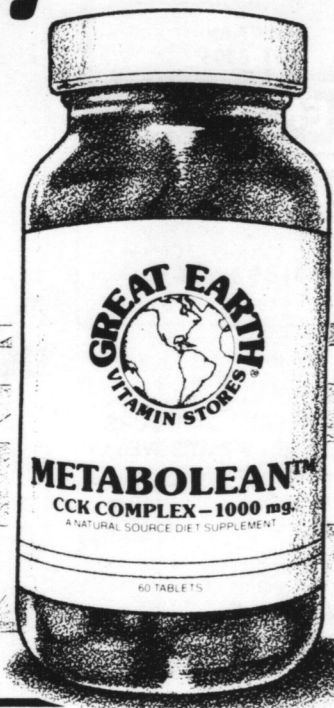


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Murder Eyewitness Andy Woodward, who was with John O'Connell the night of the attack, testified. (Photo: Rink)

Early Report Exaggerated Gays' Exposure to AIDS

**New Study Says 37% of S.F. Gay Men
Have Been Exposed—'Hopeful News'**

by Brian Jones

Exposure of San Francisco Gay men to the AIDS virus is less prevalent than previously reported. This is the preliminary finding of a \$3 million federal study, *The Natural History of AIDS in San Francisco*. Based on results so far, the study indicates that 37 percent of local Gay men have been exposed.

Previous studies put the local exposure rate at 65 percent. But those studies were criticized because its subjects were specially recruited from among groups who had contracted hepatitis or venereal disease.

The current study, which will eventually include 1,200 men, is the first-ever "population-based, random sample" survey. Researchers identified San Francisco neighborhoods with high numbers of AIDS cases, then canvassed by telephone. In that manner, they randomly recruited volunteers—including some straight men—to take part.

Of 169 Gay men examined so

'We hope this knowledge will inspire additional public education and encourage Gay men to reduce their number of sex partners and take other measures to limit exposure.'

far, 62 had the antibody to "AIDS-Related Virus" (ARV) in their blood. Presence of the antibody indicates past exposure to the AIDS virus. Its meaning beyond that—whether, for ex-

(Continued on page 2)

Witnesses Describe O'Connell Murder

**4 Vallejo Men 'Laughed' After
Polk Gulch Attack, Says Friend**

by Ray O'Loughlin

The prosecution presented its case this week against four Vallejo men charged in the death of John O'Connell. In a preliminary hearing before Municipal Court Judge Alex Saldamando, witnesses identified Tim White, 22, Douglas Barr, David Rogers and Donny Clanton, all 19, as taking part in a spree of violence which resulted in three men being assaulted in addition to O'Connell. Charges against the fifth man, Roland "Jay" Reyes were dropped.

One witness, a young woman who accompanied the group, testified that two of the men—Clanton and Rogers—carried weapons. Kathy Kilgore, 18, also said that Clanton later told her that O'Connell and a friend were attacked "because they were Gay." She testified that the Vallejo men believed they had killed O'Connell but were "talking and joking about it." They remain in jail on \$1 million bail each.

On the evening of July 29, 1984, John O'Connell and Andrew Woodward were assaulted by a group of young men on California Street near Polk. In the brief scuffle, O'Connell fell backward, slamming his head onto the curbstone. Four days later, he died of injuries to the brain. Woodward escaped without serious injuries. That same evening, two other men reported being assaulted by the same group.

Woodward testified that he met O'Connell at a Polk Street bar where they had a beer. The

'They were laughing and joking and they said they thought they'd killed him but they weren't sure.'

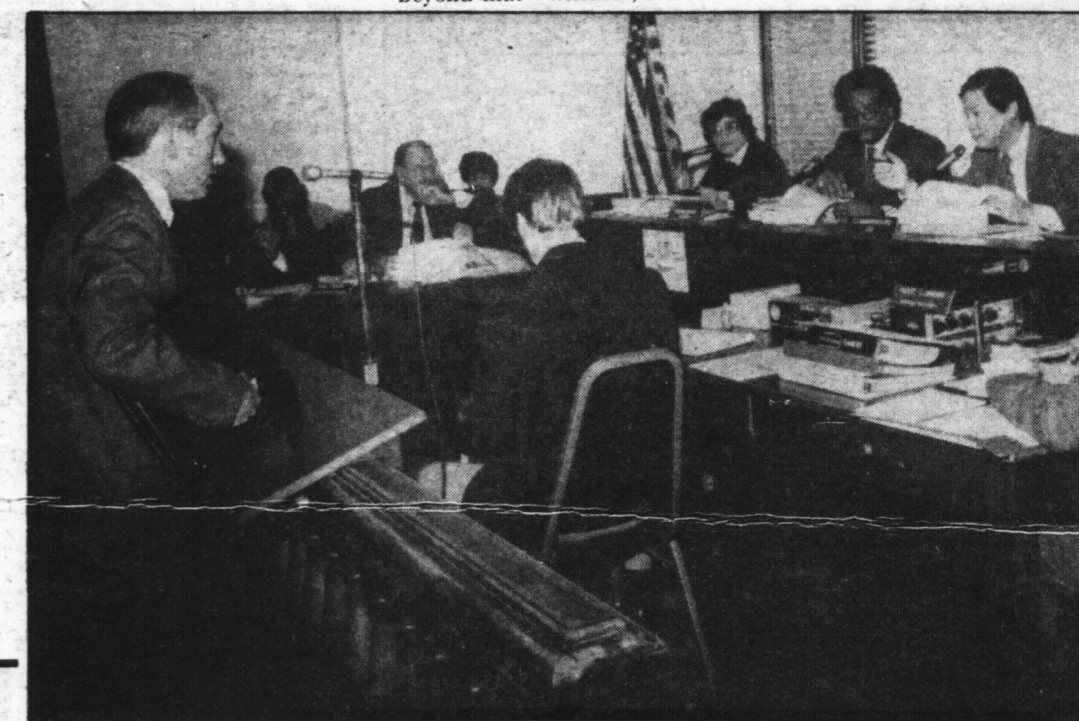
—Witness Kathy Kilgore

two had known each other for about two years. Leaving the bar, they walked up Polk Street and around the corner to California Street, where a group of men surrounded them, yelling "motherfucking faggot queers," and, as Woodward told the court, "started beating on us with kicks and punches."

Woodward pointed out the four men in the courtroom as his attackers. When asked by District Attorney Bill Fazio for his reaction, Woodward described himself as "horrified" to be facing his attackers again.

Woodward also stated that although he had his arms over

(Continued on next page)



Seeks Delay in Plan. Gay rights attorney John Wahl (l.) argues for a full hearing into sex spies plan — as Civil Service Commission listens. (Photo: Rink)

Gays Block City's Attempt To Quietly Hire Sex Spies

**Attempt to Rush Proposal Past Civil
Service Board Fails; Delay Is Okayed**

by George Mendenhall

The city's Civil Service Commission has scheduled a public hearing Feb. 11 on a request for privately contracted detectives to spy on sex in court-designated Gay businesses. A request from the Public Health Department that the commission act immediately to permit it to hire Hal Lipset investigators was rejected. Commission President Howard Glyod permitted an open discussion from the audience on the issue at its Jan. 28 meeting.

(Continued on page 11)

Attorney

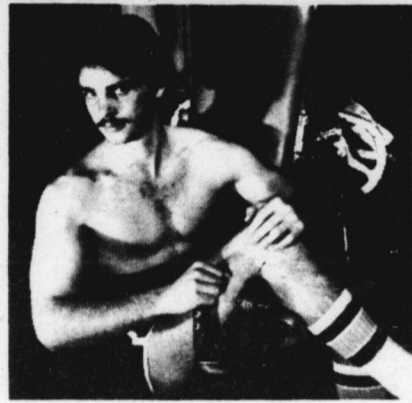
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Survey Finds less AIDS

cont. from page 1

Of 20 straight men in the same neighborhoods examined so far, none had the antibody in their blood.

Researchers consider the random-sample method the only valid way to gauge the spread of AIDS through the entire population.

"Our data suggest that ARV exposure in San Francisco is common (37 percent among single men with homosexual contacts), but less prevalent than previously reported," wrote Drs. Robert E. Anderson and Jay Levy in their preliminary report.

San Francisco is considered to have the highest per capita concentration of AIDS cases in the nation. Thus, the measurement of the prevalence of exposure to AIDS here provides a benchmark by which other cities may gauge the epidemic in their areas. The fact that most Gay men, so far, have not been exposed to the AIDS virus has profound import for efforts to halt the spread of the epidemic.

"We hope that the knowledge that less than one-half of homosexuals are exposed in a city severely beset with AIDS will inspire additional public education efforts and encourage homosexual men to reduce their number of sexual partners and undertake other measures to limit their possible exposure to the AIDS virus," Anderson and Levy said.

In an interview, Anderson said that the doctors rushed to publish the preliminary findings in order to encourage Gay men. The findings were published in Britain, in the medical journal *Lancet*, in order to most quickly release the information.

Researchers have expressed concern that the previous reports of high levels of AIDS exposure may have discouraged some Gay men from exercising caution in sex habits. If Gay men believe they are very likely to already have been exposed, some may not take prudent steps



Suddenly Chic: They used to joke about the condom machine in the bathroom of the Eagle; now some men are popping quarters into it. Tavern Guild bars will soon dispense condoms. (Photo: Rink)

to guard themselves—and others—against spreading AIDS.

Those precautions include limiting the number of sex partners and, most importantly, avoiding the exchange of body fluids—especially semen.

The preliminary findings indicated that a high number of sex partners is closely associated with one's likelihood of being exposed to AIDS. Those who showed evidence of the AIDS antibody averaged three times as many sex partners as those who had not been exposed.

The researchers focused on number of sex partners and found increasing risk for AIDS as the number of sex partners rose. For the 69 Gay men who reported 0 to 10 partners in the

past two years, 25 percent had been exposed. For the 65 Gay men who reported 11 to 50 sex partners in the past two years, 35 percent had been exposed.

But for the 35 Gay men who reported more than 50 partners in the past two years, 63 percent had been exposed.

Researchers still are canvassing for subjects to take part in the study. You cannot volunteer directly for the study; however, if you live in a heavily Gay neighborhood of the city, you may be telephoned by the researchers and asked to take part. The study's confidentiality procedures have been examined and endorsed by the Bay Area Reporter.

B. Jones

Witnesses Describe Murder

cont. from page 1

his eyes during the attack and couldn't see, he heard O'Connell being beaten. "He fell backward," said Woodward. "Hitting the back of his head on the pavement. When he hit his head, there was a loud crash." In later testimony, Woodward described the loud noise as a "whack."

"There were two whacks," he said. "The second whack was his head hitting the curb." Immediately after, the group of assailants ran down to Polk Street and disappeared.

Relating how he got help for his unconscious friend, Woodward said, "John was laying in the gutter. He was not able to talk and he was starting to turn gray. It was a noticeable change in his complexion." O'Connell was rushed to San Francisco General Hospital.

Under cross-examination, defense attorneys, led by Public Defender Michael Burt, questioned Woodward extensively on his ability to identify the four Vallejo men as his attackers. They quizzed him repeatedly on the amount of alcohol he and O'Connell had consumed and his ability to see the assailants in the darkness especially if he was protecting his eyes. Particular

questions were raised regarding Woodward's earlier erroneous statements to police that the assailants were "dark complected" and "looked like Chicanos" with one wearing a red jacket.

Kilgore followed Woodward on the witness stand and emotionally related how she and the five men drove from Vallejo to San Francisco just "for something to do." They went directly to Polk Street where, she said, they bought and drank liquor and "walked around" with "no plans on what to do."

She stated that at Clanton's urging, he, Rogers, Barr and White left her and Reyes and "went after" two men who had passed the group at Polk and California. A few minutes later, they came back "kind of running." She did not see what they did while gone, she testified.

When the group heard sirens, they left the Polk area, Kilgore said. She stated that Rogers said he and White had hit O'Connell. She testified, "They were laughing and joking and said they thought they'd killed him but weren't sure."

Kilgore related how the group drove around, stopping at Union Square to "chase some teenagers." At another point, they "beat up a man crossing the

street, kicking and hitting him." During that attack, White became so enraged he punched the window of a passing car.

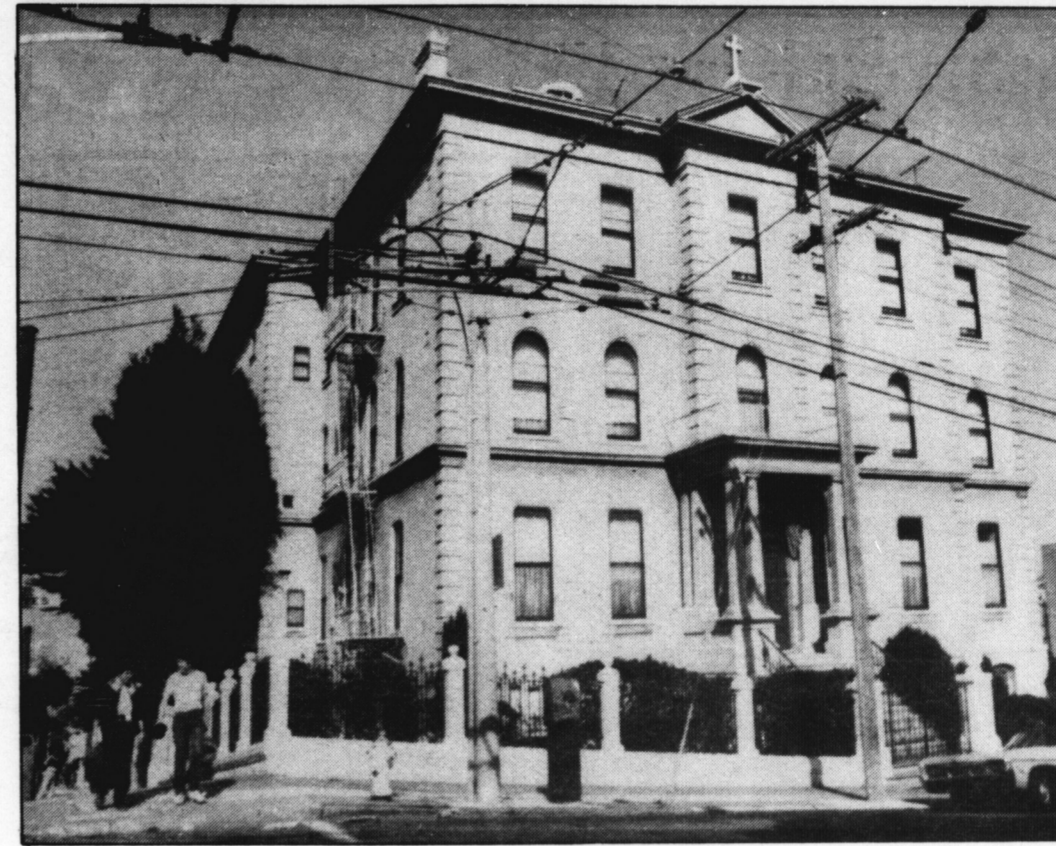
Later, Kilgore said, White told her, "Don't say anything to anybody about what happened in San Francisco" that night, and also asked her to go to Oregon with him "because he was scared."

Kilgore testified that she saw Clanton hiding an 18-inch wire cable, one and a half inches in diameter, in the sleeve of his jacket. Rogers also carried a metal pipe, she said, about 18 inches in length, in his sleeve.

The hearing opened with defense attorneys requesting that Judge Saldamando close the proceedings to the public and the media because of prejudicial pre-trial publicity. Attorneys cited numerous examples of media coverage of the case from last August and September.

From the preliminary hearing, the case goes to Superior Court for trial. Asst. District Attorney Fazio said he doesn't believe that a first degree murder conviction would be successful in this case. Citing difficulties in proving premeditation, Fazio said, "The law presently does not allow for prosecution for first degree murder in these circumstances."

R. O'Loughlin



On the Auction Block? That's the fear as Pride Center faces double jeopardy: Loss of city programs and foreclosure. (Photo: Rink)

Pride Center Before a Fall: City May Strip Drug Programs

Complaints of Mismanagement, Meddlesomeness Sends City Shopping For a New Agency

by Charles Linebarger

1984 was a rough year for the Pride Foundation. On Jan. 1 the city forced executive director Michael Brennan of 18th Street Services and Acceptance House, Pride's two biggest programs, to leave his position amid a flurry of charges and counter-charges. After an interim of several months, Ron Petersen came aboard as director. He resigned in November after bringing a formal grievance complaint against Pride's Board of Directors to the city.

Now the city has taken the unusual step of putting out a request to the community for proposals by groups seeking to replace Pride as the fiscal agency responsible for providing services to Gay men with alcohol abuse problems.

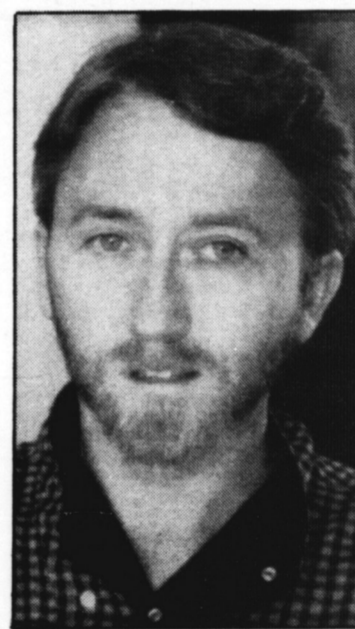
If the city strips Pride of 18th Street Services and Acceptance House, the organization will lose most of its funding, staff and mission.

Acceptance House is a residential treatment program for Gay men with alcohol and drug abuse problems. 18th Street Services is the non-residential treatment program. Gerry Nee, a member of the Acceptance House Advisory Board at the time Pride got the contract for 18th Street Services, recalls having had difficulties with Del Dawson, the administrator of the Pride Foundation, from the beginning of their association.

"He couldn't get it into his head," Nee said. "That when you administer public funds people have the right to ask questions. My impression was he regarded each question as a challenge to his authority. And I never thought of him as caring whether anyone was helped by the program or not."

Steven Maidehoff, a staff nurse for the Alcohol Detoxification Unit at San Francisco General Hospital and a member of a subsequent advisory board said that the advisory board kept losing members because it was impossible to have any input into the management of Acceptance House.

"Any suggestions we made," Maidehoff said, "Even when we had the full backing of the staff, was always met with extreme resistance. Dawson or Brennan—Petersen's predecessor as



Ron Petersen (Photo: Rink)

director for both 18th Street and Acceptance House—always ran our meetings with an iron hand."

According to Maidehoff, Brennan spent most of his time at his home in Lake County while drawing a hefty salary from both 18th Street Services and Acceptance House. Maidehoff estimated that Brennan spent about half a day a week at work in return for a salary which ran into five figures.

Due to Brennan's unavailability, Maidehoff said he feels that the quality of care at Acceptance House suffered. "The staff began to fall apart," Maidehoff said.

Ron Petersen, who succeeded Brennan as director of both programs after Brennan was forced out by the city, recalled that when he was hired there was a great deal of inner turmoil

Pride Center Faces Mortgage Foreclosure

Negotiations Underway With Creditor; Pride 'Months Behind' in Payment

Brandy Moore, President of the Pride Foundation, acknowledged last week that the Pride Center has been served with foreclosure papers. "The Pride Foundation has been in negotiations with the attorneys for the mortgage holders for several months, always assuring them of our commitment to meet all agreements," Moore said.

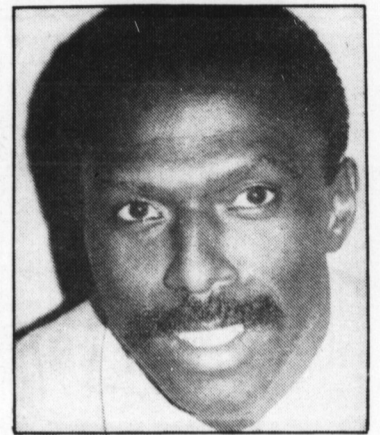
"The Pride Foundation is behind in interest payments because there have not been sufficient revenues from rental spaces in the Center to facilitate meeting our mortgage goals. Our efforts have been to develop funds for the rehab and renovation of this building and to provide services to community based agencies and residents. We have done just that since we got the building," Moore said.

The Pride Foundation acquired the 400,000 square foot complex, now known as Pride Neighborhood Center, in 1981. The Center became operational in early 1982.

The Center is utilized by more than 990 people weekly and provides low-cost rental spaces for such organizations as Community Boards, Hayes Valley Community Development Corporation, Shanti Project, Bay Area Urban League, the Pride Senior Center, the Little People's Workshop childcare, Gay Games II, Gay American Indians, Gay Italian Americans, Black Professional and Businesswomen.

The Pride Neighborhood Center is a demonstration project in San Francisco's Hayes Valley-Fillmore neighborhood of diverse people building a new model of partnership for solving urban problems. The project plan is for solving problems related to crime, racial tensions, mental health and individual isolation.

The Hayes Valley-Fillmore neighborhood has been the only neighborhood in San Francisco without general social service facilities of any kind. Since



Brandy Moore (Photo: Rink)

1981, the Pride Center has fulfilled its purpose by serving the full range of ethnic groups in the Hayes-Fillmore neighborhood by providing an opportunity for neighbors to communicate with, understand and assist other neighbors.

The property was acquired in 1981 from the Sisters of the Holy Family for \$788,280. Negotiations to refinance the original note of \$650,000 with a permanent 30-year first mortgage are under way.

The Foundation had planned to have the Center self-operating in 1984. However, high construction costs and over-estimation of revenues from the site have limited financial response of the organization to meet its mortgage goals. The original capital campaign for funding renovations and rehabilitation of the buildings on the site garnered \$1.2 million totally. Those funds have been used to fulfill that renovation and rehab effort for the complex at 850-890 Hayes St. (at Fillmore).

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Pride Officials include Executive Director Del Dawson (second from l.) and Board President Brandy Moore (second from r.). (Photo: Rink)

Pride May Lose Programs

(Continued from previous page)
grams' operation. Petersen repeated Maidehoff's charges against Brennan and added another against Dawson.
"Dawson," Petersen said, "Has been paid off the books for 3 years, and he hasn't paid state or federal income taxes during that time, because it wasn't reported. I know that for a fact, and the books are there for anyone to check who cares to."
According to Petersen the staff became involved in a series of grievance procedures against Pride when Gail Rothman, the business manager and bookkeeper, brought her own grievance against the foundation to the city. There are three dif-

ferent grievance processes going on, Petersen said, Rothman's, his, and, finally, the rest of the staff joined together in one. Petersen said that the staff's grievance is very similar to his own as per the chronic interruptions in the program by Dawson.
At this time, according to Petersen, Mary Doherty, the director of the alcohol division of the city's Community Substance Abuse Program, asked him if he would stay on with the program at 18th Street once "the Pride mess straightened out," as Petersen put it.
But Petersen left the program in November. "I felt it was a no-

AIDS Bias Survey Shows Discrimination

People With AIDS Aren't Alone In Facing AIDS-Related Bias
by Gregory Douthwaite

When a local bartender told his boss after a six-week leave that he had been diagnosed with AIDS, he was transferred to a non-tipping job, making less money. The boss said the move was to avoid bad publicity and the possible spread of disease.
The bartender wrote about his plight in the "AIDS Discrimination Reporting Project," a survey being taken by local AIDS support groups. Early responses to the survey, which is continuing to March 1, show that AIDS discrimination hurts not only people with AIDS but all Gay men.
An office worker, rumored to have AIDS, reported that he was fired after a brief hospital stay. He did not have an AIDS diagnosis, but was suffering from a back injury.
Two men had the same complaint: their employers required a doctor's certification that they did not have AIDS. One man wrote that he was fired and evicted when his employer-landlord found out that his roommate had AIDS.
The only complaint that was not job-related stated that a man with AIDS was discharged from San Francisco General Hospital four days before he died; doctors reportedly could find nothing

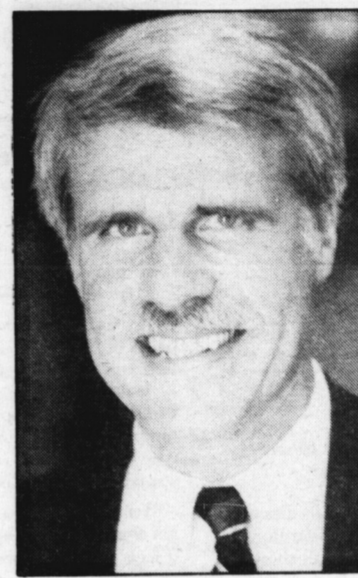
won situation," he said, "that was going to go on for at least another year."
Mary Doherty said that normally a provider which has a track record is simply renewed by the city. "But this year, as of last July 1st, for this program, we are not only having a renewal process, we're also opening up the field for other possible providers to present their proposals to the city—because we want to be sure we're providing Gay men who have an alcohol problem the best possible treatment program."
(Calls were made to the Pride Foundation to get its side of the story but were not returned.)
AIDS discrimination occurs even within the Gay community. "People who are Gay put up defenses. They don't want to know about AIDS," said Pratt. Several people have lost jobs in Gay businesses when they got AIDS, he said.
For people with AIDS, continuing to work is often very important, Pratt said. But people with AIDS are not usually given the same sympathetic treatment as terminally ill workers, he said. Some still feel AIDS victims did something to deserve it.
California state law prohibits discrimination on the basis of medical condition, but enforcement of the law is limited, said Jackie Winnow, a coordinator of the survey who works for the Human Rights Commission.
San Francisco may need a special committee to handle AIDS discrimination complaints, Winnow said. This committee could give sensitivity training and education about AIDS to employers and co-workers of AIDS victims. It could also offer legal assistance to AIDS discrimination victims.
Currently, victims of AIDS discrimination can get help from various groups, including the AIDS Foundation, the Human Rights Commission, and Community United Against Violence. But the resources of these groups are limited.
Before a special group can be formed to handle AIDS discrimination, more documentation of the problem is needed, Winnow said. AIDS Discrimination Reporting Project forms are available from the AIDS Foundation, 54 Tenth St., telephone 864-4376.

Jerry Berg Named Permit Appeals Prez

Fund-Raiser, Activist Will Head City's Most Powerful Panel
by George Mendenhall

"Some people are offering their condolences," quipped Attorney Jerry Berg when he was appointed by Mayor Feinstein to the Board of Permit Appeals two years ago. He survived the grueling board schedule, however, and this week was elected by his other four board members as their President. This places Berg in the highest appointive position in city government.

Ironically, Berg is not known to many local Lesbian and Gay activists because his style is semi-private and reserved. He belongs to all the local Democratic clubs but rarely has time for their meetings. The attorney can raise more cash for political candidates and Gay community causes on the telephone and at receptions at his Twin Peaks home than he can within existing organizations. Last week, a Berg fund-raiser brought in more than \$15,000 to the Hospice AIDS program.



Jerry Berg (Photo: Rink)

Berg came out of the closet with fervor in 1978 when he became angry over Anita Bryant's attempt to squelch Gay rights in Miami. He quickly surfaced as co-chair of the statewide NOON 6 campaign, which successfully defeated an attempt by State Sen. John Briggs to ban Gay teachers.
The attorney's primary concern has been human and civil rights. After serving as vice chair of the Northern California American Liberties Union, he became the national chair of the Human Rights Campaign Fund, which raised more than \$500,000 for pro-Gay rights congressional candidates.
One year ago, Berg was on his way to his current appeals board position when he was elected vice president. He is especially proud of having his new post as the appeals board is known as the "court of last resort" for those who are seeking redress from what they believe to be mistreatment in the issuing of city permits.
Berg believes he has a "special sensitivity" for hearing and helping to resolve the problems of a citizen who may want to add a screen porch to a house as well as a corporate power who wants to build a highrise apartment house. He is also well aware he is Gay when he sits before the crowded room of complaining people.
"Many Gay people come before us—and although most of their cases do not have to do with their being Gay—I want to feel good that they know that they are facing a Gay person. Everyone, including Lesbian and Gay men, will get a full hearing of their concerns," Berg said.
When not giving the 20 hours a week necessary to the appeals board, Berg finds time to attend San Francisco Symphony concerts. He says, "Actually, my big excitement is reading civil rights and Gay rights law cases. I am a workaholic."
Aside from his hectic activist and social schedule, Berg finds time to operate a prestigious law practice at his Union Square offices. He counsels small businesses and citizens with probate and estate problems. Berg urges any Gay person who wishes to know about the appeals procedure to call him at his office.
Berg's appointment to the appeals board followed a tradition. Harvey Milk was appointed to the appeals board by Mayor George Moscone and it became a "Gay seat." Milk was

followed by activist Jo Daly, Attorney Rick Stokes and David Scott.

Jerry Berg is one of a number of Gays and Lesbians serving on city boards and commissions. Among them are Tom Horn, recently elected President of the War Memorial Board of Trustees; Jim Foster, Health Commission; Patrick McGrew, President of the Landmarks Preservation Advisory Committee; Phylis Lyon and Sal Rosselli, Human Rights Commission; Arthur Lazere, Industrial Development Authority; Ralph Payne, Rent Stabilization and Arbitration Board; Juanita Owens, Commission on the Status of Women; and Billy Gaylord, Arts Commission. Many other Lesbians and Gay people serve on city advisory committees.



GGBA Enters Second Decade

Dorr Jones (l.) with Laurie McBride, president of the Golden Gate Business Association, as GGBA commemorates its 11th anniversary. Jones, well known Gay activist and currently head of Meals-on-Wheels, was awarded GGBA's Community Service Award.
Assemblyman Art Agnos also received special recognition for his efforts on AB-1.

AIDS Fund Elects Officers

On Jan. 6 the San Francisco AIDS Fund board of directors elected officers for the coming year. George Burgess was elected president; Richard Gervais, vice president; Preston Proulx, treasurer; and James Mizelle, secretary.
"The need within the community to provide economic assistance to financially distressed people with AIDS is more critical than ever with the epidemic escalating as it is," Burgess said.

GGBA Marketing Seminars

The Golden Gate Business Association, Women Entrepreneurs and the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce will co-sponsor an intensive series of marketing seminars to teach business owners practical methods of marketing and advertising.

The series will offer the following courses:

Low-Cost Marketing Techniques: Kay Auciello, vice president of M.A.R.C., Inc., a marketing research firm and Joan Seamster, manager of Marketing Research for Levi Strauss International, will present an overview of techniques that work and don't work in developing effective marketing programs (Feb. 12).

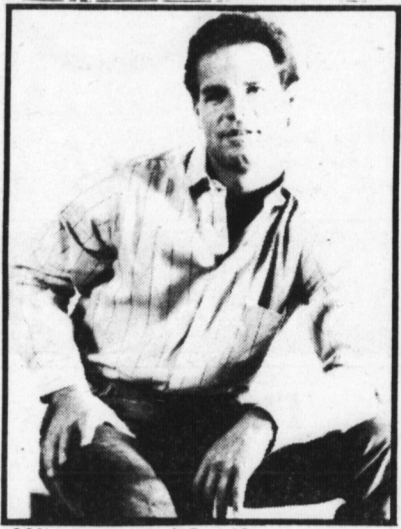
Beyond the Marketing Mystique—A Practical Guide to Promoting Your Business: This two-part seminar will teach participants the fundamentals of using marketing techniques to gain free access to the media.
Guerilla Marketing: Jay Levinson, author of the best seller of the same name, will be one of the featured guest speakers in this final marketing seminar (Mar. 26).

Limited seating is available for the seminars. Package fee for the three seminars is \$90 for non-members, \$75 for members of the sponsoring organizations. Seminars may be attended separately for \$25 on Feb. 12 or Mar. 26 and \$40 for the Feb. 26 and 28 seminar. Contact Ms. Renee Loda at the Chamber, 392-4511 for information and reservations.

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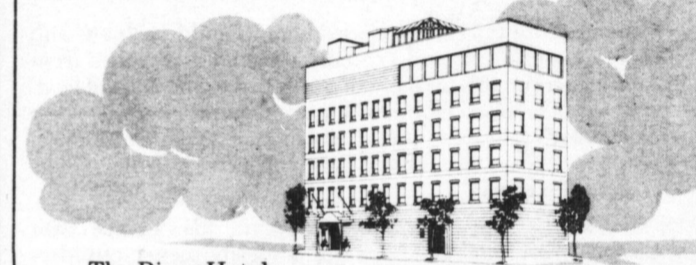
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LETTERS

Historical Marker

★ Re: George Mendenhall's "obit" for the "Barney's Beanery 'Fagots' sign, Jan. 24.

The cover article for the June 26, 1964 issue of *Life* magazine was "Homosexuality In America." It showed (p. 70) a picture of Barney Anthony, leaning over his bar with the offending sign behind him. Barney's explanation? Quoting from the article: "I don't like 'em. There's no excuse. They'll approach any nice-looking guy. Anybody does any recruiting, I say shoot him. Who cares?"

Perhaps this was Dan White's "watering hole" during his 1984 parole. Obviously he and Barney deserve one another.

Thomas M. Edwards
San Francisco

Flag Corps

★ Now's the time to join (or rejoin) the Flag Corps of the San Francisco Marching Band before our active season gets underway.

I rejoined supposedly just for the Gay Pride Parade and I'm still in it and enjoying myself thoroughly. This is a very warm and "including" group of men and women and we're looking for more of the same.

We have a brilliant and creative instructor with a wonderful sense of humor and her drills are impressive. There are several performing subgroups for those who want to do special effects. In short, there's something for everyone, including travel to see other color guards and flag corps (ours is the largest). We've received prizes in other cities like Portland, Sacramento, and Oakland and most recently, First Prize in the San Francisco Christmas Parade.

Of course, this involves some willingness to be committed and responsible, but the rewards and companionship are well worth the effort. We meet every Tuesday at the Pacific Ballet Center, 1619 Mission Street, across from the "Coke" Building at 12th St., at 7:30 p.m.

Ted Knipe
San Francisco

Redeeming Help

★ I have often been a critic of the Catholic church and especially of SF's Archbishop Quinn. But I have to eat a bit of "humble pie" and give credit where it is owed.

I just learned that the Catholic parish in the Castro, Most Holy Redeemer, started a food drive and money-raising campaign for the AIDS food bank. Since Thanksgiving, I am told, my Catholic neighbors have donated a number of food baskets to the Food Bank plus somewhere around thirteen hundred dollars in cash. They are supposed to carry on their work for the AIDS patients all year.

As a Gay man I feel that AIDS is an open sore in the flesh of all of us. I bite my tongue and thank my neighbors at Most Holy Redeemer for their help to my brothers who are suffering from AIDS.

Ray Reuter
San Francisco

★ Where have you been for the last 15 years? Are you totally unaware of the Universal Fellowship of Metropolitan Community Churches founded by Troy Perry? For your information, right here in San Francisco, there are two branches of that Fellowship.

Why not drop by to see, hear and feel what some of the Christian Gays in this community experience each week worshipping God as a family. Rev. Jim Sandmire (MCC-Golden Gate) not only preaches sermon after sermon on the issues relevant to each and every one of us, individually as well as collectively, but he presents the message of the Gospel and the concepts of being a Christian in a manner that touches my heart, mind and soul in such a way, I literally shed tears of joy!!

We all believe that God created us the way we are, and we know that God does not make mistakes.

Fay Rohrbach
San Francisco

P.S. No need to send The Holy Grail if found; we drink from Jesus' cup of salvation each week.

Us Church

★ This letter is in response to the "Name That Church" contest, which was announced in the *B.A.R.* two issues ago.

For over four years I have been a member of the Church for Unity & Service (Church for Us). In that time I have grown spiritually and mentally as an open and Gay person. The Church for Us is open to all people. We believe that religion should be available to all people as a way to relate and express oneself, through God.

We have been a new force in the religious arena and are looking at updating religion to a modern state where people can be unified and grow in their understandings. We see that religion should be available to everyone and that all people are equal in the eyes of God. Being Gay is not only accepted by our church, but we do see that "Gay is good."

The Church for Us currently advertises in the *B.A.R.*

A Safe Place

★ I am an active member with The Church For Unity And Service in San Francisco. After reading your editorial note announcing the *B.A.R.*'s "Name That Church Contest," I felt it necessary to write you.

The Church For Unity And Service has been in existence now for 6½ years. It supports Gay people and provides a safe place for them to participate and explore their relationship with God and with one another. The spiritual head of the church is Gay and was recently married by the church to his lover at our present address at 2041 Larkin Street in The Fellowship Church whom we rent space from on a monthly basis.


It is time that we begin to see the religions that do recognize our progression and our contribution and that it is no longer a mere acceptance we are looking for but a place to explore, learn and grow spiritually. If we are all created in God's image, then it has always been Man's inability to recognize it.

The Church For Unity And Service is one church which recognizes the integral part that all people bring to it and welcomes all those who wish to explore a more meaningful relationship with others through God.

If you or any of your readers would like additional information about The Church For Unity And Service, you can call (415) 935-LORD (V/TDD) or write to the Church Rectory at: 1015 Esther Drive, Pleasant Hill, CA 94523.

Steven Wallace
San Francisco

Religion was such a Drag until I found US!



and has been active in the Gay community for several years. We have marched in the S.F. Gay Parade for the last two years and had two "Gay Panels," that have dealt with Gay issues, for a straight audience. We also perform Gay marriages, to be acknowledged in the eyes of God, and also are planning to have a Gay seminar, in the near future.

We seek to include the Gay community in our quest for expanding. We are here as a positive way to help Gay people (and everyone else for that matter) to start or continue a religious experience and to grow spiritually and mentally.

Thank you for your time in reading this letter and considering our entry for the "Name That Church" contest. Good luck in your search for the Holy Grail!

Kai A. Brothers
San Francisco

Re: George Mendenhall's "obit" for the "Barney's Beanery 'Fagots' sign, Jan. 24.

Smith already indicated her feelings for "special interest groups" when she rejected a request from women's caucus leaders that she provide a full-time staff member to deal with women's issues, unless the women themselves raise the money to pay for the staffperson. Further indications of the new chair's true feeling for so-called special interest groups (Gays, women, etc.) surfaced when she bluntly speculated that "we lost the last election thinking we were going to carry special interests — and we didn't."

Strange that some party leaders fear a primary race against Alan Cranston would weaken an already weak Cranston — but these same "leaders" seem ready to go with another gubernatorial race by Los Angeles Mayor Tom Bradley, who is in a tough reelection campaign in his city. There is no doubt in anyone's mind that Bradley is running for reelection in April again only so that he can claim the Democrat's nomination for another try at Deukmejian. If the Democrats really want to stage a comeback in this state they had better start looking for alternative candidates to both Alan Cranston and most definitely urge Tom Bradley to forget about trying to unseat George Deukmejian in 1986.

Few party "leaders" will admit it, but a number of them will tell you privately that Alan Cranston is headed for defeat and Tom Bradley doesn't have what it takes to get past the Republican governor. A Feinstein for Senator race and possibly a Gary Hart or John Garamendi run for governor is looking better to many political realists all the time, and with the question of Rose Bird on the ballot, the Democratic party in this state will need all the help it can get in the 1986 elections.

★ ★ ★

State Senate President Pro Tem David Roberi has announced that San Francisco's state senator Milton Marks will chair the Local Government Committee and serve as well on the Judiciary, Natural Resources & Wildlife, Budget & Fiscal Review Committees, and serve as vice-chair of the Housing & Urban Affairs committee. San Francisco's other senator, John Foran, will chair the Transportation Committee and serve as well on the Appropriations, Banking & Commerce, and Governmental Organization Committees. . . . former Milk Club president Carole Migden was reelected co-chair of the Lesbian and Gay caucus of the California Democratic Party at the Sacramento convention this past weekend. Meanwhile the state Republican Party will have its convention in Sacramento Feb. 15-17 and conservative L.A. Supervisor Mike Antonovich is slated to become the new state chair of the Grand Old Party.

How's that? During a meeting last week with a group of U.S. congressmembers, Cuba's Fidel Castro proclaimed, "I am a Christian because Christianity provides people with hard, concrete values." . . . raising the eyebrows of some of his fellow politicians, Alameda County Supervisor John George said last week that its time to consider legalizing everything from marijuana to heroin, adding that "drugs are

POLITICS AND POKER

What a State Demos Are In



WAYNE FRIDAY

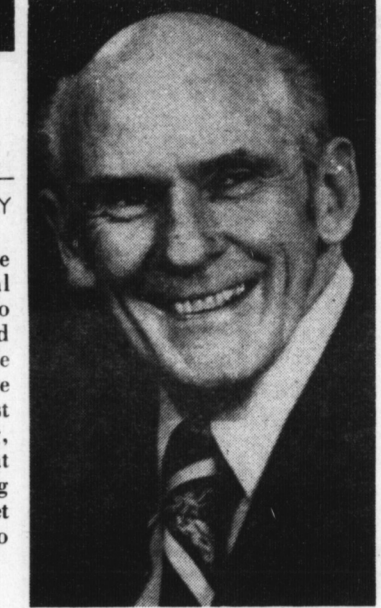
so prevalent that people will use them regardless if they're legal or not." (People will continue to commit murder too, but should we legalize it?) . . . One of the most surprising celebs at the Reagan Inaugural Ball last week was Coretta Scott King, who said she had no qualms at being at a Republican gathering ("In this country, in order to get policies changed you have to have a bipartisan coalition").

★ ★ ★

In an interview in the current *Working Woman* magazine, Mayor Dianne Feinstein recalls a "very brutal" childhood in which her alcoholic mother beat her and her sister and kicked them out of the house. . . . In Madison, Maine last week, social studies teacher David Solnitz organized a program on the issue of tolerance for his students and he had invited Lesbian activist Dale McCormick — along with a Black, an ex-convict, an American Indian, a Vietnamese and an elderly person to address his classes. However, a group of local farmers, the Kennebec Valley Grange, learned that McCormick, head of the Maine Lesbian-Gay Political Movement, was a participant and complained to the school board. The school board voted unanimously to scrub the event, citing "security." A spokesperson for the grange complained that "we don't like to expose our children to too many ideas on homosexuality — it is entire-

(Continued on next page)

U.S. Senator Alan Cranston is already running hard for reelection but Mayor Dianne Feinstein has made little secret of her desire to unseat the liberal dean of the Democrats in the 1986 Democratic primary. Feinstein forces say Cranston is too liberal in the Age of Reagan — but Cranston is not about to roll over to the Mink's challenge. (Feinstein photo: Rink)



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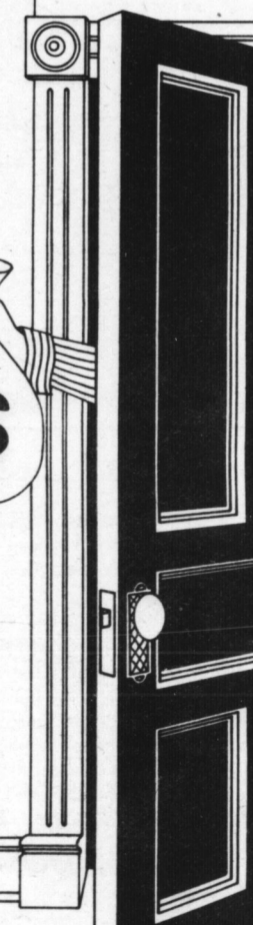
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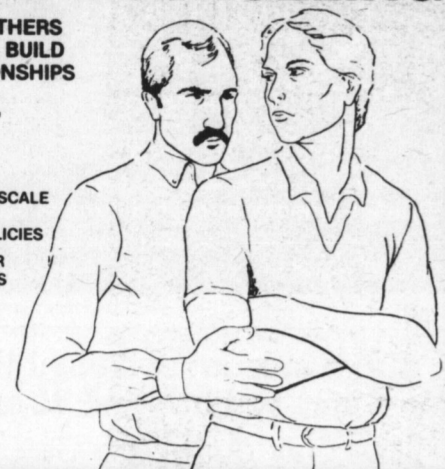
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CHIROPRACTIC OUTLOOK

By DR. RICK PETTIT

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Administration OKs Blood Screening \$\$

Gives in to Gay, Congressional Demands After 3-Month Delay

by Brian Jones

The Reagan Administration has agreed to demands that it release \$8.4 million in funds already appropriated by Congress to screen the nation's blood banks for AIDS. U.S. Sen. Alan Cranston, who originally proposed the blood-screening money, announced Jan. 17 that the administration has decided to release the money.

Congress appropriated the funds for the Food and Drug Administration in October. The measure was passed as an amendment to the national budget, however, so the funds could not be spent until the administration presented a formal budget request. Despite prodding from Cranston, U.S. Rep. Sala Burton (D-San Francisco) and numerous Gay groups, the administration delayed releasing the funds.

Cranston, the California Democrat, said the President will release the supplemental budget along with his budget proposal for next year following his State of the Union speech. The speech is set for Feb. 4 and the budget will be sent to Congress the next day.

Barbara Masters, legislative aide for health affairs in Cranston's Washington office, said that once the supplemental budget is presented next week, the blood-screening funds can quickly be allocated.

"This will enable the FDA to protect the blood supplies that are used in every hospital in the country," Cranston said. "That's good news for everyone."

The FDA is responsible for assuring that tests for screening the blood of donors will adequately detect the presence of the AIDS contaminant.

The new money brings to \$93.6 million the amount Congress appropriated in fiscal 1985 for the battle against AIDS. That is a \$36 million increase over the 1984 appropriation, due largely to amendments which Cranston proposed.

Other agencies sharing the AIDS money are the National Institutes of Health, the Center for Disease Control and the Alcohol, Drug Abuse and Mental Health Administration.

FDA's AIDS budget for this year will now total \$8.8 million compared with only \$400,000 last year.

Cranston, who offered the amendment to the 1985 continuing appropriations resolution for the additional FDA money, said he was informed of the Administration's decision by Secretary of Health and Human Services Margaret M. Heckler. Cranston had written her last October to urge that the Administration ask for the funds.

Cranston pointed out that under the terms of his amendment, the Administration had to submit a "formal budget request" in order for the money to become available.

He warned that unless action was taken, the FDA "will become a bottleneck delaying or preventing critically important progress resulting from other federal efforts" in the battle against AIDS.

Heckler, in a letter dated Jan. 15, said she was responding to Cranston's letter and that "we share your concerns about the need to protect the nation's blood supply and to ensure that the blood test for AIDS is brought to the market as soon as

Strike Up the Band

The San Francisco Band Foundation is looking for people to serve on its board of directors. The foundation, which supports the activities of the San Francisco Gay Freedom Day Marching Band & Twirling Corps, the Flag Corps, the Tap Troupe, the AIDS-de-Camp and the all new City Swing Band, has opened the nominations for its 1985 board of directors. It will hold its elections for the board on March 7.

People with skills or interest in fundraising, publicity, production, community relations, and planning are needed. But the board has a place on it for anyone with a sincere interest in the foundation's future.

If interested in being considered for membership on the Band Foundation's board for the 1985 term, contact the foundation's nominating committee at 540 Castro St., San Francisco 94114, or telephone (415) 621-5619. Nominations close February 4th.

possible."

"The President's budget for fiscal years 1985 and 1986 to be submitted to the 99th Congress," Heckler said, "will include a request that the administration presented a formal budget request. Despite prodding from Cranston, U.S. Rep. Sala Burton (D-San Francisco) and numerous Gay groups, the administration delayed releasing the funds."



Meet the Press: Mobilization Against AIDS activists Paul Boneberg (c.) and John Wahl (r.) talk with reporters, including Randy Shilts (l.). (Photo: Rink)

Gays Block Sex Spy Plan

(Continued from page 11)

uses the same people that we use and does not have a large staff. He is a socialite and gets into Herb Caen's column. Maybe that is why he was used. We use the same people Lipset uses. I think he has two full-time employees."

BATHHOUSES CLOSED

There are no designated Gay "bathhouses" open in the city. Two businesses are operated as Gay hotels—the Slot Hotel and Animals. The rest have been kept closed by the owners, not the city. All the closed bathhouses have received new 1985 operating licenses and will evidently re-open if their owners win their court appeal.

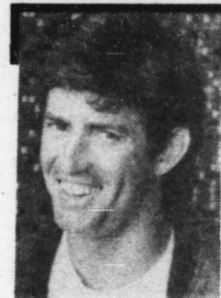
Glen Gerber, owner of Club San Francisco and Bulldog, says he may open sooner. The city's oldest Gay bathhouse, Jack's Baths, has decided to remain permanently closed. New investigators would evidently be used to check sex clubs and adult book stores.

What will investigators be looking for? Posted notices in the current sex-related businesses prohibit any sexual contact between two males that involves the mouth, penis, anus and any contact involving feces or urine. Originally, the court ruled that the AIDS Foundation would be the final word on what is "safe" sex. Later, the court changed its order and established the Health Director as the final authority.

G. Mendenhall

ON THE OFF BEAT

Something to Believe In



MIKE HIPPLER

Randy Taylor, Gay Vietnam veteran, has made the news before. The first time was in 1981 when he fought for admission to the San Francisco Police Academy and then again in 1982 when he conducted a 40-day hunger strike in order to draw attention to the concerns of the nation's Vietnam veterans by forcing the Democratic National Party to allow a veteran to address the party's recent convention in San Francisco. Unlike the 1982 confrontation, this time Taylor won his battle—but things did not turn out as he expected.

In early February Taylor approached Mayor Dianne Feinstein with a request to speak before the convention, threatening a hunger strike if his request was denied. In late February the Mayor turned him down, urging him "not to jeopardize your health with an action that may be fruitless and even counterproductive."

Taylor responded by sending copies of his letter and that of the Mayor to the members of the Civil Service Commission, to reporters who had covered his fight to join the Police Department, to various influential Gay political figures, and to several prominent Gay journalists. He followed up with a series of phone calls, but no one took him seriously. Several insulted him. Undaunted, the frustrated vet

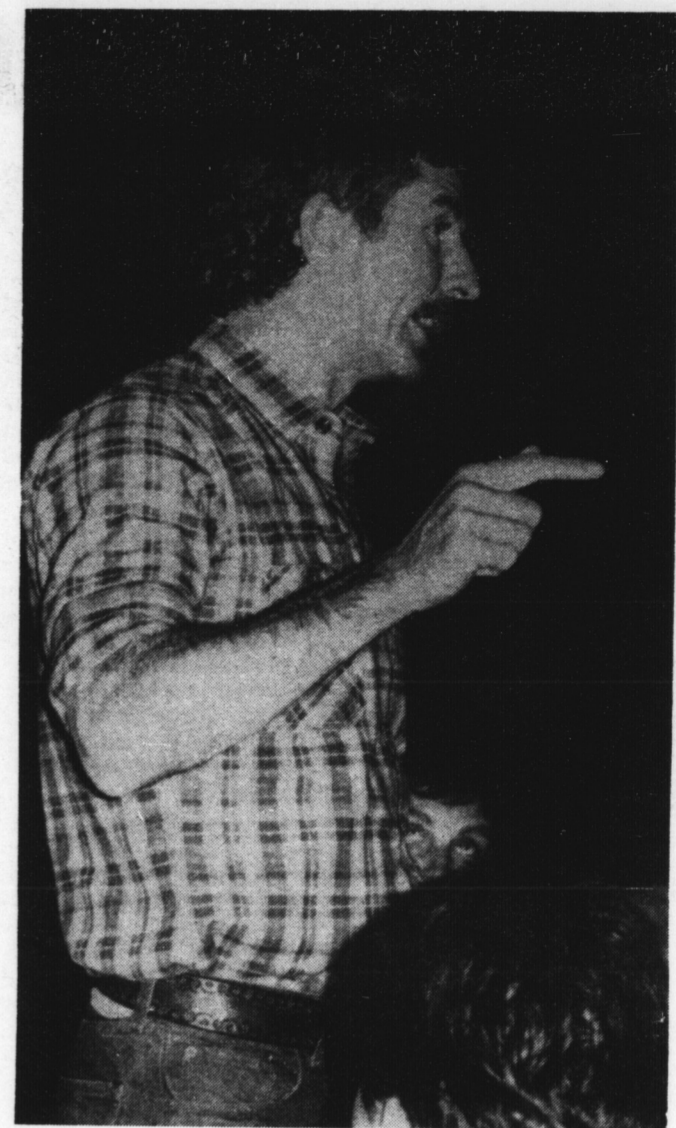
next placed his written request to speak at the convention in the hands of the three major contenders for the Democratic nomination for president when they visited San Francisco a week before the convention.

He found Hart making a television commercial in Union Square, Mondale at a Senior's luncheon at St. Mary's, and Jackson at his Fillmore Street headquarters. All accepted his letter when he drew attention to his status as a veteran, but none responded to it.

Losing hope that anyone would ever pay attention to him, except the Secret Service agents who paid him a visit soon after his original letter was sent to Feinstein, Taylor nevertheless began his hunger strike according to plan two days before Memorial Day. He chose Memorial Day for its significance as a day to remember veterans.

Also, he knew that if he did get attention, he would reach a critical point just before the convention got underway, and people would then be more likely to care. "I never wanted to die or to hurt myself," he says. "All I wanted was to address the convention, just like all the other groups. I thought that was a pretty simple demand. How could they turn that down?"

Eight days into his strike, Taylor ran into iconoclast Chronicle reporter Warren



Making His Point, Randy Taylor speaks last year at AIDS forum. (Photo: Rink)

Hinckle on 18th Street and dragged him into the Pipeline bar, telling him, "I've got a story you might be interested in." At first Hinckle didn't take him seriously, but after Taylor showed him transcripts of his various letters and told him of his frus-

trations, Hinckle said, "I don't see that you had any other course but to do what you did."

Hinckle wrote his story and delayed it until the 34th day of the strike in order to increase its impact, but on June 28 the reporter stunned San Francisco

with his account of Randy Taylor's latest battle.

Journalists all over the nation jumped on the bandwagon, and pictures of Taylor began appearing on the nightly news. According to Taylor, "Once the press got involved, nobody was against us. They even wanted to help it happen."

Letters began pouring in to the editors of the local papers and to Taylor himself, as other Vietnam veterans joined his cause, including Ron Kovic, the paralyzed author of *Born on the Fourth of July* (the book on which the movie, *Coming Home*, was based), who spoke to the 1976 Democratic Convention.

Said Taylor, "After this thing broke in the media and guys started coming to me and I started getting letters from Vietnam veterans and their families, that's when it became almost like a mission. It was more important than ever."

It took five days and dozens of articles, but on July 3, the 39th day of the strike, Taylor received a telegram from Roz Wymann, the chairwoman of the Democratic Convention, stating, "In response to your request, a representative of the Vietnam War will be included in the program of the Democratic Convention program."

Elated, Taylor broke his fast on the 40th day—July 4—declaring, "It just goes to show you, this is America. What can I say?" Although Taylor himself was not asked to speak, he was satisfied as long as another vet—an "average Joe"—might. His own choice was Kovic.

As it happened, three Vietnam veterans addressed the convention: Governor

(Continued on next page)

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<input type="checkbox"/> Getting sucked to climax			■
<input type="checkbox"/> Getting sucked - stopping before climax		<input type="checkbox"/>	
<input type="checkbox"/> Sucking to climax			■
<input type="checkbox"/> Sucking - stopping before climax		<input type="checkbox"/>	
<input type="checkbox"/> Masturbation/jacking off	<input type="checkbox"/>		
<input type="checkbox"/> Massage/hugging/dry kissing	<input type="checkbox"/>		
<input type="checkbox"/> Watersports in mouth			■
<input type="checkbox"/> Watersports on unbroken skin		<input type="checkbox"/>	
<input type="checkbox"/> Rimming/scat			■
<input type="checkbox"/> Fisting			■
<input type="checkbox"/> Sharing dildos and sex toys			■
<input type="checkbox"/> Dildos and sex toys - not shared	<input type="checkbox"/>		
<input type="checkbox"/> Body-to-body rubbing (trotage/tribadism)	<input type="checkbox"/>		
<input type="checkbox"/> Semen or urine in mouth or anus			■
<input type="checkbox"/> Cunnilingus		<input type="checkbox"/>	
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BAY AREA REPORTER JANUARY 31, 1985 PAGE 14

Something to Believe In

(Continued from previous page)

Charles Robb of Virginia, a former Marine who was also the son-in-law of President Johnson; Governor Robert Kerrey of Nebraska, who lost a leg and won the Medal of Honor in the war; and Congressman David Bonior of Michigan, a veteran of the Air Force who, according to Taylor, never actually set foot in Vietnam but who is the head of Vietnam veterans in Congress nevertheless.

As members of what Taylor calls the system that continues to ignore problems of the Vietnam veterans, none of the three was acceptable to Taylor, who, like Bonior, was also wounded and decorated in Vietnam — four wounds, three Purple Hearts, and one Bronze Star during four years as a Sergeant in the Marines.

More important than Taylor's disappointment in the choice of speakers was his dissatisfaction with the speeches they gave. "They missed some of the major points," he said, adding that others were covered inadequately. Although the speakers did mention bitterness, post-traumatic stress syndrome, and unemployment, they neglected or downplayed such issues as Agent Orange, the public image of veterans as portrayed by the media, and the U.S. involvement in Central America.

Governor Robb, who was already scheduled to speak anyway, didn't use the words, "Vietnam veteran," in his address. All the speakers blamed the problems of the veterans on the Reagan administration rather than on society in general.

What infuriated Taylor most was that no one from the Democratic Party ever talked to him or to anyone from the coalition of veteran groups that rallied to his support after Wyman's telegram was sent and he broke his fast. He made several attempts to contact them, but to no avail. Frustrated again, he declared at a press conference, "I feel betrayed. I feel like I gave away 40 pounds of flesh for a broken promise."

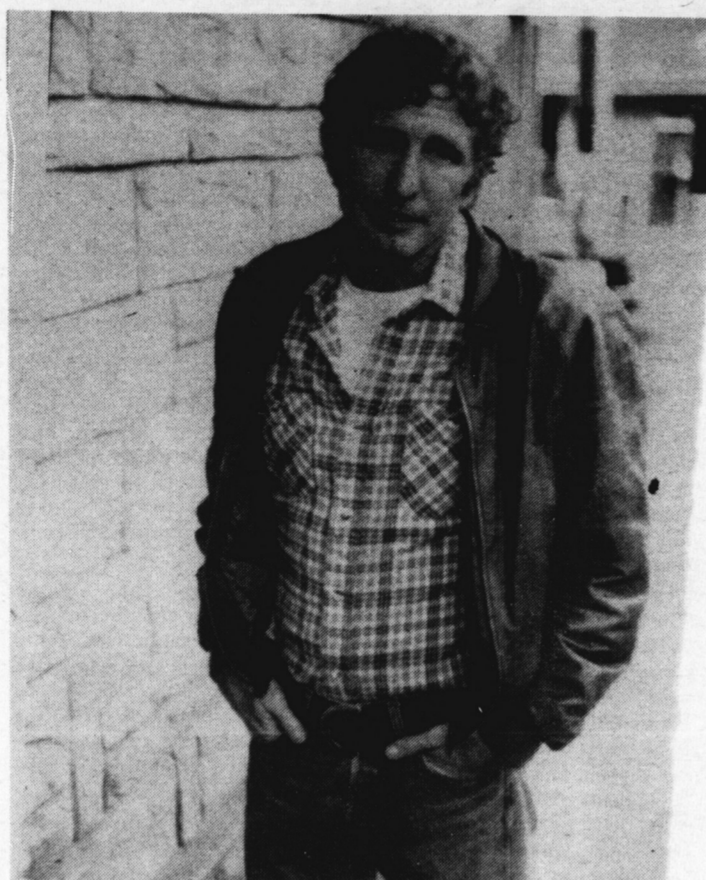
Later, he added, "I am disappointed in the whole political system of this country, not just the Democrats. I don't blame what's happened during the war or since on the American people. I've got more faith in the American people than I ever had before. It's the damn politicians. They needed a scapegoat for the war and it was us. Now they've washed their hands of us."

Although disappointed, Taylor did not consider fasting again. "I decided that this was a one-shot thing. Once it ended, I wasn't ever going to do it or to threaten it again."

Taylor said that one of his biggest concerns now is the lack of Gay support he received during his fast. He said that even though he was open about his homosexuality during interviews, most media people (except for Hinckle) ignored that aspect. "One, because they saw it more as a veterans' issue, and two, because of the very lack of Gay support."

"I had all these veterans coming to my house, supporting and helping me, and yet right here on Castro Street, (where he lives) there wasn't a Gay soul around," he said. None of the Gay papers covered his story. None of the Gay politicians helped him. And of the dozens of letters he received, only three were from Gay people.

To top it all off, Taylor learned at the end of his fast that his



Looking Gaunt, Randy Taylor shows the effects of his fast, during which he lost 40 pounds. (Photo: Rink)

building had been sold and that the new owner, another Gay man, was evicting him. It got to the point where he told a friend, "You know, I don't feel very Gay anymore."

The reaction of the Gay community to his strike reminded Taylor somewhat of the period when he fought for admission to the Police Academy. Although he had belonged to the Alice B. Toklas and Harvey Milk Democratic Clubs for a number of years at the time, when he approached them for seed money to help him fight his campaign, which he viewed as a Gay rights issue, they turned him down.

"What pissed me off about that is that they gave it instead to straight politicians who took it and laughed all the way to the bank." A group of law students from Berkeley did send \$100 to his lawyer, and a fundraiser at Patsy's raised a couple of hundred as well. The non-Gay Capp Street Foundation was the only other group to contribute to his defense fund. He still owes his lawyer "tons of money," he said.

One of the reasons for the lack of Gay support, Taylor said, is that many in the Gay community view him as a "publicity queen." He envisioned that possibility even before his hunger strike.

"The scariest part was the fact that I might actually get up in front of the convention and be portrayed negatively either by my Gay brothers and sisters or my veteran brothers or sisters, that it would be played up that I'm a kook or a little kid holding my breath... What if I fell flat on my face or came across as a manipulative, exploitive son of a gun? That was my biggest fear."

That happened with his Gay "brothers and sisters" to a degree, as he discovered when he attended a party at Sutter's Mill for the Gay convention delegates after his strike. There, when he complained about the way the Gay community ignored his efforts on behalf of veterans, one of his "friends," a former president of one of the Gay political clubs, said, "Some of us prefer to work behind the scenes, Randy, while others try to become media stars." The next morning Taylor saw her on a television talk show.

(Continued on next page)

DEATHS

Randy Taylor

(Continued from previous page)

You might be another Lenin or Castro."

Many of the letterwriters praise his courage and determination. One of these, a Gay man, wrote, "You are the kind of crazy heroes (sic) who get things done in this world. Don't forget to be good to yourself."

Taylor appreciates these letters, for they proved to him at a critical point that he

was not as alone as he feared. "You know," he says, "even after all the media coverage, I was left alone, and this was when I was starting to get scared that I might croak. I was lonelier than I've ever been in my life. Everybody assumed that someone was taking care of me or that there was a mob here, but there wasn't."

"In one way, that was a blessing," Taylor adds, for many of his friends might have urged him to quit. "I didn't want people around that would have given me a hard time. There were a million times I almost quit without their advice."

Even his lover argued with him in the beginning, urging

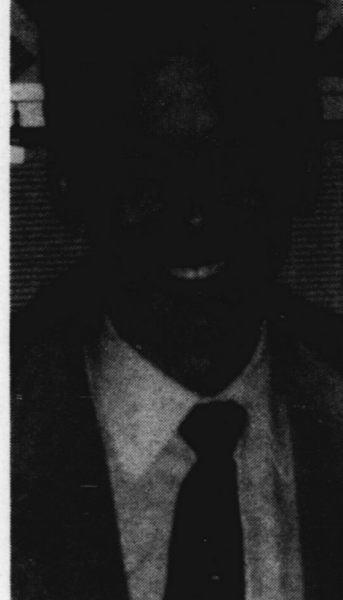
him (like the Mayor) not to endanger himself, but he came around at last when Taylor convinced him of his determination. Unfortunately, two weeks into the strike, his lover a member of the National Guard, had to report to boot camp and so was not present during the crucial period at the end.

He is well aware that he might have died. "I didn't ever set out to be a martyr," he explains, "but there comes a point sometimes that that's what it takes to further the cause. I'm glad it didn't turn out that way." He credits his guardian angel that it did not. "We all have a guardian angel," he believes, "but mine tends to fall asleep on the

job. All of a sudden he wakes up and says, 'Oh shit, there's Taylor,' and then he leans over and throws me a rope."

Taylor views his hunger strike as a success in many ways. "I took a gamble against incredible odds, and I won. I accomplished more than I ever dreamed. It seems like I gave hope to hopeless people." When asked, then, if one person can make a difference, he replies, "Oh yeah, that's the whole point," and concludes, "You can live without food. I found that out. That's easy. But you can't live without something to believe in. That's the hard part."

M. Hippler



Larry Ludwig

Larry Ludwig, a San Francisco resident since 1971, died peacefully at home Jan. 27. He was attended by loving friends; his companion of 12 years, Jim Foster; and family members.

Larry was a native of Pittsburgh, PA, and attended the Columbus School of Art and Design on a scholarship. He served in the U.S. Army, with a tour of duty in the Mekong Delta of Vietnam from 1964-66. Later he was a member of the Vietnam Veterans Brigade that opposed the war in the Vietnam Veterans March on Washington in 1969. In 1970, he graduated from Middle Tennessee State University in art.

In San Francisco, Larry concentrated on his work as an artist, including residency from 1972 to 1976 at Project One, the experimental artists' commune which drew city-wide attention. His love of the outdoors combined with his art led him into landscape design, and in 1980 he operated his own firm, Art and Nature in the City to provide landscaping services.

In 1982, Larry moved to New York City, where he continued his art studies and landscaping. After being diagnosed with KS in 1983, Larry was actively involved in the Gay Men's Health Crisis. In Sept., 1984, Larry returned to San Francisco to continue treatment and be with friends and loved ones.

He is survived by his lover, Jim Foster; his sister, Patricia, of Pittsburgh; brothers John, of Sonoma; Jim, of Greenland; and Terry, of Pittsburgh; and loving friends Phil Nesta, New York City; Zohn Artmann, San Francisco; and many others.

Private services will be held. Contributions in his memory may be sent to the Lawrence J. Ludwig Fund, Hospice of San Francisco, 225 30th Street, San Francisco, CA 94131.

"Imbued With The Light, The Flower Grows Down The Air of Heaven."

Gregg Smith

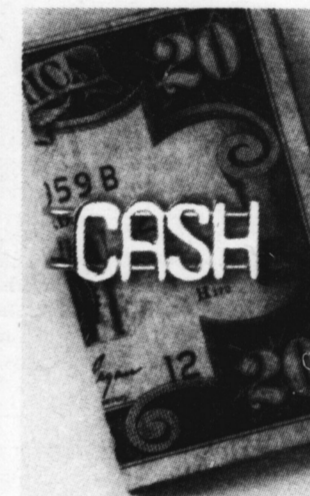
Greg Smith died Dec. 15 after a long battle with his illness. Greg will be missed by his family, friends and acquaintances, but his sense of humor and his gentle and loving spirit will be remembered and live on. Aside from interpreting professionally, a few of his involvements include the Rainbow Deaf Society (RDS) and volunteering at human rights events and activities such as Gay Games I.

In his honor, a fund has been established through NorCRID, the Northern California Registry of Interpreters for the Deaf. Greg, a valued and active member of NorCRID, served in a variety of organizational capacities. The fund is a tribute to his personal involvement and commitment to his profession. The Gregg Smith Memorial Fund will provide financial assistance to Sign Language Interpreters experiencing prolonged illness or medical emergency. Donations may be sent to NorCRID, P.O. Box 3105, Fremont, CA 94539-0310. Checks should be made payable to NorCRID. Please indicate on the check that the donation is to the Gregg Smith Memorial Fund.

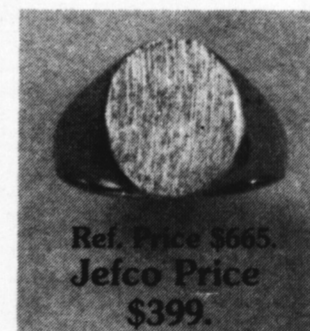
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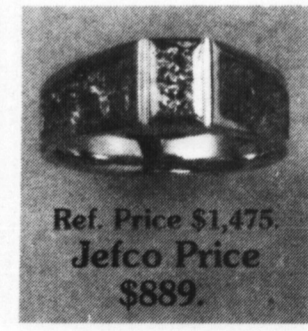


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G BAY AREA REPORTER GREATER BAY NEWS



New Brass. East Bay Demos choose new leaders (from l., standing), Eric Hsu, Alan Collins, Lana Hameister, Bob Kegeles, Tom Brougham, and Mary Ann Brownstein; (kneeling), Peter Kasin, Leland Traiman.

East Bay Lesbian, Gay Demos Elect Officers for 1985

New officers were elected for 1985 at the January meeting of the East Bay Lesbian/Gay Democratic Club. Former political action chair Tom Brougham took over the helm as president, as Armand Boulay, club founder, stepped down after two terms as president of the 2½-year-old political group.

"It will be hard filling Armand's shoes," said Brougham. "But I feel I can give the club the leadership it will need during the next year. This will be a time for us to redefine our goals, continue coalition building, and develop our base of strength in Alameda County."

Club Vice-President Mary Ann Brownstein and Recording Secretary Eric Hsu were re-elected to the same posts. Leland Traiman was elected PAC Chair, Bob Kegeles Finance Chair, Lana Hameister Treasurer, Alan Collins Corresponding Secretary, and Peter

Kasin Public Relations Officer.

Boulay spoke of the short, but busy and successful, history of the club. "We're the only political group in the county that defines itself in terms of its friends, rather than its enemies," he said.

"Armand is one of the main reasons we have those friends," said Vice-President Brownstein. "We would not be where we are today, had it not been for Armand." Brownstein then presented him with the "Swan of Achievement" for all he had done for the East Bay Lesbian and Gay community.

In other action, the club members voted to allocate funds raised for AIDS patients to a special fund set up to provide in-home health attendant care for those unable to qualify for Alameda County assistance.

"The money was to have been used to provide tvs or phones for patients in the AIDS ward at the county hospital," said Jim Chambers of EBARO (East Bay AIDS Resources Organization). "But the opening date of the ward has been postponed for several months, and there is an urgent need right now for in-home attendant care for AIDS patients."

Chambers explained that C.I.L. (Berkeley-based Center for Independent Living) has just received county approval for providing home health care for AIDS patients, but that it will take a while to set up their program. In the meantime, an urgent need exists to provide those services for those in need. EBARO requested that the club allocate its funds for this purpose.

Plans were announced for an Oakland Candidates Forum to be held in February as a joint venture of the Democratic Club and the Oakland Block Organizing Committee. The latter is a recently formed organization of Lesbians in Oakland which seeks to take a more active political role in that city's affairs.

That forum will be the next regularly scheduled meeting of the Democratic Club and will be held at the Claremont Middle School at 7 p.m. on Sunday, Feb. 24. The school is on College Ave., one block north of the Rockridge BART station. The meeting is free and wheelchair accessible. Call 843-2459 for further information.

Farewell, Fat Fairy; No Suspect in Murder

Queen Mother Laid Out in Drag; Royal Courts Send Representatives

by Charles Lineberger

The East Bay lost Robert Wasson, known to his friends as the "Fat Fairy," during a robbery at Cory's Smoke Shop and Adult Books in Oakland on Wednesday, Jan. 23. According to Sergeant McKenna of the Oakland Police Department, the police responded to a report of a shooting with a robbery at Cory's and found Wasson behind the smoke shop's counter with a gunshot wound in his chest. He was taken by ambulance to Providence Hospital where he died of shock and hemorrhage.

McKenna said that Wasson had opened the store at 6 a.m. that morning and was found soon after by a customer, who called police. There are no suspects and apparently no witnesses.

Despite repeated calls the management of Cory's was unavailable for comment.

Elaine Wallace, a neighbor of Wasson's and also a friend of his for the last six years, remembered that when the Alameda County Imperial Empire was being formed, also six years ago, Wasson was involved in the planning committee.

"He was our Robert's Rules of Order," Wallace said. "Fairy was Queen Mother for the first, second and third Imperial Families before he was voted Queen Mother for life a couple of years ago. Bob always wanted to be an empress, and being Queen Mother gave him royalty status. And Bob is going out in style, in drag, with a tiara and gown."

Wasson collected teddy bears, Wallace recalled, and he was in the habit of giving a name and personality to each one. Plans are being made to bury Wasson with his favorite teddy bear, Peepers.

According to Wallace, Wasson had been sick for some time with a bad heart.

"But he was murdered," Wallace said. "He died a very vicious death. There is a natural order in life and this is not the natural order. Fairy should have died in bed surrounded by his friends."

Wallace is grateful to the Gay funeral organization, Lambda, which has been helpful in making the funeral arrangements, which also included Wasson's favorite music, "Memories" and "I Am What I Am" from Le Cage.

The funeral was Tuesday, Jan. 29 at the Mountain View Cemetery Chapel in Oakland.

According to Carmen Serrano, director of the Lambda Funeral Guild in San Francisco — an affiliate of the Neptune Society of Northern California — "Robert Wasson requested that he be laid out in drag. This is how he led his life, and he requested that this same statement be made in his death."

Wallace said that representatives from the Gay court systems in San Francisco, Modesto, Sacramento, Reno, Fresno, Alaska, Vancouver and Portland attended the services. "His people are burying him," says Wallace, "as he was respected



Queen Mother Fat Fairy (Photo: Rink)

for what he was and did, for he spearheaded a multitude of community causes and charities including the Special Olympics, Children's Hospital, help for the poor and the elderly to name a few. He had a big heart. He enjoyed every moment of life, and we always knew his opinions. "Take me as I am" was his request."

Wasson was not a wishy washy person, according to Wallace. She remembers him arguing with someone on the importance of human lives in the present AIDS crisis. She also remembers him saying often that, "You have to take people the way they are, with whatever faults and eccentricities they have, whatever, you take people the way they are."

New Pastor for DVMCC

The formal installation of The Reverend Larry D. Whitsell as pastor of Diablo Valley Metropolitan Community Church will be held on Sunday, Feb. 3 at 10 a.m. at the Church, 2247 Concord Blvd., Concord. Rev. Whitsell was formerly the assistant pastor of Metropolitan Church of Montgomery, Alabama. Rev. Whitsell arrived in Concord in mid-October.

The worship service to be held Feb. 3rd will be both a service of installation for Rev. Whitsell and a celebration of the 6th Anniversary of the local congregation.

OAKLAND

Going Home

NEZ PAS

ELYSIAN FIELDS (An Elegiac Nose)

The knell hath tolled—as it must for us all—for one of the Bay Area's more flamboyant personalities early Wednesday morning, Jan. 23. In a senseless, brutal act, Robert Leon Wasson, aka Fat Fairy, was felled for a few pieces of silver by an unknown assassin.

There are probably as many who agreed with Fairy as there are those who did not, but this kind of tragedy just cannot be tolerated by anyone with an iota of feeling.

As was his desire, he was buried in drag for which he was so well known. He had requested, and it was so, that all of his "daughters" attend the services in "face." A hurried fundraiser was held at the Jubilee last Saturday, and final farewells were bestowed at the Mountain View Funeral Home last Tuesday.

Perhaps the best tribute that I can write is to repeat a portion of Bob's interview from last year:

"I see myself as a jolly, lovable, chubby little queen! I am a Virgo who is outspoken (as we all know) and I say what I feel. I don't hide in the closet. If I have something to say to a person, I'll say it. If I can't say the truth, I won't say anything. I see myself as a legend in my own time. I'm like a little doll who wants to help everyone. I donate to a lot of charities. I enjoy helping people who really need help. I guess you could call me the Florence Nightingale of 1984! People can cry on my shoulder. I know that a lot of people don't trust me. I may be outspoken, but I am honest to a fault. I know I have enemies, but it's because they have misjudged me before they knew me. But the friends I have far outnumber those who aren't my friends. I'm only human, and if I say something wrong and it's pointed out to me, I always apologize."

Au revoir, Fairy, until my own knell.

Nez

Get well wishes go out to Bob Brown and Chris O., both of whom are recovering from not-to-be taken lightly conditions.

An "Oakland aloha" to Orca, who decided to return to her first home in Honolulu. She'll be missed around these here parts, but now many of our "locals" have a "Aikane" to do the islands with.

Ed Paulson and Little Mother are at it again (auctions that is), and this time they're starting at the New Bell in San Francisco, on Sunday, Feb. 12 . . . probably around 3 in the afternoon.

EGADS! It's almost Valentine's Day and I haven't heard hide nor hair regarding A.C.I.E.'s "February Ball." Empress VI had told me that it was going to be absolutely spectacular. I hope it's not a secret, too!

How come I'm always the last to know? It was news to me about Rick and Pee Wee's new roommate—news to them, too, I hear! The landlady put the kybosh on it, thank goodness. I guess some people think a man's home isn't his castle—it's a boarding house.

Isn't today the tomorrow we worried about yesterday? Aren't you smiling? Love,

Nez

Gay Exhibit At Albany Library

Coming "Out of the Closet" is the theme of a traveling library exhibit on Lesbians and Gay men that will be displayed at the Albany Library, 1216 Solano Avenue, Albany from Feb. 15 through March 15. Sponsored by the Pacific Center, a Berkeley-based mental health and social service agency, this exhibit, through the use of books, records and photos provides a vehicle for the works of Gay men and Lesbians and serves to demonstrate that homosexuals are everywhere—in all walks of life.

One of the features of this exhibit is a "comments" journal to allow library visitors to write down their reactions to this exhibit. The value of this book is an outlet for the kinds of feelings that this exhibit brings up. "The comments clearly answer the question of why it is still necessary to have such an exhibit" said Joanie Trussel, Coordinator of Educational Services at the Pacific Center. "There is still a great deal of homophobia out there."

This display will continue traveling through Northern California. For further information contact: Joanie Trussel, Pacific Center, 548-8283.

Gay, Lesbian Youth Group on Peninsula

The Peninsula Gay and Lesbian Youth Group (GLYG) holds a discussion and social meeting for all interested young people every Sunday at 2 p.m. in the Fireside Room of University Lutheran Church, 1600 Stanford Avenue (at Bowdoin) in Palo Alto. Guest speakers and special events are being planned. Call the new GLYG information line at (415) 424-9966 for details, or write GLYG, P.O. Box 60782, Palo Alto, CA 94306.



Can't Win for Losing. While San Francisco celebrated home team win, sister city across the bay was host to . . . gulp . . . the Miami Dolphins. (Photo: Rink)

Valentine's Dance at Stanford Firehouse

The Gay and Lesbian Alliance at Stanford will sponsor a Valentine's Dance Friday, Feb. 15 at 8:30 p.m., in the Old Firehouse on Santa Teresa Street, near Tressider Union on the Stanford campus. Current dance hits will be played, and light refreshments will be available.

A \$2.50 donation will be requested at the door to help cover expenses and to benefit G.L.A.'s social and educational programs. Everyone is welcome (regardless of age, race, gender, sexual orientation or Stanford affiliation).

For more information, call the Stanford Gay and Lesbian Events Tape at (415) 497-1488.

High Court Hopeful At Boalt School

Judge Antonin Scalia, of the U.S. Court of Appeals, District of Columbia, will speak Monday Feb. 4 at 4 p.m. at Boalt Hall School of Law, University of California, Berkeley. His topic: Are judges usurping legislative authority, damaging our Constitutional system of separation of powers and creating a government of judges, by the "standing" doctrine?

The standing doctrine determines who can "get through the courthouse door and have his cause heard," according to event spokesman David Amkraut. "Standing" has immense effects in such areas as civil rights, environmental issues, foreign policy, and affirmative action. It's one of the hottest topics in Constitutional law today, and Judge Scalia has a tremendous reputation as an authority on it," he continued.

Judge Scalia is often mentioned as a potential Supreme Court appointment in the second Reagan term. The controversial judge has blasted the " . . . creation of many new civil liberties, so-called, under the due process clause"; court opinions that are "utterly ignorant of economic realities"; courts' seizure of executive and legislative roles; and racial quotes.

"Judge Scalia is at the center of the current debate over Constitutional interpretation," according to Amkraut. "He has challenged some of the basic premises of decades of U.S. Supreme Court decisions."

Fundraiser to Benefit Lawsuit Challenging Falwell

Sacramento's Lambda Community Fund is sponsoring a fundraiser Feb. 8 at 6 p.m. at the California Almond Grower's Exchange, 1701 C Street. The fundraiser will benefit the Legal Assistance Account of Lambda Community Fund and will be used to pay legal fees in a local lawsuit against the Rev. Jerry Falwell.

Falwell is being sued by local Gay activist Jerry Sloan in an attempt to make Falwell admit that he called for the annihilation of Lesbian and Gay people. Falwell denied making such a statement on a July 1984 "Look Who's Talking" TV show and offered Sloan \$5,000 if he could produce a tape supporting Sloan's allegations. When Sloan produced the tape, Falwell claimed that the tape had been altered.

Sloan filed suit in Sacramento Municipal Court in November 1984 in an effort to force Falwell—under penalty of

perjury—to admit his statements in a court of law.

"It is time for the public to see the Rev. Falwell for what he really is—a religious bigot who will stop at nothing to impose his narrow interpretation of the Bible on all Americans," said Sloan.

A donation, based on a sliding scale of \$5 to \$25, is being asked for the Feb. 8 event, which will include drinks and refreshments. Upon the successful settlement of the suit, Sloan will return the legal fees to the community.

Tax deductible contributions to assist Sloan in his suit may be made to the Lambda Community Fund, P.O. Box 163634, Sacramento, CA 95816.

Lambda Community Fund is a nonprofit public benefit corporation. More information is available from (916) 381-3115.

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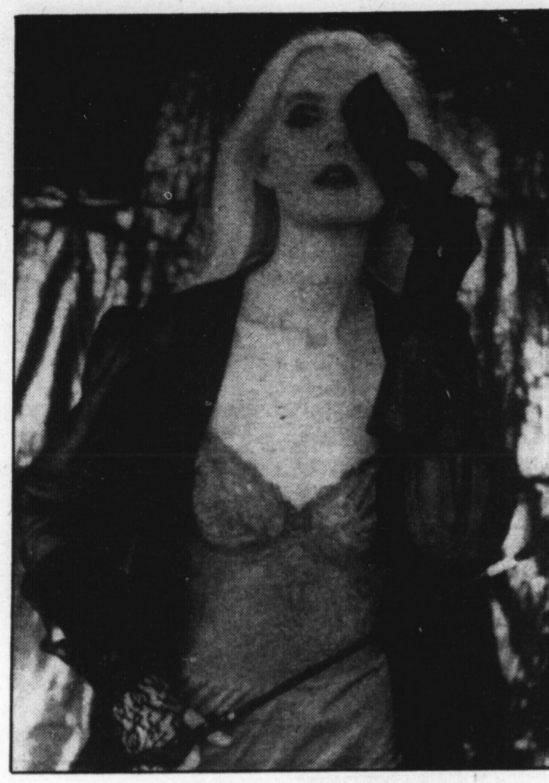
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LUMIERE FINAL 2 WEEKS! WED-SAT-SUN
California at Polk 885-3200 2:15, 4:45, 7:15, 9:45
Discount Parking Holiday Inn Daily at 7:15, 9:45

THIS WEEK



Marlene will perform in a multi-media exhibit this week for the second anniversary of the Film Flash Tape Council.

FRIDAY 1

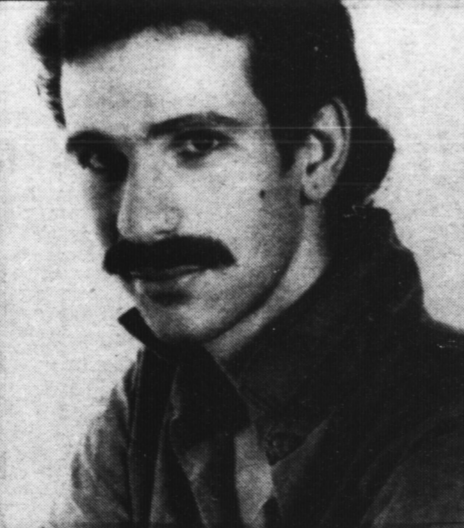
- Marlene:** multi-media, 161 King St., S.F., 6 PM, \$10. Second anniversary for Film Flash Tape Council. Admission includes free food and drinks. Show starts at 6, Marlene performs at 9 PM.
- Mr. Gagne and His Shadow:** stage performance, The Nova Academy, 347 Dolores St., S.F. 8:30 p.m., \$6. A movement play tracing the conflict between an old man, Mr. Gagne, and his alter ego, Maro.
- Women's Drop-in Space:** conversation and caring, 1615 Polk St., upstairs, S.F., 7-9 PM, every Friday.
- Committee to Preserve Our Sexual and Civil Liberties:** meeting, Club Baths, 201 8th St., S.F., 7:30 PM.
- Frances Valesco:** reception, Nathan Hart Gallery, 437 Hayes St., S.F., 5-8 PM. Regular gallery hours: Tuesday through Saturday, 11-6, Thursday until 8 PM.
- Rainbow Ensemble of Santa Cruz:** stage performance, Valencia Rose, 766 Valencia St., S.F., 12 midnight, \$5. Two one-act plays.
- Russia:** stage performance, Theatre Artaud, 450 Florida St., S.F., 8:30 PM, \$8 and \$10. Antenna Theatre returns to the stage with this story of intolerance and self-righteousness.
- Top Girls:** stage performance, Eureka Theatre, 2730 16th St., S.F. 8 PM, \$8 to \$12. An amusing and touching story of a woman's climb to success in a man's world.
- Livin' On Salvation Street:** stage performance, Theatre Rhinoceros Studio, 2926 16th St., S.F., 8:30 PM, \$7. This Southern gothic portrait of three generations of women by Terry Cammon Garner opens the Studio's new season.
- 2 Queens in Search of a Motif:** comedy, Valencia Rose, 766 Valencia St., S.F., 8:30 PM, \$5. Tom Amiano and Doug Holsclaw in new hilarious comedy skits.
- Un Ballo in Maschera:** opera, Gill Theater, University of San Francisco, 2130 Fulton St., S.F., 8 PM, \$6 to \$10 (\$4 to \$8 for students and seniors), tickets available at BASS outlets. Opera Nova presents a new production of the Verdi opera.
- X-posed:** stage performance, People's Theatre Coalition, Fort Mason Bldg., S.F., 8 & 10:30 PM. Sex, sensitivity, female impersonation and songs such as "Clones in Love." For ticket information, call 776-8999.
- Two Prima Donnas in Need of Attention:** cabaret, 1177 Club, 1177 California St., S.F., 8:30 PM, \$8. Stephanie Rhoads-Bickham and Melissa Ann Kising perform. Reservations at 776-2100.
- Tricameron:** stage performance, Gumption Theatre, 1563 Page St., S.F., 8:30 PM, \$7. A two-act battle of split personality and moral confrontation. For reservations, call 653-4733.
- Acupuncture Free Clinic:** for persons with AIDS and their Gay families, The Parsonage, 555A Castro St., S.F., by appointment. Call Mark Denzin, C.A., or Peter Betcher at 567-2315 for information.
- A Name You Never Got:** stage performance, Valencia Rose, 766 Valencia St., S.F., 7:30 PM, \$6.50. Ronda Slater's one-woman show continues.
- Femprov:** comedy, Clementina's Baybrick Inn, 1190 Folsom St., S.F., 6 to 8 PM, free.

SATURDAY 2

- Linda Moakes and Laurie Bushman:** comedy, Baybrick Inn, 1190 Folsom St., S.F., 6-8 PM, no cover.
- Mr. Gagne and His Shadow:** stage performance (see Friday for details).
- Gay and Lesbian Legal Issues and Legal Careers Conference:** Golden Gate University, 536 Mission St., S.F., 9 AM to 5 PM, no charge. Keynote address by Mary C. Dunlap; panel discussions on careers and legal issues for Lesbians and Gays. Sponsored by Bay Area Lawyers for Individual Freedom.
- Pax et Bonum Awards Banquet:** Dignity celebrates its twelfth anniversary by recognizing the contributions to the community of attorney Mary C. Dunlap, Community United Against Violence and others. Information and reservations at 584-1714.
- Beer Bust:** SF Eagle, Harrison and 12th Sts., S.F., 1 PM. Concerned Republicans for Individual Rights hosts this frivolity for Republicans in black leather.
- Benefit for Salvadoran Women:** film and music, Berkeley Community Theatre, 8 PM, \$10-\$12 in advance, \$12-\$20 at the door. Richie Havens headlines a benefit for homeless families in El Salvador. For more information, call 552-5015.
- An Evening of Love and Music:** cabaret, Valencia Rose, 766 Valencia St., S.F., 8 PM, \$5. Chabela and Elliot Pilshaw perform songs of the heart by Lesbians, Gays, Latinos, Jews and others.
- Cable Car Awards:** Japan Center Theatre, Post at Fillmore, S.F., doors open at 7 PM, show starts at 8 PM. The 1985 Cable Car Awards & Show begins a second decade of honoring the finest in the Gay and Lesbian Community.
- Gay Comedy Night:** Valencia Rose, 766 Valencia St., S.F., 10 PM, \$5. Laurie Bushman, Linda Moakes and Monica Palacios headline.
- Rainbow Ensemble of Santa Cruz:** stage performance (see Friday for details).
- Different Spokes:** decide and ride, meet in Golden Gate Park at McLaren Lodge (Stanyan & Fell), 1 PM.
- Russia:** stage performance (see Friday for details).
- Top Girls:** stage performance (see Friday for details).
- Tricameron:** stage performance (see Friday listing for details).
- A Name You Never Got:** stage performance (see Friday listing for details).

SUNDAY 3

- The Bandits:** opera, Pocket Opera Company, Theatre On The Square, 450 Post St., S.F., 7:30 PM. ticket information at 433-9500. Pocket Opera opens its 1985 season with this gem from Offenbach.
- G40+:** meeting, First Unitarian Church, Franklin at Geary, S.F., 2 PM. Activist Randy Stallings speaks on "The Lesbian/Gay Movement in the 80s." For information, call 552-1997.
- Factwino: The Opera:** Don't miss this sneak preview of the complete rise and fall and resurrection of the San Francisco Mime Troupe's *Factwino*. Tonight only at The Farm, Potrero and Army Sts., S.F., 7 PM, \$5. All proceeds go directly toward the Troupe's upcoming tour of Europe.
- San Francisco Hiking Club:** day hike, Sugarloaf Ridge State Park. Meet for carpooling in front of the Eureka Valley Recreation Center (18th & Collingwood), 9:45 AM.
- Different Spokes:** decide and ride, meet at Stanford Shopping Center, El Camino entrance, 10 AM.



Elliot Pilshaw will perform in *An Evening of Love and Music* Saturday at the Valencia Rose.

MONDAY 4

- Mary Watkins, Sapphron Obois & Joy Julks:** music, Baybrick Inn, 1190 Folsom St., S.F., 7-9 PM.
- Elman, Goulder & Eisenberg:** cabaret, Baybrick Inn, 1190 Folsom St., S.F., 9-11 PM.
- Gay Comedy Open Mike:** comedy, Valencia Rose, 766 Valencia St., S.F., 8:30 PM, \$3. Performer sign-up, 7:30 PM.

TUESDAY 5

- The Paranoids:** script reading, Playwright's Center, People's Theatre, Fort Mason Bldg., B, 7:30 PM, \$2. The nuclear family of the late 50s... their fears and how they overcame them.
- Divine:** special appearance at the I-Beam, 1748 Haight St., S.F., doors open at 7:30 PM, show at 9 PM. The ultimate solo artist will take to the stage of the I-Beam to celebrate her new movie, *Lust in the Dust*.
- Game Night at The FOG:** trivial pursuit and monopoly, refreshments and prize, 8 PM. Call 753-6786 for details.
- Different Spokes:** meeting, Park Branch Public Library, 1833 Page St., S.F., 7:30 PM.
- Comeback:** script reading, Noy Valley Ministry, 1021 Sanchez, S.F., 8 PM. Dan Turner and Daniel Curzon collaborate on a new play about a transsexual cabaret singer.
- Bingo:** Pride Center, 890 Hayes St., S.F., \$6, 7:15 PM. Cash prizes.
- Playwriting Workshop:** winter session, 7:30 PM. Conducted by George Birmisa. Call 431-6254 for more information.
- Beginning Square Dancing:** dance, 2140 Market, S.F., 8:15 PM. Learn with the Bay City Ramblers. Call 474-1917 for more information.
- Lady Bianca:** music, Clementina's Baybrick Inn, 1190 Folsom St., S.F., 7 to 9 PM.
- Artists Involved with Death and Survival:** stage performance, The Studio, 2926 16th St., S.F., 8:30 PM, \$7. A collaborative effort of 13 Bay Area Gay and Lesbian artists that delivers new insights into the deepening AIDS crisis.
- Yoga and Meditation Class:** for people with AIDS and their lovers, 10 AM to noon. Call 921-4471 for more information.
- International Folk Dancing:** dance class, Nova Academy, 347 Dolores St., S.F., 7 to 9 PM, \$2. No preregistration necessary. Call 552-8413 for more information.

WEDNESDAY 6

- X-Posed:** stage performance, 8 PM (see Friday for details).
- San Francisco Hiking Club:** meeting, Eureka Valley Recreation Center, 18th & Collingwood, 7:30 PM.
- Top Girls:** stage performance (see Friday for details).

THURSDAY 7

- Audrey Finer:** Baybrick Inn, 1190 Folsom St., S.F., 7-9 PM.
- Mikio and Joseph Taro:** cabaret, Buckley's, 131 Gough St., S.F.
- San Francisco Lesbian/Gay Chorus:** rehearsal, Kassman Piano, 425 Hayes St., S.F., 7:30 PM. For information call 566-6496.
- The God of Ecstasy:** stage performance, Valencia Rose, 766 Valencia St., S.F., 8 PM, \$7 (\$5 unemployed).
- Artists Involved with Death and Survival:** stage performance (see Tuesday listing for details).
- Top Girls:** stage performance (see Friday for details).
- Russia:** stage performance (see Friday for details).
- Debbie Saunders:** music, Baybrick Inn, 1190 Folsom St., S.F., 7-9 PM.
- Stitch-n-Bitch:** arts and crafts night at Great Outdoors. Members \$1, non-members \$3. Call 928-0139 for information.
- An Evening of Chocolate Wizardry:** cooking class, Judith Ets-Hokin Culinary Co., 3525 California St., S.F., 7-10 PM, \$35. The owner of Chocolat demonstrates her favorite recipes and techniques. A benefit for the Committee to Defend Reproductive Rights, registration fee is tax deductible. Information at 547-1193.



Divine will make an appearance at the I-Beam this week to celebrate her new movie, *Lust in the Dust*.

- Lion in Winter:** stage performance, City College Theatre, tonight through Feb. 10. Lee Meriwether returns to her alma mater to launch City College's 50th Anniversary celebration. For ticket information, call 239-3132 or 239-3303.
- X-posed:** stage performance, 8 PM (see Friday for details).
- Two Prima Donnas in Need of Attention:** cabaret (see Friday listing for details).
- Tricameron:** stage performance (see Friday listing for details).
- The God of Ecstasy:** stage performance (see Wednesday listing for details).
- All-Male Strip Show:** Renegade, 1548 Polk St., S.F., 10 PM, no cover.
- Beginners Square Dance:** free introductory classes, YMCA, 220 Golden Gate, S.F., 7:15 PM. Call the Western Star Dancers at 864-6134 for more information.
- Yoga and Meditation Class:** for people with AIDS and their lovers, 7 to 9 PM. Call 921-4471 for more information.
- Couples Group II:** ongoing drop-in support group for persons with AIDS and their lovers, Pride Center, 890 Hayes St., S.F., 7 to 9 PM. Call 821-8830 or 558-9644 for more information.

The Bay Area Reporter welcomes organizations, businesses, and individuals to submit items for its weekly calendar. Placement in the calendar is free and the sole responsibility of the editors. Deadline: 5 PM on Thursdays. This week compiled by Ray O'Loughlin.

X-POSED

NEED A VALENTINE!
Open your Heart to the Shanti Project Benefit performance Wed., Feb. 13th; 8PM. All Proceeds to Shanti. Admission \$10 + a Valentine Card or canned food donation.

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BAY AREA REPORTER ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

STAGE

On (and Off-) Broadway

Critics Just Wanna Have Fun

by Steve Warren

With off-Broadway costing as much as Broadway did a few years ago, and the price of Broadway show tickets rivaling that of college tuition, the pressure in choosing a show is intense. This is as true for New Yorkers, who rarely go to the theater, as for tourists, who just want to be able to say they've seen something.

For critics, who don't pay for their tickets when they can help it, the selection process is different, if no less difficult. We must consider our readers' interests as well as our own, eliminate shows we've already seen or will soon be seeing on tour—despite the longing for a seventh look at A Chorus Line—and cram as much of what's left into the visit at hand.

In the end I saw four musicals, one of which will be covered in a separate article, and two comedies, which seemed about right for four long, hectic days that included meetings of the American Theatre Critics Association.

The weekend increased my admiration for Stephen Sondheim and Stockard Channing, left me disappointed in Harold Prince, and convinced me some shows are worth any price you have to pay to see them.

SUNDAY IN THE PARK WITH GEORGE

Artists are so crazy, artists are so peculiar . . . Artists are bizarre, fixed, cold . . .

God knows I've loved enough artists—not to mention those I've known as friends and associates—to agree with those Sondheim lyrics from *Sunday in the Park with George*; and any of the artists I've known could turn the words around to apply to writers.

The subject of Broadway's only new musical hit of 1984 is Georges Seurat, the painter of a century ago who pioneered pointillism, in which tiny dots combine in the viewer's eye instead of on the canvas to form various colors. As portrayed in the show, Seurat is so absorbed in himself and his work he even chooses a mistress named Dot, and she means as much to him as any dot on his paintings. She finally leaves him: "George has George, and I need someone."

In the second act the grand-

son of George and Dot has become a contemporary artist, carrying on Seurat's obsession with "color and light" through huge machines that produce light shows. While his grandfather kept people at paintbrush's length, the modern George has eliminated them altogether from his art—except as patrons: "Every time I start to feel defensive, I remember lasers are expensive." Getting in touch with his roots leaves George ready to attempt a more personal form of expression at the final curtain.

Sondheim and his collaborator, writer-director James Lapine, are obviously writing about themselves in the first and better act: "I'm trying to get through to something new, something that is my own." They are unsparing in dissecting an artist's nature and succeed brilliantly, touching our emotions through staging that is largely mechanical and requires the actors to play statues much of the time.

Act two is less successful



Jim Dale (l.) and Stockard Channing in *Joe Egg*.

because the creators take themselves too seriously while satirizing the art (and theater) world in general.

I was fortunate to see the original *Dot/Marie, Bernadette Peters*, who is as wonderful in the roles as she reportedly has always been. Understudy Cris Groenendaal was a worthy replacement for the current George, Robert Westenberg. Barbara Bryne, also from the original cast, was easily the best of the supporting players.

"There are only two worthwhile things you can leave behind when you depart this earth," says Seurat's daughter/George's grandmother: "Children and art." Perhaps that explains why there are so many Gays in the arts.

PACIFIC OVERTURES

It's fashionable for critics, even if they never saw the original production of Sondheim's *Pacific Overtures*, to put it down while praising the

new off-Broadway revival. I for one enjoyed the 1976 version. I don't mind a musical being big if there's some substance at the core of it, or if its subject justifies its scope. Both are true of this show, and at least one is true of most Broadway musicals other than *Cats*.

Since 1976 I've listened to the original cast album dozens of times, perhaps more than any in my collection. Still, I wasn't prepared for the delights of this new version, which pushed the show a few notches higher on my list of favorite musicals.

If *Pacific Overtures* is ever filmed, it won't be by Columbia Pictures. The subject is what is known in liberal circles as "Coca-Colanization." Specifically, it shows how Commodore Perry in 1853 defied the Japanese law forbidding foreigners to set foot on the island nation, forcing Japan to accept his "reasonable and pacific overtures" to establish international trade. The finale shows how the Jap-

anese eventually beat the invaders at their own game.

Of Gay interest is a scene in which the Shogun would rather play with his male "companion" than listen to his mother, and a scene of male bonding that amounts to a love duet between two friends who will later fight to the death after one becomes westernized while the other clings to tradition. There's also the Kabuki-style use of an all-male cast, with the resulting drag numbers ranging from tender to campy.

Many in the cast appear quite young for a major New York show, and several are very attractive. Ernest Abuba, as the "Reciter," looks like a bus-and-truck version of Yul Brynner.

As Sondheim's score makes Japanese sounds palatable to western ears, so Harold Prince's original staging and Fran Soeder's downscaling of it make us accept oriental theatrical

(Continued on next page)

Rainbow Ensemble

Two One-Acts From Santa Cruz

by Adele Prandini

Gilbert Morteno is a happy man. He's happy because the theater company he co-founded with Gail Thornton is about to open its second season. The Rainbow Ensemble for the Performing Arts is based in Santa Cruz, and this year is opening its season with two plays by local playwrights. The first, *Happy Hour Four to One*, was written by David Russ and Randy Clark. This play is a short piece set in a bar. Bill, the openly Gay character, is unexpectedly joined by his ex-lover and the ex-lover's new girlfriend. Soon a woman friend of the girlfriend joins the group, and the complications begin. The authors assure me this play's a comedy, with venomous dialogue and humor which explodes like cannon fire.

The second play, *Out of Bounds*, was written by Mariah Burton Nelsen and premiered at the National Festival of Women's Theater in Santa Cruz this summer. Nelsen describes the play as being about the "spirituality of sports." Included in this concept is the paradox of injury. "We think of athletes as being prime examples of health, but in fact they incur

more injuries than the rest of us," Nelsen said. Living with a swimmer, I too can attest to that fact. Another issue confronting the athlete is the emotional upheaval brought on my winning or losing. Interestingly, a triumph becomes a loss as the feelings of victory fade and one is confronted with the next challenge. Such is the material Nelsen has fashioned into a play. Complicating matters further is the fact that the two young athletes are also dealing with their emerging sexuality in a field where homophobia is the norm.

Both of these one-acts have been energetically received in Santa Cruz, and Rainbow is hoping for a similar reception here at the Valencia Rose. The plays run through Feb. 9. Remember, these are midnight shows on Friday and Saturday nights.

STAGE

Philadelphians Show Their Stuff

by Ronnette

This is the truth: at 7:40 a.m. on Jan. 22, as I was on my way to my job over in the good neighborhood, a seagull took a not oblique dump on my head. That I was clothed from

head to toe did not mitigate the fact that this excretion—commonly called guano and even more commonly called birdshit—was audible, palpable, and smellable. I looked

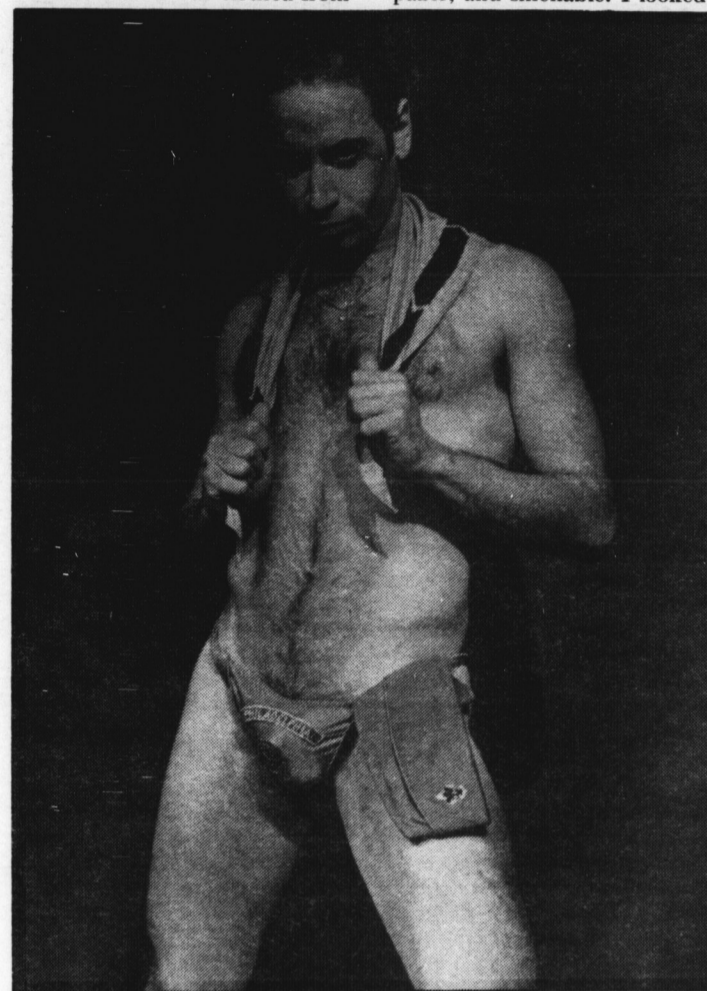
up expecting, I suppose, not the gull but the Holy Ghost signalling from the sky that He agreed with my self-evaluation that morning.

What I'm trying to say is that I don't have to tell you (singular) who have written to the *Bay Area Reporter* and you (plural) who have asked me personally why Ronnette has retired. What is there to laugh at? Ronald Reagan? AIDS? Dan White? Fees from heaven? Are you laughing? Neither is Ronnette.

I am, therefore, happy to report that a new show over at Fort Mason's People's Theater Coalition, imported from Philadelphia and called *X-Posed*, shook the Ronnette right back into me. It scared the syntax out of the straight male reviewer in Philly, who wrote that "X-Posed" is a musical about homosexual males that seeks a larger audience. "This poor reviewer, obviously exposed to the Planet Mary for the first time, wrote, 'The lyrics, when they are not concerned with sexual matters, are appropriate and often witty.'"

My dear, when the lyrics are concerned about sexual matters they are delicious. I'll bet it was the song "Eclipse" that did him in. Composer and lyricist Dan Martin here etches an atmosphere of blatant sexuality ("Don't give me no sass/Stick it up my ass"), blatant narcissism ("Don't get me wrong/you're gon-/Na satisfy me if I have to keep you up all night/Long") and driven sex. The eclipsed moon sees

(Continued on next page)



Juda performs "Lend a Helping Hand" in *X-posed*. (Photo: M. Biello)

Turned Sideways It Disappears

by John F. Karr

Anemia is hardly a synonym for lightweight, but tell that to people who laugh when the laughtrack cues them. If you like television, you'll probably enjoy the Lorraine Hansberry Theatre's production of *Livin' Fat* immensely. The opening-night audience had a swell time. I looked forward to the announced comedy, which the theater nearly owed its audience after a string of serious plays, even if they were excellently produced. As far as I'm concerned—a minority of one amidst a laughing audience—they still owe us that comedy.

Livin' Fat won the Norman Lear Comedy Writing Award and author Judi Mason has contributed scripts to the *Happy Days* series. So much for credentials. Let's talk simple things, like can you believe this in any way?

In *Livin' Fat*, a Black janitor finds \$50,000 accidentally dropped into his rag pile during a robbery of the bank he cleans. During the play his family decides he can keep the money because the bank will presume the thieves have it.

Do you think a bank would get suspicious if a janitor quit the day after a robbery to go on a cash-only spending spree? Maybe the Black audience needs escapist fare more than this honky critic knows. I don't watch TV, but I'm not from Mars. The FBI would present its calling card quickly.

So, skip the fact that after the first five minutes this play about your "typical poor Black family" bears no resemblance to

anyone on earth. What happens? All these types—feisty grandma, jive ass neighbor, Father Knows Best—talk about something or other all evening, and make some funny jokes, but never for a moment bring up an issue that would confront real people and just maybe provide a spine for this supposed sit-com in which the real situation is that there's no comedy.

There is a touching scene near the end during which they become sympathetically real people while quietly dreaming how the money will change their lives. Then there's a weird ending which everyone found hysterically funny, in which the money is accidentally destroyed.

A cop-out I expected, but not one so tragic for a play which had spent an evening resolutely turning away from the unavoidably tragic implications of any touch of reality.

Well acted, handsomely mounted, and exuberantly directed by Walter Dallas (although the frame of making it an actual sit-com being taped before a studio audience was not carried through during scene changes) I guess there may be little "cross-over" validity here. In a cop-out ending for a review, the best I can do is repeat that the mostly-Black audience loved it. Perhaps they were simply relieved to be presented with a comedy. *Livin' Fat* is thin fare, a cliché statement that's ponderously philosophical when compared to its subject.

Livin' Fat
Lorraine Hansberry Theatre
Through Feb. 24; 474-8842

Whatever Happened to Baby Blue?

by Steve Warren

Despite living in the South for 14 years, I've never understood how the region gave rise to the peculiar form of black humor known as Southern Gothic. I'm pleased to report, however, that Theatre Rhinoceros is producing the first full-length play by an exponent of the genre, Terry Cammon Garner, who may one day rank with Flannery O'Connor and the others at the top.

Livin' on Salvation Street is about growing up Gay in the South, in the 50s when Gay was still an inclusive word. Wilma isn't quite a woman yet, but she's too old to be a tomboy. Even her grandmother is aware that "She'll likely never marry."

Granny Blue was once Baby Blue and the Blue Boys, those semi-famous gospel singers. A bad marriage killed her career and gave birth to Wilma's mother, Betty Lou, who is now 40ish and unfulfilled by her job as a tour guide in the local caves (vaginal symbol). Though her mother is intolerant of rock-and-roll, Betty Lou worships Elvis: "I'd sooner see the gates of Graceland than the Eiffel Tower."

Into this matriarchal setting where "everything . . . is either broken or misplaced," Wilma brings her only friend, Clyde, who was orphaned in a murder-suicide and is probably the nelliest boy in Kentucky. The Gay friends share how they plan, one to cope and one to escape.

The performances go beyond

being good "for Gay theater." I'd have to meet Brian Thorsen offstage to know whether he's perfectly cast or one of the best actors I've seen in a long time, but he lives the part of Clyde. Jean Mulis is convincingly youthful as Wilma and gets her Lesbianism across without resorting to stereotype.

Jane McFagan captures Granny's many moods, from vegetating in front of a broken TV to having her dreams reawakened in her granddaughter, while retaining the ability to hurl a zinger in any mood. Ann Block's Betty Lou is a bit off-center, like one of the B-52's playing Aurora in *Terms of Endearment*. Perhaps she's compensating for having the least interesting role.

Livin' on Salvation Street is a bit heavy on exposition, especially in the beginning when we don't yet care enough about the characters to want to know their histories. The play isn't long enough to stand much cutting, but perhaps some incident could be inserted to move things along.

That caveat aside, I predict big things for Terry Cammon Garner. Fans of Rita Mae Brown will want to check her out.

Livin' on Salvation Street
The Studio at Theatre Rhinoceros
thru Feb. 17; 861-5079

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BACK TO BATON

A Kind of Tune

PHILIP CAMPBELL

Berkeley composer Andrew Imbrie's name may be better known than his music—a common fate of many modern writers. Respected by colleagues and discussed or performed in academic surroundings, they rarely find their work reaching wider audiences in public concert halls. The reason for this neglect is almost always monetary. It's difficult to attract crowds to unknown compositions while ticket prices remain necessarily high. Government subsidies hardly appear forthcoming, but private institutions can and sometimes do afford living artists the opportunity to hear their music performed professionally.

In this respect, Imbrie has been luckier than most. He has found a true champion in the San Francisco Symphony. Two symphonies have already premiered here, and the Symphony commissioned Imbrie to write a major choral work last year. The fruit of that contract was tasted last week when Requiem for orchestra, chorus, and soprano soloist was given its first

performances.

Somewhat distant from any recent musical trends, Imbrie's music is individual and intellectual. His personal emotionalism is apparent, however, and the clearly heart-felt grief of the Requiem serves as a moving testament to the love he felt for his son John, to whom the piece is dedicated.

Traditional in temperament and iconoclastic in technique, Imbrie has set the basic Latin texts and several suitable poems with an alternating mixture of rage and genuine pathos. The surprisingly short composition begins and ends with a mood of dreamy mysticism that brings to mind the music of avant-gardist György Ligeti, but this is "space" music from a much more human viewpoint. The overall feeling speaks of acceptance, but there are many passionately angry outbursts (usually from the chorus) and there is some marvellously varied writing for the soprano soloist.

It is the soprano who is given the William Blake poem, "To

the Evening Star," which stands as the central intention of the Requiem. Imbrie's late son was also fair, and the composer admits choosing Blake's anthem for its particular relevance. Jane Bryden sang with obvious involvement, but one kept wishing for a richer tone. She may well have been chosen for the "reedy" dry quality of her voice, which matches well with the spare orchestral writing. Still, I couldn't help but imagine how this emphatic music might have sounded with a voice like Yvonne Minton's singing it. Bryden was, in all respects, satisfactory, however, and her soaring flight during the work's conclusion was not only expected, but thrilling.

The Symphony Chorus managed the truly beautiful passages given them with precision and wonderfully restrained power. They articulated the texts perfectly, with a luminous quality of tone that still haunts my memory.

Maestro Edo de Waart consistently proves himself so sympathetic to new music, I wonder at his not working at it full time. I sincerely hope his successor will devote as much energy to the modern repertoire.

The Orchestra rose to the inspiring leadership of de Waart with playing that couldn't be bettered. The diamond-hard

brilliance of the strings made a perfect foil for the spare exclamations by the brass and, when the orchestral portions of the score are dwarfed by the singing, the players made an eloquent contribution.

Audience response was polite and measured, which is understandable, perhaps. Requiems are not generally festive, but Imbrie's cry to heaven is full of drama and tenderness. I was moved and excited.

My only real criticism is of the very short duration of the piece. One is scarcely allowed breathing space while emotions shift and collide. Imbrie's brevity and turning away from unnecessary ornamentation give his Requiem a great deal of power, but do not provide opportunity for reflection. Interestingly enough, I have been enjoying my recollection of the performance as much as my reaction while listening.

The Symphony gave a week-long salute to Andrew Imbrie, often called the Dean of Bay Area composers. The crowning moment for the respected senior certainly came with the excellent rendition of the Requiem. That he could write such a piece while still maintaining a full schedule as an established educator and member of the Symphony's Board of Governors, reveals an awesome energy.

The evening included a

reading of Piano Concerto No. 1 by Brahms. The pianist was Vladimir Ashkenazy, and the outcome was disappointing. Ashkenazy gave a creditable performance in the grand manner, but the orchestra sounded muddy, and its playing didn't match the pianist's viewpoint. The audience responded enthusiastically, as if relieved to applaud something immediately understandable.

A poem by George Herbert that Andrew Imbrie used in the Requiem titled "Prayer" speaks of "A Kind of Tune, which all things hear and fear." Brahms had the inspiration to create music of enduring profundity, and Imbrie found that kind of genius for his Requiem in memory of his son. It's a kind of tune that strikes resonant chords within all of us. This was a rich evening at the Symphony.

NEXT WEEK AT THE SYMPHONY

The annual Mostly Mozart Festival opens Tuesday, Feb. 5 at 8:30 p.m. with a hilarious visit from Professor Peter Schickele in his role as "semi-conductor" with piano, foremost interpreter of the dubious achievements of P.D.Q. Bach. Always a surefire hoot, if you've never seen Schickele before, skip the Ballet Trocadero this year and spend some time at Davies Hall.

RONNETTTE

(Continued from previous page)

a bar of booze and men
a sky of stars and men
a street of jeans on men
a smell of sweat on men
a bulge of lust on men
a face of lust on men

And on and on, a driven pedal-point of lust around the word "men."

The locale of X-Posed is the "New York Big Apple Theater and Live Male Showcase," the sort of place where sex is parlayed in \$5 bills stuffed in the G-strings of luminous 20-year-old Latinas. The three characters are: owner and announcer Sid, gaudily glittering with five chains of gold, an open shirt and hairy chest, and what looked like rhinestone cockrings around his boot heels; Mo, the bitching, bewitching drag queen who once loved him; and Juda, one of the "dancers" who, in Sid's words, "has been with us for three long weeks."

X-Posed does not tell a linear story. There is very little spoken dialogue and what there is is rhythmic and exaggerated, like *singspiel*. What X-Posed does is create an atmosphere, delineate character, and anatomize a part of Gay life that has previously been the territory of novelists like John Rechy, not the musical stage. It is an updating of Berlin cabaret theater of the 1930s, and the double metaphor of stylized stage form and Big Apple Theater stage show makes the audience both the omniscient voyeur who sees the characters without make-up in the dressing room and the specific voyeur, watching them show skin.

The opening tableau/overture presents the audience with the handsome, bare-chested piano player stage left, the leather-vested, bare-assed Juda hands against the wall and pants around his ankles, and the willowy drag queen, her pink boa the solitary garment on a clothes tree. On opening night a serendipitous rip in Juda's pants produced a fourth starring character, his penis, dangling daringly, and I for one hope they keep it in—I mean, out—well, you know what I mean. X-Posed starts moving around the middle of the first act with the song "Johnny Hardon," Juda's celebration of the great porn star—who, contrary to rumor, is alive in Italy and modelling

tailored men's clothes for Uomo—in a hybrid musical style of jazz/rap/patter that is the mark of the best in this show.

Johnny Hardon is my hero
He's a big stud
With a big pud

But the play really started singing with electricity at the first act finale. Picking up painted mannequin heads on sticks like maracas, Mo starts the trio "Clones in Love":

I want a blond-haired,
blue-eyed white-skinned man
Blond hair, moustache,
hint of tan
A brown-haired, blue-eyed
white-skinned man
Brown hair, moustache,
hint of tan

A blond-haired, brown-eyed
white-skinned man
Brown hair, moustache,
hint of tan
A brown-haired, brown-eyed
white-skinned man

"Oh," Mo screams. "There are so many possibilities." Ronnetttte began screaming as Mo began his list of their life together:

We would be so happy
Work at the same restaurants
We would wait on tables
We would split our tips

And just about everybody screamed when the cast did the samba to the mad syncopation of

Clones
Clones in
Clones in love
Clones in love with
Clones in love with
Clones!
Clones
Clones in
Clones in love!

X-Posed is an exciting and unique show. The performers are strong, especially John Holland, who pulls off Mo with comedy, conviction, and flair. Tory Alexander is a wonderfully sleazy Sid, and Joe Di Stanislao has the body and affects the narcissism of a credible Juda. The opening night stage was too deep and too clean. This sort of cabaret theater should be right in the audience's lap. The apples painted on the wall are lovely, but out here in California pictures of apples make folks think of computers.

R. Bluestein

X-Posed
People's Theater Coalition
Through March 5; 776-8999

TALES OF TESSI TURA

Muddling Through Mozart

GEORGE HEYMONT

The practice of one's art is a tricky business. Often, what seems effortless to the untrained eye and ear is the result of many years of nerve-wracking study. What may look like the most casually graceful movement is indeed a carefully executed maneuver. What might sound like the most inspired rendition of an aria has, in fact, been rehearsed so many times that the music can almost be performed on automatic pilot—thus giving audiences a magnificently deceptive sense of an artist's personal involvement and spontaneity.

Most singers will readily confess that one of the biggest hazards in performing Mozart's music is his deadly combination of simplicity and exposure. Whereas, to the audience, many arias represent pleasantly familiar tunes, to the soloist they are like spine-tingling slalom courses laden with death-defying leaps, hidden sand traps, and terrifying hurdles. The problem is simple: once you've begun the aria, there is no way out. Thus, singers who tackle this composer's "Greatest hits" eagerly anticipate the challenge of perfecting their phrasing, diction, and style while nevertheless keeping in mind that the streamlined orchestrations supporting them will quickly betray any personal weaknesses to reveal the slightest flaw in their vocal line.

BLUFFING IN LEATHER

Many a scholarly treatise has been written about Don Juan's philandering sexuality. While some theorists portray the Spanish seducer as the ultimate macho man—an eternally horny creature whose stiff cock knows no conscience—others describe the Don as a dud stud, a sexually-fixated jerk whose fearsome libido forces him to talk a big game in order to cover up the fact that he's a failure in the sack. How many Gay men spend years of their lives chasing dick without deriving much satisfaction from—or giving much pleasure to—their various partners? It could be that Don Juan is one of those annoying cockteasers for whom the lure of a sexual conquest is more intoxicating than its reality. Or, perhaps, our fearless hero may be nothing more than a compulsive fuckaholic who should be working Ringold Alley.

All theorizing aside, the sad truth of the matter is that this year's Don Giovanni was supremely bored with the chase, with Mozart's opera, and with his evening's work. While, like many other hot men, Wolfgang Brendel may look stunning in leather, his Don Giovanni exuded much more ennui than elan. His performance was peculiarly pedestrian, evincing little in the way of libidinous panache. For all his personal involvement in the role, he could have been

packing bags at Safeway. And although, as Leporello, Enrico Fissore worked hard to counter Brendel's lack of artistic involvement or concern about a lifestyle based on coitus interruptus, his portrayal did little to create any spark or dramatic tension in the proceedings.

You know something's wrong with a performance of Don Giovanni when the two male leads don't turn you on, the two leading ladies are hardly up to snuff, and the conductor is slower than shit. While I have tremendous respect for Pilar Lorengar as an artist, her labored vocal delivery and matronly stage presence indicate that the time has come for the Spanish Soprano to stop singing the role of Donna Elvira. Indeed, were she not one of Terry McEwen's pals from his tenure at London Records, I wonder how easily she would have been cast in this production. Rebecca Cook's Donna Anna showed great promise—particularly in the "Non Mi Dir" aria—but has a long way to go before this talented young soprano can be hailed as a mature Mozart stylist. Mezzo-soprano Margarita Zimmermann's Zerlina totally captured the dumb gullibility of a country bumpkin but, alas, her voice was so heavy it destroyed many of the evening's vocal balances.

The best work came from Jacob Will's Jean, butch, and well-sung Masetto, Matti Salmi's stolid Commendatore, and Keith Lewis' exquisitely delivered Don Ottavio—a supremely moving demonstration of style and musicianship if ever there was one. With some effectively simple modifications to the lighting and placement of Toni Businger's metallic fences, much of the original production was restaged by John Copley. Although the final scenes, in particular, were infinitely more theatrical, the overall effect—in large part due to Myung-Whun Chung's sluggish conducting and the severe imbalances in McEwen's casting—left one with a sense of rampant mediocrity overwhelming the true magic of Mozart's music.

A TOUCH OF GLITZ

Meanwhile, back in Lincoln Center, the New York City Opera scored strongly with a revival of *The Magic Flute* conducted by Scott Bergeson and directed by Jay Lesenger. I had not experienced Beni Montresor's pastel-soaked sets and costumes in some years and, to be honest, I was quite taken with their rainbow-drenched richness of charms.

One of my personal reasons for attending this performance was to catch Kaaren Herr Erickson's Pamina. This soprano—who is familiar to Bay Area audiences from her many local appearances with both Pocket Opera and the San Francisco

Opera—continues to develop as a fairly solid lyric talent. If some of her former sweetness of sound and persona seem to have dissipated, I would chalk it up to the fact that she is now singing in much larger houses, over much larger orchestras, and facing up to a more steady onslaught of professional demands. How well her career will continue to grow remains to be seen.

Just a few months prior to this performance of *The Magic Flute*, I had seen several of the other cast members singing their roles with opera companies elsewhere around the United States. Stephen Dickson's Papageno was effectively sung and, as usual, the baritone offered an appealing portrayal of Mozart's birdman. Sally Wolf's reliable Queen of the Night was on target and on pitch—if not the most evil bitch on wheels. Now, will someone please tell me why Joan Collins can't sing a high F?

Jon Garrison's Tamino was plaintively sung, although his work was quickly outclassed by young Stephen Dupont's Sarastro. As the evil Monostatos, John Lankston was pure, unadulterated ham. Carol Sparrow's Papagena was an animated joy. So were, most surprisingly, the three ladies (Sheryl Woods, Cynthia Rose, and Joyce Castell). At the end of the evening, the audience gave one of the most genuinely hearty ovations for *The Magic Flute* to be heard in years and, if I may say so, the well-balanced cast had earned every bit of applause.

"I need a man!" Donna Anna (Rebecca Cook) echoes the cry of many in the audience during Mozart's Don Giovanni.

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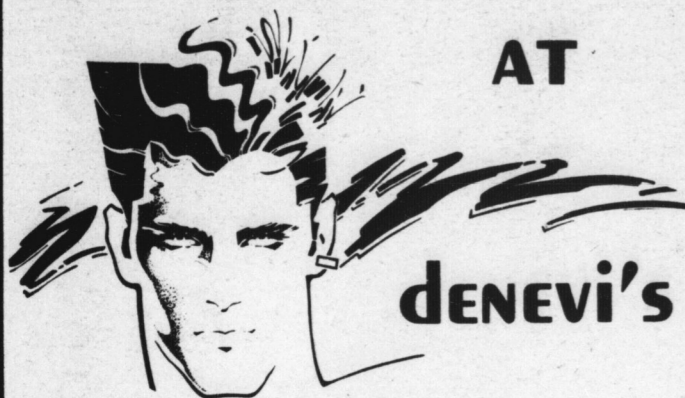
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On (and Off) Broadway

(Continued from page 20)

styles that might be too much in their original form.

It shouldn't have come as a surprise that *Pacific Overtures* can be made to fit any house, but now that the secret's out, let's see more of this marvelous musical.

DIAMONDS

Perhaps Harold Prince should stick to the big shows. *Diamonds*, his cabaret for baseball fans, falls flat despite some excellent performers and a glorious physical production with atmospheric design by Tony Straiges.

The main problem is poor material, but how many good songs and funny sketches about baseball are there? Even that may be a moot point when one of the evening's major duets is a recreation of Abbott and Costello's classic "Who's on First?" routine. The comedy highlight is a film of an old interview with Casey Stengel about Mets fans, including how the team salutes them by walking effeminately.

Homophobia rears its head at least twice—once when little league parents jeer someone else's child as a "... prissy, mincing little fairy... Fruit!"; and as a completely irrelevant part of a filmed routine by New York sportscaster Warner Wolf.

Loni Ackerman, a former *Evita*, has only one solo, "Song for a Hunter College Graduate," about a cultured woman who talks dirty when excited by a baseball game: "Of course you dropped the ball, you had your hand on your dick!" It's a funny song, and would be more so if all the lyrics could be understood.

Jackee Harry, featured in *The Cotton Club*, has two good numbers. "Stay in Your Own Back Yard" puts blacks in perspective in baseball history, and "He Threw Out the Ball" begins as a spoof of gospel music but unfortunately gets serious as it goes along. Larry Riley (*A Soldier's Play/Story*) closes the first act with "1919," a fine folk treatment of an old baseball scandal.

Hunky Scott Holmes has a great serious monologue which some actors will want for an audition piece, but his musical spotlight, "What You'd Call a Dream," has a soft-rock sound that went out a decade ago. The show's token hard rock number is an offensively inept spoof.

There are some cheap but solid laughs in John Lahr's vaudeville sketch of a baseball player on the shrink's couch: "I've tried switch hitting. It left me vulnerable to a high, hard one... I've been going both ways since I was seven. It's the best thing my father ever taught me."

For every good item in *Diamonds* there are three mediocre or bad ones. I don't know about baseball, but a .250 average is piss poor in a musical revue. Too bad, since a show like *Diamonds* should be franchiseable in every major league city, as a compromise for sports fans to take their mates to after a day in front of the tube. A show like it, yes, but the Saturday night full house I saw *Diamonds* with let this show go by like a bad pitch.

JOE EGG

Also known as *A Day in the Death of Joe Egg*, Peter Nichols' block comedy *Joe Egg* is the missing link between *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* and *The Elephant Man*. Like the former, it



The team in *Diamonds*.

features a husband and wife who have learned to deal with tragedy through defensive humor. The tragedy is their 12-year-old "vegetable" of a spastic child who, like *The Elephant Man*, appears on stage and makes us love her.

Not having seen the play for several years, I had remembered the dark humor and forgotten how serious a work it is at heart. Either way, the new Roundabout Theatre Company production, with Jim Dale and Stockard Channing in the leads, could hardly miss. Dale clowns his way through an overture of sorts, followed by a long scene in which he and Channing establish their characters, Bri and Sheila. The chemistry between them is so perfect we could believe they were married if they didn't seem to love each other so much.

After the introduction of their daughter, the play becomes seriously funny as the stars go through their routines about the girl's history. They act out silly scenes using us as an audience—which is fair if you think about it.

We learn that the joking is for Bri's sake, his way of both escaping and getting attention. Sheila goes along with it for his sake, but inwardly believes their child will get better someday.

The second act introduces Bri's mother and a bourgeois couple who have adopted Bri and Sheila as their latest project. It also brings up the question of euthanasia, and ends unhappily in an unexpected way which the stars' skill keeps from seeming too left-field and makes all the more touching.

Overall, Dale and the play are quite good, Channing occasionally extraordinary.

THE FOREIGNER

The Foreigner is an off-Broadway comedy so unsophisticated I was surprised to find a New York audience so genuinely responsive to this hour and a half of silly time. I frequently felt like I was back in one of the Atlanta dinner theaters actor-playwright Larry Shue has conveniently eliminated from his biography.

Too gentle for true farce, *The Foreigner* might be classified as humane burlesque. Its blatant politics make the San Francisco Mime Troupe look subtle by

comparison, but its message of love works on many levels. As one of the villains is a minister, the play illustrates the difference between professing and practicing Christianity.

The absurd situation finds a shy Englishman vacationing from the dying wife who has made him 23 times a cuckold. The other people in the remote Georgia lodge are told he doesn't speak English. Within ten minutes he knows everyone's secrets: that the minister got his fiancée pregnant so she'd have to marry him right away; that he plans to use her money to buy the lodge, which has been condemned by his cohort to bring the price down, and turn it into Klan headquarters; and that he's been making her retarded brother look incompetent to keep him from getting half of the family inheritance.

Maybe I haven't made it sound quite as stupid as it plays, but it's the kind of plot that can only be justified by some really extreme hilarity. While the play never quite reached that level for me—or sustained it long enough in any case—much of the audience was eating it up, and I certainly didn't hate it.

If the leading role seems tailored for Robin Williams, it's handled well enough by Anthony Heald. Having to maintain our sympathy while winning over the other characters, and to handle all the *shuck* without going too far beyond the limits of the suspension of our disbelief, Heald achieves enviable success in his unenviable task.

Shue leaves him center stage, but provides extremely strong support. Robert Schenkkan as the minister and Kevin Geer as the halfwit are the best of the remaining cast.

The Foreigner is definitely in tune with America's current positive mood, and if it can make it in New York it can make it anywhere.

Other current Broadway shows I can recommend from past experience are *A Chorus Line*, *Brighton Beach Memoirs*, 42nd Street, *La Cage aux Folles* (despite a weak book), *Noises Off*, *The Real Thing*, *Torch Song Trilogy*, and *Yul Brynner's latest "farewell production" of The King and I*.

S. Warren

FILM CLIPS

The Falcon and the Snowman

Traitor Places

Based on the true story of a coke dealer and a seminary school dropout who sold CIA secrets to the Russians for revenge, for money, and for naive motives, *The Falcon and the Snowman* generates a lot of in-the-gut tension but little for-the-mind explanation.

Directed by John Schlesinger (*Sunday, Bloody Sunday*), it's a film that may grab your complete attention because it is a well-made picture, but when you start seeking answers to much of the unexplained details and motivations, you are left with a movie whose whole does not equal the sum of its both excellent and inferior parts.

Just what compels Christopher Boyce (Timothy Hutton) to steal secrets from his top-secret security position at a company that monitors intelligence around the world for the CIA is never clear, except for a too-late confession at the end of the film. Just how he came to get the communications command center

post is also glossed over. How can a kid who has quit the seminary one day—without a verbalized reason—and gets a mailboy position at a security company the next be promoted to one of the highest classified jobs the next?

What motivates Daulton Lee (Sean Penn) is easy to see. Although he's an adopted child in an upper middleclass family, he reeks of a lowerclass, slime-ball mentality. He sports a wispy, cheesy looking mustache, makes drug deals in Mexico, and lives a life totally out of the context of his wealthy L.A. surroundings. He has no morality other than making a quick buck. When he's caught in a police sting operation, he thinks selling secrets to the Russians is an easy way out of the legal mess. Although out on bail and fingered as a drug dealer, he crosses the border with the ease of a tourist. Although the CIA monitors the comings and goings of people at the Russian Embassy in Mexico City, he waltzes in and out without a hitch.

Through all of this, the acting rising above the script is so vivid and believable, particularly the paranoia that grows as the pair

gets too deep in something they don't understand, that we are hooked into the story.

Schlesinger's direction, with the aid of smart photography, editing, and Pat Metheny music, is taut and convincing. But by focusing more on the events and not the motivations behind them, he undermines the production and cheats the audience.

The Falcon and the Snowman may be a flawed film, but it's still an example of the type of filmmaking that enralls audiences despite its faults.

(Galaxy) M. Lasky

Heavenly Bodies

MT (& A) V

If, as they say, genius is a combination of inspiration and perspiration, *Heavenly Bodies* should have it. The inspiration comes from *Flashdance* by way of the Jane Fonda Workout, the perspiration from the fact that there's hardly a scene in which people aren't dancing, exercising, or screwing to some of the most boring records of the '80s, most of which are played two or three times.

The plot is the same as the first episode of NBC's *Sara* series, about a woman whose male lover feels threatened because her career means more to her than he does.

The career in this case is running the dance studio of the title, which allows for what seems like dozens of MT(&A)V videos, the best of which is star Cynthia Dale's solo dance in a TV studio to Bonnie Pointer's "Heaven."

No one who needs them takes classes at *Heavenly Bodies*—only beautiful women, a football team, and a few queens. The owner of a rival health club tries to put them out of business, but things are resolved in a "workout marathon" which creates suspense that's as unbearable as the rest of the



Move Over, Jane Fonda!—Someone actually says that in *Heavenly Bodies*, the first feature-length aerobics musical. Lesbians may enjoy following the bouncing boobs of Cynthia Dale (above) and company.

movie. Only kidding. It's silly and not far above amateurish, but *Heavenly Bodies* definitely doesn't make—or (Area Theatres) S. Warren



Sean Penn (l.) and Timothy Hutton in *The Falcon and the Snowman*.

Man of Flowers

A Rose Is Arose

It's obvious why *Man of Flowers* has made the critics pick Dutch-born Australian filmmaker Paul Cox as *The Next Big Thing*. This strange little black comedy is both a work about art and a work of art.

Art is a ruling passion of Charles Bremer (Norman Kaye), as are music and flowers. Flirtatious and sexually naive, he writes daily letters to his dead mother. If that sounds like the personality profile of a Gay man who's never come out, you'll be disappointed that Cox doesn't deal with this possibility.

Instead, Charles has borrowed an erotic scenario from a Titian painting. He pays Lisa (Alyson Best, who has Julie Christie's smile) to take off her clothes to the Caballe-Carreras recording of the love duet from Lucia di Lammermoor, then sublimates by banging away on the old organ. Not that one, but the pipe organ of the

church across the street.

Lisa leaves the coke-crazed macho artists she lives with and moves in with a lesbian friend, although she's not sure she'll enjoy their sex together.

Charles is surrounded by delightfully quirky people, including a psychiatrist who gives a hilarious explanation of what two women do together, a jolly man who delivers the mail along with such messages as "The whole world's fucked," and a possibly lesbian art teacher who believes, "Imagination is the word people use when they don't know what they're doing."

Paul Cox does not want for imagination, but he knows exactly what he's doing. Unfortunately, *Man of Flowers* lacks some clarity as a study of Bremer's character, but the road to its satisfying resolution is studded with fiendishly unique incidents.

So it's not perfect, but *Man of Flowers* is sure to turn you into a Cox watcher.

(Opera Plaza) S. Warren

The Ploughman's Lunch

Just Like British Cooking

A talky, bitter polemic about emotional numbness, *The Ploughman's Lunch* is the type of film just custom-made for people who thrive on brittle pseudo-intellectual monographs that prattle on without ever saying anything. This is a political picture, but about English politics (i.e. boring). It is also a psychological study about unlikable people. It alludes to emotional sterility as the national character.

Jonathan Pryce is a journalist who has no soul, as contemptible a bastard as you could ever meet. The story, what there is of it, is about how he manipulates people and gets unexpectedly manipulated in return. When he tries to possess an independent woman who won't yield, he seduces her mother, played with quiet charm by Rosemary Harris.

Alas, the portrait of an uncaring man is so complete we care little also, especially since much of the English customs and traits do not translate well to relevance in our lives.

(York Theatre) M. Lasky

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TACO	TOSTADA
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BURRITO	ENCHILADA SWISA
FLAUTA	CHILE RELLENO

Served with Salad, Rice, and Beans

BAY AREA REPORTER SPORTS & FITNESS

Grab Your Partner

Whether It's Clogging, Square Dancing, or Other Western-Style Dance, You'll Find It in San Francisco

by Charles Lineberger

Country and Western dancing swept the country, including Gay America, around five years ago with the release of John Travolta's Urban Cowboy. At that time 200 to 300 people would pack the old Dreamland disco to form squares and hear Skip Barrett sing calls. Every other guy or gal on the street was wearing a cowboy hat, or so it seemed. But Country and Western dancing, which continues a living tradition in Gay San Francisco, is as old as this country, with roots that are almost as diverse as the people who live here.

The roots of Country and Western dancing go back to Germany, France, Ireland, Scotland, and England when the folk dances of Europe came to the American colonies with the various waves of European immigrants before the Revolution. The dance styles—clogging, round dancing, line dancing, circle dancing, square dancing—spread out across the eastern Appalachians, mingled, and have hung ever since to the mountains and hollows of New England and the Upper South. In San Francisco, all these styles

of traditional American dancing can be found, but they have tended to be clustered in a sort of modern division, a trio made up of clogging groups, square dancing clubs, and all the other varieties, now known as "social dancing," which you see at the Rawhide bar or at square dancing hoedowns.

CLOGGERS

There are three groups of cloggers in San Francisco, the Wild West Cloggers, the Pony Express Cloggers, and the oldest and perhaps best known group,



The Foggy City Squares strut their stuff at Hibernia Beach. (Photo: Rink)

the Barbary Coast Cloggers.

Ron Brewer of the Barbary Coast Cloggers remembers five years ago when the only place catering to Western dancing in the city was the old Devil's Herd, which had a live band every night and a dance space that was adequate for the two-step. Brewer recalled growing up in Fresno and Stockton where square dancing was just part of social life. Later, he was a student in Skip Barrett's first square dancing class in 1980. Soon Brewer was teaching round dances 20% of the time, according to Brewer, and Barrett spent the rest of the time teaching his class square dancing.

"I wanted to take up clogging," Brewer recalled. "Clogging was the first dance form to arise in America, and it's been very important in the development of other dance forms such as the jitterbug, the Charleston, and even tap dancing. Well, anyway, I had worked for Skip for about a year before we had our first clogging class on Jan.

21, 1981. The square dancing class continued at Dreamland, and Skip's clogging class was taught at the Y. There were 35 of us in that class to begin with. At the end of the first 10 week class there were 12 people left and we were the Barbary Coast Cloggers."

Clogging, according to Brewer, is traditionally a flat-footed dance—your feet never leave the floor by more than four inches—but here on the West Coast the form is evolving into a distinctive Western style of clogging.

The Barbary Coast Cloggers has met with surprising success since its inception in '81. From hoedowns given by local square dancing clubs, the club has gone on to perform at the Reno Rodeo's huge Stand By Your Man party, the New Orleans World's Fair, and other events of the same caliber. It is basically a performing group and membership, as an alternative member, is by invitation only. In other words, you've got to be good.

You might get good by joining Janice Hanzel's Beginning Clogging Class at the Nova Academy, which meets every Monday night at 7 p.m. A workshop for advanced clogging students is given at 8:30 on Monday nights. Janice, who is artistic director for the Barbary Coast Cloggers can be contacted at 829-0846.

The Wild West Cloggers came out of Hanzel's beginner's class, according to Brewer, and interested parties looking for an alternative and less advanced clogging club should contact Janice.

The Pony Express Cloggers developed out of Hanzel's more advanced workshop and is, like the Barbary Coasters, a performance group.

SQUARE DANCING

There are four square dancing clubs in San Francisco: the Western Star Dancers, the Midnight Squares, the Foggy City

(Continued on page 30)

CORNER POCKET

\$1,889 Giveaway

The San Francisco Pool Association's 13th season ended on a festive note Jan. 19 with the customary party and awards presentation. The affair was held at Chaps, and began with something new: the league's first broomstick tournament. The format (partners, double-elimination) and the game (Six-Ball) weren't decided until the last minute, but it proved to be just the kind of disorganization the party needed, and a good time was had by all—especially by Sam Bridgers and yours truly, the winners. In July we'll defend our trophy, a unique custom-made broomstick carrying case donated by Lea Benson.

Surprises were provided by Bracco and Golden Brands, beer distributors which sponsor SFAA tournaments. In addition to the cash prizes, trophies, and T-shirts they routinely provide extra goodies: Bracco gave away several six-piece glassware sets, and the Golden Brands folks gave commemorative Super Bowl XIX drinking glasses to all in attendance. Chuck Slaton, Chaps owner, was also honored for his efforts as an SFAA sponsor.

Whoever made that lasagna should have been given a trophy. Let's not lose track of that guy.

THE BIG PAYOFF

In reward for various accomplishments during the fall season, a total of \$1,889 changed hands at the party. The lucky winners:

- All-Star Tournament**
1. E.Z. \$ 65
 2. Rick Moore 45
 3. Bill Kazee 30
 4. Dave Timko 15
- 9 Ball Tournament**
1. Dave Timko \$175
 2. Rick Mariani 125
 3. Ray Peterson 100
 4. Lisa Duncan 75
 - 5.-6. Gino Smith, each 40
 - 7.-8. Gene Miller, each 30
 - 9.-11. Bill Boyles, Chuck Lanier, Rick Bradford, Jacob Craig each 25
 - 13.-16. Mike Macri, Cris Lundberg, Mike McLaughlin, Toni Macante each 20
- MVP Tournament**
1. Bill Kazee \$ 85
 2. Lisa Duncan 60
 3. Owen Bubar 50
 4. Ron McKay 30
 - 5.-6. David Terreo, Rick

- Bradford** each 20
- 7.-8. Colin Bradley, Sam Bridgers each 15
- 9.-12. Charles Dosssett, Lea Benson, Bill Boyles, Dennis Hall ea. 12.50
- Hi-Lo Partners Tournament**
1. E.Z./Diane Sim ea. \$ 75
 2. Jim Tingle/Jeff Lilly ea. 50
 3. Rick Moore/Marti Taylorea. 40
 4. Sam Bridgers/Rick Lundberg ea. 25
 5. Gene Miller/Chris Rawlings ea. 20
 6. Walter Moriera/Dan Rawlings ea. 15
 7. Larry Filwider/Soni Sowder ea. 10
 8. Ron McKay/Ragene Brown ea. 5
- Class A Tournament (No cash prizes)**
1. Jim Regan
 2. Chuck Lanier
 3. Bill Boyles
 4. Wayne Karmitz

- Broomstick Tournament**
1. Sam Bridgers/Gene Miller each \$10
 2. Lauren Ward/Lisa Duncan each 12
- Crystal Ball Contest Winner**
- Ken Robertson \$50
- Hospitality Awards**
- Div. 1 Team: Febe's Snow
- Div. 2 Team: Guantes de Macantes
- Div. 1 Bar: Tranter
- Div. 2 Bar: Tie: Eagle Creek, Mauds
- Most Improved Player (Marc Stevens Memorial Award)**
- Jim Tingle
- Most Valuable Player (Jim Sell Memorial Award)**
- Bill Von Prillwitz

GENE MILLER

TOM VINDEED

Aches and Pains Time

Last Saturday saw three Gay softball league teams take to the diamond for the first and second practice sessions.

The Phone Booth will be under the direction of Kerry Sykes this year, and she is looking for a few good men or women. While the operators will continue to have fun, Kerry expects to have a more competitive team this year. If you are interested in playing for this terrific group, please call Kerry at 986-3355.

Chaps showed a good turnout of 15-18 players as the team got together for the first time. As you know, Chaps barely missed the play-offs last year, losing a couple of heartbreakers.

The Village had "only" 20 people at its second practice, down five from the first practice. Do you think the league would go along with them and let them be the "rookies" and have an open roster to accommodate everyone?

Any team interested in listing his or her practice in this column

should let me know by Saturday of every week. Please call me at 753-0740 and I will list your practice as well as any other team function. For any newcomer, I suggest you call 775-4037 for information about playing in the league.

Interested in playing in a mini-tournament Feb 17? That Sunday the Village will host the first Cupid's Cup, which will be open to all members of the GSL. The entrance fee is \$2 per person, and must be in by this Saturday at the league meeting. Full teams are not encouraged to join as it is hoped many of you will just sign up that Sunday at 10 a.m. After completion of the championship game, there will be a buffet at the Village. As many of you know, the owners of the Village, Bill, Hank, and Dick, are very generous men, so look for a few extras. Let's face it, it's better than an auction!

The next league meeting will be at the Pilsner Inn at Church and Market this Saturday at 11 a.m. Please note the starting time is 11 a.m., not noon.

WILD AND WOOLLY

BOB WOOLHOUSE

"Street walking and acting—two of the oldest professions in the world: both of them ruined by amateurs." —Alexander Wolcott.

"Early to rise and early to bed make a man healthy, wealthy and dead." —James Thurber.

"I like a bit of mongrel myself, whether it be man or dog: They're the best for every day." —Geo. Bernard Shaw.

"Leave them while you're looking good." —Anita Loos on relationships.

"A saint is a dead sinner—revised and edited." —Ambrose Bierce.

"The best part of living together is the fights. The rest is only so-so." —Thornton Wilder.

"Religion fundamentalists ... making the world safe for hypocrisy." —Tom Wolfe.

SCOREBOARD

PARK BOWL TAVERN GUILD BOWLING LEAGUES

Team Standings and Personal Achievements

TAVERN GUILD MONDAY LEAGUE	TAVERN GUILD WEDNESDAY LEAGUE	Fairies
(Week 14 of 21 - as of 1/21/85) League Average: 727	(Week 14 of 21 - as of 1/23/85) League Average: 753	20 36
1. The San Francisco Gym 39 17	1. Park Bowl 39 17	22. Sweet Inspiration 14½ 41½
2. Renegade 37 19	2. Pendulum 35 21	
3. Grand Central Station 36 20	3. Pilsner Pinguettes 34½ 21½	
4. Park Bowl 35 17	4. Cafe San Marcos 34 22	
5. Welcome Home 35 21	5. Pilsner II 34 22	
6. Gays of Our Lives 34 22	6. Play With It, Ltd. 33½ 22½	
7. Top Billing 33 23	7. Pilsner #1 31 25	
8. Capricorn Coffees 33 23	8. Pilsner Potlickers 31 25	
9. Pilsner Pointless Sisters 33 23	9. Can We Bowl? 30 26	
10. Community Rentals 32½ 23½	10. Pilsner Pointless Sisters 29½ 26½	
11. Deluxe Pickups 29½ 26½	11. S.F. Eagle 29½ 26½	
12. Men's Room 27 29	12. PWIL/Japantown 27 29	
13. Transferettes 25 31	13. Pendulum Pieces 27 29	
14. Grace Kelly Driving Academy 24 32	14. Pilsner Sleaze Balls 26 30	
15. Ethel Mertz Memorial 21 35	15. Grady's 25 31	
16. Perfect Petals 18 34	16. Ram's Head Bar 23½ 32½	
17. Amazing Six Graces 9 43	17. Animals 23 33	
18. Team #6 (BYE) 0 56	19. Scenic Hyway Tours 22 34	
	20. David Kelsey's Unmentionables 20 36	
	21. Stansbury's Tooth	

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Dance classes at the Rawhide are a good place to start. (Photo: Rink)

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BAY AREA REPORTER JANUARY 31, 1985 PAGE 27

BAY AREA REPORTER B.A.R. BAZAAR

MR. MARCUS

And The Winner Is . . .

The grand daddy of all awards shows in this town splashes forth on the big stage of the Japan Center Theatre this coming Saturday night, Feb. 2. The Cable Car Awards and Show board of directors has lined up a stupendous amount of talent to keep you occupied in between winners of such grandiose categories as Outstanding Community Event, Outstanding Competition Event, and Outstanding Photo Journalism, to name just a few. The lineup of entertainers includes such stellar personalities as David Kelsey, Sylvester, the Temescal Gay Men's Chorus, and Jeanie Tracy. The rumor that Divine and Tab Hunter will appear has not been confirmed, but there IS a possibility, however slight. There are only \$10 and \$15 balcony seats left, and from the dish I've been hearing, some of the tables will be highly decorated. This event pinpoints those people in our community, both Gay AND Straight, who have been outstanding in their efforts to entertain, write, sing, dance, and make parties, as well as contributing to the welfare of their fellow human beings. You can "come as you are" and just to be nominated for a Cable Car Award is in itself a justification for pride because YOU have been recognized as one of many

who have made an outstanding contribution to humanity. The crescendo of honor gushes forth beginning promptly at 7 p.m. Hope to see ALL of you there!

Last week, the whole town was a bee-hive of bustling and hustling; all the bartenders in town are deep in the sweaty throes of rehearsing for the MEN BEHIND BARS show; there ARE tickets available at BOTH Headlines stores, despite what some errant clerk may tell you. Don't wait! Suspense finally melted away as the Barbary Coasters M/C received the nominations for the Motorcycle Awards. Some disappointments and some happiness in all areas, of course. The "After Dark" drag extravaganza at the Alcazar is still packing them in nightly. If you haven't seen that show yet, by all means don't miss it. There must be close to a thousand and one costume changes. It's a bombardment of brightness throughout, and a show you'll never forget. Alan Greenspan, famed for his fabulous and monumental hats at the Beach Blanket Babylon shows, has lent his unparalleled talents to creating another spectacular chapeau for Men Behind Bars, and the 15 Association and the Knights Templar joined in the South of Market cacaphony



Mr. Mid-Atlantic Leather Jeff Vertis will represent that region in the International Mr. Leather contest in Chicago in May

over the weekend with their tortuous parties in two locations South of Market while the Beautiful Ballet Girls took butch pills and had an all-leather party; most of the "select" invitees had to borrow their leather to look presentable, but what the hell, it's all DRAG no matter how

dressing room, causing tremors throughout the sports world and God only knows what the end result will be! Quite frankly, the photo is NOT that HOT. I've seen 1,000% better Dressed Dudes by Robert Pru zamadana, my dears! Sunday evening Al Kohner topped off the week-

shaking in the Western Addition around 10 a.m. If none of the foregoing is appealing to you, there's always the 75th Annual Golden Gate DOG SHOW at the Cow Palace this Saturday and Sunday (Only \$5) and you can see the spectacular Doberman Drill Team and Al Zuppan's working sheep dogs at 1 and 4 p.m., both days. The 2,100 entries will be on display from 9 a.m. to 7 p.m. both days, arf, arf, Hi Prince!

DOT, DOT, DOT, DISH

This town's only REAL royalty is not without his quirks. Count Reynaldo del Fino just blew into town from a South American trip and promptly announced he has paid his \$3,900 to have his ashes tucked into a gold-colored capsule and blasted into orbit around the Earth for 63 million years. Reynaldo figures he'll be the first queen

(Continued on next page)

. . . the Beautiful Ballet Girls took butch pills and had an all-leather party . . .

you look at it and no matter how many protestations may be registered after this tirade. In another area of Gay life, the candidates for Emperor and Empress are out trying to impress everyone with their promises of community service, unity (a TIRED word), and cooperation. The last time an Emperor and Empress got along was in 1973, no joking! We'll find out whose rhetoric finally won out at Coronation '85 when Remy and Rich give up the crown(s) on Feb. 9 as the extravagant Kubla Khan Coronation takes place at the Japan Center Theatre. This coronation is not without its distractions as the crowned heads are all in anguish about what to do with the TWO courts from the Southland, the legitimate but unpopular Court of Los Angeles, or the campy, much-heralded fundraiser Court of Hollywood; the whole evening should be MOST intriguing, if you're into royal intrigue, that is. Anyway, to Rich and Remy — thanks for a FUN year!

The REAL bikers in Our Town were all over the Cow Palace last weekend for the Great American Motorcycle Show; those bright and dazzling machines had Greg Shamp and Ed Schnaars literally drooling over the chrome and paint; they even got a charge out of the Wheelie King's performance. The ProBowl telecast was slightly exciting, and while our hero Joe Montana was sailing his footballs all over the Hula Bowl, someone in the T-shirt business violated the confidentiality of a customer and printed that nude photo of Joe Montana and Eddie DeBartolo in the



The B-Boys at a "Totally Tasteless Affair" last weekend at Chaps. (Photo: Rink)

MARCUS

(Continued from previous page)

(make that Count) to fly into space and for \$3,900 who can complain! . . . Prince Philip de Topaz had such a sore throat all last week one of his consorts dubbed him "Low Rider of the Throat" — now that the Boot Camp is closed, you have to low-ride somehow, don't you? . . . Emperor candidate Ken Wright is going full blast with his campaign, to wit: Next Thursday, Feb. 7, he's having a campaign party at the VIL-LAGE with John Kass and Patrick Toner entertaining, no less. Ken's way of showing that his interests revolve around leather and S&M, not to mention the Disastro community . . . The Warlocks M/C and the Barbary Coasters M/C are having a JOINT open meeting at CHAPS Friday, Feb. 1, where they'll be showing the video of the category, "Best In Town and Out of Town Show Numbers," a category that has many a lip-synch aspirant in tears for the Motorcycle Awards . . . We are now at the GGBA Installation Banquet where Scott Beach was supposed to MC; at the last minute, La Beach couldn't make it, so being the trooper she is, Sharon McNight stepped in to do the chores last Tuesday. Sharon brought the house down with her many zany ad libs; from what I hear, she did so well they're thinking of bringing her back next year! If you're planning to attend the 6th Annual International Mr. Leather Contest in Chicago this year, be reminded it will take place Memorial Day weekend in the Windy City, May 24 through 26; leather men are vying for the right to compete all over the country, and here on the home turf, April and May will be

studded with contests in South of Market leather bars. . . The Chuck Arnett copy of the old Tool Box mural is going to the employees' lounge at the Ambush and not at the location previously mentioned in this column, right Ken Fitzharris? The rumor that Ann Frazier and Ross McGowan will be at the Cable Car Awards is true. In fact, KPIX, Channel 5 has a whole table reserved already! Overheard at the Men Behind Bars rehearsal the other night — Alan Greenspan: "I give good HAT" . . . If you're into bike club royalty, this weekend, the OEDIPUS M/C in Los Angeles is holding the coronation of their next Rex — LII (that's 52) at Troupers' Hall. Since you've missed the deadline for the \$10 ducats, it'll cost you \$12 at the door and quite a few of our club members will be in attendance. Maybe you haven't seen the Four Skins in action around town lately, but that doesn't mean they're not around. They've caused such a commotion in certain circles with their 50s/60s miming they'll be featured on Dick Clark's show any day now; they fly down to LAX for taping tomorrow (Feb. 1), so look for them on the tube soon; if you just can't wait, they'll also be performing at the Pilsner Inn's 4th Annual Valentine's Day Sock Hop on Feb. 14 — don't miss it. I understand Suzie Sweet Cakes will NOT appear this year, but Ms. Peckerhead can't wait. Ms. Peckerhead will also be at the window of the Victoria Theatre selling tickets for Men Behind Bars if there are any left! . . . Memo for Larisse: I've only heard from ONE Corresponding Secretary so far!

We whisk you now to the nation's capital (Wash, D.C.) for the Centaur M/C's 8th Annual In-Town Run, this being their



Beefcake on parade at a "Totally Tasteless Affair" at Chaps last weekend. (Photo: Rink)

Mr. Mid-Atlantic Leather Contest at The Exile. There was four inches of snow outside and sub-zero weather, but some 500 leathermen jammed into the famous disco to siphon some 1,000 leather cocktails, listen to Byron Predika as "Leatherella" (she WOWED 'em), and gaze upon the hunky MC, Al Santora, who himself competed in International Mr. Leather last year. There were nine contestants (all HOT, of course) and the judges, Daryl Grant, Paul Moffet, Paul Rose, Bill Cappello, and our own Red Bentzinger (formerly of Mister S, now of Teddy Bears alone), were hard put to decide on the winner. The whole weekend affair cost a total of SIX DOLLARS

(can you top THAT Chuck and John?). Mixed with the pomp and pageantry of the parade of colors and the installation of officers for Centaur, it was a grand affair. In the end, and named on Sunday, the new Mr. Mid-Atlantic Leather is contestant #1, Jeff Vertis, with the equally hot Lew Bothwell taking the 1st runner-up spot and Roy Anthony taking the 2nd runner-up position. They'll be in Chicago May 26 and so will you, I hope. Incidentally, if you're in DC around the third weekend in July, you'll not want to miss the Centaur M/C's "Olympia Run."

aren't confused about your gender are you?), that wraps it up for another week. Hope to see you at the Cable Car Awards, the Sock Hop, the Coronation, and the Motorcycle Awards. Until next week then, remember: We all live under the same sky, but we don't all have the same horizon. See you around the campus.

Mister Marcus

"My Husband Loves the Nob Hill Cinema."

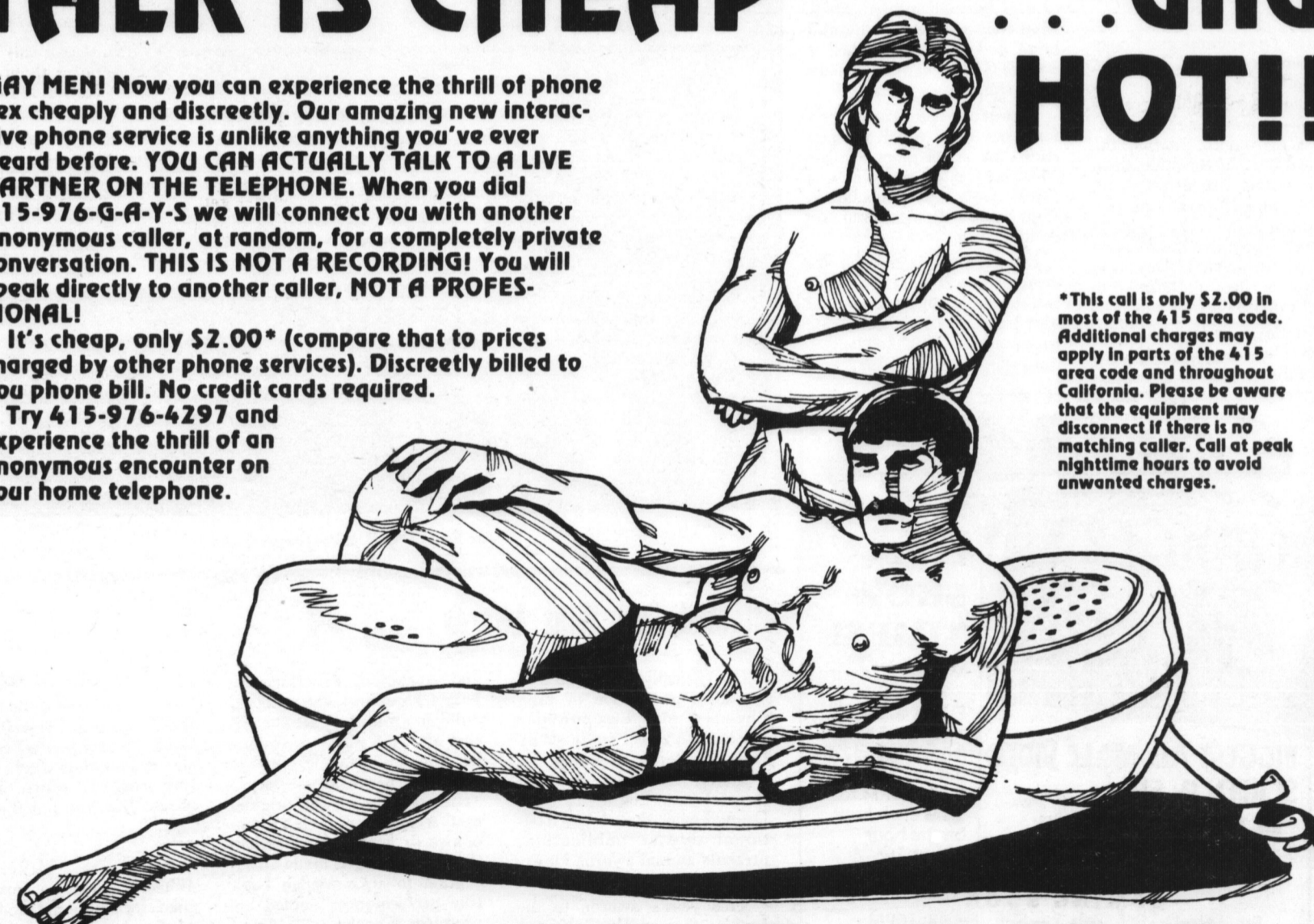
Well, boys and girls (you

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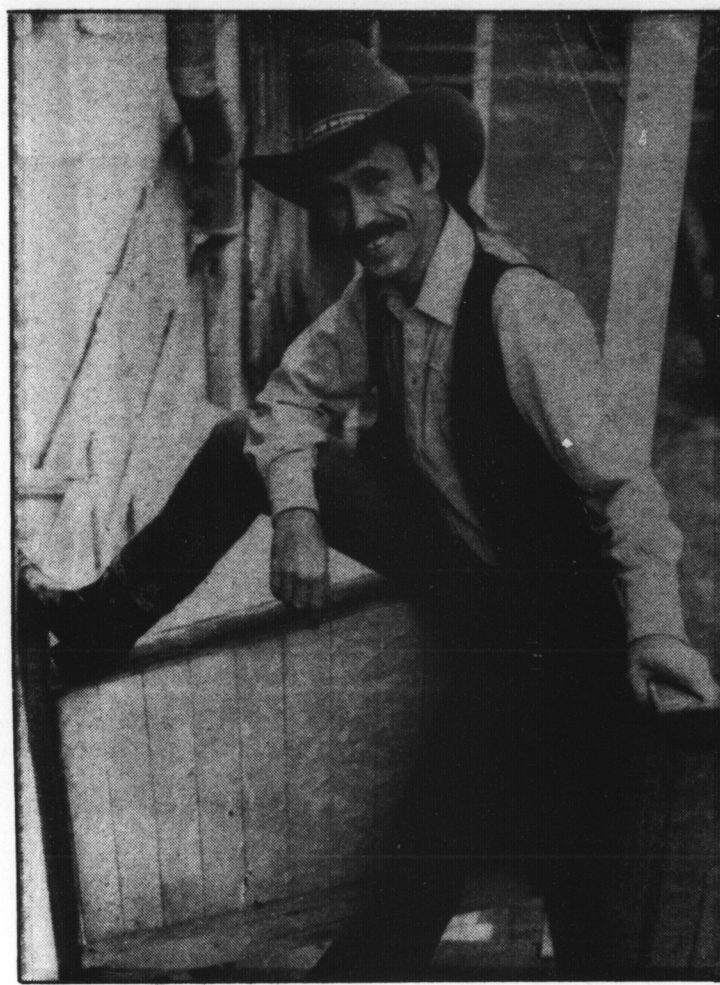
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John Lorenzini (Photo: Rink)

Partners

(Continued from page 26)

Dancers, and the Bay City Ramblers. I talked to Skip Barrett, who organized the first square-dancing group, the Foggy City Squares, in San Francisco five years ago at a place called Dreamland.

"We used to have 200 to 300 people on the dance floor back then," Barrett said. "It was a fad like the hula-hoop. This was right after Travolta's film *Urban Cowboy* came out. But after three to four years, most of these people got burned out. It's no longer a fad. People do it now because it's healthy and honest."

After Dreamland, the Foggy City Squares moved over to the Trocadero for a couple of years, and there were still big crowds of dancers, according to Barrett. For a six-month interval the group met at the Rawhide, then, after another year at the Troc. Barrett himself was getting a little burned out. He went to Honolulu for three months and formed the present Bay City Ramblers when he returned to San Francisco a year ago.

The Bay City Ramblers was formed at the 2140 Market Street disco, where it still meets

on Tuesday and Thursday nights between 7 and 9 p.m., and on Sundays at 5 p.m. There are different classes, depending on skill level.

"I do not teach square dancing like anyone else does," Barrett explained. "I shoot for high energy. All the square dancing calls I do are done through singing calls. I try to get the singers to sing along and to know what's coming up. It may not be the best way to teach square dancing, straight-wise, but that's not my intention. I want to create high energy and fun."

Barrett does create fun, as I can attest from having sat in on a session of the Bay City Ramblers recently. The dancers, 32 or so, were high spirited, knew what they were doing, by and large, and were having a hell of a time, if facial expressions are any measure.

Barrett also has a 12-man performance team which puts on shows at street fairs, at the Moscone Center, and even at a private party at the opera house. Tom Lamb is the elected captain of this group.

Ron Daoud, Barrett's instructor, is a 20-year veteran of international folk dancing, and also has his own folk-dancing group at the Nova Academy.

"Clogging, square dancing,

and the western-style dancing they do at the Rawhide don't interrelate well together," Daoud said over dinner at the Village Deli on Castro. "but they grew up basically within the last five years in San Francisco's Gay community. I believe the catalyst was that when people moved here they got bored with the bar scene and this was something social everyone could do. Basically, it's a way to meet people, and not necessarily someone to go home with, in a non-pressured environment."

The Western Stars meet at the Central YMCA on Wednesday nights at 7:30 p.m. Contact 864-6134 for information. A beginner's class is held at 7:15 Thursday nights.

The Foggy City Dancers meet on Tuesday and Thursday nights at 7:30, on Thursdays at the Rawhide. Contact the Rawhide at 621-1197 for information.

The Midnight Squares meet at the Church of the Advent at 261 Fell Street on Sundays at 2:30 p.m.

OTHER VARIETIES

Country and Western dancing consists of more than square dancing and clogging of course—there is line dancing, round dancing, etc., and these take place at the Rawhide bar on 7th street. Patrick Dias, the instructor in Country and Western dance at the Rawhide, talked to me about these other forms of traditional American dancing.

"We're developing a Gay style of Western dancing," Dias said. "It's got more flourishes to it, it's more difficult to do, it's more stylish, and there's more energy involved than in straight Western dancing."

According to Dias, there are five types of traditional Country and Western dancing: line dancing, which originated in the West and is always done by men; clogging, which is the precursor of tap dancing; round dancing, which includes the one-step, the two-step, the waltz (to Western music, of course), the polka, and finally swing and circle and square dancing.

Circle dancing—as opposed to square—according to Dias, includes such oldies as "Cotton-eyed Joe" and the "San Antonio Stroll." Tall circle dances have specific patterns and all are named. In all circle dances you have the couple touching, but facing not each other, but off in the same direction, and they dance together with other couples, to specific steps, in a circle—always a counter-clockwise circle.

and a half to three years ago, first with the Foggy City Squares and later with the Midnight Squares, is a unique American type of dancing based on four couples forming a square. And rather than being based on a few repetitive steps, it's based on a basic movement pattern. There are six levels of square dancing, from basic or mainstream, to plus, to advanced levels one through four. The fourth level, the black-belt of square dancing, is call challenge.

Square dancing requires a caller, someone to call the moves. According to Lorenzini, there are two types of callers: hash callers, who talk you through the moves with a lot of ad-libbing along the way; and singing callers, who follow a set pattern and require a good voice and a lot of enthusiasm.

"I do not teach square dancing like anyone else does."

— Skip Barrett

Square dancing and clogging are geared toward performance dancing, Dias believes. "They are more structured and you have to get to a certain level in order to dance," he said. "But in, say, round dancing, you can take a couple of classes and you're ready to hit the dance floor."

The Rawhide offers classes Monday through Wednesday from 7:30 to 9:30 p.m. in everything but square dancing and clogging. Patrick Dias is the instructor.

A DEFINITION OF SQUARE DANCING

"Square dancing," said John Lorenzini, who took it up two

Hash callers have to be able to figure out, from where his dancers are now, what he has to call to get them back in their original positions at the end of the dance.

According to Lorenzini, contact dancing is the reason Western-style dancing is so popular.

"We used to have contact dancing in the bars, but the cops forced the bar owners to speed up the music, which forced the patrons away from contact dancing," he said.

Well, contact dancing, or better put, Western-style dancing, is back now with a vengeance. ■

C. Lineberger



The Foggy City Dancers. (Photo: Rink)

Bluefish Cove Wins Awards

The critically acclaimed San Francisco production of Jane Chambers' play, *Last Summer at Bluefish Cove*, produced by Judy Miller and Jerry B. Wheeler, has been awarded three DramaLogue awards. DramaLogue, the LA-based national theater publication, presents annual awards for excellence in legit theater.

This year's awards to the Lesbian-themed *Bluefish Cove* provided an unusual twist. Best Actress honors went to Susan Sullivan, who initially starred in the Theatre On the Square production, as well as to Lee Meriwether (formerly Miss America

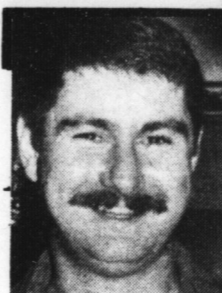
and co-star of the *Barnaby Jones* TV series) who replaced Sullivan. Sullivan left the SF cast after six weeks to resume her role of "Maggie" on the popular *Falcon Crest* series. "Historically, only the 'original cast' receives any such acclaim or awards, so we were delighted that DramaLogue made an exception to acknowledge Lee's fine performance," noted co-producer Wheeler.

Director Marshall W. Mason was also singled out for his staging of *Bluefish Cove*.

The San Francisco production was the first full profes-

sional staging of *Bluefish Cove*, considered to be the late Jane Chambers' finest work. An Equity Waiver production of the play ran for more than a year in Los Angeles, which initially starred Jean Smart in the role of "Lil."

Producers Miller and Wheeler have no immediate plans for additional productions of the play. Miller is currently developing a film of *Cove*, and Wheeler is in final stages of preparation for his film production of Patricia Nell Warren's best-seller, *The Front Runner*. ■



FRIESE FRAME

Of Dedication and the Soaps

MARK FRIESE

Car Awards party at the Kokpit, Saturday the 2nd from 4 to 7 p.m. with snacks and prizes. Tonight, at Kitty's Corner on O'Farrell St. at 8 p.m. will be a party for Collette. Lot's of fun is promised for all. Special thanks to Tony Treviso for a remarkable press kit.

Duke Bowman and Mr. Gay Harrelson salute their daddy(?) Emperor Rich Carle at the Kokpit tonight with an encore performance of a "Night Out with the Boys," which is the newest of the all-male reviews in town. Don't miss this as it all takes place around 8 p.m. And yes, it is only a few days away, Rich.

Can it be that Erica Kane's husband was in town recently, or was it just the actor that portrays Mike Roy on the ABC soap opera *All My Children*? According to Ronny, Tony, and Pedro, bartenders at Los Portales on 16th Street, the actor who is Miss Lucci's on-screen husband had a great time at this establishment in the Mission. How many of you know that actors real name?

Just a reminder that there are many of us that watch the soaps everyday, and also that the Pendulum and the Transfer are two of the many bars that feature it on TV every afternoon at 12 p.m. When you have just finished off your brunch at one of SF brunch spots and want a pleasant after-brunch drink, then stop off at the Transfer for a drink with Rick or Harry. When you meet Harry you just might question the spelling of his



Jose, Remy, and Rich at the start of the madness. (Photo: M. Friese)

name in this column.

What does Valentine's Day hold for all of us in the community? Will we be besieged with gala disco parties and Valentine's Day specials and contests at bars throughout the city? Tune in next column for all the details of this overlooked holiday.

Eddie Paulson and Little Mother will begin the San Francisco part of their highly successful East Bay AIDS auctions at the New Bell Saloon on the 17th of February, Sunday, starting at 2 p.m. Donations are now being accepted at the New Bell, or through Eddie or Little Mother in the East Bay.

Happy Anniversary on your 20th to Sutter's Mill. The Mill will be getting a facelift and also be featuring 99c cocktails on well, beer, and wine after 4 p.m.

everyday. Also they will be featuring 1965 luncheon prices on the 2nd Tuesday of each month, but make sure Metz is in uniform.

There are still seats available for Skidazzle '85, the COITS winter function to Lake Tahoe. Contact the Mint, Kokpit, or Festus for all the details. Cost is \$95 and includes almost everything.

Coming soon as a benefit for Theatre Rhinoceros is another evening with Quentin Crisp, which is entitled "High Tea at the Palace." This will also feature Tom Ammiano and Debbie Saunders. This high tea will be served at the Palace of Fine Arts, Sunday, February 10th at 7 p.m. with refreshments and a reception at 5:30 p.m. Tix are available through Theatre Rhino at 861-5079.

Fat Fairy passed away this past week and will not soon be forgotten by those who knew this man and his dedication to the Gay community of San Francisco and the East Bay. There are not many like him who will pass our way again.

American Bottoms—Are Better! So read the bumper sticker of a very straight looking truck parked near the Church Street Station recently. But just to set the record straight, it was an advertisement for United States Flag Vessels. And I thought South of Market had come up with a cute catch phrase.

Wow! I guess that's all the fun-packed exciting, glamorous tidbits I have to share with all of my captivated readers this week, but let me leave you with one thought... The only way to fail is to never try! ■

GayWHO GayWHAT GayWHERE GayWHEN GayWHY Gay

Gay Morning America

A bunch of fags got together their own show! In fact they got together a whole slew of shows, but none of them will allow Gay people on. You have to be in the closet like them to appear. Soooo a bunch of Gay people got together and formed a great cable tv show called Gay Morning America.

Each Friday morning at an obscenely early hour on Channel "J" (7:30 a.m.) in New York City, you can be shocked into wakefulness as your tv set blares forth with: G it's a beautiful day. A well it's A-OK, Y why not start the day with Gay Morning America and the spectacted countenance of George Sardi—a legend in his own time—tells you to wake up for an hour's worth of merriment.

It all began in a 5000 watt radio station... no wait, wrong show. It began when co-producer Johnny Savoy—himself a legend as community leader, activist and entertainer—suggested to Sardi that the airwaves could be theirs for a song. Hooking up with director/entrepreneur Jim Mello and a collection of friends, they hit the airwaves in February 1984. Singer/composer Lynn Lavner provided the song and off they went—live. During hiatus they garnered themselves an award and recognition with their spectacular float (designed by Richard Tautkus) in the 1984 Gay Liberation Day parade.

For their current second season, as semi-professionals, they are taping the show two days in advance. Minus the insanity of waking at 5 a.m. and with the plus of time to edit and re-take they are providing New York

with an entertaining variety show that zips along. As pioneers of the media they, like others, are helping to open a path by which the Gay community can enjoy programs that relate to them as well as being a means to tear down prejudice. One of Gay Morning America's finest achievements is spotlighting cabaret performers to a large audience, giving them that all important break. Rising artists and established performers have found a patron at a time when one is greatly needed. Original cast member Lavner, in fact, had to retire from the show due to the number of bookings across the country resulting from weekly exposure on GMA. They are also devoted to getting their audience to stop smoking and prolong their life and devote some time each show to bring this up.

The format is simple. Each show begins with Mssr. Sardi greeting the audience with jokes and newsy tidbits and turning things over to co-host Savoy for community news, plugging of events and relaying of the numbers of Gay help lines. Lord Byron takes viewers through exercise routines to shake off the cobwebs and get the old blood flowing. Les Irons discusses new plays, cabaret acts, and news of the lively arts. To keep things light, "chef" Johnny Pool shares recipes for "cooking with chicken" in a Julia Child voice and an insane array of costumes. This consists of preparing a different drink each week and using his sidekick—a rubber chicken—for a swizzle stick. He also provides helpful advice on a variety of topics, none of

which are to be taken seriously—Bon Appetite! Sports writer Jerry Fitzpatrick interviews athletes of the sports world, and finally George interviews each week's performer after they have performed their schtick. In between all this runs an array of commercials for bars, restaurants, and clubs. Then all too soon it ends 'til next week same time, same channel. ■

For Lesbians, By Lesbians

Fineline Cards, a Lesbian line of high quality full color greeting cards and notecards, has emerged. After only five short months after releasing its first line of notecards, Fineline Cards are now available in Gay and Lesbian stores across the United States, including Hawaii, and also in Canada.

Fineline Cards is for today's Lesbian woman. All of the cards are images of Lesbian women, photographed through a woman's eye. Touching on different and varied interests, covering a realm of personalities, always keeping in consideration that not all Lesbians are the same, and therefore, not discriminating against any Lesbian lifestyle.

Fineline Cards, a card line for Lesbian women, by Lesbian women. If you don't see them, ask for them. Dealer Inquiries welcome. (213) 488-9053. 2315 E. Olympic Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90021. ■



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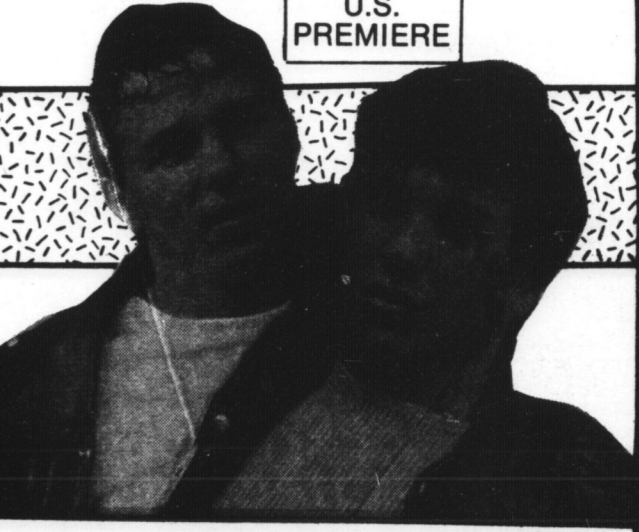
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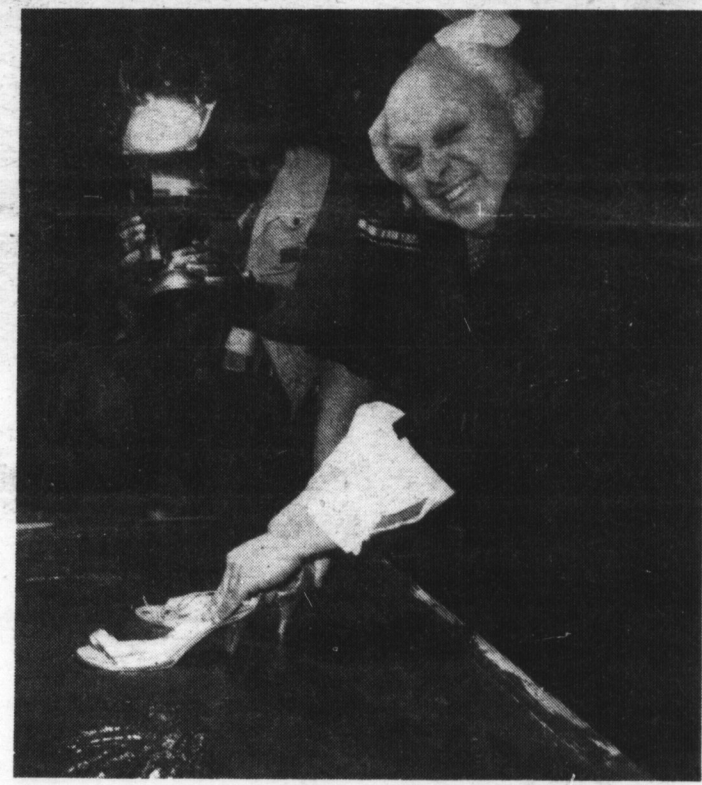


The Stars Are Out

Tab Hunter, Divine and Quentin Crisp visit (above) as the stars come out in San Francisco. Hunter and Divine were at the Clay Theatre Monday night to premiere *Lust in the Dust*, a bawdy burlesque which includes the best bitch fight ever filmed. The film shows Friday at the Castro.

Crisp is here for two events. He'll hold court Friday evening at a Cathedral Hill Hotel reception, and will hold high tea on Sunday evening at the Palace of Fine Arts. See *This Week* calendar for details.

Divine made quite an impression (right) as he pushed Dawn Davenport's fateful cha-cha heels into the wet concrete on the sidewalk in front of the Clay. (Photos: R. Pruzan).



Demos Dump Gays From Party Panels

Blame 'Special Interests' for Defeat, Undo Platform's Caucus Rules

by George Mendenhall

Blaming "special interests" for their party's disastrous loss in the 1984 election, officials of the Democratic National Executive Committee have ousted Gay and other caucus members from Democratic Party standing committees. It is the first of several moves aimed at undoing the caucus system under which various constituencies — women, minorities and others — were guaranteed a place on the party's policy-making panels.

"I think the caucus system is political nonsense," said new party chair Paul Kirk. "I think during the course of the next year or so you'll find that the caucuses will fall of their own weight because people will have a greater voice in the party."

Kirk made this observation after the committee rejected the last visible place in the national party machinery that specifically recognized Lesbian and Gay participation. Meeting earlier this week in Washington,

(Continued on page 2)

IN THIS ISSUE

LATE BULLETIN

The Times of Harvey Milk was nominated for an Academy Award on Wednesday. It was one of five films nominated for Best Feature-Length Documentary.

ANTI-GAY FIRMS will be barred from UC placement centers under a new university policy. page 3.

OUTSTANDING. The Gay community honored its own — and its friends — in a glittery, spirited Cable Car Awards show Saturday. Complete list of winners and two pages of photos on pages 12 and 13.

Health Panel Says 'No On Sex Spies'

Debate Continues on City Monitoring Sex Business

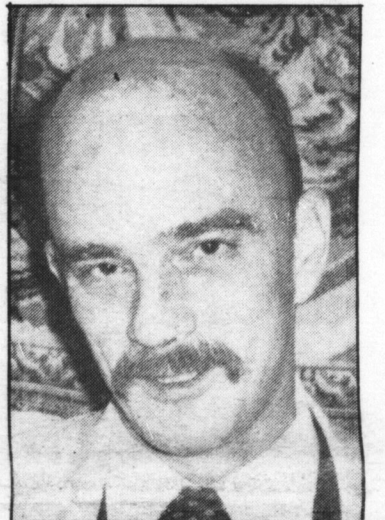
by George Mendenhall

Monitoring of sex-related Gay businesses will continue — but the Public Health Department's attempt to re-hire private sex spies from the Hal Lipset detective agency has been aborted. Future surveillance will be by health inspectors, who are city employees.

The surprise action came on Feb. 5 when the new 7-member Health Commission unanimously ordered the Public Health Department to withdraw its request for a new \$10,000 Lipset contract. The vote came quickly, avoiding an open discussion of the issue — following a 75-minute closed session.

Commissioner Jim Foster, longtime Gay activist, moved the action that ended the Lipset spying plan. He said later, "This will give us some time to evaluate all of this. What the commission did is to agree unanimously that we should not go outside to hire independent investigators. They believe this

(Continued on page 2)



Jim Foster (Photo: Rink)

AIDS Test May Imperil Blood

by Brian Jones

A soon-to-be-released blood test for antibody to the AIDS virus may become a public health disaster. Last week medical experts warned the blood test could imperil, rather than protect, the nation's blood supply. Meanwhile, Gay and Lesbian leaders were unanimous in telling Gay men that there are medical, legal and social dangers in the test.

Virginia Apuzzo, executive director of the National Gay Task Force, said that unless current problems surrounding the test are solved, "The safety and adequacy of the blood supply will be threatened — and the members of our community will be made more vulnerable on numerous fronts."

Apuzzo's sentiments were shared by San Francisco's Dr. Mervyn Silverman, former health director and now the city's special consultant on AIDS. He said medical experts "are very concerned, because without the institution of certain guidelines and safeguards prior to licensing this test, the nation's blood supply may be at risk of contamination."

How can a test designed to protect the blood supply imperil the blood supply instead?

First, it is a poor test. Latest research puts the "false negative" or error rate at 5 to 30 percent. That means of every ten blood donors with antibody to the AIDS virus, one or two — or even three — may slip through the screening process. Their blood will be banked and transfused, even though they have been exposed to AIDS.

(Continued on page 4)



Virginia Apuzzo (Photo: Rink)