

The grossest Sex Show Ever: The End of Civilization?

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THE GROSSEST

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

Show on Earth



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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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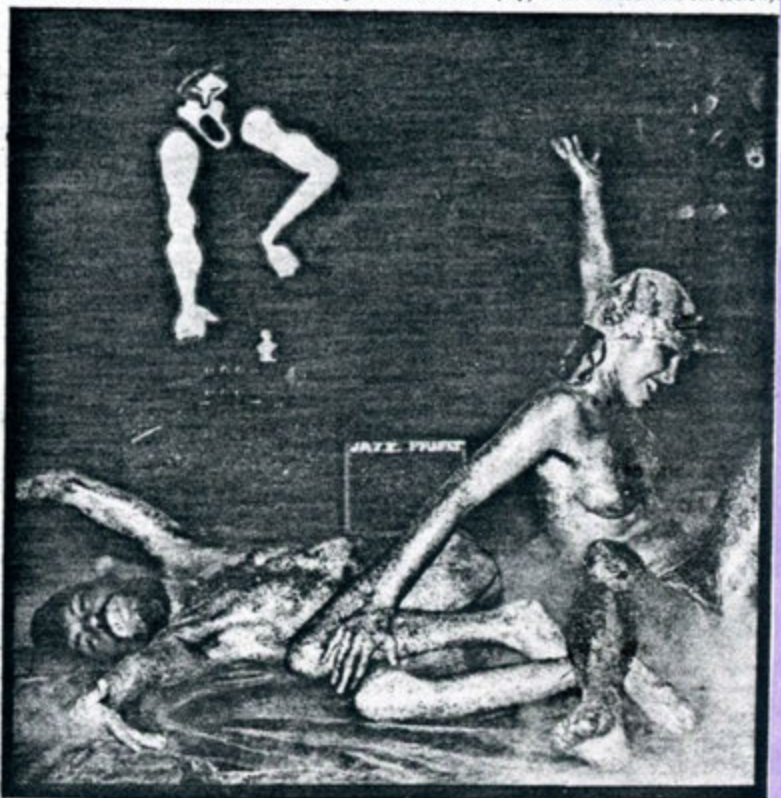
"Now, here is our weekly legendary act," she says brightly and introduces "Joe Cocker." "We've just managed to get him together enough to fly up from L.A.!" With that, a mangy "Joe" struggles out on his knees, clutching a beer as the band launches into "With a Little Help From My Friends." This "Joe"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

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

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



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



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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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



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

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

people are "committed" to Frank. "Steve [Hofmann] and I get all the girls and all the boys we want!" Frank chortles. "That is sex appeal!" "Everything Hollywood has told us about sex appeal and what is beautiful or not is wrong," Frank insists, squirming in his wheelchair. "Rock Hudson's a fag, and Marilyn Monroe was lousy in bed." Now, that's outrageous! _____