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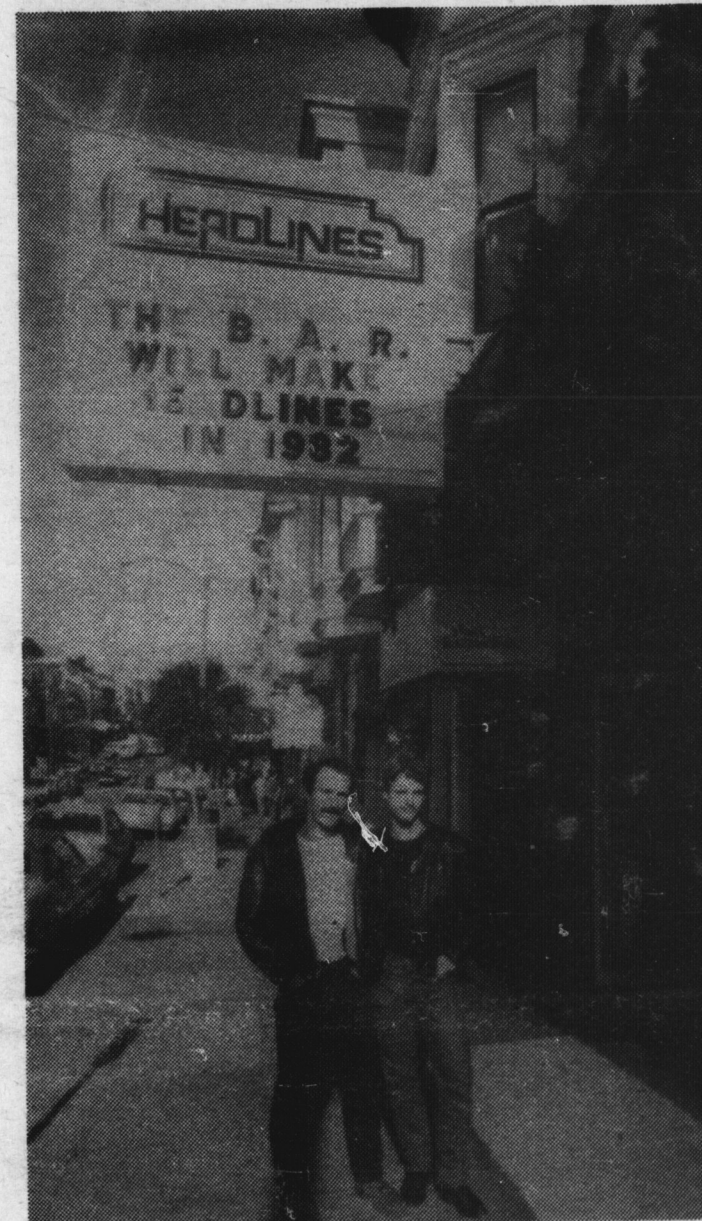
B.A.R.

BAY AREA REPORTER

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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)

IN THIS ISSUE

Assemblyman Art Agnos on Senator John Schmitz . . . p. 3

The new Gay band leader sees new directions . . . p. 8

Hilarious headlines — closing comedy by Woolly . . . p. 10

Rick Weatherly and "Religion and Us" . . . p. 12

Robin Kay and Scott Joplin by John F. Karr . . . p. 16

Michael Lasky sums up films for '81 . . . p. 17

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

(Continued on Page 2)

Senator Slurs Jews and Gays and Suffers a Backlash

Republican State Senator John Schmitz from Orange County set the media and political worlds awhirl this week with a verbal nuclear blast. His vitriolic remarks proved expensive.

In a press release from his Sacramento office, Schmitz sounded off on a round of committee hearings he and his staff have been holding to ban abortion in California via a constitutional amendment. The title of his statement was "Senator Schmitz and his committee survive 'The Attack of the Bulldykes.'" Schmitz, a leader of the John Birch Society, was Chairman of the Senate Committee on Constitutional Amendments. He issued his blast on official committee stationery. He blasted the "sometimes tumultuous" hearings he held in early December in Fresno, Calexico, San Diego, and Los Angeles on possible legisla-

tion.

Schmitz has been seeking to ban abortion — via a constitutional amendment defining life as beginning at conception.

He said his hearings were met by pre-organized infestations of imported Lesbians from anti-male and pro-abortion queers' groups in San Francisco and other centers of decadence.

"At Los Angeles," Schmitz said, "the front rows of the state auditorium were filled with a sea of hard Jewish and (arguably) female faces who reassured those of us on the committee dais that had we somehow fallen from the stage we would have been devoured as so many carcasses thrown to the piranha."

He labeled attorney/feminist Gloria Allred of Los Angeles "a slick butch lawyer-ess."

The counter-explosion was swift and retributive. Jewish groups around the state went through the roof. Editorials chastizing Schmitz appeared in major newspaper after newspaper. The concentrated on the anti-Semitic slurs more than on the homophobic flavor.

The punishing fallout was equally swift. This Monday Senate President Pro Tem David Roberti (D-LA) stripped Schmitz of his committee

chairmanship. He had called the Senator's remarks "shocking and distressing." Schmitz lost two other positions as well. He lost his seat as Senate representative on the Commission on the Status of Women.

The Senate Rules Committee voted 3 to 0 to oust Schmitz as vice chairman of the Senate Industrial Relations Committee. Roberti said the actions were taken because the Southern Califor-

nian was guilty of "abuse of powers" and anti-Semitism. "Schmitz stands condemned by his colleagues," Roberti said.

According to the S.F. Chronicle, "Republicans generally have been circumspect in their comments on the Schmitz flap." Yet Monday GOP chairman Tirso del Junco, who previously declined comment, said his party "cannot in any form condone any language that is abusive."

(Continued from Page 1)

Decisions, Decisions Where to Take New Year's Eve

member or can't find someone who is, forget it. They will not be selling tickets to non-members. New Year's Eve is a night when having a membership card can come in real handy.

At the I-Beam the accent will be on entertainment with a ticket price of \$15 in advance. Tickets are on sale at Headlines, Aloha Records and All American Boy. First Light - The Dawn of 1982 is the theme, and they will feature Tata Vega, Taka Boom and Cynthia Manley. They will be selling tickets at the door priced at \$20.

Studio West is planning three nights of parties. Pamela Stanley is featured on New Year's Eve at 11 pm and 2 am. Friday and Saturday night Cynthia Manley will be performing at 11 and at 2. Studio West is open until dawn each of the three nights. A membership costs \$5 and the admission is \$10 for members and \$15 for guests on New Year's Eve. The other nights the cost is \$3 for members and \$5 for guests. Each night they will sell tickets at the door, and they emphasize there is plenty of free parking.

The Exotic Erotic New Year's Eve Ball will be held at California Hall from 8 pm to 2 am. They are featuring four bands — The Edge, Kicks, 3-D and The Nudes. Tickets are \$15 in advance at all BASS outlets and \$20 at the door. Interestingly, they are advertising white tie, tails and clothing optional. Though they claim there will be tickets at the door, if you plan to go, buy in advance and save some money.

At The Boarding House, the first show featuring Wayland Flowers and Madame is sold out. The Midnight show at \$50 a person may be available. Call The Boarding House and they can tell you if you can still get a ticket.

The Plush Room is taking no reservations for their New Year's Eve performance of Steppin' Out. Tickets are on sale at \$15 each at the Hotel York, BASS and Gramophone. The show starts at 9 pm and will be extended right into 1982. By George! will be presented once at the Savoy-Tivoli on New Year's Eve at 8 pm. Tickets at \$8 are on sale in advance at BASS and Gramophone.

Our Kitchen Cabaret (131 Gough) will have dinner and a special New Year's Eve show and entertainers Pam Brooks and Sean Salgado at 10 pm.

Partying at The Endup will cost you \$4 and Alfie's will be charging \$7.

For dining there is a diversi-

fied list of restaurants, some with entertainment. These include Original Jackson's in North Beach, Ivy's at 398 Hayes, The Fickle Fox on Valencia, the P.S. on Polk, The Mint on Market Street, the 24-hour Church Street Station. The Patio Cafe will be doing brunch and dinner New Year's Day (regular menu).

A new entry this year is Roxy Roadhouse (Larkin at Eddy). For \$25 advance and \$30 at the door, Roxy is offering a lavish buffet and an open bar. There will be dancing with music by Kevin Ross and his trio. Street comedienne Ruby Rodriguez will entertain.

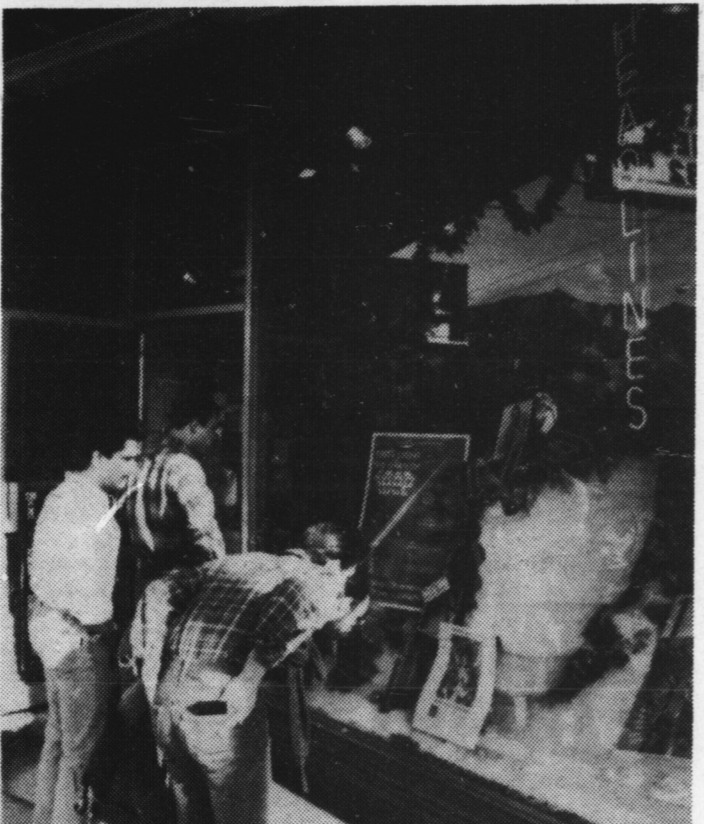
The Castle Grand Brasserie invites patrons to "feast your way into the new year" with their last and most lavish meal

For those who want an out-of-town gala, Fife's in Guerneville has planned The Midnight Express into 1982. Admission from 7 pm to 2 am, \$5. A buffet from 7 to 10 pm, \$10.

Oakland's Bench & Bar (hats, horns, champagne for \$7 at the door) and Walnut Creek's The Hub (hats, party favors, noisemakers, champagne for a \$5 cover) will live up New Year's Eve in the East Bay.

David Kelsey and Pure Trash will be exploding at The Dock in Tiburon.

There are many other bars all over San Francisco and the Bay Area and each, in its own way, is planning to help you celebrate the start of 1982. Check through this issue of Bay Area Reporter and you will find other festive ideas.



New Year's Eve possibilities in Castro Street's Headlines window. Many entrepreneurs expect sell-out crowds. (Photo by Rink)

of '81 (seven courses but one serving at 9 pm).

Fanny's on 18th Street will feature Terry Hutchison on New Year's Eve. Fanny's is open for brunch New Year's Day with the Hal and David Show breaking out at 9:30 pm.

Wherever you choose to dine, all restaurants strongly suggest (read "beg") you make reservations in advance.

The Gangway at 841 Larkin is offering traditional New Year's Eve festivities. The next day brunch will consist of black-eyed peas, ham hocks, fried chicken, and corn bread. For a new twist there's Folsom Street's The Stables (drink specials all New Year's Eve night).

One of the most fun ways to celebrate New Year's Eve is to go to 18th and Castro. It's fun and it's free, and it is an experience unique to San Francisco.

As a public service, we remind you that the Tournament of Roses Parade begins at 8 am New Year's Day on Channels 2 and 4 and at 8:30 on Channels 5 and 44. So you can tell your friends, Jimmy Stewart is the Grand Marshal and this year you should know you have the whole weekend to get rid of your hangover.

Over the holiday, if you're driving, stay sober; if you're meandering, be alert, and don't leave your whistle at home.

Allen White

(Continued from Page 1)

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

"Meet Police Sgt. Charles H. Cochrane Jr. On Nov. 20 — two weeks after he had finally closed his dilemma book with three words, 'I shall testify' — Cochrane stunned a lot of people by speaking in favor of a proposed Gay rights bill being debated by a City Council committee.

"Considering how protective many police officers are of their macho images, a surprising number of Cochrane's colleagues use words such as 'courageous' and 'gutsy' to describe what it took for the 14-year veteran to become the first member of the city's Police Department ever to announce publicly that he is a homosexual. Especially since it was apparent from the start that the measure was about as likely to make it out of committee as *The Atlantic* magazine is of snagging a follow-up interview with David Stockman, the White House budget director.

"I wonder if he's getting ready to retire," joked Officer Jimmy Shedrick, who served with Cochrane in the Empire Blvd. stationhouse in Brooklyn, where the sergeant spent his first 10 years on the force. "Seriously, though, if I had to predict which guy would have the nerve to do something like this, it would be Charley. He always seemed to have a firm grip on himself."

"Still, there are others who wish Cochrane had remained silent about his sexual preference — one says he shares with 'at least 1,000' other of New York's finest. J. Pat Burns, first vice president of the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association, preceded Cochrane at the Council hearing, and not only did he argue against the bill but he assured committee members that he knew of no Gay police officers.

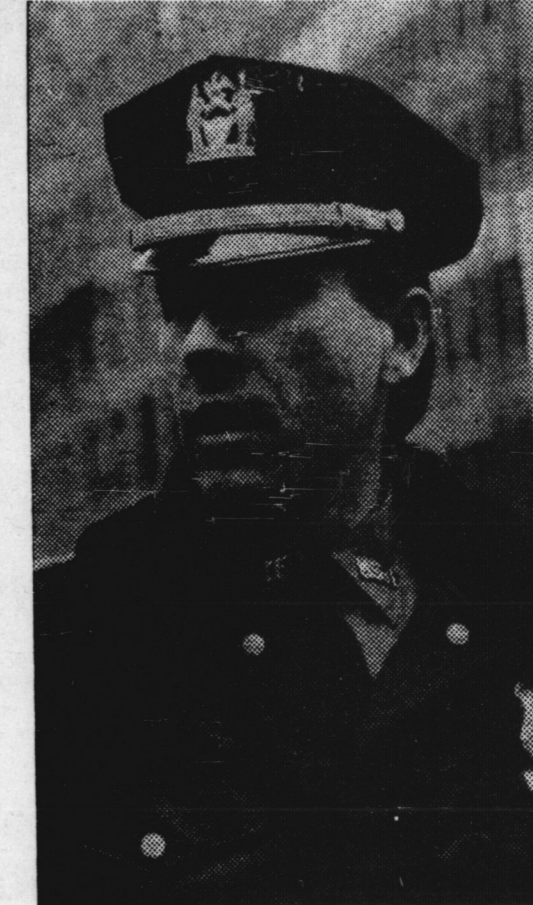
"This past year, I've felt more like I was coming out as a cop than as a Gay," Cochrane explained the other day over lunch at a favorite East Village restaurant. Occasionally he would interrupt the conversation to acknowledge the smiles of other patrons, which led to a friendly bit of jousting between interviewer and interviewee over whether Cochrane was right in assuming the attention was the result of his having been recognized from newspaper photographs.

"He is, he was reminded, after all, the sort of fellow — George Segal-kind of good looks, bright, outgoing, ambitious — that single women have in mind when they complain that all the 'good' men in Manhattan are either married or Gay.

"Really," he continued after brushing aside the compliment with a toothy grin, "my cop friends aren't as shocked at my being Gay as my Gay friends are at my being a cop. I think it's because people think that after work a cop goes out to the moon or something, and then the next day puts his uniform on and goes back to the precinct.

"There were hundreds of guys and women in the department who knew I was Gay before I testified, but this was like taking out a front-page advertisement. Most officers told me not to do it, that it would ruin my career. One of the Gay leaders that I talked to before I made my decision warned me that I might be labeled 'The Gay Cop.' That was the one thing that hadn't entered my mind. But I just decided that if that was it, I could accept it."

"Cochrane is the first to admit that he could not have been so accepting three years ago when the proposal to ban



At 38 Charley Cochrane makes a Gay dramatic leap into notoriety.

discrimination against homosexuals was last considered. He had wanted to testify then, too. But he had only been 'out' a year, and some inner knowledge told him the timing was wrong, that he was not sufficiently removed from the young Charles

Cochrane who had enlisted in the Army in 1963, hoping that he was 'just a person who took longer to become interested in women' than other men.

"One clue, he said, was the hurt he felt when the very officer who convinced him to join

the police force severed their long-standing friendship upon learning Cochrane was Gay. 'He was the only person who's ever rejected me because of it,' he said. The department itself, however, has been fair — 'it hasn't missed a beat' — he said.

"And the future? Cochrane said he would not mind it so much if he is fated always to be considered 'The Gay Cop,' so long as the department treats him as 'an asset in dealing with the Gay community.' But what he really wants is to ultimately become chief of Manhattan South. To that end, he is preparing to take the test for police lieutenant next June.

"As for the fate of the bill he risked so much to testify for, Cochrane is hopeful that it will fare better some other time. However, he is surprisingly pessimistic about what such a victory would actually mean.

"I don't think it would change the discrimination Gays face," he said. "All it would mean is that people wouldn't be able to say 'I will not rent to you because you're Gay,' or 'I will not hire you because you're Gay.' So they'll have to lie. And they will."

"But at least maybe other Gay cops — I'm not saying they're going to 'come out' — but at least maybe they'd feel more comfortable about being Gay."

Japan Center Theater Post at Fillmore, 7:00 pm Sunday, February 7th Come as you are.

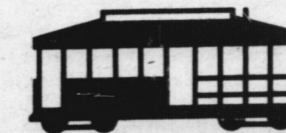
Doctors, teachers, cowboys, lawyers, waiters, drag queens, nurses, keypunch operators, concert pianists, pastry chefs, black leather bikers, mailmen, mailwomen, student bodies and everybody.

February 7th is your night to shine.

The 8th Annual Cable Car Awards & Show will be presented to honor outstanding achievement throughout the gay community of the Bay Area. Everything and everyone representing the very best of what we are.

The Cable Car Awards. It doesn't matter who you are or how you come. What counts is how you feel.

Outstanding. The 1982 Cable Car Awards & Show



Tickets: \$10 Balcony General Admission, \$15 and \$20 Main Floor Reserved Table Seating.

Doors open at 6:00 pm, award balloting continues until 7:30 pm. Tickets available at the door and at: Headlines and Gramophone (Castro and Polk stores), Starlight Room, 1121 Market Near 8th, and Urban Country, 468 Castro.

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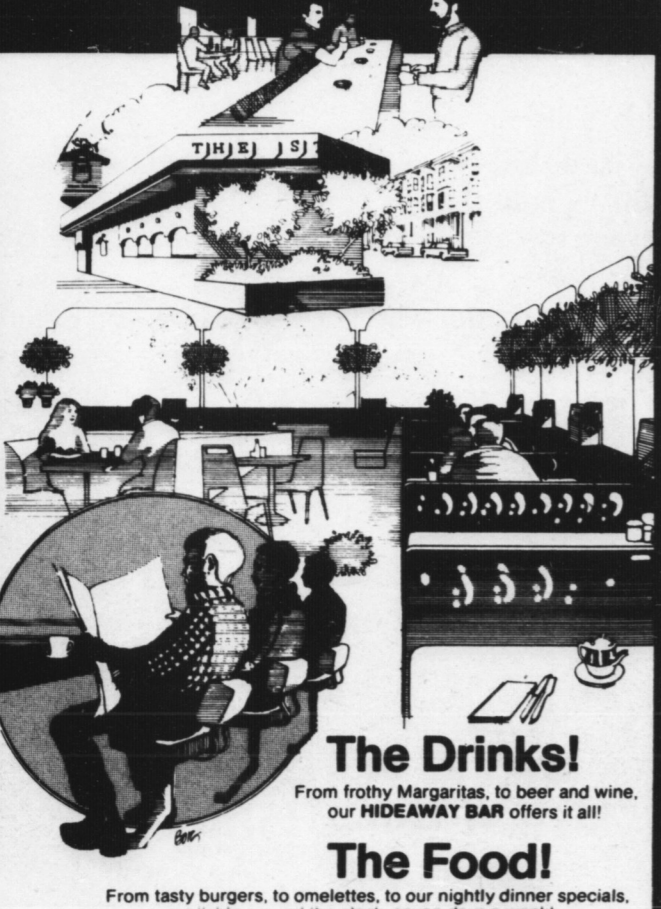
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Cruising Alert
Tricking with a Mickey Finn

A Gay man reported an unfortunate incident this week in hopes of saving other Gay men the harrowing experience. Returning from a holiday dinner, he stopped into The Pendulum on 18th where an attractive young man approached him.

The stranger continually urged they leave the bar and go for a cup of coffee. The Gay man didn't wake up from that cup of coffee until 17 hours later — a wiser but poorer man.

The B.A.R. informant who wished to remain anonymous finally agreed to the coffee and invited his admirer to his home. He described the other as between 25 and 28 years of age, of average height with dark curly hair and dark eyes. He spoke English with an accent and was remembered as saying he came from the Greek islands. He could have been from anywhere in the Eastern Mediterranean.

Once home he all but insisted they have coffee which his host remembers the other stirring, himself objecting to its sweetness. He was asked several times if he was sleepy and that was the last the victim remembers. That was about midnight.

Five o'clock the next afternoon he was awakened by a visiting friend, collapsed again, and was rushed to Kaiser Hospital where he spent the night. He and his house were ransacked. "All my jewelry (even off his person) was taken, all my cash, my credit cards." The thief even rifled through Christmas packages. The victim thinks his attacker took his car keys, drove off to get his own car, leaving the victim's abandoned. He returned taking clothes, two bronze statues, and even a 9' x 12' gold tone Chinese rug.

The victim in retrospect admits he was wearing too much jewelry — his rationale that it was safer on than left behind locked up in the house. The victim insisted that he didn't take drugs, had no more than three drinks (with dinner) and his smooth talking guest "wasn't even my type."

His experience cost him thousands, he summed up, yet he was happy he was still alive. He hopes others will profit from his misfortune.

KGO-TV Special
Dan White's "Insanity" Documentary Aired

by Allen White

In a provocative documentary, KGO-TV last Monday night drew the curtain back on many shocking truths relating to Dan White and the murder of Mayor George Moscone and Supervisor Harvey Milk.

The show strongly implied the Police Officers Association of San Francisco pressured the District Attorney's office with other unnamed conservative groups to soft-pedal their prosecution of Dan White.

The documentary, titled "Insanity for the Defense," concluded that Dan White, whose attorney used insanity for a defense, has never ever received mental treatment while in custody.

The show pointed up the fact that Dan White turned himself in to a police officer friend, Paul Chignell, at Northern Station. Chignell is currently Vice President of the Police Officers Association. He is rumored currently to be seeking state office in Marin County. The commentator stated that Dan White was questioned by two friends in the police department. One of those named, Frank Falzon of the San Francisco Police Department's Homicide Division, is now engaged in a lawsuit against Community United Against Violence employee Randy Schell.

The show extensively used the audio tape footage of Dan White's confession. That it now smacks of a daytime soap opera in the listening is countered by the realization that his attorney used the "confession" with success. In court, White's attorney Doug Schmidt won a verdict for manslaughter. His client will be released in two years. January 1984 is the scheduled date when Dan White will become a free man.

In his last article before his assassination in the *Bay Area Reporter*, Harvey Milk, the columnist, criticized the same conservative downtown interests which KGO-TV says were the forces that applied the pressure for White to attempt to get his job back as a San Francisco Supervisor.

Dan White, a Supervisor under pressure and a conflict of interest investigation at the time, resigned, then tried to get Mayor Moscone to reappoint him. The Mayor agreed then disagreed. When he realized he would not get his supervisory seat back, he shot Moscone and Milk. His deteriorating mental condition, said one psychiatric witness, was said to have been aggravated by the eating of Hostess Twinkies.

Recently Governor Brown has signed into law Senate Bill 54 which does away with the "diminished capacity" defense used by White's attorneys.

The program, produced by KGO-TV, credits Curtis Ellis, narrator Ed Leslie, and editor Blair Gershkow among many for this excellent documentary. This show, more than possibly any other document yet released, brings the viewer to one disgraceful conclusion: Dan White, indeed, did get away with murder.



Dan White, the focus of TV documentary.

Oregon Change in Sex Arrests

Multnomah County (Portland, Oregon) District Attorney Mike Schunk, in a memo to the Portland Police Department, announced early this month a change in his policy regarding arrests of Gay men in Portland adult bookstores on sex abuse charges. Beginning in the summer of 1981, Portland Gays faced arrests and prosecution for "unsolicited touching of the genitals" (sex abuse II) by undercover police for activity in adult bookstores. Town Council Foundation Executive Director Jerry Weller, in a series of meetings with Schunk and his staff, convinced the D.A. that the adult bookstores are one of only a few meeting places for Gays and that no one was offended by Gay behavior other than undercover police.

Further, the police were using non-verbal communication to signal permission of such activity to Gay men.

In early October, Schunk agreed to an open meeting on this subject with about 75 Gays at J.R.'s West Tavern. Throughout the meeting he heard from both attorneys and Gay men as to why Gays use bookstores, as well as the community's feelings on police involvement. Schunk in a telephone call to Weller announced his policy change, which, although a compromise, is clearly a step forward for Portland Gays, according to Portland's Town Council Foundation.

Undercover police officers, after being approached and touched without verbal permission, must now verbally state something to the effect of "I'm not interested," "Leave me alone," etc. If the touching continues, an arrest can take place.

"This is not a signal to Portland Gay men that any activity desired can take place," stated Weller. "However, the district attorney is clearly stating a policy change based on our discussions regarding how and where Gay men meet one another. Portland Gays," he continued, "must understand that the policy states that an arrest will take place if they persist after being told no. I consider this a fair policy. Everyone should know to back off when told to."

(Continued from Page 1)
Illegal Indulgences
Sisters Busted on Christmas Eve

were handing our citations. Sister Missionary Position and Sister Adi both got their tickets. Then came the problem. The officers left.

THE AFTERMATH

The Sisters of Perpetual Indulgence seriously believe they are sacred and holy dowms. Sister Missionary Position told the *Bay Area Reporter*, "It is necessary that Lesbian and Gay men work through their guilt (much of it from religious teachings) so that they become full people." He added, "Humor is an important part of spirituality." The "nuns" feel there was an interference with their freedom of religion. They also feel they were "responding to the community's spiritual needs."

Many people witnessing the event wondered why the incident took place at all. For many, many years there have been booths set up on that corner for a diversity of activity ranging from registering voters to selling Halloween masks. Earlier this year, the Sisters of Perpetual Indulgence, with the permission of Hibernia Bank, held a dog show in the open area in front of the bank (private property).

The *Bay Area Reporter* discussed the incident with Sgt. Mike O'Connell in a phone call to Mission Station. He said the SFPD has a policy of selective enforcement. He said, "You may see many traffic violators, but that's no excuse if you get caught." The officer noted that the group was warned an hour previously that they were in violation of a law. Sgt. O'Connell said he couldn't answer what was in the officer's mind causing him to issue the citations (whether it be because he thought the sisters offensive, that they were Gay, or because the officer wanted to be home with his family, or because they were simply breaking the law). Sgt. O'Connell stated that there is no consistency in law enforcement. "When you break the law, you're on your own. Whether you get arrested or cited depends on the priorities of the officer."

Sgt. O'Connell says at times in the past citations have been given out at the corner. There was on Castro Street Christmas Eve, by count, at least seven other groups or individuals conducting activities ranging from signing up voters to selling wreaths and teddy bears out of the back of a car. None of these people were cited.

Sister Missionary Position said that this was not an isolated act of police harassment, it was a series of continuing acts. He directed the blame on Dianne Feinstein. She was not aware of the situation. He believes that if the remarks made by the Mayor



The Sisters of Perpetual Indulgence doing their mission at Hibernia Beach. Their zeal Christmas Eve brought on a police citation. (Photo by Rink)

Perpetual Indulgence are directed to appear January 19, 1982, at 8am in Room 425 of the Hall of Justice. ■

The now cited Sisters of Allen White

The Sisters Invitation to Tea

December 31, 1981
 New Year's Eve

To the Concerned Officers, Mayor Dianne Feinstein, Supervisor Britt, Police Chief Murphy:


As a spiritual order committed to nurturing joy and eliminating guilt in our citizenry, the Sisters of Perpetual Indulgence extend an open invitation to tea and reconciliation to be served by Sister Unity-Harmony at a place and time of your pleasure.

We do so manifesting the desire to enter 1982 with a commitment to understanding and celebrating our differences.

Inspired by the Lesbian/Gay Freedom Parade theme for 1982, we hope for this City of St. Francis a time of solidarity, out of many... one.

The Sisters of Perpetual Indulgence

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VOL. XI NO. 32 DECEMBER 30, 1981 NEXT ISSUE OUT: JAN. 7 NEXT DEADLINE: JAN. 2

VIEWPOINT LETTERS

The Spume of the Whale

Up until a few months ago, I see now that I approached my journalistic pursuits in a dilettantish fashion. For every 14 days we had the space both in hours and in energy to spawn a newspaper. As each issue was spawned into its following the latest tidbits, alarums, and tongue tales, days followed with almost nothing to do. Put another way I spent as much time in the recovery room and I spent in the delivery room.

Since going weekly, it seems we spend most of our time in the delivery room. Putting out the paper is no longer an avocation, a gentlemanly farming; it has become a forced march without tea time. During the first few weeks I suffered nights of anxiety dreams. The kind where you dream you have gone to a party and discover you haven't your pants on. Or you are in an eighth grade classroom without your math homework done and Mrs. Patton is coming down the aisle collecting the papers.

The paper itself has for me changed its symbolic image. As a fortnight feature it lolled as a leisurely jigsaw puzzle.

There was always time in and time out. With the time out taken away, the paper looms more as an omnivorous mouth that insists on constant feeding. It chews up copy like a whale swallows sea water, schools of fish, and sundry flotsam and jetsam. Jonah-like my writers and I have found ourselves fearing we too have been devoured and won't escape the bellyful.

Heretofore, on the 14-day cycle, all players were coasting into the same finish line. Now we have a system wherein as one crew is finishing up an issue, another crew is well on its way to laying the tracks for the subsequent issue. Moments have occurred when we weren't sure who was where.

Recently a confluence of life incidentals threw us into extremis. With the holidays stealing a day, we were coming out a day earlier with a day less for preparation. Holiday time is also one when personnel have a worm can of other squirming needs and pressures. Our typesetter was on vacation, as was one of our runners and distributors. Topping off the pickle, the publisher found himself becarded to hospital for a three-day bed down.

For a few hours it looked like the *enfant terrible* would be stillborn, for it's a long, long way from layout board to newsrack. Printers wait for no man as a general rule, but nobody but nobody is going to deprive them of their Christmas Eve day, do they.

It became more than getting a paper out, it became that we with not all the necessary skills had to get a paper out. In the throes I watched seven people rise to a challenge and in warm cooperation get the job done. The ad man was doing layout; the driver was proofreading, and the editor found himself running out for deluxe burritos and diet Pepsi's (that combination in itself of daring and appeasing the gods of diet revealed some of our slapstick state).

In spite of ourselves the paper was finished two hours ahead of schedule. One item remained and that was covered by two bottles of unmemorable champagne and a tribal toast.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Luxuriating Christmas Eve in the melodic thralls of the Mixed Chorus and the Gay Men's Chorus, I marveled at all those people bringing such pleasure and support and art to so many of their fellow Gay travelers. Directors Robin Kay and Dick Kramer were appropriately lionized by applause and all but dwarfed by floral tributes. And my thoughts wandered to all the others involved from the prop people to the ticket takers — no one was pinning on all the unseen hands a Christmas holly, but they could hear the thunderous applause. In that crowd thunder they heard their reward for a job well done.

Next time you pick up a B.A.R. or another Gay paper and find yourself dismissing it as the same old fag rag, give a pause to
(Continued on next page)

ON GAYS IN NORTHERN IRELAND

★ Just a brief note to say how happy I was to read the letter from David from Liverpool and his ordeal with these murdering terrorists, these I.R.A. thugs. I am sick of hearing stories about these poor terrorists in jail. The British should do with these terrorists like they do in other countries and that's execute them all. I have a friend from Ballycastle in the North of Ireland, and he has told me many times what the I.R.A. do to gays in the area.

What can we do to help? We can have a peaceful demonstration to show our distaste and appalled reaction to this bunch of scum who give a bad name to all Irish here in the U.S.A.

President Reagan knows of these crimes; he should have written a letter in the B.A.R. and not his poor David. If he had not written this letter, we would never have known.

John Fox
Berkeley

YEAR END PLUS

★ Now that 1981 has almost ended, what, in my book, has been the year's most heart-lifting news for gay liberation? The stunning victory in Houston of a mayor backed strongly by the gay contingent there.

Most bemusing fallout from her win was the news [that] she'd fired, at once, the homophobic police chief there, whereas here a mayor elected with the backing of 80% of our gay population fired a friend-of-gays police chief and installed in his place a closet homophobe from the archaic and corrupt catholic mafia who still rule the S.F.P.D. roost.

Jon Powers
San Francisco

SANTA CRUZ BLUES

★ Would like, if you can, help me. I used to live in Santa Cruz. It seems there is a lot of hostility against anyone who is different. That town is trouble. The town needs help. Can you have some organization come there and straighten out some of the people in that town? It's no place to live. It is very sick. Can you do something? Also would like to be on your mailing list. Maybe someday if I stop apartment hunting I will look for a job. I now live in Sacramento in an apartment. Hope you can help me?

If there is any other information please write to General Delivery, Sheldon B. Weissman, Sacramento 95814, California.

Sheldon B. Weissman
Sacramento

I.R.A. FUNDS

★ Being a weekly reader of the B.A.R. and a very happy and contented one, may I add, but last week's issue contained a letter to the editor written by a poor unfortunate [sic] Irish guy which made me personally realize how lucky we, of the Gay community, really are when compared with Gays living in the North of Ireland.

You have my applause for the way you printed the letter as I have never ever seen any printed accounts of poor Gays who have been forced to leave their homes in order to escape these sick and degrading crimes. This I am sorry to say though is common knowledge in Europe, and I am sure there are many Gay men now living in England who would be only too happy to tell the world of their ordeals if only someone would bother to ask them.

We should start to show the people of the world that we are not here to be attacked at their whim, and that we do have a voice especially in San Francisco. Let's use it! Because where does it stop? And it can begin here next. You have my support 100% regarding any measures which need to be put into effect to stop this threat of physical harm towards Gay men and women just because we choose a different role in life. When the I.R.A. terrorists are collecting their blood money in some Irish bar here in San Francisco, they might add that some of this money will go to the "homosexual problem," the actual death of these people because they don't fit into the "New Ireland." When I showed the paper to a close Irish friend of mine, she was ashamed to be linked with this murderous mob who are lower than low and don't honestly have the right to live on the same planet as the rest of us. They have the shame to ask the British government for special treatment; the British should hang them all. I wonder what would happen here if they were planning to take over our government. We would soon put a stop to it.

And then we send letters to Britain saying we are upset at the treatment of these terrorists, because some Irish politician here wants more Irish votes. I am sure it would be a quite different story if one of Kennedy's family had been kneecapped. You would see the drastic change in Irish American policies towards the I.R.A. Let's hope the Irish here realize the true aims of the I.R.A., and that the only reason they come here to the United States for money is quite plainly because their own people won't give them any.

Outraged and Angry Gay American
Richard Phillips
San Francisco

ED. NOTE: We were surprised with the number of letters and phone calls we received over the plight of Gays in Northern Ireland. We've always been somewhat aghast at the sympathy the I.R.A. (read "terrorists") has received in San Francisco. Next time Prince Philip or a member of the Royal Family visits here, we should reevaluate where our sympathies lie. England has always been relatively progressive in its response to homosexuality... as well as there are prominent Englishmen who are known to be Gay. Not the least of whom was Lord Mountbatten who was exploded to bits and pieces by the heroic I.R.A. "patriots."

P. Lorch

A CHANGE OF HEART

★ After reading the letter from a Northern Irish Gay man in the December 17 edition of B.A.R. I can only feel loathsome shame for myself in passing out leaflets for about 10 mins. about six months ago in support of the IRA hunger strikers and marching on the British Consulate in memorandum to that first death of a striker.

That I learned later that I was in effect supporting terror and murder of my own people was no excuse — I should have found out — pursuing vigorously any ambiguities I may have felt about my actions before I acted.

To all those who read this who care for Gay freedom and safety — I'm sorry — even though my damage has been done already.

Spinstar
San Francisco

A POSTSCRIPT

★ In regard to Li Lightfoot's letter entitled "Indian Slur," can we consider any reference to "Without Reservations" as the plight of Native American housing and its deplorable conditions?

Albert Lasker
San Francisco

LETTERS

CUAV DEFENSE

★ Enough is enough when Steve Perkins goes through the too old and too familiar routine of blaming the victim with his letter about Arthur Evans in the December 3 issue of the B.A.R. I'd also heard enough after reading just the first paragraph of Steve Perkins' letter about Community United Against Violence in the December 23 issue of B.A.R.

As a staff member at CUAV I try to listen carefully to positive criticisms so that I can help to make CUAV's services as responsive to community need as possible. Perkins' letter, though, was not positive criticism, it was a blast of pure rhetoric laced with charge charges.

CUAV is providing a service that no other social service agency has ever attempted. If CUAV is to be successful in preventing street assaults it is essential that the community be aware of its hotline and other services. In the spirit of taking care of our own, the gay community has rightfully worked with CUAV to make the issue of street assaults known. I question how Mr. Perkins can complain about CUAV's press coverage after he has received over-ample space to moan, groan and snivel.

CUAV has always maintained tremendous support from the gay community. In fact, if the community didn't support CUAV's services, then CUAV would quickly fold. The cancellation of the TheatreCom benefit concert (proceeds were to go to CUAV) was indicative only of the producer's poor organizing effort. The only part CUAV took in that event was that of the recipient of net profits.

Before hitting this community with any more rhetorical bullshit, I suggest that Mr. Perkins take his ass away from his adding machine and typewriter long enough to get involved with a community organization in a positive way.

Enough said!

Diana Zabarte-Christensen
San Francisco

ED. NOTE: We agree. The letters section of the paper is here for dissident views. At times they lack substance but are words of spite. We believe they're better said out in the open because they as well expose the writer — who must live with their credibility as they put it on the line. When that credibility proves wanting, we all know then what and whom we're dealing with.

P. Lorch

SENIORS' SERVICE TO THE COMMUNITY

★ Throughout the year we hold fundraisers in support of the Metropolitan Community Church Senior Citizens Luncheon Program as well as our annual drive to help at St. Anthony's Dining Room.

Time and time again we find ourselves calling upon the same people for help, and they always come through. I'd like to thank publicly those who do so much with so little recognition. Without their support our programs would have no chance at success.

Thank you to Rod and Michael Frawley of the Pendulum for their generous donation of \$350 to pay for a bus for seniors to Great America and for their constant support and generosity throughout the year. Thanks also to The Village, The Mint, ChurchSt. Station, The *PS, Castro Station, Red Eye and New Bell saloons, The Stallion, the Men's Room, Ram's Head, and 222 Club.

Thank you for caring.

Leona
M.C.C. Senior Luncheons

SOME POSITIVE PRE-DISPOSITION

★ To balance Marc de Rohard's unfortunate experience re "Police Response Time" (B.A.R., December 1981), and his obviously negative pre-disposition to the San Francisco Police Department, I would like to present but a few of my own experiences — in each instance the Police Response time was commensurate to the severity of the crime. (I will start in the mid-sixties, and remind your readers that I have been "out of th closet" — publicly — since the early fifties.)

In 1967 a crazed gunman pulled a revolver on me in my small business on Castro Street. My late lover and I subdued him; the police arrived within minutes after my call. The felon, claiming police harassment and bigotry, was OR'd the next day.

Thanksgiving Night 1969 I was knifed and robbed by three teen-aged black hoodlums. I made my way from the scene (Western Addition) to the old Club Francisco on Market Street (now Burton's) and was assisted almost immediately by the Police. The assailants were incarcerated within a few days.

In 1975 (Spring) a "fag-basher" kicked me in the groin at Castro and 18th Sts. while I attempted to stop him and his friends from tossing a gay man through the window of the Star Pharmacy. Response time, less than 5 minutes. In the fall of that same year another brutal attacker smashed my head against a parking meter in front of my flat at 18th and Castro. Two men, leaving the Pendulum, scared off my assailant, called the Police, and within less than 15 minutes they had transported me into my residence, and called for an ambulance. (These last two incidents were reported in both the gay and straight press.)

thomas m edwards
San Francisco

SILVER INVITATION

★ I encourage you to attend a most important conference on work and family life, which will be held in San Francisco on January 12-13, at the Unitarian Church, 1187 Franklin Street.

The New Right presents a serious threat to the American family of today. Their attempts to eliminate laws against wife and child abuse, discrimination in housing and employment, as well as their stand against equal rights for women, Gays, the elderly, and other minorities should be a concern to all Americans who cherish our abundant freedoms.

Family life in the home and workplace is as diverse as the people who have arrived on our shores seeking liberty and the pursuit of happiness. This conference will provide the opportunity for those concerned with protecting those liberties to work together in ensuring that one group's set of moral values will not be forced upon us all. Please join me in attending this conference, so that together we can meet this threat head-on.

See you there.

Carol Ruth Silver
Member, Board of Supervisors
San Francisco

SAFETY; OR, TIME TO MOVE ON

★ Dear Mayor Feinstein:

Thank you for your letter dated December 1st regarding your efforts to combat anti-gay violence in the City. I appreciate that you have met with concerned individuals in the Gay community to discuss the issues.

★ Dear Mayor Feinstein:

Thank you for your letter dated December 1st regarding your efforts to combat anti-gay violence in the City. I appreciate that you have met with concerned individuals in the gay community to discuss the issues.

You specifically mentioned in your letter that police protection in the Polk Gulch area has been increased and will be maintained until the problem has been resolved. That is all fine and good providing they target their activities against potential felons — people who loiter in bus stops and store fronts should not be harassed unless they threaten to commit a felony.

The Polk Gulch is not the only area of the City that requires police concentration. The areas known as the Castro and South of Market should also be heavily patrolled (I was not aware of the latest murder in the Tenderloin area until after I wrote my letter of November 24th).

I have two suggestions which might get some results: (1) Eliminate the vice squad and put these people to work on critical problems that plague the City; and (2) reduce the size of the meter-maid force and direct these people to handle problems of a more serious nature.

I will make time in my schedule to assist any legitimate organization that is devoted to combating anti-gay violence. We need to communicate with delinquents. I suggest that the Courts subject criminals to educational seminars.

In closing, I should state that I have never been a victim of violence in San Francisco. I am concerned regarding others who have been attacked. I am not afraid to walk the streets of San Francisco. If I ever am afraid, I will move to a safer city. I trust that I will never be placed in that position.

Richard F. Demarest
San Francisco

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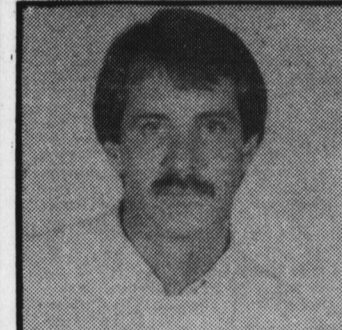
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VIEWPOINT

the marvel of what is being birthed for our San Francisco Gay community week after week, year after year. People committed, working at low or no pay, creating on-going concerts of words and pictures. The Gay press — the ears, eyes, and mouths in truly the front lines of the Gay revolution. Unheralded teams slugging away exercising our most precious of all rights — the right to say it!

And in twelve years — good, bad, or really trashy — the Bay Area Reporter has never not been there. Free for the taking or leaving.

As we open 1982 I take — perhaps one more perverse liberty. On behalf of all the readers — with ruffles and flourishes, with confetti and toy drums — I salute all press players. Last week I saw some of them at their best.

Where would we all be if we weren't so oppressing...

P. Lorch

B.A.R.

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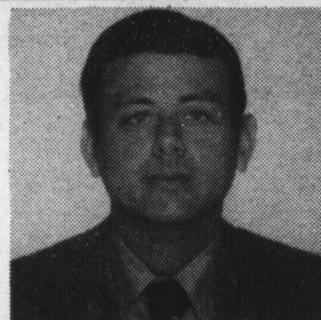
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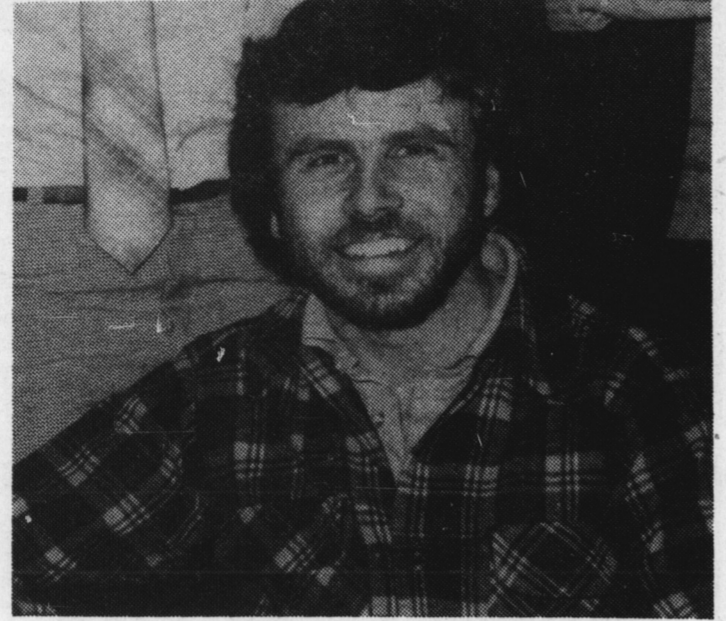
New Director Assumes Baton

by Allen White

Tuesday, January 5, Tom Smith becomes the new director of the San Francisco Gay Freedom Day Marching Band. This week the *Bay Area Reporter* talked to Smith about his goals for the band. He is prepared for a growth period for the group. It is his hope to provide the band with a more defined sense of direction and discipline.

Smith, a former board member of the University of Michigan Marching Band, has marched in that band and has played with them several times in the Rose Bowl. As a high school music teacher, he directed several bands in the Midwest. Several of these bands were recognized as the finest bands in their area or their state. Tom Smith commented that there is a higher priority placed on marching bands in the Midwest. Recently he moved to California and now lives in the Russian River area.

He plans to give the band a different sound, one that will reflect his direction. Smith said there will also be a difference in the selection of music. He also noted that he is work-



Tom Smith, the new director of the Gay marching band who takes over the baton January 1. (Photo by Rink)

ing towards a solid membership.

Dino DiDonato, President of the San Francisco Band Foundation, stated that the board of the foundation held the new leader in high esteem and were looking forward to his direction. DiDonato also commented that the cost of running the band has been reduced to a minimum. There are now no paid persons on the band staff.

Tom Smith has encouraged every person who has an interest, an instrument, and a willingness to commit their time to join the first rehearsal of the band under his direction. The time is Tuesday, January 5, 7 pm at the Eureka Valley Recreation Center. ■

GRNL Pushes Iowa Model

The Gay Rights National Lobby, as part of its "Defeat the Family Protection Act" campaign, is urging local gay groups to follow a coalition-building model similar to one adopted recently in the state of Iowa.

Iowa gays, who faced the difficult task of taking on the chief sponsor of the "Family Protection Act," Senator Roger Jepsen, effectively mobilized a broad-based coalition of groups ranging from the Iowa PTA to the March of Dimes to the Des Moines Chapter of the NAACP to join with them in a dramatic appeal to the Republican Senator to participate in a public forum on the issues raised by the legislation.

Eighteen groups signed the original petition in a parchment-signing ceremony, after which the letter was hand-carried to Jepsen's Des Moines office. The action was the first multi-group effort

requesting Jepsen's public defense of his position on the FPA, and the carefully-orchestrated media event called the proposed legislation into question on several key areas. In a series of questions underscoring their concerns, the coalition noted the apparent infringement of the freedom of speech, the separation of church and state, and the elimination of due process of law which the proposed bill may invoke.

Joined later by other groups (including the area's United Methodist Bishop), the coalition further challenged Jepsen to publicly acknowledge their invitation, noting the concern that public discussion was being deferred and that they feared sections of the FPA might be introduced as separate legislation or riders on existing bills.

The coalition noted that elected officials not only have responsibility to debate issues in their respective assemblies,

but also are responsible for representing the people "back home" who put them in office. The coalition members challenged Jepsen both to discuss the issues involved in the FPA and to listen to opposing viewpoints as a part of his responsibilities and commitments to the office of United States Senator.

Steve Endean, Executive Director of the Gay Rights National Lobby, quickly agreed that the FPA isn't going to pass soon, but went on to say that the FPA is both a threat and a good opportunity. "Clearly," he said, "the strategy of the Moral Majority and the rest of the New Right is to use various sections of the FPA as riders to other bills — obviously posing a real threat to us. But in a very real sense, the Family Protection Act offers us a wonderful opportunity — both in terms of mobilization and coalition building." ■

Kiss and Make Up

Gloria Z. Greenfield, co-owner of Persephone Press (a Lesbian feminist publishing house) recently received the State University of New York at Oswego's most prestigious award given to an alumnus. Greenfield herself was a bit amused by the award, which is given to those who have "especially distinguished themselves in a chosen field, thereby bringing credit to themselves and to the college."

At her graduation in 1974, she grabbed the microphone from the dean and sarcastically thanked him for four years of a racist and sexist education. Since then she has gone on to publish several feminist books, including *The Wanderground* by Sally Gearhart, *Lesbian Poetry*, edited by Ely Bulkin and Joan Larkin, and *This Bridge Called My Back*, edited by Gloria Anzaldúa and Cherrie Mora-

ga. "I'm rather surprised and honored that this same administration is offering me yet another opportunity to zap them," Greenfield told Boston's *Gay Community News* in a recent interview.

Demonstrators zapped the courthouse in Sydney, Australia recently in protest against a court decision which found Robert Lovett guilty of "serious affront" for kissing and caressing another man in a Gay disco. About 60 people gathered together and proceeded to "engage in tongue-kissing and mutual fondling in front of courthouse officials, police, passersby and television cameras," reported the *Sydney Star*. The paper noted that apart from the busily involved protesters there were speakers and music by the Gay Liberation Choir. Not one complaint was made by passersby

who witnessed the "Kissing and Fondling Session," although the event received extensive media coverage.

Perhaps not so enthusiastic about media coverage of kissing and fondling is the International Football Federation, which has told soccer players in Zurich to "act like men and stop hugging and kissing each other after scoring goals." The federation in its September bulletin called upon national soccer associations to take disciplinary measures against "unmanly behavior," claiming that such "exultant outbursts of several players at once jumping on top of each other, kissing, and embracing is really excessive and inappropriate and should be banned from the football pitch." But, then, why else would anyone want to join the team?

Xmas Wrap-up for the Mad

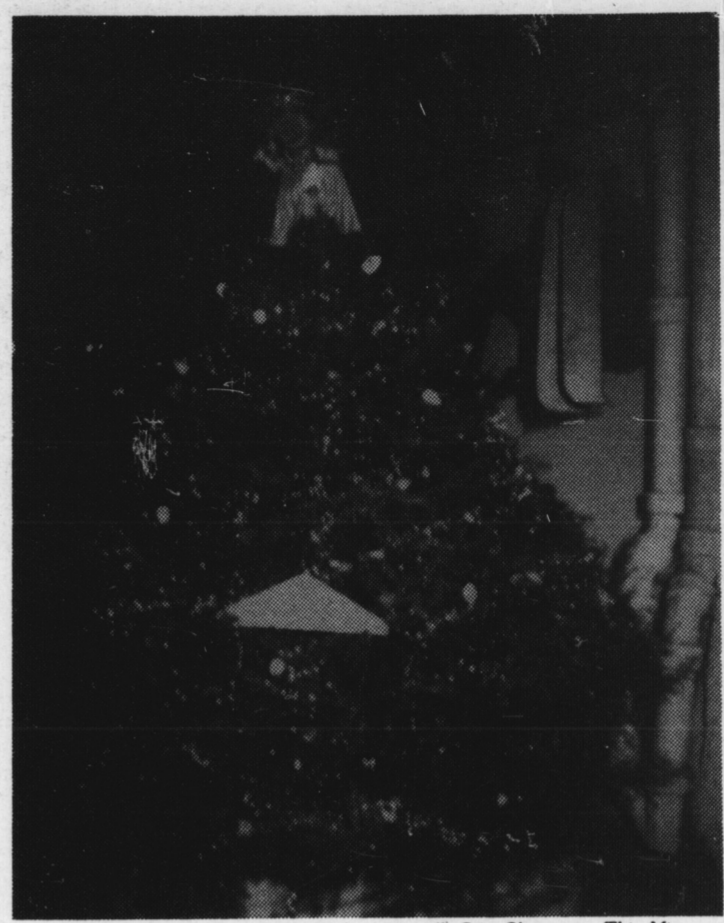
When You Care Enough to Send the Very Best

Seasonal gift-giving is always a problem, especially when you and your friends are trying to outdo each other in lavishness or bizarre tastes. The recent slowdown in Christmas sales did nothing to stop the imagination of Brandon Judell, a writer for *Philadelphia Gay News*. Judell had the following pearls of wisdom for enthusiastic shoppers:

1. If you are purchasing a cock ring and you've forgotten the size of your friend's balls, get a leather one with snaps. They can fit a Gay blade with elephantiasis. Besides, when the furious winter wind is blowing, the metal ones freeze your kishkas off!
2. If you plan on sending a hustler over to a friend as a gift, be sure to try the merchandise out yourself. Question the stud about his thoughts on Botticelli, Rembrandt and Fragonard. If he responds "I don't watch 'General Hospital' anymore," you know he's worth every cent!

Judell also had a few gift ideas for celebrities. He suggested sending Debbie Reynolds an autographed photo of Agnes Moorehead and a marble vibrator. And for Norman Mailer, the prison pen pal lists from the last 20 issues of *Drummer Magazine*.

If that isn't enough to satisfy your stranger tastes, there's always the Swinging Telegram, an idea which has caught on in Chicago. You can choose between standardized items such as the Cowboygram, the High-campgram, the Leathergram and the Tutugram for \$50. But Gay Wyres delivers more than just the message. A group of professional actors and dancers (male and female) are available. Just think what it would be like to hear the doorbell ring at a cozy little soiree and in walks Joan



It's never too early or too late for a "mad" Gay Christmas. This Miss Piggy starred tree was submitted by Jeffery Z. Wilmouth. Note the hanging hanger.

Crawford spraying kitchen cleaner and passing out hangers to all the guests. Not only does Joan sing a little greeting message (birthday or otherwise), but she'll also check to see that your bathroom is tidy

and up to standard before she leaves. You should see what Gay Wyres has for a Get-Well-Gram or the Sugar Plum Fairy!

Benefit Auction

Entertainer/bartender Randy Johnson is home sick, incapacitated with a serious infection. He needs help.

His friends have organized a benefit auction Thursday, January 7, at The Watering Hole at 8pm.

Royalty will be on hand, also Gangway Suzie and Sweet Lips.

Bryon Todd of The Watering Hole (6th & Folsom) can be reached at 621-9628.

But What If God Is A Drag Queen?

Hoping for divine intervention, conservative Christians in Dallas planned prayer vigils in the hopes that the good Lord would halt the 10th annual Miss Gay America pageant. Critics of the contest claimed it was part of an effort to turn Dallas into the "world headquarters for homosexuality" and gain legitimacy as a minority for Gay people. Jerry Kneip of the 3rd Congressional District Conservative Caucus stated, "We don't want Dallas to become another San Francisco."

Meanwhile, in Florida, Lee County Sheriff Frank Wanicka refused to provide security for the "Miss Gay South-west Florida Pageant." The show was originally planned to be staged in Lee County Arena. Bucky Hirschmann, a 22-year-old florist and 18-year resident of Fort Myers who had begun planning the pageant in June, stated, "The director of the arena said he would love to have it, but the next day he heard the sheriff would not issue security. I like to die." In an interview with the *Fort Myers News-Press*, Wanicka claimed, "Certainly, I'm against it. It's wrong. It's an abomination. It's disgusting and it's abnormal — a bunch of men coming to Lee County to dress up like women — that's sick and some of the people in the area

might not take too kindly to it and go to something like that to bust some heads together. I'm not trying to impose my personal opinions, but I'm the sheriff and I think that's what people expect of me. Something like this would flood the area with homosexuals and I just don't think that's what the people of Lee County want." Wanicka was condemned in an editorial in *The Miami News*, which stated, "Ultimately, by denying the pageant the required security force and thereby forcing the organizers to move it elsewhere, the Sheriff's Department of Lee County and the residents it claims to speak for are revealing themselves as fearful — and that's not the same as being conservative. Certainly, it's not, in any ideal sense, American." Hirschmann has since received death threats, criticism from Gay people and lost his job at his parents' flower shop. He is planning to move to Sarasota and hold the pageant there, instead.

Across the Pacific, 5,000 American sailors on board the U.S.S. Midway were given a "pre-port briefing" before they left for shore leave in Pattaya, Thailand. Included in the briefing was a film about Pattaya explaining that the nightlife included a number of very convincing Thai transvestites.

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So. Calif. Gay Studies

ONE Institute Graduate School, the first Gay institution to become a fully authorized graduate college of higher education in the field of Homophile Studies, announced this week its new Spring Semester Program (Feb. 1 - May 17, 1982). ONE Institute Graduate School will be offering a full course of study leading to M.A. and Ph.D. degrees in Homophile Studies.

Dr. Dwain Houser, Chancellor of the Graduate School, said that the Spring offerings would consist of: *History 500/600: The Record of Sexual Variance from Prehistory to the Fall of Rome*; attitude changes in differing periods and cultures. *Literature 500/600: The Homophile Vein in American Literature*; early Spanish, French and English colonial fiction, drama, poetry to the present. *Philosophy 500/600: Homophile Studies: An Analytic Method*; areas of relevance from various disciplines evaluated. *Philosophy 510/610: Questions of Morality and the Homophile Lifestyle*; ethical problems within same-sex relationships. *Sociology 500/600: Theoretical Concepts in the Sociology of Homosexuality*; labeling theory, gender dysphoria, group stigmatization, and value systems, as they relate to societal reactions.

Directed research is also available in history, law, literature/arts, philosophy, psychology, sociology, and clinical studies.

For further information and full catalog, write to: Office of Admission, ONE Institute Graduate School of Homophile Studies, 2256 Venice Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90006, or telephone David G. Moore, Assistant Dean for Student Affairs (213) 735-5252.

Health Department Top 13 List

Statistical Report of Certain Communicable Diseases for the Month Ending November 1981

	Year to Date		
	1981	5-yr range ('76-'80)	
	Nov.	High	Low
Amebiasis	55	699	577 81
Gonorrhea	1351	15191	17019 14951
Hepatitis, Viral	82	1602	1836 925
Measles	-	2	76 13
Meningococcal Inf.	-	13	14 1
Mumps	5	32	42 28
Pertussis	1	7	29 8
Rubella	1	10	436 10
Salmonellosis	6	149	148 103
Shigellosis	32	506	546 348
Syphilis	249	1697	1585 1109
Tuberculosis	30	355	480 254

WILD & WOOLLY

Headliners

WOOLLY

It may have been the most fascinating headline of the year . . . that one in the *Chronicle* last week on an ad by a prestigious local department store. Above four attractive models, photographed with big open-mouth smiles and cute-as-hell nautical drag, was the bold, black headline, "B.J.'S ON DECK . . . an Attitude, a Feeling." The tag line was, "Bullock's, Not An Ordinary Store." Apparently not.

Rummaging through the fine print, one finds that B.J.'S is the nickname of the store's sportswear dept. Well now! Could such a double entendre be coincidental? Could it snow in Union Square on Christmas Eve? There is that possibility, I suppose.

But imagine a striking new sex-in-advertising campaign: evening clothes photographed in one of the better brothels about town instead of the old Opera House lobby; men's sportswear in the locker room at the baths; gold jewelry on the dresser of a one night stand; luggage in a tea room at the airport; Gucci leathers at a S&M bar. Fantasy land for some . . . everyday living for others . . . but the concept is salable.

Although highly creative, this recent headline achievement does not quite measure up to the double standard of a pair of golden oldies that appeared in the *Chronicle* during the Vietnam War of all times. Premier Nguyen Cao Ky had control of all U.S. troop movements

in the Da Nang area. Plastered over a four-column story of military maneuvers there was the fanciful upper case headline, "KY PERMITS TROOPS TO ADVANCE," followed shortly thereafter by, "KY FACILITATES MARINE WITHDRAWAL."

A copywriter seldom gets an opportunity like that. But that one sure as hell rose to the occasion. Think what this sly puss could have done with the Gay version of M*A*S*H.

Moving right along with the old *Chron*, the Help Wanted ads often carry a caption indicating a company's nondiscrimination policy based on gender (sex?). For brevity it is usually expressed "M/F/H."

Consider the plight of the enthusiastic young twink who rushed down to Standard Oil to apply for a job under the third category, only to be informed that the H referred to Handicapped. Oh well, back to the Locker Room.

Meanwhile, the *Chronicle* continues to enlighten us by default. In a United Press story, Pope John Paul II is quoted as saying that men and women will retain their sense of sexuality in heaven, but marriage and procreating will not exist there. After an interpretation like that, what else can you do but equate heaven with Gay life?

The Pope concludes, "The words (of the Bible) seem to affirm that the human bodies . . . will maintain their mascu-

line and feminine peculiarities . . . in all the dimensions of terrestrial existence." Now things get a little murky in there as if the Holy See were at sea on the subject. Still, in the eyes of the Vatican we appear to be out of this world, in case you weren't sure of that already.

See what comes of not advocating birth control, abortion and legalized divorce.

From the sublime to the ridiculous, the *Chronicle* carries us with an article reprinted from the *Chicago Sun Times*, in which the author expounds on the new gossip. She claims that no longer is sex the dominant theme of chit chat, but that the real gossip is now about power and money . . . who has them and who doesn't.

She asserts that Homosexuality has become trite. Gays are coming out of the closet in droves and literally sending out engraved announcements. She claims that only when she or her husband are the objects of homosexual overtures is the subject worthy of serious gossip. She should be so lucky.

To paraphrase Ben Johnson, "To be tired of homosexuality is to be tired of life." Of course, Big Ben actually said London, but that was hundreds of years ago before Oscar Wilde originated the coming out process.

It is difficult to think of Chicago being so trendy that the masses are tired of speculating about who really is, who isn't, and who is commuting between. When power and money take over from sexual persuasions, can impotence be far behind?

Sinatra may sing, "My kind of town, Chicago is." Personally, I prefer San Francisco, New York, Paris, Amsterdam and about two hundred other places including Biloxi, Mississippi, and Damascus, Syria.

Sex Changers Pay Price

What Price the Wings of Man?

Remember when Eastern Airlines spent a fortune plugging their entry into the California market with special "Trans-Con" service? It seems that "Con" is the only word Eastern wants to use with that touchy little prefix "trans." A former Eastern Airlines pilot recently filed a \$4 million civil rights suit in Federal Court claiming that Eastern refused to allow the pilot back to work following a sex-change operation.

Prior to becoming a woman Kenneth Francis Ulane was an Eastern pilot for more than 12 years, earning \$60,000 a year as a first officer. He had been decorated for air transport service in the Vietnam war. In April of 1980 he underwent surgery and emerged as Karen Frances Ulane. Other pilots and crew members subsequently submitted statements that they would not fly with Ulane. In a dismissal statement from Thomas R. Buttton, Senior Vice-President of Flight Operations, Ulane was informed that "It is our belief that the controversial nature of the operation will detract from and prevent any flight crew of which you are a part from operating safely. The operation has changed you from the person Eastern hired. Eastern would not have hired you had it known

that you contemplated or might in the future take such an action."

Meanwhile, in San Antonio, Texas, a federal judge ruled that the U.S. Air Force can prevent a transsexual in the process of sex change from dressing in women's clothing. Raymond Parker, 61, underwent hormone therapy at the University of Texas Health Science Center. The therapy caused him to lose most of his facial and body hair as well as to develop breasts and wide hips. After almost two years of chemical and psychological therapy, Parker was denied a sex change operation because physicians felt he did not "project a sufficiently feminine presentation."

Parker, who has a son, had his name legally changed to Dorothy following his 1978 divorce. He claims that the Air Force's dress requirements which made him wear men's clothing caused him to be denied the final stages of the sex-change.

U.S. District Judge William S. Sessions denied a claim for \$25,000 damages by Parker, who was a civilian employee at Kelly Air Force Base. Sessions agreed that cross-dressing may be considered essential by medical experts to aid

the success of a sex-change operation, but asserted that the Air Force was within its rights to require Parker to dress as a man for his work as a maintenance parts clerk. The Air Force claimed that if Parker dressed as a woman it would cause disruptions, demoralize other workers and "cause some confusion about which restroom plaintiff should use."

Mistrial in Psycho Case

Santa Ana, CA

A mistrial was declared last week in the murder trial of a psychologist charged with killing his homosexual lover who he said treated him like a "battered wife."

Superior Court Judge Myron Brown made his ruling after jurors in the trial of Dr. Telford Moore said they were split three ways.

Brown said he would set a second trial date December 11.

Moore, 36, was charged with killing Stanley Espinada, 45, his business partner and a former high school chemistry teacher with whom he carried on an 18-year-long relationship. The victim was found shot to death November 5, 1980, in the fashionable home the couple shared in Newport Beach.

Moore said he had been treated like a "battered wife" by Espinada, but never considered leaving him until he fell in love with a woman.

POLITICS AND PEOPLE

1981's Last Huzzahs

WAYNE FRIDAY

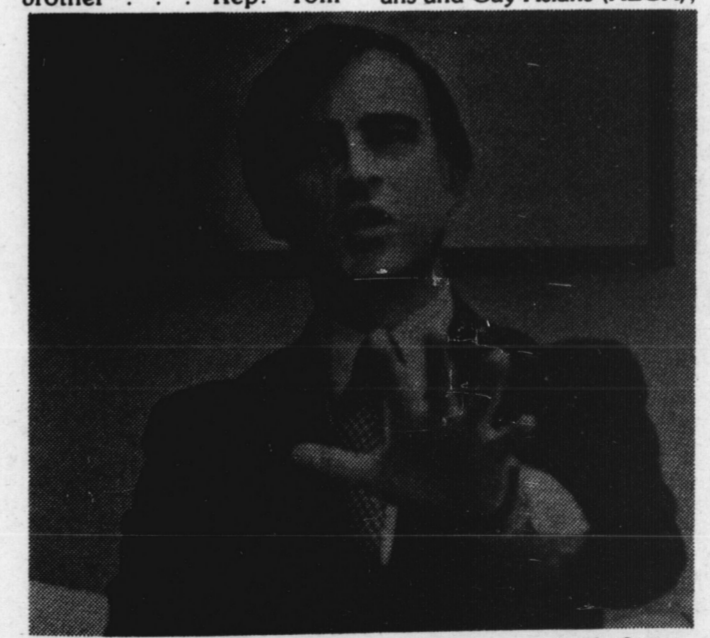


Supervisor Richard Hongisto and his Elizabeth — looks down the road to 83, 87. In '81 he was dubbed columnist Bill Mandel's favorite pol. (Photo by Rink)

Senator Alan Cranston, while losing the battle that he led in the Senate against the AWACS deal, might come out a winner after all; the Minority Leader of the Senate, West Virginia's Robert Byrd is in a lot of trouble with fellow Dems in the Senate and a respectable number are urging Cranston to run against Byrd for the leadership post in 1982 . . . former Supervisor Terry Francois, who led the fight to repeal district elections, will seek a seat again next year on the Board; many see Francois' candidacy as an attempt to replace Doris Ward, the only Black Supe up for election in 1982.

Orange County's political consulting firm Butcher-Forde, who managed the Briggs Initiative (Yes on 6) campaign, now being used by Sleepy Sam Hayakawa to help get the Senator re-elected . . . in Connecticut, one of the best Republican friends that Gays have in the U.S. Senate, Lowell Weicker will be challenged in that state's primary next year by Prescott Bush, the vice president's brother . . . Rep. Tom

"Menage A Trois," an interracial and intercultural benefit for the Association of Lesbians and Gay Asians (ALGA),



Governor Jerry Brown in line for more low grade competition for Senate nomination.

Lantos, the only congressman in the Bay Area to vote against the Washington, D.C., sexual reform act, might be challenged in next

Black and White Men Together, and the Stonewall Gay Demo Club, will be held January 20 at the Endup on Harrison Street from 8pm to

closing, \$1 entrance, with free buffet and no-host bar . . .

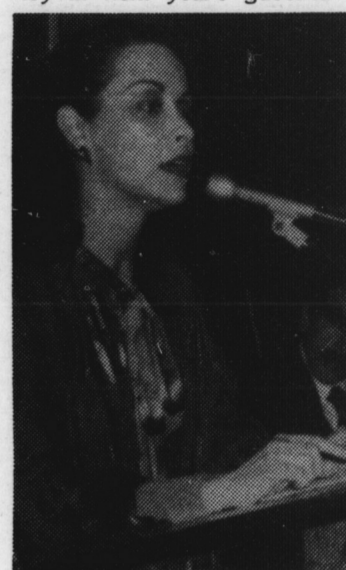
Gay and Lesbian labor supporters applauding Supervisor Harry Britt's lone vote on the Board recently against a raise in the Police permit charges that will force workers in local bath houses to pay the incredible sum of \$86.50 for the right to make a minimum wage in those jobs. At the last Board meeting, Supes Dolson and Hongisto introduced a measure to repeal the item . . . and don't forget the Mexican Dinner at La Fuente Restaurant (2 Embarcadero Center, January 19) to benefit the Harvey Milk Gay Demo Club; dinner is \$10, starting with a 7pm cocktail . . .

If you believe in polls, here is one for you — for the first time in three years our Bigot Anita Bryant has dropped off the Gallup Poll's list of most admired women; and even more surprising poll has the recently released Gallup one that has Ronald Reagan as the "most admired" man in America. (Did anyone ask you?) . . . and a few Gays have expressed an outrage at a new quarterly publication by the Moral Majority that has popped up on some racks of magazine stores in the City; the garbage is called "Morality '82," and no matter how inquisitive you might be about what Falwell and Company are saying about us, don't buy the damned thing because your money spent goes direct to the Moral Majority; (better yet, do as Gerry Parker recently did when he noticed it at his local Pharmacy and was successful in demanding that it be taken off the rack) . . . the Stonewall Gay Demo Club meets January 4 at the Women's Building and discussion will center on the planned gigantic development by the Southern Pacific, plus a discussion of the influx of new shops, boutiques, etc., in the Castro (a speaker from City Planning will be there and the meeting starts promptly at 7:30pm) . . .

This column carried an item back in July that "several good friends of a popular Bay Area legislator are worried about his health," and though we were pressured to tell more about the rumor, we declined to do so; however, the January issue of the *Sacramento-based California Journal* will say that "the hottest story chase in the Capitol in recent months has been the effort by reporters to confirm the rumor that Speaker Willie Brown is going blind from a congenital eye disease. Brown says there is no foundation to the rumor, although some of his colleagues say otherwise . . . and one member of the State Senate recently told me that although the good news is that State Senator John Schmitz might run for the United States Senate nomination next year, and thereby have to give up his seat in Sacramento; the bad news is that if Schmitz does run for the federal job his wife will probably seek his State Senate seat, and according to my friends, "she is just as bad as he is" . . . incidentally, Art Agnos sent out a classic press release blasting Schmitz for his statement of December (issued on the stationery of the Senate Committee on Constitutional Amendments): Agnos commented that "Senator Schmitz has demonstrated an irrational, militaristic and vicious hatred with his attack on Jews, women and Gays" . . . the Democratic race for U.S. Senator next year could get nearly as crowded as the Republicans — State Senator

Nicholas Petris of Oakland is now thinking of entering the race as the "liberal Democratic alternative" to Jerry Brown . . . according to reports out of Houston, the anti-Gay police union and other groups known to dislike Gays are now falling over themselves to just about everyone; this column hears that Mike Hennessey, Milton Marks, and Sam Duca are among recent recipients . . . attorney Melvin Belli commenting in the *L.A. Times* last week on his wife Lia's political future (Lia is presently president of CDC) said, "It's just a question of time before you'll have a chance to vote for her for governor. She's going to run. I don't know when, but she'll probably go for Secretary of State pretty soon. Lia is all of 30.

Some of his closest friends tell me they expect Senator Milton Marks, a liberal Republican, to endorse Tom Bradley in next year's gubernatorial



Lia Belli, president of the CDC. Her husband Melvin says to watch her; someday she'll be running for state-wide office. (Photo by Rink)

election . . . Gene Prat, popular with some Gays here when he ran for Sheriff a few years back, and now a candidate for Superintendent of Public Instruction against Wilson Riles next year, sought the endorsement of former controversial Superintendent Max Rafferty and

has reportedly been given the good housekeeping seal of approval by the arch-conservative Rafferty . . . meanwhile, Supervisor Quentin Kopp, apparently suffering from boredom on the Board, is still writing his now-famous hand-written letters to just about everyone; this column hears that Mike Hennessey, Milton Marks, and Sam Duca are among recent recipients . . . attorney Melvin Belli commenting in the *L.A. Times* last week on his wife Lia's political future (Lia is presently president of CDC) said, "It's just a question of time before you'll have a chance to vote for her for governor. She's going to run. I don't know when, but she'll probably go for Secretary of State pretty soon. Lia is all of 30.

Aaawww, what the hell, next year is an election year and it will be more exciting for all of us; Happy New Year, everyone!

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RELIGION AND US Year-End Church Bits

RICK WEATHERLY

Well, well, let's see what we have in our New Year's grab bag... Maybe someone is listening at City Hall. The two MCC's in the City (Golden Gate and MCC-SF), Congregation Sha'ar Zahav, and CUAV joined in an appeal after the Nicholas Ritus murder on Polk Street. The groups called for a public statement by the mayor acknowledging that anti-Gay violence exists, prosecution of juveniles as adults in such cases, and special efforts to combat this sort of violence through the S.F.P.D. and District Attorney's office. The city parents seem (following yet another Polk Street murder) to have done just that. Amazing! Sort of like talking to a wall all your life; then the wall answers!

The Board of Directors at MCC-SF, after three months of deadlock, have announced that they will present a candidate for Pastor on January 3. A board election in November placed two new members into the process while dropping two others. This seems to have gotten things off dead center. Michael England has been interim-ing since Jim Dykes' resignation in July. England is among the possible candidates for permanent (as "permanent" as is anything in MCC) replacement. But the board has been very closed-mouth about their work, so few if any know what is in store for January. The congregation, by vote, will have the final say.

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Poor Bill Swing! Try to please everyone and end up alone. Seems he's being hit from both sides in matters homosexual. After installing "parsons" for the Parsonage (555-A Castro), causing a central valley paper to headline "BISHOP MAKES GAYS LAY MINISTERS" (causing Herb Caen no end of delight), the bishop then was quoted as not approving of "the gay lifestyle" (which one, Bill? Celibate? Leather? Drag? Anglicanish - priestly - closet style?). Such feelings, which Swing has made no secret of in the past, did not sit well with some "parsons." "Some saw it as a slap in the face," said one to me. Then some big, rich, suburban (read "straight and homophobic") congregations of his diocese made it clear that they were most unhappy at perverts being coddled by God's shepherd. Yoicks! Watch the diocesan budget! Dive! Dive! Swing has been most silent since. Rumors circulate of private "reconciliation" meetings for the future between the Parsonage folks and His Grace. But some of the Episcopalian Gays, say other Episcopalian Gays, are trying to "deliberately provoke controversy," e.g. by pushing Swing for a clarification on just what he believes about his Lesbian and Gay flock members. Prophets? Pariahs? Parsonage sources report that they've got six months of time and funding to show some results in their drop-in "ministry of reconciliation." But they appear to be reconciling very few. Early reports indicate that most of the time the parsons have been sitting around lonesome. Not too many Castroids have charged in pleading, "Please!

Reconcile me!" New shows start slow in Le Ghetto; just look at the poor Phoenix up the street. All that high-tech S&M decor and the leatherish set sits ensconced at the Castro Street Station a few doors up. Now, perhaps if the Parsonage could convert to an after-hours club...

"THEY DESERVE EACH OTHER" ITEMS

The United Presbyterian Court (not Southern) has become a "friend of the court" for Bob Jones University in its fight with the IRS over BJU's abuse of and discrimination against blacks. Seems BJU didn't even admit blacks till 1971, then only if they were married. It allowed a massive liberalization in 1975 by admitting single blacks who would sign a pledge not to date whites. BJU is noted for, among other things, being a center of the grossest forms of "Christian" right-wing bigotry, and their evangelical karate team. (Would I kid you? "Jesus can break the power of sin in your life," says a grinning team member holding a board. "KEEEEEEEY-llllll," screams another as he breaks the board with his foot, thereby giving the Church an important new symbol.) Since Bob Jones himself is a major homophobe, the homophobic UPC apparently has found a kindred soul. Wonder if John Calvin ever broke a board with his foot?

Speaking for the National Conference of Catholic Bishops on November 18, John Roach wrapped the comforting robes of Holy Mother Church about the Moral Majority, defending their right to speak out "on the public issues." Perhaps the good fel-

lows were unaware that MM regularly uses lies, appeals to fear, and the crassest sort of manipulation in its speakings out. May they all be happy together.

NOW, FOR THE GOOD NEWS...

Jerry Falwell's Moral Majority, new darling of the U.S. bishops, reports it ended the year \$500,000 in the red. Too bad this was on an income for the year of \$5.77 million. Oyl We should have such deficits!

Logos Press, which brought us such wonders as the rabidly anti-Gay *The Third Sex* and *The Gay Theology* along with some of the worst sort of demon-casting-out literary pap, has gone belly up. They filed for bankruptcy, citing \$5.5 million in debts.

Maybe Logos and MM should ask their new buddies, the Catholic bishops, for a loan. I understand John Cardinal Cody is pretty free with a checkbook.

OH, ALL RIGHT, IF YOU INSIST: A GOOD WORD ABOUT BISHOPS...

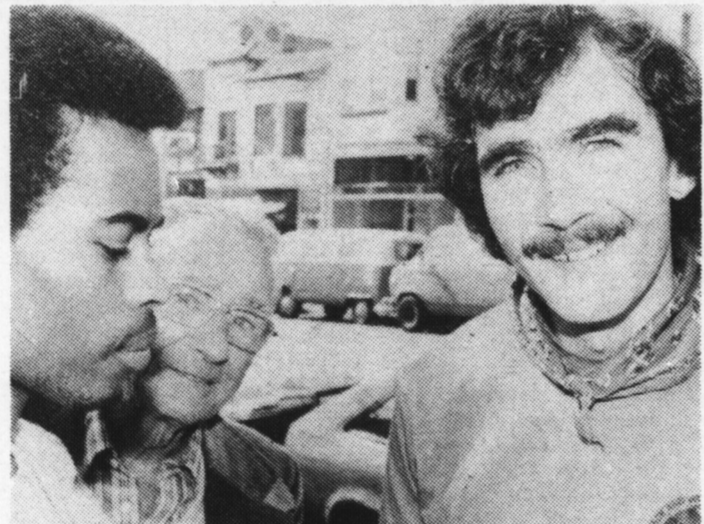
S.F.'s own Bill Swing and John Quinn (the Roman one) deserve kudos for their recent lamentations of our nuclear madnasses. Doesn't matter much if we homosexuals win our rights if we all fry under human-made suns. Quinn, you may remember, dumped all over his Lesbian/Gay flock a couple of years ago in a pastoral (so-called) letter, and this year (1981) he cancelled a performance of the Gay Men's Chorus in an R.C. church. His nuclear statement proves you can't be a complete jerk about everything.

Blacks, Whites and Asians Dance

Black, white and Asian Gays and Lesbians will be celebrating at **Menage a Trois**, the intercultural social event which is to happen at The Endup on Wednesday, January 20, from 8pm to closing. Dancing to music of the 60's, 70's and 80's will be in one area, and a buffet will be served (compliments of the house) in another part of this popular dance bar.

The event is sponsored jointly by the Association of Lesbian and Gay Asians (ALGA), Black and White Men Together, and Stonewall Gay Democratic Club. These three organizations believe this to be the first time any three such groups have jointly staged an event. There will be a minimal cover charge of \$1 and a no-host bar. Information about the three clubs will be available, but the point of the evening is social. It is expected that friends of the members of all three groups will attend and get to know one another.

Stonewall Gay Democratic



Black and White Men Together is one of three groups sponsoring "Menage a Trois" benefit January 20 at The Endup. (L to R) Richard Smith, Fred, and Claver Canfell. The other two clubs sponsoring are the Association of Lesbian and Gay Asians and Stonewall Gay Democratic Club.

Club, which has led the community in many actions during the years since its formation in 1975, has been instrumental in bringing together the elements of this event. The decor of the occasion is being handled by Black and White Men Together, and will

feature a visual show on the theme of the music of those decades in the recent past. ALGA will have charge of door admissions and the table of information materials. In this three-way host function, the title **Menage a Trois** will become a reality.

Colorado Again Denies Custody To Lesbian Mother

In mid-November, the Colorado Court of Appeals in *M. v. M.* affirmed the denial of custody to C.M., a Lesbian mother. In its decision, the Court of Appeals relied on the finding of the trial court that the children could experience difficulties in their "peer relationships" if the mother's sexual preference became known. Lambda Legal Defense & Education Fund, Inc., filed an *amicus curiae* (friend of the court) brief in this case.

Court stated that the trial judge relied on evidence in the record in reaching his decision, this is simply not the case," stated Rosalyn Richter, an attorney with the New York-based Lambda. "Neither the trial judge nor the Appellate Court were able to point to any specific reference in the record to indicate that the children were not well adjusted or were experiencing peer pressure. The Appellate Court simply affirmed the judgment of the trial court without seriously examining

the evidence in the case," noted Ms. Richter.

Lambda and the attorney representing the mother had argued that the judge denied the mother custody solely because she was a Lesbian. The case is critical since Colorado has adopted the Uniform Child Custody Jurisdiction Act which prohibits a court from considering the conduct of a parent which does not affect the parent's relationship with the child. The effect of the Colorado decision is that a parent's Lesbianism can be considered even if there is no evidence to show that it has an actual impact upon the children.

G BAY AREA REPORTER GREATER BAY NEWS

AN JOSE SANTA CLARA CUPERTINO SUNNYVALE REDWOOD CITY PALO ALTO MONTEREY PLEASANT HILL VALLEJO BERKELEY WALNUT CREEK CAMPBELL FREMON

OAKLAND

A Cold Month Turns Hot

NEZ PAS

EX CATHEDRA! (A Blood-shot Nose?)

Egads! It's 1982 already! All of the resolutions are probably broken by now, along with the ornaments and seals from countless liquor bottles! January is traditionally a slow month, with the most exciting thing going on being the white sales at local department stores. It's a month to recover, recoup, and reorganize. The month of the goat is always the quiet before the storm coming for the next eleven months!

SAUCE PIQUANTE! (A Hot Nose?)

Traditionally a month of cold, January once again will be hot and spicy at Revol, come Monday, January 18. That's the night of their second annual "Chili Cook-Off" to find the champion '82 of the East Bay!

Since all proceeds will go directly to the Special Olympics of Alameda County, this year an entry fee of \$2 has been posted, to boost the contributions to that worthy cause.

All advertising and prizes have been donated, and the prizes are: First, \$50 plus trophy; Second, \$30 plus trophy; Third, \$20 plus trophy. When the judging is concluded, eager (?) participants may purchase any and all chili for a buck a bowl, including salads and crackers. Refills will be a buck a bowl, also. All those bucks go to the coffers of Special Olympics, in the name of the East Bay Gay community.

This year's judges have been selected — some had to be shamed into it! Included in this distinguished (?) group are: Crotch Face, the liquor salesman; last year's winner, Pat; and that unpredictable Empress III, Lady Taco Toni!

I understand that the Bench & Bar will be bringing three entries, and several straights are going to participate, also. If last year was any indication, this year the event should be wild and woolly, to say the least. Perhaps the Revol should double their order for free Roloids!

PARALOGY! (A Dated Nose?)

If you haven't obtained one yet, I suggest that you do so as soon as possible. I'm speaking about the 1982 Revol Calendar. It is just not to be believed! Copies are going fast, so a word to the wise (or insane?) is sufficient!

DETRITUS! (A Nose Full of Tidbits?)

Giggles and chortles can still be gleaned when mentioning a "truck stop" to Empress III, Lady (?) Taco Toni, and an erotic elevator to Emperor III, Tony Valentine. Gadzoos! Just what did those two do while down in the southern part of our state?

Emperor III isn't telling how many floors it took to complete whatever was going on inside the cage! Can one go up and down while one is going up and down???

Word has it that someone (a title holder for life from San Jose) has several outstanding bad checks made out to A.C.I.E. and refuses to make them good! Naughty, and tsk-tsk. How many more will fall for her glib lines and smooth-talking tongue? What's a mother to do (especially a Queen Mother)???

The Bench & Bar and Ollie's are once again in full swing with their dining rooms. Dinners almost every night; and, of course, Sunday Brunch is available to tempt the hungry in our midst.

Incidentally, you will have to ask Leslie herself about her chin! That self-named "Door Dyke" at Ollie's is sporting a hirsute growth that just has to be the envy of many "peach fuzzed" men about town. As was overheard from an on-looker, "Hey, Leslie, Lady Schick doesn't make a razor that big!"

Once again I want to remind you about "Choo Choo" at the Lake Lounge. I don't know if that is Choo Choo as in train, boogie, or mastication! Check with bartenders Jon-Jon and Jim — perhaps they are willing to spill the beans!

A note from Mikki and Jean (temporarily in Sacramento) wanted me to relate that both of them want King Father Ken Peacock and Queen Mother Lady Garnet to know that they will work for the betterment of the Gay community, along with all of Alameda County. Does that mean that they are planning to relocate, once again, in the mysterious East Bay?

QUID PRO QUO (A Nose by Any Other Name?)

Wednesday, December 16,

was the turn-about night between an Oakland bar and a Hayward bar. "Irving" the bus left Oakland, full of anticipating imbibers! Upon unloading, Rick and Billy (from Revol) took over the duties behind the bar at Bib Mama's. After their hour-long chore, Hagatha and Zephyr took over and paraded their antics for the bemused crowd! At 10:30 the process was reversed, and Dan and Ed pounded the planks at Revol, until Zephyr and Hagatha took their turn. I understand it was a fun and exciting evening, but why did it take both bars three days to figure out all the over-rings on the cash registers? No word as to which team procured the most tips.

ULTRA CREPIDAM (The Nose Had to See For Itself?)

Last Tuesday, December 29, I demanded to be witness at Roy Plumber's payoff for an auction item proffered almost a year ago. He actually cooked a 7-course gourmet (?) dinner! Relying on a two-burner hot plate and beat-up pots and pans, he managed to rescue disaster from the jaws of defeat and put out an impressive meal. With many people looking on, and laughing, the following was served to Zephyr and Richard. Hors d'oeuvres: broccoli Timbals in lemon sauce. Fish: Steamed Fillets of Sole with saffron sauce. Pasta: Linguine in clam

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sauce. Soup: Artichoke and Hazelnut. Entree: Veal Scallops with poppy seeds, sauteed shredded zucchini, wild rice with chicken livers, hot rolls and butter. Salad: Shrimp and leeks. Dessert: Oranges with Sabayon. Appropriate wines (three, to be exact) and coffee were also provided. The big surprise was Ms. Plumber (as she is wont to do) announcing that she had absolutely no intentions of doing the dishes! Sooo, every single plate, bowl, fork, spoon, saucer, candle, napkin — even the tablecloth — was bundled up and presented to the elated diners! Methinks that Ms. Plumber can expect a turn-about sometime in the near future!

A belated "thank you" to Bob Ross for the absolutely fantastic B.A.R. Christmas party at his home in San Francisco. Everything was outstanding, and the "house-guest" bartender was certainly pleasing to these old orbs! It's always fun to bump elbows, as it were, with fellow reporters, and exchange "shop talk" stories. Except for my spouse and me, everyone

there was "home-based" in San Francisco, but after several Scotches, it made no difference to me that I was, more or less, the foreigner in the group! And — honest, honest, honest — I was pushed into the punch bowl. I didn't fall into it, as some would claim! And the broken chandelier wasn't my fault; someone dared me to swing from room to room! I guess that I am responsible for the plate glass window — how was I to know that the Christmas tree wasn't bolted to the floor? Thank God there was enough punch in the bowl to put out the ensuing fire! And, as for the lox... it jumped off my plate! I'm sorry that Gene Earl had to step on it, and slip; I understand that the bandages will be off in a few days! It was a very friendly group, however; they all cheered and applauded when I left. Now that's class!

May the New Year be filled with Peace, Love, and Tranquility for each and every one of you. And may I inherit a few new sources to aid in writing this weekly epistle. Love, Nez

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Sacramento Coronation

The GNE Court will present the election and coronation of The Grand Duke and Duchess of Sacramento on January 20. Tickets are \$5 in advance and \$7 at the door. The Coronation will be held at the Turn Verrein Hall at 34th and "J" Streets, and doors will open at 6:30 pm. ■

East Bay Gay Jewish Rap

Friday, January 8, 7:30pm Lesbian and Gay Jewish Activists will be having a lively discussion in Berkeley. They will tell each other how they feel about being Lesbian or Gay and Jewish in these precarious times. Call 648-8252 for more information.

MCC For Children

The Metropolitan Community Church of San Jose inaugurated a weekly Sunday school program for children at the end of October of 1981. Twelve children were the initial enrollees of the school, which also includes morning services as well as the School, which meets each Sunday at 11 am. The children were involved with seasonal festivities for the yearly Christmas service, and also helped create a live manger scene. The MCC told the B.A.R. there is room for more children. Interested parties should call the San Jose MCC at (408) 279-2711. ■

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Little Stanislas Has Never Tasted Brie



He will go to bed tonight without poppers. Having no hope of ever owning designer jeans, he is forced to cruise Warsaw tearooms wearing a pair of baggy pants without pleats. Incredible as it may sound, this is the plight of gay people in Poland today. In recent months we have read of Poland's economic chaos. Strikes, shortages, unrest, and rationing make the headlines — to say nothing of the recent imposition of martial law — yet little is said of the effect of these problems on Poland's "little people," people like Stanislas. As in all disasters, it is the ordinary citizen who suffers most.

Life is difficult in Gdansk, Lodz, Warsaw, or Katowice. What little clothing is available is of poor quality, and in last year's colors. House plants are hopelessly scarce. Residents must stand in line for hours to purchase meat and potatoes (imagine the difficulty in obtaining salmon and dill). Fran Lebowitz books are unobtainable, as are fresh fruits and fromage. The only thing preventing gay Poles from opening their veins is the incredible

shortage of razor blades.

As an American, you can lend a helping hand to enable your Polish sisters to weather this crisis. A fund has been organized to provide the assistance gay Poland needs to hold its head high. But we cannot succeed without you, the generous and caring American. Won't you please pick a level of giving from the chart below, and send your check today?

MY PLEDGE

\$50 per month—A gift of \$50 will ensure that your sponsor receives the following each month: A tin of Brie, stoned wheat crackers, *Architectural Digest*, *Christopher Street*, Panteen shampoo and rinse, a Polo shirt, a bottle of Mouton Cadet, Topsisiders, Oil of Olay, and four Quaaludes.

\$25 per month — Your generous monthly check for \$25 will give your grateful Polish friend copies of *Drummer* and *The New Yorker*, a small leather device, poppers, tight Levis, an assortment of handkerchiefs, a pair of warm boots, all the ingredients for veal stew, and four joints.

\$15 per month—Our basic sponsoring level, while omitting some of the luxuries afforded at a higher level of giving, provides those items necessary for your sponsor to lead a full and happy life: *The Advocate*, a form-fitting T-shirt saying "So many men, So little time" in Polish, Perrier, yogurt, Nike sneakers, and poppers.

We urge you to send your generous contribution so that our Polish counterparts can be spared further distress. And remember: little Stanislas is counting on you!

The preceding Public Service announcement was written by B.A.R. Polish correspondent Terry Boots.

BOOK RACK

The Male: From Infancy to Old Age

by Dr. Sherman J. Silber
Scribner's - \$12.95

"The male genitalia are the subject of so much more confusion and pride than other parts of the body that even the most minor ailments can provoke an enormous array of terrifying fantasies."

Silber, an upfront urologist, microsurgeon and fertility specialist, has given us a fairly reliable guide to masculine biology. He considers the psychology, the various diseases, what he calls the "perils of the penis," circumcision, and impotence, among other topics of concern.

He relates many little known and informative sidelights that one does not hear in the doctor's office.

Unknown to most of us, for example, is the fact that males experience five erections each night. These erections may well be correlated with the time when the male dreams (about every ninety minutes). This information can be useful in treating impotence. For if the old love muscle asserts itself during the nocturnal hours when the conscious mind is asleep, we are then aware that the impotence is psychological and not physical. Silber recommends wrapping a few postage stamps around the penis. "If they are broken in the morning the organ is in perfect working order.

We also learn that testosterone, the primary male hormone, sparks the sex urge in

both men and women. It affects the strength of the erotic drive but not the direction. For years researchers were insisting that Gays were strongly influenced by not possessing enough male hormones. But Silber points out that the testosterone remains at the same level throughout the life of the individual.

An especially significant section explains the prostate gland. Silber has found in his medical practice that all males experience a certain amount of prostate trouble as they drift into middle age. There is little that can be done except in serious cases. This is the price one pays for being masculine.

Some of the conditions described sound horrendous, such as the situation where twisted testicle cords can reduce one to a mere eunuch! But we are equally reassured that many medical conditions "down there" are treatable.

Unfortunately our medical guide commits a few howlers toward the end of the book. He is on shaky ground when discussing homosexuality and gender identity. He informs the reader that rape in prison

is committed by men who want to have sex with any warm body and that they pretend their victims are women. Any bright-eyed counselor at a rape crisis center will tell you that rape is an act of force and not sex. Try again, doctor!

Silber also leaves the impression that Gay love is produced by men who identify with women. We are told that little boys receive distorted visual cues during the first year of life which cause them to be Gay. He never expands on what these cues might be. Certainly the connection between Gayness and thinking like the female has been widely overdrawn. Psychiatric knowledge in the hands of a urologist can be a dangerous thing!

When Silber stays within the bounds of his own medical specialty he can be quite convincing and helpful. Therefore, *The Male* is a worthy tool for useful insights about the body human. And don't forget the roll of stamps.

Frank J. Howell

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Choir Concert Revives Christmas Spirit

by George Heymont

For a while there it seemed as if Dr. Seuss would triumph and this would indeed be the year the Grinch stole Christmas. The effects of the economy found fewer of us buying Christmas presents for friends and lovers. At one point I stumbled across a Christmas card which showed an emaciated Santa Claus and read "Put the commercialism back in Christmas." They were making noble attempts at it in West Hollywood where I recently passed by a parking lot with a big sign in day-glo colors which boasted "Gay Christmas Trees."

So this year I pretty much took a pass on the holidays, saving the annual Christmas concert by the San Francisco Gay Men's Chorus and the San Francisco Lesbian and Gay Men's Community Chorus as my one chance to wallow in Christmas sentiment. To no one's surprise, it was the most honest evening of the entire holiday season as friends joined hands in a sincere expression of holiday joy: sharing a good musical laugh here and there, singing sacred music which we all know from our childhood, and reaching out to each other in some badly-needed gestures of tenderness.

The concert, to me, was the perfect way to spend Christmas Eve. If you found yourself stranded this year and heading for the bars or feeling alone, alienated, and withdrawn, make a point of scheduling the concert on your 1982 calendar. When all the hassles of Christmas shopping begin to get you down, "Now Sing With Hearts Aglow" can be a magical elixir to revive one's spirits and bring a rosy glow to one's cheeks.

The S.F. Lesbian & Gay Men's Community Chorus dominated the first half of the program under Robin Kay's direction. I'm delighted to report that the chorus's performance level has improved by leaps and bounds during the course of the year. Pitch is solid, diction is a lot cleaner, and they are working together as a unified ensemble to produce a far more pleasing sound. Robin Kay has apparently worked hard to get them to present a tighter and infinitely more effective performance.

Two Spanish pieces, "Ya Viene La Vieja" and "Fum, Fum, Fum," proved to be little gems, filled with a vivaciousness that was infectious to all in the audience. But it was the campier numbers which brought down the house. P.D.Q. Bach's "Throw The Yule Log On, Uncle John" drew appreciative snickers while Frederick Silver's "The Twelve Days After Christmas" had people roaring approval and rolling in the aisles in merriment. The Chamber Chorus and Vocal Minority teamed up for a delightful rendition of Tom Lehrer's less than traditional "A Christmas Carol."

The second half of the concert belonged to the S.F. Gay Men's Chorus (whose sound continues to astound people). It is a rich, robust singing, filled with masculine beauty and yet incredibly gentle in its phrasing. Whether caressing the music of Benjamin Britten's "Wolcolm Yole!" or ripping into Handel's "Hallelujah Chorus" with all engines full ahead, the Men's Chorus is a phenomenal treat to the ear.

This year the SFGMC got upstaged by its smaller subgroups. Men About Town brought howls of laughter upon their entrance in pajamas, thermal underwear, and nightshirts to sing "I Saw Daddy Kissing Santa Claus." The mugging which accompanied that song and Mark Charlap's "I Won't Grow Up" (from *Peter Pan*) made it hard not to run up onstage and hug those guys to death. The Chamber Singers scored strongly under Robert Erickson's direction. Norman Perry's tenor solo during "Mary Had A Baby" captured the purity and wonder of the Nativity and sent it out to the audience in crystalline sounds. The only group which suffered from pitch problems was the Lollipop Guild, which headed off its course during "Jingle Bells." The barbershop quartet did a fine job, however, with a children's medley arranged by the Society for the Preservation and Encouragement of Barbershop Quartet Singing in America.

The audience sing-along at the end of the concert included such standards as Irving Berlin's "White Christmas," "Adeste Fideles," and "Silent Night." But it was the silence of the "singing" by Steven Lazar which really set hearts aglow in Nourse Auditorium on Christmas Eve. Lazar was performing as an interpreter for the hearing-impaired members of the audience. Anyone who can upstage both choruses as well as Men About Town, the Lollipop Guild, the Chamber Singer, and the Vocal Minority has to put on one hell of a show.

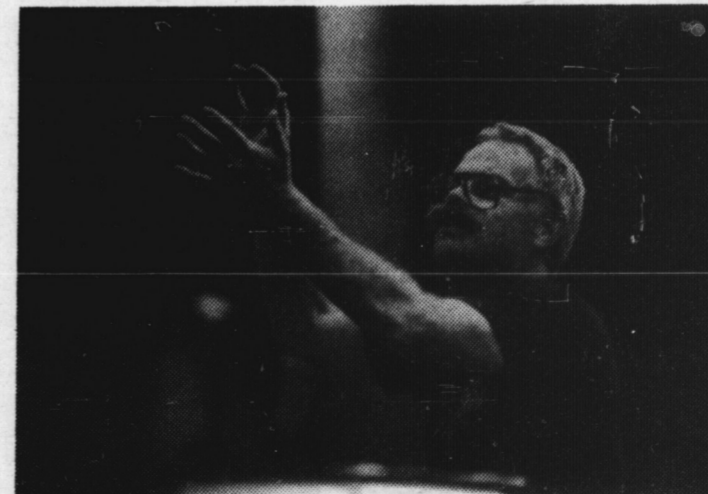
Interpreting spoken text and dialogue into sign language is an art in and of itself. But making the music sing to



Robin Kay accepts the audience's approval during the performance of the Lesbian and Gay Men's Community Chorus. (Photo by Rink)

people who cannot hear it takes a very special talent. Lazar's body language, facile expressions, and deft signing added a very special touch which put every bit of magic and spiritualism (which we often find lacking in the holiday season) back into the holiness of Christmas for all of God's children. I honestly don't know how to convey my admiration for his work. A thunderous standing ovation or a silent "Bravo" would barely capture what Lazar achieved from the stage. "Now Sing With Hearts Aglow" is often thought of as a home away from home for those who cannot be with their families or who prefer to spend their holidays with their Gay brothers and sisters. Mr. Lazar's work not only conveyed the spirit of the music to those among us whose senses might not allow them to hear every note, but also helped raise the consciousness of us all to those minorities within the larger minorities to which we belong.

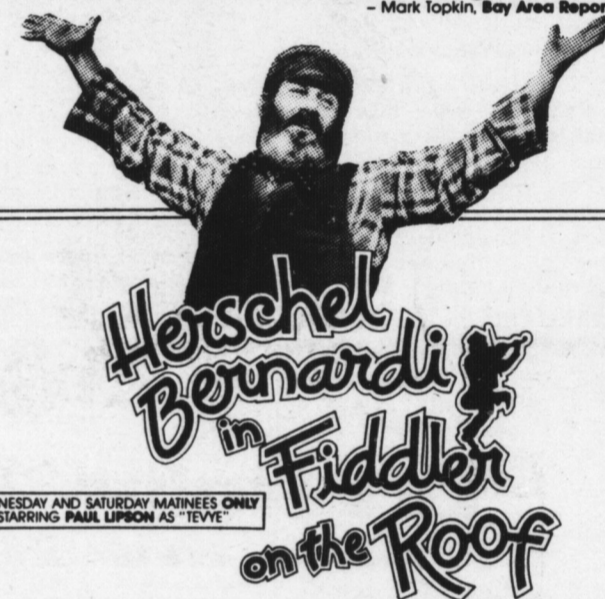
A special tribute goes to Frank Lobraico and John Krause for their excellent set design. With lots of brightly wrapped Christmas presents, a tree which deserved its own production of *Nutcracker*, and tons of snow drifting down past the window panes in the back of the set, they achieved a Christmas Eve of delightful wit, warmth, and wonderment. Maybe Emory was right back in the days of *The Boys in the Band* when he chirped, "Oh, Mary, it takes a fairy to make something pretty!" ■



Gay Men's Chorus Director Dick Kramer during rehearsals for the Christmas concert.

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Part Two of a visit with Robin Kay

by John F. Karr

Caught up in the excitement of the Lesbian and Gay Men's Community Chorus Christmas concert, and the retelling of Robin Kay's Carnegie Hall debut, I bypassed another subject altogether. As a ragtime aficionado I had looked forward to discussing the subject with Robin. I was unprepared for the lighting of eyes, electric onslaught of enthusiasm and dynamic delight that poured out of Robin when I hit that buzzword, ragtime.

It was 1965 when Robin discovered ragtime. Although a ragtime revival was brewing throughout the country, this was still several years before Joshua Rifkin's recording of "The Maple Leaf Rag" leapt to popularity and considerably before *The Sting* made ragtime common knowledge. Robin told me she'd always liked a syncopated beat, but had no knowledge of ragtime pieces. I related how I used to syncopate Strauss waltzes, producing my own ragtime, before authentic pieces became available. Robin laughed, for she recognized the desire for syncopated rhythms that delights so many people, yet went unfulfilled for so long.

One of Robin's neighbors used to hear her practicing the piano as he passed by. One day he stopped and presented Robin with a piece of sheet music. It was Joplin's "Weeping Willow Rag."

"Could you learn this?" he asked. "I've never heard it." Although he was a musician and played in a Dixieland band, he could not read music, since the band members all played by ear. Consequently, printed notes were a foreign language to him. Robin consented to learn the

piece, and asked him to come back in a few days to hear the music. She played it through for herself, somewhat hesitantly, and laughs when she remembers her response.

"This is bizarre!" she thought. "What is this Scott Joplin?"

To say that she was instantly addicted may be putting it mildly, for Robin pursued "this Scott Joplin" until she knew what it was. Along the way she amassed a collection of his music years before it went into general reprint, and learned authentic stylistics from Joplin contemporaries.

Robin sought out the band

"This is bizarre! What is this Scott Joplin?"

her neighbor played with. They played at the old Earthquake McGoon's. She inquired about coaching, but these older, traditionally bound Black artists refused. "They thought it incorrect to be alone with a woman," Robin explained. "So I had to get my lessons in front of paying audiences."

The band leader would announce Robin, and she'd play her ragtime piece. After the

set she'd inquire whether she'd played it correctly. The answer was invariably a resounding "No!" Yet they would not just tell her how it should be played. Their traditions were passed on by ear, not words.

"They made me listen to a jazz trombonist," Robin said. "That's your left hand," they said. This made her recognize the trademark oom-pah left hand of ragtime as an integral part of the form. It was not, as it is so often treated, an accompaniment. The crux of the ragtime feel lies in this phrasing. Robin learned that Joplin would never play a measure with two equally timed notes the same. He would syncopate one of them, and he also allowed other pianists this artistic freedom.

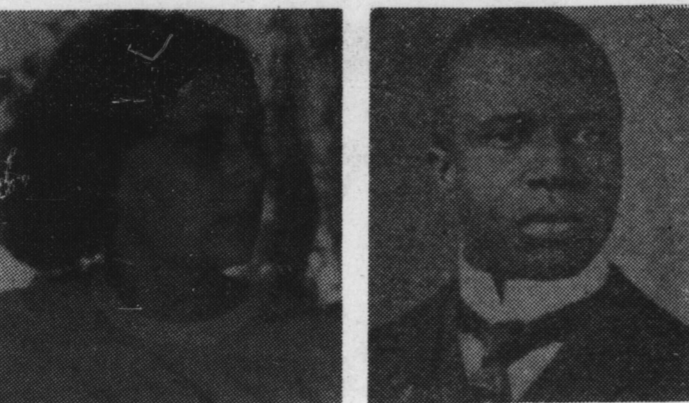
She also learned to get her foot off the pedal. "Sometimes they'd hum to me, to help me get out of the European tradition."

Ragtime, Robin explained, is actually a synthesis of African rhythm and European

Listen to a jazz trombone. That's the piano's left hand.

medley. African drumming consists of one drummer with a steady, core beat and other drummers spinning off it. European music is based on melody. "Ragtime is a marriage of these two cultures," said Robin, "the sophisticated rhythms of Africa and the sophisticated melodies of Europe."

With this synthesis under her belt and beginning to speak through her fingers, Robin pursued the music. "Just before he died Jelly Roll Morton, ill and shoddily clad, trudged through a snowstorm to give all his music to the



Ragtime revivalist Robin Kay, and the man who started it all, Scott Joplin.

New York Public Library," Robin told me. This was where she turned. Indeed, it was one of the very few sources of Joplin's music at the time. Through the library she obtained Joplin's "Rag-

time. She recorded a tape of rags long before Rifkin's record came out, and thereby provided many people's first exposure. She shocked the University of Berkeley staff by including the music in her

Ragtime is the marriage of two cultures: the sophisticated rhythms of Africa and the sophisticated melodies of Europe.

time Dance Ballet." She presented it to the public in Berkeley. It calls for four couples and a singer who "calls" the dances. She hired a choreographer with a specialty in Black dances and presented the ballet in as close a reconstruction of the original as possible.

This was not her sole pioneering effort. Through the late 60's and 70's Robin could be heard on the radio and seen in concert both performing, and lecturing about, rag-

"classical" concerts, and fought for its legitimacy. All along she wanted to hear Joplin in a major concert hall. Satisfying her dream, her choir presented excerpts from Joplin's opera *Treemonisha* in Davies Hall last year.

It was not only the first concert conducted by a woman in Davies Hall, but the crowning moment of Robin's love affair with Mr. Joplin's ragtime. Both he and Robin Kay arrived at a pinnacle together. ■

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Suite 439-17 Queen Street-East
Toronto, Canada, MSC 1 P9

Oscar Wilde: My Crime was to make some highly placed sodomite shake in his shoes?

Higgins: And with him other persons at the pinnacle of power. You threatened a whole social order by threatening one of its basic rules. That rule is not heterosexuality. It is the tacit agreement to — just as an example — keep it dark if you are not heterosexual — to commit yourself to a double life.

Oscar Wilde has come to represent the official martyr for the Gay movement. Since his death in 1900 he is still quoted endlessly and his plays will probably run forever.

It would seem that his life has already been examined and portrayed to the hilt. Why another play?

Eric Bentley has managed to approach his subject with a freshness that enlivens even hard core followers of Wilde. A modern Gay perspective has been applied and some of the dialogue is taken from historic records.

The action is structured around a series of flashbacks. Lord Alfred Douglas is now an old man in 1945 a few months before his death. With some irony and bitterness, he reviews all the familiar events surrounding the rise and fall of his Irish friend.

We are introduced to Oscar's wife, Constance and the two Wilde sons, Cyril and Vivvyan. We meet a close personal friend, Robbie Ross. Douglas' father, Queens-

berry, the sworn enemy of Wilde, is also given a vivid portrayal.

Naturally Wilde is exposed; the famous trial for his seduction of youth is held and he is sentenced to prison for two years. The period after the scandal is not neglected either. During his final years Oscar lived in Paris under the name Sebastian Melmoth.

Eric Bentley is Katherine Cornell Professor of Theatre at the State University of New York. *Are You Now Or Have You Ever Been?*, his documentary play about the hearings of the House Committee on Un-American Activities Committee, has received wide acclaim and was recently performed in the Bay Area. Historically there is little revealed that is new, but Bentley does demonstrate a talent for dramatic highlights and writes lines that underline the sexual lies that are common to all periods of time.

Lord Alfred's Lover would make an exciting production for any theater, Gay or non-Gay.

Frank J. Howell

FILM CLIPS

MICHAEL LASKY

'81 Curtain Remarks: Second Thoughts, or Reconsidered Musings

Sometimes in the flash . . . or flush . . . of passion, a movie reviewer or, as I call our kind, fil-lum crit-tik says things about a movie that he wishes he had not said or thinks of something terribly perceptive he wishes he had said after the review has been set into type; too late, alas, to share with the world.

I've had a few observations after the fact, but most of what I have written was already sensationally brilliant and does not need amending.

However, I regret . . .

1 . . . not accepting *Pennies From Heaven* as the courageous, innovative musical drama that it is. It depicts the bitter spirit of the Depression with its live recreations of Edward Hopper paintings (most notably "Nighthawks") and the cynicism of its characters. Offsetting this are the characters' dreams, all done in musical sequences that mirror the style of their times with caricatures of Busby Berkeley numbers. To make sure that we keep our thoughts on the temper of the times, the actors and actresses lip-sync to records of the period which evoke the wants and desires of the suddenly-improvised middle class. There is only one number that actually furthers the plot, and that's Christopher Walken's snake-charmer strip seduction done to "Let's Misbehave." You want the film's talky sequences to speed up — especially when the musical numbers hype you so, and Steve Martin is a fairly wooden actor. But the film nearly lives up to its high ambitions, and is a courageously innovative musical. Oh, I said that already. Well, I'll say it again.

2 . . . finally catching up with George Cukor's *Rich and Famous* wherein the erstwhile Bette Davis-Miriam Hopkins *Old Acquaintance* has been refashioned in 80s drag for Candice Bergen and Jacqueline Bisset. It's a reprehensible film, made so by its allegedly modern sensibilities (i.e., vulgarity) where just old-fashioned naivete would have rendered it charming and engaging. The best line in the film about two feuding-but-loving writer girlfriends comes when Bisset notes with hypocrisy that she doesn't understand what "this obses-

sion is with young flesh. Why, it's like eating green cantaloupes."

She eats a few herself, one of whom is a stud by the name of Matt Lazzanti. I think he is a GQ model (he certainly isn't an actor!), and he seduces her with a firmness that makes you wet your pants. The camera lingers near his right pec as he s/l/o/w/l/y strips with devastatingly virile attitude. He stands beside Bisset as she sits on the bed. The camera caresses his golden smooth skin down to his pubic hair line, teases us as he teases her, and then comes around to his hard buttocks and then rises



Most critics couldn't figure it out, but the public is beginning to flock to the unique combination of drama and music that is *PENNIES FROM HEAVEN*. Here, before being thrown in jail, is Steve Martin tap dancing through a bank.



Jacqueline Bisset is aghast when Candice Bergen picks a bitch fight with her after 20 years of friendship, in George Cukor's *RICH AND FAMOUS*.

to the ceiling, leaving the rest to our already overstimulated imagination.

The movie continues its lurid and silly plotline, with Bisset looking aged and tired and Bergen in her Judith Krantz coif reciting in southern drawl her decidedly bitchy but not very witty lines. If there were more "green cantaloupes" and fewer sorry attempts at repartee, this would have been a fun picture.

3 . . . San Francisco is considered a "thinking" town by movie studios. We are a cultural oasis in the miasma of redneck America. Consequently, films that do well at the box office here can bomb with a loud thud elsewhere. *Reds* is certainly one example. Here's a film that certainly warrants attention if only for the reasonable intentions or pretensions of its creator, Warren Beatty. But only people not easily impressed (and satisfied) by the slambam-thank-you-ma'am style of *Raiders of the Lost Ark* are



Screen throb Gerard Depardieu stars in Francois Truffaut's *The Woman Next Door*, the only movie in the 20th century to use the word "phlegmatic" in the subtitles. Despite their respective spouses, Depardieu and Fanny Ardant renew an old love affair when she moves in next door. The script is preposterous and the action ponderous. Truffaut is blinded by his obsession with requited love, his famous light touch turning solid as a stale croissant. The phlegmatically long (106 minutes) film is at the Clay. — Michael Lasky

"Pogey Bait" Premieres at Theatre Rhino

The new Theatre Rhinoceros will present the San Francisco premiere of George Birimisa's *Pogey Bait* for a five week run opening January 7, 1982, and performing Thursdays through Sundays at 8:30 with 2:30 Sunday matinees on the 17th and 24th. Tickets are \$6 and \$7 and can be reserved by calling 861-5079.

The play takes place on a U.S. destroyer and concerns a young sailor's attempt to honestly admit his homosexuality.

The production is directed by Theatre Rhinoceros' artistic director, Allan Estes, and features Tom Manzi, Nello Carlini, Ron Lanza, Steev'n Lloyd, Mark Merry, and Russell Krum.

Cattle Co. Bands

The Rainbow Cattle Company, at 199 Valencia, continues to present live bands each Sunday from 5 to 9 pm. Featured on January 3 will be "The Lawyers." On January 10, "The Rounders" will play.

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Diane Keaton, as ethereal looking as her talent is bland, appeared in one of the year's best, *REDS*.

going to give *Reds* any attention at all.

First Monday in October, the Jill Clayburgh/Walter Matthau comedy, was basically a talky but breezy film loaded with wit and ideas that did better in San Francisco than anywhere else. Gallipoli did mountains of business in San Francisco since its summer opening and is still in a healthy second run at the Vogue Theatre, that crusty little dive on Sacramento near Masonic where all fine films play their swan songs.

What I'm saying is that San Francisco has the intelligentsia of the West Coast (with a bow to Seattle). We are an insulated community with one of the highest movie attending populations in the U.S. We're special, and the movie companies know it. Now you do, too!

4 . . . If you've gotten this

CABARET CORNUCOPIA

Full House — A Bendorff Hurrah

The crowd gathering at the Savoy-Tivoli for Full House, a revue of songs by composer/lyricist Bob Bendorff, bridled with excitement. I tried not to be whirled into this feeling. After all, the show could be lousy. But the prospects were fair. Many singers have featured one or two Bendorff tunes in their sets, and these were always excellent songs. So it seemed likely that a full evening of his songs would be a rewarding event. I found that it exceeded my expectations on several counts. It was, simply, the most fully musical, focused, and enjoyable evening I'd spent in some time.

First, and most important, are the songs themselves. There is certainly a rich and varied array of tunes in Bendorff's output, and I don't believe he was even using some of his older tunes. These are more traditionally Broadway oriented, closer to an Irving Berlin tune than the more complex forms Bendorff is using recently. "Some Hot Tomato" is one such early tune. It's lean and sassy, a call from a busy broad cataloging her easy virtues. With its funny lyrics and sexual braggadocio, it was quite a vehicle for Terry Cowick.

An opposite extreme is the understated "I Might Get Carried Away," a whispered confession of the deepest passion. The tune, like the straightforward lyric, is restrained, and recalls Vernon Duke in its line and harmonics. Its utter simplicity ranks it with the best ballads of Broadway. Put into any show of 50s or 60s, it would have become a standard. Crooned huskily by Kevin Ross it was a late-night lovers caress, a tryst between his voice and my ear.

The comic side of Bendorff was explored by Lynda Bergen with a specialty number

called "Lynda Who?" in which the singer complained that people never remember her. Flipping the coin again was "Take One Good Look," a catalogue of the horrors of show biz, presented straightforwardly by Scott Phillips.

Exploring the range of expression within the confines of a script was a song written for a musical version of *The Three Sisters*. If this sounds like an unlikely musical, the song proved persuasive, nonetheless. Owing a certain debt to Sondheim — and that's not a bad pedigree — the tale of crushed hopes and failed aspirations reached great strengths. It is based, like several other recent Bendorff songs, on a motor-like rhythmic device that carries a large number of words and can thus support a dramatic narrative.

The evening closed with a quintessential saloon song, "Save The Last One For Me," and also included romantic ballads, up-tempo pop ballads, haunting character tunes, and Liza Minnelli-like showstoppers. Amidst

The Bendorff revue was the most musical, focused and enjoyable evening I'd spent in some time.

this profusion of quality, one song stood out. "Love, Or So It Seemed," with a frank, realistic outlook in its lyrics and a long-lined and beautiful melody, is a stunning tune. After a solo section, two counter-melodies enter. As the three vocal lines intertwine the song reaches nearly operatic proportions. For my money, this song should supply the evening's title, instead of the catch-all phrase Full House.



It's *The Distractions*, blowing their own horn, something I'm not ashamed to do for them myself. Their off-the-wall humor and deft harmonies have been entertaining crowds for over a month now at The Chi-Chi Theatre Club on Broadway, where their musical/comedy revue *For A Good Time Call...* continues into January. Their tunes range from New Wave to a dance craze called "The Zen" and include "Sylvia, A Mini-Epic of Adolescent Romance and Automotive Tragedy." They cover more ground than was previously known to exist, and do it all while they're singing some toe-tapping tunes. Give them a whirl, that's just what they'll do to you.

John F. Karr

Lending their talents to the evening, and to be congratulated for keeping low profiles, which maintained a focus on the music instead of its performers, was a talented

composer-revues in town. With its all-star cast and multiplicity of wonderful tunes, it should enjoy a longer booking. It will reappear, for one night, on January 11 at the Plush Room.

The ambience of Trinity Place is unusually friendly and encourages many performers to share their spotlight with friends. Just recently Lynda Bergen introduced Eugene Barry, who appeared for the first time in a cabaret setting. He's in the cast of *Street Dreams*, where he's enjoying quite a success. I had looked forward to hearing him solo.

Eugene didn't let me down, despite his nervousness in a new medium. Not as free as he is onstage, he still was exciting to hear, and will no doubt loosen up soon. Lynda and Eugene sparked on several duets, "Street Life" and *Street Dreams*'s standout hit, "Shadow of the Sun," receiving strong audience approval. Eugene's solo on "If It's Magic" was beautiful. His voice is husky and warm, his personality winning, and his person very handsome. I'm not alone in wanting to hear him again.

COMING UP

Kevin Ross at The Pines, January 3, 4:30.

Foodsexual comedian Carol Roberts with Ruby Rodriguez at Fanny's, Thursday, January 7. Carol alone appears every Monday in January at Trinity Place, and will co-host, with Tom Ammi, a Gay Comedy Open Mike at the Valencia Rose Cafe, every Monday evening at 9 pm.

Also enjoyable was the professional and tasteful presentation. With Claudine Wims offering brief and delightful narration ("Bob's first song was 'My 50 Ways of Love,'" she said. "Since then he's given up a couple of ways"), and the singers never missing a beat or flagging, the evening was deftly produced.

Lastly was the presence of Bendorff himself at the piano, weaving and bobbing in joy. He looked for all the world like a white Bobby Short, dapper in black tie. The audience was pleased to shower applause on him, and they could hardly be persuaded to leave when the show ended.

The evening was, then, a predictable smash success. The Bendorff revue offers stiff competition to several other

Mannerstimmen Auditions

Die Mannerstimmen, A Chamber Chorus of Men's Voices, will hold auditions for male voices from January 4th through 9th.

Auditions are open to all males with previous choral experience, knowledge of music fundamentals, and good sight reading ability. Parts are open for three first tenors, two second tenors, a baritone, and two basses. Rehearsals for successful auditions will begin on January 17.

The chorus of twenty voices was formed in 1980 for the purpose of performing original works for men's voices from all musical periods. There is a wealth of music for men's voices seldom heard in the American concert hall, including works by most of the great composers in Western history. The chorus is conducted by its founder, Rodger D. Pettyjohn.

Reviews of the successful concert "Songs to Mary" included Richard Pontziou's of the *Examiner*: "The chorus is on its way to becoming an important part of The City's musical life"; Marilyn Tucker of the *Chronicle*: "These fellows can really sing"; and Jon Randall of the *Voice*: "This is a dedicated and highly serious group that grows in stature and following with every performance."

Auditionees would participate in the following upcoming concerts: "Twentieth Century Voices," spring 1982: Modern music for men by Barber, Hindemith, Vaughan-Williams, Stravinsky, Busotti, Hovhanness, and others. "Eat, Drink and Be Merry," fall 1982: An evening of exquisite dining and Viennese music. "Johannes Brahms — a 150th Anniversary Celebration," spring 1983: includes all male choral music of Brahms.

For more information or to schedule an audition, please call 552-3296.

Expose your Wares in your weekly newspaper Bay Area Reporter

TALES OF TESSI TURA Hiding Under the Covers

GEORGE HEYMONT

Ever have that awful moment of doubt when you roll over to face the body next to you and mutter, "Boy, was I drunk last night!" Could it be that that hot number who looked so delectable under red lights and a haze of drugs is less than godly in the cruel light of morning? Have you lain in bed for five minutes shuddering in anticipation of the moment when he opens his mouth for the purpose of communicating? It could be worse, you know. Someone could have switched corpses on you. Maybe you were so drunk you didn't even notice THAT!

Lots of bodies have been slipping in and out of the bedsheets of late and sometimes with astonishing results. Audiences familiar with Puccini's Gianni Schicchi (a comic one-act recently seen on PBS Live from the Met as part of *Il Trittico*) are hardly taken aback by the sudden switch of bodies and the hilarious results. The lesson is a simple one: things are seldom what they seem.

WHERE THERE'S A WILL

Gianni Schicchi, of course, rests on an ingenious gimmick. The patriarch in a family of money-grubbers finally kicks the bucket. When they find his will they discover that he has given them next to nothing. In their rage and indignation they turn the affair over to Gianni Schicchi (a wily old goat full of contempt for them, but whose daughter is in love with one of the younger men in the family). Dictating a new will from his disguise as the dying man, Schicchi leaves everything to himself (including the house) and evicts the greedy family. The opera is a tidy little farce which can become a delightful vehicle for its protagonist.

The Met wisely chose Gabriel Bacquier for the title role, an old hand who is not only a wonderful comic but knows how to work the Met's giant stage like a real pro. Bacquier had such a firm grasp on the momentum of the piece that not even Renata Scotti could wrest any control from him (although she did try a mini-transformation while watering flowerpots on the second story balcony of the set). Scotti's brief moment in the opera "O mio babbino caro" was spun out in a carefully controlled line, free from the debris which occasionally blocks its path. She did her job simply, nicely, and then got out of the way. The rest of the huge cast performed handsomely as an ensemble, milking every bit of merriment

from the opera and sending the audience out of the house with satisfied smiles on their faces.

THAT OLD FLIP-FLOP ACT

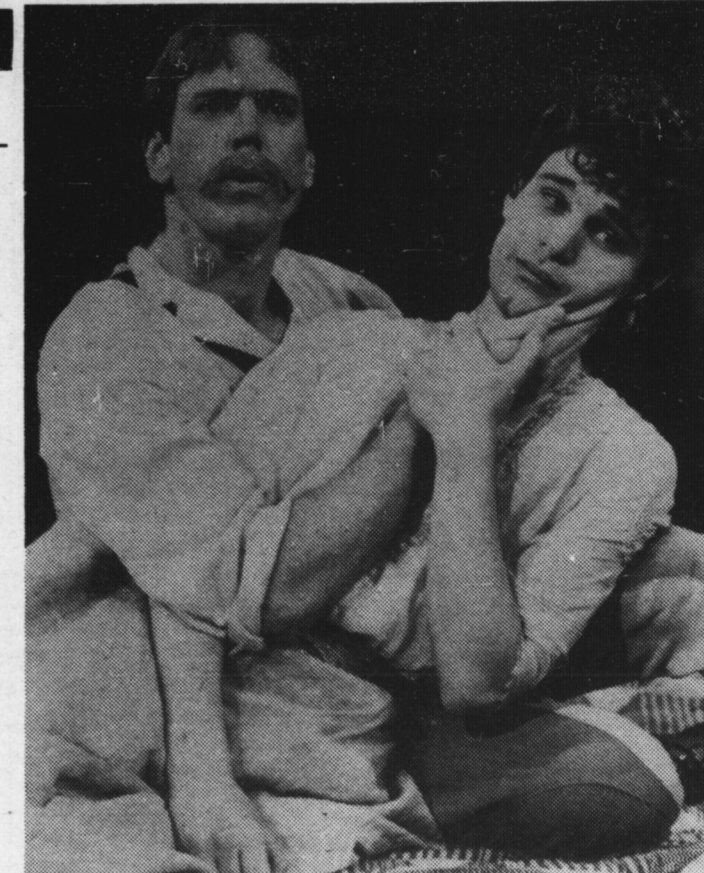
But sometimes more than a corpse can change identity. The butch leather number rolls over on a dime. Walking down Christopher Street I overheard one clone complain, "My God, it's so depressing. Every time you bring someone home who looks like a real man, within ten minutes his legs start to go up in the air." And then there are those of us who are suddenly beginning to get in touch with little bits of masculinity we never dared to imagine we possessed.

The old battle between the animus and anima has been turned topsy turvy in Caryl Churchill's brilliant new play *Cloud 9*. A great deal of the play's success is due to the phenomenal directing job by Tommy Tune (who has manipulated his cast like a master puppeteer handling a Fey-deau farce).

The structure of *Cloud 9* might be perplexing to those with extremely linear thinking patterns. But if you have a flair for reincarnation and balancing out the sexual-electric impulses in the soul, you'll take to *Cloud 9* like a duck takes to water. The first act takes place in deepest Africa in 1880 on the verge of a native uprising. The Colonials lead lives with icily defined sexual roles (although it becomes quickly apparent that the role-playing isn't doing them much good).

In the second act we meet the same family of characters. Although time has marched on 100 years and we are now in London, the characters themselves have only evolved through a quarter of a century. In short, the family life continues with astonishing results. The obedient little wife has not matured into a woman dissatisfied with her marriage who leaves her husband and tries to become friends with her Gay son and daughter. The actor who played the mother in drag in the first act now appears as the tough teenage hustler who is the object of her son's love in the second half.

"That's the gimmick," as Anna Russell would say. The actors not only switch roles, but switch sexes from one act to the other while the individual souls keep roaming around the stage doffing various sexual identities. It's like working a three-dimensional tic-tac-toe game where the X's and O's are not so much



Harry Bagley (Nicholas Surrov) and Betty (Zeljko Ivanek) fire an old flame in the first act of *CLOUD 9*. Look carefully and notice that both roles are played by men.



"I know every trick in the book, so don't try upstaging me!" Gianni Schicchi (Gabriel Bacquier) lays it on the line with his daughter Lauretta (Renata Scotti) in the final act of *IL TRITTICO* at the Met.

individual characters as the multidimensional sexual personas which inhabit the bodies around us. Thus, the sissified boy (outrageously played by Concetta Tomei in Act I) becomes a shy, sensitive grown Gay man who ends up moving in with his sister and her lover in search of domestic stability. The jungle hero who would fuck anything from Tarzan to a mango tree ends us as the frustrated straight man who can't get a grip on his virility.

The most striking transfor-

mation is achieved by Don Amendolia who moves from an obnoxious native servant in the first act to a pricelessly awful bratty girl in the second act. His performance is a horrifying gem. Zeljko Ivanek captures the fluttering delicacy of the traditionally inane Betty and later transforms himself into the streetwise hustler with a bit of Betty's longings under his resilient skin. Ivanek's monologue in the second act is worth the price of admission alone.

Ironically, I saw *Cloud 9* on

Halloween. The performance emptied out into the insanity of Christopher Street's block-long drag party. There were about six Joan Crawford (one throwing a baby doll down onto the pavement until the arms fell out), Gay men dressed as Carmen Miranda hopping on cars as traffic stopped for a red light on Seventh Avenue, and a host of other creatures who had burst past the confines of Kinsey's more linear approach to human sexuality. A fitting climax to the evening's work on stage.

I can't recommend *Cloud 9* highly enough for Gay theatergoers. It goes way past the insights of the standard theatrical literature in getting a handle on the various sexual souls that are all a part of us while neatly demonstrating that we are all mere pieces in the tangle of confusion which has used sexual roles as a means of inflicting order into a chaos which should, perhaps, be left as healthy chaos.

Put the show on your must-see list when it comes to town or if you happen to be in New York. And don't be chagrined when that hot stud you dragged home doffs his leathers to reveal an ensemble from Frederick's of Hollywood. Your turn in the spotlight will be coming up, too!

Pat Bond On Radio



Pat Bond, creator of "Gertie, Gertie, Gertie Is Back, Back, Back," and popular monologueist/comedienne, appears on "Fruit Punch," Gay Men's Radio, on January 6 at 10 pm (KPFA, 94 FM). Bond will talk about her experiences in the army and discuss her new show about Lesbians in the WAC in World War II.

This evening's (December 30) "Fruit Punch" is entitled "Fruitcake '81," and serves up slices of the radio year just passed, which includes: Lavender Air, Lesbian & Gay Freedom Day, the S.F. Gay Men's Chorus, the Lesbian & Gay Men's Mixed Chorus at Davies Symphony Hall, a Gathering of Faeries, Fruit Wave, and the music of Harry Partch, Blackberri, Conan, Charlie Murphy as well as the news in review.


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Cable Car Awards To Honor Outstanding Recording Artist

JERRY DE GRACIA



David Reign (center) greets fans at the Turntable Records party for his new album, which has been nominated for a Cable Car award. (Photo by Rink)

The traditional Cable Car Awards, which honor outstanding achievement in the Gay community for a variety of events from sports to journalism, will be honoring Bay Area recording artists for the first time this year.

Two new categories have been added. They are for Outstanding Club Recording and for Outstanding Community Contribution by a Recording Artist.

The Outstanding Club Recording is geared toward music that is played in the Bay Area's numerous clubs and will be decided upon by the various disc jockey pools.

Nominees for this category are Sylvester, Patrick Cowley, Two Tons of Fun, The Boy's Town Gang, Loverde, and Romeo Void.

The Outstanding Community Contribution by a Recording Artist encompasses a wider range of artists, whose music would not necessarily be played in a club.

The nominees include Meg Christian for her album *Turning It Over*. Ms. Christian is one of the founding mothers of Olivia Records, the leading producer of women's music.

S.F. Gay Men's Chorus: Riding high with their national tour, the Chorus recorded *Tour '81* and brought a lot of positive feelings home to share with the community.

Paul Parker: Although he recorded only a single, singer Paul Parker's "Welcome To Freedom" was a positive statement of Gay Freedom in 1981.

Conan: Conan's LP *Heart of the City* was one of the better rock oriented albums produced by a local artist this past year.

Holly Near: Although her proximity to the Bay Area is not as close as that of the other nominees, her feelings for the Gay community transcend geographical distance.

Gay Guide Book Goes Legit

Gay guide books have traditionally been "black sheep" items even among Gays themselves. The listings of bars, baths, restaurants and titillation retreats that make up guide books have lent them an air of the second-rate, especially during times when homosexuality was accepted less than it is today.

With the ongoing emergence of Gayness as an acceptable lifestyle, the meeting places for Gays are becoming less suspect. It follows that lists of such spots would also be less stigmatized, and indeed, for the first time in history, a Gay guide book has been recommended for use in public libraries.

The Library Journal, whose reviews heavily influence the choices made by public library acquisition departments, became the first non-Gay publication ever to review a Gay guide book.

In its October 15, 1981, issue, *The Library Journal* described *Places of Interest (A Gay Map Guide to USA/Canada)* and its companion,

and her LP *Fire In The Rain* was definitely a community contribution.

David Reign: As one of the darlings of San Francisco's cabaret scene, Reign has created quite a following and his debut album *Lately*... earned him not only new fans but also a nomination.

Sharon McKnight: Ms. McKnight's relationship to the Gay community, as artist and supporter, goes back farther than she cares to admit, and will undoubtedly continue for just as long.

Teresa Trull: Her LP *Let It Be Known* was another gem from Olivia Records and just precious enough to earn her a nomination.

Places of Interest to Women, as "amazingly thorough" and "recommended for all but the smallest libraries."

The publisher of *Places of Interest*, Marianne Ferrari of Ferrari Publications in Phoenix, Arizona, reports that orders from libraries throughout the nation have been arriving daily since the review appeared. Libraries that have ordered the books include the public libraries of Dayton (Ohio), Providence (Rhode Island), Bridgeport (Connecticut), and Glen Ellyn (Illinois) and the college libraries at Radcliffe College and Indiana University.

This legitimization of Gay guide books not only brings the books themselves out of their closet, destroying their second-rate status, but increases the accessibility of and status of businesses and entertainment venues which serve a Gay clientele. It's a far cry from glory-hole guides, and another sign that progress is being made in the fight for Gay recognition and equality.

The final selection for Outstanding Community Contribution by a Recording Artist will be decided by members of the nominating committee and will be announced during the Cable Car Awards in February.

HEADLINERS

The Cramps: New York's zany new wave rockers make a return visit to San Francisco at the I-Beam, January 4.

The Model Strikers: Having recently relocated from St. Louis to San Francisco, this band will make their local debut at Le Disque on December 30.

Dead Kennedys: San Francisco's sons of punk make yet another appearance at the Factory, 2220 Harrison. Your best bet is to go early to catch Flipper. ■

ON STAGE

Flash Family has brought their improvisation back to town, with new faces and a new format. They appear for the month of January on Saturday nights at 8:30, beginning January 2, in the Marina Music Hall, Ft. Mason Center, Bldg. D, 2nd floor. 771-1046.

The Boy's Own Story returns to the Julian Theatre, 953 DeHaro Street, for a brief engagement Tuesday through Sunday, January 5-10, at 8 pm. This will be the last chance to see actor Jim Piddock's unusual one-man performance as goalkeeper John McKenna before he departs on a national tour with the show. While tending his goal, an amazingly physical task, "McKenna" recalls the sportscasters, teammates, and coaches who have filled his life. The B.A.R. critic found it a fascinating evening. 647-8098

Balm in Gilead by Lanford Wilson, produced by Red Flag Theater, opens a six-week run on January 1 at the Gumption Theatre, 1563 Page Street, between Masonic and Ashbury. The play takes place in an all-night cafe and the street corner outside, in New York City. It's about youth, their drugs, their music. It's about outcasts, the dispossessed and disillusioned. A multinational cast of 22 young actors creates the reality and urgency of the play, which runs January 1 through February 7, each Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, with an 8 pm curtain.

The Inner City Cultural Center of San Francisco proudly presents the Bay Area premiere of **Piano Bar**, written and directed by C. Bernard Jackson. *Piano Bar* will run from December 31 through January 31 at the Western Addition Cultural Center, 762 Fulton Street. The play will be performed on Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8:30 pm, with matinee performances each Sunday at 3 pm.

A contemporary work with a recent lengthy off-Broadway run, *Piano Bar* explores the conflicts between men and women who meet casually in a neighborhood bar. It traces their meeting, ultimate liaisons, and changing of partners through drama and a full musical score. 563-1687

Theatre Rhino Holds Auditions

Theatre Rhinoceros is auditioning for two new shows. **Street Theatre** (Doric Wilson) will need 12 men and two women. Allan Estes will direct the comedy, opening February 18. For **The Delivery** (C.C. Arnold) are needed three men and 1 woman (Marilyn Monroe-type), to be directed by Charles Solomon and opening on March 4.

Auditions for both plays will be Saturday and Sunday, January 9 and 10, from 1 to 5 pm, and Monday, January 11, from 7 to 10 pm. Please have monologue prepared and bring a photo and resume. To make an appointment to audition, please call 552-4100. ■

Progressive Vocalists

Eighty Langton Street, San Francisco's unique South of Market performance gallery, presents a special series in January. Featured are three vocal artists who use the voice in new, exciting, and unusual ways. Hear Jana Haimsohn, accompanied by famed jazz pianist Mal Waldron, California artists Joan La Barbara and Diamanda Galas January 5, 9, and 13. Each of these three accomplished performers has developed her voice beyond the traditional idea of song into a unique and expressive vocal instrument. 626-5416. ■

New Year's With Ed Mock

"A New Year's Cabaret At The Victoria Theatre" will be alive and sparkling with the vibrant performances of Ed Mock, his dance troupe and special guests. The gala cabaret evening will feature two full bars, live music, dancing and entertainment, and midnight will be boasted off with complimentary champagne. The evening begins at 10:30 pm, New Year's Eve, at the Victoria Theatre, 2961 16th Street, near Mission. Admission is \$15. 863-7576. ■

Lesbian Raps and Workshops

The Women's Building, 3543 18th Street, will be the site of two ongoing events of interest to Gay women.

A Lesbians Social Rap Group will meet every Monday in January from 7:30 to 9:30 pm. "This might be the place for you," says coordinator Midgett, "if you're looking for a friend or if you just want to rap." There is no charge for attendance.

A Lesbian's Sexuality Mini-workshop will meet on Tues-

days, January 12, 19, and 26, from 4:45 to 7 pm. This will feature lectures and group discussions and will explore resistance. "Are you in the closet sexually? Are you asking for what you want?" These questions will be explored. Midgett will facilitate the Mini-workshop. There is a \$5 to \$3 sliding scale fee requested for each workshop.

Information on the Rap Group and Workshop can be obtained by calling Midgett at 864-0876. ■

Gay Lit at City College

During spring semester (February-June 1982), City College of San Francisco 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 pm, and will be team-taught by Dan Allen and Peg Cruikshank. English 55-501 will be offered Tuesday evenings, 7-10 pm, and will be taught by Jack Collins.

In addition, Classical Literature (English 44A) will be offered Tuesday and Thursday mornings, 11-12:30 am, 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 information).

Late registration will be held on campus on February 3 and 4. All courses are 3 units, transferable to S.F. State and U.C. Berkeley. ■

Celebrating Our 9th Year!

OPEN NEW YEAR'S EVE



4230 18th Street
Information & Reservations 621-5570

TERRY HUTCHISON IN THE CABARET

Open New Year's Day for Brunch

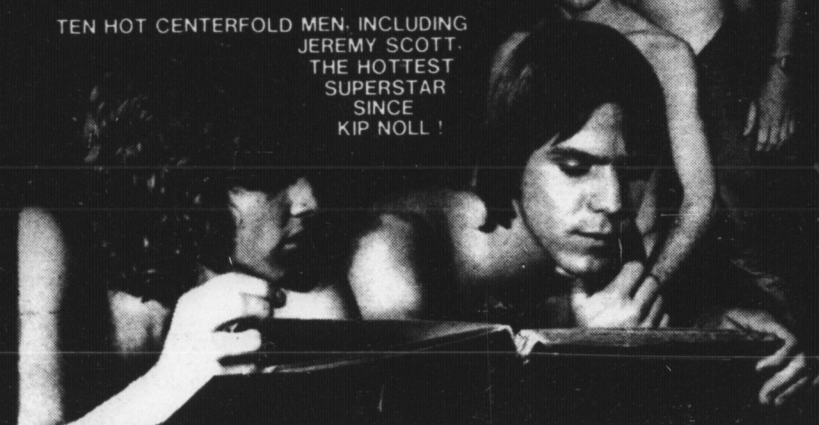
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Show time 11pm & 2am



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Cynthia will be singing her disco hits
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SPORTS SECTION

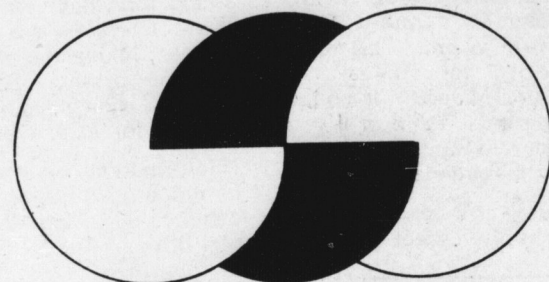
UPDATE '82 OLYMPICS

ON THE MARK

TOM WADDELL, M.D.

The Best Of Sports Is Yet To Happen

MARK BROWN



GAY OLYMPICS HEADQUARTERS
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Gay Point of Entry Problem

Have you any friends overseas who are considering attending or competing in next August's Gay Olympics? According to Don Knutson, of Gay Rights Advocates, they could have some difficulties with the Immigration Service.

The first problem could be obtaining a visa to visit the United States. In some countries the applicant must apply in person to the American Embassy or the American Consulate for a visa. The person reviewing the application (in some cases the application itself) may question the applicant's sexual orientation, particularly if it is known that the purpose of the visit is Gay-related. If the response to such questions indicates that one is Gay, it is likely in most countries that your visa application will be denied. There is no redress available from such a denial.

The second problem could be at the point of entry. As of this date, border guards are not permitted by regulations to inquire about your sexual orientation or preferences. Only two circumstances could cause problems: (1) someone traveling on the same aircraft informs an immigration officer that you are "homosexual" or (2) you make an "unsolicited, unambiguous admission" of homosexuality to a border guard.

Provocative slogans or buttons worn on clothing could focus attention on this question and lead to a secondary search.

If any of these events occur, you will be called into a private room and asked the question: "Are you a homosexual?" If you respond "No" you will be permitted to enter. If you respond "Yes" you will be held to appear before an immigration judge. Finally, remember, this is true at San Francisco Airport, not necessarily any other.

All this is to inform the reader about the problem. Hopefully you will inform any friends in other countries of the difficulties. We can give you further advice at our office at 597 Castro. Come by and talk to us.

★ ★ ★

Kris Carter's Holiday Hoedown, a partial benefit for the Olympics, was not quite the success envisioned. The turnout of 170 people was considerably lower than the 500 or more originally expected. But let me tell you something. The party was one of the best I've ever attended. The crowd was happy, friendly, and handsomely dressed. Randy and the Rounders provided great hand-clapping, foot-stomping music, and the Barbary Coast Cloggers just charmed the hell out of everyone. Miss Kitty and the Sisters all contributed to the spirit of the party.

The part I liked most was dancing with someone. I've found disco dancing a very introspective activity, not demanding that much attention be paid to one's partner. Not so at a hoedown. There were lots of couples, circle dances, and group dancing. It was a real hoot to discover that there is a country and western hustle with people holding hands and conscious of each other. Congratulations, Kris! I hope you continue with your ideas. They're a lot of fun, and you've helped us expand again.

FRONTRUNNERS

All runs begin at 10 am on Sundays. They are non-competitive, free, and open to all. For more information call Jim at 346-0303 or Dennis at 821-0202. Come out running!

Sunday Fun Runs

January 1: **New Year's Day Run.** Portals of the Past to Stanyan, Golden Gate Park. 3.0 miles, gentle slope. Meet at Lloyd Lake and JFK Drive, 10 am.

January 3: **Frontrunners' Eighth Anniversary Run.** Dolores Park. 2.0 or 3.4 miles, some hills. Meet at 20th and Church, 10 am. Potluck brunch and general meeting with elections at Emmett Giurlani's house, 736 Fell St., between Fillmore and Webster Street. 552-9182.

Tuesday Fun Runs/ Toll Plaza, Golden Gate Bridge, 7 pm.

Saturday Fun Runs: Stow Lake Boat House, Golden Gate Park, 10 am.

BAY AREA REPORTER DEC. 30, 1981 PAGE 22

The happenings in San Francisco's Gay sports community this past year were the best yet. For me personally it was a most gratifying and fulfilling year that I will long remember. I would like to go back with you and highlight some of those more outstanding events and accomplishments that took place in 1981.

The FRONTRUNNERS, in their 8th year, added Tuesday and Saturday Runs to the traditional Sunday Fun Runs. GayRun '81 was the highlight of the year with 800 taking part in this 2nd annual affair. Ten states and five foreign countries were represented with *The Advocate* being co-sponsor of the event.

The CABLE CAR AWARDS honored the sports community by presenting Frances Culmone and Skip Anderson with the Outstanding Female and Male Athletes of the Year awards; The Great Tricycle Race, the Outstanding Sports Event of the Year award; and yours truly the Outstanding Contribution to Athletics award.

Two new BOWLING leagues were formed, the Sunday night San Francisco Women's Business League and the Monday night Tavern Guild League, both at Park Bowl, to give our city a total of seven Gay leagues — three at Park Bowl and four at Japantown Bowl.

The GAY SOFTBALL LEAGUE's fourth season opened with the underdog team, On The Mark/Pilsner Inn, upsetting the 527 Club 14-13 in extra innings after trailing early on in the game 9-0. The 2nd annual G.S.L. All-Stars vs. Sheriff's Department softball game thrilled a large crowd with the All-Stars losing by an 8-7 final score. The Gay Softball League season ended with the Ambush, league champions, representing San Francisco at the Gay Softball World Series V in Toronto, Canada, and finishing fourth in the tournament.

The GAY TENNIS FEDERATION of San Francisco sponsored the first annual "U.S. Openly Gay" National Tennis Tournament. The Federation held its 2nd annual G.T.F. Membership Tournament and wond the 2nd annual Challenge Cup against L.A. in Los Angeles. The G.T.F. added team tennis play for its membership to complement the singles and doubles challenge ladders.

The 10th annual Memorial Day GREAT TRICYCLE RACE, with a new, longer route and a record 35 entries, was won by Mark Roob and Damil Small representing the Ambush bar.

The 527 CLUB SOFTBALL TEAM took third place in the 3rd annual Milwaukee Classic in Milwaukee, Wisconsin — The first G.S.L. team to ever take part in a tournament of this type.

The SAN FRANCISCO POOL ASSOCIATION's City Pool Championship went to the Phoenix bar "B" team. The Phoenix "B" also won the Tri-City Championship held in San Diego, keeping the West Coast Challenge Silver Cup in San Francisco.

A new Gay women's tennis club was formed called THE GOLDEN GATE TENNIS ASSOCIATION.

The monthly G.C. BRIDGE TOURNAMENT completed its third year of play raising over \$6,000 for charity. A new organization was formed called the R.C. Bridge Club.

The ARTEMIS won the city Park & Recreation women's Division B slo-pitch championship.

With the many sport leaders that are appearing on the horizon, due in part to the '82 Gay Olympic Games, and with all of the fine Gay sports organizations we now have, "The Best of Sports Is Yet To Happen" — 1982 will be the greatest year yet for Gay sports in San Francisco!

The '82 Gay Olympic Games alone could very well be the highlight of the decade, bringing Gay men and women together from all over the world in this first ever Gay Sports extravaganza. The Gay Softball World Series (Series VI) will return to San Francisco in 1982 where it originated.

So, to all of you sports enthusiasts a very special New Year greeting, and especially to you, my good friend, Steve McTonnell, the Best New Year ever.



Women of the Artemis team, Sunday Night Bowling League.

Women's Bowling

by Bernice S. Niemi

Last Sunday in the S.F. Women's Bowling League, the competition among the teams for the first half championship was momentarily overshadowed by a few outstanding individual performances.

The new team standings, going into position round where first bowls second, third bowls fourth, and so on, are as follows:

Cole Valley Graphics I	175 points	Tracy's Toots	141 points
Artemis Cafe	157½ points	Maud's Strikers	135 points
Awards by Chris	153½ points	Klein's	117½ points
Players of Peg's Place	150½ points	Cole Valley Graphics II	116 points
Chula Productions	148 points	Peg's Put-Ons	110½ points
Amelia's Munchers	145 points		

The individual performances were led by some of our talented beginners this week. From Cole Valley Graphics II, Kathleen O'Malley, with a 97 average, rolled an incredible 120, 140, 142 for a 402 scratch and a 648 handicap series.

Carolyn Bryant of Klein's, with a 95 average, rolled 135, 133, 148 for a 416 scratch, 668 handicap series. Sara Lewinstein, on the quickly rising Artemis Cafe team, rolled a 232 for the first game.

Bernice Niemi of Amelia's Munchers was close behind with a 224 first game, followed by a 221, and a 612 series. Chula Productions rolled a 2107 team series, 199 pins over their team average, with 88 pins over average in just the second game.

BAY AREA REPORTER BOB'S BAZAAR

BAY AREA REPORTER SUPPLEMENT X-RATED BAY AREA REPORTER SUPPLEMENT X-RATED BAY AREA REPORTER SUPPLEMENT X-RATED BAY AREA REPORTER SUPPLEMENT

SOUTHERN SCANDALS

SPQR: Thanks for the Memories

MR. MARCUS

1982 is standing in the wings and in a matter of hours we'll be heralding a new year. I would like to dedicate this final column of 1981 to those dear friends of this community who passed away last year. Each, in his own way, contributed to the well-being of others during his lifetime. Mark Calhoun, David Hirst, Hank Goins, Melvin Gray, Richard (Voodoo) Matson, Duane Moeller (L.A.), Tommy Thompson (L.A.), Al Vorse and Jim Wirtz will all be remembered by their many friends, lovers and relatives. No need to enumerate their good works; if you knew them, you knew their modus operandi. Secondly, the entire community owes a huge debt of gratitude for all those persons who in a spate of brotherhood and caring, helped the Folsom Fire Victims last summer. And thirdly, this is dedicated to all of you — the newsmakers.

THE WAY WE WERE, and thanks: for the big auction at ALVIN'S which raised over \$700 for Charley Berlanga, injured while Xmas decorating at Sutter's Mill; for the new Folsom Hotel and their slogan "why be tied to high prices when all you want is a place to hang your cuffs?"; for Michael Daley who celebrated his 2nd year on the wagon and is now into his 3d year off the sauce; for Danny Histo's 20th wedding dress last January and now into his 25th; for the New World Rubbermen's Club; for Pat Simpson who left a successful 4-year record when he left the STUD and is now doing great things at Le Disque; for TJ Leathers, one of this town's most innovative leather stores; for Taylor's 1st Anniversary at the RAMROD and still going strong; for Irene who left us for Chicago and went on to coach a champion team in that city; for Jim Moss when he told of the now great FOLSOM MAGAZINE (have you seen issue #4?); for Fred Jordan, the XLVth Rex of the L.A. Oedipus M/C.

For the Caldron and their new status as the world's J/O Hq and for their Pig O' My Heart Party; for the Barbary Coasters Bike Academy Awards and the Land of Make Believe run; for Al Aschero named Man of the Year; for Bobby Roberts, Rider of the Year; for Butch Freeman and his dazzling appearance on the Lily Tomlin TV special when Lily rode on-stage at a Las Vegas hotel on Butch's old bike; for Mike Bard and Donny Melendez's Pig Party; for the emergence and demise of Les Mouchoirs Rouges (The Red Hankies); for the Troc's Red party, Black party, White party and for Brian Weiss, the best PR man in the whole damn city; for Dana Roberts' art show at MOBY DICK; for FEBE's grand re-opening and their new look; for Lou Rudolph's REAL PEOPLE Show at the Ambush; for the landslide

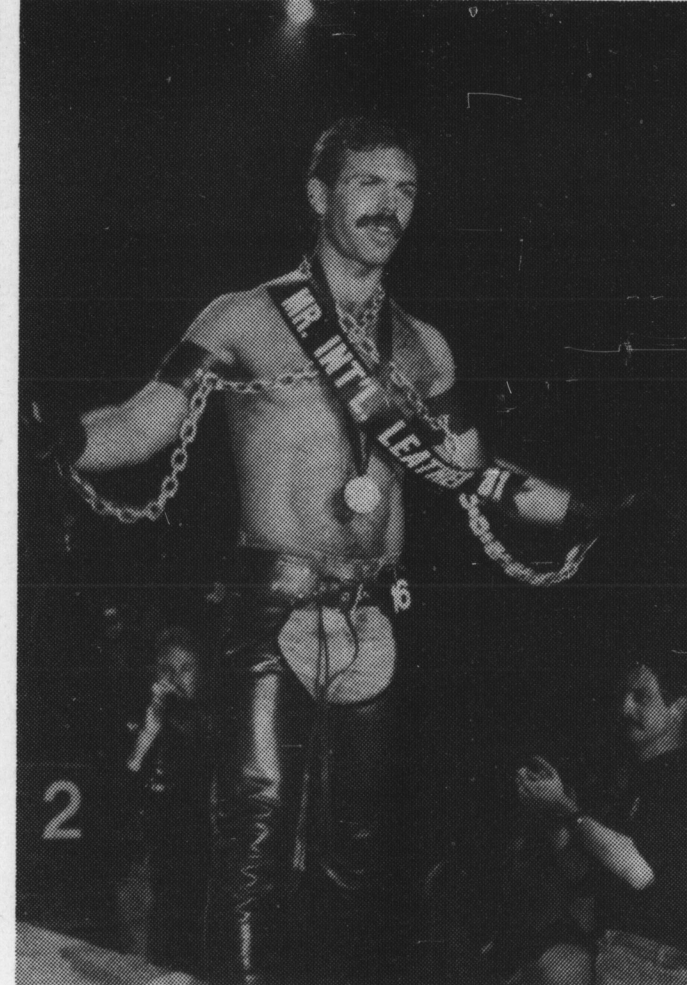
election of Phyllis as our reigning Empress and a job well done, my dear; for John Abney, a Gay deputy sheriff who got himself elected President of the SF Deputy Sheriff's Assn.

For TV's "That's Incredible" Show and their valiant, but futile effort to film J/O Night at the CALDRON; for the opening night party of SWEENEY TODD Barber Shop at the Drummer Club; for the GDI's Spring Equinox at FEBE'S with ever-loving Jimmy Leuer; for the patriarch of the L.A. bike clubs, Peter Bromilow and his wonderful performance on the EVITA show on TV; for the TROC's blockbuster 3d Anniversary party; for the WARLOCKS M/C 20th Anniversary Party and a special greeting from the Mayor; for the "mouse in the register" episode at (now it can be told) the GALLEON and Gary Burns' screams; for Cliff Raven's Tattoo Works on 9th Street coming to our town; for the GSL outing of Ricky Tick, an Asexual ballplayer who wouldn't play ball in bed, and giving the GSL a new meaning — Get Somebody Layable; for Hamburger Mary's new "shop" on Maui; for the wrestling matches at the CAVE; for the departure of the Prince de Leather; for Charlie and the NEW Midnight Sun.

For the Investiture of the Rainbow Court; for the Mr. Leather Contests at the BRIG with Rusty Dragon the winner; for Karl Stewart's tremendous effort in making the Mr. Drummer Contest at Dreamland a success and Ray Perea, Mr. Drummer; for the Uyvarti art show at the Ambush; for Ron Ross's great Earthquake Show at Fort Mason; for the adoption of Greta the Hippo at the SF Zoo by the Tavern Guild; for Claudia the grocery checker at Grand Central on California; for the Aussie, Dennis McDonald, named Mr. No. California Leather at the CAVE and hasn't been seen since; for the HOT WAX party at the Troc; for the Mr. International Leather Contest in Chicago and bouquets to Chuck Rodocker, owner of the TOUCHE; for Hamburger Mary's 9th Anniversary Party at the church hall on 10th St.; for the Cum For The Chorus party at Don Sharp's HOT HOUSE; for the Rich Plumb art show at the AMBUSH; for the Closet Ball and CB Queen Brett who wants to be

our next Empress; for Marty Kiker who won the Mr. Leather title in Chicago and a stunning victory for all California leather men when Bill Shepherd of the LA-Stud copped 2nd place and our own Boyd Turner shooed in 3d place; for Peter King's 65th birthday party at the PENDULUM; for Maxwell's Plum opening; for Summer in the City disco dance at the Galleria; for the Grand Opening of the SF-Eagle; for the new STABLES on Folsom; and for the LINE-UP on Harrison serving tacos galore and now moving to Upper Market;

For Heavy Metal Night and Daddy's Night at the HOT HOUSE; for DRUMMER's 6th Anniversary Party at the Troc; for the Gay Day Parade; the Sisters of Perpetual Indulgence Dog Show & Parade — a riot!; the PHOENIX Bar party for Marty Kiker; for the new Gold Coast; for the 99-Yr Birthday Party at the MINT for Crown Prince Dixon, my goombah, and Emp. Chuck Demmon; for the Foot Fraternity Party at Sutter's Mill!; the Gay Day Tea Dance at the Galleria by Concept. Ent. and \$1800 for the Gay Men's Chorus they contributed; for Golden Shower Queen for Life; Chuck Benson (with the rimless spectacles, no less); for FEBE'S Fabulous Fifteenth and anniversary parties for the Balcony (4th), Castro Sta-



Marty Kiker, Mr. International Leather 1981-82 (sponsored by the Brig), represented San Francisco at the contest in Chicago last May. He became the second leather man from our town to win that coveted title.

tion (6th), Boot Camp Club (2nd) and Red Eye Saloon (2nd); for Terry Monohan's

For the Jock Strap Auction at the Gold Coast and Taylor of SF's free map/guide to the Folsom Area; for the GSL Champs, the AMBUSH and the \$9000 Black Beauty convertible truck; for Brownie Mary who got away "clean" with only 500 hours of community service; for Linda and Danny finally patching up

1st Anniversary Party and for the WILLOWS on the Russian River; for the Independence DANCE party at the Galleria; and BANG! at the Hot House; for the Gay Men's Chorus triumphant tour of the US and accolades from coast to coast.

For the Gay Rodeo in Reno and Stand By Your Man; for the Jock Strap Auction at the Gold Coast and Taylor of SF's free map/guide to the Folsom Area; for the GSL Champs, the AMBUSH and the \$9000 Black Beauty convertible truck; for Brownie Mary who got away "clean" with only 500 hours of community service; for Linda and Danny finally patching up

(Continued on next page)

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BOB'S BAZAAR DEC. 30, 1981 PAGE 23

SWEETLIPS SEZ

Comings and Goings

Remember . . . that zany "Francesca" holds forth at the popular Railway Express Bar on Taylor Street . . . you are doing a great job, Francesca, besides working in a very neat establishment.

Remember the Gangway's traditional New Year's Day Brunch . . . black-eyed peas, fried chicken, ham hocks, and corn bread all done by the "Black Beauty" George Collins . . . nice to see you back on the 7 Crown again, Suzie . . . hi, Buddy.

Yes, the Yacht Club is open with Greta Grass and Gus on the plank . . . a very neat bar in the upper Polk area . . . so drop in and have a cocktail with them soon.

Don't forget New Year's Eve at the popular Sutter's

DICK WALTERS: Mill . . . open for the first time ever on that evening and the festivities are going to be something else . . . all three floors . . . are you going to save me a dance, Timmy?

Welcome home to Bob Dunn and Woody of Googie's on Geary after a holiday vacation in Las Vegas . . .

Special Benefit Auction

for RANDY JOHNSON

(very ill and out of work)

Thursday, Jan. 7, 8pm at The Watering Hole

Bring Merchandise, Money & Friends

hope you had a pleasant Christmas . . . belated birthday greetings to Bill Ward, also of Googie's . . . heard that you had a blast of a party on Tuesday evening.

Market Street . . . Hi, Dixon.

Just wish to convey my thoughts and wish everyone . . . A Happy and Prosperous New Year.

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MR. MARCUS (Continued)

their feud; for Fanny's jazz nights and the captivating Martha Lorin; for Robert Pruzan's great photo show at the Ambush; for the Hank Goins auction at the New Bell and \$5000 raised by his friends; for the 6th Anniversary of the PHOENIX Uniform Club; for the Troc's FOUR on FOUR extravaganza; for Fred Leahy's HOSPITAL II and Jim Moss's BIVOUCAC on the Russian River; for the new Grand Duke Roger and the Duchess Vinnie (have you seen them lately?); for the RAMROD's new Western decor by Armando Ortiz; for the Russian River Jazz Festival; for Morris & Boris, love those two; for 247 Days of David Doyle; for J. Brian's new FLASHBACKS and the End Up Jockey Dance Contest Finals; for Clown Alley at the Troc and Sutter's Mill Annual Ascot Day at Bay Meadows; for Stella & Gabriel's own version of the Arena poster.

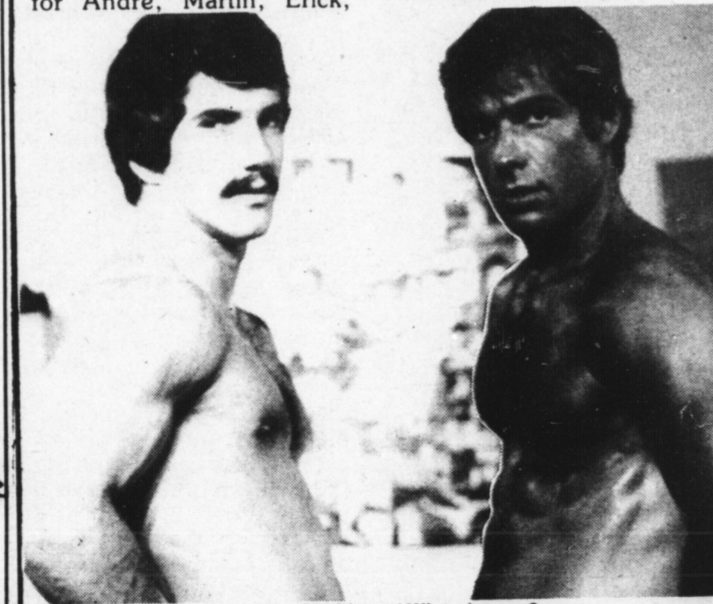
For Tony Perry, the best damned typesetter in the wide, wide world of Gay ragazines; for Randy West's art shows here at the Stables and in Chicago too; for In Touch Magazine and the stunning color layout of Mr. Leather International; for Esta Noche's 2nd Anniv., and Tony Lopez, a man of his word; for Army Maupin's Tales of the City; and the Chicago Gold Coast's 21st Anniv.; for leather tailors like Gary Pinley of Mr. S and Church Street Station's new "image" and truly a model for all Gay eateries, here and abroad — thanks, John; for lunches at the STABLES and dinners at Canary Island; for Hill Street Blues — a true-to-life cop story and 11 Emmy's; for Gary Linders' party and Beau Dodson out of retirement and truly Mr. Eagle; for "Chaz & Di's Reception" at the PILSNER INN, a fund raiser for the Folsom Fire victims; for Mary Wilson at Conceptual Entertainment's 4th Anniversary party and annual Salute to the Men of SF; for the GSL Champs Ambush team in Toronto where they didn't win the gold, silver or bronze, but did outstanding PR for our town and laying groundwork for next August's Gay World Series here.

For Faust Leder, a great new leather store on Folsom; for Andre, Martin, Erick,

Dickie and Ken at the BOOT CAMP; for Probe and Helix, two new lubricants; for the Castro Street Fair and Don & John's 35th Anniversary; for Dennis Parrish; for Daly City Honda and the new Rawhide bar; for "Mommie Dearest" and the Latex Lovers Party at HANDBALL; for Gina Morandi and Larry Glover, leather bartenders at Castro Station and the Brig, respectively; for Theatre Rhinoceros and their wonderful plays all year; for Buddy & Matthew of Glendale, globe trotters who never forget sending post-cards from China or Kabul; for Lorna the Taxilady and Polaroid Polly; for Travis and Jane Doe — and Tribal Desires at the Galleria; for the Beaux Arts Ball and the BLACK PARTY at Troc; for the Sisters playing softball against the Gay Men's Chorus; for Bob Colagrande and DEAR BABS, who suddenly died; for the Biggest Cock in SF Party at the BULLDOG, AND FOR Al Parker and Ray Perea stunningly measuring the meat; for the CMC Carnival and Roger Morton, Mr. CMC; for Kris Carter's CHEAP AFFAIR and the HOLIDAY HOEDOWN.

For the Warlocks' Witches Christmas and the Gold Coast's 1st Anniversary Party; for Casualty Capers, and the Page Boys Halloween party; for the End Up's 8th Anniv and Beret (aka HOT DOG) for Empress; for the BUFFALO in Las Vegas; for the Barbary Coast CLOGGERS and Michelle, the Grande Dame of Theatre; for the leather drawings at the BRIG on Wednesdays and for Marvin Wayrynen, Al Busker of Chicago, Brian Borland and Ed O'Connor; for Detroit's most beautiful exports: Mike Mitchell and John Seros of Delphi's majestic mountains; for Dick Wheeler's show at the Ambush and Mai Ty's book store, Discount Books on Eddy; for hunky Jim Silva and Terry Comeaux who do things RIGHT and Mary Grung's impressions of leather men; for the 15 ASSN's Christmas Card and Dan's Compound. You did it, you wonderful men and women. Have a wonderful New Year's Eve. See you around the campus.

MISTER MARCUS



Hey, Mr. Marcus! What about us?

CHUCK

WITH RIMLESS GLASSES

VISITING GAYS

PICK UP ON WHAT THEY OBSERVE.

YOUR FEELINGS TOWARD ME AS THE "GSO OF S.F." HAS IMPRESSED THEM!

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HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL

PORN CORNER

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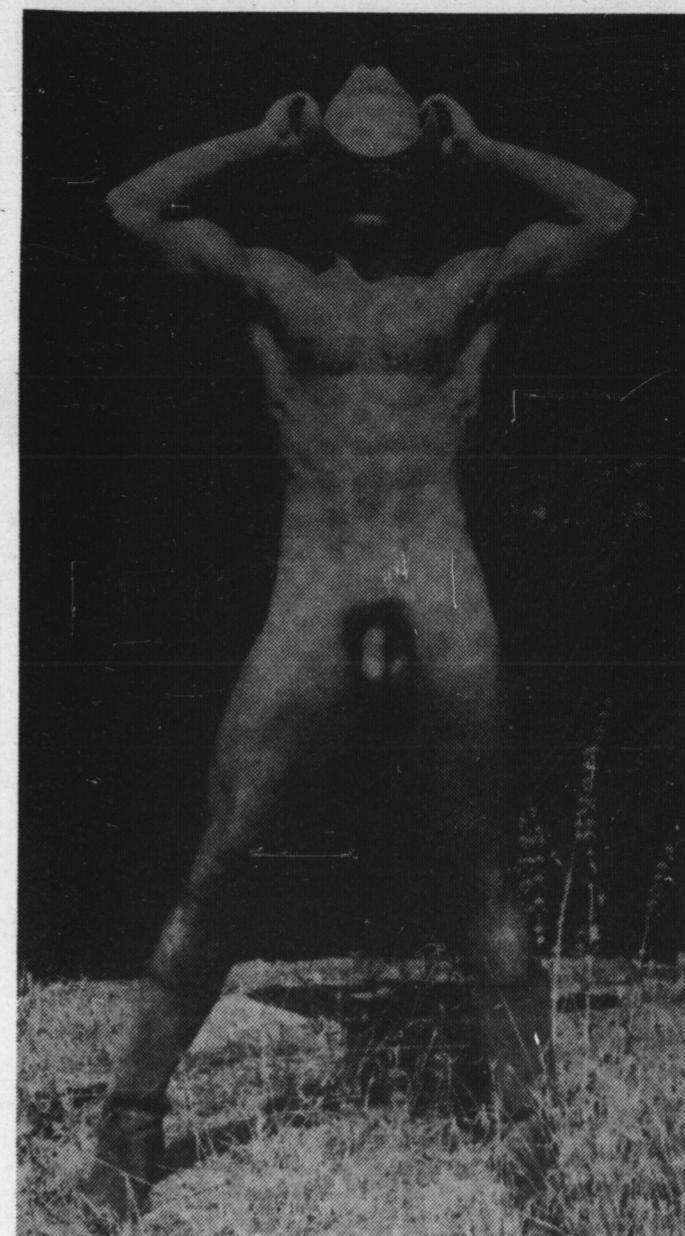
Well, here I am trying to be patient while the Screen Room gets its act together. Two weeks in a row they advertised **The Death of Scorpio**. Two weeks in a row the print didn't arrive. I can't hold up under this tension much longer. Two weeks of palpitations, both above and below the navel, is a little hard to take.

It's difficult for me to report on the Screen Room's films since they change the bill every Friday. The **B.A.R.** appears on Thursday, leaving only a matter of hours before the articles would be out of date. I can report on upcoming films of interest, but you'll have to check the Screening Room ads for the most up-to-date news.

Since Scorpio wasn't getting his hole plugged on screen last week, the Screening Room plugged the hole created by his absence with a bill of two William Higgins classics, **The Boys of Venice** and **West Side Boys**. Although they lack the greater clarity of his later films, these two certainly set the mold for Higgins' style, and are not deficient in terms of cinematography and lighting. They employ the by-now-familiar Higgins thread of plot and lots of sex, along with his trademark camera angles and slow-motion orgasms.

I don't know how I did it, but I'd never seen **The Boys of Venice**. I was expecting much chicken. I was extremely pleased to find the movie opening with a torrid scene between dependable Derrick Stanton and the subject of my recent rave, star of **New York Men**, Eric Ryan. **Boys of Venice** finds him several years younger and not quite so sleek and built. But he's still gorgeous, and his cock hasn't gotten any smaller. If he had black hair I might have to place him in front of Bruno and Jim King in my Porno Princes' Pantheon. But even with his blond locks, his inherent qualities win the day. He's fascinating, gorgeous, and unusually sexual. His scene with Stanton, in which they fuck while wearing roller-skates, is an acrobatic miracle. Stanton delivers his usual spurter orgasm, very impressive when seen in slow motion a second time. This six-shooter ought to be filmed in 3-D.

Another intense star, Scott



Zeus Studio supplied another photo of a beefed-up Mickey Squires. Does he always walk around naked or is he just glad to see me?

Taylor, appears next. If Ryan and Stanton were a great opener, Taylor's solo is the perfect followup. Only his recent solo in Al Parker's **Flashback** comes near matching this one. There's some wonderful "head"-on photography of Taylor's cock. A pearly drop of natural lube wells up slowly, appearing before our eyes, as Taylor milks himself. The camera angles allow us to appreciate the size and hefty weight of this cock, and the ensuing orgasm is Niagrous in quantity and weight of flow.

The third sequence was tepid in comparison, the participants not seeming too interested in each other. But big, burly Clay Russell and an even burlier Marine pick up the tempo next. Russell's pees are more exciting than his jerky fucking, but his rock-

hard cock stands up parallel to his body, is fat and heavy, and shoots a mean load.

Emmanuel Bravos, a terribly handsome Greek sissy, is next seen romancing Kip Noll. They meet on a dance floor, and change partners even in sex. A versatile sissy. He sure cums unlike a sissy, though, shooting over Noll's back past his shoulder!

In the last scene, for a grand finale, Eric Ryan returns to offer one of the most beautiful orgasms I've seen — the thickest, whitest globs of jism welling up in hefty wads from his sleek cock. Oh, yeah!

West Side Boys starts off with Kip Noll, and seeing him in two movies reminded me how basically dull he is. A little of Kip goes a long way. His cock goes a long way,

HEALTH SHORTS

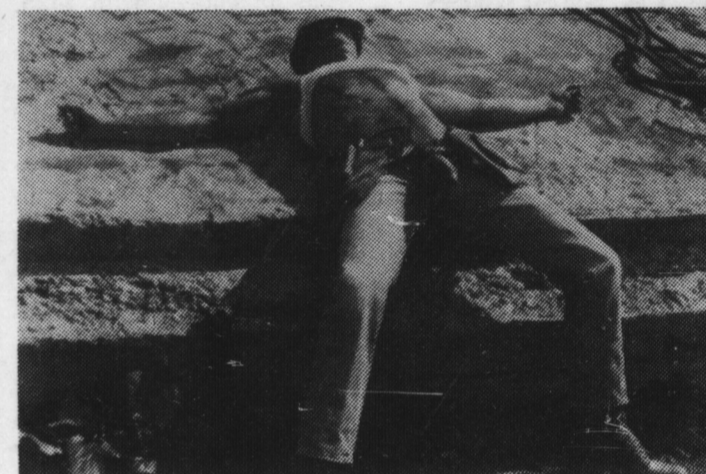
RON SNYDER

Holiday Spirits: Drinking spirits has for most of us become part of the holiday festivities, particularly for the New Year's Eve celebration. Excessive drinking may lead to more than just the morning-after hangover: car accident, pedestrian accident, victimization by street "tough." If you plan to drink, the S.F. Department of Public Health suggests that you consider this rule of thumb: one one-ounce drink per hour (1½ oz. of 80 proof liquor = 1 can of beer = 5½ oz. of wine); one hour without drinking before you leave your party. If you plan to be a host, be thoughtful, provide non-alcoholic drinks too, don't push your guests to drink, and think about "closing the bar" at least an hour before the party is to end and offer coffee, tea, or a soft drink as "the one for the road."

Drug Abuse: According to a report put out by the S.F. Department of Health, people over 65 suffer from drug abuse more than any other age-group. This abuse results mostly from misunderstanding the safe use of prescribed medications. If you, regardless of your age, have questions about the safe use of prescribed medications, call 558-2226 for information.

Veneral Warts: The S.F. City V.D. Clinic deserves a round of applause for its new service: treatment of veneral warts. This service fills the gap left when Health Center No. 4 recently discontinued treating veneral warts. The fact that there already is a three-week waiting period readily indicates the need for this service in our community. The treatment is provided two days a week (sorry, no evening hours) and is on an appointment-only basis. A spokesperson for the Clinic suggested that you first be screened to assure that you have veneral warts, then call 558-4921 for an appointment.

Happy New Year from your Dept. of Public Health!



Another macho man totally laid out after seeing Eric Ryan in **THE BOYS OF VENICE** re-run at the Screening Room. Photo from Zeus Studios.

too, which may account for his fame, but it's rather boring anyway. I'll give him his due, though, for in this solo he does get pretty worked up and shoots nicely.

Then I heard my mother calling. I'd left her waiting in the lobby, so I missed the rest of the movie, as I'd promised to take her to see **Rodeo Girls Bondage** (at the North Beach Movie) for Christmas. She loves westerns.

MICKEY SQUIRES, Part III

The continuing saga of Mickey and His Money Maker became more entertaining this past week when I received a letter from none other than a university professor.

Said professor, perhaps the most accredited reader of my

column, first offered some praise, and then concurred with my earlier writings about Mickey. But I'll quote this sequence in full:

"I agree with your criticism of using Mickey Squires' cock for a jack-off scene. But since I have had that cock in my mouth, I will tell you that it is better eaten than seen — it is as smooth as silk. Chew on it if you get a chance some day."

And with this testimonial to the silky delights of Mr. Squires, we'll let the subject rest. I'm sure it's been milked quite enough in the past several weeks. I hope Mickey believes there are no hard feelings involved. Or at least none other than the usual and expected "hard" feelings of this porno press person.

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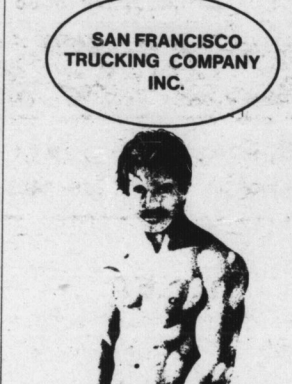
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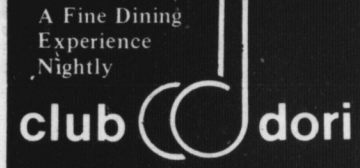


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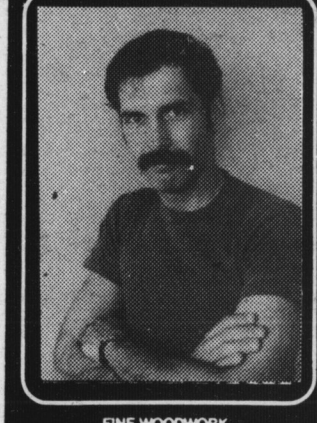
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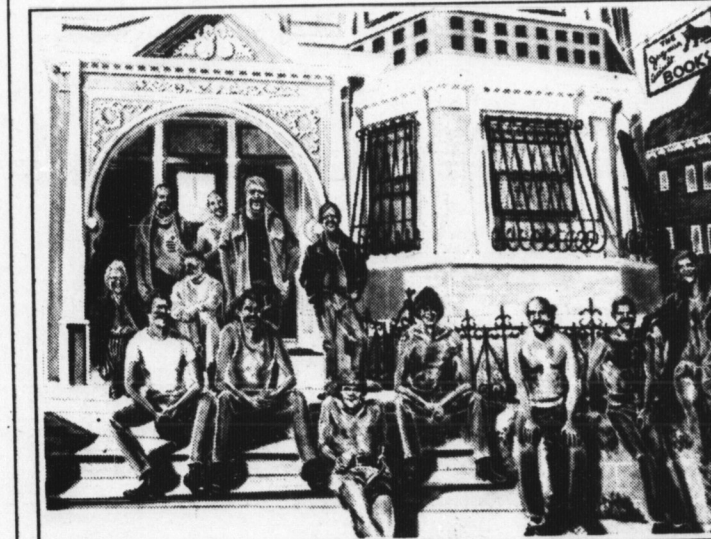
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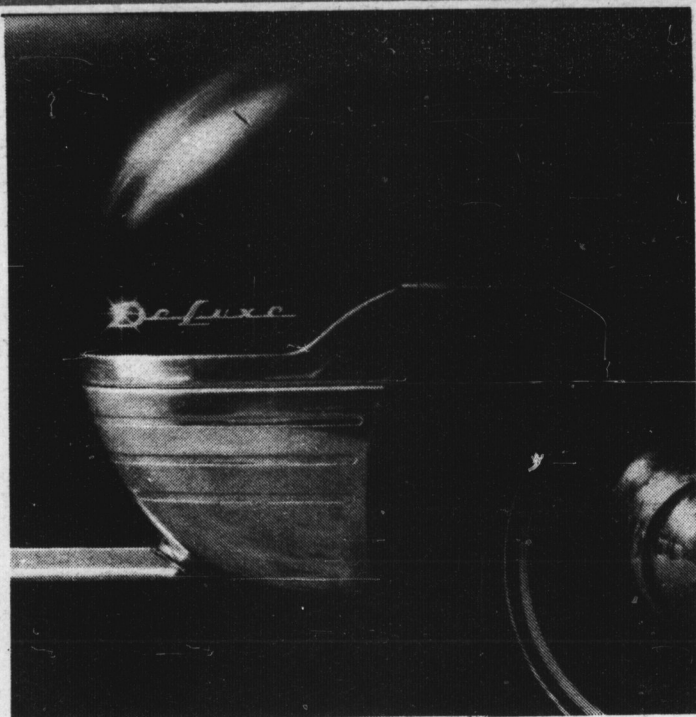
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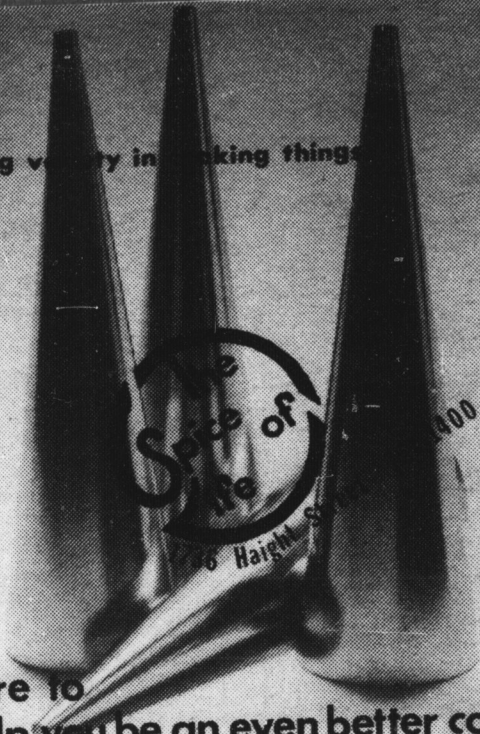
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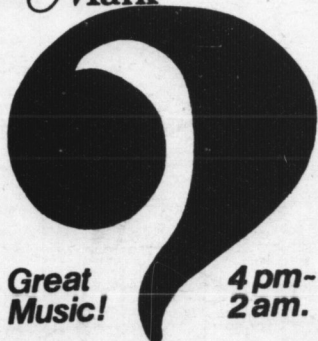


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