Gay Seattle

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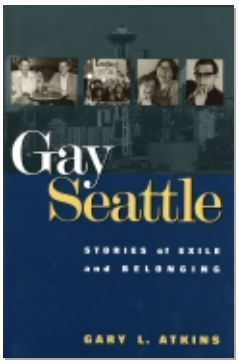

Published by University of Washington Press

Atkins, Gary.
Gay Seattle: Stories of Exile and Belonging.
First paperback edition. ed. University of Washington Press, 2011.
Project MUSE.muse.jhu.edu/book/40703.

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Insiders at City Hall

The Rhetoric of Privacy

No one would ever have described Charlie Brydon as splashy, and in all likelihood, few would ever have called him "Mae" in that friendly gay lingo of the 1970s. Brydon always seemed to be wearing a conservative sports jacket even when he was not. Perhaps that was suitable for the man who would eventually be recognized, more than any other, for taking Seattle's gays onto Denny's knoll and inside city hall.

As a teen, Brydon had been sent away from his home in New Jersey to be educated in a military prep school in Georgia and then at the Citadel in South Carolina. He dropped his political science studies to join the army during the Vietnam War, serving with the First Cavalry in the central highlands and winning two bronze stars as an intelligence security officer. He had been trained to gather information from well-placed sources and keep communication discreet. Above all, he honored professionalism—nonideological, practical. In a later interview, he would say that during the war he had grown "exasperated with the way career officers responded to the antiwar protests at the time."

"They took it personally. People should have shrugged it off, recognized it for what it was, gone on about their business." He approached politics the same way. "I'm not interested in ideology. Ideology in church, or any ideology. I want to see results. Reforms of the great world problems can come later, but I want to see something happen today."[1]

After Brydon left the army in 1970, he moved to San Francisco but maintained a love affair with a man still serving in the navy. Almost immediately, he began writing letters to the local news media whenever he saw a story about homosexuality he could praise, which meant one that did not emphasize the sexual aspect. To KTVU in Oakland, he sent congratulations for a program that discussed gay liberation in "an intelligent and rational forum" that was "a small but significant step in rending the veil of myth and falsehood." To KQED, he wrote a request that the station cover "the largest minority in the Bay area that remains for the most part ignored or treated superficially" despite its "important contribution to the business, civic and cultural wealth of this region." But, Brydon added, "in fairness . . . the individual homosexual is sometimes his own worst enemy."[2]

In July 1974, he arrived in Seattle to open a branch office for an insurance com-

pany. The battle with Police Chief George Tielsch had ended by then. Brydon started attending meetings of the Seattle Gay Alliance, the successor to the Dorian Society, but with his military and insurance background, he contrasted deeply with the mixture of socialists, lesbian feminists, and other grassroots activists then in the SGA. Yet just months after joining, Brydon became the SGA president. That, he once claimed, was because he was the only practical-minded candidate upon whom the various ideological factions could compromise. In 1975, without a great deal of regret from Brydon, the SGA dissolved, the immediate surge of post-Stonewall energy having dissipated.

Of the people he met in Seattle, Brydon did hold high respect for Glen Hunt, a landscape architect who had also been a member of the old Dorian Society. The two decided to begin inviting other gay businessmen to join them at lunches instead of political meetings. Rather than open the lunches to everyone, they compiled an invitation list to ensure an amiable meal, and started calling themselves "Hunt's Mad Hatters." At first they ate in a private dining room at the Mocambo in Pioneer Square, but that location, Brydon recalled, was "pretty dreary," so they transferred to a table at a more upscale restaurant. After several months, Brydon asked the others whether heterosexual visitors from city government could be invited. Some Mad Hatters were reluctant, because that meant a change from purely private socializing. It would force them to be publicly visible as homosexuals to people in power.

"The closet was still the dominant ethic," Brydon said later. "People working downtown—the antithesis of the [gay] stereotype which was popular at that time." Brydon stewed at the reluctance. Finally, ever goal-oriented, he just decided to act.

"Sometimes," he would say a quarter-century later, "progress requires a shove."

City hall in Seattle is unimpressive as architecture; it looks more like a nondescript 1960s hotel than a symbol of civic conversation. Yet whatever its aesthetic failings, it still controls the important rituals of local politics, and homosexuals had to master those rituals if they wanted to be part of the political conversation that had always been controlled by those who operated above the Deadline. Most of those rituals demand discretion. For every public hearing or speech, there were thousands of informal chats, phone calls, quiet meetings, and lunches that shaped public acts of policy making. The knoll, and city hall in particular, were not just pieces of geography or architecture, but a topography of "networks"—and those networks were not made of underground dances, consciousness-raising groups, or pulpits.

Charlie Brydon kept his eye on that different sort of communication, and by doing so he was about to become a new kind of symbol among Seattle's homosexuals: the "downtown gay." Before the 1970s, that term would have referred to those who frequented the bars in Pioneer Square, but with Brydon the geographic metaphor shifted its point of reference to Denny's knoll and came to mean a professional worker, well positioned in business or government, economically com-

fortable, and, at least by the standards prevalent among the "hill gays," very conservative. The communication ritual favored by this new downtown gay was a business lunch for networking.

Brydon decided to invite Susan Magee, the director of the city's new Office of Women's Rights, which had been given the responsibility for enforcing the recent ordinance banning job discrimination against gays and lesbians. That first conversation between the downtown gays and a city official "struggled along," Brydon remembered, but "towards the end of the hour, she said, 'I'd like to say a few things about what the OWR does and why it might be of interest to you.' She's a very easygoing, pleasant woman, and she made her little presentation. Afterwards, people were saying, 'My, that was interesting. We should do it again.'"

Brydon laughed. "All I needed was that encouragement."

In April, Brydon invited Councilwoman Jeanette Williams, and she too said yes to the invitation. As the social club began to evolve into a more formal network, a mailing list of thirty-six gay men developed. In May 1975, Mayor Uhlman attended. The conversion of the Mad Hatters had begun in earnest.

Despite his initial coolness toward gays and lesbians during the Tielsch years, the mayor's decision to accept Brydon's invitation indicated a warming toward a possible new constituency, particularly if it seemed a little more respectable. Uhlman had his own reasons for reaching out. Even though he had just won re-election in fall 1973, by the summer of 1975 the city's firefighters were planning to launch a recall because of various job disputes. Critical precincts Uhlman needed to carry if he hoped to hang onto his job were on Renton and Capitol Hills.

Brydon sensed the opportunity of the timing. He began to work as he best knew how—as an insider. For Uhlman, he offered to host a fund-raising party, possibly the first that gays in Seattle had openly organized for a city politician. Using the Mad Hatters' list, he succeeded in attracting more than two hundred people and raised one thousand dollars for Uhlman. Perhaps more importantly, in yet another first, after the party was over Brydon took the mayor of Seattle on a tour through the city's gay bars so Uhlman could press the flesh with gay voters. Only nine years had passed since the previous mayor, Dorm Braman, had urged his police chief to harass the bars and "discourage the inflow of these people to Seattle."

It was a stunning public change. By the end of the night, a new alliance had been forged—not only between the city's gays and its mayor, but more personally, between Uhlman and Brydon. When the recall election was held, Uhlman won the critical gay-heavy precincts he needed. Soon enough, he appointed an aide named Tim Hillard to become the first official mayor's liaison to the city's gay community.

By midsummer, almost one hundred gay men were attending each of Brydon's luncheons, and it was clear that a new organization was about to be born—one that would be modeled not after the lesbian or gay social service groups on the hills but after similar constituency lobbies on the knoll.

In October 1975, to avoid what one member called the "tyranny of structurelessness"—a phrase that at least hints at feelings the downtown gays had about other activist organizations in town—four lunch-goers including Brydon and Pam Weeks, a director of the Lesbian Resource Center, incorporated and adopted bylaws. Asked what the name should be, those who had been attending the lunches chose one that had fallen by the wayside in the liberation aftermath of Stonewall. They appended "group" rather than "society" to the word "Dorian" and adopted similar purposes: to seek respect and to engage in a simple Doric discussion about civil rights for homosexuals. But there were also to be changes from the days of the Dorian Society. This Dorian Group would be committed to a vision reflecting the knoll more than the mudflat, and in subsequent years that would make it more aggressively political than the old society had ever been. It would seek the insider contacts the lunches were creating and would not engage in direct aid to gays and lesbians, as the old society had done by forming the counseling service. Public outreach to schools or churches through speakers' bureaus would be minimized; what was important was insider networking. Where the society's slogan had been "understand us," this new Dorian would try to speak a different phrase: "Get clout."

Pointedly, Brydon's group decided to operate according to *Robert's Rules of Order*.[3]

From the start, the new Dorian Group rhetoric differed from the feminist and socialist analyses that linked the homosexual cause with struggles against sexism, classism, and racism. The Dorians instead adopted a classic, singular civil rights agenda that argued solely against discrimination. Instead of urging new styles of communication that challenged the patriarchy and traditional hierarchies, they adopted the rules by which the patriarchy and hierarchy operated.

"The Dorian Group," Brydon told the *Advocate* in October 1975, "is reaching to a set of people who have never had a gay-identified group before. The gay middle class are non-radical, conservative, establishment people who have never felt represented by any gay organization. Here, they can come to a monthly luncheon like any other luncheon they would have for business. . . . They can come and be with people of the same socio-economic class."

Pam Weeks added that as a lesbian she was an activist, but "I'm not particularly radical. The whole time I was coming out, the only people who I knew were gay were the street people. You're rarely exposed to the gay professional, and this is a comfortable way to get that exposure."

The *Advocate* reporter, Randy Shilts, concluded that Brydon's approach was "the biggest trend to hit the gay movement since Stonewall." In just nine months, Dorian "far and away" had become the Northwest's largest single gay organization, with 250 members. And, Shilts wrote, it was "only getting bigger." Like Pat Nesser, Brydon had tapped into a trend waiting to happen. Of course, it did not hurt his now growing national image that he and David Goodstein, the publisher

of the *Advocate,* shared the same view and were becoming friends, and that the *Advocate* itself was now tilting away from its liberationist beginnings toward more middle-class acceptability.

"The real power of the gay community," Brydon told Shilts, "rests with the middle-class group. For a long time, the middle-class gay has felt powerless to change the system. When we start exercising our power, that's when the establishment starts taking civil rights seriously. That's when things get done."

To Goodstein, he would confide in a later letter that "I am disturbed by the low level of understanding and mutual rapport that is pervasive among key people in our movement," a reference to the liberationists.[4]

Brydon's significance may be that he, more than any previous gay male activist, set out to mobilize and appeal to the very group that had been the mainstay of Mark Matthews's and George Cotterill's moralist campaigns in Seattle: not just the homosexual middle class, but the heterosexual middle class. Brydon was not about to apologize for being middle class himself and for working to create public narratives that appealed to middle-class gays, but he also kept his eye on the rhetoric and values that middle-class heterosexuals could understand. He shaped his oratory to awaken the part of gay Seattle that might seldom go to the bars and almost never to a consciousness-raising group. Then he chose symbols and actions that meshed with those held by Seattle's heterosexuals, particularly those who held power. He made it clear that he believed "getting things done" did not mean talking about patriarchy or separatism. It meant making sure middle-class heterosexuals knew and supported gays.

His timing was perfect in that Seattle's most prominent political leaders were ready—after the police scandals, the Tielsch moralism, and the passage of the jobs ordinance—to accord new respect to the city's homosexuals, as long as the homosexuals were of the right kind to join in the political consensus sought at city hall. As one local observer told Shilts, "For straight politicians seeking a way to deal with the homosexual constituency without danger of smear, Brydon's group was a godsend."

Much of Brydon's public rhetoric was cast to calm fears that heterosexuals had about gays. Where other activists angrily denounced police harassment, Brydon instead praised Northwesterners for their heritage of tolerance and progressivism and cajoled them to live up to it. Brydon appealed to an ideal of tolerance that those living in the Northwest enjoyed believing about their section of the country, even when certain facts—the historical treatment of racial minorities and the sweeps of moral crusaders like George Cotterill—suggested Northwesterners had been no more tolerant than those living anywhere else in the nation. Yet repeated often enough as "historical fact" rather than goal, it was exactly the type of shared civic mythology that gays and heterosexuals might together act on.

Brydon also argued that the best common ground between the region's gays and straights could be summed in a single symbol that would appeal to all

Northwesterners: privacy. That became his mantra, as much as the slogans of opposing "sexism" or encouraging "coming out" were the guiding symbols of other activists in Seattle.

As a rhetorical symbol, privacy did fit remarkably well with Seattle's history and ambiance. Seattle, as historian Roger Sale wrote, was "a wonderful city in which to lead a quiet and comfortable private life." Sale added, "The age-old appeal of Seattle" was to "get a job, a house, a family, settle down, move to the suburbs, buy a trailer, have good vacations."[5] That, rather than any message about gender bending or capitalistic evil or socialist reform, was what Brydon and the Dorian Group wanted to tap into: gays and lesbians, they argued, just wanted the same clean-cut middle-class dream. They did not even need to be understood, just left alone and protected from any arbitrary discrimination that resulted from being suddenly visible.

Privacy, not gay liberation. Privacy, not sexual freedom. Privacy. Period.

Seattle's city council had already granted protection against discrimination for the first dream on Sale's list: the job. Now the Dorian Group asked for the second item: the house.

Almost immediately in the meetings with city officials, the Dorians had suggested an amendment to the city's fair housing ordinance to prevent landlords and home sellers from discriminating against gays and lesbians. The issue, of course, was privacy, Brydon argued. Landlords and home sellers had no right to pry into tenants' or buyers' private lives or to base their decisions about renting or selling on what they might presume to know about private love.

While that argument had appeal, it—and the whole concept of privacy—also had a slippery side. The easy counterargument was that owners had a similar privacy right to control the rent or sale of their own property. An earlier city council had already shown a reluctance to regulate such housing discrimination: when the original law preventing race discrimination in both jobs and housing had come up for consideration in the 1960s, a nervous council had split the two, enacting the jobs protection but putting the housing law to a public vote rather than risk taking a stand itself. The law had eventually passed, but only after a passionate crusade by the city's African Americans and its Catholic archbishop.

The proposal to amend the law opened all the old issues. The city apartment owners' association raised the specter of children being molested if landlords were unable to prevent gays from moving in. Homeowners complained they wanted to be able to sell to whomever they chose.

At the end of the summer of 1975, after surviving his recall election partly due to gay votes, Mayor Uhlman announced he would support the amendment. Although the council debate over the proposal was intense, it was also short, lost amid the summer's other issues and the "good vacations" that Sale describes. By a five-to-four vote, the council adopted the amendment. It was a far shakier margin than the council had given to the law protecting gays from discrimination in jobs.[6]

Still, Brydon and the downtown gays celebrated. The Mad Hatters' lunches, the fund-raising party, the new links with the mayor, and the adoption of a new rhetoric had produced a quick insider victory. Seattle was now one of only a handful of cities to protect homosexuals from both job and housing discrimination.

That fall, the Democratic candidate who would soon become the state's governor agreed to come to a Dorian lunch. It was yet another coup for the newly formed group. Dr. Dixy Lee Ray, who had headed the federal Atomic Energy Commission and who was known for her curt and often blunt remarks, answered three questions about gay civil rights:

"The state human rights commission currently doesn't consider gay people a protected minority. If you were governor, would you change that?"

Ray: "I believe that government is so important that it needs to be re-examined to see that all of its parts are functioning in the public interest."

"If you are a candidate for governor, will you support gay civil rights legislation?"

Ray: "I believe in civil rights for all people—regardless."

"As a person who has worked in the federal government for many years, you must know some gay people in high federal positions. What is it like for them? Are they under pressure?"

Ray: "I don't know any. You can't tell by looking at them."

The last answer, according to the *Advocate,* drew applause. It was okay to be discreet.[7]

Any move to become gay insiders talking to heterosexual city hall insiders posed serious questions. Homosexuals as a group had not been part of any public policy making in Seattle before the 1970s. Could homosexuals work as insiders within the city's heterosexual networks of power? Could the city's gays and lesbians imagine having civic leaders and spokespersons much as the African American community did through its church ministers? If so, who would they be? Bar owners and drag queens from Pioneer Square? Ideologists and missionaries from Renton Hill? Feminists from the University District? Or might they arise from the knoll itself, among gays and lesbians who had worked inside the system? If so, would they really know anything about the lives of gays and lesbians who struggled down in Pioneer Square or wept in consciousness-raising groups? And anyway, who would crown particular people as political spokespersons—some group in the gay and lesbian community itself, or the heterosexuals who controlled the city's political and media machinery?

To many gay activists in Seattle, the applause of the Dorians for Dixy Lee Ray was a problem, not a solution. "Privacy" echoed of a closet, and the name of Charlie Brydon quickly became anathema. In 1977, for example, a writer for the *Seattle Gay News* blasted Brydon: "Charlie is one of those middle-class slickers who don't want to acknowledge that they have anything in common with the gays who hang

out in parks or the little boys out in front of Penney's [the downtown pickup spot]. He reminds me of those Jews in fascist Italy who thought they had it made because they had connections right up to Mussolini. His military record, the business he's in, his lifestyle are all a denial of what's really at issue in this society. . . . He represents the establishment—the owners, the moneyed people—who often are as conservative and racist and anti-feminist sexist more so than the society at large."

Already, Brydon was no longer a person. He was a symbol.

Downtown gays and lesbians immediately returned the volleys. Ginny Lambert, who was on the Dorian board, responded to one *Gay News* attack by writing, "I am sick and tired of the criticism voiced and written of the 'Middle Class.' The so-called Middle Class is probably paying most of your wages. . . . Try for Gay Rights in any Socialist/Communist nation in the world. I dare you!!"[8]

Three incidents between Brydon and the "hill gays" stand out.

First, in 1975 he invited the new police chief, Robert Hanson, to the Dorian lunch. For once, his timing may have been unfortunate. Gays and lesbians had just claimed a narrow peninsula of land in the University of Washington's arboretum and were using it for occasional nude sunbathing and swimming. The police responded with raids and arrests, overreacting as far as gays were concerned. Even Brydon was upset. "They didn't bother the men," he recalled in a later interview, "but when the women came down and took their tops off, that became a different issue. On some hokey pretext, [the police] went down and they'd come riding across the horizon, sweeping people up. I mean, it was just totally unnecessary."

What he did next confirmed his insider approach. "I went to the mayor and said, 'This is getting nowhere. There needs to be dialogue.' Which is essentially what I had been trying to do, getting dialogues going between city officials and other people in the community."

"So we needed to get the police chief there" to the Dorian lunches.

Gay activists such as Freedom Socialist Party members Dick Snedigar and Sam Deaderick, both working at the gay counseling service, thought differently. They argued for public protests instead. Having dealt with Tielsch, they were skeptical of letting down their guard against Hanson. Rumors circulated that Deaderick would actually lead gay pickets at the lunch, challenging Hanson and denouncing the meeting as a sellout on Brydon's part. If that happened, Brydon knew that no one—especially the members of the Dorian Group—would cross the line.

For help, he turned to a young gay man he had just hired as a receptionist for his insurance business, someone whose politics he had not been aware of at first: Paul Barwick, the same Barwick who was living with Faygele benMiriam at the Gay Liberation Front communal home on Capitol Hill. Barwick, practicing his own brand of discretion, had not told Brydon about his well-publicized attempts in 1971 to marry benMiriam, since all of that had occurred before Brydon had arrived in Seattle. Brydon later confessed he would not have hired Barwick had he known, but for handling the Hanson controversy, Barwick's own connections to the social-

ist gay activists proved invaluable. Brydon pleaded with him to tell them not to picket. Barwick relayed the message. The answer came back: Open the invitation list and allow the hill activists to sit in on the lunch and ask tough questions about the police raids. Brydon did not trust that, so he proposed another deal. Barwick would record the police chief's talk and the Dorian questions afterwards and give a tape to the hill activists. Brydon promised that the Dorian questions would be tough.

Hanson showed up, and so did the Dorians' biggest crowd yet. "People really packed it," Brydon recalled. "What they had done, stupid police, was that they had impacted the very people who were Dorian Group participants. [These men and women] were largely just working folk that were not political ideologues. The police had interrupted what they considered their innocent recreation" at the arboretum.

Hanson promised changes. Deaderick still complained publicly to the *Advocate* that the Dorians had held a "private audience" with the police chief, had "let him give his usual public relations line," and then had allowed him "to walk out to a standing ovation."[9] But the picketing, if it had actually been planned, had been deflected. Brydon would continue to promote insider lunches.

The second conflict occurred in spring 1976, when a vacancy opened on the Seattle Women's Commission. Gay liberation activists backed the socialist Cindy Gipple, whose comments in 1973 had seemed to trigger the graffiti painting of Freeway Hall by lesbian separatists. Gipple had become a member of the counseling service's board and had been endorsed by many of the gay organizations on the hill as well as by the commission's own nominating committee, but her name had languished for months without action on the desk of the one city council member charged with calling hearings to fill the vacancies, Jeanette Williams. Gossip began that Brydon was lobbying Williams and Uhlman for the spot. The *Seattle Gay News* quoted Brydon as saying he thought Gipple's constituency among gays and lesbians was "not broad enough," a reference to her socialist politics. The dispute became unusually public for three months, even drawing the attention of the city's mainstream press.[10] It did not help the tension between Brydon and the hill gays that during the same months, the Gay Community Center, which had endorsed Gipple, was firebombed. On the one hand, the hill gays were under assault from bigots, and on the other, as far as they were concerned, Brydon was undermining the community with his clout downtown. The *Seattle Sun* published a headline in April 1976 saying, "Gays: Left, Right Square Off," in which the word "right" no longer referred to anti-gay conservatives, but to Brydon himself.

Although Brydon issued a Dorian Group press release denying the accusation that he was blocking Gipple's appointment, the *Seattle Gay News* still went on the attack in an editorial in May 1976 that said Gipple had solicited support from gay and lesbian organizations, while Brydon had "apparently decided to ignore all the existent organizations in the gay community in favor of soliciting support among the political establishment."

It was that question of leadership: If gays and lesbians were claiming more visibility in making city policy, who was selecting their leaders? The activists, or downtown heterosexuals? "We find it impossible to imagine," the *Seattle Gay News* editorial said, "how an individual could possibly hope to morally represent the Gay community without the support of Gay associations."

Williams finally weighed in, saying she thought the commission needed a gay man on it. The rationale was that the commission, through its concern for women—and therefore for lesbians—was the only real entry point at the time into the city bureaucracy where homosexuals could have any say. Other reform feminists on the commission could, presumably, represent lesbians, but gay men, she argued, needed their own voice. Also, Williams said, the commission's nominating committee had violated procedure by submitting only Gipple's name for the post. The logic infuriated the more radical and socialist-minded feminists, prompting one of the commissioners to openly attack Williams for "an insult to the gay community and to Ms. Gipple."

Mayor Uhlman had the final say. To no one's surprise, he finally appointed Charlie Brydon. Enraged, Gipple complained to the *Seattle Gay News* in July 1976 that "Brydon has made it clear he will represent white, middle-class gay professionals, ignoring women, minorities and poor working-class gays." Brydon, for his part, thanked Uhlman in a private letter that echoed some of the old Dorian Society's rhetoric from the days of the Reverend Mineo Katagiri's testimony before the city council in 1966, noting that "gay people have sought an open role in the municipal process in an effort to take responsibility for our own problems." Brydon added, "We seek to demonstrate that gay people are willing, able and responsible participants in the civic life of our home town."[11]

The third major disagreement between Brydon and other gay activists came over demands that the mayor proclaim an official Gay Pride Week. Seattle's annual commemoration of the Stonewall riot had begun with a small observance in 1973. In 1975, activists outside the Dorian Group decided to see if they could capitalize on the mayor's attendance at the Dorian lunch to get him to issue a proclamation of Gay Pride Week as well as to attend a celebration at Seattle Center.

Uhlman was not ready to respond to requests from gay outsiders. He declined, saying he did not believe it was "the proper role for city government to endorse any particular life style, especially in so personal an area as that of sexual preference." He was not hostile, just politic. While he was rejecting one overture, he was simultaneously communicating behind the scenes with Brydon about establishing a small task force that could advise him on gay and lesbian concerns.[12]

By the following year, the battle over the proclamation became more intense. Two different strategies for how to work with city hall were being promoted. Those most concerned with effecting cultural change in definitions of gender and sexuality pushed as outsiders for visible and symbolic actions from the politicians. Those interested in political reform and cooperation with powerful heterosexuals worked

behind the scenes and demanded fewer visible gestures of support. The split between hill gays and downtown gays grew more obvious. David Neth, then director of the Gay Community Center, pointed out in a letter that Uhlman had declared such things as "Liver Week," "Salad Week," and "German Shepherd Weekend." In fact, "Gay Pride Week" was the only proclamation Uhlman had refused. "A proclamation from you," Neth wrote, "would help build an increased concept of self-worth among the tens of thousands of our people still living a hidden existence in the Seattle area." Not incidentally, he added, "it would also end . . . the doubts of myself and many others about your commitment to helping our community."

Uhlman again refused. The other proclamations, he explained, didn't involve "matters of public controversy."

Brydon eventually joined the dispute, defending Uhlman in a letter written in June 1976. Many gay people, he argued, did not want or need the government to "tell them they are OK. . . . Personal identity and self-worth are not the government's province to give."

"Further," he added in a sentence that emphasized the symbol he was continuing to test, "we need to recognize that sex and sexuality are essentially privacy matters in our culture and society." There was quite a difference, he said, between declaring a Salad Week and "proclaiming an observance of one form of sexuality or another, especially when the particular sexuality is at issue and anything but a settled matter of general public policy."

It was enough that the mayor and city council addressed the civil rights of gays and lesbians by supporting the jobs and housing ordinances, he added. "Expecting them to orchestrate a brassy fanfare and implying that the mayor is a chicken for not doing so is less than fair."[13]

The move above the Deadline now meant more than activism on the hillsides. Uhlman had become the first mayor of Seattle to find a public representative of the gay community he trusted. And Brydon trusted Uhlman. Some people were beginning to refer to Charlie Brydon as Seattle's new "gay mayor." Others, like Cindy Gipple, were fuming at the mention of his name.