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since 1983

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Letters to the editor should be limited to 500 words. **Deadline for submissions** to the editorial department and for the **Calendar** is the Thursday before the first and third Friday for the next issue. Views expressed in letters to the editor, columns and features are not necessarily those of the publisher.

The **display advertising** deadline is the Monday after the first and third Friday for the next issue.

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# steppin' out

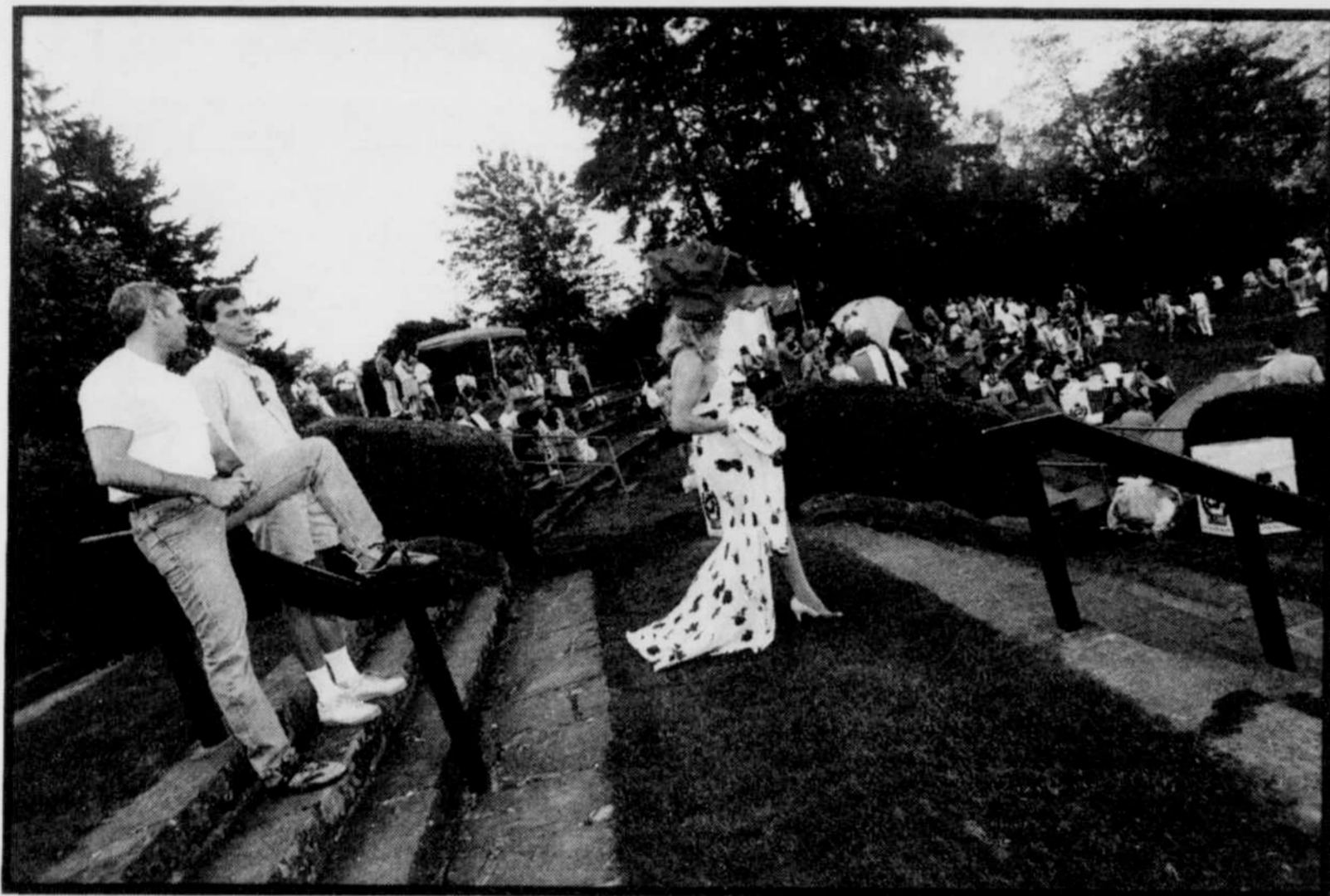


PHOTO BY LINDA KLEWER

Jaysen (center), a k a Ivana, surveys the competition at Peacock in the Park on Sunday, June 29, at the Washington Park Amphitheater. Organizers estimate that more than 4,000 attended the al fresco drag performance extravaganza, which is held every year on the last Sunday of June. And a sun day it was, thanks to the "sun circle" rituals that planners did during the week leading up to the event. "We're going to patent and sell that sucker," jokes organizer Kimberlee Van Patten. Emcees Maria and Poison Waters shepherded the performers, who came from as far away as Denver, Co. The event drew in \$5,000 (before expenses) from tips and concession sales, to be given to the Audria M. Edwards Scholarship Fund. Edwards was the mother of Elwood "Woody" Johnson, a k a Lady Elaine Peacock, who founded both the fund and the event.

## guest editorial

# Fantasyland

The Southern Baptists who are boycotting Disney would like to take the country back to a 'simpler' time

by Bob Roehr

**W**alking down the street I spied a fellow coming the other way, shaking his head and carrying on an animated dialogue with some invisible demons. Another crazed street person beset by alien mind-control radio waves?

Probably not, I thought, he was freshly scrubbed, the polyester faintly gleaming with the artifact of "springtime freshness" known only through the magic of industrial chemicals.

"Boycott," he muttered, "Snow White." "Homosexual agenda."

I caught only half-phrases. Intrigued, I turned on my heels and fell in, a half pace behind.

"Ellen, it's Ellen's fault," he grumbled. "If Disney hadn't allowed her to come out of the closet, then the American family would be safe from divorce and child abuse and all the other elements of the ho-mo-sex-ual agenda."

He spit out each syllable with measured disdain.

"Imagine, treating them like ordinary people. Letting them wear a Mickey Mouse shirt just like the one my little Bobbie wears. Or letting them wait, and wait, and wait in the same line that I did to ride the roller-coaster. Or giving their employees' queer partners the same health benefits that my Lucren gets, that is, if the company hadn't cut mine. It's just too much. We've got to stop those gay activists. We've got to boycott Disney."

"I know it's gonna be hard, but we can do it," he said to himself, his jaw flexing with tension. "Maybe Arleen won't

notice if her cute little stuffed Lion King just disappears. But Momma won't be able to watch that Regis and Kathie Lee every morning." That jolted him to a stop. "God, she loves that Regis."

A taxi horn blared, and he jumped back onto the curb. His face brightened, "Oh well, there's still lots of good stuff on TV, like that Jerry Springer fella, he's from Cincinnati. And that Mafia miniseries with all the shootin'. And reruns of *Married with Children*. Now that FOX, they've got some great family entertainment."

"Yessiree, them folks in Dallas got it right. It's not poverty, or drug abuse, or crime that's important; we've got to make sure those ho-mo-sex-u-als go back into the closet. And then it will be the 1950s all over again." His face was radiantly beatific. "Now that's the Christian spirit. It makes me proud to be a Southern Baptist."

We parted ways at the next corner and my mind slipped decades back, to an image of Tinkerbell. She would flit around and, with a pinch of fairy dust, change drab black and white to a whole new world of vibrant Technicolor. Disney told quintessential American stories then, of Daniel Boone, and Musketeers, and Goofy. America has changed since my youth, and so has Disney. But it still tells the most American of tales, only now they include you and me.

It seems the Southern Baptists have developed an allergy to fairy dust. They want to go back to a supposedly simpler and definitely blander time. They want to play the game of "let's pretend" and imagine us away. But ya can't, Blanche, ya can't.

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