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# BAY AREA REPORTER

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1528 15TH STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94103

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.

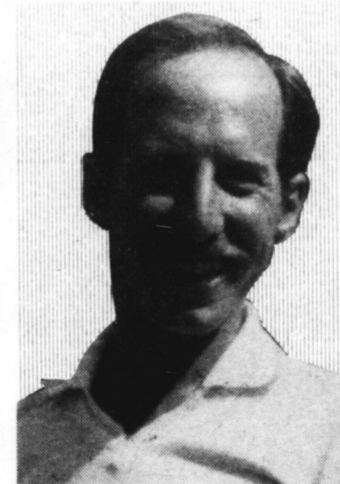
The 250-member organization was holding its first race as an independent body. Frontrunners has been in existence nine years, and each year the *Advocate* sponsors its race in the park. Dave Feigler, president, said that Frontrunners run on a regular basis, up to five times a week.

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.

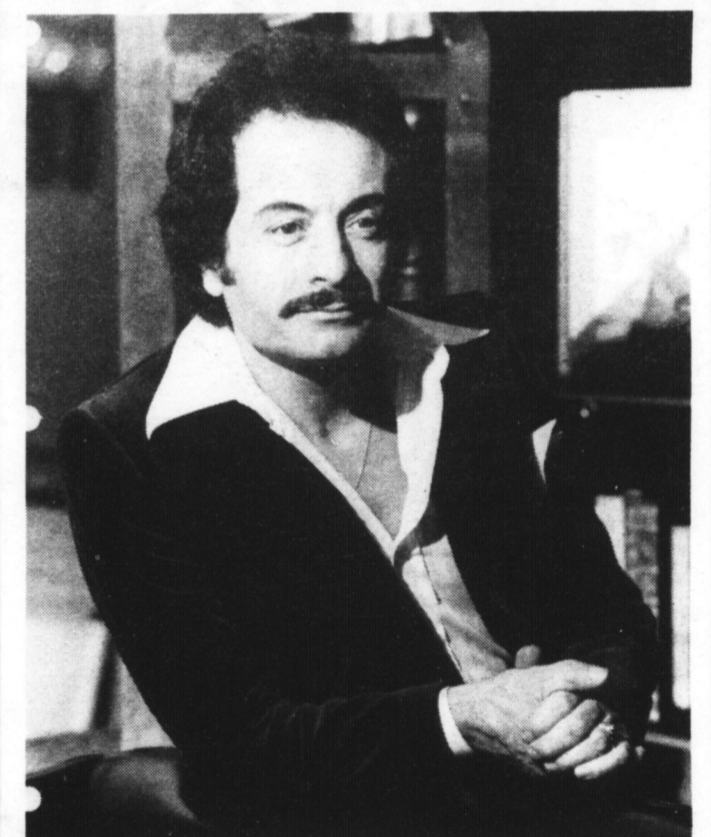
Last month, KGO Program Director Bob Woodruff told the *Bay Area Reporter* that the program would be a complete update with a history of the health crisis. Woodruff said the show would deal with the basic fears of the rednecks in the audience as well as calming some of the hysteria. At the time, Woodruff 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 Brosch at Homicide, 553-1145. The Secret Witness Program DOES NOT need to know who you are.

## IN THIS ISSUE

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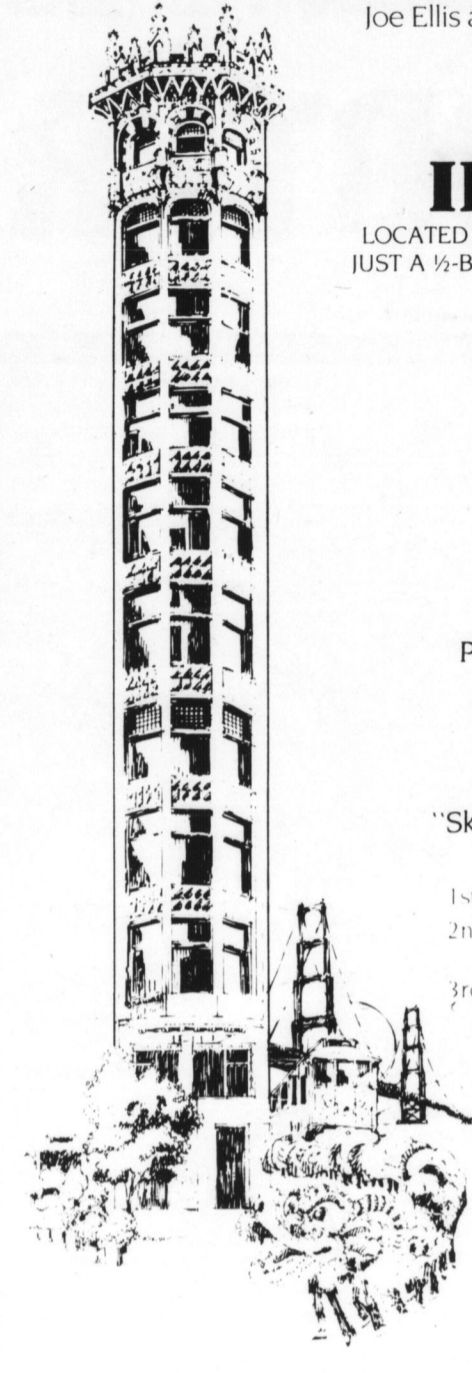
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## Photographer to Sue 'National Enquirer'

by Allen White

Local Gay photographer Robert Pruzan has sued *The National Enquirer* for a million dollars in a lawsuit filed last Tuesday. Attorney Steven Brown told the *Bay Area Reporter* that the "request for damages will exceed one million dollars when it goes to a jury."



The lawsuit results from the use of a photo of entertainer Shirley MacLaine taken at the 1982 Castro Dog Show. The photo was used last summer in an issue of *The National Enquirer*.

Brown is the owner of the South of Market bar The Oasis. He is also the manager of "The Weather Girls."

In discussing the case, Brown said he believes it will be a clear cut case. He said the copyright violations against *National Enquirer* are very specific. He expects to win and win big.



Photographer Robert Pruzan challenges the *National Enquirer*. (Photo: Rink)

A second position to be made is that by using the picture there was an infringement on the copyright. The third point of the suit is that the *National Enquirer* took off Pruzan's copyright and deleted his name.

The photo first appeared in the *Bay Area Reporter* as part of the paper's coverage of the annual dog show. Following the release of the story and the photo, a man from the Russian River area contacted writers by telephone for information about the event. Photos were also purchased from Robert Pruzan. The Forestville resident said he represented the San Diego-based *Update* magazine. Publishers of *Update* had no knowledge of the man. Several weeks later the *National Enquirer* appeared with the story seeking to embarrass Shirley MacLaine.

Steven Brown said that the jury trial will be in San Francisco. In the next few weeks the

United States Marshall will be serving papers to the Editor and Publisher of the *National Enquirer*.

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## Milk Documentary Funded

by Allen White

The Independent Documentary Fund of New York's WNET-TV has provided a grant this week of \$100,000 for the production of the film *Out of Order: The Times of Harvey Milk*.



Film producers of Milk documentary march in '83 Parade. (Photo: Rink)

Through a matching fund arrangement, co-producers Rob Epstein and Richard Schmiechen had to come up with a stated amount of capital by July 15. Epstein told the *Bay Area Reporter* that the PBS station in New York had approved the money.

With the money infusion the film's producers anticipate that the work can be for broadcast during the Gay Pride Week in June, 1984. The documentary on San Francisco's Gay community has been in the works for over four years.

Epstein first began collecting film footage during the No on 6 campaign in 1978. When Harvey Milk was assassinated,

## Medical Journal Publishes 'B.A.R.' Writer

Richard B. Pearce, Ph.D., medical research writer and frequent medical columnist for the *Bay Area Reporter*, has had a paper published in *Lancet*, the prestigious British medical journal. The article appeared in the July '83 issue.

Pearce has been one of the few writers over the past two years the *Bay Area Reporter* has encouraged to submit articles on AIDS. His specialty is epidemiology (that branch of medical science that deals with the incidence, distribution, and control of disease in a population — more specifically, the sum of factors controlling the presence or absence of a disease or pathogen). For over two years now he has scrutinized all the scientific literature on KS and its precursor, the AIDS Syndrome. Simultaneously, he maintained a running correspondence with researchers all over the nation.

Of particular concern to Pearce has been a phenomenon concurrent with the spread of AIDS — the epidemic of intestinal protozoal infections in the Gay community. This debilitating condition has also grown to epidemic proportions among Gay males. Pearce reports that among homosexual males in San Francisco aged 20-39 amebiasis has jumped 8000% in the past ten years.

Pearce's report also reveals that AIDS cases suffer more frequently from enteric pathogens (parasites *et al*) than clinic controls. There have been repeated tales passed around of AIDS patients — only after prolonged and persistent demands — having their doctors test them and discovering parasites.

Drawing from numerous research papers, Pearce demonstrates that parasites produce offshoots that are in turn immune system suppressors. In laboratory animals parasite infections have been shown to

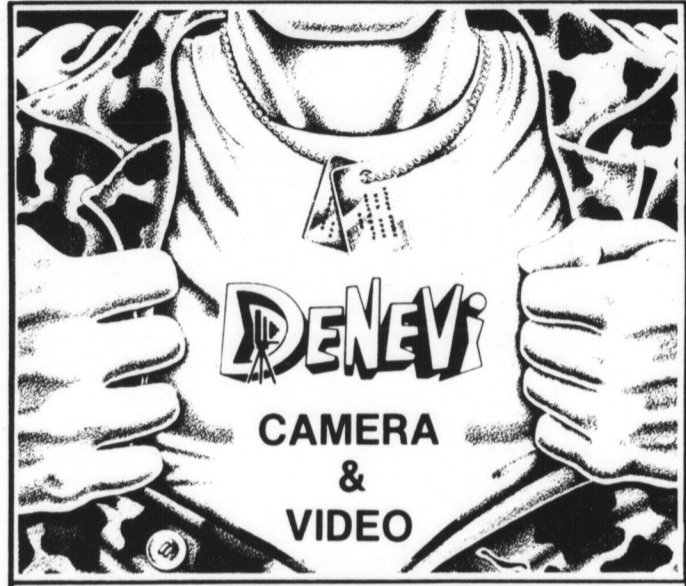
abrogate T-cell mediated immune responses.

Pearce also suggests that multiple and recurrent infections "sets the stage for viral infection and replication of a putative AIDS virus."

What he finds is an either/or situation: parasites alone may immune suppress or they may set the stage.

Pearce suggests groups like

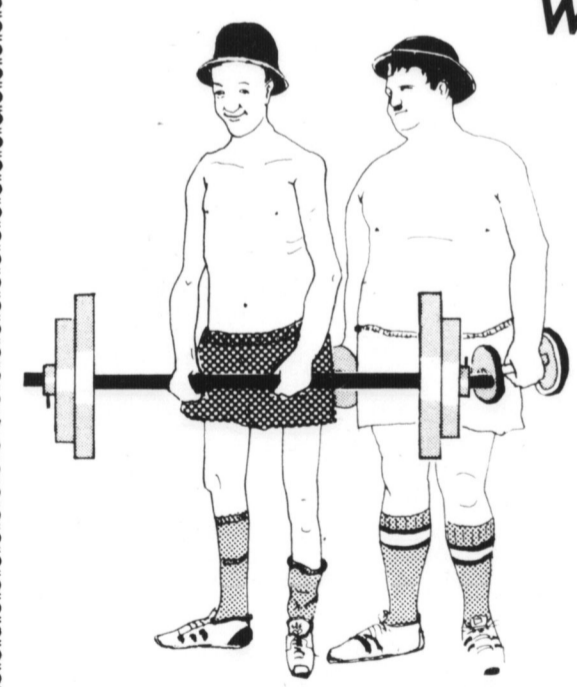
Pearce has long spoken out on the virulence of parasites (not usually so viewed by many doctors). Parasite infections can be multiple and repeated — at times showing no symptoms. They are relayed in fecal matter; hence anal/oral contact is particularly ripe for their transmission. Parasites are often difficult to detect, requiring expensive and protracted tests. Often they are equally hard to cure.



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## AIDS/KS Foundation Seeks New Board Members

The AIDS/KS Foundation, San Francisco chapter, is seeking new members for its Board of Directors. With the establishment of the National AIDS/KS Foundation Board, a new group has been formed to govern the San Francisco program. Additional directors are needed to assure broad community representation and concerns.

Board members are expected to donate 10-15 hours per month. All interested parties should send a resume and a brief statement of interest and qualifications to: Nominations Committee, AIDS/KS Foundation, P.O. Box 14227, San Francisco, CA 94114. Individuals with legal, finance, fundraising or public relations backgrounds, and women

and people of color are strongly encouraged to apply. The deadline for applying is July 31

## Buffet/Entertainment

Sharon McNight will make a special guest appearance at a benefit for the S.F. Lesbian/Gay Chorus, to be held Sunday, July 24 from 2 to 7 PM at the Women's Building, 3543 - 18th Street. Tickets, at the door, are \$8. A bountiful buffet is on the bill, as well as entertainment by the Chorus, the Vocal Minority, plus dance, arias, jazz, barber shop quartets, chamber music and Winnie the Pooh! Door prizes include a night at File's and dinners at Ivy's, Le Domino and Snow Peas.

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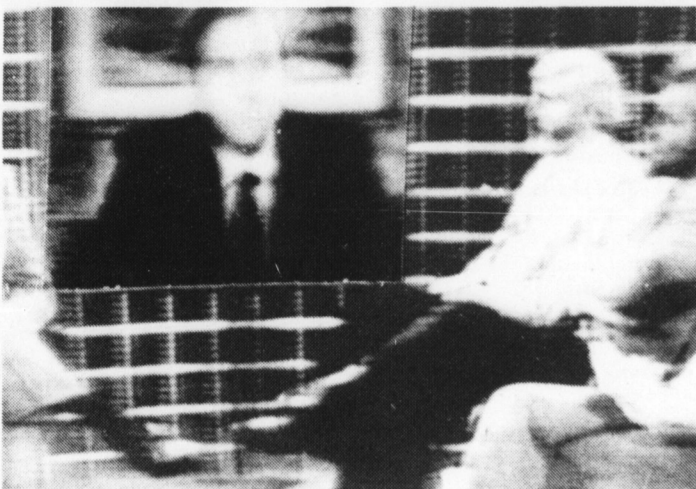
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# HEADLINES

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## KGO-TV's AIDS Documentary

(Continued from page 1)



TV screen shot of KGO's Sunday night documentary. Jerry Falwell is on live on screen from Virginia. (Photo: Rink)

people with AIDS. Well, he's got none and it showed. Many felt that Falwell's bigotry and homophobia came through in his rude and condescending conduct. He had an open mike and he used it to answer almost every question, no matter to whom it was addressed.

Falwell's Moral Majority newsletter was shown with a grotesque picture of a family wearing surgical masks to supposedly protect them from AIDS. In the

KGO studios there was a panel composed of *San Francisco Chronicle* writer Randy Shilts, Health Department head Mervyn Silverman, and Gary Walsh, a person with AIDS. The discussion was moderated by Russ Coughlin, who had to attempt to allow answers without the bothersome intrusion of Jerry Falwell.

The first part of the program was to be a historical perspective of the AIDS crisis. The docu-

mentary was well intended but got hung up on the *California Magazine* July article on Gay whitewash. The program's producer, Deborah Gee, asked questions designed to put virtually all the respondents on the defensive. People such as Pat Norman, Supervisor Harry Britt, Mayor Dianne Feinstein, and columnist Randy Shilts were forced into talking almost solely about the political fallout created by one magazine article.

No time was given for elaboration by the mayor on her efforts to pull together all the major mayors in the United States into an AIDS Task Force. Harry Britt was not allowed the opportunity to discuss how the Board of Supervisors have worked as a unit to get more than two million dollars in city funding for the health crisis. Randy Shilts was unable to elaborate on the role media has played in this epidemic. As they churned around in the area of politics, they totally neglected the \$12 million that pulled through the United States Congress and the \$30 million approved by President Reagan.

Whatever the motives, Catherine Cusic came off as abrasive and Randy Stallings stooped to a level of pettiness in relation to the magnitude of AIDS.

The Health Department's Pat Norman was put in a defensive stance throughout the show. She

was never given the breathing room to give insight into the many areas in which her agency is dealing with the disease. Possibly the most flagrant omission of the program was to not even acknowledge the existence of the work of the AIDS/KS Foundation or the Shanti Project.

The primary criticism leveled at the show was its shallow look at a health crisis that is attacking scores of people in the viewing area of KGO. It had been hoped that the time could have been used to educate thousands of people who are searching for answers and interested in solid facts.

This program had been in the works at KGO for over six months. The intent was to present a program that was a fair and honest look at the subject of AIDS. AIDS is not a subject that draws high ratings and KGO had hoped that the program be a service to the community. This week some in the Gay community believe that the failings of the program are due more to ignorance of the subject material than to anti-Gay bias.

At press time its audience percentage of the local market was not available. The *Bay Area Reporter* received but one letter and no phone calls on the program. ■

A. White

## Reagan Signs Public Health Emergency Fund Bill

President Reagan last Thursday signed into law a bill calling for the creation of a \$30 million Interagency Public Health Emergency Fund. This fund could potentially release millions of dollars for AIDS research.



The act authorizes the creation of a fund from which any agency of the Department of Health and Human Services can withdraw money to do research or educational activities to combat "a public health emergency." The Secretary of HHS, Margaret Heckler, would declare a public health emergency, and then determine how the Emergency Fund monies would be spent.

The sponsors of the Emergency Fund Bill in Congress made it clear that the \$30 million was only to be spent as a last resort if Congress could not address a public health emergency in its regular appropriations process.

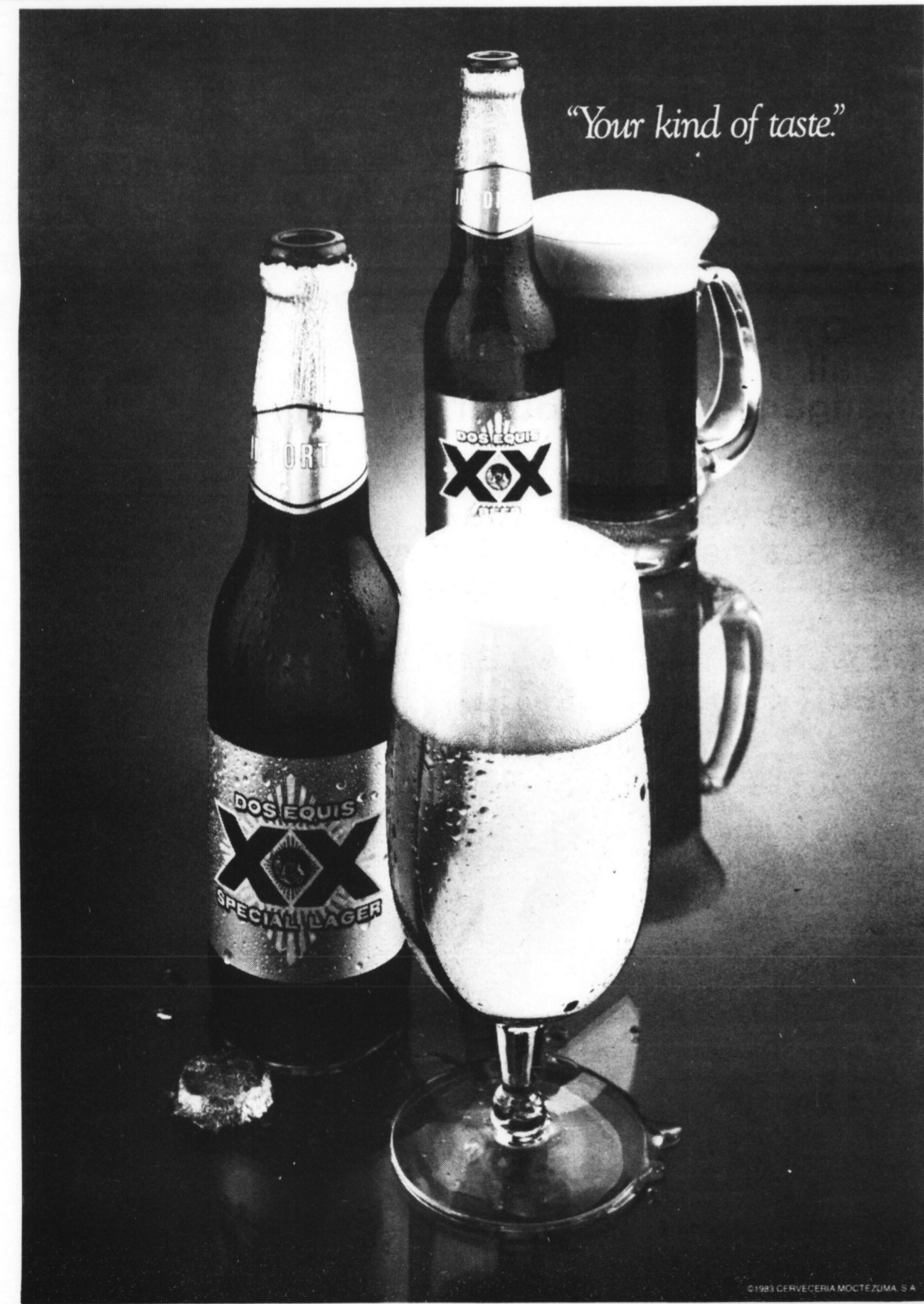
Reagan caught supporters of the bill by surprise with his quick approval of the Emergency Fund. Reagan had opposed the bill in Congress and had been expected to veto the bill or merely allow it to become law without his signature.

Now that the Public Health Emergency Fund Act has become law, groups and individuals interested in actually establishing the fund must go back to Congress to get a \$30 million appropriation for the Fund. (Congress first authorizes a program, and then must actually appropriate money for it — these are separate legislative processes.)

"I hope the administration will recognize, as the House and Senate have, that we need significant research money on AIDS as soon as possible," said Representative Henry Waxman (D-CA), who wrote the original bill and was instrumental in winning unanimous approval for the Public Health Emergency Fund Bill from the House. "The administration has tried to deal with the epidemic cheaply and routinely."

Those key in gaining passage of the Emergency Fund include Representative Henry Waxman and Senators Edward Kennedy (D-MA) Alan Cranston (D-CA), and Daniel Patrick Moynihan (D-NY).

Others whose efforts were instrumental in effecting passage are Representatives Barbara Boxer (D-CA), John Dingell (D-MI), Bill Green (R-NY), Edward Madigan (R-IL), Howard Nielson (R-UT), Edward Royball (D-CA), Ted Weiss (D-NY), and Bob Whittaker (R-KS); and Senators John Glenn (D-OH), Ernest Hollings (D-SC), Paul Tsongas (D-MA), and Lowell Weicker (R-CT). ■



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VOL. XIII NO. 29 JULY 21, 1983 NEXT ISSUE OUT: JULY 28 NEXT DEADLINE: JULY 22

## VIEWPOINT

## LETTERS

### Guest Editorial

Neither the political nor religious aspects of AIDS seem to be of much real significance. The Gay politicians have fallen to fighting among themselves over petty issues of whom should have done what when. The religious leaders don't give a damn about AIDS; they're only concerned with condemning and eradicating homosexuality. We're not going to get any beneficial leadership in either area, so why expend energy in that direction?

A more important concern for the Gay community is the socio-psychological implications of AIDS. If AIDS had not come along, we should have had to invent something like it as a *Gay raison d'etre*. It is fascinating that we have chosen a concern to escape death as a reason for our existence. Nothing has so unified the community. It has extended our focus on sex to new dimensions of life and death. We are seeking to become identified with a creative life process which heretofore has been denied to us. Breeders have always been able to fall back on procreation as a justification for existence. We have still to find our place and purpose in society.

Already we have raised AIDS to cult status, in part because of the inadequacies of contemporary religion. AIDS has its high priests, some of whom like the New England missionaries in Hawaii came to do good and stayed to do well, it has the voluntary handmaidens who represent the best in concern and courage, and tragically, the sacrificial victims who make it all significant. The danger of the cult is that AIDS becomes a monolithic lockstep from diagnosis to death. Of those men diagnosed with AIDS, a few who are most vocal and vocal have been able to use their affliction toward an identity realization beyond any previous experience.

Our goal should be how to use the AIDS phenomenon to further the understanding and existential realization of our community and individual selves. Let's not get bogged down with political morbidity and religious celibacy.

Martin F. Stow

### Castro College

Next month classes start up again at the Castro/Valencia campus of the S.F. Community College. This semester the offerings have been expanded. The courses offered range from Creative Writing to Basic Auto Maintenance; some are for credit, some are not. All are free, and there are 28 of them.

The program — a planned outreach to the Gay community — can only go on if it's taken advantage of. That also suggests seeing them through to completion.

All classes are held at Everett Middle School (450 Church Street at 17th) Monday through Thursday.

We urge our readers to gobble up this alternative lifestyle. It's the best PR we've got going.

Paul Lorch

### Ignoring a Gay Bashing

★ Sunday night (July 3) a young gay man was beaten, kicked, and terrorized on Market Street near Castro. He screamed for help. But the midnight crowd kept walking. Some stopped to watch.

It could have been a lovers' quarrel or a couple of drunks fooling around. But his cries, "Police!" and "Help me, you guys!" should have convinced anyone after a moment's hesitation that this was the real thing.

We ran down the sidewalk toward the commotion and called upon the people closest to us to help the young guy. Unfortunately, they were with the attacker. They looked startled and suddenly ran after us onto Market Street into the traffic surrounding the beating.

For a moment it seemed we might be in for a fight ourselves, but some loud yelling seemed to intimidate the trio. With the support of two other gay men we managed to separate the attacker from his victim, whose face was bloodied.

The police arrived quickly on foot from Castro. They were extremely professional and helpful. Those involved were identified and statements were taken.

It's obvious how many other people could have run to this man's aid on a weekend night at such a busy intersection. The young victim kept repeating to the police how upset he was that nobody would help him at first.

This is supposed to be a community. Anyone would tell you that San Francisco has the most community-oriented, close-knit gay neighborhoods in the world. But a community has to be more than a collection of shops, bars, and restaurants. The people are supposed to make the difference.

We talk about gay pride and gay rights. We march in gay parades. We hold onto each other as we stroll down Castro. We raise money to fight AIDS. We leaflet the crowds on the street for gay concerns, for candidates, for laws, for understanding. We rally at City Hall. We vote.

But when someone is getting kicked in the stomach and punched in the face for being gay and he or she calls out for help — we shouldn't have to think twice. We must help.

Tom Lombardo & Tom Ross  
San Francisco

### Hurry Up and Close Things Down

★ After attending the July 5th Stonewall meeting on the "Whitewash" article in *California Magazine* I conclude nothing is clear.

The panel shed no new information on why the baths, bookstores, clubs, and gay movies are still open.

SFGH stand-in compared the AIDS posters to cigarette warnings (really she did).

Is there a high risk of getting AIDS after having sex with someone you have never met before in any of these establishments? The conservatives are waiting to use this situation in coming elections.

Cusie, Shilts, and Kraus should be praised for speaking out on this issue of community health.

Glenn Greenawalt  
San Francisco

### The Flying Threat of AIDS

★ Dear people, should we not be concerned with the horrible possibility of the annual attack of the dive bomber commonly known as the mosquito, an insect that not only lives on blood but also could quite possibly transmit the virus of AIDS to whoever it might be feasting upon? Such as some of us people buzz around the baths or the bars from one body to another, so does the mosquito.

But there is a slight difference. This little monster drills deep into the skin until she hits blood (the male

does not bite). Anyway, as we all know, this makes not only Gay people susceptible but every living human being on this planet. Frankly, I don't think the mosquito gives a flying fuck about one's sexual orientation or sex for that matter. Be you lesbian, old, baby, gay, black, or straight, beware of the Flying Fuck. From what I understand, this year's crop is supposed to be plentiful due to last winter's record rains. As for me, I'm buying a can of OFF and putting up the window screens.

His flies at the beach do the same thing, and some politicians.

Michael Stanley  
San Francisco

### AIDS Victims Turn Straight!

★ Pariahs in their own communities, some AIDS victims have begun to reconsider their sexual identities and have been seen cruising women in Union Street bars!

"Mother always wanted me to connect to a nice girl," said one Gay man suffering from this incurable fatal disease.

"Jerry Falwell was right!" said another victim, looking deeply over his shoulder at a buxom, comely blonde.

"There is only so much time left for me," said a young man who appeared to be straight and not even ill, though the doctor gave him less than fifty-fifty chances of surviving another year.

"All my life," he continued, "I've been ignoring over half of the human race. It's about time I gave women a chance."

An AIDS doctor was stunned recently to enter his favorite fern bar and see one of his patients dressed in a tweed sportcoat and tie, chatting nonchalantly with the barmaid over a Kahlua and cream. He grabbed his patient and asked: "What are you doing here?"

The patient was too embarrassed and flustered to answer...

Anonymous at last  
San Francisco

### Inside Britt Insiders



(Photo: Rink)

★ Whatever "insiders" you supposedly talked to about Supervisor Harry Britt's re-election intentions and fundraising efforts obviously don't know the slightest thing about them.

Harry is most definitely running for re-election. His papers have been filed, his campaign committee formed, and over \$10,000 has already been raised (including contributions from B.A.R.'s publisher and political columnist) considerably more than has been raised by the other candidates to whom you've devoted so much space in your paper.

Another fundraiser will be held this month, and four more major events in 1983, a full year before the 1984 election.

Contrary to your insinuations, the response to Harry's re-election campaign has been strong, broad, and enthusiastic.

In the future, should you desire "inside" information about Harry's campaign, you might try contacting someone who actually knows something about it.

Dick Pabich  
San Francisco

ED. NOTE: The alluded to fundraiser this month is being hosted by the Democratic Socialists of America, of which Supervisor Britt is a National Vice-Chair.

## LETTERS

### Perkins Perks



(Photo: Rink)

a letter, but I am glad you did. I have always said the "gay" press is the best place to learn the Truth About Gays. Thanks! I really am not anti-homosexual, but I sure am anti-gay."

Allan Benjamin  
Truth About Gays  
Political Action Committee  
Los Angeles, CA

ED. NOTE: Seems your powers of reading have grown as well. If you've gotten over your malady, why the residual concern with Gay life? Why care or not care what we're doing or have you surrendered to a new compulsive behavior? Drunkenness — by the way — comes in various colors. Some people never get over it.

P. Lorch

### Serenity During Trials

★ When I read both in our own press and in *The Monitor* of the Archdiocese of San Francisco about the dissolving of the Task Force on Gay/Lesbian Issues, I find myself thinking of the "Serenity Prayer" — "God, give me the strength to change what I can change, the courage to accept what I cannot change, and the wisdom to know the difference!"

We who are gay and lesbian are challenged by the prayer. Serenity comes with self-acceptance and "it don't always come easy!" Accepting ourselves as gay and lesbian is something we would not, could not, and should not change for all the "straight and narrow!" There's real wisdom in that. There may be a lot of changing that we as gay persons are called to in our own lifestyles and communities — some of our own crises show us that — and we need one another's wisdom and the wisdom of others who both accept us and challenge us. I'm just talking "straight" from the shoulder!

In terms of the dissolving of the Task Force on Gay/Lesbian Issues, it seems to me that once again we find some blockage and clotting in the arteries of communication in the "Body of Christ." Regrettable? Yes! It seems, for the time being, that we're being detained at the border of "things we cannot change." Time to dust off the "Serenity Prayer," regroup and recoup our strength — "For, if at first you don't succeed . . ."

I write this out of mild frustration and a bit of wild-eyed unshakable faith in the future. I who am a gay man and an ordained priest of eight years' ministry. For me, a Roman Catholic, part of my faith in the future has come from my own association with the spirit of the Parsonage in the Castro. I guess I've found some Serenity there. The Parsonage, I believe, with the pastoral support of Episcopal Bishop Swing, lives and breathes the spirit of the "Serenity Prayer."

Steve Perkins  
San Francisco

### Ronetttemania

★ Cheré Ronnetttemania

Vous had best be prepared because when you get to heaven it's going to be everything you ever wanted, and a little bit more. As we speak right this very minute they are adding a wing on that is just for you and every fantasy that you can possibly muster. May every person that ever passes you in life from this moment stop and smile and say, "Is that the Fabulous Ronnette before me? I have not lived in vain!" When Christmas comes at this very moment Mike Nichols is secretly purchasing *The Ronnette Story* to become the major motion picture of the Twentieth Century. It will have special effects by George Lucas, who is wracking his brains out trying to figure out how to do justice to that incredible moment; the creation of Ronnette. It is rumored that Alan Carr has gone into a severe depression because he can't get the rights to Ronnette for a Broadway Musical. And G. Q. is at this very moment finishing the touches on the new fall wardrobe — Ronnettwear. And what's that we hear on the radio? Are the Ronnettes making a comeback? No, it's Ronnette Singing the number one hit "Nurse? Nurse, Can I have my milk and cookies, now?"

The review you did of my book, *The Butch Manual* made my day. Thanks.

Love and Kisses,

Clark Henley  
Los Angeles

P.S. I get my heels at Frederick's of Hollywood, the only redeeming quality to living in L.A. That, and the fact that there is a decent airport here with regularly scheduled flights to San Francisco.

### A Turncoat

★ In reading your Viewpoint editorial, "The Price of Bad News" (*B.A.R.*, July 7), I am utterly confused by the statement, "While AIDS is the story of the year and today (as we went) it's Public Health Enemy Number One . . ." etc. In trying to tell the truth about "gays" I am amazed at your candor! I know publicity is important to your cause, but to want it at the cost of lives of your promiscuous, sex-sick community is appalling.

I was an active homosexual for years but the only time I was "gay" in the real meaning of the word was when I became too drunk to care about my future. If I had been facing the added burden of AIDS I might have gotten off the merry-go-round a lot sooner. The misnomered "gays" of today don't seem to do any more than cry for government monies to find a cure while they continue a "branded" lifestyle spreading the disease.

The letter from a San Franciscan in the same issue suggests free admission to victims of AIDS to the very bathhouses where the danger is greatest. Modest proposal, indeed! With victims in attendance I can agree with him that the "awareness of the possibility of contracting AIDS" would be increased many times over, but to further state that knowing "our current trick might be dying" could be a chance to manifest "tenderness and care that we came to San Francisco to find and celebrate" is another sick "gay" outlook on life.

After the years I spent in the homosexual lifestyle, I keep learning more and more truths about "gays." I cannot believe the *Bay Area Reporter* would print such

Thomas A. Ervin  
San Francisco

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# LETTERS

ism of its performers, then we must develop professional machinery to support their art.

**Close Churches**  
★ Dear Fags, Homosexuals, Fairies & Fruits:  
I feel that it is our duty, as human beings and Americans, to promptly close down all churches where deluded, latent hypocrites (such as Rev. Jerry Fword) are allowed to rant and rave. The fear and guilt of homosexuality has killed and will continue to kill a lot more people than AIDS has. Let's put a stop to this before this God thing gets a lot worse.

**TV-7's Bad Show**  
★ Regarding Channel 7's Sunday evening program "A.I.D.S. — Anatomy of a Crisis" . . .

1. A more appropriate title for the program would have been "Jerry Fawell's Bible Hour." Air time allotted to Falwell was unnecessary and excessive.

2. Russ Coughlin's inability to control Falwell's talking was pitiful. Thank goodness, at least Garry, the person with A.I.D.S., had control of the show while he was speaking, and I heartily commend him for his action in cutting off Falwell's attempts at interruption. I fail to understand why the production crew simply didn't turn off Falwell's microphone when someone else was speaking.

3. While I agree with certain of the filmclips, such as those from the Parade exhibiting everyone's deep concern over A.I.D.S., I fail to see any relevance in the clips of the "girl" wishing everyone a Happy Gay Day or of the man in a leather harness. What have these clips to do with an "informational" show about A.I.D.S.?

4. While discussions of the pros and cons of bath-houses was a relevant subject to be reviewed, I fail to see any need in running film of nude men at the bath-houses.

5. The amount of air time apportioned to the experts for the discussion of the specific medical aspects of A.I.D.S. was totally inadequate.

Why was there no mention of the A.I.D.S./K.S. Research and Education Foundation and the other organizations working on A.I.D.S.?

In my opinion, Channel 7 succeeded in producing nothing more than another anti-gay, hysterical show.

**Simple Stuff**  
★ What cost getting published? What are plagiarism laws? What is the person called Woolly's purpose? Surely he doesn't enlighten us more than the original author. Printing his stuff is comparable to your short-lived simplistic cooking column.

**Straightening Out A Club's Position**  
★ Please allow me to make the record clear once and, hopefully, for all. No one in the Harvey Milk Club is attempting to close down anything — bath houses, bars, glory holes, or bookstores. Our sole purpose in our various activities is to inform and educate our fellow Gay men, especially tourists, with the most updated and concise information regarding the transmission and existence of this horrible disease. Thus our meetings with bath house owners, our participating in and facilitating informational community meetings, and our publishing of our brochure, "Can We Talk" (20,000 copies of which we have distributed) are all positive steps to achieve this purpose. I feel that when our community is educated, they will then make their own choices regarding certain sexual activities.

Over and over again we have stressed that the bath houses are not the issue, but they are simply a physical location for sex. Some continue to spread the rumor that we at the Milk Club are trying to close them! Goodness, anyone with an ounce of sense realizes that closing them would only shift individuals involved to other places, such as parks, glory holes, private residences, etc.

Do these critics forget that hundreds of gay men visit San Francisco each month, many from small towns where next to nothing is known about A.I.D.S. magazine publishes. Do they not share with us at Harvey Milk the tremendous responsibility to let all members of our community know all that is currently available about this disease!

What a strange concept for some to care more about what straight people think of us, and to worry more about what they may do to us, than the need to spread the news about this illness to our people so that we can protect each other.

The Gay community possesses a rich and varied spectrum of talent that entertains, delights, nurtures, and challenges us. A new "Foundation for the Gay Arts" needs to be established. Our poets, sculptors, actors, singers, filmmakers, photographers, musicians, painters, dancers, playwrights, cabaret artists, composers, conductors, choreographers, directors, novelists, and production technicians deserve our finest support. And the straight community also becomes more aware and tolerant through these artists. Consider the recent triumph of Torch Song Trilogy at the Tony Awards (produced by the Glines, N.Y.'s Gay theater group), and the Truckadero Ballet which is one of the heaviest booked dance companies to tour internationally. All lives are deepened and enriched by experiencing Gay art, but the cultural value to our own community is priceless: the arts give us identity.

The Bay Area Reporter can be justifiably proud of promoting Gay talent — your arts and entertainment staff is easily the most well-informed crew to be found at any publication in the Bay Area.

But we must not be content with reviews and omissions — we must get down to the serious business of arts management. If the public demands professional-

**Gay Arts Need**  
★ We at Falcon Dance Theater have a special interest in Golden Gate Performing Arts, as they sponsored the first production of Rites of Spring. As Gay artists, the Chorus, the Band, Theatre Rhinoceros, and Falcon have taken great strides towards a Gay Culture that is healthy and positive. In these days of AIDS, we need creative leadership more than ever. Why there is insurmountable debt if their work has given the community pride and pleasure with consistent high standards is an insurmountable mystery. Perhaps poor management is partly to blame — but no large scale arts organization is a stranger to debt. In fact, under the proper light, "debt" can be a powerful weapon for heavy funding. Are we in a time when both the individual artist and the mega-structured organization must "Go Vegas" in order to stay working?

What we need more than anything are Gay Diaghilev/Hurok type impresarios with dynamism, vision, and arts administration experience to replace the disco party entrepreneurs who have become dinosaurs who are interested in the maintenance of their reputations and pocketbooks more than in the genuine service to the Gay community.

**Indiana Beef**  
★ I am a gay inmate currently incarcerated in the Indiana penal system, and I am originally from the area. If possible could you please place the following ad in your paper so I might be able to write someone from home? I would also like to be placed on your mailing list if possible.

"Hot, Wet and Wild." G/W/M age 25, 175 pounds, 6'2", blue eyes, blond hair. I am currently incarcerated but hope to be out soon! The only problem is I need a home for this chunk of beef between my legs. If you are interested and could possibly help me, please write me here. My address is:

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## State Employee Job Bias Charged at Vacaville

On July 6, 1983, the California State Personnel Board granted the request of a Gay employee to file charges against two high level Department of Corrections employees for discrimination based on sexual orientation. A Hearing Officer will be assigned to determine whether or not punitive action will be taken against Carl Larson, former Deputy Superintendent of The California Medical Facility (CMF) at Vacaville and W.W. Smith, former Associate Superintendent of CMF at Vacaville.

The charges stem from a series of incidents in 1982 in which a Department of Corrections employee was harassed, threatened with firing, and denied overtime and equal work assignments after his sexual orientation became known to CMF officials. Special Investigators were assigned to investigate his personal life and past employment, even though he had a perfect work record with the State. The employee also charges that officials retaliated when he filed a discrimination complaint with the Department and the State Personnel Board.

President of Advocates for Gay and Lesbian State Employees, "This is a significant victory for all Gay employees of the State of California. This is the first time in the history of the State Personnel Board that a request to file charges has been granted. It's especially significant that it was in a case of sexual orientation discrimination." Punitive action is usually only taken if Department officials initiate the actions. In this case, Department officials were the ones charged with discrimination and the Department was not willing to take the appropriate punitive actions.

Further charges are being investigated against CMF Vacaville Superintendent Eddie Ylst and Associate Superintendent Ivalde Henry for retaliatory actions in this same case. The State Personnel Board will take action on the charges against these two officials at a later date.

At present, Assemblyman Art Agnos' AB-1 (which forbids job discrimination because of sexual orientation) is in the Committee stage in the State Senate. In early June it passed in the State Assembly.

According to Boyce Hinman, Hinman also noted that this

case will add even more strength to the State Policy which prohibits discrimination against state employees based on sexual orientation. "All state employees are on notice that they can be charged and held to answer, as individuals, for actions of discrimination," he stated. "We're very proud of the employee who has obtained this victory for all of us."

According to Boyce Hinman, Hinman also noted that this

## NGTF Testifies on U.S. Civil Rights Commission



NGTF Executive Director Virginia Apuzzo was back at the Capitol. (Photo: Leigh H. Mosley)

In testimony today before the U.S. Senate Judiciary Committee, National Gay Task Force Executive Director Virginia Apuzzo stressed the common interests which Gays and Lesbians share with Women, Blacks, Hispanics, and other minority groups.

society that has been made by Blacks, Hispanics, women, the handicapped, and other minorities. That is why the President fears a strong Civil Rights Commission.

Apuzzo noted that the issue went beyond the President's current action to the future of the Commission itself, and that Lesbians and Gays, as a group whose problems with discrimination has yet to be fully acknowledged, have a strong stake in a vital, independent Commission. "And for those Lesbians and Gay men who are Black, Hispanic, Asian or native American," she added, "The burden of discrimination is double."

The NGTF Director emphasized the extent of employment discrimination based on sexual orientation, pointed out that the Commission had already recognized that Gays and Lesbians have problems with the police system, and reiterated that Gay rights is a civil rights issue. She concluded "the need for an independent Civil Rights Commission is greater than ever. America has promised nothing less."

## Rep. Studds Comes Out on House Floor Scandal Prompts Congressman to Declare He's Gay

Representative Gerry Studds (D-MA) last week became the first Member of Congress to openly declare he is Gay on the floor of the U.S. House of Representatives. In a statement in response to charges by an ethics committee that he had sex with a 17-year old House page ten years ago, Representative Studds said, "All Members of Congress must cope with the challenge of initiating and maintaining a career in public office without destroying entirely the ability to lead a meaningful and emotionally fulfilling private life. It is not a simple task for any of us to meet adequately the obligations of either public or private life, let alone both. But these challenges are made substantially more complex when one is, as am I, both an elected public official and Gay."

Studds' relationship occurred in 1973 and involved a 17-year old male page in the House of Representatives. (Seventeen is over the age of consent, so there is no question of sex with a minor.) In his statement Studds stressed that the relationship was "mutual and voluntary; without coercion; without any preferential treatment, express or implied; without harassment of any kind;" private and that it occurred ten years ago. He also stated that the relationship "without question reflected a very serious error in judgment . . ."

While a number of male Members of Congress have admitted having sex with other males under a variety of circumstances, their admissions have been accompanied by explanations of alcoholism or other drug use and none has gone farther than to "admit" to "homosexual tendencies." What makes Representative Studds' declara-

tion fundamentally important is that he not only did not try to explain his behavior as influenced by drugs, say House-watchers, he made an open and unambiguous statement on the floor of the House that he is Gay.

In addition, Representative Studds raised sharp questions in his statement about the procedures used in the investigation, saying he was extremely tempted to contest the allegations and force an open hearing. He concluded, however, that he wished to protect, as much as was still possible, the right to personal privacy of other individuals affected by the allegations.

Studds' career does not seem to have been hurt by the revelations. This week the Boston Globe released the results of a poll of 500 registered voters in his district, which covers the Cape Cod area of Massachusetts. Sixty-six percent said he should

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## Choruses Go Their Separate Ways

by Allen White

Last Monday the San Francisco Lesbian/Gay Chorus voted to withdraw from Golden Gate Performing Arts. At the same time, the San Francisco Gay Men's Chorus held their first rehearsal in their new home, the Pride Center.

The action by the mixed chorus had been expected since their meeting a week ago. Linda Rohde, chorus business manager, said that the group voted unanimously to withdraw from the GGPA organization. The group's intent is to make the move as responsibly as possible. They currently owe the corporation several thousand dollars. Removing this obligation is a major consideration. Several of the chorus members have gone to the business community to match their dues so they can realize a monthly income of several hundred dollars.

The San Francisco Gay Men's Chorus had their first rehearsal at the Pride Center. Substantial savings will result from the change in rehearsal space and the move of the GGPA offices. The group will be cutting their expenses to the absolute minimum. There are no longer any salaried members, and the cost-cutting extends even to such small items as recouping from members the cost of any lost music.

There was discussion about their Fall concert which is tentatively scheduled for the first weekend in November. The chorus hopes to present an evening of serious music at Grace Cathedral.

Because of moderate costs, it is hoped that the concert will yield a substantial profit. The reduction of the huge \$169,000 Golden Gate Performing Arts debt was given top priority by the singing group.

At their meeting last Monday they also recognized the need to strengthen the size of the chorus. Artistic Director Ernie Veniegas



(Photo: Rink)

## Rep. Studs Comes Out

(Continued from previous page)

not be removed from office. Eighteen percent said he should resign (24% of these were males; 13% were females). However, 52% of his constituents polled felt he should be reprimanded; only 18% felt the episode was a private matter. Forty-two percent said they would vote for him the next time he runs; 28% said they would wait and see who his opposition was and 24% said they would not vote for him.

Studds was cited by the House Ethics Committee along with Rep. Dan Crane (R-IL). A report was prepared by committee counsel Joseph Califano, who recommended that the full House approve a "reprimand" against the two lawmakers.

Studds is a co-sponsor of the national Gay rights bill and has spoken out strongly whenever Gay issues were at stake.

It is said that his sexual orientation was no secret in Congress or in Washington, D.C., circles.

## AIDS Marathon

The Lesbian and Gay Advisory Committee to the Human Rights Commission will sponsor a forum Monday, 7 p.m., at the Women's Building, 3543 18th Street, on "AIDS: Realities and Responsibilities." The forum will focus upon issues currently dividing the community.

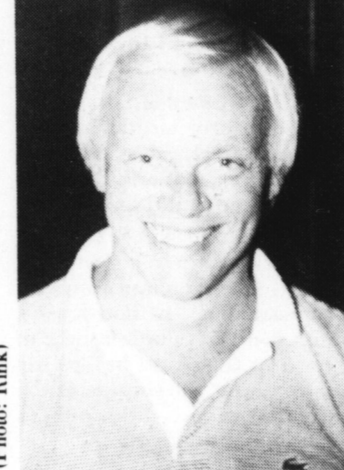
There will be a series of six panels — people with AIDS, elected officials, media, political clubs, health profession, and organizations. Brief introductory remarks will be given by each panelist, followed by questions from the audience. Admission is free, child care and sign language interpreter provided; wheelchair accessible.

Studds is a co-sponsor of the national Gay rights bill and has spoken out strongly whenever Gay issues were at stake.

It is said that his sexual orientation was no secret in Congress or in Washington, D.C., circles.

## QUICKIES!

### Wharton Party



(Photo: Rink)

Wednesday, July 27: 5:30 to 7:30 PM Dave Wharton for Supervisor hosted by Lynee and Bill Twist, 3 Fifth Avenue, San Francisco. Donation: \$100 per person. Hors d'oeuvres, wine and water, music, valet parking. Please join the friends of Dave Wharton to meet and support this bright candidate. For more information, call Steve Walters, 621-4986.

Dave Wharton, the highest votegetter of any non-incumbent office-holder in last November's supervisory election, is engineering a "bridge-building" campaign with an eye towards City Hall in 1984.

"There are so many diverse groups in this city who need to sit down and discuss their mutual agenda's for employment, city planning and development. It's time for the fences between groups to come down," Wharton says.

If you would like to know more about Dave Wharton's views and upcoming neighborhood events planned for the fall, call Chuck Forester at 931-1514.

### Sounding for Health

Healing through the use of sound has existed since the early ages. The Gay community and its supporters will have an opportunity to participate in a sound healing.

"Sounding for Health": A Guided Sound Healing and Meditation, will take place on Sunday, July 24, from 4 to 6 PM at Valencia Rose Cafe. This event will be led by Adolphine Carol, a Bay Area healing and meditation teacher and intuitive counselor.

In a group setting, sounds by the group will be directed in a healing manner to an individual sitting in the middle of the circle. The effect of sending as well as receiving these sounds can be profoundly moving.

About sound healing Ms. Carol has said, "This guided meditation in communal sound healing enables us to come together in a uniquely powerful way."

Suggested donation is \$2. Info: 648-6156.

### Stop Smoking

PHYSIS will be offering a lecture/forum on July 27, 1983 from 6:00-7:30 pm at PHYSIS, 100 Chestnut Street (at Montgomery). The title of the lecture is **Smoking: Habit or Addiction** given by Dr. Bruce Hansen and Temple Harrup of Dependency Interventions.

\$3.00 fee. The event is open to the public. Please contact Marian for reservations at 781-6400.

### GGBA Will Go for Reno Rodeo

Golden Gate Business Association (GGBA) the Bay Area's Gay/Lesbian business and professional organization, is sponsoring its first group tour to the Reno Gay Rodeo, August 5-7, 1983. Members of the public are invited to join GGBA members and their guests for the trip, which includes round-trip luxury bus transportation (with free beer & wine on board), two nights at the MGM Grand Hotel, and two days reserved

### Dignity Hosts Summer Hoedown

Dignity/San Francisco, the organization of Catholic Gay men, Lesbians and their friends, is sponsoring a Summer Square Dance this Saturday, July 23, at 7 PM at St. John of God Hall, 5th Avenue and Irving Street, San Francisco.

Featured guests at the hoedown and dance will be the Western Star Dancers, who will perform and give a workshop on square and other Western-style dancing. They promise to have everyone "do-si-doing" within

### Black Gays Plan Conference



The BALAG booth at the '83 post-Parade Celebration. (Photo: Rink)

BAYBLAG is planning a Third World Lesbian and Gay Conference in the Bay Area this fall, over the Thanksgiving weekend, in co-sponsorship with other Third World/People of Color Gay organizations. The conference will provide educational workshops, forums, speakers, and materials to enable participants to more effectively combat homophobia and other forms of discrimination and provide opportunities for expression and sharing of culture and artistic achievements by Third World/People of Color.

A Conference Planning Committee composed of representatives from the Bay Area Black/Gay Communities is being formed. The first organizational meeting of the Conference Planning Committee is scheduled for Sunday, July 31st, at 6:30 pm at 3191 - 16th Street, San Francisco. All Third World/People of Color are invited to attend.

### GAI's 8th Year

Gay American Indians is pleased to announce its 8th anniversary and opening of its new office. GAI is a non-profit organization co-founded by Randy Burns and Barbara Cameron in 1975. As an organization, GAI's goals are to address itself to those unique needs of Gay American Indians. In meeting those goals, GAI's objectives are to establish a social network to assist in single parenting, employment services, counseling, temporary housing, and cultural activities.

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# The World of the River

## Part I: The Town

by Scott Treimel

This is a story about integration and economics and a Gay resort town.

Guerneville lies only an hour and a half north of San Francisco by U.S. Highway 101, but temperamentally it seems further removed. Here is where it is easy to buy a mallard duckling but hard to buy a book, where the average rainfall doubles San Francisco's, and where only one person in thirty is nonwhite. Here is the new hopeful stop for all those from somewhere else, for all those eager to live an experiment in integration.

The Pomo Indians first came here by following the River that would take its name from the Russian beaver trappers that pushed them out. By the time the Russians left, El Rio Ruso's future was written, and for the next fifty years the area would draw a kind of people to whom a redwood tree meant a timber mill. R. B. Lundsford settled the town in 1860, and before his children left home the railroad tracks would already be laid, and the saw mills, the shingle mills, and the planing mills would already be at work fixing the place for its first name — Stumptown. George Guerne closed the last lumber mill in 1901 and inspired the name to change.

A town becomes a resort when it cannot support a more exacting identity. Guerneville's redwoods were gone but there was still the River and still the need for an income, which middle-class families could provide if they could be induced to vacation. At the turn of the century the town's beauty alone held sufficient draw that not until decades later would it begin importing things, movies and San Francisco bands, to enhance its allure. What it was importing was in fact an identity. For forty years the *Guerneville Times* existed solely to document who had come, or was coming, from where to visit. "Mr. Frank Harader of Santa Rosa was a visitor in the River Area Tuesday," such notices read, the town took its glory by association: "He is executive secretary of the Sonoma County Tuberculosis Society." It was not a crisis of character but a crisis of non-character, which Guerneville ran periodic slogan contests to overcome. "The Heart of Nature's Playground" championed the 1921 effort.

Either nature lost its appeal in the 50's or the heart of its playground relocated. In either event, tourists tired of Guerneville and it went to seed in the 50's, and the paint frayed and the wrought iron oxidized and the resort town retired. Guerneville locals would later describe their residence as "A ghost town" and "A horror picture" but at the time the town simply slipped into nonentity.

The story now shifts to San Francisco in 1968, to the Haight-Ashbury and the Summer of Love. The Summer of Love produced more than national news features; it produced fallout, the kids the scene exhausted but did not fulfill. They looked around



for alternatives and they kept their ears open, and what they heard were songs, songs with lyrics like, "I'm going to get back to the land and try to set my soul free." The lyrics became an inspiration, the land became the answer, and Guerneville became one of the lands. The town was ramshackle; rent was either little or unenforceable, and although there was no work in Guerneville, there was welfare and food stamps and the prospect of life on its simplest terms. "The town was for sale," an oldtimer said; "there was nothing here." In fact there was something there, Guerneville's defeated spirit, which made it perhaps not welcoming, perhaps not enthusiastic, but available nevertheless.

The hippies, if they are anywhere today, are not in Guerneville. Guerneville has

(Continued from previous page)

the most raffle tickets to send children on day trips; about the highschool boy who won the AAA award, and about a meeting of Guerneville's Bible Church. You can read the business page, "Jan Garfield Brings Physical Therapy to the River" or you can read the crime log. "A local man was arrested for stealing his girlfriend's child from a baby sitter and then threatening to hit a deputy." The *Russian River News* is a paper that runs photo spreads on elementary school graduates but also a newspaper that runs stories on AIDS; and while it claims "there is a significant risk" handling those dead from AIDS-related diseases, it praises Guerneville's own mortician for braving the risk. "I have no intention of abandoning our Gay friends," the mortician is quoted to have said.

The big issue here last month concerned the purchase of public trash containers for the streets. Resisters pointed out that people from neighboring towns, Monte Rio and Rio Nido, would steal in at night and dump their private trash. The debate has now cooled and the containers are in place. So are seven Japanese flowering plum trees in aggregate planters. The plum trees incited their own debate, but it was resolved by reasoning that although the plum trees will indeed drop leaves, they can be cleared without creating undue disorder.

Most gestures toward beautification were initiated by Gay men, one the president of Guerneville's Chamber of Commerce, the other a Main Street businessman. The *Russian*

ships too well to overlook that benches mean loitering.

\*\*\*  
"Gay freedom is a reality here all year long." The sentence reads tiny but it was published in the *Russian River News* a few weeks back. It was published because the *Russian River News* wants Guerneville to know the experiment is working. It may be.

There is something fantastic about Guerneville, to be Gay and feel easy about it in a town this size, this removed, this similar to the towns where oppression is implicit. The 1980 Census set Guerneville's population at 1,525, but everyone says the Census is crazy, says the population even exceeds 5,000. There is one stop sign on Main Street and there is one taxi, and the sheriff's sub-station is not staffed around the clock. The strip to cruise is Main Street, which stretches two blocks. Slump-shouldered teenagers with messy hair and Harley-Davidson teeshirts walk it for a lark. They pass Shirley's Hair Care, specialists in finicky curls, and they pass the Rainbow Cattle Company, which is a cross between the Rawhide and the Badlands. The Rainbow Cattle Company runs an ad with two gigantic words, ASK ANYONE. This is a bit misleading. You would not, for example, ask the messy teenagers about the Rainbow Cattle Company. When they walk past it, they generally snicker or poke each other in the ribs and say, That's where you go. Don't ask anyone about the Rainbow Cattle Company. Ask the men in the black Levis with the showy biceps, the men who are probably staring at you



Guerneville Main Street straight bar — and never the twain may meet. (Photo: N. Rogers)

*River News* editorialized appreciatively of the men but neglected to mention that they were Gay, which everyone already knows. What the editorial did mention was that their actions were "in the spirit of Leonard Matlovich." Leonard Matlovich is Guerneville's most affluent Gay resident, not for how he is but for what he did, which was sue the U.S. Air Force and land his picture on the cover of *Time*: "I am a homosexual" ran the legend across the 1975 issue. Guerneville was apprehensive when Leonard Matlovich settled here in 1981 for it feared he would commence marching the streets. He did not march the streets. Instead he sponsored an essay contest at the grammar school, and he played off local history by naming his pizza parlour Stumptown Inn. None of this is what the *Russian River News* means by "the spirit of Leonard Matlovich" however. That refers to the two benches he placed outside his restaurant, a gesture, like the plum trees and the trash cans, at civic participation. Also like the plum trees and the trash can, it alarmed Guerneville locals, who understand cause-and-effect relation-

anyway. These men are also cruising the strip, cruising it, in fact, directly behind the teenagers. To understand Guerneville is to understand that both couples call the town their own.

\*\*\*  
If Gay freedom is daily reality in Guerneville, in 1983, the reason could scarcely be more predictable or less ambiguous. Gay people are making Guerneville rich, and no one denies it. Generally the people feel embarrassed talking about the economics of integration, generally they prefer to talk about "harmony" and "plurality" and "respecting lifestyles." They talk a line that implies a commitment in the Family of Man, which may or may not be authentic but is considered more polite than discussions of dollars. Dollars, anyway, always speak for themselves. The fact is that when Fife's opened as the first Gay resort in July, 1978, Guerneville's business was down 60 percent from 1975. The fact is that Safeway employed 17 people year-round in 1966 and that even in the

winter it now employs 50. (Safeway, in fact, plans to rebuild, to expand, some say as many as five times its present size, and open a gourmet section, a deli, a bakery, and a natural foods section.) The fact is realtors predict property values will appreciate ten percent annually for the next ten years.

Actually, it is the Gay people here who subvert discussions of dollars by talking the Family of Man. The straight locals, evidencing either an aversion to abstractions or another kind of aversion, do the opposite: ask them about integration and they talk economics. "I don't care if the town draws straights or Gays," said Wayne George from his Main Street shop, "so long as they spend money." This sentiment is familiar here. Back in 1981 a bartender at Sandy & Joe's said, "They bring in so much money I don't care who they are or what they're up to." This bartender no longer works at Sandy & Joe's because last year Gay lovers bought the place and renamed it Embers. Keith, one of the lovers, previously did hair at Elizabeth Arden in San Francisco and what he did here was redecorate in the direction of elegance. His Mark-Hopkins-trained chef prepares dishes like Scallops Bombay and Tortellini a la Maison. He prepares dishes, in other words, Sandy and Joe did not.

Guerneville's new fanciness pleases the oldtimers who can now indulge their tastes. Now they can fuss about whether to eat at the gracious Burdon's or at the Triple R with its pretty stained glass windows. Casa del Rio suffices an itch for Mexican food, and weekend guests get a kick choosing between the 19 German beers at Little Bavaria. Grandmothers feel devilish buying extravagant treats at the Russian River Chocolate Factory, and their daughters feel gratified that Neeley's and the Riviera Shop are finally stocking a more stylish line. These oldtimers feel lucky the River Repetory has formed to produce plays like *Much Ado About Nothing*, and they feel lucky for their Monday night escapes to the Woods for cabaret. These oldtimers feel lucky they can now indulge their tastes. And they are lucky. They are not the ones who have been priced out of town.

Economic casualties are inevitable with gentrification. Whether it was fueled by economic resentment or whether it was fueled by resistance to change or by simple fear is pointless to speculate, but Gay freedom was not always daily reality in Guerneville. You hear the stories. You hear about the catcalls, the graffiti, the vandalism, the rocks. You hear that the presence of homosexuals — which you knew they were because they came right out and told you — stunned Guerneville. You hear about the deaf man four teenagers attacked with a baseball bat on New Year's Eve in 1980. You hear about other attacks, on Main Street, on back streets, down by the River. "Lots of them don't care anymore," says sixteen-year-old Vicky Baker of her classmates. "He said, 'Don't call people names like that or you'll get your ass kicked.'" says Leonard Matlovich of a fourteen-year-old who was called a fag. The stories are always past tense — it happened two, three, five years ago, they begin — but they leave you feeling cautious, which may be the point. Twenty-nine-year-old Shawn Doyle says, "I won't walk on Main Street after midnight" and fifty-year-old Marvin Steele says, "I won't walk on Main Street after dark," but both then admit the same about every street but Castro. No assaults have been reported this year in

(Continued on page 18)



Guerneville's Main Street Gay bar, the Rainbow Cattle Co. (Photo: N. Rogers)

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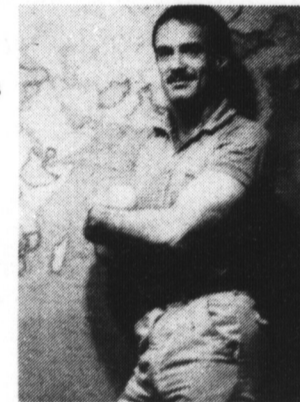
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# GAY YOUTH

by Dion B. Sanders

An Insight into the Ways of Four Young Gay Men

In the spring of 1979, 17-year-old Aaron Fricke was nearing his graduation at Cumberland High School in Cumberland, Ohio. And like most of his classmates, Fricke was looking forward to taking his date to the senior prom. There was only one problem: School regulations mandated that one's date to the senior prom be of the opposite sex. And Fricke was determined to take his same-sex lover to the prom. He had been out of the closet since his sophomore year — at the tender age of 14 — and there was no way that Fricke was going to bring a female date to the prom when everyone knew he was Gay.

When school officials formally barred him from taking his lover to the prom, Fricke, with the help of his parents, took the officials to court — and won. Meanwhile, his legal battle captured the attention of the national news media, which had reporters and TV camera people swooping down on Cumberland High on Prom Night as if the President of the United States was the guest of honor.

Aaron Fricke's case forced into the public eye a phenomenon that more and more parents and families across the nation are being confronted with: that one of their teenaged children announces that he or she is Gay.

This phenomenon is a direct result of the Gay Freedom movement, and affords today's Gay and Lesbian young people a luxury that past generations could not have possibly imagined — growing up openly Gay, and proud of it.

At the same time, however, it engendered less-than-good vibrations between younger and older Gays, as well as between young Gays and their straight peers.

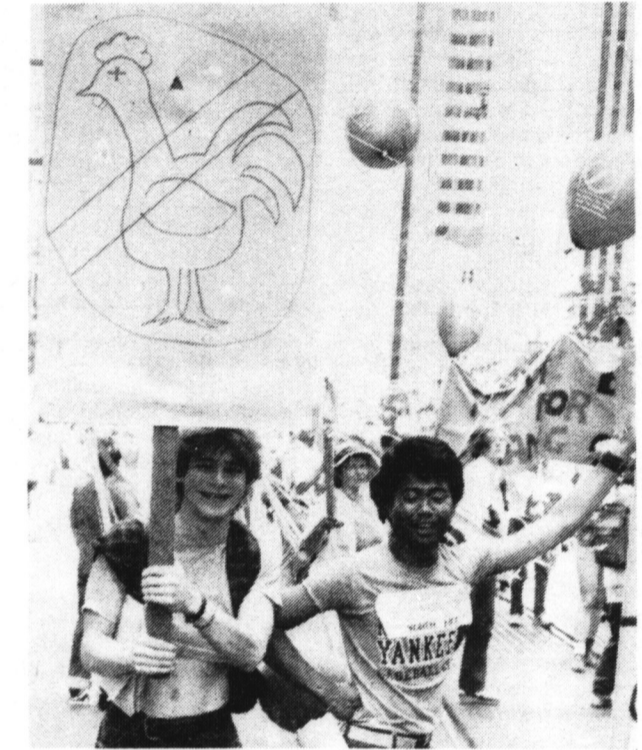
During the Fourth of July weekend, the Bay Area Reporter interviewed eight Gay and Lesbian young people — four girls and four boys — ranging in age from 17 to 22, at the Pacific Center in Berkeley.

Last week, the girls spoke out on a variety of issues pertaining to growing up Gay. This week, in the second of a three-part series, it's the boys' turn. Tony (not his real name because he is in the closet at school), 17; Ron, 22; Stewart, 19; and Noel, 18, talked about their coming-out, the image of Gay youth in the Gay community, the North American Man-Boy Love Association (NAMBLA), homophobia, and a host of other issues. By prior arrangement, their last names have been withheld.

**Bay Area Reporter:** Tell us how you came to grips with coming out to your families.

**Noel:** I hear a lot of people who have these traumatic coming out stories, and mine — well, I'm a little embarrassed by it because it wasn't really traumatic. I'm Filipino, and my parents are Catholics, and I was therefore raised a Catholic. But they're not as strict as most Filipino families. My parents are fairly liberal, and I came out to them when I was 16, because it (the closet) was just driving me crazy and I felt I had to be honest to them. My mother took it like she would any other important thing, but they didn't go completely nuts or crazy or anything like that. It did take them a while to accept it (my being Gay); it takes a while to accept anything new. My mother was good about it, but she was slightly worried, saying to me, "Does that mean you're going to be seeing strange men all the time?" and I said, "Just because I'm Gay means A, B, and C, and it does NOT mean D, E, or F." So basically, it was an exercise in re-defining myself to her; what I was basically doing was confronting both my parents with something new about myself, and reassuring them that I was really no different from what they had seen of me in previous years. My father was quiet about it — for a while — but he's starting to open up; it takes longer for fathers to fully accept it. And I think my father's doing a good job of it... Every time there's a Gay-oriented program on TV he asks me if I want to watch it.

**Stewart:** I also had it very easy... I came home from school one day when I was 15 and my mother sat me down and asked, "Look, um, ah, er... are you Gay?" I said, "Yes, I am. What's the big deal?" We never talked about it; she just accepted it. Mostly, I guess, because she was tied down with raising my little sister. And she said, "Fine. He seems happy. That gives me one less thing to worry about." She could then focus all of her attention on my sister. She's always been real cool. She grew up a pretty radical. My grandfather was a Baptist minister and was very radical (conservative). And so, she really didn't care. She says



Gay youth and their "No Chicken" sign in the '83 Parade. (Photo: Rink)

that as long as I'm happy, and as long as I don't bring any "strange things" into the house (laughter). Though after seeing some of the men she's gone out with (Stewart's parents are divorced) I doubt her definition of "things" (more laughter). My father did the same thing to me in a long-distance phone call. He had asked was I Gay, and he and my mother hadn't really spoken about it. And neither of them care, as long as I'm happy, as long as I'm independent — actually, they do care — but they don't worry about me.

**Tony:** I come from a very liberal background, also. My mother is a Lesbian, and she never encouraged me to be Gay. In fact, it was more of a shock to me than it was to her because, first of all, mothers have some idea that their son is Gay; their intuition tells them. So when you tell them, it doesn't come as a shock to them because they already knew.

**B.A.R.:** How to you relate to Gay adults? Specifically, problems of coming out, problems of relationships with older Gays?

**Noel:** One of the big misconceptions that Gay adults have about Gay youth is that if we're visible and we're out, we're street



Today young Gays have a different set of problems than they did a generation ago. (Photo: Rink)

(Continued from previous page)

in North Beach to a bar. And there was this group of straight Italian men; they came inside and started putting the make on Theresa and her friend. This one guy wanted to dance with her, like to Pink Floyd, and Theresa goes like, "Wowww, you got any acid?" Just a smart remark, and he says, "No, that's all I got — all I got right now is blow (which is what people do with acid)." Now, you get all that stuff, like, "Here ya go, little boy; I have it, ya wantit?" That's where terms like "troll" come from.

**Stewart:** I think that youth in the Gay community get all the same awful misconceptions and all the same prejudices that straight women have been getting from straight men for centuries.

**Ron:** Yeah, like, "Piece of meat..."

**Stewart:** "That'll look good on your arm." "You sweet puppy, you," and you buy them off, you take them to all the pretty places, and you give them little trinkets to keep them happy because they are not really very smart. "They look pretty, but they don't have any brains."

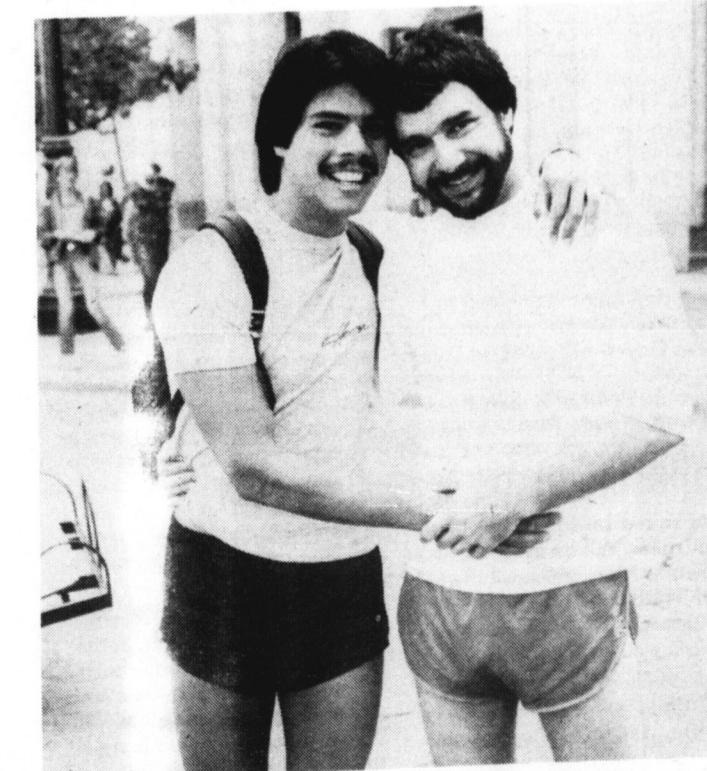
**Noel:** And they think that we just dash off to the I-Beam — which we can't get into in the first place because they sell liquor — every Saturday night.

**Tony:** They also think that Gay youth — that all of us are "social butterflies," and I'm sick and tired of that shit — pardon my French. There's a teacher of mine who I know is Gay who referred to me as a "social butterfly" just because I like to go out and have a good time away from school. Now I don't go around looking for a "sugar daddy," or look for dates with people to fuck with. All I do is go out to enjoy myself just like any other kid on a Friday or Saturday night.

**B.A.R. (to Ron and Noel):** You have lovers. And both your lovers are older than you. And I would be safe in assuming that when your relationships were getting started you had to deal with a lot of heavy problems associated with a relationship that crosses the age barrier. How were you able to resolve them?

**Noel:** Well, in my case, in the early part of our relationship, it was pretty rocky because we had all these misconceptions about each other. I was hesitant about going into a relationship with an older man because I thought, "Oh, God, he's going to expect things from me, like sex all the time, and I'm going to be relegated to being nothing more than something good under his arm." He had misconceptions about me being unmotivated —

(Continued on next page)



Gay young blades in this year's parade. (Photo: Rink)

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# GAY YOUTH

(Continued from previous page)

that I was like all of the other kids he had seen who had no direction whatever in their lives. I mean, he was really surprised to find that I was going to San Francisco State, that I had a career in mind, that I had goals; and he found that surprising in a young person. And that really bothered me because I thought, "Is that the stereotype we project?" Another difficult thing was that because at the time we met I was still a minor — under 18 — he was worried that he could be sent to jail for a felony, and I was worried that my friends were going to razz me and give me a bad time. My own peers were going to razz me because I had a "sugar daddy" and was getting all the trappings that go with it, when that wasn't true. When we go out to dinner, sometimes he pays the check and sometimes I pay the check; he doesn't do everything. I'm not a mindless bimbo; I do things on my own.

Ron: In my case, it's completely different. We are each other's first lover, so we grew a lot together. I guess the biggest problem that we come across is jealousy. That's to be expected in any relationship, and certainly in ours, because there is a ten-year age gap between us. It first cropped up when my friends called me on the phone after I moved in with him. At first, it was me getting all these phone calls, and then he'd be rude to my friends on the phone. And now, it's getting bad; I told him, "I'll have my social life and you'll have your social life." But I guess that's because of our age gap.

B.A.R.: There's a big issue in the Gay community about "chicken hawks" and the Polk Street scene . . .

Noel: Yes, I'm familiar with that.

Ron: I carried a "No Chicken" sign in the Parade. (laughter)

Noel: It's been my experience that men assume that if I'm young — especially if I'm Asian — men have this stereotype of Asian Gays as, "Oh, we're so passive and submissive, and we'll just march off to bed and you can do anything and I won't mind," and that is just not me. Especially older men have this stereotype. It may have to do with the ethnicity of it, being that, "Oh, you look like you're from another country, therefore, you're not really savvy, you're not street-wise, so therefore, I can just swoop right in and snatch you up." It's incredible. People impose these fantasies on you; they just think you're easy if you're Asian and young.

B.A.R. (to Tony): You and I have in common being both black and Gay. And when I came out, I found myself con-

fronted with extreme levels of homophobia in the black community. Has dealing with black homophobia been as great a problem for you? Especially from straight black teenagers?

Tony: In my school, there are more whites than blacks — I go to a Catholic school — I have a bigger problem facing homophobia from whites than from blacks. But yes, there is this homophobia among blacks — especially against black Gays — because if you are Gay and black, you're either a drag queen or super-fem. There is no in-between, because in the black community, if you're Gay, everybody knows about it. And they'll hit you with "Faggot, sissy, artificial bitch, homo." I don't deal that often with people of my own race; I've been rejected by them because I'm different . . . to black people on the street, I stand out like a sore thumb: I'm tall, I wear my hair dyed purple, I wear these red-rimmed glasses — which are really women's glasses . . .

## Part II of a Bay Area Reporter interview with young Gay men and women.

B.A.R.: I take it, then, that you would have a lot of problems dealing with what we — when I was growing up — called the "Bloods" (short for "young-bloods," black street youths).

Tony: It's not that big of a problem. They deal with me. All they do is look at me in an odd way and try to figure me out, but there is nothing of me to figure out. They just see me as being odd and different, and therefore, I'm a fag. "Fag" is an abused term used to describe anyone who you just don't like, who does not fit in. There are some people in my school who call others "fags" and they're as straight as arrows.

B.A.R.: Changing the subject — there is a big, big controversy going on — especially back East — over NAMBLA. (At this point everyone groans and throws up their hands in disgust.)

Stewart: Though the NAMBLA people themselves are obnoxious, their cause is a just one. But the people themselves, and the way in which they espouse their cause, are just obnoxious.

Noel: Let's talk about the ideology first, starting with you.

Stewart: Well, I've been sleeping around since I was very little. I've always felt that it was my choice. I feel that if a kid is ready to start sleeping around, he's gonna do it, no matter how young he is. I agree with them (NAMBLA) on that point. What I don't agree with them on is that the people I have met in

NAMBLA are the kind of people that I would want to be kept away from my children, if I had children, because these people seem to me to be like the ones who would exploit them.

B.A.R.: Wait a minute! You've had firsthand experiences with NAMBLA?

Stewart: Not on an organizational level; on a person-to-person level, yes I have. I believe in their goals, but I don't like the way they're going for them.

Noel: In terms of ideology, the people at NAMBLA — one of their goals is to abolish the age-of-consent law. On that I will agree with you, Stewart, because if someone feels that they are ready to have sex — and you can only feel that within yourself — that's fine. The other big thing that they're pushing — which I'm in opposition to — is the decriminalization of an older man who makes it with a minor. That law is the only power that a minor has in a relationship.

Stewart: But you just agreed with me that that law should be taken off the books.

Noel: Which one?

Stewart: The age-of-consent law.

Noel: Oh, no! I DON'T

agree that the age-of-consent law should be dropped! I forgot that one law is tied to the other. But going back to the first part — when a kid's ready to have sex, he's going to have sex.

Stewart: And who is anyone else to say otherwise?

Noel: Well, fine, but that's the kid's idea, and the kid's not going to go to the police and say, "Oh, I had sex with this person, send me to jail!" No.

Stewart: No, but if the kid is being exploited, then he should be able to go to his parents and say, "Look, I'm being exploited by so-and-so." But if the kid is NOT being exploited, then he should be able to go to his parents and say, "Look, I'm having sex with this guy who I'm really crazy about."

Noel: But that's a very personal thing, and you should work it out with your parents.

Ron: But, parents have total say-so. If his parents want to go for his lover's throat, they have every right to.

Noel: Yes, but on the other hand, some young people's lovers have met their parents and they get along fine. The big thing I don't like is they (NAMBLA) want to abolish (criminal penalties) on the men who molest children. If a kid gets abused, that's (the law) the only power they have to protect themselves.

D.B. Sanders  
NEXT WEEK: Homeless and runaway Gay and Lesbian youth: How do they survive?

## KGO Weekend Radio

Love without sex or sex without Catholic Church. Saturday night from 7:05 to 9 PM Kevin Gordon addressed these and other questions on the relationship between Gays and the Church on the David Lambie Talk show on KGO-FM (FM-104). Gordon, Chairperson of the disbanded Lesbian/Gay Task Force on Social Justice, will describe the new role for the task force since Archbishop John Quinn dissolved it as an official body within the Archdiocese of San Francisco. From 9:05 to 10 PM David will talk with another of his famous "mystery guests."

Sunday night from 7:05 to 8 PM Supervisor Harry Britt discusses Gay Power and Gay Politics around the U.S.A. From 8:05 to 10 PM Dr. Robert Bolan of the Bay Area Physicians for

## KNBR/NBC to Air Special on AIDS

Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome, will be the topic of a one-hour comprehensive special on KNBR Radio Sunday, July 24, from 7 to 8 AM, dealing with the issue on both a national and local level.

NBC Radio will present a half-hour report from Washington, D.C., written and produced by former KNBR newsmen Peter Laufer, now with NBC News, followed by a half-hour

Human Rights updates the latest medical information and answers questions about AIDS (Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome diseases). Listener call ins are welcomed at 928-0104.

show with an AIDS victim produced at the KNBR Studios in San Francisco.

In the NBC Report, Laufer consults medical researchers and others treating the disease and talks to victims themselves. The report focuses on treatment of the disease, changes in Gay lifestyles and the Haitian connection. This segment will be heard at 7 AM.

## CUAV AIDS Joins Reasons for Fag-Bashing

RANDY SCHELL & DIANA ZABARTE-CHRISTENSEN



The 24-Divisioners persists as trouble. This week two troublemakers assaulted three Muni policemen at 18th & Castro. (Photo: Rink)

The day the article on MUNI drivers' fear of AIDS was published on the front page of the *San Francisco Examiner*, two separate incidents of anti-Gay violence were reported to CUAV. Anti-Gay violence is common in San Francisco. What distinguishes these two incidents from other reports is that as the assailants beat their victims they yelled out "you diseased faggot" type epithets. These incidents are only an example of random incidents since January '83 where AIDS has been the excuse to beat members of our community.

**Tanforan Shopping Center.** The victim is a 27-year old male who was walking in a parking lot adjacent to the Tanforan Shopping Center. Two suspects began to follow the victim through the shopping center. One of the suspects started to scream, "AIDS, AIDS." The victim, fearing continued harassment, began to walk quickly to his vehicle but did not make it on time. He was physically assaulted by the suspects and knocked to the ground. The suspects fled and the victim got to his feet and reported the incident to the Mall Security Force. The Security Force made no attempt to find the suspects or take a report. The victim went to the San Bruno Police Department and filed a report.

**Wisconsin/23rd Streets.** The victim is 85 years of age. She was on the MUNI #53 returning home. She boarded the bus and sat toward the front within eyesight and earshot of the driver. As the bus came to its stop on Wisconsin and 23rd Street, the suspect walked past the victim and suddenly turned around and attempted to take her purse. The victim refused to let go of her purse; the assailant

refused to give up. He continued pulling on the purse and dragged her off her seat and continued dragging her down the aisle. Someone screamed for the driver to intervene. The suspect finally yanked once again and the victim could no longer hold onto her purse. When the suspect managed to get to the rear door, the driver allowed the suspect to get off the bus. The victim was assisted out of the bus and she went to a neighborhood center and called both MUNI and the police. Later, MUNI officials took a claim from the victim which contained, among other things, a

For your safety, carry a whistle.

loss of over \$100 and other expenses such as her medication and taxi-scrip book. The victim also had expenses for repeated visits to her doctor and partial payment of an ambulance ride. Weeks later, MUNI officials denied her claim and offered her \$50 as a token payment. The victim refused and requested CUAV assistance after she was referred to this agency from the Salvation Army.

**Women's Building.** This 31-year old victim was in front of the Women's Building early in the morning helping to pack a van after a party. A vehicle drove behind the van and began honking its horn. One of the women packing the van kept motioning to the driver to go around. After several attempts to convince the suspect to go around the van, the victim walked back to assist. Suddenly, the car pulled out and hit the victim and dragged her down the

street. The suspect then began driving away when the victim freed herself from the vehicle. Other women in the area, observing the altercation, quickly got into their vehicle and chased the suspect. They managed to get the license plate number of the vehicle. Later, both the police and CUAV ran a computer check on the vehicle. The vehicle was junked some time before and the former owner could not be identified because the signature on the DMV card was illegible. The victim sustained injuries such as a broken arm. Currently she is partially disabled and unable to work full time. CUAV is assisting the victim to file with Victim/Witness Assistance Program to claim loss of wages due to the attack.

**Market/Gough.** The victim was walking home late at night. Suddenly a suspect attacked the victim and kicked him from behind. The suspect yelled "diseased faggot." The victim, startled and knocked to the ground, quickly regained composure and overpowered the suspect. He held the suspect until the police came and the victim performed a citizens arrest. A witness who is a clerk in a liquor store gave the police a report. The officer who took the report recognized the assailants and claimed the suspects had prior involvements in battery assaults. The suspect is scheduled to appear in court at a later date.

## HAIGHT/CENTRAL

The victim was sitting on steps near the sidewalk when a man on a bicycle began verbally assaulting him. The assailant who was with a friend yelled, "You're in the wrong neighborhood fuckin' faggot." He continued, "I'll kill you faggot queer." The assailant stopped his bike in front of the victim and continued his screaming. The victim, fearing that the assailant would attack him, quickly left and went into a store and called the police. The police arrived and the victim wanted the assailant arrested. The officer explained to the victim that arrest was not possible since there was no physical attack. The victim was upset over the reaction of the police. Remember, a person yelling threats cannot be arrested. The police officer could do nothing but talk to the assailant and prevent him from continuing his epithets. If you are a victim of verbal harassment, you are advised to remove yourself from the assailant and report it to the police. The assailant cannot be arrested, but police presence may prevent an attack from occurring.

If you have experienced an assault, know of someone who did or intend an assault, call CUAV hotline number and report it — 864-7233 (UNI-SAFE)

and including, of course, "The Stars and Stripes Forever." Forty-two of the Gay community's musicians donated their time and talent for the event. In addition to Band members, there was also a color guard, a contingent from the FLAG Corps, and Richard Roesener twirling the baton.

As the Band finished with "San Francisco", flowers were strewn on both sides, and it was clear that Atherton society came away deeply impressed by San Francisco's Gay community.

As always, the Band is looking for a few good men and women to join its ranks and share some unique adventures. For further information contact the Band office at 621-5619.

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JULY 28, 29, 30

**World of the River**  
(Continued from page 13)

Guerneville and locals say ugly incidents no longer happen, either they no longer happen or when they do they are instigated by outside punks from, say, Petaluma or Cazadero.

The story you hear most is the worst one of all. Last year Jeffrey Kong, a teenage drifter, attacked and killed and burnt to ashes the body of Bud Kramer, a Guerneville realtor who was Gay. You are told this story not for the terror but for the moral at the end. Despite Kong's signed confession, a jury acquitted him after his attorney argued the homosexual panic defense. Incensed at the injustice, Guerneville held a town meeting in the fire station and invited both attorneys to come elucidate the baffling verdict.

The crowd that night is the moral because the crowd that night was fully half straight. The moral is Bud Kramer transcended the dichotomy, for outraged Guerneville was defending not a Gay realtor but one of its own.

Transcending identification as either straight or Gay is not a universal goal. It is in fact a perversion to those who believe homosexuality is rooted in the soul. But whether homosexuality is or is not rooted in the soul is the stuff of cafe debates, and Guerneville has no cafe. Essentially, despite the colored cocktails and the dinner entrees you must order with an accent, essentially Guerneville is a small town, a town whose newspaper runs stories on heartworm. The resorts may initially draw Gay people here but what keeps them is the niceties of neighborliness.

"After visiting in January, I knew I had to move," said Michael McCarthy who bought The Highlands last February. "I liked the people — they always have a smile — and it's not like a city ghetto where you have to act so Gay all the time." There is a lot of talk of ghettos here, specifically how Guerneville is not one. "They want that, they can go to the East Coast resorts," is said rather a lot. It is also said that Guerneville will never be a ghetto because Highway 116, which cuts through it, is a major Sonoma County crossroad. This is said quite as if a ghetto's first ingredient were transportation inaccessibility, quite as if the 24 Divisadero did not run on Castro. If Guerneville's population remains mixed, it will be because the mixture works.

"Separatism doesn't serve us here," said Christian Haren, who owns the chocolate store that sells the champagne truffles. This declaration may reflect Christian Haren's experience upon settling in Guerneville. That was in the winter of 1982, after he left the Manhattan modeling agency for which he did cigarette and beer advertisements. The rain that winter was torrential; Christian Haren wanted to open a shop, and Guerneville's puffiest patriarch did not want him to. He nevertheless bought a shop, fixed the inside with spotless urbanity, hung four Gay Day rainbow flags outside, and opened it. There was at that time no Gay shop owner in Guerneville — bar, restaurant, resort owners yes, but no Gay shop owner — and Christian Haren feared for his windows and worried about arson. Then he fell sick and could not come to work. "Do you know what happened," he says now. "Townpeople came and kept the store open — people I didn't even know." This may be why Christian Haren resolutely believes, "We live so close here, comingling is the way it's going to be: we are going to be a model town."

Our community. It is a rarity that approaches never for one Gay man to utter these words to another and intend exclusivity. But it happened in Guerneville. And it will probably happen again because the first allegiance of Guerneville's Gay residents is to Guerneville. The town is their movement. When tourists flood the place on weekends, then the Gay locals are as Gay as anything — at the discos, in the bars, by the pools, in the hot tubs. But these are private places. And that is another story.

Going to be is the way to  
S. Treimel



Leonard Matlovich, Guerneville booster. (Photo: Rink)

A bar is a funny thing. It is the supreme fortress of sameness, for no matter how strong a town's impulse to integrate, its bars retain the promise of all bars: to put you in the presence of your kind of people. A bar's clientele is always self-selecting and it is always self-patrolling. Whenever straight people enter a Gay bar and get tipsy and start necking, a chorus of disdain automatically sounds. Gay people usually get the message before things go that far. "Patty and Cathy were refused service at Bucks," a local remarked, but she remarked without malice because she too agreed that integration ought to tolerate a breach in the barroom.

The code in Guerneville exempts most, not all, of its bars from integration and it also prohibits certain behaviour. If a man were to wear a dress down the street or a woman to tear up on a motorcycle and swagger into a ladies room, the code would be broken. Integration here may be motivated by economics but it is sustained by the simple human wish to get along. The code here is not informed by any books — these are the people not who read *Utopia* or *Walden II* — but by an agreement to cooperate, which means to hold in check the extremes of personal behaviour. When leather men or Levi women stumble dead drunk down Main Street kissing, all of Guerneville blushes, straight and Gay. "It's just not how people behave here," said Christian Haren. "The tourists who misbehave and then insist on their freedom of personal expression are insensitive to us. Just like when they go to Germany or Japan, when tourists come to Guerneville they ought to respect our community."

Our community. It is a rarity that approaches never for one Gay man to utter these words to another and intend exclusivity. But it happened in Guerneville. And it will probably happen again because the first allegiance of Guerneville's Gay residents is to Guerneville. The town is their movement. When tourists flood the place on weekends, then the Gay locals are as Gay as anything — at the discos, in the bars, by the pools, in the hot tubs. But these are private places. And that is another story.

Going to be is the way to  
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**BAY AREA REPORTER**  
**GREATER BAY NEWS**

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

**OAKLAND**

**Drive and Reverse**

**Circuitous Mouchard**  
(A Rambling Nose?)

*Ex Officio Soiree:* The Jade Dragon, Lady Johnnie, hosted a "Dynasty Party" at Big Mama's last Wednesday. Prizes were offered for the best look-alikes of Alexis, Krystle, Fallon, Steven, and Blake. I have to admit that I have never seen that particular TV serial, so I don't know what those characters look like, much less what a look-alike would look like! A \$2 Polynesian buffet was offered (and served!) with the proceeds going to the ACIE Coronation. MC's for the evening's festivities were Don Squire, Lady April, and Nova Lei.

No information yet as to who the winners were!

*Grande Caisse:* Queen of Hearts V, Lady Cathy, along with her Regent King of Hearts V, Patrick, is having a talent (?) search for a "Gong Show" to be held in Revol's dining room on Sunday, July 24 at 7 pm. It is advertised that there will be a panel of presumably "distinguished" judges to do the necessary gonging (is that a word?). If you have talent, hidden or otherwise, and want to become a contestant, the entry fee is \$1.75. Contact Cathy at 451-7149 for information and details. General admission will be \$2.50, with proceeds being split 50/50

**Hayward Floats On**

**ACHIEVEMENT AWARD**

The big news this week is that, for the first time in some twenty years, the City Council of Hayward recognized the Hayward Gay Sheriff/Float Committee for their participation in the Gay Freedom Day Parade.

Everyone is well aware that the 1982 and 1983 Hayward flower floats won the Grand Prize bestowed by the Gay Freedom Day Parade Committee. In recognition of this achievement, the Hayward City Council presented the

between the ACIE Coronation and the Court of Silver Hearts.

Yes... I understand there will be a REAL gong!

*Spondulics Caja:* Ed Paulson's latest AIDS dinner netted a grand total of \$2802 to fight that dreaded disease. Seems that the East Bay is doing more than its share in raising money for that cause. And it doesn't stop. Ed is now planning a buffet-type function with proceeds going to AIDS.

*Eisteddfod:* As Rick Weatherly said, "Summers are such odd times for churches." He knows his parishioners' thoughts are on vacations, fun weekends, lying in the sun, and going to the River... but the New Life Metropolitan Church will continue worship EVERY Sunday at 4 pm, 685 14th Street. And, true to his word, he is having a special event on Sunday, July 24. The Temescal Gay Men's Chorus will sing in Sacred Concert. There is wheelchair accessibility, and there is NO admission fee for the concert. He cordially invites the public to attend, too!

*Pasticcio:* Oakland based Man2Man Productions is very busy this summer. Michael and Nova and Cathy and Patrick attended a community benefit in Sacramento over the 4th of July. It was hosted by Skip, Yvette, and Steve.

**BIG MAMA'S**

It is hard to believe that Big Mama's has now been in business for four years. In celebration thereof, Big Mama's is throwing a grand anniversary party beginning Saturday, July 23 at 8 pm to be followed on Sunday, July 24 from 2 pm to 2 am with food, frolic, fun and drink and bands to entertain their friends and customers.

In a fun filled night, July  
(Continued on page 26)

**Diablo Rap**

A Rap Support Group meets each Friday at 8 PM at the Center, 1818 Colfax in Concord. The subject for informal discussion on July 29 will be "Who Are You Fooling?" Info: 674-0171.

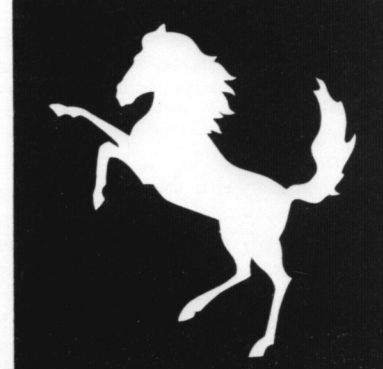
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Over \$1000 was raised and divided evenly among KS, Special Olympics, and GNIE (the Imperial Court system in Sacramento). ACIE Emperor Frumpy, and his Steve, were very active in the auctions I understand!

And... **Putting On The Ritz** (a M2M Production) was a charity benefit for Santa Rosa. It took place on Saturday, July 16 at the Crank Shaft and Santa Rosa Inn. Many of our locals, and out-of-towners, participated in the production.

King Father of ALL Northern California, Mikki, asked me why I hadn't mentioned anything in my column about the Queen Mother of ALL California, Jean, smashing her car through the garage door (due to a mix-up between Drive and Reverse!). I told Mikki that I didn't write anything about it because I didn't want Jean mad at me. Although Jean was laughing about it, I still feel that I shouldn't write about it... woman driver and male attitudes I guess?

Revol's Luau '83 — in one Hawaiian word, ONO! If you missed it, you'll have to wait until the summer of '85!

Er, by the by, I can't seem to get all the details about Little Mother stealing Big Chuck's fur coat and giving it away only because Big Chuck is such a giving person!?!?!

If you want to put yourself on the map, publish your own map! With a smile, of course!  
Love, Nez

**'Much Ado' at River**


The River Repertory Theater presents William Shakespeare's comedy romance **Much Ado About Nothing**, from July 23 through August 13.

All performances are at the Jenner Playhouse, on the Coast Hwy. 1, thirteen miles west of the Russian River resort area (in downtown Guerneville) via Hwy. 116. Admission is \$5 on Friday and Saturday, \$4 on Thursday and Sunday, and \$3, at the door only, for seniors and under 12.

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# BAY AREA REPORTER ENTERTAINMENT

avec RONNETTTE

Part Two

## A Waitress in Bohemia

Reflections on Eleven Days at the Bohemian Grove

by Ron Bluestein

Our impoverished author/waiter returns for a second weekend in the elite encampment where money is unmentioned, invisible, and omnipresent. Ronnett, truly a peon in paradise, can offer only his madness — which he does. And some perversity.

"I detest poor people," thought Amory suddenly. "I hate them for being poor. Poverty may have been beautiful once, but it's rotten now. It's the ugliest thing in the world. It's essentially cleaner to be corrupt and rich than it is to be innocent and poor."

F. Scott Fitzgerald, *This Side of Paradise*

Jim and I went spying on our blessed brethren of money last night. I was, honestly, terrified, but as I discovered by day light, it was only a small jaunt into the more public of the restricted areas — some crossroads, an auditorium, the lake. Jim was the trailblazer, I the timid but necessary partner — why necessary I'm not sure. Jim has the look and manner of a thirty-year-old actor who still plays juvenile parts: cute, blond, bratty. At one point, I really wanted to kill him. Although it was one in the morning, there was a lighting rehearsal going on at the lake for the Cremation of Care ceremony, and Jim was absolutely mesmerized, absolutely determined that we'd stay until the particular lighting pattern was achieved which would create an owl from the massive (and, I discovered, hollow) rock. I wish I could be more brazen and aggressive, but after a very short while I wanted to get out of that world where I was not wanted — and where my presence had been, after all, proscribed — and get back to Catfish Row, where they had no choice but to take me and which makes it, according to Robert Frost's definition, home.

On the way back to Shantytown we passed the campfire, which is outside the bar/lounge and in front of whose roaring redwood fire basked, to my great surprise, some very drunk waitresses. A few members were still roaming about too, and I wondered if this was the secret public meeting place of those homosexuals into secret public sex. I didn't stay to find out. My crotch is here to relax. Besides, I'm not really into cryptic blow jobs in pastoral places with the extremely wealthy. This attack of class consciousness is not true of all the waitresses. Larry came home tired and happy sometime after 4 AM, claiming to have scored a member, but then Larry is a natural sexual gamester; that is, one who enjoys the game as much as the catch. Larry is simple, too — a nonfetishistic cocksucker/assfucker who seems perfectly happy with men who want him. My sexual freight, while also simple, is not quite that simple, and my ultimate fetish, the available straight male, blossoms here at the Grove.

In fact, my voyeuristic nocturnal peregrination with Jim began because, after everyone else had retired to bunk or drunk, our separate interests were held by the relationship between one waiter and one busboy. I have seen the waiter often in town. He's a strange one — both very sexual and very homosexual, but not Gay. He seems to have hitched his wagon to the Star of Masculinity — nothing strange in that — except that his brand of masculinity is founded on college fraternities, molded on Marlboro cowboys, filled out by football etiquette, refined by rocket imagery for the male sexual organ, and expressed best by wrestling. Which was exactly what he and said busboy, who is a prime member of the busboy sub-group "White, Beautiful, and Butch" were up to as Jim and I watched, I from a bench outside our bunk, Jim from the stairway.

"Try and knock me over," I could hear the waiter say to the busboy.

Jim and I approached each other. Jim beamed. "Isn't this fascinating?"

I was in a tizzy. The two had momentarily disappeared on the steps, but I could hear their grunting and fallings as the busboy tackled the challenge. To my delighted astonishment, I heard the crazed waiter howl at the moon. They reappeared now and then hurling their bodies against one another. I looked at Jim. I could barely contain my-



Gourmet Grove. Redwood tables fill a clearing in a redwood grove in the Bohemian Grove's immense outdoor dining room. Waitress Ronnett, in a frenzy, is in the ninety-second row back, forty-seventh from the left. All these rich people make him dyspeptic.

self watching this twin Ode to Masculinity. I said, "I am going to have an attack of terminal nelliness if we continue watching this display." And thus began the trek into the Land of the Rich.

Somebody here is playing some Irish reels on the fiddle. He plays very badly — obviously just beginning — but I'd be very curious to know who is assiduous and intellectual enough here among the Football Players and Faggots to practice the violin. Wish I'd brought my penny-

whistle and recorder now.

\*\*\*

The maitre d' is a maniac; he is not, however, an asshole, which makes him a great paradox. I have worked for (too) many maitre d's of various nationalities, personalities, and persuasions, but they all seem to stand firm and united in asshole-ism. Frank, I iterate, is a madman. His style is pure South Philly Italian — loud, vulgar,

things from hot abacuses to Zen Buddhist prostitutes, but the rumors mean nothing to me compared with his dictum that the use of the words "nigger," "spic," "faggot," and the like by one employee to another is cause for immediate dismissal. This Macho of Machos banned that most macho, hateful, hurting facet of Masculinity, Prejudice. I was and remain amazed. He actually said, "And don't come running to me if you find your wine steward in bed with you. Consider it" — I swear this shrewd, crude, sharp, and very human person looked momentarily very wry — "a fucking compliment." The Thrice-Gay Ronnett nearly fell off her redwood-supported ass. I'll never have to fear again; Frank has outlawed bigotry. Christ, I wish I were writing that statement about the President of the United States instead of the maitre d' of a men's club.

\*\*\*

He outlasted it none too soon. I quote this curious exchange that I discovered Friday afternoon straight from the second stall of the bathroom:

**FUCK ALL YOU FAGGOTS**  
And close below that in different handwriting:

*And all you bisexual Motherfuckers too.*

And in another script:  
**EAT MY ASSHOLE CLOSET CASE**

And yet another country heard from:

either the entire dialogue or the last statement. It doesn't really matter which.

What I find most interesting about this feeling exchange is not its substance, remarkable as that may be, but its arena. This and Frank's proscription of the word "faggot" are the only two public references to the very palpable sexual tensions of this group of men.

They are already beginning to return from the Cremation of Care. I am very excited by all these new people, this incredible and tasteful architectural paean to power. And here we are, peons in paradise, walking unselfconsciously past men who make other men — powerful men — tremble.

What's going on?

This is the question that plagues me here at the Grove: what is going on? That's not really so unusual. The question, always, is what's going on, but somehow it has a peculiar resonance here at the Grove, among the rich redwoods.

In contrast to the accommodations for Bohemian Club members are the quarters reserved for the hired help. Shantytown is behind the kitchen, out of sight. Its sidewalk is a wooden boardwalk raised above the dusty street. On both sides of the street are rows of two-story wooden barracks.

Four men live in most of the rooms. Our room is standard — two single beds and a bunk bed. But Shantytown never sleeps. The cook arises at 4 AM, followed by the busboys, the dishwashers, the waiters. Some people, of course, don't bed down until 4 AM.

There are entirely too many radios playing disco music at all times of the day and night.

I am trying to read Gore Vidal's latest addition to what he calls "quality lit," *Creation*, but I keep staring at the Cunt Collage that appeared full-born on the window of the busboys across the so-called street. It exists not only to shade their lovely room from the summer sun, but, more important, to keep out faggot eyes, like my own. One of the young men in that bunk is particularly sensitive to Gay-essencefulness — the same young man who originally appeared in the most unique bathing suit, a smart slitted affair that he has ceased wearing after all heads turned and love was in the air for the fag-ettes, who mostly seem blithely unaware — or at least unconcerned — about the distress of the squirming, angry straight men. This same sensitive gentleman passed by a group of queens and said softly just one word, "Sickening." The collage is interesting in two of its aspects. First, in the center of the left window, very small and discreet, is a picture of Jim Palmer modeling underwear, the only male represented. Secondly, instead of cock, would-be peepers stare at the Cunt Collage, which looks like an ironic advertisement of the American Mind. Of course, with all that porno in the window, I conjure late-night masturbatory revels among the heteros with porno props. Love among the

(Continued on page 28)

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**All The Nudes That Fit**

*A glass pane separated Joe Cappetta from a nude in the tiled closet of a booth. The booth had a drain in the floor for easy hose-down. Joe paid a dollar and got to talk to the nude girl over a telephone for a minute and twelve seconds. "Are you horny?" she asked. Joe played along. "Oh, yeah." "Would you like to come in the back room?" "What goes on back there?" asked Joe. "For \$40 we can do anything." "Like what?" "Anything you like," said the girl suggestively.*

**One Back, One Broad. Sandahl Hebert and Silvana Nova appear in Fantasy in Flesh; Pay a Dollar, Talk to a Nude Girl at 544 Natoma. (Photo: M.I. Chester)**

"How unreal can you get?" Cappetta later asked the Bay Area Reporter. He has produced and directed a revival of Lea DeLaria's play *Fantasy in Flesh*—*Pay a Dollar, Talk to a Nude Girl*. While the play does not specifically recreate this Tenderloin scene, he claimed his field research gave him the dynamics of a visit to such a place.

"It taught me the value of a dollar, too," said Cappetta. "A man has paid and can say or do anything, except for coming in actual contact with the girl."

"Lea wrote the play in a new genre she called Theatre of the Obscure. She said, 'People cannot communicate because they cannot think because they are systematically taught not to think.' Think about it.

"I was attracted to the play because of the stylistic execution in the writing. It's abstract, but we're interpreting it along the lines of the rules and regulations of society and how people play that game. In the course of the play the nude girl—who doesn't appear nude in our production—is visited by three different people.

"It's a play that relies on strong performances, and I have a good cast. Sandahl Hebert is the girl, and Silvana Nova, John Pomyman, Janet Jones, and Brian Driscoll are the others.

Their performances give it structure, but as for its meaning—well, it will speak differently to each person who sees it.

"I wanted to give the play this second production because I felt it could be entertaining as well as interesting. Although written by a self-proclaimed 'Fucking Dyke,' Lea is against separatism. So you get no single viewpoint but that of society at large. That's a strong value."

*Fantasy in Flesh* will be performed at 544 Natoma Gallery Fridays and Saturdays from July 22 through August 6 at 9 PM. Tickets are \$4 advance and \$5 at the door; 621-2683.

**Piano Duet**

Peter Hartman and Jean Smith will perform a unique recital titled **Piano Duet** at 544 Natoma on July 21 and 28 at 9 PM.

Using Beethoven's Sonata Opus #101 as a central reference point, the pianists will explore both the physical and the intellectual aesthetic demands of interpretation for performance. *Piano Duet* is more accurately to be seen and heard as performance art than as a conventional recital. By unexpected juxtapositions of material from composers as apparently unrelated as Schoenberg and Chopin, as well as Peter Hartman's improvisatory commentaries on the action, a dialectic develops which aims to illuminate something of the essential nature of the sonata form as a dominant archetype in western art.

Two compositions for piano & electronic sounds will be incorporated in the evenings' performance; Mario Davidovsky's "Synchronisms" and Peter Hartman's "Reflections."

Jean Smith received her Bachelor of Music from Juilliard school before teaching in Rome and studying with Carlo Bruno. She received her Masters degree at Stanford. Peter Hartman has had his compositions performed in Europe, New York, and San Francisco. A student of Hans Werner Henze, he was the youngest composer represented until that time at the Berlin Festival. He formed and performed with Lapis I and Lapis II, an inter-media group, before establishing the 544 Natoma Performance Gallery in 1980, where he is currently Artistic Director.

Admission to the performance is \$5. Info: 621-2683.

**B.A.R. INTERVIEW**

**Dolly's On The Road Again**  
by Steve Warren

An Ear and said, "There's my Lorelei!"

"And Jule Styne was sitting there," continues Carol, "and he said, 'I'm going to write *Diamonds Are A Girl's Best Friend* for that girl!'"

Aren't legends wonderful? True or not, that story's been told so many times that it's part of show business history.

Carol has a million of them. The *World Almanac* says she turned 60 on January 31 (Katz's *Film Encyclopedia* says 62), but no one can remember when she was young and in all probability she'll never seem old.

Between tours of *Dolly's* she decided to give *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* another airing. Because Lorelei Lee isn't as ageless as Dolly Levi, the script had to be updated. The result was *Lorelei*, in which an older, widowed woman looks back on the events of 20 years earlier. Channing spent the better part of four years in a little review called *Lend*

Carol Channing with her.

(Continued on page 25)

**FROM FIFTH POSITION**

**Beyond Boredom:  
Notes on the Joffrey**

KEITH WHITE

Sometimes I think we all expect too much of The Joffrey repertoire, even though the rep established the company (rather than the other way around). I'm somewhat guilty of the same expectation that creates "borderline fans": the annual demand for novelty and innovation. Much of the current repertoire is now new or unusual, and without carefully considering origins one can fail to see why certain works would ever have been thought of as distinguished. Still, this is the most varied collection of ballets anywhere.

One of this year's revivals, Sir Frederick Ashton's *Les Patineurs*, barely maintains its charm on the second viewing. By the third or fourth repetition its ice-skating variations are humdrum and predictable. Ditto the new Ashton acquisition, *Five Brahms Waltzes in the Manner of Isadora Duncan*. Short, lovely solo dances—harmless might describe them better—and charmingly performed by new Joffrey dancer Jodie Gates. But one never needs to see the piece again. Yet Kurt Joos' 1932 *The Green Turt*, a model of structure and rich in expressionistic gesture, withstands repetition and cast changes. The two-piano score by Fritz Cohen is, in its underlying drama, so wedded to the choreography that I still ex-

close attention.

The Joffrey also remains a collection of wonderfully appealing dancers, though I've had difficulty identifying some of the new ones. As always, a few dancers are rewarding to watch as much for who they are onstage as for what they do. Watch Tom Mossbrucker in either of Laura Dean's works, so handsome and golden, softly mesmerized in the service of the choreographer, or Andrew Levinson in anything—mutable, reticent, but rising suddenly to an unexpected nobility and breadth of scale. The company makes no admitted attempt to establish star status for any of its dancers, but exploits a number of them so successfully that they better qualify for that appellation than some



*Adagio Duet. Patricia Miller and James Canfield danced beautifully the duet Gerald Arpino has set to Mahler's Fifth Symphony adagio, Round of Angels. (Photo: H. Migdoll)*

perience chills of theatrical intensity—and I can't count the number of times I've seen the ballet. Twyla Tharp's *Deuce Coupe II* never goes stale on me. Every time, I feel I'm seeing a modern classic. And throughout the "Wouldn't It Be Nice" section when all the dancers begin doing individual classical enchainements (sentimentality and idealism), I always cry. Every time.

Though Tudor's *Offenbach in the Underworld* is a period and costume ballet (as is *Les Patineurs*—and the *Offenbach* score is even more familiar), its many characterizations highlight the dramatic gifts that sparkle the company roster. Beatriz Rodriguez, Charlene Gehm, Jerel Hilding and Glenn Edgerton were all very entertaining—and one could hardly see a more authentic-looking can-can than in the final moments of this ballet. But the audience suffered from "second intermission slump." If *Offenbach* had opened a program rather than closed it, we'd all have paid

of the weightiest names on the international ballet scene.

A case in point: the new Gerald Arpino ballet, *Round of Angels* (dedicated to the memory of James Howell). It first invites over-analysis. I looked for death and homosexuality in the piece and found both, but only as minor suggestions. Set to the over-used but beautiful *Adagio* from the Mahler Fifth Symphony (*Death in Venice* film theme), *Round of Angels* is primarily a vehicle for dancer Patricia Miller, supported by James Canfield and a five man ensemble. Miller draws unimpeachable lines with her text-book body (if you've got it, flaunt it, as Maria Vegh used to say), born aloft by the five men or in melodramatic duets with James Canfield. Again this year, Miller and Canfield dominate every ballet they appear in together. Beyond their astounding physical beauty, they offer us a paragon of sympathetic partnering: seamless, poetic, thrilling adagio. With other partners, they are slightly

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- COMMUNITY EDUCATION**  
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**PLEASE GIVE TODAY!** We need your participation and we need your financial support. — Marcus A. Conant, M.D., President

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## STAGE

### I Was There

by John F. Karr

Hard to tell exactly what had overflowed audiences crowding into 544 Natoma the past two weekends for Christopher Beck and Robert Chesley's *Nocturnes*. Indulgent in pace, too frequently self-conscious and arty, it was rarely spontaneous and therefore felt more like a lesson than a theatre piece.

Beck's name was of value to the piece, for he's developed a reputation outside the city's fairly restricted Gay artistic circles. But word of mouth did it — everyone in town knew about the show, went to it, applauded vigorously. Applauded what? Is the Gay audience so unschooled in performance art that the novelty of the form surprises them? Or is a somnolent pace mistaken for "high art?"

Or were they applauding Robert Chesley's superior script? The words were enlivening, even when delivered with numb alienation, rote mechanicalness, or a lack of comprehension. It's a fine script/poem, and people who purchased it in the lobby for a mere buck will be glad to re-read it.

But the words weren't always given theatrical shape, and a director was needed. The program credited Beck and Chesley equally as "creators" but since Chesley is an author and Beck a choreographer, one can presume the "movement" was



Craig Landry, Jeff Hughes, Christopher Barron, Patrick Morgan, and Glen Margo in *Nocturnes*. Not pictured is Leland Walsh. (Photo: M.I. Chester)

largely Beck's devising. Most of the cast were nondancers, so that was limiting. While some of the movement was compelling and some explicitly telling, the basic pace was deadening. Who says a dream must creep along? I never dream slowly. The occasionally gripping fifty-minute show would have been more exciting, more communicative at thirty-five minutes.

But that's collaboration, and blame cannot, should not, be laid at Beck's feet. *Nocturnes* was developed by the pair through joint conversations about the problems Gay people have communicating. If the words in the final product took precedence that's because they were the more accessible. The visual ideas, underscoring and counter-melodies of the movement were Beck's, and were fine.

Both men should have realized their need for a third partner and called a director.

So content won while form palled. The content moved over our lives with telling immediacy. Recurring themes of communication and relationship were explored in imagery taken from bondage. The difficulty of accepting, nurturing, keeping and losing love was another main idea, chillingly summed up by Chesley's line, "What begins in hope may end in hemorrhage."

The legacy of homophobia in stilling our ability to love ourselves is the key. *Nocturnes* said, and then it reaffirmed our ability to love. Despite its faulty construction, I saw myself, and I liked that. Although it spoke slowly, it spoke directly to its audience. I look forward to a re-working of the piece.

### Down Home Lives & Lusts

by Dan Turner

A country western band called "The Red-Eyed Ramblers" begins an evening of down home lust and shit-kicking in the award winning play by Michael Lynch set in earth-shaking Coalina where he was raised and his dad worked in the oil fields. *San Joaquin Blues* depicts an entire community threatened when the oil wells run dry. Lives and loves are put on the line and some nice characterizations develop on familiar soil.

Hollywood might have made a movie like this with John Huston or John Ford. Perhaps they did or will again with someone else directing, and maybe Sam Shepard starring. "Listen to the voices

of the spirits of the valley. Listen to their stories," sings lead vocalist Sharon Boucher, a big, smiling gal. Steve Sigel, composer, chirps along with his fiddle. The atmosphere is well established by the musicians, and the set comes to life with a working oil pump designed by John Heinrich.

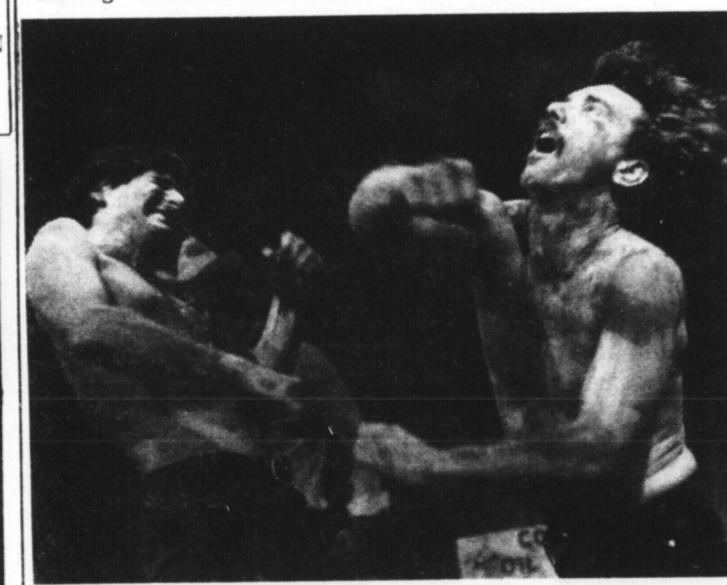
It's *Urban Cowboy* all over again when the new female roustabout from back East must prove her mettle by riding the metal. Terry Ross plays Toni as a strong post-feminist woman who shoots from the mouth as opposed to the hip. She climbs the oil pump to ride it like Debra Winger on the mechanical bull, and she knees big Red in the nuts—"That's how we handle things in Baltimore!"

When Standard Oil informs the field supervisor that he must lay off one hundred employees, Harley lets big Red go and keeps pretty Toni on the job and starts dating her. The fight's on. The whole town goes out to the oil fields to watch the grudge get greasy. Ben Dickson as Red and Martin Bernbaum as Harley throw some stimulating punches.

Another plot tells the plight of a Valley family dealing with unemployment. Jeffrey Charles turns in a sensitive performance as B.J., the dad who must part with his old junk to bring in a few bucks (not the thousands he imagines) and ask his son to stay home from college. Craig Bray as the son is just starting out in life. We see him face maturity in a headon collision. From skinny-dipping kid to dry-eyed young man seems like a matter of days.

In one affecting scene Phoebe Moyer as Red's wife Rachel arrives at the local bar in rhinestones and prom dress to stake claim on her husband. "I was the prettiest girl in the San Joaquin Valley."

Michael Lynch has written a grass roots all-American play with that same kind of love for character that marks the *Texas Trilogy* by Preston Jones. *San Joaquin Blues* is sketched with broad strokes and although ably and cheerfully rendered by director, Simon Levy, and the production staff, the canvas begs to be a movie.



*Oily Punches*. Teenage enmity simmers for years until the adults played by Ben Dickson and Martin Bernbaum come to blows over their job on the oil derrick and possession of "their" girl. (Photo: W. Klunk)

### Curzon Play Reading

There will be a staged reading of a new play by Daniel Curzon (*Demons*) at the Julian Theatre, 953 DeHaro St., S.F. on Monday, July 25, at 7:30 P.M.

*Demons* is a three-act work

about a man's coming to terms with his Gay sexuality as he is visited on Christmas Eve, like Scrooge, by three phantoms — a nun he had in the second grade, his mother as she was when he was 14, and his ex-wife, Priscilla Alden, recent winner

of an acting award from the Bay Area Theatre Critics Circle, will play the nun, with Marion Eaton of *Thundercrack* fame as the mother. Ed Decker will direct.

The public is invited.

## POP MUSIC

### No Avoidance of Enjoyment

PETER KEANE

**ROMEO VOID** at Wolfgang's July 14, 1983

Consider the name Romeo Void. I always wondered if it was a succinct comment on modern San Francisco, vis-a-vis the lack of desirable straight men in town. I'll probably never know why the band chose this name, but it seems like a logical explanation.

By a myopic oversight, I had never seen the Voids perform live until last Thursday, although their reputation as an ambitious, arty band had intrigued me (the kind of music I like best).

They got their start about 3 years ago, at least one of them having attended the S.F. Art Institute. They released their first album, *It's a Condition*, on local 415 Records, in 1981. The group had a distinct sound, but Deborah Iyall's poetic lyrics, her endearingly flat vocals, and Ben Bossi's sax playing made it even more so.

In the beginning of 1982, the *Never Say Never* EP was released. The title track became, as they say, a monster dance club hit. It ranks as one of my all-time favorite slam-dance songs; although to be honest, I sometimes have to vacate the dance floor for fear of being pummeled (I've seen *Day of the Locust* one too many times). It is, perhaps, their signature song, and well it should be. The en-

tire band cooks with a vengeance — from Peter Woods' opening chunk-chunk-chunk-chunk guitar intro, to the rhythm section's frenetic



*Slam Bam From Fresno*. Deborah Iyall, lead singer and lyricist of Romeo Void.

bottom, to Ben Bossi's John Coltrane-on-amphetamines sax breaks. But it's Deborah who's truly inspired — "I might like you better if we slept together" is classic, and a tough act to follow. The right amount of production gloss added to the 6-minute original by Ric Ocasek and Ian Taylor of Cars fame does not hurt, either.

Based, I would assume, on sales figures of *Never Say Never* (talent alone has never been criteria enough for a

major record contract), the Void were signed to Columbia Records, and *Benefactor* was released in mid-1982. It has a slightly butchered version of the aforementioned *Never*, minus three of its minutes and the word fuck, which is curiously included on the lyric sheet. What's the difference between seeing the word in print and hearing it sung? Answer: radio airplay, except that at least one local station plays the unexpurgated version. So you tell me.

Also in mid-1982 the band won a *bammie* award for best new band and were, by all reports, the hit of a show that became fossilized in its concept quite some time ago. A European tour only added to their prestige.

On June 1 this year, they opened for international hot shots U2 at the S.F. Civic Auditorium (the worst venue in town; it has the acoustic properties of a Maytag washing machine). To my knowledge, it was their biggest show yet.

So it seemed a little odd to me that their show last Thursday at Wolfgang's was more like a favor for their friends ("Hi, Robert!"). "This is a song for Jack, sitting over there," etc.) than a gig to pay this month's rent. It sounds like a cliché, and probably is, but their infectious enjoyment of what they do transcends what could be a too-homogenous sound and takes it higher.

They've got a good performing dynamic, too. Mixed with up—(and I mean UP) tempo rockers like "Chinatown," "Myself to Myself," and "Never" are mid- and slow-tempo brooders like "Undercover Kept" ("The drinks aren't stiff, I know what is"). "White

ranch and have sent to wherever she's performing. Even when dining out she'll pull her own food from a handbag that rivals Queen Elizabeth's, rather than sample the local potatoes."

My fondest memory of Carol Channing occurred years before I met her and didn't even involve Carol herself. My lover of the time and I had been on the road all day and arrived in Dallas for the first time. Not knowing where to go we drove around, until we saw someone who looked as if he might be going to a gay bar, and we followed him. (Does anyone else remember those days?)

Carol Channing was in Dallas at the time, probably doing *Hello, Dolly!* When we entered the bar, tired and disoriented, a figure on the distant stage was singing one of

Carol's songs in a voice not unlike hers. We saw the blonde wig and the saucer eyes and for a moment we thought—

It was only a drag queen, but a good one. In many ways he was as real as the "real" Carol Channing, whose only advantage is that she's been playing the role longer than anyone else.

Like Lorelei and Dolly, "Carol" is one of "the greatest characters in... American theatre." If her lines don't always sound fresh, they still sound wonderful.

As I admire the tacky "diamond ring" she's given me—the kind she throws out by the handful during her club act—she says wisely, "I know they're a girl's best friend, but I've never seen a man turn one down yet."

S. Warren

## DANCE

(Continued from page 23)

The strangest ballet of the season is actually Ashton's 1950 *Illuminations*, and I discovered that audiences and critics have always found it strange. Set to Benjamin Britten's *Les Illuminations* for tenor voice and string orchestra, the ballet, like the score, is from a selection of the "Illuminations" poems of Arthur Rimbaud. When we reach the ballet, we are seeing inspiration three times removed (or perhaps to the 3rd power) from an original inspiration that was revolutionary (the poetry), highly symbolic and, well, fairly deranged. Three decades ago, critics found the Cecil Beaton physical production excessively stylish, particularly objecting to the costumes of the shirtless men with one missing pant leg. When the bare leg in question belongs to Daniel

Baudendistel, I can't see how anyone could complain. The ballet attempts to partially objectify a poet's (Luis Pedrez) visions, disillusionment, death — of idealism, perhaps — as expressed in the poetry. Here I really looked for homosexuality, having read that Rimbaud's affair with Verlaine was germane to the poetry. I didn't see it, and the ballet doesn't make sense besides. But who would expect it to? For me, the Ashton works were collectively the low end of the repertoire this season.

A single review for the entire season was an experiment this year, and a luxury for me, to have a week to think about it. But the real luxury is seeing a company that gives one a week's worth of thought. For that, I can depend on The Joffrey, always provocative, and now grown-up and bi-coastal.

K. White

Sweater," and "I Mean It." They certainly do.

The new songs, however, aided by a new drummer were the best of the evening's set. It's obvious they're improving greatly, slowing down the thrash-em-smash-em approach and filling the gaps with less standard arrangements. Deborah's singing is improving, too; it's getting

technically better and more melodic.

My only complaint is the band's lighting. At this show, they were lit from behind, and consequently the audience spent most of their time squinting at the band members.

As for me, I'll bring a pair of sunglasses next time. And the time after that, and after that...

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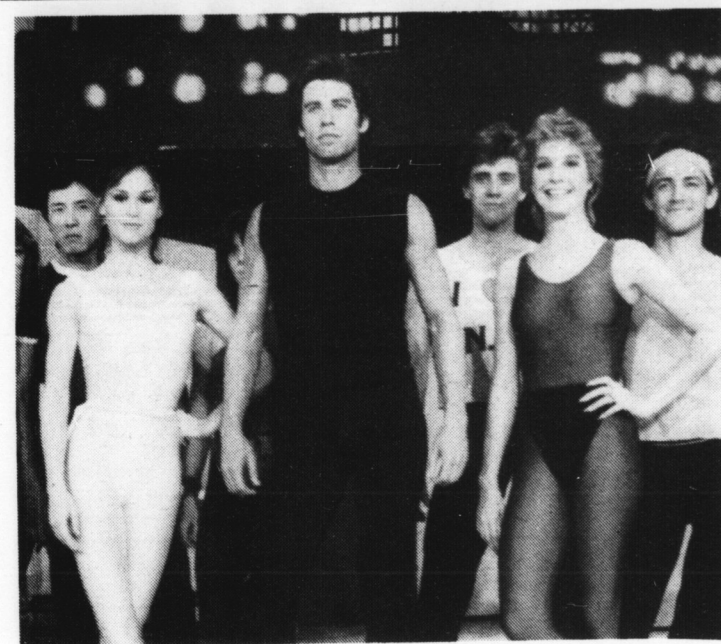
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FILM CLIPS



Satan Doll. The big production number in Staying Alive is called "Satan's Alley: A Journey Through Hell." It may be preferable to a journey through this film.

Staying Alive

Deadly

During much of Staying Alive, the six-years-later sequel to Saturday Night Fever, you can't tell if it is an attempt at filmmaking or a video record for MTV. Director and co-writer Sylvester Stallone has freely borrowed ideas and techniques from so many other movies and TV shows that it is impossible to find whether originality begins here or if it does at all.

From the All That Jazz Broadway show cast call opener to the 42nd Street plot, Staying Alive has shameless written all over it. Stallone eschews subtlety. Pummeling audiences with staccato editing and megalo-soundtracks is his method of seduction.

John Travolta as Tony Manero, king of the Brooklyn disco, has incendiary looks and a swarthy, cocky flair which the movie has been engineered to show off. He's still a wisass but now so is everybody else. Tony is trying to make it as a dancer on Broadway, but he has not totally abandoned the discos where he is a waiter by night.

Travolta's hooper body is certainly something to buff about. His dancing is another matter. In fact, Stallone has filmed all the dance cum aerobic exercise sequences to camouflage whatever dancing ability may — or may not — be there. But this is no more frustrating than the relentless rock soundtrack that is so intrusive it's obvious they are trying to sell albums, not a story. As his Broadway gypsy girlfriend, Cynthia Rhodes exudes talent which even Stallone can't cover up in his heavy-handed attempts to let Travolta shine alone. She comes direct from Flashdance, another film Staying Alive unintentionally copies.

Finola Hughes, the other dancing female lead, toys with Travolta's affections but also helps him get a part in a new Broadway show, "Satan's Alley:

REVIEWS BY MICHAEL LASKY AND STEVE WARREN

A Waitress in Bohemia

(Continued from page 21)

bushy. Oh God. I don't care if they hate me or not. I love those men.

THE SECOND WEEKEND

After a short, hectic week in town where my poverty continued its usual approach-avoidance tactic with money and employment, it's nice to be back where money is unmentioned, invisible, and omnipresent, qualities it shares only with Jehovah. I'm in the same room with the same men, sans first-day headache/jitters and with much better preparations for the frontier — like extra towels from home (the laundry here provides one for 3 days and 4 nights), and soap (they provide none), and long underwear so that freezing legs won't keep me awake all night. Same ride up with the same people in the same car — things feel so familiar I half expected to be driven to Shantytown in an Old Guard truck. I suppose the difference is that last week the excitement of being here was tempered, tentative, a creature still wet from the chrysalis; this week the excitement is full-blown. The press has reported that Helmut Schmidt, the pianist-recording artist and German head of state, arrives with the U.S. Secretary of State tomorrow. Henry Kissinger is scheduled to give the afternoon talk at the lake the day after Schmidt. There is rumor that the President himself was here last week, although he never appeared in the dining room, of course. Other unseens supposedly up among the redwoods are Vice-President Bush, ex-President Ford, the Browns pere and fits. All this and Art Linkletter, too!

And I have seen with my own Gay eyes the recently deposed ex-Secretary of State Haig. Dennis Hill came over to my waiting station to point him out to me tonight at dinner. "I'm dying to run up to him," Dennis effulged, "and say, 'You know, Mr. Haig, I used to be a secretary too!'" A short man presently nursing a limp, Haig has the countenance of a bird of prey. And bad luck — I heard some nervous waitress dropped coffee on the poor old asshole. I must admit that I stood amazed at the moment when Ronnette, a simple waitress in Bohemia, stood five feet away from the man who decided, when the life of the President was in peril, that the Presidency, like the Papacy, was an apostolic succession, and confusing the Chief Executive with God, that Alexander Haig was His Vicar. In the chronicles of stupidly and blatantly avaricious hypocritical actions, that one by Haig will always have an especially warm place in my heart.

So everyone is here except Jehovah — and Richard Nixon. I'm working a table by myself in the very rear of the dining room, an incredible bit of good luck. I only have to deal with fourteen people and being in the back insures only one seating. My usually easy task was made herculean this Friday morning by my first hangover in a long time. I had a great time getting it, though, at one of the waitress's birthday parties. Derrick, one of the Bohemian Club regulars, threw himself a feast in that ridiculous canteen, which he decorated in Gay dada blue and pink banners. The place looked like it was ready for a Mexican baby shower. Then the birthday boy brought in his huge pink and blue birthday cake, on which was printed in sugary graphics:

I'D RATHER CAMP THAN WORK. Between the exquisite decorations, the card players' complete indifference, and seeing my own words quoted for the first time on a cake, Ronnette fell apart. Again, I became maitre d' and general speed freak, cut that cake without mercy, then walked around passing the cold cuts and cheese to all the waiters, including the poker-faced poker players. I was all waiter charm — you know, sincere charm — smiling idiotically and offering "Cocktails, hors d'oeuvres, blow jobs?" The waitresses were very amused, and the straight boys didn't seem offended. As for me, I just wanted to give Derrick a little birthday present, and all I had was madness. The decorations are still hanging today, pink and blue and pathetic, in our beautiful entertainment center. I hope they hang there forever.

\*\*\*

Took a walk with Ed McG. after the party to the beautiful lake, which, it turns out, is restricted to the waiters, but not too strictly. Ed is one of my favorite people here — or anywhere. Short, thin, grey, and a little grizzily from wear, he might be forty years old, he might be fifty. Laconic, seemingly always stoned and either working on a drunk or recovering from the last one, Ed has a quality that I sorely lack and greatly admire — calm. I gather that he is political and that his politics are radical. He is one of the few people among the workers here who realizes that we are among the super-rich, in the land of Money, where all is reversal, nothing as it appears.

The frogs went through their diaphragmatic coloratura (someone claimed that the froggy chirrups are actually simulated recordings) as Ed and I passed the Holy Owl, symbol of Bohemia wisely ruling through Nature. Beneath its brooding and mysterious bulk burns your basic eternal flame. I said: "I take it this is the eternal flame."

Ed said: "Yeah, it's an eternal lamp. Once some hippie crazy came and pissed on it, and once some unappreciative member of the press doused it with a bucket of water, but except for that — I thought I saw this most lovable person wink in the darkness — it's eternal."

\*\*\*

Nothing is as it seems. This is not Bohemia. What it is is a complex social group of very complex men in an environment called "natural" which is actually the most carefully cultivated acreage in northern California. What is going on up there in the camps where these graduates of business and Ivy League schools add the music of their ice cubes to the cocktail piano, the conversation, the birds — what are they really doing? Why have they taken the trouble to be here?

The owl is hollow. The rock is papier-mache. Nothing is as it appears. Fitzgerald could as easily have been writing about the Grove as about Gatsby's Long Island home; it has a "vast, vulgar, meretricious beauty."

I found my violinist, but it looks like I might as well have left my recorder home for all the playing we'll do together. I heard him practicing that same reel from last week fairly late last night — certainly late enough for me to have achieved at least half my drunk. Drunk enough to put my usual, timid politesse aside and search out the musician.

The music, coming from one of the privileged top floor bunks, was generated. I discovered when I opened the door, by one of the most beautiful men I've

ever seen. He added to the proverbially tall, dark, and handsome such delightful extra modifiers as young, idealistic, and smart — all accruing to a body by God.

One of his bunkmates was there, a young blond. Introductions — I said I was a musician, played Irish pennywhistle — he said he's been playing eight months — I said it sounded it and, of course, had to explain that I meant that as a compliment. He started fiddling as we talked and suddenly Oscar, one of the Bohemian Club regulars who is working all three shifts each day, opened the door and was nasty about the "noise." Oscar is a queen. There was still plenty of noise from the canteen, so Oscar was just pissed about the sound of beginning violin. Ralph, the fiddler, was red. "Jesus Christ," he said, dropping the fiddle from his chin. "Jesus Christ," echoed his roommate. I, who have been called a

For the second time I heard a straight man call Gay men sickening. And our behavior is sickening.

"flute-playing faggot" by an irate neighbor who did not appreciate the Telemann Sonatas for solo alto recorder played poorly at 11 PM, had nothing to say.

"I can't believe it," Ralph continued. "They can run around and scream and play their disco all night, but they won't let me play my violin for fifteen minutes. These Gay people — they make me sick."

For the second time at the Grove, I heard a young straight man call Gay men sickening. What emotion this conjured in me is difficult to describe, perhaps because it was a confusion of several emotions. I thought of many ways to respond to Ralph's statement, and many ways not to respond to it, but since it was a simple and deeply felt statement, I knew that the only way to counter it was simply and feelingly and without prevarication. Being half drunk, I must admit, was an immeasurable help.

"The reason the homosexual men are acting in this way you say makes you sick" — I had no idea what I was going to say and spoke very slowly and let it fall in place — "is because homosexual men are alienated — from their society, from their families, and, except in the strong, from themselves." I could not stop.

"They — we — are so alienated that we have created a culture and a ghetto to contain us, to keep us in and to keep the ones who hate us out. This, of course, is impossible, for while homosexuals can be contained in these urban reservations, homosexuality is more pervasive. Its unnamed presence is the essence of the Big Lie. We camp and scream and joke to have a good time because a good time is the only revenge we can take in a world where we are waiters and hairdressers and interior decorators because we are not especially welcome in business, the political arena, academia, or the Church."

And I went on. And they went on. They were not strangers to homosexuals, they said, both being theatre majors, but the unremitting sexuality, the constant come-on . . . it was too much. I didn't mention the unremitting sexuality, the constant come-on that I've heard women say about straight men. So we talked, but I was soon spent, soon wanted out. I could not forget "These Gay people make me sick" with its horrible ironic emphasis on the word "Gay." I knew the moment he said it that the Grove would not resound with the

music of fiddle and flute.

I told Larry about the conversation. "The thing is," I said, "is that our behavior is sickening."

"Oh, come on, Ronnette. You can't tell me that you think camping around and being 'Gay' — whatever that means — is sickening. It's just a way to laugh, to make this tedious place a little lighter, and whoever doesn't like it can kiss my ass." Larry is a very fiery Leo.

"You're right, Larry. Of course you're right," I said. "But that kid is right too. Straight men are not Gay men. Lots of them are available, but you need the patience of a saint and Judy Holliday's sense of timing. And only under the most unusual circumstances can they be approached in front of other straight men with any chance of success. Am I talking politics or etiquette, I don't know. I guess I think the kid's right because we are so sexual, such slaves to sex." I paused, then said, "I'm hardly the one to talk. You know,

the tinkle of ice and music, the feeling of being privileged among the privileged, of the communal experience of a very rare moment. Why, then, was I so perverse? I hated myself for being the canker, but at the same time I did not reflect — there seemed to be no helping myself. It was after one of the pianists finished singing "Empty Bed Blues" that he said, "I wish we had some more booze." Someone else piped, "I wish we had some pot." All I said was, "I wish somebody had some heroin," but I recognized immediately that it was the wrong thing to say. Tension, craning necks, stares of disbelief. In the ensuing hush four men left — four members. I turned to Larry. "Did I just clear the campfire with my mouth?" I asked. He smiled. "Yes, Ronnette. Quite amazing."

Well, I don't know if it was amazing or heinous. Why did I find it necessary to throw the poison apple into the ballroom? "It was horrible, wasn't it?" I asked Tim in a moment of expiation. "It wasn't really horrible, Ronnette. It was just so low-class no one expected it." "Well, I mean . . . We'd just finished singing 'Empty Bed Blues,' for Chrissakes. I really didn't think I was mixing metaphors."

Oh, the rich are so annoying, what can I say. Ed McG. said, "Well, here we are, Ron. This is the cabal." This is no cabal. This is a fucking cocktail party with all the cocktail party rules and regulations. The tales of excess about Bohemia were vastly overrated. Excess here amounts to popping breakfast champagne corks in the air, wearing your bathrobe to the dining room, and allowing your waiters to wear blue jeans. Business, drink, business, small talk, business, drink, small talk, business, small talk, business, drink . . . Buy and sell, buy and sell . . . Poverty makes me dyspeptic.

Not so dyspeptic, however, that I fail to appreciate the humor of a waitress. Dennis came running up to me during breakfast, camping, "Ronnette, I have just seen John Gavin micturate." (It is true that the members do pee on the redwoods, the rocks, the general flora.) "Only a true lady observes micturation," I responded. Dennis was very excited and elaborated his version of the event, but I must admit that I listened to this gospel with only half an ear. I mean, who is John Gavin, what is he? I know that he is our ambassador to Mexico, that he was in Thoroughly Modern Millie. I think he's married to Constance Towers, about whom I know nothing. And now I know that he urinates. Oh dear, is this to be my revelation to take home from the Grove?

It's hard to be a waiter and keep a common sense of wonder about the celebrated. They graze, perhaps more expensively, but essentially just like the rest of us.

And I would probably have kept my word if that wonderful music magic hadn't happened. Late at night, after the canteen closed, there were two excellent pianists sharing a piano and playing up a storm. Their music was a surprise, spontaneous, and so damned good: "I Wish I Could Shimmy Like My Sister Kate," "Ain't Misbehavin'" several rags, "Empty Bed Blues" played two hands, three hands, and four hands in every style from waltz time to ragtime, by two musicians who had never seen each other. Ah, America! Changing seats, exchanging parts, these guys could put on a show and did. Idyllic, beautiful moment — some dozen men around a piano, a campfire of exquisite aromatic redwood logs,

Oh! did I drink last night and oh! did I suffer in the morning! I felt as if I tried to simultaneously grope for cereals and walk as if I'd just spent forty hours in labor and had nothing at all to show for it. It was all the valet Harvey's fault. He asked me if I wanted a drink and came back from the canteen with a highball glass filled to the top with brandy. I looked at it very warily and decided I would drink some, certainly not all, of it.

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R. Bluestein

Continued Next Week: Ronnette confronts K.S. dyspepsia over poverty and straight men in drag.

Cabaret Dates

Scott Rankine — Saturday nights in July at Fannys. 621-5570

Kevin Ross — Friday nights in July at the Roxy Roadhouse, with his band "Raw Satin". 474-7699

Nancy LaMott — Fanny's, each Friday night in July.

Country/Rock singer Tracy Nelson, preceded by J.J. Cale solo, at Wolfgang's, Saturday July 23. 441-4333.



Flesh Finale. Although John Travolta's newly built-up body is featured throughout Staying Alive, his flesh is saved for the finale, when he appears in a delightful loincloth.

A Journey Through Hell," in which she stars. Hughes is an Olivia Newton-John clone with Betty Boop lips and a screen presence to match. But since the movie is one giant setup for Travolta, the two women are merely foils for him. Even the flimsy plot that has him take over the leading man's part climactically and predictably before the opening is a weak attempt at refitting the successful Rocky plot to a star-is-born idiom.

The film has gone to hell long before we get to the final spectacular production numbers of the show "Satan's Alley." We watch it to see Travolta move in his skimpy costume. But the camera never stays in one place long enough for us to really see and the ending is a let-down. Besides, this Broadway show is directed like Stallone's films — big and noisy, full of impressive technical glitz to assault our senses and disguise how empty it all really is.

(Regency 1) M. Lasky

One Night Stands

by Michael Benzy

Films this week of Gay interest.

Thursday, July 21 - (Cedar) Lonesome Cowboys is for those who like Warhol, Viva, Joe D'Alessandro, et al. Either very subtle or slow. Score is pillow soft porn with a softer plot. Suburban spouse mix-or-match swapping. A chance to see a lot (but not all) of the 1973 vintage Calvin Culver/Casey Donovan.

Friday, July 22 - (Castro) Midnight Cowboy, a cowboy from the sticks hustles New York. Powerful film and performance by Jon Voight and Dustin Hoffman. With American Gigolo, Richard Gere in full frontal nude.

Monday, July 25 - (Strand) Triple Gay bill. Boys in the Band directed by William (Cruising) Friedkin. Now a period piece with all the stereotypes, but a well made, caustic groundbreaking film. Gay Deceivers is an earlier, dull period piece from the time when homosexual meant drag (dresses, not leather) with Michael Greer. The Ritz is hilarious with the underrated Rita Moreno. A man hides from the mob in a Gay bath house.

Tuesday-Thursday, July 26-28 - (Cedar) Two noir comedies. Entertaining Mr. Sloane finds a young lodge lusted after by both his landlady and her brother. Something for Everyone with delicious Michael York sleeping with everyone on his route to the top. Angela Lansbury in fine sarcastic form. Don't miss this one.

Wednesday, July 27 - (Strand) Christian F finds middle class teenagers in Berlin selling their bodies to buy heroin. She says she only blows men; he says he only lets men blow him. Or so they tell each other. David Bowie's music and one short clip of him singing.

Thursday, July 28 - (Strand) Triple Joe Gage bill of Kansas City Trucking Company, El Paso Wrecking Corp. and L.A. Tool and Die. Pleasant nonplots, nonstop action. Well done and well hung. For those who can't get enough.

M. Benzy

HAYWARD

(Continued from page 19)

13. Big Mama's honored the award-winning Raw RaHS and the Grand Prize float in a gigantic blow out. The joint was packed; sardines had a better chance. Gay Sheriff V David Lopez and his two Deputies, Sean Curtis and Cookie Browning presented the Certificate of Achievement from the Hayward City Council to the Hayward Gay Community and all hell broke loose. Mr. Guy Andrade, the leader of the Hayward Raw RaHS, in acknowledging the presentation, said: "The Hayward Raw RaHS would like to thank the community for their support and love. We

love you!" BIG BASKETS Under old business, it should be mentioned that the long anticipated "Dribble Before You Shoot" basketball game between Hayward and San Jose was held on June 15 at the Hayward High School Gym. The action was fast and furious and good ball was played by all. The high scorer for San Jose was Mark McConnell (an ex-bartender at Big Mama's), and the outstanding players for Hayward were Anthony (Tony) Forrest and a last minute replacement Nancy.

Danny Rodrigues is to be highly congratulated for putting this match together. It took a hell of a lot of man hours, money and heart burn to bring this highly interesting sporting match to Hayward. Asked whether he would do it again, he said, "We'll see." By the by, the final score was Hayward 69, San Jose 43. Love, The Villian

Mothers and Blood

Sylvia Kauders, who plays the mother of drag queen Arnold Beckoff in the Tony-award-winning play Torch Song Trilogy, and Herbert Perkins, M.D., scientific director of the Irwin Memorial Blood Bank in San Francisco, will both appear on The Gay Life on KSBAN, 95 FM, Sunday, July 24, 6 AM.

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# SPORTS

## COMM. SOFTBALL LEAGUE

RODGER SOTO

### Both Divisions Tight

With the wind blowing just right, the CSL games played on Lang 1 had the bats flying all day. The teams that really helped their individual stats were the Village, Hot & Hunkey, and especially the Bunkhouse. It must be very satisfying to the players, particularly those who can pop those doubles and homeruns over the fence, but this writer still prefers the more defensive, lower scoring games that we saw played on Lang 2.

As the race for the top of each division tightens up we see The Village 1/2 game ahead of the Mint and Hot & Hunkey 1/2 game over Jack's, which is reverse of the standings for last week.

The excitement is starting to build with four weeks of regular ball left, with most teams still in the running to make the playoff.

The playoff formula for 1983 will be played within the divisions. The champions of each division will have a "bye," the first week with teams number 2 and 3 playing each other the best 2 out of 3 games. Then the winner of those games will play the champion of their own division the best 2 out of 3 games. The final games for the championship will be played by the top team in each division.

At this point in time there are intimations of which teams are going to be in the playoffs. I don't believe anyone knows who is finally going to take it all, though, this year.

#### CSL STANDINGS

Julie Jordan Division	
Hot & Hunkey	8 - 2
Jack's Happy Daze	8 - 3

Bunkhouse	6 - 4
Nap's Peacock	5 - 6
Pipeline	3 - 8
Village B.A.T.S.	2 - 8

Bill Chapman Division	
Village	9 - 2
Mint	8 - 3
Rainbow Cattle Co.	6 - 4
Slow Rush	5 - 5
Cinch	4 - 7
Acme Athletics	0 - 11

CSL GAMES JULY 24 AT BALBOA	
10:30	Mint @ Village B.A.T.S. @ Nap's
12:00	Pipeline @ Jack's Acme @ Cinch
1:30	Rainbow @ Bunkhouse Slow Rush @ Hot & Hunkey
3:00	Hot & Hunkey @ Bunkhouse Slow Rush @ Rainbow

GAME SCORES ON JULY 17	
Slow Rush	5 B.A.T.S. 4
Hot & Hunkey	16 Mint 5
Nap's	7 Pipeline 0
Village	19 Acme 3
Nap's	7 Pipeline 3
Village	16 Acme 2
Rainbow	6 Jack's 4
Bunkhouse	26 Cinch 7

## GAY TENNIS FEDERATION

L. Balmain

### Gilmore's in Mid-Season Lead

Round 5 of Team Tennis was completed the weekend of July 9 and 10 with the following results: Sutter's Mill downed Gay Sports 42-32. Community Rentals defeated Gilmore's 45-43. The Bear defeated Twin Peaks 47-37, and Ivy's defeated The Cinch 49-37. In a make-up match from Round 4, The Cinch defeated Twin Peaks 47-43.

As the Gay Tennis Federation reaches the halfway point in this year's season of Team Tennis, we find Gilmore's leading the pack with a .548 average, having a won/lost record of 232/191. However, in hot pursuit the next four teams are over .500. The complete standings as of July 10 are as follows:

1. Gilmore's	232	191	.548
2. Pilsner	177	148	.545
3. Sutter's Mill	222	193	.534
4. Bear	176	161	.522
5. Ivy's	164	161	.505
6. Comm. Rentals	165	168	.495
7. Gay Sports	148	171	.464

Of the nine teams competing, the top four will play off for the Championship in mid-September. And all nine teams are still in the running, since there is a lot of tennis to be played yet this year.

This coming weekend we should see some fierce battling on the courts when #1 Gilmore's meets #2 Pilsner, and when #4 Bear meets #5 Ivy's. The #3 team, Sutter's Mill, is idle, having drawn a bye. Round 6 is scheduled as follows: Saturday, July 30, at 9 AM Pilsner vs. Gilmore's and at 11:30 AM Gay Sports vs. Twin Peaks; Sunday, July 31, at 9 AM Community Rentals vs. The Cinch, and at 11:30 AM The Bear vs. Ivy's. All games are played at the 15th Street and Lower Buena Vista Terrace Courts (two blocks west of Castro).

## Sports Clubs

**S. F. Hiking Club.** Saturday, July 23, Mill Valley to Muir Woods. Meet at junction of Hwy. 1 and Panoramic Hwy. going up Mt. Tam from Tamalpais Junction, where you park. Meet at 9:30 AM. Info: 863-3034.

**Sunday, July 24. Five Brooks Trail at Point Reyes.** Meet at 9:45 AM at McDonalds, Haight at Stanyon. Bring cars! Info: 621-3413. This hike goes over forested ridges and around lakes that lie between Olema Valley and the ocean.

**Frontrunner.** Sunday, July 24. Windmill/Chain of Lakes (1.5 or 3 miles, rolling). Meet at North Windmill, JFK Drive and Great Highway, at 10 AM. Info: 346-3718.

**Different Spokes Bicycle Club.** Sunday, July 24. Phoenix Lake (Ross). Some steep hills, brisk pace, 60 miles; bring lunch. Meets 9:30 AM at McLaren Lodge in Golden Gate Park. Contact Ken, 775-4782.

**Saturday "Decide and Rides".** Meet at 10 AM at the Freewheel Bicycle Shop, 1920 Hayes (near Ashbury).

## G.S.L. UPDATE

TOM VINDEED

### DeLuxe #1

While the record of the DeLuxe does not show they are 1st in the standings, they are #1 in the hearts of their fans, friends, and the G.S.L. On July 17 John Montanez and his team held an auction to benefit AIDS/KS and took in a remarkable \$3,000, give or take some \$ as it is difficult getting a correct total right away. On behalf of the DeLuxe, a few special "thank you's" to etc., etc., etc. on Haight, Ralph Deming, Tom Vetrano, Hector Romo and the "Cafe Kids," The Marquessa, Tim, J.B., and everyone else who made it a great evening.

As usual, some teams didn't bother to show up. Check the standings; I'm sure you will be able to pick out a couple of them.

Results of the games went this way. Moby Dick defeated The Stables 10-8 in an abomination of a game. The umpiring left a lot to be desired on both sides. The Ambush stayed in first with a 9-1 win over the Phone Booth. The Pendulum clinched at least a tie in their division by blanking the Kokpit 9-0. The Penguins of the Pilsner Inn downed the Rookies 21-1, and then the Irish Rover Rookies came back with their second win of the year, a hard-fought 14-10 win over

Club 21. Trax and Club 21 set a GSL record for runs scored as Ira Clark's Trax squad scored a 31-21 victory. The Rawhide defeated Googie's 20-12. Last but not least, the Cafe Sn. Marcos edged the DeLuxe 10-8 in an exciting fray.

This week all games are at Jackson Field, 17th & Arkansas.

#### SCHEDULE

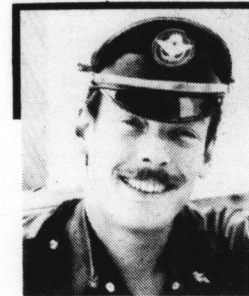
10 AM - Googie's/Rookies and Ambush/Kokpit; 11:45 AM - Trax/Cafe and Phone Booth/Pilsner; 1:30 PM; Pendulum/Rawhide and DeLuxe/Ambush; 3 PM - Club 21/Moby Dick and Kokpit/Stables.

#### STANDINGS

Barbary Coast Division	
Pendulum	10 - 0
Kokpit	6 - 3
Trax	5 - 4
DeLuxe	1 - 8
Googie's	1 - 8
Club 21	1 - 9
Golden Gate Division	
Ambush	8 - 1
Moby Dick	8 - 2
Pilsner Inn	8 - 2
Stables	5 - 4
Cafe Sn. Marcos	5 - 4
Phone Booth	3 - 6
Rookies	2 - 8

# B.A.R. BAZAAR

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## MY KNIGHTS IN LEATHER

### Ducal Days

KARL STEWART

#### OFF AND RUNNING

GranDucks are in season. GD Vinnie is counting the days. Mr. Lee-ona is counting the hours and Kitty is counting the minutes. Michael Snyder and Ken Wright are squaring off for the Grand Ducal crown. This is Ken Wright's second bid for the position; as is the custom for last try, he sat on the council all year. Ken is also a member of the Barbary Coasters (which some people feel is where the GD decisions are made anyway).

Michael Snyder has also been quite active South of Market. "Get On Board the Red Hankie Express" is his campaign slogan. Michael kicked off his official campaign at the Eagle Tuesday.

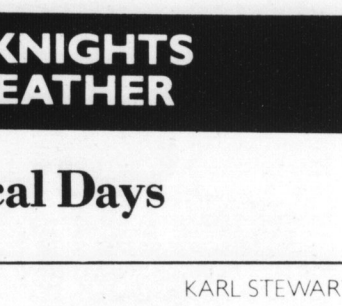
A snappy new style is evident with Sable's campaign for Grand Duchess using new material and fresh design in her wardrobe. The clown has gotten serious. Better known So/M than north, Phoebe Planters has emerged triumphant over family tragedy and is a sharp professional contender for this crown.

Update! Naomi has changed her mind, stating that Marlana is a Fifties hooker. This has left Marlana confused. She doesn't know whether she has lost or gained ten years.

All this madness will come to a head after a city-wide scourge with voting and ball at the San Franciscan Hotel on August 13. Kitty assures us that ball will be a Ball and not an endless runway ego jerk-off.

Meanwhile: The Grand Ducal Council II, otherwise known as the Barbary Coasters motorcycle club, are planning this year's wilderness extravaganza. They're calling it Drugs, Sex, and Rock and Roll, although none of the above are allowed (well, maybe two out of three). Run applications are available at Febe's, or write P.O. Box 5932, SF, CA 94101.

"Bobby Lee" Bowlings (as he is known at home), assistant manager at the Eagle, was joined recently by baby brother David Lee from Virginia, who



returned to celebrate Read Gilmore's birthday. We won't say which one. This festive little gathering of Fickle Fox and Castle Grand cast and crew started out with a bang at the "C.G." as J.C. handed out sparklers which made the elegant, stoic restaurateur smile at the surprise. One of the dear gifts



On Warmer Days. Now that cold weather is back with us, we remember the heat of the day with this heat of young men. (Photo: R. Pruzan)

received was a beautiful homemade Hawaiian lei from long-time friend Mark Miller. Polly beams at her son's accomplishments; Read says his mother is his best PR agent.

David and Laura (the Luke and Laura of So/M) mounted an elegant feast in their Phillip's

Bar and Grill home attended by So/M's best. We were entertained by the Golden Gate Brass, which includes GG Trooper Dennis and Febe's husky bartender Skip. It is rumored that Phillip Hotel's general manager, Fred Badellamenti, is extending his reign of power to the Pipeline in Castro. Stay tuned for further conquests.

Is it true that bingo keeps Viola VO away from polishing wholesale gold bands on Friday nights? . . . Nothing Special's owner Ed Stark (also of Falcon Dance Troupe) and his lover Richard have just returned from Europe (must be nice). Former Mr. Drummer Ray Perea, N.S.'s weekend bartender, says that it is all work and work. When he is not entertaining the troops he

in a structural series, which introduces the repeated use of triangles, with a fully packed young man. On another wall she explores man's nesting instinct in a series using father and son in the reeds. Touching sentiments like these are typical of Nina, but she is also capable of making one wonder which is the human and which is the statue. Stop in at 544 Natoma Gallery for her journey into form and

feeling. The Ambush is featuring High-Tea-Art this month as we digress into the world of Jim Bix and his acrylic daze. There is one in the collection, near the door, which does remind me of the days when the Ambush was young (and so were we). Nostalgia, anyone?

See y'all in the skins. ■

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Gay Run '83 10km winners Ruben Garcia (L), a Frontrunners member who placed second, and first place winner Glenn Latimer, who set a new record but according to onlookers was not too happy to receive publicity from the Gay event or have his photo taken with Gay runners. (Photo: Rink)

## Gay Run Winners

Of the nearly 8,000 runners registered for Gay Run '83, sponsored in Golden Gate Park last weekend by the Frontrunners, 720 finished the race. The event raised \$4,000 which will be distributed to AIDS patients by the Bay Area Physicians for Human Rights.

The twenty winners in various categories follow:

**5 KM RACE - Under 20: W:** Don-die Doesen; M: John Cho; 29-29: W: Eileen Flaherty; M: Stephen Leffers, the overall men's winner in the race, with a time of 16:32; 30-39: W: Judy Sierra, overall women's winner, time 20:01; M: J. Kent Apple; 40-49: W: Sally Sabitz; M: Richard Flores; 50 and over: W: Elinor Sherman; M: Jim Byrd.

**10 KM RACE - Under 20: W:** Deborah Nudla; M: Scott Lawrie; 20-29: W: Sarah Talbott, overall women's winner, time 38:39; M: Ken Hurst; 30-39: W: Joan Carls; M: Glenn Latimer, overall men's winner, time 31:45, a new Gay Run record; 40-49: W: Cynthia Hall; M: Will Spiegelman; 50 and over: M: Mike Murphy.



Gay Run '83 5km winners Stephen Leffers (L), first place, and Gary Stark, second place. (Photo: Rink)



Culinary Christening. After christening the man's motorcycle, Eagle-manager J.C. christened the owner, crowning him with whipped cream and a cherry before hosing him down. (Photo: Rink)

the village green, he is working on his home in Forestville, Russian River, with his hunky blonde Ski . . . With the magic trio landing at The Village, a fine old tradition will be re-established; Saturday and Sunday afternoon barbecues on the patio. Look for hot dogs, hamburgers, and all the fixings. On weekend evenings, go and get sexy JR to wiggle that huge mustache of his at you from behind the plank . . . Did you know that Daddy Dick Cook has a little gift gallery called WMZ billed as a collection with taste, quality and style? It is in Shaklee Terrace at 444 Market Street . . . Fred, the mad boot-black of Castro, highly recommends Tess and Nan, the Market Street Cobblers at 2189 Market . . . Sanford Kellman has cornered the market on the Gift Center, a new hall at 888 Brannan, where he'll produce a huge party on August 13 starring Laura Brannigan.

#### KNIGHT NOTES

NUDE II is a lively body of new photographs by Nina Glaser, the architecture of man

**RIVETS**

**Roaming the Folsom Street Range**

TOM ROGERS

One of my all-time favorite cartoons shows a grizzled, working cowboy leaning casually on a bar, dressed in battered boots, baggy levis, a denim shirt distressed by his beer-gut and a hat that looks like yesterday's stampede. He's holding a large mug of beer and talking out of the side of his mouth to a man stading bolt-upright nearby, wearing a colorful pair of Western boots, dress pants pressed to a fair-thee-well, a

party-shirt that would put Nashville's best to shame, sunglasses ala Elton John, and a huge and very clean hat. In one hand he's holding a terribly long cigarette, and in the other a martini glass filled with a bright pink cocktail.

"I see by your outfit that you are a cowboy."

While pleased to see any man emulate our Western Heritage, I never fail to smile when I see that cartoon.

Cowboys are suspicious of too much style. But how much style is too much? (Can we talk here?)

Too much is an amount greater than can be backed up with reality. It's defining reality that becomes difficult. We all know that not everyone who wears a cowboy hat and boots is a cowboy, even if he's riding a horse.

We're talking attitude here.

Cowboys embody "What's Right" combined with the inclination and confidence to enforce it. Cowboys wear the biggest smiles in the world backed up with a handshake that could qualify them to teach the meaning of "real" at Esalen.

And cowboys love to party.

Give them free rein at a party or anywhere else and watch the heat rise. Crowd them with too many limits and watch them lose interest. Cowboys love to rib their buddies, but will want to deck anybody who is rude. "Dish" an absent friend of his and be prepared to at least back up.

Let's see. That covers obedient, brave, cheerful and loyal. There's more, but basically they're good scouts, right?

Well, some time ago most of them decided that the cowboy business didn't offer enough job opportunities. Slim pickin's and too many fences turned them all into Montgomery Street Account Executives and Folsom Street Bartenders.

San Francisco proves that they didn't lose track of their identity though. Still free as the wind.

Their horses were traded in for motorcycles, which are faster and less messy. (Horses now have more symbolic value than practical. For example, we now use them as the standard against which to measure each other, as in "He's hung like a . . . and/or "He's a horse's ass.")

Some of the more enthusiastic "modern cowboys" are banded together in Motorcycle clubs that give them the opportunity to show off their strength and skills as individuals to each other, and as a group to show that strength and verve to other similar clubs and to the community at large.

Rodeos, the cowboy's stage for showing off in a big way, are duplicated by Motorcycle Club "runs." Lots of competition, some general showing off, and plenty of friendly fun.

The CMC 20th Anniversary run held over the July 4th weekend on a ranch halfway between Guerneville and Jenner serves as an excellent example of that showing-off, prize-winning, heel-kicking party that "runs" are.

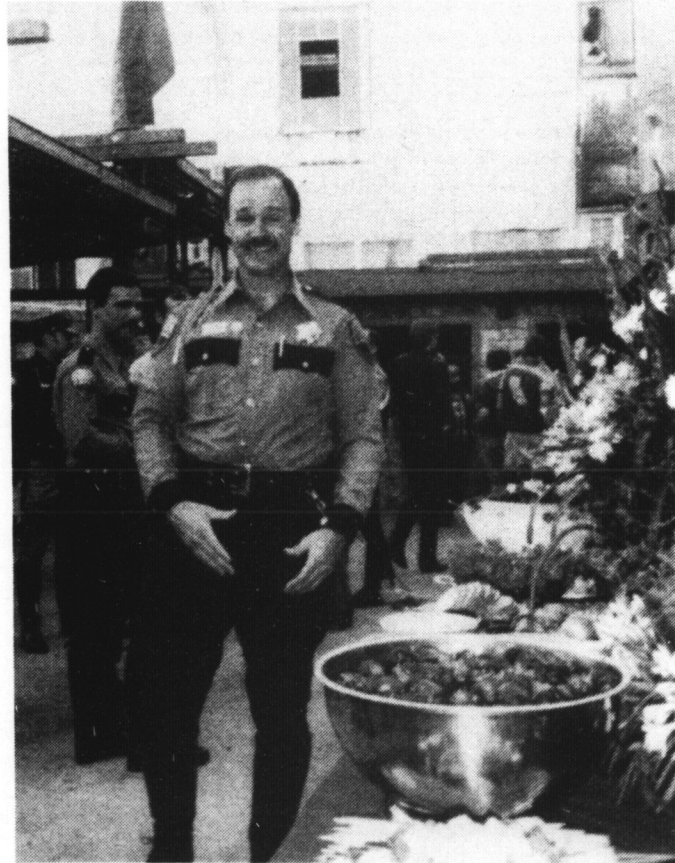
Alan Selby of Mr. S Products went with his partner Peter Jacklin to that event, which was titled **Dungeons and Dragons**. Alan reports that rain on Friday forced the 85 or so men to set up their campsites Saturday in that pine-tree setting (which was, he said, "loaded with cows and



*Range on the Range. Zephyr Howard has judged the Reno Rodeo for several years, trains horses and riders, and parties at the Rauschide — as close to a real cowboy as you'll get. (Photo: J. Ribinski)*

dogs"—a pronunciation that I wouldn't touch with a ten-foot pole. Once settled in, the crowd was treated to a show of skills in bike and people events such as "Rescue the Damsel in Distress," "Slay the Dragon," no jousting and lots of naked mud wrestling. This was all followed by a costume cocktail party (with prizes for the best single and best group costumes), dinner ("The kitchen staff was excellent," said Alan.), a couple of movies (**Popeye Meets Aladdin** and **The Magic Sword** with Basil Rathbone) and a roaring campfire with 24-hour booze service for thawing out and getting a "heat." ("It was cold," said Alan.) And after a sit-down dinner Sunday night a "camp" show entitled **Campalot** and starring guest artists Sir Fucalot and Sir Suckalot was staged by CMC members.

Although the "runs" are their favorite kind of party, the various clubs like to show off to each other in town as well. The South of Market scene was loaded with club sponsored events last week. There was the Golden Gate Troopers'



*Trooping Towards the Berries. Golden Gate Troopers' president John guards the beautiful buffet on the Eagle patio — and proudly wears a uniform that has replaced the cowboy costume in many urban centers. (Photo: T. Rogers)*

(Continued on next page)

(Continued from previous page) there (as exhibited by J.C.) is to participate with enthusiasm. Even had a beer bust and drag show there Sunday afternoon that was sponsored by that scene's popular Sable and Ken Wright to benefit AIDS research.

And if you're not convinced by all of the above that the cowboy party spirit lives very comfortably in its modern, fast lane setting, then maybe you'll settle for cowboy memorials.

A tourist South of Market wouldn't have much trouble finding bars and restaurants that emulate the 1880's style in formats that range from strictly Country and Western to elegant Victoriana. In the latter category, Castle Grand Brasserie tops the list. It reflects the polished style that made San Francisco an exciting destination for cowboys and royalty alike more than a hundred years ago. Owner Read Gilmore's other restaurant and bar over on Valencia Street, the Fickle Fox, sports the same feeling. I joined a core group of Read's friends on the Eagle patio who were helping him celebrate his birthday. He'd barely had time to finish celebrating the Castle Grand's fourth anniversary the night before where he entertained "half of San Francisco's society matrons" and a substantial contingency of the San Fran-



*Hot on a Harley. Thumper may be smiling so stily because he's astride his brand new bike. The well-known leatherman runs a barber shop at 17th and Church. Photo: R. Zpranz*

cisco leather crowd. He told that he likes to think of the Castle Grand as "the restaurant section of the Eagle."

Another cowboy-type South of Market likes to think of his partnership's place as a cross between a neighborhood bar and a Western Bikers' bar. Rick Needleman of the Stables says he and his partners want a place that has something for everyone (and points out the old Tool Box mural hanging in the Stables back room is symbolic of that goal. While the setting at the Stables is more distinctly Western than anything else, their crowd is diverse. The Stables' crown is treated to everything from a great boot black (Fred) to 7-day-a-week food service in their restaurant section, to their sponsorship of regular art shows and sports teams—they sponsor six teams in softball, pool and bowling leagues. I asked if they ever sponsored bike christenings on the Stables' patio, and Rick promptly deferred to the Eagle. "We've had one here," he said, "but most of the guys go to the Eagle."

(As it happens, five guys had their bikes christened at the Eagle last weekend. Doug Holmes' "Fantasy," Bill Wood's "A Midnight Fantasy," John Guiney's "Lucky," Jerry Allison's "Windy," and Jim Silva's "Siltgar" all got their official dose of champagne and beer in a scene that went from a

splashy affair to a thoroughly drenched event.)

A trip into the Rawhide one night last week put me face-to-face with the Western event of the year, in an indirect sort of way. I mistook a man for Phil Ragsdale, the "Daddy" of the annual Reno Gay Rodeo that's getting so close you can almost see the dust. (It's August 5-7, the sixth year of an ever-growing weekend event that features all of the charged action of cowboys wrestling down bulls, roping calves and generally pitting their horse and cattle handling skills against one another. Reno's casinos virtually go gay during a weekend that also includes barn dances, food, booths and lots of hot cowboys and would-be-cowboys.)

The man that I'd thought was Phil Ragsdale is Zephyr Howard, announced last year as the Rodeo's "Official Judge." He's qualified for the job, since he trains horses and riders on a ranch outside Moraga, Ca., a trade he's plied for the past 20 years. He's been a judge in the Reno Rodeo every year from its start. Zephyr was in the Rawhide whoopin' it up with his lover Rick McCabe. He seemed delighted when I told him who I'd thought he was.

"That's happened to me several times," he said with a big smile. During our brief

conversation it became very clear that Zephyr loves being a cowboy. He was one of the horseback riders in the Parade this year—a skilled show-off.

Rawhide owner Ray Chalker is one of Zephyr's clients. He trained and continues to maintain Ray's quarter horse.

Ray took a break from bussing glasses and beer bottles from around his busy establishment long enough to talk for a few minutes.

Transplanted here from a ranch near Taos, New Mexico, Ray seems to match the "good scout" picture beautifully. He's also ruggedly good-looking (tight-packed levis, tits and arms that test the strength of his shirt fabric and a smile that doesn't quit.)

I asked him about his plans for the Rodeo. He told me that aside from sponsoring a bus to Reno for the Rodeo, he's having a Country and Western Dance contest and Chili Cookoff on Wednesday, August 3rd, and there'll be a C&W Dance exhibition Thursday night by a group from L.A. stopping off in S.F. on their way to Reno.

(To those of you who are new or who otherwise managed to miss the change-over, the Ramrod has gone fully Western with a herd of devils for customers, mounted deer heads on the wall and other innovations straight from the new owners' chunk of Valencia Street.)

Besides these 1880's-style

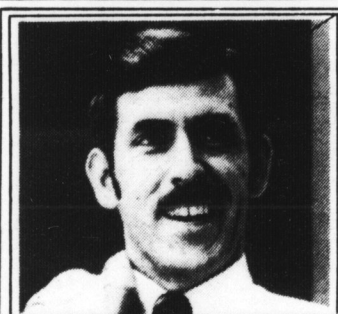
bars and restaurants, most of the bars and restaurants South of Market host a visible crowd of guys into being cowboys. Guys wearing cowboy hats, levis, chaps, narrow boots with spurs, ropes and bull-whips all have their own way of perpetuating the cowboy attitude.

So if Western is your scene,

then hit it. It's as real as your cowboy spirit, and throbbing big South of Market.

And if some queen comes up and asks where you left your horse, tell him that it's hanging between your legs. ■

T. Rogers



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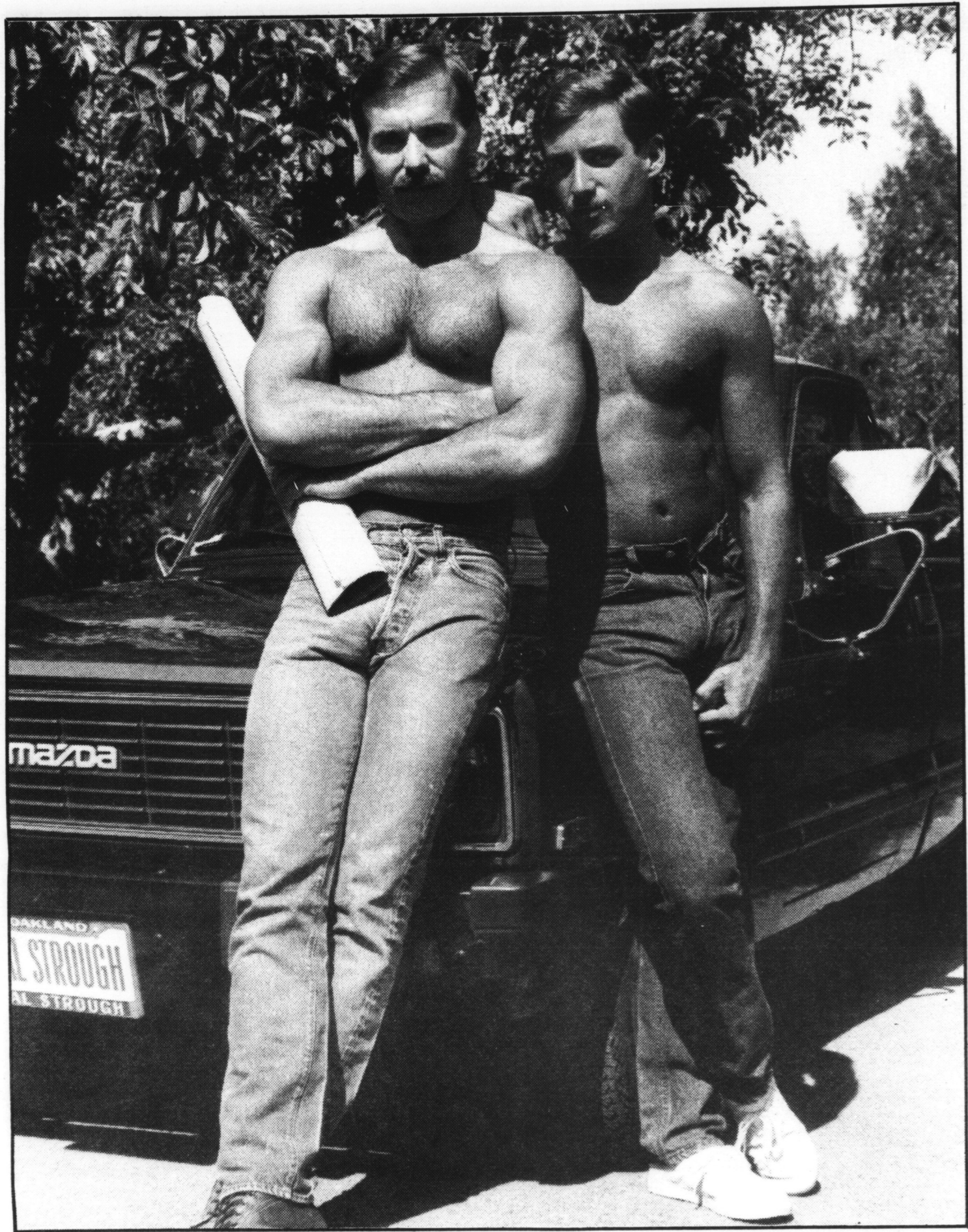
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## Park Restroom Heats Up



Reports have reached the paper that once again the SFPD is cracking down on restroom activities in Golden Gate Park.

The men's room at 19th Avenue and South Drive has been the scene of 25 arrests since June. Plainclothes members of the TAC squad have been most active from 11 a.m. to 3 p.m. on successive weekdays. On some days arrests have numbered 8 men.

Police say they are acting on citizens' complaints. Those arrested claim the police follow them into the restroom and bust them on the spot. The charges have been 647a (soliciting for sex), 647d (loitering around a toilet for the purposes of having sex), and 314 (disturbing the peace). Police charge the suspects were apprehended in the process of masturbating themselves.

The restroom in question has been the scene of similar police concern before, and it is to be expected the SFPD attention will not abate over the summer months. ■

## Reno Rodeo Will Go On

Christian Right Fails to Shut Down Annual Event

by Allen White

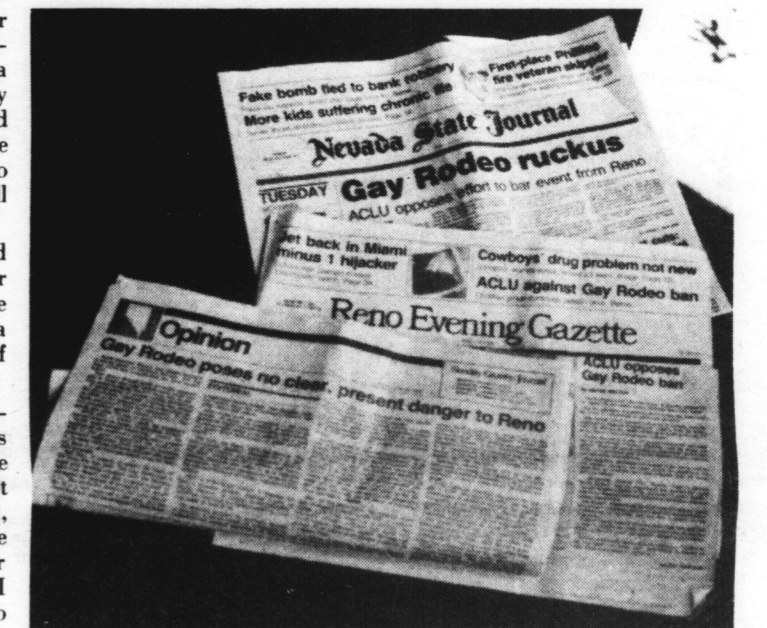
Religious groups in Nevada were squashed Tuesday in their attempts to close down the Reno Gay Rodeo. The groups lost when the Washoe County Commission, acting on the counsel of the District Attorney and the Health Department head, would not act on the fundamentalists' request.

A group calling themselves the Pro-Family Christian Coalition had taken full page ads in the Reno papers with the words "AIDS Alert" splashed across the top. The ad was a petition calling for four points. First, they believed that the Reno Rodeo was to be an event that would "legitimize and popularize homosexuality." Secondly, they said that the anticipated 50,000 Gays attending created a health crisis for Reno. Third, they wanted to call the political leaders of Reno together to take "bold action." Finally, they wanted the sodomy laws strengthened in Nevada.

The religious group called for people to sign the petition. According to Dan Hanson, a spokesman for the group, they hoped to get five to six thousand signatures. They claimed to have gotten their signatures, but no one was counting and no one will know what they got.

The controversy generated front page headlines in Reno for several days. On Sunday, the *Reno Gazette-Journal* ran a prominent editorial in favor of the rodeo.

On the front page of the newspaper, conservative religious leaders were being quoted. The pastor of the First Baptist Church, Walter Alexander, said, "I think we should do what the Bible says, and cut their throats." He continued, "Well, I think they ought to be put to death." When contacted by the *Bay Area Reporter*, Alexander said that he stood by his comments. He was reluctant to state that he would actually want to kill anyone. At the same time,



Gay Rodeo stories dominated the Reno, Nevada, newspapers this week. (Photo: Rink)

the Christian minister showed absolutely no concern for the possibility of death coming to any Gay person.

Dan Hanson, who organized the anti-Gay group, said he wanted to see no person hurt. He would not criticize Alexander for his death statement because he said it was "biblical."

On Sunday, an alleged psychologist, Dr. Paul Cameron,

arrived in Reno from Lincoln, Nebraska. Among other things, Cameron was saying, "Here is a subclass of people who, as a function of their sexuality, are consuming a prodigious amount of fecal material."

Cameron also said that six children recently caught AIDS simply by living near other AIDS victims. This remark sent the National AIDS/KS Founda-

(Continued on page 2)

## MCC Connects the "Dots" in Toronto

by Steve Warren

"Don't smash my dots, people, don't smash my dots."

That humorous plea by Rev. George McDermott, pastor of MCC Providence (RI), was as symbolic of the 11th General Conference of the Universal Fellowship of Metropolitan Community Churches (UFMCC) as the official conference theme, "Many Gifts . . . One Spirit." A diverse group of mostly Gay and Lesbian Christians about 1,000 strong met in Toronto to learn about and minister to each other's special needs. By the end of the week it was obvious that "needs" and "gifts" are two sides of the same coin.

Worship service bulletins had been printed in Braille for Rev. McDermott, who has been blind since he was 16. Those were the dots to which he referred. Other people's "dots" included languages (some delegates from Mexico and Denmark spoke no English; all services were signed for the hearing impaired) and skin color (a meeting of Third World people was broken up by an employee of the University of Toronto, the conference site. UFMCC has demanded a formal apology from the university), and all had a chance to bring their needs before the conference.

In all the biennial meeting was one of the most peaceful anyone could remember. This could be seen as a sign of growing maturity in the nearly 15-year-old denomination, or as an

indication that little was accomplished during the weeklong business session. Both points are debatable and together they form only part of the answer.

The week's most controversial issue was tabled until 1985, a complex restructuring plan which would decentralize the fellowship into "regions," each larger and more powerful than the present districts. Rev. Troy D. Perry, founder of UFMCC and moderator of its board of elders, told us he didn't mind that the conference chose to "allow time for dialogue" on the proposal, despite his optimism in a pre-conference interview that it would pass this year. Implementation would have taken two years anyway, and that schedule might be stepped up in the 1985 revision after "fine tuning" done by further input from

the grass roots level.

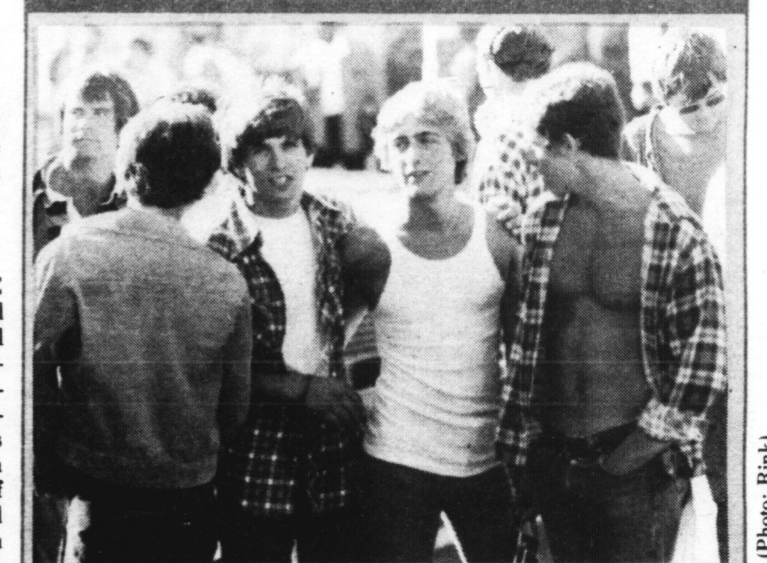
Two years ago UFMCC adopted the "priesthood of all believers" concept — that all Christians, not just the professional clergy, are called to minister to one another — into its by-laws. That principal was strengthened this year by a resolution affirming the right of lay ministers "to celebrate and consecrate Holy Communion . . . at . . . worship services."

The conference also took steps to provide for its clergy by approving a pension plan to begin next year and establishing a "Spiritual Life and Clergy Care Center" to minister to clergy and their spouses.

Of three four-year terms open on the seven-member board of elders which runs UFMCC bet-

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