

**THE**  
**PRIDE**  
**OF ARIZONA**



VOLUME 3, ISSUE 1

JANUARY, 1979

FREE

**2nd** anniversary





# the PRIDE of arizona

—THE PRIDE OF ARIZONA—

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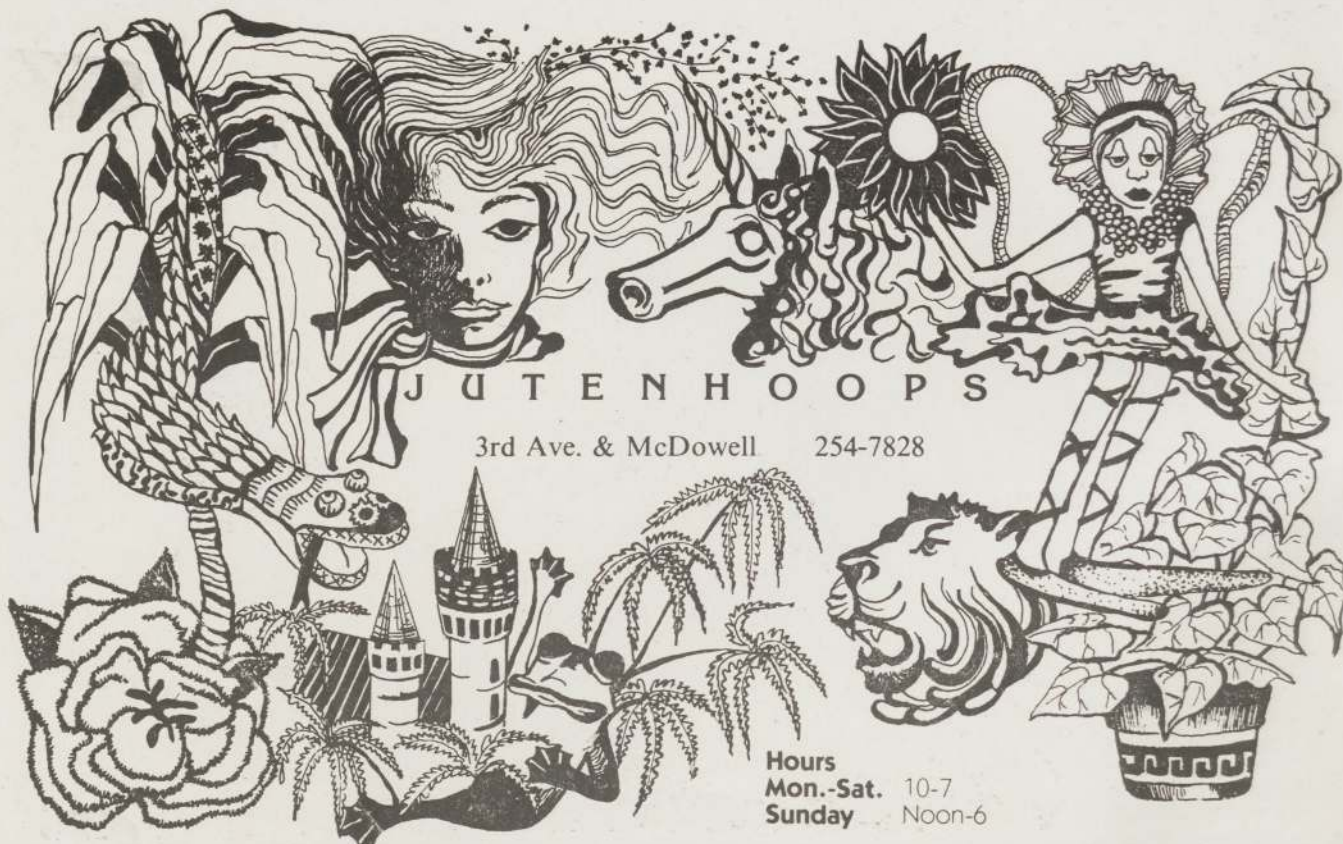


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# OFF MY CUFF

the  
BRIDE  
of arizona

When Volume I, Issue 1 of THE PRIDE was published, no one, least of all us, had any idea just how far this publication would go. Two years have elapsed now and as you are now aware, THE PRIDE is still here and is now more concerned than ever about the quality of life in Gay Arizona. There is no way to anticipate what's brewing for the upcoming year, but you can be sure it will be at least equally as interesting as the past two. We hope you'll be interested enough to keep informed and to become more involved in your own future.

Among some of the more fascinating and interesting events of the past year are pictured on this page, including the Human Rights Rally in Tucson, The Goldberg Roast, the Connection Fair, The Boys In The Band Theatre Party, and the string of Wet Jockey Shorts Contests at Miss Matty's Attic. There were so many, it's impossible to decide which was best.

A special note of thanks to Jerry Reynolds for helping us out after a last minute mechanical problem. Without his help THE PRIDE might not have gotten out this month.

A special welcome to our Tucson readers and advertisers! We hope you will all keep reading and keep commenting.

## THE PRIDE OF PHOENIX

VOLUME I, ISSUE I

JANUARY 13, 1977

FREE

### ...Editors Notes...

Well, here we are! After running around like a chicken without a head--an gun intended--the first edition of THE PRIDE OF PHOENIX has come to be. I do not know a thing about writing, so for that matter publishing a paper, but I have always felt that there is a need for a local gay paper in Phoenix. Some things that I will tell you about our fair city will cover the bar scene to the legal problems of our Gay Community. I hope THE PRIDE OF PHOENIX can fill the bill.

In this first edition, you will find a calendar of events, several gossip columns, a column from Mariah on thoughts and feelings, and a letter from me... the editor.

In the coming editions, there will be classified ads, letters to the editor and letters to Mariah. I hope that anyone with questions, ideas, or comments will take the time to write to us. We will print as many letters as possible, and should you want your name withheld, just let us know--otherwise we'll print it!

In the classified section (you'll notice there aren't any in this issue), any personal ads will be printed free, as if you want to meet a friend, rent an apartment, find a roommate, etc., simply send us the ad and we'll be glad to print it. I might add that we have additional space for more columns and articles, so please feel free to contact us if you're interested in contributing.

We're pleased to have THE PRIDE OF PHOENIX in print, and we hope that you can fit it into your life in the Gay Community.

—the Editor

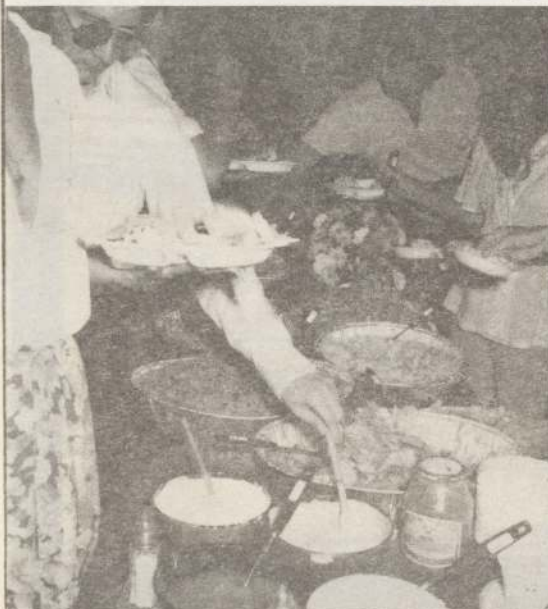
## joanne's dressing- room

Well, folks, the Queen of Savages is back at the Casa at Miss Cindy Goldberg, a few pounds lighter and alot funnier... and kitchier of course. But we all love her, don't we? She will be joined by yours truly, MOOSE, a lovely new talent with lots of future, and a weekly guest spot from Vegas, courtesy of Twigg Productions. The shows at the Casa have always proved the test of time and seem to draw the big crowds which make creating plentiful and varied. COME SEE US!! This was an unpaid broadcast.

Speaking of the Casa and Twigg Productions, and with no pretence, the Vegas group known as Disco Daze enjoyed a lengthy run which displayed loads of talent, originality, choreography, feathers, and bust, and a warmth that Phoenix crowds related. The group, Steve, Brian, Frank, Bill, Don and of course the fabulous Carmen Del Rio, were extremely easy to work with and made Miss Goldberg's shows a pleasant one, and I for one, am looking forward to their return for the Queen of Hearts Ball in February. Good Luck, Disco Daze, and thanks.

For all you gormets... the old Dunhill's is being reopened as 21 WEST, welcoming a mixed crowd for your eating and drinking pleasures. They will feature dinners at reasonable prices, drinks and a show presented

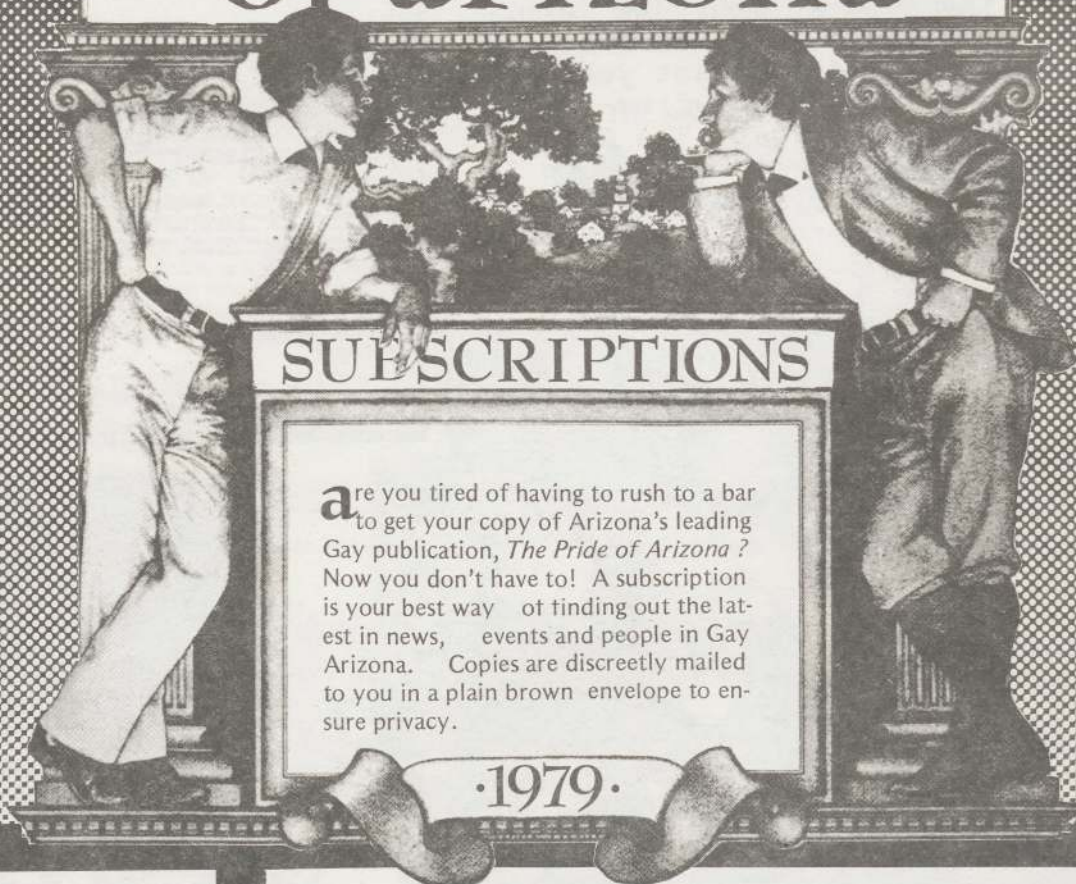
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Happiness used to be living in Phoenix and being able to sneak down to Tucson to "Trash It Up" without your friends or lovers knowing...Listen, gang, those days are over forever!

*The Pride* has just engaged the Woodward and Burnstein of the Gay Set to report state-wide on your clandestine adventures and assignations. The new Tucson reporters are everywhere and see and hear all — what we don't know for sure we make up... Don't lose all hope however, we have been known to take bribes for our silence.

To start off the New Year right, Motorcycle David S. (you know, the one with the Vespa Motorscooter) arrived from Phoenix early New Year's morning (3:45 a.m.). Banging loudly on the window of the local Welcome Wagon representative's home, he demanded entrance and entertainment. David was warmly received only because he had with him two of the humpiest straight numbers you have ever seen. They were so straight that the host (in his red floor-length night shirt) slept with one of them. Now that's how to start out the new year right...

Phoenix' Rob S. (of sizeable genital fame) is a frequent visitor to Tucson — too frequent if you ask us. He spends his time equally at the Backpocket, half in the bar and half in the men's room. To quote Rob, "The Backpocket is the only place in Arizona that you can fall in love, make love, and forget his name — all in sight of twenty minutes." Rob only frequents the bar during cocktail hour when drink prices are reduced...

Those of you not familiar with Tucson are in for a real TREAT when you grace us with your presence. One of our less fashionable, but more fun spots is the Toole Box in the MacArthur Hotel. If you are into satisfaction, without all the tiresome preliminaries this is definitely the place for you. As an out-of-towner, you will be admitted for a paltry two dollars and have forty dollars worth of fun. If you are in from Phoenix, you will feel right at home since the bartender is Dale — that ever-hopeful candidate for Emperor if we can ever get rid of Eddie who is our local pretender to the throne. The Toole Box is open from about midnight to 5:00 a.m. You bring your own booze or beer and let nature or some horny man take your course.

As a side note — Do you people of Phoenix teach no quality??? The above-mentioned Dale spent all of New Year's Eve tending bar nude (How Rude!). Lucky for him that he has big equipment to hang under that big stomach...!

Tucson's own Bill P. left town for the lights of Phoenix, but returns often, much to the chagrin of one of these reporters. Oh well, "love 'em and



## from Tucson — The RURAL REPORT

leave 'em." When back in Tucson he seems to spend his time at our version of a show bar and disco — Listen kids, this ain't the big city — we have to make do with former football stars in leotards to get our kicks. Truthfully for a city—make that a town—our size we have a good variety of bars and the Last Culture (Jekyll's) is an integral part. Generally it is patronized by the younger set and those looking for the younger set. Our own Fred Y. is a good example of the latter. The L.C. is now under new management that seems concerned about the customer, which is a refreshing change.

Don't misunderstand us — some Phoenixians have much to offer we rural Tucsonians. Take Jim from Canyon News. Now there is a *real* trend-setter. He quit servicing the Graduate before all of the old bartenders. Going to the Grad these days is such fun because all you see is new faces behind the bar. It is our sincere hope that the new "Junior Management" will get the bartenders name tags, so we regulars will know what to call them. As on newly-retired bartender was heard to say, "When the cat is away, the Rat will play." In all seriousness, if you like a man's bar, this is probably your best bet...all staff problems aside.

In closing —about time, huh?— because we have poked a little fun at people from Phoenix, we would like to express a sincere debt of gratitude to one of Phoenix' most acclaimed personalities — Adrian, Empress de Arizona. She takes the time out of her busy schedule to come down to Tucson and coach the local farm drag team. Her encouragement and example have inspired many a local girl to aspire to stardom in the big city. Why, Kitty Big is just one example. What we can't figure out is why Adrian at 75 looks better than our local stars at 35????

If after reading this, you have the urge to write a nasty letter to the editor of *The Pride*, don't! We columnists are very, very sensitive individuals and any criticism will be deeply felt!

Love—Tomword & Stustien



# Bits & Pieces

**F**rom time to time a politician comes along whose only contribution to society is to promote repression. California State Senator John Briggs is a classic example of this type of public figure. Briggs, until last year a virtual unknown even in his home state, gained prominence when he sponsored a ballot measure against homosexual school teachers.

Briggs has all the qualifications to serve as February's Asshole of the Month. And apparently California's voters agree with us: Last November they decisively deep-sixed Proposition 6, Briggs's antihomosexual initiative.

The measure would have allowed local school boards to fire teachers who practice or defend homosexuality. Critics of the idea pointed out that one nitwit student who didn't like an instructor could get the teacher dismissed merely by suggesting that the man or woman had somehow advocated a homosexual life-style. The law would have even jeopardized those heterosexual schoolteachers who might tell their classes that homosexuals should not be condemned.

During the campaign Briggs ranted and railed about "Christian morality," claiming that homosexuality is immoral. This use of religion to cloak sexual repression is not unique to the senator, of course. But he acted in such an unchristian manner during the campaign that he qualifies as one of the biggest assholes in recent memory.



## ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH Senator John Briggs

Political leaders of both major parties condemned "the Briggs initiative," as it came to be known. And Briggs blamed those politicians—including President Jimmy Carter and former California Governor Ronald Reagan—for voter rejection. At one point, using strong-arm tactics, Briggs warned that a no vote on Proposition 6 would amount to a yes vote for homosexuality.

After voters in the Golden State had delivered a death blow to the vicious initiative, Briggs refused to change his tune. Instead of showing any grace in defeat, he said he would "provide

the leadership to get decency and morality in California government." He added that Californians won't "tolerate immorality in our...classrooms." In other words, Briggs refused to accept the mandate of the people, who made it crystal-clear that they don't want repressive laws against the gay community. The voters recognized the fact that as soon as you start committing injustice against one segment of society, no part of society is safe.

During the campaign Briggs mouthed the old and untrue doctrine that gay teachers would recruit nor-

mal youngsters into a homosexual life-style. This is unlikely. Numerous studies indicate that sexual orientation is not a matter of free choice; rather, it is developed within the first five years of life, generally as a result of early interaction between child and parents. Another lie perpetuated by Briggs was that getting gay teachers out of the classrooms would lower the risk of sexual molestation of students. He repeated this like a parrot, despite overwhelming evidence that, nationwide, most cases of sexual molestation involve heterosexual men molesting girls.

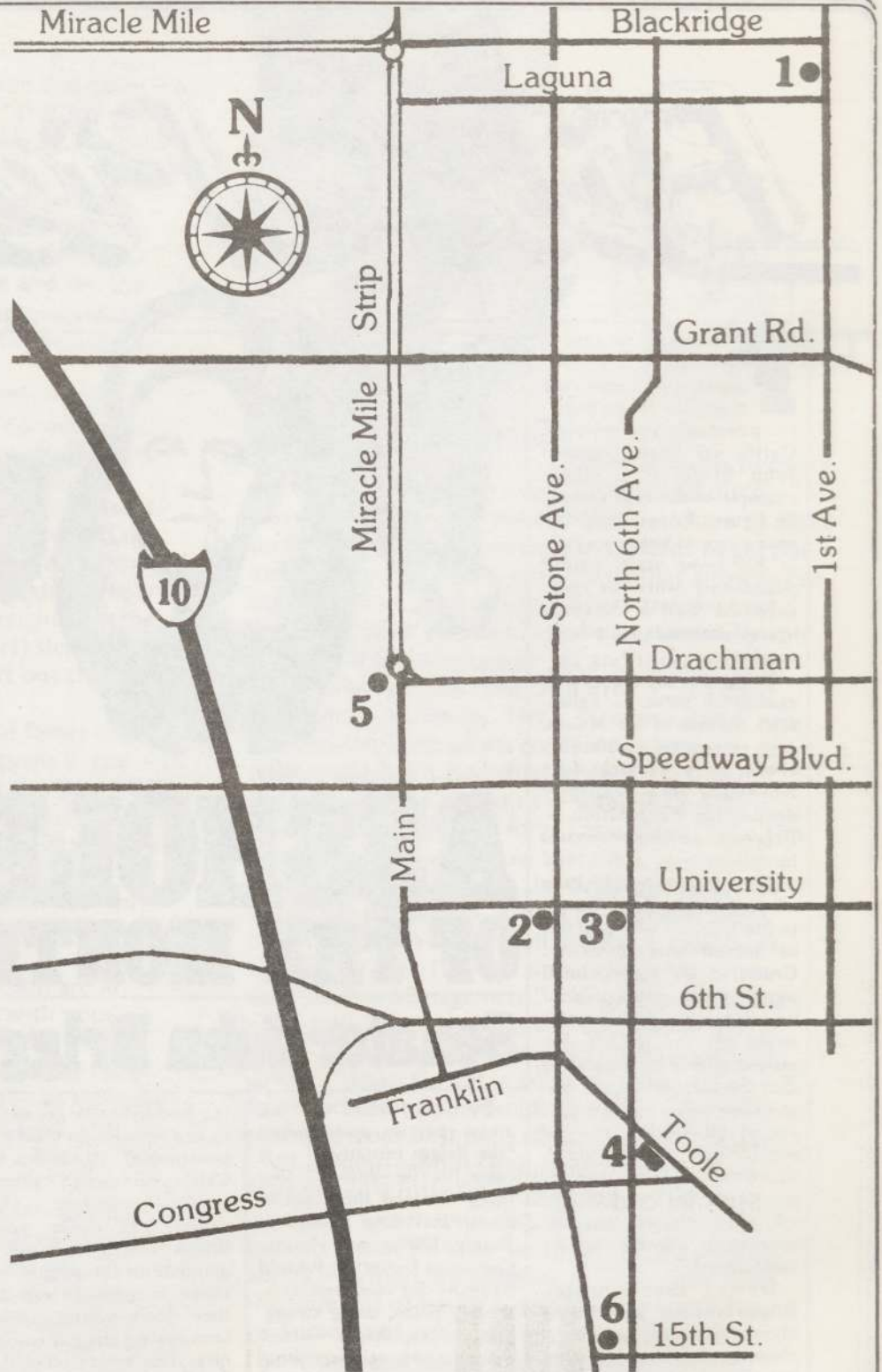
On election night Briggs did get some satisfaction. Another measure he sponsored, designed to broaden features of California's already-tough death-penalty law, passed overwhelmingly. Once Briggs joked that he had sponsored the antigay measure to make it easier to get the death-penalty initiative passed "without a fight." If this is true, that means Briggs cynically abused the state's sizable gay population just to take the heat off his antilife proposition on capital punishment. Talk about immorality! There is enough sexual repression in our society without total cretins like John Briggs trying to institutionalize it in law.

It was encouraging to see California's voters repudiate this asshole and his attempt to bring fear into the classroom. We only hope those voters will remain vigilant: Assholes such as John Briggs rarely fold their tents and fade into the night.

—Lee Quarnstrom



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# NOW THAT WAS TACKY

Well, here I am again, the Entrepreneur of manure, who collects and repeats only the tackiest of comments... but, still a person who has the milk of human kindness by the quart in every vein (would you believe *pint*?)

\* How QUINTON J. ever got a job in a top-knotch clothing store like *Le Sportif* is beyond us. His taste usually runs from K-Mart blue-lighters to Thrifty Drugs' after-Christmas specials. Perhaps they needed a token... er...ah...*Cha Cha Queen*.

\* The Clinic and STEVE S. seem to have developed quite an intimate relationship in the past few weeks... Your track (or should we say *trick*) record is nothing to *clap* about, my dear.

\* The *Tackiest Person Award for 1978* goes to our very own (as our beloved Dragon Lady would say, "pardon me, I may vomit) AQUANETTA for her red carpet treatment of her friends. You seem to have given new meaning to the word "friendship"...tsk, tsk.

\* Really now, KEN, Angel Flights and Jap-slaps are not apropos attire for Gay Clubs. You'll fit in better in the straight bars...so why not stick to Scene West, Hon...?

\* JOHN M. (CCR) was so wired the other night at the Forum you could have plugged him in and had a walking Christmas Tree!

\* If you missed ETHEL MAE POTTER on New Year's Eve at the Forum, you missed what was without a doubt the WORST 50's drag ever created...but when her slip fell off on the dance floor, that was tacky, and we do mean TACKY. I love it, I love it!

\* We hear that DONNA MAY SMITH got the honor of being morning clerk for one day at the Swim & Sea. Kind of like being "*Queen For A Day*" wasn't it Dearie? But then, when you're one EVERY day it's hard to tell the difference.

\*\**Overseas News Flash!!!* Was that MIKE D. seen wandering the streets of the Momart (Paris) asking directions to the Eiffel Tower, saying he was looking for the biggest *point* in town...?

\* Is John M's (CCR) roommate GABRIELLA expecting a blessed event? Well...if she isn't, someone or something close to her is, and we believe the conception date was January 1.

\* DOUG would be quite a challenge for a deaf lip reader, since everything he says is behind a person's back...

\* Seems that the Casa's new bartender and show star "The Battleship TISH" on one of her maiden voyages to the Tubs got stranded when JESS the Bean Queen and MISS CHARLENE split without him!

\* We hear from our stooges at the Band Box that C.T. has postponed his marriage...one more time. How many times is that now, darling?

\* OK world, are you ready? Band Box owner, Eddie Duci in drag! This first will happen during the turn-about show (there) on Saturday, Feb. 5 — Perhaps Lady Cass will loan him her rubber chest.

\* And speaking of LADY CASS...you really should leave the married men alone...yes, we're talking about the new DJ (Seems the words "He's married" makes Cass horny!)

\* Forum's ever-popular (and a little bit plump) Mike R. recently got a divorce...seems he couldn't qualify as a "Rich Old Man". He is, however, one of the last two...take your pick!

\* And what pray tell, was MISS BLANCHE duBOIS (Moon Valley's answer to the "Mad Woman of Schallot") doing naked in her backyard pansy patch with the garden hose? Don't tell me, I DON'T want to know!!!

*continued on next page*

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## NOW THAT WAS TACKY

*continued from previous page*

- ★ Love that big red mark on the end of TED M's nose. He says he "burned it on a candle"....but we hear he snagged it on a clip on some transexual's kotex belt while he was doing God-knows-what. (GOTCHA!!! "Don't print anything about me again," eh? We'll just see about that, toots!)
- ★ The *Quote of the Month Award* simply must go to JAN (The Mad Russian) G., who said, "These foreigners are a pain in the ass"....!
- ★ Seems that MISS JOSIE has gotten super upset because her favorite watering hole has decided to charge her for all those formerly FREE cocktails. Honey, you'd better take their deal, 'cause no other bar in town wants you!
- ★ And what do DAVID and JOSEPH (Mr. & Mrs. Gayline) oft times have for dessert? Why, their dinner guest, of course! Say guys, you might want to borrow my dessert recipe...it calls for pineapple rings, chocolate sauce, and whipped cream — but rarely a cherry! (and the Crisco is optional...) Bon Appetit.
- ★ We hear that the AGN's PHOENIX BIRD got his car towed away from the Cadillac Office Bldg. (across the street from the Forum) last Saturday. You'd think the total absence of other cars would have indicated something was wrong...unless the AGN's Space Cadet (Gary) was driving. The highpoint was when the armed tow-truck driver chased aforementioned Bird away after a heated discussion. You really didn't need to worry, sweetheart, Goose season is closed!

## ...And Now From Tucson...

- ★ BIG GEORGE now realizes that he can't swing his weight around in Phoenix (Lord knows he has a lot to swing) and promises to stay out of parking lot fights and bookstores with mirrors!...
- ★ The new theme for the Coronation of the Tucson Court will be 8" *Fiesta de la Cin Emploment...*!
- ★ THE WHORES ON THE HILL will be arriving Friday the 20th for the weekend. Lock up your lover if you're the jealous kind...and put a price on his chest if you're not...
- ★ HECTOR'S new resolution when going to Phoenix is three fold: (1) Learn your number's name, (2) don't cause him to get a DWI, and (3) if he gets one anyway, bring enough money to bail him out!
- ★ Phoenix' — now moved to Tucson — Burt has learned that jumping on soft balloons can be injurious to your hard knee cap...
- ★ NOTICE! NOTICE! NOTICE! GEORGE R. and GENE Z. have not taken out an option on the "Anita Bryant Save a Queer Counseling Center" franchise program...it is still under consideration!
- ★ THE PRIDE's TED M. on his most recent trip to Tucson was afraid he might have car trouble...the car was OK, but Ted came back a quart low...and with a bent dip-stick we might add...! (Gotcha again!)

## ...And In Closing...

- ★ We just found out Ms. Bj (Harlene) Bud's favorite TV show...it's STAR MAIDENS (Thursday, Ch. 10 12:40 at night). Watch it...you'll see why!

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"Take them off!! Did you hear me, take them off!!!" Mrs. Anderson was, as usual, standing over me, glaring down at my dark glasses. "How many times must I tell you, I will not tolerate you wearing dark glasses in my classroom?!" She pulls them from my face—her latest act of aggression. Her big face drops down to the level of mine and she is startled to see my red and swollen eyes filled with tears. "Oh!!" she walks quickly away, "Now class, no more interruptions! Back to your work."

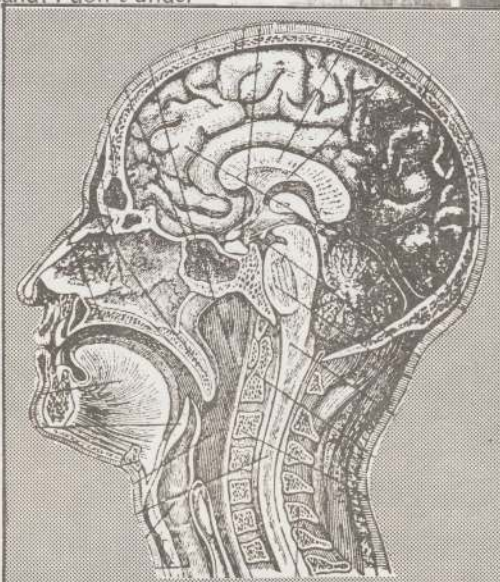
1955—I am fourteen years old, too old to be sitting in a classroom with tears in my eyes. My textbook is open, I must concentrate on... on... Billy, my best friend—these feelings—grow. The last year was hell. I feel — love — to touch him — be near him. I can't understand. He is glancing across at me and smiles, my heart nearly bursts — no, don't look at me that way, I can't take it!

Does he know, does he understand? Will he tell everyone about me? How can I tell him I'm in love — he might hate me — such a small town (in Louisiana) — Mrs. Anderson is looking at me again. She aims her voice at me and says, "Alright, if you want to get out of eighth grade you had better start paying attention. Now, answer the question!" I feel despair. "I'm sorry, Mrs. Anderson, I didn't hear the question"

"What's that? Didn't hear the question?— Are you going deaf, too. I know your eyes are bad, but this is too much!"

I want to run. I feel trapped by her — why are they all laughing at me, I can't help it I'm different. My eyes start to smart as the tears continue. Mrs. Anderson's aim goes to someone else. They don't understand. I don't understand. If only there was someone—like me—that I could talk to...

Through the open window the Southern breeze brings a series of loud noises. Men are working on a new building going up across the street. I zero in on them—beautiful tanned bodies, tall, strong, muscles, chest hair, gripping hands— my heart is racing. What are these feelings? Why do they explode within me? I'm a queer, but what can I do about it, how can I stop these feelings when they are so natural, they just won't go away. I wish she'd



give me back my glasses.

RING!!!! "Class dismissed...Not you! You stay!!!"

"Please, Mrs. Anderson, may I go now. And can I have my glasses back now please?" I have a huge lump in my throat and it hurts.

"Why are you crying," she asks, "You look disturbed." I try to answer her, "No, Mam."

"Well, just you remember: Men don't cry." she shakes her finger at me.

"Yes, Mam, but..."

"But what? What's wrong with you, boy?" My eyes are blurred with tears. "Please, I don't feel well."

"Alright. This time you ARE in trouble. You march right down to the principals office!" Time seems frozen as we move down the corridor clogged with noisy little bodies and they're all staring at me. Mrs. Anderson has ahold of the shoulder of my shirt so they all know just what's going on.

The huge opaque glass door swings open and there stands the principal beside his giant black desk. They talk. I wait. "He does it ALL the time," she says. "Something's wrong with him." She slops my glasses down on his desks. "I just won't

have anymore of it. Speak to him!" She brushes past me and slams the door. I get a little chill up my back and wonder "what now?"

He begins, "Now, son, all your teachers are complaining about you. The other boys are calling you sissy. Now you tell me if you have some problem, and I'll help you..."

"Well, sir," more tears, I try to hold them back. He looks so grim. "You are fourteen years old; too old to cry — men don't cry."

"But I don't FEEL like you say I'm supposed to." I blurt out. "What do you mean? Tell me." he demands. I want to tell him...tell someone. The words come hard.



If Only I Were A Hundred, *continued from previous page*

"Sir, what is a sissy?" He looks shocked and turns away to the window from which he too can see the men working. Then he turns back and says, "A sissy...a sissy is a sister-boy, a pansy, a pinko-queer." That was all. I reply, "Well, sir, I think—" he interrupts me, "Don't say it, you'll be sorry," he's facing the window again, hands clasped behind his back. I continue, "But..."

"I think I had better speak with your folks and your preacher. Now you go back to your classroom, and I'll call for you later."

"God," I thought as the glass door closed behind me, "now what's going to happen?" For two weeks I was in suspense wondering what they would do to me, but the time passed quickly.

There I was, standing in front of Aunt Rose, she was always so nice to me, I trust her. A man I don't know is with her. They are talking about me. "Now listen to me, the whole family has been talking about you," she looks angry and is glaring at me, "and we have decided to help you." It doesn't make sense, how could Aunt Rose and this stranger help me?

"But Aunt Rose, you don't understand." "Oh, yes I do," she answers quickly, "I've seen this before: You are sick, you are not normal. I know what you are and so do your teachers."

"But I'm not sick..." she cuts me off. "Oh yes you are. Now the family and I have decided what to do with you. It's for your own good. This man's name is George and he has experience with your kind of sickness." He doesn't look like he knows anything about it, I think.

He speaks to me. "Now, there's nothing to be afraid of. I just need a few answers. Are you attracted to men?" they are both staring at me. I answer hesitantly, "I guess so, why do you want to know that?" They ignore me. "I'm afraid you were right," he says to Aunt Rose. "But don't worry, the Clinic can help him, we've helped so many like him before." She wants to know how much, I can see the dollar signs in her eyes. He continues, "But don't worry about the cost. The Clinic will take care of him for free."

"What's he talking about—take care of me for free" I wonder. This whole thing is starting to get to me. "Just send him to school as usual, we'll let you know when the doctors are ready." He walks away and gets in his car, totally ignoring me.

"Aunt Rose, what are you going to do with me?" She smiles, "There's nothing to be afraid of. I went to the clinic saw the work they do. It won't hurt, but it will cure you. Those men and woman are good, God-fearing Christians just like your family, and with the help of God you will be made well." She was very matter-of-fact.

"How," I ask, "How will I be made well?" "It's really very simple. First, you'll be taken to the church and many prayers will be said for you, your soul will be given to the Lord and when the preacher has finished with you you'll go to the Clinic where you will be put to sleep (so you can't feel anything) and then they'll cut a small hole in your head, just above the part of your brain that's gone bad and they'll remove a little piece of it — just like you had cancer. They cut out the evil unnatural part of your brain. George explained it to me. After your operation they'll take you back to the church and they pray for you, and you pray to the Lord and then you are well, normal and God-fearing like the rest of your family. The operation is called "Christian lobotomy". Now, that

doesn't sound so bad, does it?" I didn't know.

"Where are my sunglasses, my books, and when's this going to happen, Aunt Rose?" "Soon, soon."

I walked down the street towards the school. The bright sunlight, the trees, the beautiful birds, the men working on the building. All these things are beautiful. "Cut out the cancer" But the men are beautiful. "Remove a little piece of your brain" Men and birds...Will the birds still be beautiful? The sunlight? I don't like this, I'm not sick.

"Take them off!!" "Yes, Mrs. Anderson." "When are you going to the doctor?" "Soon, Mrs. Anderson, soon."

Another week, mid-term. My tears have stopped. "Cut out the cancer" "Sissy" "Sister-boy, queer!!" Why am I the only person in the world like this. I have decided to confide in Billy. The worst that can happen? Well, how much worse can things get. I tell him.

"Billy, don't look at me like that, it's true." "I know," he says, "I've heard them laughing. But listen, I have the same feelings, I just don't let them get to me. I think about football or baseball — anything but queer feelings. You can make them go away, if you fight it enough. Get in a fight, throw a rock, steal something, prove you're a man. Talk to the preacher, make it with a girl — that usually works." "No, Billy, no."

...The room is dark. "I am a man" Two pairs of pants, two shirts. "I am a man." Undershorts, twenty dollars. "I am a man" Belt, my only shoes. "Cut out the cancer." My sunglasses. My comb is passing through my duck-tailed hair.

Hollywood Boulevard, my six new friends are listening to my story with a combined look of horror — the brilliant lights cast many shadows of myself. Arm in arm I walk into the future. I'll soon be fifteen or any age I choose here in the streets, a huge city consumes my terror. James Dean peers from every corner, Billy's sweet face...maybe someday, some way...Now I know, I'm not alone...

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## 2nd Anniversary ANOTHER YEAR—

Since this month marks the second anniversary of *The Pride*, I thought it might be fun to explore the last year issue by issue. So I dug around in *The Pride's* storage closet and stacked up the thirteen volumes. Here are the highlights that struck me as as interesting as I poured over another year in all our lives...

**JANUARY**— Dragon Lady threw barbs at Adrian and the rest of the Court and informed us about JoAnne's new live-in (we wonder if JoAnne remembers his name, or for that matter even what he looked like!) CCR's February 1st Election was announced (in those days it met at the Connection...remember?) That oh-so-long Gay Questionnaire was out and being filled out — what ever happened to it, anyway. The results might have been interesting...will we ever know? Mary Hardon, Mary Hardon visited the Tubs (she must have been in love with Ed Gabrenya!) Jerry Mullins wrote a Guest Editorial shaking his finger at the local new media's treatment of Phil Santhorn. Nancy Hicks wrote us a letter about the 1st Amendment and Gays (Nancy Hicks—Director of the local ACLU) and a woman named Alta gave us an article about ERA (What?! An article BY a WOMAN in *The Pride*? Some say that NEVER happens!)

**FEBRUARY**— Mr. HisCo on the cover. What a contest! (Mr. HisCo II Contest coming up soon...) CCR announced the Human Rights Rally in Tucson February 20. Anita Bryant invading Arizona!!! Were you there? An Editor's Note "On Gay Marches" and how damaging they can be. CCR's Spring Affair Dance Contests — absolutely wild and raised some well-needed funds for CCR, thanks to Jack Witherby. Dragon Lady informed us about Bill M's special haircut administered by Mike W. and *The Pride* reprinted an article from the SCC Free Press "A Day Without Human Rights Is Like A Day Without Sunshine" by Ted Maureau (Who?)...

**MARCH**— Some stunning pictures of a much younger, much thinner Cissy Goldberg on the inside front cover...and she's almost that thin again! Coverage of the Tucson Human Rights Rally where we encountered some "Christians." Were you there? "It's Time To Take A Stand" it said on the Revive America Crusade poster — and take a stand we certainly did! Dragon Lady announced "Imperial Nuptials" (it never did come off, did it?...) and reminded us that the Shadowettes are everywhere, "Like fly-dung on potatoes". And "Oh That Goldberg Roast" — still one of the more memorable events of the year, and the first of those wonderful letters from Auntie Jim appeared on our pages (what ever happened to him-her-it, anyway?).

**APRIL**— And the Great Freedom Boycotts. Some thought our stand on the Coors issue was a little too strong (including the Coors hierarchy!). A look at Tom Snyder's interview with Anita and Bob and her Playboy interview. Sterling Gruver became CCR's new Executive Director and soon was off and running... The Dragon said Enema Edna had to return her water-wiggle (!) PL & L was beginning to form and we all wondered what kind of a wierd bunch it was going to be. The "all-new" Casa opened March 29... "all-new"! Tony Bartoli is still trying to cover up some of the "decorating" that was done then. And the first of the "Wet Jockey Shorts" Contests at Miss Matty's Attic...ah, yes, we DO remember those...!

**MAY**— Every Gay's favorite girl on the cover — a cover that some say was our best. The CCR gang visited with the Governor at home. Mike and Ron held a "Swank Little Dinner Party" and "A Dragon Lives Forever" was our feature interview that month. Another Wet Jockey Shorts Contest at Matty's (God, they were fun!). COOR'S, the Battle Continues, covered the issue and the meeting with the Coors-goons from Golden. Bill Wright (MANY will remember him...) was tinklin the ivories at the Boardwalk. We printed the Briggs Initiative and reviewed *Anne of the Thousand Days*.

**JUNE**— "I Do Not Choose To Be A Common Man". *The Pride* took a stand with "MD and You" and caused quite a stir among some circles. Auntie Jim helped a little with a letter and we saw the first of "If Only I Were A Hundred". The Connection's Fair (PL & L) got two pages of pictures and good comments — it was fun.





# AND MORE TO COME

**JULY**—The Boys In The Band. Did you ever cook dinner for 209 in your home and truck it across town to Scottsdale for a theatre party? I did — it was for CCR's first major fundraiser and was a huge success. Trudy Camping's letter showed us just how little she thinks of Gays. More about MD, more about Coors, and photo coverage of Gay Pride Week; more Wet Contests, a letter from P.P. Hamilton and another from Auntie Jim...quite a month.

**AUGUST**—Remember the heat? Oh, brother! That month's cover was interesting, too, considering the photo of John Hook was totally candid (and I took it!). Aunt Jim got his licks in about a story in the *AGN* written by Bj Bud. The Band Box went Gay, we printed an article about Harvey Milk, and there in the middle of this publication was the CCR Newsletter—to the surprise of many—which included the first of the Legislative Polls. The Boys In The Band got a picture page and coverage of the contests continued.

**SEPTEMBER**—And Dragon Lady made the cover! California's Proposition 6 (Briggs) was a big item of discussion around town. Again, the CCR Newsletter was in the center of *The Pride* and I wrote an editorial called, "The CCR Leadership Olympics—or—How To Unify An Apathetic Community in One Easy (?) Lesson". *Psychology Today's* look at A Kinsey Report on Homosexuality. And the picture coverage of the contests got more...interesting. Let us not forget the memorable Wizard of Oz at Casa...but then how could we forget it?

**OCTOBER**—Did it really say "Sodomy" on the front cover? Where's the Dragon and what's this "Now That Was Tacky"? We wonder where the fire-breather is too! Seems she decided to go with the *AGN* but hasn't been in print there lately either. The editorial hoped and pleaded for a good turn out of voters for the upcoming General Election. In an article called "CCR's Communistic Position Revealed(?)" *The Pride* replied to a nasty editorial in Bj Bud's Sunday's Child Newsletter in no uncertain terms—and that cartoon! Like a good sport (?) Bj never said another word about it. Aquanetta (where is she now?) made a brief appearance and we read another chapter of "If Only I Were A Hundred". That was also the month that Jonathon Treadaway was cleared...finally. Deborah Washington graced the Valley with her beauty and song (thanks to Jack Witherby) and yet more contests pictured and (un)covered...!

**NOVEMBER**—"Election-Special Edition" we called it. Red, white and blue and out before the election. "Who Cares, Anyway?" Apparently many of you didn't as the voter turn out among Gays wasn't what it could (should) have been. Aquanetta played Betsy Ross and Governor Babbitt told us he'd veto legislation like Prop. 6 (Briggs)! We endorsed a few candidates and printed CCR's pre-election Poll and a list of the more favorable candidates. And the announcement that Briggs was coming was made by Gary Shiffman. While most of you danced and cruised, some of us were busy trying to salvage your futures.

**DECEMBER**—Briggs & Voeller "The Last Debate", the private interviews—what a month! Did you go to the debate? It was super and so was Dr. Voeller with whom we had breakfast the next morning. We published the first in the series of the Anita Bryant Newsletters and our own comments because you need to know... A page of photos from the Halloween Ball and two pages of pictures of what was the last of the red-hot-wet contests at Matty's. Comments by Aqua on Matty's closure (the photo said it all).

**HOLIDAY ISSUE**—No, it wasn't a turkey in a pear tree, just a colorful partridge! Assassinations in San Francisco, tragic. Harvey Milk was a good man and will be missed. PL & L's Once Upon A Weekend Art Show was fantastic. Goldberg wowed 'em again with a return to the Casa, Jutenhoop's proved to be an interesting shop to visit and photograph and Anita Bryant announced her "Save A Queer For Christ" Clinic. Lobotomies, anyone? And that was, on two short pages, a year with *The Pride*.

—Jack.





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*Guest Editorial...*

# THE CASE FOR A SANE BELIEF SYSTEM

—Sherri McCarthy

A few years ago I was sitting peacefully in a park when a group of new-wave Christians approached me with "Good News For Modern Man" and a tremendous desire to save me. I let them, of course. I believe in the power of collective faith and am always glad to offer anyone I encounter the opportunity to practice it. Before I let them proceed, though, I did ask several questions, hoping perhaps that would open up a few new possibilities to them and free them from a belief system that I feel is quite oppressive. I was curious, I said, about exactly what they were saving me from.

Their Christian rhetoric was solidly imprinted. I was, they informed me, being saved from Satan. Wasn't Satan, I asked, just a corruption of the early Germanic forest God Loki? A political play on the part of the Pope to pull the stubborn West Germanic peoples solidly into the chains of the Christian power network? I really didn't think, if that was the case, that I needed to be saved from him. In fact, I sort of liked Loki. They figured after that dialog that I was desperately in need of immediate salvation, but I still had a few more questions. What other benefits, I asked, could I reap from their proffered salvation? Well, I wouldn't, they informed me, have to worry about going to hell. It was an insurance policy against that. At death, I would go securely to Heaven and meet God, for I would be saved from sin. Going to hell is something I've never worried about anyway, I've always believed that any environment is subject to individual perspective, and should I by chance find myself in a land of fire, I'd either find a way to douse it, or learn to love heat. On the other hand, I've observed many people who spend their entire lives in hell

simply because of their fear of going there. As a result, they repress, deny, or warp most of what they find enjoyable, calling it sin, and create for themselves the very hell they fear. They end up gnashing their teeth in frustration. I'm not prone to accept anything which smacks of such absurdity, so hell is something I've never even considered. That particular benefit didn't really interest me. Meeting a God, though, I told them, was something I might enjoy. Which God, I wondered, would I meet? I have, after all, encountered several in my reading and general living; some I liked, some I didn't. Loki, for instance, was a big favorite. Osiris and Dionysus were both pretty admirable too, and I imagined I'd like Christ if I ever met the man. But I could do without Zeus, and if I ever met the God of Moses, I'd probably shoot on sight. If they would guarantee me that I would meet a God I liked, that might be enough to sell me on the idea. Being saved from sin, though, I was rather neutral about. I didn't really, I told them, believe in sin—at least as it is usually defined. I thought it all a matter of context and perspective, anyway. I might, for instance, define imposing a psychologically damaging, emotionally destructive or intellectually confining belief system on another human being as a sin whereas they obviously would not. I agreed wholeheartedly with Blake when he said "The passion of the goat is the glory of God," but I doubted if they would. Sin was a nonsequiter in the equation we were dealing with.

As our discussion progressed, I doubted that my comments would plant in any of them a seed with the possibility of growing into a tree of freedom, acceptance and self-responsibility, and they seemed quite anxious to get on with their saving, so I stilled my tongue and let them. The power of their collective faith and love left me feeling warm and mellow, but it also left me doubting, as I still do, their sanity and the sanity of any individual or society that subscribes to such oppressive and self-defeating systems of belief. Such systems are crutches far more damaging than any drug could ever be—they tranquilize reason and action. If man lives for the future, he is less likely to change the present constructively, even if he has emerged from the hang-ups such belief systems impose with his ability for constructive change intact. If man assigns ultimate credit and responsibility to a God, then he forfeits his own power for positive action. Such systems seriously impair the ability of any individual or society to realize full potential.

My contention is not with the gentle and well-meaning souls I met in the park that afternoon. We each have the right to embrace any dogma or beliefs we wish and to express these in a number of ways. The group that approached me was comprised of victims, not villains. My contention is with the belief systems themselves, the systems that have, throughout recorded history, robbed man of his own potential and worth. I believe that it is time to bury them. If we are able to overcome our preoccupation with future heaven paved with gold, perhaps we'll have the time and energy to build one here and now. If we no longer worry about pleasing God, perhaps we will then be able to begin focusing on pleasing each other.





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## Time Essay

# Homosexuality: Tolerance vs. Approval

*Homosexuality is ... (check one): 1) unnatural and perverse, 2) a simple sexual preference, 3) a result of childhood trauma, 4) learned behavior, morally neutral, 5) a problem of genes or hormones, 6) a private matter that is none of the public's business.*

As answers to this question would prove, the nation has never been so confused on the subject of homosexuality as now.

In general, there has been a marked growth of tolerance. In the 1960s, when an aide to President Johnson was arrested for committing a homosexual act, he was expected to resign in disgrace—and did. This year a Congressman who apologized for trying to buy sex from a teen-age boy won his party's support, and re-election. Homosexual publishing is booming, and gays now receive far more sympathetic coverage in the media. Gay bars and bathhouses operate unmolested in large communities and small. Police who were once notorious for harassing homosexuals are now likely to be found playing good-will softball games with gays. Although sodomy laws are still on the books in many states, there is clearly little will to enforce them. The recent attempt to pass major punitive legislation against gays—California's Proposition 6—was soundly defeated.

At the same time, there is a strong reaction against the homosexual rights movement. Polls show resistance to homosexuals as schoolteachers, and to laws that seem to enshrine homosexuals as a specially protected minority. Still, now that homosexuals, and their opponents, are pressing for various laws, many Americans are questioning their own gut feeling that homosexuality is wrong. Many are downright ashamed or guilty about this aversion. Is their feeling merely instinct and prejudice? Or are there valid, respectable reasons for distaste for homosexuality and its public claims?

The most basic opposition to homosexuality seems to arise from religion. In the Judaeo-Christian tradition, homosexual acts are considered sinful. Leviticus calls homosexuality "an abomination," and St. Paul condemns the practice three times. Homosexuals and their allies in the churches argue that these proscriptions are culture-bound and no longer apply. One argument is that the ancient Hebrews associated homosexuality with the competing Canaanite religion and with the vengeance of conquering armies, which routinely sodomized the vanquished as a gesture of contempt. Some Christians suggest that St. Paul was attacking a loveless sexuality and a refusal by heterosexuals to procreate. Another argument, received with some incredulity by conservative church members, is that Jesus Christ would have endorsed homosexual mating if he had been culturally able to envision Christians incapable of being attracted to the opposite sex.

What about other cultures? The only worldwide survey of sexual behavior, published in 1951 by Psychologist Frank Beach and Anthropologist Clellan Ford, found that 49 out of 76 societies approved some form of homosexuality. Yet this approval extended only to sharply limited expressions of homosexuality, such as ritual acts, puberty rites and youthful premarital affairs. Beach and Ford found no society where predominant or exclusive homosexuality was affirmed.

Even cultures and people not religiously oriented can object to homosexuality on broadly moral grounds. True, Kinsey considered bisexuality natural. Most researchers think that homosexuality, like heterosexuality, is learned behavior, the product of subtle interaction between a child and the significant people around the child. This argument now carries such weight in the academic world that researchers

seem reluctant to investigate the origins of homosexuality without also investigating the origins of heterosexuality.

The main problem with this position is that heterosexuality requires no complicated explanation. Even though most heterosexual acts do not lead to reproduction, sex between a man and woman has an obvious biological function. Homosexuality has no such function, and cannot ever have it. The push of evolution and the survival of human culture are geared to heterosexual mating.

Another reason for opposing homosexuality—and one long considered very liberal—is that it represents a sickness, or at least some form of biological or emotional disorder. Evidence to date casts doubt on the theory that homosexuality is biologically based. Freud, who believed that homosexuality was the fruit of early psychic stress, considered it to be a developmental arrest rather than an illness. As he wrote to the mother of an American homosexual, "It is assuredly no advantage, but it is nothing to be ashamed of, no vice, no degradation, it cannot be classified as an illness." Freudians have spun off dozens of theories of homosexuality, many of them focusing on mother fixation in males and a fear of aggression from other males.

In the hands of his successors, Freud's view hardened into the theory that homosexuality was pathological. But the rise of the Gay Liberation movement and the decline of popular support for the theories of psychoanalysis have seriously eroded the hard line Freudian view. Militant gays have been strikingly successful in portraying Freudianism as a kind of conservative priestcraft devoted to enforcing the heterosexual status quo. When the gay rights movement demanded that the American Psychiatric Association remove the "sick" label from homosexuals, the association was in no mood to disagree. First, the homosexual lobby had demonstrated, in the words of one Freudian, "that there is a large ambulatory population of homosexuals out there who do not need psychiatric help." And second, the lobbyists argued, with heavy effect, that the "sick" label is the linchpin of society's oppression of homosexuals.

In a highly political compromise, the A.P.A. adopted a statement declaring that "homosexuality, *per se*, cannot be classified as a mental disorder." The operative term, *per se*, left homosexuals free to think that they had been declared "normal" and traditional psychiatrists free to think that homosexuality, though not a disorder itself, was, or could be, a symptom of underlying problems. To compound the confusion, the association felt that it had to list homosexuality somewhere, so it created a new diagnostic category, "sexual orientation disturbance," for homosexuals dissatisfied with their sexuality. This diagnosis can only be applied with the patient's consent. It is a bit like dermatologists voting to ordain that acne is indeed a skin blemish, but only if the acne sufferer thinks it is. Though the A.P.A. vote seems to have pushed a great many therapists toward a more benign view of homosexuality, a strong body of psychiatric opinion still insistently holds that homosexuality reflects psychic disturbance. Last year an informal poll of 2,500 psychiatrists showed that a majority believed that homosexuals are sick.

Personality tests comparing heterosexuals and homosexuals have not been of much help in resolving the confusion. Seven recent studies of lesbians and straight women, for instance, conclude, variously, that: lesbians are not more neurotic but prone to anxiety; more neurotic; more depressed; less depressed; not more neurotic; not necessarily more neurotic; and less neurotic. The recent Kinsey Institute study of homosexuals, published as the book *Homosexualities*, reported that a minority of gays are

HOW DARE  
YOU PRESUME  
I'M  
HETEROSEXUAL!



## Essay

indeed deeply disturbed, but that the majority function about as well as heterosexuals.

In the welter of conflicting studies, researchers tend to agree on at least one point: homosexuals report more problems with their parents—unloving attitudes by at least one parent and parental conflict—than comparable groups of heterosexuals. This finding has been consistent among researchers who find homosexuals sick and those who find them well. Psychologists Seymour Fisher and Roger P. Greenberg, in their book *The Scientific Credibility of Freud's Theories and Therapy*, debunk much of Freud, but conclude that he was right about the fathers of male homosexuals. "In study after study," they write, "this father emerges as unfriendly, threatening or difficult to associate with."

Another area of agreement in the studies: there seem to be many more male than female homosexuals. Kinsey estimated that there are two to three times as many males, and, though the actual figures are obviously unknowable, later researchers have roughly agreed. This evidence points away from the theory that homosexuality is a random variation (which ought to be randomly distributed by sex) and toward the theory that it is heavily related to special problems of male development, which appears to be more complicated and disaster-prone than that of the female. In this view, homosexuality is one of many unconscious strategies chosen by some children under great pressure, primarily pressure created by parents. It is, in short, nothing to despise, nothing to celebrate.

Many people disapprove of homosexuality because of the assumption, long popular among some historians, that it is a sign of decadence and because of the fear of "contagion." About this, the evidence is, at best, mixed. The first point depends on what one means by decadence. The open, even glaring display of homosexuality may be seen simply as another sign of generally relaxed rules, which apply to heterosexual behavior as well. As for the "seduction of the innocent," there is little evidence that homosexual teachers, for example, are any more a threat to young pupils than heterosexual teachers. In most children, sexual orientation—the "learned" behavior that the psychologists talk about—is fixed early in life, probably by age five. In the rare cases when that orientation is not set until school age, it is doubtful that a homosexual teacher will have much impact. In fact, children raised by homosexual parents almost always grow up heterosexual. On the other hand, common sense observation shows that in many fields homosexuals do function as admired role models, and that growing social acceptance allows potential homosexuals to follow their bent rather than trying to suppress it.

In sum, there are plenty of "respectable," valid reasons, including reasons of taste, for opposing homosexuality. That is very different from trying to justify the persecution or oppression of homosexuals, for which there is no case at all. The trouble, however, is that for most heterosexuals the issue is not tolerance but social approval—the difference between placards that read I'M PROUD OF MY GAY SON and I'M PROUD MY SON IS GAY. Every oppressed group seeks a positive image, and some gays argue that homosexuals will never be truly free until society produces a positive image of homosexuality. That is precisely what the majority of Americans are unwilling to grant, however much they regret the past oppressions of homosexuals.

Many people who do not consider homosexuality either sinful or sick are still not prepared to say that it is merely a matter of preference, just as good as—if not better than—other forms of sexual behavior. This question of social approval lurks behind the debate over gay teachers. Many parents believe that if current laws dictate the hiring of gay teachers, future ones may require that homosexuality and heterosexuality be discussed in

sex education classes as equally desirable choices. Richard Emery, a civil liberties lawyer in Manhattan, suggests just that. Gay Activist Bruce Voeller says he believes that parents who try to push their children toward heterosexuality are guilty of an unjustified use of "straight power." This is understandable minority-group politics. And it is just as understandable if parents reply that this argument is absurd, and that they want to spare their children the kind of shocks and pressures that seem to be involved in homosexuality.

The same kind of fear is operating in the debate over gay rights laws. Though polls show increasing tolerance of homosexuality, opposition to laws that might be read as endorsements of homosexuality or special treatment for gays is clearly rising. As if to clinch the point that Americans are leaning in both directions at once, homosexual activists report that when rights laws are defeated, as they were in Miami, discrimination against homosexuals declines.

Homosexuals counter that increased tolerance is not enough, that the nation owes them protective laws like those passed in favor of blacks and women. A good many liberals have bought this argument, partly out of feelings of guilt over past cruelties to homosexuals. But it is possible to doubt that homosexuals are a class of citizens entitled to such legislation. The government's function is not to guarantee jobs or apartments for every disabled group in society but only to step in where systematic or massive discrimination requires it. That is clearly not the case with homosexuals, who, unlike blacks and women, are already well integrated into the economy. Homosexuals ("We are everywhere") claim that they represent 10% of every profession—police, fire fighters, teachers, surgeons, even the psychiatrists who voted on the mental health of homosexuals.

The homosexual complaint is a claim that homosexuals should not have their private behavior judged when it enters the public arena. No group in America enjoys that protection under the law. "It's a life-style question," said one opponent of a gay rights law in Eugene, Ore. "We've never seen legislation passed to protect a life-style." Simple-minded prejudice is, of course, a standard feature of many hiring decisions. But in a free society, employers and landlords are granted considerable latitude in taking into account all publicly known aspects of an applicant's character and behavior.

The problem is that laws passed for blacks and women are not currently viewed as rare exceptions to the general rule that employers and landlords can hire or rent to whom they please. Instead, such laws have come to be regarded as a basis for extending the same legal guarantees to a wide array of other aggrieved groups. The handicapped, for instance, have been included as protected persons in much legislation. Alcoholics may be next. In fact, a professor has sued Brooklyn College on grounds that he was let go because of alcoholism. The Government has entered the suit on the professor's side, arguing that alcoholics should be considered handicapped persons under the 1973 Rehabilitation Act. If he wins the suit, it will be illegal for federally assisted colleges to prefer teetotaling teachers over alcoholics. Enough. The Government has better things to do than proliferate categories of unfireable citizens. Like Masons, millenarians and est graduates, homosexuals must take their chances in the marketplace, just as everyone else does.

It is true that America has a great deal to be ashamed of in its treatment of homosexual citizens. It owes them fairness, but not the kinds of legislation sought by gay groups. In their franker moments, homosexual activists refer to gay rights laws as educational efforts and many heterosexuals have no wish to be part of such efforts. The best public policy toward homosexuals is no public policy at all—no sodomy laws, no special interventions pro or con. On matters of consensual adult sex, the law is, or should be, blind.

—John Leo

think  
straight



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## NASTY CRACK & REPLIES

### Billy Vs. Anita

In an interview in *Penthouse* magazine, Billy Carter, responding to a question about anti-homosexual crusader Anita Bryant, had this to say:

"A friend of my wife and mine is a staunch lesbian, and the guy who cuts my hair is as gay as he can be. I still consider them friends of mine. What they want to do after they get off work ain't none of my damn business."

Meanwhile, police continued searching for bodies in a suburban Chicago bungalow belonging to John Wayne Gacy, suspected of the sex-slayings of up to 32 boys and young men.

Twenty-six bodies have been recovered from shallow graves beneath the crawl space of Gacy's house. One body was found buried beneath the concrete floor of the garage. Two other bodies were recovered from the Des Plaines river. Police said Gacy, manacled with leather straps in a corrections department hospital, has admitted to disposing of four or five bodies in the river.

The 29 bodies so far linked to the Democratic precinct captain who sometimes acted as a clown for neighborhood children is the largest number of bodies traced to one person in the nation's history.

Juxtaposing what the President's brother had to say in the *Penthouse* interview with the 29 sex-slayings by a gay (!), we'll have to side with Anita Bryant.

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## Radio Music Report

January, 1979

TUESDAY, JANUARY 16, 1979

The Phoenix Gazette

### Letters To The Editor

Letters must be signed and bear addresses. We reserve the right to edit without changing meaning. Write to: The Editor, The Phoenix Gazette, P.O. Box 1950, Phoenix, Arizona 85001.

#### Pointing Out Fallacies

I am incensed by your editorial ("Billy vs. Anita") which appeared in the Jan. 4 *Gazette*. You labeled John Wayne Gacy a homosexual; noted that he was accused of murdering at least 29 young men; then jumped to the conclusion that all homosexuals are murderers.

Allow me to point out some fallacies in your logic. Just because Gacy committed same-sex acts, does not imply that he is a homosexual. In fact, Gacy has been married twice and, presumably had relations with his wives. Therefore, Gacy is, at least, bisexual — not homosexual.

Let us consider other mass murder cases. Richard Speck was found guilty of murdering eight female nursing students in Chicago in 1966. Herman Webster Mudgett allegedly murdered the most victims according to the *Guinness Book of World Records*.

He is credited with the murders of between 27 and 150 young women who were visitors in his "castle" on 63rd St., Chicago. Since these two men killed females, using your logic, we could easily jump to the conclusion that all heterosexual men are women-killers. Or, taking all three accused killers in view, could we assume all men who live in Chicago are murderers?

Finally, regardless of Gacy's sexual preference, the man, (if he is found guilty of the murders) is most likely mentally ill. His sexual preference should be considered less important than his mental state.

Bj BUD  
Phoenix

#### Mindless Pontification

I occasionally subject myself to your usually mindless editorial pontifications, primarily for the comic value. However, your "Billy vs. Anita" editorial caused me to wonder whether you don't have junior high schoolers ghost-writing some of your material.

In this particular instance, you seem to be saying that since John Gacy is both a mass murderer and is gay, it follows that gays should be persecuted (presumably because homosexuals tend to go around committing mass murders, or at best show unstable personality traits).

By this impeccable logic, heterosexuals should likewise be castigated, since Richard Speck, Juan Corona and several others are examples of mass murderers who were "straight." Even more alarming, a majority of presidential assassins in this country were heterosexuals! Let's see, that leaves asexuals as the only group of people in America that your paper sanctions, doesn't it?

As for Billy Carter and his comments, I'm still trying to figure out what was so fascinating or relevant about them that they were included in this editorial.

Honestly, if the quality of thought expressed on your editorial page is representative of the intellectual climate engulfing the largest newspaper in the largest city in Arizona, it is indeed cause for grave concern.

STEVEN KELLER  
Phoenix

#### Psychotic Deviant

It saddened me greatly to read your editorial, "Billy vs. Anita." I do not always agree with your editorial positions, but I have never seen you print something so totally destructive of that uniquely American way of life you usually defend so eloquently... to compare all members of our "gay" community to an obviously psychotic sexual deviant speaks of a lack of tolerance more fitting in a totalitarian regime than in the Land of the Free.

TOM BRENNAN  
Tempe

#### Political Jab

Your editorial "Billy vs. Anita" is as disgusting as its subject. It is bad enough to incite hatred against a minority of millions through citing the alleged crimes of one of them, but to go on to include a jab at a whole political party makes me think that the whole piece is some kind of sick humor of the worst kind... Read your own paper. Heterosexuals murder each other daily. So do Republicans.

L. WEFERS  
Phoenix

#### Logic Refresher

... As a point of curiosity, of what importance is the fact that Mr. Gacy was the Democratic precinct captain?

I believe you should send your editorial writer back to school for a refresher course in logic. I would hate to see your editorial page if a psychopathic heterosexual raped and killed 20 women, because your logic would stamp out a very large group of people — those of us who are normal.

GERALD E. HEYMAN  
Phoenix

#### Why Call Him Gay?

I feel "Billy vs. Anita" is the very height of irresponsible journalism. I see the editorial mentions that the man was a Democrat; why not condemn all Democrats?

Why call him "gay"? Call him sick, perverted, corrupt or whatever, but why gay? I can only hope that your writer studies his homework a little better before his next venture into something he doesn't understand.

VIC RICHARD  
Phoenix

#### 'Ridiculousity'

By the process of mutual ridiculousity we might also conclude that both areas of sexual preference should enjoy full civil rights until such time as their personal actions dictate that they be withheld by due process of law.

AUGUST J. MILLER  
Phoenix



# Anita — The Clear and Present Threat

## She's Really Got Her Tit in a Wringer This Time!

The question of the month (as far as this broad is concerned) is: Where's my Anita Bryant Ministries Newsletter? Could be that I've been removed from the mailing list owing to the fact that I've chosen to write and publish comments...it doesn't really matter since I have other sources for the Newsletter.

While I didn't get a Newsletter, I did manage to get ahold of the letter which appears below and on the next page. "I'm at the point of no return," she says, and if that were really true we could all breathe a little easier. But don't be deceived, this is just another of her (not so) clever ploys to get her hand into the pants of unsuspecting "Christians" who will receive this, read it, say "Poor Anita" and send her money. And that's exactly what she wants. "A totally frivolous, groundless accusation," she calls it, but somehow I don't think that being accused of murder could ever be considered frivolous, and hardly groundless when the persons responsible are quoted as saying while killing that San Francisco Gay, "This one's for Anita."

She lists five charges leveled against herself and Protect America's Children — each one true, each one without question (you should know and you should be able to feel it in your own life) and then says she can't believe our legal system allows such ridiculous accusations. Perhaps she should examine her own "ridiculous accusations" she aims at Gays in this country! The letter is underscored and highlighted with check marks in red with that touching little personal note in some one other than Anita's handwriting at the end. Desparate people do desparate things. Maybe she should consider a long swim into Biscayne Bay...!

—Jack.

December 22, 1978

Dear Friend,

I am rushing you this personal letter because I know I can count on your immediate help...

...I'm being blamed for the murder of a young homosexual man in San Francisco, California.

He was killed by several other young fellows, but a lawyer is trying to prove I am to blame because of my stand against legalized homosexuality.

Never have I faced such a serious problem as this \$5 million lawsuit.

As you know, I have suffered severe persecution for my stand against militant homosexuality...

...however, being accused of murder is quite another story! It's a totally frivolous, groundless accusation, but the law allows people to accuse anyone of anything.

And to make matters even worse, Protect America's Children is financially responsible to pay the legal fees involved...fees totaling well over \$50,000.

✓ That's why your support, both financially and spiritually, is so desperately needed.

I cannot face this prolonged legal case alone any longer. I need your help now.

This lawsuit has been filed with every intention of destroying our ministry...which would also tend to destroy the principles of every decent American.

Protect America's Children and I have been charged with:

- ✓ 1) Mounting a campaign of hate, bigotry, ignorance, fear, intimidation, and prejudice against the deceased and his class (homosexuals).
- ✓ 2) Inciting violence and riot against the deceased and others like him.
- ✓ 3) Creating, publishing, and disseminating written and recorded materials which

- 2 -

incited violence and other criminal conduct toward the deceased.

- ✓ 4) Publishing or causing to be published or encouraging and not repudiating campaign literature containing the words, "Kill A Queer For Christ."
- ✓ 5) Encouraging discrimination in housing and employment to homosexuals denying them their equal protection of the laws in housing and employment.

I can't believe our nation's legal system allows such ridiculous accusations!

My whole campaign has been misquoted and misunderstood since I began.

I've often thought some of the national news media are the conspirators who are working extra hard to make me look like a fool.

But I trusted in God and He helped me endure the ridicule of radical liberals and the harsh publicity pitted against me by Hollywood actors.

I've done everything I can to show that I'd rather not fight, but would rather help them.

I DON'T HATE THE HOMOSEXUALS. I LOVE THEM!

How many times do I have to defend my Christian stand against legalizing homosexuality and any other kind of immorality?

I keep thinking there is nothing else the militant "gays" can possibly do to me...

...they've destroyed my career, put fear into my children's hearts, threatened to bomb innocent people attending my rallies and concerts...

...and now after fighting this lawsuit for almost one year, I'm beginning to realize just how malicious they can be.

They want blood. They want me squashed, killed, destroyed, put down, shut up, and forgotten.

I'm going to share something with you I haven't shared with anyone.

When I began this fight in Dade County, I had



# Anita — The Clear and Present Threat

the  
**RIDE**  
of arizona

- 3 -

no intention of going national.

In fact, I was afraid of all the things that have since happened to me.

I only stood up because it affected me and my children. In this particular situation I didn't care so much about America as I cared about my family.

Then God showed me that He has supplied me with the leadership abilities and national recognition necessary to fight indecency...and stand on His righteousness...

...to help other people muster up the strength to keep their children safe from the ruinous effects of immoral laws.

In no way did I want the awesome task of getting America back to the God-fearing country it once was.

But, my life has changed. It is everything I never wanted and yet, I can truly thank God for giving me loving friends like you!

My life has been inundated with threats, hate, and distorted jokes in national magazines. I've seen my face disfigured in cartoons and filthy things written about me in "gay" literature.

Finally, they are accusing me of a hate campaign and a murder -- and all I've ever done is to stand up for my rights and my children's rights and to express my Christian love and desire to help the homosexual find his way out of his tragic enslavement.

Every cent that comes into our offices here goes toward helping the homosexuals turn away from their lonely and despairing life styles.

That's why I began our counseling center in Miami and our national seminars to train laymen and clergymen as effective counselors.

I want to help homosexuals. I want to show them God cares and loves them. I never said "Kill A Queer For Christ."

I have to be honest with you in saying I have been deeply hurt by the pain that has been inflicted on me and my family.

You are the only person left whom I know I can depend on to help me.

If you turn away today, Protect America's Children

- 4 -

will be forced to shut down.

And this is what the militant "gays" want. They want you to be disarmed -- unable to win against their evil and immoral laws.

My heart just breaks when I think about this legal case I'm involved in. I'm sure that this is just another underhanded trick to break me and the ministry.

The militant "gays" are no doubt hoping we will go bankrupt.

I'm only here because of God's grace and because of you. Your gift today for \$25, \$15, \$100 or whatever you can send will keep God's ministry going strong.

Hopefully, I'll be able to tell you by next month that our legal fees have been paid.

Please think about the consequences of having to shut down Protect America's Children.

Who will be able to fight for morality and decency then? Who will send help, money, support, and legal advice then?

I'm concerned. I'm upset. And I'm at the point of no return. You must mail me your gift immediately to pay these high court costs or America will be the next Sodom and Gomorrah.

My prayers are that you will remain safe from the evil forces around us.

Trusting in God,

*Anita Bryant*  
Anita Bryant

*P.S. Remember your gift is the only way Protect America's Children can pay their legal fees! Please help me today!*

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The bar's decor was perfect, the staging elaborate, lighting superb, and the performance truly professional. A very special mention must be made of the Connection's owner, Dale Williams (pictured here) who paid for this production out of his own pocket and, we might add, at a cost far above the original budget.

Imagine, an evening's entertainment in a Phoenix bar without a door charge and without high drink prices. The bar was, naturally, packed for the occasion.

Thank you, Dale, it's a pleasure to see someone give something back to the Community!  
—Skip.

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