

VOLUME II Issue 14

JUNE 27 — JULY 11, 1986

PRIDE

REVIEWS & REVIEWS

AN ALTERNATIVE ENCOUNTER

*More Than Just a
Blind Date*

Pg. 5

GAY FATHERS, GAY SONS

Part II

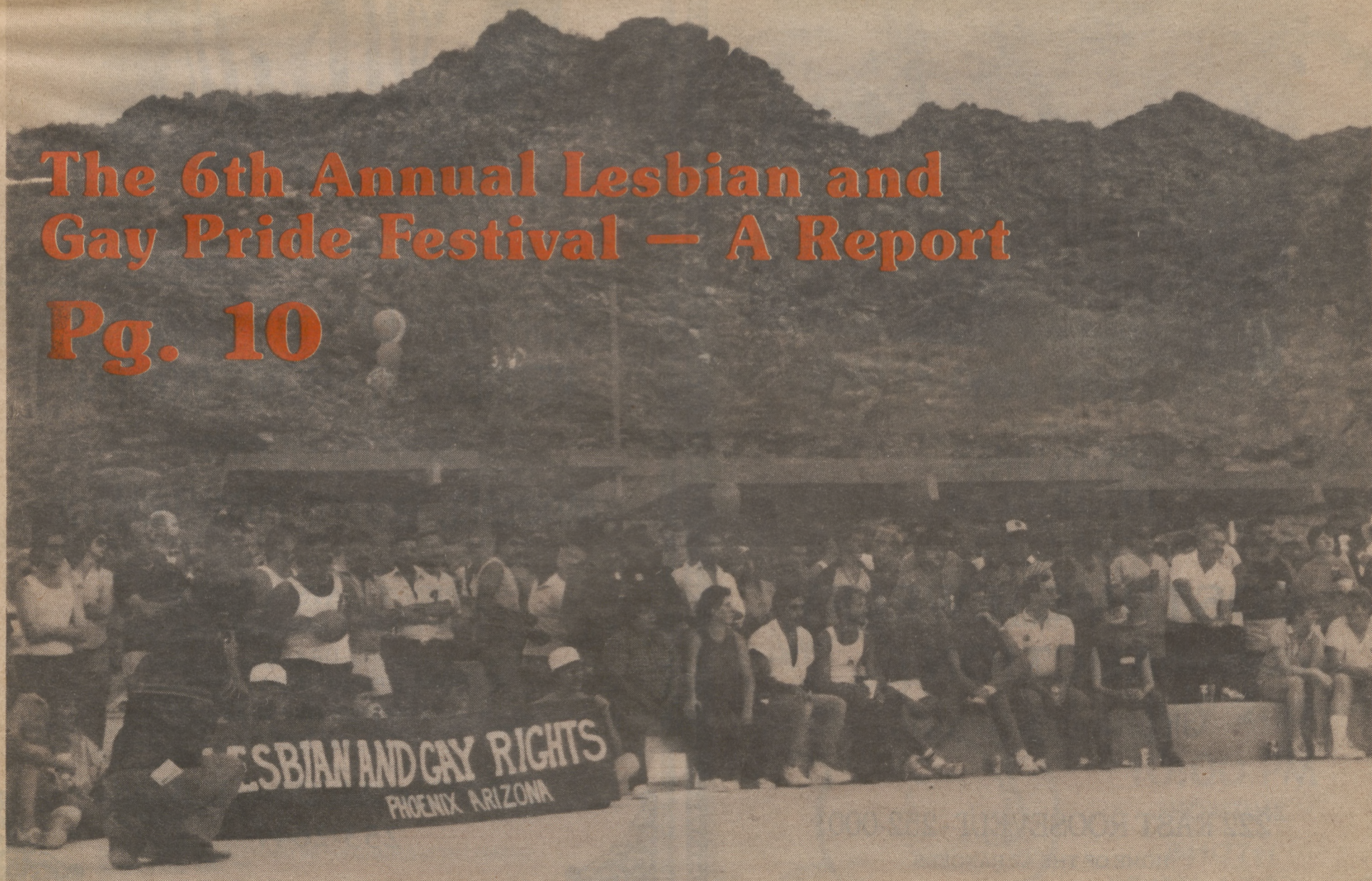
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GAY


PRIDE EMERGES

**The 6th Annual Lesbian and
Gay Pride Festival — A Report**

Pg. 10



Little Jim's 307


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VOLUME II, ISSUE 14



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EDITORIAL

Robrt Pela

The week before Gay Pride Emerging, people began phoning our office asking for directions to South Mountain. I was surprised to find that South Mountain wasn't one of those places that everyone knew the location of but me; and was happy both to give mediocre directions ("take Central south until you run into the mountain") and to see that so many people found their way out to display their (our) gay pride.

What *Pride Emerging* displayed was the usual representations of our various factions: leather drag, cowboy drag, drag queen; militant (t-shirt slogan: "Gay is Better"), homophobe ("don't take my picture—someone might see it"), and generic ("what's with all the speeches?"). What the assemblage of these factions spoke of was more than usual; it is too infrequently that we as a community are represented as a whole. More often, we appear to indicate our factions rather than our solidarity. The Gay Pride Event on June 22nd was more than just a co-mingling of different "types" of gay people who might not have joined together otherwise. The statement made seemed to be that uniting to express our pride in ourselves—as human beings and as homosexuals—was bigger than our desire not to assemble alongside certain groups of people.

Because reporting on an event includes telling about what took place, and because most of us who were there may not want to read about what we already experienced, I'll attempt a brief recap of "what happened."

A short invocation and introduction by Andrew Axelrod was followed by a longish drag show (I'm continually reminded that I'm supposed to refer to these as "Illusionist Show"). Lots of concise, diverse speeches filled out the evening: Kimberly Webster on representation and Safe Sex ("... it may not be easy to change your habits. ... do yourselves a favor and be careful!"); Paul Bayfield on seeking our vote.

continued on page 10



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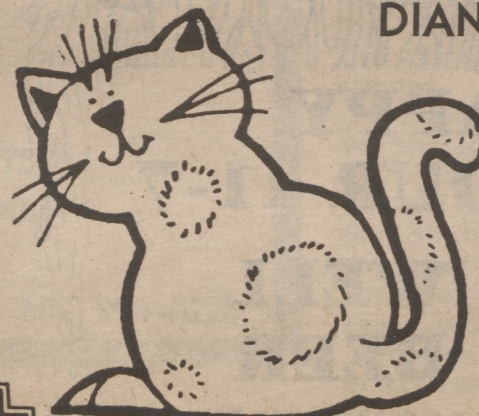
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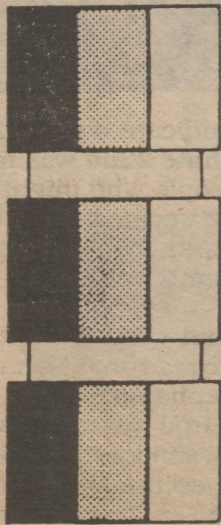
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Meg Umans

FAMILY OF MAX DESIR

Robert Ferro, author. New York: New American Library, c1983. 218 pages. \$6.95 paperbound.

When Max Desir's grandparents met in Brooklyn, his grandfather's family name was Desiderio. Many of us have adapted family names; my grandparents on both sides had the changes imposed on them at Ellis Island. And many of us grew up in the intensely emotional and histrionic love of recently Americanized families. It's enduring, pervasive, addictive . . . and it can make it difficult or impossible for us to step far enough outside to figure out who we'd be if we could stop being who everyone thought we were.

Max Desir grew up knowing implicitly and explicitly who everyone in his family was. He pestered relatives for descriptions of other relatives, and found some with enough individuality to occupy the favored places in his mind. As a child and as an adult, Max Desir spent a lot of his time in his mind, relishing facts and creating fantasies.

Max's father John had the kind of creativity that sometimes emerges in people faced with a loved one's homosexuality — he found other issues that were more important. When Max presented his life and his lover too clearly to miss, John washed his hands of his son. Other family members loved Max and remained silent.

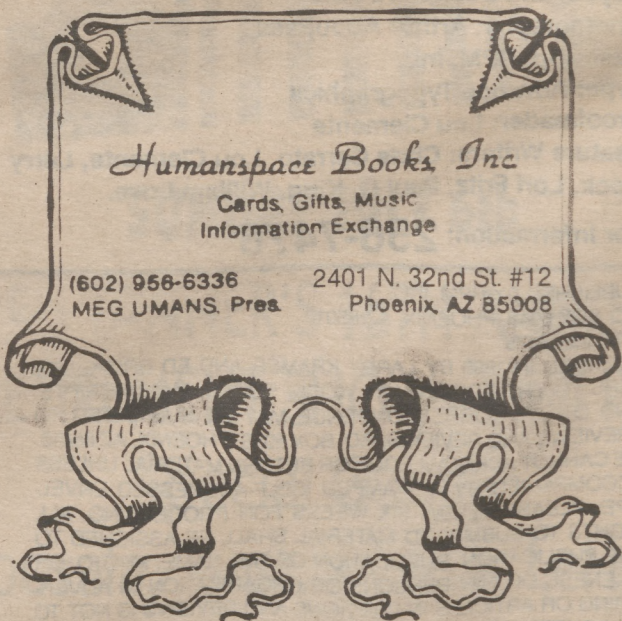
In this kind of family, bonds endure, and Max maintained contact with the rest of his family and eventually his father came around. Max's emotional load remained heavy, and his mind turned increasingly to fantasy. He speculated, rewrote history, rewrote current events, developed his spiritual nature, observed and interpreted and created. Meanwhile, he lived superficially normal and satisfying relationships with the women in his family and the men in his life.

Family of Max Desir is sometimes difficult reading if you're not used to an active intellectual fantasy life, or the loving and stifling expectations of a family. But this split-level existence will be familiar to many readers, and this is the first time, to my knowledge, that it's been validated in print. Offer it to family members who care.

Meg is a counselor in private practice in Phoenix and owner of Humanspace Books, Inc. *Family of Max Desir* is available from the publisher and at Humanspace.

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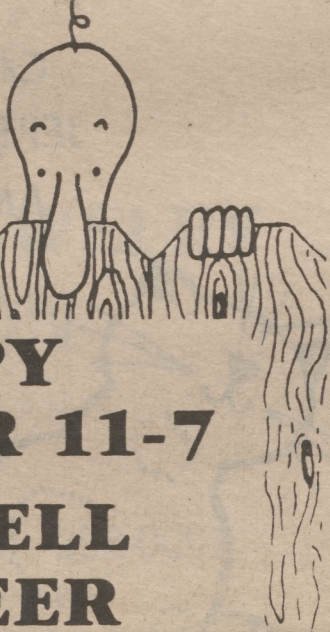
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Alternative Encounters:

For those of us who would like to have a social life outside of the bar scene, or for those people who want to expand their social contacts, there is a service in town which may offer assistance. Alternative Encounters is an introduction service which caters exclusively to the gay and lesbian community in the Valley. The service is discreet, selective, and very professionally operated. The two men who founded and own Alternative Encounters have previously been very successful management professionals in the fast food industry. Jeff and David have taken the time and effort to thoroughly investigate the introduction service business and create all the guidelines necessary to have a successful service that serves the lesbian/gay community of Arizona. Fortunately, David and Jeff's labors were worthwhile and Alternative Encounters has been thriving.

The process of listing oneself with Alternative Encounters is fairly simple and the service is reasonably priced. The service is very careful about screening applicants prior to accepting them. This is to insure that all members of the service are protected from undesirable elements such as queerbashers, or people looking for quick sex etcetera. Once screened, there are two questionnaires and a short personality profile to be completed, and your picture is taken during a half hour long personal interview with either Jeff or David. It may sound like a lot of time and trouble to be listed with a 'dating service' to do all this, but it is worth the work involved and is relatively easy to do.

The questionnaires, profiles, and interview are what David and Jeff use to match each client with another. A minor portion of matching is done by computer and the greater part of each match is done by hand using data supplied by you.

It is important that you be honest, accurate and complete when filling the questionnaires and personality profile. You know the type of person you like to be around and want to meet and, conversely, the type of person you don't like and don't want to meet and you should be candid about this with the service. All member information is kept in the strictest confidence and measures have been implemented to insure privacy for members.

Each interview is scheduled such that only that one initiate member is at the office with David and/or Jeff, and succeeding appointments are scheduled such that one person will have left the office prior to the later appointment arriving at the office. During the course of the interview I had with David and Jeff for this story there were several phone calls from people interested in the service who were apprehensive about having to be seen in person at the office and would not commit to making an appointment. This seemed to be due to a fear of being seen at a 'gay dating service' or a fear of having to be seen by employees of the service — the key word is fear and it is really unnecessary to be afraid of the interview. The interview is very cordial; in fact, it is mostly an opportunity to get to know the owners (and for them to get to know you) and to fill out paperwork and have your picture taken — for the most part it is easier than using a restroom in a crowded bar.

The cost for the service ranges in price from \$45 to \$285 depending on the type and length of membership you want. Memberships last from three months to a year and may be renewed at a guaranteed, locked-in rate when the initial agreement is made. The service guarantees at least one referral each month for each member and will either refund the fee for the month or extend the membership a month in the event that no match could be made for a given month.

In addition to doing the referrals, Alternative Encounters maintains a file of information related to current AIDS issues and a file of information on local services such as counselors and support groups. The information is available for any member upon request, and some literature is distributed to members along with their referrals. A member's referrals may either be sent to the member or the member may pick up referrals at the Alternative Encounters office. The service has made every effort to provide a discreet, comprehensive, and integretous way for men and women with alternative lifestyles to meet. The service is economical — consider running an ad in the

More Than Just a Blind Date

New Times; \$20 per week and the staff has the right to check out any romance mail prior to forwarding it to the box holder (and yes, they can do that).

Alternative Encounters is located at 2502 East Thomas Road, Suite 10 (just up the street from Jalens in the Stanford Court complex); phone: 956-0228.

Larry Cook

CARPENTER SHOWS SUPPORT

Camelback Business and Professional Association is a membership networking group of gay businesspeople and rare non-gay friends and supporters. One of our regular meetings is a monthly breakfast, usually with an invited speaker.

On Friday, June 6, about 60 members and guests turned out to hear county supervisor Carole Carpenter. People who rarely come to breakfast meetings wanted to recognize her work with the gay community, and people who've heard her speak before wanted to enjoy her presence again. As she got into one of her main points, I started scribbling on napkins—this wasn't just another interesting and informative talk. Please take your next opportunity to get acquainted with her—she's accessible to all of us. That point was part of her message on June 6.

Carpenter let us know where she stands—and where we stand—with pointed examples. She gave us the names of some gay community leaders she's worked with, and she described the sometimes awkward situations that came out of her work. . . all to show us that she's ready to work with the gay community, and she's not willing to do it without our active participation.

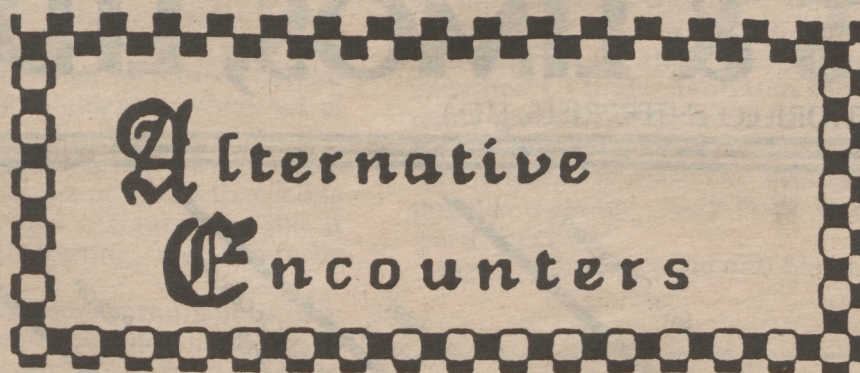
Without assigning blame, Carpenter told us that Bob Hegyi, then of AAFT, had approached her about county funding for AAFT. They devised a strategy, and Carpenter made the arrangements through the appropriate county health staff. A while later, county health staff told Carpenter that this wasn't working because AAFT hadn't carried out its part of the arrangement. She told us how the funding was to be arranged, the amount, and the action required of AAFT. She told us that Kirk Baxter is now aware of the immediate deadline ("I had to approach Kirk Baxter. . .").

She gave us all this detail for the same reason I give it to you. She knows our names, she knows our commitments, and she knows when we don't follow through. She's more likely to hear of our action or inaction from her co-workers than from us. She's angry. She expects that any special-interest group that approaches her for consideration will understand political procedure, and won't get her in political or legal trouble.

Another example. Carpenter is currently working to end discrimination against women and some minorities. She has population statistics and documented evidences of discrimination. She has information she can present to the appropriate county staff. She's willing to work with the gay community to end discrimination based on sexual preference.

She has no information to present. She had, in fact, raised the issue, and she was told, "We

continued on page 15



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LETTERS FROM THE FARM

"Cleanliness is Next to... Impossible"

Greetings,

You're not going to believe this but right in the middle of last night's storm the phone rang. . . "Hi, Lee. I'll be arriving Sunday night—see you around six. . ." Crackle, static, crackle!

"Did you say next Sunday—there's too much static—I can't hear you."

"No, not next Sunday—tomorrow" Crackle, zzzt, snap! "Se ya," Click!

Aw shit! Company coming from out of town and I haven't cleaned the house since. . . since the last time company came. Well, I've cleaned but not CLEANED clean. You know what I mean. There's a big difference between cleaning for a trick and cleaning for your mother. Hell, he won't care—hey, wait a minute, who the hell was that? The hot dude I "met" through the ad from California? Bob or Don from Detroit? Shit—for all I know that could have been my brother-in-law. I better clean.

When I was a kid my mother used to tell my sister and I as she and Dad would leave the house for the evening, "Now, children—keep the house clean—just in case we bring company home." They never did but ever since then I've always had this thing about cleaning if I expect company. Drop in visitors don't count. They takes what they gets—but invited folks—well, I should at least pick up the socks and push the dust around. Whoever this was must have been invited, so—"Hiho, hiho, it's off to work we go."

Usually it takes two or three days for me to do

a really good cleaning job. Of course I don't stick with it continuously. Wash a few dishes—watch a soap. Sweep the living room floor—fix a snack—pick up clothes—that's a biggie. That would warrant a session in the "library." Yup. Cleaning ranks right up there with tweezing my nostrils as a favorite pastime. But, now I had less than a day. Do I panic? No I do not. I shall approach this in a methodical and intelligent manner. Tomorrow morning.

Sunday Morning—first pick up all the clothes and cram them in a closet. Next, I'll sweep. There are enough fuzz balls under the beds to stuff a pillow. So what—who looks under beds? Hell, the last time I even thought about under the bed was when an apple rolled there. It was right where I left it. The same with the top of the refrigerator. I can't see up there so why bother. What's going on up there would probably make a tall person gag—but that's what they get for being tall.

By the time I finished sweeping I had little—well, some weren't so little—piles of dust, fuzzballs, pen tops, pennies and other assorted objects in every room. All I had to do was find the dust pan and scoop 'em up. Not quite so fast. . . my dust pan has a life of its own. It's never where I left it. I found it napping behind the stove.

Next, the dishes. I approached the sink cautiously. The last time it was warm and rainy and I let the dishes pile up longer than usual, long green tentacles whipped out of the sink and tried to pull me in.

Just then the phone rang. It was Connie—about 200 pounds of the hardest working and most dedicated horse lover you ever saw. She wanted to know if I needed any help with the



Lee welcomes correspondence from our readers: Write to him at Lee Valley Farm, Route 9, Box 145, Rogersville, TN 37857. He'll even write back—he has nothing else to do.

horses or around the barn that day. "Yes, come quick—I need you."

By the time she arrived I was up to my elbows in the potty and ammonia fumes were about to render me unconscious. Connie followed me around the house giggling. She wasn't used to seeing a man clean house. Well, let me tell you something, Honey. This man wasn't used to it either. Finally she couldn't stand it any longer and asked if she could help. I suggested she do the dishes. Hell, I ain't no dummy. I watched long enough to be sure that nothing was going to pull her in and then set off in a new direction.

continued on page 16

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just the beginning—our menu will grow!!!

See You There

AZ. AIDS INFORMATION

LINE

UPDATE

Bob Hegyi

Dear Friends:

What do we do now? Upon returning to Phoenix, I read in the paper of the U.S. Justice Department's decision to allow employers to fire employees who they may consider health risks. Also, I've read about the Navy man who was court martialed because he refused to take the HTLVIII test. I'm wondering where all of this is going to lead.

I've read a more positive article on a possible AIDS vaccine which is being tested that looks promising. However, this vaccine looks like it will be a long time in coming, as it has to be tested for some time.

Most of us who have been working in the gay community have been aware of what can happen *now*, as we see our worst fears come to light. People are being fired and laid off; insurance policies are being cancelled; it even seems now that the courts have turned on us.

We get calls almost every day at the Switchboard from persons who have discovered that their doctor has had their blood tested without their consent or knowledge. Likewise, we knew before the military started testing for HTLVIII that they had already tested people without their knowledge.

Some advice: as ever, I will continue to urge everyone to find out more about Safe Sex. I am still seeing people out at the bar, being intimate with total strangers. I ask myself, "why are these people risking exposure to a deadly virus?" I continually preach about this issue, and each day the death toll both continues to grow and, to go unnoticed by most of us.

One out of about ten of the people who phone this office to volunteer their services will actually show up at the requested time. In an attempt to combine our forces and work together (not to mention save rent money and share our information with each other), we will be sharing office space with Mobilization Against AIDS. Welcome to Kimberly Webster and Timmer Kennell.

In closing, a word of thanks. I would like to take this opportunity to thank the Lesbian and Gay Pride Planning Committee for a wonderful job on this year's Gay Pride Event. Although I was not here for *Gay Pride Emerging* (I was in Los Angeles for their celebration, "Forward Together"), I understand that the evening was really great for everyone in attendance. And I really liked that when I put together the two theme titles for these two events, I got a very positive message: "Gay Pride Emerging—Forward Together."

Love, in Brotherhood and Sisterhood,

—Bob Hegyi

SOURDOUGH

Sourdough once again rolled out the carpet for another benefit in the "Benefit Tour '86" canned food drive for St. Mary's Food Bank. If you missed it, don't fret . . . Sourdough will be back at Rockers for the next two Mondays with more Rock 'n Roll entertainment for your pleasure. There is a \$5.00 cover at the door, or bring three cans of food and get in for just \$2.00.

Drop points in and around the gay community are needed to bring in more cans of food to help feed the hungry, but also as important, to bring in more participation from the gay community itself. Unity works in all areas! Sourdough Productions, in association with Dave's

Tavern, is proud to announce a whole week of specials for "Benefit Tour '86." Dave's will host "Miller Week," 75¢ per can. Also, for each and every can of food brought in and donated to St. Mary's Food Bank, a shot of SCHNAPPS for a quarter! For further information, call Dave's at 230-0927 and we're sure that Michael T. will answer any of your questions. We'll see you there . . .

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We welcome the participation of gay men and women in a positive social, educational and community service environment.

GAY FATHERS, GAY SONS

PART II

a look at Gay Parenting

JIM

Jim, 33, lives in Phoenix. His fatherhood wasn't undertaken by his decision:

"It just kinda happened. We were in college, and she was a close friend to my lover and me. I was talking with her right after a spat with him, and one thing led to another. That was the only time I was with a woman sexually. I'd been living a gay lifestyle since high school, so I knew my sexuality. I never went through an internal battle — there was never any doubt about who I was attracted to. Thank God being straight isn't a prerequisite for being a parent."

"I wouldn't trade my son for anything. There's more to being a parent than giving birth or giving sperm; gay and lesbian people do it all the time. I work with gay and straight parents in my office — we all have the same problems in raising kids. All kids fall in mud puddles."

Did Jim and his son's mother get married?

"I was brought up Roman Catholic, and I was willing to do the right thing . . . she brought me to my senses. We agreed to raise him together unmarried, and that's what we're doing. He lives with his mother in Chicago, and I see him a lot. He'll be ten in October. His mom teased me a lot when he went through his girl-hating phase. Hey, give the kid a break."

Has Jim's lifestyle had a noticeable effect on his son?

"He's more open to people. He doesn't make fun of anyone, he plays with black and white kids, people are people. He's met my friends, including the drag queens and motorcycle lesbians — all he cares about was getting a ride on a motorcycle. I see that he'll be more and more open-minded."

"I've had that talk with him, and then we both talked with him. We told he that's why we didn't stay together, that we have different lifestyles, that some people love the same sex and that's okay. We answer all his questions truthfully."

"My family was never close and we're still not. One sister is a lesbian. One sister tells me being gay is a sin, and having a child out of wedlock is a sin. She had it in for that kid before he was even born. She doesn't understand why a gay person would do that to a kid."

"I wanted to say something and I'm not sure how . . . having a child has added to my pride and fulfillment. We shared an experience and we created him. He has my last name — his mother saw to that. My family has never interfered."

"For gay and lesbian people — don't be afraid of your feelings of wanting children, and don't be afraid to have children. You can be parents, and good parents. Consider it carefully."

FAMILY STYLE, Group One

John and Lee are lovers, living in Glendale. John is 36, the father of three children, and Lee is 41, the father of four children. John's first lover was Dan, who died in 1985 at age 36. Dan's father is Don, who's 60 and lives in Glendale. I spoke with John and Lee together in their apartment for about an hour, and then John drove me over to Don's. Don and I talked for about forty-five minutes while John and Don's wife played cards a few feet away, and occasionally interjected tidbits about Dan.

John and Lee both wanted to be fathers, as far back as they can remember.

John: "I've always wanted children, since I was a

small child. That's what people did, they grew up and married and had kids. That was my dream."

Lee: "Since I was very young, I imagined myself having children, especially a son to do things with. So I ended up with more than I bargained for — three sons and a daughter."

So at least some of Lee's children weren't planned. Were John's?

"All three were planned, and number four was planned too. But my wife was fixed, right after the third was born, on the doctor's recommendation. And besides, I'd come out just before she was fixed."

Lee: "Before we were married, we'd spoken about it, and we started working on it on our wedding night. I only wanted two. We had the third, which turned out to be twins, so she could be a full-time mother, stay home from work, nurse, all the motherhood things. The third was planned strictly as a favor to her, and the fourth was a surprise. I still think four is too much."

"John, you must have had a reason for choosing that time to come out."

"I came out to myself less than a month before I came out to my wife. I'd always known it, but ignored and avoided it . . . since grade school, when I liked to look at the boys. It got to be where I couldn't live with myself — it was as very difficult month."

Lee: "I was out to myself before my marriage — in fact, I probably would never have married if my first lover hadn't been MIA in Vietnam. Marriage was confusing, a mental battle. I enjoyed being married and a father, but it was still very difficult. I came out to my wife after ten years of marriage; it was a real big relief, but it started a whole mess of new problems. For the last five years of the marriage, I was also married to a lover; I spent weekends with him, and she didn't know. He baby-sat for us, and all three of us did things together."

Does either of them find that being a gay father is different from being a straight father?

John: "No, it isn't really different. What's different is that we don't live together, but the relationship with the children isn't different. I think we're closer now.



The kids are seven, five and three. I don't think they realize I'm gay — I don't think they'd understand it. But we don't hide it — we're affectionate."

Lee: "Yes, it's different — I don't get to spend every day with them. My ex seldom did things with them, and I always did special things with them. There's a lot more affection between me and the kids now. They're sixteen, fifteen and the twins are ten. They all know: I told them when the twins were three. The twins didn't understand, they just grew with it. With today's school education, they're well aware. The older kids have told me a lot that they don't understand or condone, but they accept it because I'm happy. It hasn't had any effect on their friendships — they don't go around broadcasting it because that would cause peer problems. When my daughter's boyfriend is here, we don't show affection — it would embarrass her. We act like roommates."

Has gay fatherhood changed any other relationships for either of them?

John: "Well, there are some friends I don't see any more because they're her friends, but no, I can't think of any of my relationships changing. When I first came out, I didn't tell people I had children — I felt like a minority within a minority. Now most of the gay men I know are fathers."

Lee: "We both lost the het-couple friends when we divorced. But otherwise, no. It never bothered me that I had kids — I told everyone. As soon as I came out, I started taking my kids to MCC. For several years, my oldest boy has begged me to live with me. He's here a lot."

John and Lee described the family outings on weekends — two fathers and seven kids. "All the kids get along just fine" — each kid has formed a special sibling relationship with one or more in the other birth family. They described an incident in the park: "Someone asked us whether they were all ours, or were we having a picnic? I told her they're all ours, and it's no picnic!"

BILL

Bill (a pseudonym) is 45, and lives in Phoenix with his lover.

"I've always felt that I'd like to be a father. In elementary school, I assumed I'd get married and have a family, and I looked forward to it. My birth family is close, so it was important to me to have a family of my own."

At puberty, Bill had sex with other boys for two or three years. He'd read that this kind of sexual exploration was common at his age, and accepted it as a stage in his life. Then he decided he should start developing relationships with women, and buried his sexual exploration in his mind. He had two or three gay experiences in college, which didn't bother him either; he'd always been interested in sexual issues, and never saw himself as gay.

"In graduate school I decided that I was getting older, and I needed to start establishing serious relationships with women; get on with the personal side of my life instead of focusing my attention on studying. I ended up getting married in graduate school. I was very happy and comfortable being heterosexual for at least five years: it was so easy. And the sex was good. When we started having marital problems, my gay feelings burst forth — I hadn't known they were there. So I was bi — it was okay with me."

Bill's son (in his teens) and daughter (in her twenties) were wanted and planned. Being a father was,

and remains, one of the most important parts of his life, and his relationship with his children is close.

After sixteen years of marriage, Bill and his wife accepted that they couldn't resolve their difficulties. At that point, sexual preference became important — would he prefer his future relationships to be with men or with women? Several difficult months later, he decided he was gay, although he was still . . . and is still . . . sexually responsive to women.

"I thought I was the only person in the world in this situation. I thought gay men and lesbians didn't get married and have kids. Then about two years ago, I found out that there are other gay parents. So it's possible to be both, and I'm not alone."

He avoided telling his kids, and in fact felt no need to tell them, until he met his lover. He was apprehensive, but unwilling to hide that relationship.

"The response has been mixed. They were raised to know that homosexuality is okay, so theoretically it was no problem, but now it's personal — it's their father. They'll talk about it with me only when I bring it up. My daughter talks about it with her friends; my son doesn't. It's threatening to him — he doesn't tell anyone."

I asked Bill whether he finds being a gay father different from being a straight father.

"Very. Now there's the concern about how it will impact on the kids. Will they be discriminated against? Will this affect their psychological makeup? Will they have social problems? Will they see themselves as abnormal? Will they still love me and

accept me? That's the most important, and by now I have no worries about that; we've always been honest. Do the kids who don't reject their gay parents feel that they share part of that identity? Don't forget that I don't see them all that often. My son lived with me for a while, but he prefers to live with his mother, mostly because of the gay issue.

"And what happens when the ex-spouse finds out? I'd heard they kind of go crazy at first, and then settle down and become good friends, and that's what happened. I was afraid she'd try to take away my access to my kids.

"My kids are atypical because of the way they were raised — they're both unusually open and accepting. How they deal with wondering whether they're abnormal by association is their issue, and I know they can deal with it . . . but yes, they both felt deviant for a while.

"The risks of coming out as gay or lesbain are magnified by coming out as a gay or lesbian parent, because you're risking your kids' identities. But if you want to be a whole person, not compartmentalized or worried, you have to come out to your children. My experience has been that the personal advantages are overwhelmingly worth the risks.

"This way we can still be a family. What's most important to me is to have a close relationship, so I had to be honest. You can't do this all at once. You tell them verbally . . . and then they get involved with you again . . . and maybe they live with you again. All of it can be dealt with."

continued on page 13

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Phoenix Lesbian and Gay Pride Festival a Success

continued from page 3

Certainly the most invigorating speech of the evening was presented by keynote speaker Cleve Jones. Jones related, in his story of three friends who've recently died of AIDS, an apparent hopelessness and bold insistence about not giving in to that hopelessness. "People are dying... we have to pull together! It is still



important to come out. *It is worth it!*" Jones did not sugar-coat his presentation on AIDS; his comments were both confronting and appropriately indignant. "You are in DANGER!" Likewise, Jones' summation of Phoenix' status as a cohesive gay community was to-the-point and unadorned. "Why is it hard to organize in Phoenix? I'd rank Phoenix at the bottom of the list of well-organized communities. I



the evening by leading us in a sing-along "We Are Here." Aside from the expected concession stands, there were few booths offering goods for sale. Humanspace Books was represented with a sale table, and Mobilization Against AIDS offered iced tea, leaflets, and conversation. Otherwise, there were no merchants and few organizations in evidence. Perhaps this is just as well;

I chose to see this event as a possibility for rare fellowship and rare interaction. I did not leave feeling that we as a gay community were on to "anything big," or even having made any long-term, noticeable differences for ourselves as a group of people. Rather, I ended my evening with feelings of warmth, empowerment, and a memory of brief unity. Life goes on—we'll continue to be discrimi-



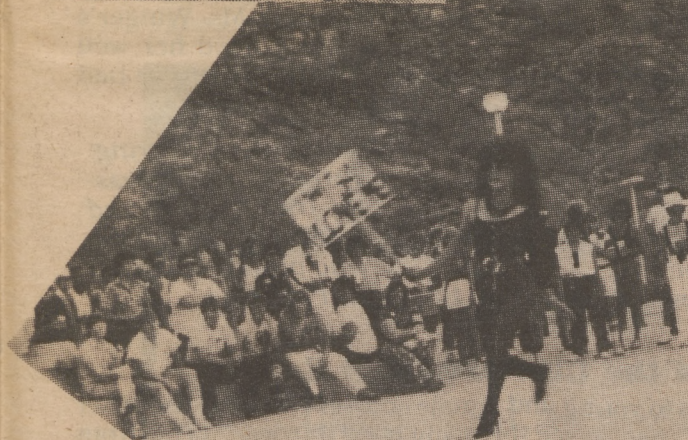
salute you' for sticking it out... (and) pulling together." The evening was "officially" ended with a candle-lighting ceremony and a recitation of accomplishments in our gay history. A candle was lit for each achievement announced by a group of speakers; these speakers then ended

the theme seemed to call more for community acknowledgement than for swap meet. As ever, there were the usual bitches and gripes the next day in reference to the Event. Pleasing everyone is rarely a possibility; few of the complaints that I heard were either substantial or even very interesting.



nated against, continue to feel oppressed. We've just learned that it's legal to be dismissed from our jobs if it is intimated that we have AIDS. These facts of our lives will continue to be difficult to deal with. Yet an afternoon's display of unity—as was The Phoenix Lesbian and Gay Pride Event 1986—tends to give one a little more courage in handling them.

—R. Pela



TUESDAY'S CHILD

by Chris Cerrato

Chapter Two

Garret looked like my Uncle Gene shrunk to five foot five. One of those pocked-up Irish faces with the red nose and stubby eyelashes. Garret didn't appear to be a bum as he stood by the side of the interstate outside of Indianapolis; in fact, I thought for sure he was the owner of the broken down Chevy with its hazards on I'd passed a mile before, who was hitching his way to the next exit where he knew there'd be a gas station. When I asked him where to and he said "As far as you're going," I knew I had made an incorrect assumption and was in for a time of it. But that's okay, like, hey, it's an adventure, right?

He turned out to be queer with a shitload of stories to tell. We drove all the way to Amarillo together. Garret would hold conversation at me, then drop off to sleep, then wake up and start off again where he'd left off. I almost felt like I'd picked up a professor rehearsing a lecture.

While we were in the Missouri hills, we ran into a nasty storm — one of those black monsters that come raging up with their million-mile wide cloud banks. You see them coming an hour before they hit you, wash you away, and scramble everything in their paths. This one cut visibility down to thirty feet. I felt like I was in Hurricane Camille again, and started praying that the Gods would protect me from the semis that passed, coughing and wobbling as they sprayed worse than any alley cat. Garret remained unperturbed, which was good. At least I knew he trusted my driving. We pulled off into the first rest area and waited with the other cowards in the parking lot, fogging the windows, hearing each other breathe.

It broke as quickly as it was long in coming. I could see the cloud bank just end. It scooted down the highway, taking the rain and lightning with it, scattering misplaced thunder in its wake. The suddenly returned sunshine seemed like a special effect, the way it put a hard edge to every tree, branch, and leaf. The intensity was a breeding ground for rainbows. Garret agreed with me. So we spent the next twenty minutes following the storm in the filthy backwash of just-rinsed eighteen wheelers, trying to figure out the angle from which we would be looking to see the rainbow we knew had to be there.

Garret said, "You know, this is perfect weather for a rainbow. We're just missing it. It could be a-laying just over that there ridge and we'd never see it unless we went a-chasin' after it. Yep, we could go hunting for it, uhuh. It's gotta be over there someplace. But I wouldn't be bothering myself. If we're gonna see it, we'll see it, the good Lord willing."

Rainbows are elusive and temperamental, judging from my experiences with them. We never did see this one, though we kept looking all the way to Joplin, where we stopped at the Red Lobster for a good dinner. While I was on the road I tried to get one good meal a day to counteract the adverse effects of my coffee, banana, and granola diet.

He palmed me with a ten in the parking lot, which shocked the hell out of me.

"This is for dinner, and the miles so far." And he walked ahead of me into the restaurant, like he owned the place. I wondered if he realized how we must look, not to mention how we smelled. Then I knew that he didn't care, or just didn't want to know.

He headed for the bathroom, and I went for the phone.

"Collect from Chris, please."
"Thank you for using AT&T!"
Seven . . . six . . . five . . . four . . . three . . .

two . . . one.
"They're not there. I'll try later."
"Very good sir." Click. The phone company disconnects with such purpose, such finality. I always wonder if they flip a switch, pull a plug, or touch a small black button.

Eleven o'clock that night we were driving through Oklahoma and we passed a sign: *Do Not Drive Into Smoke*. I wondered what it meant. I still don't really know, but it spooked me, and Garret snoring away over there spooked me even more. After a full day of driving and conversation with the man, I had decided that he was a compulsive (but interesting) liar; I didn't trust him for a minute. I didn't know what to do about sleeping for the night, but had to make a decision soon. One can only drive so far before the highway becomes a minefield, planted with traps that would snare the unalert driver. I'd passed three troopers in the last twenty minutes and was sure they all knew who I was. But what to do with Garret? Did I dare sleep in the same space with him? He could kill me, or beat me up, or steal my wallet and my car and nobody'd catch him. I started seeing headlines and knew I was sunk, so I flipped on the radio, loud as it could go, and up pops Garret, singing right along with Emmylou Harris, smoothing back his hair and working his jaws on the chorus.

In Texas I knew I had to stop: the road was starting to wobble and my right knee was cramped. Okay, this is it. I've gotta ask him to get out now.

"If'n you want me to get out I will. There's no reason for you puttin' me up for the night. I do thank you kindly for the ride."

Son of a bitch. Lay guilt on me before I even have a chance to get the words out. I can't ask him to leave now.

"I'm just gonna pull off the side of the road someplace. I won't sleep for long, just need to close my eyes and rest for a few hours before moving on. You're welcome to stay on, no problem." I thought of asking him to take a blanket and sleep outside. "No problem."

"Well thank you, don't mind if I do. That's right nice of you."

I could see him fighting back a grin, son of a bitch. But he won it, fair enough, and I let him. I could have said get out. I could have. But it wouldn't have been fair. Here I am a stranger, and him relying on my kindness. Some things are still sacred.

So there we were, Garret snoring away, and me awake next to him, paranoid as hell, watching the bugs hold siege on the streetlamp. I held my wallet and my keys in my left pocket. The streetlamp was so bright, so loud in its halogen light. Garret shifted next to me and grunted a bit, and suddenly he was somewhere between my Uncle Gene and Snuffy Smith, harmless as a piece of Dutch apple pie. I looked and looked, seeing the shifting contours and wrinkles of his quiet face, worn down soul old man. Tired past sleeping, so tired. Whatever on earth was I afraid of. I settled back and checked my emergency brake again, letting the streetlamp mesmerize me: as it pulsed out it halo. There must have been a bog nearby, because the mists were up that high, and the halo, the longer I watched, expanded its bright circumference to include all the spectrum.

Oh dear, I seem to have lost sight of the horizon. Buttes, hills, sand pits, and those absurdly marvelous rock bridge things you only see in Utah in the middle of the night under a full moon. Driving forever so that after about the fifth hour the entire planet is moving at 70 mph

continued on page 16



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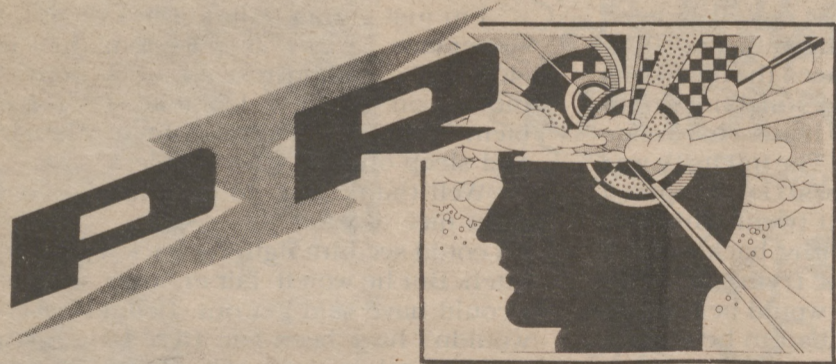
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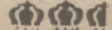


P. R. Entertainment Review



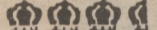
Babes In Nuclear Toyland

It's like this. There's this real smart scientist type named John who invents a way of making super-duper plutonium that looks like green dishwashing liquid. The military sets him up in Ithica, New York with a fake business called MedAtomics Pharmaceutical. A local sixteen year old, Paul, finds out about it and he and his girlfriend decide to get some of the green stuff and build a nuclear bomb for an upcoming science project at school. When all the grown-ups find out what's going on they get royally ticked off. At one point it seems their only alternative is to blow the kid away. 'Course, that would be a real downer, so there is a righteous 'power-to-the-people' ending and everyone goes home happy. Okay, so it's not real mental stuff but it is kinda' cute anyway. For the adults in the audience there are a couple of older folks on hand. The whole family is sure to enjoy it. So why do I have this nagging little voice in my head?

Underneath all the drama and jokes, **Manhattan Project** makes some pretty questionable statements. Like, kids are smarter and more clever and more humane and moral than adults. Like, that kids are better equipped to judge the world. Like, all people over the age of eighteen are evil and if they wear a uniform they're nothing more than killers. Like, if a youngster decides to take matters into his own hands it is okay to commit breaking and entering, trespassing, theft, endangering human lives, and treason. Just the kid of things I want kids to emulate. For sure. 

A Little Of Everything

There is a very slick movie with a highly polished cast and a bright, witty script now playing at your local theatres. Some are saying that it reminds them of the old Hepburn/Tracy films. Well, almost. What **Legal Eagles** does have going for it is practically a little of everything.

It has humor. It has mystery and romance. There is a little sex. A car chase, a chase on foot, a fiery explosion and an imaginative death scene. The cast of characters is uniformly interesting. *Legal* even has some courtroom drama. It also has Big Stars. Robert Redford is appropriately cute and klutsky. Daryl Hannah is verrry alluring. Everyone on screen is wonderful. Well, almost everyone. What do Lauren Bacall, Brenda Vaccaro and Debra Winger all have in common? A voice like Bea Arthur. That whiskey-laced huskiness that comes off so nicely. But a sexy voice isn't everything, and it wasn't enough to make me entirely comfortable with Ms. Winger's performance. For some reason I just didn't believe her. I liked her well enough and it is a small thing that hardly spoils the overall fun to be had with *Legal Eagles*. 

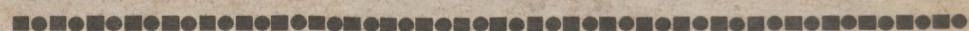
(The Manhattan Project, Directed by Marshall Brickman and starring: John Lithgow, Christopher Collet, Jill Eikenberry, Cynthia Nixon. Released by Twentieth Century Fox.) (Legal Eagles, Directed by Ivan Reitman and starring: Robert Redford, Debra Winger, Daryl Hannah, Brian Dennehy, Terrence Stamp, Steven Hill and Roscoe Lee Browne — who provoke laughter just by walking on the screen. Released by Universal Pictures.)

From the Cluttered File

A co-worker who happens to young and female commeted to me the other day — "How come you don't like go see the really good movies?" (This from someone who rates *Nightmare on Elm Street* right at the top.) Well, let me answer that like this: One man's cherished classic is another man's Attack of the Killer Avocados.

"I can't believe you didn't like it." "I read something you reviewed and I disagreed. No, I don't remember which one." "You know, what's her name. You know, the one where the tree falls on the guy." No, I don't. Do I look like an encyclopedia? I wish I could blithely claim that drugs have taken their toll. What is more likely is that sitting through such fare as *Cobra* has had much the same effect. "But she won an Oscar last year. It must be good." Well, not necessarily. "It won Best Picture so it is the one film I'll go see this year." Your loss.

—Paul G. King



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continued from page 9

FAMILY STYLE, Group Two

The household consists of Dean, 38; Barton, 28; and Mike, 18. (all pseudonyms); they live in Phoenix. Dean and Barton are lovers, and Mike is Dean's son. I spoke with Dean for about an hour by the pool outside their home, and then asked him if he thought Barton or Mike would be willing to talk with me.

"Probably. Let's see." As soon as we got inside, Barton asked me to join them for dinner — he'd prepared an elegant abundance. Mike arrived home just then, and all three men completed the preparation. We ate and chatted . . . I'd forgotten how much, and how fast, three men can eat. After dinner, I spoke with Barton and Mike for about a half-hour each, on their patio.

Dean didn't make an active decision to become a father; for him, in his growing-up years, fatherhood was simply a given of being male.

"I was young, just nineteen, when I had my first. We were both in college, and my wife was on the pill, and something messed up. Our second, four years later, was planned — we decided that if we didn't have our second child then, they'd be too far apart in age. After we had our second son, I had a vasectomy. Back then, vasectomies weren't as accepted a procedure as they are now; it wasn't easy.

"Fatherhood is very important to me now. I was a married father for about fifteen years, and then when I decided I'd be a more complete person if I had the possibility of a different kind of relationship, I raised the boys as a single parent for about a year. I still don't have a good relationship with my father, so I tried extra hard with my boys. I like being a part of their life, being available to give advice and to help shape their lives. I like being involved in ways like coaching their sports teams, and I miss them when we're not together. And I feel guilty when we don't have the daily contact, like I'm not doing my job.

"No, I don't find being a gay father different from being a straight father. When the kids spent a summer with me before they knew I was gay, I wasn't being myself. I put off telling them until I was ready — I wanted to be prepared to deal with it. Now they know . . . at first it frightened them, and they created

some distance. I still have some worries about my younger son — he's 13 now — that he might not like me, might doubt his own sexuality, might think of himself as weird. All I want him to be is healthy.

Dean isn't out to his parents, simply because he has no contact with them: it hasn't come up. He'll take an opportunity to come out to them face-to-face when one arises, but it's not important because they're not close anyway.

My older son is living with us this year. My ex-wife wanted him to — she's busy with her career, and she said to me that Mike needs me; needs more attention than she can give him now. Mike made the decision to come, knowing that I'm gay. Barton helps to make family decisions when Mike or both boys are here. They all do well with that, the kids accept Barton's position.

"Gay people sometimes want to know whether I think Mike's gay. No. I want the kids to be happy, be at peace with themselves, know who they are.

"Mike brings friends home. Some of his friends know, some don't. I don't want to embarrass him, so I ask him beforehand who knows, and act accordingly. I haven't seen it causing him social problems. My younger son was angry when I first told him, and sulked for a few days, then asked some very astute questions. He's still very conscious of it, like he'll say something like 'that's faggy,' and then 'Oops, I didn't mean that.'"

Barton had a lot to talk about too. I asked him whether his involvement with a gay father has had any effect on him.

"It has a lot, obviously. I have a roommate I wouldn't have. (Not a son?) No. He's Dean first and for me he's somewhere between a stepson and a roommate. He's eighteen, just ten years younger than I am. He responds to me as an older roommate — with respect — not as a stepfather. With Dean's younger son, I have to be more of a parent.

"Some friends ask me how I can put up with that. If I were straight, people wouldn't think twice, but we don't have the same jargon or the same frame of reference. The human dynamics aren't all that different.

"The fourteen-year-old is just more of a kid — I

worry more when he's wet and cold. With adults, you assume they can take care of themselves. And kids don't always realize . . . they're not always considerate. It's my home — I have the right to tell them what to do — the younger one when he comes for the summer, and Mike sometimes — and I'm not their slave. When it's an authority issue, the reason is 'Because I'm the adult.' You choose your friends . . . everyone's family can be a pain sometimes.

"Is that the reaction you usually get from friends, wondering how you put up with this?"

"No. Some of my friends are fascinated with Mike — they don't know kids, haven't known anyone his age since they were his age. And Mike's sensitive and mature — he fits in with our friends — people forget he's eighteen."

Mike was sixteen when he found out that his father is gay. His younger brother had already arrived to spend the summer with Dean and Barton, and he already knew. Dean and Mike went to lunch by themselves, on the way home from the airport.

"My first reaction was, I didn't believe it and I didn't accept it and I didn't have time to think about it. I'd met some gay people before, but gay was alien to me. Then I had trouble with my own sexuality, I started wondering. Maybe I'll be gay ten or fifteen years down the line. I'm heterosexual now, I prefer girls . . . but my dad got married. I still don't know, but by now it's not a worry, I'll just see what I become."

Mike had just landed in a city that was still fairly new to him, and he had some brand-new information to digest. I asked about his relationship with his brother . . . I was hoping to hear that they'd been able to help each other.

"We have this love-hate relationship, like all siblings. I have a lot of influence on him. He was thirteen that summer, when he found out — that's a rough age. He picked on Barton a lot that summer, but maybe he was just a brat. We've only talked about it a few times, but he doesn't seem to care either. It's quite easy to forget."

"Sounds like you don't talk about it much."

"My best friend here has no problems with it. Other

continued on page 16

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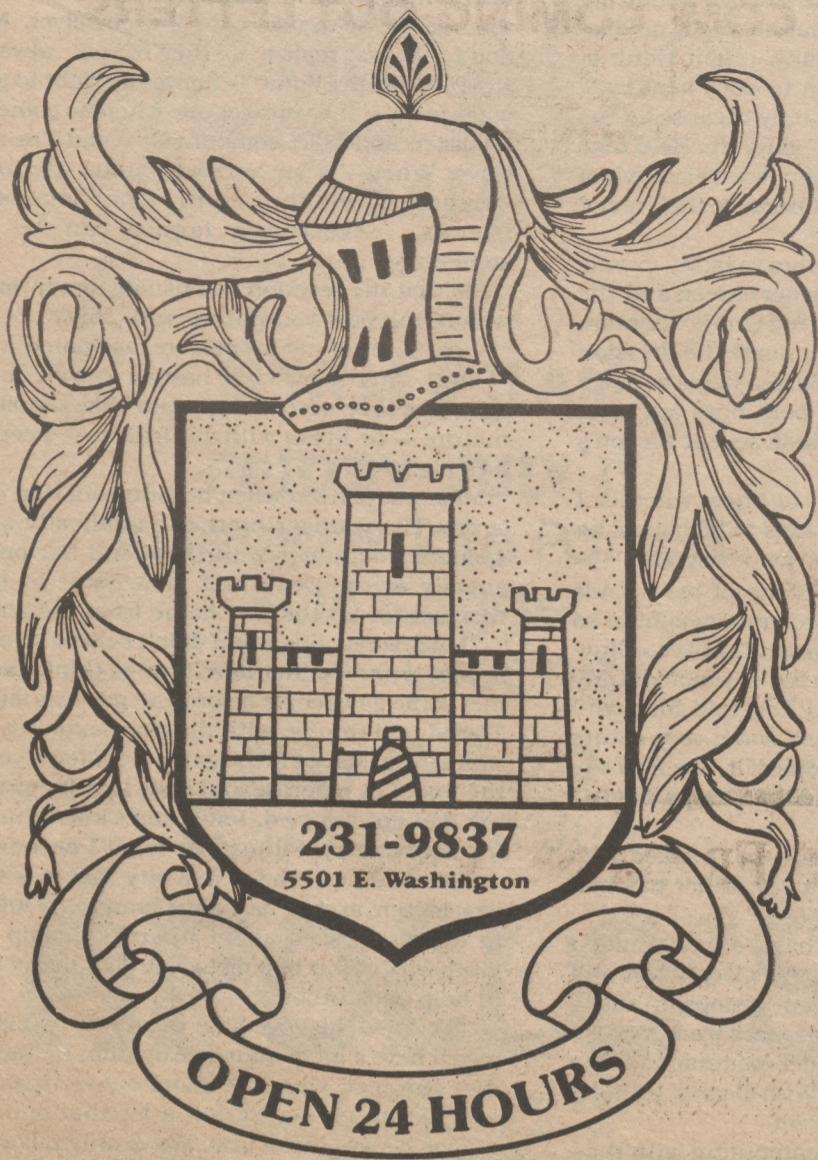
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DESERT HEARTS: A Review

Presented by the Samuel Goldwyn Company, c1985. Produced and directed by Donna Deitch. Starring Helen Shaver as Vivian and Patricia Charbonneau as Cay. For information call Los Arcos Theaters at 949-8851.

Desert Hearts is now showing for the fourth week; the run was extended one week at a time in response to its continued popularity. As you read this, it may or may not be beginning its fifth week, so call Los Arcos before you head out there to see it . . . or see it again. At least half the women I've talked with about it have seen it more than once. By now, women are referring to *Desert Hearts* as "the movie," and it's clear to most women in the community which movie is meant — and not always bewildering to the men.

A brief summary of the story: Vivian is a college professor in her thirties who intends to stay at a rooming house in Reno long enough to establish residence and get divorced. Frances runs a rooming house for this purpose,



and befriends and mothers the women who pass through. Cay is the daughter of Frances' late lover; Cay lives in a cottage on Frances' property and works at a casino. Cay is in her twenties, openly lesbian, and involved nonexclusively with Silver, who in the course of the movie marries Joe. Vivian keeps to herself at first, and her first social contact is with Cay, who at that moment has a woman waiting in bed. Cay and Vivian spend time talking and hanging out, establish that Cay is lesbian and Vivian isn't, and surprise themselves with Vivian's positive and physical response to the first kiss. Frances kicks Vivian out because of her scandalous behavior and Cay moves in with Silver. Vivian takes out her anger on the objects in her new

rooming house until Cay arrives and convinces Vivian, easily, that she does want to make love. They do, on screen. Then they fight about Silver's wedding, Vivian refuses to let Cay come back east or to stay in Reno herself. Cay walks off as Vivian's train leaves, but accepts Vivian's invitation to ride along to the next station so they can talk.

Yes, I know it wasn't exactly like this in the book, and I left out most of the details viewers found significant. We're going to talk about some of those details now, to keep us aware of some of the many ways *Desert Hearts* was more than just another movie.

A movie centered on women-centered women was presented by a major company and shown at major theaters to large audience. This has happened before, for example *The Children's Hour*, and several times on television, but a lesbian-positive movie is still a remarkable event. Even more remarkable to me was the changing nature of the audiences. I saw *Desert Hearts* twice (so far), and enjoyed the viewers as well as the film. The first time, I knew most of the people in the audience from the lesbian community, and went with my two lesbian friends, who were already on their second viewing. The audience responded most to the lesbian-oriented lines and actions, some of which may have been insignificant to people outside the community. This audience ignored many of the lines and actions that were more likely to appeal to general audiences. My second trip surrounded me with a general audience, with a generous sprinkle of people I could identify as lesbian or gay; my companion was a gay man. This audience was far more audibly appreciative . . . usually of entirely different things.

This universal appeal raises the question of accurate and positive portrayal. The film has been criticized for perpetuating stereotypes. Cay did persuade Vivian that she wanted to make love. It wouldn't have been credible otherwise; people *don't* change a lifelong self-concept without hesitation. Another stereotype — this one held by lesbians was perpetuated: lesbians are self-accepting and assertive to a degree that non-lesbians never equal. This was expressed as "Charbonneau must be lesbian, no one else could have that self-assurance." Charbonneau, according to her words, quoted in published interviews, isn't lesbian.

The importance placed on whether this or that actress is lesbian leads to the love scene issues. Did we see how lesbians make love? I don't know; I haven't made love with enough lesbians to generalize. What I do know is that it's how women behave while making love with a sensitive partner. *Desert Hearts* showed female sexual response more accurately and more extensively than most heterosexual love scenes. There's valuable information here for straight men. Reminds me of my only movie-theater exposure to explicit gay male sex. The man sitting behind us commented to his female companion, "See, *that's* how I want you to do it."

continued from page 5

haven't had complaints. We don't see a problem." She can't tell anyone what the problem is when we don't tell her.

Carpenter wants us to form liaisons with her, through the leaders of our organizations. She knows several names anyway, and mentioned some that increased my respect for her: Carpenter has earned the trust of some closeted people. She wants us to contact her, and more important, to maintain the contact. She doesn't want to repeat her experiences of taking political risks for special-interest groups, and then finding out that no one in the group is behind her.

After breakfast, a CBPA member commented to me, "But how many people are willing to get out there and say that they're gay?" When CBPA was debating whether to continue extending membership to nongay friends and supporters, someone pointed out that some goals may be more easily accomplished with a straight person as the visible agent. I've taken that for granted for as long as I've been involved with gay people in Phoenix. So has Carpenter. If you're not willing to approach Carpenter (or stop undermining the work of your visible agents!), then please consider that straight people may not be your only oppressors.

—Meg Umans

PROJECT SOURCES: 86/87

The new guide to gay owned, operated, and supportive services, businesses, professional associations, and non-profit organizations is being sponsored and published by the Lesbian and Gay Community Switchboard and Arizona AIDS Information Line. SOURCES has two purposes:

- To create a permanent system of fundraising through which the Switchboard will achieve consistent solvency;
- To maximize the Lesbian/Gay Community's socio-economic strength and cohesiveness by focusing the energies and resources of its 125,000 members unto itself.

If you have not yet received your information on this project please contact Switchboard.

A few facts:

SOURCES will be modeled after the DIRECTORY of the past, but in no way associated with it. This IS happening. If you need reassurance, please contact Switchboard.

The net profit of PROJECT SOURCES: 86/87 will be used to keep the Switchboard operating. If the 86/87 season's monetary requirements are exceeded, the balance of funds will be passed on to AAFT and Mobilization Against AIDS.

SOURCES is an annual publication; however, it has been suggested that a six-month update might be necessary to keep things fresh. Your ideas on this are welcome.

The first group of invitations went out with one major deletion on the application. AD SIZES ARE AS FOLLOWS: quarter page (business card) — 4 x 2; half page — 4 x 4; three quarter page — 4 x 6; full page 4 x 8.

All inquiries are directed to: Switchboard/Sources, P. O. Box 16423, Phoenix, AZ 85011, 253-9072/234-2752 or Previews & Reviews, P. O. Box 5948, Phoenix, AZ 85010, 256-7476.



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COM COM COM COMING-OUT LETTERS

Coming out to your parents,
to your growing or grown children,
to other relatives.
Coming out to old friends,
to employers, colleagues, and others.

Your experience can make the process easier for someone else. Many people who have decided to write coming-out letters don't know how to start, how much to include, or even why they're considering the risk. Samples of actual letters can serve as guidelines and reassurance. Your letter can help someone sort, crystallize, and express feelings.

Please send us a copy of your actual letter(s) for possible inclusion in a book, tentatively called COMING OUT LETTERS. We can't return letters so don't send a copy you can't spare.

Meg Umans, M.C., will edit the book. Meg is a psychotherapist in private practice and owner of Humanspace Books, Inc. Please send your letter(s) by June 30, 1986 to:

Meg Umans, M.C.
Humanspace Books, Inc.
2401 N. 32nd St.
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If you have any questions, call Meg at (602) 956-6336.

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"LA CAGE" COMES TO TOWN

LA CAGE AUX FOLLES, the internationally-acclaimed Broadway musical comedy that won six 1984 Tony Awards including Best Musical, comes to Symphony Hall July 29 through August 3 for a limited engagement as part of its national tour.

Starring Peter Marshall and Keene Curtis, LA CAGE AUX FOLLES has music and lyrics by Jerry Herman, book by Harvey Fierstein, direction by Arthur Laurents and choreography by Scott Salmon. Herman, Fierstein and Laurents, and costume designer Theoni V. Aldredge, each won 1984 Tony Awards for their contributions to LA CAGE.

Curtain-time is 8 p.m. July 29 - August 2, with 2 p.m. matinees July 30, August 2 and August 3. Tickets are priced at \$32/25/15 for evening performances; \$30/25/15 for matinees, with tickets on sale at the Civic Plaza Box Office and all Diamond's outlets.

LA CAGE AUX FOLLES is presented by Allan Carr with Executive Producers Fritz Holt, Barry



Brown and Marvin A. Krauss, and Co-Producers Kenneth D. Greenblatt, Stewart F. Lane, James M. Nederlander and Martin Richards. The exclusive one-week Phoenix engagement is presented by Robert Garner Attractions in association with ASU Public Events and the Phoenix Civic Plaza.

Based on Jean Poiret's long-running French comedy, LA CAGE opened August 21, 1983 at the Palace Theatre on Broadway, where it continues to break box-office records, playing to sold-out audiences.

In LA CAGE AUX FOLLES, Peter Marshall portrays Georges, the owner and emcee of the lavish St. Tropez nightclub "La Cage aux Folles." Keene Curtis portrays Albin, Georges' mentor and the glamorous, flamboyant star of the nightclub.

Producer Allan Carr has won much acclaim for his many film productions including *Grease*, one of the largest-grossing movie musicals in film history. LA CAGE AUX FOLLES, for which he won the 1984 Tony Award for Best Musical, marks his first Broadway production.

For show information call the Civic Plaza Box Office at 262-7272.

continued from page 13

people wouldn't understand, so I just let it go. You don't tell friends.

"It's a problem. Who do I talk to about this? If you have a problem, you keep it to yourself. I shouldn't, but I do — Dad's like that too. Each of us bears the burden of thinking alone."

"... No, it's talking about the situation that's a problem, not the situation. I like Barton. If I didn't, it'd be another story. He's a friend, not a stepfather."

We'd talked about everything but Mike's relationship with Dean. I had the impression that, after the initial reaction, Mike had continued to make his own internal adjustments, and by now the additional information about a person he loved wasn't any more significant to Mike than anything else about Dean.

"I guess it really isn't different. I don't want him to think I picture him as a wimp. I respect him; he's got a lot of pride. If I could be as good as him ... I

love my father, he's a good man, it doesn't matter to me what he is. You know, we have another talk coming. We don't talk about this much, and I need him to know that I think of him as a good father and a strong man."

I asked Mike whether he thought his experience might be useful to anyone else.

"To kids who find out when they're younger than I was. I'd tell them not to withdraw into themselves, not to be afraid. And I want them to know that it's okay if they don't want to share. Sex is personal business. I hope they'll try to understand."

"Gay is becoming more acceptable. You know, the gladiators wouldn't have sex with anyone but themselves, not underlings. People need to realize that it was acceptable before. And I want gay people to know that there's a non-gay person who believes in their rights, and I'll help and support."

Meg Umans

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whether you like it or not. Chugg chugg zoom now what the hell was that fork in the road doing there? My map has no fork in the road. Son of a bitch. STOP! Easing to a halt. I hope this shoulder is as wide as I think it is and I don't go tipping myself into a ditch. Check Miss Map. There is no fork in the road, and I know I saw no numbered marker. Son of a bitch. I better go back.

Okay, so which is the way I want to go. I have visions of me going fifty miles before I figure out I've taken the wrong leg and I just cannot feature that at this time. Close the eyes. Take three deep breaths and let your mind pick the right road. You've done it before you can do it now. Okay. I close my eyes. Too fucking much noise and my hands are shaking on the wheel. I shut the car, which sputters to a stop, mad at me for driving him so long and so hard without giving him a break. Alright, you get five minutes but not a penny more. Can't afford to let inertia set in or I'll go convincing myself that I can't rightly decide which way I need to go, in my condition, at this time of night, so might as well wait till morning. God, my bucket seats are comfy. Four minutes.

continued from page 6

The lawn mower had been non-functional for weeks and there was enough grass in the front yard to bale. I tied "Useless" the goat to a fence post and let him go to work on the underbrush. As you well know, the height cutting adjustment on a goat stinks. It looked better before he started. Well, this guest must certainly be a city person—I'll just tell him that's the way it's supposed to look.

I worked—I slaved—Connie giggled and slowly the place began to look less like a cave and more like a house. So you see—childhood training does pay off. Mum would have been so proud. My mystery man was but hours away when I looked out the window and saw Useless had slipped his rope and was making dinner out of my iris. Rushing outside I moved him to a new location and double tied his rope. By the time I got back in the house there was a message on my answering machine. "Hi Lee—something's come up. Can't make it this week. Call me. Be talking to you soon. Bye."

"Bye-my ass! Who the hell are ya'?" I screamed at my machine. Wait a minute here—let's look on the bright side. My house is clean, the dishes are done and the potty is glistening. Wasn't it worth it? Shit no! After all that work I expect to at least get laid, and what's worse, I'm going to have to do the whole thing all over the next time company comes.

I still don't know who that was—but next time he plans to visit—he better surprise me—and if the "lived-in" look is not to his taste—he'll have to bring his own maid.

"Bye" yourself.

MOBILIZATION UPDATE

From October, 1985, through May, 1986, Mobilization Against AIDS, Phoenix, staff, membership and Board of Directors participated in/facilitated:

- 31 meetings with community groups;
- 33 public education workshops/talks, 6 targeted to high risk communities;
- 41 meetings with politicians and policy makers, including 3 with Congressional representatives in Washington;
- 5 conferences, 2 national, one regional, two local;
- 13 Mobilization membership program meetings;
- 30 Mobilization committee meetings
- 6 Mobilization Board meetings'
- 1 Mobilization Board advance.

In addition, Mobilization staff:

1. compiled a resource directory for People with AIDS, in conjunction with the Maricopa County Health Department.
2. recruited members and provided on-going education about AIDS and related medical/political issues;
3. established on-going dialogue with State and County health officials;
4. established on-going dialogue with National AIDS educators and AIDS activists;
5. performed the first AIDS education for elementary and middle school instructors in Maricopa County;
6. worked with Pima County health officials and community activists to frame a political response to AIDS in that county;
7. established on-going education relationship with bar owners in high risk community to provide education in appropriate issue areas;
8. established on-going relationship with the Phoenix Police Department;
9. successfully lobbied against Trent Franks' AIDS legislation;
10. took seats on the State and County AIDS Task Forces;
11. Established AIDS in the Workplace seminars for employers/employees;
12. worked with ASU officials to institute on-going AIDS education on the ASU campus;
13. provided information and updates on political aspects of AIDS to health officials on the U of A campus;
14. worked against ADHS' bid to regulate mandatory by-name reporting of positive HTLV-III tests;
15. facilitated Phoenix Memorial Candlelight Vigil for people with AIDS;
16. facilitated religious community's establishment of a Valley AIDS Task Force;
17. worked with community groups to help establish hospice services for People with AIDS;
18. prepared a survey for nursing homes to ascertain AIDS education needs;
19. began Safe Sex campaign with T-shirts, buttons, posters, and educational discussion groups;
20. registered voters at many community functions.

In addition to staff activities, Mobilization Board members have represented the organization in various seminars, talks, radio shows, and conferences.

Mobilization's commitment to establish and maintain on-going AIDS programs is strong and vital.

Mobilization's membership is growing by approximately 10 percent per month.

Memberships are \$25.00 and \$12.50, and are available by writing to Mobilization Against AIDS, Phoenix, P. O. Box 44573, Phoenix, AZ 85064.

CLASSIFIED ADS

Classified ads may be purchased at the rate of \$4.00 for the first sixteen words and 25¢ per additional word. Sales tax is included in these prices. Please keep these ads in good taste as we reserve the right to edit or reject any submission. All ads must be prepaid and received at least one week before requested publication date. Ads will be accepted *only* by mail. Send to: PR, P.O. Box 5948, Phoenix, Arizona 85010.

SPOTTS FOR PRESIDENT bumper stickers available free to readers of this publication. Please limit your requests to two (2) bumper stickers per name or address. **FOREIGN REQUESTS WELCOMED.** . . . Send International Reply Coupon to cover postage. All requests must be received prior to July 4th, 1987. Contributions may be mailed with your requests to: **SPOTTS FOR PRESIDENT**, Dept. P&R, P.O. Box 27027, Phoenix, AZ 85061 U.S.A. Please allow 4-6 weeks for bulk mail delivery. (Political Action Committees—U.S. \$25.00 per 100, shipped UPS.)

ON OUR BACKS, the sexual entertainment magazine for lesbians, announces their **FIRST ANNUAL LESBIAN EROTIC PHOTOGRAPHY CONTEST**. \$100 will be awarded to the Best Lesbian Erotic Photographic Series (5-10 photos on a single theme or subject), and \$50 will be awarded to the Best Erotic Lesbian Single Photograph. **ON OUR BACKS** judges are looking for pictures of lesbians showing the sexual side of their gay identity, their passion for loving and being loved by other women. All erotic themes are welcome. The deadline for entries is August 15, 1986. Winners will be announced in November. Photographs must be black and white, any size, and mailed in with a SASE. Contestants must include their legal name, the name they wish to be published under, their address, and phone number with each entry. Photographs of recognizable models must be accompanied by a model's release. All winning photos will be published in **ON OUR BACKS**. Send entries to: **ON OUR BACKS PHOTO CONTEST**, P.O. Box 421916, San Francisco, CA 94142.

LICENSED MASSAGE THERAPIST: Male/Female. Write: Masseur, P.O. Box 3501, Glendale, AZ 85311-3501.

HOUSE FOR SALE: Must sell immediately—moving to Silicon Valley with career. 2 bdrm 1 bath large front & back yard with mature trees fenced. Economical utilities (SRP). Would make a great investment property. Located on west side near I-10 and Westridge Mall in nice non-homophobe neighborhood (all my neighbors know I'm gay and no problem). Listed with Merrill Lynch Realty, Becky Young/Elizabeth Johnson, 997-7471.

COMMUNITY BULLETIN BOARD

The Community Bulletin Board is offered FREE of charge. The spirit of the column is to provide space for fun-oriented community interaction. We are unable to accept phone numbers, addresses, or items for sale in this column. Please limit CBB items to 25 words or less per item. CBB submissions will be published on a first received, first printed basis according to space available. Send to: PR, P.O. Box 5948, Phoenix, Arizona 85010.

Happy Birthday, Bill Rinkey!
Rob, Jay and the staff of Classic Flowers

Lady Cass: Your shows are simply marvelous. Thank you for impersonating me, and thank you for the roses.
Carol C.

R.T.: "Thinking of You Today"
Love, Lydia

Big Bird: Stay out of the backyard—that's not the way you smell the roses.
Rob

Thank you Robrt and staff for the fantastic "Night-wave" at Trax. It's great to see our local paper participating in the community and helping out this way.
Rob and Jay

Uncle Shwana: Welcome Home!
Love, Your Nephew

Jeff from Trax — you never called, bitch!
Cass, you should do Anne Murray more often! It was fab! By the way, when are we going to Lils' Convention again???

Laytchie: BILCH!!!

Gorgaire: I don't believe in rainbows (I don't even like them), but I believe in loving you. Happy Other Anniversary!

Your Man

Carolyn: What's your Bag? Is it Trash? Lunch? Douche? How about Brown? Shopping? Hand? Maybe it's Pig.

LOVELINES

Looking for someone to share those lonely nights with? Grab a pen and write your own personal ad for Lovelines! Send your ad along with your name, address, and payment to "Lovelines," c/o Previews & Reviews, P.O. Box 5948, Phx, AZ 85010. The cost is \$6.00 and payment must accompany your ad. Make checks payable to "Previews & Reviews." You will be assigned a number and your mail will be forwarded to you for 2 weeks. Please keep ads in good taste—we reserve the right to edit or reject any ad.

Professional GWM, 38, 5'11", 200 lbs., masculine, handsome, hairy, mentally, emotionally & financially stable wishes to meet a self motivated man who is relationship oriented. I consider myself to be a teddy-bear who is honest, positive, intelligent, sensitive to others' needs, romantic, & sincere who would like to share my life with a gentleman who understands & appreciates these qualities. I am not a bar person or wish to be part of the typical gay scene. I enjoy and appreciate art, theatre, traveling, dining out, backgammon and quiet evenings at home. If you would enjoy meeting over dinner or coffee, please write to BOX 27

GWM, 46, blond, blue eyes, 6', trim, honest, healthy, non-smoker, no drugs, non-alcoholic would like to meet 30-40 year old GWM with similar qualities.
BOX 28

Farrans

Fourth of July Follies

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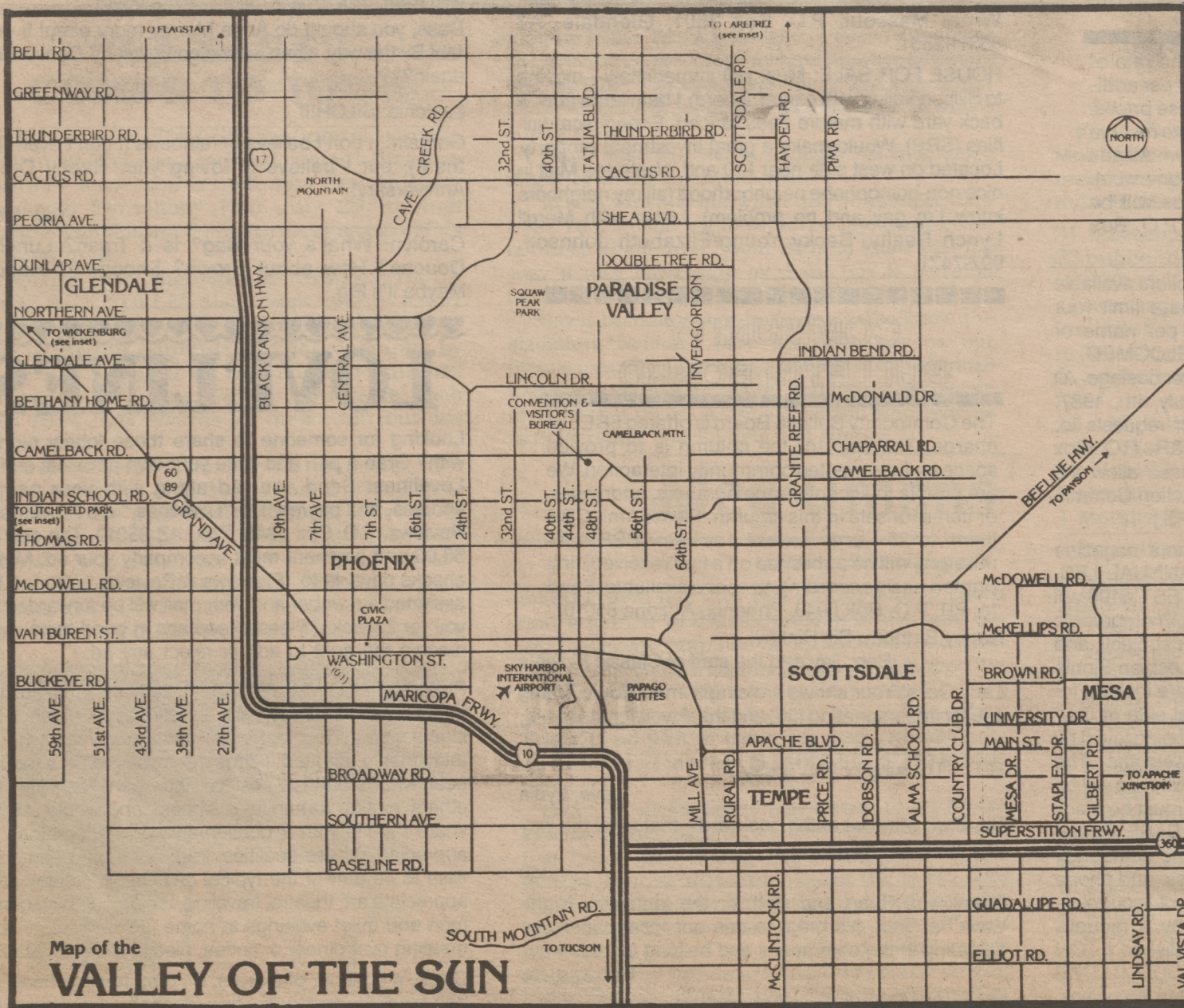
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- Janus Theatre
258-9773
- Lambda Sports
234-2420 or 897-8539
- Lesbian & Gay Community
Switchboard
234-2753
234-2752
- Los Amigos Del Sol
(L.A.D.S.)
P.O. Box 27335
Phoenix, AZ 85061
- Lutherans Concerned
P.O. Box 7519
Phoenix, AZ 85011
- Mishpachat Am
Congregation of Lesbians
and Gay Jews
P.O. Box 39127
Phoenix, AZ 85069

- Mobilization Against
A.I.D.S.
P.O. Box 44573
Phoenix, AZ 85064
- Oasis M.C.C.
P.O. Box 10272
Phoenix, AZ 85064
- Parents & Friends of
Lesbians & Gays
P.O. Box 37525
Phoenix, AZ 85069
- Phoenix Older/Younger
Social Organization
P.O. Box 10423
Phoenix, AZ 85064
- Sons of Apollo
P.O. Box 39540
Phoenix, AZ
277-9373
- Accounting Plus
978-6337
- Alpha Omega
P.O. Box 30715
Phoenix, AZ 85046
- Alternative Encounters
Referral/Dating Service
2505 E. Thomas Rd.
Suite 10
Phoenix, AZ 85016
- Blue Ribbon Realty
Mario T. Romero
7227 N. 16th St., #108
263-9696 Bus.
252-4191 Res.

RETAIL & SERVICES

- Castle Bookstore
5501 E. Washington
231-9837
- Classic Flowers, Gifts &
Limos
5836 W. Thomas Rd.
247-2777
- Club Phoenix Baths
1517 S. Blk. Cnyn Hwy.
271-9011
- First Travel
5150 North 7th St.
265-0666
- Gay Roommate Service
938-3932
- Great Opportunities
Insurance
967-4300
- Humanspace Books
2401 N. 32nd St. #5
Phoenix, AZ 85008
- Indian School Mini-Storage
2331 W. Indian School Rd.
Phoenix, Arizona 85015
- In Good Taste (Catering)
249-0337
- Le Taxi
264-5496
- Lough's Flower Shop
6831 N. 21st Ave.
Phoenix, AZ 85015
- Olive Branch Florist
1503 E. Bethany Home,
#4
Phoenix, AZ 85014
- Orsini's Restaurant
454 E. McDowell
253-3703
- Parr of Arizona
1108 N. 24th St.
275-1755
- Personal Touch
Limousines
244-1117
- Premiere Frame &
Picture Gallery
2210 N. 7th St.
253-1625
- Rabid Graphics
898-1394
274-2159
- Royal Villa
1102 E. Turney
266-6883
963-0702
- Sun Computerized
Accounting
439-3878
- Tuff Stuff
1714 E. McDowell
254-9651
- Valley Wide
Answering
Service
3920 E. Indian Sch
Suite #6
Phoenix, AZ 85018
- Your Personal Printer
4415 S. Rural Rd.,
Tempe, AZ
820-7059



IT'S OUR 6th ANNIVERSARY PARTY

need we say more?

SATURDAY, JULY 12

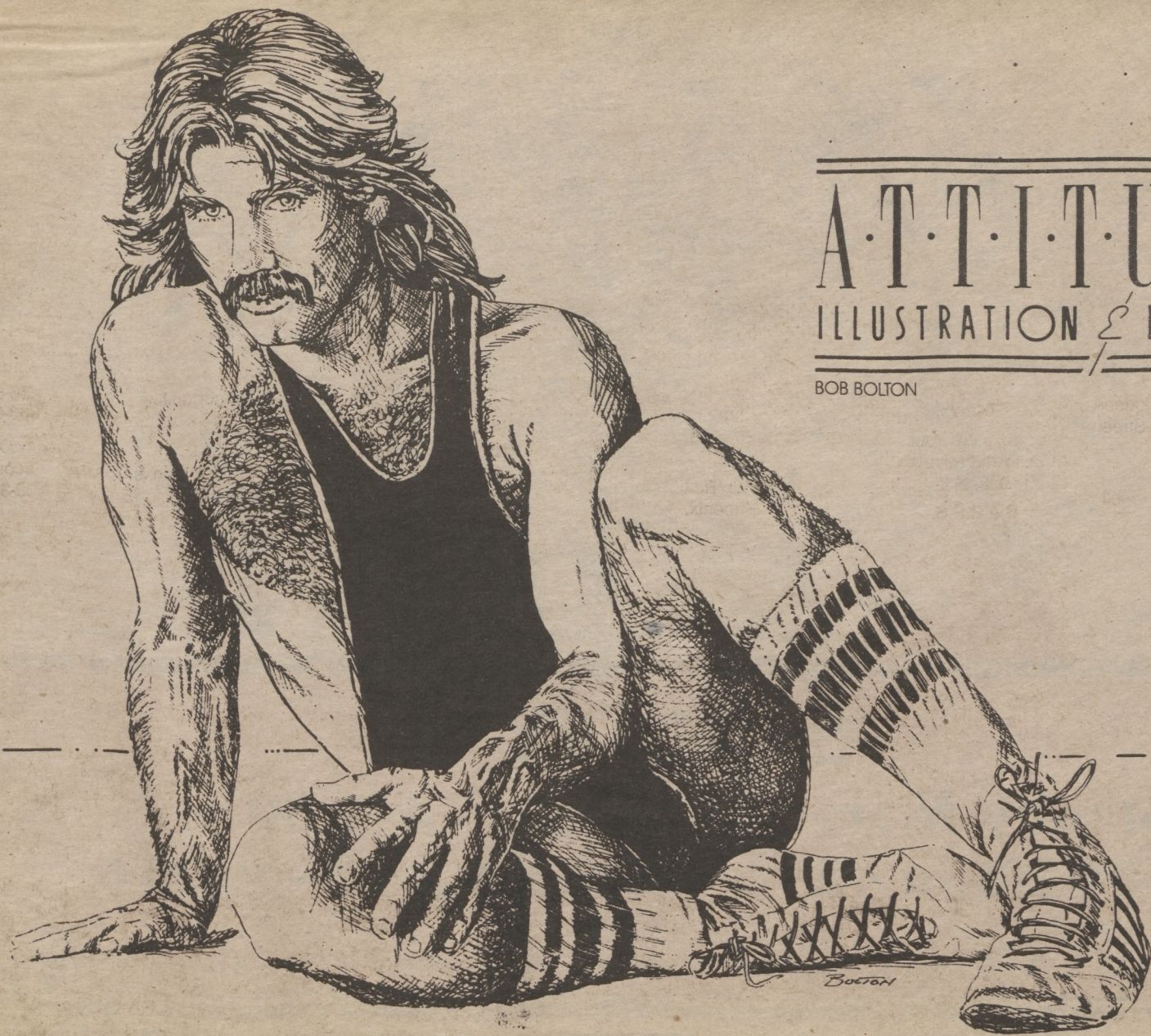
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drink specials & door prizes

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254-0231



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ILLUSTRATION & DESIGN

BOB BOLTON

257-4586

NUTOWNE SALOON



SUNDAY

Bloody Marys
50¢ Noon - 2

BBQ 1 - 4 1.50

Beer Bust 3 - 8 25¢

5002 EAST VAN BUREN • 267-9959