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'Crime against nature' law attacked in court

An attack on the state's 'crime against nature' law, which criminalizes sexual activity between consenting adults in private, was filed recently in federal district court.

The suit was filed by the American Civil Liberties Union of Louisiana, Crescent City Coalition, Louisiana Gay Political Action Caucus, and Lambda Legal Defense and Education Fund, the nation's largest gay rights law firm.

The Louisiana statute, whose origins date to 1805, defines "crime against nature" as "unnatural carnal copulation" which has been interpreted by the Louisiana Supreme Court to mean oral or anal sex. Such acts between consenting adults in private, including married couples, are felonies punishable by a maximum penalty of a \$2,000 fine and/or five years' imprisonment.

R. James Kellogg, attorney for the law-suit, said the sodomy law was used last spring as an argument against the New Orleans gay rights ordinance. "The statute is the legal foundation for discrimination against

gay people," he said. "Many gays are easily victimized and silenced by the knowledge that their private sex lives are illegal in this state," he added.

Kellogg said the law also is used to sweep the French Quarter and parks by arresting, often under the flimsiest of evidence, gay men whom authorities often have no intention of prosecuting.

The suit, allotted to federal judge Robert Collins, says the law violates the constitutional right to privacy and to separation of church and state.

Named as defendants are Orleans Parish District Attorney Harry Connick, Louisiana Attorney General William J. Guste, and Governor Edwin Edwards.

The plaintiffs are two lesbians, two gay men and an unnamed heterosexual married couple. The suit was brought as a class action on behalf of all homosexual adults and married heterosexuals in Louisiana.

Plaintiff Blanchard Ward is a 64-year-old

retired television repairman living in Pineville, Louisiana, and a member of the Board of Directors of LAGPAC. Plaintiff Linda Bynum, 38, is an ordained minister and pastor of the Metropolitan Community Church in New Orleans, a largely gay congregation. Plaintiff Mary Jones, 33, is a New Orleans mechanic, and co-chair of LAGPAC. She was a delegate to the 1984 Democratic National Convention. Plaintiff Jerry Walker Zachary, 39, is director of the New Orleans Gay Men's Chorus.

"The existence of this law stigmatizes gay people as criminals," said John Ognibene, president of the Crescent City Coalition. "What a gay person or anybody else does in the privacy of their own bedroom should be none of the state's business."

Martha Kegel, executive director of the Louisiana ACLU, said, "We see the elimination of the law as a major step to achieving full civil rights for gay people and privacy rights for all citizens," she said.

AIDS and Facism:

The devil to pay

by R. WILLIAM WEDIN

It is the function of the artist to find ways of expressing in images what other people simply feel, often on an unconscious level. If we want to know what is going on "beneath the surface" in a society at a given moment, and where society is headed, the best place to look is its art. I do not just mean "serious" art (i.e. art which takes its own oracular powers seriously), but also, and perhaps even especially, "commercial" art, the purpose of which is to get people to buy more of something, even when that something (be it cigarettes or homophobia) does everyone harm in the long run.

As far as the future of the gay community is concerned, two omens come to mind. The first is the cover of a recent edition of *The Medical Journal of Australia*, devoted to the topic of AIDS. Towards the top of the page is a drawing of a human skull, dressed in a flowing Bela Lugosi cape suggestive of a pair

of wings. Beneath this Angel of Death is an X-ray of a pair of lungs riddled with PCP, next to which a banner headline reads: "Perhaps we've needed a situation like this to show us what we have known all along—depravity kills!" And at the bottom, in even larger type: "The black plague of the eighties . . ." But who is God's Angel here? As we look more closely, we notice that the collar of the Angels cape exactly forms the outline of a stethoscope. The Angel of Death is a physician.

Exhibit Two is a singularly unfunny cartoon which appeared in the August 21 issue of the *Advocate* as a "teaser" to an article on "sexual compulsion" by George Whitmore. Across the top of the cartoon runs the caption "When Once is Not Enough" (implying that it should be), beneath which are printed the words "Sexual Compulsion," in huge, saloon style lettering, of the sort often found in leather bars. Below the saloon sign is a drawing of Cupid, complete with bow and

arrows and cherubic wings. Yet, for all the traditional trappings, this is no pagan God of Love, sinlessly sexual, looking for handsome game in the Pines, but Eros as conceived by the New Gay Right. From the forehead juts a pair of pointed horns. The face is puffy and without emotion. From behind a devilish mask piercing eyes stare out at the reader. Fat lips touch a hand holding arrows. In the background, a row of faceless bodies, dressed in black, some with slash marks through them, others still intact—"scores" past and future; men living, men dead. At the bottom, though, a message of salvation in the form of a pun: "Group Help for a Tricky Habit." For the Gay Christian Right, Eros is indeed the Trickster, forever casting cute "tricks" in our path to "trick" us into sin and "sexual compulsion."

When I showed these illustrations to my friend Marty Levine over lunch one day, he turned pale, "I know you'll think I'm para-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 2

1985 Mardi Gras Ball Schedule

January 6, 8:30	Krewe of David
January 12, 8:00	Krewe of Olympus
January 13, 8:00	Krewe of Polyphemus
January 18, 8:30	Krewe of Perseus
January 25, 9:00	Krewe of Ishtar
February 2, 9:00	Krewe of Amon Ra
February 3, 8:00	Mystic Krewe of Celestial Knights
February 10, 9:00	Krewe of Petronius
February 14, 9:00	Mystic Krewe of Apollo
February 16, 9:00	Krewe of Armenius
February 18, 10:00	Lords of Leather

Cross dressing is allowed at all balls with the exception of the Krewe of Amon Ra, and all balls are held at the St. Bernard Civil Auditorium with the exception of Apollo which is held at the Municipal Auditorium and the Lords of Leather at the Baker's Union Hall. There are absolutely no cameras allowed at any of the balls.

Citizens for a United Houston seeks contributions

Vote YES for a United Houston is the message Citizens for a United Houston hopes will carry them to victory January 19 in the nation's fourth largest city.

Houston voters will decide if sexual orientation will be added to the classes already protected from job discrimination in City of Houston jobs.

Citizens for a United Houston (United Houston for short) is the umbrella organization that is urging voters to vote yes to prohibit job discrimination against anyone in any city job for which they are qualified.

"The issue on the ballot is job discrimination," explained United Houston Campaign Manager Bill Oliver. "And we strongly believe people should be hired and fired based solely on their job performance."

The two ordinances providing protection against job discrimination based on sexual orientation were passed 8-7 and 9-6 by the Houston City Council on June 19. The issue

was forced to a vote when about 60,000 signatures were turned in requesting a citywide referendum.

The Committee for Public Awareness, the group opposing the ordinances, is trying to persuade voters the issue is gay rights. An opposition leader has charged that gays have a "gross" lifestyle. The committee has also distributed literature saying the ordinances include quotas.

In fact, Oliver pointed out, the ordinances:

- Do not include quotas;
- Do not specify recruitment for any city job, including the police and fire departments, based on sexual orientation;
- Do not change the way city contracts are awarded. There is no percentage of contracts that must be awarded based on sexual orientation.

Supporters of United Houston believe the campaign can be won, but not without strong financial support.

LETTERS TO • THE • EDITOR

Dear Editor:

Congratulations on your front page article/editorial advising gay and bisexual men against allowing themselves to be tested for the presence of HTLV-III antibody. We at the New Orleans Health Department are also opposed to a test which has no known diagnostic or therapeutic implications at this time. This test is a research tool which is extremely important in well planned epidemiological studies. In my opinion, the commercial use of this test should be limited to blood banks so that antibody positive units of blood could be identified and not be used for transfusions.

The New Orleans gay community has already been victimized by skin tests and expensive lymphocyte studies which also have many false positives and false negatives as well as providing no diagnostic or therapeutically important information.

Sincerely yours,

Brobson Lutz, M.D., M.P.H.
Director of Health

AIDS . . .

Continued from Page 1

noid," he said after a pause, "But I'm a sociologist and a Jew, and I see the parallels. The Nazis are back again!" As a psychologist I can vouch for the fact that Marty isn't paranoid—just plain scared, and rightly so. If these were illustrations for the *Moral Majority Report*, we could dismiss them as coming from the lunatic fringe. But this is not the fringe. In one case we are dealing with the *Medical Journal of Australia*; in the other, the oldest gay newspaper in America.

The madness is everywhere, but greatest, of course, right here in the United States—due to many of the same factors which brought the Nazis to power in Germany during the Weimar Republic. To begin with, we have the same basic setting: a bellicose nation with delusion of grandeur, recently hu-

miliated in war and now beset by staggering debts, challenged from within by increasingly vocal "minorities"—a nation full of bitterness, envy, frustration, and shame. Enter a small group of super patriots, convinced of their "divine" mission to defeat the Forces of Evil and "cleanse" the Fatherland so that "the greatest nation in the world" may finally achieve an everlasting era of Pride, Prosperity, and Purity.

Sound familiar? Clever, well organized and self-righteous, they ruthlessly attack and ridicule the "liberal" party in power as being wasteful, indecisive, and "soft on Communism." The public starts to listen. But still there is widespread fear among the electorate that the leader of these "Nazis" is something of an extremist. His image is therefore changed. (Remember the old "home movies" of Hitler?) Though the leader still talks tough about riding the nation of "cheats" and "degenerates" and "standing up to Russia," he is also shown playing with children and cracking lots of jokes. The electorate decides that he is a nice guy, after all, and chooses him over his dour-faced opponent. Immediately he begins to fulfill his campaign promises by turning the screws on the poor while dumping vast sums of money into a new arms race, and prosperity returns to the middle class. At the same time a lightning military victory over a tiny neighbor is touted as a symbol of renewed prowess and might. The people eat it up. The "Nazis" do deliver, it seems.

Then there are the "Jews"—a highly visible minority, long despised and envied by "decent" folk for their alleged wealth and immorality. But the "Nazis" carry things much further. Intuitively sensing the public's need for a scapegoat, they begin to portray the "Jews" as the Devil's agents, attempting to lead the nation into all manner of abomination and perversion. The medical establishment quickly follows suit, citing "Jewish promiscuity" as the major cause for the spread of a (then) deadly venereal disease. The "Nazis" realize that this is just the sort of situation they have "needed" all along and start promulgating new "health" laws and "vice" codes to protect an "innocent" public against the "Jewish" menace. A few "Jews" see the danger and try to flee. Others decide that their fellow "Jews" have fallen into evil ways and support the "Nazi" effort to bring ways and support the "Nazi" effort to bring Health and Morality back to the land. The vast majority of "Jews," however, just wait for the gathering storm to blow over, confident that nothing that terrible could ever happen here.

Should we be worried? I think we should. Though terrible things do not have to happen, they certainly can happen—provided that enough people want them to happen and not enough people are opposed. Witness McCarthy's use of the FBI to hunt down "commie queers," back in the early '50's. Who rushed into protect us then? America wanted a scapegoat and that is exactly what McCarthy supplied: an already hate minority who could be held responsible for both the "loss" of China and the "theft" of atomic secrets by the Russians. No matter if innocent gays lost their jobs, went to jail, or blew their brains out rather than face disgrace. For most "good" Americans, the important thing was not the "evidence" ("secret documents" found by Richard Nixon in a pumpkin and the like), but rather the delusion of grandeur behind it—namely, that America could still control the course of world events

if only it got rid of its "commie queers." So what stopped the witch hunt? It seems that at some point McCarthy went insane. For only an insane politician would openly declare that the proud and noble U.S. Army—the symbol and bastion of American manhood—also has its share of "commie queers." That cut too close to home. If you let yourself believe that even your old Army buddies could have such "tendencies," you'd have to suspect your own brother next. And, after that, yourself. Unthinkable. If a group is to serve as a proper scapegoat, "they" must be kept psychologically separate from "us." With McCarthy, he was already an anachronism. With our alleged "victory" in Korea and the return to peace, straight Americans could once more turn their attention to suburban homes and Cadillacs, secure in their restored delusions of grandeur, individual and collective. The wish for a scapegoat had passed. Not that gays did not continue to lose their jobs, go to jail, or blow their brains out, from time to time. It is simply that there was no longer the systematic persecution McCarthy had perfected. The "Nazis" had accomplished their

woodwork. Will the gay community be so lucky this time around? Perhaps. I was encouraged to learn, for example, that Jerry Falwell has begun sending "X-rated" gay photos to his readers, accompanied by a lengthy "apology" as to his purely "educational" motives. Perhaps Falwell will also crack. Certainly, if he repeats such mailings, some of his readers are bound to wake up to the fact that this particular "lady" doth "prote too much." For similar reasons, I wonder about the long-range impact of Dean W. CKoff's declaration that homosexuality should be made a capital crime. Though it is terrifying to hear such "final solutions" pressed, perhaps some gays will finally be able to realize—now that a leader of the Majority has actually proposed it in public—that there are people out there who want kill us.

To be sure, Falwell subsequently issued a disclaimer in behalf of the national organization, chastizing the president of the Los Angeles Chapter as being a "loose cannon." CONTINUED ON PAGE 7

Gay Adventists seek historic landmark status for Stonewall

Seventh-day Adventist Kinship International, Inc., has filed for National Historic Landmark status with the National Park Service for the building which formerly housed the Stonewall bar in Greenwich Village.

The organization is a support group of gay and lesbian Adventists which was formed in 1976 to help gay members of the conservative denomination integrate their sexual orientation with their Christianity. It has no affiliation with the Seventh-day Adventist Church.

Bob Bouchard, president of the group, said the building is already of the National Register of Historic Places as part of the Greenwich Village Historic District, but its listing on the register is unrelated to its association with the Stonewall. "It's ironic that the building is on the Register yet it is not being recognized for the most important event in its history. National Historic Landmark status is a step above a listing on the National Register of Historic Places, therefore filing for Landmark status will ensure that 53 Christopher Street is remembered for being the birthplace of the modern gay liberation movement," Bouchard said.

The Stonewall bar was raided by police on June 27, 1969. The gay clientele took the un-

precedented step of resisting the police, sparking three days of rioting in Manhattan's Greenwich Village. The modern gay liberation movement which resulted from the riots is often called "the Stonewall movement" and it is not uncommon to refer to the changes occurring in the years "since Stonewall."

To qualify for Landmark status, a building must meet certain criteria, such as being a structure "... at which events occurred that have made a significant contribution to, or are identified prominently with ... the political, cultural ... or social history of the Nation" Another criterion is being a structure "... associated significantly with an important event that outstandingly represents some great idea or ideal of the American people." According to Bouchard, "The Stonewall movement re-affirms the gay American ideals of equality and equal treatment under the law so eloquently expressed in the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution."

Seventh-day Adventist Kinship International, Inc. can be contacted by writing Box 1233-W, Los Angeles, CA 90078, or calling (213) 876-2076.

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AT THE FLICKS

BY JON NEWLIN

AMADEUS (★★★)—A splendid spectacle, albeit with a good many things wrong here and there, about that ill-treated (artistically) emotion, jealousy: why, agonizes Salieri, is it given to a dork like Mozart to compose music, seemingly effortlessly, that verges on the sublime? The question is unanswerable, as the cynical, liver-spotted old composer finally admits. But in between are some wonderful things—the stagings of both the premiere of *Don Giovanni* and its parody version; Salieri's visit in sinister *muffi* to Mozart with his offer of patronage for the *Requiem*, much of the protocol and some of the incidental anecdotal scenes, F. Murray Abraham's seizing of an Actor's Great Chance as Salieri (especially the ancient Salieri, in wonderful makeup), Mozart's haunting-haunted pauper's funeral. What is wrong with the film is not so much the abrupt shifts of tone but more elementary problems: Milos Forman's ignorance of English inflections so that each actor seems to be playing in a different style, the poor handling of crowds. But it is never boring, which is something right there, and if not a great film, as good as anything else this year. Tom Hulce's bratty-hebephrenic-foulmouthed Mozart is (one supposes) in character but Elizabeth Berridge's Constanze is drab, whiny and entirely too modern, in all the wrong ways. With Christine Ebersole in a Becky Allen-ish turn as a hot-mama diva, Roy Dotrice, Simon Callow, and an amusing performance by an old gentleman whose name I didn't catch as the Kapellmeister to Emperor Joseph II.

BEVERLY HILLS COP (N.R.)—As one of the eight or nine people who find Eddie Murphy's foulmouthed brattiness not so much comic as aggravatingly resistible, I have to admit the prospect of another vehicle for him doesn't thrill me like it should, as the old song has it—he was okay in *Trading Places*, which along with the other comedies of 1983 seemed a bizarre throwback to the overnight-millionaire opium-dream comedies of the Depression, but his eternal smartaleckyness, his substitution of bluster for emotion, and his basking in crassness do not predispose one to admire even his admittedly good sense of timing, which more than wit, seems the salient feature of American funnymen-and-women. This film, with the usual attendant car chases, physical violence and concentration on the legal and extra-legal that "distinguishes" his pictures so far, is about a street-wise Detroit cop up against Rodeo Drive/Laurel Canyon snobbery when investigating—against the orders and advice of superiors—the murder of a friend in Los Angeles. Directed by Martin Brest.

CITY HEAT (N.R.)—A knockabout, or so it looked to these deep-fried old corneas, farce about the "unlikely" partnership of two Chicago cops, during the penultimate year of that glorious "experiment noble in purpose," as Herbert Hoover called it, the Volstead Act (in English this means 1932, the last year of Prohibition). One of the cops is Clint Eastwood, who is getting long in the tooth if you ask me and whose perpetual low simmer is getting equally old; the other, who is Burt Reynolds, is obviously the Big Overgrown Boy-cum-Ladies' Man—Tom Sawyer to Eastwood's Aunt Sally. Directed by Richard Benjamin (preferable as a director—he did get splendid, if bizarre, comic bits from Peter O'Toole, Lainie Kazan and the sublime Selma Diamond in *My Favorite Year*); with Madeline Kahn, with her flat, whooping, off-center voice and excess of the *zofitig*, Rip Torn, Richard Roundtree, Jane Alexander, Tony Lo Bianco and Irene Cara, who always look like she needs a good half hour with some Pears Soap and a scrub-brush.

CONFESSIONS OF FELIX KRULL, CONFIDENCE MAN (★★)—Stylish in its high Fifties recreation of the *fin-de-siecle*, Kurt Hoffmann's 1957 film of the Thomas Mann novelette—about the amorous imbroglios of an irresistible Parisian bellboy/hustler—is as racy and snappy as most fairly good items of its type without being particularly outstanding. The young Horst Bucholz is a vision, however, and his acting isn't bad either—one can see why that elderly Baron or Count wants to spirit him

away and why all those over-the-hill, violin-shaped ladies want him around (even though my favorite memory of Bucholz is in his cap and Boxer shorts and not much else in the finale of Billy Wilder's *One Two Three*). With Liselotte Pulver, Ingrid Andree, Susi Nicoletti. Loyola, Dec. 20, 7:30 only.

DUNE (N.R.)—Now this ought to be a lulu, especially after all the horror stories of its filming in the Mexican heat, the vast budget run up by a virtual novice director (John Lynch, who gave us the splendid *Eraserhead*, unwatchable save on heavy drugs really, and the overrated and uneven, but often striking visually and sonically, *The Elephant Man*), and the sight in stills of such aged lovelies as Silvana Mangano, Sian Phillips and Francesca Annis with their heads shaved, like they were posing for a spread in *The Razor's Edge* (a sensational "special interest" magazine with offices in New Jersey, devoted to the glory of bald-headed women). As an apocalyptically expensive spectacle devoted to Frank Herbert's cosmological soap operas, unread by me, it should also be interesting for the presence of Sting, from *The Police*, a sex symbol in some circles, and most certainly one in his own mind.

FALLING IN LOVE (N.R.)—with love is falling for make believe, as Lorenz Hart once put it. Yet another New York horror film with Robert de Niro, still waiting for Bananarama, and the supremely false technician among current actresses, Meryl Streep, as two married-but-not-to-each-other young careerists who meet on the commuter trains or somewhere, and oh, you know the rest or maybe you don't. Directed by Ulu Grosbard.

FIRST BORN (●)—A truly disquieting little exhibition of right-wing-repression: the situation is that of a recently divorced woman (relatively well off) with two children, the older one a sensitive (but somehow immature) kid and the younger one a budding sadist. Well, the mother sleeps around, as divorcees will, and the children are a little perturbed and jealous, but then one evening she picks up this young man who turns out to be Something Else Indeed, a rather glossy-flossy bit of Rough-Trade-as-Hollywood-Imagines-It (the character is much like certain hustlers we have known and not loved) with his drugs, drug dealings, violent streak, callousness towards kids, fabricated past. But obviously he is a terrific lay—and even though the kids (the old "Dogs Always Know" syndrome) see through his shit immediately, the mother isn't about to part with such a glorious piece. So the kids do it for her, quite against her will (though the guy has made her a coke head). A nasty film, indeed—as much for the priggish behavior of the kids and their violent moralism held up like cue cards for audience applause, as for the fact that it is, in that Spurious-Realist fashion the dream factories excel in, decently written and acted. Directed by Michael Apted, whose touch is strictly from Leadville; with Terri Garr, Peter Weller as Mother's Young Man, and Christopher Collet as the older of the kids; one of those films that would seem to vindicate the Reagan landslide—emotionally, if not artistically, and therefore personally unwelcome.

GHOSTBUSTERS (★★)—Ivan Reitman's \$25 million-plus comedy of a trio of boobs fighting an ectoplasmic epidemic in Manhattan (but not the Bronx and Staten) is so big and dumb and eager to please that it stalks off with this season's Despised-Self-For-Liking-It prize. Don't expect anything as neatly high-toned as the Bowery Boys meet Sir Oliver Lodge, because the picture is not only moronic but fast, a good combination (best not to linger too long amidst the alpha waves while a giant marshmallow man galumphs through the streets of New York, or things like Bill Murray's for-some-reason-sidesplitting cry of "That bitch is toast!" or the extremely apropos scene set outside Tavern On The Green); Sigourney Weaver and Dan Aykroyd are, if not assets, at least neutralized to the point where they're not liabilities, while Annie Potts is perfectly wonderful as the exasperated receptionist.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6

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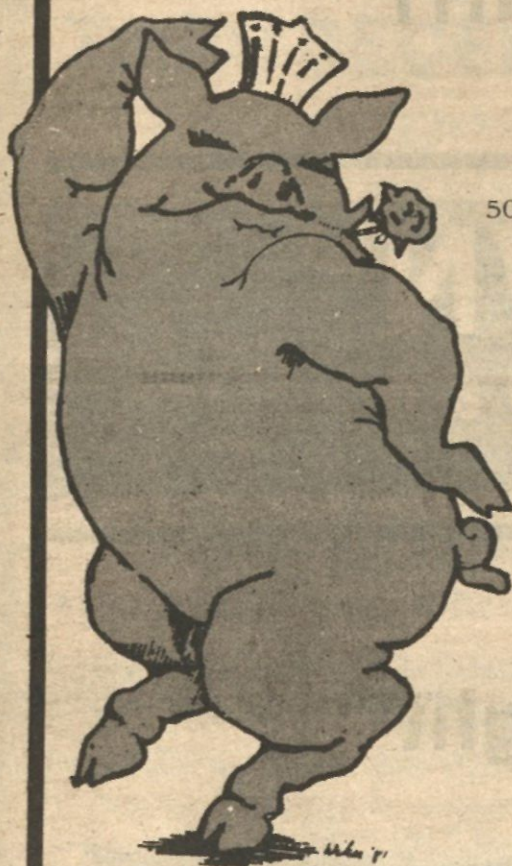
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FLICKS . . .

Continued from Page 4

with a Flatbush rasp, and Rick Moranis does a quick-sketch of a nerd that is, perhaps, too accomplished, and one might say the same for erstwhile homosexual William Atherton, the butt of one of my favorite lines, the deadpan "Yes, it's true, this man has no dick!"; Bill Murray is, for the first time in my experience, funny.

THE INITIATION (N.R.)—One simply hopes, in a modest way, that this is better than the last exercise in Pi Phi Grand Guignol, *The House on Sorority Row*, a film whose title I (alas) found so irresistible that I wasted a few hours at the Joy. I don't think one should step in the same river twice.

MICKI & MAUDE (N.R.)—A comedy by Blake Edwards, with the gnomish Dudley Moore, about a man whose wife and mistress are simultaneously pregnant—whether he is the father in both cases escaped me. The coarsening of Blake Edwards' once-fizzy-if-not-frothy touch into such vulgarities-beyond-description as *S.O.B.* or the milder, but equally patronizing, flatness of *Victor/Victoria* (which did have one good scene that recalled the early Edwards: the viewed from outside scene of consternation in a Parisian restaurant when Julie Andrews tries to pull her eating-for-free little match girl gimmick which accelerated as swiftly and deftly as an old Warners cartoon) is one of the more salient medium-sized tragedies of the Modern Cinema.

MISSING IN ACTION (N.R.)—Chuck Norris, who is not only a looker by any standards, archaic or modern, and who even makes good movies once in a while (the last one I saw was *Silent Rage* about an unstoppable Miraculous Mandarin-type of monster, and not half bad as a shakeup of different genres), goes back to Vietnam to get the MIA's; this sort of thing was done most recently in Ted Kotcheff's alarmingly fascistic *Uncommon Glory*, probably a more lethal picture because its aspirations were probably higher. Somehow, the plight (or extinction) of American prisoners in Vietnam and Laos and those other ape-and-ivory places Over There doesn't seem a suitable subject for the conventional action melodrama, but that may just be my age talking. Those who don't remember the travesty of what Lyndon Johnson was fond of calling our "police action" in Southeast Asia, and its almost heartbreakingly divisive effect on the country and its population, may just not be bothered by all this at all. Directed by Joseph Zito.

PURPLE RAIN (★)—Interestingly bad; less phantasmagoric than one of Prince's concerts, and a sort of dubious triumph of the rock-video style: the first musical I can remember where the flatness of the plot and dialogue was actually a respite from the overwrought music (which is quite good, and bless goodness there's a lot of it). Prince prances and postures and pouts and all the sets look like some drag queen's apartment circa 1964 (lots of votive candles and pictures of women's faces with big red lips and Showgirl eyelashes) and everyone looks like they were dressed by JoAnn Clevenger on Mescaline, but despite all the hyperbole of the songs, one suspects that little Prince is really as cold and solipsistic as he comes across here. He seems to be one of those musical performers whose persona is always onstage and thus is unsuited to acting, where he comes across as an ambulatory polar bar. He looks cute—though he is so tiny that his appeal seems more lapdog than sex symbol; one also wishes that the assemblers (not makers) of this film had not hedged their bets and had given him a black girl and not a gorgeous *mestiza* of indeterminate race to romance (her name is—really!—Apollonia and she comes, for plot purposes, from New Orleans—the Seventh Ward, most likely, as a friend pointed out). Clarence Williams III, who was Link on *The Mod Squad* back in the Cretaceous Era, plays Prince's abusive-suicidal father.

THE ROAD WARRIOR (★★)—Insignificant, but well-designed trash (and certainly an improvement on the first *Mad Max*) and with wonderfully grotesque post-Atomic villains (the leather-faced musclem with the little megaphone voice, the red-Mohawked gay goon whose lover's murder triggers much of the action) and

with Mel Gibson skulking around in leather. A feast for the senses (argghhh) if you catch it in an undemanding mood—there is a little too much of an *enfant sauvage* referred to as The Feral Kid, who is much closer to Truffaut than to William S. Burroughs' wild boys, and a wispy creature with a brutal sense of humor who rides around in a helicopterish thing; Gibson's dog is great, though. The story is set in the future, and the bone of contention is (natch) fossil fuel. And for once the gadding about in cars and the resultant mutilations and explosions seem invigorating as well as well-staged. Directed by George Miller. Prytania, December 21 and 22 only.

RUNAWAY (N.R.)—A futuristic crime film with Tom Selleck and Gene Simmons, without his Kiss drag—despite the length of his lingual appendage, he looks paralyzingly ordinary. Those who think Selleck is the cat's pyjamas may be intrigued by it.

A SOLDIER'S STORY (N.R.)—A murder mystery, set among the black soldiers on an Army base in Louisiana some thirty years ago, directed by Norman Jewison; with Howard Rollins, Jr., as the investigator, Patti Labelle, and Pablo Caesar whose performance (my informants tell me) steals the show.

STARMAN (N.R.)—Legend has it that this film has been delayed for so long because of its ("extraordinary") resemblance to *E.T.*, save that Jeff Bridges plays the titular role instead of some dwarf wrapped in naugahyde. It is also, we understand, from a friend who caught the "sneak" that it is devoid of special effects and thrills, but not (alas) a good bit of treacle. With Karen Allen; directed by John Carpenter, who is really at his best with such relentless sow ears as *The Thing* and *Escape From New York* and less felicitous when he is trying to convey Deep Meaning.

THE STONE BOY (N.R.)—A rather ghoulish-sounding Midwestern soap opera about a little boy who accidentally shoots his older brother and alienates his already-repressed family by his unconventional behavior over the whole thing. With Robert Duvall, Glenn Close, Frederic Forrest, Gail Youngs and Wilford Brimley. Prytania, December through 20.

THE TERMINATOR (★)—It's recantation time; I finally caught this, and while it wasn't up to the rave reports my Indian runners/trash film connoisseurs gave me, it was more than bearable and had some inspired moments. Much indirect violence of the sort that seems to really bug people: when Arnold Schwarzenegger (in what may turn out to be his greatest role: a killer robot) performs emergency surgery on himself in a skid row hotel and pulls off his eye (the result like the Victor Brauner self portrait with the eye cracked like an egg shell) and opens up his arm with an Exacto-knife to make sure all the chips and tubing is in place, the audience made noises of audible horror which none of the numerous butcheries and massacres inspired—people are so queer, as Ruth Draper used to say. Although Arnold struts around in the opening scene in the certainly-massive altogether, before putting his fist and arm through some smart punk's pericardial cavity (yes the film has those overtones), the pulchritudinous honors go to Michael Biehn as the good guy, also from the future (where machines have forced humans into hiding, smoking them out and slaughtering them with heat-sensitive androids as well as buglike war machines) but made of flesh and blood. Particularly swell is Arnold-after-meltdown: a Vesalius-like *ecorce* of intricately humanoid metal, still coming after the not-so-hapless heroine on its ball-bearing heel and can opener tootsies. The film is, plot-wise, both a variation on the old Miraculous Mandarin unstoppable-monster plot (cf. the scenario of the Bartok ballet for prototypical details) and an almost direct steal in its way from John Wyndham's witty-chilling *Consider Her Ways...*, which is a horror story about a future full of nothing but smug women and a renegade who decides to go into the past to Change All That. Directed by James Cameron; the third piece of male pulchritude in the film incidentally, the heroine's roommate's beau who gets well smashed up but puts up a decent twenty-second fight, is Rick Rossovich, last ogled by us in the curiously titled *The Lords of Discipline*.

non." But what comfort should we take in that? If Falwell is displeased with Wyckoff, it is simply for being a loose cannon, not for being a **cannon**. If the "Nazis" are to convince the American voter that the Fatherland is under "homosexual attack" from its "commie queer" sons (Motherlands having nothing to fear in that respect), there has to be strict discipline in the ranks and no firing of weapons without orders from the top. The last thing the "Nazis" want at this point is another Kent State.

But then, couldn't Ronald Reagan make even Kent State seem like a stirring defense of Old Glory? If gays are in greater danger today than they were 30 years ago, part of the reason has to do with the man at the top. While McCarthy was an unappealing bully even at his best, his Hollywood successor—a man whom even Richard Nixon feared—is a consummate performer, able to turn now charming, now firm, now righteously indignant, at a moment's notice. Just take his recent "joke" about launching a nuclear strike against Russia. Here is a man who can kill with a smile.

Then there is the church. In the '50's conservative religious groups were absorbed in convincing a wary public that their members would not attempt to impose their own religious beliefs on others if elected to office. Today these same religious groups actively support anti-gay candidates and help write anti-gay plans. This year in Texas, for example, Catholics and fundamentalists succeeded in getting the Republican Party to adopt the position that "the practice of homosexuality is an abomination before God and a perversion of the natural law and is indicative of society's moral decadence and leads to the spread of severe diseases and would lead inexorably to the breakdown of the traditional family unit and subsequently to the destruction of our nation." Himmler said much the same thing.

Then we have the general public. In the ear-

ly '50's the general public reacted to the news from the East with fear and counteraggression against an easy target. Today, if anything, the American people are even more afraid, with "hot" wars going on in "our own backyard" and the "vital Persian Gulf" and talk of "killer satellites" flying overhead. At the same time, America must deal with another and far worse feeling than one of fear, the feeling of being repeatedly **humiliated** as a power—from our "humiliation" at the Bay of Pigs to our "humiliation" in Lebanon. And when people feel humiliated, they get **mean**.

Finally, we have the gay community itself. In the '50's, of course, there were not gays, only "queers" and "fairies" and "dirty old men" who talked with a lisp and sucked dick in men's rooms till they got too ugly; and then sucked a pistol. Today gays are portrayed in the media as affluent, fashionable, promiscuous, and trim, living lives of leisure, pleasure, and freedom while the straight world toils, raises brats, grows old, and gets fat. In short, the image of gays has greatly "improved." But then that can also be dangerous. Envy is much more lethal than scorn.

Before one group can attack another, however, an "acceptable excuse" must be found. The excuse need not be logical or have any real evidence to back it up. All that is required is that it "play in Peoria"—assuming that to be the approximate size and sophistication of most people's conscience. In the '50's the excuse was national security. But national security only goes so far. Though it may make a certain amount of sense to look for "security risk" in the State Department and the like, one cannot use the same argument for "non-strategic occupations"—or, for that matter, even for "strategic" occupations if the person is out of the closet, as is true for most gays today. On the other hand, the excuse of containing a lethal disease is something which has universal applicability and appeal. While I may be a civil libertarian, if it is a matter of life or death, especially my death, I may be willing to let

someone cart you off to a quarantine camp if I think it may save my life. This is what the Nazis discovered when the German medical establishment blamed an epidemic of syphilis (actually the result of sexual revolution of the '20's) on the "promiscuity" of the Jews. It was just what the doctor ordered, Doctor Death, that is.

Today the lethal disease is AIDS. Because people see their own survival as at stake, it is easy to persuade them to let the authorities take whatever steps may be necessary "to protect the public health." I am talking about Americans in general, straight and gay. At the Gay Health Conference at NYU in June, for example, I must have heard ten different speakers defend the use of the police to curb anonymous sex, on the ground that "civil rights don't do dead men any good." What are we telling ourselves? That the only way to stay alive is to give up our civil rights? And if we do, will we?

Though I do not believe in "tricks" of the Devil, I do believe in "tricks" of fate. AIDS is such a "trick." At the very moment when America is being drawn towards fascism as never before in our history, we are confronted with a deadly epidemic which defies control by voluntary means. Thus we are caught between a rock and a hard place. If we continue to pursue the voluntary approach, we must accept the continued spread of the disease among those who cannot be reached through reason and education. Whereas, if we demand that the government intervene to make such people "behave," we must accept the same principle being applied to ourselves—precisely what the New Right wants.

So what should we do? If some gay people fail to protect their health, it is because their society, American society, has succeeded in convincing them that they as individuals are not worth caring about. If some gay people fail to protect their civil rights, it is because their society, American society, has succeeded in convincing them that the Bill of Rights only applies to straights. "Queers" have to cut deals. Thus the fight against fascism and

the fight against AIDS are inexorably intertwined and must begin at home. Before we can take on our external adversaries, we have to recognize those attitudes within ourselves about ourselves which our adversaries have projected onto us and which we, in turn, have internalized—through identification with the aggressor—such as we see when gays attack other gays as being "promiscuous" and call on the government to make them "behave." In short, we have to begin to acknowledge in what respects "They is us."

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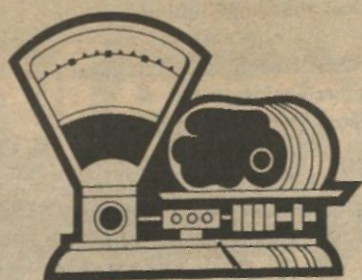
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STICKS AND STONES

By Tom Horner

Holder of the title Hooker of the Year 1984 is Chuck Crouch, tall, flamboyant, friendly, and known throughout the French Quarter, even if his last name is not that well-known. "My grandfather was a full-blooded Cherokee chief named Crouch but my mother's French. I take after my mother." Wouldn't you know? Impact felt Chuck to be more than worthy of an interview and when you read this, you'll see why.

Impact: Wasn't the Hooker's Ball formerly held at the Superdome?

Chuck: Yes, but this year Jewel's, who sponsors it, thought it would be better to have it on Decatur Street together with the Decatur Street Festival for the opening of Jax Brewery. So it was a really big affair right on the street, with Irma Thomas playing and

a stage for the contestants. It was fun.

Impact: How many contestants were there?

Chuck: There must have been around 50. Every time I got out the line to go and get another drink, there were ten more people ahead of me.

Impact: Who was MC? And who judged you?

Chuck: Danny McNamara was MC and he couldn't have been better. Judging was from the applause of all the people in the street and there were some local judges on the stage but I don't know all their names.

Impact: What did you win? Prizes?

Chuck: I won a three-foot trophy—I know because I measured it—and the title of the year. In the last contest I had entered I

won a limosine ride through I believe.

Impact: That was a prize?

Chuck: Oh it was wonderful! Several of us got to invite our friends, we had drinks, and it was a ball.

Impact: So, you've won other contests besides Hooker of the Year? Tell us more about that one.

Chuck: Well, it was the Red Hot Mama Contest held on August 2 this year. Jamie Temple and George Cosset of the Phoenix gave it for Storm's Birthday, and that was the first contest I ever entered.

Impact: And were you surprised to win your very first contest?

Chuck: Extremely. I walked in that afternoon and said "Exactly what is a read hot mama?" and they said, "More like Lena Horne than Eartha Kitt, less campy, more mama-type."

Impact: Well so far then, Chuck, you've won every contest you've ever entered. Sounds good for the future. Tell us a little about your past. Where were you born?



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Hooker of the Year: "But the bad thing is my feet. Honey, have you ever tried to find size 12 pumps? You have to go down to this little shop on Dryades Street..."

Chuck: New Orleans (pronounced Noo Awlins). I've never been out of it except one trip to Disneyland. I couldn't wait to get back. Oh yes, weekends in Biloxi. You know—just to get away. But I always come back because I love Noo Awlins.

Impact: Your education, your training or whatever?

Chuck: I graduated from Holy Cross High School and had a few semesters at UNO. Since then I've worked.

Impact: Doing what?

Impact: Honey, you name it and I've done it. I worked in a laundry, an office, a T-shirt shop on Bourbon Street, in a printing company, and as bartender. In the printing company I made more money, but the job I like best is the one I have now. It allows me to be creative and I love that. Also, we have more interesting customers.

Impact: Where is this?

Chuck: I work at Joseph's Gallery and Frame Shop. It's right next to Jewel's.

Impact: Does your employer know you're gay?

Chuck: Who? Joseph? Oh sure. That's why I'm happier working there.

Impact: Does your family know you're gay?

Chuck: They all know and approve, especially my grandmother. My mother learned when she found some pictures of me in drag. They were all good but one was tacky—showed me lifting my skirt and showing my dick. She didn't like that one. She said, "I really don't care what you do, it's

your life, but whatever you do, do it w class. Burn this picture now." She meant tacky one. My grandmother is even better about it. I go to her house to change makeup. Have for years. She says I look better as a girl than as a boy."

Impact: Do you have a lover?

Chuck: Yes, for seven months now, a r ord for me. When this AIDS thing got serious, I said to myself, "Listen Chuck poo, you've got to settle down." So I got o Ken. He's kind and real sweet to me. A proves of my drag. In fact, he likes to wa me put it on, except for the eyelashes. I wo let him watch that. They're such a bitch get on.

Impact: Describe yourself for our reader.

Chuck: I'm 6 feet, 3- and three-quar inches (tall), weigh 165, 24 years old, bro hair, hazel eyes, slender smooth body, mo stache except when I'm entering a drag co test and then it takes so long to grow ba But the bad thing is my feet. Honey, ha you tried to find size 12 pumps? You have go down to this little shop on Dryades Stre Boobie told me. He has the same proble I'd never have found it without Boobie. A you have to go there in the daytime. Hon don't go at night.

Impact: You're looking forward to Ma Gras of course?

Chuck: Oh I love Mardi Gras! Mona the French Market Fair on Decatur Street looking for me a dress. It has to be me. I c hardly wait.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 23

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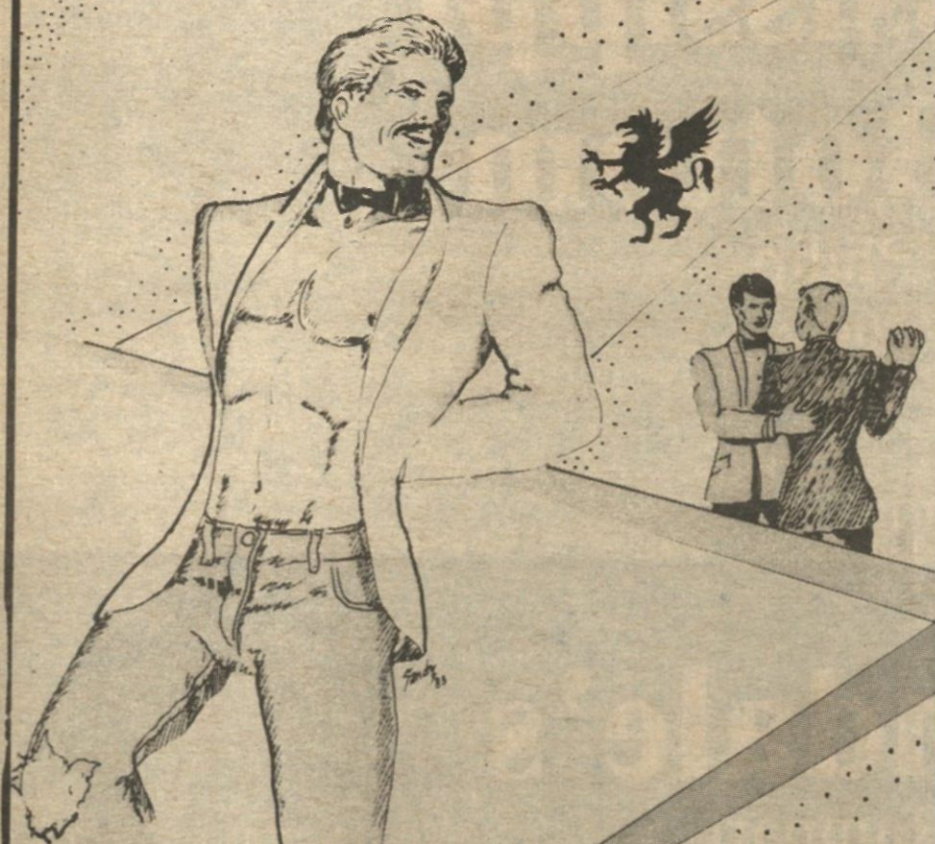
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National Catholic Gay Rights Coalition conducts seminar

The Catholic Coalition for Gay Civil Rights, a national Catholic network of more than 3,500 Catholic organizations and leaders, will sponsor and conduct a one-day seminar entitled "Tearing Down the Walls: Learning to Dialogue with Lesbian and Gay Christians" in Lafayette, Baton Rouge and Covington, LA.

The seminars will be conducted by School Sister of Notre Dame Jeannine Gramick and Salvatorian Father Robert Nugent, a nun and priest, who have been engaged in ministry with gay and lesbian people since 1971. Both have lectured and written extensively on the subject. Fr. Nugent is the editor of *A Challenge to Love: Gay and Lesbian Catholics in the Church* (Crossroad) and Sr. Gramick is editor of *Homosexuality and the Catholic Church* (Thomas More Press).

The seminar will examine the lifestyles of homosexual people based on contemporary research and will present recent church programs and church documents dealing with homosexuality. The day of dialogue is designed for educators, counselors, social workers, clergy, religious, social justice advocates, gay or lesbian Christians and their families and friends.

The 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. seminars are scheduled for Lafayette on Tuesday, February 26, at Most Holy Sacrament Convent (Fuller Hall), 409 W. St. Mary Boulevard; for Baton Rouge on Thursday, February 28, at the Church of the Open Road, 7877 Jefferson Highway; and for Covington on Saturday, March 2, at St. Scholastica Priory, Stafford Road. (Hwy. 1081).

NCBG procures grants

Ongoing efforts by the National Coalition of Black Gays (NCBG) to secure grants to support its current programs in public education and networking have resulted in the procurement of \$3,000 in grants from two separate foundation sources.

The Crossroads Fund, located in Chicago and a member of the Funding Exchange, awarded NCBG \$2,000 to support the publication of *Habari Daftari*, NCBG's news magazine, which is produced by Chicago. In the District of Columbia, NCBG's efforts resulted in \$1,000 being awarded from the Common Capital Fund, also a member of the Funding Exchange, to The DC Coalition of Black Gay Men and Women (DC-CBGMW), a local supporting member organization of NCBG. The grant from the Common Capital Fund will support a joint venture project between NCBG and DC-CBGMW to develop and produce educational brochures to combat homophobia in the black community.

According to NCBG's executive director, Gil Gerald, the educational brochures will be

Leather/Levi weekend planned for January

"Leather Weekend," the season's first major event for the leather/levi community will take place in Washington, DC on January 18, 19 and 20, 1985. The event is sponsored by the Centaur MC of Washington. The Centaurs, founded 15 years ago in Richmond, Virginia, have been sponsoring the run for the past several years.

Last year's run brought more than 450 registrants from the Eastern United States and Canada. Run functions include a welcoming party at the Exit bar of the DC Eagle, a Saturday brunch, a formal leather evening buffet and open bar at the Exile, and a Sunday lunch at the Exile. The Saturday ceremonies include entertainment by Leatherella, Washington's foremost comic commentator on the leather/levi scene, as well as a 'Mr. Mid-Atlantic Leather' contest. The winner of this contest will represent Leather Weekend and the Centaur MC at the Inter-

A \$25 pre-registration fee, or \$30 at the door, includes tuition, resource materials and coffee/tea. Participants are asked to bring a brown bag lunch.

In 1983 the Archdiocese of San Francisco's pastoral plan for ministry with gay and lesbian people said, "... the whole believing community must come to appreciate the oppressive walls that have been and are being erected to cut us off from our homosexual brothers and sisters. And we must work together on all sides of those walls to tear them down, inch by inch, until the barriers of anger and misunderstanding and fear that divide us exist no more."

One of the aims of the Coalition's day of dialogue is to help gay and lesbian people understand what the Church is saying to them and to help the Church hear the experience and voices of lesbian and gay members.

The Catholic Coalition for Gay Civil Rights was initiated in 1977 as a Catholic response to opposition to gay rights bills in several large cities. Since that time it has grown steadily throughout the United States and Canada and also includes members in several other countries.

The endorers of the Coalition call for support of legislation "on all levels of society that guarantees gay persons the same basic human and civil rights" enjoyed by all other minority groups in our society, and pastoral ministry that is balanced and sensitive.

Further information and registration can be obtained from the Catholic Coalition for Gay Civil Rights, P.O. Box 1985, New York, NY 10159, or by calling (212) 741-9770.

later adapted for use in public education campaigns in other cities. Gerald stated that "working for the emergence of a visible black lesbian and gay community, with economic and political clout, is one of the central purposes of NCBG. To do this we have to work against homophobia in our own community, as well as work against racism, sexism and classism in society as a whole."

Gerald also indicated that the grant to support *Habari Daftari* was extremely important in view of the fact that publications that serve People of Color in the gay community have been facing financial difficulties which prevent some of them from meeting their production schedules.

NCBG is the only national lesbian/gay political, educational and service organization whose focus is to promote the healthy development of the black lesbian and gay community through programs for public education and programs for organizing the black lesbian and gay community on the local and national level. For more information, call (202) 387-6246 or 737-5276.

national Mr. Leather Contest to be held in Chicago in May. Clubs and associations are encouraged to provide registrants for this contest. The Centaurs will inaugurate new officers at the Sunday event at which time the winner of the contest will be announced.

Ample time will be available during the weekend for visitors to sightsee in Washington. The nation's capital is home to a large and active gay community, with many facilities for entertainment. In addition, the Presidential inauguration will be held on the Monday succeeding the Centaur events.

Registration will take place at the DC Eagle, 940 7th Street, NW, on Friday evening, from 9:00 p.m. until midnight and on Saturday, from noon until 3:00 p.m. Registration will resume at the Exile, two blocks away, from 7:00 p.m. until 9:00 p.m. Registration for the run is \$6.

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IMPACT

NATIONAL NEWS

Students say yes, faculty say no

A recommendation by students at a local community college, in Newton, PA, that sexual orientation be added to the schools' employment non-discrimination policy failed this month after a board of trustees committee declined to vote on the matter, reports *Philadelphia Gay News*.

The Personnel Committee of the Bucks County Community College board discussed the Student Council recommendation for about an hour, but decided that current equal policy would be broad enough to cover gays, said board member Andy Warren.

Student Council President Debbie Braunston, who supported the pro-gay resolution, said she was "disappointed that they're not open-minded enough to understand that every person has the right to be protected."

The president of Open Door, a gay support group at the college, said the committee was "insensitive to our need for the (policy amendment)."

"They didn't feel it was necessary," said the Open Door president—who asked that his name not be used—"but in no way are we covered."

Dartmouth won't punish 'spy'

Two weeks after the New Hampshire Attorney General's office decided not to take action against a Dartmouth College student who secretly taped a gay student's meeting, a Dartmouth official last month announced that the college is dropping disciplinary charges against the student.

But Edward Shanahan, Dean of the College, went on to condemn the student's behavior and said he has asked the college's attorneys to draft a disciplinary policy which could be used in future instances of privacy breaches.

Last April, Dartmouth student Teresa Polenz used a concealed recorder to tape a private meeting of the Gay Students Association, then turned the tape over to the *Dartmouth Review*, a student newspaper. When the *Review* printed excerpts of the meeting, a public outcry arose, prompting the Attorney General's office to study whether Polenz had broken state wiretapping and privacy laws. Last month the Attorney General's office said it did not have enough evidence against Polenz to prosecute her.

Go 'somewhere else'

A gay man's plan to convert his gay resort hotel into a residence for people with AIDS has drawn criticism from Palm Springs Mayor Frank Bogert, who last month called it "the worst thing that's ever happened" to the city, the *Advocate* reports.

For the past four months, gay resort owner Fred Hardt has been planning to turn his 12-unit hotel into a full-care residence for people with AIDS. The hotel building would be able to accommodate 17 AIDS patients and a full-time staff of three people.

The \$750 to \$975 a month people with AIDS would pay to live at Hardt's residence would be substantially less than most convalescent hospital fees, he said. Once remodeling is done, the residence will open early next year.

But Bogert and city attorney William Adams plan to organize petition drives to persuade Hardt to take his idea elsewhere.

Although the city has no legal way to stop the residence, Bogert said he hopes public opposition will change Hardt's mind.

At a press conference last month, Bogert said the residence could hurt Palm Springs. "When (tourists) hear Palm Springs has an AIDS place, they are not going to come here," he said. "You don't take a hospital and put it right in the middle of a resort area."

"I think it's a great idea, don't get me wrong," Bogert added. "Those people need something . . . I just wish (Hardt) would do it somewhere else."

Sex ban proposed for AIDS sufferers

Legislation calling for prison terms of up to three years for persons with Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome who know they have the disease but continue having sex, is being considered here, according to the *Orlando Sentinel*. About 100 AIDS cases have been diagnosed in West Germany and the Health Ministry is studying what actions are necessary to stop the number from increasing. The Ministry is also considering whether to ban blood donations from AIDS sufferers and to require a weekly medical checkup for persons suspected of being infected. While the Ministry warned the problem of AIDS "must be taken more seriously," members did not say how a sex ban would be enforced.

—*Gay Life, Chicago*

Transfusion case strengthens dossier against HTLV-3 virus

The case of a woman who caught AIDS from a blood transfusion during an operation provides some of the strongest evidence yet that a virus called HTLV-3 is the sole cause of the disease, a researcher says.

The woman, a 60-year-old social worker, received four units of blood while undergoing a hysterectomy. One of the units was donated by a drug-abusing homosexual man who carries the virus in his body.

Five years after he gave the blood, the donor still is healthy. His disease-fighting white blood cells are normal, and except for mildly swollen lymph glands, he shows none of the classic signs of those who have AIDS or are likely to get it. Yet doctors are able to isolate HTLV-3 from his blood and saliva.

Although many researchers believe that HTLV-3 plays an important role in AIDS, some speculate that another virus—such as hepatitis B, cytomegalovirus or Epstein-Barr—also must be present for AIDS to develop.

Detailed analysis shows that the victim had not been exposed to any of those other viruses. And she did not belong to any of the high-risk groups that are most likely to get the disease.

"This is probably some of the strongest evidence that this virus is indeed the cause of AIDS," said Dr. Jerome E. Groopman. "it

can't rule out the possibility of the development of the disease."

Mpls. Star and Tribune

Judge lets gay baths reopen

A judge gave five gay bathhouses permission to reopen recently but ordered them to monitor and expel patrons who engage in "high-risk sexual activity" suspected of spreading AIDS.

The bathhouses were closed by another judge October 15 in response to city health officials' allegations that sex at the establishments spread Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome.

The order by Superior Court Judge Roy Wonder allows the houses to reopen but bans private rooms, requires removal of room doors, and requires monitors to survey the premises every 10 minutes.

Mpls. Star and Tribune

American Legion admits gay group

Under threat of an anti-discrimination investigation, a local American Legion chapter recently voted to admit a gay veterans' organization, said Grant Mickins III, executive director of the San Francisco Human Rights Commission.

The vote reversed the chapter's September decision not to admit the Alexander Hamilton Veterans Association. After that vote, the gay veterans' group filed a complaint with the commission, alleging anti-gay discrimination, and threatened a lawsuit.

—*Washington Blade, D.C.*

Long overdue

A man who says he was harassed out of his job as a prison guard after officials learned he was gay has been awarded nearly \$25,000 in damages from the state Department of Corrections, according to the *Sacramento Bee*. Department officials have also agreed to "issue a policy statement asserting the department's commitment to non-discrimination against lesbians and gay men."

Gerald LaFevre, 32, said his troubles began in mid-1982 after corrections officials learned he had been a victim of an assault and attempted robbery involving a suspect. LaFevre met in a gay bar in Santa Cruz. LaFevre said his supervisors ordered agents of the department's special services unit to conduct an investigation into his background and off-duty lifestyle.

At that point, LaFevre identified himself as a homosexual and was then interrogated several times by agents who "made it seem that I was the criminal instead of the victim in the Santa Cruz incident."

"They also had agents following me, so

CONTINUED ON PAGE 21

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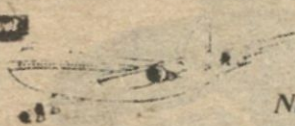
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LIFE UPON THE WICKED STAGE

By Edward Real

An unexpected array of pre-holiday treats in the past two weeks has placed the New Orleans theatre-goer in much the same position as the gift-recipient in "The Twelve Days of Christmas": one is almost overwhelmed with too many good things. Perhaps a contributing factor to audience enjoyment is the fact that only one of three highly satisfying productions could in any way be termed "seasonal," and that one (the opera association's *Hansel and Gretel*) is not so frequent a holiday visitor that its charms have begun to cloy. The other two were literate and sophisticated comedies, Caryl Churchill's *Cloud Nine* at the CAC and A.R. Gurney's *The Dining Room* at Le Petit.

Caryl Churchill has in the past few years emerged as one of Britain's most outstanding new playwrighting talents. Her American reputation is based primarily on the current *Cloud Nine* and on *Top Girls* (to be seen this spring at Tulane). In both of these works the same pattern is employed: a dazzlingly theatrical first act presents farcical historical background to a contemporary social situation, which in the second act receives more melodramatic and serious contemporary analysis. The subject of *Cloud Nine* is sexual repression, and Churchill finds the roots of this modern problem embodied in a British family in colonial Africa of the Victorian era (1884). Thus she deftly equates the attempted imposition of sexual roles with an equally futile attempt to impose other social mores upon an alien culture.

A moralistic settler insists on maintaining his version of normality in this setting—his wife should be weak and submissive, his son "manly." But he is trysting with an uncharacteristically independent woman neighbor, his son is playing with dolls and with the father's explorer friend, who is the

unwilling subject of the wife's romantic fantasy, while she is fending off the advances of the governess. Meanwhile, the trusted African servant, another of the explorer's interests, is revealing his true moral colors. The playwright stresses the social disorientation of such characters by having the wife played by a male, the son by a woman, and the Afri-

ragdoll) is now a young married woman involved in a lesbian relationship.

Needless to say, one a first-rate cast under a highly skilled director could bring off such a complex comic tour-de-force. Carl Walker has assembled some very talented players and led them easily through the complexities of the work. Particularly notable among the players, all of whom must play at least two radically different roles, are Pat Frederic as the Victorian wife and young punk, Danny Bowen as the explorer and modern husband,



(Top row, left to right) Lane Trippe, Stephen Latimew, Lisa Carball and Danny Bowen. (Bottom, left to right) Marck McLaughlin, Pat Frederic and Susan Bayer.

can by a white.

The second act brings these characters up to date, or at least as much so as their slow progress allows, for the act is set in 1984 and they have aged only twenty-five years. The mother is now divorced (and now a woman), the son is coping with an affair with a young working class man, the daughter formerly a

Stephen Latimer as the settler and the older version of his son Edward, Susan Bayer as the young Edward and the grown daughter, Lisa Carballo as the independent Maud and the lesbian Lin, and Marc McLaughlin as the servant and Lin's bratty daughter.

Cloud Nine is a vibrantly exciting comedy of ideas, superbly played, intelligently directed, and certainly one of the highlights of the season.

Le Petit is also offering a comedy in which actors of considerable versatility are required to assume multiple roles. However, A.R. Gurney's *The Dining Room* is appealing not so much for its theatrical fireworks as for its witty and warm evocation of a social phenomenon—the decline of the eastern characters in eighteen family relationships that are played out in a single dining room setting over a fifty year period.

In presenting this highly literate script, directed with wonderful sensitivity by Stocker Fonteu, Le Petit has come up with its most pleasing production in several seasons. Making strong contributions to its success are cast members Jim Chimento, Roy Tagliavore, Barbara D'Argonne, Michelle Mooney, Helen Blanke and Bret Jones, all of whom have to be performing chameleons, quickly assuming new colors of character as the fast paced scenes race by. The moods range from the emotionally affecting (as when an aging father details his funeral plans or an elderly woman fails to recognize her sons), to high comedy when a grand-dame realizes she is the object of an anthropological study, to broad farce when adult actors impersonate a children's birthday party chaperoned by adulterous parents. It is a rare moment indeed when a scene is not given artful handling by this accomplished group of players.

The Opera Association ended its current season with Engelbert Humperdink's *Hansel and Gretel*, an opera about which it is difficult to register much excitement, but one which is especially welcome as part of the holiday season, combining as it does the child's fantasy story with a richly orchestrated melodic score.

If conductor Thomas Fulton tended to keep tempi a bit slow, at least the English text emerged as articulate, especially in the impressive singing of Erie Mills as Gretel and Cynthia Munzer as Hansel. Home-towner Anthony Laciura was campily comic as usual in the Broomhilda role, and Janice Myerson,

Marc Embree and Cherie Caluda were effective in the roles of father, mother and dwarf-fairy.

John Scheffler's colorful settings and the aptly kitschy choreography by Joseph Giacobbe were further contributions to a quietly pleasant operatic evening.

Lest one imagine from the preceding that holiday goodwill has been a factor in commending two plays and an opera, there was one other presentation viewed recently that aroused a considerably less than warm response. The current act (I can't call it an attraction) at the Blue Room of the Fairmont Hotel is entitled "Bottoms Up, 85." It might more appropriately be called bottomed out, for it is certainly scraping the underside of the entertainment barrel. The show opens promisingly enough, with glitzy clad dancers capering through energetic if unimaginative choreography. Such production trappings are deceiving, however, for the so-called comedy revue encased therein is absolutely foul.

In the brief space of an hour, this show managed to offend most minorities, including Hispanics, blacks, the blind, and especially "queers." Yet this is fundamentally a drag show—one which would barely pass muster on Rampart Street. When it isn't trading on blatant bigotry, it finds equally tasteless routes to offensiveness. There is the personal insult addressed to audience members (a table of ladies was referred to as a convention of hookers), and there is scatology (the emcee says he ordered the number one at a local lunch counter and the waiter pissed on him). And finally there is a seemingly endless series of impersonations. Imitation is a sincere form of flattery here; these parodies are not only ill-performed, they are mean-spirited. An obese Liz Taylor is wheeled in on handcart singing "Send in My Lunch" with lyrics like "Hilton was rich/Wilding was queer"—material as unfunny as it is inaccurate. Cher is parodied with referenced to sex, drugs and "trash," Michel Jackson's sexual proclivities are questioned in lewd lyrics to "Beat It," and Carol Channing is belittled as a over-the-hill star who should quit.

This crass, crude, vulgar and disgusting mess is scheduled to run through December 22. Let us hope it is forced to run sooner.

The visit to the Fairmont was not a total loss, however. The Christmas decorations are wonderfully excessive as usual, and the new decor of the Blue Room is warmly attractive. And the incomparable Pat Mitchell is singing and playing in the Fairmont Court. To borrow a phrase from an old movie, she is "the epitome of a very shiek chanteuse," and an evening sitting at her piano bar is one well spent. Pat provides in full measure the kind of sophisticated entertainment the hotel is noted for.

NOMA installs new sculpture

The New Orleans Museum of Art has recently installed a new sculpture in the pond in front of the Museum. Titled *We Know Every Part by Heart* (1984), the work was sculpted by New Orleans artist Steven J. Kline.

Kline received his MFA from Ohio State University, Columbus, where he majored in sculpture. His works have been exhibited at the 1984 Louisiana World Exposition (Artworks '84); the Contemporary Arts Center, New Orleans; Tulane and Loyola Universities, New Orleans; and Ohio State University, Columbus, among others. Additionally, Kline has taught at Tulane and Loyola Universities, New Orleans; Delgado Community College, New Orleans; the Historic New Orleans Collection, New Orleans; and in the New Orleans Public Schools.

We Know Every Part by Heart will be replaced in a few months with a sculpture by another local artist as part of NOMA's continuing program to showcase the achievements of local artists.

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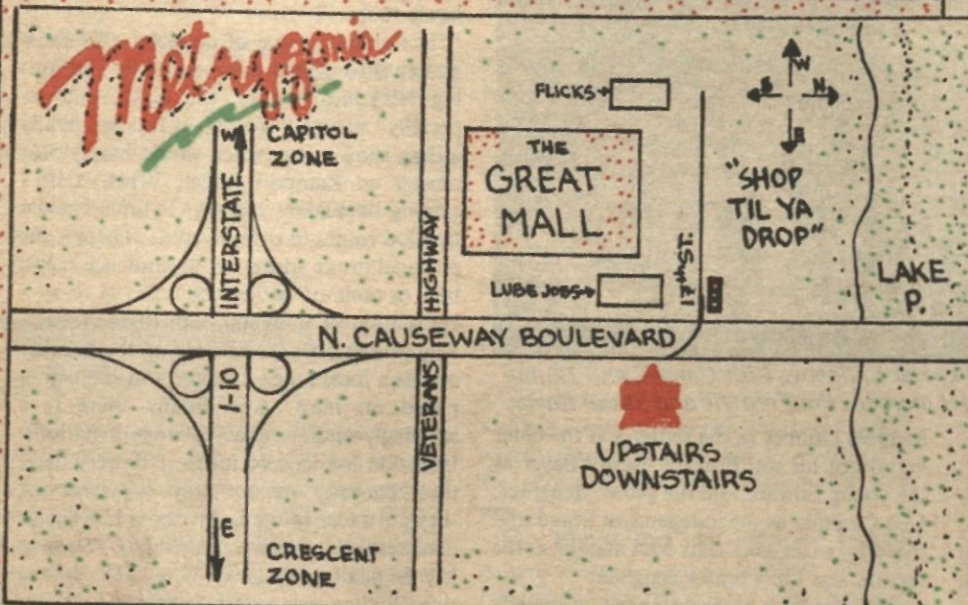
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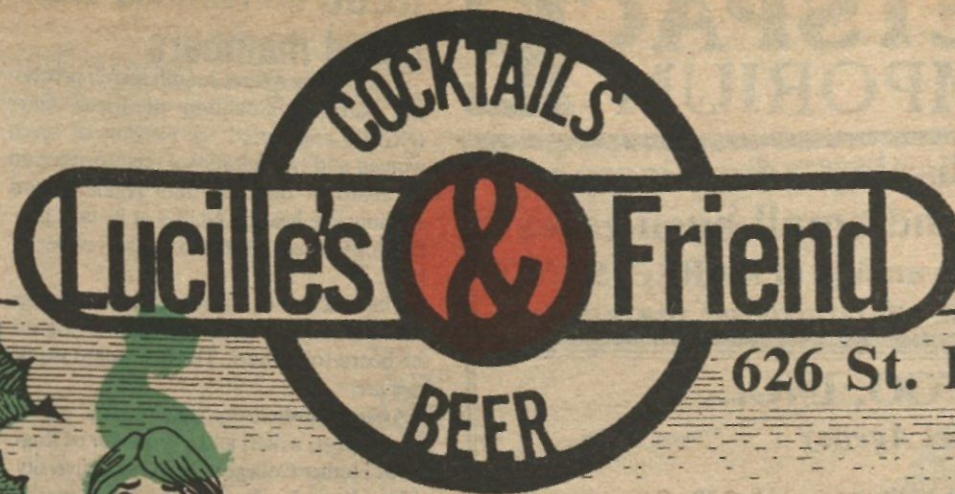
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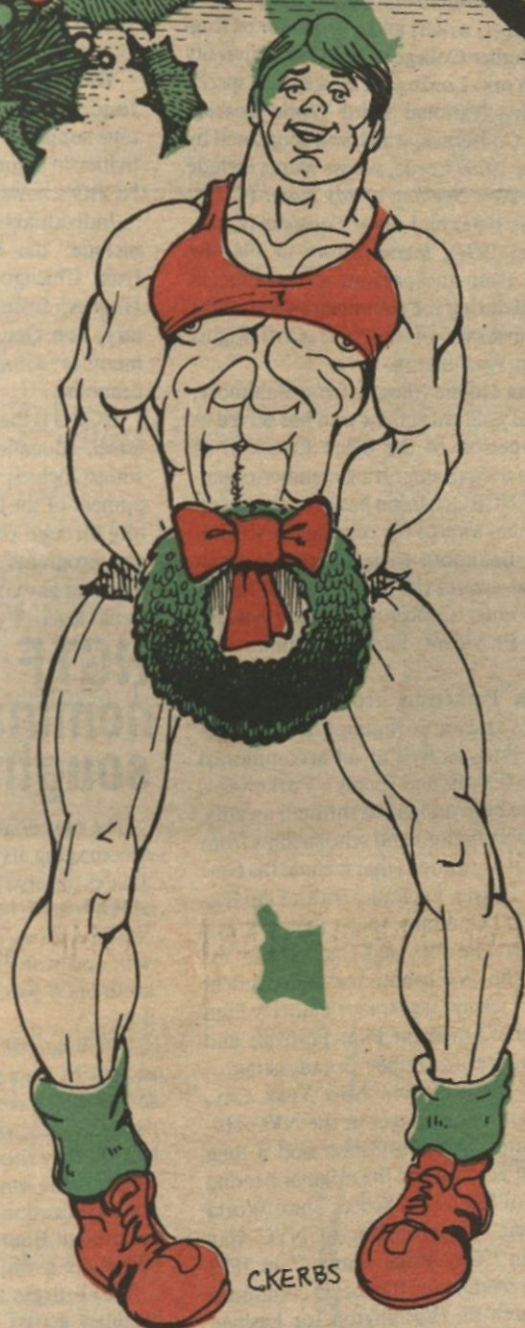
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NCBG announces election of new board members

Concluding a three month search process, the National Coalition of Black Gays (NCBG) announced the election of seven women and two additional men to serve on its board of directors until regular board elections are held by NCBG at its next general conference, scheduled for November of 1985.

The addition of the new members brings the total number of individuals serving on the board to thirteen. The new board members are:

Audrey Lorde, from Staten Island, who is a noted poet, writer, and a professor of English at Hunter College of the City University of New York. Lorde gave the keynote speech at the first National Third World Lesbian and Gay Conference, which was sponsored by NCBG in 1979. Lorde, whose works include *Zami: A New Spelling of My Name* (Crossing Press, 1983) and *Sister Outsider* (Crossing Press, 1984), made history in 1983 by speaking from the podium at the Lincoln Memorial during the commemoration of the 20th anniversary of the 1963 Civil Rights March on Washington.

Marlena Goldie Mason, from Baltimore, a civic and political activist who has served as vice-chairperson of the Black Coalition of Baltimore a local supporting member-organization of NCBG. Mason has been the recipient of several awards for community service, including Baltimore Civic Interest Woman of the Year award, the Poor Peoples' Rights Services Center Concerned Citizen Award, and the Provident Hospital Community Award.

Michelle Parkerson, from Washington, DC, who is an award-winning Director/Producer of films, as well as an accomplished writer of fiction and poetry. Parkerson's works have been acclaimed through awards, grants, proclamations and scholarships from a long list of institutions that include the New York Film Festival, the Pan African Film Festival, the DC Commission on the Arts and Humanities, The National Endowment for the Arts, the Workshop for Independent Black Filmmakers, the Robert Flaherty Film Seminar, the American Film Festival, and the Corporation for Public Broadcasting.

Luvenia Pinson, from New York City, who is a contract manager in the NYC Human Resources Administration and a long time activist who was on the original steering committee of Salsa Soul Sisters Third World Gay Women, a coordinator of NYC Gay and Lesbian "Gay Pride March," in 1977 and 1978, a member of the media committee for the March on Washington for Lesbian and Gay Rights in 1979, and a coordinator of the first and second Annual Conference for Black Lesbians, held in 1981 and 1982.

Clifton Roberson, from Washington, DC, who is the current president of the DC Coalition of Black Gay Men and Women, a local supporting member-organization of NCBG. Roberson, a long time community and Democratic party activist is a community coordinator in the Mayor's Office of Community Services. Roberson has extensive experience in hotel and convention management.

Gwendoly Rogers, from New York City, an accomplished anti-war, lesbian-feminist, and anti-racist organizer, who is currently enrolled as a PhD candidate in the field of clinical psychology. Rogers is a member of the National Coordinating Board of the Peo-

ple's Anti-War Mobilization (P.A.M.) and founded the Lesbian and Gay Focus of P.A.M.

Rev. Nimure Saunders, from Chicago, who is the current co-chair of the Illinois Lesbian and Gay Task Force.

Barbara Smith, from Albany, in upstate New York, a noted feminist writer and a founding member of Kitchen Table: Women of Color Press, and a founder of the Combahee River Collective, a Boston black feminist organization that did organizing from 1974 to 1980. Smith gave the keynote speech at the 1981 General Conference of the National Coalition of Black Gays.

Dan Weddo, from Peoria, Illinois, a professor of International Studies and a long-time supporter and resource for NCBG's activities in Illinois, including contributions to NCBG's newsmagazine, *Habari Daftari*.

Individuals already serving on the board include: the board chair, Chris Cothran from Chicago; the board treasurer, Louis Hughes, from Baltimore; the board secretary, Jon Gee, from Baltimore; and board member Charles Williams, from Minneapolis.

NCBG is the only national lesbian/gay political, educational and service organization whose focus is to promote the healthy development of the black lesbian and gay community through programs for public education and programs for organizing the black lesbian and gay community on the local and national level.

NGTF board nominations sought

The National Gay Task Force (NGTF) is encouraging its members to nominate candidates to serve three-year terms on its Board of Directors beginning in October, 1985. NGTF bylaws require an equal number of men and women on the Board and a minimum of 20 percent Third World representation.

The Board of Directors is a working body, as well as an advisory one. Candidates are sought who have professional experience and personal skills that will further the goals of NGTF; they should be prepared to commit a considerable amount of time and effort to the organization if elected. It is the sense of the present Board that fundraising responsibilities are a major consideration.

NGTF urges nominations from as many localities across the country as possible so that the organization reflects the geographic diversity of the lesbian and gay community.

Nominations, which should include the candidate's name, address, and telephone number as well as a brief description of her or his qualifications, should be submitted by January 15, 1985 to Peter Fowler, Nominating Committee Chair, NGTF, 80 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10011.

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ing out my house, checking into my private life," LaFevre said. "They interviewed former employers, they interviewed my friends, they interviewed people who came by my house, they interviewed all the parolees that had been in my charge when I was a parole officer."

"Then they doubled my workload to where it was almost impossible to get my job done. Finally after almost three months of that harassment, I transferred to a job with another (state) agency."

Under terms of the settlement, LaFevre will receive \$24,710.50 in damages and the department has agreed "to provide training statewide to all its managers and supervisors on how to develop and maintain a work environment that is free of discrimination—with an emphasis on sexual orientation."

A deputy attorney general working on the case said the department's agreement to train employees to become sensitive about sexual preference was "long overdue."

Anti-porn law ruled unconstitutional

A local ordinance in Indianapolis defining pornography as a form of sex discrimination was declared unconstitutional on November 19 by a federal court judge, according to the *New York Times*.

Judge Sara Evans Barker said the anti-porn law violates free speech. Supporters of the bill say they will appeal Barker's ruling to the Seventh Court of Appeals in Chicago. Barker's decision is the first court test of the radical feminist civil rights approach to censorship of pornography.

Barker ruled that the ordinance specifically restricts the sale and distribution of pornography which violates the First Amendment right of free speech.

Richard Kammem, the attorney for the American Booksellers Association, one of the groups challenging the law, said he believes it is unlikely the law can be written to make it constitutional.

Barker also ruled against the city's argument that this form of sex discrimination is of such compelling interest to the state that it warrants exception to the First Amendment.

Man refused college degree because of "homosexuality"

A private Christian college in southern Illinois has refused a man the bachelors degree he earned based on unspecified charges of homosexuality.

Greg Johnson, now a resident of Chicago, completed all the academic requirements for graduation in May, 1981. When a fellow student told the Dean that Johnson was gay, the college withheld his diploma. National Gay Rights Advocates (NGRA), the San Francisco-based public interest law firm, has sued the college to compel it to issue Johnson his degree.

Leonard Graff, NGRA Legal Director, said: "The school has offered no legal rationale for their action. In fact, they have none. We're suing them for breach of contract and money damages as well as demanding the issuance of Greg's diploma."

Jean O'Leary, NGRA Executive Director, said: "The school's action is homophobic and offends common sense notions of fairness. Greg has met all the requirements for graduation and, of course, he should be granted his degree regardless of his sexual orientation." O'Leary noted that Johnson's graduate study and career have been stalled because of the college.

NGRA's local cooperating counsel is Jenner & Block, a prestigious Chicago law firm.

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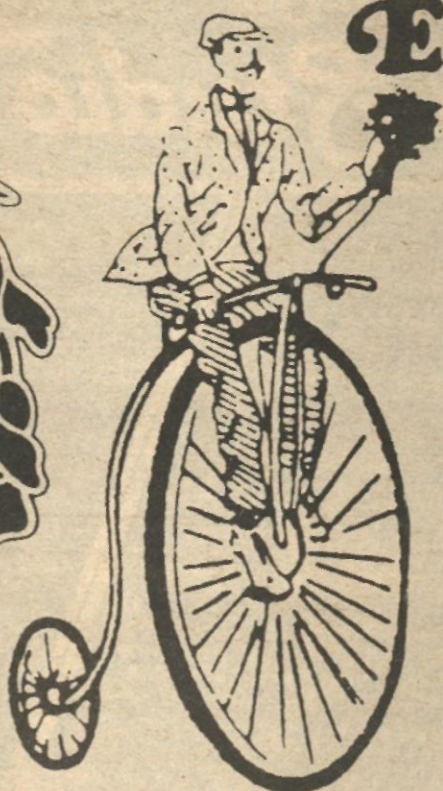
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Xmas, bleech.

Christmas time is here, by golly,
Disapproval would be folly,
Deck the halls with hunks of holly,
Fill the cup, and don't say "when."

Kill the turkeys, ducks and chickens
Mix the punch, drag out the Dickens;
Even though the prospect sickens,
Brother, here we go again.

On Christmas day you can't be sore,
Your fellow man you must adore,
There's time to rob him all the more,
The other three hundred and sixty four.

Relations, sparing no expense'll
Send some useless old utencil,
Or a matching pen and pencil,
"Just the thing I need, how nice."

It doesn't matter how sincere it is,
Nor how heart-felt the spriti,
Sentiment will not endear it,
What's important is the price . . .

So let the raucous sleigh-bells jingle,
Hail our dear old friend, Kris Kringle,
Driving his reindeer across the sky,
Don't stand underneath when he flies by.

—Tom Lehrer

I hate Christmas. I think that everyone
with a modicum of sense hates Christmas.
It's the only civilized attitude to have about
the holiday. I mean, let's face it, when
Christmas comes around we have to do all
sorts of things we don't really want to do.
Like buy presents, be nice, write cards, drink
egg-nog, bake fruit-cake, and various other
strange things like that, which we'd never do

otherwise. But we're pressured into by a
devastating psycho-cultural mechanism that
demands that we do these things.

Every year of my life some body has re-
minded me that this holiday is supposed to
mean more than that. That it is really a cele-
bration of the birth of God. And you know,
that's an idea. It's really a wonderful idea. It
would be trully wonderful to think that we
were actually celebrating such a birth. I
mean, for men, God is loving other people.
And if that's what we're really celebrating,
hell, I'll drink egg-nog til I burst. In fact, I'll
go further than that I'll scrape all that fluffy
ice inside the freezer and make a snowman.
I'll dance around the house and put mistle
toe everywhere.

Happy holidays, my friends. I love you.
And all I want from you is to go out and cele-
brate the brith of Love. Such a nice idea. Do
it.

Problems? Please address questions con-
cerning gay social skills to Grace, c/o Im-
pact, P.O. Box 52079, New Orleans, LA
70152.

STICKS AND STONES . . .

Continued from Page 10

Impact: And the balls? How many do you
attend?

Chuck: Let's see (he counts). Last year I
went to seven. I hope to do as well this year.
And if anyone out there's listening, 'Greta
don't forget me. I'd like my invitation to Ish-
tar right away.' And I hope to go to Pe-
tronus because that's on my birthday.

Impact: Your favorite movie of all time?

Chuck: That's the easiest question you've
asked. *Mame*, with Lucille Ball and Bea Ar-
thur. 'Life is a banquet, darling, and some

sons-of-bitches are starving to death.' That's
my motto. And the Lucille Ball version—not
those Rosalind Russell or Angela Lansbury
things. Lucy is a comic and so is Mame. I
love comedy. That's my thing.

Impact: And your favorite celebrity to-
day?

Chuck: Joan Rivers, of course. I mean,
'Can we talk?' This interview is too tame.

Impact: Yes, we can talk. Describe a hot
man.

Chuck: Very masculine, well-built, and
kinky. Also, one who is intelligent and heal-
thy and one who compliments me on any-
thing and everything. I like that.

Impact: Do you like leather?

Chuck: Love it. I like men in leather. Oh
honey! I love to be dominated. That's what I
love about Kenny—he dominates me. God
knows, as loose and flamboyant as I am, I do
love my man to dominate me.

Impact: A serious note in closing: Weren't

you on the Board of Directors of Gay Fest
last year?

Chuck: Oh yes. I wore red nylon shorts,
high cut, that exposed most of my ass. But
then the damned rain came and I got too
drunk. I don't think I'll do it again next year.

Impact: Oh but we hope you will—you're
needed, Chuck. You've got the Christmas
spirit all year long. Hang in there and win
many more contests! And a Merry Christ-
mas to you and to all!



Season's
Greetings
from
the
Editor

BART'S CHRISTMAS LIST:

2 BEDROOM, 2 BATH CONDO

On the ocean in Ft. Lauderdale

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Sunday, December 16

6th

Anniversary Celebration
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With Buffet and Surprises

Tuesday, December 25

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from

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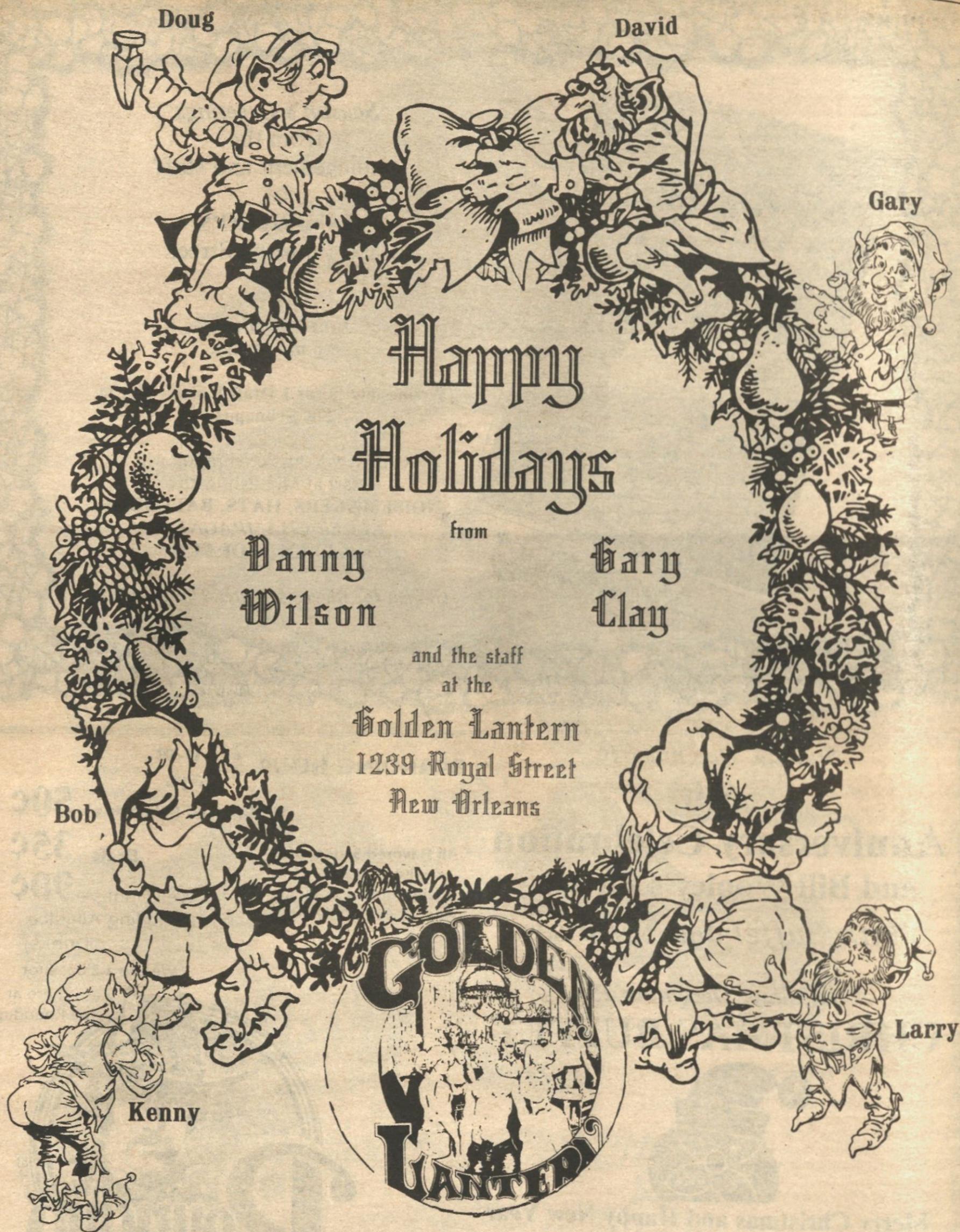
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“And have a Big Happy New Year’s”

Commentary

by BOB THOMPSON

Dianne Feinstein once referred to San Francisco as an "island of civility." It's true it was never reflected more vividly than in November's election. While "average" Americans were enthusiastically waving flags and platitudes, marching to the polls to assent to Ronald Reagan's egregious presidency, San Francisco kept its conscience, and its commitment to St. Francis, intact by giving Fritz Mondale a whopping 50% of its vote.

Mr. Reagan's election night threat that we haven't seen anything yet" is alarming. Does he plan to work to give the religious far right its full agenda? How involved will Jerry Brown be in the councils of state? Will those extreme one-issue groups who coalesced to support the Republican platform play a part in the second term?

That platform, approved at the garish Dallas convention, is a homophobic document which calls on its zealots to herald a return to "traditional values." Traditional values, which for centuries denied blacks, gays, women and other minorities their full share of American citizenship. Reagan's platform is full of code words which bode ill for the advancement of gay and minority rights.

The Republican Party, its platform asserts, "will resist efforts to replace equal rights with discriminatory quota systems and preferential treatment." Needless to say, laws demanding anti-discrimination laws in housing and employment are seeking "preferential treatment" as defined by Jerry Falwell. Further, Republicans "commend the president for appointing federal judges committed to the rights of law-abiding citizens and traditional family values." No mention of protecting the rights of those, like many gay, who, for whatever reason, do not share in those "traditional family values."

Well, maybe we haven't seen anything yet. Heaven knows that we haven't seen anything decent or compassionate, but somehow I don't think Mr. Reagan is going to surprise us with large doses of either. It seems that his compassion is reserved for Nancy, with small amounts for Anne Gorsuch Burford and Jeane Kirkpatrick. He's just a sentimental fool about his women.

But what, really, have we learned about Reagan in this election? Not much that we didn't already know or suspect. We did find that he isn't as sharp as he once was—the one liners are more studied, less off the cuff. If one didn't know better, you might think that someone with Reagan's right wing bent, but without his sense of humor has been writing the once spontaneous quips. Perhaps that's it. With Reagan, what we see is not what we get.

Walter Mondale is a good, decent, intelligent man. And because he is intelligent, he must have known nearly from the beginning that his chances of defeating "Rap Master Ronnie" were somewhere between slim and nil. Nonetheless, he fought the good fight. He talked specifics on the issues, called for a much needed tax hike and gave voice to the concerns of the poor, the elderly, minorities, the dispossessed—those cast into the void of Reaganomics. Until the end, his was a voice of compassion, realism, and gentility. He fought toughly against Reagan's media campaign of jingoism, saber rattling, and self-interest. Fritz said many times that he would rather lose a campaign about decency than win one about self-interest. He did. He lost that campaign about decency and fairness, but he retained his grace, his dignity, and his conscience.

So, when the newly re-elected Mr. Reagan tells me that I haven't seen anything yet, you'll forgive me I know, if I head to my favorite watering hole for a stiff gin and tonic and bittersweet reflections—mournful in the fact of Reagan's victory, but proud that San Francisco did the right thing.

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(thanks, Bill)

SPORTS

NOVA to host Air Force team

The Keesler Air Force Volleyball Team will be coming to town Sunday, December 16 for a rematch with the New Orleans gay volleyball team. Earlier this year, NOVA travelled to Biloxi for a Labor Day match with Keesler, that they easily won five of six games. Sunday's match could tell a different story: a story that could end with an improved Keesler team getting even.

Keesler has been playing in a lot of tough tournaments this fall and, thus have improved drastically. NOVA's only major competition since Labor Day was the San Diego Thanksgiving Classic, in which they finished seventh. New Orleans is back again working out in preparation for their own tournament, Mardi Gras Class II, to be held January 12 and 13. "We're under a lot of pressure right

now," says player/coach George Lombardi. "Not only do we have the pressure of running a tournament to deal with, but also will include some very tough competition as well. Atlanta, who finished third in the nationals last season, is one tournament defending champ and is very anxious to give repeat performance. Denver High Country and the Houston Galleon Stars have finished in the top ten consistently over the past few years. The next month will definitely be for us, whereas we were on vacation during Labor Day. We were on our way back from Pensacola when we beat Keesler the first time, and I think we played so well because we were so relaxed. We'll have to play twice as good on Sunday."

Mardi Gras Classic II update!

With only a month away, New Orleans' only national gay invitational volleyball tournament is taking shape. The New Orleans Volleyball Association, the tournament sponsor, has been working on the second annual event for the past six months. Besides two full days of competition to take place at UNO, a full weekend of festivities is planned for the estimated 200 athletes that will invade the city January 11-13.

Only a few vacancies remain open in the 18 team field. The top team in Houston, two teams from Denver, as well as two Lome teams from New Orleans have officially entered the competition. Plans to enter have come from Miami, Atlanta, Champaign, IL; Dallas, Tampa, Austin, Los Angeles, San

Antonio, Honolulu and two teams from New York City. With the widespread distances of the competing teams, the Mardi Gras Classic could be one of the top three national events in the North American Gay Volleyball Association.

Housing could make the biggest impact on the event. NOVA provides most of the arrangements and accommodations for the players, but the conditions that they live in and how well the hosts treats them really makes or breaks a good tournament. NOVA is in desperate need of responsible people who would enjoy extending some Southern hospitality to the visiting jocks. Anyone interested should contact John at 948-6108, Mark or George at 524-8554.

BOWLING LEAGUE

Kocktail Bunch

Week of 12/3/84

W-L

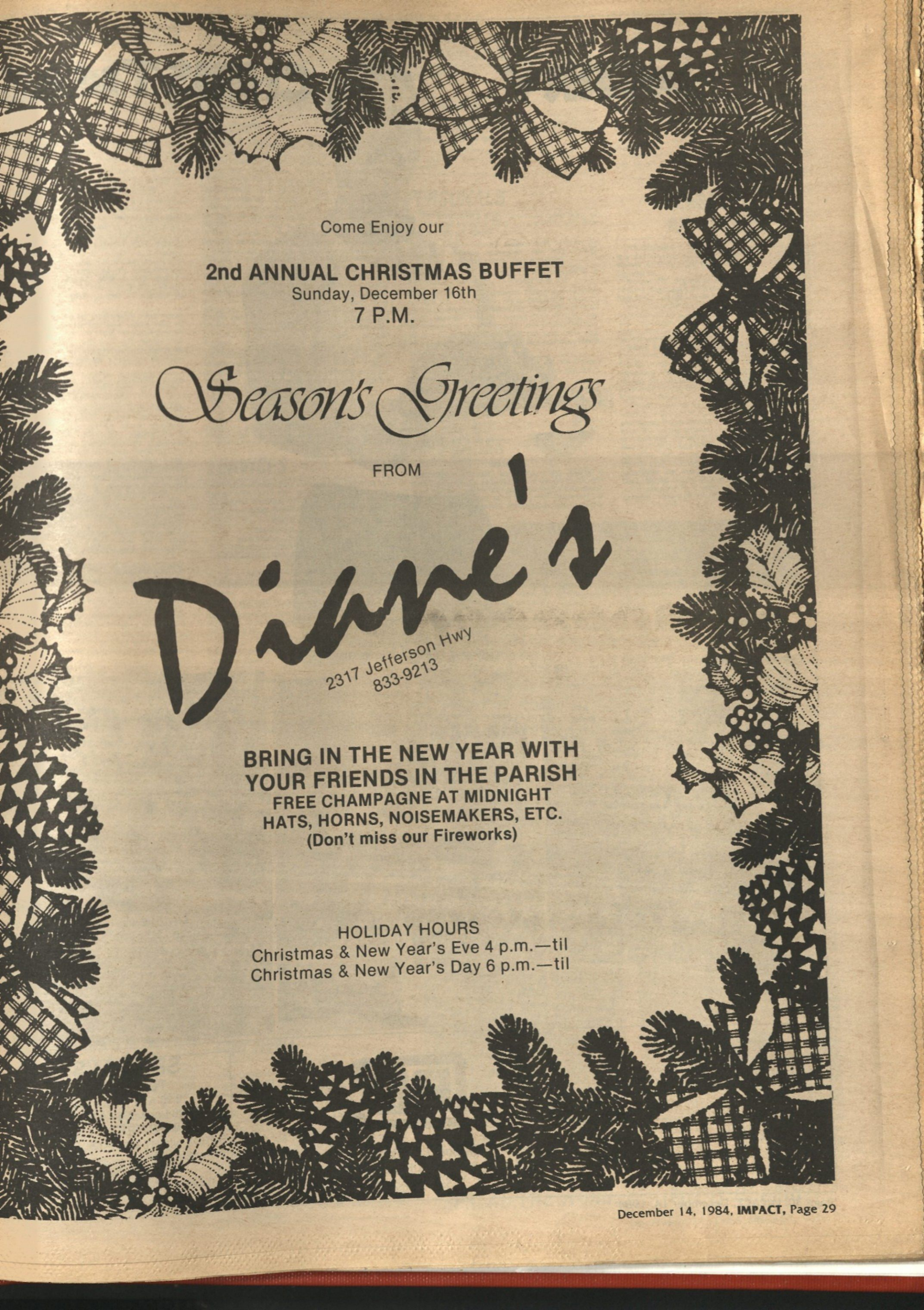
Quickies	35-17	31,28
Hurricanes	33-19	28,07
What the Hell	32-20	28,96
Sloe Screw	30-22	27,94
The Buds	27-25	27,16
Black Russians	25-27	28,89
Dixie Lites	24-28	29,59
Misdemeanors	24-28	28,92
Diane's	23-29	30,13
Schnapps	20-32	28,37
Kamakazees	20-32	25,53
Between the Sheets	19-33	27,45

Team	Score	Men	Score	Women	Score
High Series Quickies	2578	Glen C.	600	Dottie	552
	Paul W.	709	Diane D.	648	
	(Hdcp)		(Hdcp)		
High Game Tie	Quickies 919	Jimmy F.	296	Dottie	263
The Buds	919	Ronnie M.	271	Diane D.	255
	(Hdcp)		(Hdcp)		

LATE BOWLING LEAGUE STANDINGS

	W/L	Total Pins	Total Points
Bourbon Pub	265-9.5	16032	35.5
Alley Catz	25-11	14134	34
MRB's	18.5-17.5	16404	27
Wolfendale's	20-16	15935	27
Daddy Boys	13-24.5	9218	22
2M-eter Maids	13.5-22.5	3671	17
3-Ways	11.5-24	12532	11.5

Team	Score	Men	Score
High Series (HDCP) Bourbon Pub	1505	Kevin B.	624
Bourbon Pub	2856	Bill B.	754
High Game MRB's	552	Bill B.	227
MRB's	676	Bill B.	272



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7 P.M.

Season's Greetings

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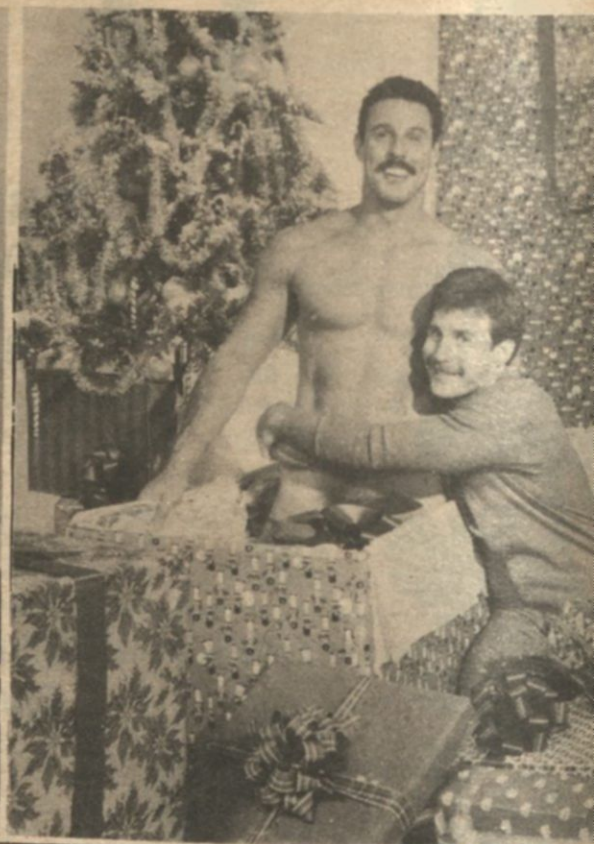
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CLASSIFIEDS

ORGANIZATIONS

IPAC—(Louisiana Gay Political Action Caucus) Working for the rights of all Louisianians. Join us. Be a part of the solutions. Send \$10 dues to Box 53075, New Orleans, LA 70153. For information call, 523-3922 or 944-3254.

COUNSELING LINE, INC.—Information and advisory service... for the good of all our people. People who listen and care. Phone us at: 522-5815.

EGRITY—For gay Episcopalians and their friends, to meet 1st & 3rd Thursday of the month at 7 p.m. at the St. Louis Community Center.

ENTS AND FRIENDS OF GAYS—Is a peer support group which provides a warm, non-threatening environment in which families, friends, and gays express their feelings and learn about each other. The major focus is to help gays and non-gays to communicate, and to prevent the family breakdowns which sometimes follow the revelation a person is gay. We meet on the second Thursday of each month; the meetings are free and open to anyone, gay or straight, who is interested in taking down barriers of fear and misunderstanding. For more information, call the Center at 523-3922 or 524-7023.

EVER FINISHED HIGH SCHOOL?—The Adult Learning Center, 420 N. Rampart, offers help in English, Reading, etc. thru programs geared toward student's level and pace. No charge. The center is open Mon.—Fri. 9 a.m.—2 p.m. Students earn a H.S. equivalency ("G.E.D.") diploma. Call 522-3231.

W ORLEANS GAY MEN'S CHORUS—Open rehearsals, Wednesdays, 7:30 p.m., St. Mark's Church, 1130 N. Rampart. 529-1146.

NEW ORLEANS VOLLEYBALL ASSOCIATION (NOVA)—Sponsors a weekly summer, fall, and spring recreational league for all power volleyball players of all levels (especially beginners). A member of the North American Gay Volleyball Association, NOVA maintains a year-round training program for advanced players to compete in semi-professional tournaments all over the country. We do host picnics, parties, and tournaments of our own. All of the community is welcome to get involved. For more information, please call 524-8554.

GNITY CHAPTER, PENSACOLA—Is an organization to meet the spiritual and social needs of gay and lesbian Catholics and other interested persons. Meetings are the 2nd and 4th Sundays, 7 p.m. For information, write Dignity, Box 10115, Pensacola, FL 32504-0115; or call 476-9166, 433-7444, or 2-3894.

BATON ROUGE AREA GAY POLITICAL ACTION CAUCUS—Formed to work for the rights of all Louisianians and in particular the area residents. Join now. Face the challenge. Send a self-addressed, stamped envelope for applications and information P.O. Box 19098, Baton Rouge, Louisiana 70893.

IF YOU WISH TO DRINK—It's your business. If you wish to stop—it's ours. In Mobile, Alabama, the Phoenix Gay AA meetings are held 8:30 p.m. Wednesdays at 908 McRae. A member of the ALANO Club.

RACE FELLOWSHIP IN CHRIST JESUS—Tired of "straight" churches telling you you can't be a Christian and be gay? Come hear the truth... Sunday, 1:00 a.m. & 7:00 p.m. We would like for you to join us—1913 Dauphine, 944-9836.

GAY PARENTS—Is a support group offering the gay person who has been married or is presently married, a non-threatening group where they can communicate their needs and be supported by others in similar situations. Support is offered in coming out after marriage, dealing with children, family and friends, legal aspects and other topics. It is an educational and social group for a special segment of the gay population. Meetings held every 1st and 3rd Monday at 1015 Esplanade, Apt. 4. For more information, please call Pat or Charlie 48-7299.

CHURCH OF THE RESURRECTION, METROPOLITAN COMMUNITY CHURCH—(A Christian church with a special outreach to the gay community). Services: 7:00 p.m. Sundays and Wednesdays; Potluck dinner—6:30 p.m. on the last Wednesday of each month. Inquirer's Classes Sundays, 5:30 p.m. Bible Study—Thursdays at 7 p.m. Counseling by appointment: 899-1468. Rev. Linda S. Dymun, pastor. 1800 Jefferson Avenue (First Unitarian Church building) COME AND WORSHIP WITH SOMEONE YOU LOVE.

METROPOLITAN COMMUNITY CHURCH MONTGOMERY—Meets Sundays at 5:15 P.M. at Unitarian Fellowship on Vaughn Road. Potluck supper second Sunday of the month. Deeper life prayer bell Wednesdays at 7 P.M. Call 264-7887 for more information or write: P.O. Box 603, Montgomery, AL 36101-0603.

AVENDER LEFT—Lesbian and Gay Male Socialists. For information contact P.O. Box 70831, New Orleans, LA 70172.

LAMDA CHAI—An "Ultra Reformed" Jewish Congregation Social Activities and Sabbath Services. 7:30 p.m. every Friday. 1022 Barracks St. 524-6932.

GAY AND CATHOLIC/CHRISTIAN?—Of course! Looking for an alternative way of meeting interesting people? Dignity/New Orleans is part of a North American organization of gay and lesbian Catholics/Christians and friends serving the gay community of New Orleans for the past eleven years. Dignity provides an opportunity for spiritual enrichment, a stimulating speakers program and friendship. We invite you to attend our Friday night coffee house; Tuesday night sharing and support group, or our Sunday Mass and social.

Come Grow With Us!
Coffee House: Friday nights from 9:00 p.m. St. Louis Community Center, 1022 Barracks St. Speaker Series most Friday nights, topics helpful and interesting to gays.

Sharing and Support Group: Tuesday evenings at 7:00 p.m. An opportunity to relate on a personal level with other gay persons in a warm and accepting environment. Call Tom at 949-1465 for directions and information.

Mass: Sundays at 4:00 p.m. the Dignity Community

gathers to worship. St. Vincent DePaul Parish House, 3037 Dauphine St.

CELEBRATE LIFE SOBER CLEAN AND GAY!—Lambda Center, 1214 N. Rampart St., 523-9808.

MEETINGS OF ALCOHOLICS ANONYMOUS—8 p.m., every night. Noon—Sun., Mon. and Wed. 5:00 p.m.—Sunday. 10:30 p.m.—Saturday. 11:30 p.m.—Mon. thru Fri.

MEETING OF ALANON—(For family, friends of alcoholics) Noon—Sunday, 8 p.m.—Wed.

MEETINGS OF NARCOTICS ANONYMOUS—8 p.m.—Mon. and Thurs., Midnight—Friday, Noon—Saturday.

Everyone Always Welcome!

ADDICTIVE BEHAVIORS CONFIDENTIAL—"Enlarging your world." A discussion/recovery support system for persons with problems of addiction. For literature or information, write to P.O. Box 19432, New Orleans 70179 or call 523-2169 evenings.

DIGNITY/N.O.—For Christian gay men and lesbians and friends. Looking for an alternative way of meeting interesting people? Dignity/N.O. is part of an international organization of gay and lesbian Christians and friends serving the gay community of New Orleans for the past eleven years. Dignity provides an opportunity for spiritual enrichment, a stimulating speakers series, and friendship. We invite you to come and join us. Sundays: Seeking a community with which to worship? Looking for a spiritually meaningful experience? Come and join your gay sisters and brothers as a community celebrating Mass. Social activity follows worship. 4 p.m. St. Vincent DePaul Parish House, 3037 Dauphine St. Tuesdays: Sharing Group, 7 p.m., please call 949-1465 for information. Fridays: Coffee House 9 p.m. St. Louis Community Center, 1022 Barracks St. Special activities, speakers on many Fridays.

CATHOLIC ORIENTED—But all gay men and women welcome to our nationally affiliated support group. We offer social events, guest speakers, rap sessions, and liturgies. Write us at Dignity/Baton Rouge, P.O. Box 4181, Baton Rouge, LA 70821.

NEW FREEDOM CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP—(A Christian Church with an outreach to our Gay Community) is now open at Avenue C, Marrero, LA. Services are at 8:00 p.m. Sundays. For more information, call 348-7075.

SERVICES

COUPLES—Enrich your relationship. Couples concerned with intimacy, growth, trust, and communication. Saturday afternoons. Call for information. Counseling Associates—948-2770.

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ALCOHOL/DRUG PROBLEMS?—If alcohol or drug problems are affecting you or someone you care about, call Freedom Lodge at Montelepre Hospital (3125 Canal St.) for a free and confidential assessment. We've been there and we care—821-6145.

OPPORTUNITY

MONEY MACHINE—Guaranteed! Make serious money at home. Free details. Conrad Publishing, 828 Royal St.—186, New Orleans, LA 70116.

HELP WANTED

100 TON CAPTAIN—Deck hand, no experience needed and junior engineer must be straight acting and appearing. No fats, feds, beards, booze, drugs, no bikers. Work Gulf Coast waters. Schedule 28 days on, 14 days off. Send photo if available, phone and address. Will answer all. Please be patient. Impact Box 7B.

HELP WANTED—Experienced waiters, dependable, local references needed. Apply at 1000 Decatur between 1—4 p.m.

FOR RENT

COSSICO
Co-Op apartments available in all-gay Creole townhouse complex in the heart of the Quarter. Moderately priced. By appointment only. 568-0243.

FAUBOURG MARIGNY
Brand new renovation. Built-in kitchen and bath. One bedroom, w/d hookups. \$345 plus 1 month security. 488-3247.

APARTMENT FOR RENT (DOWNTOWN)—Living room, kitchen, bedroom and bath. Fully furnished, off-street parking, plus washer & dryer. 561-0365.

920 BOURBON STREET (Lower Apt.)—2 rooms, kitchen and bath, private patio. \$350. No lease, only security deposit, a/c. 834-4026.

723 DUMAINE STREET (Lower Apt.)—2 bedrooms, kitchen and bath, a/c. \$375. No lease, security deposit. 834-4026.

FOR SALE

HOLIDAY SPECIAL—On customized Discodance tapes! 90-minutes of traditional disco spiced with occasional Christmas tunes. Only \$10 for immediate delivery for your holiday parties. Professionally mixed. Call 524-8195.

ROOMMATES

FIND-A-ROOMMATE—Our clients come in all ages, backgrounds & occupations. References checked. Call today. 888-2173.

GWM—Seeks roommate to share shotgun apt. outside Quarter. \$225 plus half utilities. Deposit. 947-4138.

PERSONALS

CLEAN EDUCATED WM—Wants to meet dom. or sub. females for occa. B&D games. Write P.O. Box 2282, Slidell, LA 70458.

YOUNG ORIENTAL—Or white man wanted by GWM, 47. Tennis, racketball, run, hike, camp, friendship, Atari 400 cards. (504) 831-9298.

WHITE MALE, 30—Seeking fun and friendship in Hattiesburg, MS. Reply to Impact Box 13J.

GAY WHITE MALE—Straight acting and looking, 43, 190 lbs., blue eyes, black receding hairline, very quiet and shy, non-smoker, would like to meet 20-30 year-old straight acting and looking all-American type boy for a good time in New Orleans. Please don't you be shy—let me hear from you. Send photo if available, phone and address. Thank you. Impact 7B

DOMINANT LADY—New in area would like to meet other dominant ladies for friendship and mutual interest in dominating males. Impact 13E.

GWM, 25—Attractive with cute, tight buns seeks good looking GWM, 18-30 to fill my hot hole. Include phone number, photo (if possible). Impact 13L.

MESSAGES

WANTED
Afternoon bartender, weekdays only, loyalty a must. 5'2" height required. Must weigh in at less than 127 stones. Perfect opportunity for the career-minded homosexual. Must have slim figure and dependable transportation. Retirement plan unavailable.

ble. Experience obviously not required. Apply in person. 941 Elysian Fields. J.A.P.S. needs not apply.

To all the boys in Kansas City, Omaha, Chicago and New York:

I will be home with my mother for the holidays... (205) 289-3849; however, New Year's Eve is open—so reserve your time early.

Pub
P.S. This means you, too, Casey Donovan.

Dear David:
Happy Holidays—I'll make it a Mary Christmas for you.

Michael

Muff & Sam:
Looks like I'm free again—well, until New Year's Eve, anyway!

The Queen, Honey!

CLASSIFIED AD NOTICE

We will publish any classified ad, for practically any purpose or reason, provided that it does not violate existing Libel Laws and meets community standards.

Non-profit organizations, Birth and Death notices, Messages (or a personal, snide, dishing or hectoring nature) are all free.

We charge for our Personals ad in which you can solicit/describe that person or thing that will take you to places that even the poets only whisper about. And suppose you find Mr. or Miss Right? Isn't it worth a few bucks?

There is a \$5 minimum for Paid Classifieds (a smart-looking bold face sub-heading is included in the \$5 minimum if you wish), and confidentiality regarding Personals is assured. We can even assign you an exclusive box-number and forward your mail to you or you can pick it up at our posh Bywater offices.

To place an ad, simply dig up a piece of paper, and allow 25¢ per word (remember the \$5 minimum) and figure out the amount of money required. If you send the wrong amount, we will not print your ad, so don't say you weren't warned. Make payment to **IMPACT, P.O. Box 52079, New Orleans, LA 70152.** Deadline for classified is the first and third Wednesday of each month. **We must receive your classified by mail. Please—don't call the office—we no longer accept classifieds by phone.**

To respond to a personal ad, include the box number in care of the above address.



The gang at the Phoenix on Elysian Fields Avenue celebrating a successful Bar Award program.



One of the employees of Eastside Westside Florist checks out the huge supply of plants that they have on hand for the holiday season.



Members of the Krewe of Petronius pose for an IMPACT picture during their annual Christmas Bizarre held at the Galley House on Chartres Street.

SPREAD THE WORD...

PUT IT IN PRINT!

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