





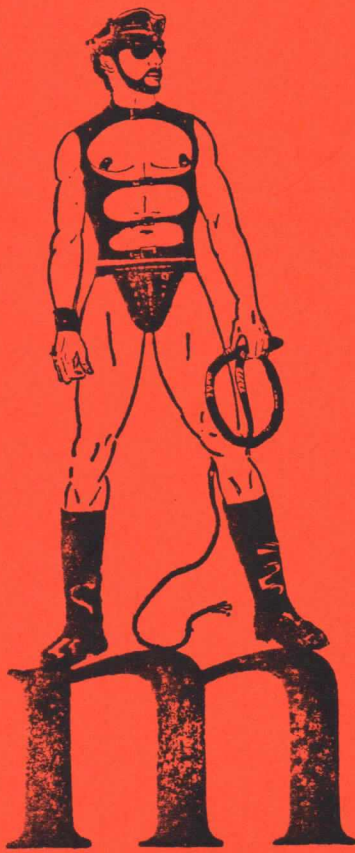


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MAJOON, A Fanzine of Advanced Sexual Politics, is uttered and published by Mog Decarnin, at P.O. Box 590293, San Francisco, CA 94159-0293. Due to poverty and other factors, MAJOON is NOT available for the usual. A mere 100 copies will be distributed each ish, exclusively to people who will still respect me in the morning. And only one per household. Raygunomics.

This is MAJOON #2, April, 1985.

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While in Denmark, our heroine got lots of mail. She resorted to lettersubs for answering it -- and here, only a year and a half later, is the final installment.

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Rhumba Spontini's epic novel appears in selected Bay Area mailboxes chapter by chapter. Each episode contains a certain something not to be found in the works of any other writer -- namely, an invitation to Shay Barsabe's and Jim Kennedy's infamous Third Saturday Parties. "In a no-win world, you can't turn on itself" -- this chapter is by Jim Jones.

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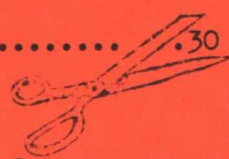
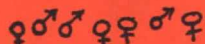
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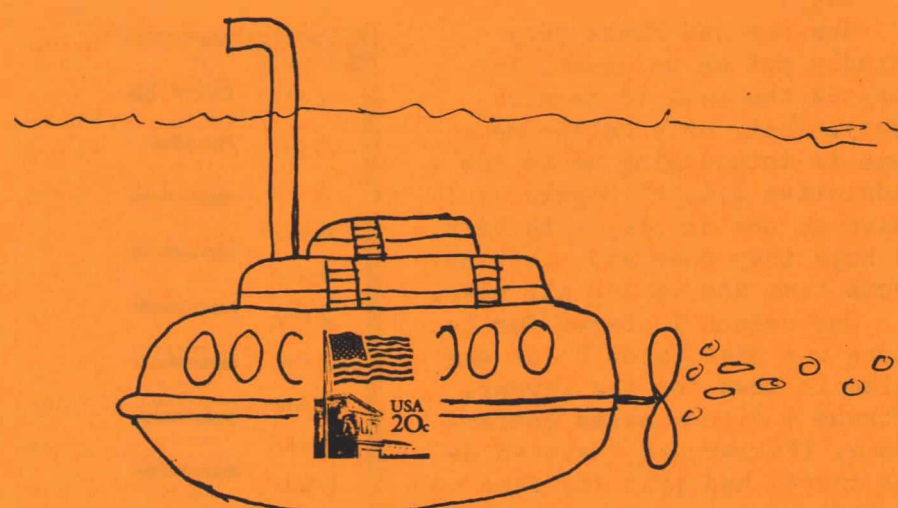
Why all these introductory remarks ended up here is the table of contents instead of inside where they belong.

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Formerly Danish Delights



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My Danish saga kind of left people hanging with my last lettersub in Fall 1983. Suffice it to say things deteriorated, and I made my homeward reservations for the end of November. Aside from an encounter with a burglar on the train to Brussels, the departure from Copenhagen went smoothly. A friend had helped me get "tranquilizers" (ha) for the plane from Brussels to New York. At ten times the recommended dosage they did actually put me to sleep for an hour or so of the eight-hour flight. Due to headwinds we had to land in Boston to refuel. I decided to debark. Boston is in the U.S. -- close enough for me. Re-

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becca Lesses dropped her Hannukah preparations and collected my quivering remains off the local bus.

Here in Boston occurred one of those never-to-be-forgotten blunders of a lifetime, comparable to the day 13 years ago when I moved the wrong pawn first after a queen sacrifice and blew my brilliant checkmate. I learned that a friend of mine would be in New York for only a day or two on Tuesday, and, wanting very much to see him, I decided to catch the NY bus on Sunday; after a Saturday of pottering aimlessly and attempting to deal, in growing panic, with culture shock and a kosher kitchen, yet not really wanting to leave, I rode to the Trailways station (remember the Greyhound strike?) "Are you sure you don't want to stay here in Boston a while?" Rebecca asked. "I do!" I wailed. But I had this feeling of urgency about getting to New York.

Only when I got there did I learn that not only had the friend I'd come to meet -- who turned out to be too busy to see me when he did get to NY -- been IN BOSTON that weekend, but he'd been there for the annual convention of a group we both belonged to, which I would have been delighted to attend myself.

Sigh.

Sue-Rae and Frank very kindly put me up again, far beyond the call of fannish duty. Their only callousness was in introducing me to the addictive game of Boggle -- I have no one to play with here. I hope they come and visit me some time and we can all play.

One reason I stayed far too long was that Jacob Holdt was also in town for the Farrar, Straus & Giroux sales conference. (Farrar had insisted he be there, had paid air fare to get him to come, the only author, I think, AT the sales conference. A few months later they cancelled his book.) Still miserably in love, I couldn't bring myself to leave until Jacob did. We ended up meeting in the oddest places -- such as the Met's (the opera house not the ball team -- though some seemed to feel the distinction was not that material) production of Tristan & Isolde, which I went to with Chip Delany, both of us standing at the back leaning on a little upholstered rail -- a nicely calculated feudal tradition that must make everyone, from ushers to box-holders, thoroughly uncomfortable on some level -- until the third act, when I snuck down into an empty seat (the rich and the critics don't stay to the end) and promptly fell asleep. I plead jet-lag and a basic lack of understanding of Wagner's concept of music. I next became aware of Isolde singing something of a no doubt dispirited tendency over Tristan's corpse. It must be difficult to lie on a stage, ostensibly deceased, for half an hour or so. Of the production I can only say most of it was done with lighting, and Isolde's dress was just super -- a long "simple" swishy russet thing designed for a

robust female shape. Chip said the singing was good but the orchestra was misguided, and I'm willing to take his word for it.

Remember the Greyhound strike? It's not irrelevant. Trailways goes from NY to Michigan only by the most devious of routes, and I finally decided anything would be better than those long layovers in places like Pittsburgh, Cleveland, and Detroit. Even -- agh -- another airplane. And what was a couple of hours aloft after my successful Atlantic crossing? I might have been Daedalus & Son dismissing the short hop between Crete and Sicily.

"People's Express has real cheap flights," I was told. I phoned them.

"Do you have a nonstop flight from New York to Detroit?"

"No," replied a cheerful male voice, "but we have a flight to Austin."

It was a moment before I put a cautious verbal foot out onto the tightrope of silence. "That's ...in Texas?"

"Yes, that's right." He was bright and alert, his life's ambition was to be of service.

"Yes well. Um. I'm afraid I really had my heart set on Michigan."

Tentative was the forefinger that dialled Pan Am, but they are obviously used to dealing with widely varying cultural norms, and, spotting my accent as that of a staid Californian whose sense of spontaneity probably didn't go beyond a little hot-tubs-and-bondage, they merely reserved me a spot on their cheapest flight. To Detroit.

The trip out to Kennedy took an hour longer than I had thought it possibly could, but with my usual native cunning I'd included an hour and a half's temporal libation to the gods of metropolitan transport in my plans. I got to

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JUNE 2 1983

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METROPOLITAN OPERA CENTENNIAL 1983

the boarding area in plenty of time to hang around reading Anna Karenina and popping so-called trunks. The weather was a little drizzly but by no means stormy. I remembered the predictions of friends that the airport would close down under drenching rain, a belief that had obviously kept a lot of travellers at home. I smiled smugly. We seasoned voyagers never let a few clouds stand in our way...

The 747 was nearly empty, and anyway had lots more room for luxuries like feet and knees than cheapo Capitol. Delightful. On Chip's advice I had developed an intellectual confidence that only the first 5 minutes after takeoff and the last 10 before landing were Really Dangerous, that the rest was just self-indulgence on the part of my adrenal glands. We took off in a steep climb that seemed to last only a minute, then levelled off and flight attendants started bustling. "Gee," I thought, as they announced that the trip would last not two hours but a mere one and a half, "this will be easy," and rummaged for Anna Karenina. I'd probably finish it before --

The bottom of the plane hit something and we lurched and bounded like a car the skeleton of whose dead suspension is encountering a road full of boulders and canyonesque ruts. "Three minutes after takeoff," I told myself with the lucidity only true terror can create. "This is it. Help. Help."

"Will flight service please return to their seats," the intercom snapped and clicked off. Oddly, with the conviction that we were, indeed, about to lunge into a flaming

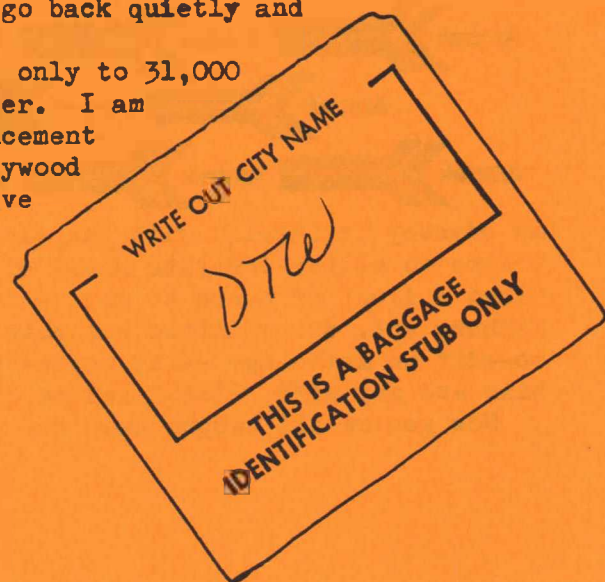
spiral and die came a moment of total, absolute calm. "So," I felt rather than thought (lucidity lasts only so long when you're over 35), "this is it. Finally. I was right about these infernal contraptions all along. And Now," was more or less the gist of it, "For Something Completely Different."

Once the plunging and pitching had given way to a steady bumpity bumpity BUMP bumpity and it became obvious we might survive, the calm of certainty made way once more for the abject panic of the unknown. Five or ten minutes later some plausible-sounding smoothie came on the intercom to explain that, since other planes had been stacked up above us we'd had to level off temporarily at 5,000 feet, and that there was "a little weather" about 40 miles away ("now", he did not add). Soon we would be climbing to 35,000 feet and all would be halcyon peace. "Wonderful," I thought, clutching the thoughtfully provided pillow in a grip of steel. "Why didn't we stay on the ground till all those other planes got out of the way? Why don't we just go back quietly and wait?"

In the fullness of time we did in fact climb, but only to 31,000 feet. "Traffic was too heavy" for us to go any higher. I am assured by competent authorities that such an announcement is no grounds for visions of a sort of airborne Hollywood Freeway at rush hour. I don't care. I didn't believe them anyway. You can't tell me there are that many flights to Detroit all at the same time.

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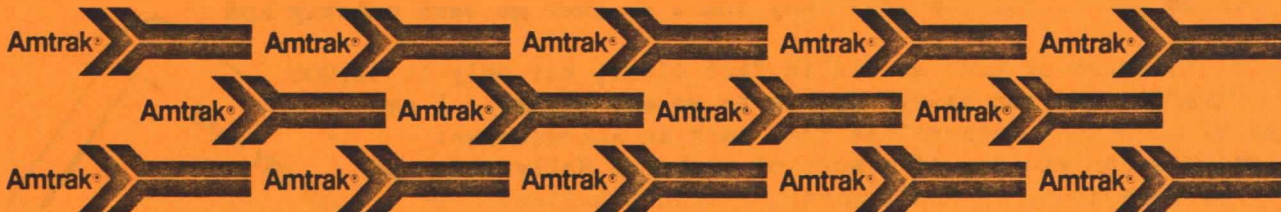
They were just afraid to go any higher, like the time the last fellow passenger got out of the elevator on the 41st floor of the Bank of America Building so I did too, even though my goal was the 42nd (and when I found out an alarm would sound if I opened the door to the stairwell, I mustered just enough courage to get back in the elevator and plunge down that howling shaft to safety on the ground). This sort of transparent lie does the airlines no good, I'm sure. Mean-

while, the bumpity bumpity BUMPITY bumpbump continued under my cringing toes. My blase attitude had vanished as though it had never been. The actually good looking food pressed on me went untasted (those who know me will grasp, in this, the depth of terror we are talking about here) and I kept pressing my fingertips into my cheekbones so hard that the bruises were still there a week later. Talking to someone would have helped, but I was alone in the entire tail section. All those cancellations...

I will say, however, that it seemed only about a half-hour till we were instructed to fasten our seatbelts (as if we were gullible enough to ever unfasten them) for the approach to Detroit Metro. "Hallelujah!" I exclaimed, as is my wont on these occasions (the last ten minutes before landing be damned -- we're going back to terra firma!) I can't explain why a trip I was sure would take approximately 7.5 subjective years actually consumed itself so quickly. I've never had this experience before. Perhaps there is a sort of relativity principle involved, a Beyond-Fight-or-Flight status wherein time becomes motionless relative to the acceleration of adrenalin through space. Perhaps someone should investigate this as a means of instantaneous transport. Someone else, I mean.

We landed. Simple words, how freighted with emotion. As I met my parents I overheard someone ask one of the other passengers about his trip. "Well," he said, "it was a bit of a rocky road." At least I wasn't the only one who noticed.

After Xmas with the folks in the country, I Amtrakked back to San Francisco --



an odyssey in itself, with the electrical system dying periodically and split frozen tracks derailling freights ahead of us till finally, in Salt Lake, they gave up and hired a fleet of buses to get us to Reno. Since then I've sat stodgily in my Haight-Ashbury apt. doing little but gain weight for a year, though I did sign a contract to co-edit an anthology -- if anyone can think of a good title for a collection of lesbian and gay sf/f, PLEASE let me know.

Now you're all caught up. Now you owe me a letter.



The place was Big Mort's Bon Ton Bods for the Upwardly Mobile. The time was, too late. And the circumstances sucked vacuum.

"Others talk, here we deal," purred Big Mort. Vaguely humanoid, he wore one-way goggles and an eyeshade; where he walked, he left a trail of slime. The floor was covered with it.

Maggie wasn't picky about present company. It was better than what waited beyond Big Mort's gaudy bodlot. She looked through a display of prehensile sex organs to the darkened mall outside. Her eye caught a hint of movement, then Big Mort was easing her towards the back.

"Don't waste your time with that crap. I sell it to mutants. A career woman, aren't you?"

"Of sorts."

"I could tell by the gun. And that very classy mekwork of yours." They stopped at a row of display modules. "But it's never too soon to trade up. Just think how you'd look trotting down the ramp in one of these mamas."

Maggie surveyed the lot: a Garfug female, genetically scoped for reactor maintenance; a chlicchick, with the hunchback and purple markings of the Degenerate's Guild; and a multi-colored ovoid that pulsed slowly even in the hiberfield.

"And they're all marked down. Interested?"

"Just browsing."

"You mean 'just hlding'." He peered at her. "I've got eyes, sort of. Who's waiting for you out there?"

"You wouldn't want to meet them. Better for all if I take the back door."

"I don't have one."

"That cuts my options."

"At Big Mort's, the customer's always got options. For a customer now..."

"I don't need a new bod--much less one of yours."

"Now, no. Five mikes from now--" He handed her a business card--maroon, shaped like a human heart--"Keep me in mind. Now get out before there's trouble."

Force him? Too dangerous on his home ground. Maggie raised her beamer and eased out onto the mall. Behind her, a beamscreen formed up across the front of Mort's stall. The bodmelster was taking no chances.

The mall curved away from her in either direction, vanishing into gloom. It was wolfhour, local cycle. Nothing else open, nothing lighted, nothing and no one in sight. Silence in the thick air. Weak light glowed pinkly from damp, sculptured walls, the low, curved ceiling--not enough to see much by.

There was a lift 200 meters off--she saw the flickering purple "L", almost out of sight around a bend. So close--but it might as well be Andromeda. She drew weapons for three other hands and stuck a Dalibomb behind one ear. And started walking.

Halfway to the lift, something came flying out of the darkness and plopped at her feet. A glove--formal notification.

So it would be here. Maggie shrugged off her cloak, kicked it aside and waited for them to come.

They came--out of the walls, from side-ways, boomtubes, from behind her and in front. Chichicks with filed claws, red-eyed anklebiters with hydrophobia, rusty meks with forcebeams in their eyes, black-faced Nights, irs agents in their iceblue suits, a certain limehide with a saw-toothed blade, two Skybirds in dominoes and brocade, a white emptiness that giggled, and the Crystal Death. Others loomed behind them in the shadows. Not pretty.

Maggie reached up behind her ear. "If I go, bods, objective reality goes with me." The Dalibomb glittered with its own light.

The mob faltered, stopped. All Chichick eyes were on the bomb, the Nights pretended they didn't care, and the anklebiters just drooled; the rest looked at each other.

"Hell," growled the limehide finally. "What's objective reality ever done for me?" He started forward and the others followed.

Maggie dropped him, thumbed the bomb and threw it at his feet. Beams shot from the advancing crowd, but somehow curved up and tied themselves into an energy macrame. The walls and ceiling began to flow, melt, as did Maggie and everyone else.

She was a mobile cactus on an infinite plan, fending off the advances of melting saxophones. Fat black quarter-notes drifted from their horns toward her. It was somehow important that she popthem with her needles before they reached her. The hostile notes kept her at bay, but two saxes tripped over her fallen fruit and dissolved into flinders.

Reality shifted, granted her butterfly wings and tentacles. She cruised high over a marmalade sea, battling batwinged fruitflies. They favored a rigid vee formation, so she rose high and dived down through them. Some didn't make it, but she lost a wing.

Then she was square-dancing with purple dwarves in a photonic cathedral. Above all, she must protect her feet--the dwarves were terrible dancers and where they stepped, the flagstones glowed white hot for the barest instant.

She spun away in an allemande left as the dwarf lines merged and drew apart behind her, then ran to the orchestra and bribed them to play the Tarantella at double speed. It was too much; dwarves lost their balance, fell, and were stepped on by the others. Flames shot toward the ceiling from a hundred points. There were screams, curses, and copious smoke.

"Hello." A blond Earthchild appeared beside her on the bandstand. "My name is Alice, and I may be real."

"Are you with them?" Maggie gestured at the burning dwarves.

"No, I am a service of the Centauri Ethical Hallucinogens Corporation of Beta Centauri II. Centauri Ethical hereby informs you that this alternate-perception experience is near an end. We hope that you will allow us to serve you in the future."

"I'm satisfied. The battle's over, and I'm still alive. At least I think I am."

"You are. Our products aren't that good." The little girl giggled. She drew a pink envelope from her pocketbook and gave it to Maggie. "Take this with our compliments. And remember, objective reality is a subjective concept."

Alice and the cathedral faded away. Maggie found herself back on the mall, leaning on a rude barricade of burned, knifed, beamed, and strangled ex-sentients. Her beamer muzzles glowed white hot. Occasional beams and projectiles still zipped overhead--maybe the weapons subsystem of an otherwise-dead mek. Maggie might wait it out, but there wasn't time--she'd lost a few too many pieces. It was hard to focus her eyes or mind, and getting harder.

"Interested in a new bod yet?"

She looked down. The contents of her carrypouch were strewn on the floor. Among them, a tiny holo of Big Mort rose from the card he'd handed her.

"I still like what I have, but it needs work. Do a clone job?"

"Of course. Big Mort's is a full-service dealership. You'll need a rental while we do the work."

"Sure." It was becoming hard to talk.

"I still think that Garfug is really you; you could try her out. By the way, what kind of payment are we talking?"

Maggie picked up the card and panned it across the corpses.

"We-e-ell...they're fresh?"

"Count on it."

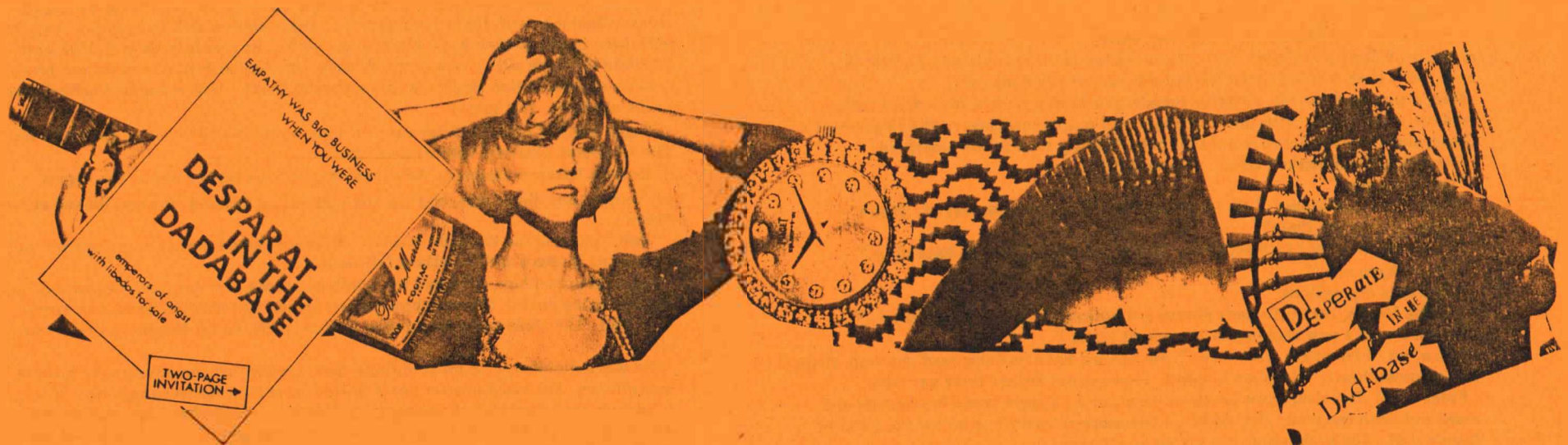
"We'll work something out. Hang on."

The holo disappeared. Maggie tied off the worst leaks in her circulatory system and waited. There was a brilliant burst of light down the mall, and the stray beams stopped coming her way--Big Mort mopping up, probably.

Maggie allowed herself to fall to her knees--those remaining. A pink envelope dropped from a pocket. She knew that envelope. She tore it open and found a note:

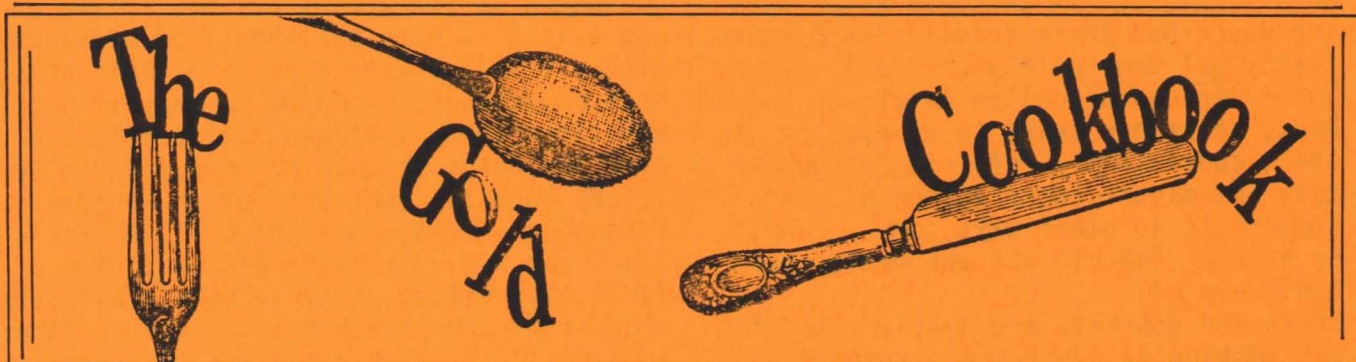
Shay, Allyn, Jim, Karl, Stan, and Mark (who knows nothing about this yet), invite you to the third-Saturday party. November 17th, 1984, 8 PM. 368 Second Avenue, San Francisco. 386-1768. (After you've been to Doug and Dawn's open house at 2PM [onward], 390 Alcatraz, Oakland. 655-8604.)

It was her first-ever invite from a hallucination--might be risky. But what the hell--she could always go as a Garfug.





I've finally figured out one more of the several reasons I am fat. It's simple: at ovulation my body decides, Okay, team, we're eating for two here, hop to it! Two weeks later the scramble status is declared a false alarm and my appetite falls like a rock to normal levels. Haven't found a way to use this knowledge, but it does go to show food and sexuality can never truly be separated, even on the hormonal level. As good an excuse as any for a cook-book review in a sex magazine.



Fans have been talking gastronomy books and now I can too. Today when I walked into the bookstore of some friends of mine I became the recipient of a battered free copy of The Gold Cook Book by Master Chef Louis P. De Gouy. Its spine hangs on by a few threads, and the pages now mysteriously stick out a quarter-inch past the covers, and mildew overrides any nice book smell. But it's all there and perfectly legible. It's thick, with over 2400 recipes, plus lots of charts (such as the ten-page "Guide to the Purchase and Preparation of Shellfish", or another that casually includes 37 variety names for salmon) and commentary. This book went into a second edition (not printing) within six months of publication, an oddity that intrigues me; my copy is thus the "enlarged and revised" (12th printing, 1958). The recipes are user-friendly even though they don't list ingredients separately from directions; in fact, the recipes are downright sweet: "Clean, wipe with a damp cloth, and filet 3 nice flounders (the fisherman will gladly do this for you)" begins 458, Filets of Flounder St. Malo. Like most of the other recipes, this one calls for several cooking operations (applications of heat), melted butter and heavy cream.

From time to time a recipe is garnished with a sprig of history: "One of Cleopatra's favorite desserts was candied melon with stuffed onions which she ate with a golden single-pronged fork." Follows recipe 1381, Baked Stuffed Onions Texas Way. Clearly a fan of the "Let onion's atoms lurk within the bowl" school, De Gouy comforts readers with the reminder that "Nothing so reconciles us to a life of scarcity as an onion at hand." but adds "Never take liberties with an onion. It will get back at you." Other veggies also get their share of anecdotes and kitchen hints -- for instance, French petit pois, which started a kind of peamania. De Gouy quotes Madame de Maintenon, in a letter of May 10, 1696: "The subject of peas continues to absorb all others. The anxiety to eat them, the pleasure of having eaten them, and the desire to eat them again are the three great matters which have been discussed for four days past by our Princes. Some ladies, even after having supped, too, returning to their homes...will again eat peas before going to bed. It is both a fashion and a madness."

Though his father was chef to European royalty, De Gouy has a rather housewifely attitude toward leftovers, and has suggestions even for the leftover juice of

fruit cocktail or mustard pickles, and the "dark and often bruised and homely outside leaves of lettuce." He calls hors d'oeuvres "acrobatic imps in harlequin motley"; in making Anchovy Canapé Fingers he advises that you "decrust" the toast (Anchovy Canapé Fingers not to be confused with A.C. Lozenges or Rounds, nor with A.C.s Nantais, Odette, Patricia, à la Royale or à la Statler -- and only after having described these frivolities does he really get down with anchovies); he has an oyster canapé called Angels on Horseback; he brings tears to my eyes by, in 1947, consistently referring to gourmets and master cooks as "he or she"; democratic in other ways too -- "Why," he argues, "should not the masses have their aspic?"

Chefs and gourmets are justly famed for gallumphing in where the average bourgeois angel would fear to tread, and De Gouy is no exception, plunging into one recipe with the instruction "Wash and scald 2 calf's feet --", titling others Canapés Cannibal, Brain Fritters and Canard au Sang ("Never bleed a duck.") casually finishing up one with the scary command "Baste omelette with flaming rum until sugar is browned." "Each animal," he explains enthusiastically, "possesses two kinds of sweetbreads, one found in the throat and the other in the body proper. ...throat sweetbreads (are) the thymus glands of the

neck, which in mammals shrink to almost nothing as they attain years of discretion" and of kidneys, "scalding removes the sui generis flavor". He spends a full page plugging the virtues of grass juice; the ASPCA would probably have liked to catch him in the act of cooking turtles.

Am I actually going to cook from this book? Well...those who know me realize I could continue my present cooking style almost unchanged if everything but one frying pan and a spatula were banished from my kitchen. Still, I feel a little uncomfortable about this cloddishness. Maybe someday I'll get ambitious (and rich) and invite a friend over for Burnt Chicken Princess, Baked Potatoes Soubise, Smothered Green Peppers Lyonnaise -- and, what the hell, Farmer's Nut Cream Pie. Or maybe Banana Schaum Torte like Grandma used to make. With some elbow room and enough heavy cream to float an aircraft carrier I too can be a great chef...at least I can lay claim to having the jealously guarded recipe for the ultimate fruitcake, and I'm going to lay it on you here and now, Food Fen, one helluva finale for a cookbook review.

### GRANDMA'S 100% TEUTONIC SAUSAGE CAKE

#### with lemon sauce

1 lb. pork sausage (fine ground)	1/2 lb. candied fruit (pineapple, cherries, etc.)
(try for low fat these days)	
1 box raisins	1 lemon (juice)
1 box currants	1 T. vanilla
1 lb. brown sugar	2 tsps. soda
1/4 lb. citron	1 pint boiling water
1/4 lb. orange & lemon peel	4 cups flour (or till stiff)
1/4 lb. figs (cut fine)	
1/2 lb. nut meats, chopped	

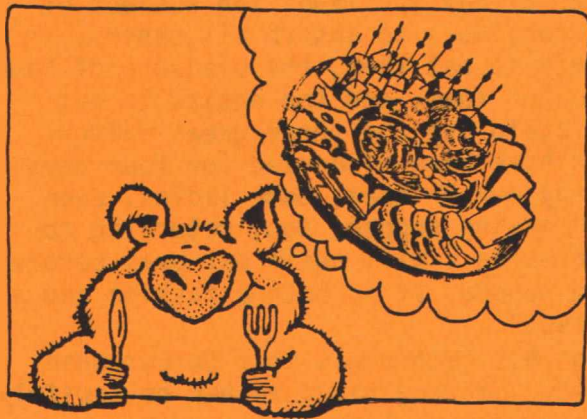
Bake in slow oven (250-350° -- say 325°) in angel food cake pan for 3 hours. (In typical grandmother fashion, this recipe came down naked of instructions. I'm assuming the basic one is "mix" -- try following a regular fruitcake recipe. This is not a recipe for the faint of heart, for the little of faith, nor yet for those scared of tiny brown wrinkled things (Bruce Townley, beware). I've eaten it but never actually constructed it. Proceed at your own risk.) For two or three weeks drip an ounce of bourbon over cake once a week or so. You can freeze the cake in sections.

Serve with lemon sauce:

1/2 cup sugar	Salt
1 T. corn starch	2 T. butter
2 T. lemon juice	1 cup boiling water
Nutmeg	Grated lemon rind

Mix sugar, corn starch, add water and salt, boil till thick and clear. Cook over hot water 20 minutes. Beat in butter, lemon juice and nutmeg. Lemon rind if desired. (Make a lot - keep in fridge.)

**P.S. Serve that lemon sauce HOT!**



And speaking of food...

This may be the only letter I ever got that was typed in a restaurant.

It appears here so I can point out that if nothing else, my first issue had a letter column. There can't be many eds who can make that claim.

THE GREAT "LET'S WRITE TO MOG WHILE WAITING FOR OUR SUSHI TO ARRIVE" ONESHOT

Dear Mog,

November 12, 1983

This is being brought to you by Ctein, Amy Thomson, Jerry Kaufman, and Tom Weber. Take it away, Jerry!

Hi, Mog! I know I owe you a letter, but this is an odd time to write it. But since we've run into some difficulty here, I might as well. We've been told that the ansul system here isn't working, and the kitchen is being filled with dangerous exhaust. So the only thing they can serve is sushi, and they've had to bring in an extra chef to cover all the orders. So we're eating chocolate poptarts and writing to you. What fun! Now here's Tom.

This was all Amy's idea. (I can say that safely, because she is engrossed in the program book beside me.) For some reason, she took it into her head to form a sushi party. She insisted on pulling me into this because I've never had sushi (I've always loved virgins-Amy) (I've always thought that there are more than a few culinary experiences I can safely live without, and eating dead uncooked fish is definitely one of them. Everyone else is impatient for their dead fish; I can wait.) Anyway, Amy had ten or twelve of us lined up to go, including Dawn and Doug, and Lise Eisenberg from NY, when Cliff Wind just happened to saunter by and mention that he had this sudden craving for Haitian food. (Yes, Haitian.) Well, everyone else thought this sounded really exotic ("I can have sushi at home, after all") and followed Cliff wherever he was going (presumably Hispaniola) and we came here. Needless to say, we are not telling Cliff about this little episode. Since the sushi has just arrived, I give this over to Amy. (Don't hit me too hard, Amy...)

\*sigh\* There's nothing so sad as sushi in the past tense. Jerry recommends the little eggie things, but the slugs are no good. "Just stick your tongue in there, it's just like eating ants," remarks Jerry. At any rate, I don't believe we've met, but I have heard (excuse me, but Ctein just handed me his slug to eat) a lot (oh yumm, that was wonderful, Ctein) about you from Loren and Ctein (although they wouldn't sell me the negatives). I do look forward to finally meeting you. Hope to see you in the funny pages of AWA; I really liked Scorpion Crown. At any rate, good luck in Denmark. Next Person Please...

(Fourth person present?)

Hi there; Ctein at the helm, again! This is coming to you courtesy of my trusty, dusty TRS Model 100 computer. See, I do carry it with me everywhere. One has to be prepared in case one's sushi order is unexpectedly delayed. Jerry has just told Amy, "I licked it all over; do you still want it?" Apparently she does. Fans are soooo disgusting. I don't know how I stand it.

The waitresses were utterly fascinated with this. All four of them came around and quizzed me as we were putting our shoes back on. We made quite a hit; no computer-phobes among them! They think this a most nifty machine, if a bit pricey for them. Jerry expects to come back next year and find the restaurant gone. There will be a computer store in its place, with all the same staff.

AND NOW -- the section you've all been waiting for: your answers to this issue's question of pith and moment,

# WHAT SURPRISED YOU ABOUT SEX?

Anonymous man: Ejaculation, the first time it happened I thought "God, what is this stuff. What a mess."

Anonymous woman: Well, I was really surprised when he wanted me to roll onto my back & spread my legs -- god knows (I really don't remember) what I'd been expecting. I was also quite surprised that everything fit. (This still surprises me.)

Anonymous woman: I was surprised it took so long (and as I grew more experienced, I was equally surprised at how little time it took some people!) I was surprised that the man was on top of the woman. Actually, I was surprised that anyone would be on top. I'd sort of pictured it as being done side by side which (for male-female intercourse anyway) really doesn't work too well at all.

I was surprised people were supposed to have orgasms during intercourse. When you think about it, it's surprising that anyone ever does.

I was surprised that people did it when they didn't want to have children.

I was surprised I wanted to.

All of which tells you what I was taught about sex -- strictly biology.

I was surprised to learn that sex has nothing at all to do with biology.

Candi Strecker PENISES! It's funny, but a mere 12 years ago when the phrase "SEXUAL REVOLUTION" was on everyone's tongue, X-rated movies and explicit photos in magazines were available everywhere, but always with a double standard: naked ladies yes, naked men never. (This has changed a bit now.) But: I had never seen a penis, except in drawings or sculpture -- never in photographs, never close at hand (no brothers or male playmates for show-me experience) -- until I got around to losing my virginity. I found the penis to be an unsettling little piece of apparatus. By now I've had an eyeful of penises, to coin a phrase, and I still find it hard to not laugh at them. That a floppy piece of dangerously exposed tissue with no internal or external tangible means of support can nonetheless through sheer Will and Hydraulics become a bony-yet-boneless prodger! It's a mystery equal to that of water becoming ice! The female body does nothing analogous -- my breasts do not turn into elbows or vice versa....

Jim Kennedy Sex was a lot harder to get, and not as good (i.e., mind-blowing, overwhelming; the way it is in books) as I had been led to believe.

Chas. Belov That it took me so long to get started (19, stopped after a year, then started again at 27).

Ctein 1. I was very startled to find that kissing took practice! Noses & all that... I just assumed it was intuitive, like shaking hands or something.  
 2. The "morning after" the first time I got laid, I had this giant urge to buttonhole everyone I knew & say "Guess what happened to me last night!" I didn't, of course, but I was surprised at having that reaction & how strong it was.  
 3. It's not really surprise, but -- Now, I feel like sex is a normal part of my life (big surprise, huh?) but I can remember that at one time, way back when, it wasn't. The strange aspect is that that old time feels completely alien -- I don't identify at all with having felt that way once, & it strikes me as a very odd way to feel. This dichotomy still startles me occasionally.

Sadie Damascus et al OK. I was surprised that, after all my solitary reading and all our buildup, he did it over and over. He wasn't satisfied with driving it home (really slowly, with windshield wipers going doubletime, and me hollering lots of road-washed-out and stop signs) once, impregnating me or not, and going to sleep. No, he kept on pulling all the way back to the bottom of the road and then barrelling back up past my injured and unbelieving wounded, to pound on my bladder with a bat. I thought he would never stop & give it a rest. In books they always seemed to come when halfway in. When I got used to the repetitive aspect of sexual intercourse I began to enjoy it.

Linda Franke! What surprised me about sex? When I was engaged to be married to a gay man who was into S/M, we had sex a couple of times. We really didn't expect to turn each other on, and made no progress toward that goal at all until I accidentally bit him while I was sucking his cock. Usually, when this had happened with other men, it was guaranteed to cause immediate droop syndrome from which their cocks often never recovered, but my ex-fiance said "Ooh that feels good! Harder!" I almost gagged from astonishment, but I did attempt to oblige, though it was contrary to my sexual conditioning. I was convinced that cocks are delicate things which would be irretrievably damaged from being bitten. Biting harder brought on something I had never before accomplished with this man -- an erection. I was more surprised than ever, but the evidence of my senses couldn't be denied.

Bruce Townley That women would jack-off guys.

Jerry Kaufman I think I'm surprised in some way by every new person I'm involved with. I do remember being surprised by my first experience with prophylactics. I'd only read about them in such great works of fiction as The Carpetbaggers; when it mentioned "a pack of rubbers," I thought the things came unfurled, held in place by a cardboard rack, all up-standing like rows of cigars. And the damn thing came right off after use, me not knowing that I might have to hold it in place. The search for it took just a moment, but its discovery was an embarrassment.

Terry Garey I was surprised at how much I liked petting, and surprised that men could base their whole life, and other people's lives, on sticking their dick in someone else's tissues. Later on, when I got pregnant (and if that isn't sex, I don't know what is) I was struck by the realization that the next 20 years of my life probably didn't belong to me, but instead to my husband, society, religion, and a little tiny gamete, which, for better or for worse, miscarried a month later.

Lucy Huntzinger The thing that surprised me most was the idea of oral sex. When I was about 13 years old and started sneaking looks at my friend's collection of "racy" novels I was really grossed out by The Godfather and books like that. I thought the author was probably on drugs to have thought of such an absurd thing. Also, I didn't believe anybody really did stuff like that. So I started reading science fiction which was about real things, like people on Mars and girls in space academies. You know. Real stuff.

Daniel Kresh What surprised me about sex is how similar it is to not having sex.

Tom Whitmore What surprised me most was how much more important sleeping with someone was than sex itself was. The level of trust involved with sharing a bed is higher than necessarily happens with sex.

Jeanne Bowman What surprised me about men and actual coital sexual intercourse, aside from how funny men's sexual organs look, I mean, really, they have to live with that? was semen.

Semen stinks. That surprised the hell out of me. Not only did it smell, ah, bizarre, reptilian, base, dead (ya know, not like sweet little life giving motile seedlets in their own elixir of creative bounty) and sour, but I could taste it in my mouth when I had never got any in there. I mean, the odor of semen seems to have the capacity to transfer itself from one mucosal membrane to another. Often instantly and then to remain there for as long as two days. I can smell it in my mouth and, in truly aromatic cases, (I learned thru later observation) in my sweat. Now, that still surprises me. But since I have been using condoms incessantly of late I don't get to notice it so much. \*sigh\*

One man tells me there's an entire school of dietary control of the flavour of semen. As near as I could tell from our discussions its wisdom is much the same as that for mother's milk -- lay off the broccoli and onions & a beer & seafood is good, builds sweetness.

I was also surprised (three years ago) to learn that many of my women friends did not have orgasm during coitus. Can you tell that sex means to me penis-in-vagina-with-mutual-orgasm (not necessarily simultaneous)? And this lack of penis perpetuated orgasm amazed me. The phrase good with his hands took on new depth of meaning, and I felt like a heathen pagan touched by the gift of the goddess for weeks afterward. (At least after one discussion because I had always regarded this particular woman as being sexy as hell, sensuous and gloriously in tune with her body. .. orgasmic in the same way I am. Talking sexual politics here. If I come with cock am I or am I not politically correct?? Is orgasm the goal? Oh, do I look forward to this zine!!) which brings me to wonder, if a woman doesn't come during p-i-v sex, why bother? I mean, why have coitus?

And I could go on more about semen & say, really now, not all men have noxiously odourous emissions, and those whose scent pleases my personal palate I'm more likely to do things besides (god, ya know, this could get really embarrassing, how are you going to process all this RAW SEXUAL ENERGY??) straight coital missionary oh god do I love missionary position sex. Whoa hey!!

\*\*\*\*\*

One, two, three, four,  
Reagan thinks we need a war.  
Five, six, seven, eight,  
He also thinks his son is straight.

Chant at the National Gay March, 1984 DemoCon

\*\*\*\*\*

Anonymous     Way back in grade school (when we were all latent); I could not figure out all the fuss about dates & "Spin the Bottle", etc. What surprised me about sex was that a) it existed; and b) it explained the fuss.

Wm. Breiding    I knew absolutely nothing about sex when I started out, therefore nothing and everything was a surprise, depending on how you look at it. Certainly I have fetishes and obsessions, some stemming from childhood, others I haven't figured yet, but these aren't surprises.

I think the main thing that surprises me about sex is how people negate being sexual beings. 90% of everything that happens to me and around me usually gets translated into sexuality by me. Because I'm a sexual person. When I run into people who are not, a big ? appears on my brow. Most of the time I assume they are sublimating it into other things, out of fear or pain. I have siblings coming into their 40's now who are just beginning to experience themselves as sexual people. What happened? Why? And what is the matter with sex?

Most of the sexual people I know tend to be self-critical but apolitical. Most of the nonsexual people I know tend to be egocentric but "politically correct". Why is this? (--of course there are the billions of jerks from either side that we meet every day -- I'm talking strictly within my limited sphere.)

I don't like rules which usually leaves me on the outside of things. I'm apolitical on larger levels and believe only in the politics of self -- personal politics and how we direct our selves at one another.

Ha.     Bet you weren't expecting an answer like that!

Alan L. Bostick   (1) (at first): It seemed like so much work for a trivial reward (I mean actually fucking not seduction and the thrill of the chase and all that). Exhausting!

(2) Women's mouths taste different after they come.

(3) (After I had gotten used to (1)): Wow! The Earth moved!

(4) Sex has the astonishing power to cloud people's minds -- especially the minds of people who ought to know better.

Me     Lots of things, but the first time I remember being really taken aback was when, at a remarkably advanced age (13? 14? I really don't remember) it finally occurred to me to look up sex in the encyclopedia. After being referred hither and thither I finally arrived at "Coitus".

WHAT?!!?

They stick penises inside women's bodies??

Bleagh! Yuck. Every civilized feeling revolts. Etc.

We had no real sex education in those days, but I had managed to accumulate a certain store of information and fit it together into a closely reasoned hypothesis (researchers take warning). I knew semen was produced in the testes, and that it got into the vagina and led to the patter of little feet -- this much they were willing to reveal. I knew that people brought their genital areas into pleasant contact. I imagined that during this rubbing together the testes secreted stuff somehow, through the skin (or perhaps they kind of split open?) which got onto the woman's vulva and migrated to a rendezvous with destiny in the form of an ovum.

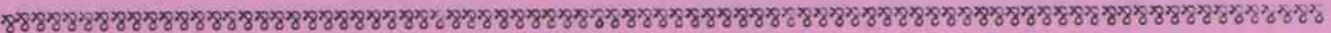
Looking back, I wouldn't be at all surprised if some of my repulsed

response was due to the inherently sexist language used then and now to describe sexual processes. This language has a tremendous impact on how women and men perceive power relationships in heterosexual intercourse -- and is far, far from "disinterested", "purely descriptive", etc.

Loren MacGregor What surprised me about sex? --That anal sex didn't hurt. I'd been told that it did for so long that, though I looked forward to it, I had more than a little dread. But I didn't plan on it; I was with a lover I'd been with a few times before, and then suddenly there I was with my legs in the air, and Jesse entering me.

I've talked with people since who find anal sex extremely uncomfortable (mainly women; I don't know any gay men (personally) who agree with this) and I'd like to learn more about this -- What were the circumstances? What position? Did he want it or did you, or did you both? -- because it fascinates me.

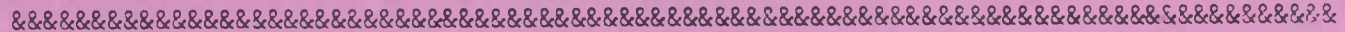
Avedon Carol OK, what surprised me about sex. That it wasn't magic. I believed everything I'd heard, and what I'd heard, uniformly, was that men knew what they were doing and magically made it feel good, and it always felt good, and women didn't have to know what they were doing or do anything because it would just magically feel good, period. And it would always feel good. And instead it hurt and made me sore and men didn't know a damn thing about it and if you just follow their lead you have no fun at all. And it takes practice to figure out what you like and then you have to tell them. I thought it was supposed to be magic and then I thought it was supposed to be ESP or something. But you have to tell them stuff and you have to put a lot of backbone into it and you have to know what you like and how to do it and then you have to tell them what you won't do and what you like. And then half of them won't pay attention and keep right on doing things you don't like and not doing things you like and then complaining because you won't just do what they like. (Then it was a surprise to find the other half -- the ones who listened and did it and stuff -- they're lots of fun. And then I was surprised that sex could be fun.)



As you can see, the answers were great. If anyone who hasn't answered question #1 wants to, please do -- I'll print your answers next ish. Meanwhile, question #2 is:

Is there something you were once afraid of about sex that doesn't scare you any more? (Corollary question: How did it change?)

Whether you hand in or mail in your answer, please include two other pieces of information: your name, and whether or not it is okay to print your name with your answer. Without specific permission each time, I won't use your name. If you have a question you'd like to see asked, by all means let me know.





*The following is a transcript, slightly edited to remove redundancies, about the trial of Robert Opel, a long-time sexual freedom advocate, in Los Angeles. Much later he moved to San Francisco and was murdered in a sensational and mysterious way, but not before leaving his mark on the city's art and other circles. Copyright by M. Thompson; please do not reproduce.*

A ...the police chief at that time, Ed Davis, was an arch-conservative Baptist person and was outraged by nudity in general, and all sorts of other things, he was outraged by gay people, and everything, so, very hideous fellow. And he brought busloads of people, he came from an area like Chatsworth or so, maybe 20 miles to the north of Los Angeles and the valley, and it's just at least an hour's drive from any beach and so forth, and he brought busloads of senior citizens from his church out there, into the city council, and had them sign petitions against the nude beach, and testify at the hearing about closing the nude beaches you know, that the nudity was blasphemous and obscene and blah blah blah like that. And so Robert ((Opel)) and I were working as reporters at that time for several gay newspapers, and I'm not sure, I think we did cover it once, on some context like that. and Robert said, this is just too grotesque, this is really it, all these poor Christian senior citizens are being bussed in here, you talk about forced busing, and to testify about a nude beach, they've never been there or anything, so, he did a very similar event there, where he wore a jumpsuit in and while...Police Chief Davis was testifying how nudity was basically in and of itself obscene and Robert simply dropped his jumpsuit again and walked up and said now can you honestly say there's anything obscene about this as an event. And Police Chief Davis said he certainly could, and had the people rush over and arrest Robert, he was taken off to prison, a long trial ensued, went on for just, I don't know, six months to a year, it was a very long -- The streaking ((of the Academy Awards)) became infinitely involved in it because the initial charge was something like lewd conduct, indecent exposure, sort of thing, which legally hinges on the question of whether the person who does it is, has a sexual involvement in it, whether they're excited or not. And so the prosecution introduced a photo of him streaking the Academy Awards when his, he was running and his leg and sort of one knee was up and his cock was sort of you know looked, it was in a horizontal position, to put it most simply, and they contended that that was an erection, and that, therefore that he had streaked the Academy Awards because of his own sexual perversity and that the City Council had been the same thing, so had they been able to get him for that he would have been a registered sex offender and it would have been a major offense and they could have put him away for numbers of years, given him shock treatments and any number of things. And they were really engineering for that, but fortunately Robert had a good defense lawyer, and they went along a long very funny trial, and they had these photos, they wouldn't allow Robert's cock to appear live in the courtroom as an item of investigation even though it was the subject (pending?); the defense lawyer pointed out that that photo that they presented was only a momentary accident that as he was running his cock happened to be flopping up and be in a horizontal position, and the prosecution contended that it was erect, so they had, there was this whole discussion of trying, what his erect penis was like, without ever showing it of course, there was no question of that, Robert was saying, I'll show it, I'll show it, (laughs) and the lawyer told him not to do that, but he did it anyway, you know he kept saying well this is just ridiculous that we're spending these days in court, discussing my penis, and the object itself is available and could be investigated.

Q Did they take pictures of it erect and flaccid?

A Yes, uh-huh, and presented them in evidence and they took a video tape of the streaking and broke it down...So they went through this whole really long and elaborate trial, and after maybe six months to a year, they finally convicted him, not of that -- they finally had to give up the lewd vein (??) because the judge concluded that despite all of his desires to the contrary, the judge was very nasty, that it couldn't really be established that there was any kind of genuine sexual involvement and therefore they switched it to disrupting a public meeting. And they gave him, I don't know, a four to six month sentence or something like that, for disrupting a public meeting. To think he was put away in prison. I think he was in for about three (months?) There were lots of other wonderful aspects of this, he was very pissed off at Ed Davis in general and did several posters and whatnot satirizing him, and he did a, he was, during that time after the trial he was, he got one of those letters from the health department saying your name has been given as a correspondent in a venereal disease case, and you have to come and have a blood test, so Robert went down and had his blood test and put down as his correspondent Ed Davis and the judge and all these people and put their addresses in and carefully got them (hand-typed?) and as usual I was hanging around somewhere saying I don't know if this is a very good idea, Robert ...and within about a week they came bursting into the house, where Robert and I were living together then, and he had, they broke down the front door and came rushing in and arrested Robert for possession of marijuana. And which was of course true, I fortunately wasn't in the house at that time, or I would have been busted too, but so I got to bail him out. That was while the other trial was still going on...

Q You said the trial lasted for months?

A Oh months and months, yeah.

Q Thousands and thousands of dollars.

A Yes. For all these pictures of Robert's cock flaccid and his cock erect. And see they, it just went on to absurd lengths, cause, I remember I took a set of photos and then they wanted them over again because they, the actual size of the cock became a point of contention. And you remember the, David Niven when he actually did the streaking, made that comment about If I were him I wouldn't show my shortcomings in public? The old size queen! (laughs) And Robert actually had a pretty large cock, as things go, but in that situation I guess it was pretty cold and everything and his cock was definitely shrivelled compared to its regular size, that was what was so ridiculous, with all this contention that he had an erection. And so they wanted a picture of him, I took a picture of him with an erect cock, and with the flaccid but much longer cock than was there, and then they wanted it with like a ruler in the picture, you know the sort of thing, cause you couldn't tell, and then they, the prosecution wanted to take a picture because they didn't trust the fact that the defense had made these other pictures and everything, it was just, just absurd, it went on and on, and of course a lot of the time that's spent in those delays it's not that there was the trial every day, you know, it meets three times a month or something like that, and their transcripts are passed back and forth and everything, but it was, it cost thousands and thousands of dollars. And then poor Robert got sent off to prison.

.....

Graffito along Jagtvej, in Copenhagen: Sov lidt mindre -- drøm lidt mere.  
Translation: Sleep a little less -- dream a little more.

.....

## A Personal Note on the Politics of AIDS

People's reactions to the AIDS epidemic are based largely on what they've been permitted to learn, by US media and their own lifestyles, about the disease and its social surround. AIDS, by sheer coincidence, found its way to the US in the bodies of a few gay men and, later, black immigrants, members of two minority "throwaway" populations, and spread next to intravenous drug users (another "garbage" population deliberately created by corrupt government to support the lucrative smack trade) and to one of America's numerous groups of shuffled-off physically challenged people, hemophiliacs. Very early on it was known that Haitian and African women could catch AIDS through sexual contact, but since this was only happening to women who were black and far away and, well, you know, female, who cared? No straight white temporarily able-bodied men who didn't shoot heroin were getting AIDS here, and since virtually all US legislators and media owners belong to this particular minority, funding for AIDS research was late, tiny, and is now being held up by mysterious delays even after allocation.

It's a funny thing about prostitution. It could be a high-paying job women could do without typing, standing on an assembly line or scrubbing floors. They could even be their own bosses. As you would expect, there's a catch: such jobs are illegal. When you are part of an illegal profession you tend to hang out with -- maybe even have sex with -- or share needles with -- members of other illegal or quasi-legal or just illegally oppressed groups. Like gays. Or drug users. Or ghettoized blacks. And since the allure of prostitution in a place where it's illegal is kept minimal, you're only likely to try it if you find it hard to get any other job. If you face discrimination, say. Like blacks, or drug users, or gays.

AIDS began to affect American women years ago. As of January 1985, AIDS has appeared in 283 female IV drug users, 41 Haitian women and 54 non-Haitian women who had sex with a man with or at risk for AIDS, as well as in 133 others. But suddenly a new group appears: 5 males in no other risk group who contracted AIDS through sex with women. Equally suddenly, the media blossom with concern about AIDS, daily coverage and even the occasional hint for more funding. When media broke the story of her probable AIDS diagnosis, one sick SF prostitute was suddenly able to get welfare and get off the street. But media still haven't bothered to report that there have been 95 known cases of AIDS in US children under 13 and 42 cases in teenagers. Hell, kids don't even vote.

For decades virtually all the plasma used in the US has come from the street scene -- winos, underclass minorities, immigrants, unsuccessful prostitutes, the homeless -- desperately poor people who receive a tiny sum for undergoing the four-hour biweekly process. The plasma is then used -- some say overused -- in the care of those who can afford medical attention. As I write, 98 Americans are known to have contracted AIDS from blood or plasma products.

If you read this six months after my publication date, you can double all the numbers for AIDS cases.

Since there are actually relatively few recent Haitian or Central African immigrants to the US, by far the two largest groups of Americans with AIDS have been gay men and IV drug users -- with an early 9% overlap unacknowledged in the Centers for Disease Control statistical bulletins,

that explains how AIDS moved so quickly from the gay male to the IV user population. However, another fact not normally emphasized is that though only about 3% of people with AIDS in the US are Haitian, 25% of Americans with AIDS are black. Another 14% are Hispanic. 75% of children with AIDS are black or Hispanic. These figures reflect the encouragement of IV drug use and prostitution (including gay male prostitution) among poor minorities in a corrupt economy.

The emergence of AIDS mainly within these comparatively socially isolated populations is the reason the US is not yet in the middle of an epidemic to make the European plague years look like a little flu going around.

It's also the reason all these years of precious lead time have been criminally thrown away by government agencies and legislators. Unless a cure and/or vaccine is found now, we are going to pay, once and for all, for the racism, sexism, homophobia and generalized oppression we've allowed to flourish around us. We had one last chance: to pay attention and demand action when people in a couple of our minorities started to die in a new kind of pain and fear. We blew it.

Some ways to stop blowing it:

MONEY. Get it moving.

JUNK. Legalize it by prescription. Legalize immediately sale or free distribution of clean, sharp syringes to IV users. (55% of all women with AIDS in the US use IV drugs. So do at least 20% of the men.) Sharing needles spreads AIDS.

PROSTITUTION. Decriminalize it. Issue licenses on the basis of frequent STD tests. Jail violent pimps.

WELFARE. Get real. Make it livable and available.

COMMUNICATION. Talk openly and clearly about how AIDS is transmitted, and about how to have safe sex. Get this info into schools and mass media, regardless of sexual phobias. (An AIDS education program for the military was rendered impossible when US military officials demanded that the presentation make no mention of homosexuality -- i.e., no mention of 75% of all AIDS transmission methods in the US).

If AIDS continues to increase by doubling every six months, every human being on earth could have AIDS within a decade. Check my math. Meanwhile, recall that the good ole boys spent \$135 million in 6 weeks on swine flu; in four years only \$175 million has been spent on research and education funding for AIDS, though thousands have died from it. This is their idea of the "Number One health priority" in the nation? But funding has been increased now, right? Wrong. Funding has just been cut by 25%.

###      ###      ###      ###      ###      ###      ###      ###      ###      ###

The following reprint is the eulogy given by Patrick Haggerty for Bobbi Campbell. For those not much in contact with the gay male community, it is a good introduction to several aspects of gay culture -- humor, solidarity, political awareness and struggle -- and gives insight into what we are losing every day this disaster continues, what underlies the words "AIDS victim" in our daily papers -- those that haven't yet learned to say "person with AIDS".

"Screaming, Marxist bitch," as Bobbi affectionately called me. Write a eulogy about the pinnacle of gay liberation consciousness, an AIDS partisan, without being political. How do I deliver a personal eulogy for my best friend without dissolving in grief? My friends, my task is impossible. How do I sew a button on my breath?

I'll start at the beginning. It began so long ago even Oil of Olay can't hide the truth anymore—at the Seattle Counseling Service for Sexual Minorities in 1970. I was a counselor there when an 18-year-old "Georgia Peach" waltzed through the door claiming to be traumatized about "coming out." It took him about 30 seconds to get over all that, and about five minutes to break my heart. Just like the whole gay world ends up doing, I'd fallen in love with Bobbi Campbell.

He said forget it. He wasn't sexually attracted to me, but he'd like to be my friend. I told him it wasn't good enough. He said it would have to do. I relented and told him, OK, I'd be his friend, but he'd have to stop touching me. I still can't believe I said that, but I did.

Who was Bobbi Campbell before the AIDS crisis? A lot. A geographer, a passionate conservationist, a skilled mountaineer, a good flautist, a speaker of three languages, an accomplished public speaker, a writer of poetry and journals, a knitter of sweaters and funny pranks, an early and avid feminist and anti-fascist, anti-racist fighter, an impassioned and brassy gay liberationist, and an inspired drag queen.

He was also a rotten housekeeper. He wouldn't brush his teeth. He ate junk food like a garbage disposal, and he was very bossy. I mean, downright dominating to a fault.

Whatever he did, he did it *all* the way, and it's obvious tonight!

Let's talk about intimacy for a minute. AIDS has made us all take a new look at this whole mass of contradictions. My intimate life has always been quite the disaster, and so was Bobbi's—at least until he met Bob Hilliard. I remember numerous scenes over the years with me and Bobbi in tears because "nobody really loved us." And it's true. Most of our old lovers are still halfway pissed with us. Yet Bobbi insisted on intimacy in his relationships, struggled for it ploddingly, desperately, and insightfully, demanded it from his friends, and when he died, he left us with a legacy.

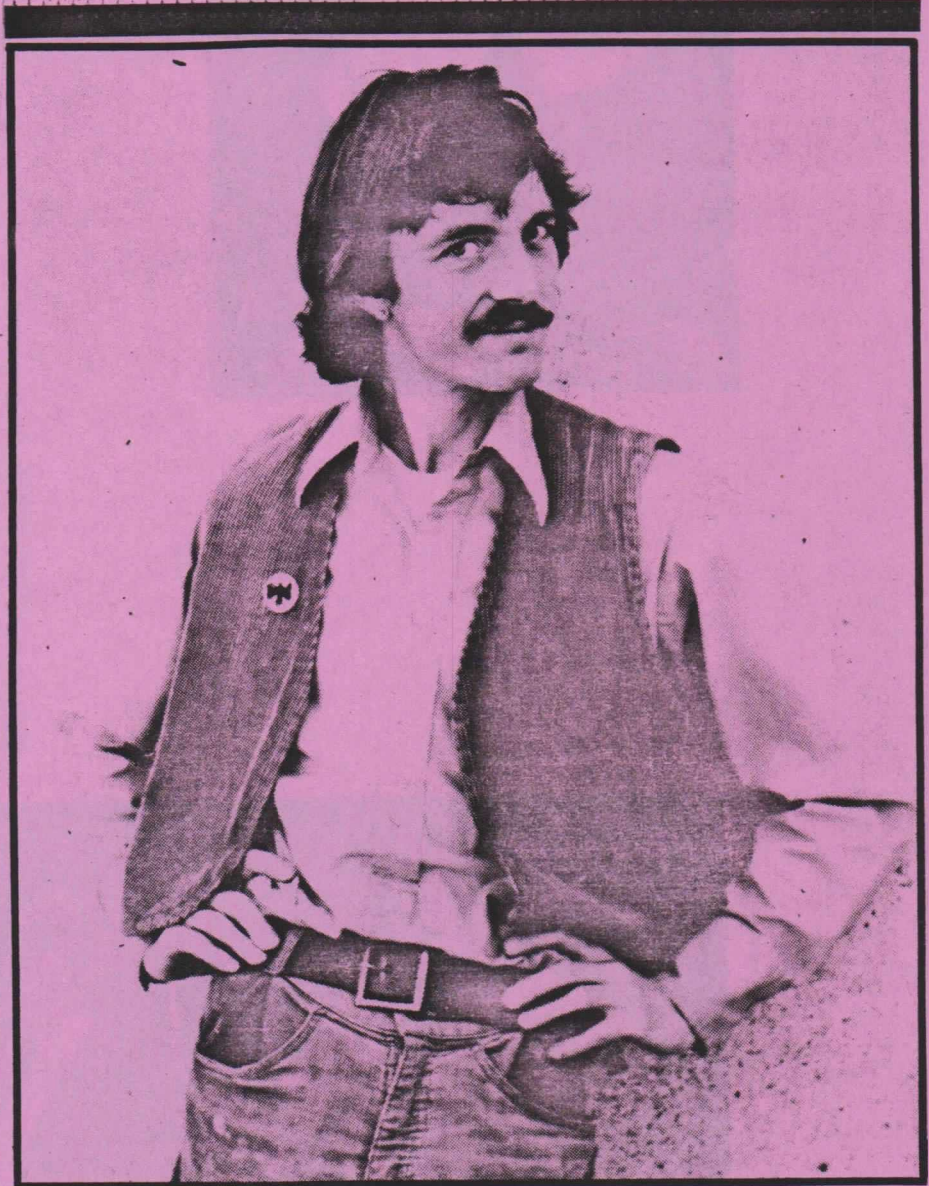
Do you know what that little sneak did before he left? He took fifty activists aside, one at a time, and unbeknownst to the others said to each of us, "Girlfriend, I love you so much, you've been my best buddy for so long, I couldn't possibly die without you, you simply must come or I'll haunt you."

I've been at it 20 years, but I've never seen 50 people "move it" so fast, so adeptly, and so passionately as we who organized this memorial.

Why did Bobbi do this? For sure he loved drama, but the real reason was because he wanted those who loved him to get off our butts and do something. He used his incredible ability to share intimacy with so many as a tool to shake us, merge us, and get to the bottom of this frightening and confusing disaster called the AIDS crisis.

# Remembering Bobbi Campbell

By Patrick Haggerty



BOBBI CAMPBELL

Bobbi told me up front when he was diagnosed with AIDS over three and a half years ago that he intended to turn himself into the AIDS poster boy. And that he intended to do it to the full limit of his capabilities, with a flair that would be remembered, with a scathing anger that could not be forgotten.

Here's a direct quote: "Hello Doctor so-and-so, this is Bobbi. Why aren't there any people with AIDS on your Board? Have you ever

heard of a picket line? Have you ever seen a drag queen screaming about this outrage on national TV? Doctor so-and-so, what is your address?"

About two years on an Oregon vacation, I had the misfortune of telling Bobbi I had multiple sclerosis. He cried like a baby, and so did I. Then he said, "Patrick, let me show you an exercise in fun and fear." We drove to Florence, Oregon—full of redneck loggers on



every corner; and Bobbi, aka Sister Florence Nightmare of the Sisters of Perpetual Indulgence, gave me his camera, put me in the driver's seat, whipped on his nun's habit, and we drove to the Florence Police Department, the Florence Chamber of Commerce, the Florence Bar 'n Grill, and the Florence Elementary School. He posed in front of these signs, and made me photograph him until I was sure we'd get clubbed in the head. When they started coming after us, we sped away to the next sign, Florence totally lost its composure, and so did I. But Campbell was undaunted and giggling. Said he as we roared out of town, "Now wasn't that fun?"

Friends, how can we possibly get along without Campbell? Our loss is sooo deep. I know mine is. Who's going to care how bad my intimate life is anymore? Who's going to let me crash at his apartment, skip out on my long distance bills, and let me filch his marijuana when I come to San Francisco? Who's going to send Western Union workers to my home on my birthday with love notes addressed to Patty Marie Sue Lulabelle Haggerty? Who's going to hold me and tell me it's going to be OK when my multiple sclerosis gets so bad I can't walk anymore? Who's going to keep me fighting, tell me, "never say die," and keep me on the path to lesbian/gay liberation and the new intimacy until *my* last breath? Will it be you?

Before he went, Campbell taught us all that there were bitter tears in his cup of valour. Tonight, we learn the well of grief is only as bottomless as the artesian spring of inspiration that flows from it.

My friends, this is Campbell's true legacy. We have no choice but to keep the waters flowing.

Companero Bobbi Campbell—presente.



Bobby Hillard (left), Bobbi Campbell's lover, and Campbell's parents, Leila and Bob Campbell, at a memorial service in San Francisco.

MICK HICKS

## **—RISK REDUCTION FOR WOMEN—**

Women at risk for AIDS should be aware of the risk reduction guidelines which have been written for gay men and I.V. drug users. Even though the cause (or causes) of AIDS still remains unproven, we cannot be **certain** that following these risk reduction guidelines will protect you from AIDS, but we do feel the following adaptation to the specific needs of women is important to consider. Here is a summary:

### **1. WOMEN WHO USE I.V. DRUGS:**

Do not share needles.

### **2. WOMEN WHO HAVE SEXUAL RELATIONS WITH MEN OR WOMEN IN RISK GROUPS:**

Do not allow blood, semen, urine, or feces from your partner to enter your body through the mouth or vagina, rectum, or open cuts or sores. A condom should be used during intercourse.

### **3. WOMEN PLANNING DONOR INSEMINATION:**

If a decision is made to use gay donors, screening should include a detailed medical, social, and sexual history. Priority should be given to donors who have been in monogamous relationships for three to four years. Donors who are I.V. drug users may be in poor health regardless of exposure to AIDS and should be avoided.

### **4. ALL WOMEN AT RISK:**

Be aware of the symptoms of AIDS and seek medical care when necessary. Have regular check-ups, preferably with the same care provider who can get to know you and your normal state of health.

## **—RESOURCES—**

### **IF A FRIEND OR LOVED ONE HAS AIDS**

Many women have relatives, friends, or other loved ones with AIDS, or in AIDS risk groups. Local AIDS organizations often have support, information, referral services, and counseling for families, lovers, and friends.

### **WOMEN ARE DOING AIDS WORK**

Many of the people providing AIDS-related services, both paid and volunteer, are women. If the numbers of women with AIDS continue to rise, it will be even more important for women to be involved. The Women's AIDS Network acts as a clearinghouse and information network for women doing AIDS work, and often local groups have subcommittees of women involved with AIDS.

### **FOR MORE INFORMATION ABOUT AIDS**

Call the San Francisco AIDS Foundation Hotline: (415) 863-AIDS, or in Northern California, toll-free: (800) FOR-AIDS TTY (415) 864-6606.

OR:

Contact the National Gay Task Force Crisis Line for the AIDS organization nearest you. In New York, Alaska, and Hawaii: (212) 807-6016. All other states: (800) 221-7044.

**WOMEN'S AIDS NETWORK**  
c/o SAN FRANCISCO AIDS FOUNDATION  
54 TENTH STREET  
SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94103-1360

The San Francisco AIDS Foundation was established in June, 1982 to meet a number of pressing needs generated by the onset of the AIDS Epidemic. The Foundation's services include:

- Information and Referral Services
- Education and Literature
- Direct Services for People with AIDS

The San Francisco AIDS Foundation is a contract agency of the San Francisco Department of Public Health and the State of California Department of Health Services.

Donations and volunteers are always needed in order to continue the many services of the San Francisco AIDS Foundation.

Text by Laurie Hauer and Lyn Paleo

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# **WOMEN AND AIDS**

**WHILE APPROXIMATELY 71%  
OF THE PEOPLE WITH AIDS  
ARE GAY OR BISEXUAL MEN,  
AND WHILE IN SOME CITIES  
SUCH AS SAN FRANCISCO  
THIS PERCENTAGE IS MUCH  
HIGHER, A SIGNIFICANT  
NUMBER OF WOMEN HAVE  
CONTRACTED AIDS, AND  
MANY MORE ARE CONCERNED.**

# — AIDS IN GENERAL —

## WHAT IS AIDS?

AIDS stands for Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome. AIDS causes a breakdown in part of the body's immune system, leaving it vulnerable to infections, (especially PCP, or Pneumocystis Carinii Pneumonia) and cancers (especially KS, or Kaposi's Sarcoma) which normally do not affect healthy people. The exact cause of AIDS is unknown, although research indicates that it is probably caused by a virus (called a retrovirus) which changes the structure of the cells it attacks. There is not yet a cure for the immune deficiency itself, but treatments for the infections and cancer are available.

## WHO HAS AIDS?

Almost all of the people who have AIDS fall into one of the following groups: gay or bisexual men, I.V. drug users, Haitians, and hemophiliacs. A very small percentage are transfusion recipients, sexual partners of people in one of the risk groups, or people who have no apparent risk factor. Women make up approximately 7% of the total AIDS cases in the U.S. Of the women who have AIDS, over 55% are I.V. drug users, 11% are sexual partners of men in risk groups, almost 9% are Haitian, and 7% received blood transfusions. The remaining 18% do not fall into any of the known risk groups. This includes women with incomplete medical histories.

## HOW IS AIDS TRANSMITTED?

Members of risk groups need to take precautions, but people outside these groups need worry very little about getting AIDS. Research indicates that AIDS is not contracted merely by being near, eating with, or touching a person with AIDS. AIDS appears to be transmitted through semen, blood, other body fluids mixed with blood, and perhaps through urine and feces. The incubation period seems to be six months to three years, and a person may spread AIDS while showing no symptoms.

## WHAT ARE THE SYMPTOMS?

Most of the symptoms of AIDS are similar to those associated with colds, bronchitis, and the stomach flu. However, if these symptoms or combination of symptoms appear, and if there is a possibility of exposure to AIDS, medical attention should be sought. Symptoms include: unexplained increasing and persistent fatigue; persistent fever, chills, and night sweats not accompanied by a known illness and lasting longer than several weeks; unexpected

weight loss of over 10 pounds in less than two months; swollen glands (lymph nodes) unexplained by other illness and lasting longer than two weeks; creamy white patches on the tongue or mouth; persistent diarrhea; persistent, frequent dry cough (not from smoking or common respiratory infection), or shortness of breath or difficulty breathing; pink or purple flat or raised blotches that don't go away and do not pale when pressed (these lesions are **not** common in women with AIDS).

# — AIDS IN WOMEN —

As of June 1984, 340 women in the U.S. had AIDS. Of these, none are categorized as lesbian or bisexual, slightly over half are I.V. drug users, and over one-third are categorized as "other", which includes women who have had sexual contact with men in risk groups and women who have received transfusions. Of the total, 50% are Black, 24% are White, 23% are Hispanic, and 3% are unknown or other. The vast majority are between 20 and 40 years old. Most of the women have Pneumocystis Pneumonia or other opportunistic infections, with only a handful having Kaposi's Sarcoma. Of the total, over half of the women are in New York City or Newark, less than 10% are in Miami, and the rest are scattered across the country. Overall, half of the women diagnosed with AIDS have died.

## I.V. DRUG USERS

Women who use I.V. drugs are at risk for AIDS (and other diseases) if they share needles. Over 50% of the women who have contracted AIDS have been I.V. drug users, and over half of these women have already died. Since people may transmit AIDS without showing symptoms, sharing needles with someone who appears healthy is not a safeguard.

## SEXUAL TRANSMISSION

Over 12% of the women who have AIDS probably acquired it from sexual contact with a man who had been exposed to it. Apparently AIDS may be transmitted in semen entering the vagina, rectum, or mouth. As in the case with transmission between I.V. drug users, the infected person may not show symptoms. There are no reported cases of AIDS transmission between lesbians. There are, however, several cases reported where men appear to have gotten AIDS from sexual contact with apparently healthy women who used I.V. drugs. It is unknown whether these men contracted AIDS from blood associated with sex or from vaginal secretions.

## HAITIAN WOMEN

A small but significant number of those with AIDS are Hai-

tian men and women who apparently do not fit into any risk group. It is not known why people of Haitian descent in Haiti, the U.S., Canada, and Europe are getting AIDS.

## CANADIAN, EUROPEAN, AND AFRICAN WOMEN

Approximately 12% of the people who have AIDS in Canada and France are women. A much higher percentage (possibly as high as 40%) of the African people with AIDS are women. These women are heterosexual and deny I.V. drug use and sexual contact with bisexual men or men who use I.V. drugs. Many of the African people with AIDS are natives of Zaire or other central African countries, living there or in Belgium. It is not known why the percentage of women who are getting AIDS in Africa and Europe is substantially higher than it is in the United States.

## BLOOD TRANSFUSIONS

Very few people have contracted AIDS from blood transfusions. As a result of improved screening procedures by blood banks, the chances of being exposed to AIDS in this way are very slight. If a transfusion is medically necessary, the risks of **not** getting the transfusion are much higher than the risk of getting AIDS from the transfusion.

## BABIES AND CHILDREN

At least 30 infants under the age of four have been diagnosed with AIDS or an immune deficiency closely resembling AIDS. Most of these children were born to mothers with AIDS or mothers in high-risk groups, or were children who received blood transfusions. It is difficult to distinguish between congenital immune deficiency and acquired immune deficiency in this age group, making diagnosis of AIDS difficult.

## ARTIFICIAL INSEMINATION BY DONOR

Lesbians and other women who are interested in becoming pregnant through donor insemination are concerned about the possibility of contracting AIDS if semen is donated by gay men or men who have used I.V. drugs. To date, there have been no reported cases of AIDS in women who have been inseminated, and none in their babies. However, since sexual transmission of AIDS is possible and since it is not known exactly how this occurs, insemination using donors in high-risk groups may be unwise. In addition to health concerns, there are other factors to consider when choosing a donor, including custody and other legal issues.



(The following article is excerpted from an interview with Nicky Goddemaer in *Chronique 08*, a bi-monthly published by the *Université des Femmes*, Brussels, Belgium.)

First of all, they try to make you something you're not. I had been sent to live with my mother after my father died. That was 1963. I was turning 16 and a half and I already knew Carole. I didn't run away from my mother's so I could be sexually free; I would have lived with women anyway. I ran away because I couldn't stand it at home. My mom and her boyfriend saw things their own way; I wanted to live with my own vices.

The police came for me after my mother complained. According to her, I had left home "to live with a slut." And it didn't help that she was Black. The police picked me up at the School of Arts and Crafts and took me right to the prosecutor's office. That's where I was interrogated. His first question—obviously of vital importance—was whether I had had sexual relations with a man. I asked him if he knew what he was asking, since my mother had complained that I left with a woman. He said it didn't matter if I didn't answer because I would have to see the gynecologist anyway.

For the gynecologist it was simple; it must be that I was pregnant. "My dear girl, if you ran away, no doubt it was to be with a boy." He didn't want to listen to me and I wouldn't let him examine me. The interrogation was concluded by a sociologist or someone like that. She, too, couldn't accept that I could simply love a woman, make love to a woman. She told me I was incorrigible, rotten to the core.

From all that, I earned my way into a home for delinquents. There I was received by a counselor. She used to call me the "she-wolf" and told me that she hoped I would behave myself—above all by not having contact with the other girls in the home like I'd had with Carole. She thought it would be better for me to sleep alone on

a separate floor in the beginning. As it turned out, there was no such space available. I was put with two other girls on a floor and for the first few days my door was locked from the outside. When they decided I was tamed, they left my door open. That's when I took off.

After that it was always the same story—I was brought back. I had to start all over with the psychiatrist, gynecologist, etc. Like everyone else, I had to attend classes that were a waste of time. I complained to the judge about these classes and he finally agreed with me. I got to take classes somewhere else. Obviously, I took this new opportunity to run away. I went back to Carole and we went all over Italy and France and up to the North Sea. I was a good girl though—I always sent postcards back to the judge.

I was brought back to the home many times and finally I was placed in Saint-Servais' Juvenile Hall which was in Namur the most severe rehabilitation program for girls. When I got there I had to see the gynecologist and take a shower before ever coming in contact with the others—like they wanted to purify me. It was quite humiliating. Then I was subjected to all their regulations, like making contact with my mother. It really drove me crazy that they didn't listen to anything I said. I refused to see my mother whenever she came to visit me.

And then there was the depersonalization: everybody with the same haircut, same uniform, same religion. They didn't give a damn if you were an atheist or a Muslim, everyone had to go to church. They had the nerve to ask your religion and put it down in your file, but then they ignored it. They also opened our mail. You had the right to write to the judge if something was wrong, but if you said too much, your letter would never get there. The only time a letter reached the judge was with the complicity of one of the girls who worked outside. If they found out about it, you ran

## THE "SHE-WOLF"

the risk of losing four weekend visits and all the amenities: tennis, swimming and cigarettes.

You're under the guardianship of the institution until 21, and then under that of the judge until 25. Often the parents don't know that when they turn to the justice system for help in taking care of their child, they lose all of their control. My own mother regretted it, but she had no way to get me out of the system. It is the judge who even grants you permission to marry.

Inside, you're treated differently depending on who you are and what you do or have done. There are always the ones who become pets, you know, favorites. At Saint-Servais it was really very obvious how they split you up. First, I was put in Building 2 with the Flemish—it was very linguistic. They put me there because I had done my studies in Flemish. Building 10 housed the girls from good families. We weren't allowed any contact with them. After I ran away for the second time, I was put in a special ward—for the hopeless cases. There you have the drug addicts, the lesbians and those from mental institutions.

Unfortunately, it isn't taken into account why these girls were in mental institutions. Two had been raped by their father...it's really outrageous! Besides, in most cases of rape, the girls were locked up as if they were the criminals. Half of the girls there were teenage mothers and the other half delinquents. Anyway, it's the same thing: if they were teenage mothers, they were considered delinquents.

Once you get out, you have to justify the past three or four years of your life when you apply for a job or to a school. You can be sure that if you are at school and you say you were in an institution, you'll have a hard time, very hard. At the slightest incident they'll say they knew it would happen because you are a ward of the state.

I'd like to point out especially that the only ones that came out more or less sane were the lesbians or the ones that discovered their homosexuality during their time in the institution. These lesbians, the ones who had to struggle to survive in an environment full of rules calling lesbianism a disease, are strong enough to live their homosexuality freely when they leave the institution. The others, for the most part, became prostitutes. The pimps are on the look-out for girls who run-away or leave the institutions. Maybe things have changed, but I am talking about my own experiences and those of the girls I knew there. □

### Further reading:

- *Justice for Young Women*, by Sue Davidson, *New Directions for Young Women*, 1982.
- *Juvenile Justice, a Guide to Practice and Theory*, by S.M. Cox, Brown, 1978.
- *Juvenile Justice: the legal rights of young people*, Nancy Boyarsky, Benziger, Bruce and Glencoe, 1977.
- *Juvenile Justice: the progressive legacy and current reforms*, by Empey LaMart, Charlottesville University Press, 1979.

**COMPLETE SERVICE?**  
Gd'king yng g/W/m to meet frats or prep men who wear old weejuns, topsiders, & hot moc to tell me your trip. I hold no limits from basic sex to mine shaft style with right man. Send letter w/photo if poss. to: Occu-DW 4514 Conn Av #405, Wash, DC 20008.

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Tired, Bossy femme needs to be tied up and taken. Not into feminist tea or hugging trees. I want handcuffs, chains, ropes, restraints, gags, and spankings. Only women who are man enough need apply. Reply CUI Box JA21

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Wanted by verbally dominant master to live/work on tropical plantation. Total service and care of master and household required. Must be intelligent, hot, handsome and ownable. For complete list of require ments send detailed letter stating your needs, with adequate photographic documentation. Apply to: Sir, PO Box 187, Key West, FL 33041

Asian master, 30, seeks older submissive male for fun and games. Send photo & phone to Advocate Box #1030140.

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6'3", Hairy Hunk, 34, has XXX thick Manmeat & Bullnuts for Exec/Prof men 30+ into heavy J/O, mantalk and oral maneuvers.  
• John 861-1572 •  
E3

**Thinker**  
Stuck between knowing what's wrong and knowing what to do about it? Want to get together and tear it apart/sum it all up? Young commie seeks comrades to help play/love/work it all out. Sensual, masculine, hairy, bearded, working man into animals and outdoors wants similar man/friend to help search for the lost chord. Come on buddy, take my hand. Reply CUI Box JA63

Married, muscular, discreet, ex-marine, 29 looking for cops, military men 18-40 for hot times. Roger, PO. Box 285, Perkins, OK \*74059

**Gov. Reagan Says:**

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Wanted: Nazi master(213) 850-5112

Well built horny masculine stud wants J/O buddies. Let's exchange hardon photos and steamy hot letters. PO Box 3752, Washington D.C. 20007.

**OPPOSITES ATTRACT?**  
Gentle, clean gay guy 40's SF seeks virile non - gay man to please. I have butch face, but fem" matronly" body with full breasts, flared hips, and soft feminine desires. Need hairy, strong big man over 30 who'd enjoy my softness and oral stimulation. You are probably straight, married or divorced, proud of your strength and your appreciation of sensitive breasts and comfortable with a compliant, quietly feminine male. Rob(415) 648-5875 Late best.

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This is an accurate description: Big Ten Honors Graduate, early thirties, with smooth dark handsome looks, gorgeous long term relationship, Professional type with active, vigorous, athletic type good looks and build most desirable. No frog faces, airheads, pot bellies, sunken chests, drunks, druggies and irresponsibles. Reply with photo. Reply CUI Box JA68

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18-21. Reas. fee to others. W/M mid 40's gives expert head. No resp. nec. first timers/married OK. Call the fat man (714) 893-3248 in/out.

**Butt**  
Chunky blue-eyed blond, 36, 5'7", 160 lbs, German looking, wants to get up on his knees and give up his hole to a man with a big condom-covered pole. Age and race unimportant. If you want to help expand my assets reply with photo (a must) to Boxholder, Box 312, 584 Castro St, SF CA 94114. Relationship possible.

**MOHAWK/PUNK/HUNK**  
22 hung, masc. Safe. Al 474-9241 \$50 E3

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who makes grown men go wrong. 8" of thick meat and hot tight buns. \$60. Mark. 647-2859

**TITS & ASS**  
Tom Sellick type g'dlooking, B'shaved eager bottom, will satisfy. Advocate Box #1040091.

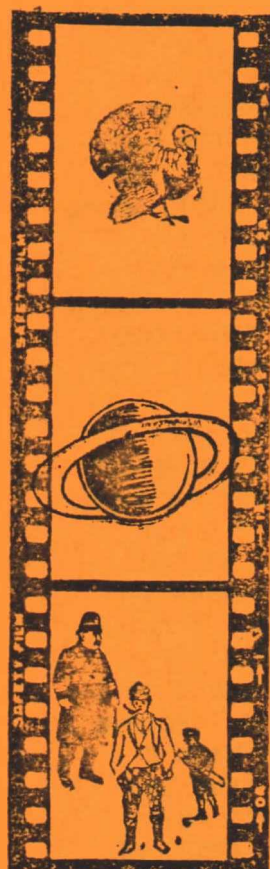
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but I like to pretend I'm tough. Indulge me. Confused 80's butch looking for dominant femme with sabre wit. fishwife mouth and dreamy thighs. Make me want you, let me ravish you. Tell me how you'd work me. Photo appreciated. Reply CUI Box JA7

Hot bottom likes them long & thick. Pick. 415-583-9921.

**I, Too, Celebrate Sappho**  
Each of our journeys of self-discovery and coming out has been different, yet each is as valid as another's. My sister spirit will soon finally be freed of the incongruity of a male body, and I'd like to meet other lesbians who reach out for and celebrate life in all its varieties. I'm 38, tall, slender and androgynous and frequently visit the Bay Area. Let's explore possibilities, starting with friendship. Boxholder, POB 11631, Eugene, OR 97440.



The thing other people's lists of "Best and Worst" or "Favorite" films, records, etc. do for me is make me want to list my own. I hardly ever had enough cash this year to go to a first-run movie, so my "1984" films are likely to be old hat to most folks. Nothing daunted, (listen, you gotta have ego to do these lists in the first place) I here present

# Mog's MOVIE REVIEWS

no stars - guess what I thought of this film.

- ★ Well, keep up with popular culture and all that...
- ★★ one or two points of political or artistic interest, or "schlock appeal"
- ★★★ better than tv and you get popcorn; or: fun.
- ★★★★ now you're talking! Be there or be square. Reseeable.
- ★★★★★ all this and sexy too! (Warning: sexy by my standards)

★★★★ LIQUID SKY This is kind of neat. Very beautiful visually, (somehow the title seems to apply to the way it looks), realistic cusswords, punk philosophy I can take or leave ("everything is so awful let's all die") but it beats most film "statements", plot so silly it's interesting (itty bitty flying saucer aliens that kill you when you have an orgasm to get (?) your endomorphins meet The Most Beautiful Girl and Boy in the World (both played by the same female person) and her lesbian lover and all their truly creepy friends; meanwhile a kindly young German (!) scientist is on the aliens' track), suspense, violence, fashion. One of the best parts is the credits, crammed with women's names in all levels of production, including writer and director. But don't go expecting a feminist film in any overt sense. It's something else.

★★★★ THE DRAUGHTSMAN'S CONTRACT Most films you know what's going to happen and how, even if you pretend you don't, down to the last kiss, shot, grimace or pratfall. This one, you don't know what, how, or even why, because it's from another time -- when men wore fantastic getups that showed their legs -- and those pretty legs meant something, believe it -- together with giant perukes and pounds of lace. Typically, I've forgotten the director's name -- a Brit -- but he even exaggerates these costumes, into fantasias of ruffles and curls, then divides them into black and white "sides" (he never says what the sides mean -- myself I suspect Power and Vulnerability) which shift. The dialog is period and hard to follow (and the accoustics may not have been so hot where I saw it) but fascinating. The draughtsman

is engaged by a noblewoman to draw several views of her husband's estate; he only agrees in exchange for sexual access to her; for some reason, she is so desperate she consents. He has one foible: he insists that anything that happens to fall within his field of vision gets included in his drawings, willy-nilly. Though all have been warned to keep clear, gradually the odd bit of clothing, a ladder, a parasol, begin to appear in the scenes... In many ways this is the most interesting and original film I saw in 1984, among several very i & o movies. Stunning visuals and the weird structure are the main things. One reviewer (Film Quarterly) went on and on about the draughtsman as working class hero with whom we instantly empathize: whaddaya mean "we", Kimo Sabe? The draughtsman's brutal treatment of the noblewoman makes him just another porker in my, and, I rather hope, the director's book.

★★★★ DIVA Yes, I finally got to see it. It's just as good as everyone said it was, better, in fact. Maybe I'll just quote an extract from a letter to a friend: "I don't think I imagine loving submissive, adoring men because I want someone inferior and powerless -- on the contrary! I have a great submissive streak in me (though also a great domineering one and I am not easy to push around in some ways because I'm not easy to fool) and when I adore someone I do it with intelligence but with all my heart, too. I think what I am seeking when I think of that type of man or boy is someone like myself -- someone capable of feeling the same things I can feel -- so that I can trust him. I often, and basically, feel that men are not human, because they don't have my reactions or capabilities. I don't necessarily want a man to adore me; but I would like to know a man who is capable of true and intelligent adoration (of something besides men!) This is what this movie conveys -- the characterization of the boy is so opposite to every canon of male behavior, and so consistently so, that I am prostrate with admiration! For example, though he is brave and smart to a certain extent, when the gangsters finally get him he is terrified, helpless, collapsing -- to my mind, THE NORMAL HUMAN REACTION! But how often do you see anything like it portrayed on film? At most you get a small tremor of the lips (in an admirable character; only weak or nasty people are allowed to show fear in a normal film, book, etc., unless they are women and even then it's merely a stylized sort of "fear" made up of cute postures and pleading looks). The fullness of characterization may be partly due to the actor -- perhaps he's brilliant -- but surely the director generally controls this. The other characters are extremely stylized, all behaving in delightful but predictable ways, like Egyptian drawings. They are the traditional gangster story as a background for this strange boy, this human! He too, of course, is a character, but one you almost never see: the human male. Fantastic. The follow-through, the wholeness in this characterization elevates me to a state of artistic devotion. Perhaps many people, even women, aren't sure just why they like the film so much. The final scene, for example: they stand together and HE lowers his head to HER shoulder. If it had been the opposite, the entire character would have been violated. That any male director could be so subtle, so conscious of what he is doing! I'm staggered. I never really expect men to follow the intelligence they do have rather than a convention, in art having to do with inter-gender relations." (This quote is slightly edited to spare certain sensibilities and clarify a few points.) Besides, it's pretty, funny, complex, modern -- everything!

★★★ STAR TREK II and III Better than Star Trek: The Motion Sickness and almost as good as an average episode of the tv show. Overheard in the restroom afterwards: "Which one did you like best?" "Oh, the third one. It had more humor." A point Paramount seems finally to have dimly

grasped about Star Trek -- humorous interaction was the key, not blinding strobes or even keen starships & aliens. They're the decoration, not the point. What impressed me vividly was the reaction to the final, wordless bit of "dialog": Spock lifts his eyebrow -- that's all -- and the audience goes wild! This got me thinking about the fantastic amount of recognition humans are capable of. It's a movement of a totally insignificant body part, yet that little movement is Star Trek; the whole complex HUGE set of patterns and feelings is trash-mashed into this small flexing of forehead muscles. It's a message of acknowledgement to Trek trufen, and they recognize that. It also proves that the audience knows the tv show, since nothing in the movies prepares this little "moment" (which is precisely why everyone bitches about the movies).

★★ SPACE RAIDERS This pirate crew had a (sexy) token male alien and a (sexy) token woman -- which did start me thinking (women are aliens). The woman is very competent and gets killed just like a man! No great self-sacrifice scene, just \*blam\*. That impressed me. Little else did, alas.

★★★★ BORN IN FLAMES I can't get that song out of my head. It's the propaganda motif for the All New Post-Social-Democrat-Revolution America. Oddly enough, nothing but the rhetorical figures of the politicians appears to have changed (land sakes...) Especially for women. Some women get downright irate about it. Just who is in this Women's Army we start hearing about? It's fun, though it never quite comes together enough to make visions of taking to the Sierras with a select cadre dance in my head. Fast paced but loose-knit. Not for Hollywood devotees.

**"LEAVES AUDIENCES DEEPLY MOVED..."**

a remarkable achievement...no other filmmaker has had the nerve to make a film like ABUSE --or the ability to pull it off" ★★★★★  
—Robin Hardy/The Advocate

**"ASTONISHING POWER, SOLID EMOTIONAL IMPACT AND FIRST-RATE ENTERTAINMENT! CAN ORIGINAL."**  
—Rex Reed, New York Post

**"IT'S A FASCINATING FILM!..."**

an exploration of child abuse from the child's point of view...Raphael Sbarge is very good as the teenage boy"  
—Judith Crist, WOR-TV

**"PROBABLY THE MOST IMPORTANT MOVIE ABOUT CHILDREN, VIOLENCE, AND SEXUALITY ever made...relentless and rewarding."**  
—Michael Bronski, GCM Boston

**"SOLID ENTERTAINMENT...A CONSUMING TALE** which adeptly juggles social issues with insight, humor and compassion...both Ryder and Sbarge register admirably"  
—Vary

Meet  
Thomas Carroll.  
He's fourteen, gay, and  
in danger of becoming  
a child abuse  
statistic.



ABUSE I'd seen part of this before, but I think it was in 84 that I finally got to see the whole thing. It's black and white and the first parts may look amateurish, or even made-for-tv. As a feature film made on a \$20,000 budget, however, ABUSE is a miracle of class and poise. And it gets better. Larry is doing a film study of child abuse and wants to do what no one has yet done -- interview on film a child who is currently being abused. 14-year-old Thomas, who has been systematically tortured by both his parents for six years, calls Larry's hotline because he is gay and is attracted to Larry. What he wants isn't protection, but sexual love, a relationship, as well as a chance to talk. The film includes statistics, real morgue photos and newspaper stories on gruesome abuse deaths, and many points of view on how to deal with abuse. What isn't mentioned in the film is that it is a true story. "(Director Arthur Bressan) met the original Thomas Carroll in 1975 and rescued him from his family by fleeing to the west coast -- a solution Larry Porter considers in the film. 'But,' says Bressan, 'the heart and guts of Thomas ((the film character)) was me. I had my first sexual experience when I was nine, and for five years I looked for older guys. I wanted them, but the problem was to go back for a second time, because it was dangerous

# ABUSE

for them. The film is not a romantic fantasy.'" (from The Body Politic review Jan/Feb 83). Prince Charming to the rescue is a romantic view of abuse, since it happens but not very often; still, to quote my friend Amanda Berger after she saw it, "That's the kind of film I want to make."

- ~~\*\*\*\*~~ AMADEUS Okay, so it's hokey. It's fiction. But it's still fun. The music is NEAT. The "Mozart" character grows on you. The ending is SAD (weep, sniffle). See it with Dolby sound. Well worth a first-run price if you've got bucks.
- ~~\*\*\*~~ ANOTHER COUNTRY If this had been made in the early 60's it would have been a hot gay lib film, far ahead of its time. 20 years later you wonder why they bothered. One or two interesting lines, some costume points and a lifelike scene or so (particularly where two guys are caught jacking each other off in a locker-room) but really... They even include a caning scene that only serves as a painful reminder that all this was done already, and better, in Lindsay Anderson's IF. And the implication that Russia is more tolerant of gays than England is idiotic. Apparently based on someone's life -- the question is still "Why?"
- ~~\*\*\*\*~~ FANNY AND ALEXANDER This is really a terrific film. Quite accessible (for Bergman), yet the inclusion of surreal "magic" elements keeps you on your toes. The usual chiller segments, but set into a lot of family jollity and carryings-on. My only criticism is that he should have dropped Fanny, the sister, from the title, since she is nothing but an adjunct to the young boy character. The real word for this long film is "Shakespeareian". Film is our century's major art form, in this case very high art; it keeps piling on more and more long after other movies would have stopped, and the effect is really rich. My "sexy" fifth star is for a scene with a beautiful androgyne loony.
- ~~\*\*\*~~ L'HOMME BLESSE A recent realization: I don't really like French films. Most of them are conservative, yet pretentious about their culture. This one harks back to Genet in subject matter. A young man, Henri, gets himself involved with Jean, half mugger, half pimp, on the basis of one fleeting but exciting sadomasochistic encounter (little more than a kiss). It's hard to believe anyone as determined as Henri is to get what he wants can also be so ineffectual as he follows the constantly disappearing Jean from one bleak, despairing set to another. There are some good things (acting) and some hot times (about two minutes total). The spot where it looks like they are finally going to let go and fuck knocked my socks off. If the director would open up a little more, and cut a tad more ruthlessly, he'd probably be great. Theory: the French are afraid to say things right out loud because of their history of Catholicism (confess but only as a form of recantation) and high culture (don't say anything, you might reveal that you're not cool). I suspect I can understand a lot of what is going on in the film only because of my S/M education; it's not that it's wrongheaded because it shows homosexuality as frustrating, sordid and tragic; it's wrongheaded because it shows gay male S/M (and tea room, and lower-class) sexuality as frustrating, sordid and tragic. This artistic approach reappears every time a less-than-accepted aspect of human behavior starts to crack its shell of silence, and it gets more annoying each time. One of its messages (besides "sexy, huh?") is "If you do this, you will DIE. Or kill someone." A load of rubbish I wish could be dumped into the Mindanao Trench once and for all.
- ~~\*\*\*\*~~ THE DEPUTY (EL DIPUTADO) This still shows conservative streaks (guess who dies?) that screw up the ending in several ways. However, the basic approach



## INTERVIEW WITH A FANED

Q: What surprised you about doing a fanzine?

A: Well, that it took so long and was so hard to do without a decent typewriter at home. And that it took so much advance planning to do it the way you wanted to. Without advance planning you tend to get vast tracts of illoless print, especially if you type all the way across the page instead of in columns.

Q: What advice would you have for someone contemplating their first fanzine?

A: If you're going to staple it down the side, for ghodsake remember to alternate your margins. Every back side of the sheet has to have its margin down the right edge, not the left. And plan your illo spaces first. And leave more room for them than you think you will need. Never start typing on a page without marking out space for graphics. Otherwise your fanzine will end up looking ~~like this one~~ very word-oriented, even if that wasn't what you envisioned.

Q: Where does one get artwork and graphics?

A: I don't know. Other faneds claim they come in the mail. This hasn't happened to me yet. Do you think I should throw out some hints?

Q: Oh no, I wouldn't. How about written work?

A: Well, you know the Bay Area is in the middle of a fannish renaissance. I hope everyone isn't too busy writing for SIDNEY SUPPEY'S QUARTERLY & CONFUSED PET MONTHLY, and PHIZ, and SPACE JUNK and GENRE PLAT and THE WRETCH TAKES TO WRITING and MONDO and BE TRUE TO YOUR YULE and MYTHOLOGY RAGAZINE and KITH and all--

Q: Not to mention book-length party invitations.

A: --to sit down and write out the odd reflection or memoir or answer on their sexual experience. Or whatever. One thing I do want is accounts of people's experiences with sexually transmitted diseases and things like crab lice. I'm also looking for true-life snappy comeback tales -- replies to street hassles, etc. And graffiti. Stuff that doesn't come out to exactly two pages when you type it. It's too tempting when that happens to just leave it -- starts on the right page, ends on the left -- no nice big wasteful artistic titles, no illos, no creative white space. I hope no one will notice this, but one article didn't get a title over it at all.

Q: Are you going to tell about how you rewrote your stories so they'd come out with justified margins when you were nine?

A: No.

Q: Will Cheryl Cline's forthcoming perzine cut in on your turf?

A: We've reached an understanding. I get the sex, she gets the drugs and rock n roll.

Q: How do you classify David Lee Roth?

A: Drugs. Besides, it's Cheryl's tv. Though I am wondering, since they have MTV if there's such a thing as STV, and if so where, I have to bring this interview to an end because Kathryn Cramer has sent in one last answer to the question What surprised you about sex?:

KC: That it takes 2 days to get all the sand out after having sex on the beach.