







Ally My Love,  
SPURT



## THE SUPERHEROS

Ontrageous  
BEAUTY REVUE

(415) 540-0907



# GATEAVISA

Moderat Familieblad

Nr.9 - 1981

7 KRONER

## AVVIKENDE SKJØNNHETS TEATER

Spastisk teaterdirektør kjører med det  
han har - i rullestolen

REGIME  
THE ENEMY  
IS THE ENEMY!!

## Mobbens avskjed med Sissel Rønbeck

SADO-  
MASOCHISME:  
Et slag for  
friheten!

10 000 nakne  
hippier!

Johan Galtung  
om søppel  
som vitenskap

Du er fattigere  
enn du tror.  
La sosialen  
betale gjelden!





"SPASTIC STAGE-DIRECTOR FROM THE WHEELCHAIR"  
"I ALWAYS DO WHAT I FEEL LIKE DOING"

"When Frank Moore and his friends go on stage to live out their most private inclinations, the repercussions of the shock will penetrate all your ideas about what a stagemusical is.

What can a single person prove? that the UN year for the disabled is superfluous? Yes, that too - what you have to do is to stow away all your scruples about taking advantage of people, and take the risk of going out in the light, where the fun is.

The main character of this sunny story is one that you wouldn't feel like asking for the way on the street. ...(local stuff)...

The point is that Frank Moore except for being director of the best revue we've ever seen is 99% disabled, spastic in a wheelchair, has no speech, and is an American.

(That's considered to be a major drawback in many European countries, to be an American, I mean.)

The only reason he is not 100% disabled is a stick on his forehead. (Description of how to use it.) With this he communicates his wisdom. He also sings, makes movies and stage shows and organizes the event of the year for some people in San Francisco, The Outrageous Beauty Revue Contest."

--Presentation of the revue....

"The basic idea is that everybody is on stage to do what they always have wanted to do. This results in Frank Moore, who has always liked to sing, performing 'My Way' of Frank Sinatra. It is an unforgettable performance, he is making the maximum use of his spasms, dancing.

Frank Moore also tried to get enrolled in the army once. Since it is no problem for him to press buttons, and since he has more in his head than most militarists, it was hard for him to understand why he was so firmly turned away. He thinks it has to do with the fact that the interviewers didn't take him seriously. This sad event from his youth, (he had to give up all thoughts about following the path of his father, a professional military), makes him sing in chorus with Mary in 'Green Berets', the two of them in very suitable uniforms. She has a mania for war movies, and is marching bravely by his side while she sings out the text, loudly.

Diane has a liking for the sweet life. She is the 'maitre de ceremonie' of the revue linking the different acts together by telling in an incredible speed the latest and most juicy news from the indiscrete press,...."

(I go on describing Diane's outfit. Give her credit for "We're the dirty foam on the new wave....")

--Describe some more of the acts and the action.

(The rest I let you tell. You know it was so far out for us to listen to you telling about your ideas, your life, your doings and your projects, that what I did was just write it straight down just after we had spoken with you. Later when we were back here i just rearranged it a bit and translated it to norwegian.)



- About how the O.B.R. and how it started.
- " the contest.
- " the revue.

..."We don't want to be shocking just to shock people, and we don't want to attack people or to offend people with the show. But if we were mainly concerned with how people react, it wouldn't be any fun any more. The revue could become a reaction to people's reactions. We have been fighting against interviewers who are trying to analyse every act separately as an interesting social phenomena. That is very far from how the revue is meant."

--Your experiences with the press....

..."I am the person who has been performing most times from the stage at the Fab Mab. If people find the revue shocking, it's because I don't have any choice. I do what I've always wanted to do: sing from a stage, and that shocks...."

..."The playfulness is important. I get frustrated by plays that are supposed to be erotic or outrageous, where they don't take any risks - or where the result is just violent."

- About the group.
- The houses you live in, the companies you run.
- The talent spotlight in Reno. And the one with the Tubes.

..."Before I came to the west coast I lived in New Mexico, then in New York City. In N.Y.C. I was doing workshops and the Theatre of Human Melting. Everything suffered with people not wanting to get involved.

So I moved to Berkeley because I wanted friends. This is where Linda comes in. She worked in a travel agency. I came in as a customer. When she leaned over the counter, I looked down her blouse and asked her to have lunch with me."

"Linda: 'After a week he asked me why I didn't quit working. That was during my lunch hour. So, I went back after my break and told them I wanted to quit.')

- About the Non-filming.
- About you doing counseling.

..."After a while we came out of the growth period. All the time we went on with the workshops-twice a week. The point was always to get close. What really meant alot for the evolution of the group was that during two years it was no questions about loose sexual connections between us. That made it possible to be very phsical in our work without setting limits, and without building up tensions. It evolved the phsical closeness of the group in a very good way."

--About 'Glamour' and 'Meb', the two other shows you told us about.

- What's going to happen to the revue?
- Who knows.
- Do you have other projects?
- "I am writing a book about trivia. It starts with a listing of the films I like, and goes on with the important inventions of history. I also want to do a chapter on each year of my life.



I am also writing a 'dirty' book with one of the girls in the group. We come together once a week and read for each other the new pages we've written."

"You asked me if I wanted you to paint me. What about the painting?"

"I can't paint clothing so it's only when people want to pose nude that I can paint them. It's a good way to get to know people. I've had a few exhibitions in cafes here in Berkeley. Strangely enough I even sell some pictures. It was one of my pictures that made the trip to L.A. possible."

"Why do you think it is strange that people buy them? Don't you like them yourself?"

"They are getting better..."

I have movie projects as well. Right now it seems we are getting financing for a film. It's about a guy in a wheelchair who doesn't believe he can get the girl he is interested in since the great sports guy of the school also is interested. Not until his fairy godfather tells him that he's just a bore, does he take up the fight and throw himself out in the fun."

"Does this have something to do with your own experiences?"

"I used to be like that myself. I thought I was ugly and nothing happened. It wasn't that I was hiding away- I did lots of things like hitchhiking, for instance. But I was holding back, controlling myself instead of projecting myself.

It didn't work, so I decided to pretend I really believed I was beautiful. And because I managed to pretend 100%, I forgot it was just something I was pretending."

"Are you still pretending?"

"That doesn't matter."

"Can you say more about what you mean by taking chances?"

"When you get involved with people without setting limits, you're taking a risk. And it's alot more fun. In a sexual relation, eroticism is a part of that relation. But it is possible to have erotic relations without sex. You take a risk when you ask for what you want in relations with people. It seems like people can meet, have a relation and whether it is conscious or not, they let the relation exist within the limits of what is accepted. It is out of the question to go beyond the limits, and both are satisfied with the relation as it is. But if you go into a relation asking for what you want, you have to take a risk, because you can, and often will, go beyond the limits of what is ok."

"People find the revue too controversial, a group of people that are quite innocently playing out their fantasies shouldn't be all that bad?"

"Why doesn't the audience have as good a time as we have? It might be because we're tearing their excuses away under their feet. The excuses they have for not doing what they feel like doing."

"Why is it important that the revue is innocent?"

"Because we're doing it for fun. And because I don't have any choice. I'm stupid, and not getting alot of what interests smart people, the hidden meaning. I take everything for what it seems to be. Until it hits back because of its hidden meaning, then I take it into account. But the hidden meaning is not something I'm looking for, on the contrary."



"Is that to be stupid?"

"Maybe innocence is a better word for it."

(--Goes on with three more questions, you talking about control, polishedness, and what it takes to be on stage....)

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GAVEAVISA No 9 1981

PAGE 19 THE OUTRAGEOUS BEAUTY REVUE CONTEST. A SPASTIC INTERVIEW

The place: Fab Mab, San Francisco. Frank Moore lets loose his outrageous beauty revue contest every Saturday. Who is Frank Moore? He is the spastic theatre director who "always does what he wants to". He completely disregards the fact that he is linked to a wheelchair and unable to speak. Here it is: The interview that should have changed the U.N.'s Handicap - year.



## Spastisk teaterdirektør fra rullestolen:

**"Jeg gjør alltid det jeg har mest LYST til å gjøre"**

Når Frank Moore og vennene hans går på scenen for å leve ut sine mest private tilbøyeligheter, vil sjokkbølgene bryte gjennom alle forestillinger om hva teater kan være.

Hva kan et enkeltmenneske bevise? At FN's år for krøplinger er totalt overflødig? Ja, også det – det eneste som skal til er at man stuer bort alle skrupler angående å utnytte sine medmennesker, og våger seg ut i lyset der moroa er.

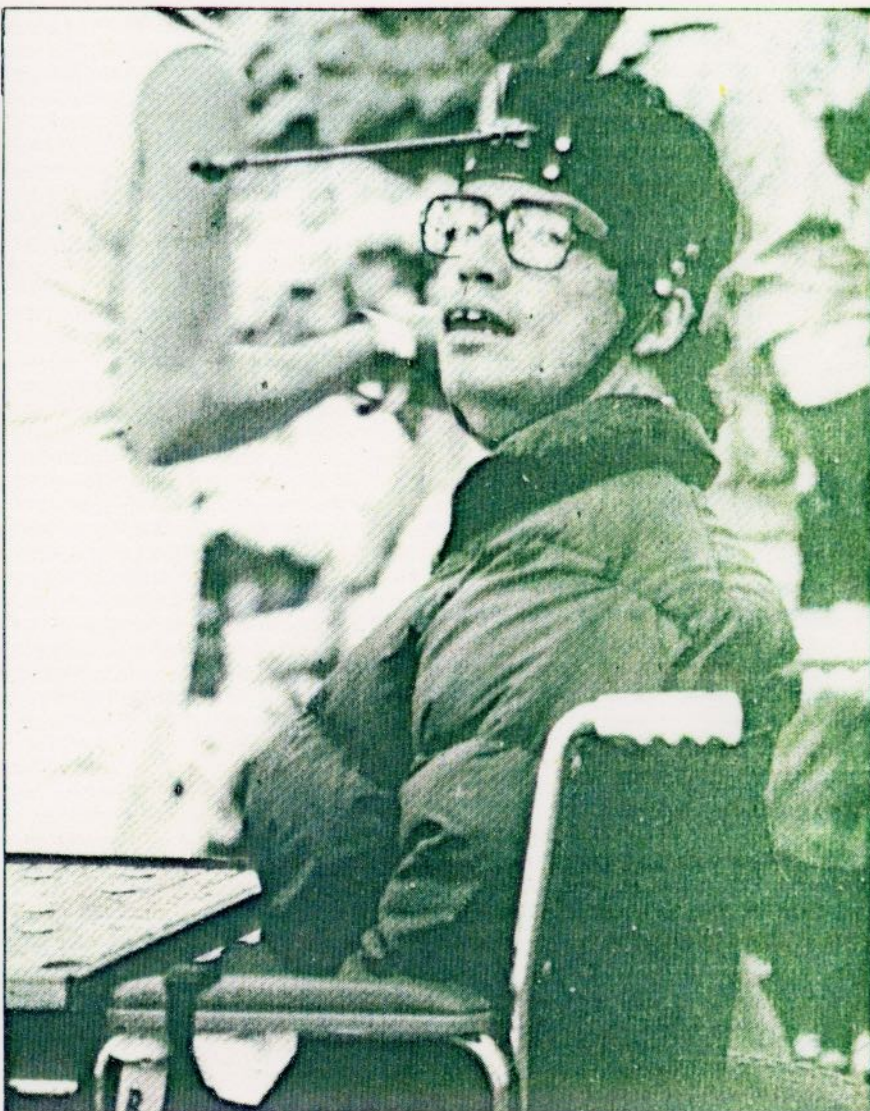
Hovedpersonen i denne solskinns-historien er ikke en av dem du får lyst til å slå av en prat med på gata, og hvis du har lyst får du lite bruk for den informative kampanjen om hvordan man best skal henvende seg til en "handikappet", som er slått opp på offentlige steder over det ganske land (ja, for det er vel ikke bare i hovedstaden at vi skal lære?).

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Saken er at Frank Moore utenom å være regissør og ideolog for den mest fantastiske revyen vi noensinne har sett, også er 99% invalid spastiker i rullestol, uten talens bruk, og amerikaner.

Den eneste grunnen til at han ikke er 100% invalid er at han har en pekepinn festet på panna og et brett foran seg på rullestolen, hvor de vanligste ordene + alfabetet + tallene er skrevet ut. Med dette primitive hjelpemidlet formidler han sin visdom til omverdenen. Dessuten ler han, og synger, og skriver, og lager film, og teaterstykker, og organiserer årets storbegivenhet for mange i San Francisco: nemlig OUTRAGEOUS BEAUTY REVUE CONTEST.

At han også har haiket coast-to-coast i USA, at han skamløst tar inn på Beverly Hills Hotel i Los Angeles,



hvor han attpå til sitter i foyeren for å betrakte aktiviteten generelt og Burt Reynolds og hans gjester spesielt – og at han, når en av dem dikker ham under haka og spør "hvor-dan har du det, gutten min" setter i med sin mest uartikulerte rungende latter. Og at han ellers har en merittliste det står respekt av, gjør ham ikke mindre egnet for en presentasjon i Gateavisa.

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Revyen heter The Outrageous Beauty Revue. Den spilles en gang i uka, lørdag kl. 9.30 pm. på et av San Franciscos nybølge/punk-steder – Mabuhay Garden på Broadway, populært kalt Fab Mab. Så gå ikke glipp av sjansen, hvis du noengang skulle ha den.

Om revyen sies det at den er det klebrigste og groveste show i verden. En aldri så liten overdrivelse fra en puritansk presse?

Frank Moore sier selv: "... et lystig og blandet epos, ispedd uskyldig



## Fortsettelse fra forrige side

satire, lekende erotikk, frekk "wacky" dårlig smak, og meningsfull rock som "Green Berets" (djerv og militaristisk) og "Society's child". Showet sjokkerer den hardeste punken og stripper middelklassen for den beherskede pynteligheten, til fordel for en varm og lattermild følelse."

Det er også blitt sagt, ganske riktig om enn lyrisk, at å prøve å beskrive denne revyen kan selv på det beste ikke bli annet enn å prøve å sope månestråler.

Grunntanken er at alle er på scenen for å gjøre det de alltid har hatt lyst til å gjøre.

Det resulterer i at Frank Moore, som alltid har hatt lyst til å synge, fremfører "My Way" av Frank Sinatra. Det er en uforglemmelig fremføring der han utnytter spasmene til det ytterste, og danser med.

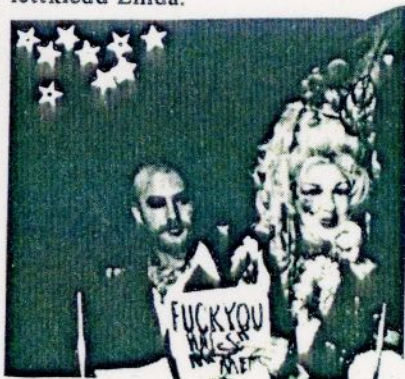
Dessuten prøvde Frank Moore å bli innrullert i hæren en gang. Ut fra det faktum at han godt kan trykke på knapper, og dessuten har mer i hodet enn de fleste militarister, hadde han vanskelig for å skjønne at han ble så bestemt avvist. Han mener selv at det har en viss sammenheng med at intervjueren ikke kunne bestemme seg for å ta ham alvorlig. Denne ulykkelige hendelsen fra hans ungdom (han måtte oppgi alt håp om å følge i sin yrkesmilitære fars fotspor), kompenserer han for ved å kore til "Green Berets", ikledd en kledelig uniform, mens Mary som har en krigsfilm-mani, synger ut teksten av full hals idet hun marsjerer kjekt ved hans side.

Diana har en svakhet for det søte liv. Hun er seremonimester for revyen, og binder de forskjellige numrene sammen ved å lire av seg i en utrolig fart det saftigste nytt fra den mest indiskrete pressen, relevante kommentarer til den glamorøse politikk, iblandet kjappe skudd mot salen og scenen. Hun påpeker ganske riktig hvor lenge og hardt den gode Charles måtte slite for å finne en ubesudlet jomfru i disse sexglade tider, mens hun vifter lett med sine tunge og høyst kunstige øyenvipper, retter litt på den massive kanarigule parykken, som gjerne blir enda litt skjeve, før hun stryker seg besnærende nedover hoftene hvor den grønne åletrange Hollywood-kjolen har krøllet seg litt. Man kan selvfølgelig ikke unngå å legge merke til at brystene hennes vipper henrykt med ut fra to pene runde hull i kjolen, klippet ut med megen presisjon. Hun når sine store høyder når hun lar seg rive med av musikken og klarer å blinke i takt med de juletrelysene hun har om-

kranset seg i. På sitt beste kommer hun med uttalelser som: "Vi er det skitne skummet på den nye bølgen... Woolworth (Steen & Strøm) bølgen av fullstendig slibrig morskap."

Med i revyen er også Spurt Reynolds, som overgår sin bror i å begeistre publikum. Han fremfører "I walked the line" av Johnny Cash, slik at lommeørklærne blir tatt fram i salen — ikledd en Stars & Stripes jakke, et sjarmerende forlegent smil og stiv press i buksene.

Et av høydepunktene er når revyens regissør blir dynket og gnidd inn etter noter. Han får en like kjærlig behandling som en fasan før julemiddagen, til stor fryd for seg selv og enda større fryd for kokka, en meget lettkledd Linda.



Revyen har også et par nummer spekket med spenning og dramatik. Blant annet når to lik-kledde individer som ser ut som om de har hatt seg et lengre opphold i torturkammeret, sniker seg ut blant publikum. Skrekkinngytende og truende vurderer de utvalget, før de river en person til seg og drar vedkommende opp på scenen. Naturlig nok skriker offeret ut sine kvaler. Vel oppe på scenen sprettes magen på den heldige utvalgte ut, og innvollene dras ut med fryd. Alt dette blir veldig realistisk på grunn av et sterkt Stroblicht. Det hele ender med at offeret reiser seg mirakuløst og får en god klem av sine overfallskvinner som takk.

Honky-tonk Woman er også med — en ubeskrivelig sterk erotisk fremførelse. Dessuten kunne man, før barnet ble født, se den høygravide danserinnen med fikenbladet. Men det innslaget måtte jo ta en slutt før eller siden.

Det byr ikke på noen problemer å snakke med Frank Moore. Han staver ut det han vil si på brettet ved hjelp av en pekepinn. Vi gjentar ordene og bokstavene, og det går utrolig greit. Linda, kona hans, var med når vi snakket sammen, og hun har god trening i å forklare det som er uklart.

Frank Moore forteller:

—The Outrageous Beauty Revue startet som en engangsspøk. Jeg gikk til Dirk Dirkson i Mabuhay Garden og fortalte at jeg hadde lyst til å organisere en stor skjønnhetskonkurranse, med en erotisk del og en outrageous (skamløs) del. Han tente på ideen. Vi jobbet en masse med å få deltakere til konkurransen, og vi fikk tak i en del, men ikke mange nok. Så for å fylle opp plassene måtte noen fra vår gruppe være med.

De virkelige konkurrentene ble fortalt at det var en del konkurrenter som ikke kunne vinne, men de visste ikke hvem det var, så det gikk ikke ut over konkurranseånden.

Det ble en kjempesuksess. En skikkelig skamløs erotisk skjønnhetsframvisning!

Etter den første skjønnhetskonkurransen har vi spilt revyen hver lørdag på Fab Mab. En gang i året, i oktober, feirer vi jubileum for den første konkurransen, det blir den fjerde gangen nå i oktober. "Teateret for menneskelig sammensmeltning" girer opp for å presentere den fjerde årlige ekstravaganse.

En kveld hvert år går vi utover selv våre egne vide grenser: Vi framfører våre beste (?) numre! Lar verdens beste dårlige band, The Superheroes, spille sammen med andre gjestetjerner. Vi gir hundrevis av dollar i priser til de av publikum som kommer i de mest fantastiske kostymer, og i tillegg avholder vi konkurransen hvor premiene er vel verdt å trakte etter. Alle prisene er basert på donasjoner, og det er en masse arbeid med å samle dem sammen. Men alt er verdt den moroa som kommer til slutt.

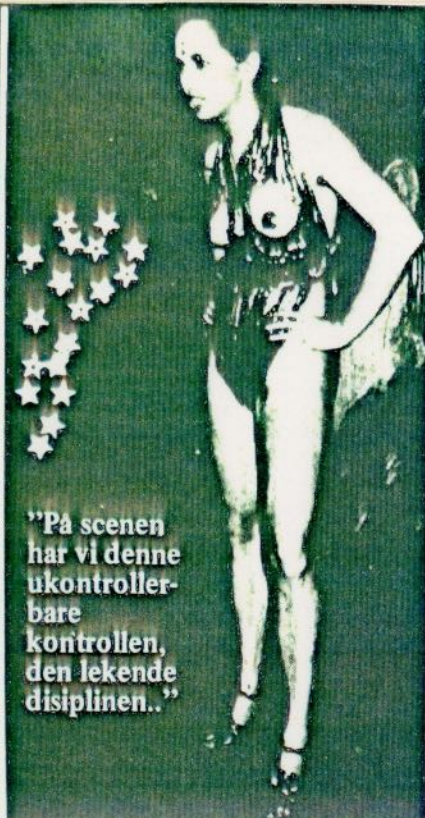
Vi ønsker ikke å sjokkere bare for å sjokkere, og vi vil ikke angripe folk eller støte dem med showet. Jeg har tatt vekk numre fra revyen når jeg har merket at folk føler seg støtt ved dem. Men hvis vi var hovedsakelig bekymret over hvordan folk reagerer, ville det ikke være morsomt lenger — revyen ville kunne bli en reaksjon på folks reaksjoner. Vi har kjempet med intervjuere som har prøvd å analysere hvert nummer for seg, som et interessant sosialt fenomen. Det er langt fra den måten revyen er ment. Vi gjør dette fordi vi synes det er gøy. Satiren og budskapet er et biprodukt.

Når det gjelder pressen, har vi slått best an i hel- eller halvpornografiske blader, mest på grunn av det bildematerialet vi byr på. Vi har til og med vært i Playboy. De puttet oss i bla-

GATEAVISA

skor seg på handicap-året!





"På scenen har vi denne ukontrollerbare kontrollen, den lekende disiplinen.."

dets mest tvilsomme del, ved siden av bildet av ham som har rekord for å ha pult flest ganger.

Etter hvert er vi blitt mer forsiktige med å dele ut bilder — nå gir vi dem bare til de som kommer og snakker med oss.

I San Francisco virker det som om bladene synes vi er for skamløse til at de kan skrive om oss. Men vi har vært i SF Examiner og i High Times. Readers Digest (Det Beste) gjorde et intervju som vi aldri så noe til. Et TV-show som heter Real People har vært her og filmet for å bruke meg i programmet, men det har vi heller ikke hørt noe mer til. Dirk Dirksen prøvde å få bladet City Art til å skrive om revyen, men de stilte seg tvilende til at det vi driver med er kunst, og nektet å gjøre noe.

Jeg tror jeg har rekord for å ha sunget flest ganger på scenen. Hvis folk finner revyen på Fab Mab sjokkerende, så er det fordi jeg ikke har noe valg. Jeg gjør det jeg alltid har hatt lyst til å gjøre: synge på scenen. Og det sjokkerer...

Det var mange av medlemmene i gruppen som syntes at Devo-nummeret vi gjør var for voldsomt — noen av dem gjemte seg bak scenen når det ble spilt. Etter hvert har de forandret mening, og det samme har publikum.

Lekelysten er viktig. Jeg blir frustrert over spill som liksom skal være erotiske eller skamløse og hvor det ikke blir tatt noen sjanser — eller hvor resultatet bare er voldsomt.

I gruppa vår er vi omtrent 30 men

nesker. Det er en stabil gruppe, og det er forholdet mellom oss som virkelig betyr noe. Vi bor alle sammen i det samme området, i fire forskjellige hus. For å løse de økonomiske problemene har vi dannet 3 forskjellige selskaper. Ett selskap lager klær, ett trykker T-skjorter, et selskap kjøper opp gamle hus og rehabiliterer dem. Han som driver bygningsselskapet kjøpte en klubb for oss. Vi har alltid hatt lyst til å drive vårt eget teater og vår egen klubb. Vi drev den klubben en stund, men det gikk ikke så godt. Jeg antar at vi ikke puttet nok energi i den forretningsemssige siden av saken. Det er også bygningsselskapet som eier de husene vi lever i. Det er bare Linda og jeg som ikke gjør noe direkte matnyttig. Og det trives vi med. Det er så mange av oss at det er vanskelig å finne steder utenfor San Francisco å spille revyen, som er villige til å betale hva det koster. Vi var i Los Angeles i forrige uke for å prøve å finne noe, det gikk ikke så bra.

Ellers griper vi enhver sjanse til å spille revyen.

Vi var med i en talent-"spotlight" i Reno. Vi fortalte dem at vi hadde spilt revy i San Francisco i tre år, og de sa at det var det de var på jakt etter, noen virkelig profesjonelle. Da vi gjorde prøvene på ettermiddagen prøvde vi å være så moderate som vi aldri hadde vært før. Vi valgte ut de straiteste numrene våre. Kasinoet hvor vi skulle spille hadde ikke separat scene og spillesal, så vi spilte i baren og trakk spillerne bort fra bordene. Det var naturligvis kasinoet mindre begeistret for, så vi fikk ikke lov til å være med. Det var mest på grunn av Diana at vi hadde lyst til å spille revyen i et kasino. Det er den perfekte omgivelse for hennes glamor-tilbøyeligheter: kjolen, parykken, juletrelys og det hele. Hun gjorde det ytterste ut av det også, og var fornøyd.

Vi var også med i en talentspeiding som The Tubes hadde. Vi likte The Tubes før i tiden. Men de har forandret seg. Og da vi var med i den talentkonkurransen syntes de visst at vi var for kontroversielle.

Før jeg kom til vestkysten bodde jeg først i New Mexico, siden flyttet jeg til New York. I NY drev jeg med teaterverksted og "menneskelig sammensmelting". Alt led under at folk ikke var interessert i å bli involvert, så jeg flyttet hit til Berkeley fordi jeg ønsket vennskap.

Og det er her Linda kommer inn i bildet. Hun arbeidet på et reisebyrå hvor jeg kom inn som kunde. Da hun lente seg over disken så jeg brystene hennes og inviterte henne ut til lunsj.

(Linda: —En uke etter spurte han hvorfor jeg ikke sluttet å jobbe. Det var i lunsjpausen det også, og etter pausen gikk jeg tilbake og sa opp jobben.)

—Jeg ønsket meg vennskap, og å gjøre noe sammen med folk. Det jeg hadde aller mest lyst til å gjøre var film — men det hadde jeg ikke penger nok til å tenke på engang. I stedet gjorde jeg ikke-filming: stoppet folk på gata og spurte dem om de hadde lyst til å være med i en erotisk film. Det virket bra, men det kunne ikke gå lenger enn til noen prøveopptak — det er ikke så lett å lage film når man ikke har noen film, naturligvis.

Så vi fortsatte med verkstedet. Og etter hvert kom vi i kontakt med "growth-movement". Spesielt en fyr som ikke ville være med på teaterverkstedet, men som var villig til å betale meg for at jeg skulle sitte og høre på at han fortalte om livet sitt. Etter hvert ble jeg hans Guru, og han fikk seg noen saftige spark bak. Men han spredte om seg med lovord, og til slutt hadde jeg 8–10 timer om dagen opptatt med rådgivning — også i ekteskaps- og familiespørsmål! Folk kom til meg for å snakke bort problemene sine.

Litt etter litt kom vi ut av growth-perioden. Hele tiden hadde vi fortsatt med teaterverkstedene — to ganger i uka. Poenget var hele tiden å komme hverandre inn på livet.

"Et show som stoler på at folk tackler følelsene sine uten å bli lullet inn i dritt."

Det som kanskje betydde mest for utviklingen av gruppa var at i to hele år var det ikke tale om løse seksuelle forbindelser mellom oss. Det gjorde at vi kunne arbeide med fysisk nærhet uten å sette grenser, og uten å risikere å utvikle seksuelle spenninger/knuter. Det utviklet den psykiske nærheten i gruppa på en veldig god måte.

Det å være terapeut og guru har aldri vært poenget. Jeg gjør alltid det jeg har lyst til å gjøre, og hvis det er nødvendig at folk betaler meg for å snakke om seg selv, så gjerne for meg.

Utenom revyen har vi satt opp en del stykker. Blant annet et hvor en del av skuespillerne kom inn i salen på samme måte som publikum. Og som en del av stykket begynte de å ta av seg klærne og bevege seg sakte og mykt rundt i salen. Siden publikum ikke viste at de var skuespillere, begynte de å gjøre det samme. Det fungerte veldig godt.









Vi har også satt opp et stykke som heter Glamor. Det handlet om tre striptease-danserinner på North Beach. Da vi arbeidet med stykket, tok vi tre virkelige jenter som modell, og vi kunne komme og se på showet deres opp til 5 kvelder i uka. Det var både fordi vi trengte en unnskyldning for å bli kjent med den, og fordi de numrene de spilte var veldig spesielle: fulle av liv. To av jentene var veldig unge, så unge som det vel er mulig å være i den bransjen. En av dem hadde forresten en virkelig god sangstemme som hun sikkert kunne ha gjort noe med.

Dette var den første gangen Myra, som nå gjør Honky Tonk Woman, var med. For henne var det virkelig hardt å komme inn i det. Naturligvis ville hun det selv, men ofte klarte hun det slett ikke. Myra var en helt annen person på den tiden. Hun kunne få gråteanfallet og enkelte kvelder var det umulig for henne å gå ut på scenen. Vi måtte sende publikum hjem og gi dem pengene tilbake.

Jenta som hun brukte som modell gjorde et sado-aktig nummer. Ellers var det en jente som nærmest marsjerte fram og tilbake på scenen, uten å forandre uttrykk, eller å synge, hun gikk til og med bak kulisser for å kle av seg. Den tredje var bare herlig sexy.

Salen var satt opp som i en porno-klubb med småbord. Publikum gikk rett inn uten å betale inngangsbillett. Vi serverte eplesaft som kostet det inngangsbilletten ville ha kostet.

Et annet stykke var Mab. Det var et heroisk stykke fra førkristent Irland. Et seriøst stykke. Vi var i kontakt med forfatteren og spurte ham om han hadde noe imot at vi tolket

det på vår egen måte. Vi hadde ikke tenkt å forandre på linjene, bare på scenebildet. Han var positiv, og sa at vi til og med kunne bli enige om å forandre på enkelte linjer. Det var en stor og kraftig kar som spilte krigshelten, men han snakket med en tynn spinkel stemme og hadde på seg disse brillene som har en innebygd sprutegreie.

En av scenene i stykket var at helten fortalte om kampene han hadde vært med i. Vi tok en masse lysbilder, som viste de mest groteske nedslaktningsscener, som vi viste parallelt med at han fortalte.

Kongen og dronningen i stykket hadde to konkubiner som de hadde

et slags sutteklut-forhold til, — vi overdrev det en smule til at de kysset og klemte på dem i ett øyeblikk og i det neste, bokstavelig talt, kastet dem rundt omkring på scenen.

Forfatteren ble virkelig blek da han så hva vi gjorde. Ved premieren sa han ikke et ord, og gikk for stykket var ferdig.

—Hva kommer til å skje med revyen?

—Hvem vet.

—Har dere andre prosjekter på gang?

—Jeg holder på å skrive en bok om trivialiteter. Som starter med en liste over filmene jeg liker, og fortsetter med historiens viktige oppfinnelser.





Der vil jeg også ha med et kapittel om hvert år av mitt liv.

Jeg holder også på å skrive en erotisk bok sammen med en av jentene i gruppa. Vi kommer sammen en gang i uka og "leser" for hverandre de ca. 5 nye sidene vi har skrevet siden sist.

—Du spurte meg om jeg hadde lyst til at du skulle male meg. Hva med malingen?

—Jeg kan ikke male klær, så det er bare når folk vil stå nakenmodell at jeg kan male dem. Det er en fin måte å bli kjent med folk på. Det rare er at jeg selger bildene. Jeg har hatt en del utstillinger i kafeer rundt i Berkeley, og det var salget av et bilde som finansierte turen til Los Angeles.

**"I to år prøvde vi å få musikere til å skjønnere at vi vil være upolerte. Det ble et korstog vi måtte gi opp ... og i stedet begynte vi å spille selv."**

—Hvorfor er det rart at du får solgt dem? Syns du ikke de er bra selv?

—De er blitt bedre...

Jeg har filmprosjekter også. Akkurat nå ser det ut som om vi får finansiering for en film. Den skal handle om en gutt i rullestol som ikke tør ta opp kampen med skolens sports-

løve om pikens gunst. Det er først når han ved hjelp av sin gode gudfar får øynene opp for at han er drepende kjedelig at han tar opp kampen og kaster seg ut i morskapen.

—Har det noe med dine opplevelser å gjøre?

—Jeg var slik selv. Jeg trodde jeg var stygg og derfor skjedde det ingenting. Det var ikke det at jeg gjemte meg bort, — jeg gjorde en masse forskjellig, som å haikke f.eks. Men jeg holdt igjen, behersket meg i stedet for å projisere meg selv.

Det fungerte ikke, så jeg bestemte meg for å late som om jeg trodde jeg var vakker. Og fordi jeg klarte å late som 100%, så glemte jeg at det bare var noe jeg lot som.

—Er det fremdeles noe du later som?

—Hvilken rolle spiller det?

—Kan du utdype hva du mener med å ta sjanser?

—Når du blir involvert med mennesker uten å sette grenser, er det å ta en sjanse, og det er morsommere. Når en har et seksuelt forhold, er erotikk en del av det forholdet. Men det er mulig å ha erotiske forhold uten sex. Risikoen tar en når en ber om det en vil ha i forholdet til andre mennesker. Det virker som om folk kan møtes og ha forhold, hvor enten det er bevisst eller ikke så tillater de forholdet å eksistere innenfor rammene for det aksepterte. Det er ikke på tale å gå utover grensene, og begge føler seg fornøyd med forholdet slik det er. Men hvis du går inn i et forhold og ber om det du ønsker, da må du ta en sjanse, fordi du kan — og vil ofte — bevege deg utenfor rammene av det som er OK.

**"Jeg vil at revyen skal være uskyldig, lekende og framfor alt upolert."**

—Hvorfor synes folk at revyen er for kontroversiell? En gruppe mennesker som ganske uskyldig spiller ut sine fantasier og lyster, burde ikke være så ille?

—Hvorfor har ikke publikum det like morsomt som oss? Det kan være fordi vi river unnskyldningene bort under beina på dem. Unnskyldningene for ikke å gjøre det de har lyst til.

—Hvorfor er det viktig at revyen er uskyldig?

—Fordi vi vil ha det morsomt. Og fordi jeg ikke har noe valg. Jeg er dum, og får ikke tak i mye av det







# San Francisco Examiner

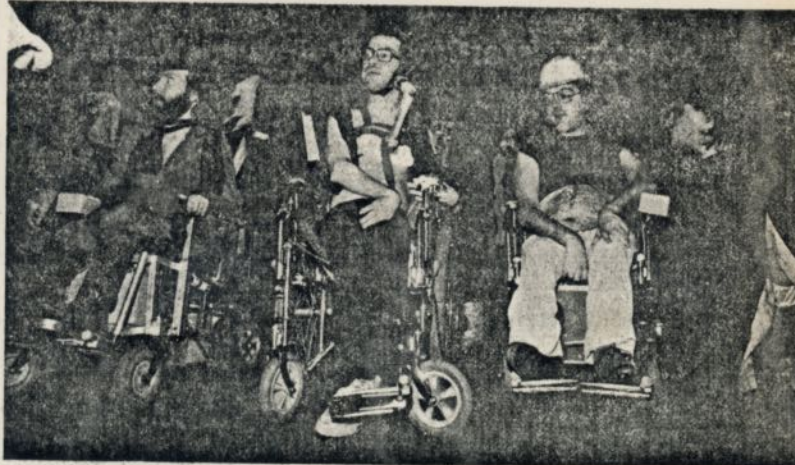
Friday, January 4, 1980 S.F. EXAMINER—Page 3

**'We're the dirty foam on the New Wave . . . the Woolworth Wave of total tacky fun'**



Last night's First Non-Anniversary of the Outrageous Beauty Revue at Mabuhay Gardens (at left and below) strove mightily to reach and transcend the outer limits of bad taste, but there may be some limits so elastic as to never be breached while civilization continues its onward march

Examiner/Chris Hardy



By Bill Boldenweck

To attempt to convey in words the action, and the sense, of a presentation at the Mabuhay Gardens is, at best, to attempt to shovel moonbeams during a full moon on a stormy night.

Perhaps it will suffice to explain that the old Punk Rock, which is now passe, has been replaced by New Wave, which, as with any outgrowth movement, attempts to outstrip the previous rock—or sexual—movement.

Thus it is that while Punk Rock counted on sleaze, grossness, and tackiness for its thrills, its practitioners—perhaps in their innocence—were unable to reach the outer limits of bad taste.

The participants at last night's First Non-Anniversary of the Outrageous Beauty Revue strove mightily to reach and transcend those limits. But there may be some limits so elastic as to never be breached, as civilization continues its march onward.

Perhaps it might summarize the affair to note that the first act of the show involved a handicapped person in a motorized wheelchair, who was subjected to a series of unspeakable indignities by "Nurse Jackie," while he—and the audience—lapped it up.

Or to note that one of the stars of the show was another wheelchair-bound person without control of his limbs, who drew applause by more or less waving them more or less in time with an old Sonny and Cher recording.

The mistress of ceremonies proclaimed triumphantly to the audience of several hundred: "We're the dirty foam on the New Wave, the Woolworth Wave of total tacky fun."

She was clad in a long green garment bedecked, as was her hair, in Christmas tree lights, which during certain numbers she was able to flash sort of in time with the music by plugging and unplugging them rapidly.

Not your multi-colored lights, mind, just plain clear lights. Other numbers were performed, as it were, by one Steve Hoffman, who drew applause by singing, "I'm a sweet transvestite from transsexual Transylvania," a number from the ever-popular Rocky Horror Picture Show.

Proponents of Punk and New Wave maintain that the antics are disgusting to middle class types because they are satires on the grossness of modern society, a mirror of the awfulness of it all, a travesty of materialism, insensitivity, crassness, and all the psychic sins of today's world.

Perhaps so. But the Parisians have had their Grand Guignol for a whole lot of years, and the jaded can always count on getting a good shock for their francs, a jolt of titillation to ease away the boredom. It's made a pretty good living for the proprietors.

And with a couple of hundred persons paying \$4.50 a pop to view and even participate, the Mabuhay wasn't doing too badly either.

The heirs of Punk Rock



# Chronicle

JOHN L. WASSERMAN



Debbie (left) and unidentified beauty contest entrant

## 'Beauty' Comes To the Gardens

IT'S STILL FRIDAY, October 20, 1978 — the Night of the Living Dead.

The intrepid Gary Fong, notorious Chronicle *paparazzo*, and your humble travel agent have already done the Hooker's Ball VIP Party at the Cow and the Rock and Roll Clones at the Waldorf.

### The World's Oldest Profession and the World's Oddest Profession.

Now it's time to go to work. "Enough of this Middle America crap," Fong bellows, pulling on the formica-surgery nose of an ersatz Elvis Presley. "Let's get down."

"Cut the scrutible number, Fong," I bark, "or I'll have you busted back to taking mugs for the Question Man."

I check my "Weekly Bay Area Outrageous Beauty Contest" press release. "This cult series," it says, "will provide a showcase for new talent, with large doses of tackiness and bad taste."

"All right!" Fong howls, dousing his Kodak Instamatic with yet another bottle of 7-Up.

We enter the Mabuhay Gardens, hard by the corner of Broadway and Montgomery. Ordinarily, the Mabuhay is a serene and genteel site, a punk-rock Lourdes featuring nothing more bizarre than the traditional chicken decapitations and unison vomiting.

But a couple of weeks ago, a Berkeley commune-collective, the Theater of Human Melting, staged the "First Bay Area Outrageous Beauty Contest" at the Mabuhay and the resultant inundation of freaks, exhibitionists and the seriously deranged was so heartening that the event has become a weekly one.

As we sat down, taking care to avoid the tidy piles of refuse everywhere, a master and mistress of ceremonies wobbled to stage right as a crew of derelicts laid a plastic covering on the floor. "Before Anne does her exotic act," the master announced somberly, "she asks that you refrain from licking."

Without a word, I got up and prepared to depart. "Where are you going?" Fong cried, dropping his light meter in a hibachi.

"The press," I said, "will not be shackled. I would rather see Myron Farber rot in jail than acquiesce to such pre-conditions."

"HE SAID 'LICKING,' round eyes," Fong said dryly, "not 'looking.'"

"Oh."

Jane waddled on stage, attired in an overextended bikini, and commenced to spray herself, the floor and the ecstatic ringsiders with whipped cream. The audience cheered.

"That's what I would call an ocean of calamine lotion," the m.c. observed.

Then all the contestants lined up on stage. Unfortunately, we had missed the previous orchestrations, but the contestants numbered five — four women and one man with cerebral palsy. "He sang 'With a Little Help From My Friends,' sort of a Joe Cocker imitation," I was told.

Drat. I always miss the good stuff.

After a winner had been declared (it had something to do with dicing a dildo in a Cuisinart), Debbie, a Melting Theater spokesette, explained that "We want to put on a show where people can have fun and do anything. Fun is weird."

She promised if I came back another time, I might be able to watch Steve eating spaghetti on the floor. "He says if you feel you can't laugh, it's best to leave."

How true.

"Maybe we could go to Tommaso's and pick up some spaghetti out-takes there," Fong said helpfully. "Who would know the difference?"

It's now midnight. We head back for the Hooker's Ball. The floor of the Cow Palace is teeming with fruitcakes. Thousands peer and parade to the tune of political harangues and rock and roll. We split a half hour later.

I can hardly wait for Halloween.





Brian Fedorow cried out his joy when he and his partner won the outrageous beauty contest

**'It was dynamite'**

## Punk: a stinking success

By Ivan Sharpe

The music was atrocious. The costumes were sick. And the behavior of the performers was obscene and disgusting. The whole show, in fact, was such a tasteless, tedious travesty you had to wonder about the mentalities of those who staged it.

But the audience loved every minute of it, in spite of being spat upon and showered with everything from scanty underwear to smelly liquids.

"It was dynamite," enthused artist Mark Redlay, 33, as the stage mess was being cleaned up. "Total madness, absurd and perverted," theatrical agent Harold Adler agreed happily.

The place was Broadway's Mabuhay Gardens, cacophonous home of punk rock. And the occasion Saturday night was the first annual Outrageous Beauty Contest.

Organizer was Berkeley's Theatre of Human Melting. "We wanted to have some fun so we decided to do a spoof of beauty contests," said Diane Hall, one of the emcees.

"We were planning something quiet and low key, but it turned out to be much more outrageous than we expected.

"It's just been a wild, crazy night," she gasped after contestant Steve Hoffman wrestled her to the floor and tore off her blonde hairpiece, forcing her to wear a brown paper bag for the rest of the evening.

Mariah Ureel, 23, a petite construction worker, entered the contest because "it was a chance to go right over the edge on stage."

She dripped fake blood from a gruesome head mask, ripped open her T-shirt, writhed erotically on stage and amused the audience with a comedy routine that can only be described as outrageously obscene.

"Why humiliate yourself on stage?" contestant Nancy Kustron, in a weird cavewoman's costume, was asked. "Why? Because it's fun," she replied brightly. Later she had more fun by pushing a cream pie into organizer Frank Moore's face.

Jackie Strebin, almost nude under a layer of silver paint, confided, "My worst fear is that people will find out what I'm really like."



Examiner / Greg Robinson

**Mariah Ureel was outrageously obscene**

"A — — — — — s!" she screamed at the judges, when she failed to make the list of finalists.

Runnerup Helen Phillips, a student from London, said she entered from boredom. "I needed something to excite me," she shrugged.

"Let's give her a cheer for sincerity," yelled one of the emcees when she replied to a question about whether she would marry a midget: "I would if he loved me."

Fashion designer Brian Fedorow, 24, cried when he and his partner were declared the winners. "I've never been happier in my life," he gushed. Highlight of their performance was a disgustingly orgasmic parody of the action in a hair salon.

Just how outrageous was the show? Well, the winner by audience acclaim of the most outlandishly dressed spectator contest was a sweet little, blonde named Diva.

She wore a perfectly ordinary dress and is just 5 years old.



# The Outrageous Beauty Pageant

**Cripples, punks and  
lustly ladies make  
music and mayhem at  
San Francisco's  
Mabuhay Gardens**

Article and Photos by Rollin' Jack

**T**he raunchiest part of San Francisco's Broadway strip is only two or three blocks long, so a lot of sleaze has to pack in close. Bottomless joints, coed strippers, nude encounter parlors, adult book shops, belly dance restaurants, porno movie houses—they're all crowded in, sometimes one atop the other. Barkers at the doors of the sex palaces will do virtually anything to get you to come inside, but as Frank Moore was wheeled by



*Frank Moore, the organizer of the show, converses with friend.*

on the way from the Mabuhay Gardens, where he has just performed with his Berkeley-based Theater of Human Melting, no one invited him in.

The Mabuhay Gardens, called "The Mab" by its denizens, is down at the east



*The Superheroes get it on.*

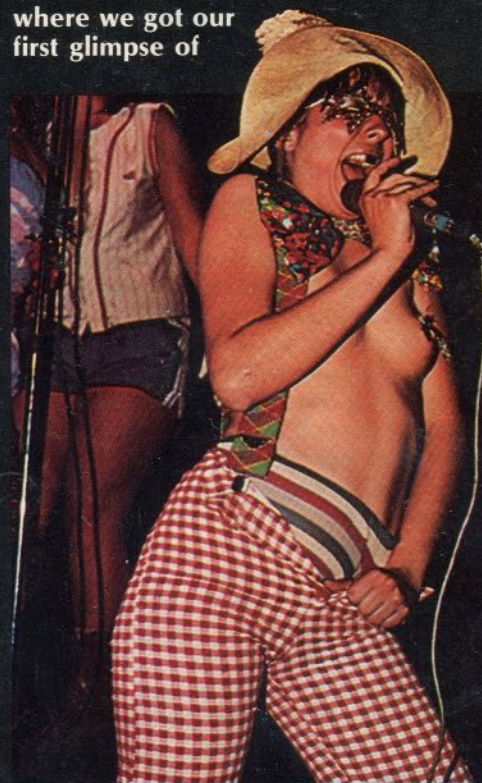
end of Broadway, a Filipino restaurant now transmuted into the San Francisco center for New Wave music—"punk," as it's familiarly known.

My partner and I approached it one night to take in a purportedly scandalous theatrical event, "The Outrageous Beauty Pageant," which we'd seen written up in a local porn-and-pen-pal tabloid. The Mab is a long low room with a stage at one end, a bar in a large room off to the side, and a pervasive smell of stale beer, urine, and, oddly enough, pasta. All these smells explain themselves after sticking through an entire evening of cabaret, earsplitting music and audience participation. The punk cult of the ugly comes prepared to show its



*The chocolate pudding champ earns cheers and chuckles.*

affection by tossing cooked spaghetti and spraying foamy beer on its musicians. They further claim the Mab as punk space, liberating the toilets by necking in mixed couples among the deliberately shattered beer bottles and predictably gross graffiti. This night, early in the evening, a scattering of thrill-seekers had accumulated in the audience, but the mood was lighter, the milling performers exotic but warm, something compelling in the air. A knot of people, several wheelchairs among them, were assembled down front. That's where we got our first glimpse of



*Superheroes lead loosens her lungs.*

Frank Moore.

After the show, as we talked for hours in the tiny deli across the street, a woman behind the counter, consumed with curiosity, said, "Mister, may I ask you something?" Frank looked up at her. "Were you . . . in a . . . an accident or something?" "No," read Linda from Frank's board, "I have been like this since birth."

Frank is a quadriplegic, with



Bras and "blood" in a big musical production number.



PARTNER correspondent, Rollin' Jack, works fingers to the bone.



The Sexual Robots make Frank Moore face the muff music.

only a minor ability to control his arms and legs. He is mute, but can produce sounds, laugh, and display clear emotions. Wheelchair-bound, he must be carried from place to place when he's not in his chair. Saliva drips from his mouth, clotting in his beard or falling onto the wooden alphabet board in front of him. This board is mounted like a tray on the arms of Frank's chair, and it is his voice. His name, Frank Moore, runs across the top (useful if someone says, "Hi. What's your name?") and a large group of often-used words like "yes," "no," "he," "with," "and," and so forth, are lettered down both sides; at the center is an alphabet and below it the ten Arabic numerals.

Frank wears a head harness, made of leather and decorated with hand-tooling, which goes across his brow, over the top of his head, and under his chin, where it fastens. Where the straps cross at the center of his forehead, there is a leather socket, in which is mounted a length of dowsling that looks like half a pool cue, with a rubber tip at its end. Frank indicates words and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 30



Peter (far right) is "treated" by his dominatrix nurse.



Flash shots from "Tracy with Classic Greek Statues" skit.





# Outrageous

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

letters with his pointer, and whoever talks with him must read the words and letters aloud, so that Frank will know you've understood. Much of the time we talked to him he worked with Linda, who knows him well and anticipates much of what he intends to say, sometimes needing only a few words or even a few letters. It quickly becomes very easy to talk to Frank, and I smiled to realize that very often he was patiently waiting for me to catch up to him.

The Outrageous Beauty Pageant is narrated by a blonde-wigged woman who does her own version of Gilda Radner playing Rosanne Rosannadanna. She particularly likes to discuss movies and movie star scandals. With her as backup is a stocky mustached man wearing a hat, a short-sleeved shirt, and a pair of army drill Bermuda shorts, who interjects a few words.

When an audience member asked her occupation, she answered, truthfully as it turned out, "construction worker," and went on to describe the "itty bitty pieces of fiberglass that get under your nails when you put in the insulation . . . you know . . ."

Frank is on stage with two beautiful women, performing Sexual Robots. The Pageant's skits are four or five minutes long, strung together like beads on a string. The images of Frank, slumped in a metal lounge chair, covered and uncovered by the gyrating women over him, are frozen by the flashing strobe illumination into tiny jewels set within this bead. The music is loud and wailing. These robots, says the narrator, are designed to fulfill any sexual fantasy. In the flashes, we see Frank's torso undulating wildly; the women are moving constantly, sitting

on his face, plunging a head between his legs, rubbing back and forth over his body.

From the East Coast, Frank moved to Sante Fe, New Mexico, where he spent a year just being a hippie, then to San Bernardino, California, and finally to the San Francisco Bay area, seeking compatible friends and co-workers, attracting them to him one by one. He tried the streets, talking to anyone who would pause and make the effort. He met Linda, a fugitive from the growth movement, who found working in a travel agency a more basic way to enlightenment. Frank wheeled in one day and said, "You'd be great in this play I'm doing." She was.

Steve Hoffman kneels on a low raised platform down center stage, a three-woman backup singing group behind him. He imitates John Belushi imitating Joe Cocker (imitating Steve Hoffman to complete the circle.) Nature has prepared him for the role. His hands flair awkwardly, his body twists, his facial muscles contort, his legs won't support him. He bellows "A Little Help From My Friends," his words garbled almost beyond understanding. Steve captures the spirit of Cocker much more eloquently than Belushi, twitching, staring vacantly at the audience, and periodically swigging from a bottle, dribbling it all over himself. It's an excruciatingly funny bit, and gets explosions of laughter from the crowd.

Frank is now based in Berkeley, and the group of people around him has grown to about thirty, most of whom have performed in the show at one time or another. They are divided between group households and a few single-family living units. Most of them are paired—Frank's wife, Debbie, is not there this evening—and do not have sex outside their pairs, but they are freely erotic within the group. In neither their shows nor the private workshop they do together every week is there any actual sex or violence, though part of their group technique is to allow one person the center of a circle and the time to demand anything he wants of the rest of the participants.

In her flat Rosanne delivery, the narrator, Diane, announces, "Tracy with Classic Greek Statues." The lights go off, and in the dimness figures move. The lights go on, and there is tall, voluptuous Tracy draped nakedly à la a classic Venus. She holds the pose in the bright light, changes to another when they go off. She tries not to laugh.

What do you want to get across in theater? I asked Frank. "Not to be serious and not get too polished," he said. "We've discovered the freedom to be crazy and wacky." Are you making a political statement? "No." A pause. "There is, but if we stated it, it would be counter to what we're doing. We're

CONTINUED ON PAGE 71



# Outrageous

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

sneaky about getting our statement across. We con people into closeness." What's your basic thing? "Personal closeness and the responsibility that comes from that."

Dottie roams the audience, naked under a dayglow shift, her face twisted in utter madness, uttering delighted little gurgles and great whooping bellows of joy and appreciation. Over chairs and tables she scrambles, looking as though she's prepared to sit on the first face that shows itself. The audience quails away from her. A follow-spot tries to keep up with her. "She's got real stage presence," comes the nasal Rosanna voice from the darkened stage, "Real natural grace." Before Dottie is able to really get into it with some unfortunate beer drinker, she is removed forcibly by a white-uniformed female attendant.

Frank Moore and his group are putting together their own theater in Berkeley. When it's done, they'll be able to perform theatrically without many of the cabaret restrictions placed on them at the Mab because alcohol is sold there. "Dirk keeps telling us to wear pasties," says Nina in the restaurant, "but they always fall off." What are Frank's goals in his new theater? "I have no goals," he said, "but I would like to get people to be more colorful and playful."

Peter is in a wheelchair, his arms and legs atrophied. He speaks distinctly. Left alone with him, his uniformed nurse abruptly switches personalities, strips to her black dominatrix underwear, and proceeds to torture Peter, dancing about him, growling evilly at him, spraying him with body wastes and with blood. Peter begs for mercy, but the cruel nurse will show him none.

In the group, everyone has the freedom to be "wacky and erotic." They use no drugs or alcohol. "If you want to be close to someone, you express it through sex. If you have sex with someone you're not close to, it can confuse the nature of the relationship. So why not keep having sex until you get to such a level of closeness that you become free to be physical and erotic with the entire group?"

It is late in the show. The audience has filled with New Wave uglies who are anxious for the deafening music to begin and can't figure out what the fuck is happening on the stage. There is an occasional catcall, and a rain of popcorn is falling steadily, but the Outrageous Beauty Pageant has gotten them in its clutches, as it has gotten me.

After the acts—the female Elvis Presley imitator, the fifties rock star dressed in black who sings "Leader of

the Pack" as groupies howl at him from the audience, several musical numbers by the Superheros, including their best, "Here Comes Success,"—comes the finale. A table with white linen is brought onstage; on it is placed a large bowl of warm noodles and another of what proved to be chocolate pudding. "Oh, oh!" thought I, and moved my chair back a little. We had been told "no violence," but not "no chocolate pudding." Seated at the table in a wheelchair, dressed in a bathrobe, a pipe stuck between his teeth, is a man with a fixed smile on his face. For some time he sits, totally motionless, then abruptly hurls himself forward into the table, knocking it, its contents, and himself to the floor. He writhes about in the noodles and pudding, trying to get a bit to eat in the process, and working himself out of his robe to be revealed nude except for jockey shorts. The lights dim on his total ruination, he is carried off stage, and the stage crew begins an extensive clean-up, broken glass and all, in preparation for the first punk musical group. Part of what this theater is about, I thought, is cleaning up your act.

I found that I had indeed been conned by Frank and his Outrageous Beauties into seeing the beauty of these disabled people, their capacity for sensuality and emotion, their physical capacities which are masked by the public's preconceived notions about life in a wheelchair. Often, there is more function than appears at first sight. They are reaching out for feeling and response, just as we all are. Laughs and applause are an affirmation of our mutual humanity and a means of coming closer. I should note again that I was conned. Only a small portion of the cast was disabled, and the subject of their show was not that at all. As theater their acts are rough and unpolished, but as human drama they do go beyond the growth movement in their direct impact on the observer. As cabaret, the apparent motive forces of sex and outrageous costume carry the performance past the Mab's audience, one that has come to take a perverse pleasure in appearing ugly. Frank and his Theater of Human Melting give a first appearance of ugliness but, in the end, rise above all apparent physical setting as the Outrageous Beauties they really are.









JACKIE SHINES ON



Inside: Winter Entertainment  
Independent Journal

Nov. 29-Dec. 6

Vol. 9 No. 49

# FUNFINDER

MAGAZINE

## WINNERS



### TACKY ORGY OF BAD TASTE

Think you're a jaded snob . . . think there's no way you can be shocked, offended, or despoiled any further? Think again, my dissolute friends, because the Second Anniversary of the Outrageous Beauty Revue & Costume Ball is rearing its awful head once again. This orgy of bad taste will also feature the world's best bad band, the Superheros, other semi-stars, awful entertainment and also a \$1,000 (in prizes) award for the person in the audience wearing the most erotic outrageous costume (along with other prizes, too). Peeping Toms, gather at the Fab Mab, 443 Broadway, S.F. Dec. 4 at 8:30 pm. Call 540-0907.



# Events

Thursday

**OUTRAGEOUS BEAUTY REVUE —**  
A freaky bunch will compete for prizes for most outrageous and erotic costumes from 8:30 p.m. at the Mabuhay Gardens, 443 Broadway.

SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE

November 30-December 6, 1980

# DATEBOOK

A section of the San Francisco  
Sunday Examiner and Chronicle



## Outrageous Revue

Monsters such as the above participate in the Outrageous Beauty Revue, bidding for \$1000 in prizes (for most outrageous erotic costume) Thursday at 8:30 p.m. at the Mabuhay Gardens, 443 Broadway.



# NEW WEST

JUNE 18, 1979

Entertainment/  
Michael Branton

## THE SHOWOFFS MUST GO ON

"... At best, 'Open Mikes' give blossoming talent a place to grow; at worst, they allow would-be superstars to confront their failings ..."

... session" every cover for players years, co-owner saxophonist himself, To guarantee a solid jam and sign in at the door, but the best playing generally occurs early on.

**Mabuhay Gardens**, 443 Broadway, 956-3315. "The Bay Area Outrageous Beauty Pageant" every Thursday and Saturday 9 to 11 p.m.; \$2 advance, \$3 at the door. This off-the-wall revue, under the direction of spastic Frank Moore (who also performs in the show), incorporates bizarre dance numbers, campy skits, song and mime into a fancifully costumed extravaganza that changes with each performance. As many as 25 entertainers work in each show, going out of their way to prove that beauty is indeed in the eyes of the beholder. Send an eight-by-ten-inch black-and-white photo and description of act to Dirksen/Miller Productions, 1966 California Street, Suite 8, San Francisco 94109.

**The Network Coffeehouse**, 1036 Bush Street, 989-6097. "Open Mike" first Monday of the month 8 p.m. to 10 p.m.; no cover. Conceived as a support mechanism for musicians without local contacts and used as an audition for booking featured entertainers, this program showcases eight to ten acts per night. Performers mostly singing guitarists, but also stand-up comedians and dancers—sign up below, the Mabuhay Gardens' Outrageous Beauty Revue camps it up.

681-07  
8:30 to  
local sta  
songwrite  
jugglers, r  
Performers  
bury area  
lottery system  
acts will go on

**The Owl &**  
9th Avenue, 66  
every Thursday 8  
Performers sign up  
strictly-music progr  
mostly folk or folk-ro  
A lottery then selects  
each allowed fifteen  
songs.

**Paul's Saloon**, 325  
922-2456. "Bluegrass Jan  
day 9 p.m. to 1 a.m.; no cover  
tent bluegrass-oriented m  
welcome to attend this weekly hoedown,  
where professional players lead an ever-  
changing line-up through mostly tradi-



Photographed by Cindy Charles



August '79

# High Times



Ed Rosenthal

Girls of the golden West shake their booty at Mabuhay.

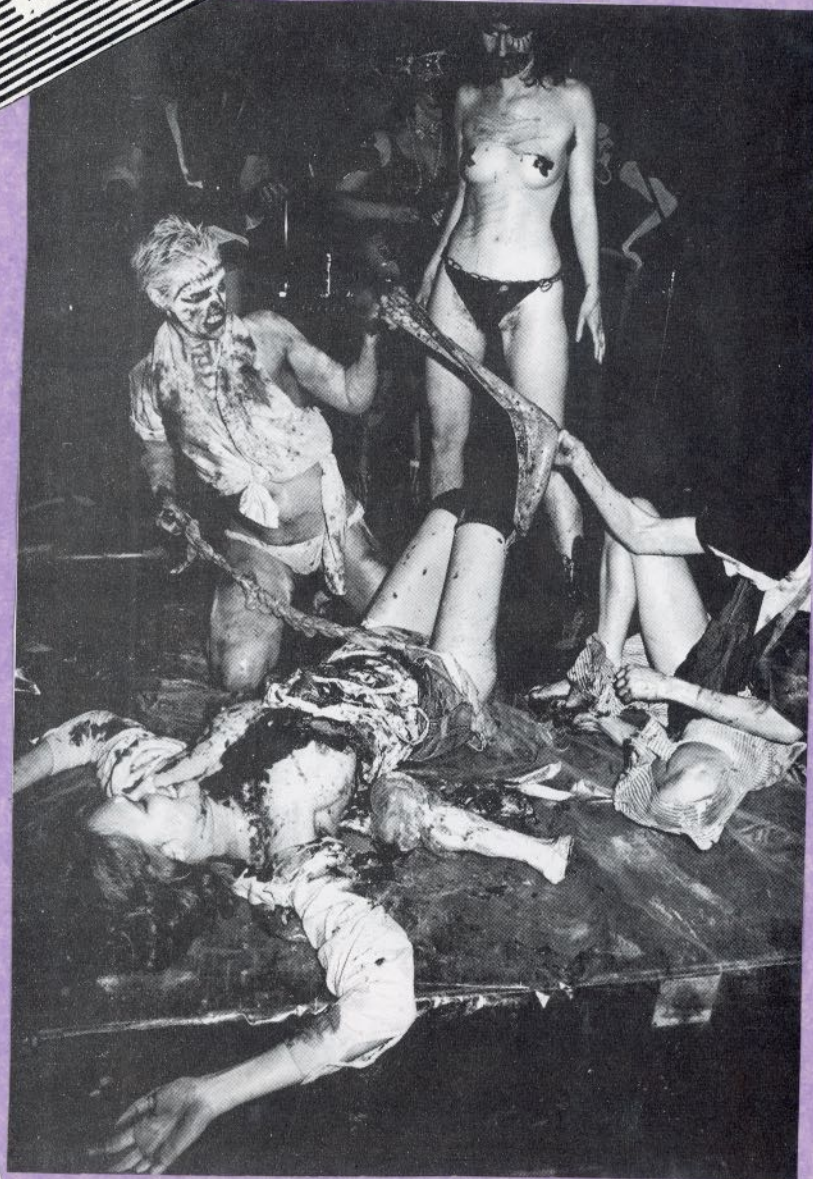
San Francisco's North Beach punk mecca **Mabuhay Gardens** has the dubious distinction of hosting a weekly **Outrageous Beauty Contest**. The gonzo review, spotlighting trends and attitudes of the West Coast new wave, features a cast of exhibitionists and weirdos directed by **Frank**, a paraplegic who sometimes appears as the victim in one of the S&M skits.



# Famatic

## FILTHY FUN

Pictured here, outtakes from THE OUTRAGEOUS BEAUTY REVUE, an annual gala at the Fab Mab (Mabuhay Gardens, 443 Broadway, San Francisco), where this year \$3,000 in prizes were disseminated, including \$1,000 to the costume which stretched the limits of bad taste the furthest. The event is hosted by Frank Moore, a paraplegic, who sometimes appears as the victim in one of the S&M skits. This year the San Francisco Superheroes headlined the event, which is packed with stars, bands and media junkies who have nothing else to do out there where the world ends.



WINTER / SPRING  
1981





STEVE AS JOE COCKER

ALWAYS BRINGS THE HOUSE DOWN



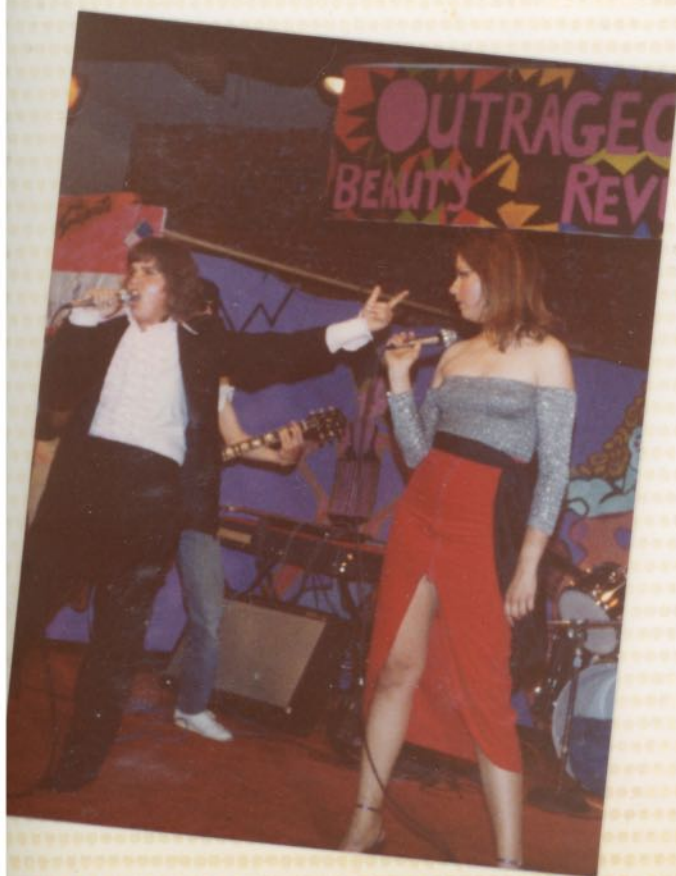
JACKIE, THE CONSTRUCTION WORKER







## THE SUPERHEROS







AMI IN "PARADISE"- OUR ANSWER TO MEATLOAF









CATHERINE & AMI





IN "PARADISE"





BI & BRIAN COOK UP A HIT



Velvet Magazine April/May 1981

PHOTOS  
BY  
DAVE  
PATRICK

# THE ★ OUTRAGEOUS ★ BEAUTY ★ REVUE

***Fun With Bad Taste!***

A little more than two years ago, Frank Moore thought of a way for him and his friends to overcome boredom. The cerebral palsy victim spelled it out for his co-horts, literally, by tapping out a message on a Ouija board, using a stick strapped







to his forehead. The result is the Outrageous Beauty Revue, a show far different than any you've ever seen.

The Revue began "as something to do together that was fun," Moore says. The event was supposed to occur only once, but Dirk Dirksen, owner of the Mabuhay Gardens in North Beach, California, where the event occurred, begged them back. Now the Cadavers

rip make-believe entrails from hapless victims, wheelchair-bound men sing "Macho Man," or are violated by a "nurse," and nearly naked girls dance and prance to give the audience its money's worth — less than \$5 — every Saturday.

Surprisingly, the audience consists of a vast cross-section of Americans, and a Revue spokesman told VELVET that the people who enjoy the















tasteless, irreverent acts are "middle-class, middle-aged straights." While the audience continues to grow, the performances are accomplished by the same group of about 30 friends who started the phenomenon. However, Moore is always glad to look at a new act to see if it has the gross-out potential necessary to include it in the Revue.

Most of these scenes are from the Second Annual Revue, a special celebration that some audience members attend wearing costumes designed to out-foul the regulars. The winner received \$1,158 worth of prizes, most of them as purposely tacky as the show, and there was even a reward (Rod McKuen poetry books) for the duller and most

boring entries.

Moore says the only reason the Outrageous Beauty Revue hasn't gone on the road is that it hasn't received an invitation yet. And that's a shame, since this is a show that America shouldn't miss, especially if the only other choice is *That's Incredible*. Compared to the Revue, all of television is *Romper Room*. ▀



THEATER

COMEDY/CABARET/MIME

**Outrageous Beauty Contest:** Theater of Human Melting presents yet more oddball, bad-taste beauty contests, Thurs., 9 pm, Mabuhay Gardens, 443 Broadway, SF, \$2, 526-1592.

# The San Francisco Bay Guardian

## MONDO BIZARRO

THE SAN FRANCISCO BAY GUARDIAN, DECEMBER 21, 1978

Outrageous beauty contestants Mariah Vreel, Nancy Kustron and Jackie Strebin.



The bad taste of the Death Angels is exceeded only by the amateurs involved in our city's own *Outrageous Beauty Contest*. Contestants vie with one another for the (unofficial) title of most revolting. Participants in past contests have sprayed themselves with whipped cream, sported gory gashes and performed "erotic" acts on stage. The whole show has a strong punk overtone, suitable for the Mabuhay Gardens where the contest is

held. Contenders compete in tackiness for a \$100 prize on Dec. 27, 8:30 pm. The grand gala event is the New Year's Eve contest at 8:30 p.m., which pits all the best (or the worst) of past contestants against one another for a new low in grossness. Winners receive cash and prizes for their efforts. Mabuhay Gardens, 443 Broadway, SF, \$3, 956-3315.

★ ★ ★

—Susan Shepard













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#### INSIDE THIS ISSUE

THE GROSSEST SHOW  
ON EARTH: Shocking sex  
spectacular staged in freaky  
Frisco./Page 4

PAGE 4 NOVEMBER 26, 1979

# THE GROSSEST Show on Earth

An exclusive  
**SCREW** report  
on the vile and crazy  
**Outrageous Beauty Revue**  
at San Francisco's **Mabuhay Gardens**



WITH THE GREATEST OF SLEAZE: Sick chicks, lusty little devils, prurient punks and assorted spastic fantastic lovers freak out weekly at San Francisco perro pageant the Outrageous Beauty Revue.

# SCREW

The Grossest Sex Show Ever: The End of Civilization?



**TEXT BY SPENCER RUMSEY  
PHOTOS BY DAVE PATRICK**

According to the old saw, "Beauty is in the eye of the beholder," and for the jaded eyes of raunch-loving San Franciscans, even the outrageous is beautiful. Behold cripples thrown from their wheelchairs! Watch half-naked women devoured by blood-thirsty ghouls!

Is this the end of American civilization? No such luck—it's just another Saturday Night Satyricon at the *Outrageous Beauty Revue*. Led by a spastic genius named Frank Moore, the Revue has been setting new lows in public taste for over a year at the *Mabuhay Gardens*, San Francisco's "Mondo Bizarro" punk-rock club.

The Revue opens with two half-clothed Neanderthals groveling in a swirling cloud of dry ice to the strains of the theme from 2001. This primeval, fur-covered couple is certainly not Adam and Eve, but they're about to know each other in the biblical sense—or so it seems until the male beast suddenly mutters unintelligibly into a microphone he finds near his feet. Apparently, it's a garbled introduction, because out onstage strolls another unlikely couple who look like the classic American tourists on a fun-filled Roman holiday, complete with Instamatics dangling around their necks.

"Tonight's Revue is dedicated to little Monica Anderson, whose lovely body is slowly turning into stone in Washington, D.C.!" exclaims a woman wearing Christmas-tree lights on her Dolly Parton bouffant hairdo and a vacuum-cleaner hose for a stole. "Poor little kid, she can't even use her toes!"

"Hang in there, kid!" guffaws her sidekick, a goofy-looking guy in sunglasses and Bermuda shorts. Then, they introduce the band, a bunch of strange guys in leopard-skin pants, tube tops and ridiculously tall platform shoes. Dubbed the "Super-heroes," they sound like a group of teenagers practicing in somebody's garage for the Sophomore Hop. The bass guitarist looks nice in drag, but he's no match for the three Beaverettes, who come on next wearing black nylon wigs and torn evening gowns that reveal their breasts.

"You get my beaver—when you fuck me!" sings Cathy, taking the hot mike in her greedy hands as she parodies "Fever" by the McCoys. Sporting long black gloves and a slinky gown slit all the way up her thighs, she's caught beaver fever and it looks contagious. "Beaver all through the night!" she snarls like a bitch in heat. The crowd is drooling for more.

Backed by the Beaverettes, two wild spastics suddenly appear in blackface, tuxedos and wheelchairs, and begin to impersonate the

Righteous Brothers. Although they garble their lyrics, they sing a soulful medley that would drive Motown mad. No wonder the demented punks in the audience love the show—it's not "righteous" at all!

"We hope the audience is responding to the disgusting bad taste onstage," smiles Diane, the kitschy announcer. "We're out to fight good taste, making it, and all that shit. This is the worst show in town." The audience readily agrees—that's why they're there. Then, to really drive home her point, Diane gets up and vacuums the stage. While Donna Summer sings "Hot Stuff," Diane bumps and grinds, holding that vacuum hose like a disco housewife on speed.

**Nurse Jackie  
throws her  
crippled patient  
out of his  
wheelchair, kicks  
him in the groin  
and wallops  
him with an  
enema bag.**

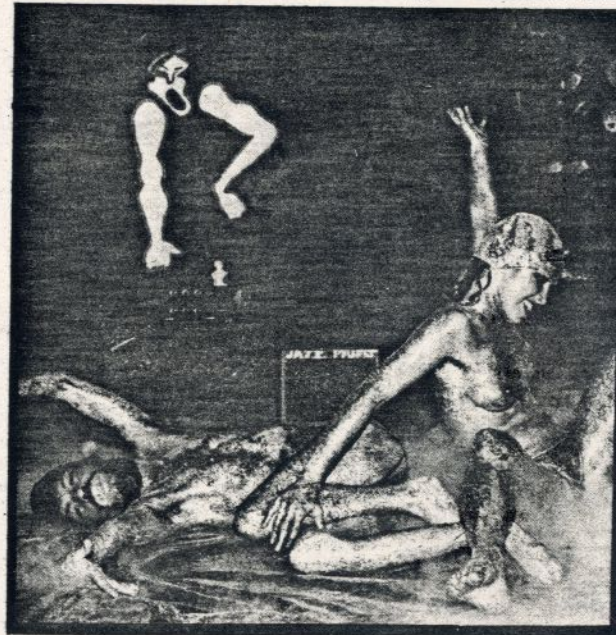
"Now, here is our weekly legendary act," she says brightly and introduces "Joe Cocker." "We've just managed to get him together enough to fly up from L.A.!" With that, a mangy "Joe" struggles out on his knees, clutching a beer as the band launches into "With a Little Help From My Friends." This "Joe" is a true spastic performer—more authentic than his namesake—spilling beer all over himself as he mumbles, stutters, grunts and groans into the mike. It's more Cocker than the old British rocker himself, with his limbs flailing like an epileptic and gobs of sweat dripping down his contorted face.

"Get him off the stage!" laughs the m.c. when the song ends. "I think he's going through convulsions." Who knows? But, the show must go on.

The next number features the sleazy Beaverettes once more in a takeoff on the '50's classic, "The Leader of the Pack," by the Shirelles. "Down! Down!" these ersatz bobby-soxers croon as they start stripping onstage. When the climax comes, they wrap themselves around a macho black-leather biker who stoically roars off on his Harley, followed by the horny woman. But, wait! He crashes in the wings; it's too horrible for words! Their underwear in tatters, the heart-broken girls straggled back, all humping the leader's blood.



DR. STRANGELUST: Revue mentor Moore gabs with Goldstein (top) while weirdos work out (below).





scene from a tacky Greek tragedy. But, the worst is yet to come.

"Speaking of medical problems, here's Nurse Jackie!" says Diane the m.c. as an attractive young woman in white makes her entrance. "Our little answer to socialized medicine!" Diane quips.

"Steve, it's time for your appointment!" Nurse Jackie cries as a cripple named Steve Hofmann wheels himself around a partition. Suddenly, the Devo refrain "Are We Not Men?" starts up, and a wicked smile spreads across Nurse Jackie's face. Quickly, she sheds her uniform and dons a black-leather collar with steel spikes. Florence Nightingale would roll over in her grave.

Steve seems worried. He's helpless as Jackie goes wild, smothering his face with a used sanitary napkin and dumping a urine bottle on his head. Then, she throws him out of his wheelchair and kicks him in the groin with her white shoes. When the nurse threatens to take his temperature with a 10-inch dildo, Steve tries to fight back, but she wallops him with an enema bag. Lunging for the enema hose, Steve pulls Nurse Jackie off balance. In a frenzy, they wrestle across the stage while he rips off her bra with his frantic fingers. The act ends when they roll off the edge of the stage together.

"They're really the best of friends!" Diane explains later. "It could be true that crips have more fun!" Steve actually has had multiple sclerosis, but it obviously hasn't slowed him down.

What happens next makes the grisly horror film *Dawn of the Dead* look like an advertisement for a kosher deli. Looking properly diabolic in his wheelchair, Frank Moore, the Revue's leader, emerges center-stage with a crazed expres-



A TURN FOR THE NURSE: Nurse Jackie and paraplegic patient prepare to go over the edge (below) while bloody bozo meets equally harsh fate (top).

sion on his painted face as the Rolling Stones' "Sympathy for the Devil" fills the club and a strobe light flashes. Then, the Beaverettes join him, their nubile bodies wrapped in clear, shiny, plastic-like adult "party doll" costumes. From the back of the audience, several demons come screaming onstage, and, in the fragmented light, they make mincemeat out of the girls. Guts and gore fly everywhere.

Suddenly, my notebook gets splattered with unidentifiable liquid, and my journalistic objectivity is shattered. (I knew I shouldn't have sat in the front row!) With morbid fascina-

tion, I watch blood dribble down a naked monster's hairy chest while another white-faced devil munches on a fleshy breast. It's total mayhem, and the audience is eating it up. Frank cackles from the eye of the maelstrom, his body twitching uncontrollably with obvious delight. What hath God wrought? I ask myself.

As if that weren't horrifying enough, the Revue concludes with a ballad called "Paradise," from the cult film *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*. The song is about a horny boy and girl playing "baseball" in the front seat of a car, but in the Revue's rendition, they're both women. One wears a dinner jacket, and the other a long, flimsy red evening gown.

"We were barely 17 and we were barely dressed!" croons the "boy" as "he" peels off "his date's" top to kiss her upturned tits. Her lips parted, the girl squirms seductively. Soon, "he" has one hand on the microphone and the other on the "date's" quivering crotch. "It never felt so good," "he" sings. "It never felt so right!" "He" ought to know.

"But, do you love me?" she implores "him" as a wave of adolescent guilt momentarily overcomes her teenage lust. "Will you love me forever?" But, it's too late to stop the old "ballgame" and answer that timeless plea, so they wind up on the floor in a heated love embrace, entangled in the mike chord. The end. Whew! It's hard to believe that so much ground could be covered in just a half-hour show.

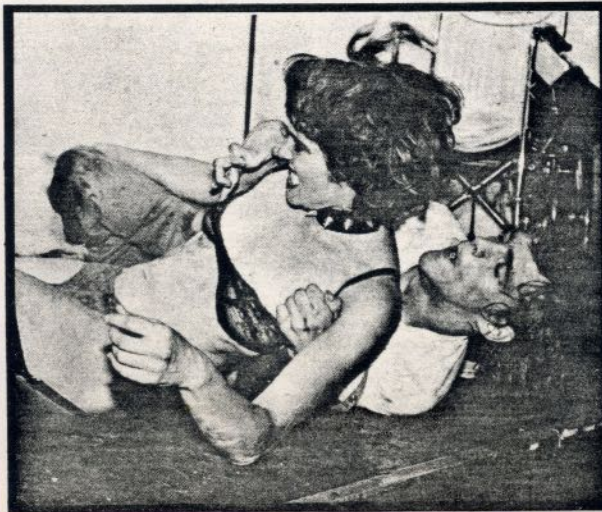
Originally, Frank Moore's fantasy was to put on a twisted beauty pageant for the demimonde. That's what premiered at the *Mabuhay*, with \$500 in prizes for the most bizarre costumes and characters. But, over the months, the show evolved into a more perverse version of *The Gong Show*, Chuck Barris' nightmare.

"We dropped the contest when it seemed limiting," Frank explains after the performance. Through Linda, his pretty interpreter, Frank "speaks" with a pointer attached to a helmet that he rapidly guides over a Ouija board strapped to his red wheelchair. "There were acts we didn't want to put on, so we dropped them," he says, "and added others."

"I met Frank right after he got to Berkeley," adds Linda, a 24-year-old brunette. "He came into the travel agency where I was working and said I'd be great in the play he was doing—after he looked down my dress!" she smirks as Frank grunts approvingly.

Frank describes himself as "a white, 33-year-old male, origin unknown. I am a spastic—not a paraplegic," he points out. Born on an Air Force base, he suffered brain damage at birth when doctors cut off his oxygen supply for three minutes with a pair of forceps.

Even if he could change, Frank says he prefers it this way. "It's my meal ticket!" he explains happily. "Who looks like me except Mick Jagger? He's as funny looking as me!" But, would Bianca settle for second best?





"I have this Revue because I am not normal," Frank says, his eyes rolling uncontrollably and his teeth bared. "If I were normal, I would think I could be good and I'd keep trying to be good. But, I don't think I can be good so I just do what I feel like."

## I watch blood dribble down a naked monster's hairy chest while another munches on a fleshy breast.

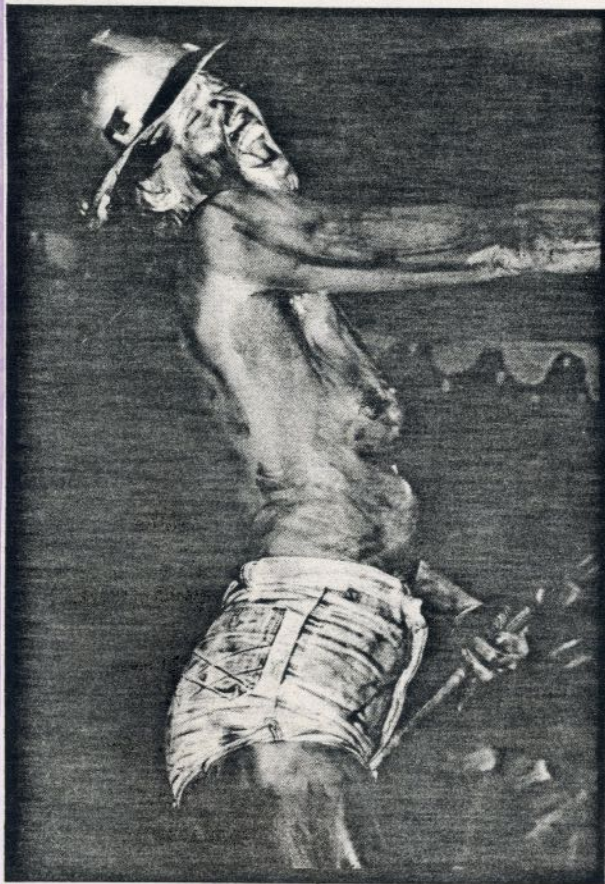
"Our point is not to outrage but to be outrageous!" Frank continues. "Never at any point did we take it seriously. I can't figure out why we're so popular with the media, because we're so bad!" Frank laughs uproariously at that remark because we both know that that's never stopped the press before. Jaded

journalists like myself are always hungry for something new and different—no matter how crude or vulgar.

"I'm trying to avoid becoming polished, but I'm getting a lot of flak, especially from the musicians," Frank adds. "They'll practice a song three times and I'll use it in the show!"

Apparently, Frank will use almost anything in the show. He once even got SCREW's own Al Goldstein into the act for an outrageous interview. The original plan called for Goldstein to come onstage and make a pitch for SCREW while a horde of half-naked Amazons ripped off his clothes. Goldstein was so excited by the idea that he spent an hour in his hotel room trying on different pairs of expensive underwear. But, when he got to the *Mabuhay*, Frank had already changed his mind. Seated next to Frank onstage, Goldstein looked slightly distressed as he watched saliva collect in Frank's beard.

"The man who has done more against sex!" proclaimed Frank in his



SHOCK OF THE BAY: Pulchritudinous perverts abound at Frisco's funky Outrageous Beauty Revue.



introduction to the baffled audience. Some of them had never heard of either Goldstein or SCREW.

"I've never really done sex," Goldstein replied. "I'm saving my body for the Pillsbury Dough Girl. She has a yeast infection, but I love her anyway. She rises to the occasion!"

"So do I!" Frank chortled as he tried to kiss Goldstein's cheek.

"Do you close your eyes when you swallow it?" Goldstein said, taken aback.

"I like white," Frank said as Linda, sitting on his other side, giggled delightedly.

When the interview ended, the punk crowd was still trying to figure out who Goldstein was. He left the stage in a mild state of shock. "Take me to a synagogue! I feel 43 today. That was the weirdest interview I've had in 11 years." He kept shaking his head as he watched more of the performance.

"It's like Berlin in 1934!" Goldstein mused after he left the show. "That's sick personified. Do I throw up or applaud? They get my attention, but they don't take me anywhere! Is it intellectually derelict? It makes Hefner's mansion look like

the Vatican! My mother was right—God will punish me!" Goldstein sighed. He left the club before the show was over.

"Frank Moore reminds me of Toulouse-Lautrec!" exclaims Dirk Dirksen, the 41-year-old head honcho of the *Mabuhay Gardens* who also happens to be the late Senator Everett Dirksen's nephew. Unlike his uncle, Dirk's decidedly not a Republican.

"I believe very much in what I'm doing," Dirk says about his punk club. "I'm trying to create a platform for people to express themselves. Nothing in the Revue has bothered me—I think it's great street theatre, like the *Moulin Rouge*."

"What's outrageous? What's approval?" Dirk queries. "The Revue adds a whole new perspective to theatre because you have to look at somebody you've been shoving into the dark recesses of your life. Most of us seek the pretty people; we overlook the spirit of the person trapped in a broken body. That's the beauty of the human spirit—to try to come out and express itself!"

"We're not out to shock," Frank insists, although he admits that he



draws some of his inspiration from horror movies. "We're out to expand people's freedom!"

"There's one guy who has come to see the show every week for the last six months," Frank continues, "and I finally said, 'Why not be in the show yourself?' He said he was shy, so I got Diane to introduce him and have him come onstage. After doing it twice, he's ready to do more!"

**After seeing the Revue, Al Goldstein said, "It's sick personified. Do I throw up or applaud?"**

"I will do anything to get what I want!" Frank declares. "What I want is what the person wants! Most people censor their dreams, but we'll just dream something up and do it. The models and actors who originally came in to audition for the Beauty Contest were not outrageous enough—they were too intellectual. They did what they thought would work, but they played it safe. Even when I pushed them, they adapted it to a safer form."

"The reason we dream up some of this stuff," Frank explains, "is to get people to lose their inhibitions. Cathy [who sang the "Beaver Fever" number] was too sweet at first, and I wanted her to be raw and erotic. So, I made her do things like work at a North Beach strip joint for a couple of weeks. I told her, 'Why not sing bad and give yourself totally to the audience?' And, she did! Now, she's a female Jagger!" I thought Bianca was.

"I like nudity just for the sake of nudity, not for serious sexual reasons," Frank insists. "You can be erotic without being sexual, but skin is more fun than clothes!"

Believe it or not, Frank Moore is the psychic leader of about 30 adults and children who live in a semi-spiritual Berkeley commune called the Church of Inter-Relationships. There, he lectures on his psychic readings, conducts classes in achieving what he calls "closeness" and directs the Theatre of Human Melting, where he trains his actors and actresses for the Revue. Once, Frank even rewrote *Lysistrata* to "bring it back to its original bodyness, lewdness and crudeness." His experimental play called *Glamor* was about strip joints in North Beach, and several strippers from the *Broadway Strip* actually worked on the production. Sorry I missed it. . . .



FREAK OUT AND TOUCH SOMEONE: Revue girl grabs for handful of basket-case basket (below) while tawdry troupers do their own thing (above).



Growing up was painful for Frank because his mother was overly protective. How was she to know that Frank was an outrageous genius? After college, he ran away from home and wound up on a Massachusetts farm known as the *Brotherhood of the Spirit*. "I became a hippie looking for closeness and a girl," he explains. Linda looks at him and smiles knowingly. "I had to give

up thinking that I was ugly and no woman would ever want to be with me; so, I did. I became a sex symbol!" He bares his teeth in a grin as I stare in disbelief. "Unfortunately, I found out I did not want just sex, I wanted closeness." In Frank's philosophy, only the people who are committed to each other for life have sex—that seems to take the worry out of being close. So far, five

people are "committed" to Frank.

"Steve [Hofmann] and I get all the girls and all the boys we want!" Frank chortles. "That is sex appeal!"

"Everything Hollywood has told us about sex appeal and what is beautiful or not is wrong," Frank insists, squirming in his wheelchair. "Rock Hudson's a fag, and Marilyn Monroe was lousy in bed."

Now, that's outrageous! \_\_\_\_\_





**MARIAH & FRANK - A PHOTOGRAPHER'S PARADISE**



# People Places and Things

A GALLERY OF



June 1981

Gallery®

San Francisco's Outrageous  
Beauties — Year II

## Yet Another Reason Why California Should Be Sawed Off from the Country

We can count on Reagan  
boosting Sinatra. And  
Jimmy Stewart. And a  
blackfaced Ben Vereen.

What we can't depend on  
the former California  
governor to promote is  
some of the more, uh,  
*innovative* talent of his  
state.

The Outrageous Beauty  
Revue is a tradition at San  
Francisco's Fab Mab.

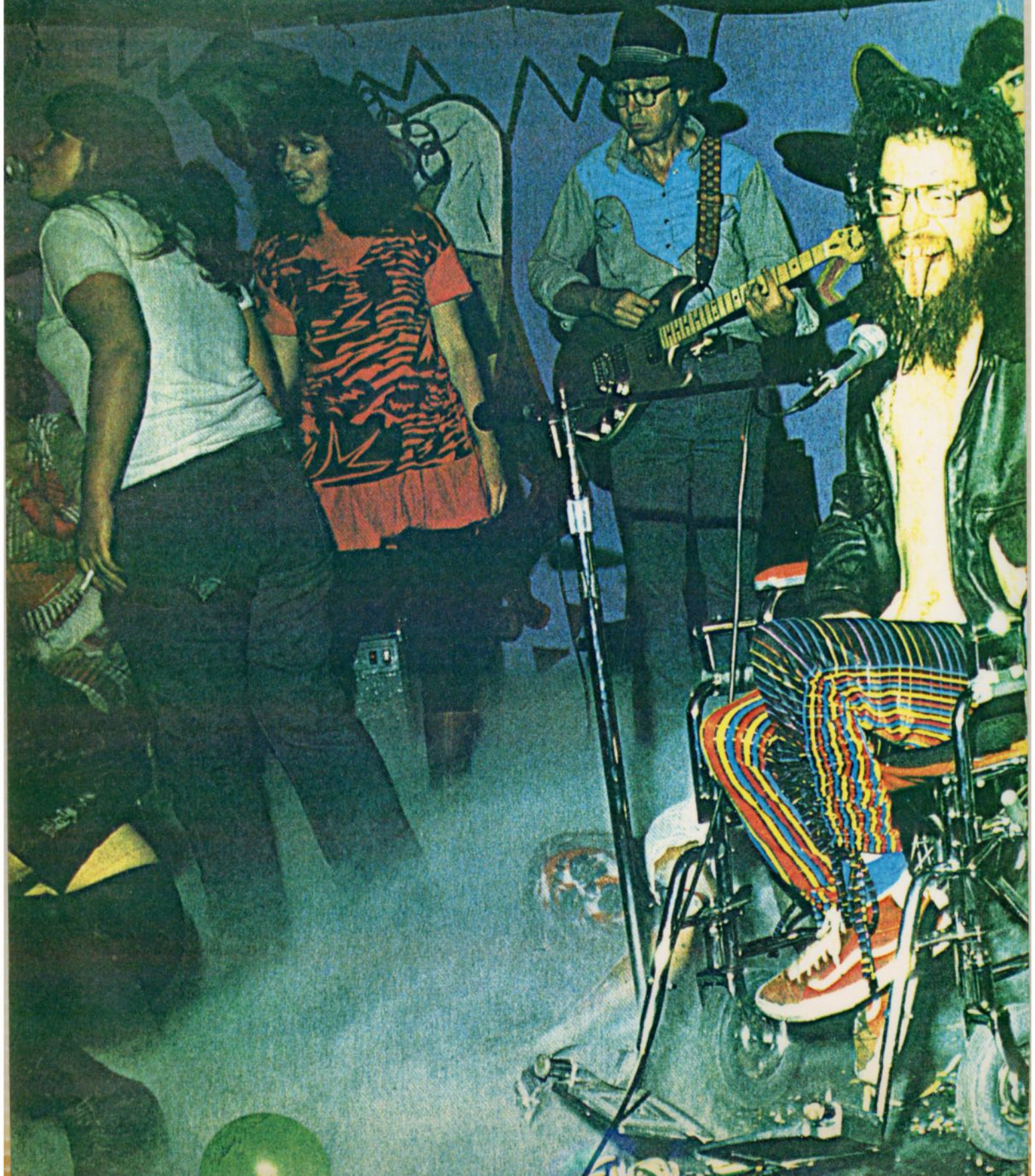
Highlights (or lowlights):  
wheelchair-bound revue  
founder Frank Moore being  
presented with a "Tampax  
Taco"; a musical number  
called "You Give Me  
Beaver"; and the  
spontaneous stripping of  
various crowd members.

PHOTOS: DAVE PATRICK



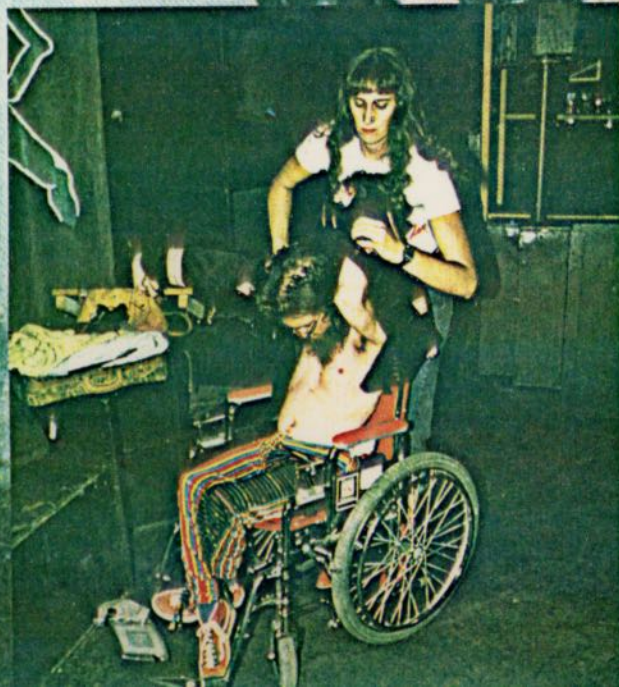


# JE SUIS DEVENU LE





# R MAITRE A PLAISIR



**Un jour, du fond de son fauteuil roulant, Frank le paraplégique a eu une révélation: le pouvoir c'est merveilleux. Depuis, il n'a eu de cesse de constituer son groupe et d'en devenir le gourou. Et comme il avait accumulé d'effroyables fantasmes le résultat est assez angoissant.**

PAR PATRICK ZERBIB - PHOTOS J.M. SIMONET









BELGIQUE 97 FB. CANADA \$ 3,15. U.S.A. \$ 6,15. SUISSE 7,50 FS. E

# ACTUALITÉ

LES MÉCHANTS DU ROCK. ET MAINTENANT  
LIBRE. LE DEAUVILLE CHINOIS. DE NOUVEAUX  
PROJETS RUSSES ET DÉLIRANTS. COMMENT  
AU SALVADOR. HISTOIRE DE CAMIONNEUR.  
EST AUX SPORTIVES. **MENSUEL N° 23 SEPTEMBRE**



**Avec sa petite amie Linda, Frank le paraplégique aborde des filles dans la rue. Il se prétend artiste peintre, il leur croquerait bien le portrait, il les emmène chez lui. On lui colle un pinceau sur le front. Mais Frank a ses exigences, et, ça tourne souvent mal.**



# Gallery

APRIL 1979

## A GALLERY OF **PEOPLE** PLACES & THINGS BY SUSAN TOEPFER

### The Un-Beauty Pageant

You think "The \$1.98 Beauty Show" is in bad taste? Chuck Barris can't even begin to compete with the Theatre of Human Melting, which regularly invites San Francisco residents to humiliate themselves in its Famous Bay Area Outrageous Beauty Contest. Held at local punk haven Mabuhay Gardens (by day, it's a mild-mannered Filipino restaurant), the event features such "kinky-tacky" acts as Mariah Urell.

To the Stones' "Tumblin' Dice" one recent night, Mariah roller-skated right into the judges' table, grabbed one for some mock-sexual assaulting, then ripped off her T-shirt. Punk? Well, at least the leopard G-string complimented her chain.

PHOTO: DAVE PATRICK



Urell at Famous Bay Contest







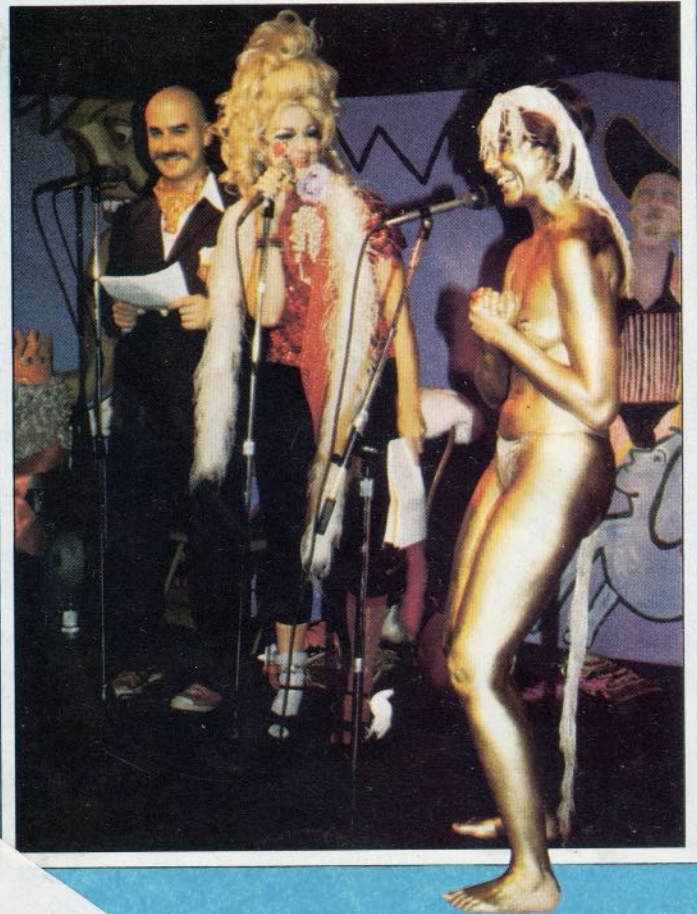
# HUSTLER

AUGUST 1979

## Perverted Pageant

Those crazy San Franciscans are at it again. You'll find some of the weirdest at the Mabuhay Gardens, participating in the Bay Area Outrageous Beauty Pageant every Thursday night. How weird are they? you ask. Well, girls yank out their pubic

hairs and toss them to the audience, and paraplegics roll out of their wheelchairs—and that's just for warm-ups. But don't expect to see Bert Parks hosting this show on TV, because what's a hit in San Francisco will probably miss America.



Bert Parks

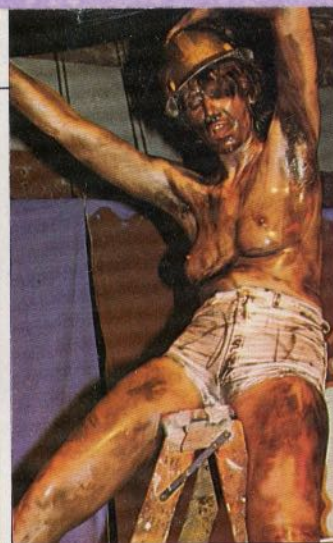


# GENESESIS

AUGUST



DAVE PATRICK



## Crazy Skin Show In Frisco

By day, Mabuhay Gardens is a respectable Filipino restaurant on Broadway in San Francisco's North Beach district—but late at night it becomes a deranged punk-rock mecca. We love it. Since last fall, though, its biggest draw has been a weekly wacko exercise called The Bay Area Outrageous Beauty Contest. The five categories the skin is judged in include: Swim Suit, Most "You" Clothes, Erotic, Talent, and Outrageous Talent. But then, it doesn't matter much—most of the girls (plus a few drag queens) don't fit into any category. Recently, the audience has been treated to the charms of "an occupational therapist for sexually deprived

10-year-olds," another woman in a leopard-skin G-string who leaped off the stage and started to hump one of the judges, and a chick who made her entrance with one tit exposed and cream pie smeared on the other one. That lady in the G-string, by the way, didn't get back onstage until she yanked out some pubes and wiped them all over the face of a guy sitting in the front row.

And who's behind these mental menageries? Well, they're cosponsored by an outfit called The Theatre of Human Melting, for starters. And the contests are directed by a paraplegic fellow who talks by tapping out letters on a Ouija board with a pointer strapped to his forehead.

Sorry, draw your own conclusions.





# Gallery

A GALLERY OF

## PEOPLE PLACES & THINGS

BY JILL TOFFER

### PEOPLE

#### Mabuhay Mayhem

California consciousness. It can make you mystical, mellow, miserable . . . and/or a contestant in Mabuhay Gardens' weekly Outrageous Beauty Revue. More important, if you do show up for the Revue, there will be countless citizens waiting to groan and boo.

So, in a "journey into tacky eroticism and disgustingly gross bad taste," the contest recently celebrated its

first anniversary (typically, four months late). To the collected voyeurs, the Revue offered its "greatest hits"—including ghoulish nudes and a parade of handicapped guys singing the Village People's "Macho Man."

The highlight of the event was an audience costume contest that doled out \$1,000 in prizes nobody would want to the top three participants.

Altogether, there were six.

*Outrageous Beauty costume contest winners*



PHOTO BY DAVE PATRICK



## SEX SCENE

By Manny Neuhaus

## A Weekly Review of Sex in the News

## Beauty and the Beasts



If Horace Greeley were alive today, would he still advise America's youth to "Go West"? Not if he were witness to the cavortings at San Francisco's *La Mabuhey Gardens*, where an event called *The Bay Area Outrageous Beauty Contest* was recently produced.

The contest has been a regular event since October 7th at the Filipino restaurant which, after 11 p.m., turns from a sedate dining establishment into a rollicking theatre featuring everything from comedy to musical performances and oddball entertainment events like this one. For three nights in December, the *Outrageous Beauty Contest* featured absolutely deranged contestants who competed for prizes in



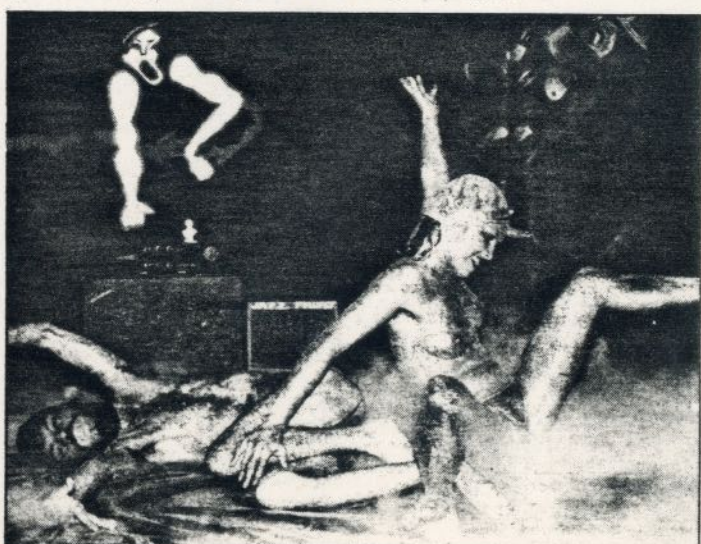
PERVO PAGEANT: West Coast whack-offs recently strutted like schmucks in Bay Area Outrageous Beauty Contest at S.F.'s La Mabuhey Gardens.

five categories: Swim Suit, Most "You" Clothes, Talent, Outrageous Talent and Erotica. During the combination show-contests, produced by Dirksen-Miller Productions and The Theatre of Human Melting, hopped-up hopefuls were chosen to compete for a grand prize of—get this—a measly \$100. You couldn't get New Yorkers to appear in such bizarre outfits and perform such perverse stunts for anything short of a grand.

Many of the entrants, especially those in the Most "You" Clothes category, appeared nude and semi-nude, performing wild, uncoordinated, frenetic acts onstage and in the audience. One entry, for example, was the sex-crazed team of Bi and Brian who, clad in glitter, masks and vinyl, "spawned" when Bi sprayed Brian with what seemed to be hair spray. Brian reacted by "coming" tremendous spurts of white, jism-like junk. What

some people won't do for a C-note!

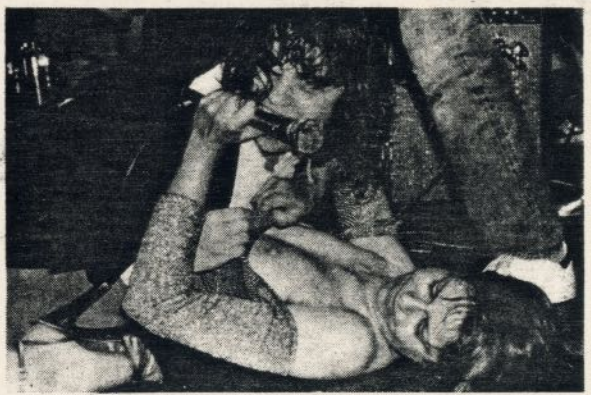
The grand finale of the event was held on New Year's Eve, when the best acts from what the producers themselves call "all of our previous insults on your intelligence" competed for additional prizes. And, we were planning on being there for the fun and craziness, but learned too late that the number 10 crosstown bus doesn't go any further west than the Hudson. Maybe next year.



Photos: Dave Patrick



# Outraged

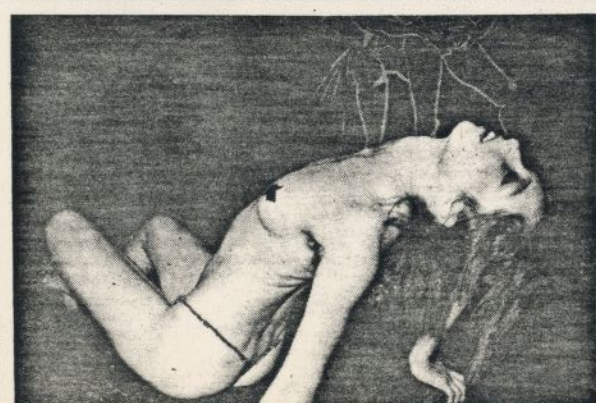


"Trashiness is alive and well — that's what we're all about!" proclaims Diane, the wacky M.C. at the First Non-anniversary of the Outrageous Beauty Revue. Led by a spastic genius named Frank Moore, the Revue's been setting new lows in public taste every Saturday night at the Mabuhay Gardens, S.F.'s "moo-do bla-no" New Wave punkrock club. Typically, the anniversary of the worst show in town was four months late. To make up for that, the show was a three-hour journey into tacky eroticism and disgustingly gross bad taste. "They weren't kidding."

"This show is dedicated to Bert Parks," Diane beams, wearing a Dolly Parton wig with Xmas lights on her dress. "My heart goes out to him! I know what it's like to pour your heart out every week and then get bumped." To prove her point she picked up a vacuum cleaner and cleaned the stage while Donna Summer sang "Hot Stuff."

There was plenty of hot stuff — and hot meat — to go around. "Nurse Jackie" took her clothes off and threw a cippole out of his wheelchair. While he tried to defend himself, she attacked him with an enema bag. Steve Hoffman, who'd had multiple sclerosis, donned a dress and a curly blonde wig to perform "Sweet Transvestite" and got tangled up in his jock-strap when he tried to let it all hang out. Later a woman in leopard-skin stretch pants grabbed a bearded fellow by the balls and sang, "Wild Thing." The highlight came when several bloody ghoulies devoured a naked woman's "intestines" as she writhed in a swirling cloud of dry ice.

But the hottest number was a cool strip-tease performed by Mariah, the foxy drummer of the Superheroes, the Revue's unpractised backup band. Without saying a word, she strolled through the stunned





# Erotica

Photos by Dave "Outrageous" Patrick



audience, casually revealing herself in a style reminiscent of the nudie bars a few blocks up Broadway. It was a class act and deserved the approbation it received. Other numbers on the program got the derision they deserved.

One non-event was an interview with an alleged L.A. porn star named Mr. Rock Steady. "I'm dying my cock purple for the holidays," he told Frank Moore, who interviewed him from his wheelchair. "I want to keep a little color on it." He was later spotted with a woman in a fluffy green bunny bikini, who won the erotic costume prize.

In keeping with the outrageous beauty theme, four disabled guys in wheelchairs rolled out on stage to sing that great pean to masculinity: "Macho man." What irony!

"What's macho, Spurt?" Diane asked her sidekick Spurt Reynolds, who looked spiffy in striped pants and plaid jacket. "Spurt is pretty deep and wise!"

Spurt reflected a moment and then divulged the secret. "Macho is when a guy has to take a shit but it wouldn't be cool because of the situation so he holds it in for a couple of weeks."

Speaking of shit, Diane offered the audience her special recipe for Weiner Parfait. "This is a real classic," she said, dumping green jello, potato mash and several hot doggies into a Waring Blender. Seeing those wiggling weiners get chopped up made a lot of men uneasy. "Gives you a little tingle, doesn't it?" Diane smiled.

A man in the front row dressed as a surgeon volunteered to taste her concoction. Two hours later he was still conscious. We think.

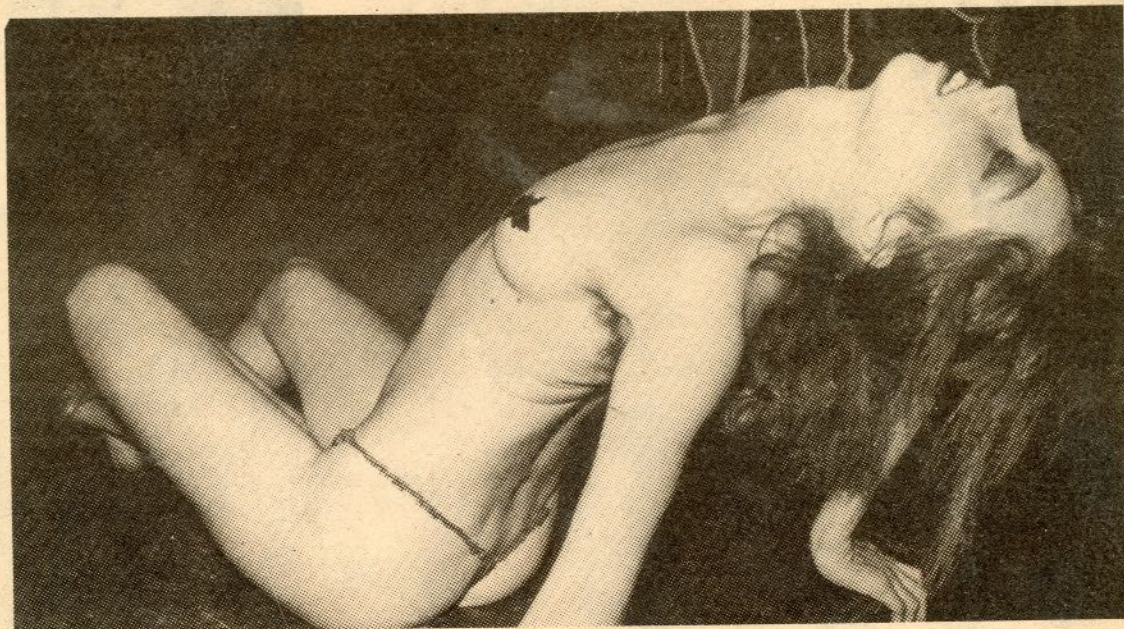
As Frank put it, "I was bored with the audience. They lacked imagination — like us." What do you expect for a Thursday night?

Spencer Rumsey





## Hot Flashes



Dave Patrick

## Outrageously Outrageous Revue

By Alessandro Ouroussoff

When wandering the streets of Berkeley, it's not uncommon to see wheelchair-bound paraplegics, peeling rubber, doing figure 8's and generally endangering pedestrian life — much like folks in souped-up cars. Well, "everyone's got to have their fun," you say to yourself as you think gratefully, "there but for the grace of God go I." Then you may see one particular dude whose wheelchair is outfitted with an alphabet board, and he has a stick attached to his forehead to point at letters. Your compassion grows and sorrowfully you wonder what the poor fellow can do with himself: he drools all over, he can't talk, his arms move in spasms.

But hold it right there! Don't feel too bad about his particular guy because he is neither helpless nor miserable. He's Frank Moore, founder and creator of The Outrageous Beauty Revue — a show which is perhaps the most vicious attack on the sensibilities of the generally un-

flappable and sophisticated denizens of the Bay Area, let alone a more normal audience. I mean, if the punk crowd reacts with distaste and revulsion, there must be something to this gig. In the Revue's own words, "We're the dirty foam on the New Wave."

Frank Moore, an Army brat who grew up everywhere, landed in Berkeley from New York City. In 1974 he organized the Theater of Human Melting in a unused storefront on Haste Street in Berkeley. His aim was to get people to participate in various acts and routines which often included eroticism but never outright sexuality.

The audience was always encouraged to participate, and Frank began to gather a steady group of members. The Theater allows a supporting environment in which people melt off the many layers of inhibitions society waxed on them.

In 1978 Frank arranged with Dirk Dirksen (producer at the Mabuhay Gar-

dens) to do a performance at the Fab Mab. It was supposed to be a one-shot deal, but as it turned out Dirk decided to let it run again, and again.

This year, December 4, will mark the second anniversary of the Outrageous Beauty Revue. Frank's high standards for humorous grossness with a soft twist will be upheld as usual with such popular routines as the Meat Act (the dismemberment of a body), and the Beaver Song (sung to the tune of "You Give Me Fever"). In addition, there will also be \$2500 of prizes given away: \$1000 to the most outrageous erotic costume and the remainder to various runner ups. The Revue promises that everyone who attends will receive a prize — including a "booby prize" for the most boring person.

So get ready folks, and don't pack the Halloween suit yet. As long as we didn't have a Hooker's Ball this year you have only one place left to get outrageous: the Outrageous Beauty Revue, Saturday, December 4, 9 p.m. at the Mabuhay Gardens (443 Broadway, San Francisco).



## PUNKRATUDE

San Francisco's premier punk-rock club, the Mabuhay Gardens, is home to Leila and the Snakes, Crime, the Nuns and other New Wave groups. It also proved to be the perfect setting for the First Annual Bay Area Outrageous Beauty Contest, organized

by Berkeley's Theater of Human Melting. The band, the Dead Popes, was horrible. The costumes of the participants were freaky, and their performances were obscene and tasteless—from



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# OPENERS

MARCH 1979

## O P E N E R S



a parody of JFK and Jackie to a nurse who shed her white uniform in favor of black garters and perversity. "It was a chance to go right over the edge onstage," explained one young miss who, while dripping blood, ripped open her T-shirt, roller skated around in chains and leather, then did a weird lovemaking act with her male partner amidst the smoke of dry ice. Another lady, who appeared in bizarre cave-woman riggings, was asked why she chose to humiliate herself onstage. "Because it's fun," she replied. "My worst fear is that people will find out what I'm really like."



# BAWDY BEST BETS

A Calendar of Coming Events

Dec. 1st

## Bawdy Beauty Pageant

The Mabuhay Gardens (affectionately known as the Mab) is a Filipino restaurant located in the Bay Area's neon-born-tourist mecca (443 Broadway, San Francisco [415-956-3315]). During the dinner hour, it serves various Filipino specialties and resembles any small, cosy restaurant. However, at 11 p.m. the doors open for a late show that features noisy sounds by any asshole who can pick up a guitar and shriek unintelligible lyrics — in other words, it's a punk rock hangout.

On occasion, the Mab also features early shows: comedy, theatre, you-name-it. Since October 7th, it's regularly been featuring something called **The Bay Area Outrageous Beauty Contest**, presented by Dirksen-Miller Productions and the Theatre of Human Melting. The contests are under the direction of Frank Moore, a paraplegic who communicates by tapping out letters on a ouija board with a pointer strapped to his forehead. He has written plays by this process, translated by his assistant, Linda.

The wonderful weirdos the contest attracts compete in five categories: Swim Suit, Most "You" Clothes, Talent, Outrageous Talent, and Erotic. As the contest begins, the contestants are called to the stage to show off their swim-suited bods. Among those competing the night we attended were an "occupational therapist for sexually deprived 10-year-olds," a drag queen scantily attired in black fishnet stockings and bikini, and a hot honey who walked on stage with one tit exposed and pie smeared all over her chest.

That night, the Most "You" Clothes category attracted many nude torsos, as one might expect, but the fun really began with the Talent portion. One couple, Steven Hoffman and Sabina Ryan, had a very unusual act. Sabina played the role of a lion tamer, and tried to make Hoffman get off the floor and sit in his chair. Hoffman, a spastic without the coordination needed for such a task, rolled around on the floor with his arms and body twitching, and eventually fell into the audience. The aghast crowd simply stared.

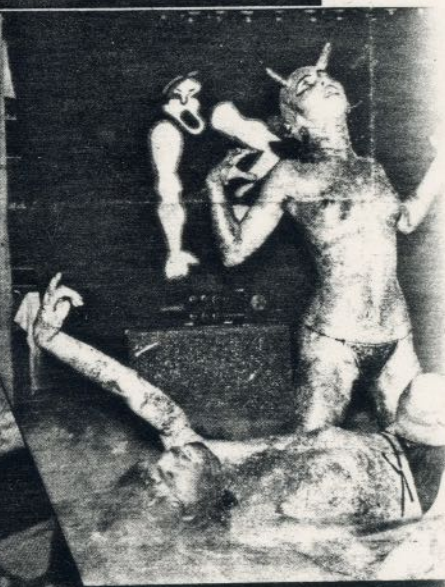
The next category, Outrageous Talent, was led off by a contestant named Mariah Urell. While the Stooges' "Tumblin' Dice" blared through the loudspeakers, Mariah roller-skated around the stage in a punk outfit: ripped T-shirt, shades, spiked hair, chain and leopard skin G-string. Thus warmed up, she leaped into the audience and wreaked considerable havoc, accosting everyone in sight. Grabbing one of the judges, she started humping him from the rear, then ripped her T-shirt even more so that both of her tits hung out. As a finale, she reached into her crotch, yanked out a few pubes, and wiped them on a guy's face in the front row.

Spastics, paraplegics and more bare tit highlighted the rest of the Outrageous Talent performances, but the grand finale came with the Erotic competition. It began with Mariah Urell, who cavorted onstage, her near-naked body coated with spangles and glitter. She was accompanied by a similarly made-up man, and with fog and strobes, the effect was startling. Then it was Hoffman's turn again. The spastic sat calmly down to dinner at an elegantly appointed table, began quietly eating, then suddenly grabbed the tablecloth, fell to the floor and writhed around in the splattered remains of his meal. For a finish, he threw the slop at the crowd.

The producers of the show, which is staged weekly, provide up to \$450 in prizes, so if you're into humiliation for pay, you may want to try your luck as a contestant. And if yours is a demented state of mind, you'll love the show. — Clark Peterson



SHOW & TAIL: The "Erotic Talent" (right & below) and "Swimsuit" (above) competitions were just a few of the off-the-wall segments seen in previous runnings of The Bay Area Outrageous Beauty Pageant.



photos  
by  
DAVE PATRICK





# OUI

JULY 1979



## OPENERS' ERRONEOUS ZONES

Your *Openers* section in the March issue was one of the most entertaining I've seen in a while. "Movable Type" was a spark of true genius (even if it took me a while to figure it out), and Fiorucci seems to be franchising as fast as McDonald's ("La Dolce Fiorucci"). To top it all off, your coverage of the Outrageous Beauty Contest ("Punkratude") was outrageous! I'm planning to trip on over to San Francisco for next year's event. Hopefully, I'll find a lady there who is just as crazy as I am. Thanks, OUI.

JOHN BLAKE  
Cleveland, Ohio



You're welcome, John, but you should also thank photographer Dave Patrick, whose credit was accidentally omitted. In fact, we're sure Dave wouldn't mind turning you on to ladies like the one above . . . he has an eye for the bizarre.



A DIRKSEN-MILLER PRODUCTION

The Theatre of Human Melting Presents

# MEB

An Over-The-Edge Comedy

Written by

Rick Foster

Directed by

Frank Moore

8:30 pm

April

14, 15, 16, 21, 22, 23, 28, 29, 30

Music recorded by

*Leila and the Snakes*

443 BROADWAY  
SAN FRANCISCO

**MABUHAY**  
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•Even sm'78•