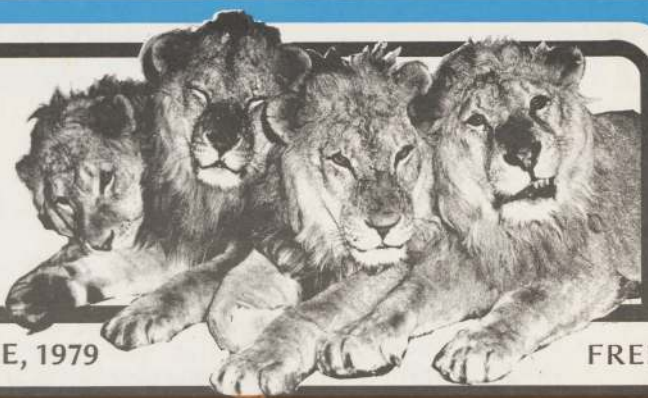


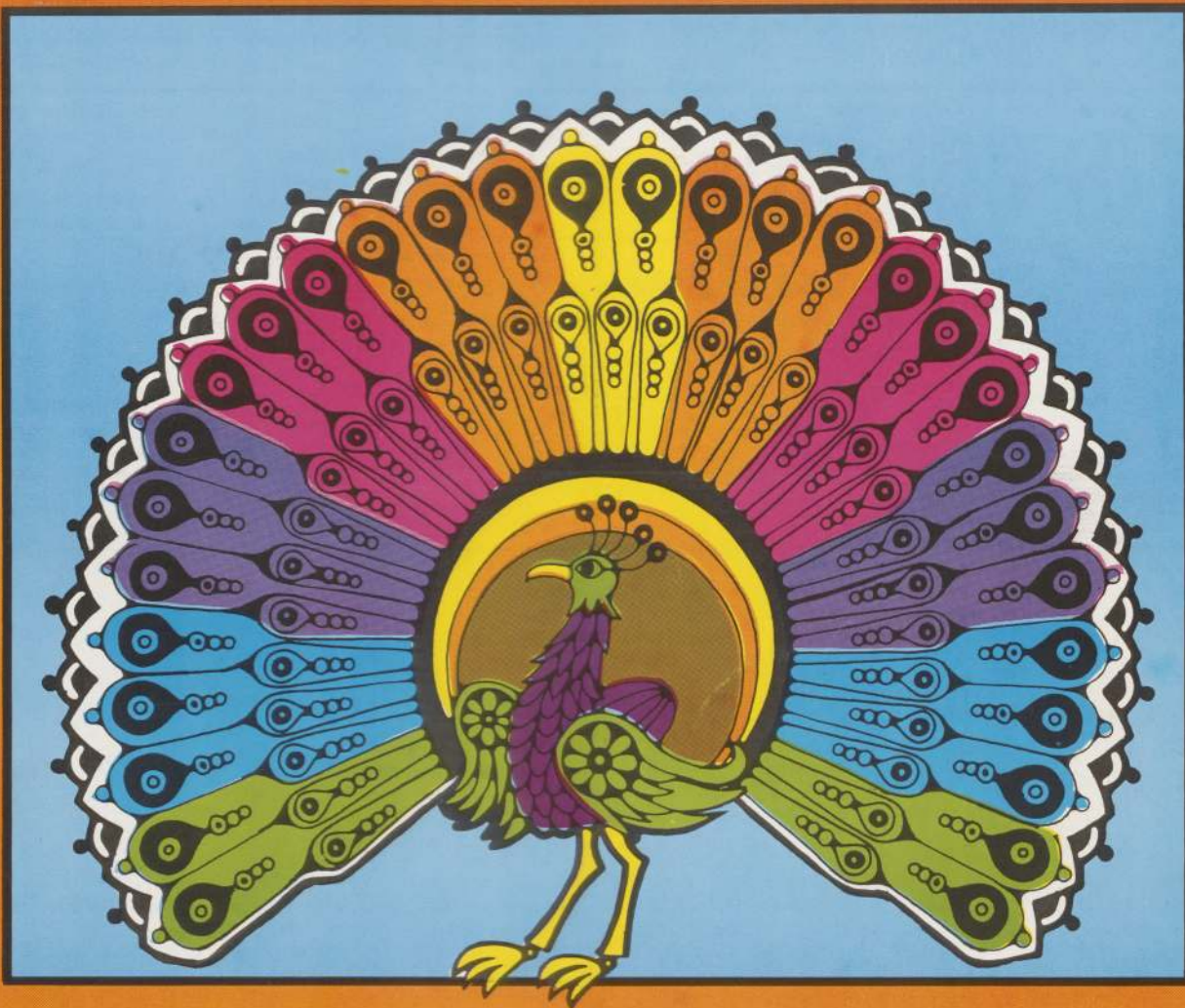
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VOLUME 3. ISSUE V

JUNE, 1979

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The Phoenix Gazette

Homosexual Loses Case On Deduction

An admitted homosexual who claimed his mate as a deduction on his 1974 federal income tax has been thwarted in an attempt to collect a refund from the Internal Revenue Service.

Bill L. Bristow, Phoenix, was told last week

by U.S. District Court Judge Carl Muecke the burden of proving the deduction lies squarely on his shoulders.

IN MUECKE'S order dismissing Bristow's suit, the judge said Bristow filed his 1974 return on Feb. 6, 1975, seeking refund of \$274.67.

On June 22, 1976, Bristow was served with a notice of deficiency, which claimed he owed \$188.

After he paid the deficiency, Bristow filed a refund claim with IRS

at Ogden, Utah, saying E. Charles Cartier lived with him during the 1974 tax year.

During that year, Bristow said he made all the mortgage payments, paid for the utilities and food and allowed Cartier to use his automobile.

THE CLAIM stated Cartier earned only \$18 that year from the sales of two caftans.

The IRS agent who audited Bristow's income tax return, K. Tibbets Buckner, said she interviewed Bristow, who confessed he and

Cartier were homosexuals and Bristow called Cartier his "spouse."

Bristow reportedly told the agent there were no strict male-female roles and, if anything, Bristow was the female partner.

According to Ms. Buckner, Bristow said if the action went to trial he would refuse to answer questions regarding the sexual aspects of their relationship on the grounds it might tend to incriminate him and the facts were not relevant to the suit.

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AROUND THE TOWN



No, your eyes aren't deceiving you, and no, it's not an impersonation, it is Mae West, recently snapped at the opening of her new movie — *Sextette* — in San Fransisco in the company of Dr. Richard Ireland, longtime friend and occasional companion. We should all look so good at such an age!

MAE WEST AND DR. IRELAND...



MEETING NOTICE...

The Annual Meeting of the membership of CCR (and other interested parties) will be held in accordance with the By-Laws on

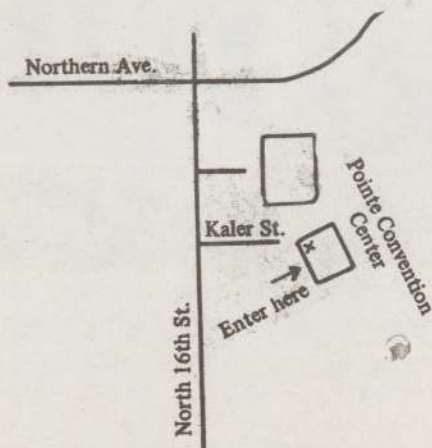
WEDNESDAY, JUNE 27, 1979

at 7:30 p.m.

at THE POINTE Convention Center
(see map below)

You are urged to attend this meeting whether you are a member or not, as the ongoing work of CCR directly affects you. Please make every effort to attend.

CCR Steering Committee.



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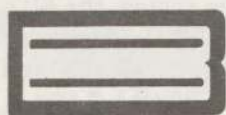
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SHORT NOTE...

While I certainly would never say that Bj Bud and I agree on many things, far be it from me to wish her any ill, and though we do not see eye-to-eye, we have maintained a reasonable amount of civility between the two of us. I recently learned something about her that has me upset and worried. Bj's not well and will shortly be making a trip to the hospital for very serious surgery. All disagreements aside, we are hopefully the best for her and ask you to do the same. We're all pulling for you, Bj.

ABOUT SAN FRANCISCO...

I had just finished watching the second part of the Master's and Johnson Interview on Phil Donohue's Show on Channel 5. It's now just a little after eleven and there's some dumb game show host giving rules for some stupid game. "What else is on?" I mutter as I squat down in front of the television to change the channel.

"Channel 10's got the news right now...What's this? Oh yes, the demonstration last night after the Dan White conviction. Some conviction! I mean the man cold-bloodedly marches into two offices in San Francisco's City Hall and pumps five slugs into each of two men (a couple extra just to make sure...?) and runs away. Why, that asshole ought to be put away for life with no parole at least. Or, maybe he should get a First Degree conviction and they could sentence him to death under the new law that dear, dear John Briggs got passed in California, Proposition 5, was it?

Can you imagine that? A man convicted of murdering a Gay man and his friend sentenced to death thanks to the unceasing efforts of the most anti-Gay homophobic creep ever to come down the pike! Now, that might be "poetic justice"...

But what did he get? *Involuntary Manslaughter!* So, what'll he get for that? Three to eight years, or is it fifteen years maximum? Well, whatever it is, it's not enough! What was wrong with that jury anyway? What a cop out!

And I don't blame those demonstrators one bit — marching through the streets, hundreds, no... thousands. They are doing the right thing. Absolutely.

Now they're showing violence — cars burning — rioting! People fighting people in the streets! I can't believe what I'm seeing, the 60's, the civil rights movement, the 68 Democratic convention, the peace demonstrations, Kent State! Will Castro Village become a new Watts?

My God, my God...I don't believe this is true — the police against the Gays, bricks and night sticks flying in the streets. Nazi Germany is not so very far away...

Well into the night — tear gas, flames — riot, chaos — the system brought down in revolt. For surely these Gays should be revolted by this "conviction", this mockery of jurisprudence. Revolted, indeed.

And now it's over and the news is about something else. Shut it off. But what's it all going to mean?" So I walk away. And I'm still wondering, even as I write this — what's it going to mean?

We are gentle, loving people...

We are gentle, angry people.

—Jack.

GAY PRIDE WEEK '79

Schedule of Events

The following are the various events scheduled for Gay Pride Week. Others may be publicized at a later time. Do yourself a favor and participate in these events.

THURSDAY, JUNE 28, 1979

Metropolitan Community Church —
Memorial Service, 7:00 p.m.
4035 East McDowell Road

Citizens For Constitutional Rights —
"An Evening In The Park"

Free Community Picnic
North Mountain Park Ramada
7th Street N. of Hatcher, 7:30 to 10 p.m.

PLLC Event
The Connection, 4211 N. 16th St. 10 p.m.

FRIDAY, JUNE 29, 1979

Speakers Forum

"10 Years After"

Alternative Relations Center (ARC)
1836 Grand Ave., 8:00 p.m.

SUNDAY, JULY 1, 1979

Free Spirit Art Show
Alternative Relations Center (ARC)
1836 Grand Avenue,
Noon to 7 (Auction at 6 p.m.)

His Co. Disco ARC Fundraiser
Grease Ball
3839 N. 16th Street,
doors open at 8:00 p.m.

MONDAY, JULY 2

Sunday's Child
Pizza Night
Organ Stop Pizza
5330 N. 7th Street, 6 to 10 p.m.

Gay plea for calm

300 train to monitor party tonight



Examiner: Gordon Stone

At the most chaotic moment of the demonstration, nine police cars were ablaze, their sirens moaning, and two squads of police were being assaulted with rocks and bottles

114th Year No. 295



Tuesday May 22, 1979

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Streets edition
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Police will ring area but let Milk celebration go on

By Richard Saltus and Peter H. King

Gay leaders met with Mayor Feinstein today and urged members of the homosexual community to avoid violence at tonight's birthday party for slain Supervisor Harvey Milk.

At a noon press conference, Feinstein said she hopes the Castro Street birthday celebration will be a peaceful memorial event.

About 300 monitors, volunteers from gay organiza-

tions, are being trained this afternoon to help maintain control tonight. Feinstein said police will be deployed around the area, but no curfew is being contemplated. She said "a number of contingencies" are being planned, but wouldn't divulge them.

"We've risen from the ashes before, we've swept up the glass and put the bricks together and that's what we're dedicated to today," the mayor said.

Gay leaders said definite plans are being made to prevent violence tonight. They asked the mayor to keep

police out of the area and believe they have a commitment to that effect, one leader said.

Police Chief Charles Gain said a heavy police presence will be felt throughout The City, and added: "We're hoping we won't need them. We're hoping that the rally tonight will be peaceful."

As she entered today's press conference, the mayor said, "We have to find some way to keep cool tonight."

Feinstein, who last night said she believes the killings were murders, refused to talk about the manslaughter

verdict returned against former Supervisor Dan White yesterday for the Nov. 27 killings of Mayor Moscone and Milk.

Outrage over the verdict erupted in a night-long demonstration at City Hall that left 59 police officers and more than 100 civilians injured.

Gay leaders condemned the violence and urged that Milk's long-planned 49th birthday celebration be peaceful.

continued next page

"What happened last night was tragic, terrible," said Duke Smith, political editor of The Sentinel, a gay newspaper. "The overwhelming majority of the gay community was appalled by it."

"Our task now is to see that nothing like this ever occurs again. This was a disgrace to the memory of George Moscone and Harvey Milk. They would have condemned what happened last night because it was contrary to everything they believed in."

Smith was one of several gay leaders who met with Feinstein today. Police permits to close Castro Street for tonight's birthday party had earlier been applied for and issued routinely.

In another development, Douglas Schmidt, White's lawyer, said public officials who made adverse comments about the White verdict "don't deserve to represent the city of San Francisco."

Schmidt singled out Feinstein, saying "for the mayor of this city to question the jury system in that fashion is irresponsible." He also criticized District Attorney Joseph Freitas, who said the jury was "overwhelmed by sympathy."

Schmidt said Freitas is a lawyer and isn't acting professionally. "He's supposed to be responsible."

As for White, Schmidt said: "He's destroyed his life. His life is over."

The defense lawyer said he received 25 to 30 threats this morning and has "taken steps" to protect himself.

Gay plea: We must keep cool tonight

continued from previous page

Workers were busy replacing broken glass at City Hall and the State Building today today, after dozens of windows were smashed in the violence.

There was heavy security at City Hall and the homes of jurors were being watched by officers in patrol cars.

Last night's crowd burned 15 police cars and smashed dozens of windows. Businesses along Market Street, including three banks, were damaged by vandals, and there were reports of scattered looting.

There were unconfirmed reports that 15 other vehicles were burned.

Police said 42 officers were treated at St. Francis Hospital and 17 other policemen were treated at Central Emergency. More than 100 civilians also were treated at Central Emergency, and 20 more went to Mission Emergency. Private hospitals also treated some patients.

Supervisor Carol Ruth Silver was struck in the mouth by a flying object.

One man was hit in the head and underwent brain surgery early today. He's in critical condition at San Francisco General Hospital.

What began in the early evening as a peaceful protest march from Castro Street to City Hall didn't end until dawn today, when police, called in from throughout the Bay Area

and clad in full riot gear, cordoned off the Civic Center.

The homosexuals began their hastily organized march after a jury found former policeman and Supervisor White guilty of two counts of manslaughter in the shooting deaths of Moscone and Milk.

Milk was a widely respected leader among San Francisco's large gay population. Last night's crowd — chanting "Avenge Harvey Milk" — was clearly outraged by the jury's failure to find White guilty of murder.

Militant members of the crowd, some of them seemingly drunk, started smashing windows at the Polk Street entrance of City Hall just after 8 p.m. By midnight the protest had erupted into a running street fight between gays and baton-wielding police officers.

Police arrested 20 demonstrators, charging most with burglary and possession of stolen goods in connection with looting. Fire Chief Andrew Casper estimated damage at \$200,000, a figure that appeared to be low against the backdrop of burnt-out squad cars and rubble strewn from Turk to Market streets.

On the same City Hall steps where, six months earlier, mourning gays had gently held flickering candles in memorial to Milk, the protesters last night hurled burning

shrubs through the shattered windows and dashed off to torch squad cars with flaming newspapers.

At the demonstration's most chaotic moment, nine cars were ablaze, their sirens moaning, and two separate squads of police officers were being struck repeatedly with a barrage of rocks and bottles.

The mayor, who along with a few supervisors and staff members stayed inside City Hall throughout the siege, was pale and exhausted, with dark circles under her eyes, when she summoned reporters into her office at 1 a.m.

"There is no excuse for what happened tonight," she said. "I know of no city where people have been treated more tolerantly than in the City and County of San Francisco. But that doesn't give people a license to go out and trash a city."

The seeds of the disruption were planted in a steamy Hall of Justice courtroom shortly after 5 p.m., when the jury in the White murder trial sent word that it had reached a verdict after six days of deliberation. The decision was manslaughter, far less than the first-degree murder conviction the prosecution sought.

Along Castro Street, the province of the gays, anger over the White verdict mounted gradually in the early evening.

A few agitators suggested that they march to City Hall. Runners

loped along Castro spreading the word. Then, a few hundred at most, the crowd marched toward City Hall, where a larger crowd was collecting.

Soon it was evident that the shouting, whooping crowd of 2,000 to 3,000 was in a lynch-mob frame of mind.

The first destruction began shortly after 8 p.m., when someone in the crowd, pressed close against the triple-doored entrance, broke off a long, slender piece of the gilded grillwork around the center door.

"Let's go in," came the shouts.

Glass was shattered in the central door, then the one to the right, then on the left. Demonstrators broke off more grillwork and used the pieces as pikes to smash everything within reach. Others hurled themselves against the locked doors.

A handful of helmeted police hastily charged up the steps and turned to defend the municipal entrance. Retreating through the shattered doors, the police took up a formation inside. They squirted Mace through the doors at the most aggressive protesters.

The first noticeable pause in the accumulating frenzy came when Sally Gearhart, a San Francisco State assistant professor, lesbian and a speaker at Milk's funeral, tried to steer the crowd away from vandalism. "Let her speak," came shouts.

"There's nobody in The City angrier than I am tonight," she said, "but Harvey Milk would not be here tearing down the doors of this building. Harvey said 'I don't want my death avenged by violence... there are other ways to deal with our rage.'"

Subsequently a single candle flame appeared high above the crowd; it was Supervisor Carol Ruth Silver on the balcony, trying to make herself heard. "Harvey... Harvey... Harvey" filtered down to the sea of people on the steps, but the message was lost. Silver withdrew.

Soon, younger demonstrators began heaving rocks through the nine second-floor windows of the building's south wing. Others kicked over a row of a dozen newspaper vending boxes, ran heavily with them to the 10-foot concrete moat surrounding the basement level of windows and hurled them in.

Until this point, squads of police had kept their distance, arranging themselves into platoons. But the barrage of missiles and news boxes brought the first serious charge.

Some protesters charged back. By sheer numbers they sent the officers retreating around the corner onto Grove Street, where they took up a defensive position around the very entrance Dan White used the morning of the killings.

Battle's Debris At Civic Center

By Maitland Zane

Civic Center was a mess yesterday — glass and burned debris everywhere, the reek of tear gas still present in City Hall, survivors aimlessly wandering, as if on a battlefield after the bloodletting had stopped.

It was the aftermath of San Francisco's worst night of violence since the Hunters Point riots of 1966: the morning after thousands

of gays enraged by the Dan White verdict torched 12 police cars and broke hundreds of windows.

Damage was estimated at \$1 million by Mayor Dianne Feinstein's press aide, Mel Wax, who said the figure included overtime for hundreds of out-of-city policemen and Highway Patrolmen called in to save City Hall.

Twenty persons were arrested, most for vandalism, others for

brawling and looting.

Sixty demonstrators were hurt and 50 policemen were treated for injuries.

Ground floor offices on the Polk Street side of City Hall and the McAllister Street side of the State Building all had windows smashed.

"I don't understand how the hell they busted all the upper windows and venetian blinds too," said city Assessor Sam Duca.

"The good news," he added wryly, "is that now we've got air conditioning."

Chief Administrative Officer Roger Boas, who has supervision over the City Hall building, put damage at \$80,000.

"The place was a shambles when janitors came to work at 3:30 a.m. to sweep up the glass," he said.

One hundred fifteen windows were broken, he said, and the ornamental doors on the Polk Street side destroyed.

Boas was shaken, as was everyone else, by the fact some of the mob apparently intended to burn down City Hall, and might have done so had they not been driven off by policemen squirting chemical Mace and wielding clubs.

"Very bad for the city," Boas said, shaking his head.

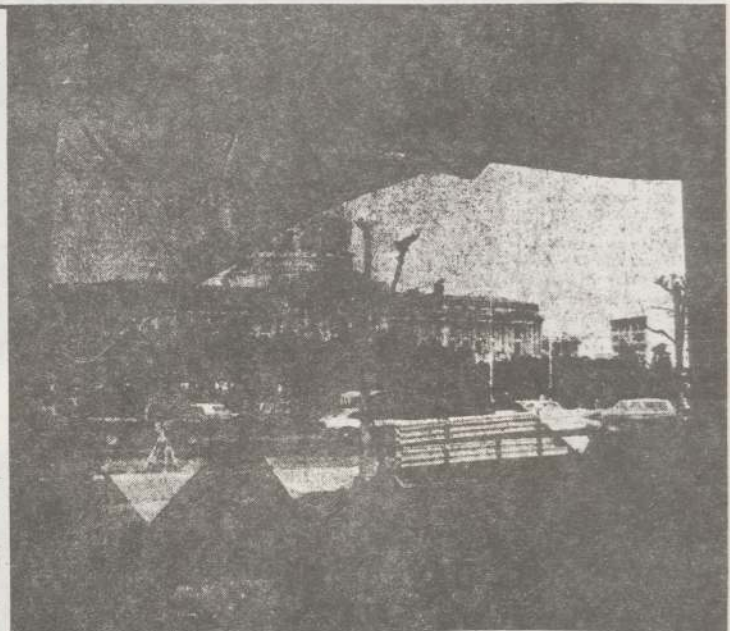
"Yesterday I interviewed a construction manager for a big city job. He told me, 'I have a wife and children. Is this Kook City?' I laughed and said, 'All that's behind us.' Then all this happened. My guess is that he's down the drain, so far as working here."

Across Civic Center, the rampaging demonstrators broke all the windows in the elevator entrance to the underground garage. A graffiti said "Death Dan White."

Inspecting the damage was John Rutherford, superintendent of building repair.

"This place looked like a 'bottle' ground," he said. "They were using newswicks as battering rams."

Police barricaded the basement windows on the Polk Street side of City Hall with upturned desks during the height of the violence. Nonetheless, someone was able to throw a firebomb into a



Photos by Clem Albers

City Hall was framed through a shattered door of the city Planning Department



Assessor Sam Duca and assistant clerk Don Whistler beside a broken window and venetian blind

business office of the electronic data processing center in the basement.

"Took three fire extinguishers to put the damn thing out," Rutherford said.

Nine police cars parked on McAllister Street were torched by the mob. Howard Coleman, a night janitor at the State Building, had

the misfortune to park his old Cadillac there, and the vandals firebombed it too.

Claude Wilcox, building manager of the State Building, counted ten doors broken and 71 windows smashed. Including the office windows of two San Francisco Democrats, Assembly Speaker Leo T. McCarthy and Assemblyman Art

Agnos.

Noting that a firebomb was thrown into Agnos' office (it was quickly put out), Wilcox said:

"If it hadn't been for the State Police, we might have been burned out completely."

He put damage at \$12,000 to \$15,000.

Greenwich Village March

Gays in N.Y. Protest the Verdict

New York

Hundreds of homosexuals gathered in the streets of Greenwich Village last night, protesting the manslaughter verdict returned in the killings of San Francisco Mayor George Moscone and Supervisor Harvey Milk.

Betty Santoro, speaking for the Coalition for Lesbian and Gay Rights, said, "We are here to express solidarity with lesbian and gay men. We are outraged that one of them was assassinated. We'd like

to see where Mayor Edward Koch stands on the issue of protecting his lesbian and gay constituencies."

She said homosexuals are not protected here.

He (Mayor Koch) has done nothing to get us any protection. We are constantly harassed by straight b hoodlums in the Village," she said.

The demonstrators gathered outside a police station, then marched to Sheridan Square. They

carried signs, including some that said "Lesbian and Gay Men Fight Back," "We Demand Justice," "We All Live in San Francisco."

Milk, a homosexual, and Moscone were shot to death last November. Dan White, a former supervisor, admitted the shootings and was found guilty of manslaughter — not first-degree murder as some observers had expected.

The verdict caused a riot in San Francisco Monday night.

Associated Press

San Francisco Chronicle

The Largest Daily Circulation in Northern California

115th Year No. 109

HOME EDITION **

WEDNESDAY, MAY 23, 1979

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20 CENTS

How It Happened

The White Verdict Aftermath

Anatomy of Gay Riot

By Katy Butler

It wasn't planned as a riot. It was hardly planned at all.

The long, furious night of burning and looting, the first violent demonstration by San Francisco gays, erupted in an almost atavistic reaction to the Dan White manslaughter verdict, in a community where no leader has stepped forward to fill the vacuum left by the death last November of Supervisor Harvey Milk.

Throughout Monday night, community leaders, using feeble bullhorns, tried desperately to harness the fury of the raging crowd. It was like trying to turn back the sea.

Days before the verdict, a small, militant group called Lesbians and Gays Against the Death Penalty had plastered the Mission and Castro areas with leaflets calling for a candlelight protest at City Hall, on the night of the verdict in the Dan White trial, in memory of Harvey Milk.

They hoped the protest would win public attention and help them organize gay people politically.

They had intended to hold a planning meeting Monday night to organize their rally. But later events swept it all away.

Monday afternoon was sunny and bright on Castro Street when Sally Gearhart, a gay community leader and a speech teacher at San Francisco State, and Cleve Jones, a former aide to Harvey Milk, met a television news team and watched the White verdict announced on the TV monitor.

They hugged each other, white-faced. Gearhart called White "a dangerous homophobe."

Little knots of men surrounded the monitor and carried the news to street corners, bus stops and bars.

Continued on following page

The Mayor's Night Under Siege

By Jerry Carroll

The flames from the eight burning police cars bathed the City Hall dome in an eerie flickering light and their sirens screamed like dying animals until melt-down silenced them one by one.

Upstairs in the darkened second-floor mayor's office, lanky investment banker Richard Blum—Dianne Feinstein's fiancé—crunched across the broken glass on the carpet and made his way to the balcony to watch police sally forth to clear Civic Center Plaza of the protesters.

"I watched in a kind of disbelief," Blum said.

Throughout the long, violent night, Blum seldom strayed far from Mayor Feinstein's side as she was kept briefed on the scenes unfolding on the darkened streets below.



Police cars ablaze during the protest at the Civic Center Monday night

Inside

- A birthday tribute to Harvey Milk on Castro Street. Page 4.
- San Francisco swept up after the Civic Center riot and counted \$1 million in damage. Page 5.
- State legislators criticized the White verdict. Page 6.
- White's lawyer tells of threats. Page 6.
- A silent witness, Hinckle's Journal. Page 6.
- Jurors remained certain they were right. Page 7.
- Warren Hinckle's eyewitness report of police violence on Castro Street. Page 7.
- Supervisor Harry Britt denied a police report that he helped foment the riot. Page 7.
- A look at the legal aspects of "voluntary manslaughter." Page 7.

By John Storey

Chief Gain Defends His Riot Tactics

By Birney Jarvis and Robert Popp

Police Chief Charles Gain took full responsibility for police actions at City Hall on Monday night while officers in the ranks grumbled that he waited too long to quell the rioting that left 59 policemen and 90 civilians injured.

The chief declared at the Hall of Justice that he was forced to hold off until he had adequate reserves to cope with the rioters who were protesting the voluntary manslaughter verdict returned against Dan White for the slayings of Mayor George Moscone and Supervisor Harvey Milk.

"Without doubt some of my men wanted to move against the crowd and articulate their anxiety and frustration. But moving at that time was not the wise thing to do," the chief said.

The chief said he was the one who ultimately made the decision "as to when the policemen would undertake actions to move people... I have plenty of experience in that area and knew precisely what I was doing."

Gain said his primary objective was to prevent injuries both to policemen and civilians and to keep the rioters in the Civic Center area "so they would not be moving to other parts of the city and trashing and causing violence and other problems."

"We had 2000 to 3000 persons compacted in the Civic Center area throwing rocks, bottles and other missiles at police. To move them you need a wedge to split them and enough reserves to back them up."

"I did not have that reserve capability and I decided to hold tight, not wanting to risk more personal injuries to police and civilians as against damage to buildings and cars."

Gain appealed to everyone in the city and the gay community in particular "to dedicate themselves to peace today and to do all they can to influence people to be peaceful."

Numerous police officers appeared angry early yesterday when ordered to retreat before a predominantly gay crowd of 1000 at Castro and Market Streets.

"We were ready to take those bastards on," remarked one officer after Deputy Chief Kevin Mullen gave the order to withdraw.

Mullen had obtained a promise from the crowd's leaders that they would not move out into Market Street if the police pulled back. The crowd in the main kept the promise.

One grizzled, gray-haired sergeant exploded when the retreat order was given. Several officers were observed smashing the pavement with their night

continued next page

A changing palace guard of top aides and police and fire brass were with them, keeping the mayor in instant walkie-talkie touch with the ebb and flow of the street fighting.

"Dianne wanted to be in a command position to react to whatever problem might develop," Blum said.

Tension built quickly after the jury in the White trial returned the verdict. Blum arrived at City Hall at about 6 p.m. and he and the mayor were whisked to her Pacific Heights home for a quiet dinner of lamb chops.

"We heard that things had a potential to get out of hand," Blum said. Feinstein and Blum were driven back to City Hall at 8:30 p.m., entering on the Grove Street side out of sight of the thousands massed in front of the building.

"It was Dianne's desire to talk to the

crowd, to be a constructive influence if that were possible," Blum said. There was no public address system loud enough to be heard over the crowd. Someone was sent to the Presidio to borrow a P.A. system, but it was never forthcoming.

The same problem earlier had frustrated Supervisor Carol Ruth. Silver's hopes of calming the crowd. She and Police Chief Charles Gain found a janitor to let them into the mayor's locked office.

"My first thought was to go to the mayor's office with its little balcony—that's your basic command post here," Silver said.

"I said what I've got to do is go out on that porch and gain the attention of the crowd and what I need is something to draw their attention. What I need is a

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HOW THE PROTEST AT CITY HALL GOT OUT OF HAND

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that were filled with afterwork drinkers.

Ripples of low-key shock followed the news. "No Way!" — "That's not right!" — "It's not fair!" — went the muttered cries in one crowded bar, and the hum of talk became an outraged buzz as the urgent news traveled from table to table.

"We had a lot at stake on this," said Kris Carter, quietly. "There have been a lot of muggings out here this winter. Those people are going to be out in flock tonight. We're an open target again. My people have something to riot about tonight."

A crowd of 250 gathered at the intersection of Castro and Market, talking angrily of justice and being interviewed by reporters. Chris Perry held up a sign to passing traffic reading, "Avenge Harvey Milk."

"I was there. I saw what he did, and that was murder," said Cleve Jones, who, like many other people, was sure the jury would have returned at least a second-degree conviction.

At about 6:30, he said to the gathering crowd, "I suggest we get our brothers and sisters out of the bars and into the streets." The crowd took up the chant and about 500 people began to march.

A dirge-like drum and a guitar accompanied them, as they marched the same Market street route where last November marchers mourning Milk's death carried candles.

Now, on Monday evening, there were few candles — only the incessant, shrill tones of the police whistles many gays carry for protection against beatings, a sound reminiscent of the uvulation of the Furies in Greek mythology.

The gays were organized now, and angry, and they marched fast to City Hall.

There, they were joined by large numbers of lesbians and some straights from all over the city, who had heard about the rally on radio and television.



By John Storey

It was a bitter scene on Castro Street as demonstrators and police officers confronted one another early Tuesday morning

There were no protest monitors, and the wholly undisciplined crowd surged against the City Hall steps, breaking wires to the hastily assembled public address system.

Through bullhorns, speakers tried to focus the restless crowd, torn between grief and desire for vengeance.

"That anger was going to be spent one way or another," said Howard Wallace, who helped organize the march.

Sally Gearheart, former airman Leonard Matlovich and an Episcopal minister tried to speak and were rewarded by a mixture of boos and applause.

Somebody cried out, "No more bulls—!" and then the chants

drowned out everything.

By 7:45, the first six lines of protesters pressed against the City Hall doors, surging in a sea of mob emotion.

Cleve Jones, aware that he had a tiger by the tail, tried to lead the crowd on a march to Grace Cathedral to dissipate the fury.

"We are not Dan White! No violence tonight!" somebody cried through a bullhorn. "Bull—" came the response, then the sound of glass breaking, and a cheer went up from the crowd.

Dusk fell. "Where's Dianne?" the crowd referring to Mayor Dianne Feinstein. "Dump Dianne." Then "Take City Hall."

The crowd grew. Angry men in down jackets and blue jeans ripped

pieces of metal grillwork from the ornate entrance way, and heaved them like lances through the glass doors.

Eight policemen stood inside, nervous and itchy.

A row of nonviolent demonstrators formed a human cordon in front of the building, but were shoved aside by angry protesters.

Inside City Hall, at 8 p.m., a jittery Board of Supervisors, back from a dinner break, tried surreally to finish its regular weekly business as usual. Forty-five minutes later the supervisors gave up, after a city attorney told them their meeting could be considered a violation of the Brown Act for being closed to the public.

Mayor Feinstein sat in her ornate second floor office overlooking the chanting crowd. She went to the window to speak, but changed her mind.

"I would have been a lightning rod," she said later.

Dusk fell.

The entire glass facade of City Hall was shattered, to the sound of cheers. The police stayed low-key, out of the way.

At about 9 p.m., Supervisor Carol Ruth Silver appeared on a second-floor balcony holding a cigarette lighter and a megaphone. "We want to have peace in San Francisco," she shouted vainly, her words drowned out in the roar of the crowd.

All form disappeared from the crowd. Eddies of surging bodies, high on vengeance, surrounded police cars and threw bottles, rocks, and chunks of pavement.

At about 10:30, the first police car went up in flames in front of City Hall. In vain, police officers clubbed about a dozen demonstrators as they attempted to clear a path for fire trucks.

By 11:30, a row of police cars glowed eerily as they burned in front of the state building on McAllister.

The crowd, which earlier had appeared to be predominately gay, took on different tone as young rowdies joined the rioting.

"Where's Harvey now?" they shouted. "He's dead."

Silver went downstairs and tried repeatedly to talk to sinner, "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," to organize the formless fury. She tried to lead the protesters to United Nations Plaza, but only about 25 followed her.

At 9:45, Police Chief Charles Gain set in motion the process required to summon mutual aid officers from adjoining counties. They were not to arrive until 11:26.

Police officers and demonstrators began a violent game of cat and mouse. Demonstrators surged up the steps, using parking meters and newspaper vending racks as javelins through the windows. A fire was set with plundered newspapers in a basement data-processing unit, and extinguished by police officers wielding fire extinguishers.

The police clubbed and shoved demonstrators back from the steps. The crowd regathered over and over for new assaults. A double line of pacifists — joining hands — kept the crowd from storming into the building.

The police were stolid and controlled.

At 10:25, Carol Silver crashed to the steps of City Hall, bleeding with a deep cut in the upper lip from a rock or bottle. It required stitches; she went to the hospital by ambulance.

Large concrete trash cans were upended and smashed. Limbs were torn off trees and chunks of pavement thrown through windows in the Main Library, the State Building and the Planning Department. Almost every window on City Hall's Polk Street side was smashed.

Wedges of policemen in riot gear, moving stolidly, step-by-step, drove rioters out of Civic Center Plaza and onto Market and Larkin Streets, where clothing stores, liquor stores and pharmacies were looted and more fires set.

California Highway Patrol cars, part of the "mutual aid" force, arrived.

Others came later from Alameda, Marin and San Mateo counties, after the major riot had subsided. Many were kept in reserve at the Hall of Justice; others swooped down on Castro and Market Streets. There, San Francisco police stormed into the Elephant Walk bar, broke a number of windows, and reportedly clubbed customers after bottles were thrown from the bar.

At 2 a.m., Deputy Chief of police Kevin Mullin, ignoring angry comments from his own men, ordered more than 30 riot-clad police officers withdrawn from the area.

At Civic Center at dawn, rubble, cinders and burned police cars littered the block. Clean up crews began their work.

MAYOR

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candle," she said.

She and Gain rustled around, open and shutting drawers in a vain search for one. "So someone lent me their Bic lighter and I held it up." A puny bullhorn had been found somewhere and Silver spoke a few words into it.

"I was trying to say Harvey and George live in all of us, things like that, but it was clear the bullhorn wasn't good. People couldn't hear. They said come down."

Others yelled that Silver was a "puppet" on a string, but at last she assented to the cries to come down and moved among the crowd off and on for hours trying to cool tempers.

"The crowd wasn't really interested in listening to anyone," Blum said. "They were upset, they were incensed — as we all were." Mayor George Moscone was a good friend of Blum's.

"But the Founding Fathers said we're going to have a government based on law — whether you agree or disagree — and nothing was going to bring George or Harvey back," he said.

Frustrated, Feinstein tried to locate Assembly Speaker Leo McCarthy by telephone to ask him to call for a legislative review of the

legal concept of diminished capacity. She spoke with Governor Brown to put him in the picture.

"The clean-cut, historically responsible citizen who goes and blows somebody's brains out is by definition showing some kind of mental deficiency. So he can never be convicted of any murder? We all felt that was very wrong," Blum said.

Rocks broken off of the new aggregate trash containers the city has been buying began crashing through the windows of the mayor's suite of offices, including the small sitting room where White killed Moscone.

Darrell Salomon, a civil service commissioner, sprung forward to drag to safety a 4½-foot Chinese statue next to Feinstein's desk. The lights were doused and everyone retreated to the inner office of press secretary Mel Wax.

When the first whiffs of tear gas began drifting through the broken windows, Feinstein and her party moved operations for a time across the building to the supervisors' chambers.

Moments before, Supervisor Silver was standing alongside Gain on the front steps of City Hall. "We were trying to decide the next move." That's when something came spinning out of the crowd,

GAIN DEFENDS TACTICS

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sights. "How can they do this?" the sergeant grumbled. "Now we'll never be able to hold them. We had them going. Now we're f—d."

In response to angry shouts from his men that "you're an a—!" and "you've got no guts," Deputy Chief Mullen was overheard replying: "It's my decision and I've got to live with it."

One supervising officer in the thin blue line holding back the crowd at Castro and Market was so disgusted when the order to retreat was given that he shouted: "They can take this f— job and shove it up their a—."

Throughout the police department yesterday the incident at Castro and Market was being referred to as "Mullen's Retreat."

"We're ashamed and resentful," one anonymous officer said hours later to a Chronicle reporter checking district stations.

Other officers, who stood by under orders outside City Hall while the mob ran riot, said the San Francisco police were the laughing stock of mutual aid officers from other cities.

One officer said the mutual aid police "sneered at our tactics" while the rioters "took over City Hall." Another complained that Oakland policemen arriving at the scene "thought we were jerks."

Chief Gain's claim that his primary concern was to prevent injuries was dismissed as "total horse s—" by another officer at City Hall.

"We were standing there doing nothing while bricks were bouncing off our heads," he said.



The march wove its way from Castro Street down Market Examiner Katy Radoliz



Almost too quickly, the evening turned ugly — two men uproot a parking meter and prepare to use it as a battering ram Examiner Nicole Bengiveno

Swift sword of vengeance



Hundreds of people surrounded a police car and began to trash it, breaking windows, flattening tires and hitting it with a trash can Examiner Gordon Stone

WAITING. The court waited. The press waited. But the greatest anxiety came from the community. The people who had loved — and elected — Harvey Milk were worried. And at 5 o'clock yesterday their greatest fears came true: The jury in Dan White's murder trial came back with a voluntary manslaughter conviction. So the leaders of the community thought a march from Milk's district to City Hall, protesting the jury's decision, would be appropriate. But the peaceful march soon turned ugly. Cars were overturned. Police cars were not only overturned, they were burned. The police radio ran a constant static of numbers — 911s warning of broken windows, 404s talking of riots, 528s screaming fire. There were many peaceful people out, trying to transmit their emotions through signs or words. But they will not be remembered. The billy clubs and fires, the assaults on City Hall and a supervisor; they will be remembered. San Franciscoan turned against San Franciscoan last night. Bottles, rocks, broken glass, blood. That's the memory of the night the White jury came back.



A police no parking sign used as a battering ram Examiner Judith Calton



In a strange silhouette, San Francisco police officers are contrasted in the night's darkness against the firelight of their burning automobiles lined down McAllister Street Examiner Eric Moskowsky



VICTORIOUS DEFENSE ATTORNEY DOUGLAS SCHMIDT (left) after verdict, calls for putting City Hall killings 'behind us'

Heavy stress on strategy in light sentence

By Jim Wood
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The manslaughter conviction of former Supervisor Dan White was the product of strategy worked out months ago by his two young attorneys, Douglas Schmidt and Stephen Scherr.

Begun last December, the strategy paid off yesterday when it saved White from a murder conviction and possible death sentence for the shooting deaths of Mayor Moscone and Supervisor Harvey Milk.

Details were revealed to The Examiner by the two lawyers during the 35 tense, sweat-soaked hours the jury pondered White's fate.

Last night, in a muggy, third-floor courtroom at the Hall of Justice, a jury of seven women and five men found White guilty of two counts of voluntary manslaughter. He could receive a maximum of seven years, eight months in prison with one-third off for good behavior.

The jury reached the Moscone verdict early Friday but it was not announced until last night, after the exhausted jurors had also reached a verdict on the slaying of Milk.

Word that a verdict had been reached spread through the brown-marbled corridors of the Hall of Justice shortly before 5 p.m., and court began at 5:24 p.m. It was over in half an hour, turning the Hall of Justice into a pushing, shoving bazaar, as reporters vied to interview principals.

District Attorney Joseph Freitas, stung by the decision and frowning with disappointment, said the verdict was the result of emotion.

"The jury was overwhelmed by sympathy," Freitas said. Assistant District Attorney Thomas Norman, the chief homicide prosecutor who argued the case, said he was "disappointed."

His face flushed with anxiety, Freitas said that he had processed a first-degree murder case but that the jury had been overcome by emotion.

Outside the courtroom, moments after the verdict, defense counsel Schmidt called the Nov. 27 killings "an awful thing." He expressed sympathy for the two men's families, but added, "I think it's time to mend things, to get together."

It's a tragedy, but it should be put behind us. During the 11-day trial, the jurors heard 40 witnesses, 28 for the prosecution and 22 for the defense. White, who pleaded not guilty, admitted killing the two public officials but argued through his attorneys that he lacked the capacity to make the killings murder.

The defense was the result of a sophisticated strategy worked out in advance by the defense team. Here is the anatomy of the defense, as explained by Schmidt and Scherr:

Most important was tone, the basis for all other points in the defense strategy. Schmidt was to appear totally candid in all courtroom appearances.

The defense would not challenge the prosecution's version of the facts. There was to be little cross-examination, few objections. Schmidt, who headed the team, would do everything possible to change the case from an adversary proceeding to a consultation with the jury over what should be done with this person who, in Schmidt's word, had "snapped."

As Scherr explained it, the strategy called for getting all the truth out, the jurors had the right to know everything.

At the same time, the defense did all it could to portray a man's life in as sympathetic a way as possible, putting his entire life on trial.

The defense took a carefully reasoned gamble. It decided on a full preliminary hearing before the trial, calling anyone who could contribute to the prosecution. In this way, the defense could learn the full extent of the prosecution's case, although it risked details of the case leaking out to sway potential jurors.

By holding the hearings in private and barring the press, the defense succeeded in sealing up what went on. And it guaranteed that Schmidt and Scherr would face no surprises.

The next decision at the strategy meetings was to keep the trial in San Francisco. Instead of seeking a change of venue, almost everyone in San Francisco knew that White had killed

Moscone and Milk. When the jurors were questioned about their knowledge of the case, almost all said their understanding was that White had killed the two public officials.

Yet Schmidt and Scherr decided to keep the case here because they felt that San Franciscans could more easily grasp the complicated currents of City Hall. And they could more readily understand the enigma of Dan White.

The attorneys, working ahead of time, developed a profile of the jury they wanted: conservatives, working-class, family people, sharing the traditional values that had meant so much to White.

Such a jury ordinarily would be prosecution-prone, the attorneys recognized, but Schmidt and Scherr believed that such a jury could more readily empathize with their client.

The attorneys hoped the jury would be older, rather than younger, women rather than men, ideally women with children the age of Dan White.

Scherr said frankly that the defense was wary of having gays serve on the jury. He said the attorneys feared that a gay might believe that the slaying of Milk, San Francisco's first openly homosexual supervisor, was a political assassination — committed to block gay power. Scherr said that such a belief would be contrary to the facts in the case, but the defense could not afford to spend its time purging such a preconception.

From the beginning, Schmidt had planned on a psychiatric defense.

"A man with a background like Dan White's simply does not go out and shoot two people like George Moscone and Harvey Milk unless something's terribly wrong," Schmidt said.

With this premise, Schmidt and Scherr sought out psychiatrists and psychologists of differing persuasions, the idea being to openly dissect White's psyche, to give jurors as many insights from as many views as possible, to uncover, as Schmidt said, "the entire truth."

Such a strategy could backfire, the attorneys realized, if the jurors found the testimony boring or contradictory. But in keeping with their initial decision on tone and openness, they decided to go ahead, calling in the end four psychiatrists and one psychologist.

There was another consideration. If White was not to testify — as in the end he did not — it was necessary to give the jurors his version of what happened in another way. The psychiatrists did not belong on the streets.

The crowd then began throwing bottles at the police officers, Sullivan said, adding that until Britt got involved, the protesters were in a "non-acquiescent state."

Sullivan said Britt was not arrested because the officers could not break the protest line. Earlier the policeman had said no arrest took place because "we would have been killed."

At one point, Britt tried to walk through a crowd of demonstrators at Castro and 18th streets. One of the police officers who was trying to seal off the area asked him who he was.

"I'm Supervisor Harry Britt and you work for me," he said to a police sergeant, who answered, "Buddy, just remember I work for The City, not for you."

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At one point a demonstrator shoved

trists, in explaining how they reached their decisions, would have to explain in authoritative detail just what had happened to White. And White himself would not be cross-examined.

The defense team began working on the instructions for the jury in December. Although criminal jury instructions often are patterned on the California Jury Instructions, a standard text drawn up by a panel of judges in Los Angeles, these instructions "aren't written in stone," Schmidt noted.

Using case law, the court lawyers

hunted court-approved instructions that would help their case. They asked Judge Walter Cuccinelli for an instruction to the effect that for heat of passion, the provocation need not come from a series of events. This "last straw" instruction, which was given, fitted closely to the facts as White found them: a series of frustrations, rather than one unexpected outburst at City Hall.

Another key instruction was that the provocation had to be sufficient to make the ordinary man act if he were in the mental, physical and emotional state of the defendant at that time. This broad standard made it easier for jurors to find that White acted in a heat of passion and thus did not have malice, the requirement for murder.

These were the strategy concepts. Incisive defense tactics not them over. As District Attorney Freitas said after the verdict, the jurors were swayed by sympathy.

Freitas pointed out that the Moscone family or Milk's family could not appear daily at the trial the way Mary Ann White did. Yet her appearance reflected the defense strategy of showing all it could about Dan White, his background and his life.

Seeing Mrs. White, hearing her on the stand, it was impossible for the jury not to believe that White came from the decent, hard-working background that they, the jury members, shared and admired. Repeatedly, Schmidt used the word "background" and the phrase "hard-working."

Perhaps most effective of all was a tape White made within minutes of the killings. His voice distraught, sobbing frequently, he told how he had killed Moscone and Milk. The defense, carrying out its policy of candor, did not object to introduction of the tape. In fact, Schmidt later admitted, if the prosecution had not introduced the tape, the defense planned to play from the stand by White's former softball coach, homicide inspector Frank Falzon, the 24-minute tape gave White's version of the killing in emotion-evoking detail. Best of all from the defense standpoint, there could be no cross-examination.

Falzon's testimony on cross-examination was one of several legal skirmishes won by the defense. Over Norman's objection, Schmidt was allowed to ask Falzon his opinion of

White. A long-time White admirer until the shooting, Falzon, the prosecuting witness and head of the investigation, was put in the embarrassing position of testifying as a character witness for the defendant.

Another skirmish probably was more important.

After five defense psychiatrists, Norman elected to put on only one rebuttal psychiatrist, Dr. Roland Levy of the Langley Porter Institute. Schmidt sliced through his testimony like so much psychiatric fluff. Levy admitted he had not sought data from White beyond a quick briefing by Norman before their interview, said he had made no attempt to follow up, had failed to pursue evidence of mental

a bullhorn at the supervisor, but he refused to take it, saying, "I know they won't go home." He then told the police they had provoked the incident. Sullivan, on the other hand, said the crowd was "boisterous but not violent until Supervisor Harry Britt arrived."

"The cops came to Castro Street to bust a gay bar, to get revenge because the police cars were burned," said bartender James Barnes, who said he hid behind the bar and was still clubbed by police. He was treated at Lincoln Hospital for a gash on the top of the skull requiring eight stitches.

"They were dressed in riot gear, tapping their night sticks," Barnes said. "It was all over in about ten minutes."

Customers and employees milled around the bar yesterday and charged that the police lost control. A crude sign in the Elephant Walk window said: "Pigs start violence, Lesbians and fags don't."

Larry Crabb, another bartender working after midnight yesterday, said the police rushed

in following a mob of about 100 who came into the bar for shelter. The police were not provoked, he said. "They crashed bar stools, broke chairs, windows and threw down everything on the bar."

Crabb said at least a dozen customers were injured and estimated that 20 riot police swept through the bar.

Donald Saglin, 38, was a customer at the front of the bar when the police moved in. He was hit around the head, his right ear and chin split open, four or five ribs broken, and one lung is now partially collapsed. He told his story yesterday from a bed at San Francisco General Hospital.

"The police swooped into the bar, swinging and beating people. They were down there to crack a few heads open," he said. "It was survival. Clubs were swinging everywhere."

Michael Eaton, another bar patron, who was hit across the head by a police billy club and needed 11 stitches above his left eye, told a similar story.

"There was no time to move," he said. "The police were hitting first and then telling us to move."

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impossible. The jurors, sequestered, deprived of outside distraction, were centered on a courtroom where day after day a man whose life they heard described in literally heroic terms was sitting motionless at the defense table, a 32-year-old human robot whose only outlet was to cry.

This silent witness, staring straight ahead hour after tedious hour, was a constant reminder to the jurors, a mental prod that they were dealing with something different in the Dan White case.

And in the end, as clerk Anne Barrett, standing and facing the jury, read off the jurors' findings, the defense attorneys knew that their strategy had been successful.

Dan White, who killed a San Francisco mayor and a supervisor, had been found guilty of manslaughter.

Sign posted at the entrance of a Castro Street bar

DAMAGES TO OUR PROPERTY AND INJURIES TO THE PEOPLE IN THE ELEPHANT WALK LAST NIGHT WERE DONE BY THE POLICE. THE MANAGEMENT OF THE ELEPHANT WALK WANTS TO MAKE EVERYONE AWARE OF THIS.

ANYONE WHO WITNESSED WHAT HAPPENED IN THE ELEPHANT WALK LAST NIGHT PLEASE CONTACT THE MANAGEMENT INSIDE. THANK YOU.

The Sorry Saga at Elephant Walk Bar

By Bill Soiffer

The Elephant Walk bar and most gay businesses on Castro Street were closed yesterday.

The front door windows of the Elephant Walk were smashed and employees spent most of the day sweeping up shattered glass in the aftermath of the riot that moved from City Hall to "Castro Village" early yesterday morning.

"The cops came to Castro Street to bust a gay bar, to get revenge because the police cars were burned," said bartender James Barnes, who said he hid behind the bar and was still clubbed by police. He was treated at Lincoln Hospital for a gash on the top of the skull requiring eight stitches.

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Britt cites 'gay anger' at verdict

Harry Britt, the homosexual who was appointed to replace Harvey Milk on the Board of Supervisors, said as early as last week that he expected trouble when the Dan White verdict came in.

He would not be one of the "colder downers" when the "very heavy" trouble came, Britt vowed then.

The very heavy trouble came last night and Britt, 40, said: "Now the society is going to have to deal with us not as nice little fairies who have hair-dressing salons, but as people capable of violence."

"This was gay anger you saw," Britt said yesterday that the "anger" was "very strong and very great and showed we're not going to put up with Dan Whites any more."

Asked whether the gay community had lost some of its hard-won accept-

ance as a result of the violence last night, Britt said: "No one has ever accepted us. What sets a movement back is not violence. What set the black movement back was Uncle Toms."

"Of course there's going to be a backlash. There was a backlash after Watts. But I say there better be an understanding of where this violence was coming from."

"If the violence offends some people, it offends some people. I feel extremely mad about what that jury did."

Although Britt said the mob outside City Hall could not be controlled, that "it wasn't a crowd that was ready to hear a speech and go home," he was among those who tried to address the protesters.

"Let the pigs be pigs, not us," he told the crowd. "Listen, listen to our own people: don't act like a bunch of heterosexuals."

Later, Britt's activities in the Castro area resulted in police filing a complaint against him today with the district attorney, asking that he be charged with inciting a riot.

Police officer Michael Sullivan said the incident occurred shortly before 1:30 a.m. when Britt appeared behind a line of eight officers and shouted: "The

crowd then began throwing bottles at the police officers, Sullivan said, adding that until Britt got involved, the protesters were in a "non-acquiescent state."

Sullivan said Britt was not arrested because the officers could not break the protest line. Earlier the policeman had said no arrest took place because "we would have been killed."

At one point, Britt tried to walk through a crowd of demonstrators at Castro and 18th streets. One of the police officers who was trying to seal off the area asked him who he was.

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Sign posted at the entrance of a Castro Street bar

DAMAGES TO OUR PROPERTY AND INJURIES TO THE PEOPLE IN THE ELEPHANT WALK LAST NIGHT WERE DONE BY THE POLICE. THE MANAGEMENT OF THE ELEPHANT WALK WANTS TO MAKE EVERYONE AWARE OF THIS.

ANYONE WHO WITNESSED WHAT HAPPENED IN THE ELEPHANT WALK LAST NIGHT PLEASE CONTACT THE MANAGEMENT INSIDE. THANK YOU.

The Sorry Saga at Elephant Walk Bar

By Bill Soiffer

The Elephant Walk bar and most gay businesses on Castro Street were closed yesterday.

The front door windows of the Elephant Walk were smashed and employees spent most of the day sweeping up shattered glass in the aftermath of the riot that moved from City Hall to "Castro Village" early yesterday morning.

"The cops came to Castro Street to bust a gay bar, to get revenge because the police cars were burned," said bartender James Barnes, who said he hid behind the bar and was still clubbed by police. He was treated at Lincoln Hospital for a gash on the top of the skull requiring eight stitches.

"They were dressed in riot gear, tapping their night sticks," Barnes said. "It was all over in about ten minutes."

Customers and employees milled around the bar yesterday and charged that the police lost control. A crude sign in the Elephant Walk window said: "Pigs start violence, Lesbians and fags don't."

Larry Crabb, another bartender working after midnight yesterday, said the police rushed

in following a mob of about 100 who came into the bar for shelter. The police were not provoked, he said. "They crashed bar stools, broke chairs, windows and threw down everything on the bar."

Crabb said at least a dozen customers were injured and estimated that 20 riot police swept through the bar.

Donald Saglin, 38, was a customer at the front of the bar when the police moved in. He was hit around the head, his right ear and chin split open, four or five ribs broken, and one lung is now partially collapsed. He told his story yesterday from a bed at San Francisco General Hospital.

"The police swooped into the bar, swinging and beating people. They were down there to crack a few heads open," he said. "It was survival. Clubs were swinging everywhere."

Michael Eaton, another bar patron, who was hit across the head by a police billy club and needed 11 stitches above his left eye, told a similar story.

"There was no time to move," he said. "The police were hitting first and then telling us to move."

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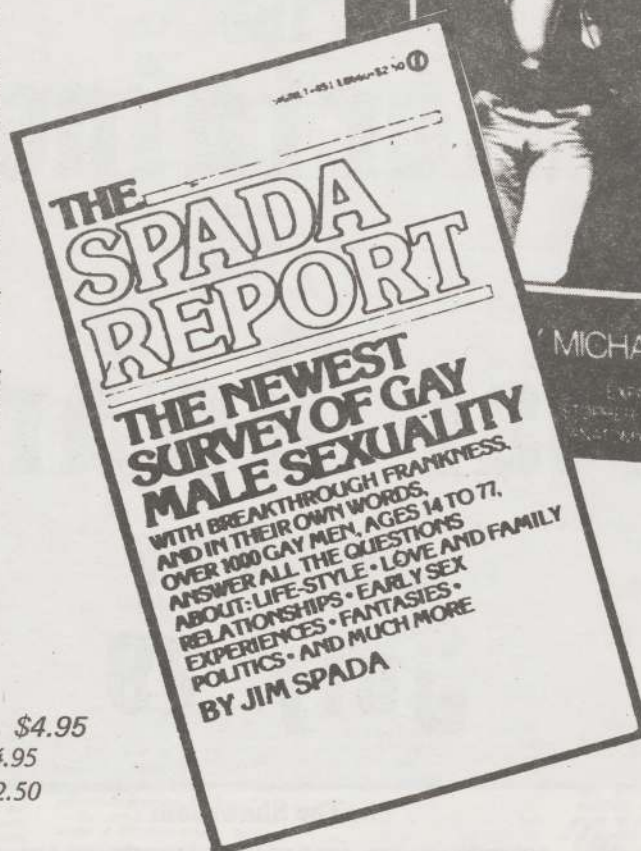
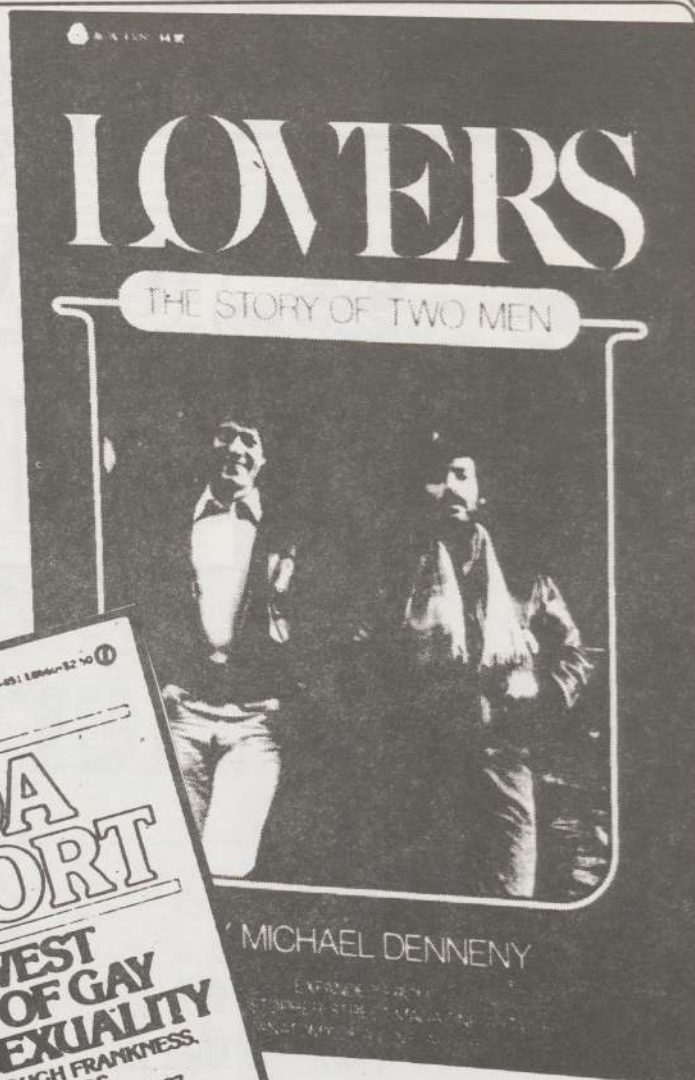
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GOOD NEWS, FOR WHO...?

Recently, one of our readers heard this radio program on "your fine arts station" KHEP, wrote for the transcript, got it and sent it on to us.

This is just one of those small things we're up against, but it is significant, considering the numbers of people who are exposed to programs such as this both on radio and on TV.

Planting seed, they are always planting seeds...It makes me sick! Especially interesting is the fact that this reactionary "minister" has the nerve to quote people, sometimes authorities, without naming them. And the gross majority of his audience is not aware of this, nor would it probably make any difference. They accept what these make-shift ministers say as Gospel.

To these moral-peddlers, gay people are a

symbol, and they likely could care less what we do actually, but the people who follow them of course believe that they really should hate Gay people and do everything they can to make life difficult for any Gay they might encounter.

But there are ways to deal with this kind of garbage. Take a few seconds and at least send the station your reaction to the program. They will read the letter even if they can't do anything else. KHEP: 3883 N. 38th Ave., Phoenix. That's the least we can do.

For some time to come, we will be hearing this sort of stuff, but, in time, through the process of education, the public will come to know that we are not the fiends that some choose to try to make us appear. Our time is coming.

Pause for GOOD NEWS

Program No. 638

"I have always hated myself for being gay. I always wanted out but couldn't make it. I tried everything, including suicide, and I couldn't even accomplish that." These are the words of a young homosexual who finally found what he had been searching for. I've watched gays doing their s---t sell on the TV screen, read the testimonies from ex-gays and counseled with many men and women who have the problem. I'm always struck with the unbelievable ingratitude of the term "gay". A famous psychiatrist who has worked with hundreds of them states, "I have never known a homosexual who was happy." The young man I quoted at the beginning said, "I had no happiness. I always felt guilty, because I'd rather be with a guy. Finally, I began going to psychiatrists. They told me there was no hope for me. People hated me, and I hated myself. I decided I wanted to die."

Of course the gay liberationist's answer to this: The reason a homosexual is unhappy is because of the pressure of society and the centuries of teaching against homosexuality. They say: "To counsel awareness that his or her sexual orientations are not wrong but very right and very normal." To put this all together and to get the right perspective, we need to know what homosexuality really is. Let me quote a friend of mine, a specialist in counseling homosexuals, who for 37 years was a homosexual himself and a leader of the Gay Liberation Movement. He said, "Homosexuality is not a birth defect or genetic heritage. It's an act of the will which, through continued practice,

becomes a habit and eventually a lifestyle. Nor is it merely the sexual act between persons of the same gender. It encompasses the desires, thoughts, and fantasies. "Another thing: The aggressive sportsman is susceptible, as well as the retiring and artistic person. Age, profession, race and religious background do not preclude the problem. We are constantly being assailed by the cry 'Gay is good!' But each and every homosexual has experienced, is experiencing, or will experience that period when they wish they could give up homosexuality as a lifestyle."

One 17 year old states the case when he writes: "It's not gay. It's rotten." But the 'gay is good' propaganda has been effective. For instance, recently when a minister announced his homosexuality, the townspeople never batted an eye, but when his wife let her extramarital affairs be known, they wouldn't stand for it. After all, what the homosexual needs is what we all need. He needs to confess his own inability to make himself acceptable to God. The sin of homosexuality is no worse to God than the more socially approved sins you and I are guilty of. The worst sin of all — the sin that will cause us to lose all peace and happiness God intended — is running our own lives. We are doing our own thing as if there were no tomorrow and we have no need of God. But what happiness there is for those whose guilt has been forgiven! What relief for those who have confessed their sins to God and been assured that He has cleared their record!



Box 82808, Lincoln, Nebraska 68501 or
Box 10, Winnipeg, Manitoba R3C 2G2

J. ALLEN PETERSEN

WHAT'S ON TOP

with Bullwinkle's DJ, George Hill

1. SUNSET PEOPLE, Donna Summer, Casablanca LP
2. LOVE EXITER/DANCE MAN El CoCo, AVI DD
- * 3. DON'T YOU WANT MY LOVE/UNDERCOVER LOVER, Debbie Jacobs, MCA LP
4. BORN TO BE ALIVE, Patrick Hernandez, CoL DD
5. LET'S DANCE TONIGHT, Gary's Gang, CoL/Sam DD
6. RED HOT/NIGHT DANCIN, Taka Boom, Ariola DD
7. YOU CAN DO IT Al Hudson & the Partners MCA DD
8. DISCO CHOO CHOO, Dave Freak & Boogie Night Life Unlimited, Casablanca LP
9. CRANK IT UP, Peter Brown TK DD
10. SPEND THE NIGHT, Bob-A-Rella, Channel LP
11. WANT ADS Ullanda Ocena DD
12. NEW YORK NUGGETS Mercury DD
13. LOVE AT FIRST BITE Pat Hudes, Parachutte LP
14. I'VE GOT THE NEXT DANCE Denice Williams ARC, DD
15. THOUSAND FINGER MAN/DANCIN & PRANCIN Audido, Salso ul LP
16. BODY SHINE, Munich Machine, Casablanca LP
17. SHININ Gregg Diamond Mercury DD
18. GIVE ME YOUR BODY WHILE WE'RE DANCIN Jesse Travers Kick Records DD
19. STREET FEVER Tashia Thomas Atlantic DD
- * 20. Deshabille Moi (Undress Me) Louis Lesther Shady Brook Records DD
21. AIN'T NOTHIN STOPPIN US NOW McFadden & Whitehead, PIR DD
22. PEOPLE COME DANCIN Ednah Holt & Starluy Westend DD
23. MOODY, Puff Willpower DD
24. GOOD TIMES, Chic Atlantic DD
25. YOU MUST BE LOVE Love & Kisses LP Casabl.



Dr. Jerry Falwell Renews The Clean Up America Campaign

Last Year's Clean Up America Campaign

Last year Jerry Falwell launched a crusade to Clean Up America. Dr. Falwell asked a nation to help him by voting against laws supporting ABORTION-ON-DEMAND, PORNOGRAPHY and HOMOSEXUALITY. Ballots were sent to several million people.

But Dr. Falwell's battle did not end there. He asked Old-Time Gospel Hour television viewers to request ballots; ballot ads were printed in TV GUIDE and dozens of other major secular and religious magazines with a combined circulation of 113,827,000; and appeared in approximately 100 of the largest newspapers in America, again with a total readership in excess of 100 million.

The response was overwhelming. A very small minority 4.3%, of the votes cast were in favor of each of the three questions asked, while 95.7% were adamantly opposed.

The questions asked were the following:

1. Do you approve of known practicing homosexuals teaching in public schools?
2. Do you approve of the present laws legalizing abortion-on-demand?
3. Do you approve of the laws of our land permitting the open display of pornographic materials on newsstands, TV and in movies?

Since the response came from cosmopolitan readers, it is noteworthy that only a small hardcore group supported these issues.

Authorities agree that a poll of this type is much more influential than its figures indicate, because every vote mailed in carried 15 times the weight of a verbal answer that a person

might have given when asked a question in a regular opinion poll.

When presenting the results of last year's campaign, Dr. Falwell told the press, "We represent middle America and they don't like the moral drift of our nation."

These tabulated results were sent to opinion makers in the United States: members of the judiciary, lawmakers, P.T.A. members, educators and business leaders.

Falwell also noted, "These people understand the power of the ballot box and grass roots. America has voted for morality... we call them the 'moral majority'... and we've only begun to fight."



STILL AT IT!

While Anita Bryant and tribe rush out to Hollywood to set up a new clinic (it apparently hasn't done as well down South), and while her mailings have dried up (haven't gotten one for months, could it be she is running low on funds?), Dr. Jerry Falwell is hard at it, striking blow after blow for the "moral majority" (that makes US the immoral minority, I guess).

It's called "Cashing In" and Dr. Falwell seems to be some kind of authority on the subject. In the past few weeks we have received, both in the mail and from other interested parties, no less than 7 different mailings from *The Clean Up America Campaign*, each one totally different from the others.

Now, we also have read where he's about to begin running his famous poll in TV Guide again. You'll recall from last year that he conducted a poll in TV Guide, and various Gay organizations across the country responded by sending in many

thousands of his polls, both cut directly from his TV Guide ad, and from reprinted copies of the thing which was to be found in many Gay publications, including this one.

Somehow he managed to disregard those replies which did not run consistent with his own warped views. The results of the poll showed almost none in favor of homosexuality and the other items on the poll. 4.3%, indeed! It was probably more like 43% of those responding and the decimal point inadvertently got misplaced.

The letter below is another attempt, and one unfortunately that seems to be working. This one was supplied to us by a person whose mother hates Gays, and she sent money to this clown, \$50.00! Sometime down the road we will take a closer look at the Jerry Falwell machine. But be aware, these people are all around us, and their just itching to do nasty things in the name of their "god".

May 22, 1979

From the desk of

**DR.
JERRY
FALWELL**



Dear Mary:

We are on the verge of striking a tremendous victory for Jesus Christ!

With your help and the help of over 1 million Americans I am going to deal a crushing blow to the evil forces attacking our nation.

I never intended to have to write you this letter -- but in order to press on to greater victory, I need to ask a few close friends like you, Mary, to make an even stronger commitment to my fight to bring America back to God.

So I am praying that God will lead you to send an extra gift of \$50 to help us Clean Up America.

The cost of bringing Bible morality back to America is staggering -- especially when I am opposed every step of the way by well-financed, media manipulators who are sympathetic to the Godless homosexual life style.

In fact, some of our fellow Christians, even some pastors, question my unwavering stand. But you and I know, Mary, that the risk lies not in speaking out but in remaining silent.

You and I are faced with a great challenge -- and I know you will do whatever you can to bring Bible morality back to America.

In His Name,

Jerry Falwell
Dr. Jerry Falwell

JF:as

P.S. Please carefully read the enclosed letter about one of the greatest sins now facing our nation -- homosexuality. It is such a burning issue that I've prepared a special questionnaire just to deal with this threat.

I need your vote... I need your continued support -- Please send whatever you can to help us Clean Up America.

Service Center Poll...

REPORT: CCR SERVICE CENTER POLL

by Joseph Wright, Research & Communications Division

Pursuant to its ongoing commitment to bettering conditions for Gays and to constantly strive for the attainment of equality under law for all citizens in Arizona, CCR undertook in the closing months of 1978 and early portion of 1979, a survey to find out what services the Phoenix Gay Community felt would benefit them.

The statistical data from that survey has now been compiled and is herewith presented to the Community. The officers and Steering Committee of CCR wish to thank all of you who took the time to express your views and share your comments.

As most of you know, the Alternative Relations Center in Phoenix has become a reality. It needs and deserves your support, as it was established for you by concerned individuals who cares what happens to Gay people in this area.

It is impossible to urge every Gay and supporter of human equality enough to *GET INVOLVED*. When you become involved it not only helps you, but also helps many others that cannot, or will not, for whatever reasons, take the steps to achieve freedom and equal protection under the law for all.

THE QUESTIONS...

1. Do you feel there is a need for legal, medical, and personal counseling services open to, and exclusively serving, the Phoenix Gay Community?

All responses indicated that there was (is) a definite need for some type of resource center (Community Service Center) exclusively serving the needs of Gays.

2. Which, if any, of the following services would you use if they were available through a Community Service Center?

	TOTAL RESPONSE %	MALE %	FEMALE %
(a) Legal	70	67	86
(b) Medical Services (non-V.D.)	63	58	86
(c) V.D. Clinic	54	64	0
(d) Sexual Identity Counseling	28	25	43
(e) Other Personal Counseling	49	47	57
(f) Meeting Rooms	47	50	29
(g) Library Resources Dealing With Gay Themes	65	64	71
(h) Workshops Dealing with Gay Themes	60	56	86

TOTAL RESPONSE % MALE % FEMALE %

3. Would you be willing to pay a reasonable fee for use of medical and legal services?

(Yes) 86 86 86

(Legal Fee Only)

7 6 14

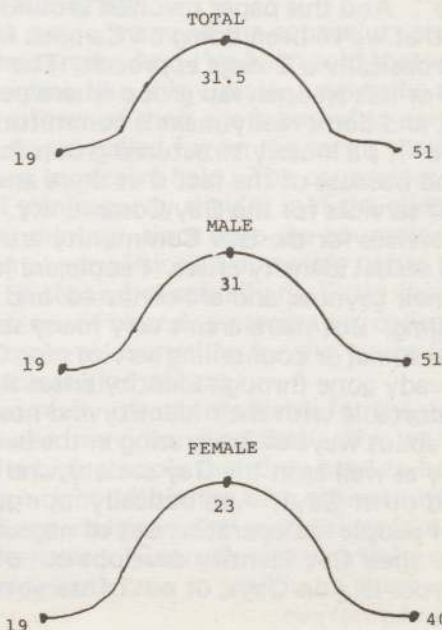
The total number of responses to the questionnaire was 43. Of these responses, 84% were from males; 16% from females.

The average age of the respondees was 30½, with the average age for men being 31, and the average age for the women, 23. (see curve of distribution)

The questionnaires also provided space for comments and recommendations for other services that these people would like to see offered by the Center. Those received are:

- Resources for older Gays
- Counseling on how to deal with aging
- Social and informal gatherings
- Gay Hotline/Hotline/Crisis Intervention
- Gay Alcoholics Anonymous and alcohol abuse clinic
- Financial counseling
- Gay business practice counsel and opportunities
- Gay job placement
- Gay theatre and arts group
- Gay business and professional referral service
- Education program for children of Gay parents/couples
- Counseling for Gay mothers

Age Of Respondees
(curve of distribution)



•INTERVIEW•

HELENE ROLLINS:

The following is an interview with Ms. Helene Rollins, one of the Valley's most outspoken and candid Social Workers. Ms. Rollins, a strong advocate of human rights and freedoms, along with Mr. Harry Lenna, ASU Instructor in the School of Social Work, has been instrumental in the formation of the Rap Groups operating on the ASU Campus under the auspices of Gay Academic Union. The work they have done has recently achieved national notoriety resulting from a lengthy and in-depth paper produced by Ms. Rollins and Mr. Lenna which was presented to a national conference of social workers, sex therapists, high school counselors and other similarly involved persons in Washington, D.C. in March.

Ms. Rollins, who holds a Masters Degree in Social Work from ASU, is fast-becoming a well-known and well-respected Valley personality. Her views on many subjects of interest, as well as a look at the conference at which the paper was presented are candidly presented in the following interview.

Harry Lenna and I began to talk about the needs for services in the Gay Community in Phoenix sometime before I graduated from ASU. After graduation, I began working for the Arizona Recovery Centers Association (ARCA), which is at 1001 North Central Avenue, and that's a private non-profit umbrella agency that gets Federal and State dollars and then delivers some alcohol services and sub-contracts for others. Residential alcohol services and so forth—they give me a lot of time to work on my own professional things.

So Harry and I decided that we were going to write a paper to present at the 12th National Sex Institute of the American Association of Sex Educators, Counselors and Therapists, which was held in Washington D.C. during the first week in March.

We wrote a paper, entitled, "A Group Approach To Developing a Proactive Identity For Living a Gay Lifestyle". And this paper revolved around the Rap Groups that we've been doing on Campus (ASU). The Group is basically a 2-stage approach. The first stage is more-or-less an open rap group where people come and go, and don't really make a commitment to being there—it's a loosely structured group that's mainly around because of the fact that there aren't a whole lot of services for the Gay Community. Most social services for the Gay Community are centered around sexual identity crises. People are just discovering their gayness, and are confused, and want counselling. But there aren't very many services—or even social or counselling services for Gays who have already gone through identity crises and are very comfortable with their identity and now want to talk about ways of integrating in the heterosexual society as well as in the Gay society, and come to understand other Gays. And basically, our premise is that a lot of people are operating out of negative stereotypes — their Gay identity develops out of negative stereotypes laid on Gays, or out of stereotypes



Helene Rollins: She Cares About Gays.

that the Gay Community lays on Gays; and we've said that there are a whole lot of individual identities that Gay people have — they are proactive, positive identities and that people need to examine themselves and find out who they are or what they are as Gay people living in this world. By having this group, these Gay people have a chance to meet with all different types of Gay people who are doing all different types of things. It gives people a chance to get to know other Gays in the community outside of the bars.

So, we have a two level approach. The first level is more or less the open group and the second level is the closed group which gets into more intensive "I" focus types of things, where people make a commitment to come for a certain number of sessions. So, that's how I got involved working with the Gay Community.

Harry believed that since a lot of Gay people enter into receiving services through more traditional

continued next page.

Rollins Interview, *continued from previous page.*

counseling settings, it was important for those non-Gay counseling people sensitive to Gay issues to get involved in the Gay Community. And that's kind of where I'm coming from, being a straight female, who has a commitment to the concept that not only is Gay OK, but Gay is a positive, viable, natural choice of a lifestyle. I felt that my services could be used, not only to work in the Gay Community with my professional background, but also to help other non-Gay therapists, who will be coming into contact with Gays, to know something about what it's like to work with Gays. So, that's kind of my orientation.

The conference was held in the Mayflower Hotel in Washington, and I would say there were about 600 people there. These were doctors, psychiatrists, social workers, psychologists, counselors, and educators—school counselors and teachers. This organization, AASEC, encompasses sex education, counseling and therapy. What was exciting about the conference, aside from it being in DC and being able to run around there, was that a good part of this conference really concentrated on working with Gays in a really positive way. That's what really excited me, because we went to the conference not exactly sure what

sort of responses we would get because predominately, although it's not been a traditional organization because in and of itself, specialty in sex counseling or sex education is already given some hassle from the profession in general. Anytime you deal with sex as a specialty there are people who question what you're doing, your motivations — sex is a touchy area, people are very uncomfortable with it, even among the profession, and especially working with Gays.

Alot of traditional counseling people are uncomfortable because they have negative feelings about Gays and if they're counseling somebody who wants to choose a Gay lifestyle, there's alot of harm that can be done if a counselor doesn't feel comfortable. But people were there to learn how to work with Gay clients, so that they can help people—not so they can change them, and that was really exciting for us.

A number of workshops were held on how to counsel Gay clients in terms of helping people receive the services they need to be able to live in the world. There was an all-day workshop that covered all aspects of working with Gays, in terms of what kind of services they need from a medical standpoint, psychological standpoint, which was very helpful. Also held were workshops on sensitizing the medical community to working with Gays — how to ask the right kind of questions when a Gay person comes for their physical health. And workshops on how to work with Gay clients so that they feel comfortable.

A great deal of the conference was aimed at non-

Gay therapists and counselors who are entry-points for the Gay Community. Alot of areas in the country don't have Gay social services, so the traditional settings are where people are going for help. Many of these counselors have been saying that they don't know how to work with Gay clients, but they want to learn. The conference was designed to answer some of their questions.

Besides therapists and counselors, a group of high school counselors (guidance counselors) were present, because they are faced with high school students who are just discovering their gayness and are afraid to talk with teachers or other school people, so they go to school counselors. So, here you have traditional high school guidance counselors being hit with people saying, "I don't trust anybody else, I don't want to talk to anybody else, I don't want you to tell anybody else, I'm feeling I'm Gay and I need some help..." These people have no idea of what to do, and if they go to other people for help,

they're going to be told. "Get these Gay people straight!" more or less, and that's not where they're coming from. They want help but they don't know where to go, so they came to the conference for help.

I think Masters & Johnson are saying that it's normal and there's no reason *not* to be Gay...

And, they're in a dilemma because if they do help and go against the policies (Gay is wrong is the usual policy) then they're in jeopardy, their jobs are on the line, and the other problem they have is that most of these kids are underage. They are minors and need parental permission to receive services. So when their parents don't know, it causes a big problem for both the counselor and client. This is an area where the guidance counselors really need some help.

As a result, many of the counselors are looking for resources. And I've been told that any minor in a situation like this, usually have to lie to get help. The subject of their age is bound to come up, since it is always called for on the forms they have to fill out to receive help. The counselors have told us of the jeopardy they're in if the client tells them he is underage, since then the counselor has to seek parental permission. So, mainly, what I've been told, is that most actually do lie on the forms. Now and then, of course, a perceptive, concerned parent will agree to counseling for the young Gay person, but this is kind of rare.

That really creates problems for the young people who need services. And that's why we suggested to the high schools that they need to be having groups right within the high school environment, so that people can deal with things in a "natural" environment. Counselors ought to be getting training as to how to work with these cases, and

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Rollins Interview, continued from previous page.

they are not. As well, right here in the Phoenix area, we put out a workshop for social workers who are working in traditional settings and there are a lot of services that Gays need and are not getting. They need one-to-one counseling, they need groups. If they're held in traditional settings, I think clients will go if there's not the stigma to it and if clients are entering services with traditional settings, then the settings ought to be providing the right services. The only place we know which has really gone out and sought training in Phoenix is Phoenix South right now. They're getting training in specialized issues which many Gay clients are needing, so that's a resource. People are available to do training and counseling if traditional settings get people who need that help. And if people who read this article need training sessions or services, they can contact you at *The Pride* and you can contact me, and we can get the appropriate people to those places.

Other services that are needed are the medical settings, the high school and traditional family services, the mental health centers, all need services. Residential treatment center are usually gender-oriented, treatment centers for women, treatment centers for men, and the issue of whether or not people are Gay never comes up, and you have men living with men, and women living with women, and they don't ever talk about it. Alcoholic and drug settings, mental health centers and counseling schools ought to be having courses on working with Gay clients. They don't.

There are resources in the community readily available. People need to be sensitized and they need to realize that these things are needed rather than just saying it will go away...or whatever. The Gay community gets cut-off because they're afraid to go to counseling if all they have to go by is the threat of their lifestyle being changed, and their identities lost. People get turned off from getting counseling that they really might need.

So, that's why we have this group. It's a place where people know they can come and it's the concept of positive, proactive identity choice. Besides counseling services, agencies ought to realize that a part of the whole integration is offering services for people who aren't really needing help, but are needing social integration. And that's not available either..

I think the conference was really positive for me, I was really expecting a lot of negative responses from other heterosexual counselors in terms of working with Gays—I didn't get that. There were a lot of Gay counselors there who came to help, learn new

information, share ideas with other people doing similar things. Also there were professionals there to help each other grow and change. Most came wanting more. Allen Bell (Weinberg & Bell, *Homosexualities: A Study of Diversities Among Men and Women*) spoke during the same session where we presented our paper, and he did a critique of their book, which more or less talked about the fact that as there are many heterosexual lifestyles, there are as many Gay lifestyles and you cannot stereotype people into "this is what it means to be Gay". There are a lot of choices, and that was, I think, the thing that excited me the most—that people *do* have choices, and people ought to look at what they want, and be the most productive, self-actualized person they can be. They can do that within a Gay lifestyle, within a heterosexual lifestyle...it's just a question of breaking through all those stereotypes.

Of course we know about the Masters & Johnson study which is now out, and though it's very clinical in its approach, I think in a lot of ways it is positive

because of their high reputation among the therapeutic community. And people *read* what they say. The type of people at the conference were also very clinically-oriented, are familiar with the authorities

in sex therapy, and Masters & Johnson are such people. I know there's a lot of argument about the concept of choice involved in choosing your identity and what that all means in terms of change. I don't know if that's exactly what they were trying to get at. I think it was a good study — you have to look at the population they used — sort of selective, couple-oriented, but I'm one who believes that I'd rather hear people say they have choices, rather than people say they *don't* have choices, because if you have a choice you can make changes — you can grow. I like the concept of choice, and I understand the problems with Masters & Johnson in the sense that, with that information people can then say, "Well, if it's learned behavior, then it can be *unlearned*". And I think Masters & Johnson are saying that there isn't any reason to change, that it's normal and there's no reason *not* to be Gay!

The fear from a lot of people is that others will use that — well, they'll say people *ought* to change, they *should* change — if it's learned, it should be unlearned. And I don't think Masters & Johnson had that in mind at all. I think they were saying people have choices and here is one choice people have made, and it's fine.

I've never spent a whole lot of time trying to figure out why somebody is Gay or why somebody is not Gay, because people *are*. That's pretty much my attitude. People grow up — they are sexual. People have a sexual identity. After they grow up, how they choose to act with that sexual identity — what

continued next page.

a social worker helping Gays

INTERVIEW.

the
RIDE
of arizona

Rollins Interview, continued from previous pages.

turns them on, what doesn't turn them on, who turns them on, who *doesn't* turn them on — becomes a natural reaction and a form of communication. And also, I guess, how they've been moulded in terms of what they've seen, what they've learned. If people see men and women turning each other on, then I suppose they will experiment with that. And if they see women and women turning each other on, and men turning each other on — whatever seems natural and right to them, people are going to act on whatever is pleasurable to them. People have a sexual identity. And then many variables enter in to what choices they make.

When I look back over my life, being a heterosexual, and I realized when I got involved with sex, I had to keep quiet about it, you know, it wasn't "right" — you're supposed to wait till you're married, and all that stuff. So, immediately I was under the impression that all these neat feelings and all this pleasurable stuff I was feeling was wrong. So I tried to alienate myself from that. I didn't talk to anybody about it and I started feeling that there was something wrong with me. I think this happens to a lot of the people who realize their affection towards same-sex people. You know, they better not say anything about it, because the whole world is there to tell them there's something wrong with them; and they start incorporating that and really feeling that there's truly something wrong with them. So that becomes a real problem for a lot of people.

My general feeling is that if there weren't all these stereotypes and all those people telling us what's right and what's wrong, people would feel much more affectionate — allow themselves to feel the normal feelings they have towards others of their same sex. People *have* affection towards each other, and if there were no negatives about expressing this affection, people would get along much better. In this culture we've all been taught to alienate ourselves from their feelings. That's why all these people are out going through Gestalt and all these other therapies to get back in touch with their feelings.

We've all been taught sex is wrong — and for women, it's especially wrong because you learn that sex is bad and you should not have any interaction with men until you find that one right person for you to love. And then all of a sudden, you're supposed to be this sexual tigress! It causes a lot of problems for women.

It's going to take an awfully lot to change all that. It will definitely take the sensitization of people, so that as people themselves become more aware, more sensitive to these things, then they'll eventually teach their children, and then things will get better. But of course, that will take time. This conference pointed all this out to me. A lot of the discussions we've been having in the Group lately have been how surprised people are when they come out to their friends and sometimes families. It's not the Oh My God — and run away type of thing so much anymore.

One person in the Group the other day was talking about having a big party for a friend at Papago Park. There were families picnicking nearby, and the families began to talk with them — I mean, this was a big *all-male* and obviously Gay group — and they integrated and all had a good time, so there is hope.

I think it's important for non-Gays, especially those people working in this profession, to talk to people and start speaking up, getting involved in the Gay Community. People who have influence ought to become more sensitized, and publications should, too. That reminds me, if you haven't read the new *Spada Report*, you really ought to, it's an important book.

Gays can help educate and sensitize people too. I think the more people communicate with each other, the more sensitivity they're going to have. I think it's important for Gay people to understand some of the direction straight people are coming from, too, in the sense of the fears they have and so forth.

This fear is also something that straight people just don't understand about Gays. Gays live with a lot of fear — I mean if you go to a Gay bar, there's always a chance you're going to come out and find your car windows smashed. Or you could walk out and there'd be someone waiting to beat you up, and for no reason at all, other than the fact that you're coming out of a Gay bar. That kind of real can be overwhelming. Gays also often live with the fear of loss. With the concept of coming out, the fear of losing your friends and family is very real. That psychological and physical fear is something that most people just don't understand. I have a hard time explaining that to a lot of my heterosexual friends. What do you mean — fear — they ask. It's something that's not understood, but I think it's very very harmful to the Gay Community. Nobody wants to live in fear, and nobody should have to, but that's the way it's set up. And I don't think there's any way to get around that, and that's one of the reasons all that violence happened in San Francisco — the fear was so great, what else could they do.

Most of those people who lurk outside of bars, waiting for someone to pounce on and beat — these people are acting out of fear. And then, of course, there are people who act out their fears in other ways, too, like that Margory Ollsen (State Representative) who tried to get that adoption bill through the legislature with the anti-Gay amendment on it. But that didn't pass, and the real reason it didn't was that Gay people talked with other people and educated them — sensitized them — and that's one of the most important things Gay people can do.

But you won't be able to change everyone — you won't change Anita Bryant's mind. You know,

continued next page.

the RIDE of arizona

Rollins Interview, continued from previous pages.

there are certain fundamentalist groups that are just opposed to everything — women's rights, Gays, you name it. You can't expect to change everybody, and even the changes you can make will take time — lots of time. But I think the non-Gay community has just as much responsibility to try to make these changes as the Gay Community has.

Overcoming fears and helping each other is what the Rap Groups have been all about. People are able to meet other Gay people who are going through very similar situations, and that in and of itself is helpful. These people have learned that they are not alone. And it gives a chance to be with people who like you for you, not because they want to sleep with you — an acceptance and a level of tolerance that isn't available elsewhere. Consciousness raising is very important to bring about change. I don't think the women's movement could ever have gotten as far as it has in recent years without this kind of approach.

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- Togetherness is so nice...Perhaps JAYE S. and JIM S. should take their friend-in-common to the clinic with them. Some friend!
- TED M. (Cha-Cha Monroe) should provide pen and paper by his front dooe to be used as a check-out list for ex-lovers. They come and go so fast, who can remember their names???
- Was KEVIN-CRAIG F. really once chosen Queen of the Crab Festival...?
- Loved that new cologne STAN K. was wearing at Goog's the other night. What's it called, *tick dip*?
- Why did TONY BALONEY take a trip all the way to Maine? We have Grade Schools right here in Phoenix...!
- We are told that having sex with BLANCHE du BOIS is like putting your face in a wino's tennis shoe...
- For their anniversary MIKE D. is giving BLANCHE du BOIS a ring...for her nose.
- Tacky is having to put your clothes in a *garbage bag* when you get to the tubs a little late and it's so busy all the lockers are gone.
- Seems Ms. BLANCHE du BOIS has learned to keep her afternoon activities out of the livingroom... Poor old thing ended up with 3rd degree carpet burns over 90% of her body. Fortunately, that leathery skin (hide) of hers heals quickly.
- And, why is it that Ms. BLANCHE's doorbell trade suddenly shows up the very day her other half goes out of town...while at the same time the dial on her phone almost catches fire???
- We hear that DANI REED has recently been chosen Sow-of-the-month at the Casa. A very good choice, but they better be careful or they may have a herd of offended sows attacking the bar!
- DRAGON LADY has been in the hospital having her appendix removed. We're surprised the thing hadn't fallen out the back already. But not to worry about her...she has one of the best veterinarians in town...!
- We understand they used to babysit little QUINTON by wetting his lips...and sticking him to the wall....*tacky, but true.*
- STEVE M. (Myrtle Myth) got her nose fixed (the technical name is *Rhinoplasty*)...looks better, but it didn't help...it's still into everybody else's business!
- Is it true that FLO in Tucson has a sister in Phoenix in the person(?) of the easily forgettable Dragon Lady...?
- DANNY B's birthday party was a real happening with anybody who is anybody (well, almost) in attendance...all wining and dining on the sumptuous pretzel spread which was so well complemented by

the generic liquor which was served. All in all, it was a gathering that would have made Emily Post puke...tasteful, *real* tasteful...!

- STAN W. has so many *noms-de-plumes* now that no one knows just what to call him anymore. What with Rita Reststop, Gloria Gloryhole, Stanleybelle, Nellie-Belle, and just-plain-Belle, what's next? It has been suggested that we retire all those names and settle for a simple, suitable name like...*"Homely"*
- TISH TANNER's stunning performance of Ronald McDonald of Hamburger fame, has alot of people guffawing. When asked about it, Her Fatness is quoted as having said, "I didn't really plan it, it just turned out that way..." However, we truly feel that although she never holds the pickle or the lettuce, we all truly *deserve a break today!!!*
- We understand that the great DR. DICKIE just loves to receive obscene phone calls. If you want his number (if you don't already have his number...) just ask JIMMY GOO, he'll give it out to anybody who asks...
- JAN, the Mad-Russian, seems to be spending quite a bit of time at *someone's* house...he seems to like people whose age equal his IQ...14!
- TONY BALONEY and CHA-CHA JOHN are still an item. So keep your hands off Tony, cause John has his spies on the job and will find out when he returns to Phoenix.
- What to do on Sunday, July 1st: The Dr. Richard Ireland Show at the Casa, and...the Gay Community Service Center (ARC) Benefit at His Co. You really need to go to both...and you can!
- We hear CASONDRA will have to put away her rubber tits for a while now that the Band Box has changed hands (now it's the Sand Box, get the idea?) We suggest she coat them with some sort of preservative, so they won't rot while in storage...
- Just wait till you see BULLWINKLE...if you like discos, you'll go out of your mind over this one!
- It's nice to see "success" come to GARY C. (AGN Space Cadet). It's not often that a drop-out from the *Connect-the-Dots School of Cartooning* makes good...!
- ***If you like to look at hot men (and who doesn't?) wait till you see the BIGGEST BASKET IN PHOENIX Contest at His Co., Thursday, June 21. When you are there, be careful not to step on someone's tongue! The super people at His Co. are turning the proceeds over to CCR so they can keep fighting for your rights.
- Look out, *Sedona!* Here come PL & L's Ladies-in-Leather for their after-the-fair weekend. LITTLE DOUGIE G. calls it an "Electric Weekend". Does that mean they're taking all their battery-operated toys???

continued on next page.

TACKY, continued from previous page.

- When MIKE R (Forum) was young, he was known as the Village Plump... But now that he has, shall we say, *matured*, he is now the *Village Plump*...!!!
- And speaking of plump...no, horrendously obese would be more like it...the ever-fat, ever-saggy AQUANETTA is the only person we know who can take a shower without getting her feet wet!!!
- Don't feel too complimented that you've been in the rack with CRAIG F... It merely means that you fall into his type category...and that very simply means that you have something — *anything* — projecting from your body that he can sit on.
- Our sources tell us that LARRY P. has momentary encounters in a walk-in cooler (at a local restaurant). Not very comfortable, but it does prevent him from working up a tell-tale sweat. Tsk, tsk, Larry.
- (Confidential to LARRY P.) NEVER underestimate the ability of a Tacky column writer to dig up dirt!
- Our thanks to our friend, the head Shadowette, for his/her/its contributions to Tacky this month. It has helped to make it the utterly tasteless column that so many thousands look forward to!



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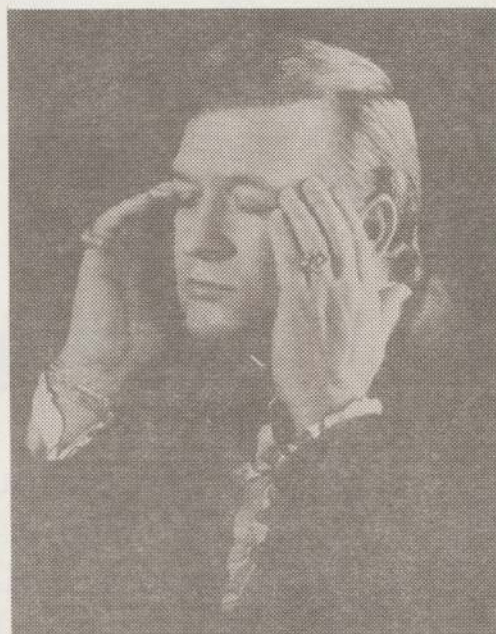
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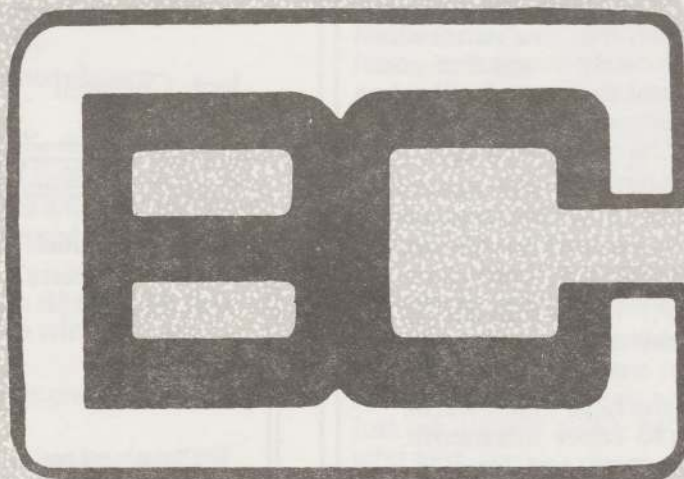
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THE LOVE BUG

Jerry came from a long line of athletes. Both his father and his grandfather had reputations of having been pros, so it was only natural for him to follow in their footsteps. He also inherited their looks. He was barely six feet tall, blond hair, which was more like kitten fur than hair, which he wore in a moderately long style with a slightly darker moustache. Due to sports throughout childhood, he carried a large frame which was extremely firm but showed little muscle deliniation.

From his early teens, sports, sex, and girls were simply parts of life that came to him easily. He was full of spirit and constantly into new positions, new activities. Camping, backpacking were high among his favorite rest times. Due to his multiple interests, he acquired multiple friends.

After returning from a weekend of backpacking, a group of his friends were looking for new places to disco. The *Phoenix* magazine suggested several top discos.

Selecting one, the evening went very quickly, and Jerry found his friends had all picked up dates and left. He wondered about that as the bar was mostly guys, but what the hell, he thought, everyone to his own desires.

At that moment he was drunk and only wanted to get in his car and drive directly home. He noticed as he walked through the parking lot how several cars seemed to jump out and "hit" him, and he laughed outloud to think how fast he'd gotten drunk.



But, no matter, he was feeling absolutely no pain.

Just before reaching his car, a man, slightly taller than Jerry, stepped out in front of him. Other than having dark hair and being slightly taller than himself, Jerry couldn't make out too much else about him. The man spoke in a deep, strong, smooth voice.

"Do you really feel able to drive? An accident at your age would be a hell of a waste."

Jerry pulled himself to his full six feet and immediately lost his balance, falling into his newly-found friend with a shy smile, "I guess not."

The next thing Jerry recalled was riding up to a large house, being helped inside thrown onto a king-sized bed. He was carefully removed of his clothing and fell immediately to sleep.

He remembered waking with the first sunlight and finding himself cuddled around this stranger with only his shorts still on, and his morning erection. His head hurt hurt and his eyes felt like he was looking out through a road map of red lines. He

rolled over away from the sun and fell back to sleep.

How much later, Jerry wasn't sure, but a gentle nudge awakened him to coffee. He found his new friend's name was Dave and that he was an archeologist. After showering and dressing, breakfast was served and introductions, life histories and plans for the next weekend were made. They left; Jerry for school, Dave for work.

—Continued Next Issue—

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The Pig and The Bell

"Damn! Damn!" my stepfather was stomping his feet and shouting.

"What's the matter," I asked as I came around the corner of our old shed.

"Oh, the damn fence is down over there and those stupid cows have gotten out. I don't know how long they have been out, but they're surely lost down there in the swamp by now, stupid cows." He threw up his hands in disgust.

"It's gonna take a while to find them," I warned him. In rural Louisiana those cows are the bank account. This wasn't the first time the cows had gotten out, but usually one of us was close by and we could herd them back fairly easily. Not so this time.

My cousin, John Earl, was right behind me, "We better get going," he pointed out beyond the fence, out toward the tall grass and weeds, and beyond to the trees and vines that looked from my vantage point like an endless dark green void. It wasn't a pleasant thought, but there was no one else to go.

We grabbed a few essentials from the house — jackets, flashlights, a couple of blankets, some candy bars, and with our other cousin, Bobby Ray, we set out on the hunt.

We stuck to the dirt road that wanders past our house and ramble through the red-fruited Mayhaw trees whose roots sink into the muddy bottom of the D'arbonne River, snaking through the countryside flanked by a vast bayou.

Small rowboats carrying one or two people break through the sweeping rushes of Spanish Moss draping the Cypress trees like the tangled grey hair of hundreds of witches. Our supper was slapping its tail in the bottom of the boat as the water ripples away from the

gentle push of our paddles. The only witness to the three of us as we turn inland from the river is a large sun perch taking a glimpse of us as he plunges back into the river.

Several miles into the bayou, we occasionally stop to

listen for the tell-tale tinkling of cow bells, but there are none. Our pace slows as the cool, cricket-filled dusk brings out an enormous swarm of mosquitos floating on the humid air. Hundreds of bullfrogs begin to join the chorus of crickets, grumping sounds from every direction in the twilight.

We stop, and our voices silence the frogs, and the only other sound to be heard is a whip-poor-will, calling many years to my right.

Around a small pine wood fire, we sit, as the milk-filled sky roars above us — shocking brilliance in a moonless sky. We listen hopefully for the sounds of tinkling cow bells not to be heard.

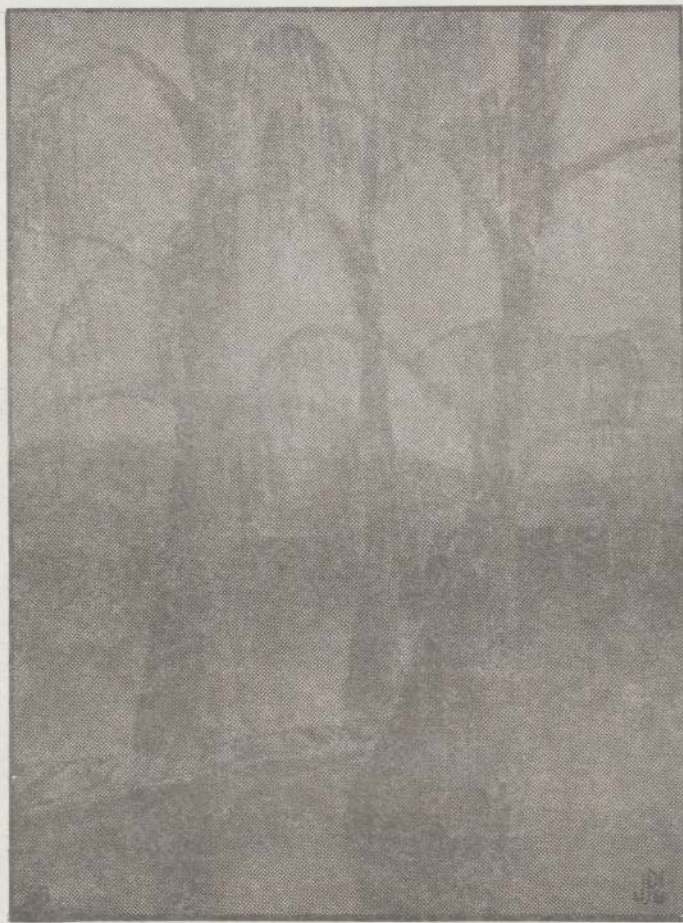
Millions of fireflies replace our campfire, now dying silently while we curl up in our blankets. I lay there, wide-eyed as the fireflies

confuse themselves with the stars now glittering overhead. It is a sound and light show never to be forgotten. I close my eyes and drift...

Then I hear — or I *think* I hear...*tinkle, tinkle*... "Is that a cowbell?" *tinkle, tinkle*. "I'll take a look." But who was I talking to? John Earl and Bobby Ray are sound asleep.

Tinkle, tinkle... Several yards away the fireflies are swallowed up in the thick darkness of the jungle undergrowth. *Tinkle, tinkle*... Louder — nearby! A shadowy something moves into my view. Not a cow, but a small white pig wearing a tiny bell on a cord around its neck.

Just as quickly, it squealed and ran away, *tinkle, tinkle*,
continued next page.



If Only I Were A Hundred...

the
RIDE
of arizona

continued from previous page.

The sound came from the darkness, just ahead of me. "Most curious," I thought, giving slight chase. But all I caught was my foot on a cypress root — *Whump!* Down I went right on my face. *Rustle, tinkle, rustle.* The small shiny eyes peered right into my own, startling me. "Here piggy!" It quickly moved into the bushes again. "Here piggy!" I reached out into the darkness, thinking how easily I could be bitten by a snake in the God-forsaken place. "Here piggy!" My voice was being swallowed up into the darkness and something told me it was time to get back to my cousins.

I turned around to retrace my steps. "Where's the fire?" I asked outloud. Not realizing my mistake I began to run into the darkness towards the sound of the whip-poor-will. "John Earl!!" I shouted as I stopped to hear a reply. *Chip, fell out of the White Oak. Jack, married a widow. Chip, fell out of the White Oak...* The whip-poor-will was answering me with its mocking slogan. The memory of my grandmother explaining the whip-poor-will to me floated through my mind momentarily...

"Oh, brother! Now I've done it." I shook my head, beginning to realize my dilemma. "I'm lost and this swamp is full of snakes, and I don't even know which way to go." I look around frantically to get my bearings, no point of reference, no sense of direction. Above me an occasional star peaks through the ceiling of branches and vines, but that doesn't help.

Tinkle, tinkle, snort. "It's that pig again," I wheel around but can't see it. "Who cares where that pig is anyway, I just want to get out of here." I stumble on.

Time passes slowly as I wander around in this bayou country where people get lost in broad daylight, and I wonder how I could possibly be so stupid. And I won't be missed for a long time, I know they are both still asleep.

"What's that?!" I silently ask as my ears pick up on a sound I don't want to hear and I freeze in my tracks. *Hssssssssssss.* And there it was, the awful sight of the wide white mouth — a cottonmouth — one of the snakes I fear the most, just off to my left and I just knew he had his mouth all set for my leg. I had to do something, I couldn't just stand there and let this venomous reptile sink its fangs into me. I jump away like a spooked cat and the snake did likewise. "Guess that scared him," I remarked like the cowardly lion and sighed with relief feeling a little less frightened. And with some measure of self-assured determination, I strode knee-deep into a pool of swamp sludge. *Ugh! Ick!* I retreat backwards only to step on a tiny hooved foot.

Squeel! That crazy pig was following me!! He quickly tinkled away. Perhaps he was lost too. A small clearing was ahead of me and a sort of slight

hill. A will-o-the-wisp of light was up ahead too, which provided the glow by which I could make out the clearing and the hill.

"Swampfire," I hesitated to watch it, "or maybe this is one of those places...the *Crossett Lights* look like that...or maybe it's our campfire. No, it couldn't be, there wasn't any hill..." I just stood there for a moment, wondering if I should go on.

I elected to walk towards the dim glow and I noticed bushes that had been chopped away and there were three small wagons close to the light, which I now knew was a campfire. *Tinkle, squeel, tinkle.* The small jangling creature ran past me, letting out a loud cry of warning to the camp.

As I got closer I saw an iron pot hanging over the flames, and an old woman bent slightly forward stirring with a spoon, her face all lit up by the fire. An eerie looking sight, but relief for my greater terror. She sits down as the pig approaches and she cuddles it in her lap.

"Katrina!" she says as I approach her. She is weathered and slightly stooped and her hair fades into the long tangled tresses of Spanish Moss hanging all around. "My name is Katrina," she has just welcomed me to her encampment in her own way. She smiles up at me and I open my mouth to speak. *Squeel!* The pig has apparently just tried to welcome me too, covering my own words.

There are other people just beyond the glow from the fire. I can see them hovering over someone on a bed of straw. The old woman looks over her shoulder and then back to me, commenting, "He was beaten up in town." She began to explain and stood up. "You see, we are gypsies and the sherrif said he stole from the store and so they beat him up."

"Did he?" I asked. She shook her head, "No, but it's the age-old problem. They call us gypsies, they say we "gyp" people, but it's not true, not true at all. Our ancestors came from Egypt, so... Egypsus...gypsies, that's what they call us. We don't hurt anybody, we just want to be left alone."

A little girl, black hair and black eyes to match came out of a wagon carrying a sack. She gave it to Katrina without even looking at me, and the contents were immediately dumped into the iron pot over the fire.

"Can you tell me what time it is?" I stupidly asked. "Late" she said, giving the pot a stir.

"I've always been afraid of you people. My aunt says you would hurt me." What made me say that, I'll never know.

"There are many of us here in the swamp," was her reply. "You don't steal?" another brilliant thing to say — youthful innocence, I guess.

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"If a person gets hungry enough," she said pointing at me with her spoon, "and is pushed down far enough, that person might steal, but it ain't our way," she was shaking her head slowly and speaking in a firm but quiet, soothing voice. All the myths about these people were spinning in my head. *SPAP, SLAP!* I was brought back to reality by the clap of her hand smacking a big, bloody mosquito. "Little vampire," she said. I had never thought about mosquitos before, I gave a shiver.

There was a bucket beside her. She reached into it and hauled up a rather large black snake, the head of which she severed with a glittering knife. She slit it open, skinned it, and put it back in the bucket.

"Tastes just like chicken," she said noticing the wide-eyed stare I was directing at the bucket, "and alot cheaper, too. I've eaten them all my life, and armadillo, possum, squirrel. This is real food," she said. My stomach didn't think so.

As she poked at the fire with a stick, the sparks rushed up to chase away the fireflies gliding about, as a voice feebly came from the direction of the straw bed, "Stop that. You can see that for miles." She stopped immediately.

"Aunt Rose told me I should never go near gypsies or their camps 'cause they are heathens." Another of those dumb remarks from me, but Katrina didn't seem to mind. The smile on her old face revealed a tooth missing, "Well, maybe, but just cause a person is different don't mean they gonna hurt you. Your aunt just don't understand us, so she fears us. I hope you don't." She looked at me and blinked, waiting for me to reply. "I don't. I was lost in the swamp," the small girl who had earlier run up with the sack, was now in front of my parting her hair, showing me her scalp.

The old woman, Katrina, pulled the child's head close to the fire for more light and began examining it. "Lice, head lice," she declared. "We got 'em at the Colony last year. Some people in the town brought DDT to spray on us, so we left, cause we didn't want DDT on us. If it kills the lice, it might kill us too.

Somehow that seemed to make sense, but all I could think of was the lice. "No DDT," said the small voice from the bed of straw. "No DDT," she said again, "Not here." She looked over her shoulder at the man on the bed again, "He's old and will die soon. Finding something on the child's scalp, she holds it between two fingers and pops it with the flat of her fingernails. I shrink back, shivering slightly, but thinking I was glad not to be out in the swamp lost by myself.

Within a few minutes, Katrina has finished toiling over the black iron pot hanging over the fire. She dips out some steaming grey lump onto a tin plate, hands it to me. "Eat," she demands, dipping out

a ladle of broth into a small cup which the little girl carries off to the bed. I hear slurping sounds from over there. He is eating...that's good, I was thinking...or is it? I look down into my bowl, the boiled head of a small animal — a squirrel — is staring up at me, steam is curling out of its mouth like some awful dragon head.

"Eat!" she declares again, "this is the best part of the squirrel," she is pulling the tongue out of the tiny mouth and popping it into her own. A piece of turnip is cut and handed to me. "This is why he got beat up." She confessed he had been pulling turnips from a spoiled garden. The turnip was old and bitter (and I thought I was poor). I am watching her know the lips from the squirrel skull, "Go ahead, it's very good."

I did as I was told, putting the tongue into my mouth. Hmm, I thought, not too bad, as I added a bite of turnip to it and swallowed. Katrina holds a rusty hammer aloft and with determination brings it crashing down onto the skull of the squirrel, making quite an odd sight in the orange glow from the fire. The skull has been split open like a nut, and with a scoop of her fingers, she has removed the boiled brain of the small animal which she pops in her mouth. Her eyes close, she savors it like she was tasting fine wine.

She took the squirrel head from my plate and split it open in the same manner, and handed ot back to me, "Go ahead, eat it." I did as I was told, put my fingers into the skull, dipped out the wet warm grey mass and put it in my mouth. Much to my surprise, it was very good. I finished the strange supper and had quite a time chatting with this *different* family, forgetting about being lost.

But as the stars began to dissappear in the early morning sky and the glow from the rising sun began to appear in the east and Katrina pointed the way out of the swamp, I began to think about my cousins. "Do not speak of us," she cautioned as I was leaving.

I followed her directions watching the swamp come to life as the haze began to lift. Birds chirpping in the trees and a little way from me the sound of cowbells and there they were, a small herd of cows needing to be milked, followed by my two worried-looking cousins. Did I dream those people, were they real? I had just about convinced myself that it had been a dream when a small pig with a bell dashed past us and disappeared into the deep greenness of the swamp.

—If Only I Were A Hundred...

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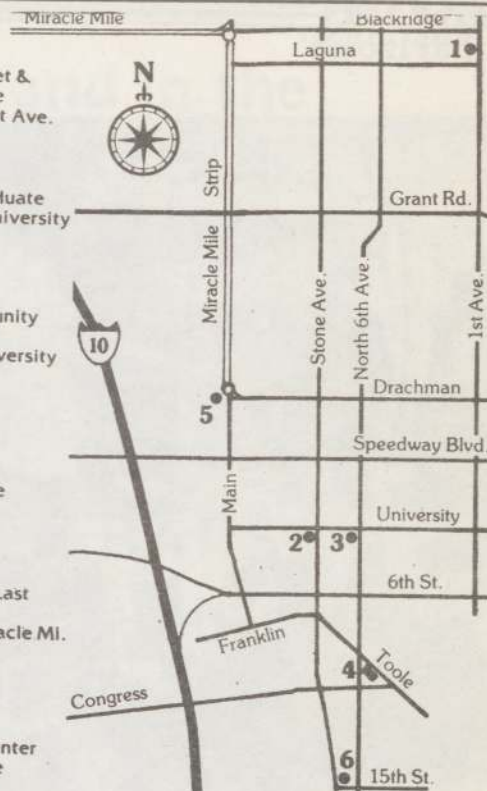
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T & J's
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Disco
Happy Hour 1 to 6
Disco
Disco 8 to 1
After hours til 3
Disco
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5 to 7
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307
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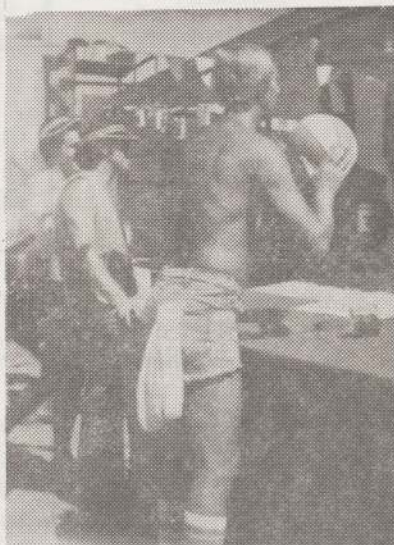


AROUND THE TOWN



CONNECTION FAIR...Fun In The Sun.

Typical for Memorial Day Weekend in Phoenix, the heat was oppressive, but worth venturing out for the Connection's Country Fair which drew large crowds and offered a gaggle of games and amusements that kept everyone busy (if you weren't already busy watching all the pretties running around half dressed. The Connection is well known for their super events, and P L L C outdid themselves this time.



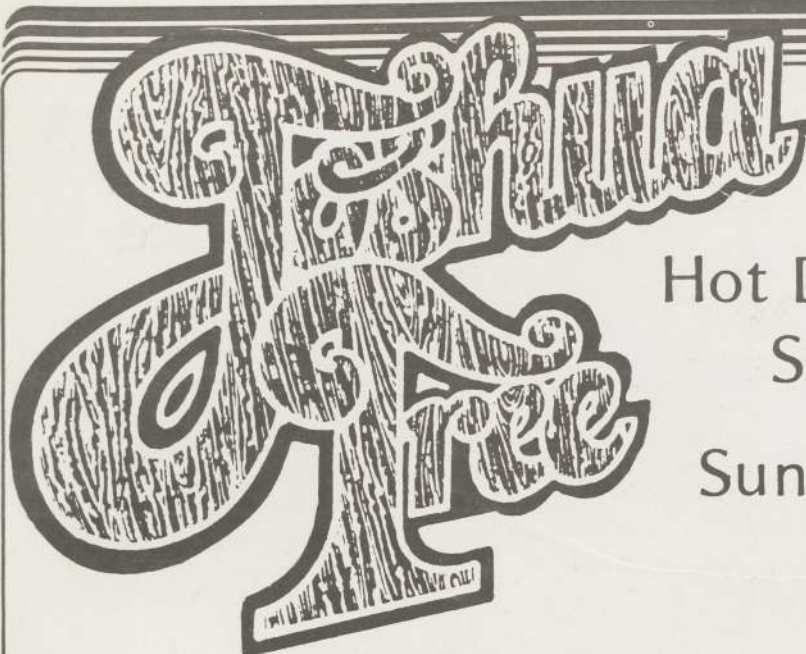
CCR VILLAGE PEOPLE CONTEST at HIS CO...

CCR's Village People Look Alike Contest played to a packed HisCo Disco, and proved to be an evening of fun and lunacy. Contestants turned out, and so did the Connection's Village People who ended the night with a little show of their own.

They were joined by surprise guest star, if we can call him that, Stan, from the Casa.

Hosted by George Hill and JoAnne, who even dragged out the family jewels for the occasion, the evening was a fundraiser for CCR, and a successful one, too. Thanks to HisCo, it was great.





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HIS CO DISCO

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