

# The Front Page

## Letters: Who Reads The Front Page?

Dear Michael Baker,

Janelle Lavelle told me I should get in touch with you. Since I consider myself a gay activist I have sent copies of the enclosed letter to many gay support groups around the state and I run a counseling-support group for young gays ages 16-24, so I'm trying to find out the state of the gay population in N.C., I understand you did a survey through the *Front Page* at least a couple of years ago. Are any of those still available? And what other information might you have that would help me carry on my work?

Sincerely,  
Stuart Norman  
Greensboro, N.C.

Dear *Front Page* readers:

I am a gay activist in Greensboro, NC, where there is little sense of community or communication among gay people, although it is a very tolerant city. We do have a strong Gay Student Association at the University of North Carolina and an active Gay Academic Union chapter, but these organizations do not and cannot serve the entire gay population. I would like to create an organization which could serve all the needs of gay people in Greensboro, but that will take some time and

hard work getting people interested and committed. And I would like to reach out further. That's why I'm writing you to let you know what I'm attempting to do. I need to know what your groups are doing.

I would like to start a network of communication among the gay activists in North Carolina. Perhaps in the near future we could meet here to discuss the needs and problems of gay people in our state.

Currently I am coordinator and chief counselor for a Gay Counseling and Support Group for young gays ages 16-24. Unfortunately there has been little response. I am now advertising the group in the *Front Page* and passing information by word of mouth. My group is sponsored by a rehabilitation center for young people, and we have support from many community agencies, although all the work is strictly volunteer. We formed the group after seeing the need of many young people having trouble with their sexuality. Last year two boys committed suicide here because they had nowhere to turn when their parents discovered them and rejected them.

By next year I plan to start a business to give New Age Consciousness workshops. One major workshop script I'm now working

on is a weekend-long Gay Awareness Workshop which would cover all aspects of gay culture and by using self-awareness processes help us to integrate ourselves as confident, loving, fulfilled and openly gay human beings. The workshop would be limited to 30 people. If there is sufficient interest I would try to hold one at least twice a year. I plan to advertise over the entire Southeast. The fee would be in the range of \$50-\$75 per person, exclusive of meals and lodging.

If you are interested in sharing information and/or participating in the Gay Awareness Workshop please write me, in care of *The Front Page*. Please let your friends know what I'm attempting to do—spread the word and get some feedback. Thank you.

In Gay Brotherhood,  
Stuart Norman

The *SLAM* survey did point out, however, that even though a lot of newsletter's readers live in the Triangle, they do travel to Charlotte fairly frequently. The Capital Corral in Raleigh was the clear winner of our survey, attracting nearly twice the number of *SLAM* readers as its nearest competitor—42nd Street in Durham. That a Raleigh bar should be the most popular with *SLAM* readers is partly a reflection of the large number of readers in the Triangle. But there was a strong showing by the two (non-dance) cruise bars in Charlotte: 30% have visited the New Brass Rail and 28% have visited Tags.

One other item that might be of interest to you: while 45% of *SLAM* subscribers read every issue of *Drummer*, 65% read every issue of *The Front Page*.

By the way, whatever happened to *The Front Page* survey? It's been more than a year since it appeared in the paper, but you still haven't published the results. What happened? Other than that, you're doing a great job. Keep up the great work.

Tak Loufer, Editor  
*SLAM* Newsletter  
P.O. Box 1201  
Chapel Hill, N.C. 27514

## Now About Those Surveys...

Dear Michael Baker:

As the editor of *SLAM*, the S&M newsletter which covers the same area as *The Front Page*, I recently undertook a survey of my readers. I thought you might be interested in the results.

When I put the first ad for the newsletter in *The Front Page* last summer, I expected to get about a dozen responses—20 at the most. I got that many readers the first two weeks. After that, the number kept growing slowly but steadily. As of December 15—the cut-off date for the surveys—total readership was 85. By the time you read this, it will be over 100. *SLAM* is averaging 4 new readers per week, with no sign yet of any tapering off.

The most interesting thing about the *SLAM* survey, to me, was this: a high cluster of readers in the Raleigh/Durham/Chapel Hill area, and a surprisingly low readership in Charlotte. Of the total of 85 *SLAM* readers, 15 are in Chapel Hill/Carrboro, 12 in Durham, and 10 in Raleigh. But in Charlotte, there are only 3! Does this represent a circulation problem for *The Front Page*? Is the paper widely read in eastern and middle North Carolina, and much less popular in the western portions of the state?

First of all, Tak, thanks for writing, and blessings upon your readers who say they read every issue of *The Front Page*. Thanks also for enclosing a copy of your newsletter, it was helpful to see the total results of your survey. The remark on your cover, though—"SPECIAL BONUS: Nothing about Stephen's in this issue!"—was a little smart-alecky. Did I perhaps oversell the new Chapel Hill nightspot?

Thanks for asking about our Reader's Survey. I know many readers are curious as to whatever became of it. It's still around; but it's proved to be a bitch to compile. When I put it together, I never really thought about that...I didn't code the multiple choice answers in such a way that they could be easily tallied, either by hand or with the help of a small computer. One volunteer labored with the damn things for almost a year before giving up, now the box full of them is sitting in my kitchen.

Compounding the problem is the fact that the survey got such phenomenal response.

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## NEWS NOTES:

### ERA FILM FEATURES NC

A highly-recommended documentary film on the battle for and against the proposed Equal Rights Amendment in North Carolina will be shown on PBS Friday, April 16. The program is entitled "Who Will Protect The Family?", and features Pulitzer-Prize winning author Frances Fitzgerald doing on-camera interviews and commentary, and segments on Jerry Falwell, Jesse Helms and Sam Ervin. Check your local TV listing for the date and time.

### GAY UNITARIAN TO SPEAK

The sermon at Raleigh's Unitarian-Universalist Fellowship April 25 will be delivered by Robert Wheatley, the head of the national church's Office for Gay Concerns. The church is located at 3313 Wade Avenue.

### GAYS PROTEST HELMS, EAST

Gay demonstrators joined in a group of about 50 people in Raleigh March 21 who were protesting an appearance by Senators Jesse Helms and John East at the state fairgrounds.

An Associated Press story on the event noted that one sign read "Gay and Lesbian Christians."

### KKK PLATFORM

A Republican candidate for the state House of Representatives has pledged to "work to outlaw any form of public display of homosexuality or pornography," according to the *Kinston Free Press* (3/16/82).

John W. Gooding, 29, who is running on what he calls "a Ku Klux Klan platform," is seeking the GOP nomination for the state house seat from the Third District.

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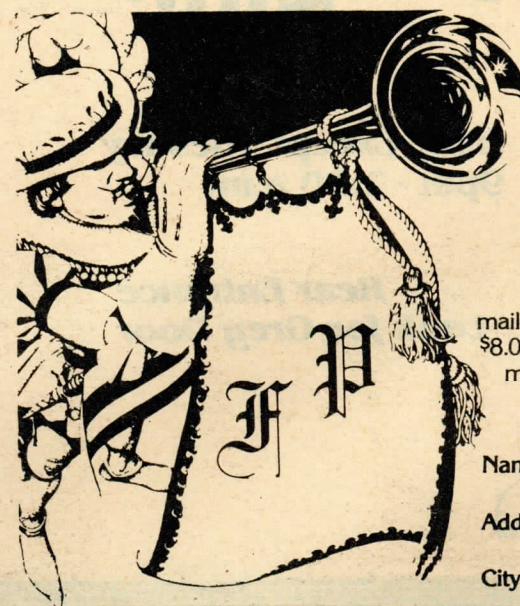
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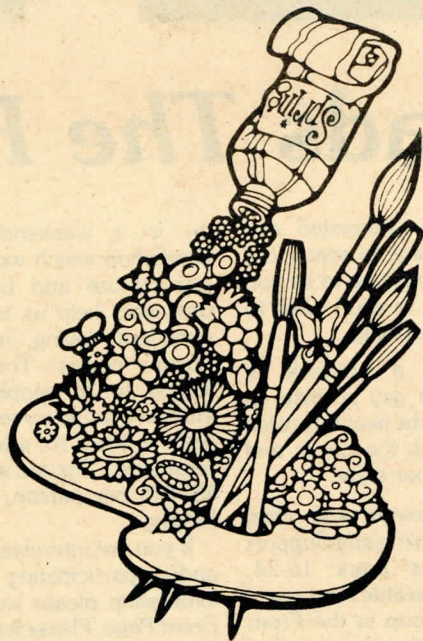
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# The Trial Of A Queer-Basher

## The Aftermath of the Little River Incident

*Last year, just about this time, the pastoral pleasures of Durham's Little River were shattered by several acts of unspeakable violence. Just a few weeks ago, a man in Charlotte was brutally murdered by someone he had taken home with him. How many other such acts have occurred in the intervening year that we haven't heard about, that never made the papers?*

by Carl Wittman  
with an introduction by Front Page staff

DURHAM, N.C.—On a sunny Sunday afternoon in April, just one year ago, one man died and three others were beaten at a swimming hole on the Little River, just north of Durham. Days later two men and two women were charged with murder, assault and armed robbery. The prime assailant, Chris Richardson, was tried on those charges and convicted. The others plea-bargained in exchange for their testimony.

The violent confrontation and the subsequent trial were major events for the gay community in North Carolina. When Ron Antonevitch, a 46-year-old handicapped man, was murdered and three other men assaulted on a queer-beating rampage, it was the catalyst of demonstrations and rallies and the drawing together of the gay and lesbian communities in the Triangle and beyond. North Carolina's first Gay Pride March, held in Durham, was largely inspired by the beatings. Even during distant Charlotte's Gay Pride Week, a moment or two was taken to remember Antonevitch. The events of that

fateful April day weighed heavily on many in the gay community—a bad dream not easily forgotten. When the time came for Richardson to be tried, several gay women and men decided to attend the trial.

Carl Wittman, the author of this account, was one of those who sat in attendance throughout the trial. Carl has been a political activist for many years. In the early Sixties, he was an important part of Students for a Democratic Society. A few years later, while living in San Francisco, he authored "A Gay Manifesto," one of the first such statements in the early days of the Gay Liberation movement. It was widely discussed, and later included in the anthology *Out of the Closets: Voices of Gay Liberation*, edited by Karla Jay and Allen Young.

"It should be clear that these are the views of one person," he wrote in the opening of his manifesto, "and are determined not only by my homosexuality, but by my being white, male, middle class. It is my individual consciousness. Our group consciousness will evolve as we get ourselves together — we are only at the beginning."

On the subject of violence against gays, he wrote: "Cops in most cities have harassed our meeting places: bars and baths and parks. They set up entrapment squads. . . We are attacked, beaten, castrated and left dead time and time again. 'Punks,' often of minority groups who look around for someone under them socially, feel encouraged to beat up 'queens,' and cops look the other way. That used to be called lynching."

Today, having moved to North Carolina a few years ago, Carl lives in Durham and heads the North Carolina Public Interest Research Group. The following is his account of the trial that followed the Little River incident:

We watched carefully as the trial took shape. Those of us who have come to watch the trial share a feeling, a sense of the importance of the event. Everyone here is mindful of the Dan White trial in San Francisco and of the Klan trials in Greensboro. We hope the unsatisfactory outcome of those trials won't be repeated here.

Many of us find it strange to be rooting for the State.

The State, which outlaws homosexuality. The State, which arrested dozens of gay men the year before on the streets of the state capital, entrapping them to "unnatural acts." The State, which finds that lesbians are not fit to mother their children.

But we are with the State on this one. The District Attorney cares about prosecuting the crime and, after more than one meeting with gay activists, knows that this trial matters to us. We all agree that his acquittal or a slap on the wrist would mean "open season" on queers. He was, it seems, outraged by the incident and earlier he had declared he would go for the death penalty.

The pretrial motions have been completed. The most important was a change of venue motion made by the defense. It was predicated on the view that so much publicity had occurred in Durham County that a fair jury could not be found. The motion was denied, much to our relief; not only would it have been inconvenient to commute some distance to the trial, but it undoubtedly would have been moved to a rural and far more conservative county.

There were major negotiations concerning plea bargaining. Osbahr, the other prime assailant, and two others in the gang, were permitted to plead guilty to lesser charges in exchange for their testimony at Richardson's trial.

And finally, the D.A. decided to pursue a second-degree murder charge against Richardson, not the first-degree charge he had originally sought. So capital punishment ceased to be an issue in the case. Many of us attending the trial, opposed to capital punishment under any circumstances, sighed with relief.

And so, finally, the trial opens. "Motion denied," says Judge Martin emphatically. Robert Brown is the attorney for the man of trial and he has asked for two additional peremptory challenges. He's used up all of his six challenges, knocking off the most outspoken, intelligent jurors. Mrs. Perry had candidly recalled, "There were supposedly some homosexuals on the Little River; someone intimidated them; hit them, put 'em in the water. It's too bad something like that has happened." She was challenged by Brown. Mr. McRae thought that if homosexuality had caused one group to approach the other, "then homosexuality has a part in this case." He too was dismissed by Brown. Mr. Besser didn't remember details, but strongly felt it was "a terrible thing to do." He was challenged by Brown.

But Mr. Brown has run out of challenges. He's stuck now with two jurors he'd like to get off the jury. He tries again, "Your Honor, I move that Mrs. Love and Mrs. Kennedy be removed for cause."

"Motion denied."

Mrs. Love is a black woman who has worked in a dry-cleaning establishment all her life and is retired now. She's like the old women that were the backbone of the civil rights movement; simple, honest, sensitive. You'd think after all these years of work, all these years of injustice, women like her would be worn out, bitter. But no, there's a capacity for justice which seems more developed than anywhere else I've ever seen. It was embarrassing when Brown was interrogating her in the jury selection: middle-class black professional, with contempt for the wisdom of Mrs. Love, described to be once as "motherwit."

continued on page 5

### Five Women, Caught In A Mountain Cabin By A Late Snow

—A Play About Relationships—

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by  
Jane Chambers

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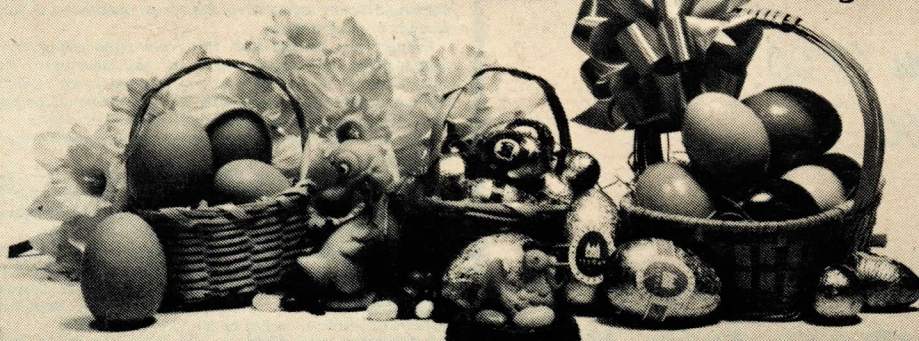
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# DEAR DAN

Dear Dan,

Yesterday my life was changed irrevocably. A man came to our house and told my lover of five years that unless he left town in two weeks, he would have John (my lover) arrested for child molestation. He says John was fooling around with his 14-year-old son.

John said nothing then. When the man left, John said, "Well, looks like we'll be moving." So the problem is that I'm feeling angry, hurt, jealous, heartbroken, you name it. I don't know if I can stay with John after this. I don't want to leave a place I like very much, not to mention our many friends. Hell! What do you think?

Harry

P.S. I'm sending this special delivery. Please answer soon.

Dear Harry:

I think it's time to decide who, what and where is important to **you**. First off, you don't say what kind of understanding you and John may have had about outside sex, or whether the mention of sex with minors came up at all for either of you. What were your thoughts about this before you were caught in this present storm? Is faithfulness an issue for you here? Obviously, this is one of many things you need to sort out.

If you and John do decide to stay together, you could be facing construction of important groundwork for the future simply in the discussions of things you must consider, but haven't looked at before. After you've talked some of them over with John, take time off by yourself to do some serious thinking.

Of course, you're feeling all kinds of things, but don't simply react to this situation. Consult with some good friends. Go for all the feedback you can get.

You don't mention your age, so it's hard for me to know how settled your life is in terms of profession, career and home. All that adds to the weight of your decision.

Beyond **your** feelings, though, how is John doing? What are his needs right now? Are you offering him support? Do you **want** to continue to offer him support? The immediate decision for you is whether or not to remain with John. How strong is your love? How deep is the damage? Can you get through this one together?

If so, the help you can give one another will start healing the wounds, and you may come to find a better and larger understanding of one another, of your relationship. Don't remain together out of fear or addictive habit. If you want to stay, it should be from a new understanding and commitment on both sides. Take it and go from there.

Sincerely,  
Dan

Dear Dan,

I'm 23. I'm hot and I'm handsome. I'm also unhappy. How many times do you have to not get it up before you start worrying about impotence? It happened to me three times recently in the past two weeks.

Worried in Asheville, N.C.

Dear Worried:

One time or a thousand; it's an individual number. First off, two items to clear up right away: is this a performance problem? You say you're "hot and handsome." Do you feel a lot of pressure to act hot and look handsome, or are you just naturally that way? Second, there are purely physical reasons that cause impotence which could worry you enough to affect your performance. Have a physical just to clear your mind on that score.

What was, or is going on in your mind just before you weren't able to achieve an erection? Was the possible cause something completely unrelated to you as a sexual person—school or job concerns, basic life pressures? If so, give that part of your life some special consideration.

You might try to have some sex that's non-genital, that doesn't allow coming, something more sensual than sexual. Pay attention to your masturbation fantasies. When you return to your more familiar genital sex, try including or adapting one of your fantasies to the case in hand. (No pun intended.)

If the problem persists, this could be a good place for some therapy. Talking out fears with a well-trained professional can do a lot in accelerating change. I can provide you with the name of a recommended counsellor in your area.

If you choose not to, or if you can't afford the fee, seek out an older gay whom you trust. He can probably offer some seasoned advice. It's a rare man who hasn't been able to get a hardon at some time in his life. Hearing another's experiences can help.

Sincerely,  
Dan

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If you have problems or questions to discuss with Dan, write to him care of Stonewall Features, P.O. box 222976, Carmel, Ca. 93922. Please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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## The Front Page

"There is not one member of the gay community who hasn't benefitted positively from the changes over the last 30 years. Yet we still hear, 'I don't like the gay community here very much.' To which we must respond, 'But my dear you are the gay community!'"

Lucia Valeska, NGTF

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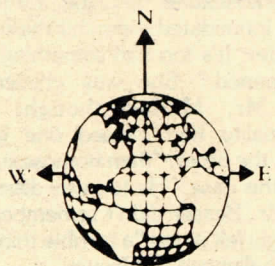
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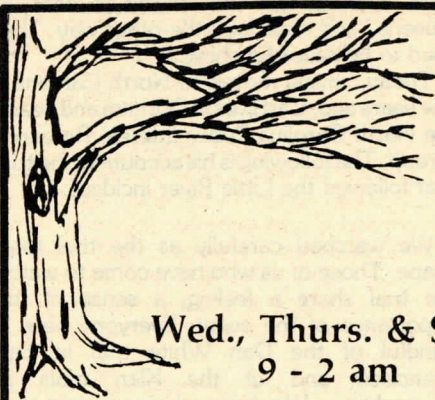
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## The Trial of a Queer-Basher

continued from page 3

He tried for 15 minutes to foul her up. She said that the case had "upset me a lot," "couldn't sleep." She had pondered a lot: "Who had done a thing like that?" She wondered if they were black or white. Yes, she felt the same way now. Brown suggested she wouldn't be able to put her feelings aside in considering the facts as presented. She said, "Yes." "Yes, what?" "Yes, I could be fair." "But you were upset?" "Yes. I feel the same way now." "So you couldn't put aside your feelings?" "I can be fair."

Brown was as irked by Mrs. Kennedy, the other black woman on the jury. She is probably the richest, and perhaps the best educated, person in the courtroom. Her husband is president of North Carolina Mutual Life Insurance Company. In contrast to Mrs. Love, who said she had "tried to keep up with the case," Mrs. Kennedy saw it on TV back in April and had avoided reading about it in the papers. "I felt like I'd not be interested in it." When pressed, she became a bit short and concluded the exchange by saying that it just was not a priority for her. She's a registered nurse, has taught college, is active in the NAACP and the YWCA. The tension bristled between her and Mr. Brown at one point, when he asked her, "Do you have trouble with...?" Taking exception to his idiomatic TV slang, she said, "Could you please rephrase that question?"

Brown has consistently removed prospective jurors for intelligence, civic interests, earnestness, good memory. One wonders what all the huff was in high school about civics. I remember being told about good citizenship: read the papers, discuss current events, make informed opinions, volunteer your time and thought to civic concerns. Not here; in the name of "blind justice" and an "unprejudiced jury," we find that the defense (and the judge as well) rejects jurors if they have read about the case much,

if they remember too much of what they read, if they have talked about it at the time, and worst of all, if they have formed an opinion about it. There is an equation between having an opinion and being prejudiced.

Besides Mrs. Kennedy and Mrs. Love, who else is on this jury, after a day and a half of culling? Two black men. Mr. Jackson is a school janitor, and is as invisible on the jury box as he must be in the school corridors. Mr. Freeman is a counselor at the local black state university. The D.A. likes these middle-class black jurors; they've fought hard to get up in the world, and they don't want crime—they vote for convictions. Let us hope that Mr. Freeman is more hostile to second-degree murder than to homosexuality, also a crime here in North Carolina.

Of eight whites, five are women: a young sour-faced secretary at Duke Law School, who slouches throughout the trial; an older woman, sitting very upright, who now keeps books for her husband's construction firms, but was a legal secretary back in the 60s; the physical therapist who claims no opinions on the case, but dresses more comfortably and with less make-up than the others; the housewife with a kind and intelligent face; and finally, the furniture store bookkeeper, who's had us all worried—but during the detailing of the murder, she was fighting back the tears. All are married, none has said much to characterize herself.

Three white men complete the jury: a family man who often takes his kids to the Little River for picnics; a heavy young man who has inherited some kind of family business, but has always wanted to be a policeman; and a retired construction worker who remembers the case and said, "See how foolish it is, people doing them things."

Altogether, it isn't an unrepresentative jury in terms of age, class, race. Any one of them, save Mrs. Kennedy, might be seen on Saturday afternoon at the Northgate Shopping Mall. No single people, no intellectuals, no non-conformists. All five prospective jurors who mentioned that homosexuality played a role in the case were removed. Mrs. Harris came closest to being a

"sympathetic liberal"—but in a pang of conscience, she spoke up a day after she'd been seated, and told the judge, "I remember more of this case than I did yesterday, and I think he's probably guilty of something." She was excused, by the judge, for cause.

Race complicates everything in America, even things which aren't primarily about race. From the first day of the trial, the racial subtext is buzzing in my ear. Here we have a white queer-basher being represented by a court-appointed black lawyer. A white lawyer represents the State. In the early days of the trial, the comparison was embarrassing. It felt so clear that this was a white institution, set up by white men's rules, and this poorly educated young black lawyer was simply unequipped to cope. He was boring, he forgot salient facts, he seemed to have no sense of strategy.

Assisting Mr. Brown, however, was his reputable law partner, Micky Michaux. He recently made headlines locally, when in his last days as Federal District Attorney, he recommended that the Justice Department prosecute the exonerated Greensboro Klansmen on federal charges. Michaux is reputed to be running for Congress next year, and a black like Michaux would increase North Carolina's liberal congressional delegation from zero to one. But it is hard to imagine voting for a lawyer defending queer-bashers—would Michaux defend Klansmen, too?

As the trial proceeds, however, Michaux stops attending and Brown transforms himself, looking less and less like a dumb bunny and more like a weasel. On the third day of the trial, he begins his defense. He doesn't limit himself merely to finding the cracks in the D.A.'s case, but instead fabricates an incredible Rube Goldberg story, painting the queer-bashers as sweet-tempered picnickers, bullied into self-defense by these indecent queers.

Brown's first witness is Osbahr's wife, who is young and epileptic; the D.A. has chosen not to call her. But Brown has her up at the witness stand. "Are you weak?" "Yes." "Would you like a few minutes to compose yourself?" She staggers from the stand and

**And where, in all of this, is justice? Who will speak to the real problems? What is to be done with people like Chris Richardson, who beats his wife, threatens to kill Osbahr, and has defaced the swimming hole forever? What is to be done about homophobia, about scapegoating?**

has a seizure, falling to the floor. The jury is dismissed from the room and the D.A. hisses loudly to Brown, "I hope you are pleased with yourself."

It is Richardson's rehearsed story, however, that reveals Brown's total contempt for the truth. Richardson was born yesterday—just out to enjoy the sun. "Naked men all over those rocks," he observes. Didn't expect naked men to be there. He describes the beatings of Penny and then DeMarais and Jones as if they were little altercations, more confusing than anything else. Richardson wants to leave, but the homosexuals shake their private parts at the girls. He's confused, but thinks, "Why should we leave, we haven't done anything wrong." The final twist is the encounter with Antonevitch: instead of blood, the brutal beating, the queer-hating epithets, instead we have Antonevitch reaching for his gun, and poor Richardson thinking, "I'm going to die. Oh my god, we are going to be shot." This story is Brown's lowest hour.

"A bunch of queers." "I'm going to get your motherfucking asses, you faggots." "I'm going to kill your motherfucking queer ass." "Do

continued on page 7



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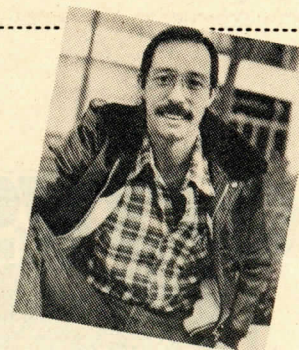
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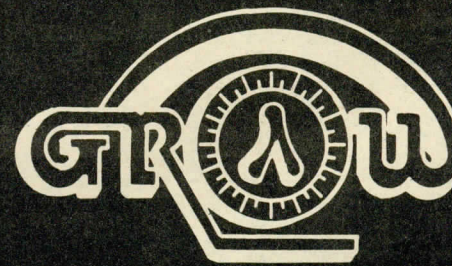
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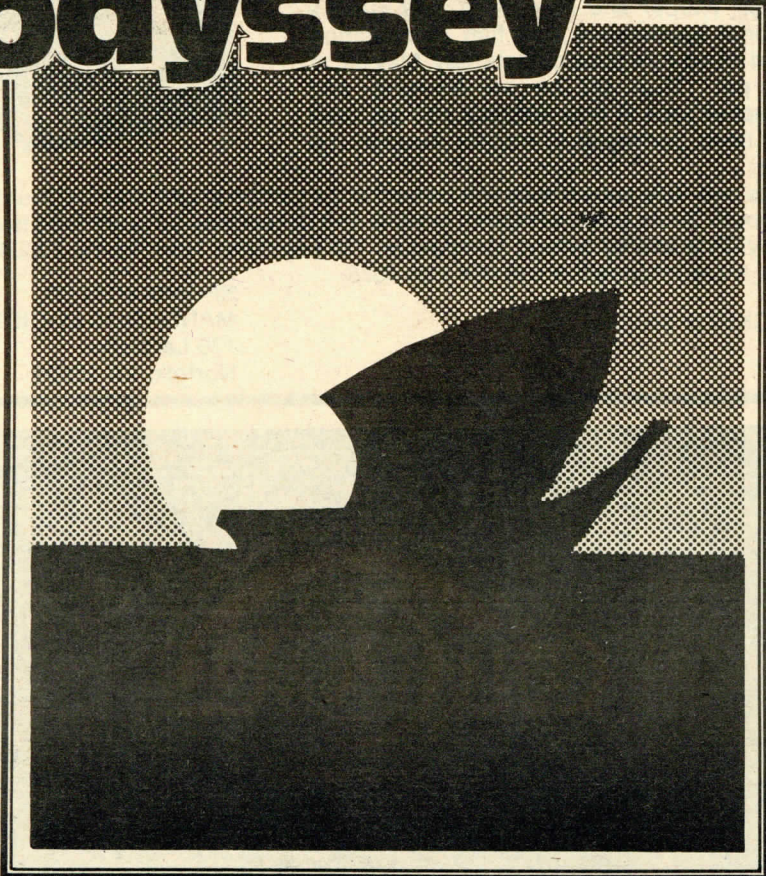


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**Trial of a Queer-Basher***continued from page 5*

you want to die, you motherfucking faggots?" It's not as if explicit references to homosexuality are absent from the trial record. Some prospective jurors remembered that the people at the river were homosexuals. The defense attorney "slips" once in his summation and mentions that "disgusting acts" provoked his client's righteous indignation. And the epithets noted above have been quoted freely by witnesses to the beatings. For us, there has never been any doubt about the central theme of the case: queer-bashing, clear and simple.

But nobody wants to talk about it.

Not the defense; perhaps it is in bad taste these days to be rabidly anti-homosexual, at least in a public courtroom. Even at the Jerry Falwell "I Love America" rally in nearby Raleigh the month before the trial, they all testified about loving homosexuals and caring for their civil rights, as long as they weren't blatant. Perhaps it would look bad to the jury if the murder looked too rabid. A persuasive defense strategy might even have been to keep homosexuality hovering in the background. Why, indeed, would these picnickers have gone on this rampage of violence, if they had not been provoked by the unnameable, the unthinkable?

Not the D.A.; off the record, the D.A. sees the case as the convergence of a number of independent factors, homosexuality being only one of them. He hears us when we tell him that queer-beating is an increasingly fashionable sport and that it has some correlation with more respectable homophobia (Fallwell, Anita Bryant, Helms).

But he's chosen to make his case on the simple facts: some people were beaten, here are their assailants. He thinks that the case is so strong that whatever anti-homosexual bias the jurors might have will be insignificant. Surely not worth inquiring about.

Not the gay witnesses; of the numerous gay men at the river that day, four are testifying. Three of them were assaulted. All of them are following the D.A.'s game plan, and neither he nor the defense attorney asks them why they were assaulted, or indeed even if they are homosexuals.

The closest we come to some honesty about homosexuality is the testimony of Mark and Darrel; yes, they live together now; yes, they came to the river that day, together; one of them carried the Scrabble game and dufflebag; the other a cooler and blankets. "Did you come to the courthouse together?" intones the defense attorney in his insinuating way. "Did you talk about it (the case) last night?" What in heaven's name is inside Brown's small smutty mind—is he fascinated with the thought that these men not only do awful things in bed, but actually look each other in the eyes afterwards and talk about other things? How shameless. In his tone of voice, Brown implies that there is something suspenseful and even conspiratorial in two men living together, talking together, admitting as much.

What do the jurors see? What do they know? What do they think? I wish for a moment that Mark would break loose from the D.A. and tell the jury about gay culture, tell them the things that are obvious to us.

For in our minds, there's no doubt about it: these men on the witness stand are gay. They

look gay, act gay. It's not that nobody else takes a Scrabble set or a pillow to the swimming hole. It's not that nobody else wears New Orleans sunglasses. But somehow the rest of the courtroom is a bit surprised—and we aren't—when Mark says he didn't return the volley of abuse. When he hides behind a tree to protect himself instead of slugging it out, we aren't surprised. When Darrel demonstrates to the courtroom exactly how Richardson wielded the club, it's clear he was never on the high school team.

The defense attorney wants to know exactly how many of the men at the beach Darrel knew. Well, Judge, Darrel had a knowledge of all the gay men there, in a way that you or Mr. Brown or the D.A. wouldn't know about. Darrel was new in town, but it was no coincidence that he was at the gay swimming hole. He was there because he was gay, and he was assaulted because he was gay.

We talk at the lunch break about self-defense. What gay person doesn't wonder, hearing the details of the attack, *what would I have done?* We are not a violent people, but what about protecting ourselves? There was one gay man there that afternoon who didn't run away as the rampage of beating continued. He threw rocks at Richardson, shouting, "Fight me instead" as Richardson prepared to club the helpless, cornered, handicapped Antonevitch. And someone else apparently ran to a car to get a gun, firing warning shots into the air.

Might there have been a way to prevent the violence? What changes in our community would be required for the dozen or so men there to have protected each other? Disturbing questions we ponder over lunch, seeing the assailants safely in captivity, disarmed and mute. How might each of us have reacted, *in situ* with clubs and all?

North Carolina is Christian country. The Bible thumpers and the Moral Majority, churches at every streetcorner, who is your minister? But even on the progressive side, Christianity is far more present than in the North, the West, anywhere I've ever lived. The MCC, the liberal church, God is on Our



***It should be noted that these are the views of one person and are determined not only by my homosexuality, but by my being white, male, middle class. It is my individual consciousness. Our group consciousness will evolve as we get ourselves together — we are only at the beginning.***

Side. And in this ugly set of events, Christian symbolism asserts itself in my Godless mind. *Agnus Dei*, I keep thinking, Lamb of God. Here is this picture of innocence: Antonevitch, married to a good simple woman, taking care of both her and their hydrocephalic child, sitting at the river near what are presumably his people. Forty-six years old, heart patient, on medication, reading a book. Within minutes he is asked if he wants to die and is clubbed and held under water. The blood-soaked pool three days later is bright red, still. At the hospital before he went into a coma, he moaned over and over, "Oh God, oh God, I'm dying, somebody help me." Over and over. At the river, a witness 25 yards away heard him plead for his life, saying, "What did I do to you?"

Richardson had told Antonevitch: "If you don't want to die, you'd better cross the river." With his heart condition, he couldn't swim. Cross the river, Antonevitch.

The D.A. is examining Robert Teague, one of the gang of people who tailed along behind Richardson. Teague is young, slow-witted, he'll say anything to get out of trouble, get this interrogation over with. "Yes, sir. Yes, sir." He sits there, contrite, just as he must have

*continued on page 9*

**John Harbin Boddie**

*Attorney at Law*

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#### The Trial of a Queer-Basher continued from page 7

done in the vice-principal's office, saying "Yes, I did it. I'm sorry." Perhaps it is that humiliation that he is revenging when he suggests that the gang sneak up on the queers from behind, as he learned in basic training.

But the D.A. pushes Teague, time and time again. "And THEN what happened?" "And THEN what happened?" "And THEN what happened?" Each time more awful things come out of Teague's mouth, until Antonevitch, with blood "from head to toe," is hauled off to the emergency ward. It is our collective nightmare. If we had gay fairy tales, this would be a recurrent theme, popular because it puts into words, and thus diminishes, the power of the image.

The last to talk with Antonevitch is now on the witness stand, in the person of Deputy Lawrence. Well over six feet tall and 200 pounds, black as night and innocent as night, he describes Antonevitch at the hospital, moaning, "Oh God, oh God, I'm dying, somebody help me." Deputy Lawrence looks like an angel on the stand, the angel announcing death. He tells the story the way the narrator does in Bach's St. Matthew's Passion: calmly but with the wisdom that comes after the pain.

During Teague's long and bloody testimony, tears of pity and fear pour quietly down my face. I stifle the crying so that I won't be thrown out of the courtroom. Mrs. Carden in the jury box is crying, I think. And the stenographer, a big dykey woman with an upswept bun, who has a cheery familiarity with Margaret, the black court-watcher and kibbitzer—why, she's stopped, is taking off her glasses. It is lunchtime, and everyone files from the courtroom in stony silence.

But there are other times during the trial when my feelings pour to the surface, and not just pain, either. Every time the D.A. asks another witness, "And that man with the club, is he here in this room?" and the witness points directly into Richardson's face, I am exultant. Sure I know that Chris Richardson is a little flunkey, he learned his hatred from someone, he's probably a closet case, he's working-class and somebody higher up is really the guilty party...but the truth is, he clubbed Antonevitch. There is a time to say, "That is what happened, he did it." In Chinese villages, there were "speak bitterness" meetings and an old woman said, "He, that one there, he raped me." This process is important; before this happens, nothing more can happen.

But this is no court of liberation. Brown instead summarizes the defense's case. He is arguing "reasonable doubt." He notes there was no blood on the club. They had a dog along, if there were aggressors, why didn't they let it loose? He notes contradictions about the number of times the assailant clubbed Antonevitch. He suggests that perhaps Antonevitch died from hitting his head on the rock. It is depressing, listening to this summary. We could imagine the jury being swayed by it. there is some amount of doubt about everything and with no challenge to their preconceptions about homosexuality, who knows what they might dream up in the jury room as the reason why Richardson went around clubbing them? What if they find Richardson not guilty, or guilty only of involuntary manslaughter, like a suburban mom who accidentally hits a child in front of the neighborhood school with her station wagon? How quickly can we get a demonstration together?

And where, in all of this, is justice? Who will speak to the real problems? What is to be done with people like Chris Richardson, who beats his wife, threatens to kill Osbahr, and has defaced the swimming hole forever? What is to be done about homophobia, about scapegoating?

On the sixth day, the jury is sent to make a decision. Chris Richardson is found guilty and sentenced to 25 years to life in prison.

*This article has appeared previously in Gay Community News and the North Carolina Anvil.*



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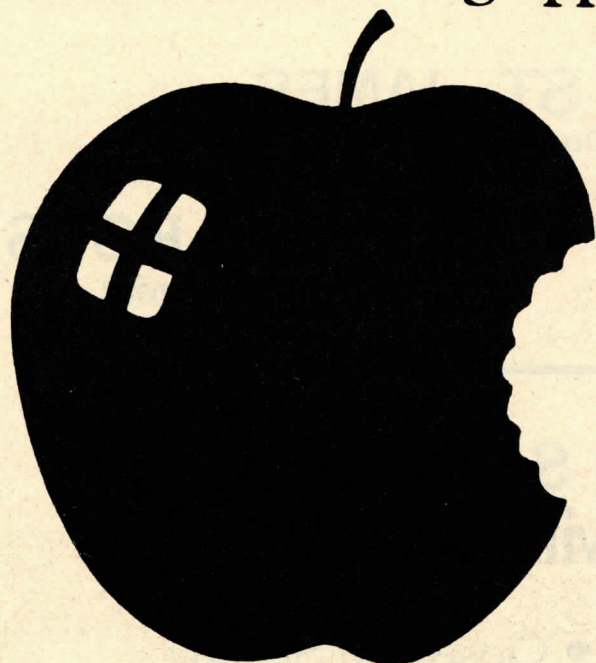
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## Letters

continued from page 1

Several hundred of the surveys came in after it was published. A popular Triangle weekly newspaper got a 2% response on its Reader survey; The Front Page heard from 4% of its total circulation. That might sound low, but its considered by many to be a very good return.

But what to do with them? Any volunteers out there? The most sensible thing to do now might be to beg our reader's indulgence, put the box full of the first Front Page Reader's Survey in some gay archive, and start over from scratch, this time coding the answers so that they may easily be fed into a home computer and thus easily tallied. Readers: what do you think of this idea?

About the possible circulation problem in Charlotte, I'm not sure what to say. The Front Page is in most of the bars there, and copies go quickly. Our advertisers seem happy with the response. (The reason that TFP isn't in all of the Charlotte bars is that some — Oleen's and New Brass Rail, for instance — are owned by the same man who owned Whatever. We got the impression that we were not welcome in those clubs. Perhaps we were wrong, or perhaps that has

changed since Whatever folded. We're currently checking into it.)

Do you think it's possible that, rather than The Front Page's circulation affecting your readership, perhaps the nature of your publication appeals naturally to more people in the Triangle than in Charlotte? One Front Page staffer, who knows about such things, argued that class and education level have a lot to do with an affinity for the leather scene. "Walk into any leather bar," he told us, "and you'll find more stockbrokers and PhD's than you know what to do with." If that's so, then it's easy to see that your newsletter would find more interested parties in the Research Triangle area than in Charlotte, which is more of a blue-collar town.

Is there such a thing as a "Charlotte Sensibility?" Sometimes I think so. Our box number/forwarding service has produced a curious effect. Sometimes an ad will run, sent in by a reader in Charlotte, but in no way identified as such. It simply reads "Box # \_\_\_\_\_, Front Page." And yet it pulls 80% of its responses from the Charlotte area! What do you make of that? The same phenomenon has happened with one or two Triangle ads, as well.

Charlotte does seem to have, and want, its own identity. Many there want their "own"

publication. The Front Page is seen as a "Raleigh" rag, while Whatever and, later, Our South are the home-town boys. One of the founders (now no longer on the scene) of Our South gave this as a specific reason for starting the publication, along with the fact that The Front Page was "too political." (Go figure that one out!)

The question of a "Charlotte Sensibility" provoked another one of our staffers to sit down at his typewriter and toss off the missive that follows. It is a highly personal assessment of Charlotte, and so it appears as a letter and not as an editorial. His opinions are not those of The Front Page, even though he works here. The Front Page welcomes comments and suggestions from our Charlotte readers as to how we may do a better job in covering and serving the Charlotte area.

## The Charlotte Problem. . .

Dear Editor:

I think it's high time to discuss a subject that has unhappy implications for North

Carolina's gay community. At the very least I hope to provoke some Charlottean into responding to my rhetorical question: "What can be done with (or without) Charlotte?"

I am provoked into asking the question because of the complete absence of Charlotte at the statewide gay get-together AWARE held in Winston-Salem on January 17. People were there from Asheville, from Raleigh, and throughout Piedmont North Carolina. The folks at AWARE were careful to inform the Charlotte groups. There were several people who had to travel through Charlotte to get to Winston-Salem. And yet, **no one** showed up from the state's largest city.

What I want to ask is, why? And what should the rest of us do about it? Or, is it even worth getting worked up over?

One person at the AWARE conference, who had once lived in Charlotte, said that everybody in Charlotte—not just the gay community—thought they didn't have to think about the rest of the state. What I took him to mean was that people who live in Charlotte feel that the city is big enough, that it should function as a separate and independent entity.

Another person at the same conference remembered that at the National March on Washington, most of the N.C. participants from all over the state seemed to know each other—all except the Charlotte contingent, who were known only to each other. They marched separately from the rest of the state and carried their own banner. It read "The Queen City" and was six times the size of the "N.C." banner. (Their banner, he told me, by the way, was often applauded by gay males on the sidelines along the parade route—but not because any of them had ever heard of, or held any particular enthusiasm for, Queen Charlotte of England.)

As for me, I remember earlier this year when Charlotte announced that Douglas Field would henceforth be known as Charlotte International Airport. Fortunately, the city council vetoed the name change because, well, the Queen City doesn't have any international flights yet (not ones that carry people, at least).

continued on page 16

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## Letters

continued from page 15

The airport controversy reminded me once again of the farcical pretentiousness we folks outside of "Metrolina" associate with Charlotte.

Let me get some of my own prejudices out of the way (or on the table, at any rate). Yes, I live in the so-called Research Triangle (so, yes, I do know a thing or two about pretension). I am, or course, used to people disparaging Charlotte as The World's Truck Stop or The Would-Be Birmingham. Most North Carolinians of my acquaintance think of Charlotte as something different, not **really** a part of North Carolina, but some sort of New South plastic monstrosity set in endless miles of used car lots.

Having said that, I would have to add that Charlotte's morning newspaper is, except for state political news, the state's best. *The Charlotte Observer* has consistently treated the state's gay community more than fairly. And, most important, I would have to add that individual Charlotteans—and especially gay leaders like Don King—are among the finest people I know.

But, I'm not here to praise Charlotte, so I'll get on with the criticism. Why is it that North Carolinians from outside Charlotte keep getting the impression that Charlotte isn't really interested in the rest of the state? That Charlotte is so busy trying to be the next Atlanta that they don't care what happens to North Carolina?

I am aware that in most states there are rivalries between cities. If Dallas gets something, both Houston and Fort Worth have to get one, too. I am also aware that North Carolina has nothing comparable to the battle between Atlanta and rural Georgia, or between Chicago and downstate Illinois.

But I'm not sure those rivalries hurt the gay community in those cities the way I think it does here in North Carolina. Like it or not (and I like it for the most part), no one in North Carolina lives in a truly big city. And yet, almost everywhere else in the country, the gay community is thought of as an urban phenomenon. In places like Houston or LA or Atlanta there are (theoretically) enough gays in a single city that they can have a significant

impact without joining with their brothers and sisters in other cities. But in North Carolina there's no city big enough for gays to have that kind of impact. We have to learn to work together if we are going to get anywhere.

According to the 1980 census 36.8% of Georgia's population lives in metropolitan Atlanta. So even though I'm sure Columbus and Savannah resent Atlanta's lording it over them, Atlanta can get away with it.

On the other hand, out of North Carolina's 5,874,429 people only 314,447 (5.3%) live in Charlotte. In the Charlotte-Gastonia SMSA there are 632,083 or 10.7% of the state's population. As for the state's other large metro areas, 832,285 (14.0%) live in the Triad and 525,059 (8.9%) in the Triangle. One-third of North Carolina's population is in these three metro areas, but each one is comparatively insignificant by itself.

Population translates into potential political significance. Fourteen of the 50 state senators are elected by these three areas. And if you add the districts with established gay organizations (covering Asheville, Wilmington and others), gays have the potential for real influence over 23 state senate seats, close to a majority.

Certainly, there is important work for gay people to do in their respective cities. Eight years after Chapel Hill enacted its ordinance prohibiting the town from discriminating against gays in municipal employment, it is outrageous that no other North Carolina city has followed suit. The work Charlotte gays have done in contacting their local police, in setting up their gay helpline and in getting the bars involved in community projects—all this provides a fine example for the rest of us to emulate.

Most of the rest of us would, I think, like to learn from the folks in Charlotte how they accomplished these things. We would also like them to learn from us where we have more experience. And for the important statewide projects, it's time we got together.

I doubt that the opinions expressed in this letter are going to make me very popular, so perhaps it is best that I remain anonymous.

Sincerely yours,  
Name withheld  
Raleigh

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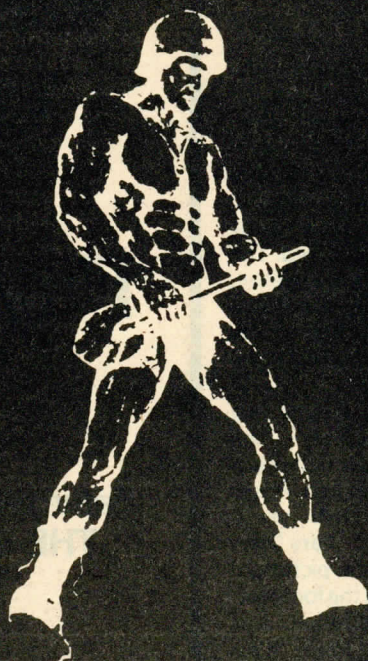
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# Fountainhead—Spartanburg, S.C.

(Old Northside Adult Book Boutique)

Private Booths  
Novels  
Magazines  
Poppers  
Gameroom



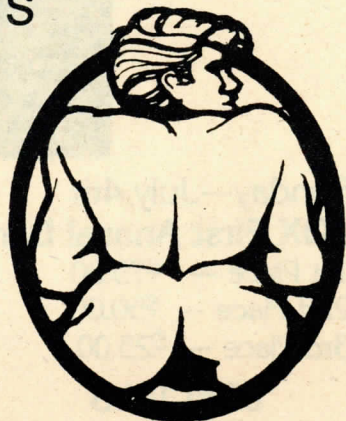
**"While Cruising I-85"**  
Exit 72C Herion Circle  
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1½ miles on right next  
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**8056 Asheville Highway**  
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***"When the Urge Arises"***

## Hilltop Adult Center

Highway 29 at Greer

- Private Booths
- Magazines
- Novels
- Poppers



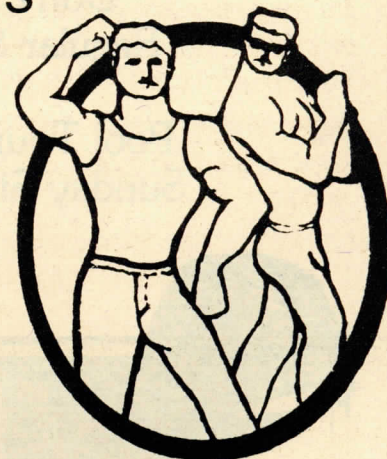
Monday - Saturday  
8 am - 12 pm

**(803) 877-9311**

## Highway 29 Adult Shop

Highway 29 Spartanburg

- Private Booths
- Magazines
- Novels
- Poppers



HOURS  
8 am - 12 pm

**(803) 576-9728**



## Gay Fathers

Three years ago a group of men who were otherwise strangers to each other decided to share their experience of a central fact in their lives. These men had once denied this fact to themselves or had kept it carefully hidden from others. What binds these men together is simply the fact that each of them is gay and each is also a father.

The group they formed is called Gay Fathers of Toronto. Members of it have now written a book about their lives and called it *Gay Fathers: Some of Their Stories, Experience, and Advice* (SBN 0-969-0947-0-1).

The gay father's history is almost invariably one in which he struggles to face the truth about himself. It is a history of long practiced deceptions that seem at first to serve him well, but that ultimately serve only to increase his desperation and loneliness. His sense of alienation and difference from the world at large is therefore like that of all gays who ask only for the right to be themselves. To win this right they must first come to accept themselves as they are, even in the face of social condemnation. But the gay father's struggle for self-acceptance may be longer, more painful, and more poignantly involved with the lives of others than the case with those gays who have never married or fathered children.

Copies of *Gay Fathers: Some of Their Stories, Experience and Advice* may be purchased from Gay Fathers of Toronto, P.O. Box 187, Station F, Toronto, Canada M4Y2L5 (\$9.50 including postage). The Gay Fathers Coalition may be contacted at P.O. Box 50360, Washington, DC 20004.

### 'I Read Banned Books!'

SYRACUSE, NY—April has been declared "I Read Banned Books" Month by the Institute for Family Research and Education and the American Society of Journalists and Authors in order to alert the public to New Right censorship activities. Buttons saying "I

Read Banned Books" are available for \$1 from the society at Suite 1907, 1501 Broadway, New York, NY 10036. An information packet is also available from the institute at 760 Ostrom Ave., Syracuse, NY 13210.

—Gay Life (Chicago)

### Oh, no! Not Huck!

Readers of *Huckleberry Finn* (at least some readers) have speculated at one time or another about the relationship between Huck and Jim—laying there on the raft naked and all... How about Uncle Silas? It seems as though there was even a rather lewd picture of Uncle Silas in the first print run of the book in 1884. A mischievous printer added a penis to the original illustration of Uncle Silas in Chapter 38. The first 250 copies were off the press before the picture was discovered. The problem caused a delay in the book's release, until February 1885, knocking out Mark Twain's Christmas sales in the process. One proof page copy of the picture survives, in the University of Virginia library.

The picture is again available, thanks to a footnote in *The Annotated Huckleberry Finn* edited by Michael Patrick Hearn (Clarkson Potter). Hearn told the *Washington Post's* "Book World" that the printers prank repeated itself almost a hundred years later. The printer actually published the picture of Uncle Silas-cum-penis twice—in the footnote, and where the regular illustration was supposed to go. Hearn told the *Post*, "It's a good story, and we obviously had a literary printer who decided to go for the gag again." The illustration—at least the one in the text—has been fixed.

—Gay News

D.H. Lawrence, high apostle of heterosex, claimed that "the nearest I have come to perfect love was with a young coal miner when I was about 16."

Gertrude Stein, intent on making him admit his closet sexuality, spent an evening talking about homosexuals with Ernest Hemingway. She didn't succeed.

## NEW HOURS

TUES.-FRI.—6pm-until  
SAT.—8:30pm-until  
SUN.—4pm-until  
closed MONDAYS

Don't Forget Our  
Regular Sunday Buffet

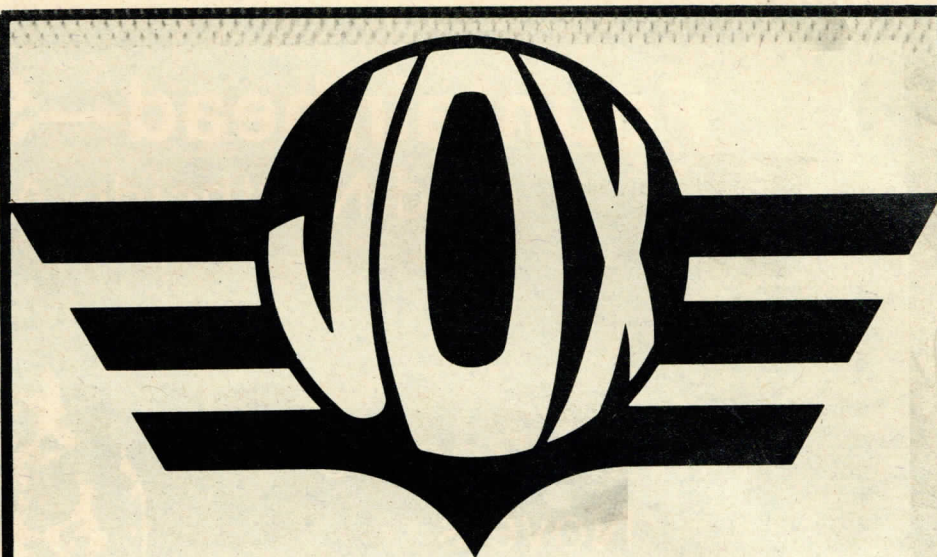
Pool Tournament Every  
Sunday Starts At 7:30pm



**CHARLOTTE, N.C.**

WHERE THE MEN IN CHARLOTTE MEET

3018 The Plaza, (704) 333-2353



## Fayetteville's Hottest Night Club

Saturday—April 24th

### THE CHAMPIONS

Starring: Gerri O'Neal  
Buffy Demoreau  
with Lady Pearl

Sunday—May 2nd

### JOX-1982 Entertainer of the Year Awards

Nominees: Lovita Love

Tamara  
Diane Shepherd  
Ashley Reynolds  
Tara Brent

Joy Dee  
Sparrow Capistrano  
Rochelle  
Regina Robinson  
Kitty Hawk

MC-Lady Pearl

Saturday—May 8th

### BRANDY ALEXANDER

If you missed this  
show the first time,  
you don't want to  
miss it this time.  
Very Hot!



Also Starring: Miki Sinclair  
Pepper Davis  
Sebrina Del Ray

### COMING EVENTS:

Saturday—May 22nd - from New York

### BRIAN MURPHY

Starring as  
Lady Pearl  
Live



Also:  
Lovita Love  
Joy Dee  
Lady Pearl

Sunday—July 4th

### JOX First Annual Dance Contest

Hustle & Freestyle

1st Place — \$75.00  
2nd Place — \$50.00  
3rd Place — \$25.00

\*All Couples Eligible\*

### SPECIALS

MONDAYS — Short Shorts Night

Show Your Buns — Beer-2 for 1

TUESDAYS — Daiquiri Night

Strawberry & Banana — \$1.00

1017 Pamalee Dr. (401 Bypass)  
Fayetteville - Beside Metrolease  
868-1124



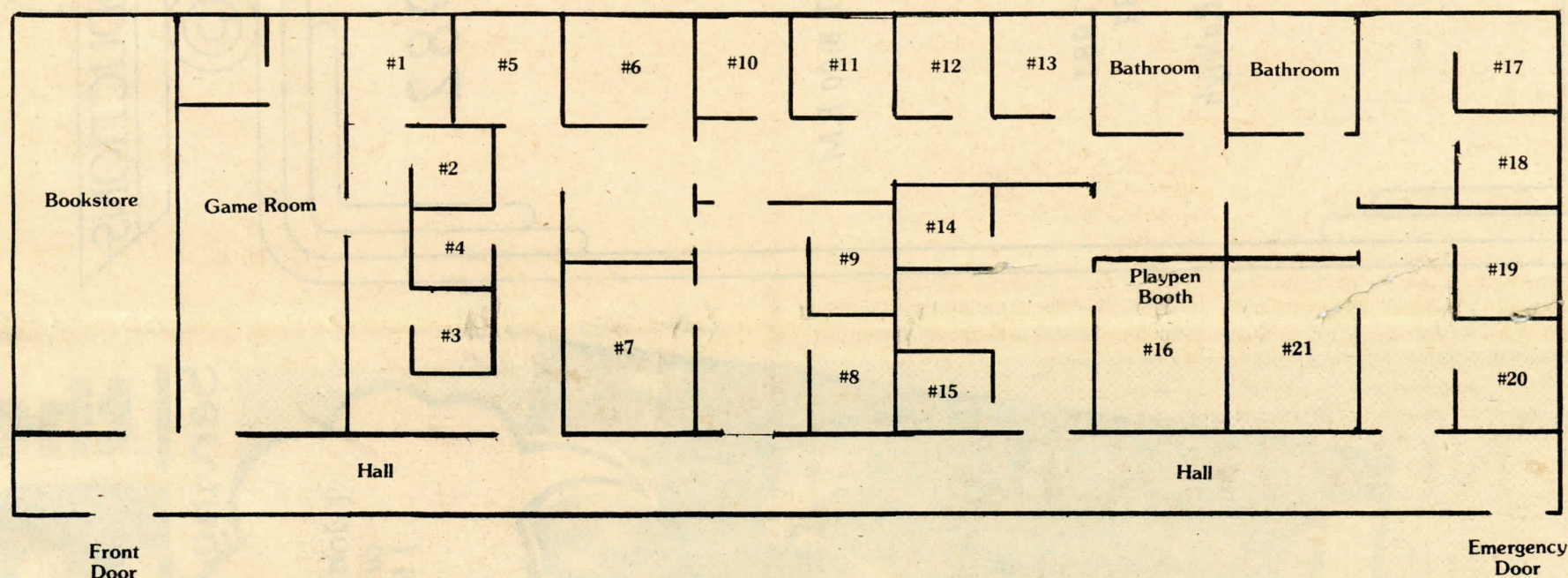
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**Soon Open 24 Hours**

Equipped with:

- One Special Playpen Booth
- Large Selection of Latest Gay Publications
- 21 Extra Large Booths
- Game Room
- Books, Magazines, Films, Video

## Special on Poppers!





Since 1979

# Front Page

FREE!

Vol. 3, No. 6

April 13 — April 26, 1982

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"I don't care if you  
are a man."  
I love you."

"But I'm not a man."

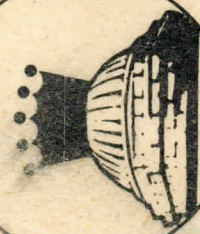


"I still don't care."

Scene from  
"Victory"  
Victoria

PRODUCTIONS

CAPITAL CITY



PRESENTS

## Miss Capital City 1982

April 25, 1982

to be held at

42nd Street, Durham

PRELIMINARIES — SUNDAY, 2 P.M.

PAGEANT BEGINS AT 9:00 P.M. DOORS OPEN AT 8:00 P.M.

### GUEST ENTERTAINERS

Melissa Montgomery, Miss North Carolina 1981

Brandy Alexander, Miss Gay North 1981

Kitty Hawk, Miss Gay Raleigh 1981

Dancers from The Ballet Theatre Company of Raleigh

Franklin Creech

\$1 ADMISSION: Afternoon Preliminaries

\$5 ADMISSION: Pageant