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VOL. XV NO. 12 MARCH 21, 1985

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Jury Finds Cop Guilty In Attacks on 2 Gay Men

**Jurors Believed Victims, Not Police Officer;
He's Free Until Sentencing April 12**

by George Mendenhall

A Superior Court jury last week convicted a Mission Station police officer of felony assault, battery and abduction. The jury declared the officer guilty in two separate but similar cases last August. Both victims were Gay men, one of whom testified the officer shouted, "You faggot! You deserve to be dead!"

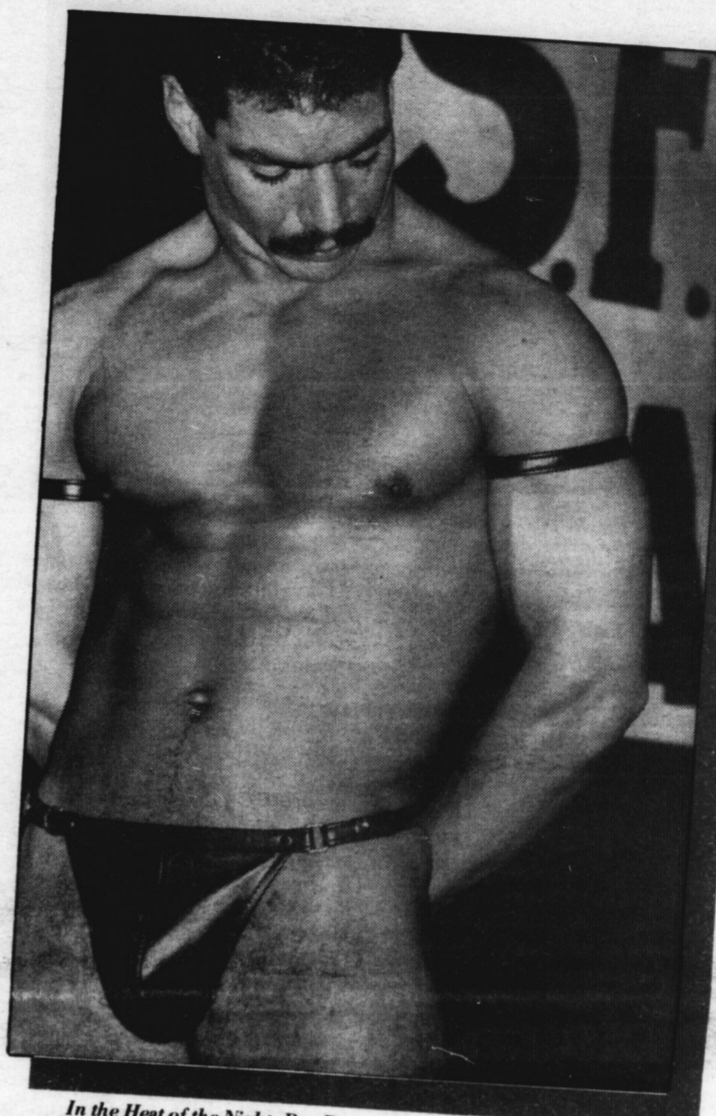
Despite concerns by the victims, the convicted officer, Scott Quinn, was released and will remain free until sentencing April 12.

Throughout the trial, Quinn denied attacking anyone. But his credibility was undermined by surprise evidence: a recording of the radio in his police cruiser, which "overheard" him saying, "I am going to kick his ass" during one of the incidents.

Quinn was found guilty of two counts of assault with a deadly weapon, one count each of battery and false imprisonment, plus inflicting great bodily harm on Akins. A kidnapping charge in the Lindberg case was reduced to false imprisonment. Quinn could receive up to 10 years or as little as probation, as a first offender.

The felony convictions mean Quinn will automatically lose his job as a police officer and be barred from carrying a gun or handcuffs. The young, stocky, red-

(Continued on page 11)



In the Heat of the Night, Roy Rodriguez won the second heat of the Eagle's leather contest last week. (Photo: R. Pruzan)

Second Cop Cops a Plea

Officer Niall Philpott, partner of convicted Officer Scott Quinn, abruptly ended his brutality trial on its first day Monday by pleading guilty. Philpott reached a plea bargain with the prosecution whereby he pleaded guilty to a charge of "false imprisonment" and assault.

Philpott originally had been charged with kidnapping, assault and unlawful use of force, all felonies. Some of the charges resulted from the assault on Anthony Akins, like Lindberg, was a Gay man. Both were attacked during the same week in late August.

Misdemeanor charges against Philpott arising from an incident with a teenager were dismissed as part of the plea bargain. ■

Bronski Beat Cancels; Denied Entry to U.S.?

**Popular British Band is Openly Gay,
But Promoters Insist 'It's No Problem'**

by Allen White

Where's the Beat? Fans of the British band Bronski Beat may well be wondering. The band is openly Gay and tremendously popular—and has dance bars jumping with its song "Smalltown Boy." But a Bronski Beat tour of the U.S. has been cancelled, amid reports the group has been denied entry to the United States.

Body Politic, the Canadian Gay newspaper, said that the band's woes were prompted by the arrest of lead singer Jimi Somerville and sound engineer Peter Mabin for "indecent" with a third man in London's Hyde Park earlier this year.

The group had been scheduled to play a concert March 4 at the Kabuki Theatre, but it was cancelled. Record promoters insist, however, that the Beat will play San Francisco soon.

So states Katy Valk, the Director of Artist Development at MCA Records, and Andy McKay, an executive with MCA in Southern California. The statement was made in response to rumors that the Gay English group was being denied entrance into the United States.

Bronski Beat, with their album "The Age of Consent,"

is fast becoming one of the hottest recording acts in the United States. Their single, "Smalltown Boy" is now number five on record charts in the San Francisco area and number 30 in Southern California.

The group is very out of the closet Gay and it is reflected in the music, their public statements and in the pink triangles which cover the record jacket. The record jacket contains the copy: "European laws regarding minimum age for lawful homosexual relationship between men." There is a Gay legal advice telephone number and the lyrics are overlaid with a large pink triangle.

The "Smalltown Boy" video is a sensitive depiction of the struggle of a young person leaving home because he is Gay. The

(Continued on page 2)

IN THIS ISSUE

FAMILY FEUD among Episcopal clerics over "Holy Unions" of Gays. Rev. Robert Cromey refuses to do some straight marriages until Gays' unions are okayed—but Bishop William Swing says "no way." Allen White walks down the aisle on page 3.

BIG BUCKS are the order of the day in L.A. as Gay political club rakes in a quarter million dollars. The Southland's MECLA hears Geraldine Ferraro upstaged by William Filante. Page 12.

LATE VALENTINE to a fallen lover from Mike Hippler. Their affair was fast, hard and brief—their friendship deep. Now death has ended it. Page 14.

GOIN' TO CITY HALL and we're gonna get—registered? That's what happened last week as Berkeley began its "Domestic Partners" program. Charlie Linebarger reports on page 17.

City Audits Pride; Fed \$\$ 'Shifted'

**Hayes Valley Group Protests
'Reappropriation' of \$5,000**

by Charles Linebarger

The city assigned three auditors to the Pride Foundation this week to review the foundation's accounts. The move came in response to allegations that the Pride Board of Directors had moved \$5,300 from the Hayes Valley Community Development Corporation block grant funds into the Pride account. In addition it has come to light that Carole Norris, the director of the Hayes Valley CDC, was fired by Pride's executive director, Del Dawson, when she discovered the funds were missing.

"We decided at a Pride Board of Directors' meeting two months ago that we had to come up with \$5,300," David Ward, a member of the Pride Board and the foundation's secretary, said in a recent interview. "It wasn't block grant money. It was from the profits of the Hayes Valley CDC. We simply moved money from one account to another. We've agreed to set up a repayment schedule."

"People have gone to jail for that," said James Johnson, the director of the Mayor's Office of Community Development. Johnson said that any project that is developed in response to a community development grant is called "program income," and

(Continued on page 2)



Del Dawson (Photo: Rink)

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City Auditors Probe Pride

(Continued from page 1)

is subject to the same federal eligibility requirements as any block grant money the city hands out. "You can't take community development money and go out and buy candy," Johnson said.

The money was discovered missing in December when the newly hired director of the Hayes Valley CDC, Carole Norris, did an audit of the corporation's accounts upon taking the job. Hayes Valley is a subsidiary organization to Pride.

According to Ray Zabloutney, Carole Norris' supervisor on the Pride Board, Norris took the matter of the missing money to Pride. Pride's director, Del Dawson, fired her.

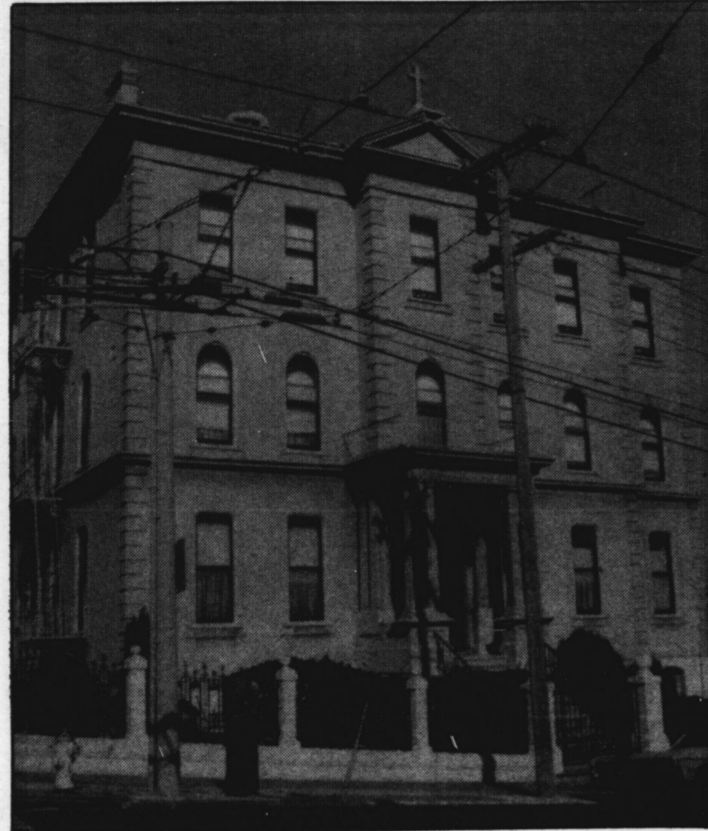
"I can't feel comfortable with what Pride's doing with the Hayes Valley Community Development Corporation any longer," Zabloutney said in an interview last week. "What with the firing of Norris and the borrowing of CDC funds. 'Borrowing' is a polite word. We have bills coming due from the rehabilitation of one of our buildings, and we have to pay those bills."

"You know Dawson lives in the attic of the Pride building," Zabloutney added. "I don't know what his background in accounting is or anything but he sure gets a lot of people angry and he plays loose with the rules. And rather than admit they're wrong, they'll let the whole thing go down."

Pride administrators, in addition to the Hayes Valley CDC, a Gay legal service, an employment service and, at least until July 1, the two alcohol treatment programs for Gay men in San Francisco. The city is in the process of divesting Pride of the alcohol treatment programs.

Brandy Moore, who recently resigned as president of Pride, said he is afraid that the Hayes Valley CDC will go under too if the parent organization, Pride, founders. Moore said he believes that Hayes Valley CDC—with its child care center, senior citizen's services and low rental housing program—is essential to the neighborhood.

Moore and Alice B. Toklas Democratic Club had both gone on record favoring the separation of the Hayes Valley CDC from Pride. And both have requested that the city give the



On the Block. Pride Center, where foreclosure looms. (Photo: Rink)

\$250,000 in bailout money for the Pride Center to Hayes Valley, rather than to Pride.

Moore cited a series of financial irregularities behind his decision to leave Pride. "There was a \$12,000 electrical bill for which money had been earmarked as early as February of 1983 and which has still not been paid," said Moore. "I had to insist that the insurance policies on Acceptance House and 18th Street Services (the men's alcohol treatment programs administered by Pride) be paid. They were both 60 days overdue. Even the staff's medical insurance was allowed to lapse."

Moore added that the fire insurance on the Pride building itself had gone unpaid for six months by January of this year. "At one point even the garbage wasn't being picked up," Moore said. "I've been requesting a financial report for more than eight months and I still haven't seen one. This is public money and it can't be ripped off in any way. I can't countenance this kind of stuff."

When this reporter met with Del Dawson at the Pride Center last week, several members of the Pride Board as well as

Dawson were in the Pride Board of Directors Room. When Dawson was asked if we could talk in his office, he replied, "This is all my office."

Dawson resigned under pressure three weeks ago as executive director. However, he took a vacant spot on the board of directors. Moore said last week Dawson was "still in control over there."

Dawson acknowledged moving the Hayes Valley CDC fund into the Pride account, saying, "If I didn't feel it was an appropriate thing to do I wouldn't have done it."

In the meanwhile Carole Norris, who was terminated by the Pride Board of Directors last Friday, has been coming into work this week. Dawson says she is cleaning out her desk. But her attorney, James Chanin, said that the number of directors left on the Pride Board is insufficient according to their bylaws to conduct any business, much less fire Norris.

And he said that if her salary isn't paid she will sue. In the meantime she appears to be continuing as director of Hayes Valley CDC.

C. Linebarger

Gays Honor Bishop Despite Anti-Gay Stand

Swing to be Feted Next Month
Though He Opposes 'Holy Unions'

by Allen White

Rev. Robert Cromeley of Trinity Episcopal Church said he plans to demonstrate at The Parsonage Awards Dinner on April 30 honoring Bishop William Swing, head of the Bay Area Diocese of California.

Cromeley said he plans a demonstration in front of Grace Cathedral, the site of the dinner, to make a statement that Bishop Swing has not done enough to bring Gay men and Lesbians into the full body of the church. Following the demonstration outside, he plans to bring a group of people into the dinner. When Bishop Swing is honored he said he will take some action to clarify his statement. Cromeley gave the clear intent that he plans to disrupt the Parsonage dinner and, if possible, embarrass Bishop Swing.

Bishop Swing is to be honored for creating The Parsonage, a unique ministry of the Episcopal church in the Castro. The Parsonage serves as a place where people can meet in the Castro and where several organizations hold regular meetings. It is operated by a group of Gay men and Lesbians who have been commissioned as "Parsons." Parsons go through a training program which culminates in a service at Grace Cathedral. A parson is not an ordained priest.

Bishop Swing would not comment directly on the actions of Rev. Cromeley. He said that he "moves with the whole church family and that family includes any Lesbian or Gay man who chooses to join." He has established a commission to address the issue of a union or marriage of Gays. He stated that to make this rite a part of the church will take patience and enormous work by the church. He did not rule out the possibility, yet he did not see it becoming a reality in the near future.

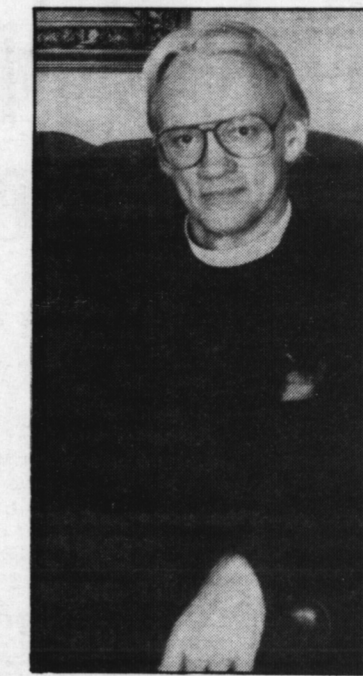
Cromeley, who is a rector of a church with a small membership, has more latitude than the bishop. This allows him the freedom to make statements which are radical in the church world. He stated that he would no longer marry anyone, Gay or straight, who is not a communicant at Trinity Church.

Cromeley charges that the Parsonage is the greatest myth perpetrated in the last ten years on the Gay community. He said that Swing established the Parsonage only to patronize the Gay community.

Cromeley further stated that he believed allowing Grace Cathedral to be available to Gays is only a patronizing act. "He will allow an organization to have a meeting in the cathedral but he doesn't want the regular congregation to participate." Cromeley said most of the Episcopal churches in San Francisco do not want to treat Gay people as equals.

The spirit of Gay liberation, according to Cromeley, seems to be only at his church. This attitude has brought the charge that he is grandstanding. "I am grandstanding," said Cromeley. "So was Jesus when he turned water into wine and let's face it, we all like to see ourselves on television or be mentioned in a newspaper."

David Hummel is a parson at the Parsonage and is well known for his "Thank God I'm Gay" banner. He believes Cromeley is correct in bringing forth issues that the church needs to face. Hummel also concedes that Cromeley's tactics are "abrasive" to many. Hummel supports Cromeley in his attempt to bring validation to the relationships of Gay people. "It is important that our relationships receive validation from the church and



Rev. Robert Cromeley (Photo: Rink)

head down, and, carefully choosing his words, said, "From the deepest part of my heart, I do not believe it is wrong to be Gay."

Hummel said he will continue to support both Bishop Swing and Rev. Cromeley. As for Cromeley attempting to embarrass the bishop at the April 30 dinner, Hummel said, "I don't think he can. If he goes too far he will be the one to be embarrassed, not Bishop Swing."

Swing's Statement

The following is the text of a letter concerning Gay "Holy Unions" written by Bishop William Swing to Rev. Robert Cromeley on March 14:

In your recent publicity you were quoted as saying that you "will not perform marriages for the public at large—only for confirmed members of the Episcopal Church, regardless of their sexual orientation." (San Francisco Chronicle, Monday, March 11, 1985) If this quote is accurate, and if you do perform marriages or blessings for same-sex couples, you should know full well that you will be disciplined immediately thereafter. My solemn warning to you on March 31, 1983, (see enclosed) is still in effect and will remain so.

(March 31, 1983)

I am sitting here with four versions of an intended 5 p.m., April 2, 1983, ceremony at Trinity Church. Three of those versions come from you and one version comes through the mail. The versions are: 1) you know nothing about the situation; 2) you intend to say a few prayers over the two males; 3) there is no religious ceremony intended and only a reception will be held; and 4) there will be, as formally announced by mailed invitation, a marriage at Trinity Church between Michael John Moore-field and George Walter Ristan, III with a reception to follow at Trinity.

You must be aware that the Canons of General Convention very specifically prohibit such

participation on your part.

Under these circumstances and for the reasons above stated, as your Bishop and in the capacity of your "pastor, teacher and canonical overseer," and in accordance with the Constitution and Canons of General Convention and of the Diocese of California, I give you solemn warning and pastoral direction that you refrain from any participation whatever, in any manner, directly or indirectly, in any service, ritual or ceremony purporting to constitute a wedding or marriage of two persons other than male and female respectively, or of any blessing of the same or of any prayers or other activity which might possibly be interpreted as condoning or approving the same on your part as a priest of the Church. ■

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Bronski Beat: Entry Hassles?

(Continued from page 1)

lyrics state, "Mother will never understand why you had to leave, for the love that you need will never be found at home. Pushed around and kicked around, always a lonely boy. You were the one that they'd talk about around town as they put you down."

Spokespersons at Bill Graham's organization in San Francisco said they had heard the group cancelled because they had visa problems entering the United States.

It was also noted rock groups entering the country have encountered problems that had nothing to do with being Gay. Many of the problems deal with the financial transactions and the earning of money in a foreign country.

Katy Valk, with MCA Records in New York, said "There is absolutely no truth to the statement that the group has been denied entrance to the

United States. The first tour was cancelled because we are now able to set up a better tour." Various spokespersons said the group should be in the United States in April. It was also stated that the group will be performing with Madonna in several cities.

Madonna is scheduled to perform in San Francisco at the San Francisco Civic Auditorium in the latter part of April. According to Graham organization, Bronski Beat is not a part of that concert.

MCA did say that part of the problem in scheduling the group was the uneven rise in popularity across the country. It may be big in one city, and not catch on for several weeks in another area. This pattern of success makes it difficult to schedule a tour. It was for this reason that the pairing of the group with Madonna has been considered.

Another rumor which has surfaced is that MCA will alter the record jacket to eliminate the pink triangles or diffuse the bla-

tant Gay nature of the copy. Katy Valk stated this is untrue and "the album will not be changed."

Several people have stated that Bronski Beat has been in the United States in recent weeks. Reportedly they were in New York re-mixing tracks for a new single release. If this is true, it would lay to rest the charge that the group has been denied admission to the United States.

MCA Records is also gearing up to push "Why?" another cut from "The Age of Consent" album. The lyrics are not as controversial and it is expected the song will get wider acceptance than Smalltown Boy.

In the meantime, while the speculation persists, the group still has no definite booking in San Francisco. When it finally does make it to San Francisco it will be arriving as possibly the most popular openly Gay group in the history of rock music. ■

A. White

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Federal Appeals Court Hears Case on Security Clearances

Judge Asks Gov't a Pointed Question About 'Stonewalling' on Reasons for Refusing to Answer Gays
by George Mendenhall

"It seems to me this is complete stonewalling. Does this man have any right to due process at all?" An exasperated federal judge gave this reaction on March 14. The case involves Dick Gayer, an employee of GTE Government Systems. Gayer tried again to find out from the CIA, or another government agency, why he and other "high tech" Gay engineers can't get a decision on their requests for a high-level government security clearance. The determined Gay activist has been fighting for his clearance since 1982.

Gayer, an attorney, represented himself and others as he gave arguments in a class action suit to require that the federal government come out of the closet on the issue. Those being refused the higher level clearance are denied the higher pay that goes with the positions that have that requirement.

The three justices of the Ninth U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals heard Gayer's argument. Gayer argued that people be granted the clearance to handle state secrets or at least be denied the clearance so they can take further legal action. The judges also heard from the Justice Department lawyer Freddi Lipstein.

Lipstein responded that even the reason why the government has not taken a position on the applications is secret. She said that any government statement might reveal the name of the secret sponsor of a given project. That brought the "stonewalling" comment from Justice Thomas Tang. "Stonewalling" means "to engage in obstructive parliamentary debate or delaying tactics, to be uncooperative or evasive."

Gayer has learned that the Central Intelligence Agency is the investigating agency on clearing employees to work on top secret projects. The only reason that Gayer and other Gay



Richard Gayer (Photo: Rink)

The CIA issued a public statement in August, 1983, in which it revealed that it considers homosexuals to be security risks. Earlier, in 1980, Gayer made his Gay lifestyle public and was successful in winning a lower level security clearance as an openly Gay person.

"The CIA wants to do as it damn pleases," Gayer states, "without having the courts, Congress, or the American people examine its actions for fundamental fairness. It simply wants the freedom to continue to discriminate as it always has, denying security clearances at the whims of its officers. The CIA wants to remain above the law, but this suit seeks to end that exalted status."

Gayer said the issue had become "one of due process, not Gay rights. If a person is being denied a security clearance, then they should be told why." He offered a possible solution: that President Reagan place the reason for denial on his letterhead "with no hint of what agency is involved."

Justices Tang, William Conroy and Joseph Sneed will now privately review the classified documents in the case which explain the government's position in the case. They will issue a ruling later.

"high tech" engineers can determine that they cannot get such clearances is because they are Gay.

CIA Homosexuality Policy

The Central Intelligence Agency (CIA) is involved in processing security clearances such as the one being sought by Gay activist Dick Gayer. In August, 1983, the CIA issued the following policy statement on homosexuality:

Sexual conduct can be a relevant consideration in circumstances in which the conduct reflects upon the individual's stability, indicates a personality disorder, or could result in exposing the individual to direct or indirect pressure because of susceptibility to undue influence, direct blackmail, or coercion.

For example, foreign intelligence services are known to target for cultivation and exploitation persons known or believed to be practicing adult homosexual behavior. There have been a significant number of espionage cases in which homosexual conduct has been a factor. In addition, homosexual activity is illegal in many areas of the world in which agency personnel must serve.

In examining such cases, it is

relevant to consider the age of the person, the voluntariness and frequency of such activity, the public nature and recency of the conduct, the identities of others participating in the conduct, and any other circumstances which may serve to aggravate the nature or character of the conduct.

A recommendation for disapproval is appropriate when, in view of all available evidence concerning the individual's history of sexual behavior, it seems likely that access to classified information could pose a risk to the national security.

'Homo Panic' Killer Holley Slain

by Allen White

Dana Holley, 23, was brutally murdered Friday, March 15 at San Quentin Prison. Two years ago, he was convicted of murdering William Sink, a Gay San Francisco bank official.

Holley's trial gained a substantial degree of attention when what has now become known as the "homosexual panic" defense was introduced. The defense tactic presumes the murderer panicked when he realized he was involved in a Gay sex act, and killed his Gay companion.

William Sink, 51, was murdered on July 24, 1981. Sink had left the Twin Peaks bar and was waiting for a bus about 12:30 a.m. Sink met Holley, and Holley robbed and repeatedly stabbed Sink, first with a letter opener and then with a pair of scissors. He also beat his victim savagely.

A post mortem examination revealed a broken neck and jaw and Sink's skull fractured in two

places. Testimony at the trial had Holley boasting of "trolling Polk Street for queers" and beating them.

Holley was found guilty on July 1, 1983 and sentenced to life imprisonment without parole. The "homosexual panic" defense did not work and he was convicted of first degree murder, robbery and burglary with special circumstances. He was 21 when convicted.

Last Tuesday, a funeral service was held for Dana Holley in South San Francisco.

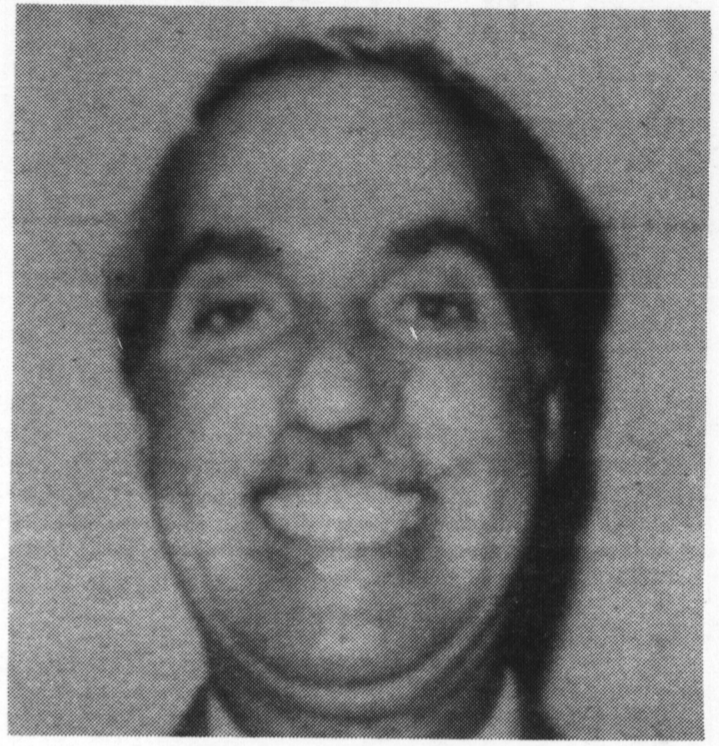
THE D.S. TIMES

THURSDAY, MARCH 21, 1985
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NEW MANAGER'S FACE FREEZES!

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA—The new manager of the *P.S. and Casa de Cristal restaurants, Dennis Weaver, revealed today that he is suffering from a strange malady because of the masses of people taking advantage of the spectacular half price savings at the Polk Street eateries. After greeting so many customers and welcoming them to the celebration his face has frozen into a **supercilious smile** (see photo). Mr. Weaver hopes to remedy the situation by watching, all at one sitting, video tapes of the entire 15 hours of "The Jewel in the Crown."



Why is this man smiling?

In case you haven't heard the news, the owners of the famous *P.S. and Casa de Cristal restaurants in response to the **depressing conditions** in the City by the Bay, declared a celebration to take effect immediately. For an undetermined period of time, all the wonderful and delicious dinner entrées only on both menus would be **half price!** Hard to believe folks? But they

both said *half off* on all dinner entrées!!!

When interviewing both Mr. Waddell and Mr. Adinolfi they both appeared rational and both confirmed our report concerning the *half off* offer.

They pointed out a need for people to be able to dine in comfort and enjoy a good time without creating their own **national debt**.

We add our congratulations to both and hope the idea has *universal appeal*.

For those interested several rules apply during this *craze*. **One**—No reservations. **Two**—Anyone wishing to charge his or her dinner will have to add a service charge (due to the greatly reduced prices). Visa/MC add 3%. Diner's Club add 4%. American Express add 4.5% to the final reduced amount of the bill. **Three**—Half price offer *does not* apply to Sunday and Holiday

ASK ALICE

They Say She Drank Too Much!



Dear Alice:
Sometime ago I worked with a person at Watson Brooks Company in San Francisco that looks very much like the photo of yourself that runs every week in *The *P.S. Times*. She is also a well-known person. I can't reveal her true identity but her star name is "Kisk." Can you tell me what happened to this wonderful person?
Mother Ray
Santa Rosa, California

nice to visit during these days of half price entrées. But really, must you be so vulgar as in your recent reply to Aunt Piggie?
Not Amused
San Francisco, California

Dear Snot (er, Not):
We are so-o-o-o sorry if we have offended you or anyone else. My answer to Aunt Piggie about "flushing out her fat" was only meant in fun. In this uptight world it seems hard to find humor in anything but I think we must at least look. If I am looking too hard, please accept my apologies. I stand "read!"

Dear Mother:
I put out my trusty blood hounds and after letting them sniff an old pair of used pantyhose they led me to Sacramento where your friend, La Kish, was discovered alive and well and pushing cocktails at a dive called The Mercantile Bar. She looks just wonderful and I am sure you will be glad to hear she still doesn't DRINK... at least she wasn't the last time I looked up from under my bar stool. If you are out and about, drive up and see her. She holds court nightly.

Dear Readers:
Many of you have written in requesting a definition of "attitude adjustment." This is always a timely subject so here goes:
Attitude Adjustment, (at the dude... add just-a-moment) Translated, look at the person and take a moment to come up with the right response.

Dear Alice:
I am aware that your column is just a cheap ploy to get people into the *P.S. and Casa de Cristal restaurants which are indeed fine establishments and especially

(PROBLEMS? Something bugging you? Dump your load on Alice, 2100 Market Street, San Francisco, CA 94114. For a personal reply, please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope!)

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VOL. XV NO. 12 MARCH 21, 1985 NEXT ISSUE OUT: MARCH 28 NEXT DEADLINE: MARCH 22

VIEWPOINT LETTERS

Thought Police

Since when did beat cops become the City's official censors? Since two weeks ago. An innocuous display at the Gay-owned "Distractions" boutique on Haight Street was the target of San Francisco's own Thought Police. The display touted the store's Gay videos, in a manner that was erotic, but certainly not pornographic.

But the cops were offended—all eight of them. Two squad cars showed up, and at its height, the flap over the display looked like a murder scene. The cops were murdering the constitutional right of freedom of speech, because they disagreed with what was being portrayed.

It is obvious that the cops were motivated by anti-Gay prejudice in their actions. One cop said the image of two men touching was "disgusting." And so they ordered the display censored.

Mayor Dianne Feinstein, her bimbo police chief, and the anti-Gay Old Guard on the force will go to any limits to enforce their own morality on this town. The Constitution of the United States is no barrier to them.

See You Soon

Major leadership changes in our community have taken place recently. We wish to use the occasion to salute three leaders who have served our people well.

Cleve Jones, who began his political career as an aide to Harvey Milk, has worked long and hard for us. His five-year lobbying effort for AB-1 paid off last year when the bill passed the Legislature. One wants to use the adjective "tireless" to describe Jones—but no human is tireless, and Jones is indeed coping with "activist burnout." He's left for a sabbatical in Hawaii.

Brandy Moore, recently resigned president of the Pride Foundation, is another long-time contributor to Gay rights. His most recent efforts—to save the Pride Foundation—do him proud even though those efforts seem doomed to failure. That Pride is crumbling is more a measure of the seriousness of its problems, than a reflection on Moore's stewardship.

And Virginia Apuzzo, who recently resigned as head of the National Gay Task Force, is nothing short of a miracle worker. She took an organization split with disension, depleted of membership and unsure of purpose, and transformed it into a vigorous force for Gay liberation. This year's \$96 million in AIDS research funding is a tribute to Ginny's political savvy and commitment.

We prefer not to say goodbye to these three—but rather, see you again soon. We need your abilities and energy.

Safe Sex?

Now that baths and sex clubs are, for the most part, closed, the city's parks are busy late at night again. This is a perilous development, but one predicted by all of us who opposed closing the baths. Now, the inevitable has occurred. A Gay man has been beaten within an inch of his life in Buena Vista Park; his skull was crushed and as we write this, he may yet die.

Perhaps Dr. Mervyn Silverman and Reporter Randy Shilts should visit the attack victim in his hospital room. They can cheer him with the thought that if he dies, at least it won't be from AIDS.

Brian Jones

Due Process

The following letter was sent to the Alice B. Toklas Lesbian/Gay Democratic Club:

* I wish to present another perspective to the disagreement on land development at 171-175 Twin Peaks Blvd. Ron Katz believes he is entitled to build three single family homes in the approximately 6200 square feet of land he purchased from the Berliner heirs in 1981. I believe the Master Plan of San Francisco allows him only two. That has been the issue from the start and I resent the idea of escalating it to a "prejudicial or homophobic attack."

Public notice of the lot split was given when the building permit for 173 Twin Peaks Blvd. was posted in the immediate area. I wrote to the Board of Permit Appeals and presented to them what I felt was evidence that the lot on which the house was to be constructed was in error. I was told that the Board of Permit Appeals did not have jurisdiction to rule on the legality of the lot split and that I would have to take it up with the Board of Supervisors.

I wrote to the Board of Supervisors who referred the problem to the City Attorney who found the case to be unusual and therefore not covered under current administrative processes. Due to the nature of the lot split (a parcel map process rather than a tentative map process) there had been no public notice given when the lot was divided, and no appeal process in place now that new information concerning the property was presented to the city.

The problem rests with Bob Passmore who signed off approving the parcel map in 1982 despite a City Planning Commission Referral number associated with the land. That a member of his staff did not do his research does not nullify the public record. The Commission had ruled, as required by law, that the property, now owned by Ron Katz, "if subdivided, be restricted to two parcels with building frontage on Graystone Terrace and that no use of the land be permitted which required a variance from any city code or ordinance."

This is public record. This is what the City Planning Department is supposed to administer. The spirit of a democratic society is that we have governmental bodies to administer policy for the public good and public hearings to allow input into the process. The Master Plan has not changed. The parcel map approved by the city is defective.

I hope Ron Katz lives in his house at 173 Twin Peaks Blvd. and enjoys the ambience of our neighborhood, but I do not think he has the right to build three houses. That has been the issue since I first spoke with Ron Katz last August and is still the issue—not "prejudice"—not "a Gay issue" or "a Black issue" or "a Jewish issue" or whatever else seems to be misrepresented in the "accusations."

City Planning made a mistake and I believe I have a right to request the city to correct an error. Due process is not as easy as it appears.

Norma Edmondson
San Francisco

Premeditated Silliness

* Attention, Mr. Jones! Now just what is this hokey about Gays who don't like drag wanting to be straight and Gays being neither men nor women?

I says, girl, get your head out of the bagpipe, you're marching in circles. First of all, where, oh where, did you get the idea that us Gay guys corner the market on drag? Every sex survey I've ever read has shown that most transvestites are het-er-o-sexual (as in straight).

Secondly, even though I may think drag is ultra-fabulous and a hoot, doesn't mean I'm obligated to drop political doodles on a Gay brother who likes his men in pants. After all isn't being shocking a part of what

drag is all about? My red dress isn't worn to soothe and please the masses.

And I do wish people would show more restraint at passing their amateur psychological diagnoses on those whose opinions they find objectionable. I could just as well say that you want to edit a Gay newspaper because your mother punished you by putting cold bacon on your bedsheets whenever you'd grope Uncle Marvin in front of the twins. Absurd is absurd, Miss Girlish.

And Gays being "... not men ... not women."? Say what? I don't know about you, Brian, but I totally groove on being a man myself and the last time I had some of that real good man thang in my face, I sure new I wasn't with no hermaphrodite!

So, Miss Creature Woman, you are hereby charged with premeditated silliness. May a heavy wombat fall through your ceiling and wreck your dinnerware.

John "Miss Clare de Loon" Morrison
San Francisco

East Bay Endorsements

* Thank you for your coverage of political events in the East Bay. I would like to clarify a few things in your article about the recent candidates forum held in Oakland. First, the forum was jointly sponsored by both the East Bay Lesbian/Gay Democratic Club and the Oakland Block Organizing Committee, a recently formed political group of Oakland Lesbians. Only the EBL/GDC members voted for endorsements, though.

In order to get the endorsement of the EBL/GDC, candidates must receive 60% of the vote. The vote for Oakland School Board was tied between Rita Sklar and Susan Rosenthal, and so neither one received the Club's endorsement. The same was true of the Peralta Community College Board race in District 4 between Tim Orr and Marsha Corprew. The Club's by-laws do not allow as yet for so-called "dual endorsements."

Thank you for the opportunity to clear up any misconceptions that may have occurred.

Mary Ann Brownstein, Vice President
East Bay Lesbian/Gay Democratic Club

Quentin Crisply

* Thanks, Brian, for your story on Quentin C. I specifically liked your question "What was Queen Victoria really like?" No, you didn't ask—or did you? Well, anyway, I think of a wonderful San Francisco Production: Casting—Widow Norton, Divine and Quentin Crisp—and the star playing "Cinderella" would naturally be Richard Locke who lost his Foxeur running through Rheingold or is it Ringold Alley. "Live and let live." Hurray to camp. Keep up the good work.

Dieter Parker
San Francisco

P.S.—and the Prince—could it be played by a sheep?

Letter Policy

* The Bay Area Reporter welcomes your letters, to the editor. Letters must be signed; anonymous letters will not be published. Please include your mailing address and telephone number so we may verify your letter—this information will not be published.

In order to print as many views as possible, we ask letter writers to be brief. To promote diversity in the Open Forum, we favor letters from writers who do not appear frequently, over repeated correspondence from a single author.

LETTERS

Offended

* I am embarrassed, offended and saddened by the publication of my letter (B.A.R., 3/7).

I am embarrassed because, due to extensive editing, it is not the letter I wrote. I am offended because the B.A.R. edited my letter without any indication to the reader that it was not the original letter. While the B.A.R. may have the right to edit letters, I feel that the least you could do is adhere to editorial convention and indicate that the letter has been altered.

Furthermore, B.A.R. printed an editorial below my letter addressing issues that were removed from my letter. I am saddened because this experience tells me that the B.A.R. promotes barriers within the Gay community and the community at large in order to further their forum of controversy.

Bill Bateman
San Francisco

ED. NOTE: In order to publish as many as possible, letters are frequently edited for length. In doing so, we try not to alter the intent of the letter writer. I do not believe that policy was violated in your case. I am sorry you feel your letter was handled unfairly.

Ray O'Loughlin

Save Pride

* On March 13, the Pride Foundation Board of Directors voted unanimously to accept the resignation of Brandy Moore as president. It was long overdue. His management style, or lack of it, has brought a twelve year-old Foundation to near disaster in only eleven months as its president.

Pride owes B.A.R. a debt of gratitude for its relentless coverage of the problems that succeed at Pride during Brandy's tenure in office. He would never have resigned just six weeks before the Board's regular election if it weren't for your most recent article.

A year ago the Board represented a good cross section of our city. In eleven months, four black professionals have left us. We have also lost a non-minority banker and an engineer. Now these people have channeled their energies into other endeavors. The exodus, quite simply stated, was caused by the "machine gun" tactics of the former president.

We are clearly in financial straits due to a lack of fundraising efforts. This responsibility is the most important one for a president of any organization to assume. Clearly it has not been performed. The financial needs of the Foundation were known to the penny last year. Paying off the Center was the Board's number one priority. Obviously Brandy missed the point and focused on other more personal priorities.

Pride will not serve as a stepping stone to personal ambition. We are one and for all, a service organization, not a political organization. If Brandy didn't understand what we were about, he never should have accepted the task before us. Now the Board and most importantly the city must suffer. Let's not fool ourselves. It's clear where the buck stops in any organization, be it the country, the city, or a community service organization. It stops at the president's desk. Now, we are forced to go to the city for funding. The mayor and the board of supervisors have been most generous with their time and support. It is ironic that just as a vote to secure funds was forthcoming, our former president reversed himself on everything that he had contended concerning why the Foundation had to be bailed out.

Now he maintains that the services that we have provided for Gays suffering from alcohol problems should go to another agency to which he was adamantly opposed. Now he maintains that the thirty-six apartment units that we provide to low income residents of Hayes Valley should be given to another community development organization. It is clear to us that this opinion, which surfaced so very recently, is indicative of one fatal conclusion—if he couldn't run Pride, he would destroy it. He chose to make his feelings known at a meeting of the Alice B. Toklas Democratic Club on the night before his resignation. We respect that organization, but we wonder why they chose to pass a motion against our continued funding without even consulting our board of directors.

Brandy oversaw the death of another Gay organization some years ago when he was president of Save Our Human Rights. The Pride board is determined that he will not do the same to us. We're at the eleventh hour for community support and financial support. If the building is lost, the Pride Foundation will still go on. We have done so much for so many people who sought our help.

Even now as greatly needed alcohol contracts are being taken from us, we are still treating Gay men who are recovering alcoholics. Daily, people come to the employment service seeking much needed jobs. The senior citizens still eat lunch for a dollar in our dining room while, down the hall, little children play at the low cost day care center. Little do they know that on the floors above them, members of the Shanti Project struggle with the impossible disease that has touched us all so deeply, and so personally. The Pride Foundation is all this, and more. Take a tour of the building, and you will know why it is one of the most active community centers in our city. Don't expect to see all Gay people. The building is home to the Urban League and Patient's Rights, and also the local arbitration facilitator known as Community Boards. If the Pride Center is lost, San Francisco will lose a valuable community asset.

Donald L. Coffinger
Acting President
Pride Foundation

Relief

* It's a bit of a relief that Officer Scott Quinn is convicted of various charges in response to his crimes against Anthony Akins. The removal of that scum from active duty makes it safer for the Gay citizens of the city. Thank you Anthony Akins, I appreciate that.

The sentencing will probably be harsh, at least four weeks on his penis. If Quinn were the only one, fine. With the "Cops for Christ," a cancer-like growth within the department, "let's not be idiotic," as Commissioner Daly once said, I myself have been exposed to that type of cop many times, and once was threatened with being shot when, upon request, I started to get my wallet out of my hip pocket. But, we were at a busy intersection, and only my Gay pride was injured by the homophobic taunts. Although I'm happy here, I'm also angry when the city persecutes us Gays through the police, health and civil service departments. While I doubt that lawsuits benefit anybody except lawyers, it may be a way to direct our anger.

You've already done quite a bit, Anthony Akins, but could I ask you one more favor? Sue!

J. Briscoe
San Francisco

ED. NOTE: He's suing.

Local Color?

In response to the following letter, Martin Peretz, editor of New Republic, apologized and promised such an article would never again appear in his magazine:

* I recently re-subscribed to the New Republic and have been pleasantly surprised to see it swing back to center-left. We have appreciated the magazine's depth and fairness on various issues, but were very much taken back by part of Mickey Kaus' piece, "Neoliberals Keep Out" in the Feb. 25 edition.

Kaus was lamenting the fact that a favorite haunt of his, Barney's Beany in West Hollywood, was forced to remove anti-Gay slogans from its match books as well as a sign over the bar, "Fagots stay out," and as Kaus feels, something of the establishment's "local color" was lost. We suppose Selma, Alabama has lost some of its local color too, with the enactment of civil rights laws affecting Blacks.

Kaus goes on through some amazingly convoluted logic, concluding that he doesn't have any problems with Gays, it's just their "life style" he disapproves of. It's hard to convince us that a Gay person, or a Black or Hispanic would walk into Barney's, read a sign saying "Fagots Stay out," or "Nigger stay out," or "Spic stay out," dismiss it as part of the bar's local color and feel welcome there.

The author says he's against discrimination but his symbols are all right. At the same time he wants diversity, he champions the kinds of actions which make it impossible. He would tolerate the intolerant at some "appropriately trivial level" without realizing what may seem trivial to one person could be plain offensive to another. Kaus says, "What the Barney's sign implied was that no matter what your sexual preference you were expected to act a certain way inside." We have no idea whether the current owner disliked Gays, their "life style" (whatever that means), or ever discriminated against them, but his sign explicitly ordered them out.

The muddled thinking behind Mr. Kaus' defense of the sign "Fagots stay out" leads us to wonder about current "Neoliberals" and the judgement of the New Republic in publishing Kaus' piece.

Craig Machado
Dick Hasbany
San Francisco

No Small Amount of Delight

* Miss Demeanor takes pen in hand to thank the Bay Area Reporter for its continued publication of Mr. Steve Perkins' advertisements. As there is an (unfortunate) lack of another regularly contributing cartoonist to the B.A.R., Miss Demeanor looks forward with no small amount of delight to his latest *bon mots*. Also, the tasteful and sensitive typographic solution as well as the impeccably composed and forceful photographic elements of his ads do arrest one's eye.

Perhaps this unpleasant brouhaha surrounding the veracity of his claims can be peacefully (mercifully) ended by the addition of a simple disclaimer, as found on boxes of cigarettes and products containing saccharin. Miss Demeanor fervently hopes so.

In good taste,

Miss D
San Francisco

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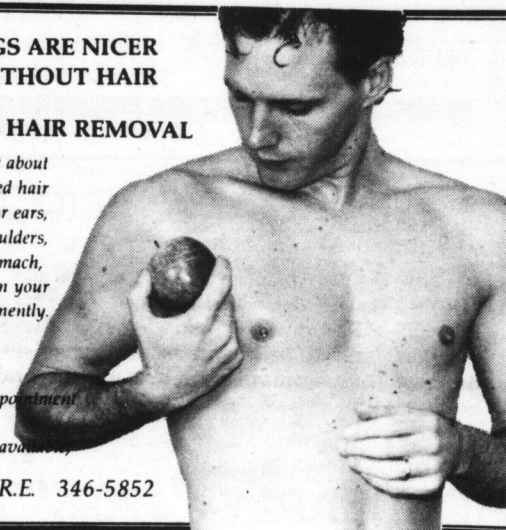
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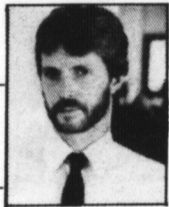
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LETTERS

Prison Rape

★ Brutal gang rapes, as alleged by the Gay San Francisco businessman (B.A.R. 3/7), occur in America's correctional institutions more than most people think. And the barbarism affects every aspect of the community.

According to *Prison Law Monitor* for Nov./Dec. 1979, one out of five male and female inmates may be raped while incarcerated. Many of them—terrified and traumatized—become slaves to their attackers, often forced into prostitution while still locked up. The highest number of suicides behind bars are the result of rape and/or sexual harassment. Many rape victims themselves become rapists, continuing the vicious cycle of vengeance. Women inmates are often as cruel to each other as males. And many victims of inmate rape often remain emotionally imprisoned for life.

My own rape and the pain and outrage that resulted was reported by Charles Lineberger in the B.A.R. (9/13/84). Since that time I have become national co-chairman of People Organized to Stop Rape of Imprisoned Persons, which—among other things—monitors such abuses in America's jails and prisons for Amnesty International. My jobs include compiling and publicizing statistics on inmate rape as well as offering council and support to rape survivors. To help heal from the emotional damage, we highly recommend a study of rape trauma syndrome and can supply an outline via the address below.

As far as rape trauma syndrome is concerned, fighting back in court may be one of the best things the banker could have done, as reported by Will Snyder. To keep the rage bottled up inside is usually self-destructive.

Most of those who make, interpret and enforce the law not only condone but encourage inmate rape as a hidden deterrent to the criminal and rebellious elements, violating constitutional as well as human rights. These pillars of society consistently blame victims of inmate rape for not reporting assaults knowing full well that the life expectancy of a "snitch" is measured in minutes. Male victims of inmate rape are even more reticent than female because of the "macho factor," the myth that "real men" don't communicate their emotions much less a humiliation.

In the past the Gay community has borne the blame for inmate rape, many people believing it was homosexuals raping other homosexuals. It was even mislabeled "homosexual rape." This we now understand is a misnomer for two reasons: (1) rape is an act of domination, not an act of sex at all; and (2) the overwhelming majority of inmates who rape as well as their victims are heterosexual. Very few truly Gay inmates rape and although many are victims, they are still far fewer than straight victims simply because of population ratio.

POSRIP applauds the man who sued the SFPD for negligence as well as the B.A.R. for reporting the outcome of the case. This was an important service to the entire community, not just for Gays and Lesbians. We only wish we had known about the suit beforehand so we could have offered our support.

Victims of inmate rape as well as close family and friends who are secondary victims are encouraged to contact us at the address below or leave a message for me in San Francisco at 864-0475.

Tom Cahill
P.O. Box 246, Napa, CA 94559

Electronic Chills

★ The comprehensive and informative article on electronic and computerized data and surveillance of the Gay and Lesbian community (B.A.R., 3/14), sent chills up my spine.

As we move into a more sophisticated technology of electronics, it seems as if we no longer live in a free and democratic society, but a society wherein fascism and the Big Brother mentality are furtively creeping into our way of life.

The so-called "Freedom of Information Act" is a self-cancelling phrase because it intrudes upon the right to privacy of all individuals. Taken in this context, the use of the word "freedom" is just a cleverly disguised ploy to implement a totalitarian type of government which would call for close surveillance of citizens as well as infiltration and spying on community organizations. And not to mention the use and abuse in obtaining personal data of any citizen for whatever destructive purpose.

The bottom line is: Are we willing to forego our freedom and democratic system for the sake of progress? I hardly think so. The whole thing is frightening.

Ed Dollak
San Francisco

Be Prepared

★ Get to know a local merchant. If you're thinking of having Castro Street Chevron work on your car, my experience is you'd better be prepared for a major hassle if all doesn't go well.

Three times my car was there to get an ordinary tune-up working right. Three times after I picked it up it performed poorly. After the third time I was told in had a "sporadic" carburetor problem. That was one defect the car never had before. Or since. Suspicious me.

On a friend's advice, I went to R. L. Senter Company. Their mechanic reported that the tuning was badly set, choke screws were loose (!), the plugs were wrong, and the carburetor wasn't the problem. Repairs were \$92.03.

Castro Chevron owner David Sahagun refused reimbursement. He said that everything his people did was "100% correct." He even put that in writing to the Consumer Affairs Bureau, which told me they couldn't force settlements and suggested I go to small claims court. I did. Mr. Sahagun appeared with his mechanic, a representative of Chevron, and an unidentified man in a three piece suit, all to protest against my legal onslaught. I was awarded judgment and costs.

Meanwhile, the California State Automobile Association investigated and said that Castro Chevron "misjudged" the condition of the carburetor. They thought I should be reimbursed.

And mighty Chevron? Consumer relations wrote that Chevron had nothing to do with Chevron stations regarding repairs. The station was "independent." Don't ask why Chevron can get away with this when they spend many millions luring people to their name for products and service. It's oil biz. At least I made an impact on them. Last week they sent me a letter that started "Dear Supplier". They wanted to know my hiring policies. Any suggestions for an answer?

Richard Nelson
San Francisco

Taxed for Being Single

★ We are writing on behalf of your readers (as well as millions more across the nation) who annually face income tax penalties because they are single. As Lesbians and Gay men, the insult is double. First, we are legally forbidden to marry. Then, we are told that as singles we must pay higher taxes! Under current law a single taxpayer pays as much as 20% more tax than paid by a married person on the same taxable income.

H.R. 37, as introduced by Mr. Annunzio in the 97th Congress, would have lowered the income tax rate for singles down to the rate paid by a married person. Further, in the case of two-income heterosexual married couples, each partner would have been taxed only on his/her own income, at the lowest rates, without having to combine both incomes and ending up in an artificially high bracket. This would totally eliminate the "marriage penalty," which was partially corrected a few years ago with a tax deduction of about 10% of the lower-paid spouse's income.

In order to achieve tax justice and equality on behalf of the readers of the *Bay Area Reporter*, we urge that the principles contained in that bill be included in any tax legislation—"simplification" or otherwise—which may be considered by the Congress. COST (Committee of Single Taxpayers) has written a letter supporting this position to every member of Congress and included a copy of Mr. Annunzio's bill.

However, you can help to bring this about much sooner by writing to your representatives in Congress as well as to Ways and Means Chairman Dan Rostenkowski, urging that they co-sponsor and vote for a bill equivalent to the 97th Congress' H.R. 37. (Since the 99th Congress is now in session, it is very important to note in letters to our representatives that the H.R. 37 in question was introduced in the 97th Congress.) Thank you!

Glen Spencer
Committee of Single Taxpayers
Bowie, Arizona

The Land of Oz

★ Yes, it's the land of "Oz." And of "Bruce" and "Debbie" and "Paul" and "Mary" and "Zsa Zsa" and lots of people. The "Wizard," however, is not in, residence.

I realize how lucky I am to be living in San Francisco, but I'm also glad I'm living in America, where "freedoms" are available. Perhaps these "freedoms" weren't always there, but they are here now; and that's where I live . . . in the "now."

I am confronted with as many "straight" people, who are against "Gays" as there are "Gays" against "straights." There will always be radicals, but living a life in the "magnificent" defense of others somehow makes me wonder if those fighting would be fighting for "any cause" . . . just fighting, rather than living their lives.

The "Promised Land" is in all of our dreams. When I lived in Manhattan, I moved to Key West; then I moved to San Francisco. Having lived in Japan, Greece, Brazil, France, Germany and dozens of other places, I can (without doubt) say that San Francisco has more opportunities available than any other place I've lived. Give life a chance, and some of the people you meet in life a little "space" and you, too, will be grateful to be alive and living in San Francisco.

I guess the end of the rainbow is here. And, the Wizard is on his way home.

Ken Nelson
San Francisco

A Bomb

★ I must say I've lost respect for John Karr's literary opinion since he wrote that piece on the author of *Mourning Metro* at Theatre Rhinoceros. Yes, C. D. Arnold is a very nice man. Yes, he's written some good things in the past. But *Mourning Metro* is a total bomb. Nothing is more boring than other people's dreams! Please, tell Karr that he can carry friendship or the hot or whatever it is he has for C. D. Arnold only so far, and I really resent it when he entices me into buying a ticket for a play that just doesn't work!

Pat Harrison
San Francisco

POLITICS AND POKER

Once More, With Feeling

WAYNE FRIDAY

There is supposedly a move underway to place the issue of district election of supervisors before the voters once again on the ballot next year. But Supervisor Bill Maher, appearing on channel 6's "Viewpoint" program last week, certainly didn't express much enthusiasm for the idea . . . in San Diego, long-time Gay supporters of Mayor Roger Hedgecock say they are beginning to lose confidence in the pro-Gay Republican mayor, as reports exist that he is trying to work out a plea bargain under which he would resign and avoid a second trial, in return for staying out of prison and avoiding disbarment . . . and at Cable News Network (CNN) headquarters in Atlanta and Washington, D.C., a number of network executives are said to be getting nervous about the growing relationship between CNN boss Ted Turner and the New Right's Jerry Falwell and Jesse Helms . . . Gov. Deukmejian has apparently given the green light for Republicans to support two emergency AIDS testing bills that have been bogged down in a state senate committee. He is said to be urging GOP members of that committee to support the bills by Assemblymembers Mike Roos and Art Agnos. The bills (AB488 and AB403) would divert high-risk individuals to alternative blood test sites, seal the results of the test for 90 days, and temporarily protect "test positive" people from discrimination in employment, housing and insurance coverage by public disclosure of the test results.

In Washington last week, the ruling 24-member commission of the Presbyterian Church of the U.S.A. confirmed its belief that "unrepentant" practicing homosexuals may not be ordained in the denomination. The church's "supreme court" said that the Westminster Presbyterian Church in Buffalo, N.Y., acted incorrectly in 1983 when it declared that it was "extending to all of its members the opportunity for leadership (including) the right of homosexual persons to be ordained as elders and deacons" . . . He works in strange ways. Remember Dana Holley, the 23-year-old hustler who was convicted in July 1983 for murdering Wells Fargo Bank exec William Sink? It was one of the most publicized, closely-followed Gay related trials in years. The defense tried the "homosexual panic" tactic. Holley himself was found dead with a fractured skull at San Quentin last week, apparently having crossed the wrong fellow inmates.

causing him problems everywhere he goes: "I can't even fly to San Francisco; that's the way I am. If they don't like it, f— them."

Don't you honestly get the feeling that Governor Deukmejian, who opposed the idea in the first place, is doing all that he can to delay the state lottery? Under the initiative approved by the voters, the lottery was to have begun selling tickets today (March 21st), but the gov's own staff doubt that the plan will be ready by the end of summer . . . In Bonn, the West German Parliament's military ombudsman last week attacked that country's armed forces and intelligence chiefs for treating Gays as security risks. Wilhelm Berka, the ombudsman, argued that the military in West Germany is unjustified in assuming that homosexuals stand a greater risk of being blackmailed in spying, asking "why should homosexuals be more liable to become spies than people who, for example, lead a depraved life in gambling casinos and such?" . . . From Sacramento we learn that the recent accident in which a woman bicyclist rammed into Speaker Brown's Jaguar has resulted in the Dept. of Motor Vehicles deciding to enforce a year-old rule requiring reporters to obtain drivers' records from the DMV by written request or an in-person visit. Such information routinely has been available by telephone, but a barrage of press inquiries about Willie's driving record after the bike accident prompted the change by the DMV.

The influential Municipal Elections Committee of Los Angeles (MECLA) has endorsed Mayor Tom Bradley over challenger Councilman John Ferraro in next month's election . . . Remember Dennis McQuaid, the Republican who ran against both former congressman John Burton and incumbent congressman Barbara Boxer? He's now mayor of Novato . . . Arthur Finkelstein, who ran the anti-Gay, moralist, Right Wing campaign for North Carolina's Jesse Helms last year, has been hired to run Ed Davis' campaign for the U.S. Senate . . . In Jimmy Carter's new book "The Blood of Abraham," the former prez criticizes Ronald Reagan's Middle East policies as "a stumbling block to peace." Nowhere does his book remind us, however, of one of Carter's more memorable pro-

(Continued on next page)



Boston's Gay Member of the City Council, David Scodras (s.), visited San Francisco last week. He's here with Milkiers Rick Pacurer (l.) and Tim Wolfred (r.) (Photo: Rink)

Senator Alan Cranston, always quick with the political advice for others, was running off his mouth again in Washington last week, suggesting that Dianne Feinstein might consider running for governor next year or possibly waiting until Republican Pete Wilson's senate seat is up in 1988. For L.A.'s Mayor Tom Bradley, Sen. Cranston says that Bradley would have a tough time knocking off George Deukmejian next year, suggesting that the Duke would be a tougher opponent than he was for Bradley in 1982: "He (Bradley) has to be concerned about whether he could win, the road is not as clear for him this time" . . . Cranston, predictably, says his own race is practically a sure thing, adding that he thinks he is in "pretty good political shape." But then he said somewhat the same thing a couple of years ago when he predicted he would be nominated for president . . . Another possible senate candidate, Ambassador to Mexico John Gavin, has stepped up his California speaking engagements (he speaks to the San Jose Rotary Club next month) . . . Eleanor Mondale, Walter's actress daughter, just completed her first feature movie, "Summer Jobs," and last week she told us that "who I am always comes up during an audition; everyone always says they voted for my father. I wonder who all those other people were?" . . . And our favorite homophobe, comedian Eddie Murphy, keeps up the heat. On the first leg of his current Lawd Have Murphy tour, fast Eddie was telling an audience in Baton Rouge that one of his favorite topics—homosexuality—was



Liz and Lady Di. The Queen of England and the Mayor of San Francisco were together again last week.

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Victorian Demise
 Europeans are well acquainted with the health benefits of colon hygiene. Its common prevalence (the French bide) was instrumental in preventing the recurring plagues. In 1920, when 15 million Americans died of disease brought home by our soldiers from WWI, few Europeans were affected. The medical profession in this country stands condemned for these millions of dead and millions more through their inability to set aside Victorian ideas and admit that, if all people took an active interest in their disposal systems as Gay men have done for centuries, health and sanity would soon prevail.
 Lessons in Gay Heritage by Steve Perkins

DATELINE: THE WORLD
Politics
 (Continued from previous page)

nouncements on that troubled area; President Jimmy Carter in 1977: "Because of the greatness of the Shah, Iran is an island of stability in the Middle East" . . . Is nothing sacred? From Washington we learn that Nancy Reagan is sponsoring a celebrity tennis tournament May 25th on the White House South Lawn . . . And here we have Mayor Dianne "having tea" at Buckingham Palace with Queen Liz this week, then a stopover in Washington to make a final plea for the U.S.S. Missouri (with the help of congresswoman Barbara Boxer). The Mayor is a busy one, and you tell me that Her Honor isn't off and running.

Incidentally, Carol Ruth Silver is Acting Mayor today while Dianne is doing "city business" in D.C. . . . One of the good guys, Michael Thistle, passed away last week and will be missed by the many of us who knew and liked him . . . The March 11th issue of the *San Francisco Business Journal* ran a front-page story on Board of Supervisors president Jack Molinari with comments that would make any politician pleased. The story, by reporter Richard Halstead, says that Molinari is "better positioned than any other potential candidate to replace Feinstein in 1987," and quotes political consultant Rich Schlackman as saying "the most important thing about him is he keeps his word," while another top consultant, Marcia Smollens, adds that "he knows the rules better than anybody." Corey Busch, vice president of the Giants and former press secretary to the late George Moscone, compared Molinari to Moscone by saying that "he (Molinari) really likes people, that is one thing I liked so much about George," while Bruce Petit, publisher of *The Petit Report*, explains Molinari's occasional burst of temper as "usual righteous indignation caused by some gross inefficiency in city government" . . . No one seems to want to talk about it, but there apparently was a "summit meeting" of elected Gay and Lesbian officials from around the country this past weekend in L.A. (Britt, Terrigno, Scondras, Laird, Gentry, etc.) all of whom attended Saturday night's MECLA fundraiser where honored guest Leo McCarthy was a no-show . . . Incidentally, proving for sure that winning isn't everything, Geraldine Ferraro, the guest speaker at last week's MECLA dinner might soon be one of the wealthiest women in politics: Ferraro got a million bucks advance on her autobiography, was paid another half a million for a Diet Pepsi ad, and receives up to \$20,000 per speech like the one she gave in L.A. last week. All of this, of course, allows for her old man to perform his low-pay public service duty ordered recently by a New York court.

Consider the case of Marjorie Rowland, an Ohio high school guidance counselor. Warren Burger's Court didn't. Another case came before the conservative court recently which gave pro-Gay rights liberals a chance to say, "I told you so."

Back in 1974, Rowland happened to tell co-workers of the Mad River Local School District of Montgomery County, Ohio that she was bisexual. Less than a year later, she lost her job. It took Rowland a full decade of legal twists and turns before the case reached the Supreme Court. The Burger Bunch refused to hear the case by a 9-2 vote. The two justices who wanted to hear the case were Thurgood Marshall and William Brennan.

Those justices in the majority refused to say why they wouldn't hear the case, but Brennan penned an eloquent 11-page dissent. "That petitioner (Rowland) was discharged for her nondisruptive mention of her sexual preference raises a substantial claim under the First Amendment. For at least 15 years, it has been settled that a state cannot condition public employment on a basis that infringes the employee's constitutionally protected interest in freedom of expression."

Brennan added that "homosexuals constitute a significant and insular minority of this country's population" and they "have historically been the object of pernicious and sustained hostility." He said, "It is fair to say that discrimination against homosexuals is likely . . . to reflect deep-seated prejudice rather than . . . rationality."

In his statement, Brennan concluded by saying the Rowland case "raises serious and unsettled constitutional questions relating to this issue of national importance, an issue that cannot any longer be ignored."

High Court Refuses Case of Fired Teacher
 WILL SNYDER

During last year's presidential campaign, opponents of President Reagan tried to convince the American public that one of the dangers of reelecting the president was the future makeup of the United States Supreme Court.

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Cops: Guilty

(Continued from page 1)

headed Irish cop entered the police department three years ago after serving as a teenage U.S. Marine. He may resign before he is formally dismissed.

Quinn, 23, testified that he tackled Anthony Akins on Aug. 24 when Akins attempted to run from him in a South of Market alley. But Quinn said he did not beat Akins. Quinn also pleaded that he had questioned, but then released, Bruce Lindberg one week later on Aug. 30. Lindberg was found across town with multiple bruises a few minutes later. The state has charged that Quinn and his partner, Niall Philpott—who is being tried separately—abducted and assaulted Lindberg.

Quinn was tried before Superior Court Judge Claude Perasso. Quinn is represented by a former police officer, attorney John Prentice. The charges against him were brought by the District Attorney with Asst. D.A. George Beckwith prosecuting.

Randy Schell, who monitored the trial for Community United Against Violence, said "This was one of the most blatant examples of Gay bashing we have ever seen. I hope Quinn is sent to prison. He is a power figure with a club, gun, and Mace that he used against people. His trust was violated."

The victim's attorney asked Judge Perasso to jail Quinn immediately after the verdict was read. He questioned Quinn's mental condition and said he feared the officer would commit suicide.

Defense Attorney Prentice protested. "That is the farthest thing from my client's mind. If he's put in jail, I'd be more concerned about his well-being because of his former position as a police officer." Quinn was released but ordered to report three times a week to his probation officer until the April 12 sentencing.

drinking and drug usage. In contrast, Quinn appeared tense and somewhat arrogant. The officer's explanations were well organized—but the jury did not believe them.

Attorney Prentice was evidently hopeful that he might stir some homophobia in at least one of the jurors during the trial. He repeatedly had witnesses describe Lindberg's clothing: Levi's, leather jacket, handcuffs, boots, and chains.

When the attorney began to discuss alleged Gay prostitution at 18th and Castro, the judge cautioned him with, "We are not going to delve into the Gay lifestyle in the Castro."

The defense also attempted to discredit both victims. Doctors testified that Lindberg might not have known what was going on as he had taken various drugs in the past and Akins might also have mental problems that impaired his ability to remember.

A conspiracy between the victims was implied. Prentice said both Akins and Lindberg, who had not known each other previously, frequented the same South of Market bars, filed complaints with the OCC, and met together at Akins' house. He said, "Put the pieces together. Start thinking about what is going on here."

Anthony Akins, 39, testified that he left the Eagle bar, one week later. When the bar closed, he and a friend caught a bus to the area of Army and Mission, where he lives.

He said he boarded a Muni bus on Mission Street. When a passing patrol car passed near Army Street he gave the officers inside a "thumbs up" greeting. Lindberg testified that he "likes police officers" and has "SEATTLE POLICE DEPARTMENT" tattooed on his shoulder. The officers may have taken the gesture to be the middle finger.



One Convicted, One Confessed but the same outcome: Guilty. Scott Quinn (l.) convicted by jury; Niall Philpott (r.) pleaded guilty.

placed in the patrol car, Quinn "began yelling at me that I was anti-God, evil and sick because I was Gay. I began begging for my life and asked them not to kill me."

Quinn told the jurors he was not homophobic and had never made such statements. Although the area has several Gay bars, Quinn contended, "I did not know he was even Gay. He never told me. He was not wearing a button that said 'I am Gay.'"

Beckwith played a tape of Quinn's call to the station, in which the officer sounded relaxed. The attorney said Quinn made that call so he could later add a battery assault charge against Akins—which Quinn did.

Color photos and a doctor's analysis revealed that Akins had extensive body bruises all over his body and a fractured bone in his face. Doctors called by the defense contended that Akins' alcoholism may have caused him to have defective blood—making it possible for him to more easily bruise.

Quinn testified that after seeing a man "wave" from the window he got on the bus to see if he needed assistance. Quinn and Philpott handcuffed Akins and put him in the patrol car because "he was intoxicated in a public place."

story to them as they drove him to General Hospital for medical care. The jury was shown color photos of the victim's multiple bruises—and his broken middle finger.

Quinn and Philpott's next recorded radio call was at 2:24, 26 minutes after the previous recorded call.

Police Misconduct
 The Quinn case drew considerable newspaper coverage, along with other recent incidents involving police misconduct. This prompted Police Chief Con Murphy to announce last week that he has revamped the police academy's training program.

Police officers are armed and they have the power in these situations," Diana Christensen said after the Quinn decision. The director of CUAU said, "They have society behind them so if they misuse the power, it intensifies the situation. I hope this case sends a strong message to everyone on the force that such acts will not be tolerated."

CUAU reports that it had a complaint against Philpott in September, 1983. Douglas Slagle contended that during a traffic mishap in the Castro area, Quinn and Philpott became hostile. He reported that Philpott punched him in the abdomen and slammed a car door on his leg.

When Slagle complained, "Quinn told him to shut up," the CUAU report states. Slagle received no satisfaction over a six-month period when he complained to police. He committed suicide in February, 1984.

G. Mendenhall

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Gay Politics L.A.-Style Means Cash, Class and a Big Bash

A Quarter-Million Clams Shucked Out At Biggest MECLA Banquet Ever

by Allen White

LOS ANGELES—Last Saturday night more than 1,300 people gathered in the Grand Ballroom of the Century Plaza Hotel for the largest-grossing Gay fundraiser in history. With tickets priced at \$200, more than \$260,000 was raised. This eighth annual event was sponsored by MECLA (the Municipal Elections Committee of Los Angeles).

MECLA's goal is very simple: raise money by the bucketful and use it to buy Gay political power. MECLA is more successful at this type of endeavor than any other Gay organization in the country.

Boston City Councilmember David Soudras said, "Some cities like Boston build coalitions. In San Francisco you do what you do very successfully. In Los Angeles they raise money—and they do it very, very well."

To be successful the organization presents an event which is very "safe" for the many non-Gay politicians who know if they want a part of the financial pot they better show. The presentation is black-tie for the men and the women are gracefully feminine. Butch dykes or nelly faggots are not the order of the evening.

For \$200 the ticket-holder gets to be part of a political power structure. The purpose of the dinner is not social; it is business and the business is politics. Those having the good fortune to be elected to public

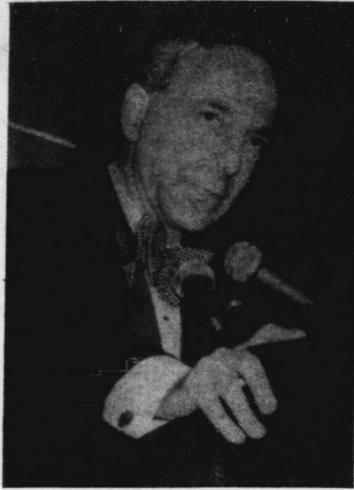
office or appointed to a judgeship are recognized.

The big attraction of the night was Geraldine Ferraro, the former Democratic Vice-Presidential candidate and current spokesperson for Diet Pepsi. Her entrance was heralded with spotlights, a fanfare and a standing ovation. Getting similar star treatment was Los Angeles Mayor Tom Bradley, who is running for reelection.

Introduced with little fanfare were an additional 42 public officials. For MECLA, this was a year with a major change. Since the last dinner, West Hollywood has become a city with the first Lesbian Mayor in the United States and with two Gay officials on the City Council giving the body a Gay majority.



Geraldine Ferraro (Photo: Kent Garvey)



William Filante (Photo: Kent Garvey)

Republican Filante Steals the Show

Stem-Winder Speech Overwhelms Ferraro's Stump-Worn Remarks

by Allen White

LOS ANGELES—Geraldine Ferraro's speech was lost in the dust as Assemblyman Bill Filante from Marin County stunned the MECLA dinner with his hard-hitting speech. Democrat Ferraro gave the keynote speech and Republican Filante was honored with MECLA's Humanitarian Award. He was honored because he was the one Republican to vote yes last year on AB-1 in the California Assembly.

He was the first Republican in the eight-year history of MECLA to be honored with a special award. Given five minutes for an acceptance speech, he slammed away with evangelical fervor at the politically astute audience.

Following the Ferraro address—a stock stump speech—the Filante speech was sharply dramatic. The contrast in the current attitudes of the Democratic Party and the Republican Party surfaced to a point of embarrassment to card-carrying Democrats.

Geraldine Ferraro gave a speech which contained much of what she said in her campaign speeches. It was an oft-heard litany of the experiences of being the first woman nominated to a presidential ticket.

Halfway through her speech, she touched on the problems of Gays and Lesbians. Ferraro said she has gained "an awareness and an understanding of the problems facing Gays and Lesbians in the last several years." She then fell back on the words of the Democratic platform.

Ferraro probably learned much about Gay rights at the platform hearings, which she chaired, from people like San Francisco's Bill Kraus and former National Gay Task Force head Virginia Apuzzo.

Ferraro's other nod to Gay issues was to say she was pleased that Health and Human Services Secretary Margaret Heckler had indicated a concern for AIDS, though Ferraro said she believes Heckler's concerns are too little, too late.

She was followed by Assemblymember Filante. Filante took a different approach. He did the same thing President Reagan had done in Dallas at the Republican Convention. Filante told the MECLA group to stop looking to the Democrats and look to the Republicans.

"While your (MECLA's) first eight years represent truly a job well done working within the ranks of the Democratic Party, I believe that the real opportunities in the next eight years lie working within the ranks of the Republican party," Filante said.

He then said, "Given the im-

portance of our cause, I propose the true Democrats among you to rise above partisan considerations and support your peers who have the courage to step forward as Gay Republican men and women."

The room full of men in their black ties and women in evening gowns, most upwardly mobile and many just plain rich, stopped to listen. "As I look around the room tonight, I am confident that a great many of you come from Republican traditions, and that you think and vote like Republicans, but that you are reluctant to identify yourself as such for fear of being associated with the reactionaries in our party." To that remark the audience broke out into enthusiastic applause.

He then went on to encourage what he described as "a courageous band of Gay Republicans" who met in Sacramento and formed the first Gay Caucus at the Republican State Convention.

He mentioned the contest for State Party Chairmanship. "At the candidates' request, they met twice with both candidates, in the end voting as a bloc for the moderate candidate, who won by essentially the margin given to him by the bloc of Gay votes. It was a dynamic moment."

Filante gave only a five-minute speech, yet it registered with the audience. MECLA has been shunned by Gay Republicans because they were so sparse in their contributions to Republican candidates. This year was different as approximately 10 percent of MECLA's money went to Republicans.

The remarks of Bill Filante, given the setting, were very significant. It also serves to underscore the position that the Democratic Party has problems which may affect its Gay support.

Southern California Republican Frank Richiazzi, the first openly Gay Republican candidate in California, boasted of membership increases in the Republican Log Cabin Clubs in Los Angeles and San Diego. He said the Log Cabin Club would also be soon opening chapters in Orange County and Sacramento.

Boom-Boom Is on Top as Talk Show Host Takes Him On

By Rink

Sister Boom Boom topped Talk Show Host Wally George at his own game at San Francisco State University on Monday. Essentially "The Wally George Show" live, instead of on its usual medium—television—the event was produced by San Francisco State's Associated Students' Performing Arts Program.

Flanked by large blow-ups of John Wayne and Ronald Reagan in cowboy dragola, George started in criticizing Gay activists, then T.V. stations that had cancelled his program, back to Gay activists, on to attack the Russians and Rose Bird, then back to Gay activists.

An alertness and uncoiled tension rippled through the crowd as Sister Boom Boom finally made his entrance. Boom Boom calmly surveyed the murmuring crowd and coolly eyed George. Boom Boom's "attitude" would be the envy of any San Marcos or Alta Plaza Contempt Queen.

Wally George hollered questions about Boom Boom's sex and sexuality. Boom Boom, with a voice heavily laced with sarcasm, asked George: "Why do you want to know about what kind of genitals I have, and what I do with them, Wally? For someone so down on Gays, it sounds like you want a date!"

George looked off-balance, not able to adjust to the attack on his jugular. Boom Boom went on to defend pan-sexualism, freedom to dress as one pleased, and humanism in all its manifestations. Boom Boom articulated his opinions in a com-

mon sense, entertaining manner that seemed sensible. He was certainly more convincing than Wally George, as revealed by audience applause.

Boom Boom continued to tear into George, ripping him over the desecration of the U.S. flag on a flyer for the show. After George made a wisecrack about Boom Boom's masculinity, the Sister rolled up the sleeve of his habit to flex a huge upper arm muscle, daring George to "match it." Wally George declined, looking depressed.

Sensing the possibility of total victory, Sister Boom Boom closed in for the kill, and mentioned Wally George's daughter, who starred as a prostitute in the film "Risky Business." George stormed off and summoned the two large security volunteers to remove Boom Boom from the stage. Unlike George's other "guests," Boom Boom resisted.

Suddenly three campus cops surfaced as reinforcements. Pandemonium reigned as a titanic struggle began between the five guards and Boom Boom, with more Sisters catapulting themselves into the fray. When the frenzy of pulling and shoving was over, Boom Boom stood alone upon the stage.



Attack Scene



Buena Vista Park was the scene of a brutal attack in the early hours Monday. San Francisco Police say they discovered the mostly naked body of a man on a path near copes of trees where nighttime cruising takes place. The man had been bludgeoned and suffered a crushed skull. He was discovered about 4:20 a.m., but police surmise he was attacked about 1:30 a.m.

The victim was operated on but remains in critical condi-

tion. No wallet was on his person or with his effects and identity has not been established. Police described the victim as a white male weighing approximately 145 pounds with black hair and brown eyes, apparently between the ages of 35 and 50.

Most of the victim's clothes were off, and were found "very neatly folded" nearby, police said. The victim's motorcycle also was nearby. There are no leads or suspects

so far in the case.

Anyone who thinks he may have information relevant to the case may contact Inspector Estrada at the General Works Division of the Police Department, telephone 553-1141. Those who believe they may have information, who are reluctant to deal with the police, may contact the Bay Area Reporter at 861-5019; confidentiality will be maintained.

Seniors Drop-in

A drop-in program for Lesbian and Gay Elders is available every Sunday afternoon at Operation Concern. This new offering began on March 10, and will extend through the month of April, on Sundays from 1 to 5 p.m., at 1853 Market Street (at Guerrero). It is hoped that some of the special needs of seniors can be met by this provision of community

space, in an accessible part of the city. All Lesbian and Gay seniors and their friends are welcome.

Gay and Lesbian Outreach to Elders (GLOE) is funded by the San Francisco Commission on the Aging, to provide a network of services to our seniors: social opportunities, workshops, support groups, and outreach to the general community.

For information, call 626-7000.

Healing Service

Presbyterians for Lesbian and Gay Concerns sponsor a weekly circle of healing prayer and meditation on Mondays at 5:45 p.m. at Seventh Avenue Presbyterian Church, 1329 Seventh Ave., between Irving and Judah, San Francisco. The service focuses on AIDS as well as other illnesses and personal needs. All are welcome.

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ALTERNATIVES

OPEN FORUM
ON AIDS THERAPIES

Friday, March 22, 7:30 pm
Metropolitan Community Church
150 Eureka Street (near 18th)

Guest Speaker: **Dr. Robert Cathcart III, M.D.**
(Vitamin C; Uses and Results)

And Guest Panel

Dr. Donald Abrams, MD. Dr. Keith Barton, MD. Steven Levine, Ph.D.
Asst. Director, SFGH AIDS/RS Clinic Berkeley Holistic Health Office Allergy research Group

Open question and answer sessions with experts about current research and supportive support group.

FREE

For further information: 863-6369 or 861-8100

Sponsored by Vibrant Health Center, 2301 Market (at Noe) and Sentinel USA

Sha'ar Zahav Passover

Passover, the Jewish celebration of freedom, will be celebrated by Congregation Sha'ar Zahav with the traditional Seder, beginning 6 p.m. on Saturday, April 6, the second night of Passover. All are welcome to join the congregation at this festive event, and are invited to make reservations by calling 861-6932.

The congregation Seder will be held at the Golden Gateway Holiday Inn at Van Ness and Pine, San Francisco. The Seder, a ritual retelling of the Exodus from Egypt through song and story, will be led by members of the congregation, and the Seder meal will be specially prepared with recipes from members.

Deadline for Seder ticket sales is April 1; \$30 for the public, \$25 for members, and \$18.50 for children. Strictly kosher and vegetarian meals are available on request. The Seder is wheelchair-accessible.

He then said, "Given the im-

Health Care Services for Women

The Women's Clinic at District Health Center #1, located at 3850 17th Street between Noe and Sanchez, provides medical screening for cancer of the breast, thyroid, and cervix; screening for sexually transmitted diseases; and information, supervision and counseling for the various methods of birth control.

Confidential services are offered, by appointment, to women 12 years of age and over during day and evening hours. Fees are determined by your income. Members of pre-paid health plans will be charged a minimum of \$25 per visit. Further information is available by calling 558-3905, Monday thru Friday between 8 a.m. and 4:30 p.m.

GMHC Mobilization Conference

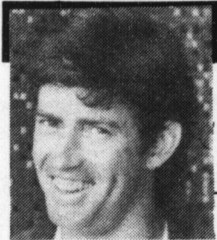
The president of the board of the Gay Men's Health Crisis of NYC, Paul Popham, will address the upcoming Mobilization Against AIDS Conference. The Mobilization's "Strategy Conference on the Politics of AIDS" will begin Friday, March 29 at 7:30 p.m. at 240 Golden Gate Ave.

Popham joins the head of the Gay Rights National Lobby, Nancy Roth, the chair of the Los Angeles Task Force on AIDS, Dr. Neil Schram, and the AIDS Action Council Lobbyist, Gary MacDonald in addressing the conference. Also attending will be the leaders of AIDS organizations in Los Angeles, San Diego, Sacramento, San Jose and San Francisco. For information phone 552-4287.

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ON THE OFF BEAT

A Belated Valentine For Dennis

MIKE HIPPLER

I met Dennis Croteau at Land's End in October 1980 on one of those rare and wonderful days in San Francisco when the mercury soars to 90° and everyone who can flee to the beach to bask in the sun. He was introduced to me by a mutual friend (and a boyfriend of mine at the time), Lionel, and as soon as I saw him in his skimpy bathing suit, or gym shorts, or was it nothing at all, I knew it wouldn't be long before Dennis would be a boyfriend too. Dark and wiry with luxuriant black hair, a scruffy, two-day beard, and gleaming, bottomless eyes, Dennis exuded an animal sensuality that drew me as surely as the sun had drawn me to the beach. In an instant it was obvious that the attraction was mutual, and, when I left the beach that day, it was Dennis, not Lionel, who was by my side.

Within no time, Dennis and I were "quite the item," according to Lionel's lover, Jacques. We saw each other nearly every day, and we spent half our nights together. I quickly lost interest in all others I was dating. Dennis gave the impression of being equally as infatuated with me as I was with him.

We had little in common other than an intense sexual bond, but that bond was so great that it overshadowed all other concerns. Like myself, Dennis was something of a slut at heart. We both had a healthy respect for lust, and, for a while at least, we directed that lust toward each other.

Oh, there were other things about Dennis I admired besides his considerable sexual appetite and skill. He was an accomplished fan dancer, for instance. Before I ever met him, in fact, I saw him perform once, at the Heatwave Party the winter before, and he was sensational. Now I grant you, fan dancing may be a rather esoteric art, but Dennis was one of the best. On Friday and Saturday nights at the Trocadero, I used to love to watch the crowds part as Dennis, dressed only in Levi's or skin-tight black pants, worked those fans—two, four, as many as eight at a time. When the fans caught the light just so, it was a sight to behold, especially on LSD at 4 a.m.

Nights at Trocadero always ended in bed, at least for a while. Although the romance was intense, it didn't last very long. After only six weeks or so, Dennis told me that he didn't want to fuck anymore. He still wanted to be friends, of course, but he wanted to fuck with other people. He didn't say it just so, but I knew he was tired of me sexually, and I was crushed. For my part, I would have liked to continue fucking for—oh, at least another month. But such was not to be, and although I was disappointed, I quickly adjusted to the situation. Instead of continuing to be boyfriends, therefore, Dennis and I became sisters—best girlfriends, like so many of my other ex-tricks.

For a long time Dennis and I continued to party together, sometimes with Lionel and his best friend Nick, sometimes with others. We always had a good time, Dennis and I, and only part of it was due to the acid, the MDA, the joints, and the ever-present bottle of ethyl chloride. (In any crowd we were easy to spot—we were the ones with rags in our mouths.)

But after a few years we drifted apart, for I got tired of nights at the Trocadero, nights on LSD and ethyl, and nights searching for a trick or a parking space at five or six in the morning. Dennis never tired of life in the fast lane, though, so eventually we saw each other only occasionally at movies or inadvertently on Castro Street.

Over the next few years, Dennis' interest in pleasure turned professional, and, after a brief stint at Moby Dick Records, he entered the party-producing business with his friend Jerry Gillam. The first party he produced, "Night Shift" in Los Angeles, was a great popular success, although hardly a financial coup de foudre. Two other parties in Southern California, "Basic Energy" and "Dreams," had the same mixed results. I never made it to any of these parties. They were in L.A. and I had since lost my interest in disco parties anyway. But I was glad that Dennis had at last found something to work for and pleased that he was full of big plans and big dreams.

Unfortunately, late last summer Dennis was diagnosed with pneumocystis pneumonia only a few weeks after his best friend Nick also came down with AIDS. After several weeks on Ward 5B at San Francisco General, Dennis came home to 17th Street to recuperate and spent his days on the couch, watching soap operas, game shows, and trashy movies on TV. Because he couldn't work and had little money, he had a great deal of time on his hands. When I heard, therefore, I went by to see him, and for the first time in several years we saw each other regularly again. We went to a movie together, cruised handsome young men (Dennis never tired of cruising handsome young men, the younger the better), and discussed plans to waterski as soon as he got better.

Of all my friends with AIDS—and there have been seven or eight now—Dennis in some ways had the most realistic attitude. He alone talked of the possibility of dying. He alone took extraordinary precautions to protect himself. He would not allow me to visit, for instance, when I had a cold and certainly not when I came down with a relapse of hepatitis.

At the same time, though, he was probably the most optimistic of my friends. "I'm sick," he told me, "and I've got to get better. I just have to be careful, that's all." Dennis never lost hope that he would get better, and, as far as I know, he never succumbed to feelings of despair or surrender, even when his friend Nick died in December.

Later, when he was hospitalized a second and a third time, he continued to hope, and he never stopped planning his next party. This next one, he assured me, would star Tina Turner and would be the greatest party ever. He was moving to L.A. this summer to arrange it, and he wanted to buy my old convertible, the Jaynobile, so he could cruise the freeways of Southern California in style. How he was to do all this with poor health and no money, I wondered. But I never expressed my doubts or fears to Dennis.

I really meant to keep that promise, but I got caught up in planning for my 33rd birthday party, an upcoming trip to Reno, and a number of other things—you know how it is. I thought about Dennis, of course, and I did call once or twice, but the next I heard of him was a call from my friend John. "You heard about Dennis, didn't you? He died on Saturday." I was shocked. I knew he would probably die soon, but not that soon, and I was devastated that for one too many days I had neglected him.

John also told me that his friends—friends I didn't know—were holding a memorial service for him the next night. I wanted to go, but unfortunately I was scheduled to be in Reno with another friend that night, and although I might have cancelled the trip, I didn't. I have a hundred excuses why I didn't, none of which matter very much. In any case, I doubt that Dennis would have minded that while his memorial service was being held in San Francisco, I was gambling in Reno. He even might have appreciated the irony. Life does go on, after all. Nevertheless, I feel guilty for not helping to wish Dennis a formal farewell.

I do miss Dennis a great deal already. I don't think this is hypocritical of me, even though we were not particularly close these last few years. I have found that once a sister, always a sister. Even if I didn't see Dennis often, I depended on him to be a part of my life always, and it hurts that all I have left of him now is the past—memories.

For his sake too, as well as for my own, I am sorry. Dennis deserved more from life than a few years of happiness and death at 27. It has been said many times before, and always makes me angry when someone else says it (it is so banal), but Dennis was too young to die. It just isn't fair.

Lately, I have been obsessed with Dennis' death, with death in general, and I can't help thinking that if death is inevitable, then surely there is no point—all is meaningless and absurd. But then I'll see a sunset or I'll have dinner with friends, and once again all seems right with the world. I am happy and content. I fluctuate daily between these extremes and can't decide what it is I truly believe. Perhaps that is as it should be. Perhaps we are meant to wonder.

One thing I seldom think

about, however, is how or why Dennis died. There are those who will blame his death on the life he led before—the promiscuity, the drugs, whatever—but to me all that is irrelevant. When he did those things, Dennis did not know what might happen, and even if he did, what does it matter?

where and be reminded that once there lived a man who brought joy into the lives of those he knew, a man who was missed by his grieving friends. Having missed Dennis' memorial service, it is the least I can do.

M. Hippler



He Was a Fan Dancer and, for some time, I was his biggest fan: Dennis Croteau.

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Questions Remain on Safety of Oral Sex

Fifth in a Series

by Richard Locke

There is a controversy in the medical and Gay communities about saliva. Until the results are in, I have maintained a wait-and-see attitude—only dry kissing, and for the most part, prophylactic cock sucking.

During the week of October 7, 1984 the news broke that saliva can carry the HTLV-3 virus. It is still to be determined if the virus can be transmitted via saliva. I knew a man in New York City who trained his salivary glands to give bucketfuls of saliva. He was into spit. He was

like Pavlov's dog. I had no idea that anyone could salivate that much. These days he must be going up the walls.

The mouth is a wonderful sex organ. Until I discovered my asshole, I only used my mouth on cocks. I feel I have become an adept cocksucker. In fact

when a fag-basher yells "Cock Sucker" at me I can only reply, "You would be too, if you just tried it once, bastard."

I love my holes. Cocksucking, though, can be dangerous. I have never received clap in my mouth even though its said that it can be done. Some people say that the micro-organisms and the gastric juices of the stomach are protective. It's debatable.

If you have bleeding gums, never brush before or after cocksucking—but gargling with peroxide is prophylactic. If you have rubbed your cock raw, there can be a transference of blood from person to person during oral sex. It is prudent to wear a condom when cocksucking.

I know that latex tastes bad and I have a friend who is utterly terrified that he will die choking on one (I wonder how the obituary would read).

I use a "Fourx" that has been washed. The "Fourx" is packaged in aluminum foil or a cartridge and a liquid that is positively the worst taste ever. I then rub something that tastes good, chocolate syrup, or even "Crisco" on it.

Sucking a covered cock can cause throat burn so always use a good lubricant. I swallow my saliva and try not to spread it around. If you must suck cock without a rubber, make sure the man doesn't have a lot of pre-cum fluid. Don't swallow, and spit often into a receptacle. Of course, you have just raised your risk.

The mouth and throat are pure ecstasy. I miss tongues in my ass, but there are ways to transfer that attention from unsafe areas to safe areas. The umbilicus (belly button) for instance, while not an asshole, can be very good for both parties.

Teeth on tits can be severe bliss. Ear lobes are ecstasy. Teeth on the back of the neck is very muck like a stallion on a mare. Its all very exciting if you let it be. Trace your tongue down his back to his ass and take a bite out of his flank.

You don't have to have pees like the bumper-guards on a 1957 Buick to have auto-eroticism. There are many toys, from a video recorder and camera, to butt plugs, which intensify solo sex. The video is great to record your trysts for when you are old and grey, or just horny. There are many stores with sex toys as well as mail order houses to shop at.

Have a good time with yourself. Who knows better which buttons to push. You don't have to look you best, but at the same time it's a great way to fantasize

(Continued on next page)

THERE IS NO LONGER AN EXCUSE FOR SPREADING AIDS

Right now in the Gay community, we're faced with some extremely difficult decisions because of AIDS—sexual decisions affecting our lives and lifestyles. We Gay men have come up with a lot of excuses for avoiding the issue.

We all know that safer sex can reduce the risk of contracting and spreading AIDS. Some practices are more effective than others; some we have questions about.

We all need to make informed decisions, not excuses. You'll probably agree that none of the following excuses justify the spread of AIDS in our community.

"Whose responsibility is it?" It's yours. Your partner's. And the community's. *Everyone* must take a concerned and active role if we're going to stop the spread of this disease.

Here's another common excuse: "If someone doesn't ask me to practice safer sex, I figure that's their decision and I respect it."

Why? Aren't you concerned? Perhaps your partner is just as uncomfortable in raising the issue as you are.

"Whose life is it, anyway?" It's yours. Your partner's. And the community's. The excuse "It's my life" is only partly true. The life of your

AIDS SAFE SEX GUIDELINES

- Safe
- Massage, Hugging
- Mutual Masturbation
- Social Kissing (Dry)
- Body-To-Body Rubbing (Frottage)
- Possibly Safe
- French Kissing (Wet)
- Anal Intercourse With Condom
- Sucking—Stop Before Climax
- Watersports—External Only
- Cunnilingus
- Unsafe
- Anal Intercourse Without Condom
- Semen or Urine In Mouth
- Sharing Sex Toys
- Blood Contact
- Rimming
- Fisting
- Vaginal Intercourse Without Condom

© Bay Area Physicians For Human Rights (1984)

partner and the well-being of our community are also at stake.

AIDS is not just a physical problem. There are political, social, and economic effects as well. There is already evidence that social freedoms may be restricted because of AIDS. AIDS can be used as an excuse for anti-Gay action and legislation.

Making decisions about sexual practices is difficult. Sticking to those decisions is even more difficult. But this isn't a moral issue; it's a matter of life and death.

"Changing my sex life isn't a cure for AIDS."

That's true. There is no cure or vaccine. And researchers think they are years away from developing one. Safer

sexual practices are our best means right now of reducing our risk and stopping the spread of AIDS.

"Change? Nobody else is doing it!" The fact is that a major research project conducted by the AIDS Foundation among San Francisco Gay men revealed that two-thirds of the Gay community is making a serious effort to reduce their risk by practicing safer sex. *Two-thirds.*

Talk about it. Even though it's a difficult subject for everyone, chances are your partner is just as concerned as you are and would probably welcome a chance to discuss it.

Let's stop making excuses. Let's stop the spread of AIDS.



For more information about AIDS prevention, call the San Francisco AIDS Foundation: (415) 863-AIDS Toll-Free in No. CA (800) FOR-AIDS TTY (415) 864-6606

'Sensible Sex'

(Continued from previous page)

by wearing your favorite leathers, hard hat, or whatever gets you off.

If you don't love yourself no one else will. The mirrors in the playroom are part and parcel of a good jerk-off session with your favorite butt plug. Let your imagination go, give it full reign and set some time aside for a good long session with yourself. You can set yourself some long-range goals.

Toys, clothing and leather are indispensable to autoeroticism. Individual taste can be created. Explore the wild side and fantasize.

The more you play with yourself the less you are exposed to disease. It is the only truly safe activity there is as far as disease is concerned.

Voyeurism and exhibitionism are essential to J/O. Invite a friend over to enjoy it with you. He can get off on your J/O and you can get off on his. Dress up or dress down.

R. Locke

AIDS Service

The AIDS InterFaith Network, in cooperation with the Episcopal Diocese of California and Grace Cathedral, announce the first in a series of Ecumenical AIDS Healing Services to be held at Grace Cathedral on Monday, April 1, at 6:30 p.m.

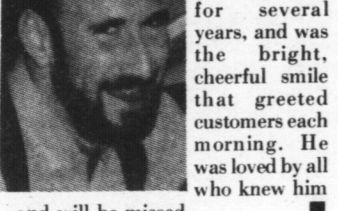
Leaders from the ecumenical community will join The Rt. Rev. William E. Swing, Bishop of the Diocese of California, who will preside at this service. In inviting the AIDS InterFaith Network to host these services Bishop Swing voiced the concern that "The AIDS crisis is of such gruesome proportions in terms of human suffering that it would be immoral for the church not to enter the arena of pain with thoughtfulness as well as caring."

As part of the ongoing ministry and mission of the AIDS InterFaith Network these services are planned for the first Monday of each month. In addition to the service scheduled for April 1, the next two services, May 6 and June 3, will also be held at Grace Cathedral. People of faith from many religious traditions will be presiding and participating in these services. For further information contact the AIDS InterFaith Network at 928-HOPE.

DEATHS

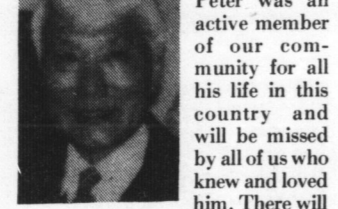
Bob Joseph

BJ passed away on Tuesday, March 12 in New Jersey at the age of 30. He helped run *Kiss My Sweet* on Haight St. for several years, and was the bright, cheerful smile that greeted customers each morning. He was loved by all who knew him and will be missed.



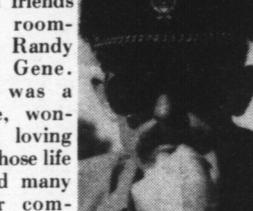
Peter King

Peter King, born in mainland China in 1915, died of cancer Tuesday, March 12 at 70 years of age. Peter was an active member of our community for all his life in this country and will be missed by all of us who knew and loved him. There will be a joyous celebration on March 28 at 8 p.m. at the Pendulum Bar (18th Street at Castro). Peter helped to create the Pendulum.



Steven C. Blomquist

Steven Charles Blomquist, 37, died on March 6. He is survived by his loving parents and two brothers of Saratoga, CA, and his special friends and roommates, Randy and Gene. Steve was a unique, wonderful, loving man whose life touched many in our community. He will be sorely missed by his many friends who loved him dearly. Services were held Monday, March 11, at the Neptune Society in Belmont, CA. A moving service was conducted by his former lover, Randy, who left all in attendance with a wonderful and warm memory of Steve.



Rick Woodburn

Rick Woodburn, 35, came to San Francisco in 1976, from Houston. He died January 13 at his home on Alamo Square of AIDS-related complications. His illness was diagnosed July, 1984. He was in and out of Saint Francis Hospital several times and decided in January not to

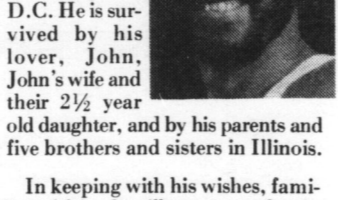
go back to the hospital, but to let his illness run its natural course.

He asked that his friends remember him by taking a bottle of champagne, which he loved, and drink a toast to his memory in the Rhododendron Grove at Golden Gate Park, when the flowers are in bloom.

Gary May

Former San Francisco resident, Gary May, died March 11, after a brief bout with AIDS-related illness, at the age of 33. He is best remembered here as an organizer of Front-Runners. He served as the running group's first president in 1978.

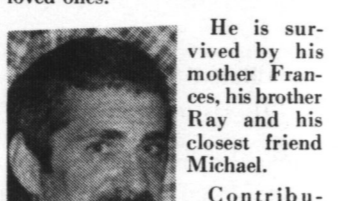
Gary left San Francisco in 1982, to begin a very successful and happy, 'extended family' relationship in Washington, D.C. He is survived by his lover, John, John's wife and their 2 1/2 year old daughter, and by his parents and five brothers and sisters in Illinois.



In keeping with his wishes, family and friends will come together in San Francisco, on Palm Sunday, March 31, at 3 p.m. for a celebration of Gary's life. For information, call 673-7361.

Ron Taylor

Ron Taylor, 45, died peacefully March 12 at San Francisco General Hospital after a brief illness. He will be remembered by his friends and loved ones.



He is survived by his mother Frances, his brother Ray and his closest friend Michael.

James R. Russell

James R. Russell, 33, died courageously at home on March 10. With him at the time of death was his lover of seven years and close friends.

Jim died a short four weeks after diagnosis and chose to remain home after a week's hospitalization.

We are especially grateful to Hospice of San Francisco for their help and care and to all close friends. His spirit shall always live in us with the love he gave.

Arthur V. Fletcher

Arthur V. Fletcher, a.k.a. Valerie, died peacefully March 4 of AIDS in Ward 5-B of San Francisco General Hospital. With him were his lover Bruce and long time friend Henry von Dieckhoff.

Arthur was active for a number of years in the Bay Area in both the Court and political scenes. He will be best remembered for his wonderful sense of humor which he maintained to the last.

G BAY AREA REPORTER GREATER BAY NEWS

Berkeley Begins Sign-Up For Domestic Partner Plan

Dental, Sick Leave Available Now for Lovers of City Workers; Health Plan Pending

by Charles Linebarger

Gay and Lesbian couples are signing up two-by-two in Berkeley this week to take advantage of the nation's first domestic partnership legislation. Dental benefits, and bereavement and sick leave to care for the mates of Gays and Lesbians, is now available. Registration comes three months after the Berkeley City Council adopted domestic partnership. The city is still working on an implementation plan for the other health benefits.

"We're overjoyed," said Tom Brougham, who, with his lover Barry Warren, expects to be among the first to sign up for the newly available benefits. Tom is a tall man with dark hair, beard, mustache and wire-framed eyeglasses. His lover Barry looks almost like his twin, except that his hair is lighter in color. Seen on the street together it wouldn't be difficult to tell that they had been lovers for some time. In fact, Tom and Barry have been lovers for ten years.

Talking with the two lovers over coffee a natural question to ask seemed to be when and how they came to meet. Tom and Barry met at the baths—"So they do serve a good purpose," said Barry.

"It was lust at first sight," Tom added with a smile. "Love came half an hour later."

A love affair had only begun to blossom when Barry, who had been on vacation, had to go home to his teaching job in Michigan. Within a year Barry had given up his teaching job to come back to Berkeley to be with Tom. They've been together ever since.

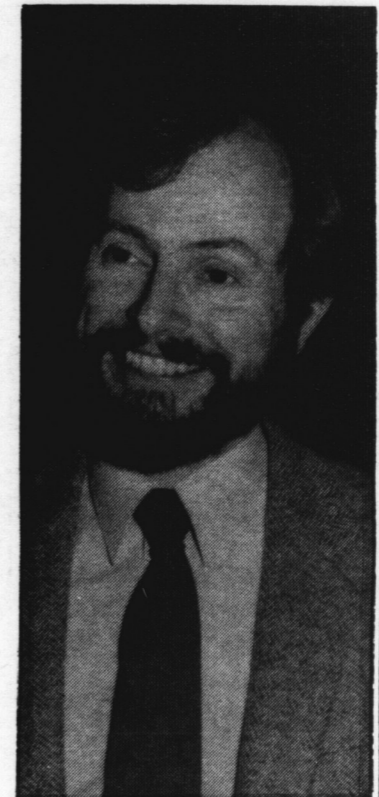
Today Tom works as an accounting clerk with the City of Berkeley and Barry has a job with the University of California in the personnel office. Tom remembers the couple had been together for a year when he got his job with the city. "I was immediately struck by the disparity between the benefits the city offered to those of us who had spouses and those of us whose relationships didn't qualify."

That was when Tom Brougham began to explore the possibility of getting the city to do something to equalize the disparity in benefits offered to those who could marry and those who couldn't.

By 1979 Brougham had helped put together a study group of employees and union representatives to write a report on the subject for the Berkeley City Council. Brougham recalls that community consciousness (straight and Gay) on the issue of domestic partnership was very low at the time.

Consciousness-raising was what Brougham and his cohorts worked on in 1980 and '81. During that two-year period they had hundreds of conversations with people. No one was paying much attention to them, Brougham recalls, but they kept talking, getting feedback and developing their idea.

Brougham became involved in San Francisco Supervisor Harry Britt's ill-fated attempt to get domestic partnership passed



Tom Brougham (Photo: M.A. Brownstein)

in San Francisco at the end of 1981 and early 1982. Both Brougham and Warren feel it was the division within the Gay and Lesbian community over the issue of domestic partnership which doomed the idea in San Francisco even before Mayor Feinstein vetoed the legislation.

Learning from the previous failed attempts, Brougham and the East Bay Gay and Lesbian Democratic Club held a public forum on domestic partnership in May of 1982. Among those included in the forum were Harry Britt, Matt Coles (who wrote the vetoed San Francisco bill), and Robert Zimmermann, representing the Kaiser Health Care System. Berkeley City Council people were also included.

In late 1983 the Berkeley Human Relations and Welfare Commission held a public hearing. Fourteen people testified at the hearing, 13 of them in favor of domestic partnership.

The commission formed a sub-committee including Brougham, Matt Coles and Leland Traiman, another member of the Democratic club, among others, to write a report on the subject. This report, in favor of domestic partnership, was accepted by the commission in June.

When the November elections put a progressive majority on the City Council, Berkeley passed domestic partnership. The date

Violence Commission Tackles Gay Issues

A state commission charged with investigating violence against minorities will consider several Gay rights issues.

The Racial, Ethnic, Religious and Minority Violence Commission was created last May by California Attorney General John Van de Kamp. The commission met recently in San Francisco and heard several presentations regarding anti-Gay violence.

A "rainbow coalition" of sorts, the commission consists of professional men and women selected by the attorney general to represent the state's Black, Hispanic, Asian, Indian, Jewish, elderly, disabled, and Gay communities. Representatives from major religious denominations also serve on the commission.

Los Angeles Attorney Thomas F. Coleman was appointed by Van de Kamp to represent the concerns of the state's Lesbian and Gay community. During the Brown administration, Coleman acted as executive director of the Governor's Commission on Personal Privacy.

John McEntee, director of the California Association of Human Rights Organizations urged the commission to focus on anti-Asian violence, the problem of the homeless, as well as religious violence and prejudice against Gays and Lesbians. "Too much

violence is committed against Gays in the name of God," McEntee testified.

Representatives of the California Police Chiefs' Assn., the California Sheriffs' Association, and several major police and sheriffs' departments attended the commission meeting to discuss methods of monitoring incidents of violence motivated by bigotry. The commission has established a pilot project in which local law enforcement agencies will collect statistics on the extent of such violence and report their findings to the state Department of Justice.

Kevin Berril, director of the Violence Project of the National Gay Task Force called Van de Kamp's commission "historic." "It's the only agency in the country dealing with violence which has expressly included sexual orientation in its mandate," Berril said.

Last December, at the request of the National Gay Task Force, Van de Kamp's commission urged the United States Civil Rights Commission to conduct a national study on anti-Gay violence. The federal agency has deferred action on the recommendation.

To report incidents of anti-Gay violence in California, contact: Thomas F. Coleman, P.O. Box 6383, Glendale, CA 91205.

WANTED

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- What can we do, individually and together, to stay sane and healthy while meeting this incredible challenge?
- How can we stop spreading the AIDS virus around in our community while we're waiting for a medical solution?
- How can we best adjust to the incredible changes that are taking place in gay values, sexual attitudes and lifestyles?
- Find out from other gay men how they are coping with the AIDS epidemic.
- Say what you need to say about AIDS prevention.
- Learn from one another.
- Contribute by helping the San Francisco AIDS Foundation and our community face the greatest challenge we have ever encountered.

THE ONLY PRICE FOR ADMISSION IS CONCERN.

- Beginning February 15 and continuing through May 15, 1985, a total of 1,000 gay and bisexual men will meet in small groups of 10-12.
- The Stop AIDS Project groups will be held in the homes of volunteer hosts throughout the City, and will take up one evening of your time.
- Space is limited. Call now for a reservation—and tell your friends. This is an opportunity for you to contribute just by being there. And to help put an end to this monstrous disease.

CALL TODAY. IT'S IMPORTANT. IT'S FREE.

The STOP AIDS PROJECT Office
690 Market Street, Suite 820
San Francisco, Calif.
392-0368

Between 10 AM & 7 PM/Monday through Friday Only.
Information • Reservations • Volunteer Hosts
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Friday, April 5 at 4:30 PM

Saturday, April 6 at 10:30 PM - Cabaret with Linda Bergren

Sunday, April 7 at 2 PM - Easter Egg Scavenger Hunt

DRUMS
Opening Celebration Party
Saturday, April 27 at 10 PM

May Day Weekend with Nicholas, Glover & Wray
Sunday, May 5 at 3 PM in The Bandshell

For information and hotel reservations, call 707 869-0656

Gay Exhibits at East Bay Centers

Museum Hosts Permanent Display; Libraries Host Travelling Show

by Charles Linebarger

Two exhibitions have appeared in the East Bay recently dealing with Gay and Lesbian themes. One, at the Oakland Museum's Hall of History, or "California Dream" section, is a permanent show of artifacts dealing with the Lesbian and Gay experience in California. This consists of a few objects such as a poster for last summer's National March for Lesbian and Gay Rights during the Democratic Convention, buttons, a T-shirt with those immortal words emblazoned on it, "Castro Street," and several articles of drag clothing.

In the newly restored "California Dream" history gallery, these objects of Gay culture share a large glass display case with representative objects from several other minorities. The idea to include Gay and Lesbian pieces in the "California Dream" originated with Ron Wogamon, an interpretive specialist in the museum's history department.

"That particular exhibit case," Wogamon said, "was intended to house objects relating to significant, sizable groups of people who have come to California since World War II. When I saw that it was becoming an ethnic (exhibit) case, I felt that the basic idea behind it was getting skewed. By including Gays, Lesbians and Yuppies, I hope more people would see themselves rather than look at it and say, 'That's them.'"

The exhibition is small but striking. I have never seen a show of Gay and Lesbian anything in a major museum before,

and was startled when my excursion into Victorian and early Nineteenth Century California history led me to this case filled with Hispanic, Asian, Gay and Lesbian, and Yuppie cultural artifacts.

The two articles of drag clothing on display were worn by famed San Francisco entertainer and early Gay activist Jose Sarria. The costumes date from the days when he performed at the old Black Cat, the famous beat generation and Gay watering hole of the '50s. And by including the sign from last summer's March on the Convention, the display points up an especially exciting feature in the museum's new history gallery; large, well-done, colorful exhibits on a past so recent most of us can remember it fairly clearly.

The objects on display were supplied by the San Francisco Lesbian and Gay History Project. At the same time a larger number of objects relating to



Jose's Red Heels are among the display items in permanent collection at Oakland Museum History Department. The Widow Norton wondered where she left them. (Photo: John Blaisdell)

Gay history were obtained—objects as diverse as crepe-paper drag gowns from the Depression era, to a complete collection of Theatre Rhinoceros' posters and programs going back to the Gay theater's opening night.

The Oakland Museum should now be a high priority for local Gays and Lesbians who want to show out of town visitors the cultural highlights of the Bay Area.

The Albany Public Library is hosting the other exhibition that is of special interest to Gays and Lesbians. Call, "Coming Out of the Closet," this is a show of

books, buttons, and photographs all bearing on the theme of Gays and Lesbians coming to know themselves.

This exhibition was originally organized by John DuPre of the Pacific Center in Berkeley back in 1979. It made a short circuit of local East Bay libraries before being put away for five years. This time around Joanne Trussel, also of the Pacific Center, is in charge of the exhibition and its itinerary.

"We wanted to demystify homosexuality," Trussel said in a telephone interview, "and to let local Gays and Lesbians know about the wealth of reading material there is out there. We wanted to raise the awareness of the general public."

A comment book is part of the show, and the public is encouraged to write down what they think of what they see. Some of the comments are stridently homophobic, but most are pleasant reactions to the exhibition.

"This book has been very effective," Trussel said. "The crossfire in the book gives people an opportunity to see what

real homophobia is. We get reactions like, 'I can't believe that remark, it's from the Dark Ages.'"

Among the books donated by Mama Bears for the show are *Black and White Men Together* by Michael J. Smith, *Rubyfruit Jungle*, by Rita Mae Brown, *Another Mother Tongue* by Judy Grahn, *The Men With the Pink Triangle* by Heger, *Old Dyke Tales* by Lee Lynch, *Gay Etiquette, Lesbian/Gay Almanac Virginia Wolf's Orlando*, *Oscar Wilde's Epigrams, Streetcar Named Desire* by Tennessee Williams, *The Great Dialogues of Plato*, and with company like that who can go wrong. This exhibition speaks for itself. *Monty, a Biography of Montgomery Clift*, *The David Kopay Story*, *One Teenage in Ten . . .* and the titles go on and on and on. There is a tremendous amount of excellent literature by and for Gays and Lesbians. Check it out.

"Coming Out of the Closet" will be moving to the main library in Berkeley March 19, then on to Castro Valley April 16, Pleasanton in May, El Sobrante in June, with Richmond as a possible last stop this summer.

Lutherans Welcome Gays

Six Bay Area Lutheran congregations have publicly affirmed their welcome to Lesbians and Gay men. Responding to an invitation from Lutherans Concerned, the national Gay caucus, the church councils of the congregations voted to adopt officially an "affirmation of welcome" which reads, in part:

"As a community of the people of God, we are called to minister to all people in our world, knowing that the world is often an unloving place . . . We are challenged by the Gospel to be agents of healing within our society.

"It is for this purpose that we affirm the following: that Gay and Lesbian people share with all others the worth that comes from being unique individuals created by God; that Gay and Lesbian people are welcome within the membership of this congregation upon making the same affirmation of faith that all other people make; and that as members of this congregation, Gay and Lesbian people are expected and encouraged to share in the sacramental and general life of this congregation."

The Bay Area signers of this affirmation are St. Paul Lutheran Church of Oakland, University Lutheran Church of Palo Alto, and St. Francis, St. Mark, St. Pauls, and First United Lutheran Churches of San Francisco.

Sacto Gay Fair

Sacramento's Second Annual Lambda Freedom Day Fair is scheduled to be held June 15 at McKinley Park from 11 a.m. to 5 p.m. Organizations are invited to participate in the fair with a booth or financial support.

Booth space will be available for information, games, food, arts and crafts, and merchandise. Well over 2000 people are anticipated to attend this year's fair.

The 1985 Freedom Fair is being sponsored by the Lambda Community Fund, a nonprofit public benefit corporation. Following the successful 1984 Freedom Fair, the fund was formed to oversee the fair's operation and financial responsibilities as well as serve as a vehicle to help eliminate prejudice and discrimination faced by Lesbian and Gay men.

All booth applications need to be returned to Lambda Community Fund, P.O. Box 163654, Sacramento, CA 95816, no later than April 30.

OAKLAND

Over the Rainbay

OZ'S ZEALOTS

(A Ruby Slippers Nose?)

The cult worshipers of the "Rocky Horror Picture Show" just might have a bit of competition down Hayward way, if Big Mama's makes its Wizard of Oz party an annual event. It didn't take too much coaching from the "prompter" to ignite a steady flow of dialogue from the extremely responsive crowd. As if of one mind and body, the huge crowd chose not to pair off with just one character of the movie, but rather went for repeating the entire script, book-chapter-and-line. Far too many were even ready for the part where Dorothy mentions (only once) her last name!

This writer didn't witness the usual "Judy" cult here; nay, it was an Oz denomination that worshiped that March 10 in Hayward.

The costumes (I honestly expected many more) were varied and unique. A clever Mrs. Timman chose not to enter the competition, and a capsule version of the movie arrived too late for the judging. One contestant appeared as the "snow" that magically fell to awaken Dorothy and Toto. First place honors went to a team presentation of a very convincing Dorothy and Scarecrow, Kelly and David. The second place prize was gleaned by an epigrammatic Yellow Brick Road, HGS Sean. Third prize somehow was given to a precocious "Emerald Titty/Cans-Ass" adorned by none other than yours truly!

Included with the second prize was a very nice print of Judy Garland; first prize was accompanied by a lovely porcelain statue of Dorothy. Third place addendum was an invitation to "get the Hell out of town!"

All in all, it was a fun evening, and I'm sure that many are already at work on costumes for the next go-round.

Hmmmmmm? Dorothy's last name? Not being privy to the script I can only guess at the spelling, but it sounds like "Kale" on the sound track.

ESPECIAL MINISTRY

(A Visitor Nose)

This month's ACIE Privy Council meeting was quite boisterous and vociferous. It was healthy to witness the self-criticism that was discussed, and

NEZ PAS

very encouraging to see that short-comings are not being ignored. It is somewhat bemusing to me that this court has existed for six months, and some preliminary plans are already being discussed for the next Coronation!

In matters of "business" the secretary of the Council was removed and a new one voted in, Randy Kaiser. Resignation of Crown Prince Boyd was accepted and a new one will be named soon. A possible Cut-A-Thon may be held before the month's end possibly at Bench & Bar. Queen Mother Val's "Meet the Court Party" at the Jubilee last December netted \$140 each to ACIE and East Bay AIDS Fund. Court meetings will now be held after the Council meetings, rather than on alternate Monday nights. There was a treasurer's balance of approximately \$404.11. The Council accepted the challenge of putting on a roast to celebrate yours truly's big fiftieth birthday in June. And a most prestigious undertaking: the establishing of a special (and separate) fund to be called "Memory Fund" to be used in extreme needs for burial financing.

I gathered that the main reason for doing this was because of the most recent incident of the passing of one of the "Community." It seems that monies are still "unaccounted" for and any questions to the legal person handling the funding go ignored and unanswered.

The Council has made an honorable gesture; I cannot possibly believe that any future courts would want to discontinue a much needed service.

Nez Pas wishes to take this venue to apologize for dominating so much of the "floor" time, but I said what I felt needed to be said. If the Court/Household members don't fulfill their obligations (obligations agreed to when title was accepted) then "fire their asses"! If only three or four "walk" at the next Coronation, let the public know the reasons. I agree with a "kid gloves" attitude, but babies, put that "iron fist" into those gloves!

POTPOURRI

(A Mixed-Bag Nose)

"Retraction! I want a retraction," shouted Russ to me recently. Fearing the worst, I

asked of what. "There was NO water poured on Mark Friese and me!" Perhaps Russ was too "heated" to notice the steam vapors!

Val announces that she has sold the license to the Jubilee and it will be about three months until that transaction closes.

Elected Grand Duchess Randy is supposed to have "something" at the Jubilee on Saturday, March 23, but as of last Saturday his co-host had heard of no plans.

Hayward Gay Sheriff Sean announces that there will be a "Bake Contest" all day at the Turf Club on Sunday, March 24. It is advised that contestants bring two of their entries—one for judging and one for selling. Contact the Turf Club for all details.

Hayward Gay Sheriff Sean announces that his Fifth Annual "After Taxes Party" will be held this year at Big Mama's on Saturday, April 20. Half of the proceeds go to the "float fund" and half to ACIE's "Memory Fund."

Lancer's will have its Academy Awards celebration next Monday, beginning when the doors open at 5 p.m. They will offer munchy hors d'oeuvres during the telecast, and ballots for those who are interested in trying to outguess the "stars." The holder of the ballot with the most correct answers will win brunch for two at the Atherton Hotel in San Francisco.

Get your baked goods early at the Turf Club this Sunday, so you'll have plenty of time to get on back to the Lake Lounge and Mama Chuckles' Exotic Erotic Electric 6th Annual Miss \$1.98 Beauty Pageant. Trust me. You won't believe your eyes! I still don't know why they put my picture on the flyers!

Yes, it's still "go" for the opening of the Spoiled Brat on Thursday, March 28—not the Grand Opening, mind you, just the opening complete with wet paint and zillions of "finshings up." I understand that once things are basically settled, they will attempt to catch up on all the parties missed since that fateful day: Halloween, Christmas, New Years, Valentine's Day, Columbus Day, Birthington's Wash Day, Bastille Day, Before Taxes Party, Wizard of Oz Party, Miss \$2.01 Beauty Pageant, etc. Mercy, what a busy two weeks!

I think that I can wait for another year before I have corned beef and cabbage again. That makes me smile. Love, ■

Gay Father Case Ends in Mistrial, 7-5 for Acquittal

by George Mendenhall

David Frater, 31, an openly-Gay man, made the newspaper headlines in 1982 when he adopted another Gay man, Kevin Dorman, 17, in Riverside, a conservative Southern California city. He gained attention again Feb. 23 when a jury could not decide whether Frater had "molested" a boy, 15. The 7-5 decision was for acquittal.

Most of the jurors believed Frater when he related that the boy was out to "get" him over an argument they had. The boy lived with Frater, who runs a foster home. The two met in a public park that police called "a known homosexual meeting place."

The argument, Frater claims, began when the boy began bringing an adult male to the house—in violation of the foster home's rules. The boy lived in the home for two weeks.

Deputy District Attorney Robert Spitzer said he will decide soon whether to retry the case. One juror said, "If they retry this case it would be just to get a person because he is a nationally known homosexual."

Frater was angry at the decision, stating "This is indicative of the situation here that I could not get a fair trial because of media coverage."

Kevin, now 19, attended his father's trial. He told reporters, "I'm just here to offer moral support."

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THE TEST CAN BE ALMOST AS DEVASTATING AS THE DISEASE

The new test for antibodies to the "AIDS virus" doesn't tell you very much of anything. It only indicates that you have been exposed to the virus. What it can do is frightening.

Imagine, if your health insurance company found out that your test came back positive, they might cancel your policy. Even your job and home may be at risk.

Names might be reported to the government and find their way onto a master list.

In fact, desperately needed research is being hindered because the Federal government refuses to guarantee confidentiality. So, if you do take the test, make sure you get a guarantee in writing that your name and the results of your test won't ever be released to anyone.

Otherwise, our advice is, stay away from the test. It's bad news.

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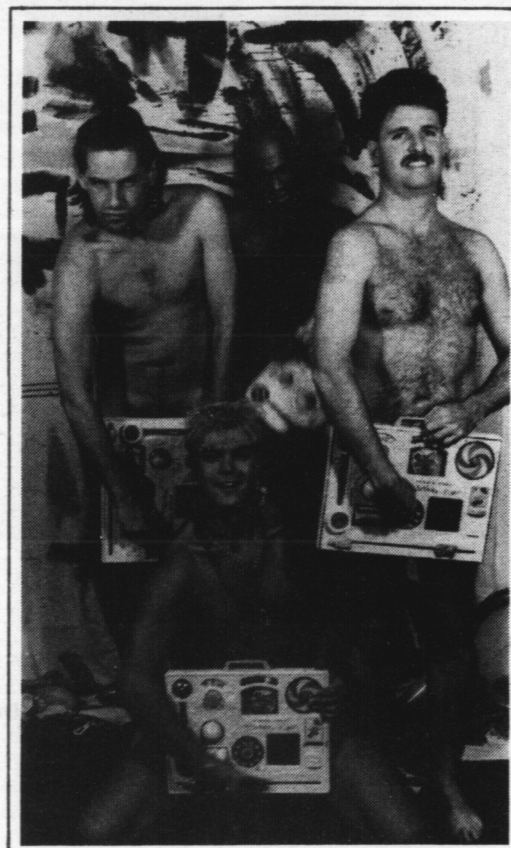
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THIS WEEK

FRIDAY 22

- **Ruth Jovel and Marga Gomez:** music and comedy, Artemis Cafe, 1199 Valencia St., S.F., 8 PM, \$4. Hit the heights with Ruth and Marga in a night of jazz and comedy.
- **Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Hair:** lecture, Pilo Genic Clinic, 2001 Van Ness Ave., S.F., 7:30 PM. Join the Fraternal Order of Gays in finding out what's good for your head. Call 753-6786 for details.
- **Something Else to Do:** The Pacific Center, 2712 Telegraph Ave., Berkeley 6-10 PM. An alternative place to relax, have fun and meet people every Friday and Saturday.
- **Juliet, A Fairytale and On the Wings of an Eagle:** stage performance, Theatre of the Blue Rose, 2525 Eighth St., Berkeley, 8:30 PM. Two plays about women facing abandonment and looking for sanctuary. Call 652-1884 for information.
- **Carole Cook:** cabaret, 1177 Club, 1177 California St., S.F., 8 PM, \$12.50 plus two drink minimum. Reservations at 771-6061.
- **Threepenny Opera:** music, San Francisco Conservatory of Music, Hellman Hall, 19th Ave. at Ortega St., S.F., 8:30 PM, \$15 general, \$12 students and seniors. Call 564-8086 for details.

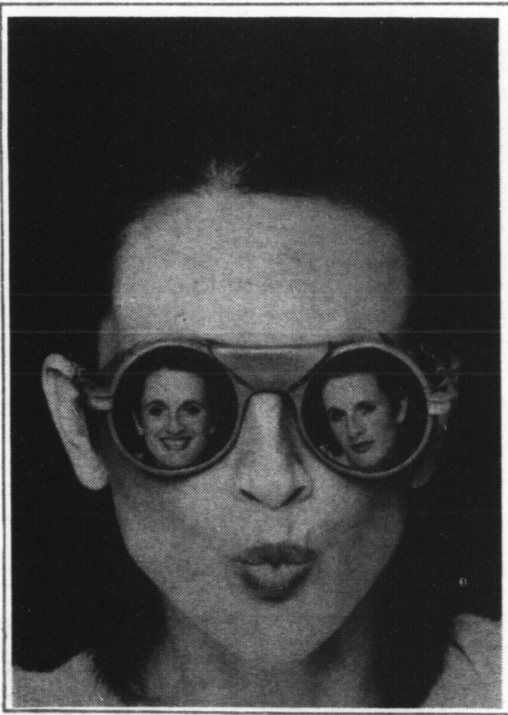


See Alex-5 in *Pedestrian Tunnel* and *Godzilla Voice* at the 16th note this week.

- **Hot Flashes:** comedy, Valencia Rose, 766 Valencia St., S.F., 8:30 PM, \$7. The San Diego women's improv troupe comes to the Rose.
- **Pamela Erickson:** cabaret, Buckley's, 131 Gough St., S.F., 9 PM, \$5.
- **Live'n' on Salvation Street:** stage performance, Theatre Rhinoceros, 2926 16th St., S.F., 8:30 PM, \$7. Terry Cammon Garner's portrait of three Southern women continues its smash run.
- **2 Queens in Search of a Motif:** comedy, Valencia Rose, 766 Valencia St., S.F., 10 PM, \$5. Tom Ammiano and Doug Holsclaw continue their search in a new series of skits.
- **Mourning Metro:** stage performance, Theatre Rhinoceros, 2826 16th St., S.F., 8:30 PM, \$9 & \$10. Philippe Roy directs C.D. Arnold's new play that takes a young man to the Paris of his dreams and beyond. Box office: 861-5079.
- **Women's Drop-in Space:** conversation and caring, 1615 Polk St., upstairs, S.F., 7-9 PM, every Friday.
- **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.
- **Fempv:** comedy, Clementina's Baybrick Inn, 1190 Folsom St., S.F., 6 to 8 PM, free.

SATURDAY 23

- **Acres of Orchids:** tour, Fraternal Order of Gays, 9:30 AM meet at 2038 22nd Ave., S.F., 9:30 AM. Information at 753-6786.
- **Jon Sugar, Bobby Kent and Rach Cztar:** comedy, Casa Loma Hotel, 600 Fillmore St., S.F., 8 PM, \$2.
- **Faultline:** comedy, Lipp's, 201 Ninth St., S.F., 8:30 PM, \$5.



Maggy Gillette will perform with the rest of the *Hot Flashes* at the Valencia Rose this week.

SUNDAY 24

- **Different Spokes:** San Bruno Mountain bicycle run, meet in Golden Gate Park (Fell & Stanyan Sts.) at 10 AM for a 25-mile ride with some steep hills; bring lunch and helmets. Info at 282-3032.
- **San Francisco Hiking Club:** day hike, Five Brooks-Lake Ranch Loop in Point Reyes National Seashore, meet at 9:45 AM at the Eureka Valley Recreation Center, 18th and Collingwood Sts., S.F., strenuous and fast paced.
- **San Francisco FrontRunners:** meet at 10 AM at the corner of Clement St. and Legion of Honor Drive, S.F., for a 1 to 5 mile run.
- **Tropical Nights:** dancing, El Rio, 3158 Mission St., S.F., 4-8 PM. Salsa and samba to live music on El Rio's patio.
- **Le Jazz Hot:** cabaret, The Black Rose, 335 Jones St., S.F., 9 & 11 PM, \$1. Join MC's Consuelo del Rio and Tommi Rose every Sunday for a classy show featuring S.F.'s finest female impersonators.
- **Mikio and Robert Erickson:** cabaret, Buckley's, 131 Gough St., S.F., 9 PM, \$5.

- **The Linda Tillery Band:** music, Baybrick Inn, 1190 Folsom St., S.F., 5-8 PM.
- **Juliet, a Fairytale and On the Wings of an Eagle:** stage performance (see Friday for details).
- **Carole Cook:** cabaret (see Friday for details).
- **Threepenny Opera:** music, San Francisco Conservatory of Music, 19th Ave. at Ortega St., S.F., 2 PM, \$10 general, \$7 students and seniors. Call 564-8086 for details.
- **Live'n' on Salvation Street:** stage performance (see Friday for details).
- **The Vocal Minority in Kidstuff:** music, Valencia Rose, 766 Valencia St., S.F., 7 PM, \$7. A revue of songs about children and childhood.
- **Mourning Metro:** stage performance, 3 PM and 8:30 PM, \$7 to \$9 (see Friday for details).
- **All Join Hands:** square dancing, 2140 Market, S.F., 5 to 7 PM. Dance with the Bay City Ramblers. Call 474-1917 for more information.
- **Drop-in VD Clinic:** sponsored by the Gay Men's Health Collective, 2339 Durant Ave., Berkeley, 7 to 9 PM. Free and confidential. Testing and treatment for gonorrhea, syphilis, NGU, scabies, lice, etc., as well as counseling and referrals. Call 644-0425 for more information.

TUESDAY 26

- **Society of Gay and Lesbian Composers:** meeting, write SGLC, 2269 Market St., #335, San Francisco 94114 for information.
- **Hearts and Canasta:** games, The FOG, 7:30 PM, call 753-6786 for details.
- **The Flight of Icarus:** exhibit, Mill Valley Community Center Gallery, 55 Sunnyside, Mill Valley. A show of color photography by Lawrence Morgan on display until March 31.
- **Lois Blue:** music, Baybrick Inn, 1190 Folsom St., S.F., 7-9 PM.
- **The Joy Julks Band:** music, 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.

WEDNESDAY 27

- **Gay Freedom Day Marching Band:** practice, every Tuesday, Gresham Hall, Grace Cathedral, S.F., 7:15 PM. Interested? Call the Bandfone, 621-5619.
- **Harvey Milk Lesbian and Gay Democratic Club:** meeting, Women's Building, 3543 Eighteenth St., S.F., 7:30 PM. Speakers on the proposed Downtown Plan and on Gay rights before the U.S. Supreme Court.
- **Radical Women:** meeting, call 864-1278 or 550-1020 for information, dinner at 6:45 PM with \$3.50 donation; meeting at 7:30 PM.
- **Guerilla Marketing:** seminar, Golden Gate Business Association, S.F. Chamber of Commerce Board Room, 465 California St., S.F., 5:30-7:30 PM, \$25 members, \$40 non-members. Advance reservations required. Call 392-4511 for details.
- **Samantha Samuels:** cabaret, Sutter's Mill, 77 Battery St., S.F., 6-8 PM, reservations at 788-8379.
- **Open Mike Night:** with pianist Doug Trantham, Buckley's, 131 Gough St., S.F., 9 PM, \$3.
- **Gay and Lesbian History:** lecture and slide presentation, Valencia Rose, 766 Valencia St., S.F., 8 PM, \$4.
- **Blue Jazz Cabaret:** music, Baybrick Inn, 1190 Folsom St., S.F., 7-9 PM.
- **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.
- **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.
- **AIDS: Pros and Cons of Blood Transfusions:** lecture, Mt. Zion Medical Center, Sutter Auditorium, 1600 Divisadero St., S.F., 1 PM, free. Reservations at 885-7354.

- **Women and AIDS:** discussion, Gay and Lesbian Union, UC Berkeley Women's Center Lounge, 7:30-10 PM.
- **Samantha Samuels:** cabaret, (see Tuesday for details).
- **Family Party:** join Buckley's entertainers for fun, Buckley's, 131 Gough St., S.F., 9 PM.
- **Pedestrian Tunnels and Godzilla Voice:** stage performance, The 16th Note, 3160 Sixteenth St., S.F., 8 PM, \$3. Poetry, prose, bongos, congas, typewriters and Alex-5.
- **People Behind the News:** book party, Media Alliance, Fort Mason Bldg. A, S.F., 6-9 PM, \$2 members, \$3 non-members. Meet the people in Bay Area media and pick up a copy of Media Alliance's new directory to media resources.
- **Kitty Margolis & Joyce Cooling:** music, Baybrick Inn, 1190 Folsom St., S.F., 7-9 PM.
- **San Francisco Lesbian/Gay Chorus:** rehearsal, Kassman Piano, 425 Hayes St., S.F., 7:30 PM. For information call 566-6496.
- **Artists Involved with Death and Survival:** stage performance (see Tuesday listing for details).

THURSDAY 28

- **Patty Wolfe:** cabaret, Buckley's, 131 Gough St., S.F., 9 PM.
- **Ultra Pop:** dancing, Baybrick Inn, 1190 Folsom St., S.F., featuring Naomi Ruth Eisenberg and League of Nations.



Carole Cook will perform at the 1177 Club through March

- **Paul Dubois:** music, Valencia Rose, 766 Valencia St., S.F., 8 PM, \$5.
- **Samantha Samuels:** cabaret, (see Tuesday for details).
- **Carole Cook:** cabaret (see Friday for details).

- **Lisa Pawlak:** music, Baybrick Inn, 1190 Folsom St., S.F., 7-9 PM.
- **Beginning Square Dancing:** Foggy City Dancers, Rawhide, 280 7th St., S.F., 7-9 PM.
- **Writing Workshop:** for men 60 and older, Operation Concern, 1853 Market St., S.F., 7 PM. Sponsored by Gay and Lesbian Outreach to Elders. Call 431-6254 for details.
- **All-Male Strip Show:** Renegade, 1548 Polk St., S.F., 10 PM, no cover.
- **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 158-9644 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 submitter. Deadlines: 5 PM on Thursdays. This Week comes out by Bay 0 Laughing.

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BAY AREA REPORTER ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

BOOK RACK

Working Stiffs

Sleeping With Soldiers: In Search of the Macho Man

by Rosemary Daniell
Holt, Rinehart, and Winston, \$14.95

Working Cowboys

by Douglas Kent Hall
Holt, Rinehart, and Winston, \$12.95

by Ron Bluestein

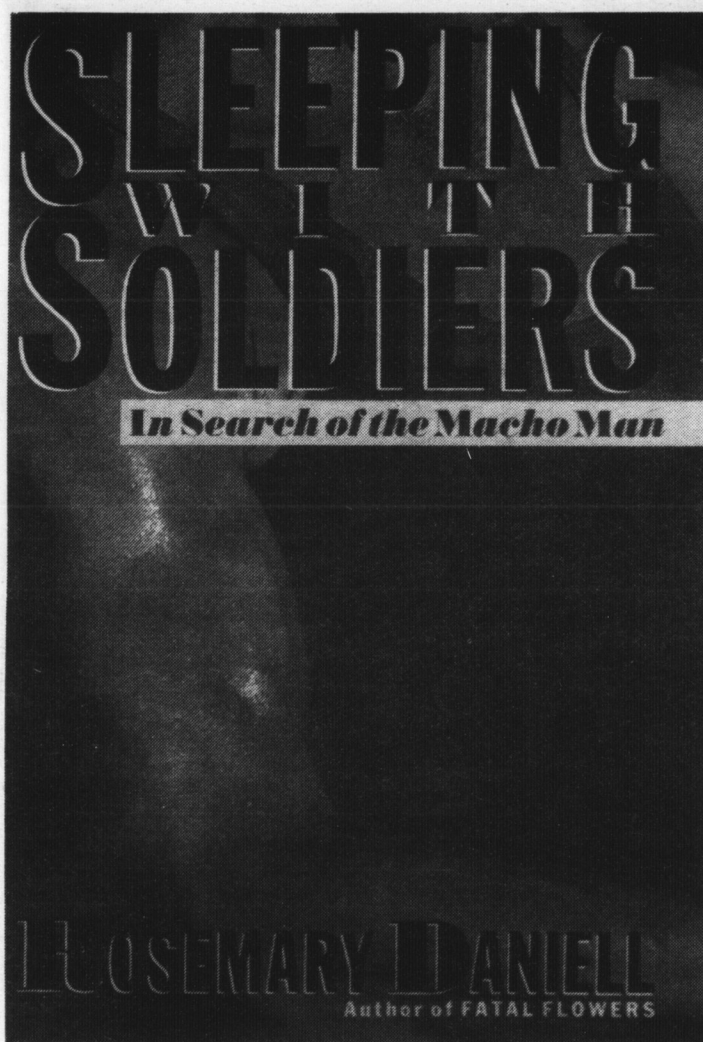
Some sociological researchers depend on interviews and questionnaires in their inquiries on the quaint habits of quirky humans in the Americas. When Rosemary Daniell sets out to anatomize "the kind of man who takes risks, tries to beat the system, lives by his wits and/or biceps; who measures himself by his gender, his sexuality"—in short, the macho man—she goes right out to the field. The oil field. Not even a field, but one of the world's three self-propelled oil rigs, a "tiny speck" an hour by helicopter from the Atlantic shore, where she and her friend Madge are alone with "thousands of pounds of male flesh" and their new reading, *Offshore Life*.

Daniell records her findings on the rig and other stomping grounds of the American Macho from the wild and horny West to the Annual Soldier of Fortune Convention in a style that is always as readable as good conversation and often hilarious with its eye for irony in her third published work, *Sleeping with Soldiers*. A published poet, a working teacher and copywriter, the recipient twice of grants from the National Endowment for the Arts, her children grown and her looks intact, Daniell had ready access to the kind of man her mother called "good husband material." Her grandmother's dictum was even more uncompromising: "You are who you marry." So she dates the Cordon Bleu chef whose idea of passion is holding hands to Bette Davis movies, and the newly divorced junior attorney who tells her he couldn't possibly sleep with someone he's not engaged to, and the Manhattan filmmaker with the perpetual case of herpes. Daniell discovers that "while a woman living in a mobile home, hair in fat pink

rollers, a baby on each hip, might thrill to a lawyer in a three-piece pin-striped suit, I still had a taste for the bad guys."

Well, the bad guys are certainly, on the surface at least, less complicated. Of her oil rig paramour, Daniell writes that she doubts "he will ever choose jogging or transcendental meditation over fucking." There is nothing more effete about them than "Twenty-four carat coke straws, or a bracelet spelling out his name in diamonds." The American macho "rarely drinks daiquiris, takes cooking lessons . . . or decorates interiors with anything beyond moose skulls . . . He does guzzle Lone Star or Black Jack straight up and . . . goes out to the store for more beer or Lucky Strikes." Being lifted from the helicopter to the oil rig "like 120 pounds of Hawaiian Gold" is treatment you can not get even at the Helmsley hotels. The Macho Man ideals are simple (The Ideal Woman: "She always wears skirts 'n' bends ovah a lot."), achievements realistic ("I wanna have an affair with you; it'll jes' take five minutes."), and reactions not too critical (says the drunk boy friend who throws up all over the car: "Ah always git this way when I have to leave somebody I love.").

Being uncomplicated, however, doesn't mean there aren't complications. In Wyoming, Daniell discovers her cowboy boyfriend's "sentimentality existed . . . in easy camaraderie with his callousness." Even cowboys and soldiers have to deal with ambiguities, have to move "beyond mere image into reality." These burly hunks on whom she lavishes descriptions of the physical like "a curly-haired blond hulk with muscles like tan logs" are possessive sex-



ist husbands and voracious racists, qualities that make her feminist, liberal, woman-loving soul scream with rage. The macho man's "It's a lick attitude allows him to risk his own life and feelings, which he hasn't learned to value much," and that's fine, but often he'll risk yours too if you happen to be foolish enough to be on his ride. "Indeed," Daniell concludes early in the book, "good ole boy" is just another way of saying sociopath. In his worst moments, the macho man really is the insensitive brute he often appears to be.

So though Daniell realizes her soldiers of fortune are homicidal maniacs; though she understands the Love Game of the Macho is a choice of three alternatives—"You are me. You and me. You or me."—there is something beyond pursuing the macho image of sexuality that compels her.

" . . . In following through on my attraction to macho and other 'unsuitable' men, I was simply assuming what middle-class men have long held, the privilege of erotically enjoying lovers whom they might not consider marrying—in their case, barmaids, waitresses, and prostitutes; in mine, construction workers, smugglers, and foreign sailors." She wants to match her macho men with the drinking, fucking, freedom-loving spirit within her, her Macha Woman.

In fact, she is hardly surprised in her travels when the Macha Women she meets are more exciting than the Macho Men. *Sleeping with Soldiers* is peopled with some wonderful Despina's to Daniell's not-quite Fiordigia. There's her oil rig partner Madge, who enjoys the sun and chocolate more than the oil riggers. Doesn't she think, Daniell wants to know, that these workmen are more passionate and adventurous than other men? Madge just dabs the chocolate off her chin and says,

saturation self-therapy for another 11 pages. Daniell does not have the depth and breadth of a first-class novelist, but she does have the flair of a first-class writer and a gift for funny and penetrating portraits of both people and places. For those intrigued by her, her other titles are *A Sexual Tour of the Deep South* (poetry), and *Fatal Flowers: On Sin, Sex, and Suicide in the Deep South*.

Daniell's Western man is "often insensitive, sexist, and mendacious." A joke states that "in Wyoming men are men and sheep are nervous." Since Wyoming has the highest rate of wife beating, I would imagine the women are nervous as well. Douglas Kent Hall is more interested in what a cowboy does than in what he is in his new book *Working Cowboys*. As such, the text is tedious to all but the most die-hard Louis L'Amour fan, but the images rendered in brilliantly exposed black and white photos are evocative and beautiful. While there are many shots of cowboys working, *Working Cowboys* is essentially an investigation and exploration into the art of photographic portraiture. Hall poses his subjects against walls, fences, doors, and windows to create compositions as sparse as Japanese stone gardens and as rectilinear as a Mondrian painting. Hall gets as much pleasure from contrasting textures as he does delineating line. The front cover photo of a cowboy in frilled leather chaps leaning against a post where two walls—one adobe, one wood—converge is as much a study of the shades of greys and blacks and whites these materials make on silver halide as it is a study of Floyd Sanders.

It is Floyd, though, and the other cowboys who enliven the pictures, who give soul and substance to the study. "In both California and New York," says one buckaroo, "I was assailed just a hell of a lot by homosexuals." This reporter can certainly understand why. No fancy buckles on these chaps, boys. You just tie the damn things with a string right above your crotch and then hang your grooves on them with the palm extending out like Gary Loveland. Gary Green has the good sense not to hang anything in front of his crotch. In looking at these pictures the thought occurs that if you scratch a macho, you might find a *mensch*. The obverse is also a possibility. ■

Three Women

Difficult Women: A Memoir of Three
by David Plante
E.P. Dutton, \$6.95

by Joseph D. Butkie

It is with some trepidation that I approach the task of reviewing a book by a male and entitled, *Difficult Women*. This volume is a triptych in celebration of Jean Rhys, Sonia Orwell (George's wife), and Germaine Greer.

In the first 60 pages we meet Jean Rhys, an octogenarian both ill and ill at ease, living in a hotel with other seniors. The author, David Plante, records conversations the two have in the dreary precincts. Jean recalls

a marriage, a dead infant, thoughts of suicide, memories of a childhood on the Caribbean island of Dominica, reflections on literary Paris in the '20s, the pain in being a writer.

"Oh, what a Goddamn shitting business we've taken on, being writers! Oh, what shit! What shit!" She shook her head, with its hat, whenever she said 'shit,' as if to shake the word out with physical disgust."

Plante captures poignantly

(Continued on page 30)

TALES OF TESSI TURA

That Old Black Magic

GEORGE HEYMONT

Recently, at a friend's dinner party, I was introduced to a guest whose long, greying beard made him look like a cross between Allen Ginsberg and Rasputin. My first impression was that I had just made the acquaintance of a profoundly intellectual man; a person blessed with a scholarly mind and an intensely spiritual soul. I was correct.

That aura was quickly shattered, however, by Eugene Burger's mischievously seductive speaking voice, the unmistakable twinkle in his eyes, and the dirtiest laugh I'd heard in years. "Goddamn it, Eugene," growled the host. "If we were all living in the Middle Ages, they'd crucify you!"

"Quite to the contrary," chuckled the guest of honor. "I'd be extremely rich and powerful."

FASTER THAN THE HUMAN EYE

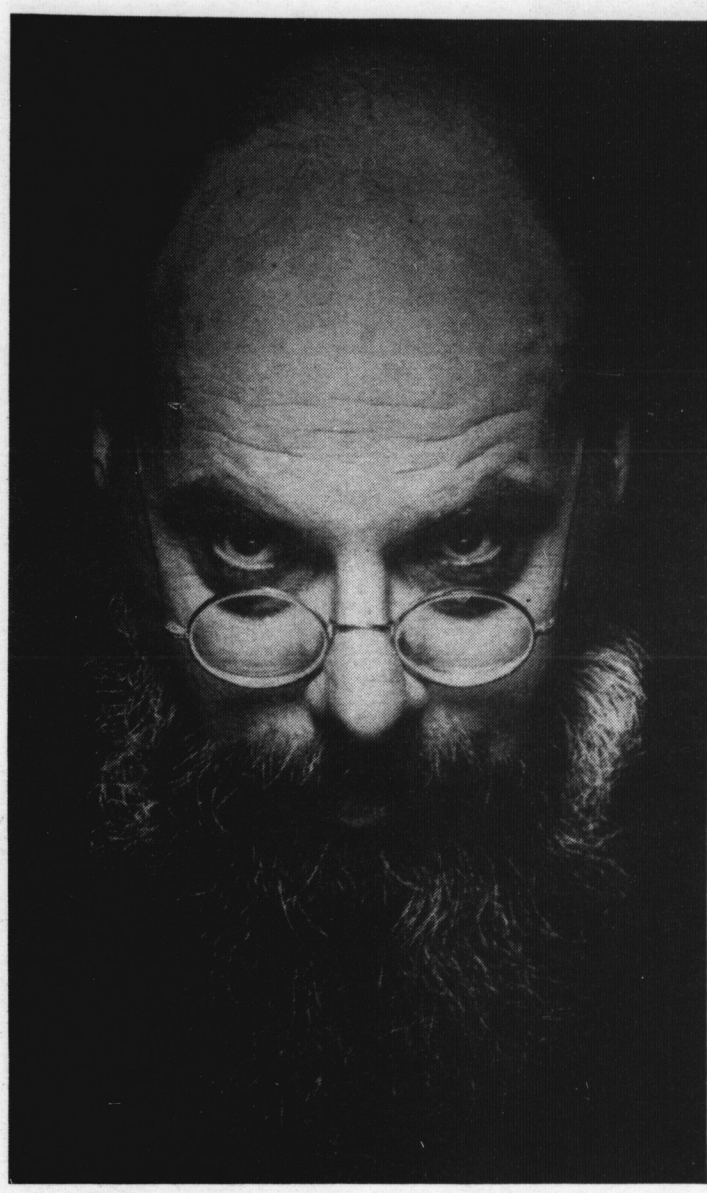
What is the secret of this man's success? When he was 16 years old, Burger was voted the Best Teenage Magician in Chicago by two professional groups of practicing magicians. With an advanced degree in Divinity from Yale University, he went on to teach philosophy and comparative religion at the University of Illinois in Champaign-Urbana. At 37, he left the hallowed halls of academia, sacrificing the financial security of a university professorship in order to pursue his life-long love: magic. In his first year as a performer, Eugene doubled his income. Ever since he has been his own boss.

Now 45 years old, Burger has the rare privilege of doing exactly what he wants to do with his life. He sleeps until mid-afternoon, lectures to fellow magicians, and performs magic tricks at private and corporate parties around the United States. His performance style is soft, gentle, and extremely seductive. Using a surprisingly low-key delivery, he can push a lighted cigarette through a coin, perform mind-boggling card tricks and make audiences believe he has conjured up the spookiest of spirits. Recently named "Lecturer of the Year" by his fellow magicians at a conference in Los Angeles, Burger specializes in close-up magic tricks which are performed by sleight of hand. If you're ever lucky enough to cross his path, you are in for a genuine treat.

Magicians, however, are often plagued by skeptics in the audience. While those dinner guests who monitored Burger's card tricks with eagle eyes were determined to crack the secrets of his craft, I found myself preferring to sit back and be royally entertained, for when someone is *that* good at performing close-up magic, I don't even want to know how he does it. I'd rather believe it's all completely true, even if that means having the wool pulled over my eyes by a sly old fox like Eugene. There are, after all, certain moments when ignorance is truly bliss.

SAUCY SORCERY

While performing sleight of hand magic tricks can get you lots of gigs with corporate parties and the bar mitzvah trade, true sorcery is nearly an extinct profession these days. Thus, in the absence of Doug Henning or Siegfried & Roy, one must look to Gilbert & Sullivan for a stronger magical fix than mere



A master of prestidigitation and things that go bump in the night, magician Eugene Burger continues to confound skeptics with his craft.

displays of prestidigitation and flying lions. The Lamplighters recently revived *The Sorcerer*, an early G&S opus, in a handsome production designed by Andrew DeShong with costumes by Bill Jones.

Nearly a century old, *The Sorcerer* occasionally creaks at the joints. While by no means vintage stuff, Sullivan's score contains a ravishing quintet well worth the price of admission. Much of the libretto is raw and slightly underdeveloped—although one can easily spot the seeds of comic genius that was to come later. This is quite understandable, however, since *The Sorcerer* was only Gilbert & Sullivan's third collaboration and the operetta in which they first began to experiment with the patter songs which later became their signature.

The operetta's plot relies on an old dramatic trick: spiking the villagers' drinks in order to make everyone fall in love. The results of the mysterious potion provided by a professional sorcerer require an equally powerful antidote—the death of the sorcerer himself. But how can one be unkind to an operetta which offers its villagers rollicking buns and gay Sally Lunn's? Or has them singing lines like "Eat, drink and be gay. Banish

all worry and sorrow. Laugh gaily today. Weep, if you're sorry tomorrow!"

Under Orva Hoskinson's astute stage direction, the Lamplighters went about performing *The Sorcerer* with much zeal. Ron Bacon's clever lighting added special delight to the magic effects—this show requires more imposing stagecraft than most other G&S productions. Of the principals, John Rouse's Alexis Pointdextre was by far the strongest. Rouse, whose appealing tenor made him a Pacific Regional Finalist in the 1984 Metropolitan Opera auditions, has a mean pout which makes him look like a young Eddie Bracken. Susan Maraccini was a pert Aline; Will Connolly a blustering Vicar of Ploverleigh.

Maureen McCabe's pew-opener, Mrs. Partlett, captured the essence of romantic melodrama, while Pamela Von Schmitt's Lady Sangazure went one step further into the realm of contralto camp. Rick Williams did a creditable job with John Wellington Wells' patter song. But it was Rex Hesner's befuddled and senile portrayal of the Notary—described in the libretto as "a very plain old man"—which, in its Ichabod Crane-like style, nearly stole the show. ■

Woman to Woman

Portraits in black and white by Ann Meredith will show at the Lyon Martin Clinic at 2480 Mission St. near 21st, Suite 214, San Francisco, from April 1st through May 31st. Hours are Monday through Friday from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Woman to Woman celebrates the clinic's 5th Anniversary of service to the community, and is

comprised of portraits printed in 11 x 14 format on Portruga Rapid and toned with selenium.

Ann Meredith's sensitive and perceptive vision is exemplified in her warm and tender portraits of aging women. Woman to Woman is a selection of the artist's larger series *Relativity in the Eighties, Portraits, and In Passing*. ■

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BAY AREA REPORTER MARCH 21, 1985 PAGE 23

London v. SF: An Alarming Trend

Aside from the inherent culture clashes between London and San Francisco, there still should be, and maybe there used to be, more reasons why America's capital of the alternative lifestyle was able to keep abreast of Europe's reigning new-music outlet both in production and consumption.

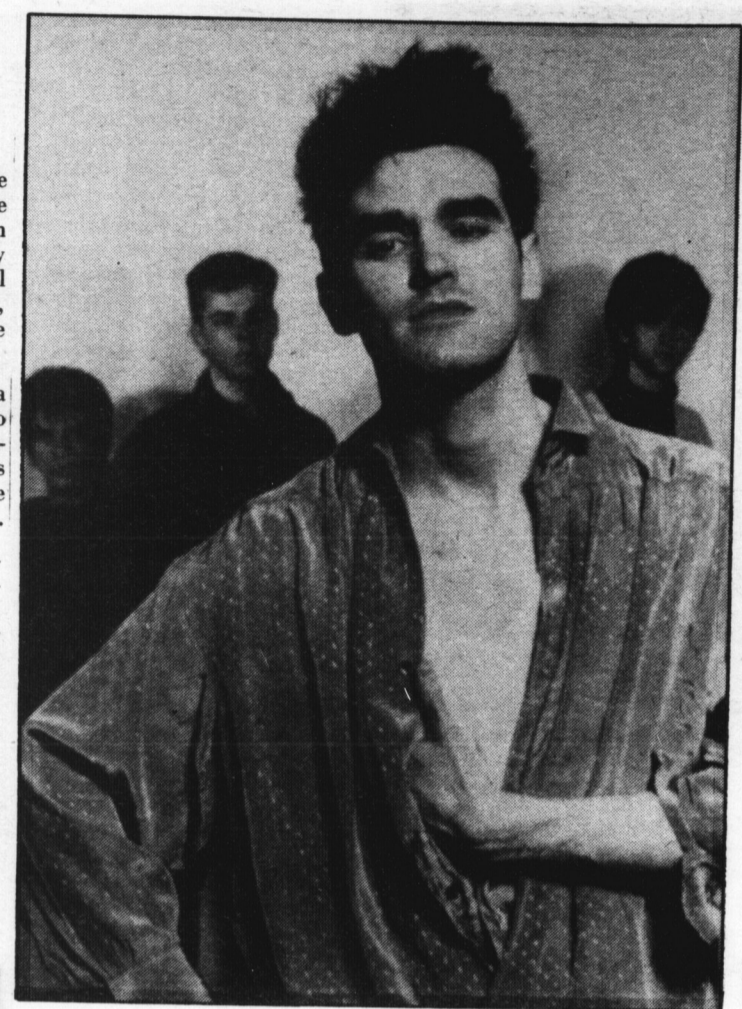
But while London remains a strong outlet for new music and new trends, especially in the category of Gay musicians, San Francisco seems to be succumbing musically to Reagan's second term. And while new releases from Bay Area artists are commendable, those artists represent a clean-cut conservatism that, viewed *en masse*, represents an alarming trend.

Admittedly, Huey Lewis, John Fogerty, and Chris Isaak are only three out of thousands of musicians in the Bay Area, but their major-label backing signifies what record companies are buying and promoting—a straight, conservative look and sound that frowns on artists who dare to be different, much less

those who are different. While the I-Beam and the Oasis are still bringing in some great diverse acts, and you can still dial your pleasure on Bay Area radio, the message for local artists seems to be look straight, sound conservative, and you've got a record deal.

Aside from 415-Columbia label recording artists (Romeo Void, Translator, Red Rockers), very few of the regulars from the local club scene have made the move to a major label.

Chris Isaak, who spent several years in his local band Silverstone, has just released his debut, *lp, Silverstone*, on the Warner Brothers-Geffen label. Even in their younger days, Isaak and other band members represented a clean-cut look and sound, a rockabilly-oidies road show with a naive appeal. On vinyl, Isaak comes off as a sexy but somber Ricky Nelson of the '80s. No single track stands out as a Top 40 pick, but the material is consistent and reveals a strong potential.



The London look (The Smiths)

Although Huey Lewis and the News do not currently have a new release, it was evident that cool, conservative, and straight were the reasons why Showtime was filming a live concert of the band last week at the Kabuki for an airing in May. It was also evident by the horde of screaming, giggling teenage girls in the audience.

John "Credence Clearwater" Fogerty, a Bay Area legend, has chosen to resurface with a great collection of songs on his new *Centerfield* lp. The album is chock-full of good rock sounds, but is lacking the rebellious, happy sound he created in CCR. Despite that, tracks like "Centerfield," "Zanz Can't Dance," and "The Old Man

JERRY DE GRACIA

Down The Road" have an abundance of energy, and are easy to digest.

While that handsome straight image is eye appealing, it is surprising that this trio of media-image acceptability all surfaced from the Bay Area, with its history of hippies and Gays, a history that is taking on an increasingly surreal and distant nature.

At best, this trend signifies that if the Bay Area music scene is not taking on a reactionary pose, it is at least indicative that it is suffering from Yuppification.

THE HOPE

The new release by San Francisco band Necropolis of Love is somewhat more encouraging in that, at least in sound, it offers a more rebellious spirit. Lead Singer Dave Slave Velasquez, who is somewhat short in stature but powerful in voice, brings the band's dance-oriented sound to a peak on this ep, both with the club hit "Dance" and "Let's Talk."

MEAT IS MURDER

The Smiths' new lp, *Meat is Murder*, is a smooth and enticing collection of words and music by the masters of understatement. The subtle influence of Gay sensitivity is most prevalent on the track "I Want The One I Can't Have," a poem about meeting someone in the alley behind the railway station. In the areas of material, production, and instrumentation, the Smiths continue to produce some of the highest quality work being generated in the worldwide recording industry today.

EVEN IN BABYLON

Joy In The Evening

JOHN F. KARR

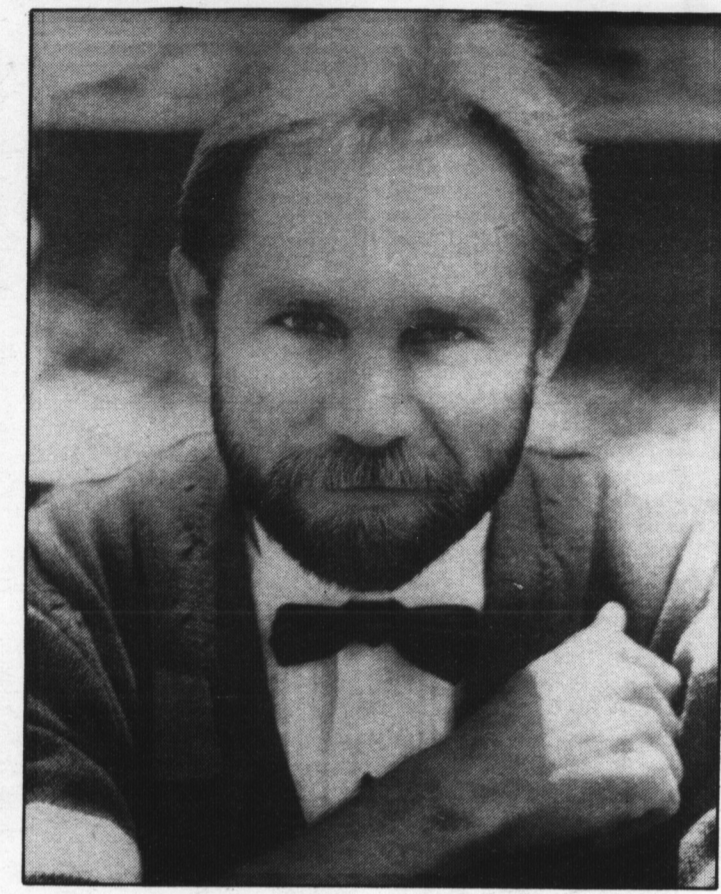
Perhaps the Theatre Communications Center could maintain a call-in calendar as a service for theaters scheduling their opening nights. This might alleviate the gridlock that occurred in mid-January when nearly every theater in town had an opening over a three-day period. Last week, since all those theaters completed their runs at the same time, we underwent the same glut of openings. It's bad business, dizzying reviewers, delaying press coverage, and, I'm sure, deterring audiences. Openings must be noncompetitive, staggered, before both I and the audience stagger exhaustedly away from this scheduling farrago.

At least the shows I saw were good. We have a surprising amount of quality theater in town. Next week I'll report on the (not unexpected) high quality of direction and performances. Reflex Action Theatre has given Caryl Churchill's *Traps*, the slightly-flawed but entertaining *Misalliance* at the Berkeley Repertory, and ACT's lovely mounting of *Our Town*. This week there's music in the air.

When I mentioned the mid-June closing of Buckley's Bistro last week, some readers got the impression the club was entering bankruptcy. This is not the case; the owners are retiring after enjoying a profitable, successful six-year run rather than face the hassle of a drastically increased rent from that old bugaboo lease renewal. The landlord wants a lot more, and Terry and Art would prefer to stay home and eat bonbons than hustle their club to meet the new rent demands.

I also wrote that new clubs would arrive—and they're already here. Sutter's Mill begins a five-week series that includes Sam Samuels (March 26-28), Ruth Hastings, Bobbe Norris, Lynda Bergren, and that dynamite duo known as The Hal and David Show. Shows are from 6 to 8 p.m. The Baybrick Inn is expanding its entertainment with comedy on Friday and Saturday nights, and choice singers like Elnah Jordan (Mondays in April), Debbie Saunders sings every Tuesday and Sunday and features bands.

I skipped television's glossy *Night of a 100 Stars* to catch Buckley's "Night of Two Stars"—an evening shared by Robert Erickson and Mikio. It was exhilarating—well-chosen material, superb performances, and a joyous enthusiasm are the hallmarks of these singers. In tandem, their high spirits and talent make the evening a "don't miss." They'll repeat it Sunday, March 24 at 9 p.m. (\$5 cover).



Robert Erickson (Photo: D. Lamm)

I've already enthused about the vibrant Mikio; it's a pleasure to do the same for Erickson. It's infrequent that a newly-arrived performer has a personality and style as fully developed as Erickson's. Toss in a handsome face and exuberantly masculine mannerisms, plus a warm voice, technically assured dynamics and phrasing, and a *joie de vivre* that causes his dimples to be mirrored throughout the room, and you've got one entertaining singer.

He's a natty presence in his crisply pleated trousers, starched collar peaking out from an all-American pullover. He looks fresh, and he refreshes the songs he does, whether they be standards like "Teach Me Tonight" or contemporary favorites like "Sailing." He gives this over-worked number personal impact by slowing the tempo, fragmenting the famous melody, and spotlighting the words. The melody rises slowly to support the meaning, not blandingish it as in so many other versions. How sweet a rendition it is.

Erickson is a butterfly on happy dust when he sings "Them There Eyes," and his "Don't Wish Too Hard," is a crowd pleaser. Rocking from foot to foot on sturdy, wide-planted legs, slicing the air with a clenched fist, in his masculine physicality, he rides away on this song, as on many others. Best yet, his mannerisms are

wed to the music, not mere window dressing. His arrangements of the songs, created with superb accompanist James Followell, are novel, surprising.

Erickson's solo evenings are swell; combining him with Mikio is doubly strong. In the first half of their show, they have some knockout duets, most especially a last word workout with "You're Nobody." It's freewheeling and fine, incorporating jazz, blues, and some Al Jolson strutting. For the second set they take solos, and Erickson's voice has the warm caress of the sun on wheat fields for "I'm All Smiles," and a wonderful serenade of "I'd Love to Get You On a Slow Boat to China." Followell's arrangement is a classic.

A charming man and lovely musician, Robert Erickson sings to each person alone. He'll quickly give you a heart on.

MISCELLANEOUS

"What! Again? Department. I've lost my heart to another poster boy. Have you seen the Bugle Boy in MUNI stations? Quel chunk BUT! You buy the clothes; I want the model.

Classified Ad of the Week, seen in *Stallion Magazine*: "Wishing In Oshkosh." I've been there. There's nothing else to do.

BOOK RACK

Playing With History

The Ladies
by Doris Grumbach
E. P. Dutton Co.; \$14.95

by Frank Howell

Playing with history can be fun. We love to imagine secret conversations between famous personages. What were they like when making love or when their integrity was questioned? We can never really be sure.

Research through letters and diaries can shed some light, but

scantly-clad facts must finally yield to the rapture of the writer's imagination. Too much duty paid to investigation can produce narratives that are duty-bound but dull.

Doris Grumbach has plunged into the eighteenth century with her glimpses into the lives of Eleanor Butler and Sarah Ponsonby, two high-born women who defied the conventions of

their day and dared to live under the same roof together.

The ladies were born in Ireland. They were tomboys in their girlhoods, but this didn't seem to trouble anyone in the family. The turmoil occurs when Eleanor and Sarah run off together forever. The families nearly disowned them. But they were gradually given lifetime

(Continued on page 30)

BOOK RACK

Romance Revises History

The Gascon
by John Colin Penford
Wild Rose Books, \$19.95

by Marv. Shaw

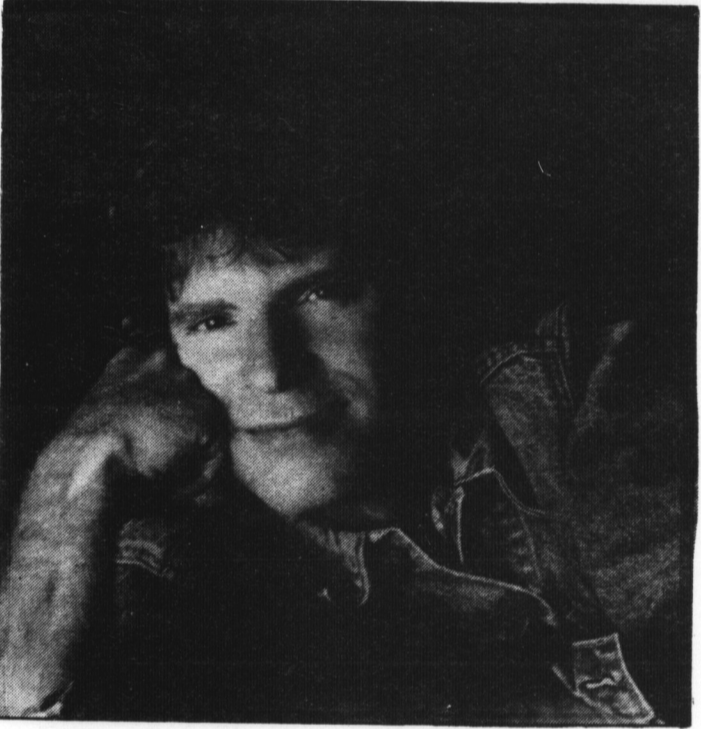
Take a handsome strapping French youth of mysterious origins, couple him with an equally handsome English prince with a head of golden hair, and you have the very essence of Gay romance. And the two actually lived! They lived in that Medieval period of chivalry and bitter struggles, when both sexes were perfectly willing to be traitorous and wade through the rivers of innocent blood to gain power and wealth.

Thus Penford presents to us his version of the disastrous love affair between Piers Gaveston and Edward II. Their first meeting is idyllic, in a clear stream pond under a summer sun, which allows them to get each other's true measure, so to speak. They are both at that age of very early manhood when their beauties are at their best. Their characters are already determined, Piers' in passion mixed with arrogance and Edward's in passion fatally combined with pathetic inability to be royally decisive.

Ranged against them are, first, King Edward I, a tyrannical man of horrid temper, who never gave his son any real preparation for rule. Then there were the aristocrats, who a few generations before had humbled royalty with the Magna Carta and were not about to lose their power to a kind of royal playboy and his foreigner favorite. History has generally been on the side of the nobles. Penford chooses to make them the villains.

Not that he flouts history entirely. The chronology is accurate. Certain characteristics of his heroes are authentic. Edward was a handsome, gentle man. Piers was a dazzler, even his enemies agreed. But his charisma had the fatal effect of making him rash and producing enemies. After all, you don't make up insulting nicknames for the men to whose rank your patron has raised you.

But historical romance can be royally decisive.
(Continued on page 30)



The San Francisco look (John Fogerty)

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Jim Stools (Ben Dickson) works on his truck in *Toys for Men*.

Settling

by Bernard Spunberg

Men. Who can figure 'em. Or women. Or kids. Toys for Men and Nice People Dancing to Good Country Music, two entertaining comedies set in shit kickin' Houston, Texas, answer none of the eternal questions. Written by Lee Blessing and produced by the One Act Theater Company, the

two works do suggest self-knowledge and willingness to compromise as essential elements of significant communication. Toys and Nice People are really one full-length play with two acts bearing their own titles. Toys finds the owner of a working class bar applying brute

force in a vain attempt to repair an old pick-up truck. A slow-witted laborer in search of advice to the lovelorn joins the bar owner, and the two men discuss cars, trucks, motorcycles, and women. Trouble is, neither man has much to say.

Toys goes on for longer than necessary to make its point. Still, as a portrait of two men accustomed to incomplete communication, the play rings true. The laborer is convinced of his bumbling ineptitude with women, and the bar owner feels a perpetual need to reaffirm his macho supremacy. Between the lines, both men confess frustration flowing from inability to influence, much less control, their objects of desire.

As the bar owner, Ben Dickson curses, glares, and scoffs believably. Ronnie Dee Blair brings charming candor to the laborer's urgent requests for guidance in matters of the heart. As directed by Susan Marsden, however, these fine actors find variety insufficient to sustain the play's length. Sean Addleman's portrayal of a manipulative 15-year-old brat would deserve a swift kick were it not for the insecurities leaking through the cracks in his fledgling machismo.

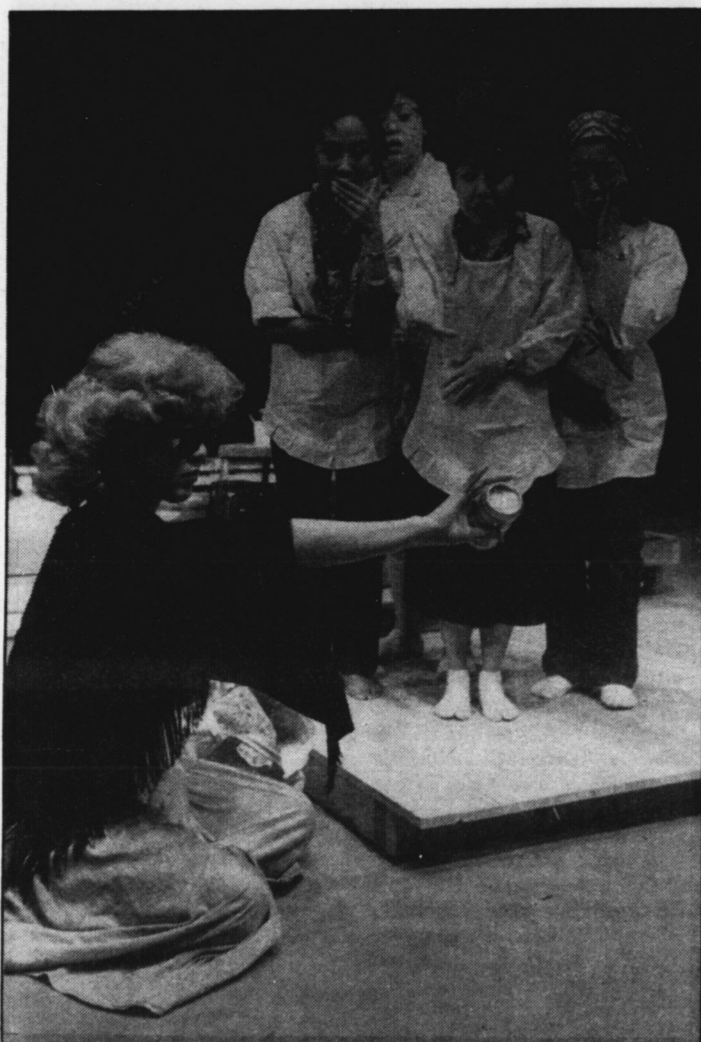
Nice People unfolds on the patio atop the bar and depicts the women's side of the relationships described in Toys. The woman with whom the bar owner lives has made conscious choices. The husband she's left wanted her as a passive pet. With the bar owner, however, her contribution is crucial. So what if he's a slob and a boor? He needs her, he has a certain sex appeal and, best of all, he's crazy about her.

The woman explains all this to her niece, who is on the verge of making big choices of her own. Loved by the laborer, the niece has just failed in her life-long ambition to become a nun. Her rebellion against convent life took the form of such uncontrollable verbal inproprieties as "Good morning, Sister Fart-face."

Laurelee Westaway characterizes the aunt as having previously been sadder but wiser. Now, she's thrilled. As the niece, Tina Sigel is all shy and tremble. She's heard the music, watched the steps, and now she's about to plunge into the great square dance of life. With the men, playwright Blessing attempts the depiction of macho masks as well as the individuals beneath the masks. With the women, feelings surface freely, and that freedom of expression gives the actors material to work with.

Director Marsden's work shines where the playwright shines. Though she does not solve problems inherent in Toys, her staging of Nice People reveals the play's emotional depth and complexity. And let's not forget humor. This double bill may be earthbound at times, but when it flies, it soars.

Toys for Men, Nice People
One Act Theater Company
Through April 20; 421-6162



Sharon Omi (L.) honors her husband's grave with a can of beer in *Asian American Theater's Tea*.

Self-Acceptance

by Bernard Spunberg

War changes maps, but the human heart is constant. Tea, a poetic yet gutsy new play by Velina Hasu Houston currently produced by the Asian American Theater, traces the lives of five Japanese women married to American soldiers at the end of World War II. Now residents of Kansas, four of the women gather together to mourn the death of one of their friends. Though all the women share stories both happy and sad, the dead woman, who frequently speaks from the sidelines, tells a tale of almost unrelieved despair.

Playwright Houston's characters run the gamut from strict adherence to Japanese cultural law to attempts to blend personal tradition with a new reality to wholehearted assimilation of American values. The play is enriched with wry characterizations of the husbands' courtship techniques by the same women who play the wives. Their children, too, make an appearance. Quickly, economically, humorously, playwright Houston outlines the disparities among cultures with talk of funny beds, bathrooms, underwear, and revolting steak and french fry meals. Through it all, there is a sense of struggle to adapt, to generate a new identity composed of an irretrievable past and an unknown future. There is also the realization that not everyone wins the adaptation game. Some people make it, some get damaged, and others fail completely.

Director Marsden's work shines where the playwright shines. Though she does not solve problems inherent in Toys, her staging of Nice People reveals the play's emotional depth and complexity. And let's not forget humor. This double bill may be earthbound at times, but when it flies, it soars.

Toys for Men, Nice People
One Act Theater Company
Through April 20; 421-6162

Director Judith Nihei distinguishes action in the past from the present with delicacy and efficiency. The relationships among the mourners is underlined with a sense of humor, as is that heart-pulling moment when the war brides, unable to say anything in English clearly except "United States of America," take their oath of loyalty. This episode is further heightened by the decorative, dramatically apt lighting designed by Cayenne Woods.

The actors are exceptionally well-suited to their roles. Sharon Omi's subtle portrayal of the dead woman is simultaneously sad, tender, and rebellious. Fay Kawabata finds the beauty and strength in pragmatism. Emily Cachapero relates a tragic history with her smile set and her eyes glued on the future. Mitzie Abe, apparently a wishy-washy bumbler, may be the wisest of all the women. Amy Hill's self-righteousness covers massive insecurity.

There is a bolt of lightning in this play. After acquiring belief in the dead woman's nobility, we suddenly hear her unhappy daughter ridicule her bad English. Poetic, emotional, and humorous, Tea comments on the critical value of personal identity.

Without self-knowledge and self-acceptance, there is neither communication nor love.

Tea
People's Theater Coalition
Through April 28; 776-8999

Woman/Artist

Vida Gallery joins the 1985 SF Arts Festival as a satellite exhibition space. With this open-ended exhibition the gallery wants to create a gathering of Bay Area women artists in order to share and celebrate accomplishments, provide a forum within the festival for promotion of women's art/women's issues, and encourage networking be-

tween the artists themselves and arts organizations. For prospectus: Send SASE to Vida Gallery, 3543 18th St., SF. Exhibition dates are July 5-27. Slide d'line: May 15. Fees are \$15 for one to four slides/ \$20 for five to 10 slides (includes \$10 Arts Fest fees). Phone 864-VIDA. An arts resources fair is in the works. . . .

Dykes and Their Dogs

A new series of portraits by Ann Meredith will be on view at Mama Bears Gallery and Coffeehouse from June 1 to June 30. Hours are Sunday-Wednesday 10 a.m. to 7 p.m. and Thursday-Saturday 10 a.m. to 11 p.m.

Festival of Animation

Shorts, But Sweet

This two-hour program of Academy Award winning animated shorts, some nominated for this year's awards, plus the very best from around the world, runs the gamut from satire to psychodazzling color fantasies. It is a mind-bending conglomeration that becomes more and more entertaining with each short feature, which range in length from a now you see it, now you don't three minutes, to a satisfying 17 minutes of eye pleasing Fantasia-like rhapsody.

While each and every feature rates an A+ for its animation technique, it is only after the first three that we get the A+ story lines. The Killing of An Egg, a three-minute satire from Holland on the pecking order of life, begins the nonstop humor that exemplifies the rest of the show. It is followed by Will Vinton's Dinosaur, a claymation production that uses mock children's voiceovers to describe the life of dinosaurs. The movement on screen is enough to provoke smiles, but it is the dialogue of the "kids" that in part had me in tears of laughter. A 1980 Academy Award winner, Fly, takes a three-minute look at a fly's perspective of the world. With no sound other than the fly's buzz, this black-humored gem also comments on life.

From Walt Disney comes Vincent Price. Narrated by Price himself, it is a macabre poem that mixes Edgar

Allan Poe with horror movie motifs for guaranteed chuckles. The first half of the program closes with Paradise, an Academy Award nominee about a blackbird that debates the benefits he would have if he had rainbow-colored plumage. It offers in 17 minutes more colors than in all of Fantasia, backed by a haunting Zamfir flute melody. Highlighting the second half is Tango, the 1982 Oscar winner, which is a series of live action loops superimposed on an animated background. How each loop of an actor's movements interacts with another is a tour de force in inventive filmmaking.

Spitting Image is a claymation British satire that has Reagan and wife, Queen Elizabeth, and other political newsmakers in less than dignified situations. The program closes with Mike Jittlov's Wizard of Speed and Time, which uses live-action film speeded up hundreds of times to produce a blur of movement that is literally fast paced.

The Festival of Animation runs for one week only at the Palace of Fine Arts March 22-28 with two shows each day at 7 and 9 p.m. and a Sunday (24) matinee at 4 p.m.

The Festival is not related to the separate annual institution, the International Tournee of Animation, which runs at the Castro Theatre later this year.

M. Lasky

The Return of the Soldier

Unforgettable Amnesia Drama

Alan Bridges' film adaptation of Rebecca West's 1918 novel, The Return of the Soldier, has the look and feel of a Masterpiece Theatre presentation—and that's the worst thing one can say about this utterly brilliant movie.

Revolving around the return of soldier Alan Bates to his baronial English country estate and the effect his war-induced amnesia has on the women in his life, the story is a study not only of human interaction and perceptions, but of the British class system so entrenched in the early 20th century.

Julie Christie is Bates' wife, a petulant, possessive, snobbish woman whose concern extends only as far as herself. Ann-Margaret is the spinster cousin of Bates who has been like a sister to him, but secretly is passionately in love with him. Glenda Jackson is a middle-class woman who he had an affair with long before he married the upper-class Christie. His amnesia has wiped out the last 20 years of his life, and when he wakes in a hospital all he can remember is his lover Jackson, now happily married.

Thy psychiatrist, Ian Holm, suggests anybody or thing that can help jog his memory is the best therapy for him, but only if Christie wants back

the bland, ordinary man she married. Slowly, with visits from Jackson, for whom there was real love and affection, unlike anything he shared with Christie, Bates realizes what a sham his life has been, playing the upper-class society games. He sees Christie in her true, selfish light, but realizes he is hopelessly trapped inside the dictums of an immutable society.

Each woman also is seen in an almost Rashomon-style perspective. When there are explosions in this genteel world, they are mannered and controlled. Each woman is in love with the same man and wants him to be happy—with her. The cost of happiness for Bates is not to restore his memory.

The performances are as staggering as could be expected from this type of cast. Ann-Margaret's quiet anguish is perhaps best captured in a portrayal so convincing we can't believe this is the ordinarily glamorous performer.

The Return of the Soldier grabs our emotions subtly as it gradually builds up an unstoppable momentum to its shattering conclusion. This is a literary film full of grace, power, and depth that is not easily forgotten.

(Metro) M. Lasky

Paris, Texas

Shepard Leads Us Astray

Rome wasn't built in a day, but it takes Paris all day to get to the point. Paris, Texas, that is. The rage of Cannes and New York, it's the kind of movie only a film festival could love. Screenwriter Sam Shepard begins with elements from some of his early plays—a town near the Mexican border, motel rooms, cars, and a character who knows what the plot's about but won't tell. This was all very cute in the avant-garde theater of the early '70s, but who needs it today?

The man guarding Shepard's secrets is Harry Dean Stanton. He has the role of his lifetime, and as an admirer of long standing I'm happy to say he's up to it. His Travis has dropped out of life for four years and is back to try to put the pieces together. The pieces include a seven-year-old son, played with wonderful naturalness by Hunter Carson, and a missing wife who may or may not be played by Nastassja Kinski—I'm not giving away any surprises. Kinski would be very good if her vocal

'This was all very cute in the avant-garde theater of the early '70s, but who needs it today?'

coach had had an extra week to stop her accent from wandering over two continents.

I never seem to side with the critical majority on Wim Wender's films, having, for example, loved Hammett and disliked The American Friend. There's a lot of technical excellence on view in Paris, Texas, but you need a high threshold of boredom to appreciate it.

(Bridge) S. Warren



Rex and Herb fight it out in *Dinosaur*, one of the animated film shorts in the Festival of Animation.

Baby . . . Secret of the Lost Legend

Disney Devolves

Disney's Touchstone Films debuted a year ago with the delightful sleeper *Splash* and followed it up with *Country, My Over Favorite of Last Year's "Iarn Trilogy."* Now comes *Baby . . . Secret of the Lost Legend* to prove two out of three ain't bad.

This throwback to the old Disney mentality stars William Katt, who shows off his body a lot, as a man who

is as ineffectual as Ozzie Nelson but still knows more than his wife, Sean Young, about her field of expertise—paleontology.

These altruistic Americans find a nuclear family of brontosauri in Equatorial West Africa. They're just one step ahead of evil scientist Patrick McGoochan and his assistant, nelly Nigel (Julian Fellowes), who kill off the daddy, leaving just mother and daughter, Charlotte and Emily Bronto.

The battle is to see who will take the beasts back to civilization, although there doesn't appear to be much difference in their plans for them once they get there. Both sides have native

armies, the good guys fighting with bows and arrows while the villains use machine guns.

The lack of imagination in this movie is more incredible than the plot, which never bothers to explain why papa, mama, and baby bront lived 150 million years longer than the rest of their ilk. Vitamins?

Baby . . . Secret of the Lost Legend is short on wit and surprises, long on violence and clomping creatures too lifelike to be interesting. And this Hollywood safari cost enough to feed Ethiopia for a month.

(Alexandria, Empire, Serramonte)

S. Warren



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BAY AREA REPORTER SPORTS & FITNESS

FITNESS EIGHTIES

Paul Mart

International Ambassador for Gay Games II

by Paul Trefzger

I interviewed the dynamo named Paul Mart in his tastefully furnished, spacious Pacific Heights apartment. There are ample views to the North, East and South. Mart was referred to me because he is a stuntman, a rodeo rider, works out regularly at the Body Center, and is a world travelling ambassador for the Gay Games. I was also told he was "around sixty." He said to me, "I'll never tell. Let's say I've rounded fifty." He has a trim, muscular body and told me he hasn't a grey hair anywhere on his body. He added that he did most of his stunt work in the late 1950s and early '60s, and that at rodeos he's now making guest appearances.

He moved here within the last year from the L.A. area. He said he was involved in the movement to make West Hollywood a city. The Rev. Troy Perry of the Metropolitan Community Church was a tenant, and through their acquaintance and mutual interests he became politically involved. "I joined the opposition down there," he explained, "and then I'd report back to the Gay community and we'd be ready for them."

His current, and probably more "constant" love is his promotion of Gay Games II.

"This is the second time around," Mart said. "I promoted the first Games. What I got now is 'How come you say you need money?' They see me travelling all around. They forget, we use our own money. Shawn Kelly, the director, is the only paid person."

"I went to Australia in 1983, not just for the Games," Mart continued. "The rodeo there had gone broke and I went for the trial. I got in touch with the captains of the American and Canadian teams. Incidentally, one of the reasons I stay fit is that I feel if I'm going to sell the Games, I have to look like I'm into physical education."

I asked about his modus

operandi in an area.

"If I'm new," he said, "I contact local Gay newspapers and organizations if they exist. Because of the success of the first Games, it's much easier. Then I'll show them our booklet 'Triumph '86' and ask if they can arrange for me to meet with some groups. Often I'll meet with the Gay teams. The first time around people were leary and cynical and didn't think that we could pull it off. Now, there's acceptance."

"In fact, it's overwhelming, particularly if I run into a competitor or spectator. They just start to cry talking about it. . . the opening and closing ceremonies. You know, Paul, as we sit here and talk about it, my eyes are swelling up." He paused. "This wasn't so when I won the U.S. and Canadian Saddle Bronc Award or the Outstanding Stuntman Award in Hollywood." Mart showed me his trophies, two large oval, inscribed belt buckels that nearly covered his trim waist. He then proceeded to enumerate the various bashes where he promoted the Games.

"One of the biggest crowds was the Rangers from the Australian bush country," Mart said. "They were Gay outdoors-



Paul Mart builds his back (Photo: Rink)

men and all in uniform. Another was in Sydney and in Brisbane, a big birthday party for two sportsmen who were racquetball players.

"Tokyo was something," Mart continued. "It's typical in Japan in a club for people to take turns singing with the band, wearing robes and kimonos, and then afterward for that person to personally pour everyone a drink. I had an interpreter and there were Gay government and arts people there. I spoke to at least 300 in Tokyo and 1,000 in Japan. You know, there aren't many Lesbian bars. I had no problem getting Lesbian audiences elsewhere. I anticipate a large contingent (200 to 300) from Australia and (75 to 100) from New Zealand. That's three to four times the number that participated in the first Games. I expect 100 from Japan. The Third World is a problem."

"From the Philippines and Thailand, unfortunately, there will only be a handful because they can't afford the airfare. And of course I pass on the message, 'You don't have to be champs. It's the competition.' I did a 'Good Morning Australia' show in Melbourne with Tina Turner last December. The host said, 'I understand you've met before.' (Turner sang at the closing ceremonies) and I said, 'Of course. At the Gay Games.' Tina acted a little vague. I said 'Oh, that was one of the biggest crowds you ever sang to.' Afterwards, she said 'You were determined to get that in.' good naturedly. We talked about how it was cloudy and the sun came out and I said to her, 'I always knew God was Gay.'

"I walked out of a TV talk show in Adelaide, Australia because the host brought up AIDS after promising not to. I said, 'This was not part of our agreement. I'm no medical authority. I'd heard that this show was homophobic in nature.' I got to about two thirds of the Gay and one third of the straight newspapers and magazines, 22 straight radio programs, and two Gay. I did four

or five TV talk shows, so we really got the word out. I think it's important for straights to know because it helps politically. New Zealand has a Gay rights bill coming up in May, and of course I'm very interested in the outcome.

"I was entertained by the editor of a Gay magazine in Tokyo, Ken Togo, and it was really a trip. There were three floors. On the first floor, where

assume that that is what will be attractive to the person they are trying to attract. When I asked if more liberation for women there would bring about a change the woman I spoke to was a bit insulted. She said, 'Of course not.' Vancouver, Canada talked about hosting the 1990 Games, as did Fort Lauderdale, Florida."

Paul Mart works out three times a week. "When I'm home,

'One of our biggest crowds was the Rangers from Australian bush country.'

—Paul Mart

we spoke and I had my interpreter, we were served a very strong drink that we were told would 'increase our manhood.' That was prior to their bringing a jug that a snake came out of. They served food—a huge spread—on the second floor, and on the third were dancers and they were filming a porno film. I love the Japanese. They don't understand the 'fight for Gay rights' mainly because of the fact that the individual has so many rights. It's utopian. One guy had difficulty in explaining to me what he did, and he started running around the room. It was 'track and field.' In Thailand they'd include you in a show on stage. And even with an interpreter, they thought that I was trying to talk them into defecting, or had plans to smuggle them out. I had to adjourn the meeting. I interviewed Brett Shepherd, the captain of the New Zealand team. He's editor and publisher of their largest Gay magazine, and with partners has the largest mixed, straight and Gay disco, and he owns three Gay bathhouses. There are three Gay Games offices. There, I expect the number of women to outnumber male competitors. It's unusual. In their dress, there's no jeans. They like high heels and are into shapely legs. They can't understand why a woman would want to dress like a man, or a man like a woman. Their attitude is that they know what is attractive to them and they

Also, I do a series of exercises everyday at home: sit-ups and the Canadian Air Force 'dynamic tension' exercises which he learned from a Canadian AF officer buddy. "They were developed during WWII when soldiers were confined to their quarters. And then I do the greatest pastime in San Francisco—I walk up and down hills. Unfortunately, I can't ride horses in the city. I'm a firm believer in exercise and diet, now that we're changing our lifestyles. It's more important now than ever. Dancing, square-dancing . . . clogging is great. It does so much for you physically and mentally, and you feel good. Sometimes I feel so good I have to remind myself of my age. I'll spend an hour and a half at the gym."

"I do everything for the body, with a lot of work on the parallel bars because of the stunt work. I don't believe in heavy weights, but rather more repetitions for toning." As for the future, "I would like to devote time to the Gay Games. You know, what you do for a living—and here I get philosophical again—doesn't make the man. It's what you do for society." Mart spoke of a closeted past and how ill at ease he always felt as contrasted to now. "Going around the world for the Gay Games is the 'real me.'"

"I believe now that giving is selfish, because you get so much from it."

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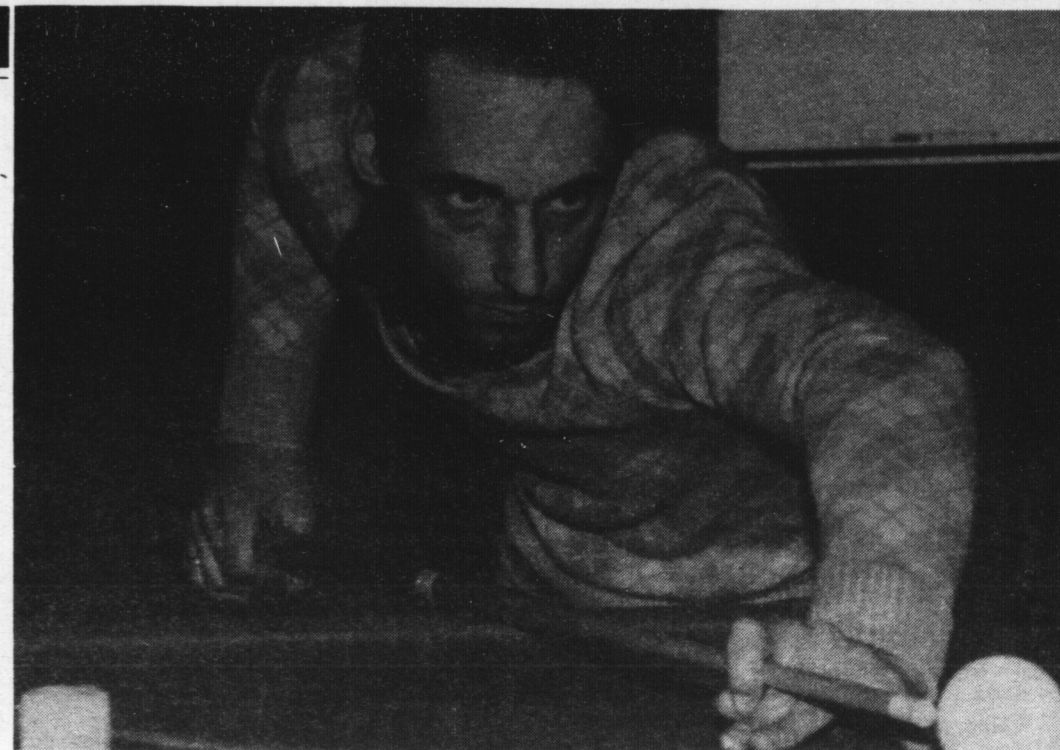
Team Standings and Personal Achievements
(The League Averages are unavailable)

SUNDAY RENO LEAGUE (Week 17 of 24 - as of 03/10/85)			15. Bow - K		
1. With Colour	13	7	16. Damaged Goods	3	17
2. Vagabond	13	7	17. Blazers	2	18
3. "Alley Cats"	12	8	18. "Pick-Ups"	0	20
4. Bowling Is Not My Life!	12	8			
5. Lois Lanes	12	8			
6. Reno, Reno Is . . .	12	8			
7. Myrna's Boys	11	9			
8. Strange Interlude	10	10			
9. ?Lucky 13	8	12			
10. Team #3	8	12			
11. Thing Go Br w/Coke	8	12			
12. Gaysha Boys	8	12			
13. Dice'd Dolls	8	12			
14. PWIL Phuckett!!	4	16			

TUESDAY COMMUNITY LEAGUE (Week 20 of 29 - as of 03/05/85)		
1. Lady & The Tramps	18	6
2. Shanti - T + A's	16	8
3. "Not Easy"	15	9
4. 5 Easy Pieces	15	9
5. Phoenix Phantoms	13	11
6. Guys & Balls	12½	11½
7. Oh Merde!	12	12
8. OOOOO's	12	12
9. Late Nite Rollers	12	12
10. Hopeless	12	12
11. Shud-A-Bin	12	12
12. Ethel	11½	12½
13. Overnights	11	13
14. Spurts	10	14
15. Easy Pick-Ups	10	14
16. Ringold Rollers	9	15
17. Splitz	8	16
18. Crisco Kids	6	18

HAWAII VACATION LEAGUE (Week 26 of 37 - as of 03/08/85)			WEDNESDAY COMMUNITY LEAGUE (Week 23 of 32 - as of 03/06/85)		
1. Pubic's	22	10	1. Madam + The Boys	21	7
2. Scottie's Alley-Oops	21½	10½	2. High Gear	19	9
3. El Rio Tartarugas	19½	12½	3. The Pimento	19	9
4. Lady & The Tramps	18	10	4. Rag-Tags	19	9
5. Play With It, Ltd.	17	15	5. Bananas Without Attitude	18	10
6. Twinsplit	15	17	6. White Swallow	17½	10½
7. Mane Islanders	13	19	7. Five Not So Easy Pieces	17	11
8. The Handy-Caps	13	15	8. Church Street Station	17	11
9. Golden State Ducks	10	22	9. Pilsner Vultures	15	13
10. Menehue's	7	25	10. Stud City	14	14

MONDAY COMMUNITY LEAGUE (Week 19 of 29 - as of 03/04/85)		
1. Play With It, Ltd.	20	0
2. Play With It, Please	17	3
3. All The President's Men	15	5
4. Rick's	14	6
5. Rick's Rompers	13	7
6. Trash-Lott's	12	8
7. Dish	11	9
8. Yeah!!!!	11	9
9. Sutter's Mill	11	9
10. Short Circuits	10½	9½
11. The Obelisk	10	10
12. Castro Country Club	8½	11½
13. New York Man	8	12
14. Team #17	8	12



Bill von Prillwitz, voted MVP by his Stallion teammates and awarded the Jim Sell Memorial Trophy at last season's West Coast Challenge in Los Angeles (Photo: Gene)

SFPA Scoreboard

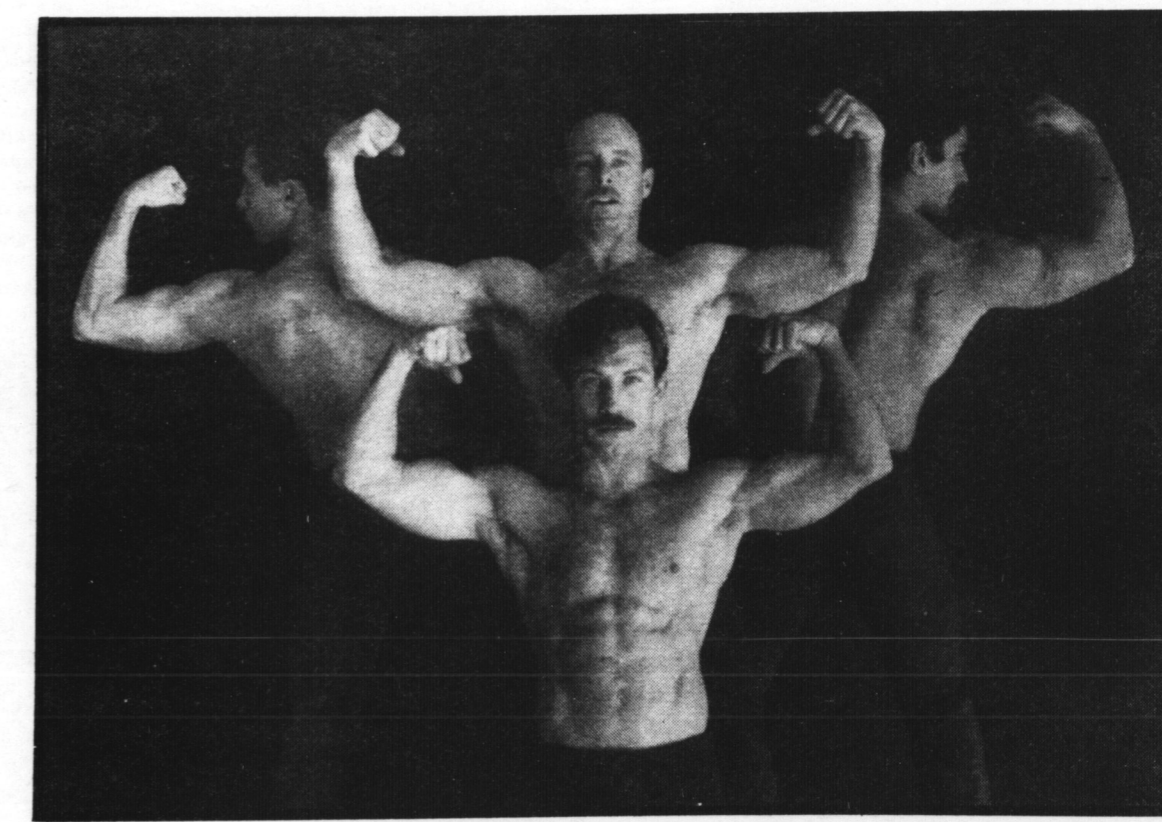
Division I		Pilsner Doughboys		31-33 .484	
Stallion International	45-19 .703	Maud's	29-35 .453		
Festus Farmhands	39-25 .609	Detour Dirtroads	28-36 .437		
Pilsner Ltd	37-27 .578	Park Bowl Phantoms	18-46 .281		
Park Bowl					
Roadrunners	36-28 .562	Transfer Attain.	40-24 .625		
Pendulum Pirates	43-37 .537	Treasures	37-27 .578		
Chaps Chaparrals	19-45 .296	DeLuxe Spare Tires	46-34 .575		
Marcello's		Bear Claws	31-33 .484		
Strayshooters	21-59 .262	Shaft Rascals	30-38 .406		
		Maud's Squad	26-38 .406		
		S.F. Eagle	30-50 .375		
Division II		TOP TEN			
Transfer Points	40-24 .625	1 Ray Peterson	11-2 .846		
Festus	38-26 .593	2 Charles Dossett	15-3 .833		
Bear Bottoms	37-27 .578	3 Ron Barulich	10-2 .833		
B.A. Stallions	42-38 .525	4 Mike Macri	13-3 .812		
Alamo Square	32-32 .500	5 E. Z.	16-4 .800		
Chaps Sticks	29-35 .453	6 John Dorne	12-4 .750		
Marcello's Mixed		7 Marquita Booth	9-3 .750		
Shooters	22-58 .275	8 Eric Prohaska	9-3 .750		
		9 Dave Chua	11-4 .733		
		Bill Von Prillwitz	11-4 .733		
Division III					
DeLuxe D.U.C.K.S.	51-29 .637				
Shaft Rogues	37-27 .578				
Eagle Creek Chaos	46-34 .578				

Compiled by Jerry R. De Young

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H. FARRINGTON COOK PRODUCTIONS

Opening Day: Festus vs. Rawhide

After 16 teams finished bowling last Sunday, Festus and the Rawhide finished one and two for the honor of playing in the opening game of the Gay Softball League's eighth season.

Sunday, March 31 at Lang Field (Gough and Turk) these two popular GSL bars will do battle before what is hoped to be the largest opening-game crowd ever. Chairman Bob Cramer of Cable Car Award fame has put together a hard working committee with the likes of Allen White, John Larisa, and the entire Amelia's softball team just to name a few.

Would you like to see Mr. Marcus, Tom Ammiano, or Bob Ross play softball? Then this is the day for you. Many Bay Area celebs will vie against the GSL sponsors in a pre-game show that is sure to be a memorable event. The traditional hot dogs, peanuts, and popcorn will be available, so come out and enjoy a fun day with the GSL.

Back to the bowling. After the 16 teams had finished bowling three games each, the six highest

total scores were selected to face off for the right to play in the GSL opening game.

Hamburger Mary's finished first in the prelims, followed by the Pilsner Inn, the Village, Rawhide, Festus #1, and Festus #2. When the smoke had cleared Festus #1 and the Rawhide had swept first and second place.

The high score for the day went to Billy "Buns" Wood with a 232, while Della stroked away with a blistering 73. Bob DeTulio wasn't far behind at 98. After it was over the real winner turned out to be the S.F. AIDS Food Bank, which will receive \$500 from the GSL.

Monday, March 25, at 7 p.m. there will be a meeting of the opening day committee at 620 Belvedere. Each team is supposed to have a representative, and last time four teams didn't show up. We need lots of bodies for the opening game because it is going to be a hot time. Many of you complain about not being able to get involved. Well, here's your chance.

S.F. Hiking Club Picks Up Trash

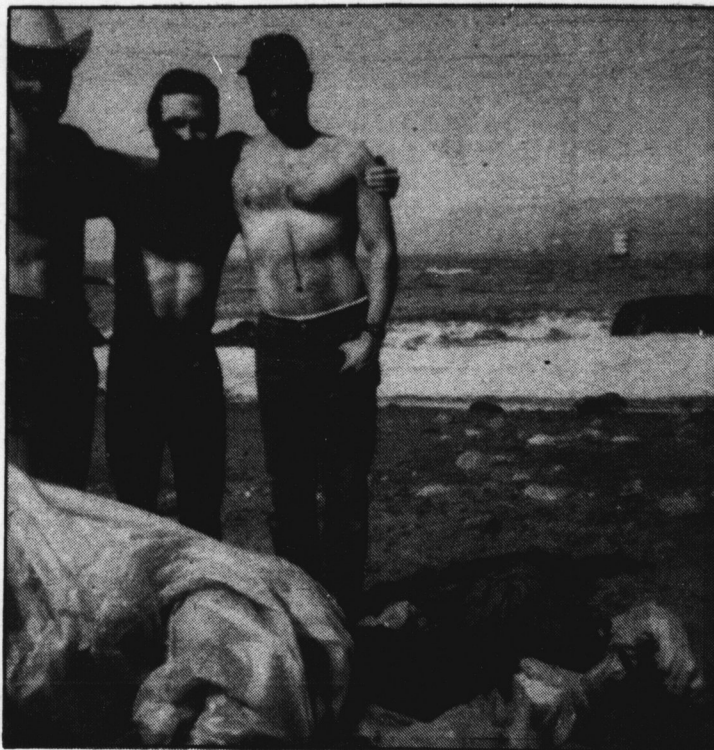
TOM VINDEED

About eight members of the 100-person San Francisco Hiking Club spent a recent Sunday this winter cleaning up Lands End. This was not a moral crusade, but an actual trash pick up. More than fifteen 55-gallon bags of trash were collected from the beach area and the surrounding bushes. A tour by a ranger highlighted the end of the trash pick up. This was the first good samaritan activity of the club, which has been in existence since 1979.

Other trips this winter have included watching the sea lions at Ana Nuevo State Park, a trip to the Phoenix Lake area on the north side of Mount Tam, and a hike at Sunol Regional Wilderness.

The club meets monthly at the Eureka Valley Recreation Center, 18th and Collingwood in the Castro (behind CALA foods) at 7:30 p.m. Meetings are held the first Wednesday of each month and the next meeting will be April 3 at 7:30. Hikes to Castle Rock, Lake Lagunitas, and Bon Tempe (all to see the spring wildflowers) will be discussed.

The club is currently in the



Members of the S.F. Hiking Club turned their hands to cleaning up Lands End

midst of its spring membership drive.

For more information and a complimentary newsletter, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to the San Francisco Hiking Club, P.O. Box 421273, San Francisco, CA 94142-1273. ■



Difficult Women

(Continued from page 22)

Rhys's agony in her belief that as a writer she has been mediocre. Her monosyllabic thunder—her spit shouts of 'shit,' for instance—underscores her rage at a life she perceives as a failed suitor, all promise and little enduring pleasure.

After a tirade, though, the woman is able to offer to others advice in a shimmeringly apropos metaphor: "She said, 'Listen to me, I want to tell you something very important. All of writing is a huge lake. There are great rivers that feed the lake, like Tolstoy and Dostoevsky. And there are trickles, like Jean Rhys. All that matters is feeding the lake. I don't matter. The lake matters. It is very important. You must keep feeding the lake. It is very important. Nothing else is important.'"

The remainder of the Jean section shows the woman being cantankerous and self-indulgent as she dictates her autobiography to David, her understanding amanuensis. The perils of collaboration come alive in

passages depicting the heart-break of recording a life that the narrator considers un-lived, barren, wasted.

In this volume the reader is an eager eavesdropper, and Jean Rhys is certainly a wonderful subject to overhear commenting on a variety of topics: her misan-

thropic, misogyny, mistakes with men. Also, one can appreciate Rhys as a writer of considerable power, her collaborator collecting lovingly literary treasure.

'Sonia is exasperating in her Janus-like personality. She introduces David to important names in the world of arts and letters, and yet she dismisses him as a fool in front of these luminaries.'

There were two breezes, the sea breeze and the land breeze. People said that they called the land breeze the undertaker breeze. But I never thought that. It smelt of flowers.

Sonia Orwell, Jean's editor and defender, is the second com-

plex woman we meet. To prove her status as difficult, she admits to David: "I'm a snob. I'm not helping Jean because she's just anyone. I'm helping her because she's Jean Rhys."

Sonia is exasperating in her Janus-like personality. She introduces David (as a young

writer) to important names in the world of arts and letters, and yet she dismisses him as a fool and yahoo in front of these luminaries. Sonia is the magna mater with a heart of fool's gold; she supplies David with a literary family to nourish his talent. However, she demeans her "son" with one put-down after another. David remains by her side, loving a life with demanding women in charge.

Indeed, the most difficult of this trinity must be Germaine

Greer. Her compassion for others is succinctly conveyed in a passage in which she admonishes a house guest: "Where the fuck are you while your baby is making a fucking mess out of the fucking fingertips I paid fucking good money for?"

Germaine screams at and insults repeatedly all about her; she demands a perfection from others that never can come. In a more mellow moment she coos at her cats—the only creatures she calls "darlings"—as she searches the refrigerator for dinner. Elated, she announces a splendid find for the kitties among a mass of leftovers—testicles.

In the end what joins all three women? A penchant for put-downs and a peculiar fascination with the homosexual male emerge. Monumental egos and

unquenchable appetites for plaudits surface. The word "queer" appears repeatedly in discourse. A glossary defines words of special importance to all these females. Interestingly enough, "homosexual" makes an appearance.

Difficult Women is a very well-written investigation. David Plante dissects both his difficult subjects and, in the process, his own odd personality. Should a man write a book about women? About difficult women? Should the book be read? Yes, indeed, to all questions. One learns the real value in being in the company of those totally unlike Rhys, Orwell, and Greer, among people who spurn personalities built upon being difficult, rude, and boorishly judgmental. ■

J. Butkie

Ladies

(Continued from page 24)

allowances. The ladies lived to a smug old age. They puttered in the garden, raised animals, and received famous visitors (Edmund Burke, William Wordsworth, Walter Scott, and Horace Walpole).

This is all quite charming, but the madams are also bitchy, self-centered, and hostile toward outsiders. They reject those not of their limited class. They fire servants left and right.

This is all a pity, for we Americans tire easily of rich people who have little to complain about.

Grumbach (*Chamber Music*) labors as a critic for National

Public Radio and is a member of the New York Book Critics Circle.

Eleanor and Sarah called their place "Plas Newydd," which became famous in its own right. Even in the twentieth century it apparently survives.

Grumbach paints Eleanor and Sarah as they truly were, ripe with warmth and stuffy aloofness. We wonder how they would function as feminists today. It is unfortunate they didn't do more with their shallow little lives except pine away with each other.

There is a new trend toward biological fiction that takes account of human sexuality in all its dimensions. Let us hope for more of the same. ■

F. Howell

Gascon

(Continued from page 25)

succeed if the reader has sufficient encouragement to suspend disbelief. Does this one make it? I think not. Though there is some careful attention to recreating the atmosphere of the time, much of the dialogue has a contemporary Anglo-American ring. The point of view bounces from head to head in the sudden convulsive switches.

There are awkward additions of idiotic mythic devices, such as the birth of the hero under highly dangerous circumstances and

M. Shaw

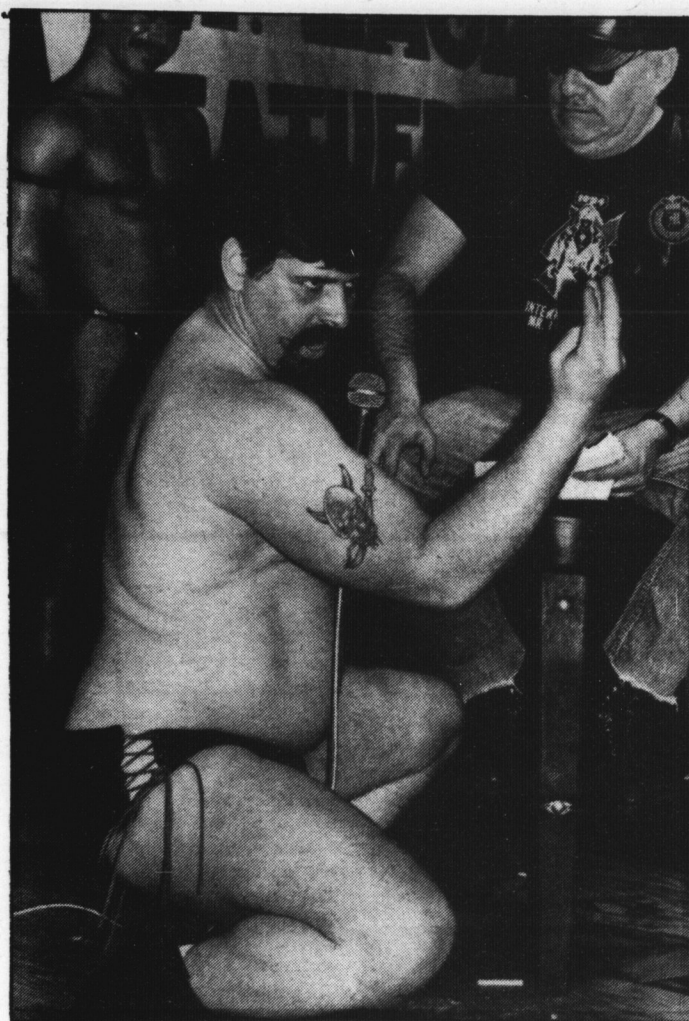
BAY AREA REPORTER B.A.R. BAZAAR

MR. MARCUS

The Spoon Runs Away With the Dish

It was a week of contests. It was a week of parties. It was a week of green beer and greener corned beef, and it was a week of art show openings. The Gayest American Legion Post (#448) made its debut last Thursday at the War Memorial Bldg. The past national commander showed up and officially chartered the new group. The Alexander Hamilton Post was officially made a part of the national organization and Sgt-at-Arms Pat Savino reports a very nice turn-out for the affair. If you're a veteran and want to join the group, call Pat or visit their recruiting table on 18th and Castro. Any veteran can join unless you got a dishonorable discharge. The next meeting is Thursday, April 11 at 7 p.m. in room 213 of the War Memorial Bldg.

The GDI's Spring Equinox Beer Bust at Chaps Bar last Sunday was a big success. Wanda June and Verna La Stewart were serving up the corned beef and cabbage, but ran out of food at approximately 5:27 p.m. Inesa LaBitch, owner of the Men's Room bar, was on hand dispensing anecdotes, but had to run over to the Transfer to see the Four Skins in person. The Four Skins rocked the video waves Saturday afternoon at 4 p.m. on Channel 2 and looked real good while a hearty mob cheered them on at the Phoenix bar on the big video screen. Over at the Stud bar, Cameron Conrad's painting and sculpture show opened at 6 p.m. Sunday—you'll have to see it to believe it—a collection of contemporary historical events that will definitely stir you up. Everyone was raving about the new Absorbine Jr. TV commercial—have you seen it? What a bod on that dude! But the scoop of the week is that Larisse, long an honorary member of the GDI's but never asked to join as a permanent member, has de-



Mr. S.F. Eagle Leather contestant demonstrates his views of what he does best with a certain poetic license (Photo: R. Pruzan)

cidated to throw his influence and charisma into the membership of the Barbary Coasters M/C. Anthony Vega is ecstatic, and right about now the walls are rocking at the Men's Room on 18th because this is a scoop that even Remy the Dowager Empress didn't know about.

Thursday night another packed house for the second heat of the search for Mr. Eagle Leather to send to Chicago for the Big Daddy of all leather shows. The winner was the too-hot-to-handle Roy Rodriguez and the

1st runner-up was Pete "Butch" Pettine. Needless to say, his lady friend, Michelle, was on hand to cheer Peter on. I must admit, this year's crop of contestants are really quite hot. Daddy's Boy Dean Gibson has been religiously working out, and is looking better and better as the days go by. Again, I daresay, it will be right down to the wire this year.

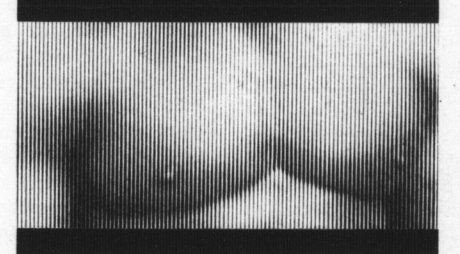
Meanwhile, in Chicago, the natives are getting restless awaiting the influx of thousands

(Continued on next page)



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The Shanti Project provides volunteer emotional and practical support to people with AIDS and their loved ones. Volunteers needed. Call today for more information.



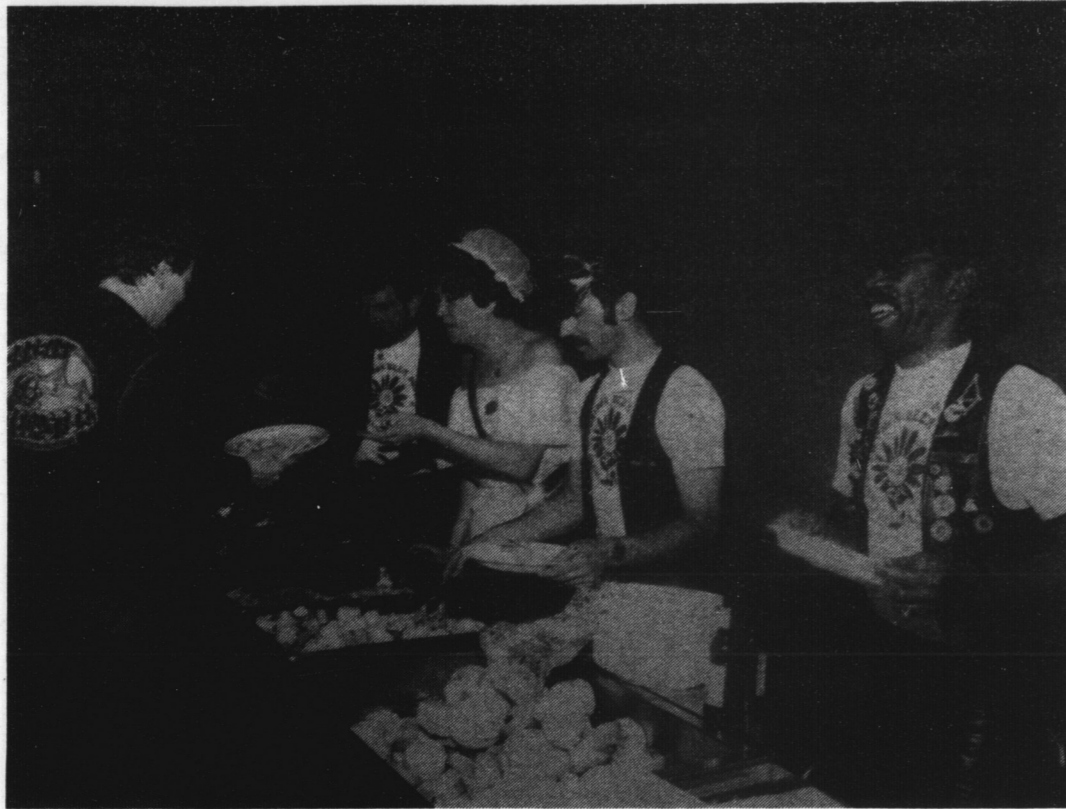
Marcus

(Continued from previous page)

of leather men who will invade the city for a weekend of frivolity and fun. The Allerton Hotel has set special rates for their swank rooms, and it looks like the 17th floor will be awash with San Franciscans again. One dude has reserved the best suite in the whole hotel and a special cocktail party for the contestants, judges, sponsors, and the world press will be the *only* invitees. The international flavor of this greatest leather party in the world attracts press people from Japan, Australia, Germany, England, France, Spain, Finland, and Argentina to witness the spectacle of the world leather competition. No other competition can touch it, and if you're into leather, you will certainly be *in* your element. Gary Noss of Travel Space on Sutter St. is almost ready to announce the details of his package plan deal, so save your tokens and tips for the academy awards of the leather

world.

Whoever wrote "Spring can really hang you up the most," must have been out of it completely. The season for biking has begun and the Constantines M/C is looking more and more like a bike club than ever. To wit: Ride with the Constantines on a tour of San Pablo Bay, Sat., April 6, a one-day affair for motorcycles and buddy riders *only*. No fee, no ride pins, no host lunch. Check in at 10 a.m. at the Watering Hole. As if that weren't enough, on the weekend of April 27 and 28, they'll host the Constantines 500, a 500-mile ride for bikers and buddies (independents welcome) departing from the Watering Hole at 9 a.m. headed for Fort Bragg vicinity, staying overnight at a "quaint" bed and breakfast inn. The donation is only \$20 and includes lodging, Saturday dinner, Sunday breakfast, and a handsome pin. Now this sounds ideal . . . and 500 miles of glorious bike riding—get your reservations in *early*. Deadline is April 22. Call 621-3364 if you need



Corned Beef and Cabbage at the GDI Beer Bust at Chaps on St. Pat's (Photo: Rink)

more information. He who hesitates is lost!

Monday is Academy Awards night (March 25) and if you want to win some bucks, you might as well do it South of Market. At Chaps Bar, you can pick the winners on a form

bers get down there as Danny Williams will MC and Ralph Michaels and Joseph Taro are on the menu for entertainment . . . all under the direction of Ray Hinds, the Asst. Manager—try it, you just might like it—Hi Lauren! . . .

"specials" it was only 35c a throw? Those indeed were the days . . .

Don't forget, Men Behind Bars II will be shown again at the SF-Eagle Thursday, April 1 and the Alan Greenspan hat of the Statue of Liberty will be auctioned off at that time to benefit the SF Band Foundation . . . Also interest is brewing at a rapid pace for the Mr. Financial District Contest at Sutter's Mill April 20—it's a benefit for the SF AIDS Fund, and there will only be 20 contestants allowed. Applications will be available on April 1—first come, first served . . . The annual ritual of learning to walk in high heels is in high gear as contestants for the Closet Ball get ready to do their "thing" at the Japan Center Theatre on May 4—ticket sales are brisk and it will be a sell-out again, as it has always been . . .

That's the dish for the week, boys and girls. Hope to see you all around the campus and remember: "Life is a metaphor for something important." Be kind to strangers, they're under a strain too.

Mister Marcus

PS: For A. Betancourt. Thank you for your interest. I do appreciate your humanitarianism.

'Did you know the Men's Room is a "must see" stop if you're visiting the city?'

beginning this Friday night, but it *must* be turned in by 5 p.m. on Monday the 25. The forms are available right now so you can pick best actor, actress, best movie, etc. Drink specials and surprises will be on hand if you want to watch the awards on the big screen.

Mark Abramson and Jim Civanich just returned from a whirlwind tour to the midwest and announce that Denver is their favorite city east of Oakland. Up in Seattle, prize-winning playwright Doric Wilson sees yet another production of West Street Gang at Spark's Tavern opening Friday, March 29 if you happen to be in the vicinity . . . Did you know the Men's Room is a "must-see" stop if you're visiting the city? Vern Stewart's mother blew in from Chicago. LaStewart didn't think it would be "proper" to take her to the investiture or to any South of Market bars, but the Men's Room was his choice . . . We are now at the hot tubs at the Highlands Inn up at the RushRiv where tourist Alan Mack from Mpls. Minn. has just slipped his hunky torso into the hot water; Jimmy Miller of the 1808 (never to miss a hunk) leered over and said "That's some foreskin you've got there, dude" to which the tourist, not impressed, shrugged and retorted: "Oh, that old thing?" . . . Burning question at a secluded residence up on Twin Peaks Blvd., "Did 'Alice' pay homage to St. Pat and AMEX on the 18th as promised?" . . . As if they're tired of resting on their laurels after Men Behind Bars II, Bubbles and Ms. Tits are planning another stupendous show for the Fall to be entitled Fiasco—sounds good, but have you read Webster's definition of fiasco? . . . Not that men aren't welcome to the Baybrick Inn—any night of the week you can find some hunky dudes lounging around this classy women's bar—but on April 1 (a Thursday), it's Boys at the Brick night (no foolin') with cabaret beginning at 7 p.m. All you hot num-



Two revelers from the Cycle Runner's Toga Party making an appearance at the Casa Loma Hot Buns contest, Michael Bowman and Lee Raymond (Photo: Rink)

COURTLY CHATTER

Must Be Nice

REMY



Waltzing Mathilda . . . That is how one feels sometimes when attending this function and then that one and so on and so on. There are many occasions when we columnists, in an attempt to cover the various functions in our vast community, literally waltz into a function only to leave minutes later, scrambling on our way to the next. Besides those who hold titles, elected or selected, who are always with a ready smile, columnists are prime candidates for the "Smiley Award," for our cheekbones and tongues are aching and bleeding respectively. Remember the saying "bite the bullet"? Oft times we have to bite more than the bullet, and in the process, draw blood as payment.

CONTESTS GALORE

For those of you who are into attending or entering contests, several are ongoing and others are forthcoming. The Arena has the Bare Chest Contest, Chaps the Poster Man of the Month contest, the End-Up of the Jockey Shorts Contest, and the Casa Loma the Buns Contest. Currently, the S.F. Eagle is conducting preliminary contests for Mr. S.F. Eagle Leatherman on Thursday evenings. The winner and first runner-up for the weekly contests will compete in the March 28 finals and the winner of that will be sent to Chicago to compete in the Mr. International Leather contest during the Memorial Day weekend. Also the winner will receive \$300 in cash. This contest is emceed by one of South of Market's premier spokesmen, Mr. Marcus, whose creative questioning keeps both contestants and audience in relaxed frivolity. Drop by the Eagle for a look-see at some really dedicated men in leather as they compete for the chance to be San Francisco's Grade AAA contestant in Chicago. Forthcoming contests include the Mr. Financial District Contest, to be held April 20 at Sutter's Mill. Sponsored by CRIR and Sutter's Mill, this is

a benefit for the S.F. AIDS Fund. Tickets are \$10 (which includes a cocktail). Doors open at 7:30 p.m. with the contest starting at 8:30 p.m. Fun entertainment is planned, and for contestant information call Duke Armstrong at 543-0910 (days). Tickets will go on sale this week at Headlines (Polk and Castro locations) and at Sutter's Mill. Plan to attend, as this one looks like it's going to be lots of fun. Not to slight our macho friends, the 13th Annual Closet Ball will be held May 4 at the Kabuki Theater. Tickets are already sold out, but use the tele-fairy phone service if you're really desperate, and who knows, you might just luck out and find a ticket available. Other contests coming up are the Mr. Bay Area Continental, with the winner going to Chicago to compete for the national title in July, and the Miss Bay Area Continental June 8 at the California Club, with the winner also going to Chicago to compete in the finals in August/September. Joanna Caron is the producer for both events. Information regarding the Mr. Drummer Contest should be hitting the streets soon. I'll keep an eye out, and details will appear here and elsewhere.

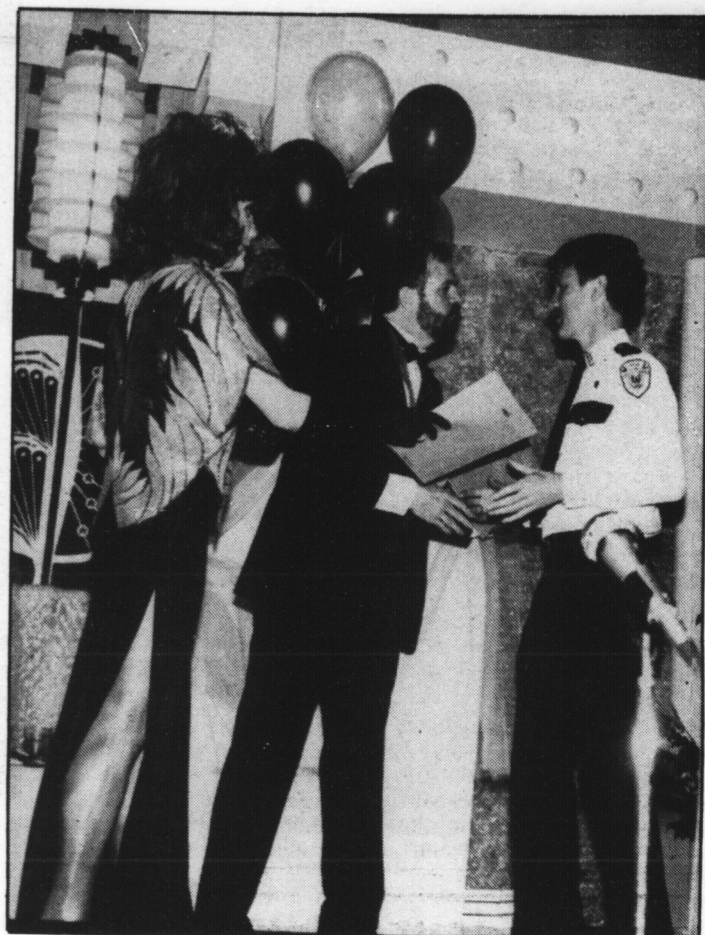
BUSTING FOR BEER

'Tis the season for Beer Busts as bike clubs, titled-ones and the likes, will be throwing them from now till the cows come home. Case in point, Mr. and Miss Gay S.F., Bruce and Par-kay, held their International Costume Festival Beer Bust at the S.F. Eagle Patio Sunday, March 10. This was to benefit the Inter-Club Fund, a fund to aid members of the bike clubs and south-of-Market friends who fall upon hard times when accidents and such occur. Amidst intermittent rainfall and a bevy of black eyes—14 of the dearest friends of Bruce and Grand Duke Michael showed up with shiners in tribute to the Golden Fists award so recently won by Michael—the par-

ticipants drank their fill, and huddled around the drier sections of the Eagle's patio. While some held court on bar stools and bar tops, the contestants for the costume contest made their rounds, cajoling with the crowd. Winners of the contest were: Grand Duchess II, Lee Raymond, for female, and Grand Duke Michael Bowman for male. Both won free passes to the CMC and Barbary Coast's motorcycle runs, respectively.

The SF/GDI Club held its annual Equinox Beer Bust at Chaps Sunday, March 17. The Club, which is in its 11th year, always presents this as a really fun event. Not to mention the fact that it coincided with St. Patrick's Day, the event proved even more festive as the participants wore Irish green and feasted on a sumptuous buffet of, but of course, Irish corned beef and cabbage. The GDI's (which stands for God Damn Independent) introduced their officers for the 1985 year at their anniversary party, which was held Jan. 19 at the Transfer. They are: President, Jonni Valle; Vice President, Scott Langley; Recording Secretary, Ed Player; Corresponding Secretary, Ken Singleton; Treasurer, Bill Ireton; Road Captain, Vern Stewart; Directors, Tom Way and Lou Greene; and First Lady, Bill Chapman and Trixie Trash, aka Madame Vice President aka Grand Duchess Trixie Trash aka Queen IV of South Shore.

Also on the same day, the S.F. Eagle hosted its St. Patrick's Day Beer Bust on the patio. As the fog attempted to clear, the Irish (and Irish for a day) participants drank their fill of beer and ate to their hearts content . . . I'll give you three guesses . . . which was prepared by Al Jutsey, who has the Mess Hall at the Eagle. By the way, the Eagle hosts its version of



Honors upon courtmembers—Empress Sissy (l.) and Emperor Ken anoint Allen Hemming of the Imperial Guard as Court Jester of the Butterfly (Photo: Rink)

Dynasty night every Wednesday starting at 6:45 p.m. with hors d'oeuvres and dinner for the modest sum of \$4. The menu changes weekly. Al prepares the bill of fare, entertainment is by ABC, and dessert is . . . well, your choice of whichever man accepts the overture. In any case, stop by the Eagle's Patio and sample some of Al's home cooking, especially the steak soup . . . ummmm . . . good!

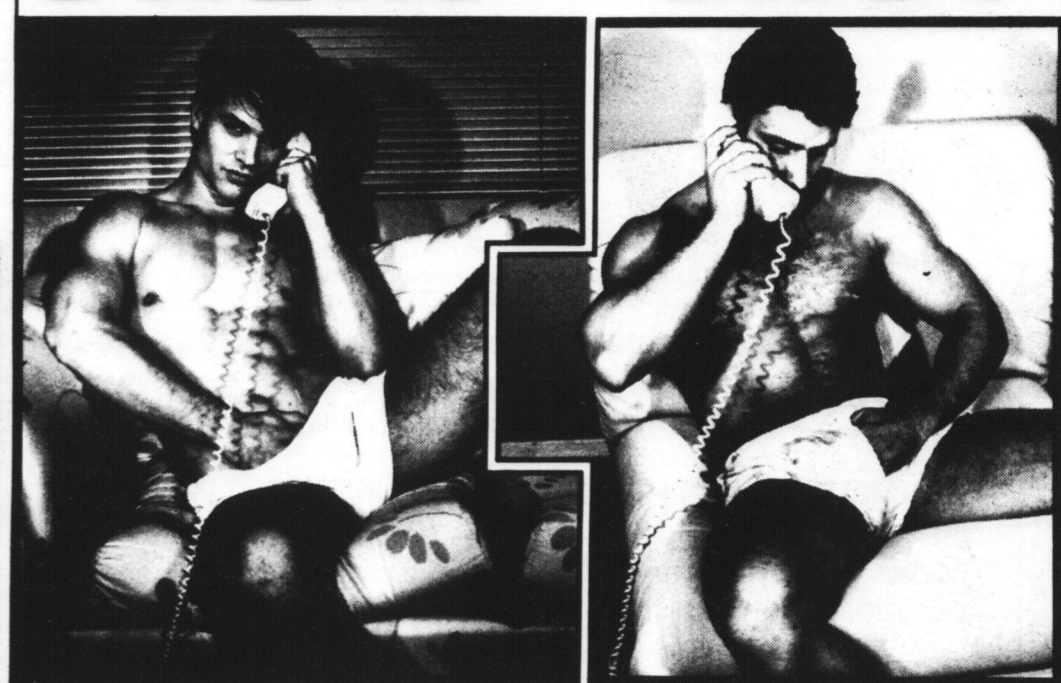
Information about forthcoming Beer Busts will be appearing here as they are planned.

IMPERIAL CELEBRATIONS

As we have been reporting, the Emperor and Empress-elect, Ken and Sissy, were having a slew of victory parties celebrating their election to the throne. One particular party had been scheduled several different times, much to my embarrassment. Every time I gave the time and date, there seemed to be a change in plans. Well, lo and behold, this first-billed victory party later changed to an imperial celebration, was finally

(Continued on next page)

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Rick Manring (l.) Anna May Wong and Michael Russo at the Investiture. (Photo: Rink)



Mrs. Goldberg (L.), Larisse, Matt Brown, and Parkay at the 'Surprise' 49th birthday party for Larisse last week at the Men's Room (Photo: Rink)

Chatter

(Continued from previous page)

held. Mind you, I'm not blaming anyone, for there is no blame to be placed. However, when there is so much activity going on, the lines of communication do tend to break down as was the case this time. This tempest in a tea pot was the Village's tribute to their majesties, held on the 14th. Hosted by Emperor XII (A.N.) Rich Carle and Empress XIX Remy Martin, the event was truly an imperial celebration. Owners Bill Martin (no relation to Miss Martin), Dick Neal, and Hank Repetto presented Ken and Sissy with their official Village Goblets with the comment that the goblets will never be empty while their majesties are in attendance at the Village. Delicious snacks were provided by Canton Kitchen Flo.

Saturday, March 9—exactly one month after their ascension to the throne—the Casa Loma/Alamo Square Saloon saluted their majesties with a fun and exciting party. Traci (of Renegade fame) put together a unique and creative show. Performers were Deena Jones (Closet Ball Queen), Grand Duchess XI Sable, Queen of Hearts Desirée, Davida (ably assisted by Patrick Gardner), Babs (new to us all), Gay-La, Sandy Sorrelles, and a host of

others. Emceed by Traci and Empress III (Modesto) Marlena, the evening sped by as well-wishers enjoyed the festivities and waved to their majesties, who were ensconced on a specially prepared dais. Congratulations are in order to George Roll, general manager, and Traci for hosting a special evening for their majesties.

INVESTITURE '85

After five weeks of feverish planning, the Imperial Investiture of their majesties Emperor and Empress Elect, Ken Wright and Sissy Spaceout, took place Saturday, March 16. Held in the newly restored Exchange Room (considered to be one of Timothy Phleguer's Art Deco Masterpieces) of the S.F. Furniture Mart, the evening's proceedings snapped through with precision and grandeur. Chaired by Empress XIV Ginger and assisted by members of the Court, the entire evening was enjoyable and fun. The festivities started out with an invocation by Rev. Robert Adams, the presentation of the flags of San Francisco, State of California, and the United States. Then followed the introduction of the Imperial Family of San Francisco, bearing symbols to be used in the investiture of their majesties. Empress I Jose and Emperor III (A.N.) Bob Cramer led the audience through the ceremonies, bestowing the offices of Em-

peror and Empress as members of the imperial family assisted. Oils for anointing, coins for wealth, flowers for beauty, robes for warmth, scepters for bestowing, and crown/circlet for the office, their majesties were officially invested as the reigning monarchs of San Francisco. Empress XIX Remy was given her land grant by Empress XIII Char. Remy is now the Protectress of the Men's Room, all the cows in Berkeley—she has to surrender her license at the border and walk to her destination—and now owns the entire block on which the Wells Fargo Banks' computer center stands at Market and First Streets. Hmm . . . kill one cow and you're stuck protecting the rest of the herd. Can't see the equity, but then again, leather will be cheap!

Kimo Cochran was elevated to the imperial family by Emperors Sissy and Remy and the Council of Emperors, as the Prince of Aloha. Kimo has given countless hours of hard work and support to the court for many years, and he continues to give of himself unselfishly. Congratulations Kimo, you more than deserve the elevation, and a very special thank you from all of us.

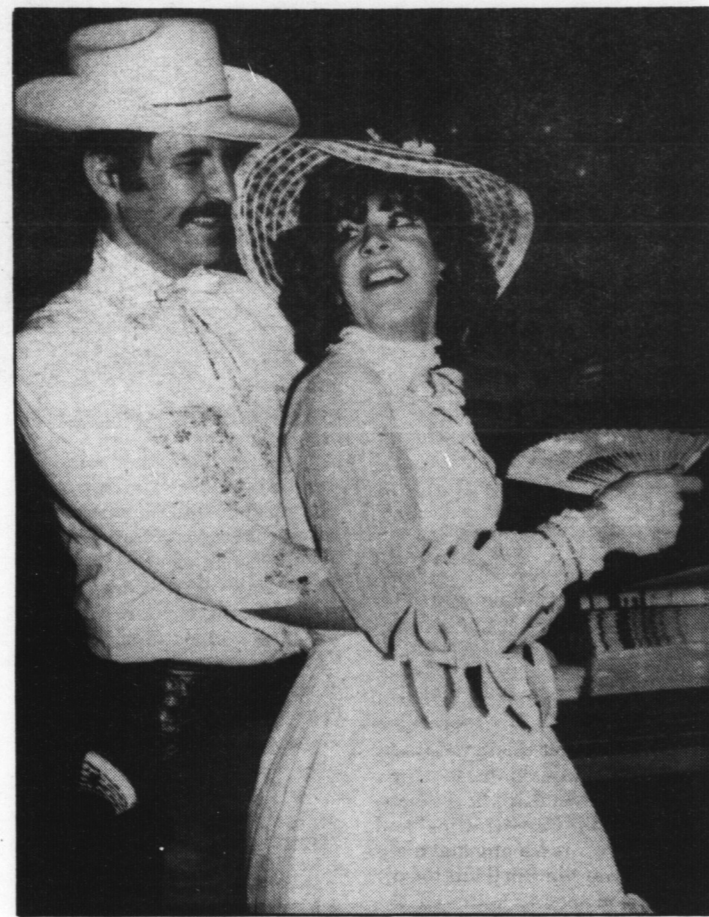
Tommy Turner and Collette LeGrand were made Prince and Princess Imperiale II, respectively, for the year of Ken and Sissy's reign. This title is automatically bestowed on the

first runner-up of the Empress' campaign. If the first runner-up happens to be a former Empress, it then is given to the next runner-up. The Emperors' Council may or may not bestow this title, as they choose. Members of the cabinet are: Cameron Tanner, Jonna Harlan, Susan Fahey, Rick Bratten, Larry Hough (Diedre), Karl Stewart, Warren LaFollette (Connie Cadaver), Lola Lust, John Scott, Michael Serie, Sandy Sorrelles, Joe Tolbe, and George Roll. The court name is: Imperial Butterfly Galactica

Court of San Francisco. The colors are: Pink, Yellow and Black. The evening was emceed by Naomi del Ray, Bob Cramer Emperor III (A.N.), Karl Stewart, and Empress XIV Ginger. There were more than 300 people in attendance, the entertainment was fun, and Dorothy never looked lovelier . . . Congratulations to all of those who made this very special evening a smashing success!

'Til next time . . . Aloha.

Remy XIX



Hopalong John and Jaylene O'Hara—Scarlett's sister—at the Raughide's Texas Prom Night (Photo: Rink)

BOOK RACK

Militarily Yours

The Brig
by Mason Powell
Alternate Publishing Company
964 Folsom Street, San Francisco, CA 94107
\$8.95

by Frank Howell

Those who engage in sadomasochistic exchanges have always evoked mixed responses from others. We are fascinated and repelled. What do the top and bottom men really gain, psychologically or physically, from such practices?

Some say that trust is the basis of these relationships. The passive partner knows the active partner would never hurt him. The bond is strong and apparently enduring.

The Brig is the sort of pot-boiler that will either revolt you out of your senses or fill you with glee.

Mason Powell has chosen to set his tale of whips and chains in a military prison where a young sailor has been sentenced for his crime of "pacifism." None of the characters has a name.

Mere imprisonment constitutes the least of his worries. A bizarre succession of events overwhelm our navy friend. He is strapped to a wooden table and whipped, given scalding hot showers, and is forced into a carnival of sexual actions designed to teach him utter submission, and also to excite him into a love of pain.

The sailor is said to be straight and engaged to be married following his military service. The sergeant and his men force their prisoner through other degrading acts, such as wearing drag and literally drinking human urine. They climax their unre-

lenting grossness by forcing the sailor to wear a dog collar. He is trained to walk about like a dog and pick up scraps of food from the floor. He is taught never to question authority. Total humiliation is the ultimate goal.

What are we to believe? Does the United States government, via the Marines, really operate a brig where such sadistic practices take place? Here the shadowy line between literature and pornography begins to tease us. Is Powell putting us on?

The publisher describes The Brig as "a novel of punishment and discipline by a military gone mad with power." Any socially redeeming commentary about government and military power is secondary to Powell's real purpose, which is to titillate us out of our minds by the chronic, unrelieved theme of S&M under the Stars and Stripes.

We are supposedly gaining insights into the minds and hearts of those who practice whipping and restraining. Powell does provide a smattering of psychology, but, at heart, he gives us a juicy book with a stern moral coating of concern over military sadism. On the last few pages he throws in a brief account of the young sailor's discharge and how he reports all the grisly details to his congressman. But we all realize this has merely been tacked on in order that readers will feel they have learned a lesson about genuine evil.

SWEET LIPS SEZ . . .

Our Guest Tonight Is . . .

DICK WALTERS

Wish to say happy belated birthday to the ever-popular Lincoln of the New Bell Saloon, who would not divulge his age on Monday last . . . many more of them tho, Lincoln.

David Caruso announces The White Party at the Trocadero Transfer on Saturday evening the 6th of April from 10 p.m. till dawn . . . \$15 general admission, and advance purchase is advised as this promises to be a real biggie commemorating the golden years of Hollywood nite life. . . and there will be a very, very special guest to be announced later. If you have not attended one of Dick Collier's parties at his Trocadero Transfer you don't know what you are missing, as they truly are a blast.

The Wooden Horse on Polk and Turk Streets now has Nooch on the planks days Friday thru Mondays . . . you don't have far to walk behind that bar do you Nooch? . . . hi Hershey.

This Saturday the 23rd is the one and only Dolly Dale's 38th birthday, and I do hope you have a fun, fun time that day Dolly.

Don't forget this Sunday the 24th from 4 till 8 p.m. Googie's is having a Shuffle Off To Portland party for the Lips and friend that are leaving that night for ten days in Portland for the 14th anniversary party of the Embers/Avenue/Rafters . . . so come on down to help make sure we get off . . . Bob Cramer and his Peter are taking us to the train station in Oakland to make sure we don't get left behind.

Then on Thursday the 28th from 6 till 10 p.m. Googie's will be having a Bon Voyage Party for Seaman Russ and Totie, who are leaving for London and other points on the continent for five weeks . . . now that is some vacation . . . at both parties the very talented Mr. Bob Sandner will be at the keyboard playing your favorite melodies, so come join in the festivities.

Have you been to Hal Call's new Circle J at 369 Ellis St. yet? . . . he and his staff have done a fantastic job in this new location, so do try it. . . Also, he has custom Gay video-tape service with just about any tape of any fantasy you might have, I know.

Today the 21st is the third anniversary of Leticia's on Market Street, and they are having a



Guess Who?

great party from 5:30 p.m. on so don't miss it and congratulations.

Don't forget the Giraffe opens at 11:30 a.m. so you can get your favorite seat at the bar to watch your favorite soap on the big screen while enjoying a great cocktail . . . hi Larry.

Saturday the 30th the one and only Helen Trent of the Kokpit will celebrate his big 50—but you really look much younger, Helen.

And now for a few words from the greatest of all, Czarina Michele . . .

Fell down when I saw Bella Boche back at the flower stand on Castro—welcome back.

Ran into Sweet Lips and Jack South at the Patio Cafe. After a very wet afternoon, we ended up at The Gate and then down to Hunks, with Dick Cook on the planks—beautiful little bar! Good luck to my dear pals Jack South and Dave Williams. Also enjoyed seeing Peggy at the Twin Peaks. Art White remembered my "twist"—bless his heart.

Been running around trying to see the movies nominated for Academy Awards. Also, my good friend A.J. Esta has been taking me to A.C.T. and other theatrical events. Have had lunch and dinners with many friends—all the news ain't so happy, but we are people in a special place with special needs, and we will do what must be done.

Thanks Art, Jack, Pat/Dick, Jim, Randy, and a host of happy and smiling face for making these first days home so warm and loving—I have missed you!

Will be busy with the Closet Ball as I will be M.C. again this year. Haven't seen any of that gang yet except George Lowy, who is choreographing again—looking forward to this one! Carl Berry is directing again too—should be a great night. Many stars of our glittering past are due to make cameo appearances.

... all the news ain't so happy, but we are people in a special place . . . and we will do what must be done.'

Just back from seven months in the Hudson Valley of New York State. What a joy to see our city again—green hills, blossoms, and people!

Stopped into the Special and saw Durwood—same wonderful guy. He said he is much less "wired"—funny I didn't notice! Nice to see Harry, Ray, and Tony still there. Heard Ed was sensational in Men Behind Bars—sorry I missed that. Ron Brewer of the Pilsner and the Barbary Coast Cloggers kept me up my first night home filling me in on lots of news—he met me at the airport and is still my "roomie" on Elizabeth Street.

I'm writing this on St. Pat's Day, which brings to mind my favorite Irish man Bob Pace—hope to see him at the Kokpit.

Thanks to Lips for giving me a little space in his column. Have a wonderful trip to Portland, and hurry back.

Great to be back in wonderful New York State was there and I am restoring a 100-year-old house. Hope lots of you will come visit when it is done. I will be here for a few months—hope I see more and more of you as I try to catch up. Yell hello or call. It was a cold winter, so for now I'll close as "Chapped Lips."

Bazaar Calendar

Thursday 3/21: Men Behind Bars Video shown and dinner served to patients of Ward 5B, by the men of Chaps.

Trax Softball Team Auction, 8 p.m.

Joe Souza, "Second Time Around," Buckley's, 9 p.m., \$5, with Doug Trantham.

CMC Open Forum, Chez Mollet, 8:30 p.m.

Mr. S.F. Eagle Contest, prelim #3, 10 p.m.

Friday 3/22: Febes Reno Run, leaves bar at 8 p.m. (returns Sunday 3/24 at 6 p.m.) \$90 includes round trip on fully stocked bus, double occupancy at Circus Circus for two nights, plus coupon packages.

Pamela Erickson in Concert, Buckley's, 9 p.m., \$5.

Roast-a-Pig, Miss Piggy's birthday party, to benefit the S.F. Food Bank, Logan's, Taylor and Eddy, 8:30 p.m., host

Bil Wood, First Lady's President.

Saturday 3/23: Swap Meet, S.F. Eagle patio, hosts Bay Area Brigade, AUA, Constantine's MC, 1 to 5 p.m., \$5, beer bust and food, booths.

Auction, Kokpit softball team benefit, 8 p.m.

Sunday 3/24: Poker Run, 2 p.m. check-in (til 3 p.m. only) Transfer, \$6 includes select cocktails or hot dogs at the following locations: Pilsner Inn, Men's Room, Village, Festus, prizes for the highest poker hands collected during each stop. Hosts, Imperial Guard, to benefit Grand Duchess Trixie Trash to defray recent medical bills.

Beer Bust, S.F. Eagle, 3 to 6 p.m., \$6, BBQ Chicken included.

Birthday Party, Kimo's for Marty "Moon" McClelland and

Frank Glade, 4 p.m., buffet in their honor by Mama Billy.

Mikio/Robert Erickson, Buckley's, 9 p.m., \$5.

Monday 3/25: Academy Awards Parties, 6 p.m., Chaps, \$ prizes for the most correct awards guessed, forms must be filled out by 5 p.m., available from bartenders from Friday, Casa Loma, Village, Trax.

Wednesday 3/27: Dynasty Night, 9 p.m., Festus, Pendulum, Elephant Walk, Village, Midnight Sun, Moby Dick, Men's Room, Castro Station, The Special, Cafe San Marcos, Transfer, Pilsner, Kokpit, Renegade, Casa Loma, Febes (hot dogs), S.F. Eagle (dinner \$4, 6 p.m.), Chaps, Shags.

Buckley's Family Party, 9:30 p.m., \$3.

Irish Wake for Peter King, Pendulum, 8 p.m.

Compiled by Karl Stewart and Remy

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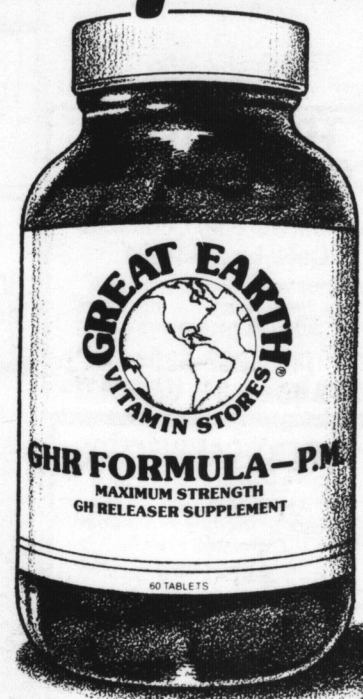
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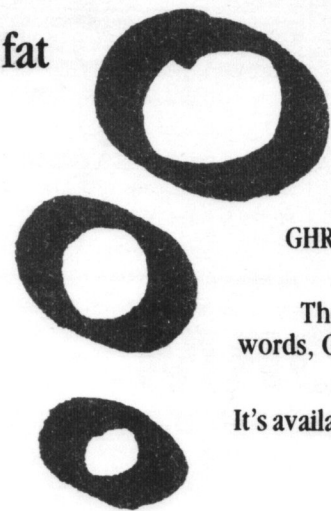
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BAY AREA REPORTER

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'Harvey Milk' Wins First Gay Oscar

In Hollywood, Hopeful 200 At Cast Party

by George Mendenhall

HOLLYWOOD—"I hope this is not my only Hollywood entrance this week," quipped Richard Schmiechen. Robert Epstein threatened to sneak back stage and add a Barbie Doll outfit to the trophy so he would "get the first drag Oscar." The producer and director of *The Times of Harvey Milk*, nominated for Best Documentary Feature, were having a good time at the pre-Academy Awards fundraiser at the Variety Arts Theatre here. Two hundred attended a special screening of the film.

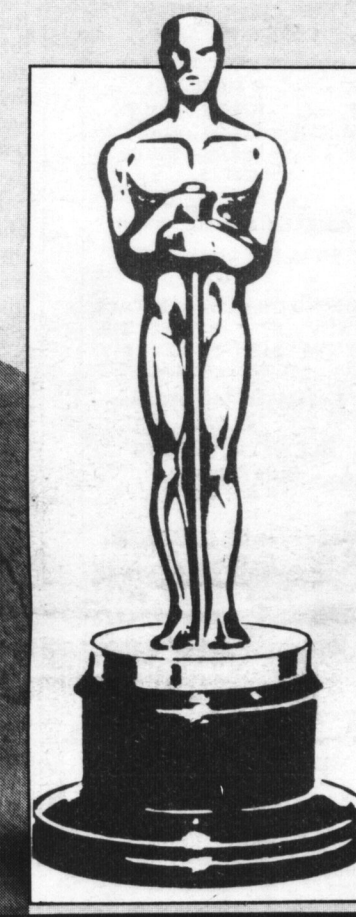
Mayor Valerie Terrigno could not attend as she was trying to solve a street gas leak fire in West Hollywood, but three celebrities did attend: Marcia Wallace, formerly of the *Bob Newhart Show*; Zeldia Rubinstein, who played the psychic in *Poltergeist*, and Robert Walden, formerly of *Lou Grant* and now star of *Showtime's Brothers*.

Wallace said the "Milk" film was great and Milk himself "so life-affirming, such a joyful person." Rubinstein, an AIDS health worker, called the film

(Continued on page 16)



(Photo: Rink)



On Castro, Tears Mix With Cheers

by Allen White

At 6:33 p.m., Pacific Standard Time, an audience estimated at one billion people heard that *The Times of Harvey Milk* had won the Academy Award as "Best Documentary Feature." People in 77 countries joined Gay men and Lesbians around the world last Monday night to watch Rob Epstein and Richard Schmiechen run to the stage and accept the 8½ pound gold-plated statuette.

Harvey Milk was a person with roots in the entertainment business, and the story of his life received the highest acclamation that can be made by the motion picture industry. The award was to a film, yet there is no question the film was a personal triumph to San Francisco's—possibly the world's—most dynamic contemporary spokesperson for Gay rights.

In San Francisco's Castro district the mood was jubilant and highly emotional. Many people in bars and at private parties openly cried—while at the same time screaming with delight.

On 17th Street, a dozen people joined Scott Smith, Milk's lover, to watch the show. "My heart was beating right out of

(Continued on page 16)

2 Gays Clubbed In Their Own Home

Trio of Attackers Break In, Shout Anti-Gay Hate Slogans

Three club-wielding attackers broke into the home of two Gay men in the Hayes Valley neighborhood, attacked both of them and shouted anti-Gay epithets. The assaults occurred Feb. 27, and resulted in severe injuries to one of the two Gay men.

There are as yet no suspects in the case, though police are continuing an investigation. Randy Schell, client advocate for Community United Against Violence, provided the following account of the attack.

I've known David for a long time. I never knew his name, just his face and of course, his dogs which he took out for walks when the weather permitted. I live on Fell Street at Laguna, so whenever I walked home at night I would look forward to seeing David and his dogs.

He always said "hello" or "how are you doing." His friendly smile and handsome face were just what the doctor ordered after a difficult or not so difficult day.

CUAV

RANDY SCHELL

On Feb. 28, I found out the name behind the handsome face. Only, on Feb. 28, there wasn't a very friendly smile—and the face was contorted and lacerated. His eyes were swollen shut, stitches criss-crossed here and there and he couldn't move without experiencing excruciating pain. Instead of smiling, he

(Continued on page 2)

IN THIS ISSUE

SUPREME COURT rejects anti-Gay law in Oklahoma. But the vote is a hair-splitting—and hair-raising—tie. Ray O'Loughlin is court reporter on page 2.

QUARANTINE GAYS—That's the order in Britain from the health minister, as Dion Sanders reports on page 10.

ON THE BLOCK. Pride Center was foreclosed last week as the city rejected Pride's proposed bailout. The center will go to the highest bidder. Meanwhile, city auditors continue their probe. Charles Linebarger chronicles the fall of Pride on page 11.

NEW EVIDENCE on poppers is nothing to sniff at. Ray O'Loughlin's nose for news pokes into the issues on page 13.

5 Men, Weapons Nabbed in Castro

Cops Notice 'Suspicious' Car; Quick Work Prevents a Disaster

by Allen White

Five heavily armed young men were apprehended the night of Friday, March 22 near the Castro Theatre. Police say the arrest may have prevented what looked like a hunting expedition to attack Gays. The five were armed with a BB rifle, a pellet pistol, two knives, and a hammer customized to make it especially effective in skull-bashing.

"We'll never know who didn't get hit in the head with a hammer," said San Francisco Police Lieutenant Al Casciato. Casciato said that police officers Jennifer Thompson and Philip Lee noticed a suspicious vehicle in the parking lot adjacent to the Castro Theatre just after midnight on Friday night, March 22. They took their patrol car and blocked the small alley leading into the lot.

Inside the parked car were five young men from out of town, aged 14 and 15. Checking out the car the officers found clubs, knives and BB guns. The officers were told the owner of the car was not there but down the street.

Checking on Castro Street, they found David Oldham, 20,

of Pleasant Hill. He was stalking the street with a blunt tipped hammer in his belt.

"There is no question in my mind," said Lt. Casciato, "that these guys were looking for trouble. You don't drive around and park in a secluded area in the middle of the night to have

(Continued on page 3)