in the Arizona Legislature will go. The 34th Session is now over, but we (you) can most certainly expect renewed attacks upon your freedoms in the next Session beginning in January, 1980.

—Roland Atkins,  
CCR Lobbyist Chairperson.

**TO THE ARIZONA PRO-HUMAN RIGHTS COMMUNITY from Lobbyist Roland Atkins...**

Would you share with me the fear experienced in dealing with those people at the State Capitol Building who would legally change you from a second class to a third class citizen? In case you don't know you (as Gay people) are "criminal class" in this state! Let me share with you the grave concern I have for the safety of all — I know — I was there! If you could only know the hatred and aggression of Ollson's one day action in the session's closing days YOU WOULD BE SHAKING IN YOUR SHOES!! Sharing together the knowledge of what almost happened in this state (note press release above) CCR is indeed a very thin veil of defense of the realities of these times (is America really that different from Arizona? I'm not so sure.)

Do not assume that we are winning — to do so would be fatal! Can you project what the Briggs, Ollson, Bryant, Camping mentality will try next? You can expect the worst. This hatred towards the Gay Community is evident in the press release. The vote was close — far too close. Had this mess become law, this state would have had quite a large and immediate increase in unemployment (and it would have been you who would be without a job). We are experiencing a murderous attack on basic freedoms. Do not assume Ollson and her kind are after Gays only — they would push back the entire Civil Rights-Human Rights movements, given half a chance. They (Ollson and her kind) seem to believe that America needs "new niggers" for her survival, and just who do you think these "new niggers" will be? You just witnessed an attempt to them! Who would the new exploited class be? You, Baby, believe it!!!

**REGISTER TO VOTE!!!** It's nearly all we have left. Once given power (elected), the enemies of Human Rights and freedoms will soon take those very things from you. Criminals can't vote!!! And the next step beyond that is killing!!! As history has so clearly defined it, the enemies of a society are its legally declared underclass. Unite as never before...before it's too late!!!



AREN'T YOU A MEMBER YET?...  
...YOU OWE IT TO YOURSELF!...

To become a member of CCR, fill out the form below, and send it, along with your \$5.00 membership fee to: CCR, P. O. Box 2266, Phoenix, Az. 85002.

DO IT NOW!!!

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY/STATE/ZIP \_\_\_\_\_ PHONE \_\_\_\_\_

Are you registered to vote? (Yes) (No). Do you want to be registered to vote? (Yes) (No).  
Can you receive mail at the above address? (Yes) (No)

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MAD HATTER TEA PARTY FOR CCR...

When the Casa crew heard the news that the bar was doing a benefit for Citizens For Constitutional Rights, they all simply went bananas. Rehearsals began after the first announcement had been made and as time went on, more and more of Phoenix' best known and best-loved entertainers joined in, offering their help to make the evening an outrageous success.

JoAnne was in charge of the entertainment, and it goes without saying that under such great direction, success was a sure thing. Joining JoAnne on stage for the evening was Casa's manager, Stan, who had as much fun as the audience did. Among the entertainers for the evening were Allan, Billy, Ebony, Charlene, Chelsie, Bob, Moose, Tish, Woo Woo, Tim and Roger, and a special cameo appearance by

Bette Davis. With a cast like that, what else could the show have been but successful.

The hat contest was held during the show, and a stageful of contestants strutted around in the most unusual gaggle of hats you ever saw. Even the little-seen Blanche du Bois managed to come up with a creation for the contest. The whole affair was video-taped and most of the crew stayed long, long after the bar closed to celebrate the success and watch themselves carry on in living color. A total of \$342.92 was raised for CCR, a tidy sum to help the on-going efforts of your human rights organization.

-Jack.



Stan interviews hat-contestants.



Charlene, Woo-Woo and Moose posed between acts in the show.



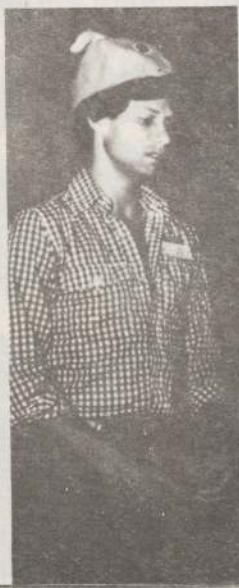
Josie, waitress-extraordinaire, who says, "It's true, giant drag queens DO have more fun."



The Czar, playing camera-man.



Bette Davis giving pep-talk to the audience.



Gary Shiffman (left) bought his pink hat with eyes and ears from the duck (above) and his chaperone, Mark, who manned the pool table full of hats.



COVER STORY

## How Gay Is Gay?

*Homosexual men and women are making progress toward equality*

**W**andering into the New Town section of Chicago's North Side, a visitor quickly notices the changed city scene: male couples in tight jeans and with close-cropped hair walk together; the crowd watching a volleyball game in Lincoln Park is all male, so are most of the people taking the spring air on a strip of beach along Lake Michigan. In the past few years New Town has become Chicago's first center of open homosexual activity, with an initial result that could have been predicted a decade ago: last summer roving gangs of young toughs shouting anti-homosexual epithets beat up a number of men strolling the streets of the area late at night.

What followed, however, would have been remarkable if not unthinkable in Chicago or in many other major American cities just a few years ago. *Gay Life*, a local homosexual weekly, organized street patrols to stop the assaults. They were also aided by "straight" volunteers from neighborhood community associations. Moreover, they were helped by the Chicago police. Says a rather astonished Grant Ford, publisher of *Gay Life*: "The community groups came to our help right away. They saw us as neighbors rather than gays. The police were even more amazing. They were totally cooperative."

In its way, what happened in New Town symbolizes a national trend that is changing the lives of the American minority that forms the gay society. Homosexual men and women are coming out of the closet as never before to live openly. They are colonizing areas of big cities as their own turf, operating bars and even founding churches in conservative small towns, and setting up a nationwide network of organizations to offer counseling and companionship to those gays—still the vast majority—who continue to conceal their sexual orientation. As in New Town, gay people still encounter suspicion and hostility, and occasionally violence, and their campaign to live openly and freely is still far from won. But they are gaining a degree of acceptance and even sympathy from heterosexuals, many of whom are still unsure how to deal with them, that neither straights nor gays would have thought

possible just the day before yesterday.

The evolving status of gays, and the way they are perceived by heterosexuals, is all the more surprising because of the nature of the gay society. Homosexuals form the most amorphous and isolated—though also the most pervasive—of all American minorities. Blacks and Hispanics, for example, are unified to a large degree by physical characteristics, history, customs and often socioeconomic position. "We cut across every socioeconomic

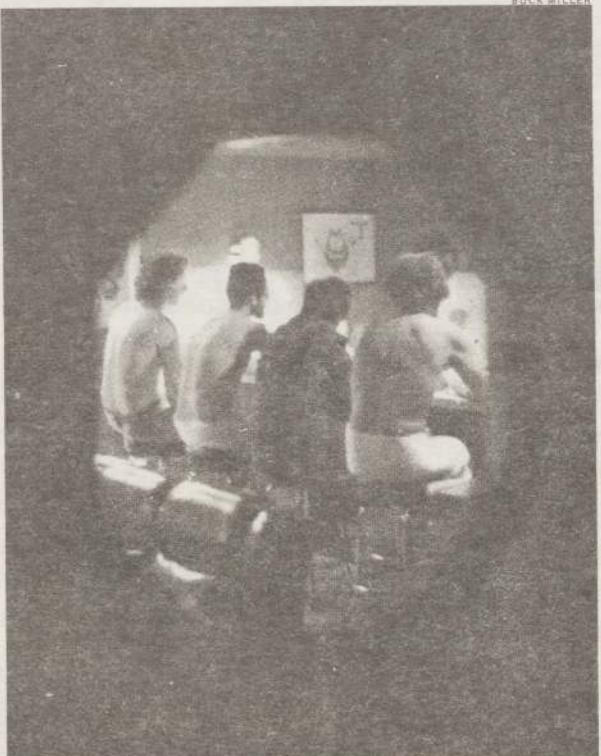
minority, and alone among American leaders they have no census of their constituency. The Institute of Sex Research, founded by Alfred C. Kinsey, defines a homosexual as anyone who has had more than six sexual experiences with a member of the same gender. On that basis, the institute estimates that homosexuals constitute 10% of the U.S. population (13% of the males, 5% of the females). Of these, according to gay leaders, perhaps only 1% or so are out of the closet.

BUCK MILLER The rest are still known as homosexuals only to themselves and perhaps a few trusted friends. Until a decade ago, they had nothing in common but their sexual orientation and fear of society's contempt.

The turning point came in the summer of 1969 in Manhattan's Greenwich Village, when 400 gays flooded the streets for several nights to protest police raids on the Stonewall Inn, a homosexual bar on Christopher Street. The anti-Viet Nam, civil rights and women's rights movements all helped galvanize gays into thinking that they, too, could make a claim on society for recognition of their basic rights and point of view. Since then, the gay rights movement has impressed the nation's consciousness strongly enough to gain an ironic tribute: the rise of an alarmed, organized and vehement opposition that includes fundamentalist churches.

The struggle is being fought on many levels. Politically, the movement's victories are now barely balancing its defeats. Thirty-nine cities, towns and counties, including Detroit, Washington, D.C., and Minneapolis, have enacted ordinances forbidding discrimination against homosexuals in jobs and housing, but only five of those communities have been added to the list in the past two years. The city council in supposedly blasé and sophisticated New York City defeated such an ordinance in 1978. Last week the Connecticut house of representatives voted down a gay rights bill.

Singer Anita Bryant's well-publicized anti-homosexual crusade in 1977 led to the repeal of gay rights ordinances in Dade County, Fla., Wichita, Kans., St. Paul and Eugene, Ore. But Bryant's efforts also prodded gays by the tens of thousands to join homosexual rights organi-



Patrons relaxing at coffee bar of Club Milwaukee baths

*Out of the closet as never before.*

line, every racial line," says Jean O'Leary, co-leader of the National Gay Task Force. "We're in every profession you can imagine." Says Robert L. Livingston, a gay member of the New York City commission on human rights: "Homosexuals are disco babies and Goldwater Republicans." He is not exaggerating: Donald Embinder, 44, gay publisher of *Blueboy*, something like a homosexual *Playboy* (circ. 135,000), once campaigned for Arizona's senior Senator.

Today the gays lack a recognized leadership: the heads of their organizations speak for only a tiny minority of a mi-



Lesbians at women's disco, Sahara, in Manhattan; Casablanca Records' Marc Paul Simon (right) and Lover Ray Webster at home in Los Angeles

zations. In Washington, D.C., last fall, the gays organized to help elect Marion Barry as mayor. A staunch gay rights advocate, Barry has expressed gratitude for their support. Says Tom Bostow, president of Washington's Gertrude Stein Democratic Club: "The single person who elected Barry was Anita Bryant." The gays also mobilized enough strength at the polls in California last November to turn down, 3 to 2, a proposition that would have permitted school boards to fire any openly homosexual teachers.

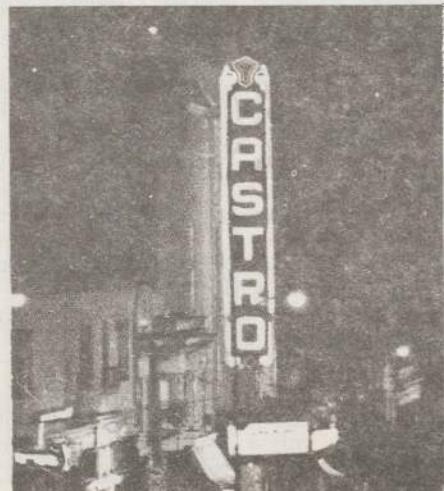
In 1975 the Civil Service Commission, responding to a federal court decision, issued guidelines stating that people could not be denied federal employment solely because of homosexuality. The guidelines do not govern some "excepted" departments. Among these, the Foreign Service and the Agency for International Development of the State Department officially ended discrimination against homosexuals two years ago, but the FBI and CIA are still holding out. The Defense Department clings to a hard-line policy: "Known homosexuals are separated from the military service."

Some 40 Congressmen are now sponsoring an amendment to the Civil Rights Act of 1964 that would forbid discrimination in jobs, housing, public facilities or federally aided programs on the basis of "affectional or sexual orientation," as well as race or religion. It has little chance

of passage this year. In the future, each side will probably win a vote here and there, but in the nation as a whole the gays and the anti-gays seem to have fought each other to a political standstill.

That is not the case on the social and psychological fronts, where the increasing openness and the acceptance of gays is startling. Significantly, some 120 national corporations, including such major companies as A T & T and IBM, have announced that they do not discriminate in hiring or promoting people because they are homosexual. Television and movies are treating gay themes more openly and

The scene on San Francisco's Castro Street

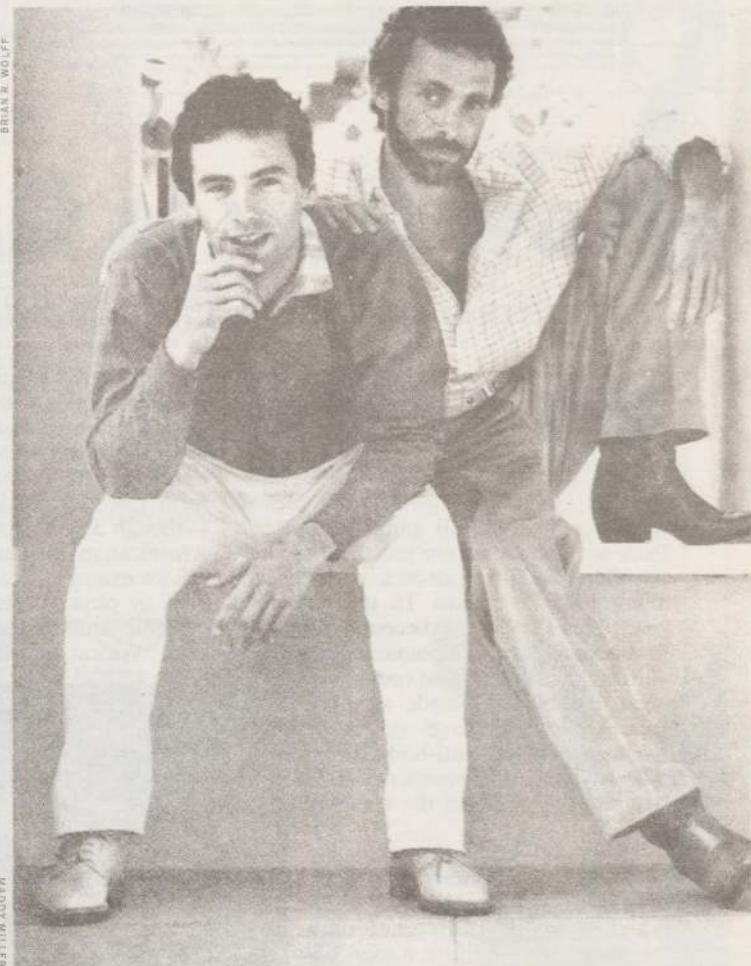


sympathetically. ABC's hit series *Soap*, for example, has two homosexual characters, one a macho football player. Another sign of the times: Advice Columnist Ann Landers, a stalwart champion of traditional morality, now counsels parents not to be ashamed of their homosexual children.

In several big cities—New York, Boston, Chicago—gays have moved into rundown neighborhoods, renovated buildings and set up their own bustling communities. One of the best-established gay neighborhoods is in San Francisco, where homosexuals are flocking by the thousands from all over the country to Castro Street and the Haight-Ashbury section, once the capital of hippiedom. They are even being recruited for the police department.

The district was once represented on the city board of supervisors by Harvey Milk, a gay leader who was killed in November by Daniel James White, a former member of the board and a political opponent. Now running for the seat is Leonard Matlovich, who was discharged from the Air Force four years ago in a test case on homosexual rights.

Even outside such "gay ghettos" as San Francisco's, the most striking evidence of the movement is the astonishing proliferation of organizations dedicated publicly to serving homosexuals, whether out of or still in the closet. They are designed to help gays in what is still in the overwhelming majority of cases a lonely



## Sexes

struggle: first the battle within themselves to face the truth about their sexual orientation, then the excruciatingly difficult decision whether or not to "come out"—and if so, when and to whom.

A few younger gays, especially in big cities, have never hidden their identities. Benefiting from the progress of the movement, they have lived openly as homosexuals since they first realized that they were gay. But they are a tiny minority of a minority. Says Robin MacCormack, a gay assistant to Boston Mayor Kevin White: "I am just one very fortunate person. In those buildings in the financial district and all around the city, there are people who go to work every day wondering: 'Is this the day I'm going to let something slip? Is this the day I'm going to lose career chances or even my job?' It's a costume party, for gays and straights alike. Sometimes it's come as you are, but most often it's come as you aren't."

**E**ven among those gays who have decided to reveal their sexuality, very few are all the way out of the closet. Some reveal their homosexuality to a few trusted friends but not to parents; some to parents but not to grandparents; some to families and friends but not employers. They are never sure of the reaction they will get. A young San Francisco attorney who handles the account of a major oil company for one of the city's most prestigious law firms finally steeled himself to reveal his homosexuality to one of his senior partners at dinner. The boss said he did not care, but cautioned the lawyer not to tell the other senior partners just yet. Elaine Noble, another assistant to Boston Mayor White, belongs to a 200-member organization of Boston-area lesbian professionals—bankers, lawyers, stockbrokers, ad people. She is one of merely a handful of members who have openly proclaimed their sexual orientation.

About the only way that homosexuals could find companionship until a few years ago was in gay bars or cruising certain streets. (One result: the rate of alcoholism among homosexuals is estimated at 20% to 30%, three to four times the rate among all adult Americans.) Today Washington, D.C., has more than 80 homosexual organizations, and Boston, with 70, even has one for overweight lesbians.

These organizations generally divide into two types. Many are primarily meeting, counseling and support groups for homosexual lawyers, doctors, businessmen, teachers, whatever. A person calling such a group will be put in touch with other gay males or lesbians with whom he or she can arrange quiet dinners and talks about professional or social problems. The organizations are particularly helpful for older gays who have no desire to patronize bars or discos catering to homosexuals, and whose life-style is far removed from the tight-jeans set.

The other type of homosexual orga-

nization is the community service group. For the religiously inclined, there is a national gay church: the Metropolitan Community Church, headquartered in Los Angeles and including 80 congregations throughout the U.S. In Boston, the Homophile Community Health Service provides psychological counseling for gays who fear that straight doctors will tell them that the source of all gays' problems is their homosexuality.

Despite these new forms of support, gays still often feel isolated and persecuted. There are now three homosexual bathhouses in Milwaukee, a sign in a way of how far the movement has come. But



Rights demonstration in New York  
Suspicion, hostility, and even violence.

there has been a price to pay: since last year, police have arrested 36 men on charges of disorderly conduct, though the police found enough evidence to arraign only four. Says Milwaukee District Attorney E. Michael McCann: "I view the homosexual community as a quiet but suppurating sore on the body politic."

Even in cities or states that have freedom-of-sex laws, the gays are often in danger of losing jobs, or their apartments, if they come out. Says Gay Boston Attorney John P. Ward, speaking of Massachusetts, whose highest court has handed down two notably liberal decisions: "What the law really is is what happens in the little district courts, and between you and the police officer—and the law has to change considerably before the message goes out to places like Fitchburg

and Leominster that it is not open season on homosexuals."

As a result, while the gay rights movement is definitely moving ahead, the life-styles of homosexuals vary widely throughout the nation. Some examples:

► In Mankato, Minn. (pop. 32,000), Jim Chalgren, 27, and five other men were thrown out of the Trader and Trapper Discotheque in 1976 for dancing together. Now Chalgren occasionally dances with other men in bars and encounters nothing worse than name-calling. In fact, he has organized gay dances that are held every three or four months in hotel ballrooms, drawing crowds of as many as 130. But, he says, "there are people who meet at our dances who will avoid each other if they cross paths in a hardware store. It can still be a disaster to be identified as gay in Mankato."

LEVICK-BLACK STAR

► In Macon, Ga. (pop. 150,000), two gay bars compete for customers with no police harassment. But the only proclaimed homosexual in town is Disc Jockey Johnny Fambro, who came out last fall to help organize opposition to an Anita Bryant rally. "Susan," a lesbian who works at nearby Robins Air Force Base, attended the anti-Bryant demonstration but would not carry a picket sign because she feared she would not get a security clearance; nor will she take her roommate "Doris" to parties.

► In Cambridge, Mass., the Harvard-Radcliffe Gay Student Association meets openly every Wednesday night to hear speeches and play readings, and has thrown parties that attracted as many as 300 students from the area. At Harvard Law School, gays have acquired considerable clout; the school now will not allow any law firms that discriminate against homosexuals to use its placement service for employment interviews. But gay students at Harvard Business School still keep their homosexuality a deep secret for fear that it will hurt their employment prospects with major corporations when they graduate. The chairwoman of the Radcliffe Lesbians Association asks that her name not be printed in TIME because "I would just as soon my relations in California did not know."

Among the gays, there is a basic split between those who flaunt a defiant life-style and the closeted, who grant that "drag queens" and "flaming fags" have called attention to the gays' plight by marching in the streets, yet would never dream of emulating them. There are other divisions. Black homosexuals charge, with some justice, that the gay rights movement is dominated by whites who are often no less racist than straight society. At the same time they are rejected, and vehemently, by heterosexual blacks. Says Terri Clark, a Washington lesbian activist: "The black community is extremely homophobic, because it feels that the [homosexual] person has been corrupted by the white man's perversions."

Lesbians often feel themselves to be

## Sexes

the most persecuted minority of all. One reason is economic: working at low-paying jobs, they usually do not have as much money as gay males, who are often successful in the straight world. Nor do homosexual men usually have children to support, as do a fair number of lesbians who have finally admitted their sexual orientation. Many female homosexuals think they have less in common with gay men than with heterosexual feminists, who have now largely accepted them after some early misgivings.

The males are also far more visible than the females in performing one of the most fascinating roles of the gay rights movement: influencing straight culture. Male homosexuals have long been particularly active in the world of the arts, where they often can work openly with

whom are themselves gay, introduce to straight audiences whatever new look or sound catches on at Fire Island or other gathering places for gays. Says David Rothenberg, a gay who used to be a publicist on Broadway: "If I were a businessman, I'd walk Christopher Street [a gay] parade ground in Manhattan's Greenwich Village because that's what they'll be selling at Lamson's next year."

The outstanding example of gay taste going straight is the popularity of disco lights, dancing and music, which swept the homosexual clubs of Fire Island and Manhattan long before they caught on among straights. Some gays feel that homosexuals especially long to lose themselves in the kind of glittery, dream-fantasy world created by discos. Says one gay editor: "To me, Studio 54 is the epitome

baggy white painters' pants, though such garments are now being bought by heterosexual men and women. In more elegant ensembles, the wearing of silk scarves with sport coats or suits began among gays and is now catching on with dressy straights.

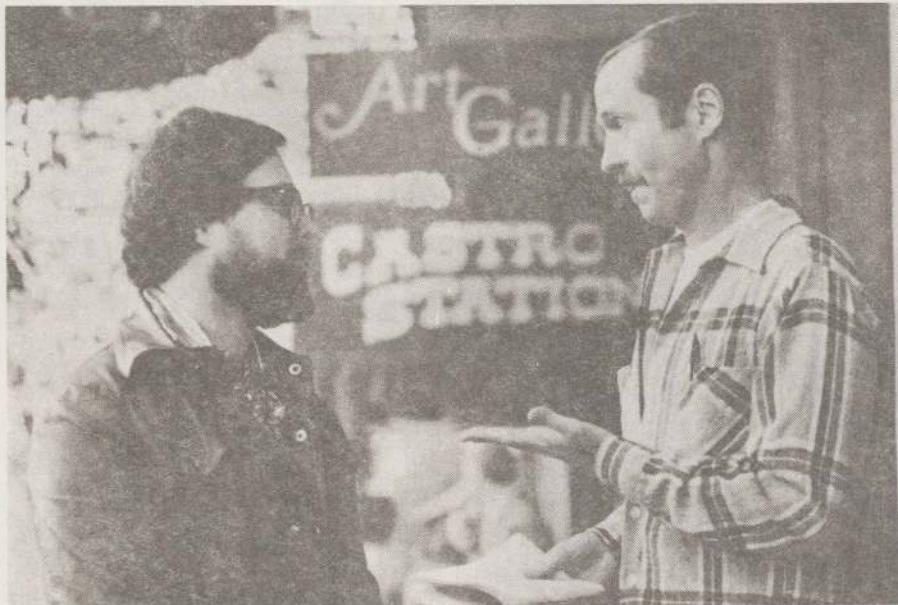
More generally, homosexuals adopted long hair before it became *de rigueur* for young males of all persuasions; once long hair was in, the gays led the swing to short back and sides. There is, in fact, a saying among homosexuals that straights will adopt a fashion just as avant-garde gays are turning to something new.

If the gays are split over fashions and life-styles, they are splintered in matters of politics and strategy. Last February delegates to a national conference sponsored by a coalition of gay male and lesbian organizations in Philadelphia voted to stage a march on Washington on Oct. 14 to urge passage of gay-rights legislation across the country. But many gays shudder at the prospect of more militant and flamboyant homosexuals besieging Capitol Hill in full view of the TV cameras. The opponents of the march fear it will cause a damaging backlash. Says Doug Wright, a Washington, D.C., editor: "That's like handing Anita Bryant a victory she can't get anywhere else."

The movement is also split on ultimate goals. Most gays want only to be allowed to live openly and freely without suffering any penalty from society. But the radical fringe is agitating for the repeal of laws making sexual contact between adult gays and young boys a crime. The idea horrifies many homosexuals, who are well aware of the deep-seated fear among many parents that gays are out to seduce or enthrall straight children, a view homosexual leaders hotly deny.

Whatever course the organized gay movement may take, and whatever its victories or defeats, the outlook is for more and more homosexuals to come at least partly out of the closet. Says Chicago Psychologist Jon Jost: "Ten or 15 years ago, homosexuality was just not discussed, and many people suffered because they simply did not know that there have always been people like themselves. Everything that has happened in the past few years has reduced the potential for that isolation. Just hearing the word gay, reading it in a newspaper, seeing a gay person, real or fictional, on television—any of those things make it easier for a person to come out."

Nor can heterosexual society again ignore the subject of homosexuality, as many straights devoutly wish it could. Says Eric Rofes, a gay teacher in a Cambridge, Mass., private school: "Ten years ago, few people knew that they knew a gay person. Today, most kids grow up knowing that they know someone who is gay." Knowledge, however, does not necessarily mean acceptance. ■



Leonard Matlovich (right) campaigning for seat on San Francisco board of supervisors

*A divided leadership on strategy, tactics and political goals.*

no fear of losing their livelihood if they have the talent; Novelist Truman Capote and Playwright Tennessee Williams are two notable examples. But the new influence of homosexuals is something quite different: their dress, tastes and speech are being adopted by many straights who would be stunned if they knew the origins of the latest fashions or fads.

The extent of this influence is difficult to pin down since there is no readily identifiable "gay aesthetic." For every flamboyant gay male who parades about in tight-fitting Levi's and bomber jacket (one current uniform), there are others who wear three-piece pinstripe suits, and even the strollers in New Town and Castro Street will affect one look today and another tomorrow. What does seem to be true, however, is that some open gays, feeling themselves to be rebels against conventional society, search restlessly for new fashions that run counter to the straight taste of the moment. Then fashion designers and music executives, some of

of the gay aesthetic"—a sentiment that might startle many of that watering hole's patrons.

Music executives know that the songs and performers that most excite gay audiences have the best chance of selling nationally. Music indeed is one field in which being gay can be a benefit. Marc Paul Simon, vice president of Casablanca Record and Filmworks in Los Angeles, told a boss about his homosexuality his second day on an earlier job at Twentieth Century Fox Records. Says Simon: "I made it a selling point. I told him that I would be an advantage, since the best clubs are gay."

A male homosexual model, acclaimed as one of the world's best-dressed men, cites examples of fashion takeovers. "The first time I saw men wearing Adidas running shoes as part of casual wear was in the homosexual community on Fire Island several years ago. Now it has become a fashion staple in the straight world." Gays were among the first to wear

# Masters & Johnson on Homosexuality

An exclusive preview of the famed sex researchers' newest study

No doubt about it, Gynecologist William Howell Masters, 63, and Psychologist Virginia Johnson, 54, are a contemporary phenomenon. Since 1954 the famous sex-research duo have sold nearly 750,000 hard-cover copies of their five books, trained 7,000 sex therapists, observed more than 10,000 orgasms in their St. Louis lab, and treated 2,500 "sexually dysfunctional" couples, achieving a remarkable success rate of 80%. Along the way, they have become undisputed stars of a burgeoning sexual research industry, a fact acknowledged last year when the board of their Reproductive Biology Research Foundation finally persuaded them to change its name to the Masters and Johnson Institute.

Like their predecessor Alfred Kinsey, they have found that poking into the sex lives of Americans can be unsettling. Their first and most impressive book, *Human Sexual Response*, published in 1966, was a meticulous, pioneering inquiry into the physiology of sex; it dispelled myths about this taboo subject that even doctors believed in—for example, that sexual activity stops with age. But their work, especially such controversial aspects of it as their use of sexual surrogates as partners assisting in the treatment of impotent men, brought upon them the wrath of the pious.

Now M & J apparently feel that the public is ready for their clinical findings on a more controversial form of sex: homosexuality. They can hardly be accused of rushing into print—the homosexual research project began in 1964 and the laboratory work was finished in 1968. The book reports on the sexual performance of 176 homosexuals—94 men, 82 women—ranging in age from 21 to 54. The homosexuals were compared with two groups of heterosexuals: 567 men and women culled from the original participants in the *Human Sexual Response* study and 114 new volunteers. As before, these human guinea pigs went through their sexual paces in the M & J laboratory, with the ever vigilant scientists standing by, notebooks in hand.

Masters and Johnson are at last letting the public in on what they found. In Boston next week Little, Brown and Co. is publishing their widely awaited *Homosexuality in Perspective* (\$17.50), a densely documented 450-page tome that has already prompted gossipy guesses about what it does and does not reveal.

Voyeurs will have to search hard for easy delights. The study concentrates on the bodily processes of sex, in highly technical language, and has almost nothing to say about the psychology, ethics or origins of homosexuality, nor does it address the question of whether the lack of any procreative aspect to sex affects homosexuality. The conclusions are stated with

caution and caveats—the sample is small and may not be representative of the general homosexual population. There is also a warning that sex in the lab may differ from sex at home. As Masters told TIME Correspondent Ruth Galvin: "We can't say what happens beneath the sheets when the lights are out." The prose is opaque, studded with such assaults on English as "stimulative approach opportunity" (foreplay) and "vocalized performance concerns" (talking about sex). Still, Masters and Johnson have produced a thought-provoking inquiry into the sexual life of homosexuals. Some highlights:

► Committed homosexuals (those who

can cause lower abdominal pain in women, comparable to the familiar testicular pain in men.

► Heterosexual sex fantasies are common among homosexuals, mirroring the homosexual fantasies occasionally indulged in by many heterosexuals.

Perhaps the most intriguing finding is not about homosexuals, but about heterosexuals. As Masters and Johnson tell it, heterosexuals are generally bumbler in their lovemaking: they hurry sex, misread signals, and communicate poorly. Men usually assume, wrongly, that lubrication of the vagina means that the woman is ready for intercourse. Many



William Masters and Virginia Johnson at work in their St. Louis institute

Scrupulously neutral in their attitudes toward homosexuality.

have lived together at least one year) have a more relaxed understanding of their partners' sexual needs than most heterosexuals, married and unmarried, presumably because it is easier to understand one's own sex than the opposite sex.

► Homosexuals and heterosexuals they studied—all of them preselected for "sexual efficiency"—have about the same low rate of failure to reach orgasm: 3%.

► "Ambisexuals," M & J's term for their admittedly small sampling of twelve bisexuals who are equally attracted to both sexes, have few sex fantasies and rarely fantasize about real people.

► In lesbian lovemaking, which many sex researchers believe can teach heterosexual males a thing or two about how to approach women, committed couples devote an "extraordinary" amount of time to sexual play. For example, stimulation of the breasts, usually begun by heterosexual men within 30 seconds of sexual activity, begins much later among lesbians.

► Prolonged lovemaking without orgasm

women have no idea how men like to be touched sexually, and most men massage the female genitals in a straightforward gung-ho style that women find harsh. And enjoyment of sex is clouded by the fear of not reaching orgasm. Say Masters and Johnson: "Preoccupation with orgasmic attainment was expressed time and again by heterosexual men and women during interrogation after each testing session."

A third of all heterosexual women said that their breasts are not a particularly important erogenous zone, yet many considered breast play exciting because men seemed to enjoy it. Unlike lesbians, who knew that touching the breasts can be painful during certain times of the menstrual cycle, heterosexual men almost always touched the breasts in the same way. Even when breast play caused pain, the wives reported the fact to the researchers, but not to their husbands. Say Masters and Johnson: "When the husbands were queried separately, they expressed

## Sexes

surprise at their wives' cyclic distress, and the unanimous reaction was 'Why didn't she tell me?'

The sex researchers suggest an obvious answer: poor sexual communication between men and women rests on the assumption, shared by both sexes, that men are natural leaders and experts in sex and therefore must be doing the right thing. "The burden of sexual performance is on the man," says Johnson, "the burden of trying to guess when she's interested, what she wants, how she wants it, and so on." Adds Masters: "What we have established in this book is that the male will have to give up his position as sex expert and the one with the greater sexual facility—which he doesn't have."

**H**omosexuals, who do not have the burden of deciphering the opposite sex, generally communicate better. Committed, attached homosexuals are less preoccupied with orgasm than married heterosexuals, and more aware of the exact level of their partners' sexual excitement. And single gays did better than single straights. Masters and Johnson

heterosexual groups was a recurring day-dream of sex with a different partner. On the other hand, the leading fantasies of gay men involved body parts—usually the genitals and buttocks. Homosexual fantasies about forced sex were more violent and sadistic than those among heterosexuals. Straight women repeatedly conjured up images of gang rape but the assaults were relatively tame: although the woman is given no choice in the matter, she is treated lovingly by a circle of panting admirers. In most cases the lesbian version of these fantasies showed a theme of revenge against another woman. The day-dreamer engineers the humiliation of the woman and then stands by enjoying it. Straight men had less violent fantasies about forced sex than gay men, and in fact played the part of rapist slightly less often than they did that of the raphee—a helpless male ravished against his will by a group of lusty women.

The finding that homosexuals often fantasize about having heterosexual sex confirms reports from some psychologists and counselors. For instance, in the recent book on female homosexuality *Our*

to heterosexuality is possible more than half the time among gays who are highly motivated to change.

Masters and Johnson consider these findings subsidiary to the main, and really not very surprising, point of the book: there are no differences between heterosexuals and homosexuals in the physical processes of lubrication, erection, ejaculation and orgasm. Says Masters: "The entire orgasmic experience is indistinguishable." Indeed, the researchers believe that their demonstration of "nearly identical response vectors" will gradually lead to more public acceptance of homosexuality.

**T**hat judgment is questionable, for public opposition to homosexuality hardly depends on the notion that gays have different kinds of orgasms. M & J are probably right, however, to suggest that one significant byproduct of their book will be better medical care for homosexuals, who have been badly treated by doctors. In the past, for instance, some doctors refused to give them rectal examinations for fear of causing arousal, a concern that has never been shown by gynecologists conducting vaginal examinations. Says Dr. Robert Kolodny, M & J's heir apparent at the research institute: "Documenting the similarity of physiological process gives less excuse for the health-care professional to shrink from treatment of the homosexual patient, under the pretext that his health problems may be in some way different."

Though Masters and Johnson are scrupulously neutral in their attitudes toward homosexuality, their latest study is sure to have a social impact simply because it devotes so much attention to the gay life. As Johnson says: "People who stop and think will say, hey, these are somebody's brothers and sisters, wives and husbands, sons and daughters, friends and neighbors, and they are loved and loving human beings." The book has another implicit message for heterosexuals: it is that homosexuality is not going to go away, whether society ignores it, accepts it or rejects it. In fact, by looking honestly, if critically, at the gay life, straight men and women may learn important lessons in lovemaking. Among them: that nothing succeeds so much as treating sexual partners with consideration, understanding and unhurried gentleness. Says Masters, "These are the big things to come out of this book at long range. I have a hunch."

And perhaps something more general and therapeutic as well. Masters and Johnson's physiological approach in all their work has drawn much fire from those who rightly point out that there is more to human affection than rates of orgasm. But that same narrow focus on biology has given to many readers both knowledge and a sense of legitimacy about sex that they never had, and that can be a liberation for men and women of any persuasion.



A scientist begins a 50-year study on homosexual couples.

found the same patterns among the ambisexuals: they acted like homosexuals when they were with homosexuals (e.g., more communication) and like heterosexuals while making heterosexual love (e.g., an assumption that the male should take the lead). To Masters and Johnson, this is clearly a result of "cultural influence"—ambisexuals pick up different cues on how heterosexuals and homosexuals make love.

The ambisexuals seemed well adjusted. They had no psychiatric or work problems, but were detached and lonely, and fantasized very little, a fact that the researchers cannot explain. The chapter on sex fantasies comes with a deflating warning: don't make too much of the findings because they came from only 132 people, were gathered a decade or more ago, and will not be reported in full until the next Masters and Johnson book, *Human Sexual Inadequacy II*, due in 1981. Still, the preliminary findings show that fantasies of forced sex were the most popular fantasies among lesbians and the second most popular among homosexual men, heterosexual men and heterosexual women.

The primary fantasy found in the two

*Right to Love: A Lesbian Resource Book*. Los Angeles Clinical Psychologist Nancy Toder reports that many of her lesbian patients talk of sexual feelings or dreams about men. Toder thinks that these musings are partly out of curiosity, partly reminiscences of sleeping with men. There is no evidence, however, that homosexuals dream of straight sex any more than heterosexuals dream of gay sex.

One of the book's most unexpected findings did not come out of the homosexual research project, but from sex therapy provided for gays—itself something of a pioneering venture. Between 1968 and 1977 the researchers treated, for various sexual problems, 151 homosexuals, including 54 men and 13 women who wanted to convert or revert to heterosexuality. M & J do not list a success rate for such conversions, only a known failure rate. That failure rate is now at 35%, and is not expected to exceed 45% when all the five-year follow-ups are completed. For professional therapists, many of whom believe that such conversions are rare or impossible, this is likely to be the book's most surprising statistic. It would mean that a permanent, or at least long-term, switch

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# Rudd Replies

Roland Atkins, CCR's Chief Lobbyist, recently exercised his right as an American citizen to write to his Congressman on a matter which concerned him, and concerns all of us. He took the opportunity to write to Eldon Rudd, Republican 4th District U.S. Representative on the subject of nuclear power plants in the wake of the recent "accident" at Three Mile Island. Rudd, of course supports these plants.



CCR's Chief Lobbyist, Roland Atkins

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Congress of the United States  
House of Representatives  
Washington, D.C. 20515

April 12  
1979

Dear Mr. Atkins,

I greatly appreciated receiving your recent letter.

I can understand your grave concern over the recent events at the Three Mile Island nuclear power plant in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. While some would have us believe that this incident proves that the non-nuclear interest groups were correct in their prophecies of doom, I think that the events prove quite the contrary. Obviously, there was failure, both human and mechanical, but the incident has conclusively shown that safeguards and safety systems in nuclear power plants are more than adequate to handle the worst possible accident. We should have more confidence in nuclear power as a result of the Harrisburg episode, not less.

Again, thank you for taking the time to share your views with me. I hope you will continue to keep me informed on any matter of interest or concern to you.

Sincerely,

*Eldon Rudd*

Eldon Rudd  
Member of Congress

ER:ks

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Rudd, you will recall was re-elected to his seat in the House last November. At that time we suggested that people vote against him, but unfortunately the request was not heeded, and as a result, this is the kind of "representation" we are stuck with in Washington.

Rudd's response was no surprise at all. Of course he favors nuclear energy, but that is not the real point here. More important is the response itself, the way he practically shakes his finger and says, "Listen, you stupid peon, I'm right and you're wrong, and I don't care what you think anyway." Few and far between are the Senators and Representatives in Washington, or in the Arizona State House for that matter, who give a damn about the people they "represent". Most, including Mr. Rudd, feel some sense of superiority and treat their constituents in that manner. This must stop! These people must be unseated. But all the pages of urgings we could possibly print are to no avail, unless you, the voting public, care enough about your own lifestyles — present and future — to vote these people out of office.

Whether you feel nuclear plants should be built in profusion or shut down forever is a question only you can answer. We wonder what kind of response Rudd would have given if the issue had been human rights — probably about the same.

As for his reply, I find it absolutely absurd. He contends that "the incident has conclusively shown that safeguards and safety systems in nuclear plants are more than adequate to handle the worst possible accident." Oh, please! If this was really the case, we would never have seen people heading for the hills. But Rudd seems to think it was next to nothing.

The truth is quite the opposite from what he has stated so dogmatically — the safeguards and safety systems are less than adequate to handle accidents such as occurred in Harrisburg and therefore a potential danger does exist and something must be done to correct the problems.

But little Tin-Gods with positions and incomes to protect are not so easily convinced.

Your freedoms and liberties may be on the block one of these days soon in Washington, and this is the kind of "representation" you'll have there. And when the time comes, and it will, you can thank yourselves for people like Eldon Rudd.

-Jack.

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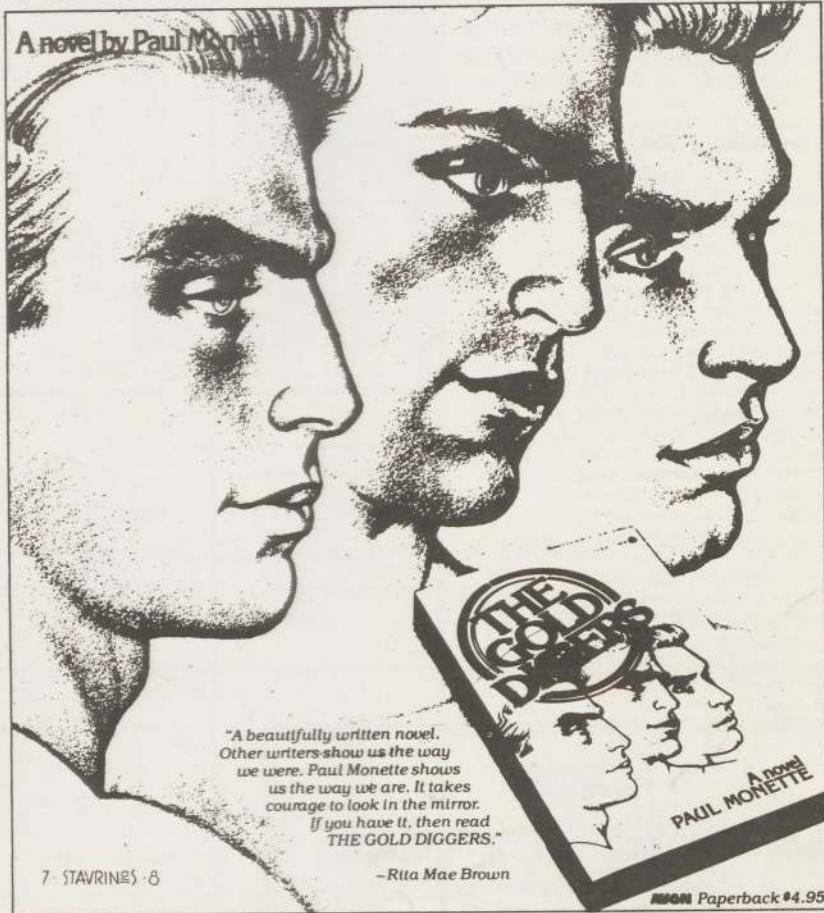
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