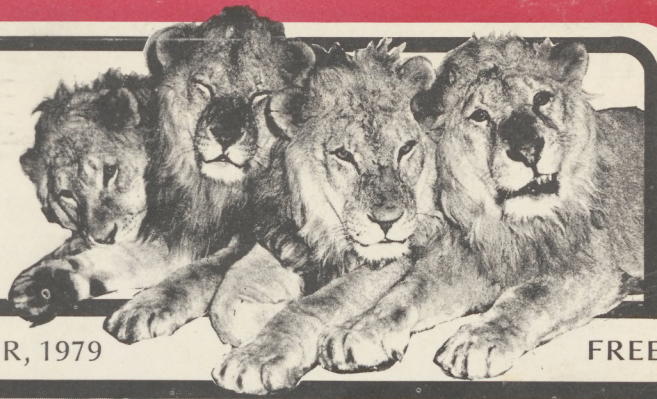


THE
PRIDE
OF ARIZONA



VOLUME 3, ISSUE IX

NOVEMBER, 1979

FREE



NATIONAL
MARCH!
ON WASHINGTON
FOR LESBIAN
AND GAY
RIGHTS

PHOENIX CITY COUNCIL ELECTIONS...

Close, But No Banana!

On Tuesday, November 6, residents of Phoenix went to the polls to elect a "new" City Council. Twelve candidates were running for five seats, and Mayor Hance ran against Dan Fein (SWP) for Mayor.

Hance and five incumbent councilmen will return to the government of the City again for another term. The sixth seat is in contention, as no other candidate received a plurality of votes cast. A run-off for this sixth seat on the Council will be held December 11, between incumbent Howard Adams and Rosendo Gutierrez. Hopefully, Gutierrez will win.

CCR polled the candidates and subsequently endorsed six candidates for the Council. Four of the six were elected: Joy Carter, Calvin Goode, Barry Starr, and Jim White. Gutierrez was also one of CCR's endorsed candidates, as was Gary Klahr.

The December 11 run-off will be preceded by a heated campaign between Howard Adams and Rosendo Gutierrez. Adams, a Republican, will muster many from his ranks to help him in this partisan election, and Democrat Gutierrez will find support from his party, and from various minority groups in the Valley because of his representation of them, including CCR. Gay Phoenix residents should turn out in mass for this run-off; our collective votes can have great effect on the outcome of this election. The possibility of gaining a non-discrimination ordinance in Phoenix will still be alive if Gutierrez is elected, even without Gary Klahr. So, if you are a resident voter within the City limits of Phoenix, vote on December 11, and vote for Gutierrez.



R & G Photo

Hance—haggard, but "victorious"

ADULT EDUCATION — G.E.D. (General Educational Development) AT ALTERNATIVE RELATIONS CENTER

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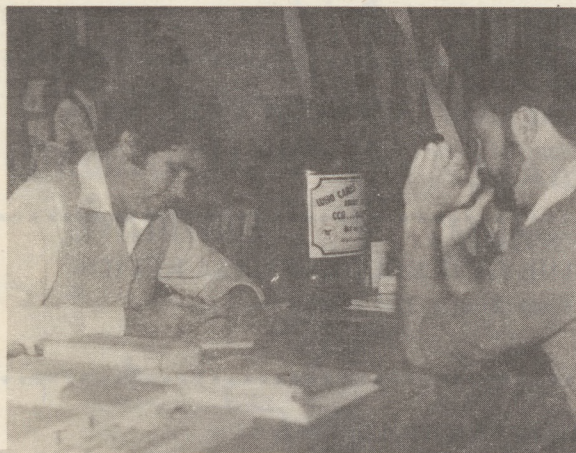
274-0028 evenings

ARC PARK 'N SWAP...

The Alternative Relations Center, our Gay Community Service Center, held a Park 'N Swap day, Sunday, Nov. 11. The all-day affair featured many booths manned by various groups and organizations in the Valley, and provided an opportunity to get together in an unhurried atmosphere. A large number turned out for the day, and money was raised from the sale of rummage and so forth, for both the Center and the contributing organizations. Well done, ARC!



CCR's Baked Goods went fast. Here Paul hawks his wares to some hungry looking friends. (Below) David spent the day registering new voters.



Pat Williams (better known as Miss Piggy) tried to sell this pair of tiger striped shorts...and finally succeeded! Dignity's Bud Guiles (below) had many interesting items at their booth.



GAU HOLDS DANCE...

ASU's Gay Academic Union held their third dance in as many years, November 10. Pictured at right are Dave Christian, GAU Treasurer, Josie Bernard, and Kay Palin, minister of MCC's new Oasis Metropolitan Community Church. The dance drew its largest crowd ever, and plans are to repeat the event again next year.



IMPORTANT NOTICE

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Jack Caldwell

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THE FINAL WEEK FAREWELL TO THE CASA

Tuesday *****

November 20:—NOSTALGIA BEER BUST \$1.50
From the People Who Originated the Beer Bust

Wednesday *****

November 21:—BON VOYAGE SHOWTIME SHAMBLES

Thursday *****

November 22:—THE LAST CASA TURN-ABOUT SHOW
Many of Your Old Favorites

Friday *****

November 23:—THE LAST REGULAR CASA REVIEW
Your Hostess, Tish Tanner

Saturday *****

November 24:—MISS CARMEN del RIO
Farewell Appearance

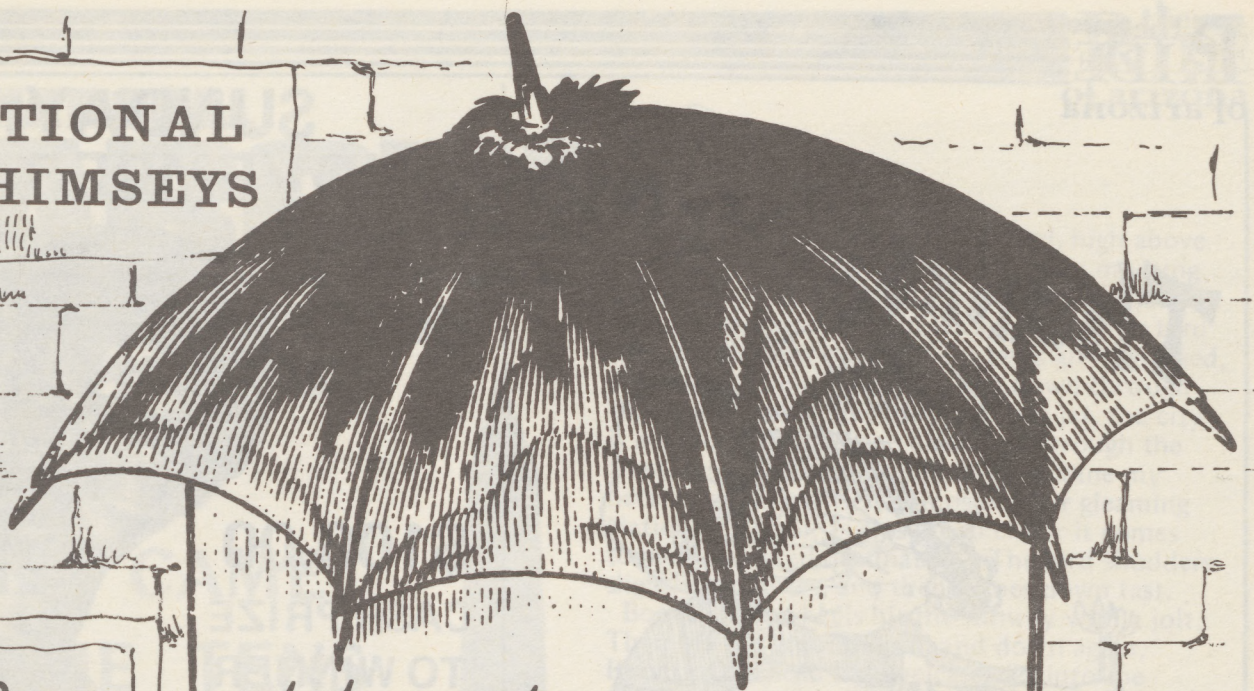
Sunday *****

November 25:—SPECIAL SHOW
Your Hostesses, JoAnne and Ebony



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AND FANTASTICAL
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Monday NOVEMBER 26
THE LAST NIGHT

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FAREWELL
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—With—

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★ Billie ★ Brandy ★ Quinton

—And Many More—

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Bulldozer Party,
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December 3rd
Early Morning
Outside

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Thanksgiving



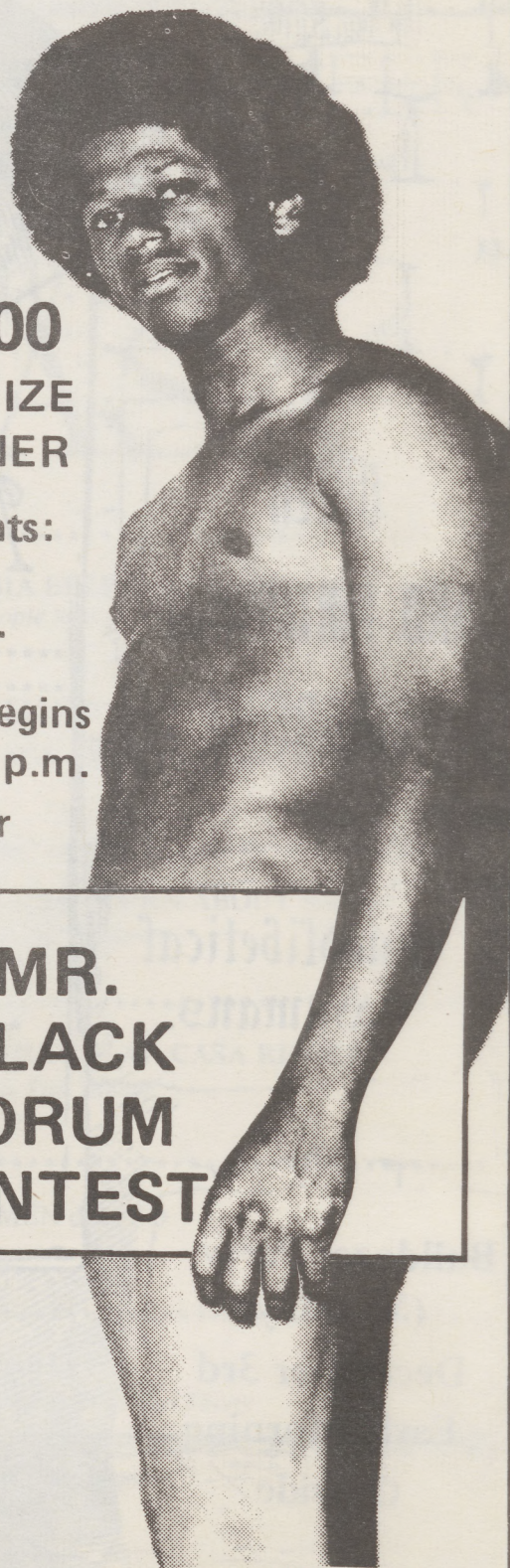
**SUNDAY,
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CASH PRIZE
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Contestants:
Enter at
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Contest Begins
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NATIONAL **MARCH!**

**ON WASHINGTON
FOR LESBIAN
AND GAY
RIGHTS**

**THEY CAME
BY THE TENS
OF THOUSANDS —
GAY MEN
AND LESBIANS
FROM
EVERY CORNER
OF THE COUNTRY
PROUDLY
PROCLAIMING:
"WE ARE
EVERYWHERE!"**

The big tin bird is sailing eastward, high above a billowy bank of clouds. It's Sunday morning, October 14. A nameless, faceless male voice is announcing our arrival in Washington. The bird tilts, the descent begins. Seat belts are tightened, cigarettes are extinguished, and down through the cloud bank glides the American jet, the city is below. The Potomac meanders through the trees, buildings and monuments. I crane my neck to catch my first glimpse of our gleaming Nation's Capitol, as closer and closer it comes to my appointed destination. The bird shudders slightly, hesitates, and then comes down fast.

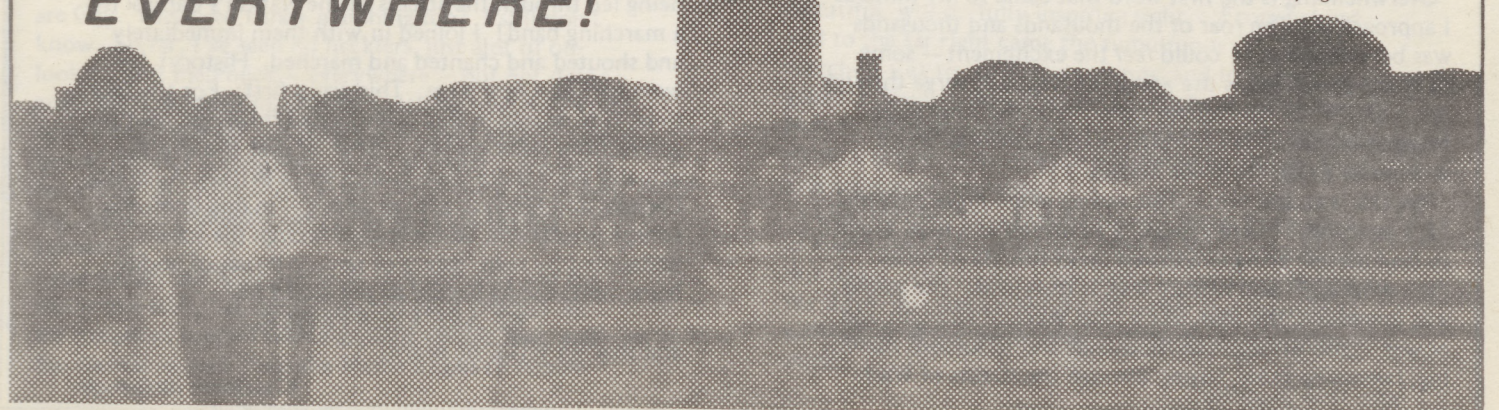
Boom! The wheels hit the runway with a jolt. Then off the ground again and down again. Boom! Overhead luggage cascades into the aisles, a stewardess falls helplessly into the aisle, coffee cups, sweet rolls, garbage and soft drink cans clatter, clank and roll out of the galley and up the aisle. A child is crying, I clutch the armrest, unsure of what is happening, pushing myself back into the seat.

Boom! Like a skipping stone, it comes down again. Another shower of overhead luggage comes down, joined by the oxygen masks, dangling and bouncing at eye level throughout the rocking plane. The brakes squeal, the plane fish-tails momentarily, the passengers are murmuring, and we arrive. "Welcome to Washington..." chants the nameless, faceless voice. I held on tightly until the thing was finally in its bay. "Some landing!" I shouted at the stewardess retrieving coke cans from the floor. "Who's been flying this thing, the co-pilot?" She said she didn't know. I shook my head, and was glad to get off.

Time was not on my side. It was noon, and I had to make tracks. Lugging my luggage, I see a cab, and in a moment I'm in it, the Black driver smiles broadly, waiting for my instructions. "The Lee House, please, driver."

I told him I was here for the March, he said that's all he'd done this morning — run people in from the airport, people going to the March.

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the PRIDE of arizona



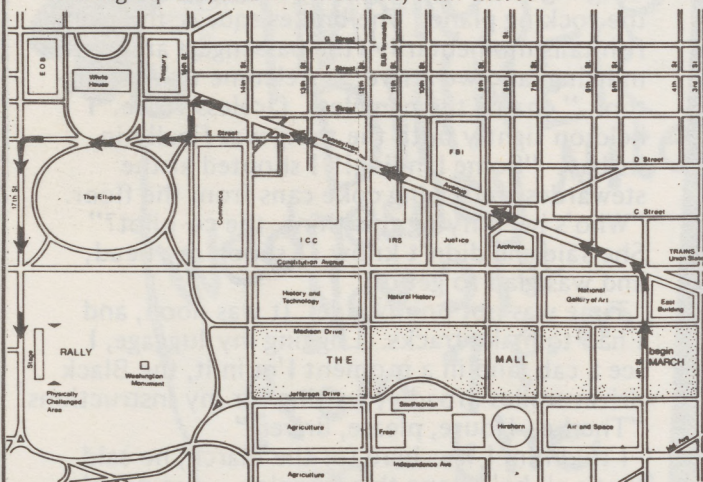
MARCH, *continued from previous page*

We cross the Potomac on the Roosevelt Bridge and down Constitution Avenue towards the Washington Monument. And as we near it, crowds of people, Gay people are walking — the sidewalks are full of people — busses are everywhere, on every street, brimming with clamoring Gays. Excitement is in the air, and as we are nearing the hotel, the cabbie is giving me a brief, concise geography lesson.

The Lee House is on 15th Street at L, less than a mile from the parade route. Inside I register, dash to my room, pitch my bags on the bed, grab my camera, some film and my army jacket (a left-over from the Korean War and my own days of protest participation back in the Sixties).

Running down 15th Street towards the Washington Monument. "What is that?" I ask myself, listening to something, I'm not sure what. I'm at least six blocks from the March route, but I can hear it. I stop in my tracks to listen momentarily. A tumultuous roar is rolling up the street, off the buildings, I can't see them yet, but I can hear it — it's a wonderfully exciting sound.

A couple more blocks of running, and now I can see the traffic jam on the streets leading into Pennsylvania Avenue. Mounted police are blowing their whistles, I'm almost there, and yes! Yes! I can see them! Thousands of people, shouting, singing, chanting, marching. It is overwhelming! My heart is pounding as I dash across Pershing Square, and in a moment, I am there!



MARCH ROUTE

Overwhelming is the first word that came to my mind as I approached. The roar of the thousands and thousands was beyond belief. I could *feel* the excitement — some of it self-generated as the adrenalin began to surge through me — and those old feelings came back; the King days, integration, the Peace marches, Earth Day — all those wonderful things from the Sixties.

But this was different! This was so much more personal. "It's amazing," I kept repeating to myself as I look around to find myself being swallowed up in this sea of faces. "It's amazing!" and it truly was, it truly was. The sound was incredible, the roar, like a tidal wave of strength and power — and the sight of thousands and thousands marching, twenty or more across, through the streets of Wash-

ington in legion, a never-ending battalion, strong beyond your wildest dreams in a unity of spirit and presence!

Incredible! Thousands of my brothers and sisters being led through the streets of the Nation's Capitol by a marching band! I joined in with them immediately and shouted and chanted and marched. History! We were writing a new page. This was a first: For the first time, Gay people in this country had finally banded together from every corner — from all over the world, actually since there were groups from Britain, Australia, Canada, and Mexico, among others — in one immense, conspicuous horde, concouring through the streets, undaunted by cold, threat of rain, or threat of bodily harm, announcing boldly to the world that

"WE ARE EVERYWHERE!"

and that we WILL be heard!

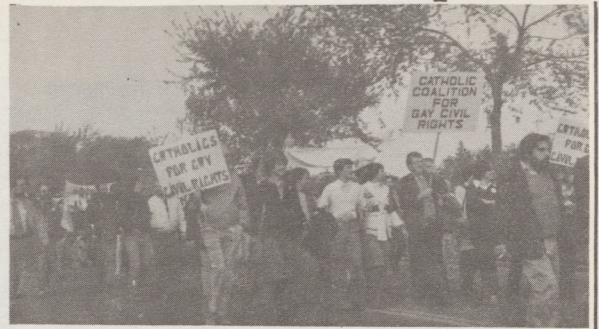
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MARCH, continued from previous pages



I wanted to keep marching, but I had to take pictures. Breaking away, I began to run. If I could only get to the head of the March! I run out onto the Elipse. The head of the March has not yet passed in front of the White House, and I run on, hoping to be able to head off the front of the parade, and suddenly they're on 17th Street and I've intercepted them. More pictures, lots more pictures. The band is playing, banners are flying, the streets are ten deep with onlookers, many are Gay. Why aren't they marching too? I still don't know. So far, I've seen no hecklers, just alot of on-lookers, and the Police — everywhere — but not doing anything, just standing around watching, some on foot, others looking regal and majestic on their mighty steeds, but all helpless and hapless in this situation. We could have done anything — *anything!* — but we were marching, orderly, endlessly, jubilantly proclaiming our humanity.

Just ahead, the Washington Monument area and the site of the Rally. A huge stage had been erected for the occasion, topped with a gigantic yellow tent, and the earliest arrivals from the March began to stream



onto the grounds, filling in around the base of the stage. The band played us onto the grounds, and I turned around to see just how long the parade was. There was no end in sight, and it was a staggering sight! Up on Pennsylvania Avenue, the traffic was still backed up in all directions, downtown Washington was virtually cut in half by miles of marchers.

Within minutes, people began to climb the hill which rises up to the Washington Monument where you could get a commanding view of the spectacle below with the Lincoln Memorial in the background. It was a beautiful, wonderfully inspiring sight. From behind and to the far right came the tumultuous roar of the marchers yet to reach the grounds, and in front, jubilant, joyous sounds were coming from an enormous battery of loudspeakers below the stage where several musical groups were already beginning to play to their ever-increasing audience.

I kept looking for a familiar face, I knew there were at least twenty other people from Phoenix somewhere out there. And finally I saw one. It was Gary Shiffman. We threw our arms around each other and shouted at each other above the crowd, both exploding with excitement.

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the BRIDE of arizona

MARCH, continued from previous pages



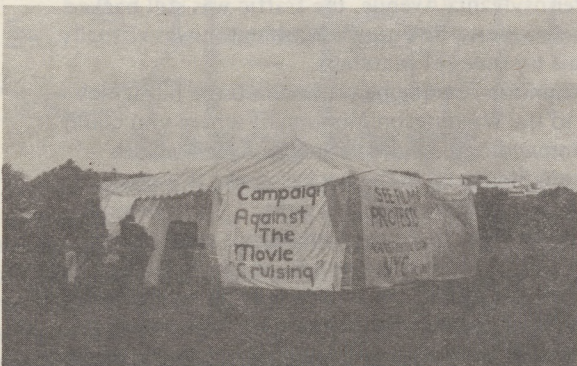
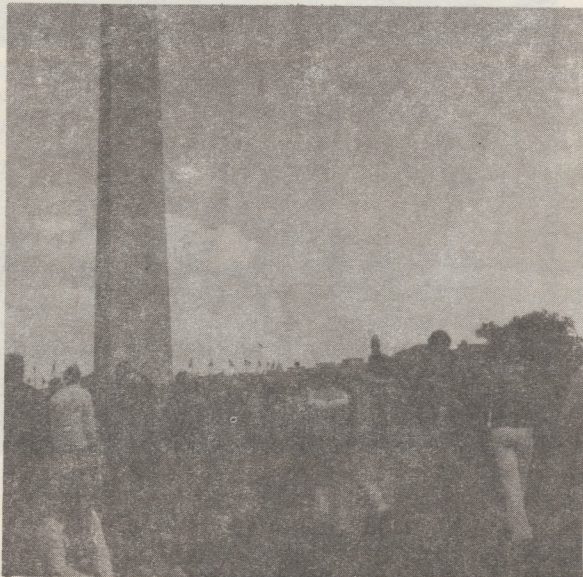
Gary was swallowed up into the crowd, and I climbed back up the hill again, the chilling wind up my back (it was 50 degrees and threatening rain, black clouds rolling out of the West) to get another look from up there. Paths were already being worn in the wet sod up to the Monument.



During the afternoon there were twenty-three (or more) speakers whose words were carried far and wide by the public address systems. You could easily hear everything being said from as far away as the Lincoln Memorial and into the streets on the other side of the Washington Monument. From the official March Program comes this list:

Speakers:

- Richard Ashworth . . . Parents & Friends of Lesbians & Gays
- Steve Ault March on Washington
- Marion Barry Mayor of Washington, D.C.
- Harry Britt San Francisco City Supervisor
- Charlotte Bunch Lesbian Feminist Theorist
- Armando Gaitan Comite Homosexual Latinoamericano
- Allen Ginsberg and Peter Orlovsky Poet
- Flo Kennedy Activist
- Morris Kight Activist
- Charles Law Keynote Speaker, Director of Institutional Research at Texas Southern University
- Audre Lorde Poet
- Leonard Matlovich Activist
- Arthur McCombs Gay Atheist League of America
- Kate Millett Feminist Activist, writer
- Troy Perry Metropolitan Community Church
- Juanita Ramos Comite Homosexual Latinoamericano
- Sky Rose Representing Lesbian Gay Youth San Francisco
- Betty Santoro Keynote Speaker, NY Spokeswoman for Lesbian Feminism Liberation
- Arlie Scott N.O.W.
- Adele Starr Parents & Friends of Lesbians & Gays
- Eleanor Smeal President of N.O.W.
- Lucia Valeska Co-Executive Director of NGTF
- Howard Wallace Labor Activist
- Congressman Ted Weiss Co-Sponsor, H.R. 2074



Nowhere have I seen so many people in one place, and nowhere have I experienced such unity, such *togetherness*. I only hope that on the next occasion (and it will happen again, I am sure) that the value of such a gathering will be felt by more of us, and that you will be present, too. It is an experience that you can never forget, and one that you certainly would not want to.

The crowd on the monument grounds grew and grew as more and more marchers oured in off 17th Street, and soon nearly every square foot of the area between the Monument and the stage was filled with humanity — from Constitution Avenue to Independence Avenue, from 15th to 17th Streets.

Later, after registering at the Press table down by the stage, I tried to determine just how many people were actually present for this historic event. I spoke to police officers, march officials, and park officials — all of whom agreed that at this point, when only about half the partic-

Continues next page

the PRIDE of arizona

MARCH, *continued from previous pages*



Participants in the March had made it to the grounds, that the number was already in excess of 100,000. In the final analysis, that figure was determined to be somewhere around 250,000. It was unbelievable, it was awesome, it was tremendous, it was victoriously exciting. And though the media coverage later reported the figure as 25 to 75,000, those of us who were there, and those of us who photographed the event knew just how huge the crowd actually was. Estimates were that there were around 400,000 Gays who had come into the city that weekend to participate in the various activities. *We were everywhere!*



The afternoon went quickly — it all went too quickly — and I spent much of that time trudging up and down the hill, talking to people from all over the country. I met delegations from Iowa, Chicago, Dallas, Houston, L.A., Boston, Philadelphia, Atlanta, Cincinnati, Columbus, New Orleans, Dade County, and others — too many to recall at the moment. They all came to Washington through various means, but all were enthusiastic, encouraged, and as excited as myself.

And I think that was probably the most important aspect of the entire weekend. Nowhere else and at no other time could so many of us from such a diverse variety of places have come together and could have had the opportunity to meet and share our vastness of experience with each other. The representation was phenomenal. Gay men and lesbians from all walks of life, circumstances, ethnic backgrounds, and differing political points of view finally had a chance to avail themselves of some portion of their collective wealth of knowledge and experience. Conservatively, I would say that I spoke to 300 different people that afternoon, and those experiences, those encounters, made all the trials and tribulations of getting to Washington (and there were *many*, but that's another story) well worth the time and expense put into such a trip, and made us all even more keenly aware that we were, indeed, everywhere.

The city was typically full of tourists that day, too, and I managed to talk to a few — some at the base of the Washington Monument and some along the Reflecting Pool near the Lincoln Memorial. They had interesting comments about the presence of so many Gay people, some were astounded. They spoke of how well mannered the crowd was, which was a compliment to Gays everywhere, and none of them seemed to mind being inconvenienced by the March.

I started back towards the Lee House as the sun was going down, chilled to the bone, but full of exhilaration, accompanied by a new friend involved in Gay Rights in Texas, and we chatted all the way back to the hotel. I was itching to get to the telephone to share a fragment of this overwhelming day with Skip and others who I knew were eagerly awaiting word of what had transpired. I managed to stammer and stutter my way through it over the phone, but the words to describe all of this were (and still are) nearly impossible to find. The impact of this March on American Society is yet to be felt, but for those of us who were there, it has kindled a new flame in our hearts, and one that is not likely to be extinguished...by anyone!

—Jack Caldwell.

CRUISING:

Vile, disgusting, and Anti-Gay — Anita Will Love It!

The movie *Cruising* is one of the worst things to happen to Gay people (worldwide) since the time of Hitler. You've probably read things about it and about some of the protests which have gone on back East in response to the film recently. We have previously printed information regarding the film and so has the *AGN*.

It's nothing to laugh off as just some piece of Hollywood crap cranked out to make a buck. It's a very dangerous thing to present to the public since it presents us in the worst possible light. It is, if you will, your basic "ethnic slur", and the sad thing is how many people will believe that this is what Gays are all about — leather, sexual abuse, degradation, forced rape, and murder (butchery).

All Jews are kikes, all Blacks steal and eat watermelon and are inherently stupid, Indians are savages and scalp people, gypsies steal babies, Mexicans are fat, dirty and lazy, and on, and on, and on. These lies have all been intilled to varying degrees in people by publishers and producers who wish us to believe such things.

The film industry has long been an educator of the American Middle-class, and a great many of our points of view have been directly influenced by what we view on the screen, both in the theatre and in our homes on our televisions.

And now, it appears, it's time to *get the Gays*. But, the traditional stereotypical effeminate, bleached-hair, simpy, minci-swishy hairdresser "Gay" has given way to a new public image (that "fag" Gay wouldn't be all that interesting to Middle America, anyway). And this new public image, as presented in *Cruising* is not only bad, it is thoroughly disgusting. Anita will be delighted, and so will all those millions who have called us "sick, deviates, immoral, abominable", and so forth.

Even more frightening that the new Gay stereotype being created by this film is that it, in fact, will teach the more vicious and vociferous "fag-haters" (of whom there are many) techniques of murdering some of our more vulnerable fellow Gays — things most of them would never have thought of before, but now they will, since they will have *seen* it all right in front of their very eyes, twenty feet tall. Dangerous stuff for us.

A few years ago, the big talk about the porno film industry was "snuff films", in which one or more people involved in the film were murdered, dismembered, and so forth on screen, just following or during the sexual activities presented. Many

decided these travesties, and governmental agencies went to great lengths to hunt down and prosecute the perpetrators of those films. If you've ever seen one, you know exactly how disgusting, revolting and degrading they actually are. Such films, however, have never been shown "publicly". Usually, they were underground — shown privately in people's homes, or, at least, behind locked doors. So very few Americans ever saw them, and certainly never in a legitimate theatre.

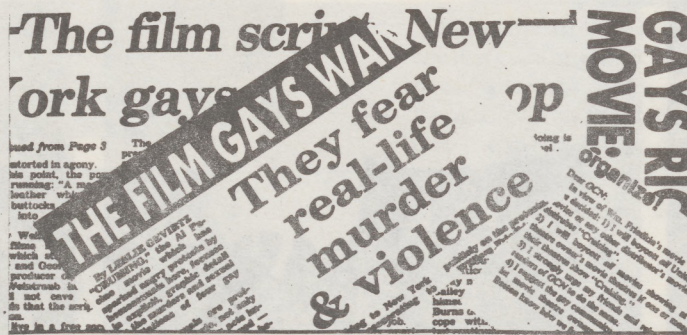
But along comes *Cruising*. It also is a travesty, it also is disgusting, revolting and degrading. And it also involves murder-with-sex, only this time it's presented as a crime being solved by the cops, and this time the sexual activity is homosexual.

And, this time, the film won't end up being viewed by a handful of sickies behind locked doors. Oh, no, this will be BIG BOX OFFICE stuff — right there at your neighborhood Roxie or RKO. Sure, it will be rated "R" or something similar, but the effect on the public is not going to be positive. And even worse, this kind of film will appeal to a public who is virtually otherwise uninformed about Gay people, and especially about their sexual activities and mores; not to mention the fact that people who like blood-and-guts "cinema" are usually less-educated, less intelligent, and MORE reactionary and volatile.

And when they walk away from the theatre, what will they be thinking about Gays? And what will they do when they encounter their first obvious Gay after leaving the theatre? Certainly they're going to want to lash out at him, and some actually will.

On the following pages is an article run by Chicago's *GayLife* on September 14, 1979. *GayLife* is a responsible publication, considered nationally as the MidWest's most credible Gay publication. The article contains a condensed version of the film script. I suggest you sit down where it's quiet and you can remain undisturbed, and read this all the way through. An incredible disservice has been done to Gay people everywhere by Lorimar Productions in the form of this sick, vile film.

At the March on Washington I visited a tent on the Washington Monument grounds where I met a number of people who are part of the organization from New York who are in opposition to this film and are carrying out a nationwide campaign against it (CATMC). They collected thousands of names at the March as well as gaining new membership. Perhaps forewarned will be forearmed in this case. READ ON!!!



C.A.T.M.C.

WHO ARE THE ORGANIZERS OF CATMC

The organizers of the Campaign Against the Movie "Cruising" are the Responsive Gay Collective, a New York City group formed to meet the challenge of the "Cruising" protests this summer. CATMC is a special project of the Collective. The Collective is a non-profit association of lesbians and gay men formed to undertake special projects within the gay community of New York City, including the formation of a special organization for the protection of gay people during public rallies and demonstrations. The Collective is also engaged in work on a documentary film made during the "Cruising" protests.

WHAT'S THIS FILM ABOUT?

The film is titled, "Out of the Bars and into the Streets," a film now in post production by Schonfeld-Stears, Inc. The film is a 40 minute documentary about gay political struggle experienced during the "Cruising" protests in New York this summer. It is the very first political documentary film and it is already generating interest throughout the country. The film is set to be distributed in Europe and the United States, and later to be aired on PBS television. Excerpts from the film will be used to support CATMC efforts nationwide. The Responsive Gay Collective, featured as the organizers in the film, will be participating in fundraising and exhibiting for the documentary. The film deserves the enthusiastic support of the gay community nationwide. Cameras were not present at Stonewall in 1969. Nor did independent filmmakers capture the May 21st demonstrations in San Francisco. But we do have the Cruising protests of July-August 1979, taken in the shadow of the Stonewall itself. And we need your dollars to guarantee that "Out of the Bars and into the Streets" (from the demonstration chant) will be seen worldwide. Participants at the National March on Washington for Lesbian and Gay Rights will have the first opportunity to see footage from the film.

WHAT DOES CATMC MEMBERSHIP MEAN?

Members of CATMC pledge to wage a economic and educational campaign against the movie "Cruising" and Hollywood anti-gay slander. Members will receive the monthly newsletter, "CATMC LINK" with news from the film industry, campaign tactics, and updates on "Cruising" scheduling. CATMC Alliance, ad-hoc community groups organized to meet the challenge in their respective cities, will work with the CATMC national group and will issue periodic reports on local activities. CATMC members are activists.

HOW CAN I JOIN CATMC?

Participants at the National March on Washington for Lesbian and Gay Rights in Washington, D.C. will have the special opportunity to join CATMC as charter members for only \$2. After October 14, regular membership will be \$5. Membership fees will cover the costs of newsletter printing and organizing. All CATMC organizers are volunteers.

To join CATMC, mail \$5 check or money order to CATMC return address.

P.O. Box 32, Lenox Hill Station, New York, NY, 10021. Include return address.

GayLife, Sept. 14, 1979

Controversial 'Cruising' script quoted

Condensed version of film reveals what sparked gay anger

Filming was completed last week in New York City on Director William Friedkin's grisly movie of homosexual murder, *Cruising*. While on location in the Christopher Street area, the movie crew was met on several occasions with protests and sit-ins by Manhattan's gay community, who often held up production for hours. Injuries were reported at several of the protests, and at least one person was arrested, allegedly for assaulting a police officer. Politicians in New York were polarized over the controversy surrounding *Cruising*, with Mayor Koch criticizing gay activists for obstructing filmmaking and Manhattan Borough President Andrew J. Stein hitting Koch for not consulting borough headquarters and community planning boards before granting Friedkin a permit.

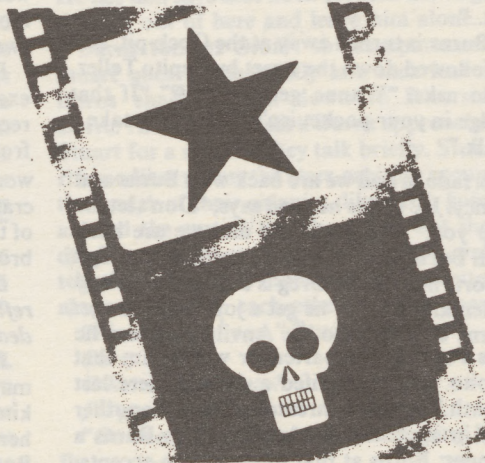
David Rothberg of the New York City Human Rights Commission has called *Cruising* "the latest and most deplorable of a long string of Hollywood movies which have attempted to distort us and to perpetuate and legitimize gay people as victims. Some on the other hand, have labeled gay activists' civil disobedience in attempt to disrupt the filming of *Cruising* as censorship."

What follows is a synopsis of Director Friedkin's third draft of *Cruising* which we offer in order that the reader may draw his or her own conclusions. A release date for the eleven million dollar production has not yet been determined.

A tugboat plows its way on the Hudson River, seen against the Manhattan skyline. It is a calm, peaceful morning. A pile of refuse floats by. Something catches the captain's eye. On the top of the pile is a severed gangrenous human arm. The scene shifts to the city morgue. A detective discusses the lifeless limb with two medical examiners. He is not too eager to connect the arm with a homicide. Finding the body that goes with it might be like looking for a haystack "to come up with the needle."

We shift to a winter night on Christopher Street. Two policemen in a squad stop two men "dressed voluptuously in black leather and with lipstick, rouge and long hair." The two cops refer to someone they know as first a "cole sacker," then a "cork soaker" and then a "sock tucker." There is the suggestion that the police are forcing the two "leather queens" to perform fellation on them in the squad car.

The camera pans across the snowy street towards a warehouse. A solitary figure is seen in silhouette, "walking purposefully through the night." He enters the "Cockpit", a private club. We are not allowed to see his face. The scene inside the club is one of studded belts, tattooed biceps, leather boots



and colored bandanas sticking out of back pockets. One man is naked except for his boots. He is being "worked over" by another man. Several couples are engaged in fellatio, but none of the explicitly sexual activity can be clearly see. It is shadowy and "barely discernable to the camera."

Now we see the mysterious stranger's face. He is Stuart Richards and he is talking with Loren Lukas. Both are young men engaged in the light banter characteristic of gay clubs.

The scene flashes to an apartment where Stuart has taken Lukas, his apparent "trick" for the evening. The apartment displays leather goods and dildoes. Stuart's voice suddenly changes, the script informing us that this altered tone is to be known as the "Voice of Jack" in the rest of the film. Stuart orders Lukas to turn around. Lukas screams "Oh God, Oh God, No." The camera pans to the wall.

On the other side of the wall a woman screams. She dials 911. She gets a monotone recorded message. Lukas continues to scream as Stuart is seen pumping up and down on top of him. "You're not gettin' me hard", "the Voice of Jack" says. Stuart stuffs some underwear in Lukas' mouth. An arm shoots up wielding an enormous dagger.

Voice of Jack: *I'm going to give it to you good.* The knife swoops down on Lukas' back. Lukas has a look of terror on his face. A splash of blood hits the wall. The woman next door screams, and 911 finally answers.

The camera draws back and cuts sharply into a shot of Central Park near the Natural History Museum. We see Stuart again, this time talking to Eric, who is dark, muscular and 23. The usual banter as Stuart leads Eric along a path into a kind of dark grotto. Again we hear the Voice of Jack: "I've been waiting for you." We see the flash of a knife in the moonlight, a gasp and then the blackness of the night.

In the police station a "forensic man" is

describing Eric's murder: His penis was cut off and stuck in his mouth, hands and ankles tied in a manner characteristic of previous killings, and with multiple stab wounds all in the back.

We meet Police Captain Edelson in this scene, holding court in his offices. He makes a big speech about "Charley Chop Off," his nickname for the unknown killer. He orders the other police to keep the emasculation angle strictly a secret.

At the city morgue the chief medical examiner connects Eric's murder with that of Lukas and another man named Paul Vincent, a professor at Columbia University. He presents his clinical reasons for this conclusion to Chief Edelson. The murderer was right handed and used the same knife.

At Edelson's office the leather queen we met earlier is brought in to identify mug shots. He examines a few of them and then tells the chief that the two cops who had detained him had forced him to perform fellatio on them. Edelson demands proof, and promises to "check it out."

Stuart Richards lives in a cozy apartment near Columbia University. We enter and find that it is decorated with some of his paintings as well as posters and some records on the American musical heritage. He is a student of the latter. Stuart is lifting weights as his friend Paul Gains enters and discusses the paintings. The conversation drifts to Stuart's recently strained relations with his father.

Back at headquarters Edelson is interrogating the two officers who were accused of forcing the leather queens into committing indecent acts. Both cops angrily deny the accusation. As they stomp out of the office Chief of Detectives Malcolm Berman strides in. He wasn't the "Charley Chop-Off" case solved: "Break this case, Dave. I don't care what you do. But break it. Or I'll have to put somebody in there who can."

Later that day we meet Edelson's answer to Berman. He is Steve Burns (the role Al Pacino is playing). Burns is a handsome 27 year-old six footer dressed in a Police Academy uniform. Edelson reviews Burn's record at the academy and discusses his past and his motives for becoming a police officer. Burns, the offspring of a humble building superintendent, has an identity problem. "When they'd talk about me I was always just the super's kid," he reports. "When I put on the gun and the shield, for the first time in my life I was somebody different from everybody else. And it was a good feeling."

"Have you ever had your cock sucked?" Edelson abruptly changes the questioning.

continues next page

the RIDE of arizona

CRUISING, continued from previous page

Burns doesn't see what the captain is driving at. "Ever been porked or had a guy smoke your pole?" The chief tries jargon to get through to the rookie cop.

Burns balks at this line of questioning. He informs Edelson that the Academy said there was some special kind of assignment and he volunteered. "I think you got the wrong guy." Edelson points to a board containing information on the three recent Manhattan murders, and asks Burns to look at the victim's faces. "They sort of look alike."

Edelson asks Burns if he would be willing to go undercover as a decoy to attract the killer. He points out that Burns himself strikingly fits the physical types of the victims. He promises the rookie that if he succeeds he will skip patrol duty and become a detective, second grade. "That's a five thousand dollar raise. And if you nail this guy, you could do better."

Burns worries about how "far" he will have to go. "We send narcs out the same way and they don't have to become addicts," Edelson explains. He also points out that Burns will have no gun, no shield and no backup. "Up the creek without the paddle," Burns observes.

Next we are in Burns' apartment. We see a pair of shapely legs resting on a table by the living room window. They belong to Burns' roommate, Nancy Gates, 25. She is a bright, attractive student in the English Lit department at Hunter College. The carefree chatter turns to a question about Burns' new assignment, but he tells her he is not at liberty to discuss it.

We go back to Burns who is now in a kinky store peddling erotica. — leather clothing, masks, whips and other torture devices. Burns is interested in the "Hot Hankie" inventory.

"A light blue hankie in your left back pocket means you want a blow job ... right pocket means you give one ... the green one, left side, says you're a hustler, right side says you're a buyer ... Yellow left side means you give golden shower, right side, you receive ... the red one ... (Brown interrupts): Thanks. "See anything you want? Burns: I'm gonna go home and think it over." Salesman: I'm sure you'll make the right choice."

Burns moves into an apartment in Greenwich Village. In the hallway he meets his next-door neighbor, Ted Bailey, "a friendly-looking round-cheeked man with dark wavy hair, horn-rimmed glasses, his middle 20's" who invites Burns out for coffee. Ted tells Burns he is a playwright working on an old-fashion comedy: "Boy meets boy, boy loses boy, boy ends up with analyst." Ted also has a roommate, Gregory, who is a dancer and who is currently out of town doing a show. Ted also mentions the killings. Burns dismisses that point by saying the cops will nab him.

Burns' only contact with the force is a monthly rendezvous with Chief Edelson. They meet in a near-deserted Manhattan bar over a pool table. Burns reports. Edelson tells him to be careful. As he leaves the bar Burns tells the Captain "I ain't been porked yet."

Burns is turned away at the Cock-pit, and is followed down the street by Pepito Tellez, who asks, "Wanna get shagged?" "If that bulge in your pocket isn't a knife let's take a walk."

A fade in and we are back with Burns and Nancy. He kisses her and says, "Don't let me lose you." Another shift and we are back with Burns and Ted in the coffee shop. Ted reports his roomie Greg is coming home and is demanding that he get a job for a change. Burns then goes to the Anvil bar where he sees Pepito. The bartender warns him that Pepito "almost kinifed a dude in here last month." He also threatened to kill another guy in another bar. A man offers Burns a popper, Burns at first refuses, then accepts. They disco dance together. Burns and his partner move in rhythm. Faces, muscles, buttocks and booted feet begin to swirl and merge. The face of Pepito Tellez swirls in and out of Burn's vision.

Burns asks that police tail Pepito. They discover he works in a restaurant where they use the same kind of knife believed to be the killer weapon.

We now meet Martino Perry. He runs "Martino's" an exclusive boutique on Upper Madison Avenue. He has an assistant named Joey and knows a girl named Bess who apparently is a movie actress. After locking up shop, Martino zooms off in his sporty convertible. We find him later "dressed down" in a sporty suit and turtle neck. He is "stoned and on the prowl." He spots a fetching leather clad hunk (Stuart Richards) in a "peep show." They enter a booth. Martino's hand reaches for Stuart's leg, runs his hand up the thigh "to the bulging crotch."

Voice of Jack: Get on your knees. Do what I tell you.

He obeys. The camera follows him down with deliberate, venomous force. The shadow of the knife hand goes up and down against the 16mm screen. The screen goes dark. We see a blood-stained hand feed two quarters into the coin slot. A close up, and we see a handkerchief wipe the knife clean of blood. We see an enormous pool of blood on the floor "around the limp hand of Martin Perry."

The peep-show killing of Martino makes big headlines. His young lover Joey is questioned, and he sobbingly denies that he was involved. Investigators enter now with the two quarters we saw being inserted into the peep show coin slot. They are blood stained. The tip of the murder knife also has been found imbedded in Martino's body. Edelson phones Chief Berman and tells him

they have fingerprints now. "We finally caught a break."

We get back to Stuart Richards who is now in bed with a female, Barbara Kelman of the art gallery. Stuart is not doing very well. In fact he appears impotent at the moment. In his frustration he asks if Jack "was a good lay." Jack is his father.

Back at the lab in the morgue the medical examiner is elaborating on the report they received on the knife that had been taken from the restaurant where Pepito Tellez works. It is a steak knife which was carefully crafted, very strong, and exactly like the tip of the knife taken from Eric's body. "They're brothers," the examiner proudly reports.

Burns takes it. Looks at it. We see his reflection in the blade. It is formidable, deadly and he is riveted to it.

Edelson tells Burns that the killer also may sing him a lullaby when he finds him, "a kind of nutty song ... Who's here ... I'm here." They set up a trap for Pepito, with Burns as decoy. A motel room is bugged, the room Burns and Pepito are to use. The police wait outside to see if a struggle will take place. The radio receiver, however, goes dead so they invade the room. They find Burns all tied up on the bed, and he angrily whispers, "You're too soon."

At police headquarters Burns is given a rough going over as both he and Pepito are interrogated. The rough treatment Burns gets, of course, is to preserve his cover. The interrogators try to connect Pepito with the killing, but they realize they have insufficient evidence.

For a brief moment we find Burns and Nancy together again in the old apartment. They are no longer communicating. Nancy thinks they should "cut loose for awile." Burns agrees.

Burns and Edelson meet on a tram car this time. Burns is distraught. "I couldn't sleep .. I can't get that guy Tellez off my mind .. I fingered him, and he isn't the guy." Edelson argues the point but Burns is adamant: You don't have enough to hold him. the only thing you got is that he likes to make it with boys. If he goes, I'm going to go to court for him." Burns wants out of the whole thing and Edelson pleads with him to stay on the case.

The chief gives Burns a lead on Stuart Richards who had once worked at the same restaurant as Pepito.

Burns tails Stuart outside of his apartment on the Columbia University campus, in an art gallery, and other places. When Stuart is out of his apartment, Burns breaks in and discovers a pile of letters Stuart wrote to his father but never mailed.

I am living now in an almost constant state of anxiety. I know I have much to contribute through my work but I can't get anyone of importance to understand it. One day they will. I know they will.

continues next page

CRUISING, continued from previous page

I want with all my heart to make you proud of me. I desperately need to have you respect what I do and what I am.

Burns stops reading. As he turns to leave he sees a knife protruding from a book. It is a steak knife with the tip missing.

Burns follows Stuart to an abandoned office building. He stays outside. Stuart goes into the building. He enters the spacious office of a large accounting firm. The room is completely empty except for a large desk. A man stands waiting behind the desk. It is Stuart's father, tall, well-built, in his 40's. He resembles Stuart. "His most striking feature to us is his voice, for his is the Voice of Jack." In an angry confrontation, Jack accuses Stuart of being a sponger. He mentions Barbara Kelman and forbids Stuart to see her again.

Stuart takes a bus back to his apartment, Burns dutifully tailing him. Stuart goes to see Paul Gaines who is preoccupied at the moment with a young man. Paul comes out into the hall. Stuart, who looks rather worse for wear in Paul's estimation, decides to give his friend the rest of his pictures. "You're the only person in the world who likes them." Paul, trying to help, offers Stuart his car, and suggests he drive out to Fire Island. Stuart demurs. "I can't stand the place ... the faggots are yelling and screaming all hours of the night, or their damn dogs are barking and stereos are blowing your brains out ... I'm sorry Paul."

Nancy has followed Burns to his apartment. She begs him to tell her what's going on. "If you're gay I can deal with it. What I can't deal with is lying to yourself and to me."

"You want me to stand up and tell the world I'm gay? You want me to go to the people I work for and tell them?"

No. I just want you to tell me, if that's ...

Okay. I'm telling you. I'm here because I need to be here.

Alright. Then please, don't shut me out of your life. I just want to help you.

Help me what. Go to a shrink? Go to a priest, get on my knees and pray for my affliction ... I can't help what I am.

You're ashamed of it.

No.

Then why hide it from me?

Because I love you too much to hurt you.

And because I don't want you to think I'm sick.

Nancy asks if he is living with someone. He lies and says that he is. He tells her to get the hell out of here and leave him alone.

Burns follows Stuart to his apartment. Stuart goes inside briefly and then leaves. Burns shadows him down to Riverside Drive. In a deserted park Burns approached Stuart for a match. They talk briefly, Stuart rhapsodizes about the stars orbiting around the center of their galaxies, like earth going around the sun. When they burn out they drop into a huge black hole. They walk together toward a tunnel, two silhouettes, alone. They face each other, six feet apart.

"How big are you," Stuart asks.

Party size.

What are you into?

I'll go anywhere.

"Do me first," Stuart says unzipping his fly.

Hips or lips?

Burns loosens his belt, drops his pants and carefully folds them and places them against the wall. "Burns is in control, and he feels it. He's gone to the bricks and made his bones."

Stuart's pants are down around his ankles. He reaches slowly into his boot. Burns steps quickly with his left foot into the crotch of Stuart's pants, surprising and immobilizing him. From his own boot, Burns produces a knife — identical to Stuart's.

Burns: "Go for it."

The tip of Stuart's knife is gone, as it flashes into the air. The moment is suspended. A ritual-like mirror image of Burns and Stuart knife to knife. The knives flash violently. In one swift move, Burns garrots Stuart.

Stuart falls back, bleeding from the stomach and chest — his eyes stare unbelievably at Burns — in whom he sees —

his father — himself — and in his dying nightmare he hears:

Voice of Jack: "School's out, Stuart."

A police investigation of Stuart reveals

that his father, Jack, has been dead for ten years. His friend Paul Gaines says, "Stuart never accepted it. I guess he never got over it. He used to talk about him like he was still alive."

Back at Police Headquarters Chief of Detectives Berman decides that Stuart was the killer for a series of long unsolved torso murders as well as the three directly involved in the present investigation.

Burns turns in his report and Edelson tells him he will have to face a grand jury investigation. He says, "just a formality. For your own protection. Once you've been cleared you can never be sued or have to face any charges. We'll present the evidence, tell 'em what your assignment was, and what you were doin' in the park ... They'll go for justifiable homicide and you'll walk away."

We are back on Christopher Street and it's business as usual. Men and boys are out in force. A patrol car cruises. The police read a *New York Post* headline, "Columbia Student Murdered Ten," then flip to the sports section. They get a radio call to investigate a body discovered on Gay street.

The apartment they enter is Ted and Greg's. *Blood everywhere. Ted Bailey, lying sideways, dead, in a pool of blood. A look of horror frozen on his face.*

We cut to Burns' old apartment in the bathroom. Burns is shaving off his moustache. Nancy enters and announces she will make breakfast. She asks Burns if he is working today. No, he says, he has the next four days off with nothing to do "but kill time."

Looks like it's going to be a beautiful day, Nancy says.

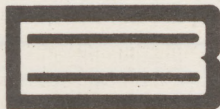
"What?"

He turns into the mirror and starts the final stroke that will eliminate the last of his moustache, as the mirror begins to steam over.

"I said it looks like a beautiful day. Doesn't it?"

Cruising

Screenplay by William Friedkin. From the novel by Gerald Walker. Produced by Jerry Weintraub. Italicized and quoted material is from third draft script by Friedkin, copyrighted by Lorimar Productions.



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- We hear that Ms BLANCHE du BOIS is looking for a tattoo artist who will tattoo a red hour glass on her stomach...seems she's becoming known as "The Black Widow", since she usually eats her mates when she is finished breeding...!
- And, speaking of the dear OLD COW...we also hear that she's starting to visit the T-rooms at the school for the blind, since it is much easier for her to score when they can't see her.
- Is it true that CHUCKIE (Forum bartender) has dreams of taking a trip to Nigeria...!
- And again, speaking of CHUCKIE...MIKE R (the Village Plump) seems to have had really good aim when he opened a bottle of champagne and hit Chuckie in the posterior with the cork...good thing it wasn't a bulls-eye, or he might have lost the cork!
- MEN ALL OVER THE PLACE! That's what you will find at NuTowne's Tuesday Night Beer Busts. And that wall mirror in the men's room is better than Cinerama...
- MOOSILA claims she'll never go back to using KY after discovering Arco Graphite...but it does make one hell of a mess out of a pair of panty hose!
- Did GARY S. enjoy his little 3-way with the cute twins...?
- We hear that TONY BALONEY didn't buy a microwave oven after he heard that it would be bad for his pace-maker!!!
- Well, gang...it's no longer a secret: DRAGON LADY keeps her dewey moist youthful look by using Armor-All on her face! She says it also works great on her alligator spats...!
- Seems that FRANK G. (Nelda Nurse) was offended that we didn't say anything nice about him in last month's column...so, all month we've been trying to think of something nice to say and we finally came up with one: You're a good trick (but almost *every-one* knows that, as much as you get around!!!).
- Is it true that Ms CHELSIE had 37 miscarriages in the restroom at the Tubs last Saturday night?
- And speaking of Tubs...TISH TANNER has returned from her prior, short-lived engagement (but we won't talk about that!) with the hub caps still on her car (we won't talk about that either!) and is now back gracing and squishing the Casa stage. We're glad Tish is back with his magic ability to make people laugh.
- Isn't this month the anniversary of DANNY BUTLER being chosen Casa's SOW OF THE MONTH??? Wish Casa would do S.O.M. Awards again...it was such a terribly tacky thing to do, and there are soooooo many sows in town to choose from!!!
- Poor BILL R.(Forum Owner), for weeks now he's been walking around the bar humming "Having My Baby" and it turned out to be a bad appendix! But seriously, Bill's had a rough time, and we hope he'll be back among us soon.
- Some people collect stamps, and some collect coins, but the most unusual thing we've heard about is..... TONY BALONEY's collection of tricycle seats. Each one is a little memento from a past trick. It is said that for relaxation, he spends many an evening sitting at home...sniffing each and every one of them!!!
- The closing of CASA is the end of an institution in Phoenix. It has been a favorite watering hole for many years. But just wait, Phoenix... Tony and Jimmie have a replacement for it which will open in December and will probably be one of the most unique bar in the city and just may give some of the other bar owners something to worry about. To quote Columbia (Rocky Horror), "I've seen it!"
- We just LOVE DANNY B's new moustache...it makes him look *eversomuch* older.
- We're told that BERT (the Forum's girl-woman-female-lady DJ) has found a way to make money with her dainty little voice...She has a part-time job as a HOG CALLER!!!
- No, it wasn't the Fiesta Bowl Parade, nor was it a Mardi Gras parade heading down 24th Street the other day. Actually it was Ms BLANCHE du BOIS on her way to the clinic, followed by her last week's doorbell trade...!

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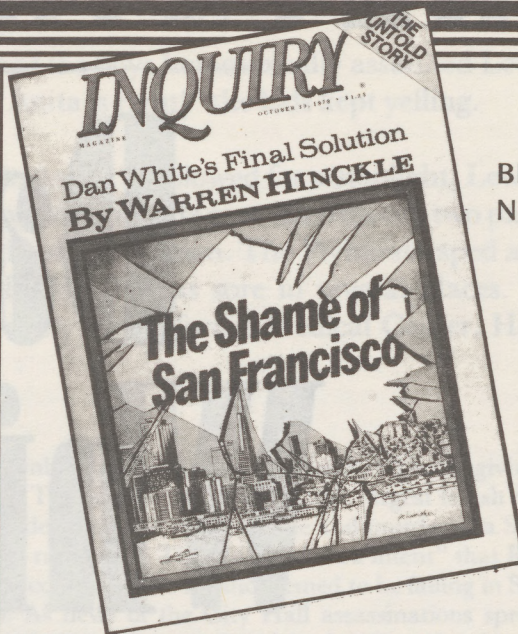
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BEGINS ON
NEXT PAGE

WHITE STORY FINALLY TOLD...

When Dan White had fired his fatal shots into George Moscone and Harvey Milk a year ago this month, a stunned San Francisco wept openly. Gays in that city reacted vocally and violently, while Gays across the country paused, watched the coverage on television and read about the tragedy in newspapers and magazines. But the reports were incomplete, sometimes sketchy, and for many, the question still remained: Why? What was the real reason behind these seemingly senseless murders? How could there be such a person as Dan White in cosmopolitan, out-of-the-closet San Francisco?

Some of the answers have finally been published in a San Francisco publication called *Inquiry*. We've reprinted the lengthy piece in its entirety. You'll find more information in it than in all the other articles and news items you have seen to date. Read the story, inform yourself on what was really going on in the Gay Mecca a year ago. It's surprising, it's shocking, and it's revealing!

SEEKING RIDES...

Steve, who is blind, is looking for rides to and from Gay functions and activities in the Valley. If you can help, call him at 253-7801.

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THE UNTOLD STORY

Dan White's San Francisco

BY

WARREN HINCKLE

"I am not going to be forced out of San Francisco by splinter groups of radicals and social deviates [sic]."

—Dan White

A few minutes after midnight, in the first hour of the Fourth of July of 1977, a blue Plymouth stopped to pick up a gay hitchhiker making hopeful signs with his thumb beside a freeway on-ramp in downtown San Francisco.

The car was crowded, but the night was cold and Charles Lewis hopped in. There were two men in the front seat; young. Lewis glanced into the back seat as the Plymouth joined the freeway traffic. Two girls and a boy; all young. Teen-agers out for a joy ride, Lewis thought. No one in the car had said a word.

When Lewis began to say where he'd like to be dropped off, one of the girls leaned over the seat and put a gun to his head:

"If you breathe, we're gonna kill you, faggot."

The car left the freeway at Candlestick Park. It stopped on a dark street. The boy in the back got out and opened Lewis's door. He made a slight bow, like a hotel doorman. Lewis hesitated. The boy beside him shoved him out. The other boy kicked him. One of the girls said, kick him where it hurts.

Two of the boys picked Lewis up and bent him over a garbage can. The handle poked into his chest. The girl with the gun shoved the barrel into his mouth.

"Anita is right," she said, and cocked the gun as one of the boys homosexually assaulted Lewis. Then another of the boys did the same thing. "Anita is right! Anita is right!" the kids kept yelling.

The rape lasted half an hour.

The teen-agers shoved Lewis back into the Plymouth. As the car slowed for a stoplight, Lewis opened the door and threw himself into the street in front of a Doggie Diner. He crawled between two parked cars, hoping his abductors would be afraid to shoot in the lighted intersection. The Plymouth sped away.

Lewis walked home. His hands and knees were bloody. He was sore in several places. The next morning he went to the emergency room of the University of California Medical Center. He told the doctor he'd been raped. The doctor looked at him.

"Well, you are homosexual, aren't you?"

ON NOVEMBER 27, 1978, THE NINTH DAY AFTER Jonestown, Daniel James White, ex-cop, former paratrooper, and superjock, an All-American Boy from everybody's favorite city, strapped on his police special .38, loaded his pockets with extra hollow-point bullets that explode upon impact, and went to San Francisco City Hall to settle some political differences.

Two weeks earlier, White, 32, of Irish build, with a pretty-boy face, had impetuously resigned his seat on the board of supervisors to devote himself to his hot-potato stand near Fisherman's Wharf. Now he was asking Mayor George Moscone, a liberal, to reappoint him. White was as conservative as a priest's suspenders.

White joined Mayor Moscone in his private sitting room. The mayor poured two drinks. When Moscone told him that he would not give him his seat back, White shot the mayor in the chest and the upper right arm. He then walked over to the wounded man and pumped two dum-dum bullets into the right side of his head, execution-style. The drinks were never touched.

White crossed the marble expanse of City Hall to the other side of the building, where the supervisors have their offices. He reloaded his gun. Harvey Milk, the gay supervisor, had an office not much bigger than the closet he had come out of many years earlier.

Milk was 48, short, and bubbly with charm. He was not a single-issue politician and had forged political alliances with many heterosexuals. Of the eleven members Dan White had been the lone vote on the board of supervisors against Milk's gay civil rights ordinance, which the mayor had signed with a lavender pen handed him by Milk. White knocked on Milk's door and asked to see him for a minute.

The gay man and the straight man walked across the hall to White's old office. White shut the door. Milk was heard to cry out, "Oh, no!" White shot him three times in the chest and stomach and back. One shot passed through Milk's body and lodged in his left arm.

The executioner, not yet finished, fired two dum-dum shells into the back of Milk's head.

White, a devout Catholic, left City Hall and went to St. Mary's Cathedral to pray before surrendering at Northern Station to cops who were his good friends and former comrades in blue. He left behind the lifeless bodies of San Francisco's two leading liberal politicians, and a city shocked as it had not been since the earthquake of '06.

WARREN HINCKLE, former editor of Ramparts magazine, writes a weekly column for the San Francisco Chronicle. His book on Cuba and the CIA will be published in February.

Only nine days before, the week of Thanksgiving, the Peoples Temple, the permissive city's largest leftish church, had self-destructed in mass suicide and murder in a South American rain forest. The "night of dark intent" that Robert Frost saw coming to the Pacific seemed to be falling in San Francisco. As news of the City Hall assassinations spread, people stood on streetcorners staring ahead, as if waiting for imaginary streetcars.

That November evening, 40,000 people, mostly gay, moved slowly down Market Street to City Hall in a silent, candlelight march that translated the culture shock of a mass showing of alternative life styles into the solemnity of a papal funeral procession. Instead of the Gregorian chant, there was a lone trumpeter playing "Blowing In The Wind."

On the steps of City Hall, there appeared Joan Baez, who greeted the mourners with "Amen" in dirge tempo. (It is part of the peculiar San Francisco tradition that every disaster has its sideline celebs: In 1906 it was Enrico Caruso.) A string of eulogizers repeated the chilling, challenging, posthumous words of Harvey Milk: "Let the bullets that rip through my brain smash through every closet door in the nation." About a year earlier, in a moment of extraordinary premonition, Harvey Milk, California's most high-profile gay, who had led the successful battle against state Senator John Briggs's anti-homosexual initiative on the California ballot, had tape recorded a message for his followers were he assassinated.

The huge crowd walked offstage into the wings that Black Monday night as silently as it had entered. Almost six months later to the day, on May 21, another Monday, there was another march down Market Street and another massive nocturnal gathering of gays outside City Hall. This time, there was a riot.

Gay men and women had poured into the streets, peas from the pod of outrage, shellshocked by the verdict delivered late that breezy summery afternoon by a jury of Dan White's peers. City Hall was trashed, a dozen police cars were burned to melt-down, and property damage reached a million dollars. The cops counterattacked, busting heads, and it became a gay Selma.

The prosecution had asked the jury to find, under California law, "special circumstances" in the City Hall assassinations that would make White eligible for life imprisonment or the death penalty medicine he had so fervently prescribed for gunslingers. After six days of deliberation, the jury instead found the ex-cop guilty of voluntary manslaughter, which carried the relative wrist slap of a maximum of seven years, eight months in prison. (Recently, White's attorney asked that the term be reduced by one year because of "errors" in the sentencing procedure.)

San Franciscans, in their maverick way, had evinced a great deal of sympathy for the man who had killed their mayor. But few people had expected the prosecutor's dream jury—white middle-class, mostly Catholic, no blacks, no Chinese, and especially, no gays, perfect soup meat for the law-and-order pot—to side with the accused, who never denied that he had shot the two politicians.

The man had shot down the mayor and a popular supervisor in cold blood. Now, with good time, he will be out of jail in less than five years. There is a widespread opinion, by no means confined to the gay community, that Dan White, in the precision of the cliché, has gotten away with murder.

THE MOST COMMONLY USED WORD ABOUT San Francisco was once "fun." Now it's the nastier three-letter word, "why?" From the Guyanan *Götterdämmerung* to political assassinations to the exoneration of a mayor-killer and a gay Selma, this has been one of the most devastating periods in San Francisco's fabulously spotted history.

Some judgmental elements among the Bible thumpers have advanced the theory that San Francisco is collapsing internally, as with rot, from its fabled liberality. This is a difficult proposition to sustain in a town where harassment, violence, and even murder have become, among many, acceptable "solutions" to the considerable matter of homosexuality. Former Supervisor Dan White is a hero to a lot of people here, not all of them in unrespectable quarters.

The story of how this happened in a city synonymous with tolerance is the story of San Francisco's failure to live up to its easy-going reputation in a time of immense cultural and economic change—most of it centered, or to old Irish Catholic San Francisco seeming to center, on the great gay migration to the Golden Gate. In the last decade, more than 100,000 homosexuals have heeded Horace Greeley's advice.

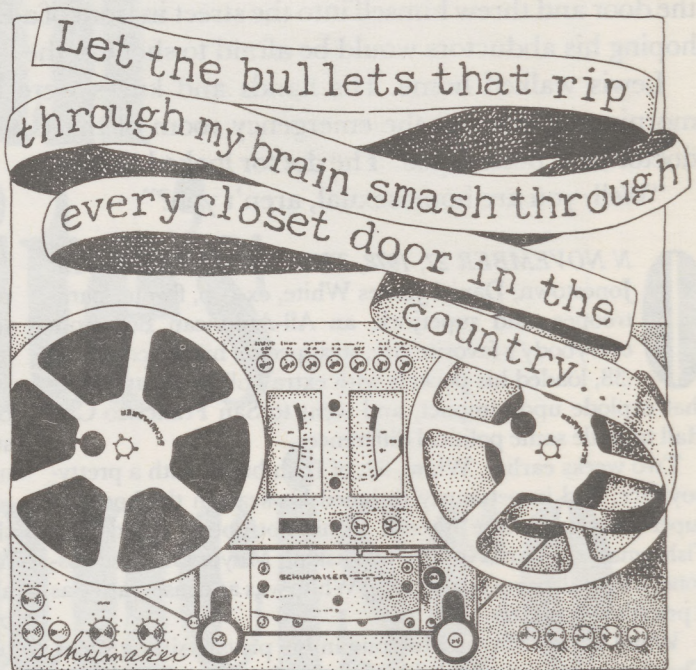
In a city whose population is shrinking toward 600,000, this has created social and economic pressures that underlie a

Dan White is a hero to a lot of people, not all of them in unrespectable quarters.

gusher of violence—little reported except in homosexual newspapers—against the San Francisco gay community. The number of beatings, murders, rapes—the thrill gang-rape of Charles Lewis is but one gross example—trashings, mutilations, bombings, and arsons has been building since the early 1970s. By 1977, a decade after the famous hippie "summer of love" in the Haight-Ashbury, gays were experiencing a summer of terror in the cradle of the counterculture.

Rat packs of homophobic punks, mostly white or Latino teenagers, prowled gay neighborhoods by night in search of victims. This antigay violence was at its most frenzied in 1977 A.B., the year of Anita Bryant, when gays organized patrols—one was called the "Butterfly Brigade"—for their own protection. The violence has not decreased to a point where gays feel safe alone on San Francisco streets at night. Most young gays carry police whistles to summon help in case of attack. In an average month more than a dozen muggings and stab-bings by gangs of street toughs preying on gays are reported.

Many gays are reluctant to call the cops because they encounter little sympathy, and often outright hostility from responding officers. Homosexual assault seems on the lower rungs of the ladder of crimes Frisco deems serious. The situation is not without its analogies to the familiar feminist complaint about condescending, "you probably deserved it" attitudes of cops toward rape victims.



This is a young gay man talking the night of the riot, as high flames from burning police cars lit the City Hall dome in an eerie, flickering orange: "You're seeing the people's anger—gay people's anger. Dan White getting off is just one of a million things that happen in our lives: the beatings, the murders, the people driven to suicide by the hostility of straights. We're just not going to take it any more. Dan White's straight justice is just the last straw. We're not just a bunch of fairies. We can be as tough as they were in Watts."

He and a friend rolled a torch of newspapers and went off to set fire to another police car. "Just tell people that we ate too many Twinkies. That's why this is happening."

Since the deaths of Moscone and Milk, their protector and their champion, gays in San Francisco have complained of increasing police harassment under the less liberal regime of Moscone's successor, Dianne Feinstein, whom gays with decreasing affection refer to as the Ayatollah Feinstein. Moscone was barely in his grave when the cops raided the Mabuhay Gardens, a punk nightclub police have been itching to bust, and crashed the Crystal Hotel in the Tenderloin, where they subjected the drag-queen tenants to the ministrations of nightsticks. "Why should you care? They're just a bunch of fruits," the sergeant in charge told the hotel's owner when he protested.

Moscone had frowned upon police poking their clubs into the business of consenting adults. Mayor Feinstein seems to hear the sound of another drummer. In a recent interview with the *Ladies' Home Journal*, the attractive, ritually bebowed lady mayor said: "The right of an individual to live as he or she chooses can become offensive—the gay community is going to have to face this."

"Can you imagine Dianne telling blacks that certain aspects of their behavior were offensive? No way!" said a gay

activist who does not normally read the *Ladies' Home Journal*, as he put the magazine down in disgust.

Mayor Feinstein's tightening the screws of propriety upon the city, the continuing antigay street violence, and what Harry Britt, the gay whom Feinstein appointed to fill out Milk's supervisorial term, called "blatantly antigay attitudes widespread in the San Francisco police department," were social kindling stacked to burn. When Dan White got a five-year walk for the dum dum bullet execution of two popular progay public officials, it was like the pull of the moon upon the waves: San Francisco had the nation's first major gay riot.

I am a teacher in San Francisco public schools and I know that the favorite derogatory expression of elementary school children is "faggot." The children don't usually know what the word means—they use it because they heard their older siblings or parents using it.

—Letter to the editor,
San Francisco Chronicle

NEAR A STREETCAR STOP AT DOLORES PARK, overlooking the 1791 adobe Mission Dolores, the basilica minor of California, the words are spray-painted in jagged, foot-high letters on the concrete wall: KILL FAGS! DAN WHITE FOR MAYOR. To understand the phenomenon of Dan White and the spasms of hate contorting the City of Love is to introduce a new word into the vocabulary of violence: homophobia. This word is not in all the dictionaries, but it will be. It is defined as the fear of the proximity of homosexuals. Acute homophobia can lead to violent behavior.

His friends and family, and a large part of his city, have come to accept what Dan White did as incontestable fate, like one of Edward Gorey's childish misfortunes. However, there are many people in San Francisco, straight as well as gay, who believe that homophobia is the untold story behind Dan White's Final Solution.

Last November 27, when ex-cop White surrendered his smoking gun and made a friendly confession to a homicide inspector who was his former police-league softball coach—"I was just trying to do a good job for the city," said White—San Francisco was a still-life study of a city in shock.

In the city jail, where White was taken, the atmosphere was different. "It all seemed very fraternal. One police officer gave Dan White a pat on the behind when he was booked—sort of a 'Hey, catch you later, Dan' pat. Some of the officers and deputies were standing around with half-smirks on their faces. Some were actually laughing. I heard later they were making Harvey Milk jokes. The joke the cops were telling was that Dan White's mother says to him when he comes home, 'No, you dummy, I said milk and baloney—not Moscone!'

"This was just hours after the mayor and the supervisor had been shot down in cold blood. Some deputies—particularly the women deputies—were glaring at Dan White in disbelief and contempt, which is something you would expect in such an extraordinary situation. But most of the policemen were acting like it was a routine occasion. They were even being chummy to Dan White. The attitude of the cops seemed to be that Dan White had done something they were not unhappy about—some of them seemed elated—and they were in no way upset with him for doing it.

"To a lot of those cops, Dan White was a hero."

These are the observations of James Denman, the former undersheriff of San Francisco. Dan White was his prisoner. He spent 72 hours, day and night, with the man after he was arrested.

During the trial, the defense portrait drawn of Dan White depicted a tormented man with roller-coaster emotions who was in a deep depression the day of the shootings. Denman says this was not his prisoner: "He was supercontrolled. There was nothing in his face or body posture to indicate any emotion. There were no tears. There was no shame. He was polite, purposeful, and deliberate. Even when he was strip-searched and dressed in he didn't show any emotion. Just a couple of weeks before he had been a supervisor and now he was in jail

"Just tell people that we ate too many Twinkies," a rioter said as he torched a cop car.

and it didn't seem to bother him. You got the feeling that he knew exactly what he was doing and had no remorse. It was a real macho type thing."

The only time there was a tear in the prisoner's eye, Denman said, was when he called his mother. It was the only call White asked to make. "Hi, Mom, how you doing? I guess you heard," Denman recalls White saying.

Denman moved away from the phone. He didn't want to hear. The conversation lasted for about eight minutes. In the beginning White's voice turned soft, with a quality of caring, Denman said. After a while, it turned hard again.

"After that phone call, in three days I never noticed a tear in his eye or a quiver in his voice. What was so frightening was that there didn't seem to be an iota of remorse. He was perfunctory and businesslike.

"Even when I put him in his cell—when the bars slammed behind him—there was no reaction. He was cool. He just lay down on his bunk with his arms behind his head."

Denman was not called as a witness for the prosecution, even though he says he told San Francisco District Attorney Joseph Freitas about his observations of White in prison. These observations led him to the conclusion that there was more to Dan White's Final Solution than the financial rigors of the hot-potato business and a sudden flash of uncontrollable anger fused by the possibly combustible effect of carbonated sugar water and Twinkies—the chemical, pop-psychological explanation that was sold to the jury.

Denman believes that he was not called as a witness because of "political decisions" made by the district attorney's office. "The prosecution did not want to go into the connection between police attitudes toward gays and Dan White's state of mind," he said. "That which was left unsaid was what this trial was about. If White's typically cop attitudes toward liberals like Moscone and gays like Milk had been brought out at the trial the jury would have received a totally different picture."

SAN FRANCISCO COPS WERE WIDELY REPORTED wearing "Free Dan White" T-shirts in the days after the assassinations that set the city on a political course backward to dead right-center. After the verdict, one reporter who was standing near a police radio said he heard cops singing "Danny Boy" and whistling the Notre Dame Fight Song over the police band.

"There's a profound paranoia about gays in the police department," said the former undersheriff, a professional

criminologist. "It's the sort of thing you see in macho subcultures of men. They both despise gays, and are threatened by them. Perhaps it's the gays' free sexuality or the sense of enjoying breaking society's rules." Denman said that most police in his experience have the same attitude toward blacks and other minorities—anyone who deviates from the white male norm—but that gays in liberated San Francisco were so visible and up-front about their life style that it was a red flag to most orthodox cops.

George Moscone ordered the cops to handle the gays with lavender gloves. This was an order not enthusiastically received among the rank and file. The liberal mayor also appointed a reformist minded chief from outside the force, Charles Gain, the first "outsider" in half a century to head the clique-ridden, bar-stool Irish-dominated San Francisco police department, which was operated mainly on the buddy system; promotions hinged on which parish you belonged to and other Irish tribal rites, and departmental policy was settled in conversations on the church steps after Sunday mass.

The new chief's attempts to modernize the department, which, professionally, has been compared to an unaccredited college, were met with Russian front-type resistance from the troops. The most bitter opposition to Moscone and Gain's new-age policies came from the San Francisco Police Officers' Association, known as the POA, a union with some of the cultish overtones of a lodge, which powerhoused the notorious police strike of 1975 in which the cops destroyed police cars, slashed tires, and waved guns. Even before he got to the jail and received a welcome fit for Lindbergh, ex-cop Dan White was the political hero and great white hope of the POA.

POA members were active in White's 1977 law 'n' order campaign for supervisor, and the winner became the cops' champion on the San Francisco Board of Supervisors. White's was the swing vote blocking a multimillion dollar settlement—ferociously opposed by the POA—of a lawsuit brought by Officers for Justice, a group of black policemen. The suit sought to end the department's traditional racial discrimination—so blatant that critics have pointed out San Francisco's police department was less integrated than that of Montgomery, Alabama—and to make financial amends for internal racism's past. White saw the SFPD's white mainline as the last bulwark against the takeover of San Francisco by the radlibs, a.k.a. Moscone and Milk. "Once they've taken over the law enforcement mechanism of San Francisco, they've got the city cold," White told an approving Kevin Starr, a columnist for the Hearst *Examiner* who shares White's reductionism about what ails San Francisco. (During the "Holocaust" hoopla

POA members were active in White's campaign; he became their champion on the board.

Starr wrote a piece berating gays for having the gall to see themselves as victims, too. He accused gays of appropriating for "self-justification" the "agony of European Jewry." An Irish kid from the Mission who went to Harvard, Starr had never heard about Hitler's pink triangles for homosexuals.)

When White gave up his board seat for his hot-potato stand on Pier 39, the police heavies put enormous pressure on him to

change his mind and ask the mayor to tear up his resignation letter; without White's vote, the bad guys would win. The head of the POA was standing at White's right hand when the happy supervisor told the press that Moscone had promised him he could have his job back. POA members were the leading protesters when Moscone changed *his* mind about giving White back his seat, in part because of pressure from Supervisor Harvey Milk against giving a free ride on the merry-go-round to the city's most homophobic politician.

That was when White, his sense of personal betrayal amplified by his sense of us-against-them, strapped on his old police .38 and set off for City Hall to talk politics man to man.

THE BULK OF THE POLICE FORCE IS STILL made up of cops who, like Dan White, are the native sons of second- and third-generation Irish and Italian working-class families. The San Francisco they grew up in is vanishing before their eyes, and with it the dependable value structure of church and family to which so much of gay life is anathema. Before it became self-conscious and self-important and began to object to being called Frisco, San Francisco was a nice place to live. It was a place where the Mission district Irish didn't know their stick houses were Victorians and cable cars were merely things to go home on; in the old town the sound of dice in cigar-store back-rooms was street music and twilight was effulgent with the gleam of splendidly iced martinis, from the Mark's Lower Bar to Coat-tail Malloy's where the cemetery workers drank; the unofficial mayors were the McDonough brothers who, from their bail-bond factory at Kearny and Clay streets, regulated all business that was best done after dark while the cops drank next door at Cookie Picetti's; an old sport named Shanty Malone was king of the publicans, a place named the Flytrap had great food, high-rise meant elevator, God was in His heaven, and Joe DiMaggio was coming up to bat with the score tied in the bottom of the ninth.

That San Francisco, like Yeats's romantic Ireland, is with O'Leary in the grave, done in by successive invasions of tourists and plastic commercialism; by swinging singles who work in the new, skyscraper corporate headquarters downtown; and finally by the gay population influx. To old Irish San Francisco, the world was turning like a worm.

The homophobia that has been attributed to Dan White and many of his police force comrades does not lend itself to the simple pop-psych explanation that their up-tight Irish manhood is threatened by so many people coming out of the closet all at once. There is a hard economic edge to the San Francisco homophobic backlash that voids any easy Freudian answer.

The way many see it, immigrant gays have been used to reverse-blockbust low-rent minority neighborhoods. Young gays fresh to town generally get lower-paying ribbonclerk-type jobs, but two or three men sharing a flat can pool their paychecks and come up with a rent that a working-class nuclear family can't match. As the houses are renovated, the rents continue to rise and the poorer gays who pioneered have to move out and into the next neighborhood, where they encounter increasing hostility from black and Hispanic families vying for affordable housing. Economic homophobia is by no means limited to whites of the stripe of Dan White.

Dan White's stereotypical view of gays—one shared by many San Franciscans—was that they are all liberals, libertines, and real-estate speculators. The political reality is that the gay world has the same conservative-liberal splits as the straight world. There are three gay Democratic clubs in San

Francisco, and two Republican clubs. The Alice B. Toklas Democratic Club, the largest, refused to endorse Harvey Milk in his various tries at public office because the streetwise Harvey wouldn't kowtow to the Democratic party hacks. The economic reality is that gays are caught in the same rent spiral as other San Franciscans. Harvey Milk himself had to close his Castro Street camera store after his landlord tripled the rent.

When Dan White was campaigning for supervisor he would talk about people like his parents, who had lived and worked in the city all their lives and now were unfairly being driven out of town by rising taxes and rising rents. And it was clear who he believed was at fault. That was when he would say he was not going to be forced out of town by "social deviates." His campaign slogan was "Unite and Fight with Dan White." He pledged himself to sweep the sand off the beach.

"By choosing to run for supervisor, I have committed myself to the confrontation which can no longer be avoided by those who care," said White, an ex-Golden Glover. When Dan White walked into the room at a campaign gathering, the band played the theme song from "Rocky."

Life is war. We are all capable of doing this.

—Supervisor Lee Dolson,
after the shootings

FRISCO COPS CAN PLAY ROUGH. ONE POLICE chief who had crossed his men was taken for a boat ride on the bay and, according to legend, fed to the fishes. That was half a century ago, when the West was wild, but there remain perhaps more cowboys than gang-busters in the current Frisco force. Earlier this year a bunch of boys in blue commandeered a motorized cable car for a bachelor party, crashed a lesbian bar, and got into a fist fight with the girls. Richard Hongisto, the former sheriff of San Francisco, used to carry a gun in the bay city like the sheriffs of old, but his was hardly the traditional reason. "Dick wasn't afraid of the prisoners, but he was really concerned that someone in the police or sheriff's department would try to kill him," said Jim Denman, Hongisto's second in command.

Before he was elected sheriff, Hongisto was a San Francisco policeman. He was the only white cop to join the black Officers for Justice. His liberal postures made the law-enforcement old guard hyperventilate. Some of the hot air came out as death threats.

The threats became so heavy, Denman says, that Hongisto kept a sealed letter in his desk, which he told his undersheriff to open in the event of his sudden death—a political last will and testament similar to the tape recording Harvey Milk had made in the event a homophobic maniac assassinated him.

Within the police department, threats of bodily harm to Chief Gain have been almost as commonplace as bathroom pornography. The force is not with him. Two years ago he had his picture taken, out of uniform, at the annual Hookers' Ball, a San Francisco sybaritic gala. This photo, along with the chief's likeness encircled in telescopic-rifle cross hairs, was on station house bulletin boards.

George Moscone—bucking enormous police pressure—refused to replace the despised reformer with someone acceptable to the POA. Thus the mayor, too, became an object of police blood oaths. Margo St. James, the founder of COYOTE, the San Francisco-based national organization of prostitutes, said that she received a telephone call last July from a friend in the police department who predicted that "Moscone will be

dead before Christmas."

"There was a lot of talk about offing the mayor among thuggish elements of the POA—and these were the cops that Dan White was closest to. They have a perverted poisonous anger and a paranoia that gives them a sense of themselves as above the law," said Denman, who believes the police attitudes shared by White should have been introduced by the prosecution to give the jury an alternative theory of the ex-cop's motive for the murders. "Joe Freitas wasn't about to take on the cops," he said.

"There was a lot of talk about offing the mayor among thuggish elements of the POA."

The usual explanation proffered by San Francisco officials for the City Hall executions is that the shootings were a "senseless tragedy."

Jim Denman's opinion is representative of those who think there was more to it than that: "After the Peoples Temple violence, the press made immediate connections between what happened and San Francisco's liberalism. But nobody seems to want to make that connection between Dan White and the antigay and reactionary side of San Francisco. That never seems to get into the papers. . . . There's a connection between the politics of the POA and Dan White's mental set and the harassment of gays and the murder of the mayor and Harvey Milk. The more I observed what went on at the jail, the more I began to stop seeing what Dan White did as the act of an individual and began to see it as a political act in a political movement."

The Hallmark Card image of San Francisco is a place at the foot of the golden stairs, a sophisticated city of amiable sin whose hill-dwelling citizens indulge beatniks, flower children, and topless dancers. But there is an argument to be made for the proposition that the true patron saint of San Francisco is Savonarola of Florence, rather than Francis of Assisi. Contrary to San Francisco's tolerant reputation, the city fathers beat up on the beatniks, hassled the hippies, and arrested the topless; last year San Francisco spent millions shutting down nude encounter parlors while violent street crimes such as rape went on apace.

The 1975 municipal elections reflected Frisco's latent schizophrenia. George Moscone was elected mayor by 4000 votes, one of the thinnest margins in city history. San Francisco had split amoeba-like in two; the upper-income liberal and the new gay enclaves voted for Moscone, as did the majority of black, Latino, and other ethnic poor areas; the remaining half of the city was Dan White turf—the working-class families who had resisted the flight to the suburbs and remained to watch in bewilderment as swinging singles bars mushroomed on Union Street and the gays took over Polk Street and then Castro Street, which became the Great White Way of Gay America.

The 1975 elections gave San Francisco a liberal triad: a new mayor, sheriff, and district attorney, all supported strongly by the gay community. This was viewed by many as a takeover of city government tantamount to revolution. The plot thickened with the adoption of the Moscone-supported supervisorial elections by districts, which in 1977 brought to City Hall, in one corner, Harvey Milk, representing the Castro; and in the

other, Dan White, representing the God-fearing blue-collar people of the Outer Mission neighborhoods.

As the political tensions in town increased, so did violence against gays. Mayor Moscone strongly defended his gay constituency. He offered a \$5000 reward for the capture of three youths who had stabbed a gay city gardener to death on a quiet neighborhood street while yelling "faggot, faggot!" Moscone blamed the murder of Robert Hillsborough on state Senator John Briggs, the southern California paladin who was preaching the antigay gospel of Anita Bryant. The week before Hillsborough was stabbed Briggs had called a press conference on the steps of City Hall to denounce San Francisco as a sexual garbage heap because of its gay life style; the words Sodom and Gomorrah were used.

This was June of 1977. Dan White was busy writing his pamphlet with the famous agitprop about not being run out of town by "sexual deviates."

DAN WHITE'S SAN FRANCISCO IS THE UNpicturesque southeastern flatlands where the city meets the slurbs. This is the home of Joe Six-pack. The area has more savings accounts than the other areas of San Francisco, fewer newspapers delivered, and the lowest voter turnout. The neighborhoods—heavily Catholic, ethnically Maltese to Samoan, hard-working, and nonsense—are the last reservoir of the blue-collar ethic in a romantic city lately tilting towards narcissism. People out there still call chicken breasts "white meat" because they don't wish to mention the anatomy. The music is Lawrence Welk and the libraries stock pulp westerns of the kind that took Dwight Eisenhower's fancy. "There's nothing prestigious out here. People just belong to the church and play bingo," said Mary Brook, who publishes a local weekly newspaper.

When the grand wizards of San Francisco district elections apportioned the city into more or less natural geopolitical districts, the neighborhoods that seemed to fit in nowhere else became District Eight. It was the only district without an established political leader. Dan White, ex-cop turned fireman, suddenly materialized, a genie rubbed from the lamp of the unknown, to fill the void.

The candidate was cut of Frank Merriwell cloth. The second son of a large (nine children), popular, local family—his father was a hero fireman—Dan White was a neighborhood legend as captain of both the high-school football and baseball teams. An injury kept him from the New York Yankees farm system and a baseball career. He joined the army, went to Vietnam, came home in 1967 to join the police department, then in 1974 joined the fire department. In 1977, he ran for supervisor.

Dan White has been called, admiringly, a born competitor. He entered the Golden Gloves competition at the advanced age of 29, and, Rocky-like, went the distance, even though he was in the ring against a champ. He had a pretty Irish wife, a schoolteacher from another well-known neighborhood family. White campaigned door to door, with help from off-duty firemen and policemen. The good word about Mrs. White's boy was put out by the "mothers' club Mafia" in the Catholic parishes. Dan was everybody's favorite son.

Said a political writer during the campaign: "If Dan were a breakfast cereal, he could only be Wheaties." Coming out of nowhere, White thundered to easy victory like some happy client in a Bobby Zarem press campaign. His politics were simple: he was against the bad guys. "We've got to stand up to the criminal element in this city and tell them we're not going to take it."

It seemed that everybody thought of Dan White as Mr. Clean and Decent. "This is the first bad thing that Danny ever did," said a friend after the City Hall murders.

This view of Dan White was, ultimately, shared by his jury. "Background" and "hard-working" were buzzwords used repeatedly by the defense when describing White; they were code: read "white" and "straight." The defense argument was

Dan White's politics were simple: "We've got to stand up to the criminal elements."

that such a nice kid from such a good family wouldn't shoot anyone unless something snapped inside, and, subliminally, unless the victims somehow deserved it. White was portrayed as innocent as a Jamesian heiress; it was suggested, successfully, that the naïf's exposure to the dirty world of politics had led to his becoming unglued. Moscone and Milk, the liberal and the gay, were allowed to be seen somehow as the bad guys.

"The prosecution accepted the defense's interpretation of Dan White as an All-American kid and no other motives, such as political antagonisms, were offered to the jury," said Supervisor Carol Ruth Silver, who is running for D.A. The jury, said Silver, was not given "sufficient information to bring in a verdict of murder one."

THE SEMANTICS OF HOW TO CHARACTERIZE the prosecution are at best imprecise. There have been arguments over whether the case was "blown" or "thrown." A word frequently invoked is "fix," although in San Francisco it is subject to as many interpretations as the King James Bible.

"I'd say there's been an informal or a subconscious fix," said San Francisco Charter Commission member Jack Webb, an ex-police inspector. "The prosecution clearly had an affinity for Dan White—it's just not like the police to go hard on one of their own."

"Fix? That's strong language. But the prosecution certainly stayed away from certain malcontent aspects of White's background," said Jack Berman, a prominent San Francisco criminal attorney. Berman said he wouldn't call it a "fix—not in that sense. Not a corrupt fix. If anything it would be more of a prejudiced fix."

Much of what was left out of the Dan White trial is told, for the asking, in District Eight. Before the trial, I spent two weeks on Dan White tundra interviewing his former supporters. I came to the conclusion that the truth about Dan White had been very thinly harvested. No one among some thirty people I spoke to in District Eight had been interviewed by investigators for the prosecution. The Dan White I learned about was something other than an All-American Boy, unless one considers certain black aspects of the Nixonian paranoia and vindictiveness as quintessentially American.

"Dan White had a little-boy way about him," said Mary Brook, publisher of the *Portola District News*. "He could plead and beg to get what he wanted, and if he didn't get it he could be a perfect brat. He could be mean and downright frightening."

Dan White was as humorless as an Iranian tribunal. He was never in half fun and full earnest, as the Irish like to say,

but always in full earnest. He suffered from a mental arthritis that kept him from bending to see anyone else's point of view. He admired the tough-guy Bay Area intellectuals, like Jack London, of Oakland, the health-faddist he-man who suffered from a terminal case of macho, and Eric Hoffer, of San Francisco, the longshoreman-philosopher, a hawkish Plato to the TV generation, who once explained that he had rejected Marx without reading him because "Marx never worked a day in his life."

Dan White's All-American Boy movie only worked in freeze-frame; in action, he was all walking contradictions. Inside the fearless competitor was a bully, a man who employed *Clockwork Orange*-type goons to hassle his political opponents, a man quick to threaten violence, a man who plotted revenge against his enemies, real or imagined, with the one-track mind of a vacuum-cleaner salesman.

Inside the superathlete and devoted husband and father was a junk-food junkie and Irish Catholic mess who would sleep in a sleeping bag instead of with his wife, a lazy slob who would send the baby to the baby sitter while his wife slaved over the stove at the hot-potato stand and sit home unshaven stuffing his face with Twinkies and feeling sorry for himself. The man of action never finished anything. He left high school before graduation and went from the army to the police to the fire department to politics—always striving for an "A" in manhood and always ending up with an "Incomplete."

The White jury said after the verdict that they had considered—as the judge had instructed them—Dan White's character and background, and found him a "moral man," as in the portrait of the young man the defense had painted. The prosecution had no witnesses to the contrary. District Eight had plenty.

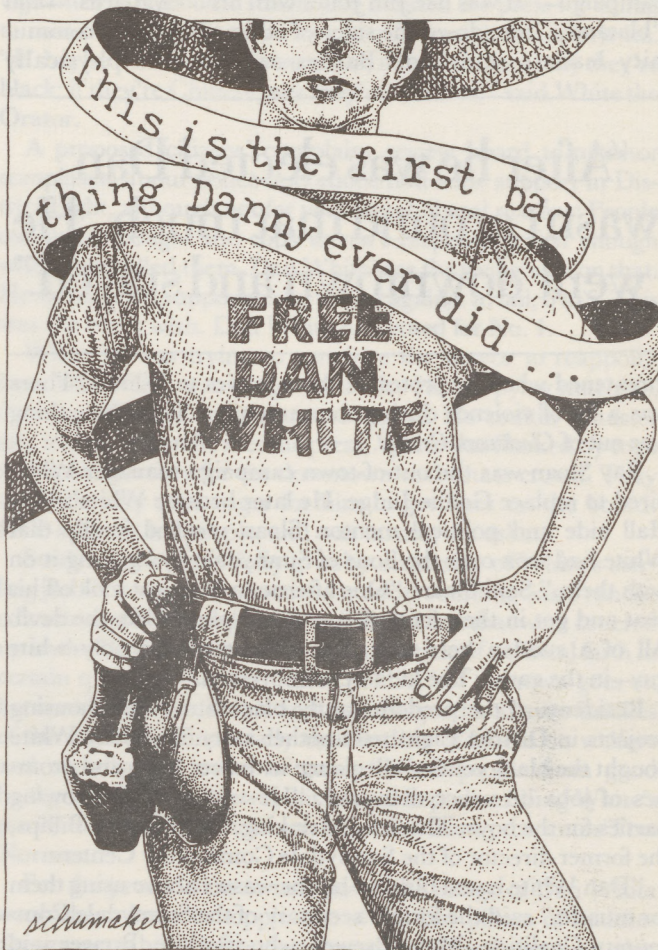
GOLDIE JUDGE WAS IN HER SWEETS SHOP ON Leland Avenue. She was sitting at one of the black plastic tables smoking a cigarette and sipping coffee from a styrofoam cup. There was red and white ticking on the walls. Giant ice cream cones hung from the ceiling like sugar stalactites. Her partner, Mr. Bercival, was behind the candy counter, piecing out treats; Goldie Judge was talking about Dan White. Judge had been White's first campaign manager. She quit after the candidate called her up

White packed meetings with a gang of street blacks who disrupted rivals' speeches.

at 4 A.M. and wanted her to make him a hero. Fireman White had just rescued a mother and daughter from a burning apartment house. He wanted the campaign literature to reflect his brand new heroism. Goldie Judge thought that was getting a little afield of the issues. "It was all ego with him," she said. "He was in it just for the ego."

Judge had a problem with White on his first campaign brochure, the piece of agitprop where the candidate talked about ridding the city of "social deviates." (The brochure was later redone with the offending words modified.) "I kept asking him what he meant by that but he would never answer the question. After a while it became clear he meant gays. His whole campaign was antigay."

His first campaign manager described White as a bit of an ingrate and a snob. "He never contacted his supporters after the election. He never thanked anyone." When the defeated candidates, in the good-loser tradition, offered after the election to close ranks behind White for the good of the neighborhood, White's reaction was, once agin him, always agin him;



he would have nothing to do with them. "The only thing he seemed interested in was getting even with the people who hadn't supported him," Judge said.

Judge resigned in midcampaign. "I didn't like all these cops constantly hanging around the campaign," she said. "When he was a supervisor he ended up representing the cops more than the people out here. When he quit and then announced that he wanted his job back, there wasn't a person from the neighborhood at his press conference. But who was standing next to him? The sergeant who was the head of the policemen's union."

White's former friends and supporters describe him as a man with a pugilistic temper and an impressive capacity for nurturing a grudge. Former classmates at Woodrow Wilson High School said he would pick fights—often with blacks. At Riordan, a Catholic high school White attended before transferring to public school, one of White's classmates was Herbert Mullen, who grew up to become a Santa Cruz mass murderer. White told a psychiatrist hired by the defense that he and Mullen "used to talk a lot about boxing." "Dan was always threatening people and pushing them around," said Bob Barnes, San Francisco machinists-union president who ran against White for supervisor. Barnes and other candidates tell tales of White on the campaign trail that are out of Huey Long. White packed neighborhood meetings with a gang of

street blacks known as the Sons of Sunnydale, who would disrupt other candidates' speeches and in general march around the breakfast table for Dan White. "One of White's men would give a signal and the kids would start jeering when somebody else was talking," Barnes said. "He thought he was above the law."

Gang members went everywhere with White during the campaign—"It was like Jim Jones with his bodyguards"—and "blatantly" tore down the signs of other candidates, community leaders said. Bob Barnes said he was physically

"After he was elected Dan wasn't around that much. He went downtown and stayed."

threatened when he protested these tactics to White. "There was a lot of violence during the campaign. The whole thing was out of *Clockwork Orange*."

Ray Sloan was the out-of-town campaign manager White hired to replace Goldie Judge. He later became White's City Hall aide and political mentor. Sloan recalled fondly that White had won over the Sons of Sunnydale by "getting it on with them." Said Sloan: "One afternoon Dan just took off his coat and got in their football game and played like the devil. All of a sudden here was this white guy—the only white guy—in the game. The kids were impressed."

Residents of the predominantly black Sunnydale housing projects in District Eight tell another story. They say White bought the black youths' allegiance with beer busts and promises of jobs he never delivered. "He was always throwing parties for the boys. There was drinking," said Donna Billips, the former director of the Sunnydale Community Center.

"Dan White hated blacks—but he wasn't above using them for muscle," said the former secretary of the Sunnydale Community Coalition, Mary Brewer, who is white. Brewer said that after the election White abandoned his black boys. When the promised jobs never materialized, "the kids said it was just another white man's promise."

People in District Eight are still talking about the night the Nazis came to cheer for Dan White. It was during the campaign. There were four of them. The two men had swastikas in their lapels. The women had swastikas on silver chains around their necks. The Nazis were all wearing "Unite and Fight With Dan White" buttons. Bob Barnes asked White's campaign people to ask the Nazis to leave. This request was denied. Barnes said one of the Nazis tried to recruit his son, 20, who is gay. "He told them what they could do with their pink triangles," Barnes said. People in District Eight were reminded of that night when a woman wearing a Nazi armband showed up at Dan White's murder trial to root for the defense. "We call him Gentle Dan," said the Nazi.

Gary O'Rourke was in the Boy Scouts with Dan White. He said his childhood friend grew up to be a "bully boy." The ex-Golden Glover approved of violence as a tool of the political trade. His aide, Ray Sloan, was involved in several rough-house incidents, including a City Hall shoving match with a Samoan princess. The head of Catholic Charities in San Francisco, the Reverend John J. O'Connor, wrote to the board of supervisors to complain that Sloan, with his boss's approbation, had pushed around two Catholic social service

organizers while trying to oust them physically from a meeting. Their offense was that they wanted to speak against one of Dan White's pet projects. White's reaction was to recommend his aide for a merit badge.

"I told White he was inciting people and that it could lead to violence, and he said something like, 'Well, if that's the way it is, then that's the way it is,'" said Tony Fazio, one of the roughed-up church leaders.

"You must realize," said Dan White, in his campaign call-to-arms, "there are thousands upon thousands of frustrated, angry people such as yourselves waiting to unleash a fury that can and will eradicate the malignancies which blight our city." Dan White built his political base on the fears of crime-shy residents, much as a century before in San Francisco, Dennis Kearny, a sandlot agitator, built the Workingman's party on the slogan "The Chinese must go."

"White had an uncanny ability to stroke people's insecurities. He helped people hate. He's the scariest person I've ever heard give a political speech," said San Francisco consumer activist Kay Pachtner. Gary Yose, a District Eight community organizer, originally supported White for supervisor, but then opposed him when, he said, he discovered that the ex-cop politician's goal was "to build a mass white reactionary political movement."

According to those who knew him, White's personality was quixotic; he could be a begging friar, or a traffic cop at rush hour. There was about him that peculiar quality Lewis Carroll once tried to describe as "uffish," which he said was the state of mind when the voice is gruffish, the manner roughish, and the temper huffish. There was also something tuggish about Dan White. He once pursued a community leader all the way home and pounded on his door like a cop, demanding he turn over a mailing list to White because "I'm a supervisor." Many people recalled White, at campaign meetings, giving his "I know who my enemies are and I'm going to get them" speech punctuated by fierce glares at the audience. He was known for an evil eye. He barged into a big meeting of neighborhood people opposed to his reappointment as supervisor and his eyes were the metaphorical daggers. "If looks could kill," said Steve Rabisa, of the Communities of Outer Mission Organizations, "I would be a dead man."

In some ways Dan was too good for politics.

—Defense attorney Douglas Schmidt

IT IS THE LUNCH RUSH AT THE HOT POTATO Stand on Pier 39. The place is packed. The curious come along with the hungry. The pall of a murderer-owner has not discouraged the pursuit of the perfect champ fry, and Ray Sloan, Dan White's right hand, is sorting out the Bakersfield from the Oregon spuds like a jeweler sorting diamonds.

Pier 39 is an unloved tourist trap bulging ticky-tacky out into the San Francisco Bay. Practically everything about Pier 39 is being investigated these days. There are allegations that the city is being fleeced out of a million bucks a year in rents, and charges that port officials were "bought" and that sweetheart deals for restaurants and shops went to the politically influential. Nobody seems to know how Dan White got his potato stand, but Ray Sloan is willing to talk about it. "Hell, I don't care," he said.

Sloan is White's partner in the fast-spuds business. He says the business opportunity came to them through the interces-

sion of Mayor—then Supervisor—Dianne Feinstein with her friend, developer Warren Simmons, the maharajah of Pier 39. Feinstein, who owns a hotel and does not have to water the soup at home, was concerned about the financial well-being of her young political protégé. San Francisco supervisors earn \$9600 a year. “Dan had to quit his job at the fire department after he was elected and Dianne wanted him to have some outside income. Simmons happened to have a spot left at the pier and things worked out just fine,” Sloan said.

There were some problems. Supervisor White came in for political flak after he appeared before the Art Commission and the Bay Conservation and Development Commission to praise Simmons’s huge tourist come-on as the best thing to happen to the bay since the Golden Gate Bridge. Pier 39 was nowhere near Dan White’s district. Those with suspicious minds accused White of being quick to do the bidding of his sugar daddy. When people in his district made inquiries, the word went out that White no longer had a piece of the stand but that it all belonged to his brother. When the *Bay Guardian*, a local consumer-lib weekly, called White to suggest a conflict of interest, “White told us the [potato-stand deal] was off,” the *Guardian* reported. Later, it turned out that White had become an owner of record. “We each put up \$20,000 to get in—me, Dan, and Dan’s brother,” Sloan said. Nowhere during his trial was it pointed out that the All-American Boy might be a fibber.

White was no sooner in office than he fell down the rabbit hole of big bucks. The candidate of the outsiders ended up on the lap-robe of the fat cats. In the wake of Proposition 13, George Moscone had a plan to increase city business taxes to make up for lost property tax revenues. Dan White was the swing vote. He first voted for it; pass, 6 to 5. The next week, on a mandatory second reading, he changed his vote; fail, 6 to 5.

Shortly after White reversed his field, Warren Simmons threw a fund-raiser for the supervisor. White wasn’t running for anything. It was one of those non-election-year checkbook show-and-tells where men of property gather to let a fellow know he is appreciated. San Francisco’s corporate royalty was well represented. Their support for Mr. Clean never slackened. White’s last financial statement read like the morning line of San Francisco capital—contributions from the banks, department stores, billboard interests, realtors, and corporate giants like Bechtel and Standard Oil of California. About the only high-rise in White’s district is a church steeple.

While Dan was being noticed by the big boys downtown, his constituents in the flatlands began to complain that he was ignoring home base. “After he was elected Dan wasn’t around the district that much. He went downtown and stayed there,” said his former campaign manager Goldie Judge.

White took any such complaints as instances of rank disloyalty. He was, at any rate, listening to other voices. One was that of Ray Sloan who, according to Sloan, was busy talking to White about the possibility of the freshman supervisor challenging George Moscone for mayor in 1979. “We thought the money was there,” Sloan said. White was interested. “He would have been a hell of a candidate,” said Sloan.

White’s constituency began to narrow from his original broad base of support in District Eight to the special interests of downtown and, of course, the cops, half of whom live out of the city. “Dan White was the man the POA went to on the board,” said Frank Falzon, the cop who took his confession.

White’s tape-recorded confession, which moved the jury to tears, was a model of self-service. He told Falzon that he was anxious to get his job back because of the outpouring of support from the people in his district, but that was a lie. By

the time he quit, the local boy who made good had almost no support left in the old neighborhood.

In Chairman Mao’s phrase, Dan White had dropped too many stones on his own foot. He was elected with the blessings of the Catholic church, then shocked the faithful by getting into a political fight with a popular parish priest. He won with black support, but he was no sooner in office than he called for vigilantes to patrol the streets and berated the press for failing to routinely identify crime suspects by racial characteristics: “If they’re white, say they’re white; if they’re black, say they’re black; if they’re Chinese, say they’re Chinese,” said White the Orator.

A proposed citizens’ complaint review board to monitor complaints about police operations had wide support in District Eight, although not for your usual liberal reasons: People out there thought the cops weren’t responding fast enough when they called them. Dan White was the swing vote on that. He shocked his supporters by voting against it; fail, 6 to 5. This was the POA’s wish. Dan White had voted for No. 1.

While he was trying to convince the mayor to reappoint him, Dan White was caught at a City Hall copying machine, running off letters to generate support. He couldn’t muster any troops. When he met the press, White was flanked by cops and spear-carriers for the downtown real-estate crowd. They were the only ones eager for him to get back on the board. He’d sold out his people, and was tasting the ashes.

Studying the financially grubby underside of White’s sterling public image is instructive for understanding San Francisco’s schizophrenia and the dirty little secrets that were covered up in the City Hall murders. It is an article of political faith in certain quarters that the “dirty politics” of the town goes on between liberal bedsheets and that the good and pure families of the city suffer financially the burdens of blacks on welfare and socially the antics of gays. “Good people from good backgrounds” was the way his lawyer kept describing White’s purity to the jury, without any objection from prosecutor Tom Norman.

For the prosecution to tear down the image of Dan White would have been to topple one of the last pillars of middle-class respectability left to San Francisco. After Jonestown, this

White was no sooner in office than he fell down the rabbit hole of big bucks.

would have been psychologically devastating for the city and politically unproductive for District Attorney Joseph Freitas, who was coming up for reelection after the White trial.

There were other potentially nasty practical consequences of the prosecution’s picturing White as anything other than a good angel of St. Francis gone suddenly astray. It was originally reported that, in exploring what prompted White to snap, his defense planned to go into what were euphemistically called “social and political pressures that offended White’s sense of values.” This may have been made unnecessary by a bare-bones prosecution that pleaded only the facts of the shooting and stayed away from the question of possible motivation like villeins from the plague.

A pissing contest between defense and prosecution over Dan White’s character and his political motivations would

have brought out matters the San Francisco Convention and Visitors Bureau—and not a few prominent politicians—would have undoubtedly preferred to leave in the closet. The antigay feeling in San Francisco was but one thing. There was also the very sore point of the Peoples Temple's political alliances with the city's liberal establishment, including D.A. Joe Freitas, who hired Jim Jones's right hand man, Timothy Stoen, as an assistant district attorney, and put him in charge of a 1975 voting fraud investigation in which the Peoples Temple was implicated. Somewhere in the temple archives there was even a faith-healing film into which Jones's stalwarts had spliced footage of San Francisco's liberal seraphim—Freitas and black Assemblyman Willie Brown among them—giving the Reverend Jones their political blessing. None of this is the sort of courtroom follies pols like in an election year.

THERE WAS CARROT CAKE AND WHITE WINE. The Alice B. Toklas Democratic Club was meeting at the Dovre Hall, a gabled building with a French-sounding name that has been home to a Norwegian lodge but is now owned by liberated women. Downstairs is Pat Nolan's bar with a clientele of Irish laborers and Italian and Mexican gabagamen. It is your basic San Francisco building.

Alice is usually nice to the straight politicians who come to curtsy to the gay vote. Tonight there was the gritting of teeth. The speaker was Joseph Freitas, the district attorney of San Francisco. Freitas is a modish dresser and man about town known to intimates as "Disco Joe." He once sued to challenge Wheaties to prove its claim that it was Bruce Jenner's breakfast of champions; he also called a press conference to attack a department store's preteen underwear ads as kiddie porn. He had politically cultivated the gay community and, until the Dan White trial, was a straight dear to most gay organizations. Now he was trying to explain why it wasn't his fault that Dan White got away with murder.

The D.A. blamed the jury, whom he said had succumbed to "emotionalism." Then he blamed California's "diminished capacity" defense. The suggestion came from the audience that the fault lay not in the defense of diminished capacity but

"We did background on White and came up with no hard evidence of his being antigay."

in the prosecution, which, among many omissions, had failed to present to the jury any evidence of White's notorious homophobia.

"We did a background on Dan White and came up with no hard evidence of his being antigay," said Freitas, who was hit with hisses thick as hail. The D.A. retreated. This time he blamed the cops. "The investigation of witnesses is a function of the police department," he said. Freitas said he had been "informed" that all witnesses relevant to the prosecution were interviewed. Over the thunder and lightning of boos and obscenities names were yelled out, names of people with stories to tell of Dan White's antigay antics. The D.A. did not take notes.

Wayne Friday, the president of the gay Tavern Guild and a close friend of Milk's: "Harvey's office was right across the

hall from Dan White's. He could see right in. When you went in to see Harvey he looked away like you were poison. He hated us."

Cleve Jones, a former City Hall aide to Milk: "If I made some campy remark walking down the hallway—like commenting on some well-fitting pants—Dan White would stop and glare, really glare. His lip would be curled. It was almost scary."

Ann Kronenberg, Milk's former administrative assistant, a lesbian: "Dan White always acted nervous around me. He couldn't relate to me as a 'normal woman.' He was always ill at ease around gays, and particularly so around Harvey. Harvey in his nine months on the board became a hero to a lot of people—and not just gay people. He enjoyed politics and was successful at it. Dan White became increasingly withdrawn and up-tight. I think he was jealous of Harvey, I really do."

A San Francisco fireman who worked with Dan White: "He was a very moral person who was outraged by gays."

Robert Barnes, one of the few out-of-the-closet gays in District Eight: "Just the way he looked at you, you could feel the strange air. It was like he had feelings that he was having trouble handling."

Harvey Milk, five days before his death, in an interview with gay journalist Jack Davis: "Dan White is a stone homophobe. He's dangerous."

White's *lumpen* homophobia went beyond stares. He religiously voted against gay causes and opposed federal funding for a proposed gay community center in the nation's largest gay city. The only exception to White's slavish devotion to the wishes of the cops was his vote—the only one on the board—against closing Polk Street, the gay left bank, for the homosexual rites of Halloween. The cops wanted to close the street to aid crowd and traffic control, but White, so straight he was out of a Robert Service poem, didn't think the city should in any way encourage gays doing their thing on the street. The stern straight supervisor stopped speaking to the loose gay supervisor: "Harvey tried to get along with Dan, but after a while Dan just stopped talking to him," said Ann Kronenberg.

Milk assigned one of his aides, Dick Pabich, to talk to White in his place. Pabich became Milk's John Alden: "Harvey was always saying to talk to him and explain things and give him a chance to learn. It obviously didn't do much good," said Pabich, who would sit in White's office and talk for hours about matters gay. "He kept asking me what we wanted—'Do you want everybody to be like you?' he would ask. When I said gays just wanted acceptance, he kept giving me advice—'Don't be so far out of the closet.' He said that gays being upfront—which was the essence of Harvey's style—was 'antagonizing' people. He claimed that 'many other supervisors' felt the way he did about gays, but that they were politically afraid to admit it. He said the others didn't have enough guts. 'I know that—and you know that,' he'd say.

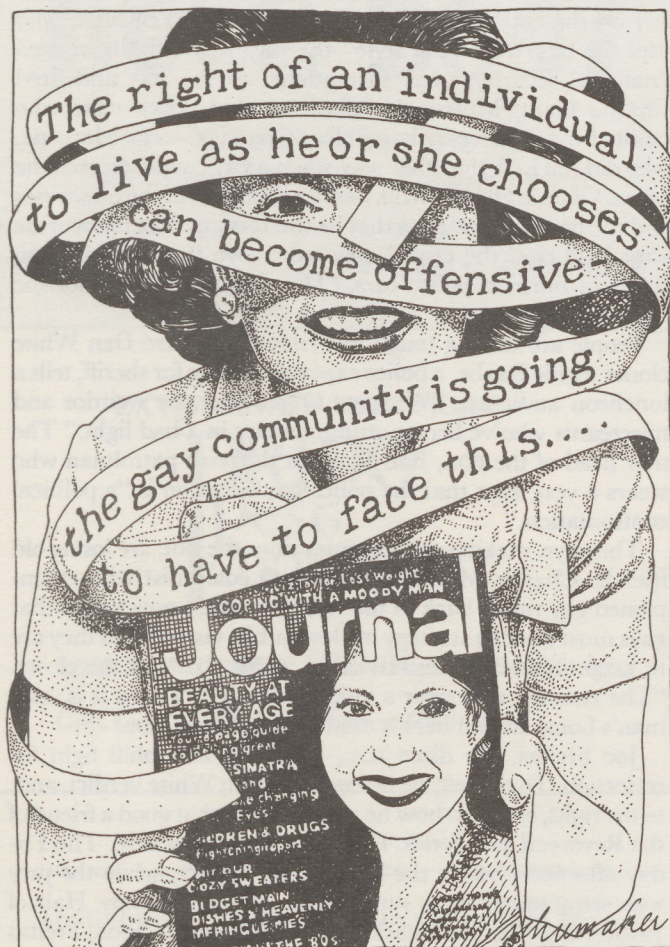
"All the time it was as if he wanted to say 'you faggot,' but it was like his mother had told him to be nice, and he was straining not to say it. He really wanted things to go back to the way they were before gays came to San Francisco. Talking to him, I realized that he saw Harvey and George Moscone as representing all that was wrong with the world," Pabich said.

When both were new on the board, the two freshman supervisors maintained a banter, bittersweet in retrospect, about their sexual preferences. "Harvey used to say to Dan, 'Try it—you'll like it,'" Ann Kronenberg recalled. The relationship changed to White's frigid silence after the board voted to establish a treatment center in District Eight for

emotionally disturbed adolescents. The project was a favorite of George Moscone, an advocate of mental-health programs, who was concerned that San Francisco was shipping its disturbed children out to psychiatric warehouses in other counties. Dan White went on a crusade against the idea. He thought he had Harvey Milk's vote—gays, after all, don't have children; Milk voted with the mayor, and White never forgave him.

Supervisor Quentin Kopp was in the board chambers during the vote. "When Harvey voted against him, Dan just kind of stared at him and said, 'Well I see the leopard never changes its spots,'" Kopp recalled. The White-Milk antagonisms were known to many people I talked to at City Hall, and these weren't just Milk's friends. Ray Sloan, White's aide, recalled the feud. "I don't know if they ever talked again after that mental-health vote—right up to the day Dan killed Harvey."

For the prosecution not to present such evidence of White's political and sexual loathings was like going after James Earl Ray without suggesting he hated blacks. In one of prosecutor Tom Norman's favorite clichés, "a kid out of law school" would know such testimony is the coin of malice, motive, and premeditation that must be tendered by the prosecution to



buy a first- or second-degree murder conviction. The lawyers call this establishing a frame of mind. It's not unknown in conventional prosecutions. Instead, this jury heard that Dan White *liked* his gay victim.

Frank Falzon, the veteran homicide inspector who took White's controversial "friendly" confession—"Can you relate these pressures you've been under, Dan, at this time?" was one of Falzon's not exactly Star Chamber questions—says that he and his partner put in 480 hours on the investigation and

that they treated White's case as professionally as any other. That may be part of the problem. Cops aren't accustomed to digging up dirt about homophobia. But Falzon's investigation was more thorough than the D.A.'s prosecution, which failed to develop evidence that Falzon had uncovered about the White-Milk feud.

The prosecution devoted its considerable resources to proving what the defense had already stipulated: that Dan White took a gun to City Hall and shot two men dead. The only question in the trial was why—and only the defense had an

D.A. Freitas says evidence of White's homophobia wasn't "relevant to the trial."

answer. The prosecution was thick with an attitude that, loosely translated, is part of the cop mind-set: Why do anything more to one of your own than he has already done to himself? Dan White had, after all, confessed; his wife and child were already going to suffer; why drag him, and the city everyone loved, through more muck?

TO GET A VERDICT OTHER THAN THE ONE that shamed San Francisco the prosecution would have had to take on the cops. This it was clearly not inclined to do. The prosecution's attitude is captured in an incident in prosecutor Tom Norman's office. Norman tried the case for Joe Freitas. He's low key and thorough and as predictable as a flea collar. He's been working with cops like Frank Falzon for almost twenty years; they're his friends; he drinks with them after work. Before he was selected as White's prosecutor, Norman told a prominent trial attorney that he hoped he didn't get the assignment because he felt "sorry" for White. When a reporter suggested to him that he might have to beat up on Falzon, he reacted as if she had suggested he beat up his mother.

The reporter was Linda Schacht, who was covering the trial for a San Francisco television station. She went to Norman's office one afternoon during the trial and told him about the talk in the press box that the prosecution was either blowing the trial, or throwing it. Norman seemed genuinely taken aback. He asked her what he possibly could have done that he hadn't done. She began counting on her fingers, backward.

Despite Norman's objections (overruled), inspector Falzon had just been put on the stand by the defense. He had answered the question about his opinion of Dan White's character before the unfortunate Twinkie binge: "A man among men," Falzon said. This, for the prosecution, was the stuff of disaster, like a Perry Mason denouement. Falzon was not only the friendly voice on the 24-minute tape-recorded confession, which moved five jurors to onion-ring tears when Norman played it in court (the tape ended with Falzon thanking White for "the truthfulness of your statement"), but he was the chief investigator for the prosecution; as such he sat at the head table with Norman every day in full view of the jury. The state's star investigator became the defense's best character witness.

Schacht asked the prosecutor why he hadn't tried to blunt the emotional impact of the almost Dostoyevskian tape on the jury and Falzon's positive testimony about White by going

into Falzon's close relationship with the accused, police attitudes toward gays, POA support for Dan White—the works. “Falzon's family was in the courtroom, so there were questions I didn't want to ask him,” Norman said.

“Judgment calls,” D.A. Joe Freitas said about the prosecution's strategy, when angry gays at the Alice B. Toklas meeting nailed him to the cross of fact.

It was a judgment call when the prosecution excluded minorities such as blacks and Asians and gays from the jury—this in a town 50 percent nonwhite and one-sixth gay—and came up with a solid gold, all middle-class, mostly Catholic, District Eight-type jury of family people sharing Dan White's values. It was a jury of the murderer's peers. The majority of the women jurors were the same age as Dan White's mother. One juror was a retired cop, another the wife of the cook in the county jail—but a gay man from a police family was excluded. The prosecution went along with the defense's desire to keep gays off the jury—“Imagine if Harvey Milk had been a black supervisor and the defense tried to keep blacks off the jury!” a gay activist said. Prosecutor Norman barely used his jury challenges. The White jury was speedily selected out of the first panel. (Last year the D.A.'s office, in an encounter-parlor prosecution, took the time and trouble to go through three panels to get the hanging jury it desired.)

It was a judgment call to allow the defense to steamroller the jury with hired-gun psychiatric testimony (the defense had three psychiatrists and one psychologist). This enabled the defense to give the jury Dan White's sob story without putting the accused on the stand. The prosecution summoned only one psychiatric witness, and his testimony was largely shot down by defense attorney Douglas Schmidt. (Norman has said in *his* defense that he didn't know until too late that a psychiatric defense was coming, although Dr. Roland Levy, the prosecution's psychiatrist, testified at the trial that Norman had wanted him to see White immediately—the day of the murder—because Norman told him that a psychiatric defense in this kind of murder case was common.)

It was a judgment call when the prosecution did not challenge defense testimony that Dan White was a walking, Twinkie-stuffed mess in the days before the shooting, despite the many witnesses who would have testified that right up until Bloody Monday he was as normal as a Big Mac. Ray Sloan visited White on Saturday. White was in fine spirits.

Mayor Dianne Feinstein uses “life style” the way Nixon used “national security.”

They talked about football. Sloan talked to White on the phone Sunday night about business. “He seemed fine,” Sloan said. Supervisor Quentin Kopp also talked to White on the telephone Sunday night. Kopp said that White sounded more together than he'd ever heard him. “If Dan White was as depressed as the defense psychiatrist said he was before he went to City Hall, then shooting these people sure seemed to clear up his mind,” said his jailer, undersheriff Denman, who found White as relaxed as a Grant's Scotch ad, just hours after the murders.

District Attorney Freitas's final refuge is in lawyerisms. He says that not one comet in the entire galaxy of political and

personal facts about Dan White—his rabid homophobia, his bitter political feud with Moscone and Milk, his condoning of violence in political situations, the dirty truth about his so-called political purity and innocence—would have been admissible in court. “Those things weren't relevant to the trial,” Freitas says.

Ten accomplished criminal lawyers have told me that the D.A. must have been inhaling swamp gas to argue that. “Once the defense brought in White's good character as part of his defense, the prosecution could introduce anything in his background on rebuttal. It's ridiculous to say that stuff couldn't be relevant,” one lawyer said. “This just wasn't a normal prosecution.”

“Cops usually get off easy in San Francisco,” said former police inspector Jack Webb, “But this case has carried professional courtesy a little too far.”

IN THE ALL-NIGHT MOVIES IN SAN FRANCISCO, a car salesman in double-knits is offering a free six-pack of Twinkies to anyone who comes in to test drive an RV. Thus San Francisco assimilates its tragedies.

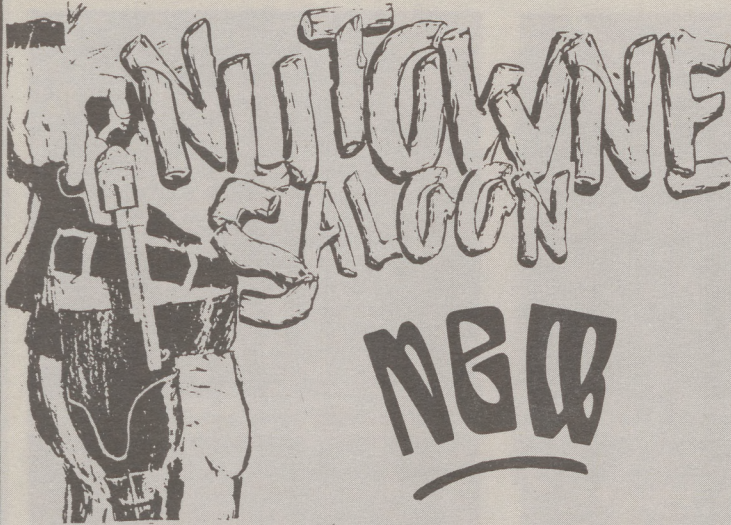
Dan White's bullets have changed the leftward drift of the city on the earthquake fault. Mayor Dianne Feinstein, who uses the buzzword “life style” the way Richard Nixon used “national security,” has surrendered to the POA and fired Charles Gain, Moscone's reform-minded police chief who painted the police cars baby blue. Gone is George Moscone, who did not look the other way when a gay couple crossed the street. Gone is Harvey Milk and the coalition of the minorities and the poor and the gays that he was forging. The night of the City Hall riot, the crowd chanted above the wail of dying sirens in burning police cars, “Dan White—hit man for the New Right.”

People are talking tough in Frisco. There are Dan White clones. Ernie Raabe, a police captain running for sheriff, tells a luncheon audience, “We have to get after the weirdos and miscreants who've been putting our city in a bad light.” The new head of the POA, Bob Barry, a thirtyish patrolman who wears a vest, says that the police-gay situation is “a political confrontation.”

The gays, making new enemies since the riot, are losing old friends. Charles McCabe, a *Chronicle* columnist who championed gay rights back in the straight sixties, now writes that gays must adopt a strategy of “low public visibility” if they are to keep their advances. In other words, back to the closet. “The closet is no longer a guilt-ridden cell. Today it is, as a man's home should be, his castle,” quoth McCabe.

Joe Freitas, the disco D.A., is having an uphill fight for reelection. To the left, he defends the Dan White verdict, and, to the right, explains how he wasn't really that good a friend of the Reverend Jim Jones. He shows up everywhere. The Friday afternoon before the Dan White verdict, while the jury was sequestered in a stuffy room in the unlovely Hall of Justice, arguing and snacking on white-sugar foods, Freitas was at a society gala on Alcatraz, a men's fashion show benefiting the Police Activities League, surrounded by cops in Charles Jourdan boots and Nino Cerutti jackets. People were eating escargots in truffle sauce by candlelight in the main cellblock. The sun set and across the water the city was embers.

“What scares me about the City Hall murders is that they were so much like Jonestown,” said gay journalist Randy Alfred. “They were both cult murders. In Jonestown it was a suicide cult. In San Francisco, it was a cop cult.” □



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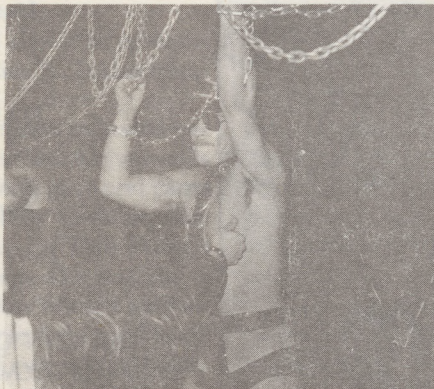
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A Halloween "Disco Dungeon" with whips, chains and loads of leather at the Connection. Not a place for the weak hearted!



Phoenix' own Dragon Lady. Did she just get served another glass of dishwasher, or sit down on a wet bar stool?

The Pope and crew at the Casa

Tony, Jimmie and an unknown person at the Casa. . . you figure out who's who.

**HALLOWEEN
IN PHOENIX
1979**



Miss George modeling her new Supphose body stocking while trying to put her eye out!



Skylar in "white face" with Jack Caldwell cleverly disguised as Jack Caldwell.



This lovely (?) item is (believe it or not) Ron Farah of Fat Fingers, Dimples is the name.



Don't worry John, she won't hurt you!



The Fat Finger's Bartenders



JoAnne and Rusty Warren M.C.ed the evening. And, were they super together!



Governor Bruce Babbitt and his wife Hattie Chatting with Bill Reinke of the Forum.



JoAnne, Bill Reinke and Rusty Warren with a special guest, Mr. Joel Grey.



The most unusual costume contest finalists



Finalists for the "Queen of the Ball" contest.



Tish Tanner as the best "Devine" you've ever seen.



JoAnne and Ebony, our favorite "ladies of the evening"!

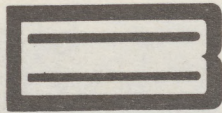
1979 HALLOWEEN BALL...

This year's Halloween Ball, though not quite as exciting as some past functions, did feature Ms. Rusty Warren, who, along with the popular JoAnne, did a really fine job of entertaining the audience. And, additionally, there was a guest appearance by Mr. Joel Grey who was doing an engagement at the Registry.

Two interesting "behind the scenes" happenings were the attendance of Governor Bruce Babbitt and his wife, Hattie, and also in attendance were some six or eight Federal Court Judges and their ladies who were holding a conference in the hotel. Though they did not sit through the entire affair, they did catch a portion of it, and seemed to view the proceedings as at least an "acceptable oddity". Most, however, appeared to enjoy themselves, which is a positive step for Gays.

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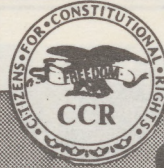
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