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VOL. XIII NO. 28 JULY 14, 1983

Pat Norman Throws Hat in Supervisors' Race

by Paul Lorch

Nobody had any idea how many would show up. Next, party organizers were saying that happily more showed up than were expected.

Some 100 political activists and supporters turned out last Friday evening for a campaign kickoff for Lesbian/Health activist Pat Norman. By Saturday morning on hearing who had attended, a few no-shows were wishing they had attended and had been in on the ground floor.

Norman, 43, launched her 16-month drive for a seat on the Board of Supervisors with a reception at the Albion Hall home of Dr. Tom Waddell. The event concretized weeks of rumors that the top Gay representative in the city's health department was thinking about running in 1984.

Co-chairs of the Norman campaign are Koriel Schreivogh and Barbara Cameron. No campaign manager has been selected at this time Norman said.

The 100 guests paid \$10, \$15, or \$25 for the three-hour kick off party. Norman was introduced by Supervisor Carol Ruth Silver who also took on a later task of hectoring the guests for additional contributions. Silver "induced" 25 (her goal) people to write additional checks.

Norman introduced members of her family, her two grown sons and their families. Norman, a grandmother, said her mother was active in politics but that their affiliations were poles apart. So far apart, that Pat eschewed politics for years. Norman said it was premature to outline a plat-



Supervisor candidate Pat Norman. (Photo: Rink)

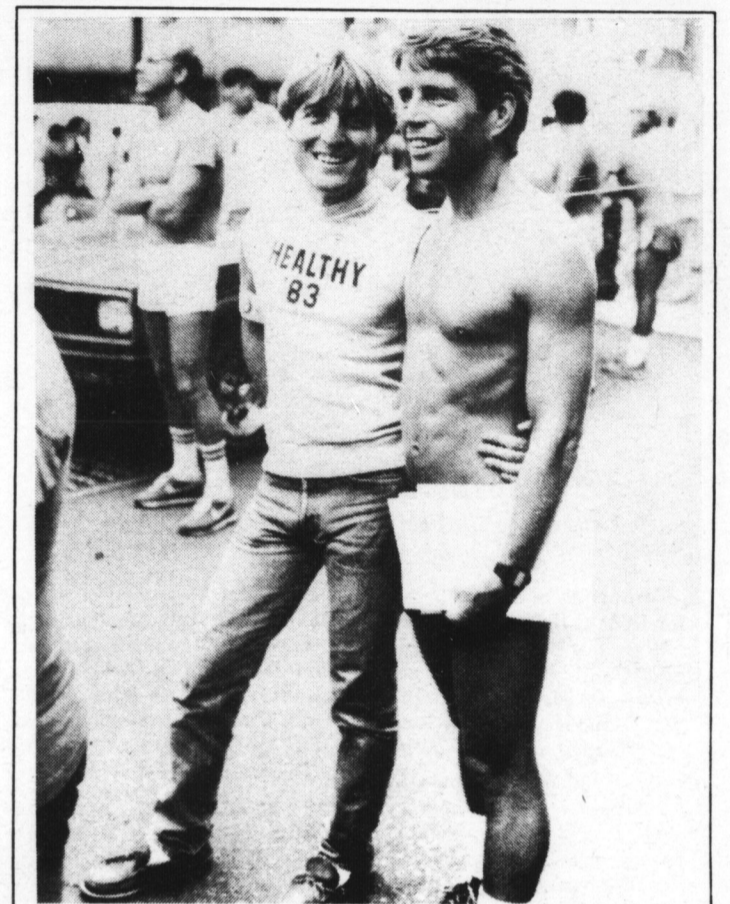
form and told the Bay Area Reporter that she would be spending the next six months "broadening my base." Norman plans outreach to the women's community as well as the ethnic minorities. She is counting on

both left and moderate Gay/Lesbian support.

As Coordinator of Lesbian and Gay Health Services, Norman has considerable support in the city health services community. Under her guidance meets a 27-person coordinating committee. Members of this committee are either directors of or representatives of health programs in the city.

Early talk of a Norman candidacy had already brought down a hail storm of bad publicity on the health official. The bruising surfaced in the pages of the July

(Continued on page 12)



Gay male affection once again exhibited at the '83 Parade. This year good health enters the picture. (Photo: Rink)

Mixed Chorus to Jump Ship

No Money; New Conductor Nixed

by Allen White

The San Francisco Lesbian/Gay Chorus is expected to withdraw from Golden Gate Performing Arts at a meeting next Monday night. Earlier this week the singing group held a meeting to determine their future.

At issue was an insolvent corporate umbrella, whether to hire a conductor, and to what extent this chorus would take financial liability for a financially disastrous concert last month at the Warfield Theatre.

At their meeting the Lesbian/Gay Chorus expressed a strong desire to free themselves from the larger and higher profile San Francisco Gay Men's Chorus. The mixed chorus believes they are under pressure of a debt created largely by the 1981 Gay Men's Chorus tour of America.

Meeting last Monday, one chorus member said she felt the mixed chorus had "lost control." She noted that their group had wanted the 5th Annual Gay Musical Celebration to be held at Everett Middle School in an effort to hold down cost. They did not prevail and the final decision was to present the event at the Warfield with expenses exceeding \$20,000.

The chorus members were also critical of a fundraising dinner planned in October to celebrate the fifth anniversary of the Gay Men's Chorus. Planned for the Sheraton-Palace, the tickets will be in the \$50 range, which mixed chorus members feel is "elitist."

As the mixed chorus zinged

the men's chorus for excessive spending, they too had budget problems to face. The San Francisco Lesbian/Gay Chorus showed a loss for the first six months of 1983 totaling \$6,255. To keep the group solvent, the Gay Men's Chorus made a \$4,000 loan to the group.

Additionally, the mixed chorus had planned to hire a conductor at \$1,000 a month. The conductor was planning to move from his Indiana home to live in San Francisco. Though he was told he had been accepted for the job, not until this week

(Continued on page 11)

AB-1 Passes Senate Judiciary Committee

Marks Rescues AIDS Bill Stalled in Assembly Committee

AB-1 passed its first hurdle in the State Senate Tuesday afternoon. By a 6 to 4 vote with one abstention, the Senate Judiciary Committee passed favorably on the merits of the bill which would bar employment discrimination against Gays and Lesbians.

Gerry Parker, former president of Stonewall Gay Demo Club, said that from 12 to 15 people went up to Sacramento to attend the hearing. Included were representatives from Stonewall, Alice, and East Bay Gay Demos and CRIR. The hearing room was packed, said Parker, with many Sacramento Gays on hand. Testifying for the bill, among others, were Lesbian attorney Mary Dunlap; Bob

Barry, former president of the Police Officers Ass'n; and Dr. Mervyn Silverman, head of the S.F. Health Department.

Eric Schockman, aide to Assemblyman Art Agnos, the bill's steadfast sponsor, said his boss was delighted. Agnos told him "the progress has been smooth thus far... and the energy from the community has been tremendous." Schockman,

(Continued on page 18)



One of this year's more dashing participants in the Dykes on Bikes contingent caught the fancy of Bay Area photographer Robert Pruzan.

IN THIS ISSUE

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Frost New Alice VP



Margaret Frost took the Alice vice-presidency by a good margin Monday night. (Photo: Rink)

Women were definitely in the forefront at this month's meeting of the Alice B. Toklas Memorial Democratic Club, with a panel on Gay sexism and a Vice Presidential race between two women officers of the club.

Alice Public Relations Director Margaret Frost was elected Vice President, replacing Jo Kunej, who resigned to take a position with Alan Cranston's senatorial staff. Winning with a margin of 99-65 over Women's Caucus Chair Diane Christensen, Frost's election is unique in that she is not a Lesbian. "The

Lesbian/Gay rights movement aims to destroy gender stereotypes, and that is liberating not only for Lesbians and Gay men, but for everyone," Frost pointed out. Running for the now-vacant PR spot are Robert Barnes and Gael Sapiro.

Dick Hongisto aide Dennis Collins announced Wednesday that he was also seeking the publicity post.

Lesbian panelists Pat Norman, Roberta Achtenberg, and Kim Corsaro discussed the difficulties of relating to the male-

dominated Gay movement. Corsaro, editor of *Coming Up*, pointed out the lack of Lesbian-oriented coverage in the Gay media. She acknowledged that *B.A.R.* and a few other community newspapers employed some women writers, but stressed that both editorial and technical staffs are mostly male.

Achtenberg, a prominent Lesbian attorney, spoke of the problems Gay women have in dealing with the legal system. She recalled incidents of sexist and patronizing treatment from male lawyers, and said that Lesbians were often unable to successfully prosecute discrimination cases.

"In the courts, the value of the case depends on the amount of damage," Achtenberg said. "Women often have low-paying jobs, and if they are fired when it's discovered that they are Lesbian, there is not a substantial enough loss for a good case."

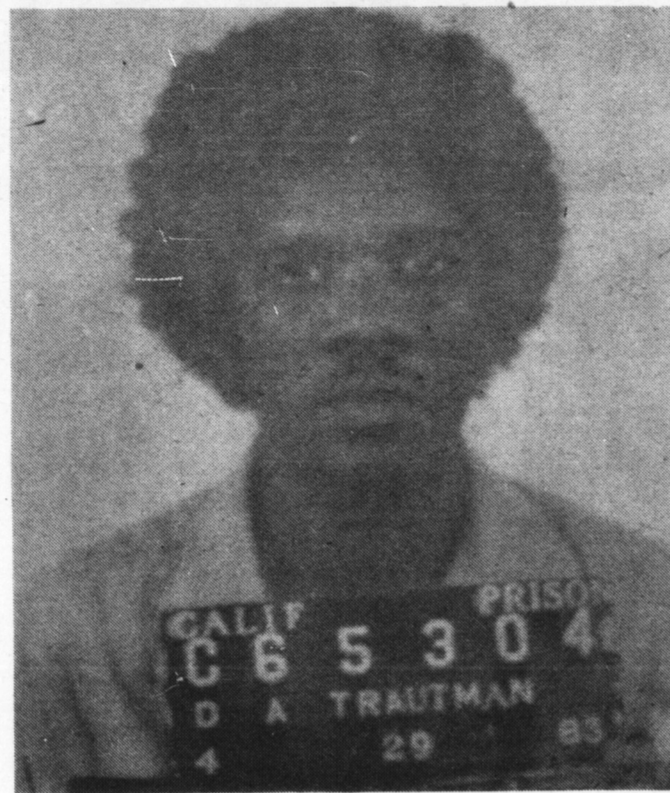
Norman, co-chair of the Coalition for Human Rights and a candidate for next year's supervisorial race, concentrated on the difficulties of women involved in politics. "There is sometimes a problem of visibility," she stated. "I've been hearing at meetings where a woman will say something that is ignored. But if a man repeats it a few minutes later, people take notice."

"As a Lesbian of color, I am aware that the white Gay male community has a particular problem in relating to minority issues," she went on. "That is also true to a certain extent of white Lesbians, but I think the Lesbian community as a whole has been more aware of the concerns of people of color."

The club also issued a statement condemning the *California Magazine* article "Whitewash" (terming it "homophobic, divisive, and unproductive") and supported the workers' boycott of Luisa's restaurant. ■

Chino Killer Sought Here

SFPD Requests Gay Help



An escaped inmate from Chino's California Institution for Men, now a murder suspect, could be hiding out in or around San Francisco's Gay community.

The SFPD and the District Attorney are asking for help from anyone who has seen the person. He is Daniel Anthony Trautman, 25, 6'2", 155 lbs. he also goes under the aliases of Chico Mann, Chico Gaines, or Kevin Cooper and is a Black male with black hair. He was sentenced to Chino on April 29, 1983 for first degree burglary.

speed), likes bright colors, flashy African type clothing (according to San Bernardino County Sheriff's Criminal Bulletin) also likes cheap, flashy jewelry. The mug sheet also reports that "Chico" likes to show a money roll and is reportedly a homosexual. He frequently runs with transvestites and frequents bars, discos where drugs are available. He will usually stay in lower-income Black neighborhoods. The SFPD feels he might be hiding out in the Tenderloin or Polk Street areas.

Contact Investigator Ron Huberman at the DA's office (553-1756), Inspector Ed Kennedy of the SFPD Fugitive Detail (553-1141) or the editor of the *Bay Area Reporter*.

On Sunday, June 5, five people were attacked in their Chino home (4 died). Their 1977 Buick station wagon was stolen and abandoned in Long Beach. The case received wide publicity.

Trautman has been known to carry a 4 to 4 1/2" kitchen knife; uses and sells drugs (pot, LSD,

The PD counsels: the suspect could be armed and dangerous. ■

CBS's Producer Crile Dumped

by Allen White

George Crile, who in 1979 smeared San Francisco in a news special called "Gay Power, Gay Politics," has been suspended by the CBS television network.

Crile's suspension came for surreptitiously tape recording several telephone conversations with former Defense Secretary Robert S. McNamara and others in the preparation of a Vietnam documentary. As a result of the 1982 show, General William C. Westmoreland (Retired) has filed a \$120 million libel suit against Crile and CBS News.

Just a week ago CBS News scrapped a major documentary on Nicaragua because it was prepared by George Crile. The network reviewed the material to see if there was any footage not worked on by Crile. There wasn't, so they canned the whole show. The program was scheduled for airing in mid-August.

Crile was severely criticized following the "Gay Power, Gay Politics" program. At the time, reporter Randy Alfred said "through a combination of inflammatory language, leading questions, misleading or downright inflammatory editing, the presentation of half-truths, half-stories, and hearsay, and finally by simple errors of fact, the producers exhibit what is a reckless disregard for the truth." Alfred filed a complaint against CBS News with the National News Council.

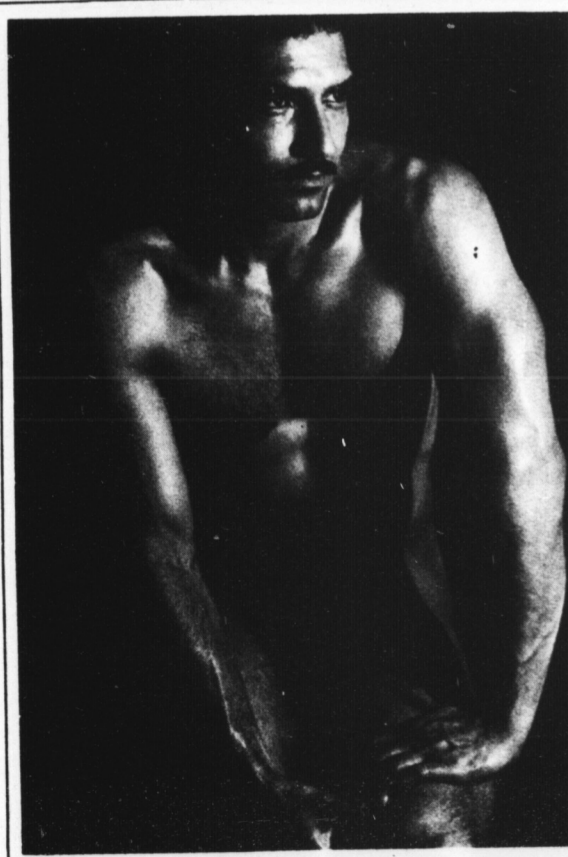
Alfred told the *Bay Area Reporter* this week that George Crile has violated good journalistic standards in the preparation of his shows. Alfred believes the Westmoreland case will reach the Supreme Court. "Because of CBS's refusal to deal with a wrongdoer," Randy Alfred states, "the freedom of every journalist will be narrowed and ultimately the public will suffer." ■

AIDS Counseling

District Health Center No. 2, 1301 Pierce St. (corner of Ellis) is beginning an "AIDS Anxiety Rap Group" starting Wednesday, July 13, from 6-7:30 p.m. and facilitated by Bill Powell, M.A. For additional information call: 558-2953. ■

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KQED Bucks "60 Minutes" Smear

by Allen White



San Francisco would have lost the Democratic Convention if the "60 Minutes" segment run in April had been aired before selection of a site by the Democratic Party. The source is Mayor Dianne Feinstein in a show, "30 Minutes on '60 Minutes,'" shown last night on Channel 9.

Reporter Spencer Michels went to New York to get producers of the CBS "60 Minutes" program and Morley Safer to answer criticism over their segment on San Francisco and the

Feinstein recall battle.

In San Francisco they interviewed many on the show including Mayor Feinstein, Community College Board member

Tim Wolfred, and Sister Boom Boom.

Feinstein told Michels that from the show the national viewing audience would think "all Gays are crazy." In characterizing the CBS coverage of San Francisco's Gay community, she said it would be like saying "all Italians are members of the Mafia, and it simply is not true." She said "it's the wrong image" of San Francisco and she complained that "60 Minutes" showed "only a small segment."

Clint Reilly, Feinstein's campaign manager, said that he was lied to by the "60 Minutes" producers.

Morley Safer defended the program as being a fair profile of the recall election. Spencer Michels relentlessly hit upon Safer's claim in the show that there are 200,000 Gay voters in San Francisco. As Safer stumbled for words, Michels commented that the total number of registered voters in San Francisco is less than 350,000 and the population of San Francisco is less than 700,000. He accused Safer of being "dishonest." Trying to get off the spot, Safer called his producers to identify his source. Like magic, up pops the name of Tim Wolfred. Then cutting to Wolfred, the Community College Board member brushed off the numbers game as absurd. Wolfred denied making the statement.

S.F. Street Monitors Dissolves Funds Donated to AIDS Foundation and S.F. Gay Freedom Day Band

San Francisco Street Monitors, Inc., a California non-profit corporation, dissolved this month, donating its remaining funds to the AIDS/KS Foundation and to the San Francisco Gay Freedom Day Marching Band. Formed in 1980, San Francisco Street Monitors trained and organized monitors to serve at many of the public gatherings of the Gay community in years past.

Due to a decline in community interest and support, the Board of Directors of San Francisco Street Monitors elected to wind up its operations and dissolve so the bulk of the organization's assets

could be made available for continuing research into AIDS. In addition to the AIDS donation, a small contribution was also made to the Gay Freedom Day Band which, like the Monitors, was an outgrowth of the 1978 Gay Freedom Day Celebration.

When aired two days before the recall election, the show drew immediate and heavy criticism by many local groups for its tenor, its inaccuracy, and its exploitive portrayal of San Francisco.

In producing the Channel 9 show, Spencer Michels contends CBS looked at San Francisco from 3,000 miles away in New York and with a certain bias. It was that bias which contributed to Safer's nearsighted, at times sensational, approach to the

story. Indeed, in his narration, Safer described San Francisco as "nonstop theatre of the absurd," and an example of "democracy gone haywire." Spencer Michels ended his program with a great piece of footage from "60 Minutes" with Mike Wallace commenting over ten years ago on the quality of the news on KGO-TV. He says, "How far do you go to attract an audience?" "30 Minutes on '60 Minutes'" will be reshown Sunday afternoon at 4 p.m. on Channel 9.

Reflections of Violence

Writer Attacked on Haight St.

Confessions of a Fag Bashee

by Mike Hippler

Last Friday night I was physically assaulted for the first time in my life. I was thrown through a plate-glass window on Haight Street. Two friends and I were walking home from a movie at the Red Victorian about 11:30, and as we crossed Belvedere Street, we saw three belligerent teenagers walking toward us. As they passed, one deliberately bumped into me and said something about "fucking faggots." "Oh Christ," I thought. Ironically, the movie we had just seen was **Track Two**, a movie about hostility toward Gay people in Toronto. Now I was being confronted with the same sort of hatred in my own city, supposedly a haven for Lesbians and Gay men.

Ordinarily I would have ignored the provocation and walked on, but I was angry this time. I rarely receive this kind of abuse, yet several times in the past month I've been called a faggot by hostile straight people — kids at the river, punks in the Castro, even a businessman on Market Street. I was sick of hearing it. So this time I turned and told them that they were fucking assholes and to get the fuck out of my neighborhood, or something to that effect. They responded in kind, strode toward me, and assumed threatening postures. It became immediately apparent that this verbal war was rapidly escalating into a physical confrontation.

My friends tried to get me to leave — surely the wise thing to do — before I could even consider the option, one of the beefier kids (much bigger than I, of course) looked at his friends and said, "Let's get him." All of a sudden he tackled me — the others helped — and threw me against the plate-glass window of Mommie Fortuna's restaurant. The glass came shattering down around me in huge, vicious shards, and I stood there in a state of shock, trying to recover my balance and ascertain whether or not I had been cut. Another kid then began punching at my face, and I did my best to punch back.

I wasn't at all scared or afraid. I would have been years ago, when I was a childhood coward, but I have long since lost that fear. I go to the gym five days a week, after all, and I have lived in New York City, which makes anyone a street-wise survivor. I always thought I could handle myself, therefore, if this situation ever arose. Unfortunately, going to the gym and learning to avoid dark alleys and doorways doesn't teach you much about fighting. I had only been in one fight in my life before this, in fact, back in the 8th grade in 1965 when I tried to defend a friend of mine who was being bullied by nasty Jimmy Hammer. I won that fight, simply because I ducked when Jimmy tried to hit me ("Not the face, not the face!"), and he rammed his hand into the brick wall behind me, breaking four of his fingers. This time I wasn't so lucky, however. I forgot to duck, and I never knew anything about blocking. Consequently, I ended up with a fist in my eye and found myself on the ground in a matter of seconds. I don't think I did my assailant any damage at all.

As soon as I was down, the three fled. It happened so fast that my friends hardly had time to react, but Alex swore he got a good kick in. They helped me up, and we stood there, staring at the ruins of the restaurant window, amazed that I wasn't cut to ribbons. Outside of a few facial cuts and a black eye, I seemed to be okay. Then we wondered what to do. Should we call the police? Should we just leave? Should we leave a note for Mommie Fortuna? As we stood there, someone ran up, a witness to the assault. "They caught one of the guys," he informed us. "They're holding him down the street in a grocery store." They were several bystanders who immediately blew whistles and screamed, "Stop those assholes!" when the teenagers fled. So John, Alex, and I walked down the street to stand sentinel by the grocery store and to wait for the police.

When the police arrived they took the "suspect" into custody and questioned him. He said he hadn't done anything and re-



Mike Hippler goes through cafe window and lives to write about the tale. (Photo: Rink)

fused to implicate his friends. Then they questioned us, and we told our version of the incident. When I asked what would happen to the kid — would he be charged with anything? — they explained that since they hadn't been present to witness what had happened, and since the kid was accused of only a misdemeanor, there was nothing they could do really. They would take his name and address and probably write the incident up as "mutual combat," but no, they could hardly take the kid down to the station and lock him up or "beat the information out of him." When I asked for a case number, they said there wouldn't be one, unless I made a citizen's arrest. "A citizen's arrest?" I asked. The policemen then explained that I could charge the kid with assault, fill out a brief form, and then follow it up on my own through the District Attorney's office. It seemed that I was being asked to bear the burden of ensuring justice, but as I had no other option, I agreed to do it. Throughout, the police were polite and respectful, but not exactly helpful. If I hadn't persisted in asking what exactly would happen with the kid, I'm sure they would have let him go. Luckily, I knew enough to ask for case numbers and badge numbers when dealing with the police.

I was afraid I might be getting into more trouble than I cared to deal with, but what else could I do? I didn't want the kid to go entirely unpunished. I didn't want him to rot in jail either, but I did want him to get in a hell of



Haight Street's veteran Mommie Fortuna's got its plate-glass windows back after Bay Area Reporter writer was thrown through them. (Photo: Rink)

a lot of trouble. I wanted his parents to find out; I wanted to implicate his friends, and I wanted them all to suffer the time, expense, and trouble of judicial proceedings. At the very least, I wanted them to pay for the window. Furthermore, I wanted them to think about what they had done and to question whether attacking me was worth it or not. Above all, I wanted them not to do it again. I didn't want them to attack other faggots.

My fear in pursuing this matter is that it won't do any good, that those kids will blame me for getting them in trouble and that this experience will only serve to embitter them further. But I can't worry about that. Even if it doesn't do any good, the purpose of justice is not only to reform — the ideal — but it is also to punish. Am I too severe? Is my sense of justice being overwhelmed by a desire for vengeance? I don't think so. Fuck, man, those kids pushed me through a plate-glass window. They wanted to hurt me — all because they don't like faggots. Screw them. I was the one who was violated, not them. They deserve to be punished.

I do feel some sense of guilt, however, for the incident might so easily have been avoided. I could have walked on, after all. John and Alex wanted me to. "You were so stupid, Mike," they said. "What if they had had knives? What if that glass had cut you to smithereens?" Luckily, they didn't, and it didn't. In retrospect I agree with them, of course. But at the time I was enraged. What right had they to accost me? All I could think

about was my sense of pride, my dignity. If we let these fuckers say what they will and do what they want, they'll walk all over us. They'll never cease to oppress us until we stand up to them and fight back. They've got to learn that Gay people aren't going to take this crap. A friend at work, however, says that fighting back doesn't do any good. "They'll never understand or respect you anyway," he says. "Besides, what does it matter what they think? Your pride and self-respect can't possibly depend on what they think of you, can it?" No, of course it can't. I have to admit he's right. Violence only results in more violence. All I got from fighting back was a swollen black and blue eye and a lot of sympathy. But it did feel good to stand up to those assholes. I have to admit that, too. I don't regret it at all, and I might even do it again. Who knows?

After the incident I called Randy Schell of Community United Against Violence and found that the burden of enforcing justice will not be mine entirely. Thanks to CUAV, we have an agency in our community that is adept at handling situations like this. Randy assured me that he will investigate the episode and follow it up for me. Along with a colleague in the District Attorney's office, they will see that the kid must attend a general arraignment and then, in all likelihood, a pretrial hearing. I will be subpoenaed and have to go to court, but that won't be much of a burden. I have to follow through with this. And it's nice to know that there are others to help me to do it. My eye is healing nicely now,

and Mommie Fortuna's has already replaced their window — two of them, actually, to the tune of \$600. I went over there a few days later and told them about the affair so that they could try to collect from the kids if they wanted. There will soon be nothing left to show, therefore, that this incident ever occurred. Even my anger is gone, mostly. But I have learned a few things. I used to think that I was immune to this sort of thing, that I could never be a "victim." Not being afraid, I didn't see why anyone would ever bother me. I know now that anyone can be attacked. People get accosted every day for the same reasons I was assaulted and for a hundred others as well, and some get hurt a lot worse than I was. But only some of them become victims. And that I refuse to be.

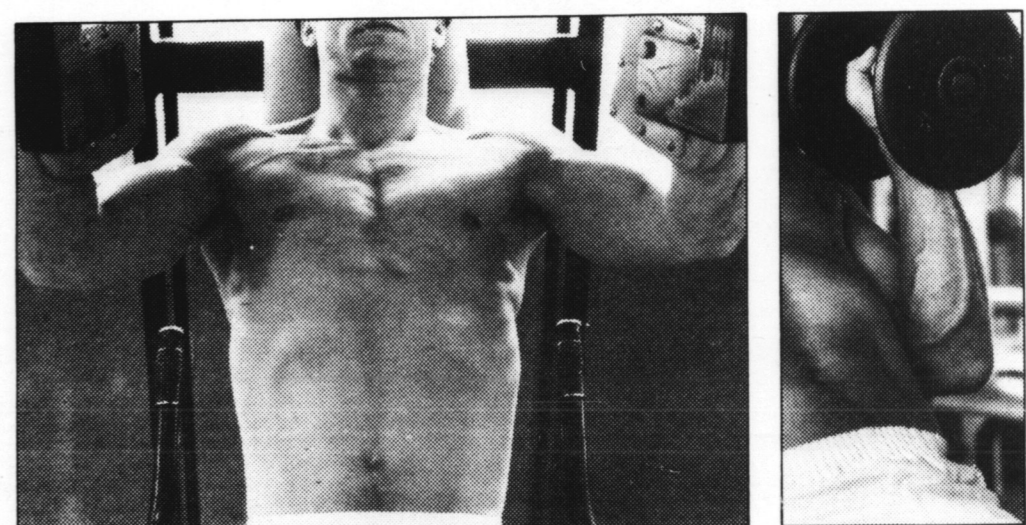
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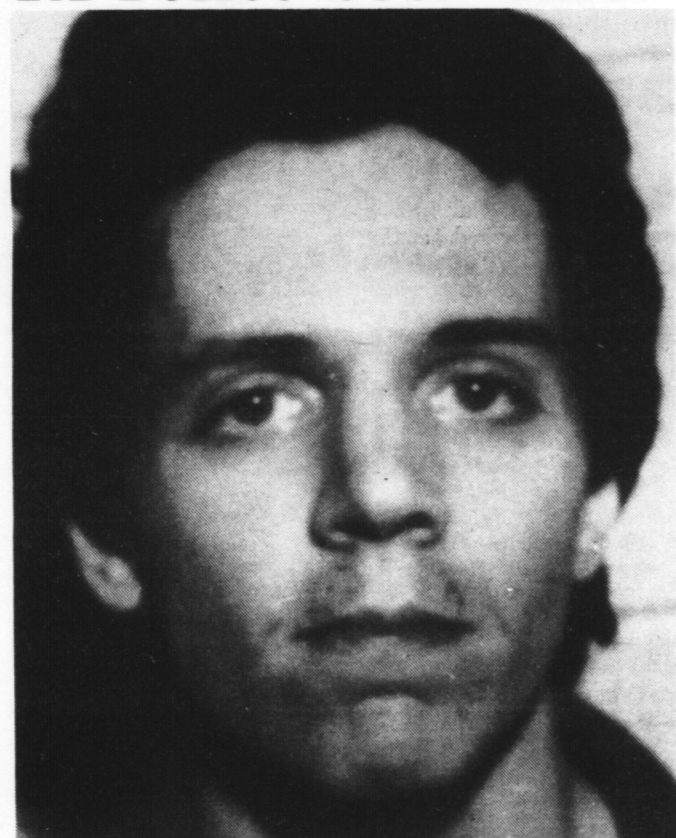
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Above named subject took victim's car (1983 Honda Accord, 2 Dr. Sdn., Blue, Vin. #JHMSZ533DC0030074, PA Reg. #EJU-183, sticker of Reading Hospital parking permit on left rear bumper).

This subject is known to befriend homosexuals and then moves into their home or apartment. After one or two weeks when victim is at work, subject will steal their personal property (car, money, camera equipment, or other valuables); he will then leave the area and/or state.

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Call or write, Criminal Investigator Dennis C. Carl, Reading Bureau of Police, 815 Washington St., Reading, PA 19601. Phone (215) 320-6246, with any information on above individual's whereabouts, or information that would be important to this investigation. All information will be kept confidential, or contact The Bay Area Reporter.

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PLEASING PLAUDITS, PROVOCATIVE PUNDITS, & OTHER PREDICTABLY PRECOCIOUS PROFUNDITIES TO TEASE THE MENTAL PROCESSES PLEASING PLAUDITS, PF
VOL. XIII NO. 28 JULY 14, 1983 NEXT ISSUE OUT: JULY 21 NEXT DEADLINE: JULY 15

VIEWPOINT

LETTERS

The Bath Houses and Zealotry

Somewhere in my Junior Year of college I got roped into taking a one-unit course in Moral Theology. The course was taught by a Fr. Klem from Rochester, New York. From all appearances he was a saintly man: mild of manner, modest in demeanor. His voice seldom rose above a whisper, and he spoke the language of a true innocent. That was until he began talking about the juicier sins, like lust and avarice...

I faintly recall one episode when he tiptoed through the tulips into an expose of an abortion ring that flourished for a time in his very own neighborhood in Rochester. Seemed like he could remember just about everybody who went in and out of those sullied back doors. He got around to the not-too-white porcelain kitchen table, the butcher at work, the surprise hemorrhaging, an ambulance called. He reached the gleeful climax of his lurid tale with a police raid on the house of infamy. By this time he was quite worked up and a few of us felt he had reached a climax of other sorts.

Over the years I've wondered now and again what was the more sordid, the abortion mill or the perverse thrills taken in the rooting out of evil. At the time I had yet to read Somerset Maugham's *Rain* and the epithets of the inimitable Sadie Thompson.



(Photo: Rink)

Also over the years I've learned to shy away from conversions and to avoid converts. Both are like trying to make friends with an active alcoholic.

But then I learned to my distress that the "demon rum" is not half as lethal as the Women's Christian Temperance Union. Those zealots who would march out, axe under arm, and who would burst into a barroom and hatchet and sledgehammer the place to pieces — all under the trumpeting banner of cleanliness and righteousness.

Our present crisis with AIDS and what to do about it is a classic (albeit all the more ominous) case of the cure being

(Continued on next page)

No Pictures Please

I was greatly disappointed in the manner in which your Open Forum Letter(s) regarding Dick Collier and the Metropolis Party were handled.

Was it really necessary to print Mr. Collier's picture with the two very uncomplimentary letters? I think not! If the story appeared in the regular text of your publication, written by one of your reporters, then a photo would have been justified. However, when a reader responds to an event by writing a disgruntled response and it is published as a public opinion, then using a photo to bring attention to it is cheap sensationalizing and bad press! Did the writer(s) provide the photo along with their letter(s)? I think not.

How are we ever going to obtain the dignity and respect we deserve as human beings, from ourselves and others, if we are to continue to scratch and kick the men and women amongst ourselves who are willing to stick their necks out, and take the risk of failure, by trying to bring about a better quality of life for all.

So the party was not a success. At least Dick Collier is trying all the time. Are you?

Stephen V. Curtis
San Francisco

The Parade and the Mayor

Alice Toklas should have insisted that Mayor Dianne participate in the parade! After the support of the mayor in the recall election, Alice could have impressed upon the mayor that participating in the parade means more, symbolically, to the average gay in S.F. than any brief appearance on stage with Debbie Reynolds. The gay journals which also supported the mayor could have used pressure also.

As Feinstein appears at the Columbus Day Parade, Chinese New Year Parade, and St. Patrick's Day Parade, it is obvious that she is deliberately not participating in our parade.

Even Mayor Kathy Whitmire appeared in person in Houston, and former Mayor Jane Byrne kept a campaign promise and was there in Chicago.

Alice and other supporters of Feinstein: Of what value is it supporting an official who wants to dictate the relationship 100% on her terms?

John A. Reed
San Francisco

On Condoms

The current upscale campaign to get the Gay communities to start wearing condoms may seem a little belated, at least in preventing occurrences of "clap" and many other of the more common venereal diseases that have been epidemic for years.

However, what appears to be tragic (if not culpable) in this new campaign is the misinformation and leaps of faith the Public Health Department and various Gay leadership groups engage in when they push condoms as the preventative for AIDS infection.

Fact: if you are currently shedding Herpes I or II virus, condoms may not prevent your partner from infection.

Fact: if you are currently infectious with Hepatitis B virus, condoms may not prevent your partner's infection.

Fact: other viruses and mycoplasmas are known to pass through condom membranes.

Fact: condom manufacturers caution about the assumption of no risk with condom use in the case of viral venereal disease.

Fact: even with bacterial venereal infections (and pregnancy) there remains a statistical margin of occurrence with condom use (i.e. they can come off or break).

Fact: many researchers believe that AIDS is caused by a viral agent.

Fact: "Gay groups are promoting the use of condoms," said *Time* magazine (July 4, 1983), "even though their effectiveness in protecting against AIDS has not been established."

Previously I have attempted to bring this matter up (*B.A.R.* 6/16/83) in the hopes of eliciting some discussion and information from our health professionals. But evidently, there was no response. Would the Bay Area Physicians For Human Rights, the San Francisco Health Department, or the AIDS researchers themselves kindly now address this topic?

If the reason for their lack of discussion of this issue (to date) is the assumption: "Gay men will have intercourse no matter what the risks, so let's get them to wear condoms at least" — if this is the attitude that prevails amongst our protectors of Gay public health, then let us become aware of such prejudice and individually take whatever additional precautions are needed against ignored risk.

B. Elwood
San Francisco

A Snapping Alligator

Apparently real men don't wear Lacoste shirts — at least that's the "Sex for the 80's" philosophy of the Caldron — one of our advertisers.

Last Tuesday evening the so-called men who operate this establishment were so threatened by the little alligator on my five year old, faded, black shirt that they told me I had to leave or take my shirt off. They said Lacoste shirts were not allowed.

How capricious and petty. With the AIDS crisis upon us this club should be doing something positive to promote love and fraternity among our Gay brothers, as their hypocritical and pious advertising slogans suggest, rather than alienating and hurting people.

If the owners had any guts they would advertise this arbitrary rule for all to see, rather than hiding it until the very last minute when one is inside the club and more tempted to deny his principles.

How 'bout it guys? Let's see how big your balls really are. Show us you have the courage of your convictions. Aren't you proud of your philosophy? Let your potential customers know what they're getting into. Why not clearly and concisely publicize your discriminatory policy along with your rates and hours of operation — unless of course you're too insecure, afraid or ashamed.

Keith Deen
San Francisco

Pro Over 30

"I want a lover but don't have one. Why Not? — Part II" will be a continuation of a previous review at the Discussion Group meeting of Professionals Over 30/San Francisco at 1:00 p.m., on Sunday, July 17. The meeting will be held in Sausalito, and a pot-luck lunch will be served.

Please call Ed Kent for reservations, travel instructions, carpool information, and to coordinate food and beverage needs. His number is 331-6320.

For information on Professionals Over 30/San Francisco, write Tom James, Box 421161, San Francisco, CA 94142.

LETTERS

Hospice Space

In your lead article in the June 23rd edition, "Shanti Gears Up to House AIDS Patients," nurse Helen Schietinger was quoted as saying, "Hospice is a way of helping people die; Shanti helps people live." We at Hospice of San Francisco feel this is a misleading oversimplification of our work with people who have life-threatening illnesses and for whom curative medical intervention is no longer effective. Our patients are dying, yes; but they are also living. We are there to make life, no matter its length, as pain-free and satisfying as possible. We encourage our patients to continue those activities and friendships which have given their life meaning; to live at home, to eat the foods they have always enjoyed, to take trips, to have loved ones care for them, to have control over what they do and when they do it. If they want to talk about dying and their own personal concerns around that final life event, we are there to listen and support. It is up to the patient, not the Hospice staff, to initiate this discussion.

We presently have two AIDS patients in our program and the question that our medical director, nurses, social workers, home health aides, and volunteers ask is what can we do to improve their lives, not how can we help them die. Perhaps we are doing both.

Shanti volunteers are involved with these patients; we have the deepest respect for Shanti's work. We are also grateful to Helen Schietinger for sharing her expertise and insights with us at an in-service on AIDS. If anyone wishes to know more about Hospice, please call 285-5622.

The Hospice Staff
San Francisco

Not So Sotto Voce

In your last issue's Music column by Bernard Spunberg entitled "Variety? You Ain't Heard Nothin'!" you refer to Arthur LeClerc as Madame Aida Sotto-Voce singing "Nobody Loves A Fairy When She's 40." Please be informed that Perry A. George is Madame Aida Sotto-Voce and always has been known by that name since it was conferred on her by the Archbishop of Minneapolis.

As far as being "unfunny, unmusical, and tasteless," I will defer to your music critic as being an expert in his field.

Andrew J. Betancourt
San Francisco

Phisses at the Movies

Hisses at the movies? Horrors! Gary F. Rorick (Letters, June 30) thinks this is an abomination. I did, too, until I left Gay mecca for the suburbs and found that audiences don't hiss and boo. No, they do something far more annoying. They talk all during the movie. Then they get up to buy popcorn a couple times each; then they change seats. They translate the movie into Spanish or Cantonese. Or they commit a cardinal sin: they repeat all the jokes — not once, but three or more times.

Of course, things could be worse. Once I was at the Strand, here in the city, deeply involved in *The Women* when I heard someone slowly unzip his pants beside me. I didn't mind that as much as when he started pissing on my leg.

David Kaye
San Francisco

On 'Votr Dire'

You may expect that I read your story on the Holley trial when I picked up a copy of *B.A.R.* today, and also your editorial.

Your comments about excluding gays from juries is exactly one of my points I've been pushing all this time — the invasion of 4th Amendment rights in permitting inquiries at all into such matters. Gays nor anyone else should respond to questions about their home lives — and from my report there came AB-651 — a bill which would offer some protection. The bill is quiescent until the fall, subject to interim hearings and reintroduction in January.

Perhaps you would be interested in lengthier comment about this type of invasion, to stack the jury. The *Lincoln Law Review* has published an article, which was also in the Commission's report, and this, and another in *Liberty* have attracted some attention.

Gays cannot be excluded from juries if no one knows who is gay — and no one has any authority to inquire.

Godfrey D. Lehman
San Francisco

ED. NOTE: Godfrey Lehman has spent much of his adult life fighting the intrusion by trial attorneys into the private lives of prospective jurors. It has been a lonely battle. He was a member of Governor Brown's Commission on Personal Privacy where his specialty was the privacy of jurors.

Missouri Pals

Mike and I would appreciate it if you would list our names in your publication. We are inmates in the Missouri State Prison and would appreciate developing a correspondence with interested persons who are sincere. This is no con-game. Please list:

MICHAEL GLEASON, #42190; young, sincere, seeks correspondence with sincere, honest person, one on one relationship, no phones, for real individuals only.

This is no con-game. Write P.O. Box 900, Jefferson City, MO 65102.

LARRY KRUG, #43088; sincere, seeks correspondence with sincere, honest person; no phones. This is no con-game. If interested in sincerity please write P.O. Box 900, Jefferson City, MO 65102

Thank you for your assistance and consideration on this matter.

Michael Gleason
Larry Krug
Jefferson City, MO

Defending a National Leader

The recent controversy over the purpose, management and operation of the Human Rights Campaign Fund has come to our attention. All of us are Directors or former Directors of progressive Political Action Committees (PACs) and have worked with the Fund over the course of the last two years. Most recently, one of us served on the selection committee for a new Executive Director of HRCF.

It is rare that an opportunity presents itself to so simply and forthrightly answer groundless charges. In most controversies of this kind power politics or personality clashes are the governing forces. In this case, what appears to exist is a total lack of understanding of what a political action committee should do, how it should do it, and how its effectiveness should be judged. It is fortunate, sometimes, to be able to come at a problem like the reputation of an organization from the outside. All of us are veterans of the effort in the post 1980 period to rebuild the progressive constituency and were extraordinarily impressed with the work of the Human Rights Campaign Fund.

We strongly feel that criticisms directed at the Fund and its Treasurer, Steve Endean, by some newspapers are totally unfounded. The record of the Fund should speak for itself. First, the Fund raised more money in a shorter time than almost any other political action committee. The nationwide fundraising effort produced not only much-needed funds but extraordinarily beneficial publicity by including Presidential candidates Walter Mondale and Alan Cranston in the fundraising dinners.

Second, the Fund provided over \$145,000 to candidates out of \$600,000 raised. This represents almost 25% of the highest among all independent PACs. The National Conservative Political Action Committee (NCPAC) gave 2.6% to candidates. Jesse Helms' Congressional Club 1.4%, Ted Kennedy's Fund for a Democratic Majority 7.6%, NCEC 15.2% and Independent Action 9.2%. All these PACs were successful in 1982; all were actively involved in the political process providing advice and services to candidates but none gave out as high a percentage of what they raised as the HRCF. The Fund's overhead was kept remarkably low — and its effectiveness has been remarkably high.

Third, the fact that the Fund contributed its money to candidates and was left to begin 1983 with its treasury depleted is a credit to the organization. Any PAC manager knows that the election cycle demands that an all out effort be made in the fall of an election year and that to have "money left over" indicates that the PAC has not done its job.

Fourth, the Fund represented by Steve Endean participated in monthly strategy sessions with leaders of the progressive PACs for a year prior to the 1982 elections. During those meetings all of us were extraordinarily impressed with Steve's professionalism, the depth of his knowledge of the key races and issues, and, above all, his overriding pragmatism. Steve understood what could be done by his organization, what needed to be done, and, most important, how to most effectively accomplish the job.

In our view, the credibility of the gay rights movement is at an all time high because of the work of the Human Rights Campaign Fund. Steve Endean, and those associated with him. The accomplishments do, indeed, speak for themselves.

Bob Chlopak Executive Director, Friends of the Earth
Ed Coyle Executive Director, Independent Action

Peter H. Fenn Former Director, Democrats for the 80's
Al Jackson National Committee for an Effective Congress

Death Row Pal

I would like to place an ad in your newspaper seeking pen pals. I'm currently on death row here in Missouri and it gets very lonely at times.

Thank you so very much!
GWM, 25, 6' 1", 180 lbs., blue eyed blonde, lonely and on death row, out of the closet and proud, seeking letters from same.

A. J. Bannister
C.P. #24 Box 900
Jefferson City, Missouri 65102

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VIEWPOINT

(Continued from previous page)

more insidious than the disease. We have already experienced in medical lore the use of chemotherapy for KS sufferers wherein the radical therapy cured the disease but killed the patient.

Lurking behind the need for hygiene and sound public health lies the danger of a new moralism, ever waiting to rear its ugly head. Moralism means: I force somebody into a behavior — saying it's good for them all the while it's pleasing to me. I say I've made a free choice but they are incapable of a free choice. They will do what I say because I know best. This is the time-honored methodology of the puritanical authoritarian religions. It is the way of totalitarians of both the left and the right. Funny how fast "progressives" would put back free men into bondage, since they don't seem to know what's best for them. Funny how fast "progressives" would throw in our constitutional rights of free assembly. The expression of sexuality is also a privacy right, and how fast those who know what's good for my health would steamroll over those rights.

If the right to assemble in a weekly semen orgy at the Liberty Baths is such a fragile one, then so is the right of the Harvey Milkiers to assemble in a monthly bloodbath at the Women's Building. Trample over one and the second boot is but a footstep behind.

Everyone these summer days knows the AIDS stakes. If they don't or they don't care, that's their fault and their business. The baths, it seems to me, will take care of themselves. If they serve no function, they will wither and die out. Working to close them down only makes it imperative to fight to keep them open. I prefer neither.

And to paraphrase the great man of liberty, "I might hate what may be the result of what goes on in the baths, but I will fight to the death for their right to do it."

Paul Lorch

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LETTERS

Parade Program
 ★ In his Guest Column (B.A.R., July 7) Duke J. Armstrong's fallacy of lumping, labeling and castigating "leftist politics" as a monolith leads him into the kind of rhetoric for which he criticizes the Parade speakers. Armstrong's main point seems to be that "commie" equates with "socialist," and that "aging socialists (the Parade Committee) will lose [what?] again - for the vitality and beauty of life will triumph over the socialist vision."

There is, of course, no single socialist "vision." There are a number of socialist ("commie?") programs: Russia, Afghanistan, Poland and Cuba all have very different kinds of political structures as well as different economic problems and military priorities. Each of these countries (and why didn't Armstrong mention China?) also contain millions of individuals with "innermost feelings," "sensitivities," and "dreams." But why, whether for moral or economic reasons, is it incumbent on us to "liberate" and/or blow them up?

Nor is there one "living beauty of Gay life." [Ask any sixteen year old hustler.] Armstrong's simplistic dichotomy not only permits him to hurl a barrage of adjectives at socialism and socialists/"commies", characterizing them as grimy, disreputable, fascists, unsmiling, pathetic, hackneyed, hollow, cold, inhuman, abstract, impersonal, pathetic, totalitarian and monstrous, but his simplistic division also permits him to offer only the perception that "the Gay movement stands in the throbbing mainstream of life [and] is all about personal relations and the innermost feelings and sensitivities and dreams of ordinary people." If we can agree with that perception - I have trouble with "the throbbing mainstream" - how, may we ask, does Mr. Armstrong propose that we translate these personal qualities into effective action?

Quinn has "rid" himself of the Task Force. But I predict that we will be hearing a great deal more from Kevin Gordon and his newly founded San Francisco Consultation on Homosexuality, Social Justice, and Roman Catholic Theology. One can with equal certainty predict that the Archbishop won't be listening. A shame — he could learn a lot.

C. W. Morrison, M. D.
 San Francisco

On Shilts
 ★ When Randy Shilts addressed the San Francisco Newspaper Guild meeting (B.A.R., 6-30-83, p. 18) and requested a nondiscrimination clause for Gay people as part of a new union contract, he again showed himself to be a leader in our community. The jeers he received from 1,200 fellow union members must have been unpleasant in the extreme.

As a San Francisco gay businessman, I feel Randy should receive our appreciation. We are often too quick to criticize, and neglect to say "thank you" when we should.

Sam Meaker
 San Francisco

Auto Advice
 ★ Since my first writing, Ford has decided to make a surprise move by no longer building the Fairmont. I am sure many of us are slightly miffed at Ford's decision not to deliver any more Scotch-buys. It seems that Ford is interested in more active profits this year with what I think is a foreign made cheapie, the Tempo. Not the same deal I would suggest that the Fairmont is considering our hard-pressed economy. It seems the Tempo is made for quick profits and might not have the same durability or quality that the Fairmont would. Further, the Tempo seems much higher in price considering the wheelbase you're getting. Also, it seems that Ford is up to no good with the new Thunderbirds. For those of us who have a little money to spend in our community, I would say this is not the car to invest in considering, once again, the wheelbase your getting. It looks as though this year's Thunderbird has the same wheelbase of the '67 Mustang. Obviously, it must have out-moded engineering or out-dated suspension as Ford may have not put in their dues this year and is built for brisk profits. The Thunderbird could be a total gyp from Ford this year.

So, I have tried to look around for some alternatives to the Fairmont that could be a responsible buy for us today. So far, there seems to be only two choices that I could think of in place of the Ford for about the same price range and style. First, would be a small 2-door Dodge Aries K. This car could be for someone who might not be interested in buying another car for 8-10 years considering its basic price. I would recommend this model for someone who needs a car for a long time considering our economy and might find one-time purchase worth the money. For the more spurious buyer, my second choice for looks and economy would be a 4-door Chevy Cavalier. Most likely, someone who is interested in owning a new car 5-10 years would be happier in this model. I would recommend getting the Dodge in lighter colors, if possible.

For conservatism, looks, and comfort these two models I would for the mean time suggest above all others. Hopefully, Ford decides within a couple of years to reintroduce a Scotch-buy model like the Fairmont that would be, once again, the car for us to buy and own.

Sunny Grant
 Rick Huber C33934
 Tamal, CA 94974

Ohio Pal
 ★ Would you be kind enough to consider me able to be put in your paper?

I'm 27 years of age, Gay, 6' 0", 156 lbs., Black. I'm very lonely being in this maximum security prison. I find it best to reach out to someone who is also sharing the same sexual preferences.

Anthony F. Stokes
 #160-078
 P. O. Box 45699
 Lucasville, Ohio 45699-0001

Florida Pal
 ★ I'm a Bi male inmate hoping to be allowed to place an "Ad" in your Gay newspaper. I'm very eager to correspond with someone. Hope you're healthy.

Lonesome Cuban in prison seeks correspondence and possible friends. I'm 5' 11", weight 150 lbs., brown eyes, black hair. I am 24 years old, looking just for someone to ease the loneliness and boredom of my prison life. I write English, Spanish, also French. Age makes no difference. Please write Raymundo Marrero #077782. P. O. Box 747-L-2-5-6, Starke, FL 32091.

Raymundo Marrero
 Starke, Florida

P.S. I would also at this time like to thank Alan of Mr. S. Leathers and George, and the staff, and my



(Photo: Rink)

LETTERS

Folsom Pal
 ★ I was referred to you by a friend, who told me that you maybe can help me in corresponding with someone on the outside. I'm from Texas and I don't know anyone from out here. So I hope that you maybe can provide me with some type of help. Here is a complete description of myself, my hobbies, and my interests.

I'm a sincere-minded black male, age 23 years, 6' 1" tall, 185 lbs., with black hair and brown eyes. I enjoy traveling, soft music, swimming, dancing, and the outdoors. I wish to correspond for a sincere friendship with a warm, caring person. I will answer all letters.

I hope this will be of some help to you, but if not, please feel free to let me know if I can be of further service to you. So I will be looking forward to hearing from you soon, or from a caring person.

Shelton Haynes
 P.O. Box C-52730
 Represa, CA 95671

Indiana Pal
 ★ Hi! I need your help, please. I am looking for pen pals; I will answer all letters — if phone number and photos have been sent. Sincere people only, I am looking for a mate. My interests are art, music, Zen, and the art of loving. I have seven months left and I want to relocate to the Bay Area.

George Ray Quarles
 DOC 19047, Dorm 4
 Indiana Department of Corrections
 Indiana State Farm
 Greencastle, Indiana 46135-0076

Repeat Pal
 ★ I am an inmate in the Indiana State Reformatory. Four weeks ago I tried to place an ad in your paper. I've been reading the Bay Area Reporter and haven't seen the ad. I would be very grateful if you could print it for me. This is the ad I would like:

Rugged looks, 5'0" c, 17" a, 32" w, 6", 190 lbs., strong body. Very handsome. Hairy. Looking for a companion. Write to me and see if we are compatible. All answered same day.

Frank Arnett
 24807 Box 30
 Pendleton, Indiana 46064

Tracy Pal
 ★ I was given your address by a friend who tells me you might be able to help me to come across a lasting relationship with a pen pal.

I am 38 years, 5'10", 158 lbs., black man and wish to correspond with a black or white pen pal.

Thank you in advance.

Bobby Daniel
 P.O. Box A-91393
 Tracy, CA 95376

Tamal Pal
 ★ Hello. It is indeed my pleasure to be able to send these lines in your direction. Before I go on, let me say I wish you and your services well.

You don't know me but that is the purpose of this letter I hope you can take the time to read because I'm going to introduce myself to you as briefly as possible, but first I must tell you how I came about your address and why I'm writing you. I came across your ad in a prison pen pal services and your ad drew my attention. This ad talked about how I could get your newspaper's "classifieds" free. Now I would like very much to get your newspaper so I could meet other people because sometime it gets very lonely in here so could you please send me your newspaper.

Cliff Hallman
 Starke, FL

Florida Pal
 ★ My name is Clifford Hallman, and I am presently incarcerated in the Florida State Prison.

I was wondering if you could possibly help me out by placing an ad for me as I do not have anyone to write to and would very much like to have someone to write to. Any help you can give will be greatly appreciated.

W/M, inmate at Florida State Prison, 5'10", 165 lbs, green eyes, red hair, sincere and will answer all who write. Write to: Clifford Hallman, #A-025985, P.O. Box 747, Starke, Florida 32091.

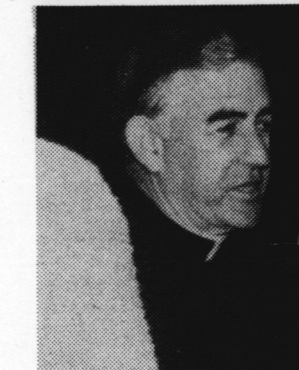
Cliff Hallman
 Starke, FL

Anger Breeding Anger
 ★ The letter called "Now Hear This" you printed in your June 30th issue represents a new low in journalistic ethics. Here you have published a letter slandering a man's reputation. Not only is the letter unsubstantiated but its author's name is withheld "because public exposure would ruin my career" . . . so while you protect one man's name you blithely drag the name of another through the mud with absolutely no proof. Does this mean that anyone who has a gripe with someone else can get any slanderous piece of gossip printed in your publication without having to stand behind his/her accusation? Outrageous! If you're going to print this kind of stuff at least have the decency to print the name of the accuser, too, or else don't print it. We don't need a 1980's witchhunt in the Gay community!

I am seeking an all the way gay male, if possible and "Drag Queen" to correspond with, and one who is sincere in looking for a "husband" to take care of forever. I would really love to find a boy like the boy whose name is Tula in the James Bond movie For Your Eyes Only. Wow, is she fabulous! Yes, she is beyond doubt fabulous!

I hope sincerely you can be of assistance to me and that I will hear from someone soon.

Charles Kellie
 #151-656 POB 45669
 Lucasville, OH 45699-0001



(Photo: Rink)

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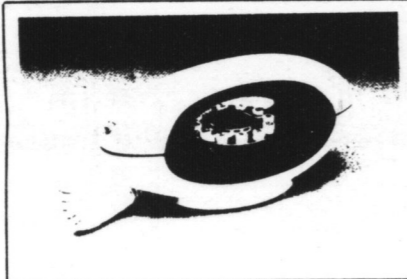
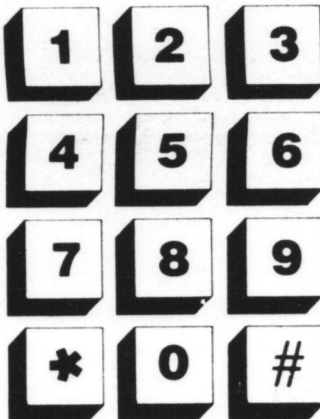


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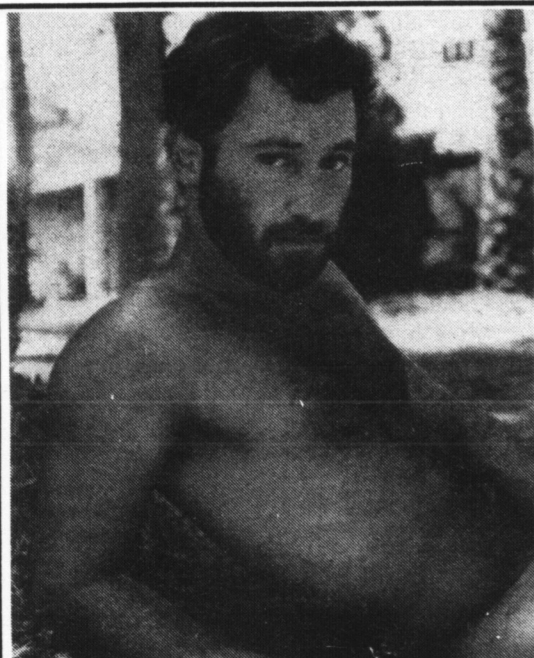


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Combatting the AIDS Hysteria

A Statement by Mayor Dianne Feinstein
June 30, 1983



(Photo: Rink)

I believe the time has come for public officials here and elsewhere to speak out against what is being reported as "the AIDS hysteria." I believe it is time to replace rumors and misinformation with facts, and that facts are our best weapon against irrational fear.

In recent months, we have learned a great deal about this mysterious disorder called AIDS, and I can honestly say that nothing I have learned indicates the general public need have any fear of contracting it.

On the contrary, it appears AIDS is extremely difficult to communicate. And the latest reports indicate the rate of increase in AIDS cases is slowing down.

There is much we do not know about AIDS — and this has allowed fear to flourish. But most forms of cancer remain a mystery, too.

What we do know about AIDS is that among the most vulnerable persons — the doctors, nurses, scientists, and health care personnel who have worked most closely with AIDS victims since 1979 — not one is known to have contracted the disease. Not one.

That is, I believe, the most persuasive evidence possible that there is no basis for fear by the general public. If AIDS were easily transmitted — like the flu — there would certainly be cases among those health workers. But in all the years they have treated the disorder, not one has come down with AIDS.

FACT: I recently met with Secretary of Health and Human Services Margaret Heckler about AIDS. She had just spent several weeks in intensive briefings with medical experts and AIDS patients and their doctors. She noted that none of them took any unusual precautions.

After studying AIDS for weeks with the country's leading authorities, Secretary Heckler told us that among the overwhelming majority of Americans there appears to be "little or no risk of falling victim to this disease."

FACT: I believe Secretary Heckler is absolutely committed to finding a cure. I believe her when she says "there should be no cause for fear among the public that they may develop AIDS through casual contact with an AIDS patient or through blood transfusions."

And I believe the Secretary would be the first to announce publicly any reason to alter that judgment.

Those who propagate fear, misinformation, and rumor about AIDS are doing their communities and even their country a great disservice. And they are taking a tragic toll on those whose lives have been horribly stricken by the deadly disease.

One totally unfounded fear is that AIDS is breaking out into the general population. Absolutely untrue. As more cases are reported, they are consistently traced to four high-risk groups: homosexual or bisexual males, intravenous drug users, recent entrants from Haiti, and persons with hemophilia.

The few victims outside those groups are women who have been sexual partners of men with AIDS or at high risk for AIDS, or babies born to women in the affected groups.

In short, all evidence indicates AIDS can be transmitted only through the most intimate contact — through sexual relations, the sharing of needles by drug abusers, and — less commonly — through blood or blood products.

FACT: The other day New York City — which has had more cases of AIDS than any other city — reported that the rate of increase in cases is slower than predicted. Cases had been doubling every six months. In the last six months, the rate has not changed.

Similarly, on a nationwide basis, the National Centers for Disease Control reports that while cases are still increasing, the rate of increase appears to be dropping.

This is truly good news, and I am confident that as those most vulnerable avoid multiple sexual contacts and refrain from donating plasma or blood products, we will see the rate come down even more.

Meanwhile, we all have a responsibility not to fall victim to unreasoned or illogical fear. We have a responsibility to seek reliable information from the most reliable sources.

The best antidote for fear is fact. And in this case, the fact is that most of us have nothing to fear.

Sala Burton Co-Sponsors AIDS, Gay Rights Bills



Rep. Sala Burton, who was sworn in on June 28 as Congresswoman from San Francisco's Fifth Congressional District, has added her name as co-sponsor of the national Lesbian/Gay rights bill and the two major AIDS funding bills. These were among her first official acts as a new Member of Congress.

"I want to make it clear from the start that I am firmly committed to eliminating discrimination against Lesbians and Gay men and to taking a leadership role in the effort to get the federal government to respond vigorously to the AIDS crisis," Rep. Burton said.

The National Lesbian/Gay Rights Bill (H.R. 427) would prohibit discrimination in employment, housing and other areas based on sexual orientation.

The AIDS funding bills (H.R. 2762 and H.R. 2763) would provide \$10 million to the Centers for Disease Control and \$20 million to the National Institutes of Health, respectively, for research on "the cause, transmission, treatment, and prevention" of AIDS. ■

L.A. AIDS Jobs

The AIDS Project/Los Angeles has openings for three salaried positions, including an Executive Director who will report to the Board of Directors. This individual will be responsible for the administration and general supervision of all Project programs, services, and activities. Salary is negotiable.

The Project also plans to hire a social/case worker who will work with persons with AIDS and their families. This individual will offer in-service education, consultation, supervision and support and will provide liaison with community resources. Salary is up to \$24,000 annually.

A clerk-typist position also is available for someone with good general office and interpersonal skills. Salary is up to \$15,000 annually.

Complete job descriptions are available at the AIDS Project/Los Angeles office, 937 N. Cole Ave., Suite 3, Los Angeles 90038, or call (213) 871-1284. Call for more information or send resumes to that address.

The AIDS Project/Los Angeles is a nonprofit organization created to serve residents of Southern California by providing factual, education information and services for persons with AIDS (Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome). The AIDS Hotline, (213) 871-AIDS, operates 9 a.m. to 9 p.m., Monday through Friday. ■

Mixed Chorus

(Continued from page 1)

was he told there was no money for his salary.

The issue of a conductor for the Lesbian/Gay Chorus had been the thorniest issue last Thursday at a GGPA board meeting. Looking at an insolvent corporation, the board members

were hard put to justify a \$12,000 annual salary for a person they don't even know. The board instructed the mixed chorus to notify the Indiana conductor of the financial situation.

The move to cut salaries was just one of the many moves by GGPA board and chorus members to face the reality of an organization without sufficient funds to meet its financial obligations.

They rekindled an idea to ask the 138 members of the Gay Men's Chorus who participated in the 1981 tour to pledge \$1,100 each to help wipe out notes now held on two homes. They also explored promoting the sale of 2,000 records which are in stock of the San Francisco Gay Men's Chorus.

To get the corporation through the immediate financial crisis, they received a \$4,000 grant from Remy Martin. They also reported receiving several thousand dollars in pledges, all of which will be used towards reducing their immediate deficit of \$27,000. Chief Financial Officer Brian Finnegan also reported success in holding off creditors, in many cases, for at least 90 days.

Several times the GGPA board members stated that funds had been exhausted from the San Francisco Gay community to reduce their debt of over two

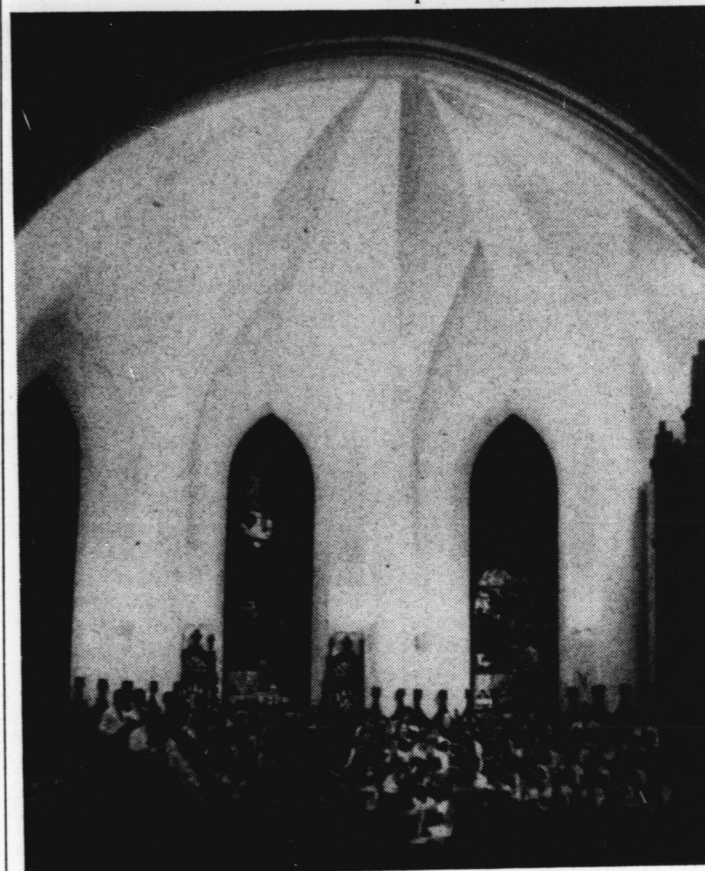
years. An option they pursued was to begin fundraising in several dozen cities that have started choruses as a result of the San Francisco Gay Men's Chorus.

Many members of both musical organizations said that this was possibly the only time when the groups have faced the need to trim their budgets which have been unrealistic.

The San Francisco Gay Men's Chorus and the San Francisco Lesbian/Gay Chorus believe they can make it through their crisis. The Lesbian/Gay Chorus got encouragement when Russ Kassman, a local businessman, pledged to get six former GGPA board members to assist in the restructuring of that group. Instead of paying a conductor, they discussed the possibility of a nonsalaried competent conductor.

The San Francisco Gay Men's Chorus spoke of their many dinner and cocktail parties which will be fundraisers. Enthusiasm persists about their upcoming concerts. They appear July 24 for the 125th anniversary of St. James Episcopal Church in Oakland, July 31 at the San Francisco County Fair at Moscone, a Fall concert is planned, and they are set to sing October 2 at "Art in the Park" in Golden Gate Park. ■

A. White



The chorus at one of its recent concerts. (Photo: Rink)

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Congress Passes \$30 Million Health Emergency Fund

More Money Sought in New Bills

Congress has unanimously passed a bill authorizing a \$30 million "Interagency Public Health Emergency Fund."

The new emergency fund could be used by any agency of the Department of Health and Human Services (HHS) to combat "public health emergencies," as designated by the Secretary of HHS. Floor debate in Congress clearly indicated that Congress intended the money be spent on public health emergencies like AIDS, Toxic Shock Syndrome or Legionnaire's Disease. The Emergency Fund Authorization Bill was sent to President Reagan for his signature on July 5. He has not indicated whether he will sign the bill.

The Gay Rights National Lobby's AIDS PROJECT organized a major constituent phone-in and letter-writing campaign to support quick congressional action on the bill. THE AIDS PROJECT also worked closely with House and Senate staffers to move the bill through the Congressional labyrinth.

Even if the President signs the bill, the Emergency Fund will not actually be allocated money until Congress passes, and the President signs, an appropriation for the Fund. THE AIDS PROJECT will be lobbying heavily in the coming months to get the full \$30 million appropriation, according to Bart Church, Legislative Assistant for THE AIDS

PROJECT.

"Passage of the Emergency Fund Authorization Bill is an immense victory for all those concerned about protecting the public health of all Americans," said Steve Edean, Gay Rights National Lobby's Executive Director. "It is especially a victory for people with AIDS and people at risk of contracting AIDS."

Some of those instrumental in gaining passage of the Emergency Fund include Representatives Barbara Boxer (D-CA), John Dingell (D-MI), Bill Green (R-NY), Edward Madigan (R-IL), Howard Neison (R-UT), Edward Roybal (D-CA), Henry Waxman (D-CA), Ted Weiss (D-NY), Bob Whittaker (R-KS) and Senators Alan Cranston (D-CA), John Glenn (D-OH), Ernest Hollings (D-SC), Edward Kennedy (D-MA), Daniel Patrick Moynihan (D-NY), Paul Tsongas (D-MA) and Lowell Weicker (R-CT).

Those interested in helping secure passage of an appropriations bill for the Public Health Emergency Fund should contact Bart Church, THE AIDS PROJECT, P.O. Box 1892, Washington, DC 20013.

NEW AIDS RESEARCH BILLS INTRODUCED

Representative Mario Biaggi (D-NY) recently introduced two bills which call for \$60 million in federal AIDS re-

search for fiscal year 1984.

H.R. 3247 calls for \$20 million for AIDS research by the Centers for Disease Control (CDC), while H.R. 3248 calls for \$40 million for AIDS research by the National Institutes of Health.

"As individual appropriations bills, Biaggi's bills cannot pass, but they are very important for communicating the need for increased funding for AIDS research," said Steve Edean, Executive Director of the Gay Rights National Lobby. GRNL's AIDS Project will support, and work actively to gain congressional support for the Biaggi Bills.

The Reagan Administration currently estimates it will spend \$13 million on AIDS research in fiscal year 1983. Congress has passed an additional \$12 million AIDS research appropriation, but President Reagan has threatened to veto this measure. Biaggi's bills would more than double federal research expenditures on AIDS.

Currently (as of June 20), 644 people have died from AIDS and 1,641 have been officially diagnosed as having AIDS. Six new cases are reported every day and the total number of cases doubles every six months, according to CDC. Gay and bisexual men still make up 71 percent of the cases. Thirty-six states and 17 foreign countries have now reported AIDS cases. ■

Pat Norman in Supervisor's Race



Pat Norman welcomes guests and supporters at her campaign kick-off. Sheriff Mike Hennessey, who is also running for election, joins her Gay and Lesbian friends. (Photo: Rink)

In turn Alice B. Toklas Demo leaders were also tied into the concerted conspiracy of silence by their Milk Club enemies. In turn Alice clubbers were saying that their adversaries' ploys were shallow attempts to get over the recall debate and gain a temporary advantage.

Norman is the second of this season's Gay candidates to surface. Dave Wharton has also revealed that he will be running in 1984. It is presumed that incumbent Harry Britt will be running for a third time, yet there was speculation at the Norman reception that Britt has grown weary of the hot seat and might step down. His attempts to raise campaign seed money this far have all but failed according to insiders rumors.

Norman has lived in San Francisco for 12 years. She was born in New York City and has worked in Pennsylvania and then Dallas, Texas before coming to the Bay Area. ■

P. Lorch

New Publication from Lesbian Rights Project

The Lesbian Rights Project now has available the newly-revised, second edition of *Lesbian Mothers and Their Children: An Annotated bibliography of Legal and Psychological Materials* by Donna J. Hitchens and Ann G. Thomas. This comprehensive 67-page booklet is an essential informa-

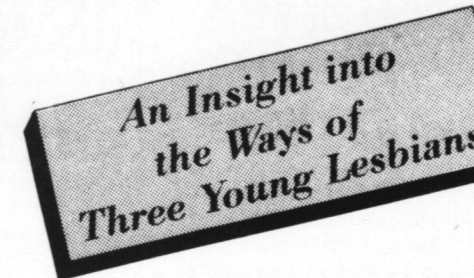
tion resource for anyone who is interested in or involved with Lesbian mother or Gay father custody issues.

To order *Lesbian Mothers and Their Children:* please send \$3.60 (to cover costs and postage) to: Lesbian Rights Project, 1370 Mission Street, 4th Floor, San Francisco, CA 94103. ■

First of a Three-Part Series

GAY YOUTH

by Dion B. Sanders



Tommy is 17 years old and lives with his parents in an East Bay suburb. His life is not unlike those of most suburban teenagers: high school, TV, video games, bicycles, you name it. However, there is one thing that sets Tommy apart from many of his peers: he dates boys instead of girls — and what's more, his family and friends know it.

Alice has just celebrated her 16th birthday, and at her "Sweet Sixteen" party in her Peninsula home, she gets a birthday present from her sweetheart, along with a big hug and kiss.

Alice's parents, siblings and friends look on in half-amusement and half-amusement as she and her girlfriend embrace.

Tommy and Alice's stories are not unique. Fourteen years after the Stonewall Rebellion, a new generation of Gay and Lesbian young people is coming out — and at a much earlier age than ever before.

While much has been written about how parents are coming to grips with their adult Gay children coming out, little has been written about Gay young people under 21.

In addition, a generation gap may be developing within the Lesbian/Gay community, with an increasing number of Gay young people challenging many long-held myths about Gay youth.

Gay and Lesbian young people moreover, are coming out at a time when there are few outlets for young people in general to express themselves fully, or to socialize.

During the Fourth of July weekend, the **Bay Area Reporter** interviewed eight Gay and Lesbian young people—four girls and four boys—ranging in age from 16 to 22, at the Pacific Center in Berkeley.

In the course of the interviews, some very strong feel-

ings were expressed how Gay young people fare in the Gay community — feelings that exploded some popular misconceptions about how they relate to their parents, peers and Gay adults. AIDS was also a prominent topic.

In this article, the first of a three-part series, four young Lesbians — Grace, 18, Giselle, 16, Kathy, 17 and Julie, 19 — speak out about their coming-out experiences, their relationships with friends and family, and their place in the Gay community.

Bay Area Reporter: First of all, could you tell us how you came through with coming out to your families?

Giselle: Well, there are some people in my family who really accept it... I have friends who when they found out said, "Hey, that's okay." That blows me away. One part of my family accepted it, but the other part said, "I love you but, or except," and they threw the Bible at me, and said, "You gotta go to confession or you're gonna go to hell," you know, trying to give me the whole scaring-me-to-death trip. You know, "Men are made for women, and you were put on Earth as a woman for a reason." So some of them took it (coming out) really hard. And they don't want you around — I'm supposed to be out of the house at 18 if I'm still Gay. But it's not gonna change.

Kathy: I had it easy... My mom's sister is Gay, and so she's already gone through all that stuff. My mom has already had to deal with everything, so she accepted it (my own coming out) real quick. My dad didn't have any shock because he was the one who asked me, "Are you Gay?" and I said, "Uh, yeah." He still wants me to find "Mr. Right," but he's not pushing too hard. He doesn't mind if I go to the Gay Parade, it's fine with him. But it's just my immediate family that knows.

Grace: I had it easy... My mom's sister is Gay, and so she's already gone through all that stuff. My mom has already had to deal with everything, so she accepted it (my own coming out) real quick. My dad didn't have any shock because he was the one who asked me, "Are you Gay?" and I said, "Uh, yeah." He still wants me to find "Mr. Right," but he's not pushing too hard. He doesn't mind if I go to the Gay Parade, it's fine with him. But it's just my immediate family that knows.

Julie: Yeah, I sell orange juice! Granola bars, anything!

Giselle: Someplace to go dancing, to meet people.

Julie: One point that I'd like to make is that there are

Some of the rest of the family knows; my sister's cool. She watches TV and lusts after guys' bodies, and she doesn't mind when I say, "Yeah, and she's pretty sexy, too!" (laughter)

B.A.R.: How much of a problem is ageism in terms of social gatherings of Gay youth beyond (the weekly raps at) the Pacific Center? You can't go to Gay bars, for example, because of the 21-year-old drinking-age limit. Is that a real headache?

Giselle: Well, I know that around the South Bay, where I live, there is nothing... As far as places to go dancing — if they had a place for us, without the drinking, and I haven't heard of any such place even around here (Berkeley, S.F.). We need a place that doesn't have drinking (Alcoholic beverages) — a milk stand, if they want.

Julie: Yeah, I sell orange juice! Granola bars, anything!

Giselle: Someplace to go dancing, to meet people.

Julie: One point that I'd like to make is that there are

Is a generation gap developing within the Gay community?

plenty of rap groups — you go, you sit around, it's a nice place to meet people, but the real social activity takes place afterwards, whereas I would like to have someplace to go to where the social activity is there already, like a dance.

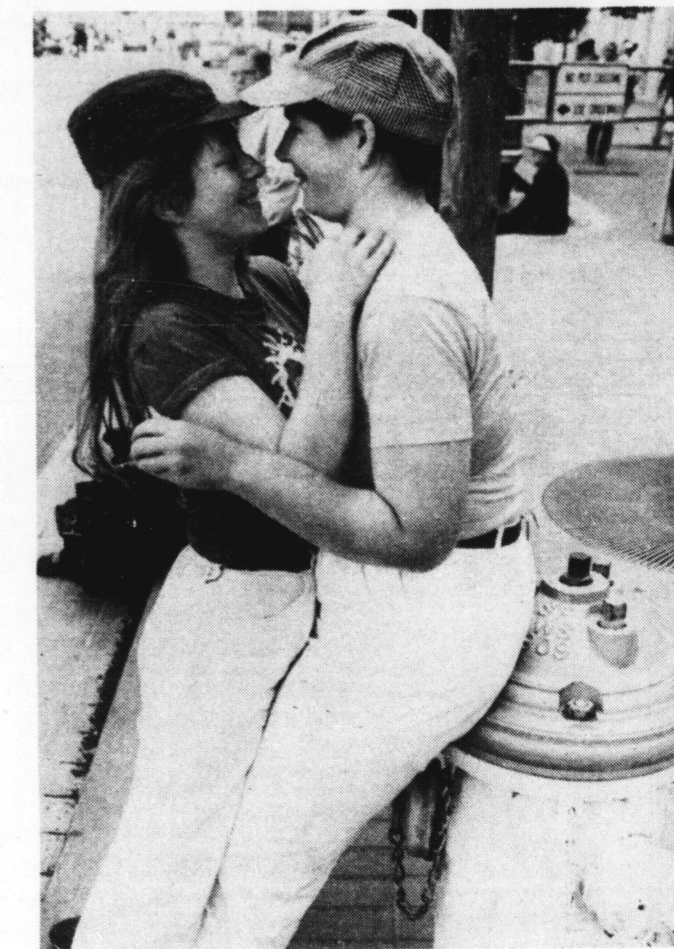
Grace: Someplace — I think that some of the people who do go to bars, they don't even drink when they go there. They go there just for the environment.

Kathy: I'm not much into the bar scene, but it's enjoyable just to meet other Gays other than in a setting where we have a facilitator here, and we're all talking and our parents think it's a therapy group and we're getting "cured" (laughter). There is at least one person in the (rap group) whom the only reason her mother let her go (to the meetings) is because she thinks her daughter is being helped. She thinks that "Gee maybe those people at the Pacific Center can cure you."

Giselle: Parents think it's (homosexuality) a phase — because you're coming out so early, because there's this big "Gay Thing" going on and you feel much more comfortable by coming out. Sure it feels comfortable, I'm sure if they had a chance to come out when they were our age, they'd do it, too.

B.A.R.: Are your parents more concerned about you now in the face of all the public hysteria over AIDS?

Giselle: My mother said, "I hope this AIDS thing stays



Young Lesbians openly show affection at '83 Parade. (Photo: Rink)

here for years, and that it kills every one of those faggots, and even if it kills my own daughter, that's fine with me."

B.A.R.: But after nearly four years, there have still been no confirmed cases of AIDS among Lesbians.

Giselle: I know, but just the fact that my mother would go as far as to say that she didn't care if everyone died from it, I mean (long pause) People are people, Gay or straight, you should never wish anyone dead. What really hurt was that she

tee shirts over there —

Giselle: Wow!

Grace: I got a couple of shirts that say, "Castro," which were the logos from the Castro Street (Muni Metro) station, and I wore them to class, (and) nobody cared. And I was perhaps the only person there who perhaps wants to make a statement that I was Gay, but there are a whole bunch of Gay people at Washington High. Gay teachers — perhaps I shouldn't say that, they might get canned.

B.A.R.: In spite of San Francisco's Gay Rights Law?

Grace: There are teachers in other schools who don't want to say that they are Gay because they might get fired.

Kathy: If administrators don't like Gay people on the staff, they can find another excuse to fire them, such as incompetence.

B.A.R.: Changing the subject, have any of you experienced problems that are exclusive to young Lesbians? Such as pressure from straight boys who have the make up you?

Giselle: I love guys. Not sexually, but I love being around them. I have no problem with them socially. But when they start coming on to me, I'm cold fish — it's just not there. I don't know what to say to them. "I don't like you and I'm Gay, go away!" But seriously, I tell them I'm not interested, but you keep telling all these guys that you're not interested in them, and they think that either you're a stuck-up girl who's not good enough for any of them — or they start thinking that "she's a dyke" — especially if she's athletic. "How come you don't go out with guys?" But sometimes, you have to pretend, which is very sad, because if you don't, then they'll hit you with "dyke, faggot, pansy, sissy," you know, all the B.S. they use to get their macho jollies off. Gay guys get it far worse than we do.

B.A.R.: They didn't mix at my high school (in New York City). Back East, such mixing is taboo.

Grace: Yeah, I keep hearing that from people I know who were born and raised back East or in the South. Even Southern California.

Julie: My mother said, "I hope this AIDS thing stays

What really hurt was that she

tee shirts over there —

But seriously, I tell them I'm not interested, but you keep telling all these guys that you're not interested in them, and they think that either you're a stuck-up girl who's not good enough for any of them — or they start thinking that "she's a dyke" — especially if she's athletic. "How come you don't go out with guys?" But sometimes, you have to pretend, which is very sad, because if you don't, then they'll hit you with "dyke, faggot, pansy, sissy," you know, all the B.S. they use to get their macho jollies off. Gay guys get it far worse than we do.

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(Continued on next page)

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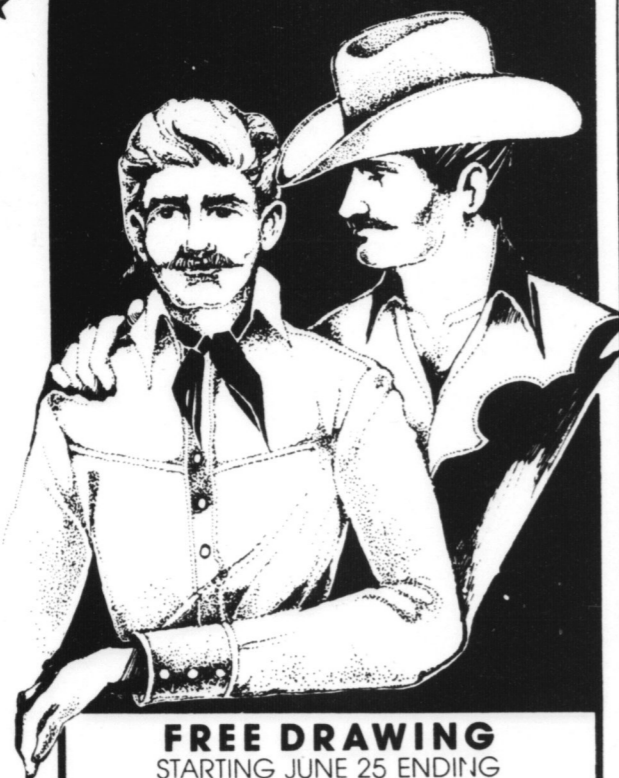
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GAY YOUTH

(Continued from previous page)

of the Lesbian lovers turning straight, the traitor!

B.A.R.: How do you get along with Gay adults? It's well-known that Gay boys have problems dealing with older Gay men who try to take advantage of them, or have trouble working out relationships with older lovers. Do young Lesbians have a similar problem?

Julie: I've never had any problems in that regard; I believe that if there is a younger/older Lesbian relationship, I think it's a mutual type of thing. I don't really know what you mean by taking advantage of younger people - influencing them?

B.A.R.: "Chicken Hawks," or in your case, "Hen Hawks."

Julie: I've never heard of anything like that, or ever experienced anything like that. **Henhawking!** That's a new one on me.

Kathy: The only times I've been in contact with older Lesbians have been with the facilitators here at the center, and my aunt, and that's it.

Giselle: I've had an older friend - that's my choice, because I like older women -

Kathy: I just broke up a relationship with an older lover. I'm not sure I want to get into the details of it. They're pretty messy.

B.A.R. (To Grace): Being Asian, are there any particular cultural problems in being openly Gay to your family and friends in the Asian community?

Grace: I haven't seen too many Asian Gay people. I didn't really think of it until I looked around and saw that there weren't very many Asian people who were Gay. I used to work at an Asian youth center and some people there didn't want to accept that I was Gay, because I was part of this Asian group, and they thought that I was wrong, but also because there weren't very many Gay Asians who are out of the closet.

B.A.R.: Have you ever contacted the Association of Lesbian and Gay Asians (ALGA)?

Grace: No, I haven't. I don't think I really need to, because I'm fine where I am right now. I mean, I don't think I need help, or anything like that.

B.A.R. (To Kathy): You have a Lesbian aunt. I'm curious: Who found out about the other first?

Kathy: Well, I didn't know about her. She told my mom, and Mom wanted to tell my sister and I, but Dad said "NO!" for some reason. Maybe he didn't want us to be influenced or whatever. She (my aunt) would wear her big peacoat with all sorts of Gay Pride buttons, and she'd hang it up in the closet and my mom opened up the door and see all these Lesbian Power buttons. I sort of guessed, and then last Christmas, I wore

my jacket with a Pink Triangle button -

Giselle: What does that mean?

B.A.R.: The Pink Triangle was the symbol the Nazis forced Gay concentration-camp prisoners to wear, much as they forced Jewish prisoners to wear a yellow Star of David.

Kathy: Right, anyway, I wore this, and my aunt asked my grandmother, who said that I wasn't sure where I was, and the next day my Aunt Nancy asked me, "Is that in solidarity with me, or is it because you are?" and I said, "Well... I'm Gay." And so, I sort of knew about her, but she lives in Portland, Oregon, so it doesn't matter. It's not like I can run down the block and talk to her about anything, because she changes her address about every month or so.

Giselle: I have a Gay uncle right down here.

B.A.R.: Are you and your uncle particularly close?

Giselle: Yeah! Of course we are!

Grace: Is that the uncle that I talked to last week?

Giselle: Well, I call him my uncle because in fact, he's my uncle's lover...

B.A.R.: An "Uncle-in-Law," sort to speak.

Giselle: Yeah, you might say that. I know because I woke up one morning and walked into their room and they were in bed together - naked as jaybirds, naturally. So I thought, "Well, well, well. At least I'm not the only queer in the family."

B.A.R.: Growing up in the Bay Area - the Gay capital of the world - may be of great advantage to you in coming out. Do you know of any friends your own age who come from other parts of the country who had severe coming-out problems?

Giselle: I have a friend who lives in Washington, D.C. and one who lives in Oregon, and one who came from the Far East who was here on the student-exchange program, who was very heavy into her native culture, and when I found out she was Gay, she told me "I won't tell anyone." She won't accept it. She won't tell anyone because of her culture. She said, "I'd rather be dead. I'd rather kill myself than dishonor my family."

B.A.R.: That's what I was driving at when I asked Grace about her own experiences in the Asian community.

Giselle: Do you know where any of the young Gay women hang out?

I have no idea.

Giselle: I mean you see Gay guys all over the place - they're plastered all over the streets!

B.A.R.: According to the Kinsey studies, there are four Gay men for every two Lesbian women.

Giselle: Aw, shit!

NEXT WEEK: The boys speak out.

Self-Hypnosis in the FOG

"Self-Hypnosis for Goal-Realization" will be the topic of discussion at a Fraternal Order of Gays (FOG) lecture to be held on July 22, 1983, 7:30 PM, at 934 Ortega St. The meeting is open to members and their guests; for FOG members the cost is \$3.50, and for non-members \$5.50. Refreshments served.

Mr. Joseph Iteel, college instructor, author, and certified hypno-therapist, will give a lecture/demonstration on this subject. There will be ample

time for questions and answers. For further information call 566-6227.

The FOG is a new gay social organization. Its primary purpose is to bring members of the Gay Community together just to have fun, meet others with similar interests and make friends. The FOG offers members an alternative to bars. The varied activities of The Fog include Game Nights (Risk, Monopoly, Scrabble, Bridge, etc.), trips, lectures, language classes, outings, etc.

FINANCIAL PLANNING

Your Possible Buried Money: Look Into Income Averaging

BURNEY ALLGOOD

Short-form tax filers take note! You may have hidden cash buried within the recesses of the IRS' data banks. Regular long-form 1040 taxpayers as well best give heed to this subject. Do especially if you've been preparing your own tax returns.

The subject is Income Averaging; a technique for calculating your tax obligation in any given year. Income averaging allows you to calculate a lower tax rate on qualified portions of any single year's taxable income. It accomplishes this by permitting you the right to compare mathematically one year's taxable income against an "averageable" taxable income base. This base is determined from the amounts of the previous four years' taxable income.

Can you really save enough money to make it worth your while to re-examine your old tax returns? Bet your boots on it. Is \$422 worth your time? That's what I was able to save for a 32-year-old postal worker. \$918 worth your time? I got that additional amount back for a 28-year-old nurse.

To determine your prospective eligibility for income averaging benefits, you need to examine first the amount of taxable income you had for 1982 versus how much you had for years 1978 through 1981. If you know that you made substantially more money in 1982 than you did in years 1978 and 1979, you've passed the opening hurdle. Specifically, you are investigating to determine if you have averageable income that is more than \$3,000. Averageable income is defined as the amount by which your taxable income for 1982 computation year is more than 30% of your total four base period years' incomes. If this averageable income figure

is not greater than \$3,000, there is no benefit from income averaging.

Maybe at this point you are thinking "how in the hell do I remember what I made in 1978 or 1979?" Maybe you just filed a short form, made no copy for yourself, cashed your refund check, and considered it a dead, forgotten matter. If that's the case, you can request a copy of your old return by writing the Internal Revenue Service. IRS has a specific form (don't they for everything!) numbered 4506 and titled with the imaginative name "Request for Copy of Tax Form." In San

Re-examining old tax returns may be trouble, but worth it.

Francisco you can get this form at the IRS in the Federal Building on Golden Gate Avenue or by calling 451-1350. It's important when requesting return copies that you send the request to the correct IRS regional center where you filed that asked for year's tax return. If you've filed the last five years as a California resident, then your returns were all sent to the Fresno center. If, however, you filed 1978, '79, and '80 as a resident of New York, then your returns were all processed in the Andover, Massachusetts, center. The correct processing centers for what state you filed in are all

listed on the back of form 4506.

The government will have your copy back in about six weeks after receiving your request.

You may also be thinking about why go through this when you've already filed your 1982 tax return. You should because if it is determined to be to your benefit, then you can amend your prior return. Taxpayers have three years from the date their original returns were filed to amend those returns. Carrying this further, it means that some people could benefit by amending their 1980 and 1981 tax returns as well as their 1982's. Income averaging is usable every year you can amend a portion of your income under the averaging test. You are permitted to income average your California tax return as well as your federal one. To be eligible you must meet the same averaging test plus have filed California state income tax returns from 1978 onward.

The process of amending returns begins with doing the actual tax calculations as outlined on form Schedule "G." After the corrected, amended tax is determined, that figure is brought forward onto the proper line on form 1040X. Form 1040X is the form showing all amendments and recalculation results.

Now if you personally don't feel competent or simply not mentally up to doing the paper preparations yourself, select a qualified tax professional to do it on your behalf. Inquire about their fees. Some professionals charge a flat, set fee for income averaging amendments regardless of the actual amounts saved. Some charge a percentage of the saved amount above a fixed fee. In this, as in all other aspects of your financial life, it pays to shop around.

Again, is all this worth it to you? Would \$1032 be worth it? That's what I was able to retrieve for a 30-year-old bakery owner.

of a home of its own. The 1969 Silver Shadow Rolls Royce, valued at \$27,000, is the gift of an anonymous donor.

With a membership of over 200, the congregation recently voted to purchase a building at 201 Caselli Avenue in San Francisco for \$240,000. Sha'ar Zahav's home will also be a place for other groups in the community. The building fund contains almost \$70,000; the congregation's task is to raise in cash, an additional \$170,000.

Each raffle ticket sells for \$50. Only 1500 tickets will be sold, thereby increasing each purchaser's chance of winning. The drawing will be held Sunday, October 9.

Tickets may be purchased through the congregation office, P.O. Box 5640, San Francisco, CA 94101, or by contacting Joe Pareti at 989-8350.

Checks should be made payable to Congregation Sha'ar Zahav-Building Campaign. Donations to the campaign are tax deductible.

Temple to Raffle Gay Rolls



Gay Temple building program will raffle - slightly used Rolls-Royce.

Congregation Sha'ar Zahav, a congregation with a special outreach to the Gay and Lesbian Jewish community, has announced the raffle of a Rolls Royce as part of its current drive to raise funds for the September, 1983 purchase

KGO Weekend Radio

The world and opinions of a Lesbian high school student will be the focus for the 7:05 to 9 p.m. segment of **The David Lamble Talk Show** this Saturday evening on KGO-FM (FM 104). Seventeen-year old Becky Knickerbocker will discuss how it feels to be out of the closet at a Bay Area high school. Joining Becky on the program will be youth liberation advocate Janet

Bellwether. From 9:05 to 10 p.m. the program will flash back on a thirty-year old piece of Gay history. Singer/performer and one time supervisory candidate Jose will recall his days and nights at the old Black Cat Saloon in North Beach.

Sunday night from 7:05 to 9 p.m. David's guests will be the director and a cast member from the San Francisco production of the hit Broadway play *Cloud 9*. Caryl Churchill's award-winning

play deals with sexual and role confusion in colonial Africa and contemporary Britain and features some local Gay performers. From 9:05 to 10 p.m. David's guest will be photographer Mark Chester, whose theatrical pictures, using available lighting, have won him praise during exhibits at Theatre Rhino, while his erotic pictures have often stirred up controversy due to their disturbing images. Listener call-ins are welcome at 928-0104.

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POLITICS AND PEOPLE

Dick Nolan on the Supervisors

WAYNE FRIDAY

In his Sunday column, *Examiner* writer Dick Nolan blasted the San Francisco Board of Supervisors for the recent unanimous resolution asking that steps be taken to keep Dan White in jail.

White is due for parole in January after serving five years for murdering George Moscone and Harvey Milk. While claiming that the supervisors sounded like a "lynch mob," Nolan tells us that White has done his time as a "model prisoner" and seemingly asks us to accept that behavior as proof that White is now ready to be returned to society. After all, as fellow Irishman Nolan reminds us, White did come from an "eminently decent family." Nolan further tells us that Dan White was a "clean-cut, all-American type who, in an episode of sheer madness," committed his cowardly crime of gunning down the two city leaders. Nolan maintains that since a jury concluded that White was mad (illy-white though that jury might have been), then that surely was the case.

Nolan even criticized Supervisor Carol Ruth Silver for saying that Dan White got away with murder. Come on, Nolan, what would you call it? ("An episode of sheer madness," no doubt.) Nolan doesn't even let Mayor Feinstein off without criticism. He chastises the mayor for "giving every evidence of just as much rage" by her asking authorities to make sure that White not be allowed to ever return to San Francisco in the event he wins parole. Nolan says that he finds it "appalling" that those now in office are not willing to let bygones be bygones and "leave it to history." Nolan further criticizes those not yet ready to sweep this entire affair under the rug, accusing them of "picking away at a dreadful old wound and opening it up again." Again, Nolan finds all of this "appalling." Interesting that not once does Nolan tell us that he finds the murders of two human beings by Dan White "appalling." Not once does he even suggest that he finds the embarrassingly light sentence handed to White "appalling." Nor do I recall ever having read where Dick Nolan has said that he finds the actions of the "clean-cut, all-American" White to be "appalling."

Of course, the real reason for Dick Nolan's message is to be

found elsewhere in his column. Nolan gets to the meat of the thing when he claims that "City Hall, of course, amply reflects the view of San Francisco's unusually large homosexual community." Nolan goes on to remind his readers (all in the name of healing and reconstruction, of course) that when the verdict was announced, "hysteria erupted, those militant homosexuals stormed City Hall, battered the doors, smashed the windows, assaulted the cops, burned an entire fleet of police cars." Nolan continues to say that "they (the militant homosexuals) took quite some satisfaction in this, as evidenced by a speech in which a homosexual city official hailed the phenomenon of 'Gay rage.'" Dick Nolan's column Sunday smacks of homophobia. On one hand he is telling us that as for the murders of Moscone and Milk that we should be willing to leave that part to "history and the healing" while with the other hand he goes out of his way to remind his readers that the anger of the ridiculous verdict resulted in Gays and their sympathizers smashing windows, burning police cars, etc. — hardly sounds like someone who truly wants to "get on with the healing and reconstruction."



Assemblyman Sebastiani, whose reapportionment version 1983 is now on the ballot.

THE SEBASTIANI PLAN

Assemblyman Don Sebastiani's (R-Sonoma) plan for redistricting the state, certified for the ballot last week, would hurt a number of legislators across the state who have been longtime supporters of Gay rights, as well as a number of members of Congress whom we count as friends. In the Los Angeles area, the Sebastiani proposal would collapse congressional districts, forcing four Jewish congress-

The Alameda County Democratic Central Committee last week passed a resolution unanimously praising State Senator Nicholas Petris for his continued support of AB-1. The county committee also passed a separate resolution to State Senator Bill Lockyer urging him to continue the support he gave AB-1 while an assemblyman by voting for the legislation in both the Senate Judiciary Committee and before the full Senate (some Sacramento observers are worried that Lockyer, fearful of fundamentalist

(Continued on next page)



Sheriff Mike Hennessey will be CRIR's guest speaker July 18. He is seen here riding in the Gay parade with veteran politico Anne Daley. (Photo: Rink)

POLITICS

(Continued from previous page)

groups in his district, will take a walk when the vote gets to the Senate. • Meanwhile, Sacramento sources who had been predicting that moderate Republican State Senator Ken Maddy would support AB-1 now doubt that he will. Maddy announced this week that he is considering a bid for Lt. Governor in 1986 and some of his advisors are reportedly saying that if he were to vote for Gay rights legislation in the Senate it would insure Right Wing opposition in any statewide race.

In a childlike display of temper, one of the other panelists on last week's StoneWall Gay Club's symposium on *California Magazine's* "Whitewash" story threw a



For VP Mondale—a cartoon on his stand on Gay rights raises protest.

glass of ice on the article's author David Horowitz at the Dove Club following the meeting.

Public relations man (Bruce Decker & Assoc.) Kile Ozier will reportedly seek a seat on the Community College Board next year with the backing of Republican groups like CRIR. • David Garth, the New York political consultant, is circulating a new set of national poll figures showing Ted Kennedy is still more popular with Democrats than any of the announced presidential candidates. The Garth poll also shows President Reagan beating either Walter Mondale or John Glenn, and the pressure is building among liberals for Kennedy to reconsider his announced decision not to run.

Calvin Klein, the famed 40-year-old fashion designer, denying in New York last week that he is suffering with AIDS. Klein says he is "ridiculously healthy" and is busy designing \$750 million worth of clothes.

Where does Angela Davis, an avowed member of the Communist Party, get off criticizing the American Federation of Teachers for inviting the President of the United States to speak at their convention in L.A. last week? •



Jerry Falwell joins Milk Demos in drive to close Gay bathhouses.

For the first time since he announced his candidacy, Senator Alan Cranston has overtaken former veep Walter Mondale as the favored choice among California Democrats, according to the latest California Poll. • The City Demo Club of S.F. will hold a party at the Circle Club, 811 Valencia, on Tuesday, July 19 (5:30-7:30, no-host, \$10-\$25) to celebrate Sala Burton's election; 392-2800 for info. • The Rev. Jerry Falwell's predicted comments last week on AIDS should have surprised no one; the AIDS crisis is made to order for the demagogues of Falwell. Falwell says that bathhouses catering to Gays should be closed, and claiming that he does not hate Gays, just their "perverted lifestyle," he also said "if the Reagan administration does not put its full weight against this, what is now a Gay plague in this country, I feel that a year from now, President Ronald Reagan, personally, will be blamed for allowing this awful disease to break out among the innocent American public." (Ronald Reagan goes to bathhouses??) • The *Oakland Tribune* editorialized last Thursday in favor of passage of AB-1.

Dr. Marcus Conant, a director



Demo frontrunners fail to capture voters enthusiasm and fretful party strategists are back on Teddy Kennedy's case. (Photo: Rink)

of the AIDS/Kaposi's Sarcoma Foundation will be the guest speaker at next Tuesday's Tavern Guild meeting at the Club Dori at 1 p.m., and the Guild invites anyone who would like to hear Dr. Conant. • Gays in Burlington, VT, celebrated their first Gay Pride Day on June 25 with over 500 gathering at a City Hall Rally and March in that city of only 38,000. The Mayor of Burlington and his Board of Aldermen passed a Gay Pride resolution there, and Gay activists were highly encouraged, with leaders telling the crowd that "if Gay rights can come to Burlington, it can come to anyplace in this country."

A recent editorial cartoon depicting Walter Mondale reversing his support for Gay rights because of AIDS drew vehement protests from 70 staff people of the recently-purchased, Moonie-owned D.C. paper, the *Washington Times*. In the cartoon a caricatured Mondale is saying to a campaign staffer, "With the AIDS scare on the rise, we'll have to start handling the Gay issue with kid gloves." The staffer in the cartoon replies, "Rubber gloves would be more like it, sir." The cartoon was widely criticized by a diverse number of sources, including Terry Dolan's National Conservative Political Action Caucus (NCPAC).

And in Boston, the large turnout at that city's Gay Pride celebration (over 20,000) is reportedly helping chances of passage of the Gay employment bill before the Massachusetts legislators. Political watchers expected nowhere near that size crowd; most Gay political activists in Boston, incidentally, are supporting Larry DiCara for mayor in the upcoming primary. Incumbent Mayor Kevin White is retiring. • Sheriff Mike Hennessey will be the guest speaker at next Monday's (the 18th, 6 p.m.) meeting of the Concerned Republicans for Individual Rights (CRIR) at the Assay Office, 56 Gold Street.

W. Friday

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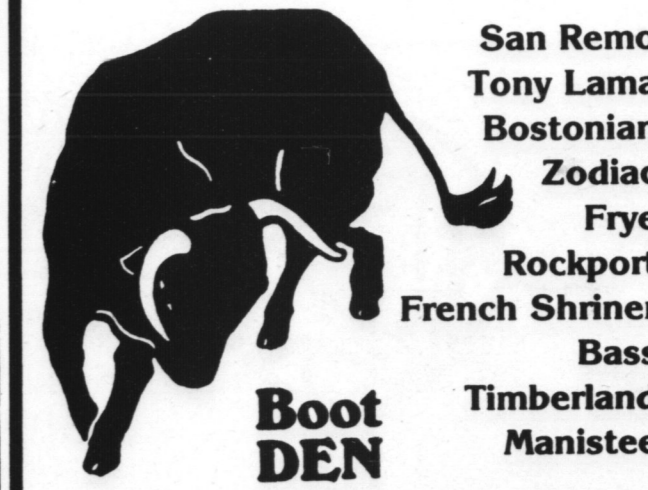
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Annual Gay Latino Essay Contest Seeks Entrants

Gay and Lesbian Latinos Unidos and the Garcia Lorca Educational Fund present their Second "Gay and Lesbian Latino/a Experience Essay Contest." Its purpose is to gather historical, personal, social, and literary accounts of the Gay/Lesbian Latino/a experience in North and Latin America. The essays must be 5-10 pages, typewritten and double-spaced, and they must be submitted on or before August 15, 1983. Prizes will be awarded to the four best essays, which should be in Spanish or English or both.

Last year's First Prize essay winner was published in the 1983 Christopher St. West Souvenir Book.

The Essay winners will be awarded at GLLU's Second Anniversary Awards Ceremony on September 17, 1983. Organizers of the contest reserve the right to publish any works and discourage professional writers from entering this contest.

The Garcia Lorca Educational Fund, a project developed by GLLU, researches and serves as a resource for

studies in Gay/Lesbian Latino/a culture and history.

The Fund is named after Federico Garcia Lorca, a famous Spanish poet and dramatist whose works frequently addressed the theme of homosexuality. For those who wish to contribute to this cultural fund, checks can be made payable to the Garcia Lorca Education Fund/NGA. For more information, call Rolando at (213) 464-7400 x 243 or write to GLLU, 1213 No. Highland Avenue, Hollywood, CA 90038. ■

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AIDS Incidence Rose During First Quarter of '83

Official Statistics In:
More Cases in More Areas of City

A UC-San Francisco epidemiological study shows the steep rise in the incidence of AIDS in San Francisco continued through the first three months of this year.

The authors note that the study found no evidence of any spread of AIDS by casual transmission in the incidence data so far reported in San Francisco.

The study, based on data collected by the Bureau of Communicable Disease Control of the San Francisco Department of Health, analyzes 146 AIDS cases in San Francisco reported to the nation's Center for Disease Control as of March 31, 1983. All the cases analyzed were among men believed to be Gay or Bisexual.

This is the group's second study. A previous report, which estimated the incidence of AIDS in San Francisco's central Gay neighborhoods, was published in the April 23 issue of the British journal *Lancet*. Part of the new report will be submitted for publication in the same journal.

Among the study's findings are:

- In the first quarter of 1983, there were 46 new AIDS cases reported in San Francisco, compared to 23 in the last quarter of 1982. The "geometric rise in the incidence of AIDS in San Francisco continued unchecked through March, 1983, as it did in the nation as a whole," says the report.

- Of the 46 cases in the first quarter of the year, only eight were reported in the Noe, Castro, and Eureka Valley neighborhoods. In all the city's central Gay neighborhoods, the rate among men aged 25-34 actually fell during the first quarter of 1983. This probably represents a very high level of case-finding in the central Gay neighborhoods in the last half of 1982, resulting from the increased degree of public awareness in these areas, the report says. Also, "the numbers confirm the fact that the AIDS epidemic is not localized in the central Gay neighborhoods north and south of Castro and Market."

- The men representing the new cases of AIDS appear to be somewhat older than those reported in 1980-82, and are more likely to have Pneumocystis carinii pneumonia and other opportunistic infections rather than Kaposi's sarcoma, according to the authors. The pattern of AIDS incidence in San Francisco is thus coming to resemble that seen in New York, they say.

- In San Francisco's central Gay neighborhoods, the AIDS incidence rates among all men aged 25-34 and 35-44 are one in 500 and one in 250, respectively. Among Gay men the rates are much higher.

- In San Francisco as a whole, annual incidence rates among all men aged 25-34 and 35-44 are approximately one in 1000 and one in 500, respectively. These rates are about twice as high as the incidence rates for all types of cancer among men in these age groups.

According to the study, AIDS in San Francisco is still a disease of Gay men. All the 146 cases analyzed were among men believed to be either Gay or Bisexual; and only three other cases have been reported in San Francisco. However, the recent change in distribution of cases suggests a movement of the epidemic into different subgroups, according to authors of the study. Such a trend would be similar to the experience in New York, where a percentage of cases involve intravenous drug users.

"Since infections among New York AIDS cases are commonly associated with IV drug use, some of the recent cases in San Francisco may be among Gay men who are IV drug users. If so, it is expected that cases will also be present among heterosexual drug users," the authors say.

Although no AIDS case involving a heterosexual IV drug user has yet been reported in San Francisco, public awareness campaigns about AIDS should be directed at this group as well as Gay men, according to the authors.

(Continued from page 1)

who has spent most of his time in the past few months on the bill, said that the next stop for the bill is the Senate Finance Committee. The legislature recesses for summer July 15 to August 15. The bill will be dealt with by Finance sometime between August 15 and September 15.

Those who voted for the bill were Senators Milton Marks (R), David Roberti (D), Nick Petris (D), Keene (D), Watson (D), and Torres (D). Voting against it were H. L. Richardson (R), Doolittle (R), Presley (D), and Ed Davis (R). Senator Bill Lockyer of Hayward abstained. He told an East Bay paper that he had mixed feelings on the bill and that he had heard only from opponents of the measure.

Gay activists were quick to charge this was not the case, that input to him by AB-1's supporters had been considerable.

Gerry Parker said that San Francisco Senator Milton Marks was to be complimented for his hard day's work on AB-1 and a second measure, SB-910, which

had stalled in the Assembly Health Committee. SB-910 and its companion appropriation measure were a package of Senate President pro-tem David Roberti and Marks with establishing research on AIDS and funds to start up the project.

The previous week SB-910 became a football in partisan politics and Republican committee members voted "nay" on some irrelevant pique. Senator Marks went to the Assembly Committee hearing and personally pleaded with the members to reconsider the AIDS package. The Committee on his urging did so and passed favorably on SB-910, 8 to 2. SB-910 had previously passed the State Senate.

AB-1 would make it illegal for employers with more than five employees to discriminate against homosexuals on the basis of their sexual orientation.

Workers who think their employers have discriminated against them because of sexual orientation could file a complaint with the Fair Employment and Housing Department.

GREATER BAY NEWS

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

OAKLAND

Not Impersonating A Leader

NEZ PAS

"The name Cathy came from my favorite lady in history, Catherine the Great. This August I will have been going in drag for ten years, and I consider myself a drag queen impersonator!"

So opened my interview with 28 year old Jon Kendelle, born in Kentucky and raised in Atlanta, Georgia, who is a true Southern Belle with No southern accent!

Jon manages a wholesale plumbing supply house here Oakland. He had worked in an operating room, but left because he got tired of seeing sick and dying people.

Cathy: I started in drag just for fun, in Atlanta. A bunch of us were dared to go in drag — and one night we did! About six months later we started doing stage shows.

My family knows that I am gay. I told them for no particular reason. I moved in with my lover when I was 12 (he was 53) and I lasted for four years. My father was the one who suggested we move together! It's known at work that I am gay, and it makes no difference. My boss even stated that "if it got us any more business, we'd advertise it on the front door!"

I had appeared in the Frisco Follies in San Francisco, and visited Oakland several times. Carol was running for Empress II and he even borrowed some of my costumes. Manuel Oliver was in the shows, too, so I had a few ties to Oakland. I moved over here thinking it would be much quieter. I'd heard a lot about Oakland — how supportive they were to their community... but it's a damn lie! I found it to be the biggest pit of backbiting vipers I've ever seen! There are a lot of people in town who are "we have, would be's, and somebodies," and instead of working together, they run around and try to pull down those who

are trying. A VERY small handful are trying, yet too many others destroy what they do, and they don't get anywhere. I thought I was aware of this when I ran for Queen of Hearts V, but I never realized it was as deep as it is!

People need to grow up; they act like juvenile delinquents pulling petty bull shit. It's Oakland against Hayward: Pom Poms against the Raw Rabs. I feel all energies could be put into one thing.



"Drag queen impersonator" Cathy — a.k.a. Jon Kendelle.

instead of bleeding everyone's pockets for so many different contingencies. We could spend less for one GOOD function and put the rest of the money into the community. There are people who do DO! Cha Cha — a hard worker: Nova and Michael — as much as people dislike them, they are very hard workers for the East Bay; Stephanie and Frumpy — they have good workers behind them: Trisha and Cheryl — they work really hard, too! There are lots of others, and those who do the work do know who they are. The only ones who might be offended by not being mentioned are the ones who don't do anything!

Nez: Why is there a division of attitudes towards drags?

Cathy: I guess it's easier to accept a man dressed in leather. It's a costume, but he's still a man. Drag queens are just as guilty, too. They say, THEY won't like us there; THEY are into macho men! Also, "bad" drag turns a lot of people against it more.

The majority of drags that I know are not "street" drags. They only do it for a show, benefits, etc. And they do have very good talent; some of the best I've ever seen! The majority of shows require on the average of three to four hours of rehearsal a day, but it is often much, much more. The cost is fantastic, with all monies being out of pocket! That's one of the reasons you'll see so many people giving money to performers — they know how much it costs. Also, just shopping is time consuming. We can't shop "off the rack" as a real woman does.

Nez: Do you feel you are doing something to unite the community?

Cathy: Yes, I feel that I am by getting more people involved. Those who trust and support Cathy, see that Cathy gets the job done. Hopefully they will get their eyes opened and work more on their own. I have never been sorry that I ran for Queen of Hearts V.

Before I finish I'd like to say that I wish the people of the community would realize how little a community it really is, and instead of fighting, try getting together. We should develop our own United Nations, if you will. Instead of one ruling head, everyone could voice how he/she feels and get it all out in the open.

I'm glad I have my own mind! If I took everyone at their word about what they say about other people, I would really have a lot of people to hate! but I get to know the people personally, and they are my true friends. I hate to have people come on to me about what's going on in the Court. Why don't they bring it up at Council or general meetings and air it there? I'll listen to what everyone says, but my entire household makes the decisions.

Weiner was elected King of Hearts V by the people. His present affairs are NO concern of mine, and no concern to the Court. He is no longer in office because he lives in Wisconsin. Being a resident of Northern California is a prerequisite for that office.

He was elected, and he will always hold that title. I'm in the process of finding someone to fill the position of helping me in working to improve the court system. That person will be known as the Regent King of Hearts V. If my court can't agree, then I will hold my office by myself. I'm quite capable of doing it by myself. I just wish I could have half the support for me as what I have pulling against me now!"

★ ★ ★

Nez: I have to disagree with Cathy on one point. He called himself an ordinary person. No Way! Extraordinary doesn't even begin to describe this talented, energetic, and

humane individual.

Since the interview I have learned that Cathy's mate, Patrice (Mr. Lumberjack '83) was selected as Regent King of Hearts V.

Nez' Note: A total vindication for omitting an important item from last week's column concerning the Freedom Day Parade — kudos, kisses, plaudits, and hugs to Hank and Les who followed the Oakland contingency the entire route, supplying all of us with orange juice, water, ice, etc. What a truly nice, and complete voluntary, thing to do. Bless both of them!

Love, Nez ☺

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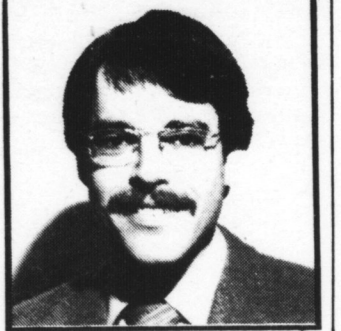
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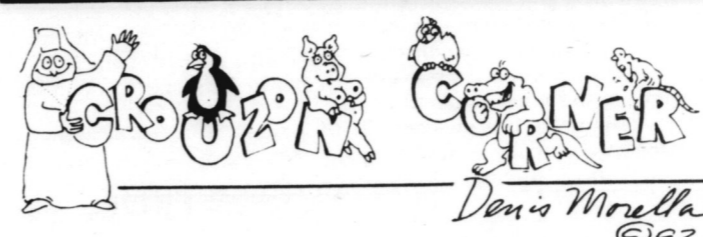
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TELEGRAPH & 66TH... BERKELEY

Royal Get Down

TOM ROGERS

I think even Dolly Parton would have been proud.

There was a show last Saturday night in Sunnyvale that was the slickest **Little Bit of Country** you ever did see.

It was like a barn dance on parade, with Casa, Inc., as the band and with its two stars-of-the-year as band-leaders.

It was short, sweet and very lively.

It was also a neat way to summarize the tenures in office of Empress Darlene and Emperor Dennis.

Without an ounce of disrespect and yet with tons of reverence, their style from the start was to send a clear message throughout their own organization and its affiliates up and down the West Coast that the court system ain't necessarily a drag.

They made their point, and the show they staged as their farewell party demonstrated that they have a lot of agreement.

People came from as far North as Alaska and from as far South as San Diego, to literally sing their praises, crowns in one hand, straw hats in the other.

Anyone who has attended a gay court event — especially a "Coronation" — knows that it can often be a boring parade of glittering introductions.

Their Imperial this and Her Royal Pain that usually curtesy into the night in an infernal display of paste jewelry get-ups.

Nearly everyone was in Western garb and there wasn't a throne in sight.

Dennis and Darlene sat on bales of hay with their lovers, a wooden trough full of ice and champagne between them on a democratically low stage that saw a rapid-fire retinue of foot-stompin', knee-slappin', country and western production numbers that displayed fun-loving style instead of Imperial fashion.

Dennis and Darlene's Court led the way with a high-kicking presentation of the title music to **The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas**.

Showdown's "Off to the Rodeo" was another irreverently fun, chorus-line stomp presented when Sacramento was introduced. (I watched three queens wilt at the lyrics.)

The only one to wear a crown, S.F.'s Empress Connie, swept it aside attitudinally with "her" energetic solo numbers. And female vocalist Sherry nearly stole the show with a couple of numbers that were like Esalen-level bearhugs. Androgynous vocalist Michael emoted from one end of the stage to the other.

With sophisticated sound, lighting systems and set design, and all the action, there wasn't a calamity all evening. (Well, actually, a

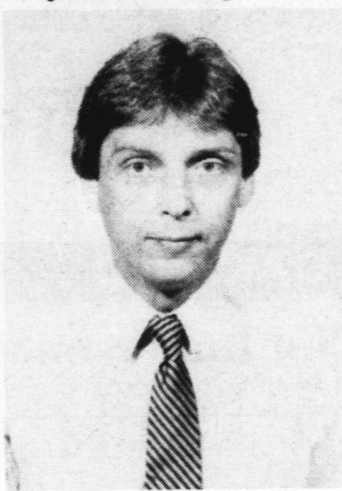
couple of cowboys did cave in part of the stage while embracing Dennis and Darlene, but a quick crew repaired the damage instantly and the show went on, unshaken.)

And in this way, San Jose's first female "Empress" and her buddy Dennis stepped aside for their heirs — Nevan Von as Emperor and Lisa Stevenson, San Jose's second female Empress. (Denny and Marie, stand aside. These two are angelically beautiful.)

Heard the latest? Kevin Daniel, owner of Kevin's and of Toyon, has posted a takeover of Bozo's on The Alameda as the new home of Toyon. Should be open for business sometime in mid-September. It's a perfect location. Congratulations, Kevin!

Go hug your pet and have a great week, ya'll. ■

Gay Counseling



Don Mariacher

The Counseling Center is a multi-disciplinary group of private practitioners located at 1779 Woodside Road in Redwood City. The group has recently added Don Mariacher to their practice, which included James Cox and Robert Wheaton, both Minister/Counselors, and the aptly named Charles Comfort, a psychiatric consultant.

The Counseling Center advises that Mr. Mariacher "is Gay-identified" and has worked extensively with Gay/Lesbian individuals, couples, and families. He has also been actively involved professionally and personally in the Gay community in New York and in San Francisco.

Don is a Licensed Clinical Social Worker who has maintained a private practice in San Francisco for the past seven years. He also served as Director of Psychiatric Emergency Services at San Francisco General Hospital for the past four years, having worked for the 4½ years prior to becoming Director in a supervisory and staff capacity. While at SFGH, he held a clinical faculty appointment with the University of California San Francisco, School of Medicine, Department of Psychiatry.

For information on the Counseling Center or to contact any of the practitioners, call 365-2673. ■

Community Center Activities

The Billy DeFrank Community Center at 86 Keyes Street in San Jose announces the following groups and activities during July.

★ Black and White Men Together meets the first and third Monday of each month at 7:00 pm.

★ The South Bay Group is open to anyone with a serious interest in sadomasochism, erotic power play or dominant/submissive relationships. P. O. Box 53194, San Jose, 95153.

★ Gay Toastmasters, a group dedicated to improving speaking skills meets each Wednesday from 6 to 7 pm.

★ Alcoholics Anonymous meets each Sunday at 10:30 am, and is open to men and

women.

★ Previously Married Lesbians/Gay Men Support Group welcomes previous partners. Info: Rich, 238-7878.

★ Photography Club, for amateurs and professionals, meets the second and fourth Mondays of each month at 7:30 pm. Info: Frank, 197-6066 or Jim, 578-7401.

★ Men's Support Group meets Thursdays at 7 pm.

★ Lesbian Rap meets Wednesdays at 78 pm.

★ Womyn's Coffeehouse offers a social hour each Friday at 8 pm.

★ Reader's Club is open to all Bookmaniacs. For info: 297-5132. ■

Wine & Roses Coronation

The Court of Wine & Roses will have Coronation '83, Saturday, August 6, at the Rohnert Park Community Center, 5401 Snyder Lane, off the Rohnert Park Expressway, in Rohnert Park (near Santa Rosa). Time is 6 p.m.. Tickets are \$10 at the door, and the theme this year is "1940's; A Night at the Stage

New Bar in Hayward

The Spoiled Brat, a full liquor bar, will open in Hayward at the beginning of September. Frumpy Frommelt will be in charge of the bar, which will be located around the corner from the Turf Club. ■

Door Canteen". A New Emperor, Empress and Queen Mother will be elected. ■

Les Biens in Vallejo

Display Highlights July

Les Biens: Women Preferring Women, Solano County's Lesbian support group, is sponsoring a display of books and artifacts illustrating Gay and Lesbian life and history at the Fairfield/Suisun Library at 1150 Kentucky St., Fairfield. The display, scheduled to run through the month of July, features photographs, records, books, and posters highlighting lives of famous Lesbians and Gay men, as well as facets of Gay life today around the world. Pamphlets listing local and Bay Area resources will be available in handout form.

The display is co-sponsored by the Pacific Center for Human Growth with many thanks to Woman's Place Books for the loan of some materials.

June events offered, among other outings, a trip to the San Francisco Gay Day Parade. For many women, this was their first time to see the parade, now in its twelfth year. Several members also attended a new Sacramento play, *Frontline*, about the persecution of women in the Army Corps after World War II. The play is highly recommended for

its social content and literary merit. Barbecues and swimming parties continue to be a favorite activity for the group.

July events include assembling the Library display, a visit to the San Francisco-based woman's comedy group — Mother Tongue Reader's Theatre — and a weekend campout in Sonoma. Final plans are also being made for the group's August potluck, an invitation for Gay men and women. A goal of the potluck is to encourage a network in Solano County for Gay men.

Organizers of the women's group report an overwhelming response to its founding. Over fifty women have called and participated in group activities from as far as Napa and Contra Costa Counties.

Organizers of the Lesbian support group encourage single Gay women, women couples, Lesbian mothers, disabled Lesbians, and Lesbians of color to participate in this much needed community service.

The group is nonprofit; there are no dues required.

Meetings are confidential and discreet; locations vary. For more information call the message/info number in Vallejo at (707) 643-0626. ■

Diablo Rap

Exhibitionists: Strippers and Performers will be the subject for informal discussion at the Friday night meeting of the Rap Support Group on July 22, 8 PM, at the Diablo Valley Community Center. Info: 674-0171.

A Women's Rap meets on July 18 from 7-9 PM, with the subject "The Value of Friendships." What makes a good friend? Meet with other women at the Center and discuss it. ■

Pt. Reyes Picnic

The Diablo Valley Community Center has planned a picnic and hike at Pt. Reyes for Saturday, July 23. If you want to go, meet at the Center, 1818 Colfax Avenue in Concord, at 9:30 AM with food to share. Car pooling will be arranged. Info: 674-0171. ■

Stockton's New Bar

The Boot Strap will open Saturday, July 16, at 2 PM in the afternoon. They will have a buffet at 9 PM that evening and door prizes. The Boot Strap is located at 147 North Aurora St. in Stockton. For further information call (209) 462-9403. ■

BAY AREA REPORTER ENTERTAINMENT

avec RONNETTTE

A Waitress in Bohemia

Reflections on Eleven Days at the Bohemian Grove

by Ron Bluestein

As the politicians and Big Business Executives who run America gather for their 1983 Bohemian Grove retreat, author and sometime waiter Bluestein reveals his diary from the 1982 retreat. It's a tell-all document in which money, power, money, and the decidedly alternative viewpoint of Ronnetttte collide amidst the ageless phallic repose of redwood trees in the world's most expensive and influential summer camp.

I asked Bryce for his formula for happiness. "Money," he said, smiling. Edmund White, *States of Desire*

I was born and lived my childhood in Philadelphia; I do not drive a car. I am fascinated by haecceity: it is remarkable to me that place and time can determine events independent of personality, that by being in a certain place at a certain time you may die in a car crash or find your true love. I was born in South Philadelphia to a woman who was then called Betty Bluestein. After she left my father we moved into her family home behind a produce business at 1252 Point Breeze Avenue, a place that, despite its bucolic name, was not situated on a point and offered no breeze to relieve the hot of Philadelphia summers. Point Breeze Avenue was the merchant street of first a Jewish ghetto in the Twenties and Thirties, then a bleak Black ghetto by the time my sister and I were kept off its streets in the early Fifties. When I was eight years old, in the uneventful but relatively happy days after my mother's divorce and before her disastrous remarriage, I smelled the sweet aroma of summer grass for the first time in Fairmont Park and had to ask what it was. I thought it smelled rancid. I lived in a house situated between the smells of fish and three unfriendly Norwegian elk hounds whose turds littered the back yard for weeks at a time, and the smell of fresh grass was so foreign to me that I did not identify or like it.

The point is this: I am accustomed to poverty. I have enjoyed all its subtly different gradations, from communal to genteel to quaint, and I have not enjoyed some of its other stages. I have managed, although I do not drive, to escape the worst of poverty's ravages by living in San Francisco, where the rents are high but the landscape is not grim, and by having the good fortune to be a homosexual nonbreeder. The years of my adulthood in Philadelphia, where the landscape is grim, were an alternating limbo and hell.

I offer these facts not as an addition to the already tumid modern literature of confession — at least not primarily — but as an explanation for the splitting headache I entertained during my first shift as a waiter at the Bohemian Grove.

I do not drive a car. I avoid edges and precipices. I hate air travel. Depending on my mood, I distrust either Fate or myself. I do not believe we are the captains of our ships or the masters of our fates; I do not believe we even know what we are doing.

I would guess that of the 2000 men camping at the Bohemian Grove at its second week, Alexander Haig-Henry Kissinger-Helmut Schmidt peak, none is a nondriver.

Whether you drive a car or not, a waiter's job at the Bohemian Grove begins at the Union of Bartenders and Culinary Workers' Hiring Hall, located in San Francisco's exciting and filthy Tenderloin, down the street from the Mini-Adult Art Theater and St. Anthony's hand-out kitchen. Getting a job at the Grove is a fairly simple matter. There is no special security screening; anyone who can get a workslip can get a job. The competition for slips is fierce, not because a job at the Grove is prestigious, but because this has been a disastrous year for tourism in San Francisco and there is very little work this summer out of the hotels. The pay at the Grove is not so bad. There is, of course, no tipping, but the daily pay is \$67 and something cents for breakfast and dinner, plus \$15 in cash for traveling expenses. These workslips are for long weekends; the coveted three-week slips where you work through the entire encampment are reserved for the Bohemian Club's steady waiters. Though we only work a dinner on Thursday and a breakfast on Sunday, we receive full wages for both days, which somewhat ameliorates the no-tipping policy.

If you do drive a car, you must not primarily — but as an explanation for the splitting headache I entertained during my first shift as a waiter at the Bohemian Grove.

through towns with decidedly un-Pennsylvanian names like Sausalito, San Anselmo, Novato, Paradise, Larkspur, Petaluma, Santa Rosa, Guerneville, and Monte Rio to get to Bohemian Grove. If you leave from San Francisco, most likely you'll take Lombard Street past the long row of homely motels, through the Presidio, where the Army conducts its business and the Army brass retire to an ocean view under eucalyptus shade, then over the Golden Gate Bridge, where for a moment you will hover in your car going fifty miles an hour over the beautiful Pacific Ocean, and the passenger can look over his shoulder as the bay glitters and the city glistens and recedes.

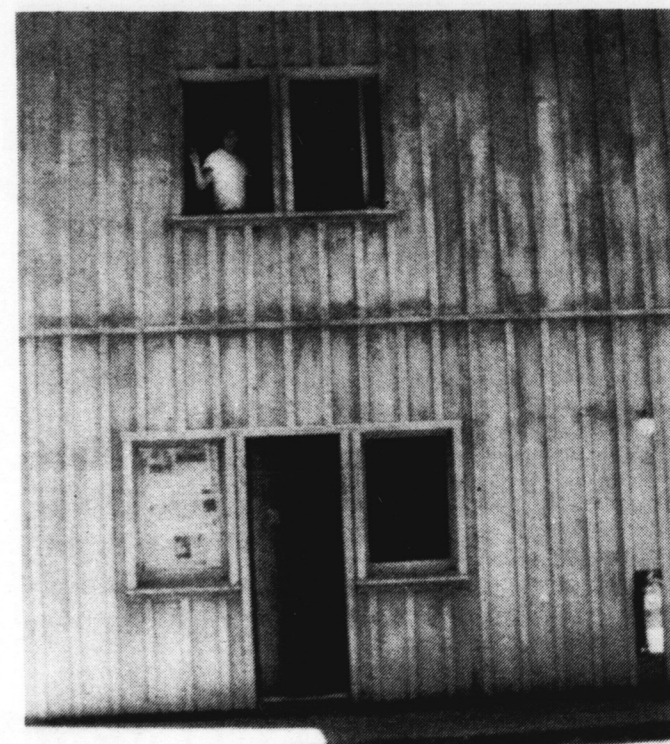
Because I do not drive, seeing this view of San Francisco from a car on a precarious bridge spun over a cold ocean is still a rare thrill. California is still a thrill for me. Careless, I have seen so little of it. On this trip to the Grove I saw San Quentin for the first time, was surprised by its proximity to San Francisco, and discovered that it shared the highway exit sign with the College of Marin, an irony, I imagine, that is not lost on the school's students and faculty. Outside Santa Rosa the eminent publishing house of McGraw-Hill has built the most bizarre building I've ever seen — a many-pointed, stolid structure that looks like a witch's hut grown to factory size and gone high tech. If the mesmerizing road doesn't lull you into sleep or alpha trance, you might notice the Neptune Society's Crematorium across the highway and down the way from Scripture Dodge. You pass Korbel's flower mansion and a little bar called the Rusty Nail and then a female mannequin draped in an

outlandish rainbow dress and sunglasses sitting outside an antique shop, and finally the scenes of the river, the quieting green and blue of water and foliage and sky. You pass the demonstrators who line the road leading to the Grove gate with large placards that say "Peace" spelled out in flowers and others encouraging the cancellation of World War III, but like Korbel's and the Crematorium, they can pass unnoticed.

I like the demonstrators. I like aging hippies. Though the differences are not as clear-cut as one might expect, I generally

prefer aging hippies to aging oligarchs. Although I yell, "I love you" from the car window as we enter the Grove, I don't. I would not join them. I have no deep faith in their cause. I mean, are the *schleppers* that I'll be waiting on really the people who supposedly run the world?

I've picked up one of the pamphlets from the demonstrators and according to it, yes, these *schleppers* do run the world. The most valuable information in the literature for me is that the Grove is a "2700 acre site." The racism and sexism of the club is included, as well as a partial list of members, but not once does it say that the Bohemian Grove is the summer encampment of the Bohemian Club, one of a handful of San Francisco's private clubs which include the Olympic Club, the Concordia Argonaut Club (for the Jews), and the World Trade Club, with func-



Waving or Weeping. Shantytown in Bohemian Grove — bunkbeds for the body, disco for the ears — none of the glamor of all-electric tents among the towering redwoods.

tions throughout the year. For me, these are simply places to work, and not very good ones at that, since the contract they negotiated with the Union includes no gratuity for the *la carte* waiter. Although one services San Francisco's (and the world's) wealthiest people at these clubs, the job is not lucrative and is held mostly by single Gay men or straight, third-world men who work several waiting jobs to support their families.

I worked full-time at one of these clubs for some years. It is a curious experience — waiting on the same people day after day, saying "Thank you, sir?" and "Is everything all right, sir?" and not getting tipped for your trouble. I have seen one waiter who worked there for sixteen years spit in soup and then serve it. That's what being conspicuously underpaid does to some people.

and having my identification picture taken, meeting the maitre d', finding lunch, linen, a room and roommates with a fraction of the trauma and frustration I'd anticipated.

I feel very tender, young, timid, intimidated. There are so many new *they's* to face, so many groups — the Blacks, the Orientals, the Hispanics, the straights, the Gays, the Members and Their Guests, the maitre d', the assistant maitre d' . . . no wonder I have a headache. I feel both vulnerable and clumsy, like Alice grown ten feet tall and with an elongated neck — the way I felt that one time someone passed me a joint of unidentified angst dust at the Ritch Street Baths and I walked gingerly around the halls, terrified that I would bang into the wall and knock the building over. The social parameters have formed exactly, nicely, in less than a week — my friends are the "Gays," the straight boys have each other, though racial and social sub-groups have formed like Busboys, Chefs, Football Players.

The major division — the unstated one — is Them and Us, the Vacationers and the Help. Our ID cards must be visible at all times. We are restricted in our movements — so far, the only place I know we're allowed to be is here in Shantytown (I fully expect to see Porgy coming down the street in his goat-drawn wagon singing "I Got Plenty O' Nuttin'") and on the road out.

This place is intimidating. I have no idea where I am geographically. Is Shantytown the center of the camp, the fringe? How large is the Grove, and where is the river? Shantytown seems to be a dead-end, but I haven't summoned up the courage to walk that xenophobic mile past strangers and strange territory to find out. The one feature that has not escaped my amazed attention is the forest of redwoods, more striking than any river. They are everywhere. Two

(Continued on page 31)



San Jose's new Emperor and Empress, Nevan Von and Lisa Stevenson. (Photo: T. Rogers)

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STAGE

Being Human is Enough
Torch Song Trilogy
*One Marvelous Marathon with
 Maximum Identification*

by Steve Warren

Harvey Fierstein's **Torch Song Trilogy** is every Gay play we ever wanted to see blended into one marvelous marathon. Yes, you'll spend almost four hours in the theatre; but even though Guinness lists me as having the world's shortest attention span, my interest never wavered. No, the Tony committee was not being condescending. In his first major play Fierstein has reached a level it took Neil Simon over 20 years to achieve.

Yes, **Torch Song Trilogy** is about a drag queen; but while we see him in costume in the opening scene, we never see him perform (nor does he ever stop performing, but that's another story). His profession becomes as irrelevant as the old question of what Ward Cleaver did for a living.

This is not a drag show in any case, but the story of Arnold Beckoff and the five great loves of his life—Ed, Alan, David, his mother and occasionally himself. It's told in three radically different plays spanning seven years.

The International Stud finds Arnold at 25, "aging about as well as a 'beach party' movie." A practitioner of a dying art form, he knows Gays will one day disavow his ilk "like the blacks done to 'Amos and Andy' and 'Aunt Jemima.'" In five scenes which let him run the gamut from hysterically funny to just hysterical, Arnold has a brief but passionate affair with Ed, a bland, blond and beautiful bisexual who shies from commitment, especially to a man. Arnold tries to forget him in his first visit, hilariously pantomimed, to a backroom bar. (Will the AIDS generation remember what they were five years from now?)

A year later, in **Fugue in a Nursery**, Arnold brings Alan, an 18-year-old model and sometimes hustler, to spend a "civilized" weekend with Ed and his wife-to-be, Laurel, at Ed's country farmhouse. Staged on a huge, steeply raked bed, this play—the weakest of the three—incorporates a bit of mild partner swapping as everyone tries to find out What They Really Want.

Widows and Children First! picks up the story five years later and introduces us to Arnold's mother, who has been tolerant of his lifestyle while waiting for him to grow out of it. They're both "widows"—Alan was killed by fag-bashers—and Arnold has a new interest: raising the 15-year-old he hopes to adopt, an abused hustler named David who has enough street smarts to get off the street for the loving family life Arnold can offer. Ed has been married to Laurel all this time but still suspects that Arnold is his true love.

The last play brings out the heavy artillery as Arnold confronts his mother, at last taking pride in being Gay: "It's



Donald Corren stars as Arnold Beckoff in the Tony Award-winning play that has brought Gay theatre to Broadway, **TORCH SONG TRILOGY**.

what I am—it's not a question of who I sleep with!" It's not all one-sided, as David hits him with a tough question: "What if one day I meet a girl and decided I was straight?"

In this way **Torch Song Trilogy** manages to relate to everyone who will meet it halfway. One doesn't have to be a Gay Jewish New York drag queen, although that would give you maximum identification; being human is enough.

The national tour is beginning in San Francisco (perhaps there was no

theatre available in Duquesne?) with the show in excellent shape for an extended run. The laughs and tears flow frequently and sometimes simultaneously under the direction of Peter Pope, who staged the New York production.

Because the roll of Arnold is so demanding, a substitute performs for matinees. That's how Donald Corren learned the part, filling in for Fierstein on Broadway. He brings out the character's full humanity, becoming better looking as the evening progresses and Arnold learns to feel better about himself. He is, appropriately, a cross between his mother and the mediocre chanteuse who sings torch songs between scenes in **The International Stud**. If there are moments when his delivery is too loud, too shrill and too fast, by the end of the



TORCH SONG TRILOGY'S second part, "Fugue in a Nursery," finds Arnold's new lover Marc Poppel (second from right), old lover Brian Kerwin (l.) and his prospective wife (Meg MacKay) coming face to face on a giant bed.

(Continued on page 27)

STAGE

Shall We Dance?

by John F. Karr

Willie rises from scrubbing the floor of the St. Georges Park Tea Room to practice his ballroom dancing. He's not graceful, and dancing seems a hopeless ambition. He loses his partners, too, when his clumsiness is frustrating and he hits them.

Although only a personal problem, like so many elements in Athol Fugard's **Master Harold . . . and the Boys** it blossoms into the metaphorical. Life should be like ballroom dancing, we are told, where no one ever bumps into anyone. Yet we suffer constant bumps and collisions during the work, drives and dreams of the daily dance we call living.

That dance is a more charged affair in South Africa, the scene of **Master Harold**. Its racial segregations amplify personal problems. The story of the teenage white boy, Master Harold, and the two adult "boys" who work in his family's restaurant is set in a particularly South African milieu. Yet its incidents expand universally, puncturing the complacency our distance from Africa allows like nails driven through our palms.

We've all had a betrayal in our lives and recoil with recognition and horror from the betrayal that is the central act of **Master Harold**. The action builds carefully to it and after it has crucified the audience, falls away and the play ends.

Hallie — as the young Master Harold is known — has spent his childhood with the now fifty year old Sam. They have been brothers, sharing the explorations and

learning of youth. But their age difference also makes them father and son. It is a tightly bound relationship. When Hallie faces the double stress of adolescence and a troubling relationship with his real father he strikes out at Sam. To destroy the father he hates he assumes the "superior" stance of white man to Sam's Black.

But race relations are not the only focus of this excoriating drama. The brilliant writing of Fugard (FEWgard) assures that. Relationships are common to all, and in the aftermath of Hallie's vindictive act a cloud of understanding mushrooms up. It's a disquieting, tragic, and bittersweet experience, grand theatre and an important lesson.

Performances, too, are grand. Delroy Lindo has attained a perfection of believability as the frustrated dancer Willie. Charles

Michael Wright whips through the mercurial emotions of the distraught Harold. And James Earl Jones is a quiet, controlled wonder, never grandstanding, subordinating personal display to better serve his character and the drama. With the hang of an arm, drop of a shoulder, or a patient smile he shows physically both the practical wisdom of a man Sam's age and the adolescent wonder he has shared with Harold.

Few playwrights of this century have brought such meaningful social commitment to their work as Fugard, and none has written as well. For the beauty of the script, its ability to destroy and rebuild, and for performances of stature, **Master Harold** must be submitted to.

Master Harold . . . and the Boys
 Curran Theatre
 Through July 24; 673-4400



Charles Michael Wright (center) is Master Harold and James Earl Jones (l.) and Delroy Lindo are "the boys" in the forceful drama by Athol Fugard.

Cabaret Goes to Hell

by Bernard Spunberg

Talent erupted all over the stage at Studio Eremos during performances of Sean Delaney's and Richard McNeen's **What the Hell**, a musical parody/spoof of Dante's **Inferno**.

A few minor complaints: Writer/director Sean Delaney is a talented performer, but his physique is too beefy and his voice too slender for the romantic Dante. Vickie Rocha is a magnetic singing actress, but her Chloe needs to project more warmth and loveability to be plausible as Dante's girlfriend. The script is fine—there just need to be more of it. **What the Hell** is sung virtually throughout, and comprehensibility requires either a little more ex-

planatory dialogue or a printed synopsis.

And those are the criticisms. All of them.

Song after song, dance after dance—**What the Hell** is nonstop music and movement. About all of the story that's discernable is that Dante has been condemned to the Inferno, a cabaret run by who else?—Virgil. Dante loves Chloe, but she is out of bounds for him.

Choreographers Susan Miller and Shands Sawyer have created a wealth of production numbers for the denizens of the Inferno. Their sleazy, raunch dances are witty and varied and function as drama as well as a pure dance. The entire ensemble sings as well as dances with panache and enthusiasm

that gives the whole evening a patina of professionalism. Among the dancer is Penelope Smith, whose bright personality warrants greater exposure.

Professionalism is also evident in the songs themselves. They are in an idiom similar to the **Rocky Horror Show** but without the adolescence. Whether razzmatazz or torchy, they range from good to memorable, with a heavy accent on the latter. One or two numbers in a sharply contrasting style, however, might add a little more resonance to the whole show.

Ron Murphy as Virgil and Pearl Heart as Demone, a hilariously evil queen, are also excellent, managing to be malevolent and scary while keeping tongue in cheek.

Sound and lighting by Michael Krische and costumes by Sawyer McNeen, Bell, and Lydia Murray give evidence of fertile imaginations at work. The technical aspects in general are accomplished on a level far higher than that expected of a show assembled on a modest budget.

What the Hell is a large scale piece looking for large scale support, and further performances are promised but not as yet firmly scheduled. On the basis of what has been generated on a shoestring budget, that support is well deserved. Whether it materializes or not, as co-writer Richard McNeen says, "Be on the lookout—we'll be back!"

What the Hell could turn out to be an important show. Take McNeen's advice: Be on the lookout.



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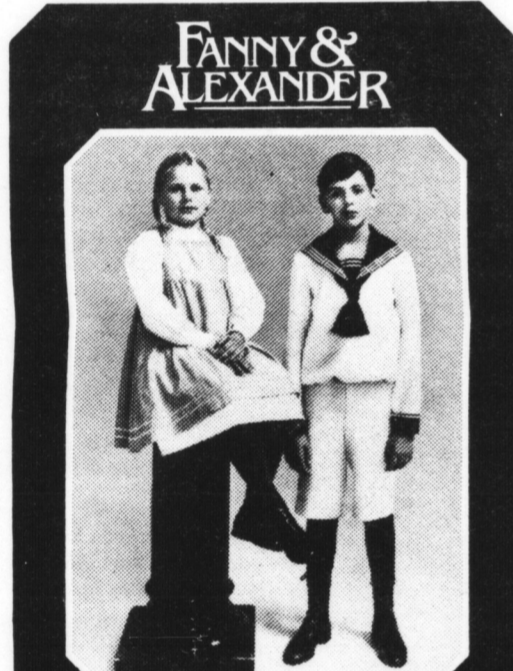
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DAVID ANSEN, NEWSWEEK



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FILM CLIPS

The Draughtsman's Contract
Fine Print

Things are seldom what they seem is the moral of avant garde filmmaker Peter Greenaway's first true narrative film, *The Draughtsman's Contract*. He winds down an intriguing route to the core of a labyrinth and leaves us there to find a way out. He's provided a delicious mystery where everything we see must be interpreted and everything we hear must be analyzed for its true meaning.

If we have been duped into gameplaying, it is a most felicitous exercise. The tale is set in the 17th century English countryside of the landed gentry, captured stunningly in naturally lit gardens and golden toned candlelit interiors. The cinnamon and lace dialogue flows mellifluously and the words banded about seem to pour from a Restoration novel.

Finding the truth is the job of draughtsman Anthony Higgins, a ceremonious braggart who is employed by lady of the manor Janet Suzman to capture on paper her husband's estate. But the contract is a hard one, calling for her to provide Higgins with her most intimate favors.

When her husband is found



Restoration Rest. Extraneous to the terms of his contract, draughtsman Anthony Higgins is entertained by his employer, Janet Suzman, in *THE DRAUGHTSMAN'S CONTRACT*.

dead, it is noted that one piece of evidence of the ignoble deed appears in each of Higgins' drawings. Greenaway does not spoon-feed us answers but makes us bend our minds to solve the stylishly laid out mystery. Part of the fun is that the specific meaning of the film is not as important as the desire to find meaning in it.

With impeccable ensemble acting, jaunty pseudo-Baroque music, and sharply detailed dialogue and direction, this is one contract worth signing. ■

(Lumiere) M. Lasky

REVIEWS BY MICHAEL LASKY & STEVE WARREN

BACK TO BATON

Abroad at Home

For many of the world's great cities, summer is a time of cultural malaise. The privileged cognoscenti escape to revel in the musical riches of Bayreuth, Santa Fe or Edinburgh while everyone else is left to suffer through re-runs, tourists and urban swelter.

In San Francisco, however, the summer musical scene is far from boring and along with some pleasantly atypical warm weather the season has already brought us the first two installments of a new Wagner Ring Cycle that easily rivals Bayreuth and Seattle: an unusually satisfying Beethoven Festival; a Festival of Masses (still in progress) that is proving to be an artistic as well as financial success; and our yearly visit with the wonderful Joffrey Ballet, accompanied admirably once again by members of our own Symphony Orchestra. With this kind of local action, who needs to shop around for competitive plane fares?

Of course, you can't please everybody and some of our grouchier critics have been letting their provincialism show a little more than usual by putting the knock on some events simply for the sake of pedantry.

A commonly heard complaint during the Beethoven Festival was that the programming played too safe and wound up being "hackneyed". I submit that when dealing with acknowledged masterpieces it is impossible to be faulted for wanting to hear them again and again. Saying that the festival should showcase seldom heard works and avoid "pandering" to the public taste by scheduling well known and beloved pieces is not only condescending but ridiculous. How often are we afforded the opportunity to savor one

PHILIP CAMPBELL

conductor's vision of all nine symphonies (in sequence, yet!) or hear all the string quartets performed by an ensemble as superb as the Juilliard String Quartet all in two brief but everlastingly memorable weeks?

There's really no point in using conservative prose to describe this year's event. It was a triumph for all concerned and that includes the lucky audience members who left each performance with renewed respect for the genius of Beethoven.

Maestro Kurt Masur of the Leipzig Gewandhaus and a great Bay Area favorite (it is likely that he will replace Edo de Waart) brought a suave and disciplined approach to the Symphonies, stressing warm burnishment and clean playing, avoiding any unnecessary theatrics. This was the masterstroke of the Festival: allowing one man to chart a personal course through all nine symphonies providing a rare sense of progression and cohesion, while providing ample room for fresh insights and even discovery.

Masur's controlled musicianship contrasts well with his Stokowskian showmanship on the podium. He also makes one thing abundantly clear. The Symphony can play like an ensemble of world class when he pins them with his patriarchal glare.

If it was a subdued and highly "classical" Beethoven we heard in Davies Hall, the Juilliard String Quartet was serving up a much more "romantic" approach in Herbst Theatre. Where Masur went for a seamless finish the Juilliard aimed for rough-hewn virility. They are both valid interpretations and thankfully, the renowned Quartet was willing to utilize delicate restraint when required. Aside from

Peace & Propaganda

A film program at the Intersection (Union near Columbus) on Sunday, July 17, will recall the first atomic bomb, exploded July 16, 1945, in New Mexico. At 7:30 PM a screening of *Dark Circle* will remind people what the atomic age is really about — the ironic and complex human costs, the link between weapons and nuclear power, and other dangers to the human race. Also included are peace cartoons. At 9:15 PM unintentionally comic shorts and cartoons will be screened. Donation, \$3. ■

occasional pitch problems and a tendency to "saw" the vast emotional and intellectual content of the String Quartets was well served.

Meanwhile, up on Cathedral Hill, the third annual Festival of Masses is once again packing them into St. Mary's with a gratifying blend of novel programming and excellent performances.

The Series opener, an evening devoted to the unexpectedly lush glories of early polyphonic music, was a revelation to anyone who ever thought plain chant was plain. The exquisite a capella program featured Chanticleer, a ten member male vocal ensemble led by Louis Botto, in the earliest Requiem Mass extant by Johannes Ockeghem. They joined forces with the admirable, if less accomplished St. Mary's Cathedral Choir for the Liturgy for the Feast of Corpus Christi and provided an aural experience of great mystery and depth.

The obvious integrity and dedication of everyone involved with the Festival of Masses communicates joyfully to the audience and serves as a wonderful introduction to the liturgical repertoire. The Festival will conclude Friday July 15th with a performance of Verdi's immensely moving and dramatic Requiem, conducted by Robert Shaw.

And now the Joffrey is tearing up the Opera House with their exuberant blend of classicism and controversy. They're receiving unusually adept orchestral support from members of the San Francisco Symphony in the pit. The dancers and the musicians are currently showcasing everything from Offenbach can-cans to the Burt Bacharachian rock vulgarities of "Trinity".

The Summer "Pops" series will be opening on the 20th of July with a season that looks more promising than in the past. Who cares? It's a truly pleasant way to spend a summer evening. Light music and a picnic. I think I'll take my vacation in December this year. ■

BOOK RACK

Stewing in Catholicism

A Catholic Education
By Robert Benard
Holt, Rinehart, and Winston - \$15.50

by Frank J. Howell

Whenever we think of Roman Catholicism it has usually been steeped through the filter of the Irish experience. During the 1940's everyone was entranced by the Bing Crosby-Barry Fitzgerald school of piety. Catholic males were thought of as butch, aggressive, and sexually frustrated. Alcohol replaced passion.

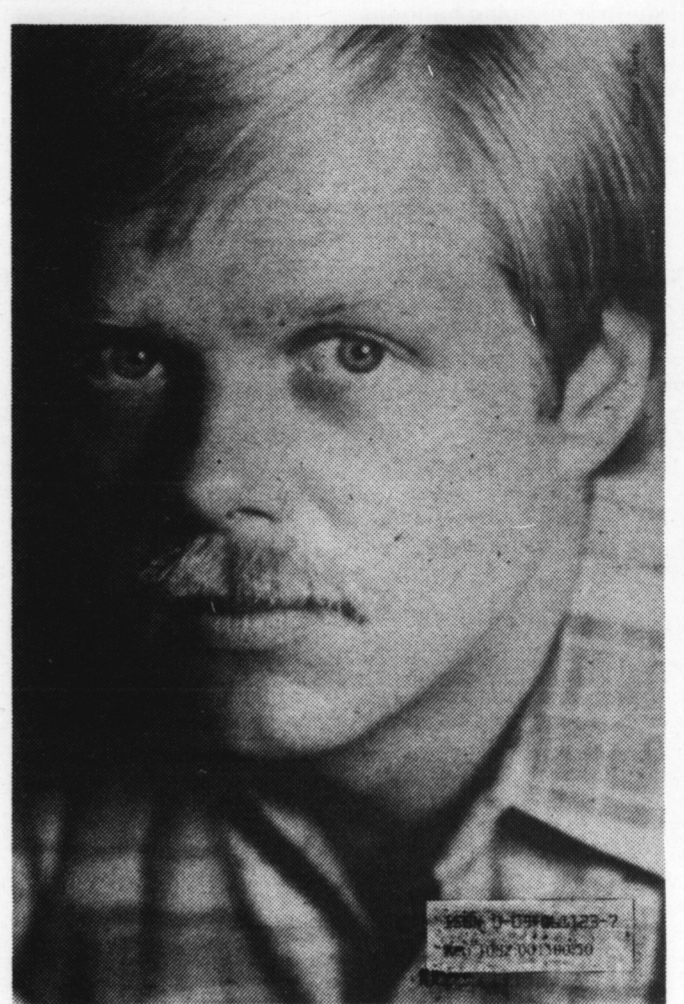
Oh, how disrupting the passage of time can be! The authority of the pope is now largely ceremonial. The masses cheer and adore him and then casually go home and practice birth control. Nuns and priests are exchanging marital vows, Catholic Gays are organizing and questions are asked constantly about the viability of the faith. Where goes Mother Church now?

Author Robert Benard, a promising young upstart, has set his vision of *A Catholic Education* in the late 1950's, a time of greater certainty. Benard, a graduate of Yale, has produced a tale that is idealistic and romantic, but still realistic enough to draw us into his confidence.

Nick Manion, an intense, disciplined teenager who aspires to become a manly "Bride of Christ," hails from a devout Catholic family. He's an only child whose parents have high hopes for their son. They are disturbed when he announces his yearning for the priesthood. But as his father expresses himself on the subject, "I'd much rather give you to God than to some girl."

Benard gives us an accurate and compelling portrait of Catholic life during the Eisenhower era. He demonstrates how Nick suffers from guilt over "self abuse" and affection for memers of his own sex. This latter emotion threatens to bubble to the surface.

Nick follows the Jesuit path but is rapidly disillusioned with their discipline and training. He is especially upset by the practice of whipping oneself with a "tightly coiled rope" as a form of spiritual punishment. He is also disturbed by the penitential chain which the novice is required to wear around the thigh



A Catholic Education author Robert Benard

twice each week. The "rule of three" stuns Nick, with its dictate that no two brothers can associate intimately. There must always be at least one other novice present. The allurements of all-male company is overpowering indeed!

Nick is drawn to Scott, a handsome older novice, who senses Nick's attraction, and attempts to keep him at arm's length. But temptation always hovers nearby. This subtle ripple of homoeroticism woven throughout the narrative only surfaces at the book's conclusion, where Nick realizes the priesthood is not for him and strikes out for Harvard.

At times we may be put off by all the shop talk and unexplained Latin phrases the novices exchange with each other. But we do gain a sense of what the Jesuit novice faces. Nick himself is sometimes a little too good to be true, but we come to love and respect him. We wonder about his future and if he will find a

lover similar to Scott.

A Catholic Education is a fine, engrossing narrative, unusually sensitive for a first time author. Mother Church will no doubt endure, but not in the traditional mold. Crosby and Fitzgerald will simply have to sit and stew, God rest their souls. The old order is passing, regardless. ■

Two Authors Appear

Author Clark Henley will be at the Does Your Mother Know card shop, 4079 18th Street, to autograph copies of his best-selling satire on Gay life, *The Butch Manual*, on Sunday, July 17, from 2-4 PM.

Author John Rechy will be at the Walt Whitman Bookshop on Thursday, July 14, from 6:30-8:30 PM to sign copies of his recently published book, *Bodies and Souls*. ■

Photography by Nicholas Blair

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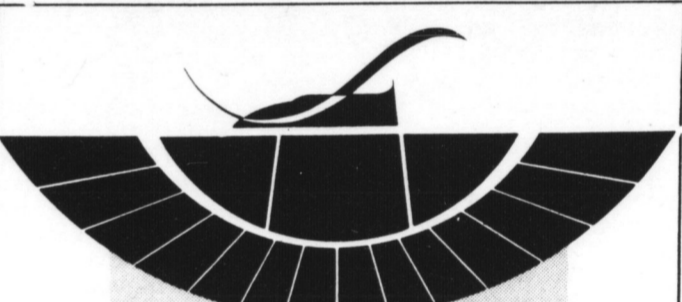
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CATACOMBS - SF

The Catacombs is instituting a membership card policy. All members who have been to our current location will receive a free one-year membership by attending a Saturday or Tuesday Party* only. Your friends from out of the area can get a single entry pass.

* Free membership offer expires July 31, 1983. All other rules and policies of the Catacombs remain the same.

KNIGHTS

(Continued from previous page)

of the Transfer. Dick, is it true that Daddies have more fun?

Butch is officially divorced now that Gina "has off" to Sacramento, but he can't marry Sharon because the final papers haven't arrived from her annulment from Ernie Viole. This is incest, too.

I like the CMC's new People Event; it seems Tony Triaviso is the best mud wrestler around. . . . Have you noticed the clever signs in Badlands, the Phoenix, or the Ramrod? It is Robert Kalhoff's work. . . . Stables co-owner Warren has pulled out the wash and wear wedding dress again. It looks serious; huge, burly Tom has moved here from Eureka with son in tow.

Speaking of weddings, Castro's boothblack, Freddie McClure, will be holding brushes ready and tongue dripping at the Stables Friday and Saturday nights. . . . The Ramrod's manager, Michael, had a whoop-and-hollering birthday fiesta for Linda, lead singer of Western Electric. There will be shit-kicking weekends on the dance floor and Adam holding church services weekends.

HERALD THE YEAR

Anniversaries were in vogue this week. The Golden Gate Troopers threw one of the best beer busts of the summer Sunday at the Eagle. The uniform clubs were quite apparent with AUA insignia and a full complement of the Phoenix Uniform Club. Barbary Coasters were out promoting their run. Sex, Drugs, and Rock and Roll will be swinging at Spring Gap, July 29-31. By the way, the real address to send applications is to P.O. Box 5932, S.F., CA 94101, or pick one up at Febe's. I like the GG Troopers' summer uniform as modeled by first lady Larry Marr — a jockstrap with a service belt and a badge through the left tit. The big winner Sunday of the \$200 cash door prize was Jack Kyne (Mrs. Lenny Mollet).

It's Bill Gilbert who is cooking up the goodies at the Ambush upstairs.

Read Gilmore and his festive band of merry-makers celebrated Castle Grand's fourth year Monday with a superb buffet and lots of bubbles. We even saw J.C. in a three-piece suit!

Stay in the sunshine, keep your spirits high, see you in the skins.

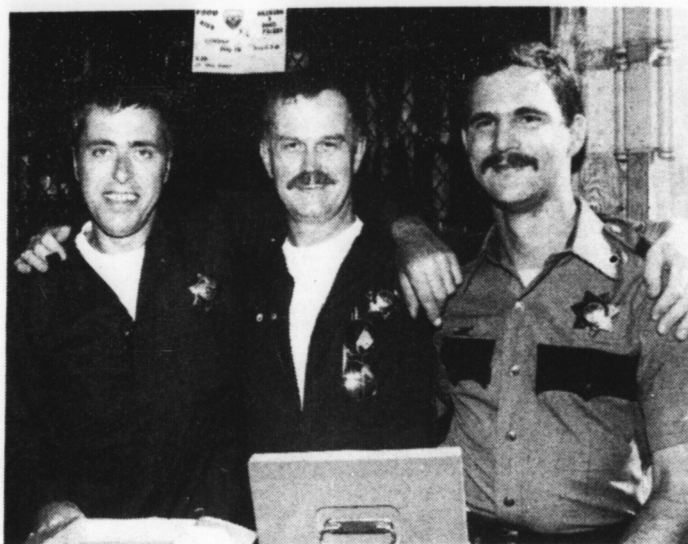
K. Stewart

Karl's Calendar

Thursday, 7/14: Nocturnes. 544 Natoma, Dance/Media Theatre; 8:30pm; \$5. Through 7/16.

Friday, 7/15: Open Meeting, Barbary Coasters/Warlocks, Patio Bar, Eagle; 8:30pm.

Connector's AIDS Benefit, Oasis, 8pm-midnight; \$7.50 adv, \$10 door includes free drink and drawing. Music by Lee Rogers & Jamaal.



Before. Men of the Golden Gate Troopers at their Oasis beer bust — so well-behaved, well-groomed. (Photo: Rink)



After. The going gets rowdy as the beer goes down. Perhaps the Golden Gate Trooper at the left is on the highway patrol — he does seem to be pointing out a road map. And where did this jocked fellow wear his badge? Through his nipple, of course. (Photo: Rink)



Uniform Transgressor. Not everyone at the Eagle beer busts is in black leather or denims. Michael wears a three-color leather racing jumpsuit. (Photo: Rink)

Saturday, 7/16: Beer Bust. The Satyrs MC/LA with Warlocks, Eagle, 3-6pm; \$6.

Sunday, 7/17: AIDS Benefit, Beer Bust at SF Eagle with hosts Sable and Ken Wright, 3-6pm; \$6.

A Waitress in Bohemia

(Continued from page 21)

things — the redwoods and the money. Money, money everywhere. I have seen nothing, and yet I feel its presence in the perfection of the ferns along the paths, in the harvest of fruit offered at breakfast every morning, in the trucks with "Old Guard" written on their sides that whisk them from the parking lot to their camps. Money. Lovely, invisible, eternally young money.

We're here because we're broke; they are here because they're loaded.

I am plagued by this question: How much does a redwood cost?

Needless to say, the busboys are to die for and the waitresses are in a tizzy. Actually, it's very nice to see the Bohemian Club boys again after avoiding working there in town all year. There's Miss Sandy Ann, whom I met when we both worked that charity at the too too too 222 Club for Sarah Goodah, the flaming Frenchman. "Oh, listen to me, that Sandy, she's a good queen," Sarah told me then, implying that the world is a simple division between the good queens and the evil queens, and in the world of queens, I suppose it is. And Richard O. and Derrick and Dan and Charlie — all past or future members of A.A. — and the cutie who looks like Kansas and sounds like Brooklyn, and this new charmer with a Southern accent, youth, and blond hair whom I'd swear I've seen in a porno book called "All Tied Up." A fun bunch. Put them all together, though, they spell N-E-L-L-Y.

To the deep chagrin of the straight boys. Especially the younger guys — the busboys, the drivers, the dishwashers — who by their simple, artless, physically gorgeous existence wittily exacerbate the situation they so dearly want to excise. They hate us, the young ones, with a passion. I understand completely their horror of the sissy, the pansy, the nelly — it is impossible to be a man in the Western world and not receive the message so many times a day that it is the very element we live in that to be masculine is to be a man. It is the Bind of Binds: masculinity is the most desirable quality in the universe; masculinity is hardness, toughness, the self alone against the tide, the Self Without Guise, each other; the Phallos. "Don't you remember when you first came out," I asked Tim, the last of the people to join "our" bunk. "how you swore that you'd never call a man 'she,' never lisp, and never even secretly plan to purchase a miniature schnauzer?"

Perhaps a word on "camp." My feelings are ambivalent, friendly enough not to want especially to alienate people and too honest to be anything but the peculiar kind of homosexual I am or demand that anyone be something other than the peculiarity he or she is. One would like to be tasteful and discreet, but I cannot keep myself from looking at them. There is one young man whose body is Grace itself. He wears a T-shirt that says, "Remember the Jews, Munich, 1976." One wishes a hundred clones of him, he is such physical perfection.

Oh God. Give us this day our daily sex.

The first dinner is over! Billie's my partner, the station is small and toward the rear of the dining room — the Redwood Room. I should say — the work is easy, and my headache is gone!!! I actually got giddy from the sudden cessation of

such a great pain. I took so much care to be healthy for this job, I felt sick and demoralized by the headache I'd done everything to avoid: I stayed out of the sun, took a nap, meditated, but the second I headed down towards the kitchen, it came on strong and solid, right in the middle of my forehead. It was so bad I felt nauseated and thought I was going to have to leave the floor.

I know why I was so sick. Other people may get tension headaches or call them that, but I'd call my headaches and nausea plain old fear. Though I have waited on these people for years in town, suddenly, as the owners of this magnificent redwood grove, they take on a mysterious charisma I had not noticed or known before. My whole body was screaming. "What the hell is Ronnette Bluestein from South Philly doing here at the most exclusive men's resort in the world?"

I had no intention of losing 67 bucks for a three-hour shift even if my head and eyes were pounding, but the work was, thankfully, so easy I walked through it. There are three outdoor cooking stations, two for the meat entree and one for the fish. You pick up your salad in the back, serve dessert and coffee, and the busboys and wine steward do the rest. Of course, it's only Thursday — tomorrow night will be busier.

The dining room is a clearing surrounded and penetrated by 200 foot redwoods. There must be at least 150 redwood benches and tables to accommodate the 2000 people who will eventually be here. The surrounding hills and the tall trees make it dark here before the sun sets, and the gas jet lamps which illumine the table flicker, twinkle, and glow on the bustle of busboys, waiters, wine stewards, and diners.

Anyway, I was well enough after two aspirins to drink the half bottle of Pinot Noir a customer left tonight and smoke plenty of pot (the smoking here is right out in the open, thank God), so I'm fading fast even as I write this, but it turned out to be a great night. I must write in the morning at least about the maitre d's opening speech.

It is Friday night, and all the waitresses — almost everyone, in fact — have gone off to watch the official opening ceremony of the Grove, the Cremation of Care. If I know this species of the rich, this will be a spectacular hybrid, a three-way interbreeding of masque, Masonic, and Elk. I have chosen, against everyone's advice, not to attend this nearly celestial event. My care, I'm afraid, will probably have to wait and be cremated with me. Well, I suppose I'd have a lot less care to cremate if I were living on three hundred thousand a year and had my finger in enough pies to feel — well, as comfortable as these gentlemen, walking around so boozily Boho. Comfort is the feeling that you are getting yours. The Cremation of Care, indeed! Although I would be curious to be the camera there, to go would not only be an offense against the class I was born to, but an offense against reason. The Cremation of Humbug, that's what I'd go to, the Cremation of Claptrap.

The attraction of being alone, even in this dank little room, is greater than being with a mob of sentimental Bohos watching a light show and feeling like Sarastro, especially after a day when at every moment, every movement, I seemed to be someone else's shadow or have him in mine. That's the drag about being new, about not knowing where a fucking thing is, Camaraderie is being slowly, painfully forged, but it feels a little like the friendship of the army or the monastery or prison — it is based on deprivation.

Talk, talk, talk, talk, there is so much inconsequential talk. Symbolic talk. Campy talk. Sophisticated grunts, verbal sniffings. We check each other's tracks and leave our own spray with words. Chit-chat-shop-talk-listen-to-her-girl silly nonsense. And of course I talk, add my dada to the Babel. I got real nuts last night at the "canteen," which is a shed with a speed rack, a poker table, and an assortment of left-over cold cuts and cheeses. The place is so tacky, so male — this B-minus movie set encourages B-minus behavior. What I really wanted to do tonight was walk up and down this ridiculous Dodge City Main Street set wearing whose

heels and a skirt slit up to my . . . Maybe I was just giddy from the tylenol and red wine. At one point I was screaming "I love this place. I'd rather camp than work." The girls loved it.

Speaking of tylenol, I must record the charity of one man — a member — who, taking me in hand, walked me to the fucking door of the fucking infirmary when my head was splitting so bad I was seeing double. Not one of my brethren in waitresses offered to guide me there, in Their Part of the Camp, where a doctor is supposedly on duty twenty-four hours a day. The dining room is only one of sev-

eral public meeting places, and the main road seems to branch off to the various and sundry campsites, from Shangri-La (for the Bechtels, I hear) to teepees — yes, teepees with electric blankets. This older, well-dressed man took me by the hand and led me to the tylenol. God bless the rich.

Nothing is as it appears. What really goes on in this obviously misnamed Bohemia? Do the unbohemian rich really pee on trees? What happens when straight and Gay finally clash? What perversity does Ronnette unleash? A Waitress in Bohemia continues next week.

BOOK RACK

The Odd and Original

A Little Original Sin
The Life and Work of Jane Bowles
by Millicent Dixon
Rinehart and Winston, 1981; \$18.95

by John D. Dolan

She was born Jane Auer in New York City in 1917, and died as (Mrs.) Jane Bowles in 1973 in a Catholic psychiatric clinic in Malaga, Spain. At age twelve she wrote,

You asked me to write in your book I scarcely know where to begin. For there's nothing original about me. But a little original Sin.

At age fifty-six, just before she went completely blind, she wrote her last words: "Ask the Mother to get my doctor for me — speak to him about the Jewish Faith and he [word unclear] it all began . . ."

Millicent Dixon's detailed book not only shows us how it all began but how it all continued and how it all ended. Quoting from a wealth of materials, including excerpts from Jane Bowles' work, a wide variety of letters, and a wider variety of interviews of people who liked and disliked and loved and did not love Jane Bowles, Dixon has resurrected a truly original and odd writer. Among those people quoted are her long-lived possessive mother, her longer-lived husband, Paul Bowles, her lesbian lovers (including one accused of poisoning her, Cherifa) and Tennessee Williams, Ned

Rorem, Virgil Thompson, Libby Holman, Truman Capote and — he did not like her — Gore Vidal. Others, a great many others, who have no public reputations are also quoted to pertinent effect.

Jane Bowles' oeuvre is small. Contained as of 1978 in My Sister's Hand in Mine, Bowles' work includes one play, one novel, and a handful of short stories. Her fiction was published in her lifetime, and the play (In the Summer House) was produced four times, once on Broadway for a short two months.

If in her own right she was known as a "minor" writer, she was also known as the wife of Paul Bowles, whom she married in 1938. Shortly thereafter they stopped having sexual relations, often living apart. Beginning in 1948 their home base was Tangier, Morocco was to greatly influence his writing, and her life. It was there, not incidentally, she met the "witch," Cherifa, with whom Bowles would have a liaison for some twenty years.

About the complexities of these significant relationships as well as about her paradoxical life, and work it is controversial to generalize, for while she drank

(Continued on next page)

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VOL. XIII NO. 29 JULY 21, 1983

Runner Dies at AIDS Race

Golden Gate Event Marred by Collapse

by Paul Lorch



Police, paramedics, and Frontrunners gather around the body of fallen runner trying to revive him. (Photo: Rink)

A 36-year old Gay man, Steve Berman, a participant in Frontrunners' AIDS benefit race, collapsed and died Sunday afternoon in Golden Gate Park.

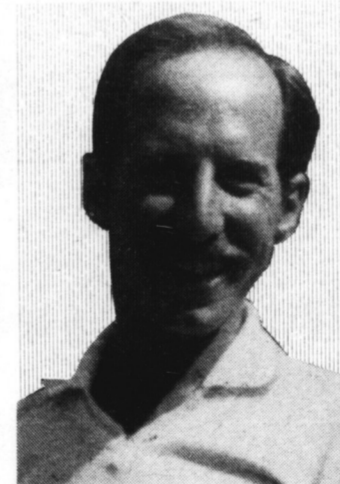
The 250-member organization was holding its first race as an independent body. Frontrunners has been in existence nine years, and each year the *Advocate* sponsors its race in the park. Dave Feigler, president, said that Frontrunners run on a regular basis, up to five times a week.

This year's big race was set up as a benefit for the AIDS/KS Foundation. Entrants prepaid \$10 and got a memento T-shirt. Prices on the day of the race were \$8 plus \$5 for the souvenir T-shirt. Feigler said some 778 had prepaid and 700 had shown up to run. Some \$4,000 was raised.

Berman, a two-year S.F. resident and Chicago native, was one of those entrants for charity. Berman was a social worker employed at the North of Market Social Services Center. He worked for the aged.

Berman was active in the Lesbian and Gay Jewish Activists and a roommate of author Dan Curzon. Curzon, as were Berman's close friends, was stunned by the news of his death. Curzon said he left the house early Sunday morning — for all purposes in good health.

The race was held at the south end of the Polo Field; the distances were five and ten kilometers. Feigler said emergency medical personnel — as is the custom — were on hand.



Steve Berman

Berman had crossed the 5K finish line when suddenly he collapsed. Dr. Charles Williamson, the doctor on duty, went to his aid. Williamson administered CPR. Cardiac Pulmonary Resuscitation — to no avail. Police summoned an ambulance; the CPR was continued to St. Mary's Hospital where Berman was declared DOA.

Roommate Curzon said, "Berman was a very decent, very generous man. He devoted himself to many causes."

Friends are holding a memorial service tonight (Thursday) at Sinai Memorial Funeral Home, 1501 Divisadero (at Geary) at 7:30 p.m.



The Russian River has become synonymous with the West Coast Gay resort. This issue the Bay Area Reporter begins a 3-part exploration by Scott Treimel on page 12. (Photo: N. Rogers)

KGO Special

AIDS Documentary Fails to Satisfy

by Allen White

KGO-TV Channel 7 presented their prime time special on AIDS last Sunday night. The show, "AIDS: Anatomy of a Crisis," was received here with mixed reactions.

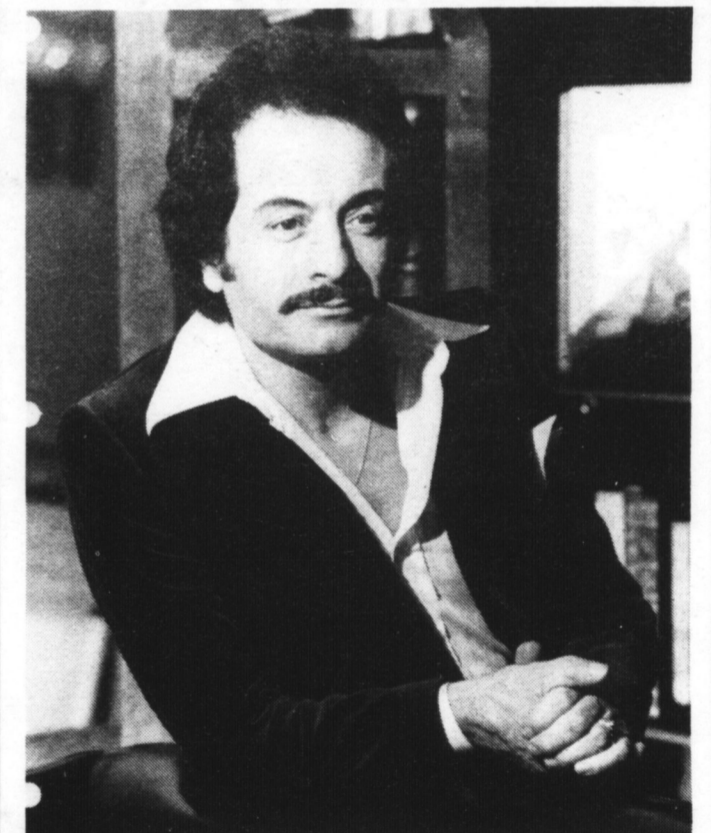
Last month, KGO Program Director Bob Woodruff told the *Bay Area Reporter* that the program would be a complete update with a history of the health crisis. Woodruff said the show would deal with the basic fears of the rednecks in the audience as well as calming some of the hysteria. At the time, Woodruff stated that first and foremost the station was committed to present the reality of AIDS and the Gay community without exploitation.

Many in the Gay community who saw Sunday's show felt that it missed the mark by a country mile.

For the rednecks the station had Jerry Falwell "live" from Lynchburg, Virginia. Falwell kept speaking of compassion for

(Continued on page 4)

MURDER VICTIM SFPD Seeks Community Help



The Secret Witness Program in cooperation with San Francisco Police Department is requesting help from the Gay community in obtaining information in connection with the homicide of Marcus Dillon. The victim, a Gay man who frequented "Gay bars" in the Castro (The Pendulum) and the Haight (I-Beam), was known to frequently bring tricks home.

Marcus Dillon was murdered in his residence in mid-May at 1523 Golden Gate Avenue by a single gunshot to the head. The suspect is believed to have been an invited guest. Property belonging to the victim, a watch, a ring, and cash are missing.

The Secret Witness Program is offering a reward of \$1,500 for information leading to the arrest and prosecution of the suspect(s). If you have any information which may assist in the apprehension of the suspect(s) please contact the Secret Witness hotline, 956-TIPS, or Inspector Brosh at Homicide, 553-1145. The Secret Witness Program DOES NOT need to know who you are.

IN THIS ISSUE

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