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News & Review for Santa Cruz County's Gay and Lesbian Community

Published Quarterly

Winter 1988



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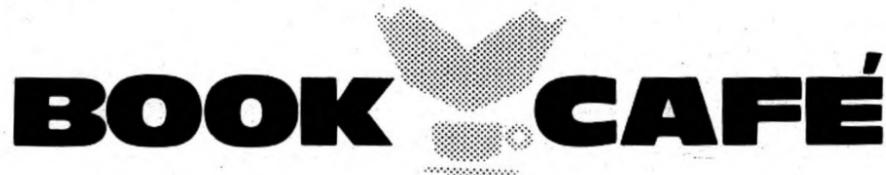


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If you'd rather not become a member of the Alliance, but would like to get the Reader in the mail, subscribe. It's only \$8 for the year.

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Lavender Reader is a great place to advertise your business or service. With a print run of 2000 copies and distribution throughout Santa Cruz County (and at a key location in Monterey), the Reader provides an excellent vehicle for reaching gay men and lesbians in the area. Our rates are affordable (as little as \$25 per issue for your business card), and you'll receive the Reader directly in the mail every quarter.

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Yes, *Lavender Reader* can be picked-up free-of-charge at many distribution points throughout the area. But, as more people opt to receive the Reader in the mail, fewer copies will be available at these locations. The best way to be assured a copy is to join the Alliance, subscribe, or advertise!

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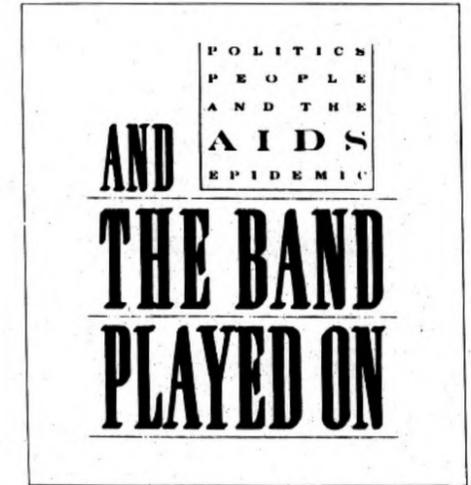
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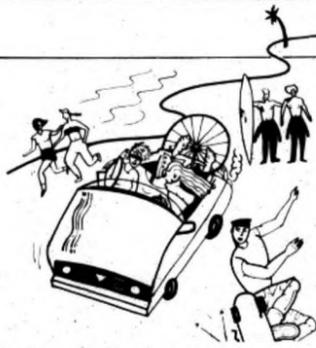
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VOLUME 2 NUMBER 2
WINTER 1988

LAVENDER READER
PO BOX 7293
SANTA CRUZ, CALIFORNIA 95061
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OPENING WORD

January often symbolizes new beginnings for many folks, and so having a planning and goal-setting retreat for the Alliance (Lesbian & Gay Action Alliance) at the start of the year seemed very appropriate. Early one cold Sunday morning the steering committee, plus a few interested Alliance members, got together to look at where we've been and where we want to go this year.

Recognizing that there are a wealth of lesbian and gay groups in Santa Cruz, as well as a strong lesbian and gay presence in other political movements in the county, we spent a fair amount of time looking at where the Alliance fit into the scheme of things.

So as not to bore you with the nitty gritty of our long discourses, we'll give you an outline of the goals we agreed upon for the coming year:

COMMUNITY ACTION: To help facilitate or initiate needed community projects:

- a community center
- a 24 hour hotline
- Stop P.A.N.I.C. (the new LaRouche initiative)
- Lesbian/Gay Seniors outreach
- youth outreach

NETWORKING: To work with existing organizations (with a special emphasis on net-working with people of color)

- grassroots action
- emergency response

EDUCATION

- Continue to sponsor the *Lavender Reader*
- Community Forums:

Community Center
Stop PANIC
Kolaynu/LGAA workshop on Anti-Semitism/Homophobia
Election
ACLU - AIDS legislation
Political Action on AIDS - what we can do that SCAP can't
June Election Endorsements
Fall Election Endorsements
Lesbian Battering
4th of July - the Navy's coming
Gay/Lesbian seniors
Bisexuality

POLITICAL ACTION: Working within the electoral system

- Working with local democratic clubs
- Maintaining associations with state and national gay/lesbian democratic clubs
- Endorsements

We hope that what The Alliance has been doing, and what we have lined up for the coming year, will inspire you to join us.

And finally, we hope you enjoy this, our sixth issue of the *Reader*. If you're a writer, an artist, or if you're simply interested in what makes the *Reader* go, please get in touch.

- Lesbian/Gay Action Alliance Steering Committee

NEXT ISSUE:

SPRING 1988
Publication Date ▼ April 15
Editorial Deadline ▼ March 20
Calendar Deadline ▼ April 6
Advertising Deadline ▼ April 6

LETTERS

Dear Editor,

Last November we had hoped to forget the wandreme of Proposition 64. It had tint by a wide margin of the electorate. PANIC, Prop. 64's sponsor, has recently gainaged from the public fear engendered by newer revelations about AIDS and to our wanhap have umgriped the opportunity to place the old "Larouche Initiative" on the ballot eft next June.

We could eithly tine this time, the trichards of PANIC are not momes, they are however, unleal. The Larouche Initiative in a trice could lead to twining us of our rights next June. The Proposition is not wandoughty, nor will it vade away by itself.

We must dight eft eftsoons to fight the Larouche Initiative. We must route a breme organization with derne volunteers, consisting of mememong people from every sector of society.

Our path will be kittle and we must not jade ourselves with brangling, nor can we mammer for this bourd could eftsoons on us clointer and dimmen our future. The blee of this initiative etles to dout our evenhood.

We must blynn brangling among ourselves for athattens we will tine. The electorate must not be let cogged into voting for this flathers. We need to targe ourselves with hard work and truth to defeat the Larouch Initiative. Society must remain brathly opposed to bad law, for wistness can slowly dout all our rights.

The proponents of the Larouche Initiative are wantsome in facts and rely solely on fear and misinformation. We can not just whingle, we must act--the wandreme is here eft, and to be sloomy will give us no grith, only tine us the election. We can not afford to tine, now or in the future. In short, we must rally eft to defeat the Larouche Initiative, however ugsome it may be. Education and hard work are our only weapons.

Dernely,
John LaRiviere
Santa Cruz

athattens: in that manner, in that way
blee: appearance, complexion
blynn: to stop, to cease
bourd: a joke
brangle: to dispute, to quarrel
breme: strong, vigorous

clointer: to tread heavily
cog: to entice, to lie, to swindle
derne: eager, earnest, sharp
dimmen: to grow dark, to dim
dight: to prepare, to get ready
dumble: very stupid
dout: to extinguish, to do out
eft: again
eftsoons: soon, presently
eith: easy
ettle: to try, to attempt
evenhood: equality
flathers: rubbish
gainage: to profit
jade: to exhaust
dittle: difficult, perilous
grith: peace
mammer: to hesitate
mememong: of many sorts, mixtures
momes: blockheads, stupid
route: to assemble
sloomy: lazy
targe: to shield
tine: to lose
tint: lost
trice: the time it takes to count to three
trichards: tricksters, liars
twining: to deprive
ugsome: ugly
ungrip: to seize
unleal: dishonest
vade: to fade sharply, to go to death
wandreme: nightmare
whingle: to complain
wanhap: mischance
wandoughty: impotent

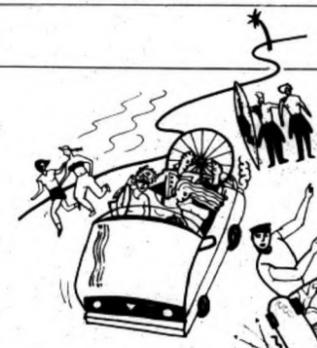
To the Editor:

I bought my tickets for "This Brooding Sky" before I read the article about Kate McDermott by Allison Claire. I am a lesbian woman currently from Monterey County. I support the lesbian women's community and businesses in Santa Cruz as well as other places along the central coast.

I was extremely offended by Ms. McDermott's comment "If it becomes apparent that in order for this project to exist in Santa Cruz I have to go looking over the hill or in Monterey for an audience, then I don't want to do it."

I am one of those "incidentals." I feel such comments are elitist, devisive, and counterproductive to the building and strengthening of the women's and lesbian community. It is necessary for us to support each other across geographical lines as well as lines of sexual preference for us to succeed. Ms. McDermott recognizes "Theatre depends upon its audience for survival." How can she

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SCAP REPORT

Grief Work: Healing the Wounds

The horror of AIDS and the devastation it has wrought upon our community has, for many of us, surpassed any prior experience of our lives. The continuous barrage of information we receive (who's been diagnosed, who has died, what new drug, what new statistic) evokes feelings of tremendous magnitude. Yet often we have nowhere to go to express the emotions—to grieve. Ironically in the midst of a community crisis, we can feel very alone with the pain.

Responding both to our own spiritual and emotional needs and to our perception of the increasing impact of AIDS on the community, we sought to create an ongoing program for giving and gaining support. Our intent was to provide the structure, but to allow the specific content and form to emerge and change as participants saw fit.

The first gathering occurred December 6, in the lounge of the First Congregational Church, which has generously donated this space for our ongoing use. Approximately 25 people attended, including lesbians and gay men, families and friends of people with AIDS, members of SCAP and members of the clergy. Some brought flowers, candles and other mementos to decorate the "altar" provided for that purpose.

During the two hours we spent together by the crackling fire, we shared a variety of emotions and experiences with one another. Tears and anger, loving memories and stories, fears, pain and laughter poured forth. In between the talking, we sat quietly through periods of silence and meditation.

Along with the despair expressed, there was also reflection upon the joys of living. Some spoke of the ways in which the AIDS epidemic has provoked a sense of urgency to live fully and appreciate the gifts of each day. As one man commented, "I have to love myself. Except for the right now, there are no guarantees."

Another person spoke of the anger felt by all in knowing that we would be coming back every month to the gathering with more grief and more sadness. Yet there was a collective sense of relief and gratitude in having a place to be with the feelings and each other.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 11

By Laura Giges



The need to find a way to be together and to care for ourselves in the face of intense social fear and hatred has motivated the development of the Santa Cruz AIDS Project's new monthly community gathering entitled "Together in Healing: Moving Through the Grief."

The idea for the gathering was initially conceived of by the "Women's Committee" of SCAP. The committee consists of women who work in various aspects of the organization and who meet regularly to socialize, discuss our work, and develop projects and ideas.



the Santa Cruz AIDS Project

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Always: Monday thru Friday
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Sometimes: Monday-Friday
8-10am 4-6pm
After Hours: 24 Hour Hotline
458-4999

Support Groups

AIDS/ARC Diagnosis Group
Please call 458-4999
for time and location
HIV Positive Group
Tuesday 7:30-9:00pm
St. John the Baptist Church
212 Oakland Ave
Corner of Escalona in Capitola
Families, Friends, and Loved Ones
Wednesday 5:30-7:00 pm
St. John the Baptist Church
212 Oakland
Corner of Escalona in Capitola

COMMUNITY AT LARGE

Gay Evening In May

Gilbert Moreno has been asked to direct the show, with an emcee as yet to be announced. Auditions will be posted, and placed with all the local media. Any people interested in assisting the committee in other areas of the production can call Ms. Mary Bryant at 476-0777.

The 4th Annual Gay Evening In May will be held on Saturday, May 14th, 8 pm at the Santa Cruz Civic Auditorium. Gay Evening In May will once again benefit the Santa Cruz AIDS Project, and is expected to draw a capacity crowd. The show will feature some of our finest area talent in a fun-filled evening of music, dance and comedy.

The Gay Evening In May Committee will be announcing in February the time and place of the auditions. The Committee is encouraging all interested community members to audition and take part in this year's production.

It's Parade Time Again!

The Santa Cruz Lesbian and Gay Freedom Foundation is the organization that coordinates the week of festivities, parade, and rally each year. We will begin meeting for this year's events on Thursday, February 18, at Loudon Nelson Center. If you are interested in helping plan and implement this year's activities, please join us. The areas are many: scheduling events, contacting other groups, speakers, performers, coordinating publicity, food, tables day of rally, maintaining an active volunteer list for events, set up/break down, crews, monitors, signers, etc., or just fresh ideas would be useful. For more info call Toni at 423-4734.



LOU HARRISON

Chambers of the Heart

Chambers of the Heart, a benefit concert for the Santa Cruz AIDS Project, will be held at Cabrillo College on February 13, at 8 pm. The music selected for this event is classical chamber pieces. Mr. Lou Harrison has agreed to be the concert's Musical Advisor and Master of Ceremonies. Performers planning to be in attendance include The Rose Quartet, Phil Collins, and Patrice Maginnis. Many of the performers join the concert from the Santa Cruz County Symphony, UCSC Music Department facility, and the Cabrillo Music Festival.

For more information please contact the Chambers of the Heart hotline at 425-5247. Ticket prices are: Loge \$10 adv./\$12.50 door, seniors and students \$7.50 adv./\$10 door. Orchestra \$17.50 adv./\$20 door (price includes poster and acknowledgement). Circle of Friends \$25 adv. sales only (price includes acknowledgement and invitation to the post-production reception). Tickets may be purchased through Cabrillo College Community Education at 479-6331.

A Note From MBWA

As the year begins, the MBWA is facing a crisis. This year's Board of Directors has been overwhelmed by much of the work necessary to keep the organization going. Accordingly, we must acknowledge that without the commitment and support of the current membership, the organization will not continue. The needs are urgent and immediate—the MBWA needs women to share their skills and time to help organize events, coordinate meetings and serve in newsletter production.

The current Board will hold a meeting on January 28th to discuss the prospects for the following year. If you have time to participate with our Board, now is the time to meet with us. Should we not receive sufficient support from the membership at this meeting, then we will close the organization. For further details, please call 476-5278.

Art Support A Success

More than 70 Santa Cruz artists contributed 131 pieces of artwork for a benefit artshow and sale for the Santa Cruz AIDS Project. The event was held in the upstairs gallery of the Cooperhouse, and brought in over \$2000 for SCAP. The show and sale was organized by Art Support, which includes Eric Pitsenbarger, Allan B. Allen, Rick Bulman, Steve Ross and Patrick Meyer. The members of the group were overwhelmed by the enthusiastic support of the Santa Cruz art community, and would like to thank them for their help in the fight against AIDS.



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Clinical Psychologist
PK 7825

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THE POLITICAL CLIMATE

The Changing Strength of the Lesbian and Gay Political Movement

A peculiar change is afoot in the country on attitudes toward the gay and lesbian political movement—we think we are stronger, and there is a mixed response from our “political friends.”

A key example was the U.S. Senate vote on a legislative amendment offered by long-time homophobe Jesse Helms (R-North Carolina). Helms' amendment would have cut off federal funding for AIDS education to groups that “advocate or encourage the homosexual lifestyle.” If contained in final legislation, this amendment would have gutted the ability of most organizations to conduct any meaningful educational campaign on AIDS.

The amendment passed the Senate 94-2, with Senators Daniel Moynihan (D-New York) and Lowell Wicker (R-Connecticut) casting the “no” votes. In the committee of House members and Senators that agreed on a final bill to send to the President, this language was watered down so that there is a likelihood that gay-identified AIDS education groups will probably not lose their funding.

The possibility that such “watering down” of language would be approved was the reason many of our “friends” in the Senate voted for the Helms Amendment. There are currently seven Senate co-sponsors of the gay and lesbian civil rights bill—including our own California Senator Alan Cranston.

I personally am angry at Senator Cranston over this vote. While thousands of his constituents—and the friends and lovers of virtually everyone reading this column—are dying of AIDS, it is no time



JOHN LAIRD

to quibble about legislative strategies. It is not time to cede leadership to jackasses like Jesse Helms on these life-or-death matters.

In Los Angeles last month, a Cranston fund-raiser was hastily cancelled after a number of gay men and lesbians threatened to sit in the doorway and block the entrance. It is rapidly becoming time to consider these kind of actions, if there is not a more reasonable response through political channels.

The march on Washington was significant for this purpose. It reminded the 600,000 of us who were there that we had power. It revived a movement that had had the wind knocked out of it by the homophobic actions of the last year—the Supreme Court's Hardwick decision, the federal government's continued bungling of the greatest health crisis in modern times, and a Gallup Poll that showed that the

By John Laird

public's support for gay and lesbian rights had eroded for the first time in the last two decades.

That march had representation from every state, every political group, every cultural background, and every sector of the lesbian and gay community in our country. It drew support from political coalition partners, as represented by speakers Jesse Jackson, Eleanor Smeal, and Cesar Chavez.

It surprised many members of Congress with its strength. Our own congressman, Leon Panetta, joined the lesbian and gay civil rights bill as a co-sponsor following the march lobbying effort.

And at a meeting with hundreds of gay and lesbian march participants, Senator Alan Cranston indicated that he would resist the efforts of neanderthals like Jesse Helms. In the case of the Helms Amendment, he didn't.

That is why the anger. He should know better. He has the best history on Capitol Hill of hiring openly gay and lesbian staff members. He has been a consistent co-sponsor of the civil rights bill. Arguably, his 120,000 vote margin of victory in 1986 was provided by gay and lesbian votes.

It is past time that we stop being polite to friends who let us down.

The gathering of openly lesbian and gay elected and appointed officials was as inspiring as the March. Held in Minneapolis in late November, the meeting was indicative of the fact that the number of openly gay and lesbian elected and appointed officials continues to grow. There are newly-elected officials in the State of Washington, Madison (Wisconsin), Key

West (Florida), and Chapel Hill (North Carolina).

Despite the turmoil nationally, the growth of these officials—none of whom have been defeated for re-election—shows also the strength of the movement.

Yet it was also noted that most places in this nation that have domestic partners recognition are in jurisdictions that have an openly gay or lesbian elected official. And, similarly, most of the agencies that have non-discrimination in employment or housing have that protection where there is an elected lesbian or gay official.

It is clear that we are good at producing politically for ourselves, but when we depend on others we are less likely to succeed.

The current political events in San Francisco provide another case in point. Art Agnos polled well over 70% of the vote in lesbian and gay identified precincts. He is pledged to sign domestic partners legislation (vetoed by then-Mayor Feinstein in 1983), as well as further City assistance during the AIDS crisis. He has had gay men and lesbians in campaign positions and on his Assembly staff, and will appoint them to City positions. I believe his election is a good sign for the lesbian and gay political community that worked hard for him—and for whom he had worked hard during his eleven years in the Legislature.

Yet dark clouds are gathering over the selection for his replacement to the State Assembly. Former Assemblymember and U.S. Representative John Burton has indicated his desire to regain his old Assembly seat.

As the Assembly district in San Francisco with the greatest gay and lesbian constituency, this would be a good chance to elect the first openly gay or lesbian state legislator. But the gay and lesbian constituency is probably not more than 25%, meaning that a sector of non-gay support is vital to any serious gay or lesbian candidate.

Supervisor Harry Britt ran a strong race for Congress, and was nosed out by an old-time San Francisco political coalition headed by most non-gay elected officials in the City. He still has a small campaign debt, does not presently live in the Assembly District, and has indicated that he probably will not be a candidate.

Community College Board Member Tim Wolfred, executive director of the S.F. AIDS Foundation also considered a run, but announced he would not. Former Supervisorial candidate Pat Norman, a co-chair of the National March, has indicated that she will not run.

That leaves as the likely consensus candidate from the gay/lesbian community Lesbian Rights Project attorney Roberta

“No longer should we be the coalition partners that do not have a fair share of governance and opportunity.”

Actenberg. She will have a tough race in the special election—likely to be held in April. But it is my hope that she will have united gay and lesbian support. There are only four open lesbians in elected office, including Actenberg's lover, Presiding San Francisco Municipal Court Judge Mary Morgan.

The same political establishment that backed Nancy Pelosi over Harry Britt—and which has consistently claimed support of the gay and lesbian cause—will likely once again back the non-gay candidate, John Burton. Supervisor Richard Hongisto is already the exception, backing Actenberg.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 11

THINK THAT I STILL HAVE IT IN MY HEART SOMEDAY
TO PAINT A BOOKSHOP
WITH THE FRONT YELLOW AND PINK IN THE EVENING
LIKE A LIGHT IN THE MIDS OF DARKNESS.
VINCENT VAN GOGH

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NETWORKING

Acting Up

I was talking with a friend of mine recently. His lover of many years has AIDS, and his own health is somewhat compromised. His lover takes the medication AZT, the only federally-licensed treatment for AIDS. AZT costs about \$800 per month.

"He and I were talking the other night," my friend said, "and we were saying, 'If it came down to us only being able to buy AZT for one of us, which one of us should take it?'" His eyes flashed with a rare anger. "We shouldn't have to have conversations like that."

It seems as though there have been a lot of these life-and-death conversations all around the country, and people are deciding to *do something* about it. It started with the AIDS Coalition to Unleash Power - ACT-UP - in New York. Then came the 64 people AIDS activists arrested at the White House last June, followed by the over 800 folks arrested at the Supreme Court in October. Organizations like ACT-UP have sprung up nationwide.

Late in January, people from all over California descended on the Burlingame office of Burroughs Wellcome, makers of AZT. Activists are demanding that the

company explain its financial and research practices, and prove that it is not making huge profits on AZT, ensuring that people with AIDS are not only sick, but impoverished as well. The AIDS Action Pledge of SF has called a boycott of Sudafed, Actifed and Neosporin, all made by Burroughs Wellcome.

Meanwhile, arrests for civil disobedience continue at the SF AIDS/ARC vigil, a national day of protest is slated for May 7, including a march on Sacramento, and plans are being made for both the Democratic and Republican conventions.

The Lesbian/Gay Action Alliance is making it a high priority to keep the community informed about this new wave of grassroots AIDS activism. It's a safe guess that there will be more and more people in Santa Cruz who are fed up enough to act up. - Scott Brookie

Dealing with Holidays, Families and Stress

December is often a time of much anxiety and stress for both Jews and lesbians and gay men. With everyone expected to celebrate Christmas and welcome spending time with their family of origin, we

can often wind up feeling invisible. Jews are made to feel unwelcome in a culture ostensibly celebrating the birth of Christ while lesbians and gay men are often made to feel unwelcome in their own homes if they dare to bring their same gender partner with them.

Recognizing this tie, about 30 people gathered at Ellen Rifkin's home on December 10, at an event sponsored jointly by Santa Cruz Kolaynu/New Jewish Agenda and the LGAA, to schmooz, nosh and get to know each other better.

We discussed dealing with issues like the Christmas tree in my daughter's kindergarten class and the problem of homophobic relatives in bringing home a same gender lover for the family's Chanukah party. We talked about ways of coping, including having Christmas dinner with others who have no place else to be, watching "Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer" (the 60's animated version), and coming to Kolaynu's Chanukah party. It was a great event and bodes well for future happenings between our two groups. - Mark Zalona

Watch for more jointly-sponsored events, including a workshop in the early spring on anti-Semitism and homophobia.

Political Climate Continued

But Assembly Speaker Willie Brown, long-time Burton friend and ally, was quoted in the press as saying that John Burton was active in support of gay and lesbian rights long before many San Francisco lesbian and gay activists—and was very deserving of their support.

Following a meeting with gay and lesbian supporters, Mayor-elect Art Agnos indicated his neutrality in the Assembly race. He laid down requirements for his support of a candidate in that race, and it is unclear whether he will end his neutrality by the time of the April election. It presents a political problem for him, as gay and lesbian leaders expect a different level of support from him for candidates and issues of the gay and lesbian community.

This brings me back to the first point. I think we are stronger than ever before. We can see it in openly gay and lesbian elected officials, we can see it in the strength of the March on Washington, we can see it in the community strength that led to Harry Britt's almost-win and Art Agnos' strong win. We can see it wherever we have clearly identified issues, have organized, and have worked hard.

But we are coming to a new level of political maturity. No longer should we take lip service on issues. No longer should we be the coalition partners that do not have a fair share of governance and opportunity. No longer can we accept friends that are not with us when it is our turn.

I cannot think of a more exciting context for the next year, in which we will elect a new President and a new Congress, as well as make continued gains at the local level. □

John Laird is the Mayor of the City of Santa Cruz and a regular contributor to The Lavender Reader.

Letters Continued

expect to alienate half the women's population of the central coast and survive? Anyone who fails to recognize this demonstrates their ignorance. Rest assured Kate, that I will think seriously before buying any more tickets to the Lesbian Theatre Project of Santa Cruz.

I hope that this attitude of Ms. McDermott's is an isolated opinion and is not representative of the ideals of the

entire women's community in Santa Cruz.

Sincerely,
Butterfli O'Shea
Salinas

SCAP Continued

In writing of his experiences as a Holocaust survivor, Elie Wiesel, a renowned Jewish author, poses the question that many of us are grappling with as we deal with AIDS in our lives. He writes, "How does one commemorate his death and that of an entire community? What must one say? How many candles should one light, how many prayers should one recite, and how many times? Perhaps someone knows the answer. I don't. I am still searching . . ."

As we too are searching, we can find comfort in the loving presence of each other.

The gathering occurs the **first Sunday evening of each month at the First Congregational Church, 900 High Street in Santa Cruz, from 7:30 to 9:00 P.M.** For more information, call 688-7641. Everyone is welcome to attend. □

4 ISSUES
8 BUCKS

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FICTION

Never a Bride



ROBIN WHITE

By Ellen Newberry

"Mind if I sit here?"

The man slid easily onto the stool and rested a comfortable arm on the bar. The woman eyed him as she took another swallow of her beer, and decided not to answer. She wondered if he noticed that she drank straight from the bottle; most of the women at this bar, it seemed, sipped from slender glasses. She wondered if the man really expected her to respond. She wasn't sure, but she thought she had just been given an opening line. She wondered what she was supposed to do.

The whole situation seemed a bit foreign to her, this softly-lit room with its crowd of well-dressed after-work inhabitants. Somehow the men and women mingled in an unfamiliar way, their voices combining in rhythms just slightly different from the sounds the woman knew. She realized that it had been years since she'd been in one of these straight joints--so that even her sister-in-law would approve. The woman unconsciously frowned as she thought of her new sister-in-law, acquired just two days earlier. Now there was a woman who would feel quite comfortable in a place like this where

women became girls and men strutted like peacocks. The woman held tightly to her beer, comforted by the familiarity of its icy smoothness. This, at least, was something she could understand--this refreshing twelve ounces of pacifier that quietly softened the tension that had settled in her knees and elbows. Same beer: same taste, same feel as the stuff she'd get at home.

She took another look at the man seated beside her. He was openly surveying the room, with a carefully planted look of disinterest on his face. The woman had a quick vision of the man standing in front of his bathroom mirror, practicing this detached expression as he shaved. Here in the bar he was skillful and smooth. "Cool as a cucumber" was the phrase that popped into her mind, and she smiled at the image of an over-sized phallic vegetable cloaked in an expensive business suit. For he was well-dressed, the perfect picture of a young executive just off work for the day. He could have stepped right out of an advertisement for an investment firm, thought the woman, wondering why she particularly resented handsome men. She took a deep gulp of her beer to help her consider that question.

It wasn't that she disliked most men, she told herself. It was just the slick ones, the ones she could feel sizing her up and dismissing. She wondered if her irritation came from some inner fear of rejection. But no, she decided, that wasn't it. She could make them notice her if she wanted to. Hadn't she just proved it at the wedding over the weekend? It had been her brother's big day, and she had performed just as he requested, frilly and feminine in her bridesmaid's gown. Throughout the wedding, though, she had played a private little game of Dyke-in-Disguise. Just like Clark Kent, she thought, she need only slip behind the nearest potted plant, shed her pink chiffon, and emerge as that famous daredevil dyke, complete with a huge "D" embla-

zoned on her chest. In the meantime she had drifted through the gathering of strangers, feeling somewhat playful when she felt the men's eyes resting on her. Little did they know what lurked beneath that feminine garb. The woman took another swallow of beer and smiled at the memory.

The man's survey of the room had brought his gaze to her, and she quickly turned away. She hoped that he hadn't noticed her watching him. She wondered if she should leave the bar, but there didn't seem to be any place to go, except back to the motel. That wasn't a particularly inviting option, since she had gotten a big enough dose of solitude as she drove the past two days. And now another day away from home--but that's what she got for trying to drive her temperamental relic of a car across four states, she guessed. The idea of spending all that money for a plane ticket to a goddamn heterosexual wedding had infuriated her. Unfortunately, her beloved vehicle did not share her political ideals, and had refused to continue without a stop for rest and repair. So here she was, stranded in a small, uninteresting city, when she should have been home with her lover.

The woman traced the design on her cocktail napkin with her finger as she thought about her lover. They had talked on the phone that evening, but the conversation had been slightly strained, the woman thought. Perhaps it was just the disappointment at another day apart, but the woman had sensed something more. It was no wonder her lover seemed far away, she thought, considering the weekend's events. It had started with the drive up, and the stop for coffee at the greasy diner. There, the open stares of a dozen men truckers made the woman feel like a neon light, and she wished that the hair on her legs wasn't quite so long. Next came the reunion with her family, who as usual were falsely cheerful and skillfully managed to avoid any real conversation. During the wedding, of course, she had

masqueraded as a sweet young thing. The bride had hurled the bouquet toward her, but she had been saved by a woman who had lunged for the flowers, clutching them to her chest as if they were her now promised husband. The wedding had ended with a scarcely diluted hint from her mother that she, too, could enjoy a grand affair like this if she would just settle down and find a man. Even the monotony of the drive home couldn't fully loosen the invisible wires that had wrapped themselves around her stomach.

She tore at her beer label and considered leaving the bar. This place, it seemed, was simply an extension of the wedding--another scene from a life that she usually only observed. But she had come here needing company, and even a straight bar was preferable right now to the flowered bedspread and fuzzy TV loneliness of the motel room. Besides, the beers had managed to make the room less threatening, and she was actually starting to enjoy, in a blurry way, watching the caricatures of all-American life who surrounded her. Right now, though, she needed to find a bathroom.

She found it at the back of the room, and she felt a prickle of disgust at the flowery "ladies" printed on the door. She couldn't help giggling when she thought what a joy it would be to add "and dykes:" below it in bold black letters. Still smiling, she pushed through the door, right into the women who were huddled around the mirrors. All around the tiny room, the ladies struggled for a space near the glass, as they dabbed, adjusted, and redid. The woman felt like an alien in their presence, and the cramped stall was a welcome sanctuary. She lingered for a moment, thinking about a comment her new sister-in-law had made toward the end of the reception. The celebration had gotten a bit raucous, and both of the women were a little drunk.

The bride was clearly feeling relaxed as she approached and laid a friendly arm

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FICTION

Never a Bride



By Ellen Newberry

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Washington Diary



"This is a picture of Whoopi Goldberg. I got so excited I dropped my hot dog."

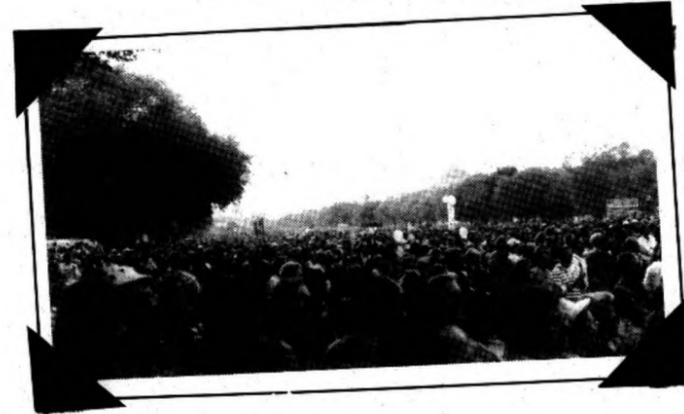
- Lisa

"At one point, I was really missing Erich who had to stay in Santa Cruz. We were marching down Pennsylvania Avenue, and I ran to a pay phone and called him in California. And he answered and I said 'listen!' and I held out the phone. And this huge crowd chanting, 'Gay rights now!' was echoing off the buildings. So he got to be in the march for a little bit."

- Patrick

"We drove back in one of those cars that talks to you. It says things like: 'Please fasten your seat belts.' 'You're running low on gasoline.' 'There are five lesbians in this car!' Driving home, stopping at truck stops, restaurants: 'Hi, how are you? How'd you like the march?' Total strangers, total intimacy."

- Luellen



SCOTT BROOKIE



WILL RUSSELL



WILL RUSSELL

Rumors

Green grass disappeared beneath many tennis shoes. Shoulders brushed shoulders. A rumor started in the Los Angeles delegation that sent a wave of agitation rippling through the immense crowd: *We were moving.* Someone yelled. A flurry of signs and banners shot heavenward. Suddenly visibility was zero. But the crowd, which stretched head to head from Constitution Avenue to the White House and beyond, spilling over into the streets, already lining the march route, did not budge. Twelve o'clock, our scheduled starting time, came and went. So did twelve-thirty. "I wonder what would happen if everyone just started moving at once," someone said. I imagined trees bending over, buildings toppling. An impossible two or three hundred yards away (or five hundred, or six hundred...) the Gays and Lesbians of Color rally was in progress. But mostly, people listened to each other: "Did you see Dupont Circle last night? All the heterosexuals have left town." "I heard Jesse Jackson cancelled." "They closed down part of the Mall to put up Christmas decorations." "They're expecting five hundred thousand." "They're expecting nine hundred thousand." "What would happen if everyone just started moving at once?"

We watched the sky for signs of impending rain, or shine. The clouds seemed to promise nothing. As time

passed, people hoisted unsteady sentries onto their shoulders to bring back news from the far reaches of the ever-expanding White House Ellipse, where we had assembled for The National March on Washington for Lesbian and Gay Rights.

Anger

The night before, in the throng around Dupont Circle, I had run into J., a person with AIDS from Santa Cruz, who had told me that he and the other People with AIDS (PWA's) would be first to march. Some had fevers of a hundred and four. Many were in wheelchairs. They would roll down Pennsylvania Avenue twenty-five across, the most visible symbol of the courage, and of the pain that had kindled the fury of gay people from Aptos to Illinois to the Upper East Side of Manhattan, and brought them to Washington. They were all here.

As we waited for the whistle to sound that would unleash this crowd onto the streets of Washington, I thought about them, about one person in particular with whom I had eaten breakfast that morning. He had told me that I would be able to make it through the day with a bad cold because he would be able to make it through the day with cancer. At 12:40 there was still no apparent movement and, restless from waiting, I began the slow zigzag through the crowd to find the front lines.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 16

Featuring: Gary Reynolds in the DC Jail, writing to Terry Cavanagh back in Santa Cruz, and Curt Keyer telling stories at the LGAA's post-DC slide show in November. Notes in *Italic type* are by Scott Brookie.

At the Supreme Court, in the building or on the grounds, it is unlawful to:

- parade, stand, or move in processions or assemblages, or display therein any flag, banner, or device designed or adapted to bring into public notice any party, organization or movement;
- discharge any firearm, firework, explosive, set fire to any combustible, make any harangue or oration, or utter loud, threatening, or abusive language. (40 US Code, Sec. 13)

Gary: I now have a pen that writes and will try to write real small as all they have given me is three pieces of paper. I'm in a little cell - more of a closet - with nothing in it but a bunk with sheets, a sink/toilet, and a metal "desk" with an attached chair. The only other things in here are *The China Card* by John Erlichman and *Faces* by Joanna Kingsley. . .

By ten o'clock Tuesday morning, thousands of people had gathered in front of the Supreme Court building. Starhawk led a faerie/witch/everyone else circle that was very good.

There were hundreds of people joining the circle for Starhawk's ritual. It must have looked odd to some - I could hear the media, with shutters clicking and video cameras whirring, recording this event.

As it ended, a reporter from a radio station put a microphone in my face. "What just happened here?" she asked. "How do I explain this? I thought. I could say that we have invoked friends, loved ones, foremothers and fathers, people who have died - calling out their names to inspire us and remind us of our purpose. I could say that we sang songs that we somehow all knew. I could say - here I was very conscious of being from California - that we raised a cone of power, and then grounded the energy. I could tell this to the radio station, I thought. Or I could not worry about how to explain it, and keep it for myself - there will be lots more "news" today. I smiled, shook my head, and walked away.

Gary: There were a couple hundred police at the foot of the Supreme Court steps. We broke into "waves" of several affinity groups each. Our affinity group ("More Radical Faeries") was in the fourth wave of groups approaching the steps. Finally, it was time for our wave to move. Holding hands, we moved to our place at the barricades, walked over the first barricade, were pushed by police, and sat down.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 17

"On the flight on the way back, it was about 70% queers, and we were all scattered throughout the plane. Waiting at the bathrooms, people would stand around chatting and stuff. Well, unfortunately, one man on the plane had what turned out to be a mild heart attack and we had to make an emergency landing. In the end, that part of the story turned out fine. There were five nurses on board this flight, four women and one man, who all swept in to save this situation. And in a time like that, apparently all the stewardesses have their assigned jobs they have to do. So they were doing that, and meanwhile, it was the end of the meal service, and all these men, who had been dying to be stewardesses all their lives, jumped up and started collecting all the trays. You could tell it was the best flight they'd ever had, like a dream come true."

- Marie

By Sean McDonald

Compiled by Scott Brookie

"I was in the subway, and I was wearing stars on my face. I would say I was from Santa Cruz and people would say, well of course you are honey!"
- Luellen

"This banner is made up of pieces of cloth that people brought when they made the banner. It's mostly clothes, people's clothes. There's Michael Balliro's underwear in there, and even Michael Balliro's skirt in there. The 't'? The 't' is my Hawaiian shirt, the 'c' is Sherry's jeans, you can see it still has the pocket, the 'r' is Chris' shirt..."

Diary/McDonald Continued

From Above

At Seventeenth Avenue I experienced a revelation, the first indication that this event was much larger than it was possible for us, who were in the middle of it, to fully apprehend. Six lanes wide with people, Seventeenth Avenue had become a river. Heads bobbed and banners flapped and cheers echoed from a steady stream that was held between its banks only by the squat solidity of Washington architecture, government buildings. On the sidewalks onlookers stood three deep. They



hung off building faces, stood on newspaper boxes, climbed metal railings in an attempt to gain the impossible, an overall view. Just how big is this march? Back at the Ellipse, the crowd waited nervously for the flood gates to open. In the middle

LISA JENSEN & VAL LEOFFLER

of the flood, I wondered if, once opened, anyone would ever get them shut again.

Suddenly needing an overall view myself, wanting to know the extent of the deluge, I held my camera away from my chest and ran down Seventeenth to Pennsylvania. The sidewalk was closed in front of the White House and mounted police stood guard by the gates while their horses pissed on the clean concrete. Gay Christians sang "Jesus loves me, this I know..." as they passed the nine-foot placards of the Christian fundamentalists, which read "Repent or Die." The fundamentalists chanted, "Bad Bad, Homos," and the marchers pointing long accusatory fingers, responded with "Shame, shame!"

Fifteenth Avenue was engulfed and so was E Street, and by the second leg of Pennsylvania Avenue, heading east toward the Capitol, where a rally was already in progress and the quilt bearing the names of those who had died of a lack of government funding had already been unfurled, I slowed down, beginning to understand that I would never catch the crest of the wave. The PWA's had long ago taken seats at the rally, while back at the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 18

Diary/Brookie Countined

There we sat, chanting, singing, holding hands, police pushing their boots and clubs into our backs trying to make us move back, over 3000 supporters all around, tons of media, 700 or more protestors ringing the front and side entrance to the Supreme Court. A section of barricade opened, and a third of our group ran through, past the cops, to the square, where we were met by a second group of cops.

We formed a circle and sat down, and held on tight while they started cuffing us with plastic bands. I had linked arms with Will D. To separate us a cop put his hand on my throat and started choking me. I went limp, but he still choked - I couldn't breathe or say anything, and started to worry about blacking out when he let go. Me, Will and William lay next to each other on our stomachs while they cuffed us. I gave them kisses for the news media and then they dragged us away while I squealed.

There was a real sense of pageantry to the arrests, and it was clear that the action meant different things to different people, with some focusing on AIDS, some on sodomy laws, some on women's issues, some on intervention.

An affinity group from the Names Project unfolded a special section of the

AIDS memorial quilt on the steps in front of the cameras and police. A group of women wove a big web of brightly colored yarn. The DC police were wearing rubber gloves; in response our group, the Radical Faeries (as distinct from the "More Radical Faeries") had donned pink rubber gloves, and the United Fruit Company group from Boston had gone even further, wearing yellow rubber



LISA JENSEN & VAL LEOFFLER

gloves and carrying lovely matching yellow purses. "Look!" someone exclaimed at one point as we waited, handcuffed on a bus. "There's Michael Hardwick!" Michael, of the Georgia Bowers v. Hardwick sodomy case - was indeed being dragged away from the steps, also under arrest.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 18

"All the queer people try to steal the plates from 'Gay Johnson's Truck Stop' in Oklahoma."
- Luellen



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Diary/McDonald Continued

Ellipse, hundreds of thousands still waited, unaware that anything had happened yet. As I passed delegation after delegation -- some singing, some chanting, some pounding out a rhythm on drums and cymbals, some walking silently, I felt myself falling farther and farther behind the even flow toward the Capitol, as if somehow the laws of speed and motion did not apply today.

As it turned out, the first delegations, the PWA's and the elected officials (among them John Laird, Santa Cruz's mayor), had stepped off the Ellipse, the march headwaters, at twelve o'clock - on time. But there was no way we could have known that. If there was a big picture, an overall view, it was beyond the powers of one person to see. You needed a helicopter, and they all belonged to the police.

Funeral

At the endpoint of the march, between the monuments of the Capitol and the Washington obelisk, I stood beside another kind of tribute to U.S. history, the quilt. Like the Vietnam War Memorial which also lies low to the ground, the quilt was both a testimonial and an indictment. It had been pieced together out of swatches of material the size of funeral plots -- each with a name, a favored article of clothing, an epitaph -- until it spanned the length of two football fields, almost an eighth of a mile. Along its walkways, people milled slowly, their heads down. A man walked briskly alongside the quilt toward the rally, clapping his hands and shouting, "C'mon folks, this is not a funeral." But it was no use. It was a funeral. A handful of people came up behind me and unfurled a late addition to the quilt. They laid the patch down next to another and fastened the two together. "They were lifetime partners," one of the friends told me. Then he pointed to the new patch. "He died Thursday. He wanted to be here."

If the method of the march had been

movement, the method of the quilt was unending stillness, and the product of both was a kind of surreal enormity, larger than the individual human senses could comprehend. The quilt was an Elysian field: quiet, reflective, peaceful and alluring. Soon, I did not want to leave it.

No Matter What You Read

I started back along the march route past the flood of delegations: the Lesbian/Gay Task Force, the Gay Mormons, the Parents and Friends of PWA's, the Punk Lesbian Epic Poets, the Radical Faeries, West Virginia, New York, Georgia; and past the occasional tourist family, who were wondering at their luck in picking *this* weekend to visit Washington, who stared straight ahead, not seeing, not hearing, as separate from this crowd as it was possible to pretend to be.

At the Ellipse, word had circled back of the fantastic numbers already assembled at the Mall, and a woman from the crowd control was yelling "Tighter! Tighter! Move it up!" and gesturing wildly with a can of Slice. The Santa Cruz delegation, about forty in all including the Lesbian/Gay Action Alliance and UCSC's Gay, Lesbian and Bisexual Network, grouped behind a banner which read "Santa Cruz" in rainbow letters. "Looks like we beat them all - we're the largest march on Washington ever!" the woman said. Then, "Move it up!"

A light mist began to fall and the Santa Cruzans began to march: past the hot dog stands, the cigaret vendors, the entrepreneurs hawking Gucci t-shirts, and onto the time loop of the march. By the time they reached the rally an hour later, the crowd had become so dense that the emcees were forced repeatedly to make the historic request: "Please, step away from the people with AIDS. Give them room." A few days later the *Village Voice* would report, "No matter what else you read, the numbers were higher." The last delegation did not reach the Capitol until after five o'clock that evening.

At the west steps of the Capitol, the flood waters pooled. They lapped at the shores of their natural boundaries, the quilt and the Capitol steps, and grew quiet. The dignitaries and celebrities spoke. Jesse Jackson enjoined us to see America as a quilt: "...many patches, many pieces, many colors, many textures," and Whoopi Goldberg asked "How long?" of a president who refused to hear. But I listened with only half an ear. Because the real voice of this crowd had already spoken, in its movement and its stillness, and its surreal enormity which begged to be seen from a great height, from the air. From the ground we could only guess our true perimeter.

Diary/Brookie Continued

Curt: After we were arrested and put on the bus, we were with a bunch of singing lesbians, who were all dressed in purple robes. They were really a delight. They decided to organize "Twenty-five questions we've always wanted to ask gay men, but never had the time to ask." The questions were everything you'd expect, down to the raunchiest, "Okay, do you really do this in bed?" type of thing.

One thing that impressed me was that the lesbians countrywide seemed to be possessed of a greater willingness to put themselves on the line. It seemed to me that the women who were being arrested were *by far* more willing to be completely uncooperative and be dragged, if necessary, to the busses rather than cooperate with the system, whereas the men - myself included, because I was wearing a pale pink sweatshirt and did *not* want to be dragged... [cheers, sympathetic laughter] Well, I had bought it *special* for the arrests.

Gary: We were put in a holding cell with about six bunks in it, seven or eight mattresses, the metal toilet/sink, and nothing else. Then I got an idea.

Someone was reading a Post and a big color fashion ad was on one page. "Let's decorate this dump!" I exclaimed. So I ripped a couple "posters" out of the paper and hung them with spit, and everyone hung colorful things from the ceiling! It looked mahvelous!

Curt: When we were in jail, I was really proud to know that two other men from Santa Cruz were wearing skirts, because it was not really *de rigueur*. And to see both Gary and Scottie just twirling and flying through the halls of the jail in their lovely little outfits, I was especially proud.

And to think it was - how many people were arrested from our small little town? Four? Yes, four - which I think is a significant number given the size of this country and the total number of people who were arrested. [Actually three, and a fourth man who had just moved from Santa Cruz.]

Gary: Steven and I sat together and talked more, holding hands, rubbing, that kind of stuff. He sat in my lap for awhile, then I sat in his. A guard came to get David.

"Hey!" he yelled. "Stop that funny business!"

"What funny business?" I laughed. "We're just talking!"

He took David away and we resumed our conversation. Moments later, though, he was back.

"Hey you!" he yelled, pointing at me as he opened our cell. "Yeah, you! Come here!" I thought it was my turn to be arraigned. He opened the smaller empty cell next to us. "In here!"

And so I was isolated; my first experience with this most basic form of control in an institutional setting.

"The people from Idaho all chanted 'Ida-homos, Ida-homos!'" - John
"I saw a poster that said 'latents for blatants'." - Will

[Curt and Scotty chose, after two days in jail, to plead guilty and pay a \$50 fine in exchange for immediate release. Gary chose, after much thought and discussion, to plead guilty and serve three days - including time already served - in a different jail with the "general population" in lieu of paying a fine.]

Gary: We had been told by our lawyers, by the guards, by the judge, by other people, that the DC jail was not a good place to go, that we really shouldn't go there.

And we got there, and my friend said "Oh my god, look!" Two of the four people who were about to process us - they were prisoners who had earned jobs within the prison - they were total

queens. One guy had fixed up his hair and totally custom-tailored his prison uniform - rolled up the sleeves and turned down the collar, and kind of cinched it up in all the right places. These two guys, these two queens, said, "Well we heard you were coming, so we waited up on our shift for you."

As we were being led to our cells - this is about 2 in the morning - there's a prisoner mopping the floors. And he says, "Are you guys those protestors?" And we said, "Yeah!" and he said, "All right! You guys were marching for us!"

All day long the next day, people came by and wanted to know if we were protestors, and what we were protesting and so on. People had questions about AIDS and stuff like that. It was a lot of curious, friendly people - I didn't get one hostile or rude comment the whole time. It was an incredibly powerful, positive experience for me.

"How does the defendant plead?"

"Happily guilty of being a faggot!"

"The defendants will please confine their responses to either 'guilty' or 'not guilty'."

"Guilty!"

Curt: And one last bit of personal information. While in jail, while on the bus, I met my paramour [cheers] and I'm flying out tomorrow night to Boston to spend Thanksgiving with him. [more cheers] It could happen to you!



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Fiction Continued

around the woman's shoulders. She remembered feeling somewhat uncomfortable - she didn't think the two of them had touched before.

She had been keenly aware of the arm on her shoulders and had felt her body tense as the bride joked about the upcoming wedding night. "Hey, I gotta question," the other woman had said, after a pause. "What's it feel like when you do it with another girl?"

She was stammering, trying to think of an appropriate response when the other woman drew back, suddenly a little embarrassed by her own words. "I don't want to know for me. But how can you know you're a lesbian if you've never done it with a guy?"

The woman had managed some response about what felt natural to her, and remembered feeling very relieved when her new relative changed the subject, and a moment later got up to rejoin the others.

Now, sitting in her private cubicle, the woman considered that last remark. At the time she had managed to laugh it off. But now, saturated as she was with a weekend of straightness, the reasoning suddenly seem to gain some logic. The wedding, the bar, the women and their make-up all rushed into focus, and her lover, reduced as she was to an uncomfortable conversation with a plastic receiver, gently faded out. The woman, suddenly terrified to leave the stall, wondered if she could remain sitting there until the bar closed.

At last she forced herself to emerge into the perfume and hairspray. As she

maneuvered her way towards the door she caught an accidental view of herself in one of the full-length mirrors. Her own body looked unfamiliar to her, surrounded by this incredible display of femininity. Her jeans were too loose, too faded, her hair was too short and unharnessed, and she was sure that the tiny tattoo on her shoulder blade was somehow showing through her shirt, which in any case was too big and was ruffled from the hours of driving. The woman closed her eyes and escaped through the door back into the bar.

She worked her way back to her seat, not sure where to put her hands, her legs feeling awkward and too long. Everyone was looking at her, she thought in a panic, and she was relieved to be able to perch once more on her stool and turn her back to the crowd. She could see her face in the mirror behind the counter, and she found herself scanning her image for any visible signs of her "virginity." She must be drunk, she decided.

A voice beside her spoke softly: "Would you like a drink?" She turned and saw the young executive with a fresh beer in one hand and a slender glass in the other. He was smiling, and the woman found herself thinking that he wasn't so irritating when he allowed some expression on his face. She knew what her sister-in-law would say about him: "There's a good catch for some lucky girl." He really was handsome, the woman had to admit. Without further thought she accepted the glass of beer.

The man apparently saw this as an invitation to talk, and moved his seat close-

er. The woman found herself sliding easily through the conversation--perhaps it was the practice she had had at the wedding, or maybe it was just the beer that made small-talk feel natural. She wasn't quite sure what she was doing with this man, but then she had been finding herself in strange situations for days now. Besides, whatever happened, nobody would ever know--nobody that mattered, anyway. Tomorrow morning she would pick up her car and leave this distant and uninviting place far behind.

The man was close enough now that the woman could smell his after-shave. It smelled nice, she decided--exciting and forbidden. Searching her memories, the woman finally recalled the sensation. It came after watching a rented porn flick with some friends one night. The woman had watched the movie with detached amusement. The activities themselves had not looked especially appealing, but still she had been privately fascinated by the swelling, throbbing cocks that clearly inspired such awe in the movie's stars. Later that night the woman had awoken from a dream of being slowly seduced by a tall man with thick strong arms. For a moment she had lain quietly in the darkness, still feeling the warmth and sheer bulk of the man in the dream. Then she had rolled over and pulled closer to her lover lying asleep beside her. But that feeling when she first woke up--that was where she had felt that shiver before.

But now another shiver--this one unfamiliar and sharp. The man had slipped his arm around her waist, and now it remained there--not light and guiding like her lover's touch, but holding her silently firm. The woman looked down at the man's arm and was amazed to find that her own body had become tiny and scared next to his. Her lover's arm, in this same position, made her body grow and move, made the woman powerful and unafraid. Her lover's embrace was openness, side-by-side beginnings. Something exploded inside her, and she reached for her jacket. The room spun as she frantically worked to get both arms in the sleeves at once. There seemed to be no clear path to the door, and bodies blocked her way as she pushed for the street. Somewhere out there was familiarity, was comfort. Finally she stumbled onto the sidewalk, and the bar door swung shut on a crowded room and a surprised young executive.

The woman gulped in the night air, feeling the breeze wash over her stinging face. Across the street she spotted a phone booth, and she wondered if her lover was still awake.

BOOKSHELF

The Latest, Not the Last Word

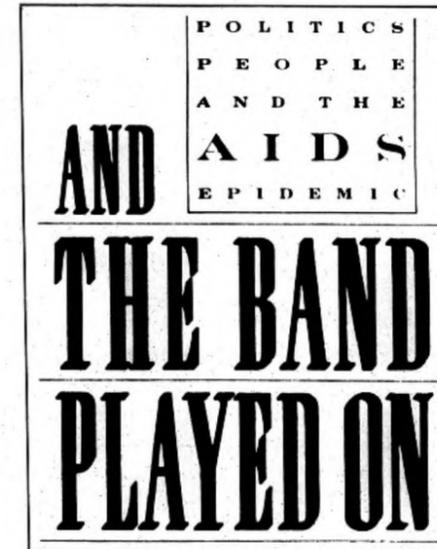
This is the blockbuster book on the AIDS epidemic you've been hearing about. *And the Band Played On, Politics, People and the AIDS Epidemic*, reviewed and discussed nationwide, is now the stuff of talk shows, the Book of the Month Club, and a soon-to-be produced TV miniseries. The success of the author, Randy Shilts, is assured and deserved.

Shilts, the openly gay reporter for the *San Francisco Chronicle*, has covered the AIDS story from early on. He knows San Francisco's rough gay politics inside out, he has an astute sense of how bureaucracies do and don't work and he's done his medical homework. He has also interviewed extensively around the country, in Europe and in Africa.

From this he has artfully constructed a gripping narrative, composed of scores of short, separate episodes, events, vignettes. Despite its more than 600 pages, this reader could barely stop. The book's sweep is so great, from Zaire to Atlanta, Paris to San Francisco, its characters so diverse (55 are listed as *Dramatis Personae*), doctors, people with AIDS, activists, researchers, that one can easily forget that it is also highly selective.

Basically, Shilts follows three increasingly interlocking stories: the medical detection and social construction of the disease AIDS, the response of the gay community to the disease and the activities of public health authorities, and these only from 1980-1985. We also become familiar with key players: the dogged Paris researchers and their arch-rival Dr. Robert Gallo, the harried and underfunded team at the Centers for Disease Control, the respected San Francisco activist Bill Kraus and friends.

Focusing on these three stories means a lot is left out: there is some but not much



treatment of IV-drug users, alternative therapies are given short shrift, community service response as distinct from political action is neglected.

This is a big city book: tough, disabused, worldly. Shilts is much too smart and knowledgeable, and too good a writer, to sling around words like genocide or to chase adolescent conspiracy fantasies. What he established, without screeching, with evidence and documentation, is a pattern of lethal neglect. That is the significance of the title: for all but a saving few, it was business as usual. Business as usual, of course, included attitudes ranging from distaste to loathing of gays. The Reagan administration had its strict budget priorities, and they didn't include an unfashionable disease. Doctors didn't like talking about sex practices they wouldn't discuss with their spouses. Scientists were steered away

By David Thomas

from research that might not advance their careers. Thousands of individual decisions, unremarkable, even ordinary, compounded to let the horror get out of hand.

There are good guys and bad guys here, but it is to the author's credit that not all the good guys are gay nor the bad part of the establishment. Venal bathhouse owners did not want to lose profits, many gays were slow to act responsibly and some never did. On the other side there were heroic straight doctors in public health, in research, and in the clinics. There was some brilliant politicking in Congress, too.

Yet for all its undeniable merit, this book is seriously flawed. It is not only righteous but self-righteous. The same taut and crafty structure that makes it so readable imposes a false and misleading moral order on the whole. The omniscient author, who claims only to be a journalist, not only knows what people thought and felt eight years ago, he knows what they should have done. The hesitancy, the agonized uncertainty in face of the unknown, the grasping for the right response amid sexual, moral, political, medical complexity that we faced in '82 and '83 is not here. Whatever one now thinks of the baths, it was not clear to people of good will then. To self-certain Shilts, it is obvious: the danger was so extraordinary no other consideration should have stopped their immediate closing. It completely escapes the author that the same reasoning led to the wartime internment of Japanese Americans. The politically savvy Shilts is simple-minded.

As with the epidemic itself, so with the coverage of it. This book is a kind of breakthrough, based on hard work and some brilliance. It advances our understanding and generates publicity. It is a compelling telling of part of the story, the best to date. Yet it must not be the last word. □



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CALENDAR

GLOSSARY	
AGE M	A Gay Evening In May
CFR	Closet Free Radio
CLT	Cabrillo Lesbians Together
GLBN	Gay, Lesbian & Bisexual Network
GLV	Gay & Lesbian Vegetarians
GO	Great Outdoors
LGAA	Lesbian & Gay Action Alliance
MBWA	Monterey Bay Women's Alliance
MCAP	Monterey County AIDS Project
MCC	Metropolitan Community Church
REPA	Rainbow Ensemble of the Performing Arts
SCAP	Santa Cruz AIDS Project
SC	Santa Cruz
SJ	San Jose
AAP	San Francisco AIDS Action Pledge
UCSC	University of California at Santa Cruz

SAT ▽ JAN 30
GO - Rosicrucian Museum Tour
Brett: 427-2722

FEB

MON ▽ FEB 1
LGAA steering committee session. All members of the Lesbian & Gay Action Alliance are encouraged to attend. 7:30pm, 1315 Delaware Ave. Call: 426-5099



MON ▽ FEB 1
CFR: Closet Free Radio every Monday night 7:00 - 8:30pm
KZSC 88.1FM
On Air: 429-4036
Info: 423-4734

THU ▽ FEB 4
LGAA sponsors "Stop LaRouche/P.A.N.I.C." a town meeting to begin the local effort against this June ballot initiative. Speakers include Mayor John Laird and spokesperson Allison Claire 7:30pm, Calvary Church Parish Hall 523 Center St. (by Nickelodian) Call: 429-2060

FRI ▽ FEB 5
Lesbian Theatre Project's auditions: for Terry Baum's Dos Lesbos and Julia Willis' Going Up. Two women actors needed for each script age 25-35. Bring one minute prepared material (not necessarily memorized) from any source. Please arrive promptly. 7pm, UCSC Kresge College Room 356 Call: 684-1280

SAT ▽ FEB 6
Sisterspirit Coffeehouse features Barb Regan: comedian & Sheryl Duncan piano/vocalist 1040 Park Ave. SJ 8:00pm, \$3-\$7 Call: 293-9372



SUN ▽ FEB 7
Club St. John Each Sunday hosts a T Dance for \$2 some funds shared with SCAP and other organizations 170 West St. John, SJ 4:00pm Call: 947-1667

SUN ▽ FEB 7
GO Potluck/Meeting
Marti: 729-4342

SUN ▽ FEB 7
Lesbian Theatre Project's auditions. 1pm, UCSC Kresge College, Room 356 (see Friday, Feb 5) Call: 684-1280

MON ▽ FEB 8
CFR
Lesbian Battering: Saying the Words with Robin Roberts and Toni Cassista 7:00 - 8:30pm
KZSC 88.1FM
On Air: 429-4036

THU ▽ FEB 11
Freedom Foundation co-sponsors an evening of music and comedy opening with SC's own Melonie Miller and featuring quick witted Lynn Lavner, a benefit for Gay Pride week and the future community center. 8pm, Kuumbwa \$7 (Cymbaline), \$8 door ASL interpreted Call: 423-4734

FRI ▽ FEB 12
Lesbian Theatre Project's auditions 7pm UCSC Kresge College, Room 356 (see Friday, Feb 5) Call: 684-1280

FRI ▽ FEB 12
Lesbian News Benefit, an evening of lesbian culture with music by De Clarke, Kore Archer and Linda Hooper reading poetry 515 Broadway, SC 7:30pm, \$4-\$8 Call: 423-4734



LOU HARRISON

SAT ▽ FEB 13
SCAP sponsors a classical music event: Chambers of the Heart with Lou Harrison et al. Cabrillo College Theatre 8:00pm Call: 425-5247

SAT ▽ FEB 13
GLV Potluck Gay and Lesbian Vegetarians will meet for fun and food. Call Rick: 426-7315

SAT ▽ FEB 13
Sisterspirit Valentines Day dance 1040 Park Ave. SJ 8:00pm, \$3-\$7 Call: 293-9372

SAT ▽ FEB 13
GO - Bike Ride
Gary: 662-0102



ALIX DOBKIN

SAT ▽ FEB 13
Lea Lawson Productions presents musician Alix Dobkin "Never Been Better" 8pm, Kuumbwa, \$8 advance (Cymbaline)

SUN ▽ FEB 14
GO - Valentine Party at India Joze
Brett: 427-2722

CALENDAR

TUE ▽ FEB 16
Cabrillo Women's Center sponsors free post Valentine's Day discussion on the ups and downs of relationships. noon-1pm, Rm 914a Call: 479-6249

THU ▽ FEB 18
Lesbian & Gay Pride Week: The first organizational meeting for parade and rally. For place and time Call: 423-4734

FRI ▽ FEB 19
Lesbian News: deadline for articles and calendar events for the March issue. PO Box 2968, 95063 Call: 423-4734

SAT ▽ FEB 20
GO - Big Sur Point Lobos day trip
Dean: 427-1675

THU ▽ FEB 25
Cabrillo Women's Center sponsors free discussion of Women and AIDS with Allison Claire and Laura Giges. noon-1pm, Rm 914a Call: 479-6249

SAT ▽ FEB 20
Waxing Moon Coffee House Women only event 515 Broadway, SC 7:30pm, \$4-\$8 Call: 423-4734

TUE ▽ FEB 23
Auditions are today for 3rd Annual Women's Music Festival (see May 8th) Call: 429-2072



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FRI ▽ JAN 22
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THU ▽ FEB 25

LGAA sponsors a town meeting to bring to life the dream of a Lesbian & Gay community center Place and time to be announced. Call: 476-2562

**FRI ▽ FEB 26 - 28**

GO - Ski Trip
Larry: 427-1936

MON ▽ FEB 29

CFR News: local and national, Ron Sampson 7:00 - 8:30pm
KZSC 88.1FM
On Air: 429-4036

CALENDAR**MAR****TUE ▽ MAR 1**

Astrology of Women's Power with Judy Havey 515 Broadway, SC 7:30pm, \$5
Call: 335-4375

SUN ▽ MAR 6

GO Potluck/Meeting
Larry: 427-1936

MON ▽ MAR 7 - 11

Cabrillo College Women's Center sponsors a week of events for International Women's Week
Call: 479-4249

THU ▽ MAR 10

LGAA sponsors membership social, a potluck dessert, discussion and elections.
Call: 429-2060

**SUN ▽ MAR 13**

GO - Nicene Marks hike
Dean: 427-1675

MON ▽ MAR 14

CFR Lesbian Battering: Saying the Words part 2 7:00 - 8:30pm
KZSC 88.1FM
On Air: 429-4036

TUE ▽ MAR 15

Cabrillo Women's Center sponsors free discussion of stress management noon-1pm, Rm 914a
Call: 479-4249

THU ▽ MAR 17

Lesbian & Gay Pride Week: organizational meeting for parade and rally. For place and time
Call: 423-4734

FRI ▽ MAR 18

Lesbian News: deadline for April issue items. PO Box 2968, 95063
Call: 423-4734

FRI ▽ MAR 18 - 20

MCC SF sponsors a weekend Women's Retreat
Call: (415) 863-4434

SAT ▽ MAR 19

Waning Moon Coffee House with Judy Freespirit and Arti Tibi 515 Broadway, SC 7:30pm, \$4-\$10
Call: 423-4734

**SUN ▽ MAR 20**

LGAA & Kolaynu co-sponsor a half day workshop "Battling Homophobia and Anti-Semitism" (this is a tentative date) exact date and details to be arranged.
Call: 423-8259

MON ▽ MAR 21

Cabrillo Women's Center sponsors free discussion of health improvement and maintenance noon-1pm, Rm 914a
Call: 479-4249

CALENDAR**SAT ▽ MAR 26 - 27**

GO - Mission San Antonio weekend trip
Dean: 427-1675

APR**SUN ▽ APR 3**

GO Potluck/Meeting to be arranged
Larry: 427-1936

SUN ▽ APR 9

Fatlip Reader's Theatre Fourteen fat feisty women from the SF Bay Area, fighting discrimination against fat people with theatre. Entertaining monologue, skits and music will provoke and amuse you. Moraga Concert Hall 8pm \$6 advance \$7 door
Call: 423-4734

MON ▽ APR 11

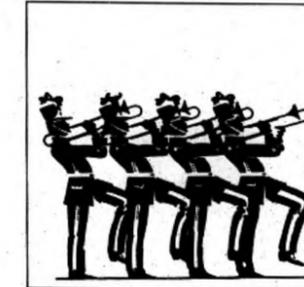
CFR Lesbian Battering: Saying the Words part 3 7:00 - 8:30pm
KZSC 88.1FM
On Air: 429-4036

FRI ▽ APR 15

Lesbian News: deadline for May issue items. PO Box 2968, 95063
Call: 423-4734

SAT ▽ APR 16 - 17

Lesbian Theatre Project's double bill of two contemporary comedys Dos Lesbos and Going Up directed by Kate McDermott. 8pm, Moraga Hall (Broadway&Seabright)
Call: 684-1280

**THU ▽ APR 21**

Lesbian & Gay Pride Week: organizational meeting For place and time
Call: 423-4734

SAT ▽ APR 23 - 24

Lesbian Theatre Project's Dos Lesbos and Going Up 8pm, Moraga Hall (Broadway&Seabright)
Call: 684-1280

MON ▽ APR 25

CFR News: Ron Sampson 7:00 - 8:30pm
KZSC 88.1FM
On Air: 429-4036

FRI ▽ APR 29

Spring Fight AIDS Actions: AEO Agitate, Educate, Organize: sponsors a nationwide week of actions. For info call: (415) 647-7972

SAT ▽ APR 30

Lesbian Theatre Project's Dos Lesbos and Going Up (see Sat, Apr 16&17)

MAY**SUN ▽ MAY 1**

Lesbian Theatre Project's Dos Lesbos and Going Up (see Sat, Apr 16&17)

SUN ▽ MAY 8

3rd Annual Women's Music Festival noon-5pm at UCSC quarry
Call: 429-2072

SAT ▽ MAY 14

AGE M: "A Gay Evening In May" the annual Variety Show 8pm, SC Civic

Is It Time For a GAY Vacation?

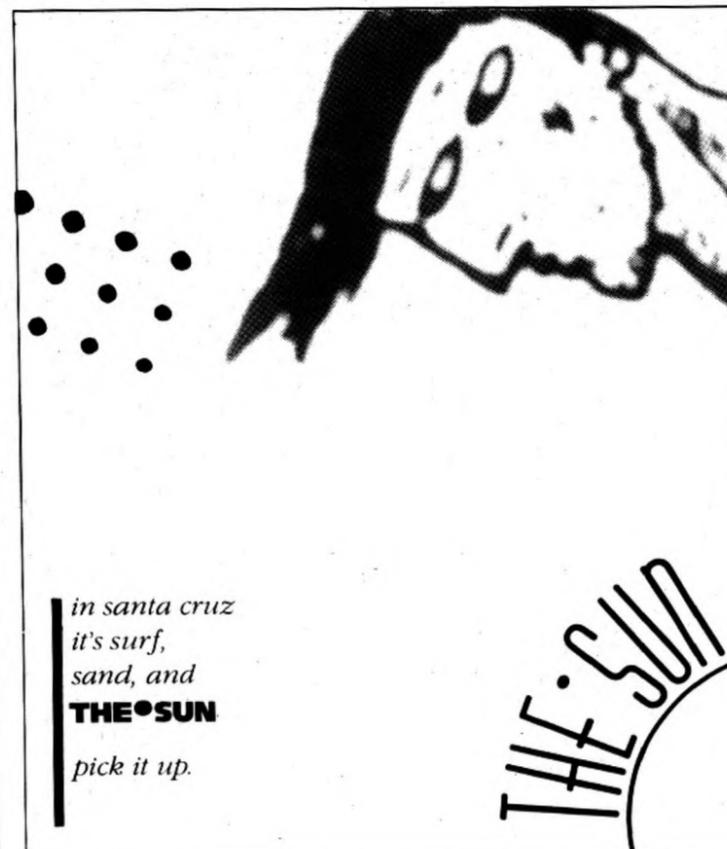
April 9-24: Machu Picchu/Inca Trail	\$1300.
May 13-Jun 5: Turkish Maritime Cruise/Nile Cruise	\$3495. <small>from NY</small>
July 7-20: Mont Blanc, Switz/Alpine Walk	\$1200.
Jul 29-Aug 5: Colorado Wilderness Adventure	\$ 750.
Aug 8: 7 day Tour Paris to Venice & 7 day Mediterranean Cruise	<small>from</small> \$2088.
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Nov 4-19: Nepal Trek/Himalayan Explorer	\$2650. <small>(Airfare not included)</small>



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PO Box 2143, SC 95063
Brett
427-2722

HEARTWOOD SPA
3150-A Mission St. SC
462-2192

LAVENDER READER
PO Box 7293 SC 95061
425-8839

LESBIAN & GAY ACTION ALLIANCE
PO Box 7293, SC 95061
A. Claire: 423-8259

LESBIAN ELDERS AND LESBIAN ELDERS LITERATURE GROUP
Alternate Fridays location varies (lesbians 30 and over)
Info: 662-2669

LESBIAN GATHERING
Thursdays: 7:30pm
538 Seabright Ave. SC

LESBIAN MOTHERS SUPPORT GROUP
Wednesdays: 6:30p
UCSC Women's Center
429-2072

LESBIAN SPACE,
Tuesdays: 6:30pm
a drop in resource center at the Matrix office.
429-9007

LESBIAN THEATRE PROJECT
401 Altivo Ave. LaSelva Beach, 95076
Artistic Director
Kate McDermott:
684-1280

MATRIX WOMEN'S NEWSMAGAZINE
418-B Cedar St. SC
429-1238

METROPOLITAN COMMUNITY CHURCH
Sundays: 6:30pm
10th & Fernando St. SJ
Info: 279-2711

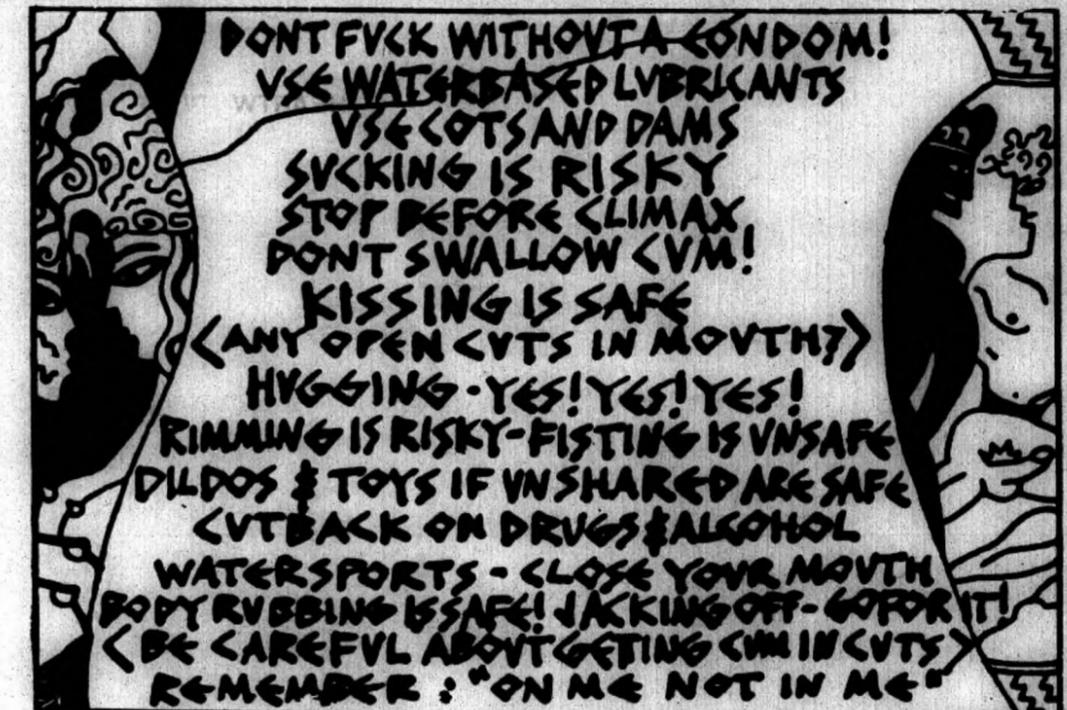
MONTEREY BAY WOMEN'S ALLIANCE
PO Box 7945, 95061
476-5278

MONTEREY COUNTY AIDS PROJECT
PO Box 221785, Carmel, CA 93922
424-5550

NARCOTICS ANONYMOUS
662-4664

OVEREATERS ANONYMOUS
Wednesdays: 7:00pm
340 Soquel Ave. Suite 115.
423-2139

Safe Sex Guidelines



ERICH SPITZENBERG

PENINSULA PROFESSIONAL NETWORK
2nd Wednesdays
PO Box 4714,
Carmel, CA 93921
659-2446

RAINBOW ENSEMBLE FOR THE PERFORMING ARTS
PO Box 7527, SC 95063
Gilbert Moreno,
426-5044

RECOVERY GROUP FOR LESBIANS
Mondays: 7:00pm
Focusing on staying clean and sober & breaking isolation.
1025 Center St.
(Sliding fee)

SANTA CRUZ AIDS PROJECT
PO Box 5142, SC 95063
688-7641

Video City

Gay and Lesbian X-RATED VIDEOS FOR RENT

Also a large non X-Rated inventory.

VIDEO CITY TAKE 3 and TAKE 5
Free memberships,
movie rentals.
\$2.00, \$1.00 Mondays and Thursdays

TAKE 3
2-1505 East Cliff
at
Santa Cruz, CA
(in East Cliff Shopping Center)
475-4717

TAKE 5
845 Almar
and Mission
Santa Cruz, CA
458-0611

The Weekly Gourmet

Too Busy to Shop or Cook?



Gourmet meals prepared for you on a weekly basis. Home Delivery.

Susanne Newbold, chef

425-7130

BLUE MOON CAFE

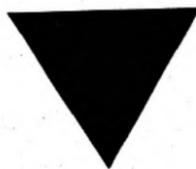
1110 PACIFIC GARDEN MALL
(ACROSS FROM PLAZA BOOKS)
425-5450

SUSAN K. CONROY
INCOME TAX PRACTITIONER
INDIVIDUALS • SMALL BUSINESS

Full Charge
Bookkeeping

208 Dakota Ave.
Santa Cruz, CA 95060
(408) 427-3050

COMMUNITY RESOURCE DIR ECT ORY



AL-ANON
Tuesdays: 7pm
Gateway School
462-1818

**ALCOHOLICS
ANONYMOUS**
Lesbian Women's
Group
Sundays: 7pm
718 Carmel St. SC

Gay Men's Group
Mondays: 8pm
DMV, 4200 Capitola
Rd. Capitola

BLUE LAGOON
923 Pacific Ave. SC
423-7117

**BOOKSHOP
SANTA CRUZ**
1547 Pacific Ave. SC
423-0900

**CLOSET FREE
RADIO**
KZSC FM 88.1
Mondays: 7:00-8:30p
UCSC, 95064
On Air: 429-4036
Info: 423-4734

**CABRILLO
LESBIANS
TOGETHER**
CLT: Mondays 7:30pm
Cabrillo Women's
Center
Fridays 1:30-3:30
drop in.
All women welcome.
479-6249

**GAY & LESBIAN
VEGETARIANS**
c/o Rick Haze
PO Box 7971; SC
95061
426-7315

**GAY LESBIAN &
BISEXUAL
NETWORK**
UCSC
429-2468

**GAYS AND
LESBIANS OVER
FORTY**
Second Friday of
each month.
Gene
462-2746

GREAT OUTDOORS
PO Box 2143, SC
95063
Brett
427-2722

HEARTWOOD SPA
3150-A Mission St.
SC
462-2192

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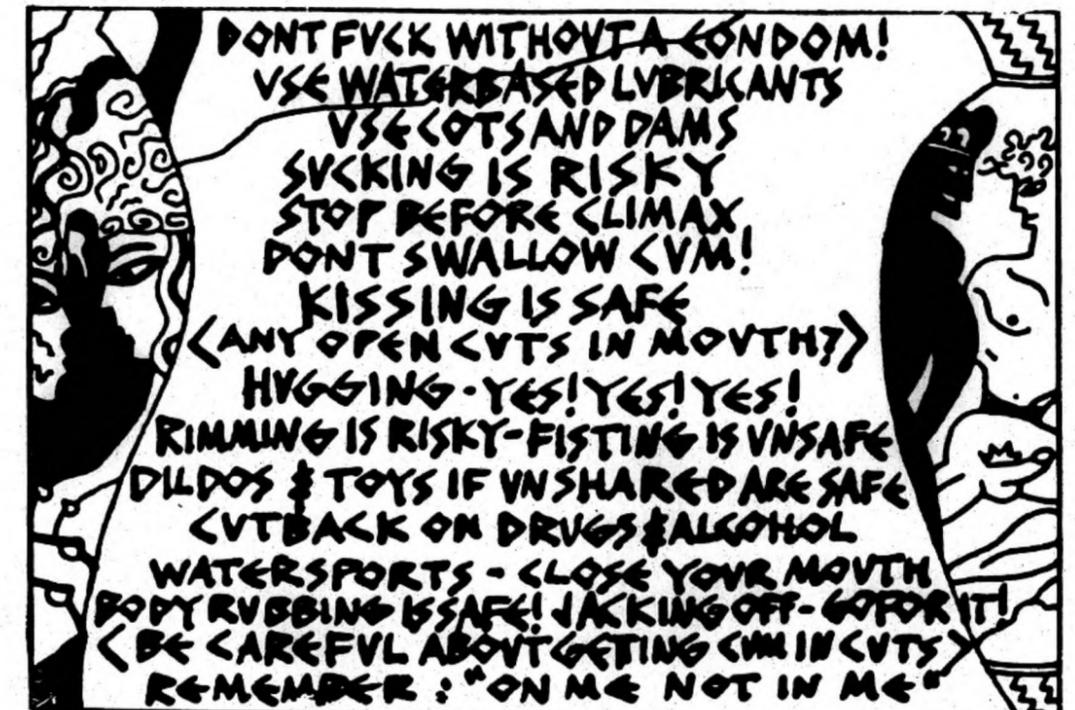
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need
us!

santa cruz

AIDS
project

HOTLINE:
458•4999

234 SANTA CRUZ AVENUE
APTOS, CA 95003
408•688•7641