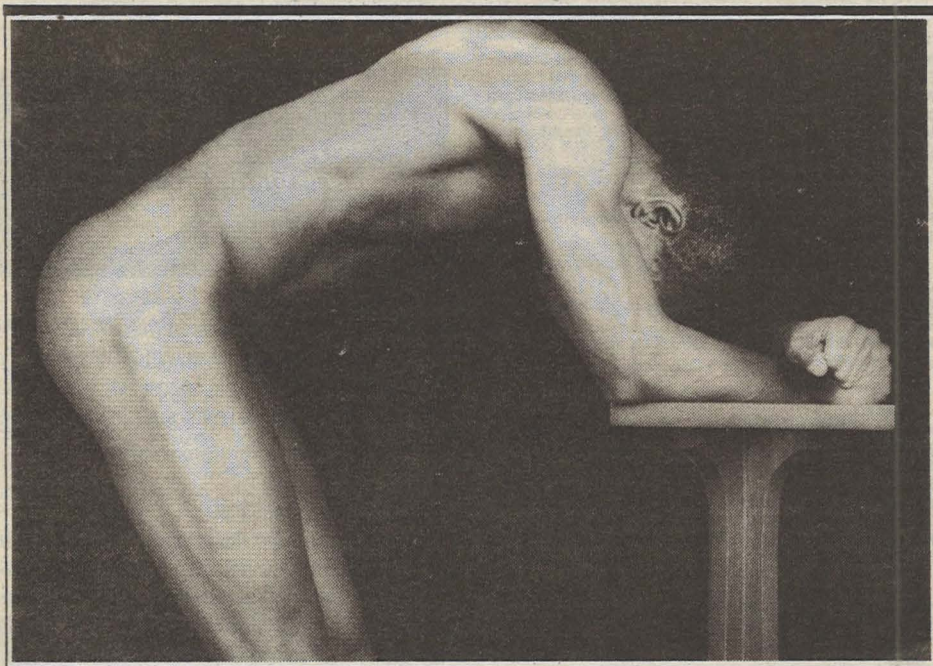


Dare

VOLUME 2, NUMBER 4

TENNESSEE'S LESBIAN AND GAY NEWSWEEKLY

JANUARY 27-FEBRUARY 2, 1989



Photographer Robert Mapplethorpe's internationally-recognized work is included in Peter Weiermair's new book *The Hidden Image*. This is *Thomas*, 1986. —PHOTO ROBERT MAPPLETHORPE

Nashville doctor claims he contracted AIDS in surgery

by STUART BIVIN
Editor

Harold Dennison, Jr., a Nashville surgeon, has contracted AIDS "in the course of his surgical practice," according to a statement released on behalf of his family by Nashville's Baptist Hospital Thursday.

The 56-year-old Dennison was "recently diagnosed" with the disease. The statement said that no determination could be made whether Dennison contracted the disease from operating on an infected patient, from a cut or from being accidentally stuck by a needle.

The national Centers for Disease Control (CDC) in Atlanta has reported no confirmed case of physicians developing AIDS from exposure during the course of their work.

The Nashville *Tennessean* reported a state-

ment by Glenn Davis, medical director for the Tennessee AIDS Program, agreeing that the risk of acquiring AIDS among doctors, dentists and other health care workers is very low.

Davis refused to comment on the Dennison case, but did say that "Health care workers are at very minimal risk, especially if universal precautions are taken."

According to the statement, Dennison is in critical condition and has been admitted at Baptist Hospital. The statement goes on to say that Dennison, his physicians and family "are cooperating fully" with an investigation of his case by public health authorities.

William Schaffner, AIDS consultant for the state Department of Health and Environment, confirmed that the investigation will also look into the possibility Dennison became infected outside the course of his practice. •

Anti-pornography group goes on the air to raise money

by JEFF ELLIS
Managing Editor

Efforts by a local group to rid Nashville of "illegal pornographic materials" heated up this week as the Nashville Coalition Against Pornography (NCAP) took its appeal to the airwaves with a television appearance Sunday.

NCAP representatives argued for a city-wide move to eliminate adult bookstores and video arcades and solicited \$15 donations from those interested in helping to finance the battle.

The organization, formed by a coalition of Christian fundamentalist-oriented groups, will attempt to guarantee enforcement of state and

local laws against selling obscene materials.

The local group is patterned after the National Coalition Against Pornography, formed by the Rev. Jerry Kirk of Cincinnati in response to the Meese Report on pornography. That report, issued in 1987 by an 11-member group impaneled by then-U.S. Attorney General Edwin Meese, prepared an in-depth study of pornography in this country.

"The Meese Commission's report really helped to open our eyes to the problem. What is encouraging about the report is that it was telling us that pornography is illegal," said NCAP spokesperson Diana Maas.

David R. Shepherd, another of the group's leaders, cited statistics which indicate a 600% increase in reported cases of child sexual abuse in Davidson County since 1981. He said "a grass roots effort," starting with the elimination of pornography, would reduce such sex crimes.

NCAP members plan to lobby Metro Council members as well as state legislators and law enforcement officials to make enforcement of pornography laws "a priority."

Tennessee statutes define obscene materials as "patently offensive representations or descriptions of ultimate sexual acts," such as

sexual intercourse, fellatio, cunnilingus or sodomy. Laws forbid the ownership, distribution and display of such materials.

NCAP, following the lead of a Chattanooga group which was successful in closing that city's adult bookstores, was organized last November. Since then, the group had been relatively inactive until the Sunday night television appearance on Nashville's WDCN-Channel 8, the city-owned public television station.

The group's representatives had no comment on its plans for the immediate future. •

T-GALA's having a ball

by ROBIN CONOVER
Contributing Writer

It's almost time for the Tennessee Gay and Lesbian Alliance's (T-GALA) second annual Out and About Ball.

This year's ball is expected to be bigger and better than last year's, as organizers expect between 500 and 600 people. Last year, some 300 people attend the ball.

"That was quite a victory for the first year," said Terry Kevlin, finance co-chair for T-GALA. "It was held at the Gas Lite Lounge. At 3 a.m. we had to run people out and they were still having a wild time."

This year's event will be held at Warehouse 28, 2529 Franklin Road in Nashville, on Tuesday, Feb. 14 and will run until "we have to run them out the door," Kevlin said.

The \$6 cover is the same as last year, "but they will get a lot more for their money. We will have hot and cold hors d'oeuvres. The Warehouse is cooking this year, so they are preparing three times as much food to accommodate everyone," Kevlin explained.

The dance is scheduled for Valentine's Day, Kevlin said, "to give the gay and lesbian community a special place to go with that special someone on that day, not the weekend before or after."

"Steve Smith, owner of Warehouse 28, is really going above and beyond the call of duty," Kevlin said. "He's letting us use the kitchen, the DJs and the dance floor."

"The Warehouse staff and T-GALA are working hard to make this ball 'the social event of the year.'" •

INSIDE

February is Black History Month



"I'll take the Top Card, Jim!":
The search for Game Show
Valhalla, page 6.



Who is that
masked man?
Toons, page 12.

The shadow
knows what you'll do.
Snaps, page 9.



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D A T E S

MEMPHIS

Mondays

Gay Alternative Hour Radio show, WEVL-FM 90, 6-7pm.
Phoenix (Gay Alcoholics Anonymous) Open meeting, Memphis Lambda Center. 8pm. Info 901 272-9459.

Tuesdays

Phoenix (Gay Alcoholics Anonymous) Open meeting, Memphis Lambda Center. 5:30 and 8pm. Info 901 272-9459.

Wednesdays

Phoenix (Gay Alcoholics Anonymous) Open meeting, Memphis Lambda Center. 8pm. Info 901 272-9459.

Thursdays

P-FLAG (Parents and Friends of Lesbians and Gays) Support group, St. John's Episcopal Church, 322 S Greer. 1st Thursday only. Info 901 761-1444.
Phoenix (Gay Alcoholics Anonymous) Open meeting, Memphis Lambda Center. 5:30pm. Info 901 272-9459.
Into the Light (Women's Alcoholics Anonymous) Meeting, Memphis Lambda Center. 8pm. Info 901 276-7379.

Fridays

Phoenix (Gay Alcoholics Anonymous) Open meeting, Memphis Lambda Center. 5:30 and 10pm. Info 901 272-9459.

Saturdays

Twisted Sisters (ACOA) Open meeting, Memphis Lambda Center. Noon. Info 901 276-7379.
Phoenix (Gay Alcoholics Anonymous) Open meeting, Memphis Lambda Center. 8pm. Info 901 272-9459.

Sundays

Agape New Life Church Sunday School, 9:30am. Worship service, 11am. Info 901 276-1872.
Holy Trinity Community Church Worship service, 11am, 1216 Forrest Ave. Info 901 726-9443.
Into the Light (Women's Alcoholics Anonymous) Meeting, Memphis Lambda Center. Noon. Info 901 276-7379.
Phoenix (Gay Alcoholics Anonymous) Open meeting, Memphis Lambda Center. 8pm. Info 901 272-9459.

NASHVILLE

Mondays

Gay Overeaters Anonymous Open meet. for lesbian and gay overeaters. MCC, 5:30pm. Info 615-327-4614.
Nashville CARES HIV+ Education/Support G. up, 6:30pm. ARC/AIDS Support Group, bimonthly. 6:30pm. Family Support Group, bimonthly. 6:30pm. Info 615-385-1510.
Lambda Group Closed Alcoholics Anonymous meeting for gay men and lesbians, Unitarian Church. 8pm.
MAGNET (Married and Gay Network) Support group for married gay men. 1st & 3rd Mondays only. MCC. 8pm. Info 615-320-0288.

Tuesdays

Al-Anon Closed meeting, MCC. 6:30pm.
Nashville CARES ARC/AIDS Support Group. 4pm. Info 615-385-1510.
Sober Sisters (Lesbian Alcoholics Anonymous) Closed meeting, MCC. 8pm.
Gay Cable Network Viacom Channel 35 (Community Access Television). 9pm.

Wednesdays

Sex Addicts Anonymous Closed meeting for gay men and lesbians. MCC. 5:30pm.
Nashville CARES ARC/AIDS Support Group. 6:30pm. Info 615-385-1510.
MTSU Lambda Association Meeting for lesbian and gay Middle Tennessee State University students, faculty, staff, and alumni. Murfreesboro. 7pm. Info 615-890-3787.

Thursdays

Gay Overeaters Anonymous Open meeting for lesbian and gay overeaters. MCC. 5:30pm. Info 615-327-4614.
Nashville CARES Visualization Group. 6:30pm. Info 615-385-1510.
Vanderbilt Lambda Association Meeting for gay and lesbian Vanderbilt students, faculty, staff and alumni. President's House, Peabody Campus, alternates weekly with Film Series (see Special Events). 7pm. Info 615-297-5352.
Alternatives (Alcoholics Anonymous) Closed meeting for lesbians and gay men, MCC. 8pm.
Lesbian Adult Children of Alcoholics (ACOA) Meeting. 8pm. Info 615-385-4776 or 615-352-5823.

Fridays

Sexaholics Anonymous Closed meeting, MCC. 5pm.
Gay Parents Support Group Meeting, MCC. 1st Friday only. 7pm. Info 615-831-2941 or 615-320-0288.
Alcoholics Anonymous Program Study Group Meeting, Belmont United Methodist. 7:30 pm.

Saturdays

Nashville CARES HIV/ARC Support Group, bimonthly. 4pm. Info 615-385-1510.
Metropolitan Community Church Mortgage Meal, all you can eat. 7:30pm. \$5.
Gay Cable Network Viacom Channel 35 (Community Access Television). 8pm.

Sundays

Metropolitan Community Church Worship services, 11am and 7pm. Info 615-320-0288.

Special Events

Saturday, January 21

Party *Recoup from the Holidays*, movie and popcorn, Gay Women's Social Group, Memphis. 7:30pm. \$2 donation. Info 901 324-6949.

Saturday, January 28

Spaghetti Dinner and Fish Fry Black and White Men Together, Memphis. 7-10pm. Info 901 452-5894.

Is There a
Balm in Gilead?



AIDS in the Church

Wednesday, February 1

Workshop *Is There a Balm in Gilead? AIDS in the Church*, panel of persons living with AIDS and people who provide support for them, sponsored by Vanderbilt Divinity School 1989 Cole Lectures, Nashville. 12:30pm. Free. Info 615-322-4205.

Thursday, February 2

Slide Lecture *The Power of Women in Northern Renaissance Prints*, Lynn F. Jacobs, assistant professor of fine arts, Vanderbilt. Sponsored by Margaret Cunningham Women's Center, Nashville. 118 Sarraatt. 12:15pm. Free. Info 615-322-4843.

Film *Touch of Evil*, sponsored by Vanderbilt Lambda Association. 220 Garland Hall, Nashville. 7pm. \$1 donation. Info 615-297-5352.

Friday, February 3

Mardi Gras Ball Party and dance, Towne House Tea Room, 167-1/2 8th Av North, Nashville. Food, drinks, and costume contest. Sponsored by Metropolitan Community Church. 8pm-1am. \$5 donation. Info 615 228-8571 or 615 320-0288.

Saturday, February 4

Party Hors d'oeuvres, Memphis Gay Coalition. BYOB, potluck. Party room, Bryton Tower, 1271 Poplar, Memphis. 8pm-11pm. Free. Info 901 324-GAYS.

Thursday, February 9

Brown-bag Lecture *Panic in the Greenwood*, discussion of E.M.Forster's *Maurice*, led by Charisse Gendron. Sponsored by Vanderbilt Lambda Association. 118 Sarraatt, Vanderbilt, Nashville. 12:10pm. Free.

Sunday, February 12

Feminist Book Circle Discussion of Rita Mae Brown's *Rubyfruit Jungle*. Unitarian Universalist Church, 1808 Woodmont Blvd, Nashville. 5-7pm. Free. Info 615 385-4283.

Tuesday, February 14

Out and About Ball *Valentine's Day Dance* Warehouse 28, 2529 Franklin Rd, Nashville. Sponsored by Tennessee Gay & Lesbian Alliance. 7:30pm. \$6 per person. Info 615 333-2215.

Your nonprofit event can be listed free in *Dates*. Write to *Dare*, Box 40422, Nashville, TN 37204-0422, or phone 615 292-9623 and leave a message. Please include information about time, location, cost, sponsor, and a contact person's name with address and/or phone number for verification. Deadline noon Tuesday for publication next Friday.

Nashville police still seek gay man's murderer

by **JEFF ELLIS**
Managing Editor

Nashville Police are continuing their search for the man suspected in the September murder of Vernon Lester Larkin.

But as time slips away, authorities fear so too is the person suspected of the bludgeoning death of the 30-year-old computer operator.

"We're still trying to run down some leads in the case" said Metro Homicide Det. Mike Smith. "But as time goes by, the leads are becoming few and far between."

Larkin was found brutally murdered in the blood-spattered living room of his Hickory Valley-area apartment last Sept. 7. He had last been seen leaving the Jungle Lounge, at 306 Fourth Avenue South in Nashville, with a man police believe to be a transient.

Police are continuing the manhunt for an individual with a stocky build who is about 5

feet 11 inches tall and weighs around 170 pounds. He is described as having medium brown hair which covers his ears and hangs into his face, dark eyes, a mustache and tattoos on both arms.

The man is thought to have been staying at the Nashville Union Mission prior to the incident. The mission is located some five blocks from the bar.

The suspect is also believed to have stolen Larkin's 1988 dark blue Mustang, with the Tennessee license plate number JXB-995. The stolen auto was recovered in November in the Atlanta area, Smith said.

Authorities originally believed the suspect to still be in the Atlanta area, but detectives think the man has since moved on.

Larkin's body was discovered by officials after a phone call from Larkin's mother, who had been unable to contact him. •

Anti-inaugural draws nearly fifty

by **STUART BIVIN**
Editor

Between 45 and 50 community activists gathered at the Federal building in Nashville last Friday to protest the expenditure of \$30 million on the inauguration of President George Bush.

Representatives of such diverse groups as the Central America Solidarity Association (LA CASA) and Nashvillians for a Nuclear Arms Freeze joined with ten area lesbian and gay activists to "remind the new Administration that money is needed for housing the home-

less, for social programs, and for the search for a cure for AIDS," according to one participant.

The crowd drew stares and a few catcalls from the passing lunch hour crowd on Broadway as activists spoke to those gathered over an electric megaphone.

Speakers called for protection of the civil rights of the homeless and of lesbians and gay men as well as of people with AIDS, for a reduction in the military budget and reallocation of funds to social programs, and for non-interference in Central America. •

BRIEFS

from **STAFF REPORTS**

NAMES Project seeks volunteers

VOLUNTEERS are currently being sought for the upcoming 1989 tour of the AIDS Memorial Quilt, according to the NAMES Project Foundation in San Francisco.

Volunteers will be selected for six to twelve week assignments during the period between mid-February and mid-August of this year. Each will be paid a per diem and room and transportation expenses will be covered.

There will be as many as eight positions available and applicants must have previous volunteer experience with the NAMES Project.

"The experience of bring the quilt to new audiences throughout the United States last year was incredibly rewarding for us," said Scott Lago, tour coordinator. "It is our desire to provide some of our most dedicated volunteers with the opportunity to participate in this upcoming tour and experience firsthand the joys as well as the difficulties of reaching out with the quilt's message of compassion for those affected by the AIDS epidemic."

Volunteer training will begin in San Francisco two weeks prior to the tour assignment. Volunteers will then join the tour in progress, and once their assignment is complete, they will return home directly from the tour city.

Those interested, should send a résumé and cover letter to: Scott Lago, Tour Coordinator, The NAMES Project Foundation, 2362 Market Street, San Francisco, CA, 94114. Deadline for applications is Feb. 1. •

Football instead of homosexuality?

FOOTBALL-WATCHING MEN want to spend time with other men without being suspected of being gay, according to University of Southern California sociologist Michael Messner.

The researcher says that watching football allows men to reassert their dominance over women by spending time with other men, without drawing suspicion of homosexuality. "Most men aren't too good at intimacy with other men. For many men, homophobia is a problem in establishing friendships. But doing something masculine like watching a football game, lets them push those fears aside and spend time together in a safe, non-threatening way," Messner told the Associated Press.

He also said that the game reinforces the view of an "undeniable 'fact' that there is at least one place where men are clearly superior to women." •

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Each concert will be held in War Memorial Auditorium at 8:00 p.m. Tickets are now on sale at all Ticketmaster locations (741-2787).

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LISTINGS

Groups

Agape New Life Church
901 327-4145

Aid to End AIDS Committee (ATEAC)
Box 40389, Memphis 38174
901 458-AIDS or 24-hr 901 762-8401

American Gay Atheists/Memphis
Box 41371, Memphis 38174

American Civil Liberties Union (ACLU)
Hedy Weinberg, Director
Box 120160, Nashville 37212
615 256-7028
Lesbian & Gay Anti-Violence Hotline
615 256-7028

Black and White Men Together
Box 41773, Memphis 38174
901 327-3753 or 901 452-5894 or 901 726-1461

Conductors
Box 40261, Nashville 37204

Feminist Book Circle
Box 120372, Nashville 37212

**Gay and Lesbian Parents
Coalition, Inc., of Memphis**
Box 40982, Memphis 38174

Gay Alternative (radio show)
Box 41773, Memphis 38174

Gay Athletic Association
Box 22914, Memphis 38122
901 744-7312

Gay Cable Network/Nashville
Box 22011, Nashville 37202
615 254-8250

Gay Women's Social Group
901 324-6949

Human Response Council
901 275-3536

Kinship (Seventh Day Adventists)
Box 171135, Memphis 38187
901 754-6160

Memphis Center for Reproductive Health
1462 Poplar Ave, Memphis 38104
901 274-3550

Memphis Gay Coalition
Box 3038, Memphis 38173
901 324-GAYS

Memphis Lambda Center
241 North Cleveland, Memphis
901 276-7379

Metropolitan Community Church
131 15th Av North, Nashville 37203
615 320-0288

Mystic Krewe of Aphrodite
Box 41822, Memphis 38174

Nashville CARES
Sande Potter, Director
Box 25107, Nashville 37202
615 385-1510
AIDS Crisis Line
615 385-AIDS

Nashville Women's Alliance
Box 120834, Nashville 37212
615 366-0555

National Organization for Women
Box 40982, Memphis 38104
Box 120523, Nashville 37212

**Parents and Friends of Lesbians and Gays
(P-FLAG)**
Box 172031, Memphis 38187
901 761-1444

Phoenix (Gay AA)
901 272-9549 or 901 276-7379 or 901 454-1414

**Tennessee Gay & Lesbian Alliance
(T-GALA)**
Box 24181, Nashville 37202

**Tennessee Gay & Lesbian Task Force
(TGLTF)**
Box 24446, Nashville 37202

**Tennesseans Keeping Abortion Legal and
Safe (TKALS)**
Box 120871, Nashville 37212
615 297-8540

The Personals (computer bulletin board)
901 274-6713

Tsarus (Leather-Levi Club)
Box 41082, Memphis 38174

Vanderbilt AIDS Project
Suite CCC5319 Medical Center North
Vanderbilt University, Nashville 37232
615 322-AIDS or 615 322-2252

Vanderbilt Lambda Association
Box 121743, Nashville 37212

Wings
(Leather-Levi Club)
Box 41784, Memphis 38174

Women of Leather
181 North Willett, Memphis 38104
901 726-5263

S C R E E N S

Beachesby **JEFF ELLIS**
Managing Editor

BETTE MIDLER returns to the screen in a pop music-tinged drama, laced with a generous amount of tears, and turns in an effecting, engaging performance in *Beaches*.

Beaches, the first effort from Midler's All Girls Production Company, is a touching portrait of friendship that offers the Divine Miss M. her first dramatic turn since *The Rose*. She proves she is up to the challenge before her by completely taking hold of the film's action and tailoring it to her unique talents.

Co-star Barbara Hershey, no slouch in the acting department herself, is more than able to hold her own with the auburn-tressed dynamo. Hershey's cool reserve provides the perfect counterpoint to Midler's ebullient, perhaps even schizophrenic, character.

Beaches chronicles the thirty-year friendship of the two women, first seen as 12-year-olds on the Atlantic City boardwalk. Hillary, the daughter of a rich San Francisco businessman, has lost her way back to her swank hotel when she is befriended by the street smart, cigarette-smoking Cecilia Carol Bloom (known to everyone as C.C.).

A child star, with ambition flowing through her veins, C.C. auditions for a big Hollywood producer, dreaming of her name in lights and a break from summer stock. When C.C. belts out her trademark tune, "The Glory of Love," Hillary is mesmerized and the friendship between the two is cemented when she gushes, "You're the most wonderful singer I've ever heard."

MARIYAM BAILIK has the unenviable task of playing the 12-year-old C.C. who just happens to grow up to be Bette Midler. But, in what must be the casting coup of the decade, Bailik is perfect. Her looks, her smile, her mannerisms, her sassy way of talking and walking

all add up to a 12-year-old Bette Midler. And she almost steals the film.

Unfortunately, the early years of the friendship pass much too quickly and we don't see — or hear — enough of Bailik.

The friendship grows as the two women do through their letters to each other. C.C. becomes a nightclub chanteuse and Hillary becomes an attorney. Fate brings the two together again in New York.

C.C. finally gets her big break off-Broadway and move on to Broadway and is on her way to a career as a pop music phenomenon — like Midler, whose big Broadway break came in *Fiddler on the Roof*.

Idealistic Hillary, after a promising start as an ACLU attorney, finds herself mired in a marriage from Yuppie hell.

Fate does, however, bring the two women back together after a short period of estrangement.

THE REST OF THE STORY is reminiscent of the old "women's films" of the '30s. Had the movie been made a few decades earlier, Bette Davis and Miriam Hopkins would have had the roles.

Perhaps it is that old-fashioned sentimentality that makes *Beaches* such a delight. It's definitely a "movie," somewhat bigger than life and maybe a little "too pretty." No gritty realism here. Midler and Hershey wear beautiful clothes and neither has ever looked lovelier on film.

But the real reason *Beaches* is such a delight is Bette Midler. She's endearingly charming and breathtakingly touching. At times she's bitchy, at others angelic.

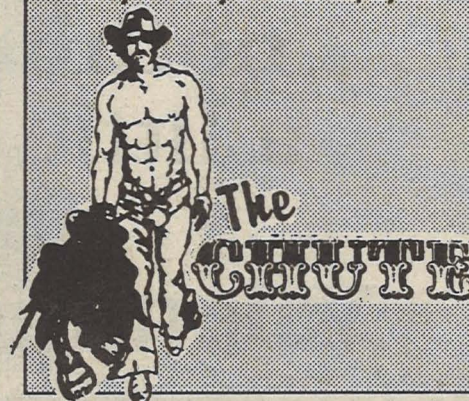
At all times, though, she's wonderful. Don't miss *Beaches*. •

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A R T S N O T E S

from **STAFF REPORTS**

TENNESSEE REPERTORY THEATRE, the professional company in its fourth season in residency at Nashville's Tennessee Performing Arts Center (TPAC), will hold vocal auditions for its season-ending production of *Evita* on January 31 at the TRT rehearsal hall, 427 Chestnut Street in Nashville.

Dance auditions will be held on February 1 for those called back from the vocal auditions.

Evita, the Andrew Lloyd Webber musical based on the life of the late Argentine first lady Eva Peron, will be staged by the company May 11-27. Rehearsals will begin April 17, with daily rehearsals scheduled from 9 a.m. until 7 p.m., Monday through Saturday.

Persons interested in auditioning should send a performance resume and accompanying headshot to TRT. The professional company will then contact candidates in whom they are interested to schedule audition times.

Candidates should be prepared to sing a song that shows their vocal range in a legitimate vocal style. Candidates should bring sheet music in the key in which they plan to sing. A pianist and tape recorder will be provided. A capella auditions will not be accepted.

Resumes and headshots should be sent to Jennifer S. Orth, Production Manager, Tennessee Repertory Theatre, 427 Chestnut Street, Nashville 37203. •

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by JEFF ELLIS

Managing Editor

"THAT'S RIGHT, JEFF, you and your lovely lover will be jetting away to beautiful Puerto Vallarta, Mexico, as your parting gift from Top Card. You'll be carrying your stylish new wardrobe in this beautiful new American Tourister luggage which you'll take to the airport in the trunk of your new Yugo..."

I was rudely awakened from my dream by the reality of a 5:45 a.m. screech from my alarm clock. Or maybe it was the Yugo that made me sit bolt upright in bed Tuesday morning as I began preparations for the journey that would take me to what I like to refer to as "Game Show Valhalla."

But, to be quite frank, there's only one thing that gets me up before 7:30. And it ain't American Tourister luggage.

Since I was already up, I decided I might as well go ahead and shave just in case the producers of *Top Card*, the new game show now in production at the Opryland studios of The Nashville Network, selected me from among the 18 aspiring contestants gathered for Tuesday's taping of six shows.

I had auditioned last October — coming through with flying colors and a perfect score on the trivia test that is the first step toward becoming a contestant — and had even taken part in a run-through while producers tried to work out the show's kinks.

During that run-through, I was nothing short of spectacular. I played for blood and annihilated my opponents. But I didn't get diddly for that performance, just the assurance my name would be kept on file for the show's future taping.

Then, just before Christmas, the show's contestant coordinator, Lang Scott, called to tell me to report to the studios on January 24.

My first thought, of course, was "What will I wear?"

My second thought, naturally, was "Who'll do my make-up?"

And my third, as I'm sure you've already guessed, was "What will I do with all the money and prizes I'm sure to win?"

Being a game show veteran, the first exhilaration of being given a tape date soon dissipated and I began a training regimen which I was certain would mean success.

"Okay, Stuart, let's play one more round of Jeopardy," I told my rather sleepy significant other. "I know it's 3:18 in the morning and you're tired, but I've got to win that parquet floor tile they're going to be giving away. Besides, they might ask something about Russian literature."

Certainly, this intensive training would pay off much better than the training program I had instituted prior to my one other game show appearance.

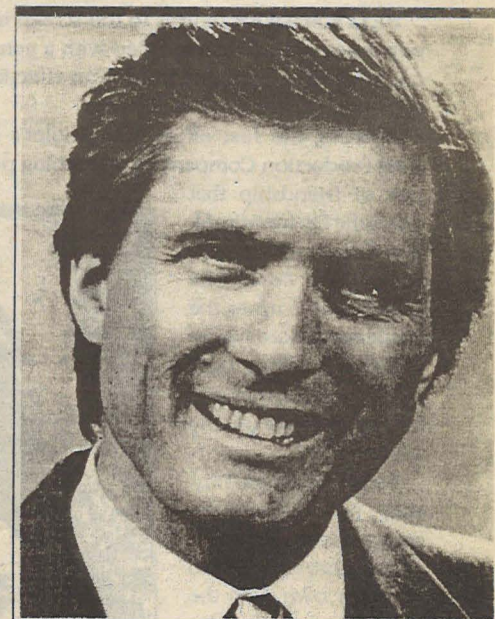
In 1984, I was chosen to appear on TNN's *Fandango* (which has been canceled to make way for *Top Card* on the schedule), the focus of which was country music trivia. At that time, I scarcely knew Johnny Cash from Tammy Wynette.

MY TRAINING REGIMEN for *Fandango*? Setting my car radio's dial to WSM-FM a week before taping. Still, it paid off and I won some \$800 in prizes.

So I figured that playing Jeopardy every night for a month would enable me to breeze through *Top Card*.

Almost before I knew it, the taping date was at hand. I was a wreck.

"Please don't leave me here," I begged my significant other as he dropped me off at the



Top Card's Jim Caldwell and Blake Pi

G A M E V A L H

studio.

"You'll be okay. And even if you don't win, you're still a winner to me," he said reassuringly. Sweet, but not very helpful. I wanted the loot.

"But where will I go? What'll I do?" I implored.

"You—," he started to say, before I interrupted: "Scarlett O'Hara. *Gone With the Wind*. Frankly, my dear, I don't give a damn."

OBVIOUSLY, I was in a frenzy of trivial facts and fictional characters, and went on in search of Game Show Valhalla with the names and faces of every movie, book, cartoon and greeting card I had ever seen going through my mind.

As the other nimrods — I mean my fellow contestants — began to assemble to the orientation meeting, I began to size them up:

"Queen."

"Slut."

"Closet queen."

"Red neck."

"Idiot."

"He'll never make it. Look at that polyester suit."

"Queen."

"Who did her make-up?"

"Whore."

I must confess that I did not claim the prize for congeniality among that day's contestants. But congeniality is not a trait we especially



NG AROUND



Blake Pickett — PHOTOS REID/LAND PRODUCTIONS

SHOW HALLA



aspire to in the Ellis family.

Following orientation, we were ushered into the studio for a meeting with the show's executive producer who discussed game show etiquette with us and told us there was a chance some of us would not be on the show.

ONCE MORE, I began to size up the competition, trying to determine who wouldn't make the cut.

"Well, *he* won't. Look at that suit."

"I think her parents were brother and sister."

"Yuck! That beard has got to go, honey."

As we were shown our dressing rooms — men in one, women in another — I suddenly realized that seven of the ten men were wearing navy blazers.

Mine, of course, was of the better blend and more stylish cut. And it did have monogrammed buttons. But it was, still and all, a navy blazer.

So I changed into what I had referred to as "Jeff's outfit for day two" — an olive drab suit with a rep-stripped bow tie. I remembered what I had always heard about men who wore bow ties. If that bow tie didn't get me noticed, nothing would.

My fellow (yeah, sure) contestants and I were then divided into six groups for our final auditions and run-throughs.

"Oh, no, you mean I'm gonna have to be with *you*," said one of my fellow contestants, a woman from Dalton, Georgia. "I've heard

about you. You'll kill all of us."

Obviously, my reputation preceded me.

So, I killed her. And the other guy too.

The 11 a.m. taping of the first three shows was close at hand and Lang told us who would be vying for the top spot against the returning champion (who had been determined at an earlier taping held last week.)

I wasn't on the list.

"That's okay," I thought. "I can watch a show, maybe even two, then I'll be ready to go."

We then met Blake Pickett, the show's hostess, who was wearing some beaded number from a store in Donelson. Blake's called the Vanna White of cable TV, but her head's not that big.

Then, Jim Caldwell, the show's emcee, came out, all blown-dry blond perfection and prominent jaw line. In case you've never heard of Jim, he replaced Wink Martindale as host of the syndicated *Tic Tac Dough*.

But the returning champion kept returning. By the beginning of show number three, I still had not been called.

My significant other, obviously sensing my distress, pointed out something: "They're not going to put you on the same show with him, because you're both so good. If he loses, you'll go on."

FINALLY, the returning champion became a has-been at the end of game number three. Two of my fellow contestants, including the woman from Dalton who by now had decided we could be friends, rushed over and said: "You'll get to go on next!"

But before the next group of shows could be taped, the production crew broke for lunch.

Normally, lunch is my favorite part of the day. But Tuesday I was ready to play. I really wanted that SHINY NEW CAR.

Lunch dragged on forever. Finally, we were told to assemble in our seats for the announcement of the names of the next people to play *Top Card*.

With my heart in my throat, I listened. Sure enough, Lang said my name and I rushed over for a fresh coat of pancake and blusher.

I felt really sick. You know how you feel just before the nurse gives you the shot? The way you felt when your mother said, "Wait until your father gets home."

I had butterflies. But as our congenial quizmaster Jim said to me just prior to taping, "at least your butterflies are flying in formation."

I'm not sure what that meant, but I smiled stupidly and waited for the game to start.

Suddenly, I was filled with a sense of purpose and a sense that if I didn't get that case of Sunny Delite Florida citrus punch I would not live to see my next birthday.

The first question was "Who is the woman newscaster on *NBC News at Sunrise*?"

I buzzed in: "Deborah Norville."

Jim: "Sorry, Jeff. Connie Chung."

I MUTTERED some expletives under my breath, but regained my composure in time to answer the next question.

I was on my way.

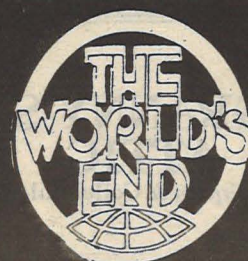
I had found Game Show Valhalla.

And that's all I'm going to tell you.

Except that I had a lot of fun and I'll be on television May 9, 10 and 11. The show is *Top Card* and it's on The Nashville Network.

Everyone connected with the show was really very nice to me and Blake helped ease my nervousness between tapings. I gave her a few makeup tips.

And no one died. •



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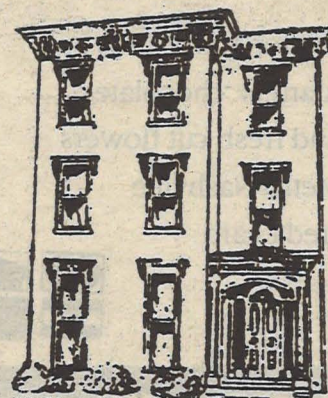
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S O C I A B L E S

Midwinter Blues

by JAAN STURGIS

Staff Writer

WHY IS IT, DEARHEARTS, that everyone seems to be suffering from the mid-winter blues? Why, we haven't had any really cold weather yet, and with any luck we won't have any of that nonsense.

When I was out and about this past weekend, I certainly did meet some dandy people. Visiting from St. Louis was Jay Frey's friend Randy Smith. The dear boy is the assistant manager of the Sheraton in St. Louis and makes a yearly pilgrimage to Music City to see us. Among the activities that keep him busy are being a deacon at MCC-St. Louis where he also is the church clerk. With a real community spirit, he is a volunteer for Effort for AIDS where he has served as a buddy and manned the telephone hot line. When Randy's not busy with the above, he adores dancing and meeting new people. And...the dear boy even gave me his business card for my trip to St. Louis this weekend. What more could I ask for?

Not only did I meet Randy but I apparently caught the eye of others this past weekend when I was out on the town. Chicago native James Moore — now in Nashville for over two years — came up and introduced himself when he discovered that I wrote for THE paper. Among James' hobbies are creative writing and more than one person attested to the fact that he could tell a good children's yarn. (Yes, my dears, I knit, too!) When the fancy hits him, he does a bit of acting as well. James says he's just a versatile person (aren't we all.)

When Tim Roberts and I were chatting the other day he said he's sent off applications to grad schools — but only to the schools where the prominent homosexuals appear — on the coasts, of course. I'll be anxious to hear who'll be lucky enough to get him.

Who should rush up to me recently but Mark Brown, curator of the Belmont Mansion project. In the middle of one of the biggest fund raising campaigns they've had in some time (yes, dearhearts, remember to give if you can), the dollars raised will go to restoring/refurbishing the middle bedroom at the mansion.

Mark whispered in my ear that, with a lot of luck, a major wallpaper manufacturer may reproduce for public consumption the original wallpaper pattern in the front hall. If this occurs, the room will be papered and refurbished free of charge and, an even bigger bonus, offer additional publicity for one of Nashville's most historic and palatial houses! (Why is it that Belmont gets national attention but the *Tennessean* barely gives it the time of day?)

Dare's own Ann Taylor reported she spent last Saturday night (and well into Sunday morning) with five lovely ladies. Well! Ann served as a distinguished judge at the World Famous Jungle's Miss Gay Davidson County 1989 Pageant. Stating passionately that it was an experience she will remember for the rest of her life and numerous incarnations, Ann said

that the highlight of the evening was April Stevens' live rendition of "Imagine."

Congratulations to winner Riquita Rashad, who will be at T-GALA's Warehouse fundraiser this coming Sunday, and to first runner-up Victoria Diva (what's this about winning the talent portion with magic tricks?) and second runner-up Grace Plushette (celebrating a birthday soon at Chez Colette's).

Penny Campbell needs to be commended on the flawless sermon she gave last Sunday at MCC. Seriously, if you strongly believe in liberation theology, she delivered one of the best sermons of this nature I've ever heard. My hat's off to you, Penny!

Diane Easter and Frank Ashe want me to remind y'all that Gay Cable Network/Nashville is looking for people with imagination, creativity, and energy (sounds like my last lover!). They've got volunteer information meetings on January 31st at 8:00 p.m. at Community Access TV, 600 Mainstream Drive in Metro Center or February 5th at 3:00 p.m. at the downtown Ben West Public Library.

Last Saturday I was off to Bowling Green (in the K-Y state) for a conference called Rehab Right put on by the local Landmarks group. Featured speakers were Nashville architects Bill Howell and Sayre Hutchison. Sayre was just a little cutie with jet black longish hair but his talk on complementary additions to old houses certainly was bit lackluster.

However, who should sit next to me but Greg Willis of the big B. G. Known in real estate and preservation circles for having saved many an old home, after the conference he showed me one of the Queen Annes he's in the process of saving. Bravo for you, Greg!

The scoop is that Bob Simrell and the folks at Bob's Crazy Cowboy II in Nashville will be back in the saddle again this weekend, after a long and trying time rebuilding after their building got in the way of that truck. Best of luck to Bob.

Before all of you run away, did you see the article in *Southern* magazine entitled "From Birmingham: Straight Talk about Being Gay." It was a chatty little piece mainly about a boy named Billy Cox who lives with the A-Gays in Birmingham and travels in the most elite social circles.

Apparently, the monied gays — and many of those gay marriages yield family incomes in excess of \$250,000 a year (my breath is gone!) — have a social club called Apollo, and they regularly party together in various Southern ports, giving \$1,000-plus house parties and not batting an eye at it. Frank Ashe and I have decided that we can't even afford to be quality queens. My, my what has the world come to?

Well, my dears, another *Sociables* has come to a close. Where, what, or who have you been up to? Do tell all — (615) 226-4034.

Auf Weidersehen, bis spater! •



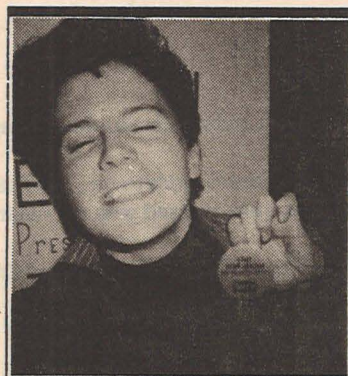
S N A P S

How will you celebrate Groundhog Day?

Cecilia Martin – "Sleep part of the day and work the rest. If it's sunny, I'd like to have a picnic out at Percy Warner with a bunch of family."



Karah Hope – "The same way I celebrate every year. If the sun shines I celebrate; if it doesn't shine I snuggle in and celebrate that."



Elizabeth Sauls – "I'm going to pull myself out of the hole and see if she sees my shadow."



Julie Chase – "I'm going to celebrate Groundhog Day by going back to bed for the rest of the season or the next season."

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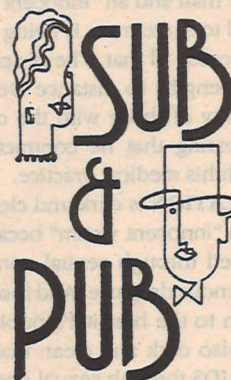
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January 27-February 2, 1989
Volume 2, Number 4

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The Dare logo was designed by Rusel Brown.

Text is set in Garamond, with
Aachen Bold heads and
Helvetica Condensed Light subheads.

Dare is published weekly by
Pyramid Light & Power
Box 40422, Nashville, TN 37204-0422



(615) 292-9623

Subscription rate: \$32 per year, \$16 for six months.
Please phone (615) 352-5823
for advertising rates and information.

Postmaster: send address changes to:
Circulation Department
Dare
Box 40422
Nashville, TN 37204-0422

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VIEWS

AIDS is horrible no matter whom it strikes

THE ANNOUNCEMENT Wednesday by officials at Nashville's Baptist Hospital that staff physician Dr. Harold Dennison Jr. may have contracted the AIDS virus as a result of an operating room mishap has garnered much attention throughout the region.

News of the doctor's plight has signaled an outpouring of sympathy and compassion. And well it should.

Whenever *anyone* is diagnosed as being infected with the AIDS virus, it is a noteworthy event because of the severity of the disease. The only means of defeating the killer disease is through research. The knowledge that AIDS can strike anyone will help to engender a public response which could lead to increased spending for research, education and services.

Medical investigators are poring over hospital records in an effort to determine if Dennison was indeed infected as the result of a surgical accident.

And well they should.

In order to battle AIDS, the investigation into the facts must be a painstaking process, even if that means it must be done slowly at times. Investigators are reportedly reviewing surgical charts to determine if Dennison's accident was recorded.

The 56-year-old doctor is listed in critical condition and, if suspicions are confirmed, may be the first case of a doctor becoming infected in the the course of medical practice.

That is unfortunate. Our hearts go out to Dennison's family and friends during these trying times.

But for members of the lesbian and gay community, news of the doctor's illness comes several years into the epidemic's lifespan. We have been dealing with the deaths of loved ones since the earlier part of this decade.

TOO OFTEN have we be told of the passing of another friend or relative.

We understand the pain any family must feel when one of their own is diagnosed with AIDS.

What distresses us about the Dennison case, however, is the effort being put forth to paint a picture of yet another innocent victim.

We are told, through media accounts, of the horror of the medical community in general and of Baptist Hospital officials in particular at the news that one of their own has been stricken.

But nothing has been written of any horror faced by the medical community in general or by Baptist Hospital officials in particular at the news that one of *our* own has been stricken.

Dennison, by virtue of the fact that he is a doctor, a white man and an "innocent victim" of his own zeal to serve man, is being canonized simply because of that. The hospital has gone to some lengths to distance Dennison from the majority of those with the disease, repeatedly stressing that he contracted the disease through his medical practice.

THE IMPLICATION is dark and clear: that Dennison is an "innocent victim" because he was not infected through sexual contact or through intravenous drug use. And the necessary conclusion to the hospital's public relations effort is also dark and clear: that those who contract AIDS through sexual contact or through intravenous drug use are "guilty victims," and deserve their suffering and death.

Where are the stories of the young gay men

struck down in their prime by this mysterious killer?

Where are the stories of the young black women singled out by fate for this cruel joke?

Where are the stories of the drug users who took one trip too many?

They are not to be found. Or, if they are, they are found in sensationalized trappings — dressed up as Sunday School lessons to warn people against straying from the path: "The wages of sin is death."

YES, WE ARE SORRY for Dr. Dennison and his family. They have been dealt an unfair blow by fate. But we are also sorry for *all* those who have AIDS, and for their families and friends because they, too, have been dealt an unfair blow by fate.

Harold Dennison is not guilty because he has AIDS. Indeed, *none* of the thousands of people stricken with AIDS are guilty.

Instead, they are the victims of a society that

cares more for social station, conformity and prestige than it does about the suffering of the poor, the different and the outcast who are caught between political and economic oppression and a medical crisis.

NO ONE DESERVES more compassion than another just because of the means by which they contracted the disease. And no one deserves any less. Because no one deserves AIDS.

Dennison's case might serve to remind us of our own prejudices against those who suffer. If nothing else, it might remind us that compassion is not something that is earned. It is something that is given.

Baptist Hospital would better serve the Christian principles it so loves to trumpet by getting on with the business of caring for the sick, rather than trying to separate the suffering into those who deserve our compassion and those who don't. •

BOX 40422

A question

Dear Dare

I have been trying to think of a *good* reason for you to publish skin-color abbreviations in your personals. Perhaps you can help.

Here is the only reason I've been able to come up with: You just didn't think....

Cheers.

C.W. Shaw

Johnson City

Thanks

Dear Dare

Just a short note to express our gratitude and satisfaction with the article concerning our tenth anniversary.

I must admit that when Rich first presented the idea to me, I had certain reservations about it. However, after reading the article I was quite pleased with the manner in which it was written and presented.

We have forwarded copies of it to friends of ours as far away as England. They also consider the article most satisfactory.

Once again, please accept our gratitude and thanks. It was one of the highlights of our tenth anniversary!

Mark Haun and Rick Hutson

Nashville

Dare encourages you to express your opinion in this space, and welcomes your letters. Submissions over 500 words will be considered for the Soapbox space. Names may be withheld on request. Unsigned letters and defamatory material cannot be published. Please write to Box 40422, Nashville, TN 37204-0422, and include signature, phone number and address for verification.

PASSAGES

Tom Trent

Nashvillian Tom Trent died Thursday, January 19, of complications associated with AIDS. He was 45.

Trent spent three and a half years as manager of the Chute, a gay nightclub on Franklin Road in Nashville. He also worked as a carpenter.

Trent is survived by his parents, Mr. and Mrs.

E.F. Trent of Manassa, Colorado, his daughters Stephanie Mondragon and Melanie, Tiffany, and Cynthia Trent, and his son Ryan Trent, as well as by his brothers Michael and Jerry Trent, grandsons Michael and David Mondragon, and friends Paul Lawson and Darren Taylor.

He was remembered in a memorial service held Saturday in a private home in Nashville. •

PAGES

The Hidden Image*The Hidden Image: Photographs of the Male Nude in the Nineteenth and Twentieth Centuries.* By Peter Weiermair.

Translated by Claus Nielander. Cambridge, MA: MIT Press, 1988. 190pp. \$45.00, hardcover.

by **JOE MAROHL**

Staff Writer

COMMERCIAL PHOTOGRAPHY of the male physique entered a new era, the present one, in 1978 with Bruce Weber's pictures in the *Soho Weekly News* of Jeff Aquilon, the then-captain of the water polo team at Pepperdine University. Some people objected at the time that the photographs were pornographic, though they revealed no more of Aquilon's body than models of underwear in the Sears catalogue had been revealing for years.

The model was not nude. In one shot he wore a plaid bathrobe, briefs and thick socks. He sat, legs slightly apart, on two mattresses on the floor of a loft. In another shot, Aquilon reclined on the same two mattresses, propped up on his elbows, his head turned lazily to the right, looking out of frame. He wore full body thermal underwear, unbuttoned and pulled down beneath his stomach, with his right index finger poking provocatively downward towards the buttoned fly.

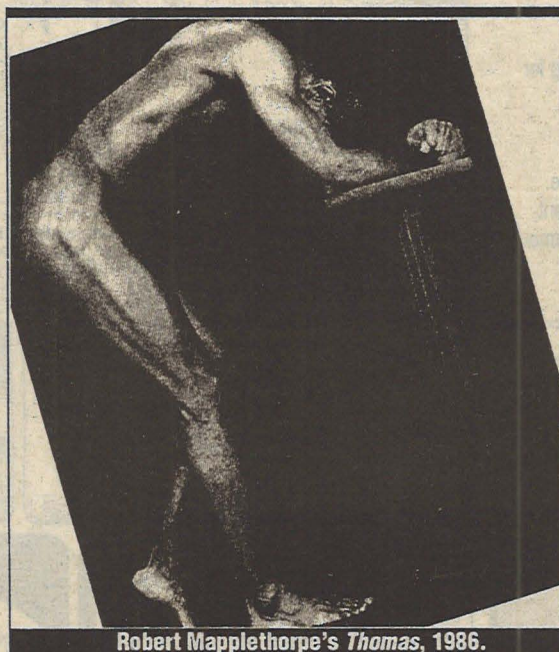
In yet another shot, the model lay on his back dressed only in white boxer shorts, his right hand this time down to the knuckles under the waistband.

It was the pose and not the amount of flesh exposed that made some people view the pictures as obscene. The young man looked passive, vulnerable, delectable. As I said, it was a new era.

The next four years were the Weber years at *GQ*, arguably the best years of the magazine's existence. The fashion spreads defined a new standard of American masculinity: chiseled cheekbones and athletic bodies assumed the poses once reserved for Vargas girls in *Esquire*. The May 1982 issue of *GQ*, featuring two sets of swimwear photographs by Weber, ought to be a collector's item by now.

In the same year, Weber brought his sensibility fully into mainstream America in his billboard for Calvin Klein briefs, featuring Olympic javelinist Tom Hintnaus. Weber's

smoothness of the female groin in much of European art from classical times to the present can hardly be evidence of explicitness. (I concede, however, that cinema has been more reticent about the disclosure of cock and balls — particularly the Hollywood cinema, which may let us glimpse Richard Gere's venetian-blind-striped willy in *American Gigolo* as long as he remains perfectly stationary and doesn't waggle about like those French chaps in *Péril* and *Betty Blue*.)



Robert Mapplethorpe's Thomas, 1986.

What has really been the great taboo of Western art is masculine passivity. It was this taboo that Weber effectively broke in commercial photography in 1978. But he was not the first to break it.

G. Marconi, Thomas Eakins, Wilhelm von Gloeden, Fred Holland Day, Edward Weston, Herbert List, George Platt-Lynes and David Hockney are a few of Weber's predecessors who are included in *The Hidden Image*, edited and prefaced by Peter Weiermair. The book is a collection of photographs of the male physique (not all of them are nudes) from 1840 to 1987.

WEIERMAIR'S SELECTIONS are good ones, mixing the erotic and the intellectual, the high-brow aestheticism of Platt-Lynes and the low-brow muscle worship of Bruce of Los Angeles, the old and the new. They span four styles of male model photography, which roughly correspond to four chronological periods.

Of the primitive "scientific" studies of male anatomy in the mid-nineteenth century, the best known are Eadweard Muybridge's studies in animal locomotion, showing G-stringed gentlemen athletes running, leaping and lifting heavy objects. The models' positions in these photographs are chaste and active.

The "pictorial" period of photography, inspired by the Pre-Raphaelites, covers about forty years at the turn of the twentieth century. In photographs of this period, the trappings of Greek and biblical mythology dominate, and, not unlike the painters and sculptors of the Renaissance, photographers used these trap-

pings as justification for representing nude figures. Likewise, it was excusable to depict masculine passivity if one were portraying martyrdom or death in combat; the passive male was then often balanced in the frame with a more aggressive male (wrestling was an immensely popular classical pose).

Among the first were Marconi's nude John the Baptist and Christ. The photographs of F.H. Day (my favorites) are the most delightful examples of *fin-de-siècle* kitsch. (His untitled

crucifixion scene — unfortunately not included in this volume — presents the photographer as the crucified Christ in profile, flanked by two relaxed-looking "Roman soldiers" wearing only diapers, spears and generic helmets.)

"Modernism" and "naturalism" have competed for ascendancy in photography since the First World War. The book gives ample evidence of both. The surrealism of Man Ray, Herbert Bayer and Margret Mather provides a contrast to the naturalist matter-of-factness (more in line with Weber's commercial photographs later) of Imogen Cunningham, Herbert List and Edward Weston. This period, which may begin as early as Eakins in the late 1800s, saw the beginnings of the photographic representation of masculine passivity without the allegorical underpinnings, first in the presentation of

nude boys and later of nude adult males. Even so, masculine subjectivity was still the norm until the early seventies.

Contemporary photographers included in the book are Herb Ritts (his single work here is more erotic than all the shots in his recent *Twin Palms* volume, in which he slightly underplays the homoeroticism of his work), Robert Mapplethorpe (who never underplays anything) and Duane Michals. Weber is ignored, for reasons unknown to me. Joel Peter Witkin's nightmarish "Androgyny Breastfeeding a Fetus" and "Bacchus amelus," which appear last, suggest a renewed interest in pictorialism, but with a perverse streak that may never find a place in commercial photography.

I wanted Weiermair's preface to be a longer, semiotic study of the Western world's construction of masculinity and male sexuality as exemplified in the posing, framing and costuming of the models in these photographs. I was disappointed it was not. Such an examination into the evolution of physique photography is called for in the wake of recent phenomenological studies of sexuality by Michel Foucault and David Greenberg. Instead, Weiermair's remarks are succinct, offering only rudimentary discussion of the photographs themselves.

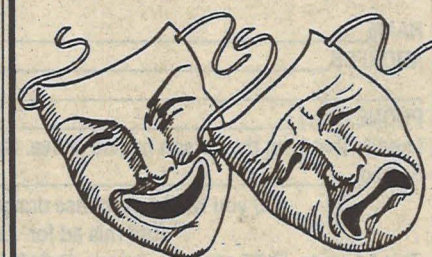
However, the photographs are exquisite, presenting a nonverbal survey of the development of a certain sensibility prevalent in contemporary commercial and gallery photography. What the book lacks in explication is more than compensated in its elegant illustrations. •

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Crowning of the
King and Queen at 11:00 p.m.
Entertainment
and Costume Contest

\$5.00
All proceeds benefit
Metropolitan
Community Church

**The fashion
spreads defined a
new standard of
American
masculinity: chis-
eled cheekbones
and athletic bodies
assumed the poses
once reserved for
Vargas girls.**

low-angle photograph stopped traffic in Manhattan and made men's underwear the fashion accessory of the '80s for men and women alike.

It has been reported (wrongly, I think) that the great taboo of Western art has been the male genitals. Actually, male genitals appear in painting, sculpture and photography no less often than female genitals. The Barbie-doll

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