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VOL. XI NO. 31 DECEMBER 24, 1981

S.F. First

Mental Health Specialist Now For Gay Clients

by Allen White

In a move that has seen little public notice, the San Francisco Department of Public Health has created a Gay services specialist. The term "Gay services specialist" means that a trained staff member would be qualified to provide services to Gay-identified clients. To be qualified means an individual has obtained sufficient experience, training, and knowledge to be sensitive to the special circumstances and problems of Gay and Lesbian clients served by Mental Health Centers. These requirements are in addition to regular civil service requirements. People in these positions need not be Gay in order to qualify for certification, and people in these positions will provide services to other populations as well.

In preparing a presentation to the Civil Service Commission, the Health Department's personnel manager noted that employees in existing classifications would not be displaced. It was also stated that Gay-sensitive staff will be available in all district Mental Health Centers as well as available to provide services to the general public.

This action will provide Gays and Lesbians with people who are trained in working with problems sensitive to the Gay community. These specialists will be trained in Lesbian, Gay, and Bisexual lifestyles. The range of the training will be extremely comprehensive and will cover virtually all areas of mental health problems that could be encountered.

The program is a result of a proposal originally created by the Gay Mental Health Task Force. The task force had stated that there existed a demand by Gay residents and clients for competent services and staff for San Francisco's large Gay population. It was noted that there is a negative bias and attitude about homosexuality among many health

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Don't miss the traditional bar decorations. This year, Castro Station goes all out with spangles and sparkles of the San Francisco skyline. (Photo by Rink)

B.A.R. Wins First Round In Libel Suit

Superior Court Judge Ira Brown ruled, on December 11, on a demurrer submitted by attorneys for the Bay Area Reporter. He sustained their plea that the complaint of police officers Holly C. Pera and Corbett Dickey (and their \$40 million libel suit) did not contain sufficient facts to constitute a course of action. He was saying in essence that there was not enough evidence to continue the case. In throwing it out of court, he gave the plaintiffs twenty days to amend their complaint.

They may choose to refile, or they may not. At this point Judge Brown's ruling tells them that even if everything they claim is true, they would still lose the lawsuit.

On July 13, 1981, the Police Officers Association

attorneys Bley and Bley filed suit, charging that two of their members had been libeled by a Bay Area Reporter report of a meeting of the Alice B. Toklas Club's Political Action Committee. In that meeting, called to hear testimony on police violence in the Haight, witnesses and victims itemized complaints. Officers Pera and Dickey were named. The story ran on May 21, 1981; the newspaper corrected an erroneous date on July 16, but stood by the report of the public meeting. Three days earlier, July 13, the suit was filed, stating that the article was libelous on its face. Claiming that the article exposed the two police officers to hatred, contempt, ridicule, and obloquy, the suit asked for \$40,000,000 plus costs.

The paper, through its at-

torney, Duke Armstrong, requested the Northern California chapter of the ACLU to look into the matter. Subsequently, Staff Counsel Amital Schwartz, through the ACLU board of directors, accepted the case. Attorneys Lynn H. Pasahow and Robert L. Lewis of the prestigious law firm of McCutchen, Doyle, Brown, & Emerson, of 3 Embarcadero Center, joined the case. On October 13 they filed a demurrer to the police officers' complaint. Among other things, they argued that the supposed false statements were not actionable. Also, there was no defamation of character because the complainees are public employees subject to "fair comment." Third, the complaint failed to show malice.

The newspaper's attorneys

requested the court to "strike" the complaint on the grounds that those portions of it seeking damages were a sham and had a chilling effect on the exercise of First Amendment rights.

On November 17, Judge Brown took the matter under advisement; he was the sitting Superior Court law and motion justice. He responded to the various parties by letter. No reasons were given (as is customary) why and where the plaintiff's suit failed to show a cause of action. It is now up to the Bley and Bley attorneys to amend their complaint. They must seek to discover what is unsatisfactory; it could be certain sections or it could be their entire complaint. On the other hand, they can offer

(continued on p. 9)

Bath Houses Protest Hike in Employee Fees

Several bath house owners and managers met last week to denounce the raise in city licensing fees of their employees. Bill Jones, owner of Sutro Baths, called the meeting; representatives from Club San Francisco and Bulldog Baths also attended. Ten people (including three from the Gay press) showed up at the Sutro Bath House on Folsom Street.

Those present complained that the S.F.P.D. and the Board of Supervisors had gone too far. Both branches of government were accused of unconstitutional acts and harassment. Much of the discussion was an airing of griev-

ances and expository talk. Aides to two Supervisors, Brandy Moore (Doris Ward) and Dennis Collins (Richard Hongisto) were present to hear the complaints and offer explanations of the political process and discuss what options were open to the businesses.

Employees of bath houses and massage parlors are regulated by the 1932 City Charter. The police department currently administers the regulations. All new employees must apply for a permit to work. They are photographed and fingerprinted, and a check is run on them.

They must pay an application fee and then a yearly charge. Seven years ago, the fee was only \$6, but it has been raised and raised. This year the Board voted to accept a S.F.P.D. recommendation and raised the charge to \$36 a year. In addition, all the initiation fees were hiked. To go to work, one owner charged, a new employee must pay out of his own pocket \$86.50. The bath house people complained that theirs are the only businesses so singled out. This they called discrimination.

As many of their employees are working for the minimum wage, they see the cost

as excessive. Especially since much of the work done is laundry or janitorial, they see no relevancy in the expensive police screening of prospective employees. Said Jones, "These employees should not need a permit." Sutro returns the costs to employees after they have worked a year, and Club San Francisco reimburses after six months on the job.

The supervisory aides sought to lay out the methods available to seek redress of grievances. The bath house people were less than sympathetic to the time-consuming options offered to them. They wanted immediate action.

Those assembled were equally chagrined that not all the city's similar establishments had sent representatives to the meeting. Neither did they come up with any concerted plan of action, but agreed to meet again.

The owner of Club San Francisco announced that he had had enough of the abuse, that he was going to hire an attorney and file suit.

At press time, Supervisor Lee Dolson's office announced that he was introducing legislation to delete bath house employees from the processing requirements and the fees they must pay. ■

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The Windows Are Open At Atlas Savings

Atlas Savings and Loan, the first Gay bank ever, reported in this week, and much of what follows is from their Chairman of the Board, John Schmidt, and President, W. Gerald Flanagan.

The Market and Duboce streets S&L opened November 16 for business. Atlas met all of the pre-licensing requirements so far ahead of schedule that it was able to open even before the rotunda lighting was in or the computer terminal on line. Until the first of the year, when all the bugs should be ironed out of the system, bank hours are limited. For the present, hours are 10 am to 3 pm, Monday through Friday, and from 10 am to 2 pm on Saturday.

While the grand opening has been scheduled for February 15-21, bank officers expect to be running full-bore by the first of the year.

Atlas stock certificates are now ready to be picked up. The head office suggests that shareholders visit the facility to pick up the certificates. Positive identification is required, and the bank has issued a schedule: A-H on Mondays, I-Q on Tuesdays, R-Z on Wednesdays. Linda Rohde, Atlas's administrative officer, will be on hand to assist anyone wishing to open or add to their savings accounts.



Atlas President W. Gerald Flanagan (L.), with Chairman John Schmidt next to him, followed by business guests in a recent tour of the building. Atlas is now open for business. (Photo by Rink)

Thomas F. White & Co. will be setting up the secondary market for Atlas stock. As the designated market maker, White & Co. will serve those wishing to buy or sell Atlas stock. White told the *Bay Area Reporter* that prices will be established as buyers and sellers meet for the first time. Already there exists, White said, a list of buyers. The scarcer the stock is, the higher the price will go. If there is more stock available for sale than there are buyers,

the price will soften. Within a few weeks, quotations of prices will emerge. White's telephone is 664-8000.

John Schmidt announced that now is the time for Atlas stockholders to boost the institution by opening savings accounts. Atlas must generate \$500,000 in new savings accounts by January 15. Now is also the time to think of transferring other accounts, both private and business, to the Gay bank. ■

Jack Campbell Pleads Guilty Over Canadian Bath Bust

In late November, Toronto, Canada, papers were agog with stories that "for the first time in Canadian history a man was fined \$40,000 for profiting from keeping bawdy houses and selling obscene material."

The man was Miami, Florida, Gay bath house czar Jack Campbell. On November 20, Campbell flew to Toronto from Florida, and surrendered to the local police. He thereupon pleaded guilty in provincial court to a charge in the Canadian criminal code that prohibits people from making a financial gain from an illegal business.

Campbell, a nationally known Gay figure, was charged with earning over \$111,000 in a three-year period (between April 1, 1978, and January 31, 1981) from the operation of Toronto's The Barracks and Club

Toronto. Both were referred to as bath houses where acts that went beyond "community standards" were performed. Campbell was also accused of selling obscene sex devices.

The prosecution sought a fine of from \$50,000 to \$80,000. Campbell's attorney argued for no more than a \$5,000 fine.

Over the years, Campbell has figured as a major Gay business and political figure. He had interests in the Club Bath chain throughout the United States and Canada. He is well known in California.

Some five years ago he took up residence in San Francisco and bought a house in Pacific Heights. He and his aides opened a model agency; an undercover S.F.P.D. officer applied for a job and reported that Campbell was setting up a prostitu-

tion ring. He was arrested for pimping and pandering, pled guilty to a lesser charge, and abruptly left town. Campbell has been a heavy contributor to Gay causes and prior to the 1980 Democratic convention there was talk in Gay circles that he was thinking of putting his name forward as a Vice Presidential candidate.

According to the Canadian newspaper *The Toronto Star*, Campbell owned 30% of The Barracks and 40% of Club Toronto.

In arguing for the large fine, prosecutors stated, "He ought not to be allowed to leave this courtroom showing a profit." If he did, "then there will be no deterrence. Crime will have paid." *The Toronto Sunday Sun* reported that the conviction will mean Campbell won't be able to vote in U.S. elections.

Toronto has been the scene of an on-going struggle between Gay and police for the past several years. The baths have been raided with scores arrested. These busts have been followed by major Gay mass protests with clashes against the police. ■

Moral Majority Doubles Income Still Loses Half-Million

According to an AP report, Moral Majority more than doubled its annual revenue to \$5.77 million in the fiscal year that ended August 31 but had a deficit of more than \$500,000, an audit showed recently.

The audit found that in the fiscal year 1981 Jerry Falwell's conservative political lobby had revenues of \$5.77 million, up from \$2.21 million the year before.

The organization spent \$6.12 million in the year, giving it a \$353,938 deficit. Added to a \$205,697 deficit from the previous fiscal year, the total deficit August 31 was \$559,635, the audit said.

The audit was prepared by the Washington office of Alexander Grant & Company, certified public accountants.

Ronald Godwin, Moral Ma-

majority's executive director, said the organization's increased revenues reflected continued public support.

"During a period when much of the media made predictions of our early demise and our loss of influence and clout, grass-roots Americans were increasing their support for us," Mr. Godwin said.

He called the deficit "operational" and added that it was relatively small for an organization the size of Moral Majority, which claims 4.5 million to 5 million contributing members.

"With our income, a deficit no larger than that is less than one month's income," Mr. Godwin said.

The audit said Moral Majority had financial assets of \$211,351 and property valued at \$138,042, for total assets of \$349,393.

\$908,028 IN LIABILITIES

Liabilities, including a \$100,000 loan that has been repaid since August 31, were listed as \$908,028.

Expenditures were broken down into two general categories: program services, which includes lobbying and publications, and supporting services, which includes general expenses, management and fund-raising.

The audit showed Moral Majority spent \$4.42 million for lobbying and publications and \$1.69 million for management and organizational expenses, including \$924,906 for fund-raising.

Revenues included \$5.75 million in contributions, \$20,331 in interest income and \$1,695 in miscellaneous income.

The figure listed for fund-raising indicated that Moral Majority spent about 16 cents for each dollar in contributions.

Gang Beats S of M Discoteer

Buddy Tan spent Friday night, December 18, dancing with his friends at The Endup. When the bar closed his friends drove him to Eighth Street where he began walking to the Club Baths. "I never made it there," Tan told B.A.R.

Between Harrison and Folsom Tan was jumped by several teenagers. "One jumped in front of me, another grabbed me from the back with a kind of headlock," said Tan, recalling the surprisingly swift attack. "All I can remember is fists pounding me in the face and hands reaching in my pockets. That's all I remember. I don't even remember how I got home."

Tan does not recall any anti-Gay remarks, and the incident appears to have robbery as its prime motive. The attackers took Tan's wallet, which contained \$80, but neglected to take his ring

and diamond earring. Fortunately, physical damage to Tan was not great. His eyes and teeth were undamaged, but his face is swollen and bruised.

Tan cannot fathom the attack. "I was minding my own business," he explained somewhat naively. "It would be different if I was flamboyant, but I'm not. My pride is hurt, but more than that my face is throbbing. It's all swollen and distorted."

Personal appearance or visible accoutrements of Gay identity are not the only factors that seem to incite attack. Robbery and just plain meanness are often the cause. Solitary pedestrians are clearly marks for marauders and thieves. B.A.R. readers who are liable to be unescorted are urged to become more aware of the times in which they live. Buddy Tan lost some money and was bruised. ■

Falwell's Star Slipping

Newsweek magazine reported recently that White House political analysts have concluded that endorsements from the Rev. Jerry Falwell can amount to political suicide. The same political analysts have advised Republican candidates to avoid public endorsements from the Moral Majority. Said a Presidential aide, "You don't want to lose their support, but you don't want them out front and publicly with you."

Republican National Committee surveys reveal that Falwell is currently unpopular among voters by margins of 2 to 1 and 3 to 1 all around the country — even in the Bible Belt. The same analysts, says *Newsweek*, are convinced that Falwell's endorsements of the Republican candidate in the Virginia governor's race contributed to his defeat and the election of Democrat Charles S. Robb. ■

Vandals Pepper Jackson's

Dean Davis, manager of Jackson's Restaurant, this week reported a series of anti-Gay attacks on his establishment. Three times in the past six weeks, someone has shot at the windows of the North Beach restaurant. The plate glass windows facing Powell Street have been twice replaced.

The first time, said Davis, there were 3 or 4 holes; the second, 6 shots; and this last week 9 punctures. A BB gun is the suspected weapon, and the peppering takes place between 3 and 8 a.m. The neighborhood is scarce on residents and is virtually deserted late at night.

In the latest attack, an additional element surfaced: anti-Gay slogans were written on the building. One read: "North Beach's only tri-sexual bar." Another magic marker announced, "Fags come at night with Christ." A third read, "Eat your cumbergers here."

Davis said the police, while being most cooperative, have no idea who or what is provoking the vandalism. Jackson's has been a Gay restaurant for years. A few years ago it went "non-Gay" for a year and a half. Six months ago new owners decided to turn it back Gay. ■

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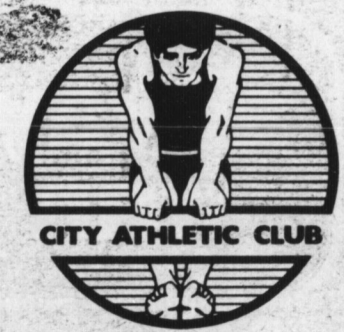
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* Tan Tidings *

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Band Takes to the Bay



A Christmasy-corsaged ensemble at the Band's boat ride. (Photo by Rink)

by Allen White

With entertainer Jose Saria announcing that insurance policies were on sale, the San Francisco Gay Freedom Day Marching Band & Twirling Corps launched their first Christmas Party and Boat Cruise. Departing last Friday night from the Ferry Building, the Red & White Fleet's *Catalina King* was jammed to capacity. Over 550 people joined in the party, which was sold out and raised several thousand dollars for the band.

Entertainment was provided by David Kelsey & Pure Trash, Jose, Andriene Wilson, The Lollipop Guild, and Terry Hutchison.

The rain which continued throughout the evening forced most of the people into the enclosed areas. The entertainment on the lower

level continued through the evening. On the upper level the partygoers managed to consume 35 turkeys, and amazingly they never ran out of food.

The creative entertainment of the evening came from members of The Tap Troupe. With umbrellas in hand and the pitter-patter of raindrops, several dancers opted for the chance to be another Gene Kelly singin' and dancin' in the rain on San Francisco Bay.

The event was put together by Jim Holly, not only as a fund raiser, but also as sort of a family reunion for the band. Many on the boat were original members of the band when it formed in 1978, and others present will be joining the band in 1982.

Dino DiDonato, President of the Band foundation, noted that the first rehearsals for the band in 1982 will be on Tuesday, January 5. DiDonato encouraged people who can play an instrument to show up at Eureka Center at 7pm. He also re-emphasized the policy of the band regarding participation. "Anyone," he said, "who has an instrument and a willingness to commit some of their time may become a member of the San Francisco Gay Freedom Day Marching Band."

The following day, many members of the band journeyed throughout the city on a motorized cable car sponsored by the Castro Street Merchants Association playing Christmas carols. ■



Andriene Wilson, jazz singer, entertains on the Gay Band's boatride. (Photo by Rink)

Parade's First Funder at Sutro Bathhouse

The Lesbian/Gay Freedom Day Committee Sunday will hold an unusual kick-off fundraiser for '82: A cosexual party at a bathhouse.

From 4 to 8pm, at Sutro Bathhouse, 6th and Folsom Streets, there will be a no-host bar and dancing to a

country band, Western Electric. Linda Lane, lead singer. Donation is \$5-10, sliding scale.

From 8 to 10pm, nudity is optional and towels and locker are available from the bathhouse for an extra \$2 fee. Persons arriving after 8pm

must pay the normal bathhouse fee. Nudity is being discouraged in the public areas before 8pm.

After 10pm the club reverts to its traditional men-only Western Night.

Committee organizers are expecting both a friendly and unique evening. ■

Gay Xmas Options

It's Christmas 1982 in San Francisco, and there is lots for you to do to celebrate the Yuletide Season.

Many restaurants throughout San Francisco are waiting to serve you. Be advised: wherever you might choose to go, make reservations. Restaurants such as The P.S., The Fickle Fox, and The Mint, to name but a few, will be open both on Christmas Eve and also on Christmas Day. Jackson's and Castle Grand Brasserie will be open Christmas Eve, but closed on Christmas Day. Ivy's at 398 Hayes will be open Christmas Day. All the restaurants have been decorated for the holiday season. Don Cavallo at Fickle Fox commented that they have rolled their prices back for Christmas Eve and Christmas Day.

Castro Street's Patio Cafe will be doing a special Christmas day brunch (they are skipping dinner that day). Fanny's, now in its 9th year, will be open for Christmas dinner from 3 to 9pm. The Hal and David Show begins at 9:30pm; they do three sets over the course of the evening.

Many clubs around the city have been decorated for Christmas. The Starlight Room on Market Street will again present its annual Christmas Eve party. It's called "Pink Champagne." The New Bell Saloon is one of the more spectacularly decorated bars in the Polk Street area. David Kelsey will be performing there both nights, and Wayne Friday promises the best bartending in town.

In the Castro, the Castro Station has created a magnificent spectacle in the holiday spirit.

For entertainment, the San Francisco Gay Men's Chorus and the San Francisco Lesbian

and Gay Men's Community Chorus perform at 7:30 Christmas Eve at Nourse Auditorium. A few tickets should be available at the door, priced at \$6.

Harrison Street's The End-up will be open all day Christmas from 3pm on. Our Kitchen will be featuring turkey and ham at \$11.95, and prime rib at \$12.95. Servings are scheduled from 3 to 9pm. Our Kitchen is at 131 Gough (552-8177).

Golden Gate Metropolitan Community Church has invited the Gay and Lesbian community to "come home" for a real Christmas. Their Christmas Eve service will begin at 7pm at California Hall, Polk and Larkin streets. Glide Church begins its Christmas Celebration at 6pm, with Cecil Williams. The service at Grace Cathedral is one of the most dramatic in San Francisco. It begins at 10:30pm, and if you want to even get into the building get there before 10, earlier if you hope to find a decent seat.

Skip Blakey and his brass ensemble, which has been playing at many of the softball games throughout the year, will be playing Christmas carols on Castro Street during the early hours of Christmas Eve around 5pm.

And, bringing up the rear, THE 1808 Club of Market Street fame opens Christmas Eve at 9pm.

There are many ways to have yourself a Merry Little Christmas, and the current issue of B.A.R. contains advertisements with many great ideas. Check them out. This can be a wonderful year for you to explore the unique spirit of Christmas. The Bay Area Reporter wishes you a joyous time of celebration. ■

Mental Health (from p. 1)

department staffers and that in many cases it has been difficult for clients to obtain reasonable, competent, knowledgeable, and professional mental health treatment. At the same time, it was noted that there are some Gay-identified and Gay-sensitive staff members who are able to work with clients.

The San Francisco Department of Public Health has prepared an extensive set of guidelines to define the phrase "Gay-sensitive" and how it will be applied within their department. In creating the Gay services specialist, the department creates no

new jobs. What it does do is designate a special condition of employment, sensitivity, and knowledge for a minority which the Health Department concludes is a bona fide group due to negative bias because of sexual preference.

This action by the S.F. Health Department appears to be unprecedented and is the result of work by several organizations supportive of the Gay community, including the National Gay Task Force, the Gay Community Services, the Human Rights Commission, and the Human Rights Foundation, Inc. ■

Allen White

Gay Clients' Bill of Rights

Gay clients, like other mental health service clients, shall receive services in an atmosphere of dignity and respect. Gay clients shall not be subjected to homophobic behavior in any service of Community Mental Health Service.

Gay clients have full freedom of choice to request a therapist who is sensitive to and knowledgeable about Gay lifestyles.

Gay clients have full freedom of choice to request a Gay-identified therapist.

When a positive working relationship cannot be developed because of conflicts regarding the client's sex preferences and lifestyle, clients have the right to request referral; and staff persons [have] the responsibility to refer the client to an appropriate therapist.

Confidentiality is a basic principle in mental health care for all clients, "non-Gay" or "Gay," and is enforceable by law. Under no circumstances will any information regarding the sexual preference of a client be divulged to any person, organization, or agency without the explicit written informed consent of the client. ■

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BAY AREA REPORTER DEC. 24, 1981 PAGE 5

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VOL. XI NO. 31 DECEMBER 24, 1981

NEXT ISSUE OUT: DEC. 30

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VIEWPOINT

LETTERS

Gay Tourism - Part III

Where have all the flowers gone?

Most of the Gay men on Castro, Polk, the Haight or South of Market (nights and weekends) are tourists. It makes little difference if they are from Berkeley or Sacramento, Denver or Dallas; they know what the city has to offer and where to find it.

Danger to their life and limb has never been one of the drawing cards and should prospective violence become synonymous with the word San Francisco, they will stop coming. One of the attractions of San Francisco for Gays has always been that it was a tolerant city, easy to get around, tolerable weather any time of the year. Lots of Gay bars, baths, and restaurants to choose from. And from sex toys to campy cars, those vacation dollars get thrown around. Not to be ignored in the cash influx is everything from Macy's to Maxwell Plum's to the San Francisco Opera. Nor to be left out are the more affluent Gay businessmen or expense accounts who find frolicking at the Stanford Court or the Cliff part of the thrill.

There are other more subtle things that those concerned about tourism are less aware of. In more and more professional groups a Gay caucus is the rule rather than the exception. From the American Council of English Teachers to the International Ophthalmologists a Gay program, a Gay hospitality suite, a Gay get together within the larger scope of the convention is a commonplace. The Gay and Lesbian activists in any organization have lobbied and fought for these interests and issues. As convention planners they are not going to endorse any meeting in a city or state tarred with the brush of homophobia.

San Francisco has been a natural and repeated choice of these Gay professionals for a convention site. Outside all the other amenities of the city, there was the Gay culture to which one could fly, when the work sessions ended. Wherever they went it was superior to a hotel bar, a rotating cocktail lounge, or an empty hotel room (which when you're on your own are the same the world over).

A story in the Bay Area Reporter detailing one more beating, one more homophobic attack, and now one more murder ties into a network larger than our convention bureaus might ever suspect. Typically the paper goes out to 25 to 30 Gay publications around the nation. Two weeks later as the papers come in from Atlanta or Sydney or Toronto, we will find that the original story has been capsulized and repeated over and over. (Tales of San Francisco in the Gay press are priority items.) In turn, these regional publications are distributed to their network with pieces subsequently turning up in newsletters, minutes, press releases.

An item like the misreporting of the Folsom Street "slave quarters" fire reaches tens of millions of people. And the details of a gruesome homophobic murder when one counts the ways reaches equal millions.

A city can lose its allure. After 15 years of abominable treatment Americans began avoiding Paris in droves in the late 50's and early 60's. The city due to the Algerian crisis became no longer safe; Americans in particular had a lot to be concerned about. What was worse was that the Parisians took as their mission or self-appointed right to be rude to Americans. From taxi drivers, to waiters, to concierges the abuse swelled into a torrent, Americans almost on sight were overcharged, short-changed, or insulted. The word got around and one two-day visit was enough. American tourists from students to plutocrats began avoiding Paris for more hospitable locations. By the 70's the French tourist industry panicked at the massive cold-shoulder, and the city launched a massive public relations campaign to be nice to Americans. Paris discovered — and as will San Francisco discover if the streets are not safe — it isn't enough just to be there. And neither the Eiffel Tower reaching toward the stars, nor the Moscone Center — our very own man-made Carlsbad Cavern — will make the difference.

(Continued on next page)

SYNAGOGUE SELECTION

★ Thank you and writer Allen White for the excellent coverage you gave Congregation Sha'ar Zahav's building campaign to have "A Home of Our Own." We are a Congregation of Lesbian and Gay Jews and their friends, and are always exploring new ways to "outreach" to the public. Little did I expect the dozens of comments on your article and photos — and several of those comments came from people at work who "came out" to me in the process. I sure do look forward to my follow-up work!

Mark Feldman
Public Relations Chair
Congregation Sha'ar Zahav
San Francisco

HE'S TOO FAST FOR ME . . .

★ I don't understand what all the fuss is regarding poppers these days! My sources tell me that all Mr. Wilson is doing is shifting attention from what his real habits are (that certain elixir of life, you know) to something he knows very little about.

Crystal Crank
Our Lady of the Final Rinse
San Francisco

REFINDING THE FLOWERS

★ I was intrigued, perplexed and disturbed by a letter in the Dec. 3rd issue of B.A.R. by Steve Perkins concerning Arthur Evans.

First Perkins tells us that Evans is "hand picked by the gay business establishment." This is strange as I've always known Arthur to vigorously satirize gay commercialism and consumerism, which is hardly in the interests of gay business. And to attack Evans by questioning whether or not he is gay, is so petty and tacky that I cringe to even acknowledge such a bigoted remark. So what if he isn't, does "gay" define humanity?

Steve Perkins is upset at Evans' notoriety in introducing the word "clone" to the gay scene, and criticizes him further for being divisive in ridiculing other gays. The spontaneous acceptance of the word "clone," however, indicates that it conveniently described a commonly perceived image. And are we to blindly accept all things "gay" as good? I hope not. A healthy, vigorous questioning of our lives is constantly needed to maintain a perspective on how we relate to others in the world. To assume that upon reaching Castro Street (Folsom, etc.), one has "arrived" in life is beyond utter absurdity.

Evans is then lumped with the notorious Rev. Broshers for some criticism of drugs (with which I'm not familiar). Steve Perkins maintains that drugs are vitally linked with the "very sexual nature of our gay culture." This is certainly apparent with even the most cursory glance at our gay ghettos. However, is it really in our best interests?

I am no stranger to drugs and/or sex, yet in retrospect I wonder if they've made any lasting positive contributions to my life. Surely drugs have allowed formidably large cocks to be shoved into my various orifices, but so what. And after all the ramming, slapping, pounding, thrusting, pinching, and gagging — to the point of unbearable "pleasure" due to the extension of my limits on drugs — what have I really gained?

The "gay" community needs to take a long hard look at its recreational drug use. The too desperate pursuit of sexual/chemical satisfaction leads nowhere. Can anyone still carry on an intelligent conversation? Does anyone remember how to be simply affectionate? Does Steve Perkins really think that

everyone who questions anything he enjoys is to be dismissed as an enemy? Is this irrational, arbitrary and incoherent intolerance the result of drugs affecting his mind?

It is precisely this narrow-minded intolerance of anything and anyone else that is so abhorrent to me and which poses such a serious threat to the gay movement. One gay man, upon scanning the recent headline of Arthur Evans' attack on Haight St., blithely suggested that "He was probably asking for it." Who does this attitude serve? If this type of thinking is as common as it seems, then we're all asking for it.

To change the topic and to add a more positive note, I'd like to suggest something that has been a source of the greatest pleasure to me and my peace of mind. The Bay Area is surrounded by some of the most beautiful countryside in the world, carpeted with one of the world's richest florals. There are hundreds of incredible hikes available easily within an hour's drive (many less) to those needing some quieting influence in their lives. A few hours under the soaring redwoods, by dramatic coastal cliffs, craggy mountain buttes, or the serenity of a flowery meadow on the rolling hills, sometimes is all you need to put your life into perspective. I could spend hours describing delightful places to go but so much fun is to discover one's own spots. There's so much out there to stimulate the mind, body, and, yes, soul. Alone or with a close friend, nature is endlessly giving.

Roger Raiche
Berkeley, CA

P.S. For those who enjoy wildflowers, the early rains promise one of the best wildflower springs in many years, so don't miss it.

A PLUG

★ Since new singers seem to materialize as often as police at gay events, it is easy to understand your overlooking Gail Wilson at the Q.T. She deserves better, though. A real find, she blends a variety of styles into a professional yet "comfy" performance. Your reviewer better hurry, she is only scheduled for Tuesdays in December, starting at 9:30 p.m.

Michael Carson
San Francisco

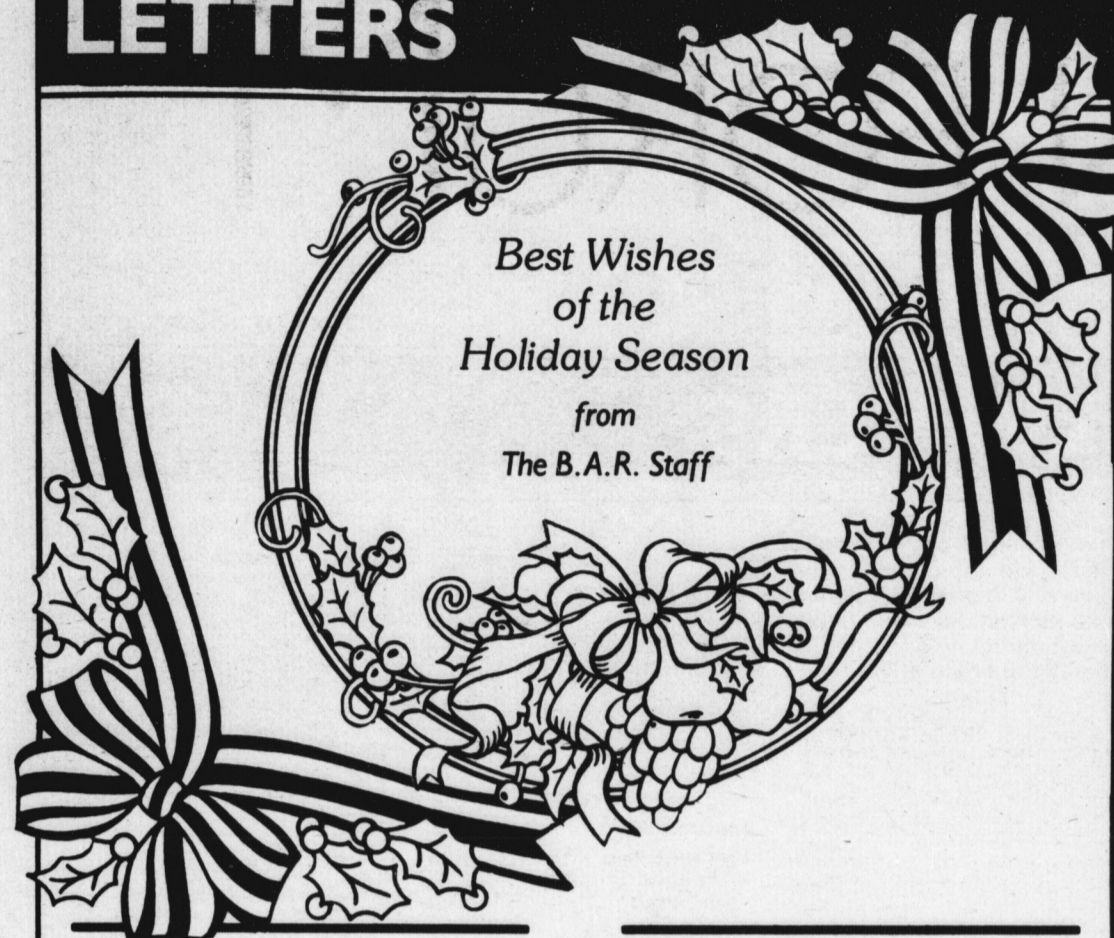
ANY TAKERS?

★ Hello. My name is Emmette Mitchell. I am a 25-year-old gay man. In Folsom State Prison. Since I have been in prison I have been attacked, both physically and verbally, for being a homosexual. These were not sexual attacks but political attacks, for the simple reason that I am Gay! I am now in a lockup unit, where I am in my cell 24 hours a day, 7 days a week. The other men who are in this lockup unit are all heterosexual, and are very reactionary and resentful towards me because I am a Gay man. As you can see, I am in a very unfavorable environment for a Gay man. I know all this sounds horrible, but this is what I must live through every day. I am very lonely for some contact with the Gay community. I would like very much a subscription to the Bay Area Reporter, but I have no funds. I would like to ask the staff of B.A.R. for a little bit of charity for a poor Gay leftist prisoner. If you could let me have a free subscription to your fine paper, I really feel the need to stay in touch with my Gay brothers on the outside. So if you, the fine staff of the Bay Area Reporter, could shine a little bit of light on a very isolated Gay man, I would be most grateful.

Gaylove!

Emmette Mitchell
Folsom State Prison
Box C-22649
Repres, CA 95671

LETTERS



SAFETY ON THE AISLE

★ As a resident of 16th Street and a friend of Theatre Rhinoceros, I am angered and disappointed to learn that two of your readers were hassled while attending a Theatre Rhino performance. Even though the consequences were relatively minor, this kind of thing must not be allowed to pass unreported.

I am equally disturbed, however, by your reader's response to the experience, and his avowed intention to never return to Theatre Rhino, or the neighborhood, again.

Several years ago, in NYC, my block was improved with park benches and trees. We were all delighted. But almost immediately the benches became a wine hotel. After about two weeks of this, the community (led by its oldest women) took back the benches! We physically occupied them in shifts. It took less than a week to reclaim the benches for the community.

The point in this: the streets, any streets, are like most things in this life . . . a use 'em or lose 'em proposition.

So when your readers sound the alarm to warn their brothers and sisters, I endorse them. But when they respond to that danger by staying away, I have to say they are wrong.

Theatre Rhino, I am told, will be installing a well-lighted marquee in the near future, which should help considerably. Others in the community are also aware of and working on these problems.

I am sorry that those two people will miss the exciting things to come from Theatre Rhinoceros in that wonderful new space. And I am sorry they will miss out on the rebirth of the Mission District. However, when they decide to venture out of their hideout, we'll be here, and we'll be delighted to have them back.

Robert W. Pitman
San Francisco

ANOTHER SALIVO

★ Over the past few years the Community United Against Violence has been given substantially more press coverage by all the media in this city than any other gay organization. If I had to pay for such space at the advertising rates charged to those such as I the bill would be in the millions of dollars.

Just who is responsible for all the free press given to this phony group? Is it a matter of another anonymous donor or is it rather the editorial function of SF media to give to this group of idiots, free, that which would cost anyone else with an important idea millions of dollars to express?

I have always maintained that the Community United Against Violence is the #1 phony front org of the gay fraud press. And there are many, many more.

Finally, however, the gay community has been given a chance to express its feeling about the programs and ideas behind this phony organization. The benefit concert for the Community United Against Violence, a show of shows, was actually cancelled since the group was unable to sell more than eleven tickets. Talk about community support, fellows. It just goes to show the media that you can lead a horse to water, but he will never eat his own shit, or yours either.

I suppose now that the media's pet group has fumbled so badly the press will no doubt be less willing to benefit this group any further and will start giving away free media [exposure] to other phony groups and individuals (H. Milk Demo Club; Mr. Castro).

We out here look forward to seeing through your future attempts of free speech for publishers of gay newspapers.

Steve Perkins
Certified Public Accountant
San Francisco

A PLEASANT CHANGE

★ Where the hell has Steve Warren — budding and most amusing — satirist, been all my life! I'll tell you where he's been: he's been laboring, and I do mean laboring, in the Hollywood vineyards, churning out rotgut too often labelled champagne.

"Goddie Dearest" [B.A.R., December 17] may not be vintage bubbly, but it's far more lively than, say, Cold Duck, whatever that is. Any piece of writing that can induce this reader to read it twice — for kicks — has got to be good!

And anyone creative enough to think of casting Joan Crawford as God has got to have a promising future. Maybe our daring Steve will choose next to tackle a kind of relative of "Goddie," "Friskie the Cat," if he can ever find him to tell him. Who to cast as Friskie? Bette Davis the Younger?

Reed Vernon

BARE THREADS IN SAN JOSE

★ As a person who has been a regular visitor to the Watergarden Baths in San Jose since its opening, I have seen this establishment go through various phases of development.

There is, however, a condition that exists in this facility that seems to have been ignored by its owners. The ragged, torn, worn out, duct-taped condition of the carpet. It's inexcusable!

This disgraceful condition has not just occurred but has been developing for the past year or so. The endless patches of duct tape just won't do any longer! This carpet needs immediate attention NOW!

Let's get with it Watergarden and give your high-paying patrons what they deserve for their money.

Peter Dal Poggetto
San Jose, CA

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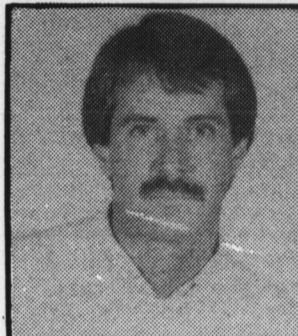
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Viewpoint (continued)

If Gay tourists nix San Francisco, it won't be long before Mr. and Mrs. Middle America will be scratching it for greener pastures. For in case anyone cares to listen, who does anyone think is running those tourist agencies from Jersey City to Abilene? And who's behind those ticket counters nationwide? San Francisco Tourist Bureau take note. Gays fly "United" and can make the difference.

P. Lorch



B.A.R.

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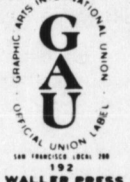
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More Entertainment For '82 Cable Car Awards

Bob Cramer, Chair of the 1982 Cable Car Awards & Show, revealed this week some of the many entertainers that will be featured at this year's event. Scheduled to perform are The San Francisco Gay Men's Chorus, Sylvester, David Kelsey & Pure Trash, and the Barbary Coast Cloggers. Other entertainers are being added to the program and these artists will combine to represent a wide cross section of talent in San Francisco's Gay community.



The Barbary Coast Cloggers will be featured at the '82 Cable Car Awards.

Cramer stated that the program will include more entertainment than any of the past years. He also noted that because of a reorganization of the show, it is anticipated that the program will not exceed two and a half in length.

The 1982 Cable Cars Awards & Show will be presented Sunday, February 7, beginning at 7 pm at the Japan Center Theatre. The presentation, now in its eighth year, is the most comprehensive event in which San Francisco's Gay community honors itself. The award categories range from business

achievement to sports, entertainment, journalism, and the wide range of community activities that are presented throughout the year. Tickets are now on sale at Gramophone Records and Headlines, as well as The Starlight Room on Market Street.

A Queen's Struggle

Feathers Ruffled, Feathers Smoothed

by Allen White

Every year about this time a ritual begins that could probably only happen in San Francisco. Candidates will be filing their applications to become the Empress of San Francisco. The concept of Emperors and Empresses in Gay communities triumphs in many cities, but San Francisco is the top of ye olde royal ladder.

This year the infighting for the Empress title has already begun. Earlier this month, copies of a letter were circulated under the letterhead of Robert Michael Productions, which annually stages an event in May called the Closet Ball. To enter the Closet Ball a person must be appearing for the very first time in public in drag. This year the winner is a man named Neal Poquette who dropped into a pair of high heels and became Brett, the reigning Closet Ball Queen of 1981. Like Cinderella, Brett has taken a liking to high heels and has decided to go for the royal brass ring. You see, Brett wants to become the next Empress of San Francisco.

In the letter, Closet Ball Queen Administrative Assistant Paul Dykstra informed said Queen that becoming an Empress while you are a Closet Ball Queen would be a no-no. The bottom line to the letter is that there are certain royal cakes you cannot have and eat at the same time. Closet Ball Queen Brett, seeing a good thing, had the letter reproduced by the royal

coachload. Because of, or perhaps in spite of, the letter, the Robert Michael Productions people early this week rescinded the contents of the letter.

What all this now means is that if Closet Queen Brett files an application for Empress, the Closet Ball people won't make an attempt to knock her off her royal throne. The Bay Area Reporter talked to Wally Rutherford, one of the folks who runs highly successful Closet Ball, and asked him why the big deal. Rutherford stated (as the letter does) that Closet Ball Queens shouldn't engage in political campaigns, and that includes running for Empress. The Empress contest most certainly is political, but since the letter was written, Wally Rutherford states that the position has changed and they are more concerned with keeping the Closet Ball an evening of "fun and camp." He further commented that the Closet Ball sponsors don't want to drag back the royalty scene into the event. According to Rutherford, the Emperors and Empresses had limited the appeal of the Closet Ball because it was too closely associated with the royalty trip. Rutherford stated, "We are trying to get away from that stigma of association of any kind with the royalty trip."

The Bay Area Reporter also talked to Brett, the controversial Closet Ball Queen who



Phyllis, the 1981 Empress of San Francisco. The '82 race already has its wires crossed. (Photo by Rink)

now reigns over our fantasy closet kingdom. He is planning to file his application to become the 17th Empress de San Francisco. Queens can periodically win a few battles, and it would appear that Closet Ball Queen Brett just won one. Since he's not the Empress yet, he obviously hasn't won the war.

The continuing drama continues with the candidates having until December 29 to file. A Candidate Review Board will interview all aspirants to the throne on January 8. On Saturday, January 9, all accepted candidates will be presented at the Green Room in the Veteran's Building by the reigning Empress Phyllis. From January 9 through February 6 the candidates get to hustle votes. Voting takes place Saturday, February 6, at the California Hall. In the meantime, Cinderella is the Christmas picture from Walt Disney at a theater near you. It will be used as a training film for latent Emperresses and Closet Ball Queens.

Milk Club Nominates

by Allen White

At its December meeting Harvey Milk Gay Democratic Club opened the nominations for officers for the year 1982. Nominated for a second term as President was Gwenn Craig. Nominated for Vice-President of Political Affairs was Ron Huberman with

Steve Raymond being nominated for Treasurer. Both Huberman and Raymond will be running for offices they currently hold. Rick Pacurar was nominated for VP of Internal Affairs and Stan Criollos was nominated for Corresponding Secretary. There was no nomination for Recording Secretary, a position which will be vacated by Simone Fleming when her term of office expires.

In Harvey, nominations will stay open until the voting on January 26. Hence, it is possible for other members of the club to be nominated for any of the positions. There has been some speculation that others might still decide to run for office.

New Year's Eve — What's On and Up

New Year's Eve in San Francisco promises again to be an evening for everybody to change diapers, turn new leaves, and toss calendars. The big four dance events will be at the Galleria, Trocadero, I-Beam, and Studio West.

At the Galleria, Conceptual Entertainment has a blending of music with lasers, The Tap Troupe, and several musical headliners. At the Trocadero Transfer they are planning their biggest-ever New Year's Eve party. I-Beam features Cynthia Manley, while Studio West has Pamela Stanley for a headliner. Many of these presentations are selling tickets in advance and indications are they will be sold out in advance.

The Boarding House is now selling tickets for Wayland Flowers and Madame. Appearing only on New Year's Eve, they will present two shows, the 8 pm show at \$10 and the 11 pm show at \$50, with a banquet buffet, champagne, and dancing.

The Endup is throwing a New Year's party from 9 pm to 2 am at \$4 charge. The party continues at 6 am New

Year's Day. The Endup is at 6th and Harrison. Liberty Baths on Polk will be serving free beer and buffet at their New Year's Eve party.

Original Jackson's in North Beach plans a five-course dinner (guaranteed gourmet) from 6 pm to midnight. The \$35 cost includes a free bottle of Corbel champagne, a jazz band, plus other entertainment and party favors.

In Marin County, David Kelsey & Pure Trash will be performing at The Dock in Tiburon.

Over in the East Bay, Oakland's Bench & Bar will be charging \$7 at the door with promises of hats, horns, and champagne. Walnut Creek's The Hub is getting \$5 at the door with hats, party favors, noisemakers, and champagne. The Hub is located off Ignacio Valley Road at 1220 Pine.

In the South Bay the new B-Street Bar is telling its customers to get "Lei'd" December 31. The San Mateo supper club is promising midnight champagne, party favors, leis (of course), and hats, and they claim any


person going to the club will be making new friends (whatever that means). Aloha!

Back in San Francisco, Ivy's at 398 Hayes Street will also be seating for a New Year's Eve dinner from 5:30 pm to midnight. The Gangway will welcome all who come aboard for traditional New Year's Eve festivities and a get-it-back-together New Year's Day brunch starting at noon. The Stables, the survivor of the Folsom Street fire, is boasting tapestries by Frederick with their New Year's Celebration.

A most lavish buffet and open bar is Tom Vetrano's way of ushering in the New Year over at the Roxy Roadhouse. The wacky Ruby Rodriguez will entertain, along with Kevin Ross and Trio. Tickets are \$25 in advance, \$30 at the door; festivities begin at 8:30 pm. The Roxy Roadhouse is at Larkin and Eddy.

Last but certainly not least, the place to be where it won't cost you a dime is 18th and Castro. If you're there, you won't forget what it's like being at the exact center of the Gay capital of the world. ■

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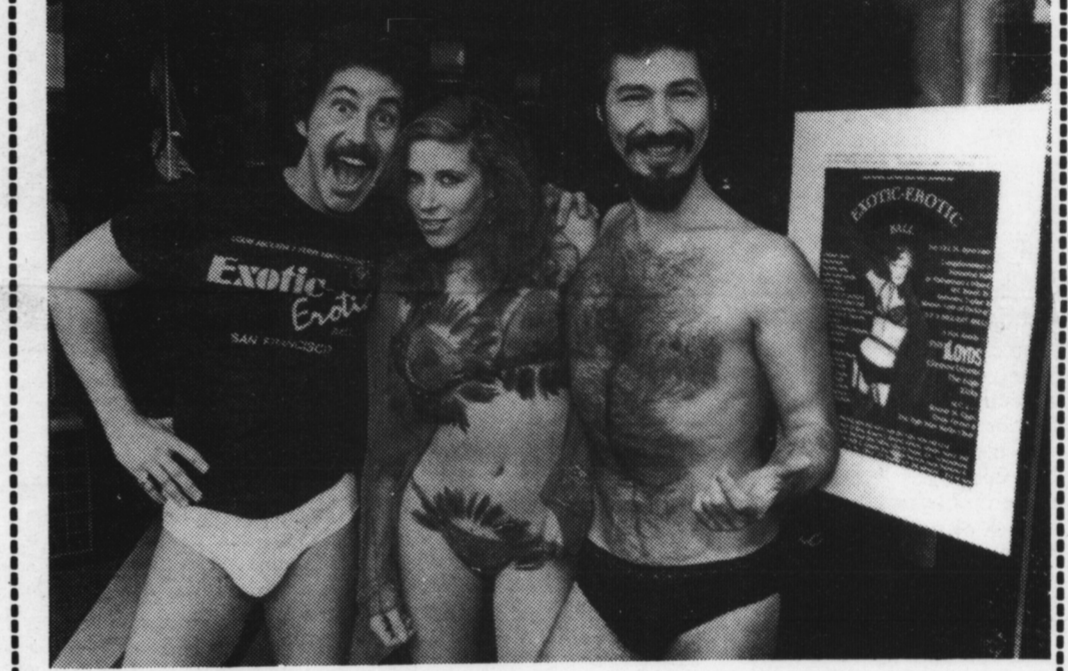
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New Year's Ball



Louis Abolafia and Perry Mann have prepared another Exotic-Erotic New Year's Eve Ball. From 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. California Hall will rock to the music of four bands: The Edge, Kicks, 3D, and the Nudes.

Emcees are Bonnie St. Eiger, Doug Ferrari, and others. The producers promise a cabaret show, burlesque, celebrities, magicians, a fashion show, a Mr. and Mrs. Exotic-Erotic nude world contest.

Billed as a Masquerade Evening, the Ball is laying claim to be the city's biggest. Tickets are \$15 in advance, \$20 at the door.

Guidance Convention Plans Gay Panels

Three workshops centering around Gay issues have been accepted into the program for the California Personnel and Guidance Association (CPGA) convention to be held here February 12-14. The workshops were submitted for the convention by the northern steering committee of CPGA's Gay Life Style Education Committee, a committee formed to educate the CPGA membership about Gay life styles.

"Coming Out: A Lifelong Process — The Counselor and Gay Clients" will focus on the coming out process, Gay myths, and the development of skills to better understand and assist Gays and Lesbians. Participants will include Bob Westwood of San Francisco State University; Steve Morin, a San Francisco psychologist; and Marny Hall, a

psychologist and staff member in the Human Sexuality Program at the University of California, San Francisco. "Counseling Gay and Lesbian Runaway and Homeless Youth" will be an overview of counseling services and problem areas for sexual minority youth who migrate to large urban areas. Participants will include William Upton of the San Francisco Community College District; Russell Zellers, Youth Services Director of the Hospitality House in San Francisco; Stuart Loomis of San Francisco State University; and representatives from San Francisco's Huckleberry House and the Sexual Minority Youth Service Coalition in San Francisco. The third workshop, "Sexual Identity and Sex Roles Among Latino Male Clients," will be presented by

Fernando Gutierrez, psychological assistant to a psychologist; and Jose Gutierrez of the Human Sexuality Program at the University of California, San Francisco.

For further information on the convention and/or the CPGA Gay Life Style Education Committee, contact Bill Upton at (415) 239-3082 or (415) 421-6739.

B.A.R. Suit (from p. 1) nothing "new" that would change the alleged statements of their original version. They are now — having signed their suit — bound by the laws of perjury.

ACLU counsel Schwartz was deeply pleased with the demurrer's acceptance. He said it was a significant first-round victory. "It's definitely a victory," he told the Bay Area Reporter as he prepared to fly off for the holidays. "It's a good sign!"

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**Rejection as a PD Screener
Stonewall's Ben Gardiner Tells All**

Last week I learned what a phoney the cop-screening process is. An utter phoney.

How do cops get on the force? They take exams. Two kinds of exams. First there's a written exam. This is like many other civil service exams. You do it on paper someplace in an official building, and you hand it in.

The next thing after the written exam is the oral exam. Instead of written questions and written (or drawn) answers, the whole business is spoken. A board is assembled, and the board interviews candidates, in some public building, right? Wrong.

The board interviews candidates in some rooms rented in a motel for the purpose. No one explained why that has to be. The board consists of volunteer citizens (it says in the regulations), right? Wrong. The board consists of about 18 police officers, three other city employees, and three citizens not on the public payroll. This makes up seven units of three members, and some spares. There were only three volunteer citizens chosen, as the fourth volunteer was found unacceptable.

As president of Stonewall Gay Democratic Club, I received a copy of an announcement sent out requesting volunteers to aid in the oral examination of candidates for the next session of the Police Academy. The plea was urgent. Help is needed, in order to make the Police Department continue its high standards of conduct.

Okay, I thought, seeing as how the area where I live has been buzzing with angry words about the bad behavior of police for months and months, I'll give it a try. Might help. Meanwhile, what's to be lost, other than a day or two? And they might have good coffee or free lunch or something. (Alas, no pay, it said.)

So I called in my name, and after about three weeks there was a call back, to confirm my intention. Yes, I still intend to do it. Then about another week and a letter came saying when and where. Hall of Justice, and the training would be not just one afternoon but all day Monday. Then the sessions would be from 7:45 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. on Tuesday and Wednesday. Okay, though I don't much like to go anywhere at 7:45 a.m., let alone to the Hall of Justice, I agreed to do it. Starting with the training.

And train we did. There's a script. Prepared scenario. Prepared questions. What we were to do is evaluate the way in which the answers came, not the content of the reply. In other words, we were to rate the thoroughness and sensitivity of the thought-processes indicated by the replies. There are no "right" answers, we were told. How each candidate thinks is what we are to evaluate. Empathy, adaptability, and (something else).

Each interview is based on a little story which the candidate is given immediately before seeing the board. The same little story is printed on papers the board has, with the addition of carefully worded questions. No answers are indicated on the

prepared sheet. A rating sheet is filled in by each of the three board members on each candidate interviewed. After hearing the answers to all the prepared questions, the board member will evaluate the candidate's responses in terms of the three characteristics which are to be measured: empathy, adaptability, and (bla-bla).

So I got in the room where we were to do a sample. Six of us around a table — three potential board members, one instructor posing as a candidate, and two onlookers from the class of potential board members. We take out the scenario sheet. One of us, playing the part of the senior board member, goes to the door and opens it, letting the instructor into the room. Introductions all around. Please be seated.

Then comes Question Number One. The Decision. Between two extreme choices (either to drop the matter without further questioning, or to arrest everyone in sight) the new officer candidate must choose. No half-way. Either they go in the paddy wagon or they go totally free.

This is a dilemma which deliberately forces a choice which must then be justified in the course of the next few questions.

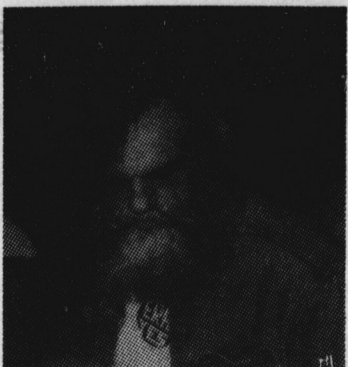
So we fumble through it, awkwardly, as we are all new to this. Or so I thought. But we manage to finish the thing and say farewell to the "dummy cop" candidate. Then our nice instructor tells us we didn't do so good. We agree. We try to come to a consensus on the overall rating of the candidate. Each board member has to give reasons for the rating in the consensus process. We adjust our ratings when reasons are given which we may not all have noticed or thought important. We end up with about the same — but not exactly the same — ratings.

Then we do another one. This goes easier. (Mind you, we have now been at this for almost half the day.) We even fill out the worksheet. And then the bell rings for lunch. We turn in all our papers, each sheet with our name on it, and we go off to the joyous relief of rigatoni in the bail-bondsmen's block across Bryant Street.

On our return from lunch, we find our papers have been rated. There's a score. It is based on what was on the paper, not on what was said at the training session. Mine was the notation from my first-glance evaluation, which I later revised radically as I learned more about the evaluation process. But I didn't change the notes on the paper.

The score I got was pretty far out. So I was eliminated from the group by the simple process of saying that only those with scores within a certain limit would be coming back in the morning. I was angry about it. Not that I enjoy going to anything to do with the Police Department, but I was burned up by the sneaky way this had gone.

First, they asked for citizens to help in the process. Second, it was unpaid work. Third, who showed up were 24 persons already on the city payroll, and four of us who were not. Four. Not forty.



Stonewall Demo Club's Ben Gardiner.

Four!
The combined payroll of this "citizen volunteer" group must have been upward (I mean more than) \$5,400 for the three days. Most of the persons there were actual members of the Police Department. Well, I have nothing against police screening police candidates, but that's not the way this thing was set up. San Francisco intended to have the new crop of police candidates screened by mostly citizens who are not members of the Police Department. It is our input to our Police Department.

Well, I'm telling you right here and now that it's a farce. And I'm telling you it makes me angry.

Why does it happen? Well, there are two reasons. First, the way the police conduct the proceedings. But second — here's where you come in! Where the hell were all of YOU? How come there were only four citizens in the whole of San Francisco who saw fit to even try to take part in this thing? Where was everybody who's been bitching about the Police Department? Where were all the folks who want to preserve the Police Department? They weren't there either. A staff member told me they sent out 360 form letters to organizations around the city. That's a lot of invitations. There are certainly more than four citizens who can take three days for such a thing.

Whether it's the City Hall Teaparty in Room 200 with the Mayor, or the Chamber of Commerce, the War Memorial Board of Trustees, the Art Commission or whatever, the powers that be would like citizens generally to stick to citizen business and leave the running of government and finance to "the experts."

That's how we got PG&E. That's how we lost the Moscone bust. That's how we got an impotent Police Commission. That's what will select the next Chief of Police. Unless, that is, UNLESS we DO something about it.

I'm suggesting we do several things in the course of the next few months. And being a club president, I want to invite you to come to the next meeting of the Stonewall Gay Democratic Club and hear it. Or you can sit back and criticize after it begins. (If you do that, I hope you fall off your stool and get turned down by every hustler in town.)

Come on Monday, January 4, 1982, at 7:30 pm in the Women's Building.

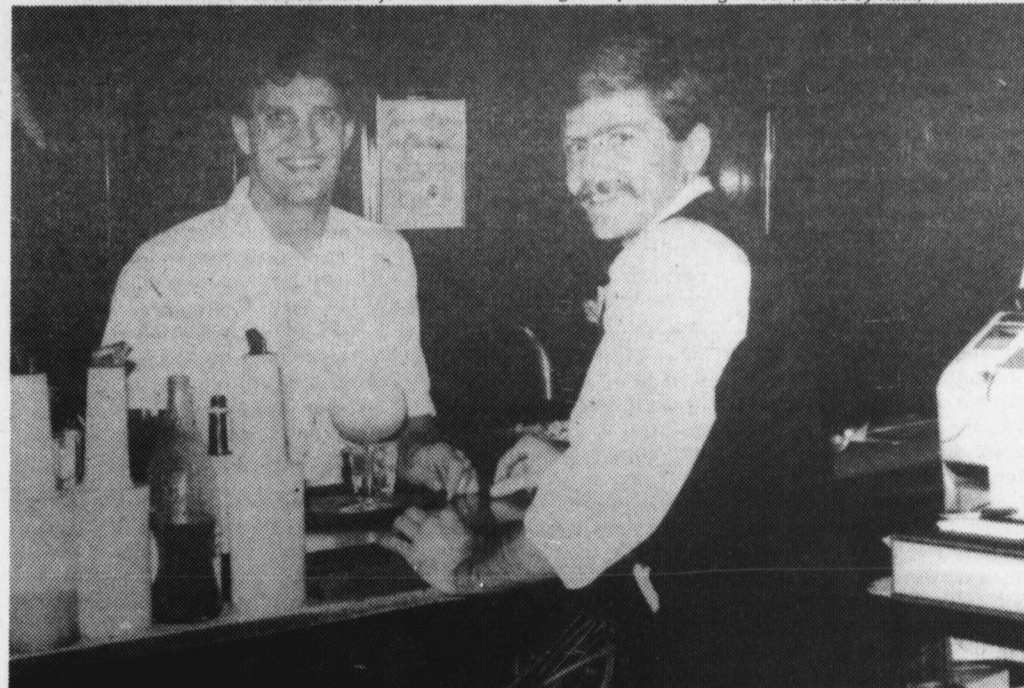
Look around you at the fucked-up world outside of our beloved Castro, our beleaguered Polk, our very own South of Market. Look outside. Those people out there, in suburbia, in other cities, they need us. We should be telling them what to do and how to live, not them trying to tell us. Come to the meeting.

Ben Gardiner

**Christmas Scenes
On Polk Street**



Polk Street's decoration for Christmas — a large, suspended, single tree. (Photo by Rink)

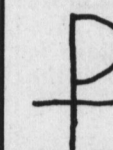


Christmas at the 'PS, with Bartender Michael (R.) and Waiter Bob on duty to greet the shoppers. (Photo by Rink)



Lauren of the Abbey Room Lounge at the Atherton Hotel offers a patron Christmas today. (Photo by Rink)

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GUEST COLUMN

On Police Response Time

by Marc de Rohard

Whenever the Gay community has reason to meet with police brass (usually after a major crime, i.e. another Gay murder) we are told if only the victim or witnesses had called the police sooner. Next we hear how fast they would have responded. We believe the brass have their hearts in the right place; unfortunately, they quote us theory, not reality. The letter which follows is all too typical of what a Gay male experiences at the working station house level. Insensitivity. Lack of Response. Trauma added to Trauma.

Early one Saturday morning (1:45 am, Nov. 28, 1981) recently, I was physically assaulted, beaten, and robbed. Not on the street, but by people from the street who forced their way in via switchblade knives. They rushed me at the front gate and forced me to take them upstairs to my apartment. When I refused to open my apartment door, one of the two men grabbed me from behind and held me by the neck — while the other proceeded to beat me about the

head and face until I dropped semi-conscious onto the hallway floor. Even as they relieved me of my personal valuables (watch, ring, and \$40 cash) they continued to kick me in the ribs. I believe the common reference term for the aforementioned proceedings is called "being MUGGED!"

So much for Blacks with switchblade knives... the following is what this letter is all about. I was lucky; I could have been killed —

just another Gay murder! But, I live to tell the tale...

From 2:30 am (11/28/81) until 5:30 am (11/28/81) I called the San Francisco Police Department (553-0213) a total of six times requesting assistance! Each time I was told: "... we're busy in that area and we'll get to you as soon as possible." Four hours later at 5:30 am, I made my sixth and final call to the SFPD — only to be told: "... it'll take about another hour."

COME ON NOW!! Does it take four hours and six telephone calls before the San Francisco Police will respond to an emergency call from someone in personal danger?

I guess so — because it happened to me!!

At 5:30 am (11/28/81) my disgust prompted me to go to Northern Station at Ellis & Van Ness on my own. As I approached Northern Station, I could not help but take notice of approximately 8-10 police cars leisurely parked outside. Why could not one of those units have been dispatched to answer my plea for help sometime within the last four hours? I only live five blocks away!

Inside, I politely requested to speak with someone in charge, or a supervisor.

All of the officers, but one, left the room. And emanating from an adjacent enclosure beyond my view, I heard sarcastic remarks and guffaws — specifically:

One officer: "Here's one that wants to talk to a supervisor!"

Second officer: "If he wants a supervisor, tell him he should talk to Supervisor Britti!"

Then they all had a BIG laugh!!

And there I was — in a state of shock, blood all over my clothes, contusions about my face the size of baseballs — hoping for some help — and all the police at Northern Station could do was find amusement for themselves in the form of READING MY BEADS!

I am not, thank God, personally knowledgeable in police affairs and routine. But, my understandable request for some record of my report brought forth nothing but a mocking snarl from Officer #1946, who, with a disdainful flick of his wrist, threw the case number (#812362151) at me — along with the mawkish advisement of, "... if you want to complain — go downtown!"

Well, here I am — not downtown (although I've been there — but on the printed page, with copies of this letter to the following:

1. Jerry Brown, Governor
2. Dianne Feinstein, Mayor
3. Cornelius Murphy, Chief of Police, SF
4. Harry Britt, Supervisor
5. Fred Spielburg, Crime Investigator
6. Russ Cogliin, General Manager, KGO-TV
7. San Francisco Examiner
8. Advocate
9. The Sentinel

All this misfortune cost me one week of work — that's no problem. My good fortune is that I am still young, and my injuries will heal. But what of the elderly who live in terror in this neighborhood — what will they do when they call the SFPD for help? And have to wait four hours in agony? Will it take one of their frail bodies to die before response time is shortened??

We minorities are LONG used to paying with more than taxes, but I would expect a more professional concern from the SFPD toward the citizens it is paid to serve. ■

POLITICS AND POKER

My Christmas List

WAYNE FRIDAY

Potential political candidates, please take note: the Registrar of Voters has released new data about the city's population. The highest proportion of registered voters live in the largely Gay Eureka Valley and Haight/Ashbury areas; an unusually high rate of 84% of those living in those neighborhoods are registered to vote, more than in any other area in the city...

Bob Barnes getting his campaign for a seat on the BART board next year organized early... Ralph Bolin, the former mayor of Napa, is the new president of the Association of Bay Area Governments (ABAG), the first person not currently holding an elected office to be chosen for the post... Speaker Brown's joking remarks to the meeting in Sacramento last month of the Black American Political Association of California (BAPAC) causing him some lash back; some white supporters of Willie's aren't amused at Brown's crack that "the reapportionment lines were developed to secure my seat first, and then the seats of the other black members of the Assembly, and then we drew the lines for the rest of California."

Billie Jean King's lawyers were successful in court by suggesting the tennis star was the victim of attempted blackmail by her former lover. While crying all the time to the judge that she and her loving "husband" (talk about a marriage of convenience!) lost nearly a million in product endorsements, a few still think that King's crippled Lesbian lover, whom the judge ordered out of the house, still got the dirty end of the stick... Antonio Amador, a Republican and former L.A. cop, was appointed by Governor Brown as director of the California Youth Authority... and speaking of the Guv, I hope that he doesn't think he is going to have clear sailing for the Demo nomination for Senator next year and take it too easy, because this column has it on good authority that former Mayor Joe Alioto is putting together a committee and is planning on announcing soon after the first of the year that he wants the job. Alioto already has pledges of big bucks and some important political name endorsements...

L.A. District Attorney John Van de Kamp, running for the Democratic nomination for Attorney General, in town last week and again looking for votes and money... meanwhile, our own D.A. Arlo Smith continually being urged by friends to also take the plunge for Attorney General... Wendy Yoshimura, arrested with Tanya Hearst in 1975, now living in Berkeley, says she wants to live "a quiet life with no publicity" — she said this incidentally, in a full-page interview with the Chronicle... The Tom Bradley fundraiser at the Fairmont last week brought in \$80,000 for the forthcoming Bradley campaign...

If the Democratic-sponsored reapportionment plan is done away with, and one sponsored by the Republicans is sustained, look for Bill Maher to run for the Assembly seat now held by Leo McCarthy; the recent mob at

Maher's Christmas party should prove that the Board of Education boss has lots of friends...

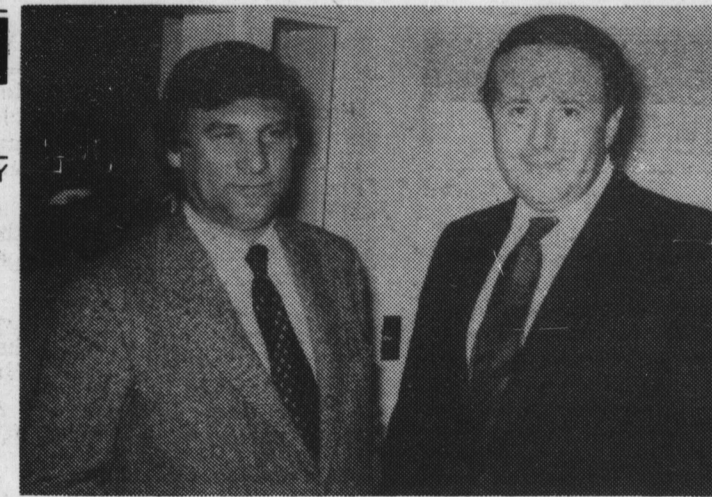
No one asked me, but I have got to tell you that I think the metermaids (meter-persons?) in San Francisco have got to be about the bottom of the barrel. I mean, do you know of anyone else who gets the pleasure these creeps get out of writing you a parking ticket? And they are everywhere... Maybe if we had half as many cops on the streets as we do these low-life three-wheel-riders, the murder rate in San Francisco would not now be up 20% over last year... The meterpersons in our great city have the class of yesterday's newspapers — rude beyond belief — and if their personal appearance counts, they look like something that should be writing tickets for a living.

Their latest gimmick is this: when they spot a car whose meter has expired, they quietly pull up about two car-lengths behind it and quickly jot down the license number, then pull up next to the ticketed car, get off their bikes, and continue to write the summons. That way if you are lucky enough to see them begin to write the ticket as they get off their bikes, they can come back with the answer, "So sorry, I have already written the ticket"...

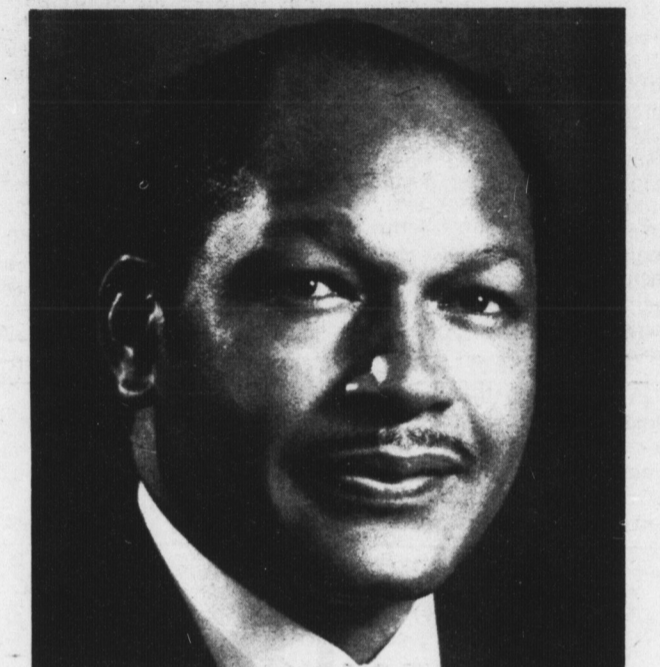
And can Chief Murphy, or someone, tell us why there are so damned many of these ugly little smart-assed ticket writers around? The other day there were four (count 'em, four) of them on the block of Jones between Eddy and Turk streets, all feverishly writing parking tickets as fast as their chubby little hands could move.

You hear grumbling aplenty about what the Harvey Milk Gay Demo Club did (or maybe we should say *didn't* do) during the past year, but incumbent President Gwenn Craig was the only one nominated to head the Club again next year.

And all the best to Paul Lorch, Ben Gardiner, John Van Heusden, Paul Hard-



John Molinari and Judge candidate Chiantelli at the CRIR inauguration. Chiantelli, a Deputy District Attorney, was brought to the meeting by D.A. staffer Ron Huberman and Deputy D.A. Ken Cady. (Photo by Rink)



Los Angeles Mayor Tom Bradley has been seeking support and big bucks in San Francisco. He's found both in his gubernatorial quest.

man, E. Lee Clifton, Anne Kronenberg, Carl Carlson, Bill Barnes, Mark Friese, Lia and Mel Belli, George and June Banda, John Adinolfi, Warren and Denise Hinkle, Jane Doe and the rest at Castro Station, Dick Rubin, Chuck, Francesca and Big Bird of the Railway Express, Bobby Heacock, attorney John Wahl, Allen White, Tim Wolfred, Bill Maher, Willie Brown, Greta Grass, Jane Fonda and Tom Hayden, Hector, Gardner, and Ed, Larry Eppinette, Elmer Wilhelm, one of San Francisco's finest singers, Pauline, and her pianist, Jim Brown, Randy Johnson, Carole Migen, Paul Walliker, Charlotte Coleman, Peggy, Bella and the rest at the Blue & Gold, Scott Smith, Wally Ruther-

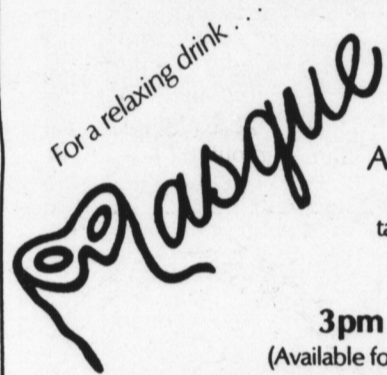
Big Mama's in Hayward, and even my good, dear friend Sweetlips — I wish the very best to all of you, and maybe 1982 will be better to all of us. (U.S. Postal Service, eat your heart out...)



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Nobody Told Lady Di About This Part of Royalty

Those of you who have seen Frank Rippl's *Taxi Zum Klo* are aware that T-room sex is making it onto the silver screen in general admission theatres around the nation. The editors of Philadelphia's *Gay News* received this irate letter and decided that it concerned a bit of etiquette which would cause Amy Vanderbilt to fall out of the window. Our hats go off to Giulio Salucci, who wrote:

"Sometimes when a Gay man goes into a public restroom, he actually has to use the facilities for a legitimate reason. This is so even when the bathroom in question is noted for its wild tearoom activity. I recently tried to use the bathroom at Wanamaker's (one of Philadelphia's hotter spots). Upon entering this facility I noticed all the stalls were taken. I know that when all the stalls are taken, more than likely it is a contingent of queens holding court and sitting tightly on the thrones. They are there in all their roy-

al glory. They are just as absolute as any absolute monarch. They seem to sit there by some divine right and absolutely refuse to move. Just like royalty of old!

"The one difference between these queens and royalty of distinction is that these queens have no manners. Their etiquette training is sorely lacking and they would never make it into the Royal Who's Who. They are sub-standard royal personages — perhaps not even deserving of the title. Since I was in real need of the bathroom I decided, foolishly, to see if I could wait them out. I should have known better. I waited around for a few minutes, growing more uncomfortable with every passing second. There were, by this time, other men waiting to use the john. We waited patiently, all of us staring at the stall doors as if we were waiting for an old friend. But still no dice!

"Tearoom activity is fine with me. I will go so far as to say I find it fascinating and sometimes even exciting. But never have I monopolized the stalls so that no one else could use them. If something does not happen within a reasonable time, I leave quietly and discreetly. This is, unfortunately, not so with some of our more mannerless royal brothers. These people are the ones who give the rest of us a bad name. By their rude behavior they cause other bathroom users to call their actions to the attention of the authorities. When this happens the tearoom is invariably shut down or put under heavy police observation.

"Mannerless queens are not just mannerless. They are a danger to the rest of us. They also potentially cut the fun for the rest of us who know the etiquette of public places. Perhaps we should police ourselves before society does it to us. So the next time you encounter a queen who won't give up the throne — stage a coup!"

Well, Mr. Salucci, if it's any consolation, we recently spotted a cartoon where one clone sighed to another, "Yesterday at the bookstore I was looking in this book called *Famous British Queens* and would you believe that Quentin Crisp IS listed?"

An Intercultural Benefit First

"Menage a trois" — a three-way — is the name of a benefit which will be held January 20 at the Endup. The "three" are the Association of Lesbian and Gay Asians (ALGA), Black and White Men Together, and Stonewall Gay Democratic Club. There will be music of three decades — the 60's, 70's and 80's, from 8pm to closing, a buffet will be served, and only \$1 cover charge with a no-host bar.

This will be the first time that such a configuration has ever gotten together for a joint party. ALGA is a cultural-social organization formed early this year. Black and White Men Together is a gay interracial and cultural organization committed to fostering

supportive environments wherein racial and cultural barriers can be overcome and the goal of human equality realized. Stonewall Gay Democratic Club has functioned for many years in San Francisco as advocate of civil rights for all, working to eliminate sexual discrimination and to hold elected politicians accountable and responsive to the needs of all individuals.

Black and White Together was formed in September 1980 and now has chapters in over 20 major American cities, including Kansas City, Washington, D.C., Detroit, Houston, Chicago, New York, Denver, Philadelphia, Boston, Durham, Miami, and San Francisco. The First International Convention of

BWMT was held here in June, 1981. Local mail address is BWMT-SFBA, 470 Castro St., Suite 207-3099, San Francisco, CA 94114. ■



FACE TO FACE
Holiday Cheer

SUPERVISOR HARRY BRITT

As one of the few openly Gay elected public officials in this country, I am constantly made aware of the fact that Lesbians and Gay men continue to be the victims of much subtle and overt discrimination in our society and around the world.

This column often talks about the problems we face — in unfair laws, in public perception and self-perception, in official and private treatment here and elsewhere, in politics and most of the other aspects of our lives.

But in this holiday season, I think it is important to stand back and remember some of the good things that have happened and the progress we have made.

In a very short (in historical terms) period of time, Lesbians and Gay men have emerged from utter powerlessness and lack of organization as a community and have

begun to forge ourselves as a political force and develop ourselves as a community.

After a year of Reaganism and Moral Majority hatredness, we continue to exist and grow as a community. We will withstand the onslaught of the New Right bigots and the timidity of some of our friends. Even now, reports come in that even national Republican officials are telling their candidates that the active support of Jerry Falwell is the kiss of death.

Surveys report that Falwell is negatively perceived by the public in every region of the nation, including the conservative South. Surely it is only a matter of time before this realization will hit public officials, many of whom have been intimidated by the supposed strength of the Moral Majority.

In Houston last month, the right-wing supporters of a candidate for mayor spent a fortune on a viciously anti-



The San Francisco Gay community has made much progress in 1981. Two Gay men chose their Christmas tree. (Photo by Rink)

Gay attack on the Gay-backed candidate, Cathy Whitmire. Whitmire won with a huge majority.

In Boston, an openly Gay candidate for city council ran a strong race and will probably win in the next election.

These are not isolated incidents. As an elected official, I am constantly being interviewed by the non-Gay

media. This provides an opportunity for increasing the awareness of the non-Gay public — an unthinkable event 20 years ago.

The interest is there. During the last year, members of our community have been widely quoted by the news media. I have been interviewed on all three national networks and by the major

daily newspapers of such cities as Seattle and Houston, by the major newsweekly of Japan, the *London Observer*, by Toronto television, and by several European national television networks.

When I talk to the non-Gay media, I am proud to be able to tell them that here in San Francisco we are developing our own community and culture. Our culture is partly political (in this respect we lead the nation and probably the world), but it has many other aspects as well.

I tell them about Lesbian and Gay charities, about our doctors and lawyers and business groups. Our magnificent Chorus toured the country, giving much the same message, entertaining people, and giving hope to local Gay people, and helping to batter age-old stereotypes.

I am proud of what our community has accomplished. This column lacks the space even to begin to list our achievements or the many people who contribute to them.

My office has tried to play a part in the development of our community. Next year, with the help of my aides Sharon Johnson and Bill Kraus and the many volunteers who work long hours in the office, we plan to take an even more active role together with everyone in the Gay community in helping guarantee that our community keeps what it has won and moves further toward the day when we will all really be free.

Thanks to all of you for what you have done. The struggle is far from over, but we can be confident that what we have all accomplished so far augurs very well indeed for the future.

Happy Holidays! ■

Oops, There Goes The Neighborhood!

"Love, Sidney," the new television show which stars Tony Randall as a Gay man recently got such right-wing groups as the Moral Majority and Morality in Media all a-flutter. Following the premiere showing, Tampa's WFLA-TV (Channel 8) announced that it would not carry the new program on its fall schedule for economic reasons.

"Morality has nothing to do with it," stated Doug Duperrault, program manager for WFLA-TV. "We've only received four letters from viewers threatening not to watch us again if we aired the Gay show." Duperrault further indicated that the station could make much higher ratings by showing old reruns of "M*A*S*H" in the 9:30 Wednesday night prime time slot.

Up in Oregon, however, it wasn't Gays who were booted off the soapbox, but the government. Associated Press reports that a law student at the University of Oregon recently pointed out that University rules prohibit the use of facilities by organizations which discriminate on the basis of sexual orientation. As a result, the FBI decided not to send recruiters to the campus. The FBI will not hire homosexuals on the grounds that "Gay people would be more vulnerable to compromise." Who was it who said "Good riddance to bad rubbish"?

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OAKLAND

Straight Bartender Asks: Why Don't Gay Functions Ever Start On Time?

"Why in the world would you want to interview me?" asked Joe Colton, bartender at Bench and Bar. "I'm the most boring person in the whole world!"

Well, dear ones, persistence prevailed, and I did get the interview... and I found Joe anything but boring.

A native of San Francisco, Joe did his Army stint at Fort Lewis, Washington, where the fog actually lifted one day, and he could see the bay. After the service he attended U.C. Berkeley, where he earned degrees in accounting and finance. While there he met Jim, one of the present owners of the Bench and Bar, and they became partners in a photographic business.

Unable (and unwilling?) to produce a photo of himself, Joe will just have to be visited in person at the B&B.

Nez: I find it hard to believe that you consider yourself boring. You must have some hobbies. What are they?

Joe: Well, I guess you could mention jogging, photography, skiing — I love to ski Sugar Bowl. Also, I really love the outdoors and do quite a bit of backpacking and camping. I've even been shot at by hunters! Can you imagine, I was wearing Chuck from Alameda's Emperor III campaign T-shirt. You remember how bright those were — and I still got shot at!

Nez: Perhaps it was your natural musk oil! I know you're straight, Joe. Why do you work in a gay bar?

Joe: Golly, such easy questions! Well, I was here before the bar turned gay. Originally this place was a bar that promoted Chinese gambling... and I mean B-I-G bucks! Can you imagine one flop of the

dice for a \$100 bet? I worked before as a relief bartender at the Galleon in Alameda. That was a good gig. I've done stints in honky-tonk bars in the City, but they were really bad gigs — I mean, dope, prostitution, all heavy stuff like that.

Nez: Do your straight friends know where you work?

Joe: Sure, so do my parents. All my friends think it's a really good gig, an "interesting" job. Some of my ex-friends were disturbed by it; somehow they didn't want to remain friends. I have a good time here. It's a good place to work. I'm not saying that just because I've known the three owners long before they took over the place. There are some customers that I don't like — that's natural for any occupation. I really feel that I am personally accepted here more than not, by the clientele. I guess I'm a rare bird. I'm a straight working in a gay bar — but how many gays are working in straight bars? We'll never know, but it's no different from my working here, is it?

Nez: Hey, I'm supposed to be asking the questions! For instance: is there anything about gay life, as you observe it, that you dislike?

Joe: I consider people as people, not their sexual preference. The things that I could mention that I don't like about gay life would be the same things that I don't like about straight life. The same types of enigmas exist in all worlds, don't they?

Nez: PLEASE! Try to remember that I'm asking, OK?

Joe: OK! I'll try to remember that. Oh, I forgot to mention before that the ex-

NEZ PAS

perience here is really nothing to disturb my id. I spent 19 months in Viet Nam, and worked at MaGoo's High Gardens in San Francisco — that was really a C-R-A-Z-Y place! It was true hard punk, in every sense of the word. I can handle anything after that! While working there, I was mugged once, witnessed several near killings, slashings — you name it, I saw it. This place is Heaven compared to that joint!

Nez: Any opinions about the "Moral Majority"?

Joe: THEY ARE TURKEYS! It's really a bad scene, and I'm upset with them. They really aren't a majority. It's just that gays are there, and easily picked on. The Moral Majority is really "back woods." The thinking is limited and narrow. The Bay Area is more cosmopolitan and accepting of alternate life styles, no matter if they are sexual or political. My beliefs are linked with my Catholic upbringing, but even the major religions aren't as "damning" as the Moral Majority! The Moral Majority reminds me of the service: very opinionated. There was no live and let-live. All opinions were forced and had to be obeyed! Very regimental! I can't stand the idea of a "forced thought." Just look around the bar. These are working people, who just happen to be gay. Of course, across the Bay, it appears to me that the people are working to be gay.

The Moral Majority seems to feel that every American should be married with 2½ kids. I've never seen a half-kid. Their thinking is old-fashioned, and based on the "ideal" family of the early TV shows. There is absolutely no

reason why any one person or any one group should be able to pick people's lives apart and put them together in their own image. You could put this bar, and most bars in the East Bay, anywhere and not too many would realize that it was a gay place. I think that's really a compliment to the "community" we have over here.

Nez: Do you consider yourself part of the Gay community?

Joe: I don't know — I'm straight, but I have a lot of gay friends. I guess I'm really not, because I'm not gay. I don't consider myself superficial. I'm true to myself. A lot of gays show intolerance towards other gays and gay functions. There seems to be racism and ageism. The intolerance has nothing to do with sex — it's individuals against individuals. Talk about intolerance within the "red neck" society — there is just as much in the Gay community. That I don't understand.

Nez: Getting personal for a moment, have you ever been tempted — I mean, with another guy?

Joe: To be perfectly honest, yes! Under the right circumstances, and with the right guy, yes, I would definitely be tempted. But they would have to be guys that I really liked as individuals.

Nez: I won't ask the criteria... or their names. This paper doesn't print that many pages! However, the ones you don't want, I know (Continued on next page)

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NEZ PAS (from page 15)

people who do!

Joe: Don't get the wrong impression, now. Just because I'm tempted doesn't mean that I would go through with it — and then again it doesn't. Privacy is very personal to me. What I do is my business, same with you. I think it's more the person than the sexual plumbing. Hell, we've all been through circle jerks!

Nez: Not all of us! I didn't even know what a circle jerk was until it was too late to participate. Christ, I missed out on so much as a kid!

Joe: How long ago was that?

Nez: Remember, I'm asking the questions! Anyway, what's in Joe's future?

Joe: I would really like to go back into stocks — investing and that sort of thing. I just might work a day job, too, along with bartending. I don't have that "commercial picture" of a wife, with 2 1/2 kids, living in a cottage with a picket fence. I guess that I am "country." I love being by myself, out in the outdoors. However, I do have fantasies of owning my own bar someday. God, that would be a trip! Hell, you know that everybody knows how to run a bar business, except for the ones who own it. I have a few ideas I'd like to try. I'd probably fall flat on my ass, but it is my fantasy!

Nez: It's the old story of not judging until one is in the shoes of the judge! I am curious, however. You told me several times that you considered yourself boring. Why?

Joe: Well, I feel that I live a very quiet life. I'm not an activist, in any sense of the word. I prefer a physical existence — horses, fishing, out-of-doors. I'm a real nature buff, I guess. I don't think that is interesting to too many people. I'm basically a loner. I don't have to have constant companionship. I love people, but I love my privacy a little more. I know that might be hard to comprehend, but that's me. One thing that can be said about me is that I'm not superficial. I'd chuck it all for my own private desert island. Really! That's the kind of guy I am.

Nez: I believe you. I believe you! Are there any final comments that you would like to share with the public?

Joe: Yes! I'm really surprised that you asked me for the interview. I'm just a bartender here. Don't give me that reaction — it's my job. I know I shouldn't have said "just," but that's me. Final comments, huh? Well, why don't gay functions ever start on time??? Everything should be cut and dried. There is no reason why things have to drag on and on. Hell! If a function is late because of someone's not being on time, then cut them out! It would only take once — they'd be on time the next time. This is really one thing I cannot understand. Why does the Gay community allow this to happen time after time? I've been to a few functions, and they are all the same. People go to be seen, to party, and to be presented. That takes so much time, and the only ones who care are the ones being presented. That is one thing I will never understand — it's sort of self-aggrandizement. Honey, no one is that important! Is that all they live for?

Nez: Joe, thank you so much for very deep insights into the oldest... oops, I mean the longest employed bartender at the Bench and Bar. I'm sure that the readers will look upon you with a different light!

Nez sez: ... Once again, the interviewee didn't buy me a drink!

All the warmest wishes of the Season. It's almost 1982! Why does time go by so fast when one is having so much fun???

Missionary Position

"Sr. Missionary Position's X-Mas Rated Holiday Special" enlivens this week's **Fruit Punch** radio show (KPFA, FM 94, December 23 at 10pm). The Sisters of Perpetual Indulgence appear with the Choral Majority and carry on in the spirit of good will to get jolly old St. Nick off. Cameo performances feature Dory Previn, Rita Mae Brown, James Broughton and The Men About Town. Favorite fables from parochial school will be aired, as well as an old standard: The Communist Conspiracy to X the Christ from Christmas.

Sonoma Singers Present Successful Concert

The Sonoma Singers, a mixed choir organized only recently in Sonoma by Randy Rowland, presented their first concert last Saturday. Performing in the Santa Rosa Inn, they presented a program of Christmas carols, and the popular Jacques Brel song "If We Only Have Love," which was the title of the concert, and its theme.

Rowland has desired to start such a choir for at least three years, but the road to fruition was rocky at best. Despite a sizable Gay population in the Sonoma area, Rowland saw a lack of both activities for Gays and participation in what was offered. The basic activity appeared to be drag/lip synch shows. Showing no condensation towards them, Rowland commented, "I don't dress in drag. Therefore, I was unable to participate in these shows." Compounding that problem is the fact that since 1979, Rowland related, "Even drag shows have not been put on." Row-

land did commend owners of Santa Rosa's only alcohol bar, Bill Presinger and Charlie Jordan, for making their space available for all functions and performers who asked, as well as hosting parties for the holidays. This tended to keep the community active, yet centered only around bar activities.

When Rowland quit his job five months ago he found the time to actively pursue his dream. The Santa Rosa Inn, a large disco, had not previously been used for any Gay functions, but Rowland recognized in it a new gathering place for his intended choir and its audience.

The discovery of the performance space was a lot easier than actually founding the choir itself, however. Rowland posted flyers announcing first rehearsals for the choir, to be held in his home. A disappointing total of three singers showed up.

Since Rowland had planned on performing choral numbers from Handel's "Mes-

siah," he knew something had to be done. "I had to recruit the singers myself," he said. "I really felt that a choir could be put together. People just needed to know that this was really going to happen."

Especially shocking to Rowland was the fact that he had already booked the Santa Rosa Inn for two concerts, and he didn't even have a choir! Making a more direct appeal to his public, he chose the popular Brel tune as a theme, discarded the "Messiah" in favor of more accessible Christmas carols, and turned Sonoma inside-out searching for singers. Several were attracted by the Brel song, "and with my constant pushing," rejoined Rowland, "we formed the first Gay choir in Sonoma County."

Since last week's debut, at least ten new singers have asked to join the choir, so Rowland feels assured of the choir's growth and continued performances. The second concert was Sunday, December 20, in the Santa Rosa Inn. Following the concert, the group will vacation until the new year begins, when they will resume rehearsals. Music has already been chosen, and Rowland expects three major concerts per year. He especially envisions out of town

performances.

A unique aspect of the first concert occurred during Rowland's solo singing of a group of patriotic songs. "Although the choir itself is in tremendous need for donations, I wanted to take contributions to Toys for Tots." For this purpose, choir members made donation boxes available during Rowland's solo. "The Sonoma Singers have not only entertained for the Gay community," Rowland told the *Bay Area Reporter*, "but have not forgotten children who traditionally receive our gifts during the holidays."

The second Christmas concert, on December 20, also offered a chance for audience members to contribute to Toys for Tots. The concert itself repeated the success of the first performance. Rowland's joy in the choir's very existence is understandable, as his labor of love and determination displays the results of his effort. "I would like everyone to show support for our choir," he concluded positively, "for it is the beginning of an exciting choral group as well as a new stage in community activities for everyone in Sonoma."

Local Author Doesn't Fear Lawsuit

In a fairly novel move, author Dan Curzon is soliciting subscriptions to aid the publication of his newest book. The novel, *From Violent Men*, is a story about an attempt to assassinate a Dan White-like character in Soledad Prison. Curzon's manuscript has been declined by several publishing firms, who fear a lawsuit.

Author Curzon said, "The book is a work of fiction. It's about a man so embittered by the leniency shown the killer of a Gay Supervisor that he decides to take the law into his own hands and create a Machiavellian plot to get justice. It doesn't even really approve of what he does. I think it is absurd for writers to have to censor their work to accommodate convicted murderers and nambypamby publishers. It's all part of the conservative uprising that is engulfing this country."

Curzon added, "I think the mainstream publishers are downright cowardly. They're running scared from a judgment against Doubleday two years ago in which a man

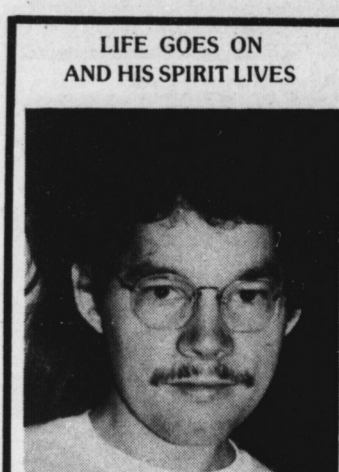
claimed injury because he was satirically treated in a novel."

The book will be published in 1982 by The International Gay News Agency, which has not been a publishing house previously. The IGNA has undertaken this project, according to its recent announcement, "because of its commitment to telling truth about Gay life."

To this end, the IGNA is encouraging those who would like to be patron-subscribers of this controversial novel to send \$10 or more to insure that it gets published. All patron-subscribers will receive a copy inscribed and autographed by the author when the book appears in 1982.

Samuel Johnson's first English dictionary was published through this type of subscription, and potential subscribers can aid Curzon's book by sending contributions of \$10 or more to Patron-Subscribers, c/o IGNA, 511 Capp Street, San Francisco, CA 94110.

Author Curzon, who heads IGNA, concluded, "I hope that anyone who has enjoyed any of my writing in the past will help see to it that this new book is not kept out of book-



In Memory Of WAYNE FRANCIS SMOLEN

Wayne died on Dec. 3, 1981, after a long period of illness. He was 28 years old and is survived by his father, 3 brothers and a sister. He was active in the election of supervisor Harvey Milk, was a founding member of Off The Wall Cinema at City College and also Frameline. Wayne was a co-chairman of the 1981 3rd International Gay Film Festival sponsored by Frameline. Inquiries may be made at 621-3683, ask for Rick.

stores. On top of everything else, it's an excellent read, as even those afraid of the libel suit admit."

Gay Video

The 1981 San Francisco Lesbian and Gay Video Festival is being broadcast on Cable Channel 25, presenting two different hour-long programs at 8pm every Friday night until December 21.

Presented by Frameline, sponsor of the Annual San Francisco International Lesbian and Gay Film Festival, the Video Festival is presenting works by four San Francisco-based artists as well as four works submitted from around the country.

The first program will consist entirely of "Ghetto Girls," a T.V. (transvestite) video musical by San Francisco's John Canaly and Marty Monroe. The second program will be a selection of short works, including "Mass" by Bruce Pavlov and John Riddle; "Gay is Out" by Horses (Chicago); "Madam of Many Faces" by Bob Paris; "Johnny Eagle" by Byron Infinity Mind; "San Francisco Freedom Day '81" and more.

"Ghetto Girls," the first feature combines the dogma and rhetoric of S.C.U.M. (Society for Cutting Up Men) with indescribable fashion and wild make-up in a Utopian vision of female domination and male subjugation. Many San Francisco residents are featured in the cast.

"Mass" included in the second program of the Festival, is a modern mystery in which the viewer plays private eye, finding clues in every shot.

"Gay is Out" is a witty examination of images and stereotypes of Gays, and could be viewed as a parody of San Francisco's own "Word is Out."

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Robin Kay: Now She Talks With Heart Aglow

by John F. Karr



San Francisco Lesbian and Gay Men's Chorus conductor Robin Kay tells John Karr about her Carnegie Hall debut. (Photo by Rink)

The San Francisco Lesbian and Gay Men's Community Chorus has not toured the country nor received the publicity accorded its brother group, The Gay Men's Chorus. But it is by no means a step-child organization. Its mixture of male and female voices complements the all-male Men's Chorus, and the group as a whole is reaching adulthood and beginning to receive the attention it deserves. I welcomed the chance to chat with Robin Kay, the Community Chorus's versatile conductor.

Earlier this year, Robin became the first woman to conduct in Davies Symphony Hall, and she's just returned from conducting in New York's Carnegie Hall. She has the tremulous, about-to-be kissed lips, liquid and trustable brown eyes, delicate high cheekbones, and faintly red hair of Sandy Dennis. Robin, however, has none of Dennis's flighty, confused air. She's as straightforward and quick as can be: this may be her Irish heritage showing, for although I felt she looked English, she set me straight immediately. "I'm Irish, totally through," she asserted.

She does have a sparkling Irish high energy, and has had careers enough for several people. She has led concurrent careers as pianist and vocalist, and began conducting in the early 1970's. She was instrumental in the Scott Joplin revival, and founded and conducted the Pacific Chamber Singers. As well as performing frequently as a solo piano recitalist, singer, and conductor, Robin teaches piano, sight singing, theory, and composition. I don't know where she finds the time, but at her home in the Berkeley flatlands — "Where all the poor single mothers live," she throws in jokingly — she maintains a close relationship with her son, enjoys gardening, and grows her own vegetables.

This would be more than enough for most people, but it's merely the tip of Robin's calendar. When we talked, the joint concert with the Gay Men's Chorus was a day away — and will be repeated on Thursday, December 24 — and Robin was breathless, bristling, and positively glowing from a triumph in New York.

On December 8, she was the guest conductor of the New York City Gay Men's Chorus at their concert in Carnegie Hall. Invited by their director, Gary Miller, she arrived in New York November 30, rehearsed with Miller's Chorus only three times, and performed before a sold-out house. Surmounting such lack of time with a quality performance seems next to impossible, but Robin and Miller used a technique that is unusual but not unknown to globe-trotting guest conductors. She discussed tempo, phrasing, breath marks, and her approach to each piece of music with Miller over the tel-

ephone. He then rehearsed his group according to Robin's directions, and she needed only to add finishing touches during her brief personal rehearsal time. It sounds strange, but it works, and Robin received high praise from New York's music critics. The cachet of approval from East Coast critics is great, and Robin returns home personally enriched, with a greater depth of assurance and authority to offer her own group.

It was Dick Kramer who approached Robin with the idea of starting a mixed choir. Robin accepted the challenge quickly, and the Chorus was created on January 23, 1980. With 90 voices, it was the largest such choir in the country, but was a little unbalanced, with 90 men and only 9 women. Many men left who had been interested in a more popular repertoire than the Bach chorales and Faure pieces that made up the first program. Robin pursued female voices ardently with signs, notices in the press, and the pamphleteering of a women's festival in Golden Gate Park. A rule was made requiring any male who wanted to join to bring two women, as well. Also, in the intervening two years, with the help of the chorus's "Together In Harmony" motto, the women's community has warmed to the group, and the balance of voices within the choir has long been corrected.

Robin felt that three years of training would be necessary before the choir reached the level of expertise she envisioned. But at last October's concert she found they had progressed faster than she had anticipated. "They are the most responsive, dedicated group I've ever directed," she said. This dedication, she asserts, "is because we're Gay. It's been a magical force that makes us all work harder." She said the group is excited and impatient to be a source of excellence and pride to the community, and this feeling keeps everyone high. "I've stayed excited over it for two years!" Robin exalted.

As Robin began to explain the current program, the B.A.R. photographer arrived, and Robin rummaged in her purse. "I'm a lipstick-lez," she confided with a mischievous laugh. In a time when many Lesbians eschew makeup, Robin follows her own whim.

Career woman, feminist, and one of few women in a male-dominated field, Robin delights in her own identity. "I keep falling down on stereotypes," she giggled. "I knit. I even embroider!"

Her dark red lipstick highlights her forest green sweater and spotlights a delicate cinnabar, jade, and pearl necklace. The photographer clicks away, but Robin forgets him as she enthusiastically details the Chorus's current program.

"Of course, we're sharing the evening with the Gay Men's Chorus," she said. "They're performing Britten's 'Ceremony of Carols,' Sweelinck's 'Hodie,' and two portions of 'The Messiah,' including the 'Hallelujah Chorus.' Their subsidiary groups, The Lollipop Guild, The Men About Town, and the Chamber Chorus, will perform. The Community Chorus will sing with the Men's Chorus in some antiphonally arranged numbers, in which singers are placed around the auditorium. It should be very beautiful."

Since Robin envisions the Community Chorus segment as "a concert/entertainment," they feature a broad spectrum of works. On one hand they sing excerpts from Brahms' "Marienlieder," a Renaissance air by diLasso and three Christmas carols, two Spanish and one Italian. The Chamber Chorus sings a sassy Cornish Renaissance carol which Robin says "would never be funny in any other than a Gay context." The quatrains runs, "Comes a most important day; Let us be Gay!" The tenors then add, to the raised eyebrows of the rest of the Chorus, "We go first to church, and then we have the sweetest buns and candy!"

The group's wit is continued with an irreverent carol by Tom Lehrer and a mock cantata by P.D.Q. Bach. The sequence is climaxed by "The Twelve Days After Christmas," a comic song for which Robin won't detail the words. "You'll just have to come to the concert!"

The second performance of *Now Sing Again with Hearts Aglow* is on Thursday, December 24 (Christmas Eve), in Nourse Auditorium, at 7:30 p.m., and tickets are available.

held during January. "We originally had an open-door policy," she explained, "but now we're a bit stricter. — although no one has to be ready for the Met to pass!" Auditions include a prepared piece of music and some exploration of sight-singing and rhythmic patterns.

Upcoming on the calendar, besides concerts on the home front, is a Western Choral Convention, to be held next fall in San Francisco and including many Gay West Coast choral groups. New York's Radio City Music Hall will see the first International Gay and Lesbian Chorus Festival in 1983. Although planned only as a musical

(Continued on page 21)

WANDER LUST Pyramids and Mosques

A. MARC LEVENTHAL



Lazing by the Nile as a cruise ship passes.

Sightseeing in Cairo will begin in your airconditioned bus and with (hopefully) a knowledgeable English-speaking guide. You'll probably visit the Egyptian Museum.

um of Antiquities first and then become oriented with the large city as you tour Cairo.

THE MOSQUES

The Mosque of Sultan Hasan is one of the most beautiful, built about 1360. The walls decorated with marble and with passages of the Koran are interesting. From there it is a short drive to the Muhammad Ali Mosque, located in The Citadel. The Citadel, once the strongest fortress of the Islamic world, was finished in 1207. The stones used to build the defenses are said to be taken from pyramids and casings of the monuments of Giza and Memphis. The mosque dominates The Citadel and resembles mosques I have seen in Istanbul. But the one here is much nicer. The walls decorated with alabaster have given the building the nickname "the Alabaster Mosque." Ask your guide about "the wishing" doorway.

You will probably have had your fill of mosques now. So pay a visit to the Gayer-Anderson Museum. Here Englishman Gayer-Anderson purchased and restored during the 1920's two adjoining Mameluke houses dating to about 1630. He furnished them in beautiful Arab style along with other interesting furniture and objets d'art. When he died, the house was turned into a museum by the government, and now it will give you a good idea of how a prosperous Cairo family in the 17th century lived.

Tired of sightseeing? Well, it is time to spend some hours at the Khan el Khalili bazaar. Narrow streets filled with vendors of all kinds. Everyone will try to draw you into their shops. Even the tourist police will lead you to some little (or even big) shop hidden down some alleyway where his cousin will sell you all sorts of treasures. Be firm and say "no" if you are not interested. If you are buying, you must bargain. Think of how much you are willing to pay for an item, ask how much, offer at least half of that amount, then bargain if it is in your price range. Don't forget it all has to go back with you on the airplane. You surely will be approached to exchange U.S. dollars here into Egyptian pounds. Shop for money since you will get all kinds of offers. The exchange rate is always better (but illegal) at the bazaar or at the tourist sites — including the mosques — than at your hotel or bank.

A must item to purchase is a cartouche, a gold charm

with your name in hieroglyphics. You will have to pick it up several days later before you depart Egypt. Even though the shops in the Bazaar claim that they will deliver to your hotel, I felt safer purchasing mine at the shop in the Nile Hilton where quality and price were fine.

THE PYRAMIDS

Needless to say, the sights that everyone wants to see are the Pyramids and The Sphinx. You might have been lucky as I was when on our TWA flight from Athens to see the pyramids of Giza on the left side of the plane as we crossed the desert into Cairo. These major attractions, considered in ancient times as among the seven wonders of the world, are close to Cairo. A pleasant day would be to

Climbing up inside the grave chamber of the Pyramid of Cheops is a once-in-a-lifetime thrill.

leave the Egyptian Museum in Cairo and drive the 12 kilometers to Giza. Stop for lunch at the Mena House Hotel, a spectacularly beautiful hotel with arabesque decor. Dine in the grand Al Rubaiyat dining room, or enjoy the view of the neighboring Pyramids from the Khan el Khalili Coffee Shop (nicer than it sounds). There are other hotels in the area, including highly recommended Holiday Inns.

Soon you will come to the desert plateau — and the pyramids. Sorry to say it is impossible to be left alone by the invasion of tourist guides, junk jewelry sellers, and camel ride hirers — but it is better to remain indifferent — the polite but firm "no" will do. Continue to enter the Pyramid of Cheops. This isn't Death on the Nile so don't expect to climb to the top of the pyramid. It is not allowed. But it is thrilling to climb up inside to the now-bare grave chamber in the center of the pyramid. With rubber-soled walking shoes, be prepared for the steep ascent. It will be a once in a lifetime experience. Really, there is nothing to see except an empty sarcophagus, but it is just the fact that you are there that will excite you.

THE SPHINX

A short drive from the pyramids will bring you to the Sphinx. You had better see the Sphinx and Pyramids soon. Thanks to "Progress" a disaster is occurring in Egypt.

The great Asswan Dam to help control the flooding of the Nile Delta is causing the water table under the desert to rise and is already causing an eroding effect on the ancient wonders. The Sphinx only months ago began to crumble due to the water rising under it. Auto pollution doesn't help either.

As you depart the Sphinx area, your tour bus will probably stop at the Pyramids Papyrus Institute at 9 Abu El Holl Street where you can watch an interesting demonstration on how papyrus paper is made and where you can purchase papyrus works of art at reasonable prices (light and easy to take home as gifts).

When night falls, you should return to the Sphinx/

Pyramids for the Sound and Light Show. An excellent presentation of Egyptian history. Evenings may be cool out on the desert, and, depending on time of year, you may need a sweater or jacket. Lights and music and the story of the pyramids comes from the depths of the desert and you will soon be enveloped in the distant past. Check with your guide as to the evening in which English is spoken.

Another side-trip will be a visit to Memphis and Sakhara. In ancient Memphis is the granite statue of Ramses II and his alabaster Sphinx. Close is the Necropolis of Sakhara and the famous Step Pyramid, much older than the great ones at Giza.

Well, you must be tired by now. All that walking, climbing and picture taking. It is time to relax and prepare yourself for the cruise up the Nile. In my next article I'll take you on a cruise and tell you about the *Gay Nile Cruise* planned for Christmas 1982. In the meanwhile, please contact me at World Travel Arrangers, 421-4460 for any plans you have for Egypt. ■

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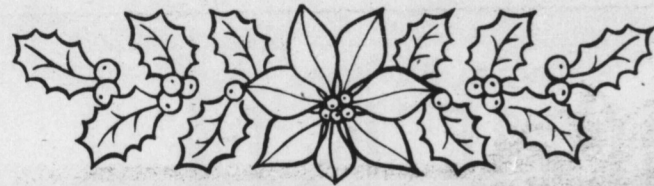
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RICHARD CORLISS, TIME Magazine

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FILM CLIPS

MICHAEL LASKY

'Tis the Season To Be Dreary, Part Two

(The action so far: In last week's chapter we learned that this year's crop [the "o" is interchangeable with "a"] of Christmas movies has an overriding theme of despair, depression, and broken dreams. In **Absence of Malice**, there is a stinging but unfairly drawn indictment of journalism today. **Taps** k.o.'s the military ideals of the past and turns them into manifest destiny. **Rollover** says in its absurd way that the Arabs could foreclose on America and thereby ruin the world, which is exactly what they do in the movie.)

Looking for a few laughs, I anticipated that **Neighbors**, starring Dan Akroyd and John Belushi, would cheer me into some holiday spirit. Oh, it is indeed funny in a weird, almost Dadaesque way. But this is the Blackest of Black Comedy. It is nasty humor. It is outrageous and seemingly punk-inspired. Belushi plays a New York exec living on a two-house dead-end street in the suburbs. The new neighbors move into the empty house across the street. Cathy Moriarty (from **Raging Bull**) is a sultry, Lizbeth Scott-type blonde who walks right into Belushi's house, grabs his glass of wine, turns off the TV, and propositions him lewdly. Her class act is matched by the take-over vulgarity of Dan Akroyd, whose hair is so blonde it seems contaminated by radiation.

The entire film takes place over a 24-hour period and is filled with practical jokes upon mean-spirited pranks. I think there might be a message here about suburbia and the complacent American. I'm not sure.

The characters are broadly drawn and all of them, without a single exception, are creepy. They are, however, blessed with a remarkable music score by Bill Conti which gives each one their own theme, all shaded in "Twilight Zone" style *deja vu*. The anarchy of **Neighbors** will upset people. There is no peace, no resolution, no comfort. It is an irritant that succeeds only if you have a warped sense of humor.

Yes, I laughed — but only at the crotch jokes.
(Cinema 21)

Ghost Story is possibly the first alleged scary movie that winds up being so utterly boring that you root for the ghost. It don't know whether it was because they realized what they were participating in or because they are beyond the help of age-erasing makeup, but stars Fred

Mr. Douglas's case, it was true.

They are all members of a ghost-story telling club called the Chowder Society. Slowly each dies a gruesome death and the fiction they tell seems to be becoming real. With enough red herrings to fill the Dead Sea, a haunted house about as scary as the Addams Family place, and direction by John Irvin that is about as crackerjack as a graveyard, the leaden film doesn't stand a ghost of a chance to entertain us. And as if that weren't enough, lead player Craig



In **Ghost Story**, stars Fairbanks Jr., Astaire, Houseman, and Douglas reveal a terrible secret: time gets to us all.



Christopher Walken seduces Bernadette Peters in **Pennies From Heaven** with an incendiary barroom striptease. He makes it down to his shorts, revealing a very personal tattoo on his chest.



Here she is, boys! Here she is, world! It's Bernadette!

Astaire, Douglas Fairbanks Jr., Melvyn Douglas, and John Houseman looked like death warmed over. Alas, in

Wasson as the son of one of the men acts as if he had lessons at the Quaalude Academy.

The ghost, by the way, played by one Alice Krige, is a woman the four men accidentally killed in their youth who has come back to get revenge. Her back-from-the-cemetery fright pose is much like a woman who forgot her Oil of Olay beauty regimen for a couple of weeks.

She is supposed to scare us yet all we can think of saying is "Boo!"

(Royal)

Pennies From Heaven takes place during the Depression and thematically is about as uplifting as a bag of dead babies.

(Continued on next page)



"Love Is Good For Anything That Ails You" is the lesson Bernadette Peters teaches with her white-on-white band in **Pennies From Heaven**.

Steve Martin is a song sheet salesman in the midwest. He is married to a frigid wife (Jessica Harper) who sometimes can be coaxed by him into putting lipstick on her nipples. On one of his sales trips he meets Bernadette Peters, a shy, wallflower schoolmarm who teaches history but knows nothing of the world. He seduces her and she gets pregnant. She leaves home in shame, comes to Chicago, is bitten by snakeoil charmer Christopher Walken, and becomes a prostitute until she meets up with Martin again.

He is then accused of killing a blind girl. Although innocent, he is sent to the gallows.

The film is rich in its depiction of poverty and poverty induced degradation. It also has some handsomely produced musical numbers. Oh, yes, this is a *musical*! The numbers form the Busby Berkeley style dream sequences that come anywhere and anytime.

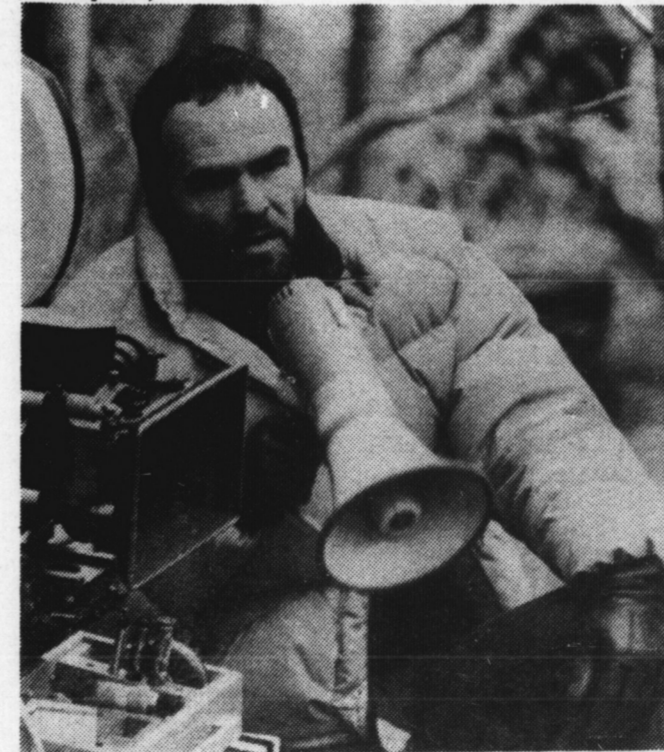
The actors lip-sync to old original recordings, scratches and all. If the song happened to be made famous by a woman like Connie Boswell but fits what a man is doing, he has a new-found soprano voice for his dream.

Herb Ross has directed with great derring-do an '80s-sensibilities version of '30s musicals, complete with long stretches of extraneous dialogue stuck between dream numbers.

Bernadette Peters is worth the price of admission. She makes the transition from naive to knowing vividly believable. Unfortunately, she is saddled with Steve Martin, whose style of acting is two expressions — like the drama/comedy masks. Oh, yes, he never blinks his eyes either — also like the drama/comedy masks.

People used to go to musicals to be cheered up. Not here. There's nothing wrong with this, mind you. It is arresting. It is innovative. It is also very depressing. Wistful. Bittersweet. And consistent with the "Bah, humbug!" spirit of Christmas '81.

(Northpoint)



Burt Reynolds, seen here directing his starring vehicle, **Sharkey's Machine**, appears to be getting more handsome and rugged.

KAY (continued from page 19) her fascinating stories about Scott Joplin and his music. After my visit with Robin, I'm all aglow, a glow which will continue through Christmas Eve, when the Gay Men's Chorus and the Lesbian and Gay Men's Community Chorus present **Now Sing Again with Hearts Aglow**.
John F. Karr

Shaky's Machine was directed by its star, Burt Reynolds. It's one of those romanticized but nitty-gritty hard-edged police dramas that grab you with the authenticity with which they can depict the upper and lower strata of life. The violence is, of course, overdone but allowable because of the tenets of this genre. It doesn't matter because the film, a Cook's Tour of the slime and sublime, works. The characterizations are real, the shrewd atmospheric touches sparkle with wit, and the story about drug money controlling Georgia (of all places) is not only convincing but totally engrossing — if one allows oneself to get caught up in this type of movie.

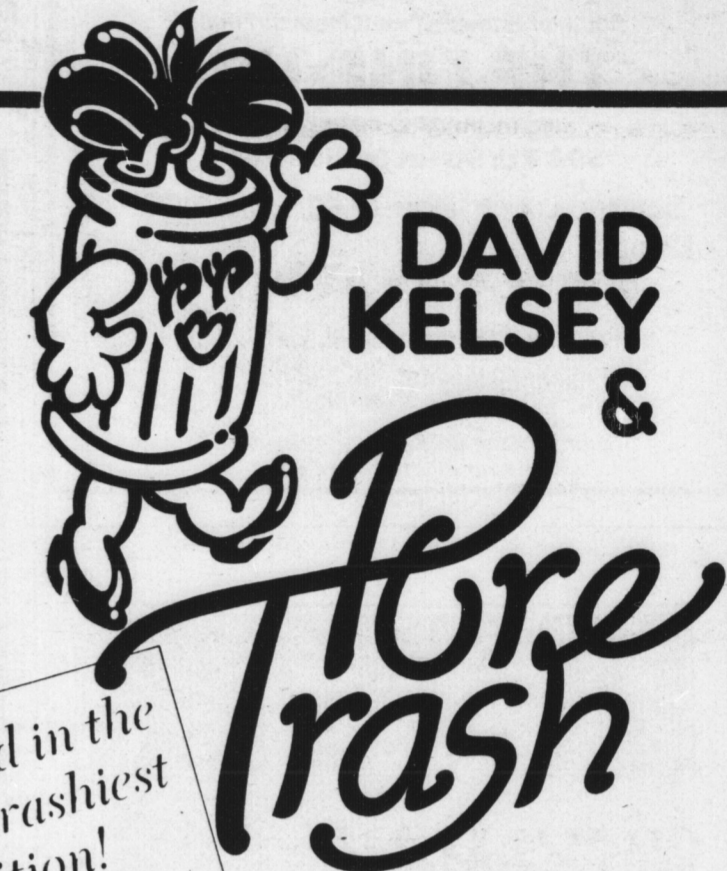
Reynolds has proven he can actually act, and here he is pretty sharp as a director, too. Vittorio Gassman plays the meanie and he's as greasy as they come. Rachel Ward, a model, does better than Lauren Hutton — she actually acts. The music is jazz and features Sarah Vaughn, Petty Lee, Julie London, Flora Purim, Randy Crawford, and Joe Williams. It's another nice touch on a slick, entertaining movie. Yes, it's another downer themed Xmas flick, but a good one.

(Alexandria and Alhambra theatres)

Well, by the time Friz Freleng's **Looney Looney Looney Bugs Bunny Movie** rolled around, I was positive that our mischievous rabbit would save the day with light-spirited frolic. The hour-and-a-half tribute to the great cartoons proved conclusively the old adage that too much of a good thing is not good, just excessive. The first half hour I was laughing so hard I had tears in my eyes. The last hour just gave me a headache with its nonstop, by then tedious pratfalls.

(Alexandria)

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"This is a good movie." *Roger Ebert, Chicago Sun-Times*

"A classic chiller takes on scary flesh and heart-splitting power in 'Ghost Story'... terror begins to grip you, subtly and swiftly." *Guy Hatley, Cosmopolitan Magazine*

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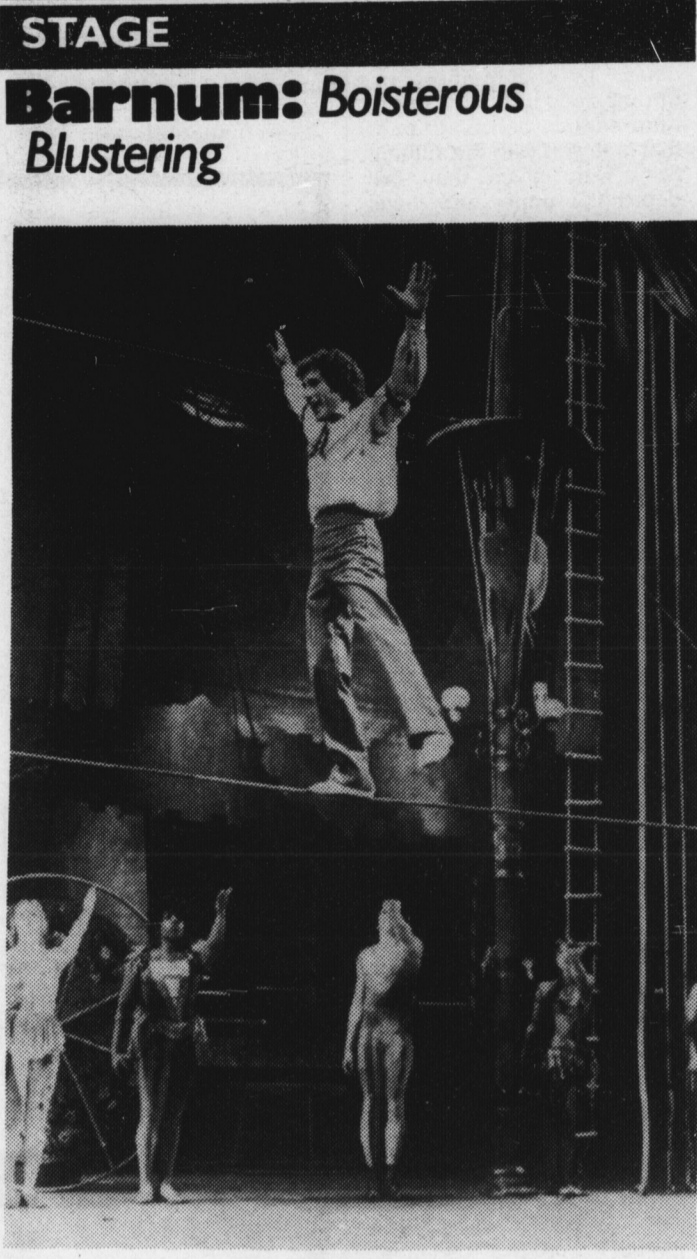
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BAY AREA REPORTER DEC. 24, 1981 PAGE 22



Jim Dale skims over the stage as P.T. Barnum. Unfortunately, he skims over his lines and our emotions as well, robbing the show of any heart.

by John F. Karr

One doesn't have to celebrate the presence of **Barnum**, which just settled in for an eight-week engagement at the Golden Gate Theatre.

It celebrates itself, loudly, lengthily, and with much joy. It is the perfect exemplar of the style of its titular hero, P.T. Barnum. Never before has a musical gotten out there and sold its goods with such brash cheekiness, assuredness, and good-natured cheer. Which is all for the best, for under the eye-popping array of film-flam, **Barnum** doesn't have much to sell at all.

At the very outset, Mr. Barnum announces the evening's sole — and minimal — conflict. "I have a defense of humbug," he states, before singing "There's A Sucker Born Ev'ry Minute." Then we meet his wife, Chairy, who disagrees with him. She thinks his playful humbuggery is "the art of film-flam." In the fairly thankless role of Chairy, Glenn Close is sympathetic and warm, constantly puncturing Barnum's balloon so that we can watch him blow it up again. Chairy quotes the dictionary on "humbug": "something designed to de-

Gay Lit at City College

During Spring Semester (February-June 1982) CCSF is offering three courses of interest to the Gay and Lesbian communities. Two sections of Gay and Lesbian Literature, one each in the Day and Evening Divisions, will be taught. English 55-1 will be offered Tuesday and Thursday afternoons, 12:30-2:00, and will be team taught by Dan Allen and Peg Cruikshank. English 55-501 will be offered Tues-

ceive and mislead." **Barnum** has been designed to do exactly that, demonstrating the full extent of the art that Barnum himself must have employed, with countless production numbers of the most excessive humbuggery. Delightful, and empty.

A flicker of conflict is provided by Barnum's affair with Jenny Lind, but he returns faithfully to his wife without being much disturbed. The dialogue exists only to whisk us to the next circus turn. True, **Barnum's** conception is advanced enough to treat whatever conflict does arise in musical terms, but Jim Dale's "Mary Sunshine" approach treats them all, including his wife's death, like mosquito bites.

Jim Dale as Barnum is multi-talented and unbelievably energetic. Unfortunately, energy itself is not endearing, and one is never engaged by Barnum, his exploits, or his exploitations. Dale's onslaught of words is impossible to understand, compounding the problem. Certainly **Barnum** was meant to be understood only in its broadest outlines (it is only broad outlines). But unlike **The Music Man**, another show about a charming huckster, we do not come to care

day evenings, 7:00-10:00, and will be taught by Jack Collins.

In addition, Classical Literature (English 44A) will be offered Tuesday and Thursday mornings, 11:00-12:30, and will be taught by Don Liles with a sensitivity to homoerotic aspects of the material covered. Try to register by 28 December (call 239-3581 for info).

Late registration will be held on campus on 3 and 4 February. All courses 3 units, transferable to SF State and Berkeley.

for this con artist. Had the role been played by the Robert Preston of **The Music Man**, we might be moved. Dale, while skimming over the stage, tight wires, a trapeze, and a trampoline, also skims over the heart of his character.

As entertainment, **Barnum** is a wonderful example of the traditional just-what-the-doctor-ordered musical. Politically, it confirms several dozen middle-class American values, not the least of which is a dependence on an amiable hard-sell. Barnum's wife, Chairy, stands behind him despite her disagreeing with his lifestyle. This is definitely the Thelma Ritter role. Glenn Close, demonstrating growth and a touching sincerity unmatched by anyone else onstage, becomes the focal point of the show. She's deviously, a true Broadway leading lady, singing, dancing, and carrying her husband through several crises.

The musical takes its format from **Chicago**, a ground-breaker in so many ways. Set up in vaudeville style, with each scene's contents announced beforehand, the show is a biographical circus, Billy Rose's **Jumbo** 1980's style, with a nod to Mr. Brecht. Standout vaudeville turns in this three-ring jubilee go to Terri White, as the oldest woman alive, with a rollicking ragtime tune; Ray Roderick as Tom Thumb who sings the charming "Big Isn't Better" and is nearly upstaged by an elephant; and Catherine Gaines as a witty Jenny Lind.

The score has some lovely tunes too, and some stirring up-tempo calls to excitement. I could watch the second-act opener, "Come Follow the Band," on a nightly basis, and **Barnum's** great justification, "Out There," is a smash first-act curtain. The big ballad, "The Colors of My Life," is as thin as stone soup, however, and the finale is merely loud and quick.

At show's end, Barnum laments, "My Kind of Humbug Has Disappeared." He's so wrong. His kind of humbug has become America itself, to the extent that presidents are elected for showmanship and most people think **Barnum** is the greatest show on earth. It's certainly the best, and only, way to see a musical comedy circus, and just in case its dazzling display of wonders doesn't send you, there's an ample array of tights-clad, whip-snapping, boisterously butch roustabouts all about the place to catch your eye.

Barnum — yes, it's as splashy and tuneful as a musical can get, a 2½-hour production number. But it ends before it ends, and one misses really caring about the ostensibly endearing man it glorifies with such huckstering hoopla.

Events

"Woven Diversities" is a show of recent works by Christine Elvin, Stephanie Cress, Daniela Lagle, and Evelyn Monjo. The exhibition can be seen at the Atherton Hotel, 685 Ellis Street, through January 8.

Recent work by M. Grung is on display at The Stables, 1123 Folsom Street, through December 30. The works include male nudes and an exploration of South of Market mores.

DANCE

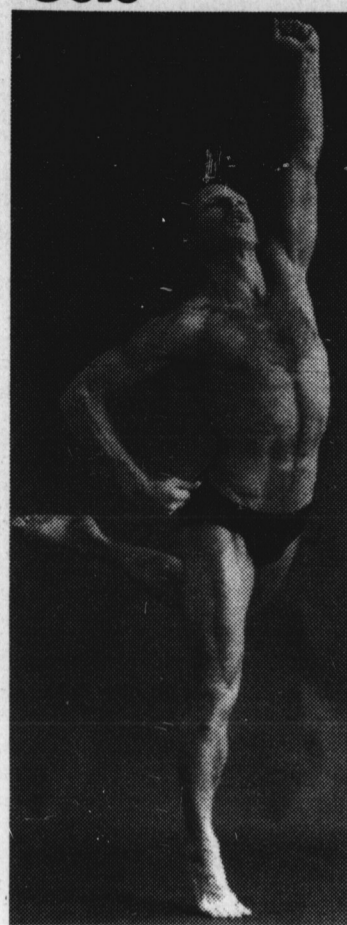
Bob Murphy - Solo

by Keith White

Bob Murphy waited a long time to give a performance in his studio at Eighth and Folsom, though he has given men's movement classes there for some time, and has performed his works in other locations, outside San Francisco, for years. The San Francisco dance scene generates some mixed feelings in him. Such contradictions are frequently voiced by solo dancers everywhere, and perhaps that is one of the tensions these courageous performers seek to resolve in performing alone: a confrontation that is immediate and unalleviated by the presence of another body to absorb some of the audience attention. It also takes a certain kind of person to watch solo dancing, since it is for the individual observer an intimate experience. Bob finally gave a solo evening last Tuesday night (repeated on Wednesday), and future plans are in the making.

The atmosphere during the entire evening was very casual and comfortable. We sat on mats on the floor, and Mr. Murphy greeted his acquaintances among the small audience of Gay men. He introduced himself, giving us some brief philosophical background — sort of a verbal program note — and he introduced his capable and supportive collaborator, John Calhoun, whose slide visuals from three computerized carousels preceded and alternated with each dance. The slides were carefully composed studies of landscapes, architecture, planets and outer space, but they began with a shot of a statue: a male athlete. This was an appropriate introduction to the first several dances, which were performed only in stretch briefs, to very expansive, somewhat ceremonial music (Jarre, Vangelis, Copeland).

Murphy does traditional modern dance movement with gymnastic overtones, and he is in fact built more like an athlete than in the typical dancer mold. He is so tightly



Dancer Bob Murphy is so tightly put together that his movements are less important than the play of his musculature.

put together and prone to move in one piece that in many of his dances the overall movement pattern is less important than the play of his musculature. This is especially true of the dances in which he wears only briefs, and early in the program I feared that his movement range might be too limited. (Later there were slides of Mr. Murphy totally nude in a rocky, natural environment — a la Roy Dean — which somehow seemed redundant so late in the program, though they were good photographs.) But when he began using vocal music for his solos, he loosened up and gained more dimension.

My favorite piece was performed to Kenny Rogers' song "Gambler." This was the only piece which used a costume or props, in this case a cowboy hat, vest and pants and a bentwood chair, so the

dance became a prolonged barroom swagger with some imaginative use of the chair. It may be that he takes his body — its limitations and its appeal — too seriously (and who doesn't?). But there is integrity in the final product, including the contributions of the music and visual presentation. Anyone who has never seen dancing that looks butch should see one of Bob's pieces.

On the whole, the evening flowed extraordinarily smoothly and was very well thought out, despite the fact that Murphy and Calhoun made the decision to produce it just a few weeks before. Several audience members voiced a desire to see Bob Murphy dance with a partner or an ensemble, and the idea of further collaborations seems to intrigue him. He has a clear vision, and a knowledge of theatrecraft that is seldom seen in loft or studio concerts. Generally, modern dance is the domain of women; rarely since the days of Ted Shawn has anyone worked exclusively with ensembles of male dancers, and it is something I, too, would like to see. But most of all, I hope that Bob Murphy continues to perform for us himself, and when he announces his next performances — probably in early Spring — I urge you to see him.

Keith White

Ed. Note: Having recently moved to San Francisco from New York, Keith White joins the B.A.R. staff as a dance reviewer. He says he is a "born critic who likes to be entertained." As a child in the Deep South, he studied everything from ballet to viola. Since then, he has designed scenery, set lights, and pounded the pavement as a shopper for Grace Costumes, where he also made headresses for the Broadway show Timbuktu. Mr. White has been a writer and consultant for the New York State Council on the Arts, The National Endowment for the Arts, and The Joffrey Ballet. His articles have appeared in the Nureyev and Friends Homage to Diaghilev souvenir program and Playbill magazine. Mr. White continues "to study ballet, see all the dancing I can, and boogie a little whenever I can get it together..."

Stage

Best of Duck's Breath

by Bartlett Naylor

Standing downwind from a duck about to break wind may not sound like sage Midwestern advice, but if the wind is emanating from the mouth, and the quacker happens to be a member of the Duck's Breath Mystery Theatre, stand fast.

A comedy quintet, Duck's Breath is among the best talent to wing towards San Francisco during the last half-decade, and for the next half-month they are distilling the best of their routines into a tight, two-act production now at the One Act Theatre Co.

"If you want to stay mentally healthy," advises Dan Coffey, a bearded psycho himself, dressed in glad-to-be-plaid pants and shirt, with Luke-Skywalker-sport coat, "then don't think about your mother, and avoid lethal radiation."

That is sage Midwestern advice.

And it's genuine sage Midwestern advice, as all these boys are schooled in Iowa. Graduate school in drama, in

fact, is where Coffey met Jim Turner, Merle Kessler, Leon Martell, and Bill Allard and formed the team.

It's difficult to define exactly what type of comedy Duck's Breath produces. It stems from the absurdist monologue, such as Coffey's advice, to mime renditions of words such as "agony," "mirth," and "onomatopoeia." (How would you mime "onomatopoeia"?)

The level of humor varies from gutter jokes about penises to the lofty consideration of high-rise architectural trends.

One of their most creative acts is actually a tour of the entire history of 965 California St., from pre-history to modern times. The comedians enact dinosaurs who gouge each other, decompose, and turn into shale under the pressures of geologic forces. They are then mined by settlers, sold to developers, and built into skyscrapers.

Most of their work is ex-

tremely creative. The humor lies in the sheer absurdity of their comments. A Mister Rogers parody suggests you can put on a mask with "tape, or you can use string, or a nail."

Duck's Breath does a fine bastardization of Shakespeare's *Richard II*, but this must have been inspired by Firesign's same rendition of a Shakespeare classic. "In five acts, three against the state, and two unnatural."

Duck's Breath's range includes other comedy types to new boundaries of innovation.

Humor fans should note that this may be the last chance to breathe in this refreshing material from the stage, because Duck's Breath Mystery Theatre is about to go video, appearing Tuesdays at 7 p.m. on Cable 6, San Francisco's Viacom Cablevision.

Until then, they will appear through Jan. 3 at the One Act, 430 Mason St., San Francisco, 421-6162.

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CABARET CORNUCOPIA

Grievous Assault and Delightful Redress

JOHN F. KARR

"Our Kitchen," the cozy restaurant on Gough near Page, last week instituted cabaret entertainment after dinner, renaming the room "Our Kabaret" for shows. Despite this Kute and Kitschy name, it's a comfortably sized room for a live show, and the sound system is good. The presence of singers in the room was a natural, and with its proximity to the Opera House and Symphony Hall it's a perfect night-cap. They've spared no effort, either, with a hors d'oeuvre menu including escargot, fried calamari (I had some, and found it light and delicious), pate, pomme frite, and pastries for during-the-show snacking.

The gala opening engagement features not one but two headliners. Unfortunately, I found Sean Salgado an utter disgrace. With a more pop-oriented songbag than the jazz stylings she featured several years ago, Sean is being heard after a prolonged absence. I found her completely dismissible on two accounts. Of most importance is her singing. Technically speaking, I cannot remember a singer whose throat, neck and shoulder musculature undergo such stress during performance. It was painful to watch Ms. Salgado sing; it was painful to hear her. I cannot imagine how she has managed to keep from losing

her voice altogether.

Secondary to her distraught vocal technique is the total falseness of her act. Her posturing personality is calculated and patently arch. She trades unrelentingly on her manufactured exotic looks and her admittedly unusual heritage. Her parentage is Irish and French, she's Black, and she informed us several times that she was raised Jewish. If this is true, she should assimilate the traditions of her forebears and circumscribe her act.

John Trowbridge was her able accompanist, performing the difficult task of transforming rock tunes to a cabaret idiom. He couldn't do anything, however, for the totally ungratifying Ms. Salgado.

We were rescued from these song maulings by the light and gracious Pamela Brooks, and a greater contrast in performers can hardly be imagined. Pamela's vocal resources are excellent, the ease with which she produces her voice enviable, and the tone never harried or forced. Personally, she is easily ingratiating and perfectly delighted to be performing. She mugged for photographs, punctured her own songs with tart remarks, and cut-up in a frivolous manner. Her harem pants may be a bit "de-

class," but Pam's act is class all the way.

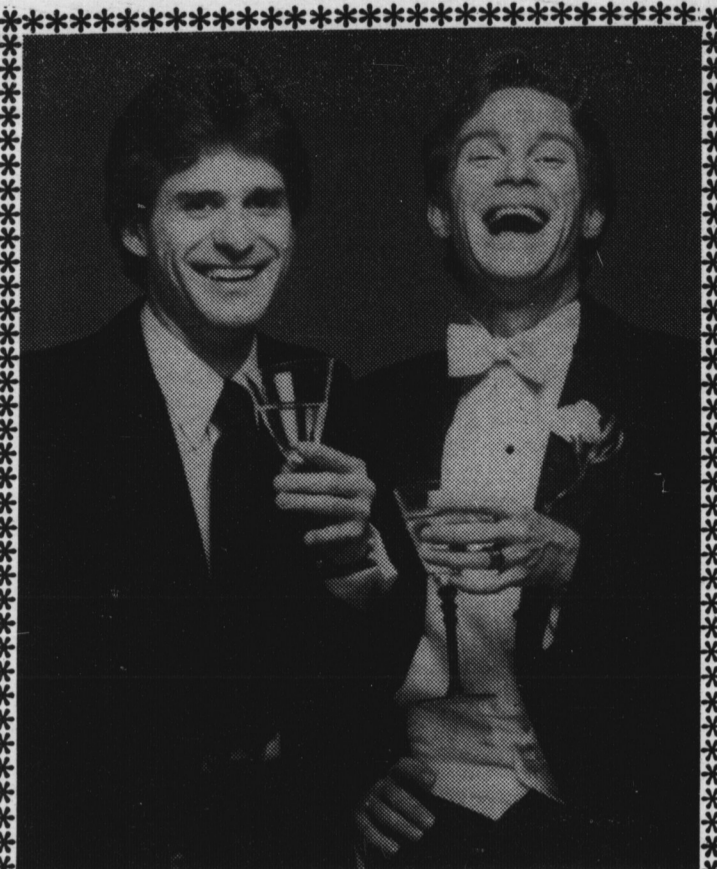
She opened with a magical "Who Will Buy?" in an impetuous, escalating Bob Bendorff arrangement, and camped a bit in Rudolf Friml's "L'Amour, Toujours, L'Amour" without stinting on the tune's inherent loveliness.

On audience request she glimmered with "Can You Read My Mind," sailing with shimmering smoothness through multiple register breaks. Highlights of the set were two songs by Bendorff, who is Pam's constant accompanist. These were the chilling and rich "Love, Or So It Seemed" and "Time For Me," an optimistic ballad that will be the title tune of Pam's soon-to-be-released first album.

Salgado and Brooks alternate their running order, each performing two sets a night, Thursday through Saturday until January 2. Our Kabaret is a welcome addition to our cabaret scene. I think half a fabulous opening bill is better than none, and you may want to catch Ms. Brooks in this charming little club.

COMING UP

Keyboard Concert, an unusual event at an even more unusual time, will put accompanists of popular performers in the spotlight. Michael Ashton, Bob Bendorff, Paul Ferris, Ken Richardson, Douglas Trantham and John Trowbridge will play classical and contemporary selections, as well as their own compositions. Lynn Brown will host the show, at the Plush Room, Monday, December 28, at 10 p.m.



Dressing up to toast their new-found San Francisco fans for the holidays, David Rada (L.) and Hal-James Pederson appear every Wednesday at Trinity Place and Friday at Fanny's. With reams of new material and a guest appearance by Gloria Upson, best known for her cameo role in *Auntie Mame*, "The Hal and David Show" is an entertainment boon perfect for the holiday season. Their surprising talent and choice material have proved so popular that they've been held over for January. Famed madcap Lillian Hellman, who thinks they're a marvelous party, was overheard to remark, "I couldn't have liked them more." John F. Karr



Debora Iyall, lyricist and singer of *Romeo Void*, hides behind her group after an interview with Jerry DeGracia.

face value, for they frequently mean something other than what they say.

The title track of the new EP "Nvr Say Nvr" with its incisive refrain "I might like you better if we slept together" seems to have the most airplay, and its blatant come-on has become the catchphrase of the month, she said.

In putting together the band's music Ms. Iyall explained that the group, which also includes Peter Woods on guitar (the only member with any formal music training), Benjamin Bossi on saxophone and Larry Carter on drums, first jams together. After jamming with a piece of music for a while, it becomes a new song and slowly becomes structured.

Iyall has taken minimal voice lessons, which commenced only after the group began recording its first album, it's a condition. Ms. Iyall, who grew up in Fresno, said you learn to entertain yourself in a small town. One of those ways was by running around the house singing.

Ms. Iyall attributes the band's unique sophisticated sound to the eclecticism of each member's background and said they were prime examples of "individualism at its peak working in unison."

The band's name itself

stands out and was the result of long hours of brainstorming. The members wanted a name that meant something on its own and did not use the word "The." Ms. Iyall's off-hand definition of *Romeo Void* is "limitless fictional characters," which describes both the group and San Francisco people. That, she said, includes the boys out looking for hot men and the girls on Union Street picking up businessmen.

As far as the band's climb to notoriety, Ms. Iyall said she never imagined being where she is today but added that she was not surprised to be there.

Although *Romeo Void*'s new EP has overtones of the Cars sound (especially in the opening of "Not Safe"), Ms. Iyall said all the songs were written by the group prior to its collaboration with Ocasek and Ian Taylor, and any

similarity is purely coincidental.

Ms. Iyall said that she is not disciplined enough in her writing to do it everyday, and added that she felt her style of writing could be called a chronicling of the human condition because it is written in a contemporary mode and atmosphere.

When she sings sarcastically "The joke's not funny, it's on me" on the song "Present Tense," the joke, she explained, is whatever is going down at the time, and is a general statement about life.

All in all, Ms. Iyall's easy, outgoing manner is a true contradiction to the cutting words and poignant phrases she crafts so well in song.

Cable Car Ticket Sales Begin

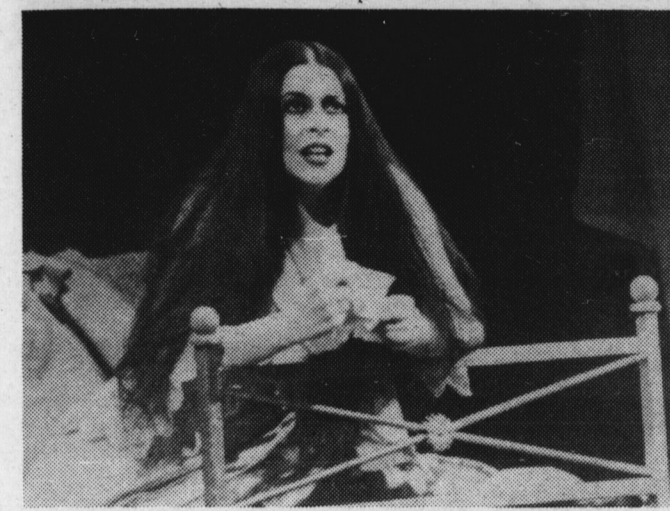
Tickets are now on sale for the 1982 Cable Car Awards & Show. Tickets are priced at \$20 and \$15 for main floor reserved seating, and general admission tickets are priced at \$10 for unreserved balcony seating.

The 1982 Cable Car Awards & Show will be held Sunday evening, February 7, at the Japan Center Theatre.

TALES OF TESSI TURA

A Tale of Two Traviatas

GEORGE HEYMONT



Soprano Catherine Malfitano's dynamic Violetta electrified audiences at the Met in recent performances of *La Traviata*.

Charles Dickens wasn't fooling around when he alleged that it was the best of times and the worst of times. Here we are with a higher interest level in the arts than ever before and a government which prefers to see its military men overly endowed at the peril of the National Endowments for the Arts and Humanities. I'm sure we all get some smug sense of satisfaction knowing that our boys in uniform are extremely well hung. But what about our museums? "How come you never hear about a war going out of business for lack of funds," asked Beverly Sills, "when museums are closing their doors?" Good question.

During recent years I've been distressed by the paucity of good performances of Verdi's *La Traviata*. Most have been disastrously directed or sung by sopranos who could barely make it through the role. It was a lovely surprise, then, to experience two great, great performances in one week in Lincoln Center — both by young American sopranos who have a firmer grasp on the role than many an imported product. Each cast brought to Verdi's classic an urgency, a tenderness and poignancy which is often neglected in the process of getting the damn thing on the stage and getting the curtain up. How refreshing!

SALVAGE JOB AT THE MET

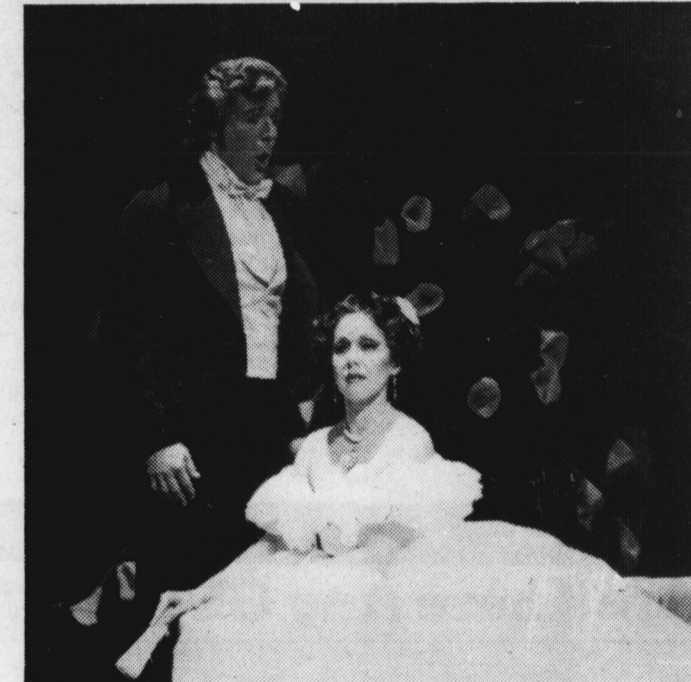
When the Metropolitan unveiled its new production of *La Traviata* last year it was met with unanimous groans of disappointment. This season a new cast stepped in and made a barely passable production transform itself into an evening of classic opera. Much of the credit goes to Catherine Malfitano, whose Violetta is one of the strongest (vocally and dramatically) to be found on any stage. Her voice has grown immeasurably and filled the Met's huge auditorium with a power and theatricality not often heard in the house. Malfitano pulls out all stops in the acting department. One doesn't have any trouble believing that this lady is dying of disease, that her body is wracked with pain or that she can barely breathe. And yet every delicate shading of character and music comes through — a masterful achievement in stagecraft and musicianship.

In his Met debut, tenor Miguel Cortez made an extremely appealing Alfredo. Short, boyish, and with a voice of refreshing sweetness, Cortez avoided most of the stock tenor mannerisms so often seen at the Met and played the character as a

off the walls but nonetheless was a fascinating portrait of Violetta. Having seen *Soviero* in the role in weaker productions, it was a delight to see her in a freshly mounted show, built around her innate theatrical talents. Lou Galtiero's direction captured the near cinematic delicacy of *Soviero's* characterization.

Vocally, *Soviero* has a firm grip on the role — singing from the heart, shaping her phrases with consummate artistry. She was nicely matched by Barry McCauley, who (despite one pinched high note) gave a thoroughly vivid performance as Alfredo. William Stone's Germont was functional, but hardly exciting.

The big news is that after 15 years City Opera has a new production of *Traviata* — one which will be a gleaming diamond in its repertoire. Back in 1966 both the Met



The fresh love of Alfredo (Barry McCauley) awakens long-buried passions in the heart of a jaded Violetta (Diana Soviero) in the New York City Opera's magnificent new production of *La Traviata*.

young lover. Renato Bruson sang the pants off the role of Giorgio Germont, making one sit up and wonder how long it has been since the role has been so beautifully executed onstage. Special credit goes to Nicola Rescigno, whose conducting captured the dramatic sweep and frail pathos within Verdi's score. Rescigno worked beautifully with his cast, guiding them through difficult moments in the score and offering strong support from the pit with utmost consideration for the demands Verdi places on his singers.

NEW LIFE FOR THE OLD BROAD

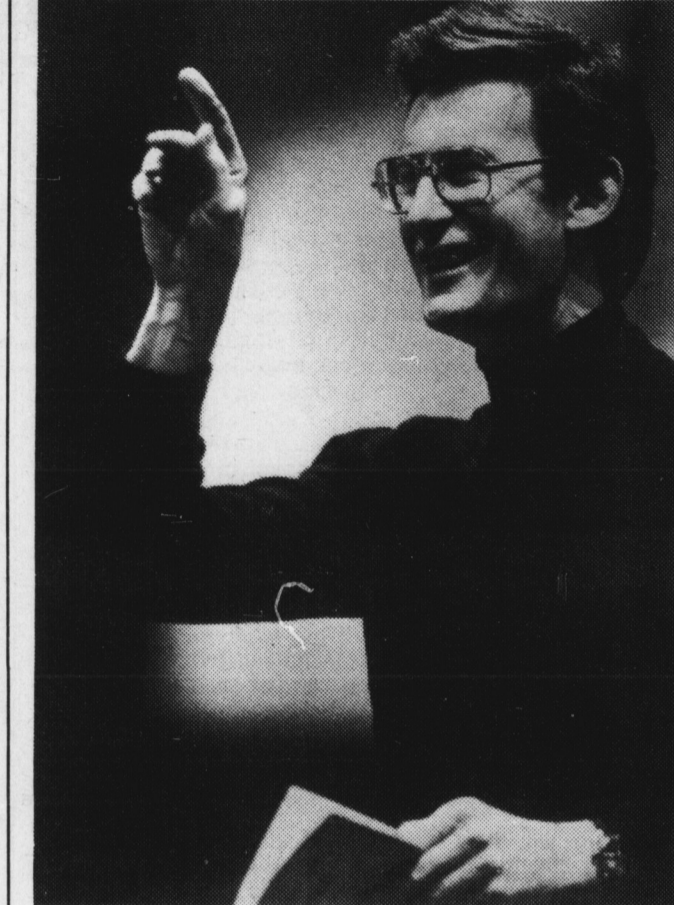
Would that I could say the same for Mario Bernardi, whose conducting of *La Traviata* over at the New York City Opera was among the most bizarre I've ever witnessed. After his three lead singers kept showing signs of being unable to follow his downbeat Bernardi threw his arms back in disgust, let out an audible groan and then finished the evening in a snit. "If he doesn't like working with us then he should get on the plane and go back to Canada and stay there," griped the tenor, Barry McCauley. "What kind of an attitude is that from a conductor?"

Although City Opera's new production of *La Traviata* had met with rave reviews upon its debut a week prior, Bernardi had scheduled a special rehearsal the morning before the performance I saw. On her way into New York, soprano Diana Soviero was in an automobile crash which left her in severe pain during the show. But *Soviero* went on anyhow, delivering a performance which occasionally gave signs she was bouncing

BACK TO BATON

Getting a Real Handel On Christmas

PHILIP CAMPBELL



John Eliot Gardiner's Baroque approach to *The Messiah* was a practically flawless event.

Only a true Scrooge could dislike George Frideric Handel's *Messiah*. It doesn't require a religious nature or even much knowledge of music to revel in the elegant melodies and heart-felt sentiment of this justifiably renowned oratorio.

Performances of *Messiah* are rare throughout the rest of the year, but come Christmas time they are as ubiquitous as perfume commercials. The reasons for this have never been quite clear to me. Only the first third of the work actually deals with Christ's Nativity. The remaining portions explore the Passion and Resurrection with great pathos and unbridled enthusiasm. Still, it is a big piece of music and hearing it live but once a year only serves to enhance its glorious beauty.

We have seen the usual spate of *Messiah* revivals come and go this season. Amateurs, professionals, and everyone in between have offered us performances in schools, churches, theatres, and concert halls. Some have been for listeners only and others have been of the "sing-it-yourself" variety.

Conductors approach *Messiah* with many differing attitudes. Some go for a big symphonic picture, a la Ormandy and the Philadelphians, that stresses richness of tone while sacrificing clarity. Others aim for a more authentic Baroque sound that heightens the lean, uncluttered architecture of the score.

credit to the artists and to Lou Galtiero's sensitivity as a director.

Thankfully, City Opera's *La Traviata* will be around for some time to come. It is an impressive achievement in bringing Verdi's opera back to its proper focus — a love story of tragic proportions rather than a bunch of operatic types let loose on a football field.

George Heymont

As with any great work, *Messiah* can withstand almost any artistic vision. It enchants the ear regardless of whether it's the Mormon Tabernacle Choir blasting the "Hallelujah" chorus or just your roommate trilling "Ev'ry Valley" in the shower.

Since we could pick and choose between interpretations this year, my vote for favorite must go to the recent performances heard in Davies Symphony Hall, with English conductor John Eliot Gardiner making his local debut with a distinctly Baroque approach. Louis Magor's wonderful S.F. Symphony Chorus ably assisted the maestro.

The four evenings with Gardiner on the podium represented a practically flawless musical event that seemed just right in terms of length (only four minor cuts) and powerfully moving in terms of drama.

The soloists were uniformly excellent. Bass-baritone Robert Hale thrilled with his full-throated and intensely felt singing, as did countertenor Timothy Penrose (when was the last time you heard a voice in this range that was more than a novelty?).

In spite of the habitual annoyance of audiences who stand during the "Hallelujah" chorus, Gardiner elicited beautiful response from the authentically pared-down orchestra and the pitch-perfect trumpeters. A truly inspired rendition that composed a lovely Christmas card from the Symphony.

As I strolled past the cleverly trimmed trees in the lobby, I realized that the performance had given me that seasonal spirit. It seems to come later with each advancing year, but I'm sure that George Frideric Handel would be pleased to know he had a hand in it.

Merry Christmas, Everyone! May the Joy of Music be with you in the coming year.

TONED EAF TONED EAF TONE

Romeo Void: I Might Like You Better If We Slept Together

JERRY DE GRACIA

San Francisco's rainy weather can be difficult to maneuver in if one has to do something in a hurry. This was exactly the case when I attempted to interview Debora Iyall of *Romeo Void* last Friday on the eve of their Russian Center Concert.

Unquestionably San Francisco's premier new wave band, *Romeo Void* seems on the verge of breaking out nationally with their new four-song EP *NVR SAY NVR*, which was produced by Rick Ocasek of the Cars and Ian Taylor.

The dingy Nob Hill apartment where Iyall is living with two other people was not the sort of digs in which I expected to find the lead singer of my favorite local band which now has two excellent albums to its credit. But the wheeling and dealing of the music business is still alien to me.

After repeated attempts to confirm the one o'clock interview — the busy signal finally destroyed my persistence — I gave up and grabbed a taxi, hoping that all was well.

All was well, sort of. When

Ms. Iyall answered the door in her housecoat looking somewhat unprepared to talk to the press, I discovered she had forgotten about the appointment.

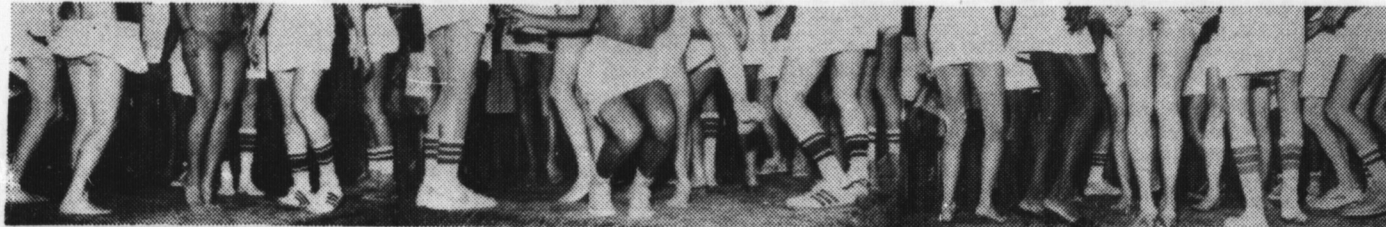
A trouper to last-minute demands, she shuffled me into the living room and ran back to the bedroom to quickly dress.

The living room was haphazardly furnished in Early Salvation Army with various punk art objects scattered around, a testament to Ms. Iyall's early days as an artist at the S.F. Art Institute, where she met Frank Zcavage, the band's bass player and co-founder of the group.

Romeo Void's unique sound, an almost jazz-like interpretation of rock which blends vocals and instrumental solos in a web-like fusion, relies heavily on the cynical lyrics of Ms. Iyall.

Ms. Iyall said that she has heard various comments about these so-called "cynical" lyrics, but insisted that they are constructive cynicism. She obviously doesn't expect them to be taken at

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SPORTS SECTION

UPDATE '82 OLYMPICS

TOM WADDELL, M.D.



Sort of a Christmas Story

I think there is no heat in this office. It's cold and raining outside. The world news seems incredibly bleak, particularly from Poland. Correspondence from friends in London tells of catastrophic weather and other hardships. Relatives in New York can hardly wade through the mountains of garbage accumulating in the streets from the collectors' strike. Reaganomics and accelerating unemployment have dampened most everyone's Christmas spirit.

It's difficult to feel generous.

On top of that, I find it impossible to construct any esoteric messages or heavy allegories to stimulate the readers of this column to come forward and get involved in the Gay Olympic Games. It feels like the end of a year, and there's nothing new to say.

Yet, as I sit here in this tiny office, scribbling notes, I am certainly not alone. In spite of the world news and my abbreviated creative capacity, I feel a sense of warm companionship, of common purpose, and of quiet anticipation.

Across from me, our attorney, Mike Evans, is listening to composer Alex Rasch describe how the fanfare will precede the recurring theme in his Gay Olympics anthem, to be played in Kezar Stadium on Opening Day.

Mark Brown, bless his dedicated soul, is explaining our corporate structure to lovely, red-haired Morgan Costin who is making notes on her own Board of Directors for the International Festival of Gay Artists.

David Warda leaves his cramped corner of the room, and a stack of mailings he's been working on, to answer the phone. Everything he does is executed with an infectious enthusiasm.

In comes Hydrie Downard, blonde hair streaming, carefully registering and identifying all the characters in the room. Chris Puccinelli, right behind her, apologizes as she steps into the room for being late for the meeting (she's not). The two of them, not receiving any attention and unaware that I'm peeking at them from my vantage point, immediately launch into a head-to-head discussion on the details of the printing of sponsors' certificates.

Derrill Loberg sticks his head in, smiles, and then quietly moves across the room, miraculously not touching a single person, to check his "Housing" folder on the wall. Brenda Young enters and creates a swath directly to my desk and kisses me on the lips, smiles, and joins Derrill at the file. She's pleased with her second newsletter and she has a feeling everyone else is too. She's right.

I'm trying to look busy and struggling to keep my eyes off the entire scene. It looks and sounds like a wonderful a cappella version of the end of Act II of *Die Meistersinger*.

We have a marble fireplace in the office. Though it was the smaller of two available rooms, this one was chosen by Hydrie because of its charm and the fireplace. The mantle needs something festive, I think to myself.

Just then, a tall New Zealander named Paul Brodie appears at the door. He's come to paint a sign for us, at no cost for his labors, because he had some free time and read our request in the newsletter. He has a remarkably friendly face.

From behind his back he produces a small, but brilliant, potted poinsettia. He's very shy and stands in the doorway, speechless, holding the plant out in front of him.

Everyone stops talking and turns toward him. Silence prevails.

Paul turns the same color as the poinsettia leaves.

Chris behaves as only Chris can. She gives Paul an approving hand on the shoulder, then a delightful grin, and a booming "Hi!" She relieves Paul of the plant and centers it on the mantle.

Well, it is the Christmas season, after all. The office isn't always such a spontaneous circus of good cheer, but (I happily add) it almost is!

We have a lot of work ahead of us, and there will be some very sticky problems in the ensuing months, to say nothing of our daily anguish over how to raise more money to reach people who are seemingly unreachable. But there is such good will and love surrounding this project, and our goals are so well defined and uplifting, that we have become a large, happy family. That realization has come to us just now, right at the beginning of the Christmas season.

I speak for all of us present here today, and for the others who are not, in saying that the family is much more extended than this, and we all know it. We are well aware that what is involved is a giant family project. It encompasses the entire community and it depends on exactly these kinds of feelings of sharing and love.

We, here today, thank all of you, sisters and brothers, for making the Games and Cultural Week the bright and happy process it is turning out to be. Come and be with us whenever . . .

Best Wishes and Good Cheer! Tom Waddell, M.D. ■

ON THE MARK

Physique & Wrestling in the '82 Olympics

(Fourth in a series on The '82 Gay Olympic Games)

Everyone loves the body beautiful and the excitement generated from a contact sport. We find both of these in physique and wrestling, two sports that will be part of the Gay Olympic Games.

PHYSIQUE: The physique competition is for both men and women with four body weight categories for men: lightweight (up to and including 154 lbs.), middleweight (over 154 lbs. up to and including 176 lbs.), light heavyweight (over 176 lbs. up to and including 198 lbs.) and heavyweight (over 198 lbs.); and two body weight categories for women: lightweight (up to and including 114.4 lbs.) and heavyweight (over 114.4 lbs.). A city will be represented by one individual in each weight category for a total of six if a full contingent is entered.

There will be three scoring rounds in the judging procedure for the physique contestants: *Round 1* — entire class comparison — relaxed attention from four sides, individually and all together. *Round 2* — individual free posing for 90 seconds. *Round 3* — final recall of entire weight class.

Jim Bridges is chairperson for physique. The competition is being planned for the Castro Theatre on Thursday, September 2, with the preliminary rounds set for the afternoon and the finals, to pick the bronze, silver, and gold medalists, for that evening as a spectacular show for the public. San Francisco will have pre-Olympic trials to select its team.

WRESTLING: The wrestling competition will be for men only in ten weight class categories: 105.5 lbs., 114.5 lbs., 125.5 lbs., 136 lbs., 149.5 lbs., 163 lbs., 180 lbs., 198 lbs., 220 lbs., and over 220 lbs. A city will be allowed one person for each weight level for a total representation of ten competitors. The matches will consist of two 3-minute rounds with a 1-minute rest in between rounds. The wrestling will be freestyle (not any style you choose) and will abide by A.A.U. rules.

Don Jung is chairperson for wrestling and is assisted by Robin Chambers and Jerald B. DeFries. They will set up Olympic trials to select San Francisco's team. The Olympic competition itself will be held at Kezar Pavilion and San Francisco State University.

For additional information on physique and wrestling, please call the Gay Olympic Games Headquarters at (415) 861-8282, or drop in at our office at 597 Castro (at 19th).

TGWNBL

Are There Any GIANTS Among Us?

JERRY R. DE YOUNG

Of course there are! We are all giants at certain enchanted moments.

Have you ever suddenly realized that, for some inexplicable reason, you are performing much better than your normal capability?

Or abruptly sensed a turbulent essence within yourself that seemed to seethe and grow until it burst forth, manifesting itself through a brilliant performance that drove your ability far beyond anything you may have imagined possible only an instant earlier?

If you have revealed in either of the above cited phenomena (which can last from one meteoric moment for some to an entire lifetime for others), my friend, you have been a giant.

(By the way, one should not feel disappointed if one finds oneself, like so many of us do, among the meteoric-moment group. After all, due to its infrequency and brevity, when the wonder does occur, we most certainly will continue to be filled with an intense sense of profound amazement and sincere appreciation for a very long time. And that's worth something!)

Having firmly established our colossal statures, it is now time to lower our heads down through the gossamer clouds and take a gander at the mundane symbols that declare to the entire world our team standings, for better or for worse. Steady . . . !

Team Standings	Won	Lost
5 Park Bowl	1-1	25-8
6 5 Easy Pieces	2-2	21-12
12 White Swallow	3-4	21-12
14 Wooden Horse	4-3	21-12
10 Badlands	5-5	20-13
16 On The Mark	6-7	19-14
9 The Bowling Balls	7-10	19-14
3 Daddy's Boys	8-9	18-15
7 The Pilsner	9-6	17-16
20 Play With It, Ltd.	10-12	17-16
1 Pendulum	11-8	16-17
11 Ambush	12-14	16-17
15 Cellar Boys	13-16	16-17
18 Deluxe	14-11	15-18
8 Temptations	15-18	15-18
17 Grady's	16-13	14-19
13 Pilsner II	17-19	14-19
19 G Centrals Unmentionables	18-17	13-20
2 Pilsner III	19-21	13-20
4 Spectacles	20-15	13-20
21 Tits and Ass	21-20	12-21
22 Arena	22-22	8-25

Is it worth mentioning that the proud Park Bowl team has held the #1 position for 8 consecutive weeks . . . (isn't there a rule about sharing the limelight?)

This past 9th of December, Eddie Carmick, of the Wooden Horses, came out of the turkey-shoot a winner. Bon appetit, Eddie.

By the way, in case you didn't notice, December 16 was the mid-way point (11 of 22). It's all downhill from here on. Or, in other words, there's only 11 weeks left to climb to the top.

After that bewildering observation, I will take the liberty of reminding you that the first night of bowling in 1982 will be on the 6th of January. Till then, have a merry ole time and keep an eye to the sky, for, who knows, there may really be a Santa Claus headed your way.

BAY AREA REPORTER BOB'S BAZAAR

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MR. MARCUS

That Night — Ignite!

SOUTHERN SCANDALS

Like everyone else around the City, the men of Folsom Street are looking forward to ringing in the New Year with unabashed enthusiasm. Here-with, a list of happenings at the bars, baths, discos, and restaurants: **THE BIGGIE**, of course, is Conceptual Entertainment's bash, **RESOLUTIONS 1982** at the **GALLERIA**. The world-famous Bobby Viteritti will man the turntables with Argon projecting 3-D laser beam sculptures and featuring Phyllis Nelson, Gavin Christopher, and the SF Tap Troupe onstage from 10pm until 5am. The cost for this extravaganza is \$40 at the usual outlets. No tickets will be sold at the door. Over at Dick Collier's **TROCADERO TRANSFER**, members will pay \$25 for their TRUCKIN' AT THE TROC party beginning also at 10 pm with the **THREE DEGREES** in person, a light buffet and dancing till dawn. Guests will have to ante up \$35. It is definitely a dance your ass off night!

If you feel real chic, the **CASTLE GRAND BRASERIE** is featuring a seven course dinner with all the champagne you can drink, twin piano virtuosos, and only one seating, at 9pm. The tariff for this one is \$50 per person. **LE DOMINO** and **CHEZ MOLLET** are having special dinners too, but I couldn't get the details before press time. Reserve NOW!

If dancing and dining are not your sthick, then the **HOT HOUSE** is offering Champagne & Sex (all the rooms are reserved already) with special prices for the night. There will be no noise makers given out and be sure to check out the new Western Fantasy Room (318) which has a sling, looks like a corral, and is reserved by a hot cowboy stud already.

Madness will prevail at the **Ambush**, **Arena Stables**, **Watering Hole** and the **Rawhide**. The **Brig**, **SF-Eagle**, **Gold Coast**, **Ramrod** and **Stud** will be celebrating with champagne (splits at some places), noise-makers, and the usual hoopla. One bar will even have a balloon drop with cash and leather gift certificates. Hedonism will run rampant. Whatever your mood, whatever your taste, don't sit home alone. That night — ignite!

There's no doubt about it. The **CASTRO STATION** absolutely peed with their Christmas decorations (inside and out) this year. I hear even the **GRAY LINE** Tour Company is gliding past to see it. I believe nominations are in order for a **CABLE CAR AWARD** for this amazing feat and contribution to the Valley of the Dolls. They take place on Sun., February 7. Congratulations to **CASTRO STATION** — absolutely flawless.

That new bath house, **ANIMALS**, at 161 Sixth Street, in the heart of Muscatel Meadows, had a sneak preview the other night and the reports crossing my wires are all good. Watch right here for more details about the **Miracle Mile's** newest sex-capade. They say it's hot.

Also coming your way in January, the **SMACK Awards**. **SMACK** means: South of Market Achievement, Camp and Kinky; and quite a few of you are being nominated already. It sounds like a riot to me, but more of that later on . . .

Bobby Magan, formerly a bartender in a South of Market toilet, is understandably happy these days. He's latched onto this macho, hunky sergeant who is all man and likes it that way. He doesn't play God with that "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away" attitude. Who could ask for anything more?

CHATTER THAT MATTERS

The HOLIDAY HOE-DOWN last Sunday at California Hall put on by Kris Carter and the New West Coast Productions group once again gave the Barbary Coast Cloggers a chance to show their stuff, and they pranced around the place much to the delight of the many ticket buyers who showed up to support the Gay Olympics '82. Not only are Cloggers talented, they are a very hunky group of men with a flair for showmanship and very precise and intricate steps. You owe it to yourself to see this group next time they're billed to perform at a function — they're great!

There was much jubilation around the old **BALCONY** last Monday eve as a giant horde of well-wishers descended on the place to congratulate **MICKEY (Mouse)** who just graduated from San Francisco State with a degree in theatre arts and opera, a goal he set long ago. I join with the rest of the Balcony crew in congratulating one of Upper Market's best-loved bar men.

Don't forget, January 1st is the Feast of the Circumcision, a religious holiday most definitely not celebrated at the **TRENCH**.

PATSY'S on Upper Market is now known as the **DETOUR**, which is a good idea when you're enroute to the **Disastro**.

The \$500 prize for designing a poster and a logo for the new **CHAPS** bar opening on 10th Street near Folsom in a few weeks has been won by **Richard Allen** (for the poster) and **Christian Anderson** for the logo, and I hear they are hot. Be on the lookout for both.

Have a very Cool Yule and see you all next week with my Thanks for the Memories column. Hang loose. ■

which is as it should be for Dickie Cook and Ken Fitzharris. With Eric, Martin, Andre and other hot bodies behind the bar, they're fast becoming the in place to go after hours . . .

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Holiday Greetings

Greetings, my friends. The time is again near To wish you joys for the Now Holidays and the coming New Year.

Merry Bells, Bobby Pace, Paul Walliker, Mike Winnings: you three little vixens; Christmas cheer to Joe Urban, Ed Scott, and my Darling called Dixon.

Buon Natale to Bella & Shirley plus Cristal — let swing and let sway.

Wassails to Juanita, to Eddie and the Galleon's Jorge and also a large box of Oil of Olay! Silver bells, LuAnn and Hal, and Mr. Tommy B. (who all live on Polk);

Holiday treats, Joe Roland and Reba (but please stash that pint bottle under thy cloak).

Hot thoughts from Santa to Candy and Polly, Also Jim Parker, Mac and McBride plus Eddie and Molly. Plum puddings to Tillie & Dale, Mr. Fern & Ralph, a sweet sugar plum.

Happy Hanukkah, Dianne, and her man, Dickie Blum; For Mr. Marcus, J.C. and Stella: an Eagle to trim your highest treetop.

Much tinsel for Albert & Dennis, Randy Johnson and of course Sally Sop.

Mistletoe, dear Howard & Duff, plus Greta the lofty Queen Mother of all.

Please, Mrs. Claus, some new gowns for Tammy, Maxine and Jonni VII for the next Empress Ball! Now, don't grumble, Larry Glasser, and you too, Bernice (DBA Jim),

Mrs. Santa will find you a body to trim!

Feliz Navidad, Randy Humphreys, and my joys to Bill & Modesto,

Shalom, John Molinari, Pete Caputo and Dick Hongisto. Kris Kringle, your reindeer must steer Glad tidings to Mr. Sam, Larry, Jimmy Quinn and my luv Michael Greer.

Aloha! Mr. Kimo (and to his David a holiday trousseau). My best, Bob Posey, Larry Cassas, and my dear Nick Russo.

Mazeltov to Harold, cute Craig, and to Gary I tip thee my hat.

And, yes, sweet Chester, we will show all of Houston your backside bat.

Candy canes and glitter for LaFiffi, Mr. Ralph, and Babycakes Marlow at the Club Dori;

Lots of Ho-ho's to Bette Bonko, Kenny A. and my friend, Mr. Shannon (who's also called Lori).

On Freddy! On Dooley! And also on Mabel; best wishes to Russel & Jim —

Much love, Mr. Nooch (AKA Annette) and please, Santa, a pair of blinders for Lucy when she goes to the gym!

High spirits, Jack Baar, Ed Speise, and the adorable Mame. Yuletide cheer to the Bandas, and to Hans and to Dickee much more of the same.

To Bruce (Halley Higgins), Terry Smith, Godspeed, both lovable trips;

Also a slim waistline to Paul Bently and my dearest pal Lips.

A big Xmas tree for Rome and Miss Minnie and Miss P. (we all know who's boss). Warm wishes to Dallas and Houston and nice Robert Ross. Kitty Kramer, help Santa put his feet into soak, And do give Jed Lick and Marvin six lines of seasonal coke.

So as we wind down this card (I've exhausted my list), I beg your forgiveness for those that I missed. It wasn't intentional, so I'll take the blame — You see, I remember your face but I've misplaced your name!

To my Mom, my love and full lifetime treasure, Whose love and devotion are more than I can measure, And to all those beaming faces, these rousing last cheers: **May '82 be blessed as the greatest of years!**

— Peace & Love, Jay

Merry Christmas, Maggie Paige of the 'Castle Grand Brasserie' . . . understand that you and George will both be holding forth on the New Year's Party that is planned . . . love ya!

Sunday the 7th of February is the famous 'Cable Car Awards' that one should not miss, so plan on getting your tickets well in advance, as this event is always a sell-out . . . Merry Christmas, Bob Cramer.

New Year's Eve at the 'Pines and Company' . . . Jose's 'Black Cat New Year's Eve' . . . Live music, favors, dancing, midnight supper, and entertainment . . . reservations are \$10.00 . . . call 885-2852 . . . hi, Richard.

The 'Hob Nob' now has Attilio as the night bartender Wednesday through Sunday . . . so drop by and have a drink with him . . . yours truly is working on Christmas Day if you care to come on down for a libation and some cheer.

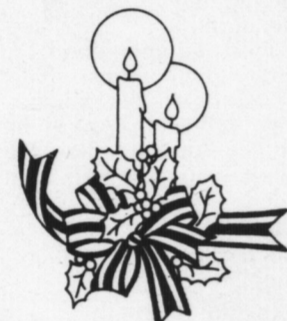
What can you say but a very "Merry Christmas, and a Happy New Year" to all of my friends and readers, and to the staff of this paper that has put up with me for 11 years . . . love you all!

SWEETLIPS SEZ Preparing for the Holidaze

DICK WALTERS

Puttin' Up

On Friday and Saturday nights the 'New Bell' proudly presents Mr. Jim Brown and Pauline . . . a great act that one should not miss, especially the way Pauline belts them out . . . play "Melancholy Baby" for me, Jim . . . Merry Christmas, Wayne Friday.



Don't forget the biggie on New Year's Eve at the very, very popular "Sutter's Mill" . . . this one should be a real blast with a live band, etc. . . . are we going to last till midnight this year, Craig Daley? No cover charge, of course . . . so hope to see you all that evening.

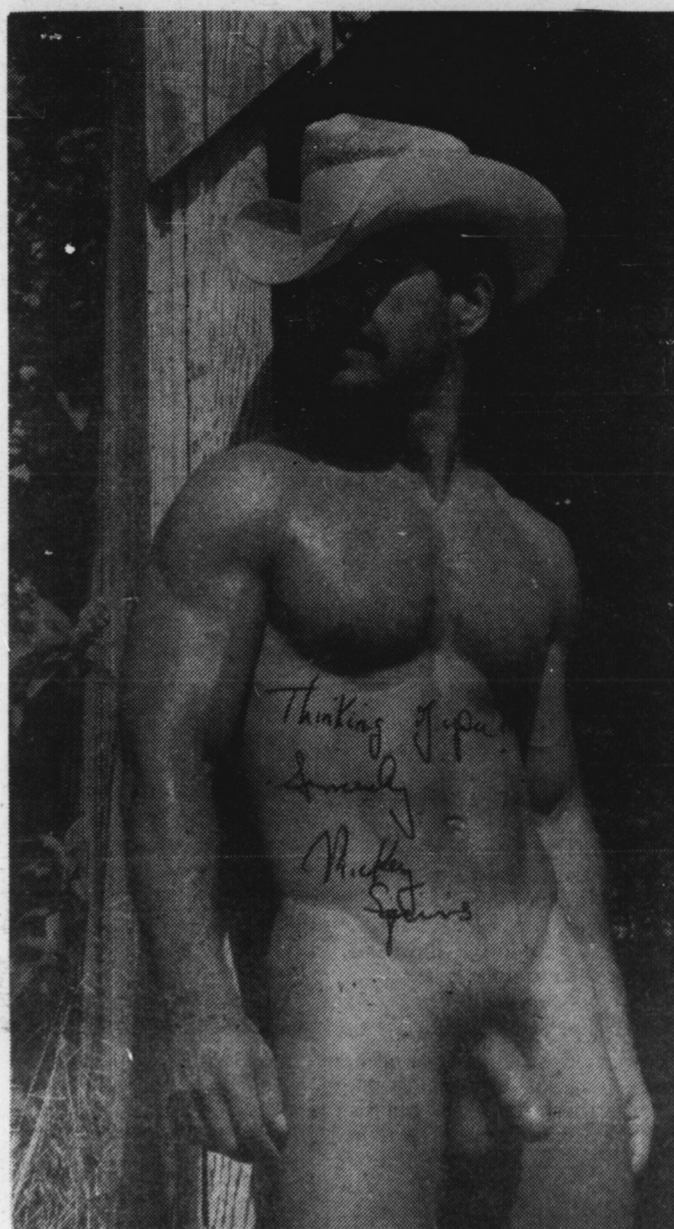
Paul Bently's Christmas party at the 'N Touch' on Tuesday night was a blast and lived up to all that Paul usually does, plus . . . a great staff of bartenders . . . and fun was had by all.

Hope that you'll have your Christmas reservations made, as I have heard that the best of our restaurants are already booked . . . try the "Fickle Fox" on Valencia, as they are rolling back their prices to the 1980 price . . . and they do serve fantastic food . . . Merry Christmas, Don and Henry and staff.

The 'Circle J Cinema' on O'Farrell St. sure does attract the hunky and interesting men these days . . . but you always have known what to do, Hal Call (of the famous Mattachine Society). . . The 'Boarding House' has a special New Year's Eve with Wayland Flowers, and of course, Madame . . . the 11 p.m. party show includes buffet, champagne at midnight and dancin' and should be a fun evening.

PORN CORNER

A Christmas Present for Karr



Here's the photo, by Zeus Studios, that Mickey Squires sent to Karr. "Thinking of you." But Karr is certain he's spent more time thinking of Squires.

Two days after writing about Mickey Squires' appearance in J. Brian's *Flashbacks*, I received an autographed picture of him in the mail. "Thinking of you," was written upon it.

Thinking of me filled with little knives, or choking on somebody at the Calderon, I thought. For I had not merely said that Squires was in the movie, and that he was good. I said his cock was too small to be filmed to good advantage in a J.O. scene.

Cock size is a pretty touchy issue, an issue I touch upon whenever my hands are free. I wasn't sure Squires would want to thank me for commenting thusly. And besides, I had no way of knowing if the autograph was genuine. My friends love playing jokes on me. How am I to know if Mickey sent it or not?

Hey, Mickey! I'm in the phone book! It was nice writing about you, but it would be even nicer if I could put your money where my mouth is.

At any rate, Squires does have quite a presence on the screen. His recent film for Colt Studio, in which he tussles with Clint Lockner, couldn't be hotter, and his magazine appearance in western garb is also topnotch. And if you happen to walk past his gym while he's pumping up, you'll be impressed with the girth of his arms and those robust pecs.

So, although I feel bad about having to point out that J. Brian misused some of Squires' assets, my heart still belongs to this da-da-daddy.

ring or encouraged to occur there.

Barbra Streisand was once filmed stomping on a silver-fox coat in Bergdorf's, and Ali McGraw destroyed half of the same store in another film. Do you believe these events were depicted on the screen because they were (a) factual representations of the store's daily business, or (b) events the store owners were encouraging customers to duplicate?

Never-Never Land does exist — on the screens of local theatres, not in Stagecoach's dressing room. Thanks for your well-intentioned calls, fellas, but welcome to reality.

* * *

One of the girls I live with subscribes to the *Village Voice*, New York's "alternative" newspaper. I enjoy weekly its full page of ads for porno movies. It's rather a case of "eat your heart out, Karr." They have a minimum of 14 movie theatres, with at least twice that number of movies showing concurrently. Among movies now showing are *Where Joey Lives* with Joe Gage; *William Higgins' Brothers Should Do It* with Jim King, Derrick Stanton, and Kip Noll; *New York Men* (now playing to throbbing crowds at our own Nob Hill Cinema); and *Christopher Rage's Superstars*, featuring an incredible array of men: Casey Donovan, George Payne, Richard Locke, Scott Taylor, Lee Marlin, and Scorpio. The last name figures heavily in New York, with one theatre showing the *Best of Scorpio* festival, and the man himself live on stage at yet another porn palace. Scorpio followed Richard Locke's live appearance, and he followed Nick Adams. Listen, all I want for Christmas is the first and last of these guys to do their live shows out here! And I want *The Idol* to return. And I want . . . and I want . . .

* * *

Hey, guys! Films are fiction! The fact that some filmmaker wanted a C&W store as a set, couldn't afford to build his own, and borrowed Stagecoach as a set is no indication of the activities occurring.

Happy heavy breathing for Christmas!

* * *

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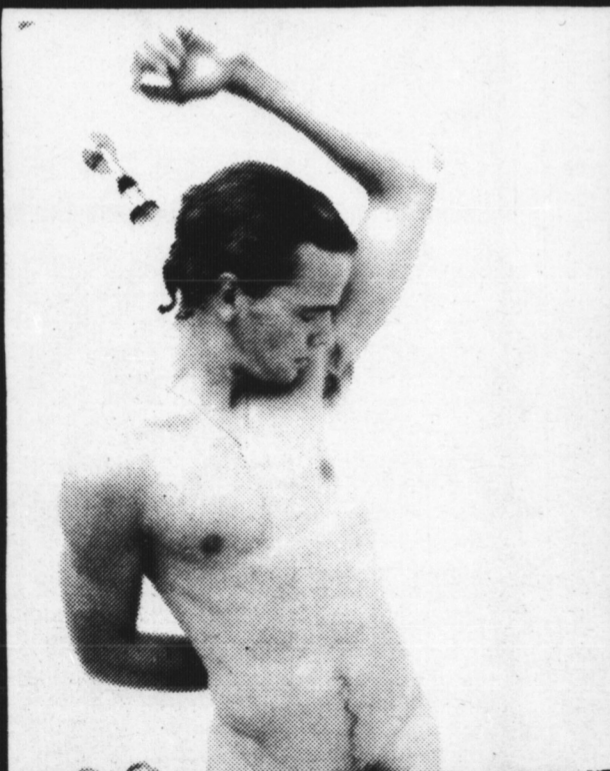
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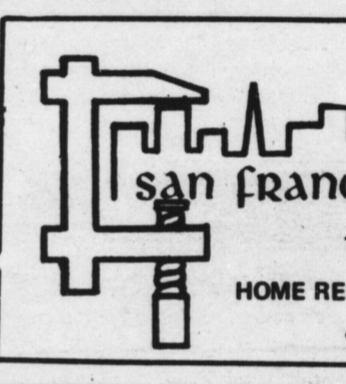
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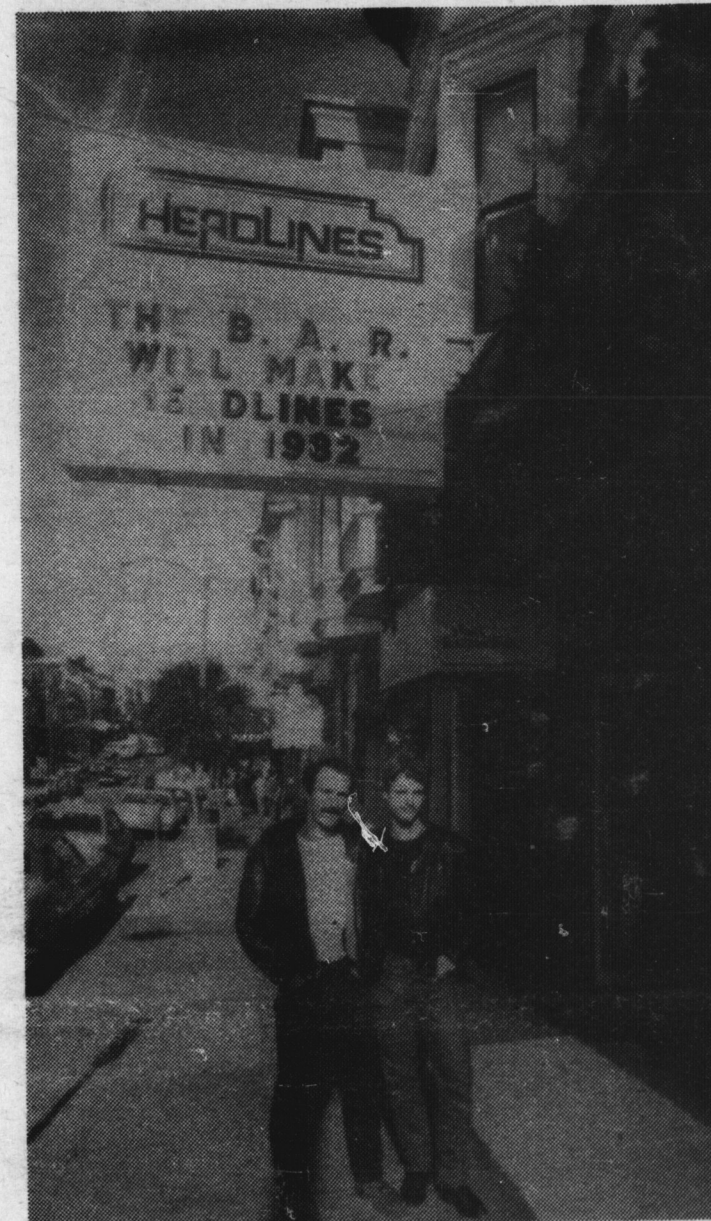
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Jeanne Dixon sees bright lights for the B.A.R. in '82. (Photo by Rink)

Illegal Indulgences

Sisters Busted on Christmas Eve

by Allen White

Last week on December 24 at the corner of 18th and Castro, two Sisters of Perpetual Indulgence were cited by police officers for selling merchandise without a permit. Recipients of the citations were Sister Missionary Position and Sister Adhanarisvara (Sister Adi for short). The incident took place at 3:45 pm. A third sister who escaped was identified as Sister Pius, a visiting "nun" from the Sisters of the Perpetual Erection in Colorado Springs, Colorado.

The holy war between the police and the sisters began at 2:30. The sisters had a confessional set up in front of Hibernia Bank at 18th and Castro. A policeman told the sisters to pack up their confessional, their relics, their postcards, and their t-shirts and move on. The reason? Someone had complained that they were causing a traffic flow problem.

The sisters were told they were peddling without a permit. The sisters responded that they "don't peddle." Sister Missionary Position stated, "We spread joy. We tell peo-

ple to give up their guilt." In their ministry they collect donations. As part of their relics ministry they dispense holy t-shirts, holy postcards, and holy ashes from the Folsom Street Fire. The giving and getting happen at the same time; this the sisters attribute to a marvelous condition manifesting their enormous power of mutual love. (They don't sell anything.)

The Sisters of Perpetual Indulgence moved their confessional. They moved it five feet (or 60 inches, if that's how you count!). The sisters now thought things were okay with the cops. They restarted their tape recorder playing "Silent Night" and "Joy to the World."

One hour later the police came back. This time they (Continued on Page 5)



Sister Pius Peaks shows how his hands and arms were twisted behind his beads. Sister Pius had no pockets for ID and soon got lost in a sea of faithful. (Photo by Rink)

NYC Gay Cop Breaks Out of the Closet and into the Limelight

This past month Police Sergeant Charles H. Cochrane Jr. has been causing a mild sensation in the usually unflappable environs of New York City. Cochrane on November 20 testified before the New York City Council who were considering for the eighth time a Gay anti-discrimination ordinance. He told the astonished politicians, "I am very proud of being a New York City patrolman . . . and I am equally proud of being Gay. I've always been Gay."

Cochrane, 38, assigned to the Manhattan South Task Force, has been spending the weeks since he testified in a swirl of unaccustomed attention reports the conservative "all-American firster" *New York News*.

There have been interviews with the media. There have been letters, mostly congratulatory, from Gays and non-Gays. "And there have been unusually long gab sessions with friends who can't get over how his mother, with whom he shares a house in Canarsie (Brooklyn) seemed more concerned that he 'dress nice' for his Council appearance than she was over learning her son was not heterosexual."

In a front page story entitled "Charley Cochrane Takes His Stand" by Sharon Rosenthal, Cochrane, a 14 year veteran of New York's

finest, is given full-bore media hype. Rosenthal had the following things to say,

"It was one of the maybe four really big 'situations' with which he has grappled in his life. So, it was only natural that the wee hours of Nov. 5 should find Charles H. Cochrane Jr. doing exactly what he has always done when faced with a difficult decision: writing the answers to two questions in something he likes to call his 'dilemma book.'

"The first question — what he hoped to accomplish by taking the decisive public action he contemplated — was easy. Addressing the consequences of that move was somewhat tougher. That someone might 'destroy my car,' 'burn down my house,' or 'urinate in my locker' were just some of the possibilities he dutifully jotted down.

(Continued on Page 3)

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Decisions, Decisions — Where to Take New Year's Eve

by Allen White

If you want to party in San Francisco, New Year's Eve is shaping up to be one of the splashiest nights in many a year. The *Bay Area Reporter* has checked on ticket availability and, as was the case on Halloween, the most important move is to buy tickets in advance. Sell-outs are so certain that many places are not making any tickets available at the door.

Resolutions is the title of Conceptual Entertainment's extravaganza at the Galleria. They will be featuring Phyllis Nelson ("Don't Stop the Train"), Gavin Christopher ("Stars in Your Eyes") and the San Francisco Tap Troupe. Music is by Bob Viteritti and they will introduce an Argon laser switching sys-

tem projecting 3-dimensional beam sculptures throughout. Tickets are \$40 at All American Boy, Gramophone, Headlines and L'Uomo. No tickets will be available at the door. They sold out their Halloween show two days in advance, and this will also be a sell-out.

Truckin' at the Troc is the name of the party at the Trocadero Transfer. Trocadero will be featuring the Three Degrees ("Dirty Old Man" and "Set Me Free") and they also will be dazzling their place with lasers. The price for members is \$25, guests \$35. Dreamland memberships are honored. Trocadero Transfer will be jammed to capacity, and if you're not a

(Continued on Page 2)