

STATEMENT OF ACCEPTABILITY

LAST NAME - FIRST NAME - MIDDLE NAME

RODGERS, BRUCE GREGORY

PRESENT HOME ADDRESS

2817 E. Stewart St. Las Vegas, Nevada

SELECTIVE SERVICE NUMBER

2 3 42 201

LOCAL BOARD ADDRESS

P.O.Box 1240, Las Vegas, Nevada

THE QUALIFICATIONS OF THE ABOVE-NAMED REGISTRANT HAVE BEEN CONSIDERED IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE CURRENT REGULATIONS GOVERNING ACCEPTANCE OF SELECTIVE SERVICE REGISTRANTS AND HE WAS THIS DATE:

1. FOUND FULLY ACCEPTABLE FOR INDUCTION INTO THE ARMED FORCES.

2. FOUND NOT ACCEPTABLE FOR INDUCTION UNDER CURRENT STANDARDS.

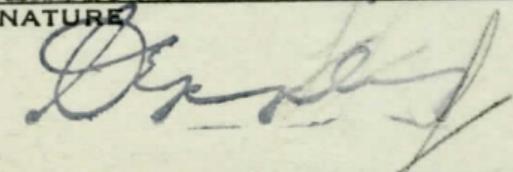
DATE

12 Mar 64

PLACE

AFIS, LOS ANGELES
CALIFORNIATYPED OR STAMPED NAME AND GRADE OF
JOINT EXAMINING AND INDUCTION STATION
COMMANDERARTHUR EPPEL
Capt., USMC

SIGNATURE



DD

FORM
1 MAR 59

62

PREVIOUS EDITIONS OF THIS FORM ARE OBSOLETE.

REGISTRANT COPY

2

Any inquiry relative to personal status should be referred to your Local Board

WAGE AND TAX STATEMENT

Employee's State or City Copy 1966

INCOME TAX INFORMATION			SOCIAL SECURITY INFORMATION		STATE OR MUNICIPAL INFORMATION		
Federal Income Tax Withheld	Wages ¹ Paid Subject To Withholding in 1966	Other Compensation paid in 1966	F.I.C.A. Employee Tax Withheld	Total F.I.C.A. Wages Paid in 1966	State Tax Withheld	City Tax Withheld	
340.29	2439.98		102.45		.00		

Type or Print EMPLOYEE'S social security no., name and address below.

BRUCE G RODGERS
 956 POST APT 107
 SAN FRANCISCO CALIF

555-62-0889

EMPLOYEE NO.	No. Dependents	1-Single 2-Married	Total Wages Subject to Tax if Different From Federal
F7013-04		*NONE	
			Name of State or City

* EXCLUDABLE SICK PAY

NOTICE TO EMPLOYEE: --This statement must be attached to your State or City Income Tax return for 1966.

Type or Print
EMPLOYER'S
 identification
 number, name
 and address

DOW JONES & COMPANY, INC.
 30 Broad Street 13-5034940
 New York, N. Y. 10004

¹ Includes tips reported by employee. This amount is before payroll deductions or "sick pay" exclusions.

² The block marked "Other compensation" is for use in reporting salary or other compensation which was not subject to withholding and which was heretofore reported on Form 1099. Add this item to wages in figuring the amount to be reported as wages and salaries on your income tax return.

No. 11

1971 MEMBERSHIP CARD

FOR

BRUCE ROGERS

Fred's Health Club

1718 BROADWAY
REDWOOD CITY

SIGNED

Spango



SAWYER COLLEGE OF BUSINESS

This Certifies That

BRUCE RODGERS

has successfully completed
a five-minute Typing Test with a gross speed of 63 words
per minute with 3 errors. Net speed is 60 words per min.

on May 19, 1983

Betty A. Haas
Instructor

Waunda Thomas
Director

ROLM

Telecommunications

4900 OLD IRONSIDES DRIVE
SANTA CLARA, CA 95050
(408) 988-2900

January 3, 1983

To Whom it May Concern,

It is my pleasure to write a letter of reference for Bruce Rodgers. I have known Bruce for twelve years, and have been business partners with him for eight, during which time he has proven himself to be most dependable and stable. I can attest to his outstanding sense of fair-play, straight-forwardness, and equality in his relationships with all people with whom he works. His sense of responsibility is reflected daily in his thoughtfulness and careful decisions.

I can recommend without reservation Bruce's character and personal qualities.



Lee R. Schwan

Manager, Computer Aided Design
Rolm Corporation

CITY OF SAN JOSE
PERSONNEL DEPARTMENT
NOTICE OF CERTIFICATION

Date October 11, 1983

TO: Bruce G. Rodgers
1051 Harrison
Santa Clara, CA 95050

Dear Mr. Rodgers:

Your name has been certified to the Appointing Authority as being eligible for appointment to the position of
LIBRARY CLERK (PART-TIME) (6214)

Please make arrangements for an interview with:

Nora Rodriguez

NAME

TITLE

Library

277-4873

ADDRESS

PHONE

Failure to respond to the above interviewer within seven (7) days from the date of this notice will be cause for the removal of your name from the eligible list for the classification noted above.

This is **not** an offer of appointment. It signifies only that your name is among the top ten names on the eligible list and there is an opening in this classification. If you are selected for the position after the interview, final appointment will still be subject to your passing a City administered medical examination.

DO NOT GIVE NOTICE TO YOUR PRESENT EMPLOYER UNTIL YOU HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED BY THIS OFFICE THAT YOU WILL RECEIVE AN APPOINTMENT TO THE POSITION.

#14594-12/14/84-16

INSTRUCTIONS TO INTERVIEWER:

Check appropriate box below and return this form to Personnel Department, Room 215, City Hall, **immediately**.

Action: Failed to appear

Considered but not selected

I have selected this applicant to start

Candidate not interested.

Salary _____

INTERVIEWER'S SIGNATURE

DATE

Salary Step _____

RESUME

BRUCE RODGERS

HOME ADDRESS:

1051 HARRISON ST.
SANTA CLARA, CA 95050
(408) 247-7051

PRESENT GOAL:

TO OBTAIN A RESPONSIBLE POSITION IN A SMALL OFFICE ENVIRONMENT
WHERE I CAN EXERCISE MY INDEPENDENCE AND DEPENDABILITY.

EDUCATION:

GRADUATED 1959, WAUSAU SR. HIGH SCHOOL, WAUSAU, WISCONSIN

1960 THROUGH 1961, BARSTOW JR. COLLEGE, BARSTOW, CA
STUDYING SPANISH AND LIBERAL ARTS

1961 THROUGH 1963, UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHERN NEVADA, LAS VEGAS, NEV.
STUDYING LINGUISTICS, LANGUAGES, ART AND LIBERAL ARTS

WORK EXPERIENCE:

1971 TO DEC. 1982: WESTERN TAPE, INC., MT. VIEW, CA
MY PRIMARY RESPONSIBILITIES INCLUDED ALL PHASES OF ORDER
HANDLING FOR MAIL ORDER PUBLISHING HOUSE OF BUSINESS EDUCATION
MATERIALS; ORDER LOGGING AND FILLING, SHIPPING AND
RECEIVING, HANDLING BILLING, CUSTOMER COMPLAINTS, AND
INVENTORY CONTROL. OTHER RESPONSIBILITIES INCLUDED
MASS DUPLICATION OF CASSETTE RECORDINGS, OPERATION OF
SMALL BUSINESS MACHINES, (INCLUDING OFFICE COMPUTER
AND SHRINK WRAPPER), AND WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR
COMPILED BUSINESS COURSE DESCRIPTIONS, CATALOGS, AND
MANUALS. I HAVE DONE ORIGINAL ARTWORK AND LAY-OUT
FOR COURSE MANUALS, AND HAVE DONE SCRIPTED STUDIO
RECORDINGS FOR COURSE MASTER TAPE RECORDINGS.
I HAVE EVEN DONE CUSTOMER SERVICE REPAIRS OF RETURNED
MERCHANDISE OF TYPING PACERS.

1969 TO 1972: WORKED FULL TIME BRINGING MY MANUSCRIPT OF DICTIONARY
OF STREET SLANG THROUGH EDITING TO PUBLICATION, PUBLISHED
BY ROLLING STONE PRESS IN 1972

1966 TO 1969: WALL STREET JOURNAL, SAN FRANCISCO, CA

WORKED AS A TELETYPE AND TELEX OPERATOR TRANSMITTING BOTH
ON-LINE AND OFF-LINE TO NATIONAL AND INTERNATIONAL CLIENTS
FEATURE STORIES AND STOCK MARKET PRICES FROM DICTATION
AND COPY. OTHER RESPONSIBILITIES INCLUDED LIGHT
TYPING AND FILING, EDITING, COMPOSING AND GENERAL OFFICE
HELP.

1963 TO 1966: REVIEW JOURNAL DAILY, LAS VEGAS, NEV.

WORKED AS TELETYPE SUPERVISOR OF FOUR OTHER PEOPLE,
RECEIVING AND TRANSMITTING LOCALLY AND NATIONALLY
COPY AND FEATURE STORIES.

PERSONAL INTERESTS:

I HAVE AN OVERRIDING INTEREST IN LINGUISTICS AND LANGUAGES.
AM READING FLUENT IN SPANISH, FRENCH, JUDEO-SPANISH, AND
HEBREW, AND AM KNOWLEDGABLE OF JAPANESE, CHINESE, RUSSIAN,
ITALIAN, GERMAN, TURKISH. I AM CONSTANTLY INTERESTED IN
SLANG EXPRESSIONS IN ALL LANGUAGES, AND AM CURRENTLY
WRITING A JUDEO-SPANISH/ENGLISH DICTIONARY. I ALSO
ENJOY ART AND PHOTOGRAPHY, AND WHEN I HAVE TIME I OCCASIONALLY
DO CUSTOM DESIGN FOR FABRIC, STATIONERY AND CARDS.

ROLM

Telecommunications

4900 OLD IRONSIDES DRIVE
SANTA CLARA, CA 95050
(408) 988-2900

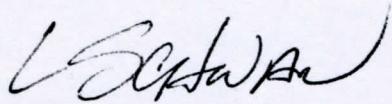
Resume + letters
of reference

January 3, 1983

To Whom it May Concern,

It is my pleasure to write a letter of reference for Bruce Rodgers. I have known Bruce for twelve years, and have been business partners with him for eight, during which time he has proven himself to be most dependable and stable. I can attest to his outstanding sense of fair-play, straight-forwardness, and equality in his relationships with all people with whom he works. His sense of responsibility is reflected daily in his thoughtfulness and careful decisions.

I can recommend without reservation Bruce's character and personal qualities.



Lee R. Schwan

Manager, Computer Aided Design
Rolm Corporation

ADDRESS:
THE CHIEF
INVESTIGATIONS DIVISION
U.S. CUSTOMHOUSE
555 BATTERY STREET
SAN FRANCISCO 11, CALIF.

UNITED STATES CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSION
TWELFTH UNITED STATES CIVIL SERVICE REGION
CALIFORNIA, NEVADA, HAWAII, AND PACIFIC AREA
OFFICE OF THE DIRECTOR, SAN FRANCISCO 11, CALIF.

IN REPLY PLEASE REFER TO
SF:I:4:eb

PERSONAL

MAR 21 1963

□

Mr. Bruce G. Rodgers
240 North 23rd Street
Las Vegas, Nevada

Position: Sub. Clerk Carrier
Application dated: 1-29-63

L

Dear Mr. Rodgers:

In your application for the above position, you reported an arrest in July 1962 for prowling for which you were fined.

After careful consideration it has been determined that under Section 2.106 of the Civil Service Regulations you do not meet the necessarily strict standards of suitability for the above position with the Post Office Department because of your recent arrest and conviction. Therefore, your application has been rated ineligible.

Sincerely yours,

Malcolm R. Stuart
Malcolm R. Stuart
Chief, Investigations Division

NOT NEGOTIABLE THIS IS NOT A CHECK

EMPLOYEE'S EARNING STATEMENT ♦ DETACH BEFORE CASHING CHECK

REGULAR HOURS			REGULAR EARNINGS	OVERTIME HOURS	OVERTIME EARNINGS	GROSS EARNINGS	WITHOLDING TAX	F.I.C.A.	STATE TAX	NET EARNINGS	PAY PERIOD
MONTH	DAY	YEAR	GROSS EARNINGS			WITHOLDING TAX	F.I.C.A.	NET AMOUNT OF PAY CHECK			YEAR TO DATE INFORMATION
6100	10	370				10370	01088	436		8846	31266
0	42415	000531901781	0	500	0	8346					0

450 - 20128

REFER TO
PAYROLL
CHECK NUMBERLAS VEGAS REVIEW-JOURNAL
LAS VEGAS • NEVADAMR. BRUCE RODGERS
(NAME)6 OCT 72
(DATE)THE BELOW DATE HAS BEEN RESERVED FOR YOU TO ANSWER
ANY QUESTIONS YOU MAY HAVE PERTAINING TO THE
UNITED STATES NAVY.PLACE: 655 W. EVELYN AVE., MT. VIEW, CA
TIME: 9 AM DATE: 11 OCT 72
IF THIS TIME AND DATE IS NOT CONVENIENT FOR YOU
PLEASE CONTACT U. S. NAVY RECRUITING OFFICE,
MT. VIEW, CALIF. OR PHONE 967-5297

CITY OF SAN JOSE
PERSONNEL DEPARTMENT
NOTICE OF CERTIFICATION

Date November 8, 1983

TO: Bruce Rodgers
1051 Harrison
Santa Clara, CA 95050

#14577

Dear Mr. Rodgers

Your name has been certified to the Appointing Authority as being eligible for appointment to the position of
Library Clerk - Full Time

Please make arrangements for an interview with:

Nora Rodriguez

NAME

TITLE

Main Library

277-4873

ADDRESS

PHONE

Failure to respond to the above interviewer within seven (7) days from the date of this notice will be cause for the removal of your name from the eligible list for the classification noted above.

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THAT YOU WILL RECEIVE AN APPOINTMENT TO THE POSITION.**

INSTRUCTIONS TO INTERVIEWER:

Check appropriate box below and return this form to Personnel Department, Room 215, City Hall, **immediately**.

Action: Failed to appear

Considered but not selected

I have selected this applicant to start

Candidate not interested.

Salary _____

INTERVIEWER'S SIGNATURE

DATE

Salary Step _____

CLASS OF SERVICE
This is a fast message
unless its deferred character
is indicated by the
proper symbol.

WESTERN UNION
TELEGRAM

W. P. MARSHALL, PRESIDENT

1966 MAY 21 PM
1201 (4-60)
= (49) •

SYMBOLS	
DL	Day Letter
NL	Night Letter
LT	International Letter Telegram

The filing time shown in the date line on domestic telegrams is LOCAL TIME at point of origin. Time of transmission is LOCAL TIME at point of destination

50A189 SSK330

O SFB361 PD=SAN FRANCISCO CALIF 27 322P PDT:

=BRUCE GREGORY RODGERS=

530 HEMLOCK ST (RTE VN) SFRAN:

=REGRET EMPLOYMENT OFFER WITHDRAWN=

TARANTINO RCA PERSONNEL DEPT=

THE WALL STREET JOURNAL

DOW JONES & COMPANY, INC.

Publishers

1701 PAGE MILL ROAD, PALO ALTO, CALIF. 94304

August 10, 1967

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

Mr. Bruce Rodgers was employed by Dow Jones & Co., Inc. for a period of thirteen (13) months as a Teletype Operator. He was found to be both dependable and an able employee. His attitude and spirit of cooperation with his fellow employees was exemplary.

Wm. H. Kayser
Wm. H. Kayser
Communications Supervisor
San Francisco, California

WHK/gc

many should disappear for the summer.

full depth.

Vii Putnam's Key to Gypsy Heart Opens Door to Broadway Fame

By GLADYS CARLSON

IT WAS just last year that Vii Putnam of Cassadaga endeared herself to a gypsy mother while on a train en route to South Carolina. When Vii spoke gently in the Romany tongue to soothe the gypsy's frightened little girl, she was immediately taken to be one of the world's roaming race.

The child and her mother had been snubbed by another passenger on the train, and the gypsy turned to Vii, speaking the words which were to become the title of Vii's best-selling book. Translated, the old gypsy saying was: "Hard hearts belong in cabbages and not in people."

* * *

VII PUTNAM'S first book, "Hard Hearts Are for Cabbages," a rollicking, light-hearted tale of gypsy adventuring, was published last spring, and has now gone into its third printing. While it was still in manuscript form, Producer Max Leibman purchased stage rights.

Casting is now in progress, rehearsals will begin this summer, and in October little Vanita, the play's 8-year-old heroine, will begin enticing wofudi people (those who don't like gypsies) into softening their cabbage hearts.

* * *

VII'S INTEREST in gypsies began when, as a child, she visited the Steamburg area farm of her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. John Young, who permitted them to camp on their land.

She learned to identify their patteran signs, which are left on gateposts or fences to warn or advise other gypsies of what to expect.

Among the gatepost messages which gypsies leave are: Very kind people. Don't impose on them; You will be entertained here; A cop lives here; You'll have to work to eat here; You'll get a month in jail if you stop here.

Following the patteran signs, Vii has probably visited every gypsy camp in Western New York. "Gypsies," says Vii, "are greatly misunderstood people. In all my study and a sociation

with them, I have found them to be entirely friendly and cooperative with those who meet them halfway. They never 'break and enter' and their sometimes unpopular ways are Romany motivations stemming from taboos and beliefs which, if understood by gajos (non-gypsies), would go far toward solving minor problems.

* * *

"CONTRARY TO an age-old belief, gypsies do not ever steal children," says Vii. "Their hearts are too full of love for all children to cause them the smallest unhappiness. They are,

bred dogs who started life tan-colored but were sold back in fresh, all-black to original owners.

We became so convulsed with laughter that we scarcely had enough breath left to encourage their compilation into a book length.

Having been born with the yen to write, Vii was sidetracked by an urge to travel and try her hand at amazingly varied tasks. In one year she held down 26 jobs.

* * *

SHE HAS WORKED in mental hospitals, sold advertising, modeled, told fortunes, taught school, served as a waitress and operated a cattle transporting business with her husband, Lorimer Putnam, with whom she makes her home in what she calls a small, "remudled" schoolhouse in Cassadaga.

At one time she lived and worked in Buffalo, as an attendant at the State Hospital and in a department store book department.

* * *

HOWEVER, SHE IS better acquainted with the cattle yards in South Buffalo, because of numerous calls there with her husband via cattle trucks. Since she is a graduate of Fredonia Normal School, some thought her talents were being wasted in such activity.

"Nonsense," said Vii. "I had thought that I might teach these cows that delinquency ends in a cattle yard, but I discovered what every farmer knows, that you can't teach a cow anything."

Vii could probably write an excellent book on "The Care and Guidance of Cattle," but instead is concentrating on three more books on gypsies.

Vacation Trip

Before starting on a vacation trip by car, take along several sleeves cut from old garments. Then if it is necessary for the driver to make emergency car repairs, it is easy to slip these on and hold them up with rubber bands to protect sleeves of coat or shirt.



VII PUTNAM

in fact, children themselves, in their gay, lighthearted approach to life.

"Times change and little by little gypsies are changing, too," she says. "While Romany law forbids it, seven out of 20 young gypsies now marry out of the clan. Often the marriage is kept secret."

* * *

FOUR YEARS AGO, Vii Putnam began reading to a class in creative writing unrelated but riotous stories of Vanita, her "blood brother" Arpad, Grandpa Stanlee, who found ownerless horses; Aunt Vanya, the flamenco dancer who slept on the floor in her mink coat, and Uncle Pillar and his pure-

MI DIARIO PERVERSO

Tuesday - July 20, 1993

High School Confidential on the bus again. Today he was dressed as if for Winter. Longsleeve shirt that hung down to his knees covering black - and, from what I could make of them, very ugly (read "loose") - gym sweats, plus the obligatory baseball cap practically pulled down over his eyes. All he needed were a pair of shades and he could have been pulling a Greta Garbo in miniature.

Well, this incognito act wasn't fooling me! The meeker sex - young tadpoles still floundering in tidepools - aren't as skilled in such machinations. Darling, they apply the wrong shade of ruse to their tender yet fuzzy little facades. But all too soon, that facial down stumbles into stubble. Peach fuzz begets thorny bramble bush.

In spite of the excessive clothing hiding each & every nook & cranny, I still wanted to push more dick than I have into his asshole. How good it would feel to have his violated hole rhythmically clamping shut trying to expel the intrusion. A veritable venal vise. I would talk to it to smooth things over. Nice pussy! Good pussy! Fight that dick, you pink sewer-pig! It's so good to stew your prune and make you bend over even further by squeezing your lug-nuts! Home, James!

(...I just love the stiffening results of leaded coffee in the mornings - it sidesteps my brain altogether; it courses through my heartstrings into my pecker which writes for me - jot by jot! My kidney-wiper, beast of burden that it is, waxes poetic when fed pretty pictures. And it has upon occasion written volumes.)

After work - same day. Arriving home from my 4-month check-up with the doctor, I sighted visiting skateboard-enthusiast neighborboy sitting on the front porch receiving a blistering reprimand from his father. All the standard shit about keeping late hours, not being responsible, etc. The kid looked at me eye-to-eye as I passed. His eyebrows were raised in that telltale "I'm-getting-bawled-out" look. Eyes unsure of whether to tear or not. Hangdog expression. I got the mail and turned to see if he was still being scolded. What a vision! There he sat, back to me, with those loose-fitting shorts hugging his pratt. I popped a boner right then and there. It was even better than I imagined. I even leaned down to catch a better observation because a bush was in the way. I must have been quite a sight fighting for a tighter view! How I would enjoy chewing him out too.

Night, same day. After a rushed supper consisting of half a cup of canned, but microwaved and therefore warm, hominy (heavily peppered), a baked chicken thigh and a slice of delicious sour dough baguette with butter, I went upstairs to retire for the evening and made good my promise I made the day before to Skateboard Scooter. I fucked him soundly and put him to bed. Ah, yes, servile in Seville. By day, a skateboarding Dennis the Menace - by night, a trim Dennis the Anus - servant to my plugging corky cock. A long stem rose for a budding vase.

PAGINA DOS

All in all, not a bad hauling of the asses. A fat rump in the morning and a skinny but full bump when I arrive home. I start the stroking process thinking of one and end up at the altar with the other. Recycled consummations.

Wednesday - July 21. Further adventures with The Young & The Breastless, although this morning Breathless would better apply. He almost missed the bus. Ran to catch it and sat next to me huffing and puffing. My little hunk is a little chunky, but, hey, that's tight with me, cause you know how chubby buns keep your peter locked in place and how velvety they are against your sensitive glans penis when those twin mounds snap back into place after you have pried them apart to gain access and then let go. Kawham! Oooo!

But I'm getting ahead of myself, to coin a phrase. He sat on one of the side seats directly in front of me and turned fully to glance over his right shoulder to see if his other bus had left, or so I assume. I got to see him closer than usual, and, YES!, he is a true beauty. Still has flawlessly rosy skin and cheeks as round and soft as his ass. Fawnlike eyes. Thick thick glasses. Non-deposits, as we used to call such specs. Probably blind as a bat. Hmmm. That could be a plus. There was another added attraction - as he leaned back to relax and catch his breath, he pulled his shirt up from his crotch. Martha! He has an eel-MENSE cock! Big enough to startle mice out of their mouseholes. No waste-paper basket there! I may even deign to suck it off after I plant Wilde oats in his field of screams. He can lay back and pretend that cute little chicklet-chewer popping her gum two seats ahead of him in English Literature is gobbling his goop. He might as well pretend; he'll never get to even open a door for her. (Brucetta Jane Mobley, you are SUCH a bitch!)

I thought that the enclosed photocopied Newsweek article was really well presented. Naturally, I approve and agree with what I highlighted. Plus there are some other goodies with which to decorate the bottom of your trash can.

Do you remember Christopher Atkins? We called him Christopher AssCans because of his sexy little bod being overexposed in Blue Lagoon. He dropped loincloth whenever he could. Some great swimming scenes with his Royal Nudeness overcompensated for what could have been a monumentally poor picture. Kick, stroke, kick, stroke - now breathe. Look at that beautiful reef. Good grief, what reef? Who can see a reef with so much narrow ass in the way? Anyway, La Atkins is "starring" in a new horror flick. I saw it advertised on one of the recent videos I rented. Can't remember the title (I think it may have been one of those companies that makes movies specifically for VCRs), but from all descriptions, it was a blatant rip-off of Coppola's Bram Stoker's Dracula (which, funny enough, is a rip-off of author Stoker's pages) - even down to some of the lines like "Love is eternal!" and so on. At least La Atkins is working and keeping busy with other activities other than posing naked. (Playgirl did a spread on him years back which had one stunning buck-nekkid butt-shot.)

Jacqueline Frost
sitting pungent

-Twosie-

rubbing version I heard at the street fair in SF on Gay Day), Cameo's "Word Up!" and some truly irritating house music by somebody/somebodies (???????) called Fierce Ruling Diva. Fierce has become one of the new code words lately. It originates in the gay black community and means like "fabulous!" RuPaul uses it t.d. (to death)!

Enclosed is a review from the June 26-ish of TV Guide about a wonderful new way of how two young British-accented moderns (Euro-trash - one girl done up in chic black and one cute Indian fellow - both skinny as rakes!) take the TV viewer on a tour of a country's off-the-beaten paths and underbelly. Prime ribbers trotting through the Tenderloin. Cheeky, raw, fun. The first segment I happened to catch - by accident, by the way - was on Australia. Men galore! And especially young, unattached, drunk jackaroos (cowboys) - 90% of whom looked like that bloke in "Snowy River" (is that the correct title?) or a Mel Gibson Gallipoli cut-out. Another show, mentioned in the review, showed the transvestite scene of Jakarta in Indonesia. They're more accepted there according to the program (although I read something fairly recently in B.A.R. which reported just the opposite) and are called lady boys, banchi or waria. "Waria, I just kissed a boy named Waria!"

Wednesday, July 14th. The schoolboy athlete again! I was sitting at the back of the bus - smack dab in the center seat - just in case he should get on so that I would have a better advantage of checking him out from any angle on the bus no matter where he perched. He got on at Wolfe, looked over what empty seats were available and sat in one of the three vacant seats to my right. Here was a serious study about to ensue: he was so close that when he yawned I could - and did - take note that he had no fillings in his lower right back molars. He has the early, pubescent development of a mustache. Probably cultivating it. Vellum. Brown baby swan down. He was still so sleepy, and he rubbed the "sand" from his eyes with the backs of his hands, as if he were still in his cradle with maternal protection not far away. (Mom's probably downstairs scrambling eggs to assist in the decoration of a plate of smiling bacon.) Altered boy dreaming of tinkering in his father's garage with metal parts and auto mechanisms; he belongs to the Holy Odors of San Trans Mission - a smudge of holy oil on the tip of his upturned nose.

His stop's fast approaching. Castro Street in Mountain View. He rises and nears the exit - his long shirttail precariously high but not high enough to catch a glimpse of his money-maker. This lack of a free show irritates me. Therefore, I am edgy and easily distracted. Across the street, peddling his bike for all he's worth, is another clean-cud young man wearing blue levis high above his waist - the way some sailors wear their bellbottoms. The levis are such a clear-day sky blue that Paul Newman would be envious. Pink carnation pussy to the right of me stepping off the bus, faded blue levis pumped blue by furious pussy pumping pedals to the left. What a day!

Thursday, July 15 - he boards the bus. This time I am coerced to cop a squat in the front because of the overabundance of riders this AM. Except for the students and workers and homeless, who in the blazes ARE these other seat-swipers? He swaggered in his huge, popular Nikes toward the back of the bus. In fact, to the very seat I occupied yesterday when I unbuckled his 'vi's

July 9, 1993

Oh, happy day! For not only is it Friday - a day which means a great deal to the working masses - but the little jockey short I mentioned in my last letter (you know, glasses, short curly hair - a Nubian in the woodpile but as white as Mount Everest) took the bus again this AM. He has me, oh, so rattled! I was sitting next to the rear exit - how apropos! - and got to see a truly awe-inspiring view from the bridge when he disembarked. You know how the kids today wear these extra large T-shirts out? Well, he does that too; however, today the tail was delicately balanced, (draped, one might say) just at the top of his jutting butt so that you could see all the curvature you wanted. I knew I was right in surmising that he had an ultra-round ass. Mercy! The way those stonewashed levis cupped his buns! (Gosh, do you think drool could eventually damage this keyboard?)

Marky Mark has made the bins down here California-way at Tower just like you said he did up there. The bin/been boy. What was once \$12 is now \$7. Marky Markup priced down. Too bad, but it was inevitable. Funny, how he sold his ass but no one ever got to see it. Maybe now he'll realize the market in that sort of exposure and will start exposing his mountainous buns along with his hilly tits. Naw, he's probably too late. Wake up, Marky, wake up and smell the alarm clock! Don't you know by now what time it is? It's almost twenty-five after! Your fifteen min-mins are up, Pup! Hello...and...GoodBYE!

And, before I get off the subjected smarty-panties Marky Mocked, the Machismo Mouth that is fast becoming ignored, the mailroom guy done tolle me that Marky's in some TV ad selling underwear or levis or some item of clothing. Trouble is, the ad is shown only between weekend daytime sports programming, and, let me give you the big scoop, THIS girl ain't ploppin' her pigskin self NO how in front of a TV set ALL the entire weekend to watch a batch of hot and sweaty mens pickin' on each other's balls just to catch a big maybe minute - I repeat - a big maybe minute of Marky flashin' covered skin. Uh-uh! Tell it!

On the other darker side of the moon, we now have RuPaul, a tall African American drag artiste who swishes around the runway singing and posing while wearing any number of BLONDE wigs. I've mentioned shim to you already. The gay PC community just does not know what to make of this diva, as you can surmise from the article i'm sending along. Since the black gays and drag queens dig'im, I feel any dislike leans toward dragophobia ever so sharply? When your Grandmere attended Gay Day, I heard the mix a la house music of "Back to My Roots", which was, by my musically unsophisticated taste, stupendously dancey! So, I drug my mink to Tower and, in spite of the ragging B.A.R. did, dropped my \$13 and got it. "Back to My Roots" was a slight disappointment, because it was too short with much too much talking! At the second listening, however, I really fell in love with the CD. I do sing along, which is one of the criteria for good music, ain't it? I now intend to get the CD single of "Back to My Roots" keeping my fingers crossed that it's the longer-play version I heard in the streets.

Today is Tuesday, July 13th - the morning after I called you after you called me. Listened intently to my three new CDs last night and decided immediately that I liked them. As I said on the phone, I got the several club renditions of "Back to My Roots" (which still didn't match up to the throbbing, crotch-

July 19, 1993 --- Monday, after Sunday Bloody Sunday - the day I was spiritually evicted.

On the brighter side, I neglected to mention that one of the neighborhood lady's prodigal sons is visiting for a spell. With his son! Lee told me that they both blew in from Oklahoma a few days ago, but I was so enmeshed in mash that I never noticed - till Saturday. He was clumsily trying to maneuver a skate board down the sidewalk. Baseball cap with the brim in front though rakishly tipped high, dark blue tank top, light blue loose-fit levi cutoffs, and those hideous Frankenstein booties the kids are so protective of. Being of Castilian heritage, his skin is olive and appears just as smooth. He stands, or skates, roughly 5'10", but because he is gangly, though riveted with defined muscle, he presents an illusion of being basketball tall. He is lanky with his knotted biceps and fluid with his gestures - the grace only allowed the unseen young - enough so that he presents the spy a near-perfect marriage of burly with girly, though he would probably punch you out if you said so. --- He is actually "cute" as he practices his initiation into manhood, his first steps of gorillahood. (Walk, baby, walk over to Poppa! Ooo, whazzamadda, baby fall down on his iddy boomboom? Daddy will kiss it and make it feel all better. In fact, daddy will kiss it until baby's bottom is all cherry red first and then will nibble it until it turns plum purple. Now daddy feels like butter and feels all wetter. Good baby.) Teen Angel is restless. After fifteen minutes of boarding the skate, he runs into Grandmother's house and hauls out several cassettes he obviously brought with him from the "low" lands. From the noise of it, the orchestration is a blend of hip-hop-scotch and heavy mental. He goes into his father's dusty bucket of bolts, jams the cassette into the player, and CRANKS IT UP, dude! Weeow! Car-cophony! He quickly tires of one "song" and speeds the tape up to another. He is one with the fast-forward button. Whenever a fellow teen drives or pedals by, he ups the volume. He does the same attack when a female approaches. Mr. Impress! Then he plays with the windshield wipers, gets out and adjusts the antenna, gets back in and adjusts the driver's seat, makes believe that he is driving a racecar (vroom vroom VROOOOM), gets out again, lifts the hood and checks the oil. This rite of passage continues for about a solid half-hour before he retreats back into the house for some television, a video, or locking himself in the bathroom.

A pencil-line mustache adorns his upper lip. Age-wise, I'd estimate him around 17 with at least 3 years masturbation behind him. (Is a "circle jerk" massturbation?) I can also picture him beneath the covers wetting his finger and teasingly rotating it about the rim of his butthole and maybe even twisting and turning it past the entrance until he's wearing a bedtime wedding ring of pulsating pucker - wrinkle-free. Then he may swivel his hips applying more pressure to his saliva-coated finger until it is dildo-logic and with his equally sexually curious other hand, he will begin to softly and sweetly stroke his buttery-charged erection until the thick tickling is too much and he quickens the tempo until he shoots baby after baby onto his narrow chest, a drop hitting his hot left bloom of a nipple, another hitting his chin, and yet another finding his lower lip. His asshole quivers sending now-tight now-relaxed messages. He removes his finger from his jampot and releases his well-hugged penis. His eyes which remained skillfully clothed throughout the embrace, solemnly fly open to take in the radiance of his starchy spunk. Both his nipples are diamond hard. The ass he took advantage of still vibrates. He is spent. After ten minutes, his breathing is normal. He jumps out of bed.

He brushes his teeth with Interplac. I memorize his thin face and tiny, apple-sized ass as he bends over the sink to dispel the motorized cleansing. I will carry him to bed tonight, widen his horizon and turn this brunette into a blonde.

-Threesies-

with my eyes. As he sauntered past me, his knapsack pulled his fashionable long denim shirt above his waist. What a full, firm round set! Summer melons!

As I slowly sip his every footstep with my Wisconsin deliroom eyes, I contemplate luring him over to my funny garconniere with the sweet-smoking promise of maryjane all in order to have him step out of his boyishly Bob Mary Janes. Then, I'll offer him a tall, icy glass of Colt .45 Malt Liquor (the glass having been earlier lined with a dusted Quaalude) until his inhibitions turn to exhibitions and his gambols and cavortations get the alcohol, marihootchie and downer to work extra quick until he tires and thoroughly exhausted lands face down, or bunny-side up, on the pale blue good-to-photograph-models-on 3-M carpet. Shagged on the shag. But before this nectar is tasted, I'll need to coax him out of his button-flies, for they're much too clinging to his massive thighs and buttocks. I'd never be able to pull those pants over those mounds, down to his ankles and finally off. The excitement would be all just too much and the Niagran flow of dripping drool would cause my hands to slip and not get a firm enough handle on things. Though, as a lubri-cunt...

It's his stop. He rises. I breath a heavy sigh. Heavier than most. It caresses my groin. The way he was sitting has pulled his shirt up again. His designer Genie buns protrude - exposed - like pouting lips. Rub them, and you'll get your wish. He descends the staircase - nude, because of my Superman watching Superboy vision - yanks his shirt tail back into place (over and therefore covering his unobtainable ass) and is safe once more.

Friday, July 16th, but it might as well be Friday the 13th! There I was on the bus wearing my new ensemble which consisted of a pill box hat and little else, smartly reading The Wall Street Journal with the full intention of fooling little Future Fuck of Albania into thinking I am a woman of stoic character and means with plenty of jangle to pay for his dangle and plenty of jingle to pay for his dingle. He didn't show up aboard The Love Boat. Could have finished whatever business he was engaged in, could have caught another bus, could have phoned in sick. I guess I'll just have to tug it by calling up Thursday's fondled memory of his...mug. Perish the thought, Maxfield, that I should pawnder any other part of his bod, like, say, his cherry tarts and not squander my seed pearls over his brown puppy dog eyes with those long lashes that press against his lenses. (Imagine them looking up at me while he has a mouthful of ready cock! I'd insist he keep those glasses on!) So what! So he didn't attend! So what! That'll give me plenty of time to collect my thoughts and detail feelings and perceptions I may have overlooked. Oh, look! There's someone else.....

"There's nothing sadder than a young pessimist, unless it's an old optimist."
(Mark Twain)

"Pessimism: all my thoughts are stillborn!"

"Optimism: all my thoughts are still born!"

(Bruce Rodgers)

Airphones - pretending to have earphones on while singing loud and badly.

HELP! INDIANS!

* Introducing... *

The newest thing
in humor...

*
* " WOODLES " *
*

Yes WOODLES! They are
best defined as " Word
Doodles ".

They are now fast be-
coming the lowest form of
humor... lower even than
the pun!

Some think they are
hilarious, others ridiculous.

HELP! WOODLES!

HELP! SPEAR-THROWERS!

HELP! INDIANS!

POSSUMS
HELP!



HELP! DRACULA!

H L O O S I K
E P! P G T C S.

HELP! QUICKSAND!

* (Help! Steamrollers!)

: : . HELP! . MACHINE.GUNS!

HELP\$ TAX COLLECTOR\$!

HELP! GHOSTS!

*

* (Help! Cannibals!)

help! pygmies!

WILDLIFE!

HELP!
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HELP! FAFFY DUST*

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HELP! SHARKS!

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* (HELP! HAND GERNADES!)

HELP! MIRRORS!
SORRY! PILE!

HELP! HALLUCINATIONS!

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o HELP! o CHERIOS! o o o
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o !ASHA! o o o o o o o o o o

HELP! MEASLES!

/VVVVV//VVVV/VVVVVVVV//

HELP! JACK THE RIPPER!

~~#### HELP! WILLIAM TELL!~~ → Ø

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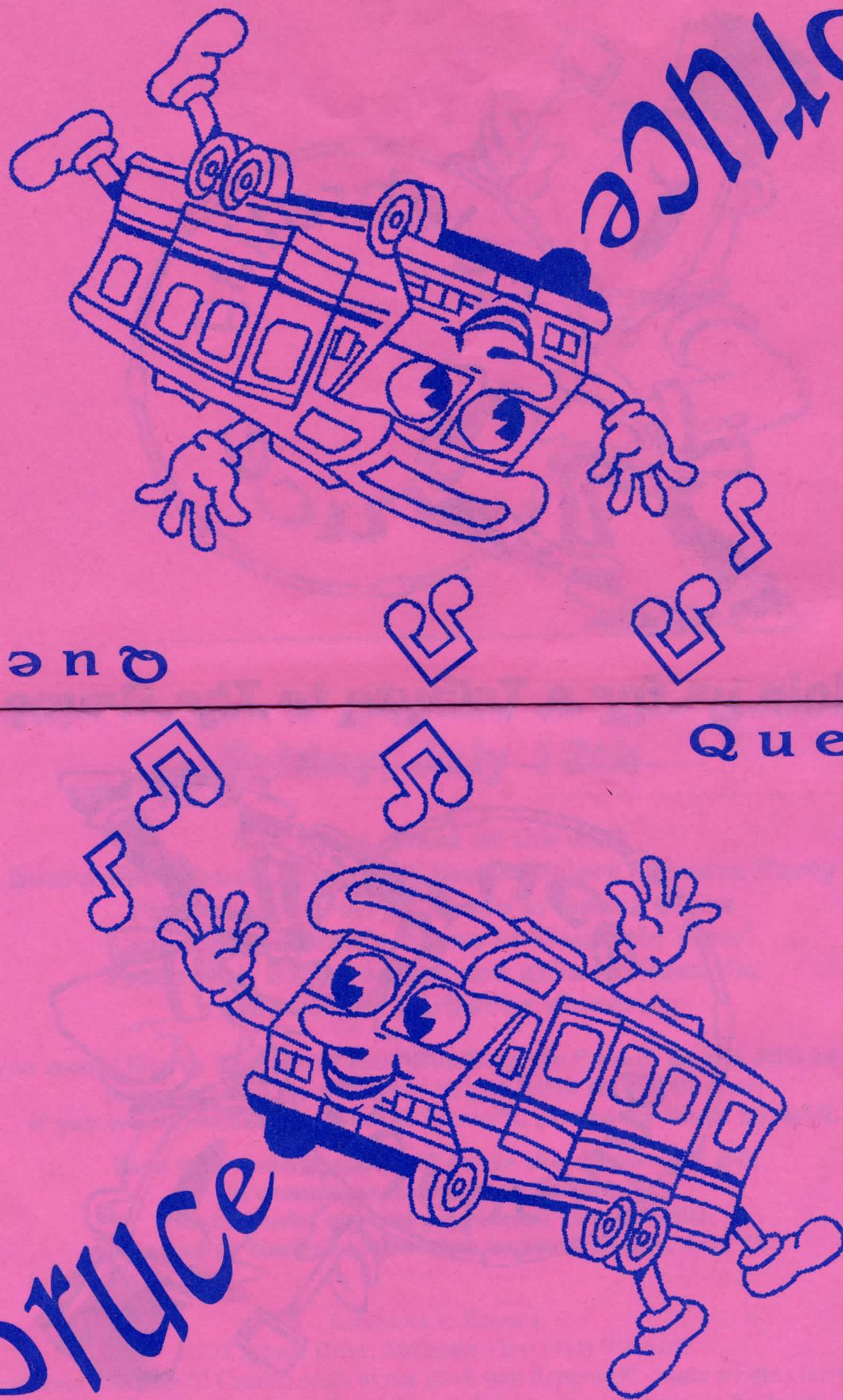
A TRIPLE DAY
ORIGINAL

Queen of the Desert (s)ert

Queen



Bruce



The Queen of the Desert (s)ert

Bruce

Queen of the Desert (s)ert



Join us for a Tribute to The Bruce Friday, July 12th

**The Plan: Meet at the JCC
and board the "Bruce, Queen of the Des(s)ert Express Party Bus"**

First stop: Bruce's house in Santa Clara

Last stop: Rosan's house in Mountain View*

**Program: Skits, songs and gifts at Rosan's,
followed by barbecue dinner.**

**If you would like to be part of the "Bus Brigade," meet at the JCC at 2:45
(carpools will be available to get back to the Center)**

If you would rather meet us at Rosan's, please be there by 4:15.

**Your \$20 contribution will cover the dinner and gift
(a computer, modem and printer)**

**Please make checks payable to the ALSJCC,
and send to Rachel's attention by Wednesday, July 10.**

**Directions to Rosan's:
1073 Judson Drive, Mountain View (415) 948-5142**

**From Palo Alto take El Camino south to one block past Rengstorff. Make a right onto Clark.
Take second left onto Marich, and the first right onto Judson. Rosan's house is the fourth on the left.**

A TRIBUTE TO BRUCE RODGERS

JULY 12, 1996
PROGRAM

1. THE BUS BRIGADE
2. "ON THE CENTER LINE WITH BRUCE"
3. "MR. RODGERS NEIGHBORHOOD"
"YOU LIT UP OUR CENTER"
LIMBO
4. "FROM THE ORIENT EXPRESS TO THE
ALBION"
5. "I AM WHAT I AM"
6. THE AUCTION OF AUCTIONS
7. "ODE TO BRUCE'S PALATE"
8. DINNER!
9. PRESENTATIONS

BUS SONGS
MAGICAL MYSTERY TOUR

Join us,
Join us for the mystery tour
Join us for the mystery tour;
The magical mystery tour is waiting to take you away,
Waiting to take you away!

Join us,
Join us for the mystery tour,
Join us
Join us for the mystery tour...

SUNG TO THE TUNE OF LUCY IN THE SKY WITH
DIAMONDS...

Picture yourself in a bus on the highway,
With tangerine trees & marmalade skies
Priscilla calls you, you answer quite slowly,
A queen with kaleidoscope eyes

Brucie in the sky with diamonds
Brucie in the sky with diamonds
Brucie in the sky with diamonds, AH

Cellophane flowers of purple & green
Towering over your head
Look for the queen with the sun in her eyes
And she's gone.

Brucie in the sky with diamonds
(repeat 2 times as above)

Follow her down to the house where Rosan lives
Where rocking horse people eat marshmallow pies
Everyone smiles as you drift past the flowers
That grow so incredibly high

Brucie in the sky with diamonds
(repeat 2 times)

Big touring buses appear at your door
Waiting to take you away
Climb in the back with your head in the clouds & you're
gone

Brucie in the sky with diamonds
(repeat 2 times)

Picture yourself on your way to a party
With JCC ~~droogies~~ with looking glass ties
Suddenly someone is there waiting for you
The queen with kalledoscope eyes.(

Brucie in the sky with diamonds
(repeat 2 times)

BUS SONGS, CON'T.

Sung to the tune of YMCA...

(chorus)

Schultz JCC

It's fun to work at the Schultz JCC!
They have everything for you to enjoy,
All different kinds of girls & boys!

Brucie

We love your long hair!

We said Brucie,

We love the T shirts you wear

And the scrumptious
weird food that you eat

Gives us all indigestion!

Repeat Chorus above

Brucie,

now your office so neat

We say Brucie

Without you we're incomplete

And the front desk just won't

Be the same without you

Sha-lom m m m m m m m

Repeat chorus

SONGS FOR CELEBRATING

BRUCE RODGERS ...

Sung to the tune of **WON'T YOU BE MY NEIGHBOR?** ...
(That's The Mr. Rodgers Song, stupid!)

It's a beautiful day when you work with Bruce,
A wonderful time - to *kvetch* - no excuse; *

Won't you be Bruce?
Won't you be Bruce?

We want to be his **neighbor** ... Please - won't you be his **neighbor**? ...

(*Repeat verse: substitute ... A wonderful time *to laugh* - no excuse [the 2nd time].)

Sung to the tune of **BONNIE JEAN** ...

Bruce, Bruce your friends are all here - except for *A + W \ ... but who cares ...
We feel close to you now,
As the sweat on your brow -

We love you, Bruce
Oh, Bonnie Bruce!

When the Auction is comin'
It won't be the same;
And your sleight-of-hand manners
That no one can claim;

You are special - we love you,
We'll miss and A - dore you

Bruce, Bruce
How can we go on,
Without you it won't be the same,

But this too, we'll survive
As we drink and imbibe:
You're faithful and true ... Bonnie Bruce.

CELEBRATING BRUCE RODGERS, CON'T.

Sung to the tune of YOU LIGHT UP MY LIFE

So many days, we came to your office,
Pleading for help
Letters, auction & more!
So many projects you lent your assistance...
You made it more fun
And now we'll miss you so!
You lit up our lives,
You gave us help
To carry on.
You lit up the Center,
And we thank you
With song!

ODE TO BRUCE'S PALATE

Dear Brucie, we're here to cook & serve your favorite dish,
Whatever pleases your palate, our command is your wish!!

Perhaps a deep-fried buffalo burger, nestled in grease,
How about a few ribs, their fat glistening on each piece!

Have a napkin, have a chopstick, have a chair-
Any babaganoosh we can spare, we're glad to share!

Have a plate, have a fork...

Some deviled snakemeat or candied pork!

Put your feet up, feel at home

Have a smoke, have a coke,

Would you like to hear a Joke

Or perhaps a poem

Inspired by Confucious

What can we serve you, our dear Brucious?

What tender morsels can we feed thee?

Ginger-peachy, oh dear Brucie.

Have a sinfully chocolate kumquat, have a few-
Delicious with garlic blueberry bagels & our mooshi,
sushi stew!!

Everybody give a cheer

Our dear Brucie is eating here!

Taste our marinated grape bruzettes, sizzling with mesquite, en
brochette.

And some "goosha feel", slightly tossed,

Would you like some, Mr. Soy Sauce!

In the kitchen, you're our boss!

Have some barbecued spanakopeta & dilled dolmades truly au jus
Made totally from scratch especially for our Bruce!

There are mooses, gooses, juices, & other Bruces,

Percivals, Marvins, & even Garvins;

Toms, Dicks, & Harrys too.

Buth there's only one Brucie

AND WE ALL LOVE YOU!

FROM THE ORIENT EXPRESS TO THE ALSJCC

Old spy movies with their many expedients
Require certain minimal ingredients;
These appeared with the guy in trenchcoat,
shades, & dictionaries galore;
We were quite curious about just what was in store.

Did he write with invisible ink?, we quickly asked-
He evasively assured us he was up to any task.
So he decamped in our Center, land of bagels & dorito,
Revealing a passport stamped Orient Express, Persona
Cognito.

In Yiddish, Ladino, Romani, Arabic & Russian it was
written,

So many tongues we were truly quite smitten
By this person with such a far-flung history-
Conveying a heady air of indescribable mystery!
Istanbul, St. Pete, Cracow, Budapest, San fran. as well,
Would a true-blue spy cast such a powerful spell?

Or was he a Romanoff hippie originally deca-dent?
Perhaps an Islamic pilgrim formerly Mecca-bent?

Or a Talmudic scholar, verily heaven-sent?
Maybe a gypsy researcher searching for his tent?

Or a native of KOKOMO,
Here to teach us Esperanto?

"Que haber, holch volch, boa glia, vus maksta
spakoyne noche"-

It's all Greek for us non-linguists,
oi vey!

As for you - linguist, scholar, computer whiz, dear
friend, we all agree-
That it's been great having you at the
ALSJCC!



SanFrancisco JewishCommunityCenter

3200 California Street, San Francisco, California 94118 (415) 346-6040

Serving the Community for Over 100 Years

November 14, 1984

BRANCH SECRETARY

JOB DESCRIPTION

- Work with management in areas of: correspondence, typing, minutes of meetings, dictation, phone reception, appointments, filing, and record keeping.
- Maintain room scheduling for large multi purpose agency.
- Maintain communication with members and staff, including informing them of meetings, arranging logistics for meetings and other events.
- X - Maintain the inventory of office and Central supplies.
- X - Oversee the upkeep of office machines, service contracts, copy machines, audio visual, and other equipment, and phone and security systems.
- X - Work with management staff on fundraising projects.
- Provide assistance in all area of Central Administration function as needed.

MINIMUM QUALIFICATIONS:

- Strong organizational ability, including ability to keep on top of many projects at the same time.
- Ability to work under pressure, and prioritize among various demands being made at the same time.
- Teamworker who enjoys action, people, and who has a sense of humor
- Typing accurately 55 wpm. Shorthand desired but not critical.
- Minimum 3 years office experience.
- Bachelors degree desirable.
- Knowledge of Jewish community and culture.

1

Officers Hans Weinberg, President • Paul Cohen, Vice President • David Soffa, M.D., Vice President • Kent Graham, Treasurer • Benjamin Dertman, Secretary • Judy Leash, Executive Committee Member • Judy Grossman, Executive Committee Member • Michelle Ackerman, Executive Committee Member

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Serving the Community for Over 100 Years

SanFrancisco JewishCommunityCenter

3200 California Street, San Francisco, California 94118 (415) 346-6040

JOB DESCRIPTION

Department Secretary

Duties include:

Taking assignments from the Office Manager

-Work with management in areas of correspondence, typing, minutes of meetings, dictation, phone reception, appointments, filing and record keeping.

-Maintain room scheduling for large multi purpose agency.

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-Teamworker who enjoys action, people, and who has a sense of humor

-Typing accurately 55 wpm.

-Minimum 3 years office experience.

-Bachelors degree desirable.

-Knowledge of Jewish community and culture.

December 20, 1985

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Bruce Rodgers 111

These 9 represent a little
under half of magnum opus
Yme tomorrow

Late in October of 1979, Bruce Rodgers finished a soup and salad lunch in the Old Mill Shopping Center in Mountain View, California which is almost midway between Stanford's stucco halls and the microchip industries of San Jose. He told Joe Jenkins, his roommate and friend for fourteen years (and office manager in the educational tape company they both work for) that in the time left before they had to drive back to work he was going to look around Upstart Crow.

Checking out each of silicon valley's bookstores has become a routine for Bruce: passing the supermarket stacks of the new and popular, he knows where each store shelves his first objective, language books. One-to-one dictionaries, linguistics books, theories on semantics, comparative grammars, etymological dictionaries in his once scholarly field now stand next to mass market grabbers by William Safire, Eric Neumann and others; if the bookstore is in a college town like Palo Alto then it even may display some books on slang -- slang still being the unaccepted bottom lines of language, the public transportation of a free-way-talking society.

It didn't take him any time at all to spot the new lavender spine with its quick GAY TALK title. His first reaction: absolute joy because someone else had finally written a book on so important an area as gay slang. Then, appreciating the thickness of the spine, this emotion melted into a more human concern: how much did they borrow from my book? He flipped it open at random ... and schized. He didn't have to read a single word: the typography and layout is distinctive. And familiar. It took him a second or so to turn back to the cover: GAY TALK (formerly THE QUEENS' VERNACULAR) by Bruce Rodgers, published by ^{Books} Paragon, a subsidiary of Putnam & Sons.

When the circuits in his head cleared again, all he could think was, well at least they spelled my name right!

?
That Libra had already been difficult for Bruce. His father had had a stroke. And work -- what he does to make money (filling and shipping tape orders, transferring tapes, keeping inventory) -- was, as usual, ^P
^Arepetitive and boring but this month particularly strenuous as well. His own work -- researching and collecting offbeat, underground, peripheral languages-- was not progressing and he was stymied compiling the first Djudezmu-English dictionary. (Djudezmu or Ladino is the Judeo-Spanish equivalent to Yiddish, a dialect spoken by less than two million primarily in Israel, Turkey and Spain) And he had just passed another birthday.

Bruce never graduated from the University of Nevada in Las Vegas. He had thought he wanted to be a translator but early on had realized that this was only a marketplace substitute for his real love, studying slang, argot, patois, the bastard dialects spoken by the people -- segregated, discriminated against, repressed, ignored. Some like Sabir, the French-Arabic argot of North Africa, are dead; others like Black American are very much alive, one of the few sources of inspiration keeping our language alive. ..

He moved to San Francisco in the 60s and a variety of shit
jobs, and being gay, celebrated and collected the slang ^{of the} streets,
Polk and the Tenderloin, the bus terminals, bars and baths. He
listened to how things were said, asked questions, repeated
meanings for nuance and read everything he could get his hands
on. He accepted what he heard if three people strangers to one
^{in the same way.}
another used the word or term ~~for the same meaning~~.

He met Joe and started rooming with him; Joe was one of
13
seven mailmen fired in a now forgotten scandal involving non-
delivery of junkmail and moved down the Peninsula where eventually
Bruce was able to get some part-time work in the same company.
Bruce considers himself unemployable. "I'm weird. I run around
with a pencil writing little notes to myself. I dress like a
geek and I'm interested in subjects so esoteric I have to explain
them every time anyone is interested enough to ask. I'm a freak
and unemployable."

This self-image runs deep. He is pessimistic, stubbornly
paranoid, obsessed with an all-encompassing interest as well as
a disregard for convention that can be self-defeating. He
corresponds with a number of scholars internationally, has

delivered lectures to learned societies, yet is outside academic acceptance. "I would have to go back to get three degrees before they would take me seriously and I have neither the time nor money for that. My work is too important. I'm doing the work of collecting languages that are endangered species while the academics argue trivia or dream up theories for the purpose of credentials. I wouldn't fit in there either."

Fear of rejection together with the arrogance of the loner is very much at the heart of his outlook. And this has not been dispelled by his publishing history up to this time.

So you can begin to understand why it took him some time to respond to the shock of seeing his book ripped off and reprinted without knowledge or permission. "It took about two weeks or so for me to call them. And for me that's quick!" When he did call New York he got through to Putnam's paperback division, specifically to Alan Greenberg in editorial. "I want you to know that Bruce Rodgers is very much alive," he had to say because they had been told by Rolling Stone or someone along the line that he was dead or something.

In the early 70s Jann Wenner, founder and publisher of Rolling Stone magazine started a book division with a series of reprints culled from the pages of San Francisco's -- and the nation's -- leading rock magazine. He then brought in Alan Rinzler from New York who had just achieved editorial stardom through one of his title's, Bel Kaufman's UP THE DOWN STAIRCASE. Rinzler's new job was to produce more.

Straight Arrow Books, located along with Rolling Stone in the old red brick MJB coffee building south of Market, used a Boy Scout dessed in 20s knickers, round brimmed hat and lace-up shoes for its colophon. A very tongue-in-cheek image. Toward the end of 1971, I completed editing Lenny Lipton's first book, INDEPENDENT FILMMAKING and Alan asked me to look at another manuscript. "Actually it's more like a straight, if you can pardon the expression, list of words," his then secretary, Barbara Bur-gower explained. "Gay slang words, thousands of them, in alphabetical order that this man had been collecting for years. He's very nice and ... well, maybe sort of strange and possibly difficult to work with. Tell us if you think a book can be made out of it."

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(Bump) A conference call was arranged that November 26, so that Bruce could talk to both Greenberg and his superior at Paragon, Sam Metnick. Both men were genuinely pleased that Bruce had contacted them, enthusiastic and encouraging. Initial sales of the cloned book (it has the same length and width dimensions, a similar lavender-colored cover enclosing sheets pulled from the original plates, but the paper is heavier, therefore it blks wider making the book look thicker than its predecessor) indicated that after seven years its time had come.

"Somebody owes you a lot of money," Bruce distinctly remembers the Paragon men saying. And they were as much in the dark as he was about how this particular book came to be published by their company. What they wanted to discuss was selling the book, the possibility of a publicity flight, maybe even a speaking tour for Bruce. The book had potential and they wanted to feed the fire, an activity no doubt he could get behind. They would get back to him with ideas, plans, developments, a general plan for the marketing campaign.

All in all a very satisfying call. Bruce had received acknowledgement that he was what he said to be.

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something now called GAY TALK and was going to be included in its future. The very next day, Greenberg mailed him a package, "Please find enclosed three copies of GAY TALK for fun and pleasure. We hope you like it. Best Regards." This crossed a letter of Bruce's dated the next day, November 28: "Naturally I am happy at the prospect of hearing that GAY TALK could do well. I would perhaps be interested in helping with some promotional efforts, but would definitely be more interested in discussing this after I know precisely where I stand with regard to the arrangements that have been made for this reprint.... I have been contacted by nobody in this regard. And, I am certain that up to 1979 Straight Arrow did know of my whereabouts since I did receive statements and mail addressed to my name via that publishing concern. If they do not now possess my present address, they well should"

Bruce had drafted this letter over and over again hoping to hide his simplicity, no his naivete about business and fear of publishers with bland but rational words and not of the slang variety.

There was one more note from Greenberg, who on December 21

typed himself, Sam Metnick's Assistant: "Please find enclosed a rave (or raving) review which appeared in last week's Village Voice. We thought you would like to see it. Sam wrote Arrowsmith to let him know that you do in fact exist. Best wishes for a happy holiday season."

And he probably did. As he waited. They said they'd be in touch. They said they'd help. They said they'd find out exactly how THE QUEENS' VERNACULAR came to be translated into GAY TALK. They sent him copies of the new book. They sent him that review from the VV. And afterall they did spell his name right.

Maybe he would get what he wanted: the chance to revise the QV, a real update reflecting seven years of new words, clearer etymologies, a slew of new sources from Greek, Arabic, Turkish, Hebrew, Spanish, Russian, French, German, Yiddish, Hungarian. All these derivations so important in establishing the universality
ⁱⁿ
of our slang. And tracing the geographic and historic findings of homosexuality as an inherent vector in the natural range of human feelings and desires.

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What Bruce's exhaustive alphabetical list of words needed, I decided in the beginning of 1972, was a functional order: Categories of similar or related words, a useful etymology style, a cross-reference that functioned and pertinent, provocative examples of use. I drove down to Mountain View and pulled into the driveway of a fairly modest ^{bungalow} ranch-style house and out of the doorway wearing a long Arabic robe and carrying a smoking stick of incense Bruce skipped and jumped up and down like an excited child. Inside, the heavily curtained house was filled with George Washingtonia: pictures, statues, plates, rugs, trays, beer cans, flags, glasses, almost everything movable. Joe collects, Bruce explained as we skirted around each other verbally like fighters searching for openings. "I was afraid you were like the rest at Straight Arrow," he explained later. "All they said was that this editor was coming down to talk about the book and I was afraid of what you would do."

I explained how I thought the book should be organized as a lexicon with the simplest, most suitable and best proportioned form, and we both relaxed and started dishing and fagging and

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Bruce and I have loved one another ever since. In just over three months we organized the material into a "monumentally bowel-testing work," "a highly specialized, wholly remarkable, one-man work (I have some of my own axes to grind) of love that belongs in most scholarly reference collections"; (its) like Chinese food in that you'll be hungry for another look at THE QUEENS' VERNACULAR an hour after your first exposure"; "read it at your own risk. But it's worth the risk."

By the time the manuscript was completed and submitted (Barbara told me that Jann was reading every installment "just to e safe") my part of the project was through and Bruce continued with its production -- an unpaid employee of SA. "I had trouble communicating with them when they got rid of you. I was an easy fuck. You were harder."

The book designer, Jon Goodchild, said they printed about five thousand copies of the book. Bruce never found out how many copies were sold after it came it. In total Bruce received about two thousand dollars for his effort, less than my three-month salary.

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By 1974 Straight Arrow was twanging its last bow. Rinzler had left without having produced a single blockbuster -- in Jann Wenner's terms. The cash flow problems, Wenner announced when he scuttled his subsidiary, ⁱⁿ for running so diverse operations as books and a magazine were insurmountable. Nothing further, except some more Rolling Stone reprints were going to be published -- and not under the SA logo -- and the fate of those books already out --the backlist -- was something that couldn't either be decided or found out. Still at that time -- and later -- copies of the QV could still be bought or ordered through bookstores. The rumors were that the entire list was being sold to a distributor which later turned out to be Simon & Schuster who chose only the titles they felt they could sell from the inventory. They turned down the QV. ~~when I got it~~

Bruce felt he had done what he does: he had compiled and written the book. Looking after it in a business sense was not in his purview. To protect his interest, he would need a lawyer: that meant spending money in front to find out maybe there was no money behind. He worried that for a time till finally he went to a local, a suburban lawyer unfamiliar with the intricacies of ..

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"I hired him as a go-between. I didn't want to talk to anyone connected with Rolling Stone anymore. I had been getting the runaround right from the beginning. And it got worse as the company began to dematerialize. Every time I'd call there'd be another secretary in charge passing along my buck. No one of them knew anything -- or cared. My problem was too unimportant to be bothered with. I could never find out anything. And I was really put down because it was a gay slang book. The attitude was, yawn, that dirty thing. God what awful things those fags do. And talk about. Nothing but sex. Are they perverted!"

So Bruce paid his money and Frank Russow informed SA on September 12, 1975 that he was dealing with them for Bruce. To
For ^{To} have copyright revert to Bruce, 1. the book had to be out of print,
2. the author had to have paid off the indebtedness of his advance,
and 3. the author had to have received no earnings for two consecutive accounting periods. If all three conditions were met, the publisher had six months to make other arrangements or submit satisfactory evidence of anticipated earnings. Acting for SA in this matter, Steve Robbins indicated that there were outstanding copies of the book as well as unbound printed sheets.

were bought up, then Bruce could get back copyright.

Russow requested figures: total copies published, copies on hand, the cost of the remaining unbound sheets. This was on December 23, 1975. His request was never answered and Russow did not pursue it.

Bruce felt all the negotiations were in Russow's hands. He had been sent copies of Russow's letter and that was satisfactory evidence of what Russow was doing. It was in Russow's hands and that was fine with him. It never entered his mind that he had to check on his lawyer. Then there was the expense of what he would have to buy from SA. He was almost glad there were no further developments yet. The whole subject was too sore. So he did nothing. Even when Rolling Stone took off for the Big Apple.

Then, after more than a year he ran into Russow on the street. And nearly keeled over when the lawyer casually asked, "Say, how's the dictionary going?"

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In 1980 Bruce waited only until February before going back to Russow. Yes, going back to him.

"Well I liked him and what happened the first time I put down to no chance. It seemed to me there was no way that anything could be done under those circumstances. And because the first case ~~was~~ hopeless didn't mean he was a bad lawyer. This time I felt I had a definite case. My book was reprinted under the colophon of another publisher without my knowledge or consent. Even they had felt I was entitled to remuneration."

The first time Bruce had given Russow \$50. This February he gave him another \$250 as a retainer. Russow said it would probably take a few months before anything would happen, given the previous history of "unresponsiveness." So Bruce waited. For more than a year no communication from Paragon, Putnam, Simon & Schuster, Rolling Stone or Russow. Then on May 21, 1981 he wrote to Russow: "It has been well over a year since I have retained your services, and so far, I've been kept totally in the dark as to what has transpired regarding the infringement of my copyright on THE QUEENS' VERNACULAR.

given the courtesy of a return call, and the only written statement ever received by me was a return address change.

"I would appreciate knowing -- preferably by post -- of anything, if indeed anything, has happened."

And of course he never received an answer. Bruce doesn't like to be questioned about it, but if he is, he returns to a literal view of the way things are supposed to be: "Lawyers are hired to do these things."

And if they don't? He shrugs. The gesture of a loser you can say, but also of someone so dedicated to his vocation that anything outside of it is extraneous.

Go to another lawyer? "I don't have the money. And even if I do what's to prevent him from doing the same fucking thing? And what would I get out of it now? If I sue Putnam, do you think they'll be amenable to a full-scale update? That's all I really want to get out of this. I've long ago given up hoping to make any money out of this. And all this dragging on of things, never any resolution. It's held me back. There's so much I've researched and collected, and not just gay American slang. There's Greek gay slang, a translation of Kaliarda by Elias Petropoulos.

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And I could do a small dictionary of Rotwelsch, a dead German
with
argot ~~and~~ then its modern offshoot, Yenisch which is only spoken --
no don't laugh -- by about three thousand basketmakers in Germany.

"Then there's all the years I've spent on Lingua Franca, the
almost universal -- at least from the time ^{people ignorant of French}, medieval and even before that, means of communicating between the
Crusaders and the Arabs, for example, ^{or} between master and slave in
the Mediterranean region. It's been used for centuries by sailors
^{and sailors for his friend masters of guy.}
^{is} and ^{an} important gay reference. Then there's Gullah, the dying-
^{dying out} bidialectical Creole spoken in the islands off North Carolina.
And Malacca, a dialect spoken by Malasian-Chinese ^{and} related
to Macao Portuguese. I'm interested in Ancient Egyptian and how
it ~~it~~ appears in Hamitic languages outside Egypt like present-
day Berber. Also kinetic linguistics, communications other than ^{the}
^{language} spoken, like systems of signals and handsigns and pictographs.

"Also there are subjects in linguistics never studied before
like vulgarities and swearing; then ^{starting} there's the initial language
of children as they try to form words ^{reflected in} universals like dada and
mama; or words formed onomatopoetically like bang and boom that
have no other roots. Then I've ^{started} been doing a comparative study
^{worldwide} of the common names for botanical and biological species ...

stinkbug, Daddy long legs, witch hazel and hundreds and hundreds of thousands more.

"And all the new gay slang since 1972. ~~The irony of it:~~ the only criticism leveled against GAY TALK it seems is that it is "dated,"? Can you imagine?"
Do you know
the irony of that. It makes me sick.

You have to take responsibility yourself and conduct your own affairs and protect yourself, and Bruce looks at me out of wise grey-green eyes and laughs and I have to laugh ^{at myself} too, wanting him to become practical and resourceful and shrewd as well as what he already is.

But that's not all there is to it. There's the element of guilt, guilt about revealing what is secret. It's like giving away the password. ^{The pain of knowing known what is and having it used} Already Bruce has opened himself up to attack. ^{against him} In the height of the anti-gay Anita Bryant number, a propaganda tract called THE HOMOSEXUAL REVOLUTION by David A Noebel was

published by the American Christian College Press and about nine pages of the QV was used as a glossary supposedly pointing ^{out} by ^{Scattered throughout} depravity of homosexuals. Included in the glossary were standard definitions of ^{sexual} perverse acts like pedophilia, misogyny, exhibitionism, voyeurism, etc and statements like, "It also confirms the fact

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that homosexuals do seduce and molest youth."

The use of his work is so malicious and fallacious a man-
purpose for ^{sowmly} open, it
never hurt Bruce and added to his guilt that revealing mysteries
hurts not only the one who does it but more importantly the group
^{whose way} he is revealing
he represents and has allegiance toward. We are a community
why sometimes threatened with violence and death and there is the
real fear element underlying within Bruce that his work can be taken and
inverted and used against us.

His rational side understands that he is one of the few
people presently working to record and capture that most ephemeral
of things, the way words and thoughts are spoken and transmitted
nonstandardly. It is a part of real history, and usually acknowledged
and appreciated only much later. We learn more about the
history of a people, archeology now understands by the mundane
records of grain storage, for example, than the epic songs in
praise of battle. <sup>If we knew how ancient civilizations falld, we
the people would know them.</sup>

My phone rang and Bruce said, Oh do I have a word for you