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 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.

The Hidden Image. 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 attended 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 Light 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.

T-GALA's having a ball

The 60 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 use 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." •

Nashville doctor claims he contracted AIDS in surgery
by STUART RIVIN
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 accidently 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 statement 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. •

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 WDLC-Channel 8, the city-owned public television station.

The group's representatives had no comment on its plans for the immediate future. •
Myth #2: Chiropractors crack your bones.

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Football instead of homosexuality?

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 too soon 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-splattered 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 J38-395. 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 homeless as well as of people with AIDS," according to one participant.

The crowd drew stares and a few catcalls by 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.

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 midFebruary 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 being 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 and résumé and cover letter to: Scott Lago, Tour Coordinator, The NAMES Project Foundation, 2952 Market Street, San Francisco, CA, 94114. Deadline for applications is Feb. 1.

Music City Rollers Fundraiser Show

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Aid to End AIDS Committee (ATEAC)
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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
901 452-5894 or 901 726-1461

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 40892, 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 171315, Memphis 38187
901 754-5610

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

Nashville CARES
Sandee Potter, Director
Box 25107, Nashville 37202
615 385-1510

Tennessee Gay & Lesbian Alliance (T-GALA)
Box 120834, Nashville 37212
615 366-0555

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

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

Vanderbilt Lambda Association
Box 121743, Nashville 37212

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

The Nashville Symphony Pops will present A Celebration of Love. An evening of classic love songs including: Misty, Here, There and Everywhere and Shadow of Your Smile, with John Dankworth, conductor.
Each concert will be held in War Memorial Auditorium at 8:00 p.m. Tickets are now on sale at all Ticketmaster locations (741-2757).

THE NASHVILLE SYMPHONY POPS

On February 3rd and 4th, the Nashville Symphony Pops will present A Celebration of Love. An evening of classic love songs including: Misty, Here, There and Everywhere and Shadow of Your Smile, with John Dankworth, conductor.
Each concert will be held in War Memorial Auditorium at 8:00 p.m. Tickets are now on sale at all Ticketmaster locations (741-2757).
BETTE MIDLER returns to the screen in a pop music tinged drama, laced with a generous amount of tears, and turns in an affecting, 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.”

MARYAM BAIIK 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, Baillik 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 Baillik.

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. Midler and Hershey wear beautiful clothes and neither has ever looked lovelier on film.

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 bouncy, at others angelic.

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

ARTS NOTES

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 cappella 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. •

STARRING

Troy Constantino
Ginger Lamar and Suki
Monica Munro
Riquita Rashad
Shelly Stone
Gregory Fisher, host and emcee

T-GALA

I belong.

1989

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T-GALA

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1989

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at Warehouse 28, Nashville
A fundraiser for the Tennessee Gay & Lesbian Alliance (T-GALA)
$3 cover
Bar opens at 8:00 p.m. with buffet and tea dance
Shows at 11:00 p.m. and 12:30 a.m.

STARRING

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Ginger Lamar and Suki
Monica Munro
Riquita Rashad
Shelly Stone
Gregory Fisher, host and emcee
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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 dizzily 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. Genoa, the producer of the show, had insisted 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, I 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 week ago. I begged my significant other as he dropped me off at the 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 nincompoops — I mean my fellow contestants — began to assemble to the orientation meeting, I began to size them up:

"Queen."
"Slut."
"Redneck."
"Idiot."
"Closet queen."
"But where will I go? What'll I do?"

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

"Queen."
"Slut."
"Redneck."
"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
Blake Pickett - PHOTOS REIO/LANO PRODUCTIONS

SH - 0 W

chance some of us would not be on the show.

executive producer who discussed game
aspire to in the Ellis family.

the cut.

I had always heard about men who wore bow·

...with a rep-striped bow tie. I remembered what

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."

I had found Game Show Valhalla.

"You'll get to go on next!"

I buzzed in: "Deborah Norville."

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." "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 gonna 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. *
Midwinter Blues

by JAAN STURGIS

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. But the visit is also the church clerk. With a real community spirit, he is a volunteer for the people who need, from grease paint to the slickest costumes around. And our professional staff can help you slip into Mardi Gras attire with advice on dressing up.

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T-GALA
Out & About Ball
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**SNAPS**

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."
**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 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 been 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 been put up as an indication of the sexual, religious or political orientation, practice or beliefs of such person or members of such organization. Letters are to be assumed intended for publication unless otherwise explicitly stated.

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COMMERCIAL PHOTOGRAPHY of the male physique entered a new era, 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, detectable. 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 Autoire. 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 wildy in American Gigolo as long as he remains perfectly stationary and doesn't waggle about like those French chaps in Perle and Baby Blue.)

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 Radward Murby'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 trapings 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-siecle kitsch. (His uncredited crucifixion scene—unfortunately not included in this volume—prepares 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 Margaret Mather provides a contrast to the naturalist matter-of-factness (more in line with Weber's commercial photographs) of Imogen Cunningham, Herbert List and Edward Weston. This period, which may not begin as early as Eakins in the late 1890s, 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, male sissiness 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 Peaks 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 nighmarish "Androgyny Breastfeeding a Fa­etus" and "Dasbuch amalites," 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 composing of the models in these photographs. I was disappointed it was not. Such an examination into the evolution of photographic representation of masculinity and male sexuality as it exemplified in the posing, framing and composing of the models in these photographs. I was disappointed it was not. Such an examination into the evolution of photographic representation of masculinity and male sexuality as exemplified in the posing, framing and composing of the models in these photographs. I was disappointed it was not. Such an examination into the evolution of photographic representation of masculinity and male sexuality as exemplified in the posing, framing and composing of the models in these photographs. I was disappointed it was not.
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