



PARDIES & THIRUSTS
 by dsovereign

Sacramento, CA — God speaks on foul balling. Testifying before the Labor and Employment Committee, and opposing the homo job protection bill (AB1), were three men who are divinely inspired. Herbert Steele, of the Church of Nazarene: "We recognize the depth of perversion that leads to homosexual acts... such acts are sinful and subject to the wrath of God." Harry Jackson, of the Calvary Baptist Church in Fairfield: "There are still divine laws that exist in the universe. One of those laws was given by Moses when he said that homosexuality was a perversion and an abomination before God. Regardless of the deliberation of this body that law still will be intact, and sodomy and perversion that you're about to legalize, if you pass the bill, will still be against the law of God." The Rev. W.B. Timberlake, from the Committee on Moral Concerns, who's worried that California will turn into one big San Francisco: "We are opposed to any situation in which people make a choice and then are given protection in their employment because of that choice." God frowns on perverts who enjoy working outside of his laws in places like San Francisco where free choice still exists.

Pontiac, MI — G.M. lives on even though Karma ran him down three times for not looking both ways. Gregory Mattson, 21, who suffered under the fender in three consecutive hit-and-run accidents is in critical condition. Police Lieutenant Walter Hitchuk said Mattson was struck by one car, got up, walked a few steps, was struck by a second car, got up, walked a few steps, and was struck by a third car which dragged him 100 feet. Yet, even on the second try he was left for dead and rose again from the street.

Council Bluffs, IA — Run out of town for showing the boys a tip or two. The flamboyant Judge G.T. Reilly wanted to put a convicted sex offender, Robert Link, 35, on the first bus out of Omaha for San Francisco. Last year Link had been arrested for molesting a boy in the infamous Council Bluffs public library. His most recent offense was showing another boy some porno. Judge Reilly gave Link some credit for days already served, suspended his sentence, and told him to not get arrested in Iowa for one year. Reilly said: "I hold to I wanted him out of town and he asked to go to California. I said California is a big place. Then I asked him if he had any particular place in California he wanted to go, and he said San Francisco." So the judge ordered him to San Francisco. Mayor Feinstein was angry: "It makes no sense. This man committed a serious crime and justice isn't served by handing out bus tickets. I'm ready to give him a ticket back to Council Bluffs." Later the Public Defender confirmed that he'd give a ticket for Link to go to Los Angeles instead. Link had said he had relatives in L.A. After that it'd been informal of the switch. Mayor Feinstein's office was relieved. Important Los Angeles, where you can get lost among all the chicken... and still find a sister.

New York City — A good way to get time for spending time giving smalltalkers a hard time. Arthur Freudenberg, 39, a counselor for the NYPD, had been arrested for supposedly carrying on with five boys over the last two years. The boys were members of the Jersey City Boys Club where Freudenberg also did some counseling. When the Boys Club found him out, Arthur resigned and now resides in the Hudson County Jail. *TWN* reports that police are trying to find out "if more boys were involved" and Freudenberg "faces 493 counts of aggravated sexual assaults on boys, aged 11 to 13." At least 493 ways to lose your loveboys.

Manassas, VA — Behind the vent of a hot tea room. Arrests continued at an already notorious rest stop on Interstate 66 where police hide behind a "dummy heating vent" (*Washington Blade*). Head of the operation, Sgt. C.M. Strickland, says: "Obviously from our second visit resulting in 10 arrests, the problem continues to exist. We'll continue our investigation as often as we need to to solve the problem." When asked why he didn't think the vent play was an invasion of privacy: "We're not interested in what their sexual preference is, they're just going to have to find some other place to do it. We're not going to be knocking down doors to enforce any sodomy laws, we just can't let it go on in public places." The public must be protected against hardened members.

Chicago, IL — Can't have their cake and consummate it too. A baker was sued for \$5000 in damages for forgetting to deliver a wedding cake. The couple claimed that because their very own wedding cake was not at the reception, they were not able to enjoy their day together. Additionally, the couple said that neither of them could sleep the night of the wedding, the groom couldn't get it up, the bride wasn't interested, and they didn't start having good sex until two weeks later. The presiding judge threw the suit out of court. Lying in the dark they had been blessed with the fact that someone ate the cake out — they couldn't make it, and they'll never have that honeymoon again.

Beijing, China — Spit on his grave presumption. What this groom didn't know was that there are some things you just don't do on your wedding night. Whatever he did made the bride ram his head into a convenient spittoon. Stuck, with the rim of a metal spittoon caught under his chin, the groom was rushed off to the nearest hospital. The bride had taken it the wrong way.

Washington, D.C. — Gagging on Gerbers. Carole Harris complained about the fact that her baby almost choked to death on Gerber Meat Sticks: "I was watching my son die. The only thing that saved him was that after 60 seconds of unconsciousness, his whole body relaxed enough so that the spasms keeping the meat in his airway ended and the food fell out..." Her baby's plight, and the fact that someone ate the cake out — they couldn't come forward, has prodded the USDA into action. The Food Safety Division will probably seek to have Gerber labels changed to inform parents of the hazardous weenies. Babies choke on meat too.

Jackson, MS — Puddin' won't be putting out. All of Jackson's talking about a tomcat, named Puddin', that's lost his goods in what the veterinarian, Don Garrison, calls a life-saving sex change. He removed Puddin's male organs and made a new opening that's close to looking like a female pussy cat. Puddin's bladder is no longer blocked and he'll probably get around for another five or six years. This cat's out of the bag he was used to.

Local Gay Political Clubs Split Over Feinstein Recall



TENNESSEE WILLIAMS IN SAN FRANCISCO, January, 1976, during his one-month residency with American Conservatory Theatre. ACT produced Williams' "This Is (An Entertainment)", which the playwright wanted to open "as far from New York as possible." *Arts and Entertainment* editor Steven Saylor contemplates Williams' passing, page 4.

Bill Maher Hits Recall, Hails Gay Clout

by Sal Rosselli
 "Two weeks after I told the press I had no candidate for mayor, the White Panthers forced me into supporting Dianne Feinstein... an only-in-San Francisco type shot," grumbles Bill Maher, the newest and youngest member of the San Francisco Board of Supervisors.

Maher was elected last fall with a meager 108 vote margin over incumbent Lee Dolson. Of the city's four gay political clubs, only one — the Alice B. Toklas Memorial Democratic Club — endorsed his campaign, yet he still managed to finish fourth or fifth in most predominantly gay precincts.

In an exclusive interview with *The Sentinel*, Maher discussed his reasons for opposing the recall effort, his initial thoughts of his fellow supervisors and what he views as the increasing diversity of the local gay electorate.

The Sentinel: What is your position on the effort to recall Mayor Dianne Feinstein?

Maher: The fact that I may not support her for re-election in November is vastly different than supporting her in the recall. Nothing that the mayor has done qualifies for a recall — morally, ethically, politically, legally or any other way. A recall says there is something really awful about you, and the fact that the mayor is for gun control just isn't enough for me.

Basically, it is the gun people saying she took away our constitutional rights. It's not just the White Panthers (who are after her). It's the fine hand of the National Rifle Association. Now this has got to be one of the all-time great coalitions: the White Panthers and the N.R.A.

Would you support amending the charter to change the current recall requirements?

I think people should be more thoughtful about what they sign, and I'm a great believer in people. The implication of all this is) is not whether I like Dianne Feinstein or not. I can't say I am her greatest fan.

No. The implication is that some group in a conservative district may try to recall Nancy Walker and Harry Britt for something they do, and two weeks after that, someone from the left will try to recall Wendy Nelder or Q (Quentin Kopp), and a week after that, they'll try Louise Renne, Jack Molinari or me.

Bushwhacking is a bad way to do business. The term comes up, then you vote aye or nay. But stuff like this in the middle (of a term), I'm against. There is no city business going on for two or three months now, because everything is seen in terms of its political implications for the recall.

How do you rate the mayor's management of the police department?

In a sense it is almost an insoluble problem. It is the nature of police work that you are an intruder. The mayor has not recognized that very human element as much as she should have, and then tried to deal with it. There's a great ambivalence to police officers. I think this problem could be handled more sensitively, but I still don't think this is grounds by any means for a recall.

What about Feinstein's veto of the domestic partners benefits bill?

There is a real split of opinion all over. The mayor probably could have come down on either side and dug in a legitimate position. The real problem is that there is a bundle of civil rights that we give people when they get married and we now exclude gay people from that bundle. I think the whole thing is misplaced. Instead of trying to cut corners, we have to recognize that gays should be treated the same as anyone else and be given the same set of legal rights under the same set of legal obligations.

Let's get back to the recall for a bit. Do you think that it has any chance of succeeding?

No. The mayor will win. A lot of people who are angry with her will come to the conclusion that this is a cheap shot. However, (these same people) may still vote against her in November.

You have been an outspoken supporter of gay rights for some time. How do you see the future of gay rights in San Francisco?

by Gary Schweikhart
 The effort to recall Mayor Dianne Feinstein has already split the local gay/lesbian political community. The Stonewall and the Harvey Milk Gay Democratic clubs have come out in support of the recall, while Concerned Republicans for Individual Rights is opposed. The fourth gay political club, the Alice B. Toklas Memorial Democratic Club, will make its decision later this month. Stonewall endorsed the recall by a 41-to-3 vote and is now organizing volunteers to work on the special election. The Milk Club, by a vote of 92-to-17, has also joined the "Dump Dianne" movement. CRIR, the smallest of the local gay political clubs, opposed the recall by a vote of 26-to-9.

"It is no longer a question of whether or not there should be a recall," says Milk Club president Carol Migen. "We didn't initiate the effort, but as a major political force in the city, we were compelled to take a position."

"But the bottom line, undoubtedly, was her veto of the domestic partners legislation. This was more than a slap in our face, it was an assault upon our dignity and our human rights as people."

"So despite the political risks entailed and the pressures to stay out, the Milk Club voted overwhelmingly to support the recall. This is a forthright and principled position which we believe is in the best interests of the gay/lesbian community."

Peter Nardozza, a gay aide to the mayor, said the Milk Club vote "came as no big surprise. They have been quite vocal in their opposition to the mayor since her veto of the domestic partner legislation." Nardozza also said that the Milk Club position "does not reflect the gay/lesbian community at large in San Francisco."

Because of the importance of this recall to the local gay/lesbian community for the next two issues, *The Sentinel* will be presenting a special forum on the subject. Participants include Bob Bacci, president of CRIR; Paul Boneberg, president of Stonewall; Jo Daly, CRIR commissioner; Carol Migen, president of the Milk Club; Peter Nardozza, a Feinstein aide; Randy Stallings, president of Toklas; Sentinel political columnists Gwen Craig and Sal Rosselli; and others.

Operation Concern Moving to Castro

by Gary Schweikhart

Operation Concern will be moving soon — a relocation which executive director Carole Migen calls "the realization of a long awaited dream."

Now nearing its tenth year of serving the local gay/lesbian community, this social service and mental health agency began as a one room switchboard and has spent the last three years crammed into a crowded flat on Clay St.

The current location is barely adequate. A definite delapidated, hand-me-down atmosphere permeates the place, while a big hole in the office ceiling gapes directly above Migen's tidy desk. Furthermore, the one flight walk-up is also a hindrance to the senior citizens served by Operation Concern's Gay and Lesbian Outreach to Elders (GLOE), according to project co-director Stafford Buckley.

The new site will be at 1155 Market St. "It will give us about three times as much space," beams Migen. "And it is a real lovely place, not like our current inelegant surroundings. We'll also have meet-



Operation Concern's Carole Migen and Stafford Buckley.

ing rooms and facilities to handle special events. Right now, there is no gay community center in the Castro area, so our new home should be a tremendous asset."

Buckley and his new co-director Ben Tracy also believe that their program will be helped by the move. "Sometimes we have difficulty reaching older gay men and lesbians because they have spent so many years in the closet, that is one of the reasons that we describe ourselves as a social service program and not a mental

health one. A lot of senior citizens are turned off by the phrase 'mental health.'"

"But our new location will be both nicer looking and more accessible than our current site, so perhaps more older people will be encouraged to come to our functions. We'll have a ground floor office, and an area where we can have our free lunches for gay senior citizens. We'll even have a kitchen in our new site, which is another big plus," says Buckley. Among the on-going projects of GLOE are sponsoring support

groups for older men and women, a writer's workshop, advocacy and counseling, medical and legal referrals, visiting shut-ins, etc.

Migen says Operation Concern will be concluding the paper work on the move within the next few weeks, and that this will be followed by a major renovation of the new building. "This alone will cost about \$50,000," she estimates, or nearly one-seventh of the agency's total annual operating budget. Operation Concern should be in their new space by May or June.

"While the building remodeling will be really nice, it won't leave any money for new furnishing and supplies, and that's where we'll be relying on the local gay community," says Migen.

Operation Concern will be in need of new desks, chairs, filing cabinets, appliances and "any kind of household type items that will be useful for an operation such as this. And, of course, we always need money," says Migen.

Anyone who would like to donate supplies, furniture or funds is encouraged to contact Migen at 563-0202.



CHR Questions Blood Policy

San Francisco, CA - The Coalition for Human Rights, which represents 53 different gay/lesbian/bisexual organizations and individuals, have "expressed concern over Irwin Memorial Blood Bank's new guidelines which were adopted with Bay Area Physicians for Human Rights' approval. It was unanimously decided that CHR co-chairs, Pat Norman and Randy Stallings, would meet with Irwin representatives to ascertain whether CHR's previous recommendations had been misinterpreted. CHR had decided that blood banks should develop a 'surrogate screening process that will guarantee the safety of each unit of donated blood and that this process 'should in no way exclude any potential donor on the basis of sexual orientation, gender, national origin or race.' "If the co-chairs are unable to convince Irwin Memorial Blood Bank to change its position, they have been directed by the National Gay Rights Advocates, other legal advisors, and lesbian/gay groups to explore the possibility of national litigation against blood banks that attempt to discriminate," according to a CHR press release.

Castro Office Needed

San Francisco, CA - The local Gay Tourism and Visitors Bureau is in need of office space in the Castro area. This region was chosen by the board as "the most logical area to direct gay tourists visiting in San Francisco." Since the Bureau is a non-profit organization, there's no money for rent right now, but all they need is enough space for a desk and a phone. If you have a space for them, give Randy Rowland a call at the Atherton Hotel. His number is 474-5720.

Agnos Bill Passes

Sacramento, CA - AB1, a bill that would stop most employment discrimination against gay men and lesbians, was endorsed by an Assembly committee last week despite protests from evangelical ministers that many people do not approve of "this San Francisco-style lifestyle." The Labor and Employment Committee sent the bill, submitted by Assemblyman Art Agnos (Dem., S.F.), to the Ways and Means Committee on a 7-0-5 vote.

The proposal has been defeated three times in the past three years, but Agnos said he feels the chances for passage are "as good as they've ever been." Agnos told the committee that even if being gay is a social problem, "no one ever proposed that we deal with racism by making everyone white..." What this bill

does is allow people to work without fear of losing their jobs. I believe that the people of our state are tolerant about the gay person's right to work." - S.F. Chronicle

East Bay Forum A Smash

Berkeley, CA - About one hundred people attended a public forum on domestic partner benefits last week. The event was sponsored by the East Bay Lesbian/Gay Democratic Club. Among those in the audience for the forum were Berkeley Mayor Gus Newport, City Council Member Wesley Hester and three members of the School Board.

AIDS Workshop

San Francisco, CA - Operation Concern and the Shanti Project are co-sponsoring "AIDS Awareness Workshop: Fighting Back" for their clientele and the general public. Limited to the first 150 applicants, this two-day workshop will be on consecutive Saturdays, March 19 and 26, from 11 A.M. to 6:30 P.M. Current medical, epidemiological, psychosocial, political and preventative information about the AIDS epidemic will be presented. Special focus will be devoted to nutrition, exercise, stress reduction and overall wellness. The fee is \$25 for the whole workshop which will be held at 890 Hayes Street. Lunch will be provided. For further information call the Shanti Project, 558-9644.

CUAV Seeks New Board Members

San Francisco, CA - Community United Against Violence presently has several openings on its board of directors. Interested people should send a brief resume to either Barry Cardozo or Gael Sapro, CUAV, P.O. Box 14017, San Francisco 94114. The services that CUAV provides take many forms including (but not limited to) a 24-hour crisis hotline, advocacy services to assist those who have been assaulted through all phases of the criminal justice system, street patrols and monitors for community events, and defense projects. For more info, call 864-7233 or UNI-SAFE.

'Dyke' Victory in Show Me State

St. Louis, MO - Lisa Wagaman has prevailed over the moralists of the Missouri Department of Revenue and is the proud owner of vanity license plates inscribed with the word "dyke." She applied for the plates last September, but was given the bureaucratic run-around. She insisted that the state give her a reason for not issuing the plates and was finally told that the word "dyke" was "offensive and obscene." Wagaman asked if the state considered their names obscene, too. Finally, a state official asked her directly why she wanted the plates. She replied that in fact she was of Dutch heritage and a close friend was named Van Dyke. The State of Missouri, satisfied with the explanation, issued the plates.

- Gay Community News

March 6 (Sun) - KSAW's "Gay Life" will feature Robert Greenblatt, D.M., and Mark Feldman, two gay men with AIDS. At 6 A.M. on KSAW (95.9M).

March 7 (Sun) - Stonewall Gay Democratic Club Meeting. 7:30 P.M. at the Women's Building.

March 8 (Tue) - Gay Issues Seminar: Working with Parents of Gay Children. At health center 5, 1351 24th Avenue, room 204, from noon to 1 P.M. For more info, call Mike Burton of 336-4717 or Lisa Gundel at 681-8080, ext. 200.

March 9 (Wed) - Free public forum on AIDS sponsored by the KS Foundation and the Bill DeFronzo Lesbian and Gay Community Center. At the Old Board of Supervisors' Chambers, County Bldg. 70 W. Hedding St. San Jose, at 7 P.M.

March 12 (Sun) - Free V.U. Testing from noon to 3 P.M. on Park St. near Sutter. Sponsored by the San Francisco City Clinic.

March 13 (Sun) - East Bay Lesbian/Gay Democratic Club presents a candidates forum for Oakland City Council. School Board and Area College Board. Allstonview School, 746 Grand Ave. in Oakland, at 7 P.M.

March 13 (Sun) - Red Hearts has its monthly potluck dinner and socializing at 120 Pierce St. 7:30 P.M.

March 13 (Sun) - KSAW's "Gay Life" will feature Eric Rolles, author of I THOUGHT PEOPLE LIKE THAT KILLED THEMSELVES: Lesbians, Gay Men and Suicide. At 6 A.M. on KSAW.

March 14 (Mon) - Allan B. Tolson Democratic Club Meeting, Swedish American Hall, 2124 Market St. at 7:30 P.M. The hot topic: Whether or not to support the recall of Mayor Dianne Feinstein, and she's supposed to be there! Sure to be a hot one!

March 16 (Wed) - Coalition for Human Rights general meeting. At New College, 777 Valencia St. 5:30 P.M. Sign-in 11:15. For more details, call Doree at 864-3112.



SEIU Backs Gay Rights

Washington, D.C. - The national executive board of the Service Employees International Union has taken an official position opposing discrimination against lesbians and gay men calling for laws to end such discrimination. The SEIU, which has more than 800,000 members nationwide, joined a growing number of major national labor unions in supporting gay rights legislation.



March 5 (Sat) - The S/M Institute will sponsor a special meeting on KS and AIDS, with speakers from both the KS Foundation and S/MHS. Everyone is welcome. A \$2 charge of door. The S/M Institute is located at 416 Hayes St. with the meeting from 3-6 P.M. Call 421-8165 for more details.

March 6 (Sun) - The 40 Plus meeting of the Unitarian Church, 1187 Franklin at Geary, 2:00 P.M. will feature Jesse Miller, "Medical and Psychological Hypnosis: G Plus is a social group primarily for gay men over 40, but everyone is welcome."



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Corinna's Corner

Gossip, Giggles & Good News

by Corinna Radigan

Overheard at Judge Herb Donaldson's induction at City Hall: Glenn McElhenny and Allen White, whispering about next year's Cable Car Awards gala. After complaints that the recent award give-athon was interminable, the two are hoping to keep next year's ceremony under two hours. Good luck... And just why did Bob Cramer tip-off the Donaldson do so early? Hmmmm...

One of the most bitter political campaigns last November is still raging, although both of the funding candidates wound up short of the winners' circle. There's been no kiss-and-make-up deal between those two. In fact, one of 'em is currently going around town promising that the other's political career is "finished."

Patrice Donnelly, the lesbian pin-up of '82, will soon be replaced by Linda Griffiths. She's the co-star of the new flick *Lianna*, which *Gay News* has dubbed "the best film ever on lesbianism." It is scheduled to open here in mid-April.

Leslie Manning, treasurer of the Stonewall Democratic Club, will soon be hosting a fund-raising dinner for Carole Migden, the president of the Harvey Milk Gay Democratic Club. The event is to help Carole retire some of those nasty debts left over from her campaign for the Community College Board last fall.

Have you heard the latest? Stagecoach Western Apparel is being used by Wells Fargo over their use of the word "stagecoach." Reminds me of another word battle we went through a few months

back... and that one was of Olympic proportions.

Many of the gay community's fanciest and finest were at the open house sponsored by the KS Foundation a fortnight ago. Two bad representatives from one of the gay papers got so smashed and made such a scene. People are still chucking over this one.

The Berkeley Women's Health Collective will be having a benefit concert at La Pena Cultural Center at 8:30 P.M. on March 26. It'll feature Vickie Randle and Adrienne Tort. Call 843-6194 for more details.

An all day conference entitled "Sisters: A Program for Women Who Are Sisters, Whether by Birth or by Choice" will be held at Fort Mason Center on March 20 from 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M. Sponsored by the Center For Family Issues, the conference will be led by Dale Atkins, Ph.D. Interested women should call 921-8506 for more info.

The first lesbian Butch-Femme rap group session last month was both informative and interesting. Women are urged to attend the next one on March 15. It'll be held on the second floor of the Women's Building from 7 to 9 P.M.

The Gay Press Association Western Regional Conference will be held here in San Francisco March 11-13. It'll feature eight professional workshops, including one I definitely intend to hit: "Images of Women in the Lesbian/Gay Media." Theresa Haynie of *Pidgas* is moderator of this panel, which will include Kim Corsaro, editor of *Coming Out!* and Tanyan Corman, director of

the western regional office of the Gay Rights National Lobby. This workshop will be March 12, from 2 to 3 P.M., at the Valencia Rose.

A large turnout is predicted at Golden Gate Park on March 3 to protest Reaganomics and oppression in Northern Ireland. Then, just two days later, another group will be out in support of women's rights. Hope to see ya there.

Directors, officers and friends of the Tavern Guild were out in force last week checking out California Hall for a possible new gay center. Nice space but the price tag is a cool \$3.5 million... and the word is that a secret "angel" is willing to put up the bucks.

Don't know if it was intentional or not, but when local radio station KYA (AM) broke in last Friday morning to announce the death of award-winning playwright Tennessee Williams, they followed this sad announcement with the theme from the movie *Midnight Cowboy*. Knowing of Williams' much publicized proclivity for male hustlers, I wonder if this was a backhanded slap or just plain bad taste.

To be filed under the They All Look the Same to Me Dept.: Red faces over *The Voice* these days. In the last issue was a photograph by Tony Plewik taken at the press conference where Mayor Dianne Feinstein endorsed AB1, the bill by Assemblyman Art Agnos that would end anti-gay discrimination in employment. In the picture, Her Honor is surrounded by AB1 supporters, including Supervisor Doris Ward. Only thing is it isn't Ward in the snapshot at all. It is Supervisor Willie Kennedy. Whoops!

Speaking of Tony Plewik, a recent Cable Car Award winner, his father passed away last week. Our deepest sympathies, Tony. The same two straight men

that own the Atherton Hotel own Clementina's Baybrick Inn, and rumor has it that they've fired Kate Elvin and Lauren Hewitt as managers and are planning to turn Clementina's into a men's bar due to lack of revenue. Looks like Folsom St. will once again be male dominated.

At least two hot parties this month that I'm not going to miss: Mar. 4 at the I-Beam from 9-2 (free admission, kiddies) and Mar. 19 at Trinity Place from 8-2 (Bay Area Career Women's dance; \$6 for members and \$8 for guests.)

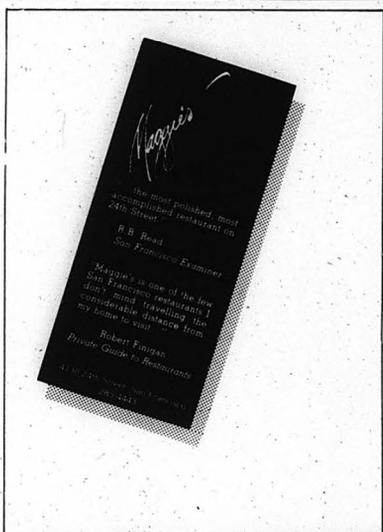
Softball season will be starting soon, and Maud's and Amelia's are looking for softball coaches.

Overheard at Maud's: Jean Minor (aka Queenie), a "jock bod" bartender at Amelia's, may be quitting soon because she's not getting enough attention. Breaks my heart.

The Castro Times has a new editor and a new office on 7th St. The Castro Express, a neighborhood paper that made a brief appearance last summer, may resurface if publisher Thomas Bean can find a few angels.

A few PSA's: National Women's History Week runs from Mar. 6-12 with special activities being planned in Santa Rosa and elsewhere. First we had Women's Day and now we have Women's Week; how long will it be before we get a whole month? Several Parade committees need more volunteers, especially medical and safety.

Congratulations to the new officers of the Constantines Motorcycle Club. The California Motor Club will hold their 20th anniversary gala at California Hall on Polk St. on Sat., April 23 from 8-2. Live entertainment, a cocktail buffet, disco and door prizes are planned. Hmm- I wonder if dykes on bikes can crash?



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Bill Maher: Gay Diversity Increasing



Continued from page 1
time, yet you were only endorsed by one of the gay political clubs. Any comment?

I do pretty well within the gay community (although sometimes I don't do as well with the activists. I don't like hard solutions that exclude more people than necessary. My job is to include as much of the community as possible as often as possible.

Just what changes do you see happening within the gay/lesbian community in San Francisco?

Well, the gay community is beginning to settle down. The population has expanded dramatically in the past ten years, but that expansion is beginning to level off. I think the gay community is beginning to sink roots, beginning to think of San Francisco as their home and are feeling more a part of the whole community rather than a district segment. It is the same process of assimilation that happens to the Chinese, blacks and everyone else.

How do you think the gay community is changing politically?

The diversity of the gay community in terms of its politics is increasing. The issues used to be that gays didn't want to get beat up, arrested or discriminated against. That was universal. Everyone agreed on things they didn't want. As those things began to happen, as there is a general acceptance of lesbians and gay men as sisters and brothers in a broader community, the politics have become more diverse.

What have been your initial impressions of the Board of Supervisors?

It is different from the School Board in that it is much more diffuse. On the School Board we could work together and talk together; there were just seven of us and you could reasonably talk to three or four people every day. That was a majority and a minority. But the Board of Supervisors has eight or nine factions... it is pretty loose.

Do you consider yourself a part of any faction?

I don't have any interest in that. I think that a lot of people who are individually nice people, collec-

tively don't work together. Rather than sign on to that existing system, I'm hoping that over a period of time I can encourage people and try to be supportive of people working together, not necessarily always voting the same, but trying to work out differences before the vote.

Have your expectations of being a Board member changed at all since the election?

It's too early to say. In a year I'll know if my projects work. I'd like to see the city take what's left after balancing next year's budget and put it into capital improvement projects to fix up the parks, playgrounds and libraries. I'm also very interested in economic development. If some of these things happen within the next year, I'll feel good about my job. If they don't, I'll feel disappointed.

Any last thoughts you'd like to add?

This is a beautiful town. I think people want to be a part of San Francisco, to enjoy it and contribute to it. And I certainly want to do my part to make this happen.

The Sentinel
500 Hayes St., San Francisco, CA 94102 (415) 861-8100

Headline: March 17, Next Issue March 17
Published by Silver Press, Inc. 1983

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LETTERS

'PARRIES' THRUSTED
I have been stirred to a point of anger and outrage by dbovereign to write concerning an article of only one paragraph in length appearing in the column of 'Parries & Thrusts.' Smells like death warmed over.

Does *The Sentinel* and its staff believe that our community has become so insensitive that this newspaper can make light and joke at the seriousness of the killing of 16 young men? The writer's own personal comment of "picking up, strangling and cooking the chicken," must truly be one of the more irresponsible and tasteless pieces of journalism which have yet to be published.

We are all too aware of the sick people that do exist in this world, that kill and prey upon others with what appears to be no logical rhyme or reason. Only to drive psychologists, themselves, crazy to analyze. And yes, it is the responsibility of journalism to report to the community those events and facts which are of concern and importance to that community. However, when a paper can report the story and then add comment making light of the seriousness and the weight of the event, it is not exercising its responsibility to the community which it serves, and in turn, the community which supports its own growth and survival.

Although all of the press insists that it keeps its own editorial comments confined to the editorial page, very few actually do. Discreetness and good taste appear to be the key to their editorial success.

If *The Sentinel* wishes to continue to be a member of the press which represents the gay and lesbian people, it must show more responsibility to our community.

Robert Palmer
San Francisco

'THRUSTS' PARRIED

I am deeply offended by the callous insensitivity articulated in your 'Parries & Thrusts' column.

Robert Palmer
San Francisco

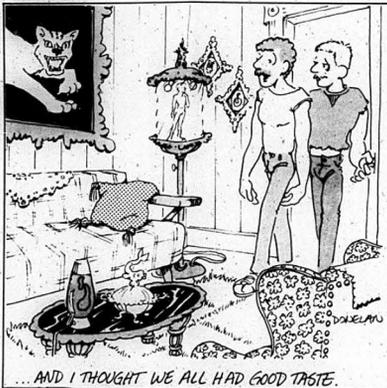
It's hard to believe someone could be so heartless as to make light of human tragedy and suffering.
Edward P. Stone
San Francisco

ANTI-DIANNE
Mayor Feinstein has declared that she's done much for local gays. She undoubtedly believes it. However, owing to her mental astigmatism, it was only recently that she even remotely began to admit that lesbians and gay men often suffer violence solely because of being gay, both from the police and others. It was only after her unmarried partners veto that she started making token efforts to put lesbians and gays in city offices on more than the barest minimal level.

That she'll ever make the political big time is possible but improbable. At first glance she has all the equipment. A strikingly attractive woman whose good looks almost triumph over her lack of clothes sense, she's obviously the complete professional. A good manipulator, she has the power drive necessary to endure the interminable drudgery necessary to climb the political ladder. However, though she tries hard, she lacks the popular touch. Her efforts to speak as a good old pal to those not in her class resemble those of a suburban PTA chairwoman speaking to slumdweller. Too tactful to wash her hands afterwards in front of them, yet know she immediately does it in private.

Essentially she's an excellent executive, not a born leader. Worse, she has an odd basic insecurity so that at crucial moments in her career she asks others what to do rather than damming the torpedoes, and forging ahead with all her followers automatically falling into line behind her. Also, she lacks that indefinable, unmistakable quality known as personality. The consequence is that at the most she can register on the public awareness as doubtless worthy, but doubtless dull. She knows the words, but the melody.

Jordan Lee
San Francisco



ON LIVE!

with **Randy Alfred**
POLITICS: When the Harvey Milk Gay Democratic Club considered endorsing the mayoral recall, Sister Boom Boom read a list of pro-recall groups and concluded: "Politics makes great bedfellows. That's why half of us are here."

Meanwhile, Feinstein's anti-recall supporters leafleted the reception for newly sworn-in gay Municipal Judge Herb Donaldson. The gay community is divided on the recall issue, and the Donaldson affair should have been non-partisan. Once more, our white-gloves, Pacific Heights mayor has revealed her capacity for tactlessness.

BLOOPERS: One of our favorite politicians, Sheriff Mike Hennessey, was the guest host on Channel 20's 10 o'clock movie the other night, except we barely got to see him. Have you ever waited in vain for advertisements? That's what happened.

The fic itself, *Left Hand of God*, was sort of a hummer. It was one of Humphrey Bogart's last films, and Bogie was weak and clearly dying. The documentary

of the actor kept me from enjoying the fiction role he acted.

I was looking forward to the commercial breaks. Hennessey has a great sense of humor and loves to cut up. However, in an hour, they only broke for a commercial once, only, only when the film reel ran out, and without our smiling sheriff.

Finally when the film ended, the station showed 13 ads in a row, about seven minutes' worth. Then, we got a quick shot of Hennessey introducing himself and saying goodnight. That's all. Never mind the guest host: who was the guest engineer?

TRUE LOVE: The *Examiner* and the *Chronicle* ran a special Valentine's Day classified ad section. We called these gems from the three-plus pages:

"Peter, there's lots of men on the street, but only one is Daddy's Boy! Love, Sam."

"Rich and Ray, Roses are red, Violets are blue, The tighter the pants, The better the view. Happy Valentine's Day! John."

"To Steve, Roses are red, Violets are blue, Be my valentine for a week or two. And just to prove my love is true, I'll do something kinky to you. Guess Who?"

EDITORIAL

Boom! Tennessee Makes His Exit

by Steven Saylor

Death is the unavoidable eventuality which in most cases we avoid as long as we can, but which, finally, when all the possible options have expired, we must attempt to accept with as much grace as there remains in our command.
— Tennessee, Williams, *Memoirs*, 1975

In the case of Tennessee Williams, the "unavoidable eventuality" was avoided for 71 years, until last week, when he died at his longtime residence in New York's Hotel Elysee of a simple but fatal accident. He would have turned 72 this month.

Williams was a writer whose personal legend almost exactly balanced a legendary life's work. There is the Tennessee Williams born in Mississippi, raised in St. Louis "nine years of limbo," (as he remembered it) by a genteel Southern mother, a frail, disturbed sister, and a coarse, violent father who taunted him with the nicknames "Miss Nancy," and Williams who as a young man cruised the streets of New York on "hot summer nights when the superfluous people are off the streets," who spent a decade added by alcohol and drugs (his "Stoned Age") after the death in 1963 of his lover, Frank Merlo; who slept with Southern sailors and Italian hustlers and revealed all this, in detail, in a volume of memoirs which he was obliged by his publisher to cut in half, according to one columnist, because of the "filth."

Alongside the private life (made public by his own complicity) there is the professional achievement. At mid-century, Tennessee Williams dominated the American theater as no other playwright had done since Eugene O'Neill. His first major success came with *The Glass Menagerie*, in which the gentle mother and fragile sister were committed to art, and immortality. It opened on Broadway in 1944, played 561 performances, won the New York Drama Critics Circle Award — and was followed two years later by Williams' greatest success, *A Streetcar Named Desire*. The play brought him the Pulitzer Prize; the film, made in 1951, made his name a household word.

The next dozen years, up to 1963 and the death of Frank Merlo, saw a continuation of his triumphs on the stage and screen and the creation of an extraordinary body of work: *Summer and Smoke*, *The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone* (originally a novel), *The Rose Tattoo*, *Camino Real*, *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* (which brought him a second Pulitzer), *Suddenly Last Summer*, *Sweet Bird of Youth*, *The Night of the Iguana*. The proof of these plays lies in the unforgettable humanity of their characters: Brick, Maggie the Cat and Big Boy, the defrocked priest reduced to driving a tourist bus in *Iguana*, the gruesome end of Sebastian in *Suddenly Last Summer*, and of course, always, the strange sad duel between Stanley and Blanche in *Streetcar*.

The years of his greatest achievement and popularity were also the years of the harshest attacks against him. His work was sexual, disturbing, depressing, but there was a deeper reason for the hostility. "It is hard now to realize what a bad time of it Tennessee used to have from the American press," noted Gore Vidal in an amusing, irreverent, but generally affectionate essay called "Some Memories of the Glorious Bird," written in 1976. "During the forties and fifties the anti-fag battalions were everywhere on the march. From the high lands of *Parisian Review* to the middle ground of *Time*, magazine, conventioned attacks on real or suspected fags never let up. . . . From 1945 to 1961 *Time* attacked with unusual ferocity everything produced or published by Tennessee Williams. 'Fetid swamp' was the phrase most used to describe his work."

In the end, talent and time triumphed over the mediocrity of bigots, but the new works that Williams continued to produce, at such a strenuous pace, never achieved the popularity or critical success of the old, before Merlo's death and the playwright's long crisis with depression and drugs. His later plays repeatedly failed on Broadway, and even their titles are mostly unfamiliar (though one of them, *Small Craft Warnings*, did run for 200 performances off-Broadway in 1972 — helped along by the novelty of the author's acting debut.)

But there may be more value in these neglected works than was first assigned them. At least one critic, Felicia Hardison Londré, author of a full-length study of Williams' complete plays, sees the final, more stylized stage of his art as "something every bit as interesting" as *Streetcar* or *The Glass Menagerie*, "and perhaps ahead of its time." Londré calls *The Two Character Play* a spare, abstract piece (from 1975) "one of Williams' major works. . . . The play has not found general acceptance in the theater, but it may need something like the seventeen-year gestation that *Camino Real* had before audiences caught up with it." If that is true, there may be yet another triumphal phase in Williams' career, and some final, posthumous gifts to the American theater. It would be a felicitous, happy ending, arriving after the curtain has fallen.

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Williams' play, *The Milk Train Doesn't Stop Here Any More*, written during the long illness of Frank Merlo. A lonely, embittered millionairess is reluctantly dying in her isolated island home; a self-styled Angel of Death arrives to assist her passage. Below, the surf crashes against the cliffs, and the Angel interprets the meaning of its pounding rhythm: "Boom! The shock of each moment of still being alive."

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Arts & Entertainment

Dance

ABT, Les Trocks: Dance Is Woman, More or Less

AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE
Opera House, Feb. 22-March 6
LES BALLETS TROCKADERO DE MONTE CARLO
Opera House, Feb. 18-20, Zellerbach Auditorium, Feb. 22-23

By Mark Woodworth
 "Ballet Is Woman" might one day be chiseled on George Balanchine's tombstone. Indisputably true of his own works, and a system of belief that enables the parodistic art of Les Ballets Trockadero. But "Ballet Is Music" should be emblazoned on the sweaty T-shirts of every choreographer, especially those who compose to silence or lyrics or synthesizers.

Two nights after the Trocks ("Ballet Is So Darn Much Fun") were dragged out of the Opera House, American Ballet Theatre opened there with all its luminaries in the pink of health and performing as scheduled, unlike in previous years. The first program gave a good overview of "ballet as music." Scores were heard by the father of ballet music, Loïe Delibes; by Stravinsky, a spiritual descendant of Delibes (as was Chaikovsky); by the first great American composer, Louis Moreau Gottschalk; and by Mozart, without whom . . .

Odd that Balanchine hasn't used Mozart more, for at one time he opined that his music was the most danceable, the most adaptable for ballet. In 1947, for Ballet Society, he proved his point by choreographing *Symphonic Concertante*, which soon fell from the



BALANCHINE'S BALLET TO MOZART from 1947. "Symphonic Concertante," reconstructed and revived by American Ballet Theatre. The dancers: Cynthia Gregory, Patrick Bissell, Martine Van Hamel.

repertory of the nascent New York City Ballet and lay fallow for 30 years. Miraculously, Gretchen Schumacher reconstructed it from an old dance notation "score" made on those pre-video days, and ABT premiered the result at Kennedy Center in January.

Thank the Muses for notation systems! The piece is a joy — quintessential Balanchine, elegant Mozart. And who better to dance it than the nonpareil duo of Cynthia Gregory (dancing the *soi viola* sections) and Martine Van Hamel (the violin), with Patrick Bissell. A corps of 16, plus six demi-

solists, provides perfectly proportioned background/foreground relief, as light as gossamer. In the second movement (*andante*), Bissell ties his ballerinas in a delicious Balanchinian knot that both captures the essence of Mozart and shows the dancers interplaying at the height of their craft. This *pas de trois* stole my breath; if there's a more gorgeous one in all of ballet, I don't know of it.

Barishnikov buffs fell no dis- appointment as their idol (ABT's director) took charge of the stage in a new duet with Robert La-

Fosse called *Follow the Feet*. It's a blazing tour de force. San Francisco Ballet's John McFall choreographically meets the challenge of Stravinsky's "Ebony Concerto," using his sly wit, mercuric mood shifts, cheerful pugnaciousness, and jazzy *poi de vivre*. La Fosse and "Misha" run the gamut from pixies to super-athletes soaring improbably high through the air in impeccable unison. This duet, which probably no one else could do, is to knock your aryles off.

The mostly modern and very long finale was Lynne Taylor-Corbett's *Great Galloping Gottschalk*, using that composer's irresistible music as a smart change of pace. Apart from a fiery duet (*déjà vu*) by Danilo Radojevic and John Renvall, I liked best the sensational, risking performances of Susana Jaffe and Gregory Osborne, who danced as if their lives depended on it. Call it the anguish and the ecstasy of dancing — it's what makes galvanic performers sizzle in your memory.

Les Ballets Trockadero de Monte Carlo may be hazardous to your health — causing hysterical reactions, strokes centering in the funny bone, spontaneous miscarriages. Is — how you say? — to die.

Free from their triumph at the "Festival of Three Oranges and One Kumquat" at Lake Woe-begone, this all-male gaggle of gypsy defectees and terpsichorean orphans issues from unemployment lines and asylums gridding the globe.

Continued on page 7

Donald McLean's Critic's Corner

INTERVIEW: JOYCE VAN PATTEN

She's been acting since she was six, modelling at eight months of age. She and brother Dick were the products of Lu van Patten, stage mother extraordinaire.

"Dickie was the most beautiful child and Mother was obsessed with this child. Oh, yes, a stage mother, with all the good and bad that implies. I would never let a child live that life. I resented her for a long time. My father left because he wasn't getting any attention, and he was right. But I don't think she ended up very happy; nothing was ever enough for her. She died right before Dickie became a big star [with the EIGHT IS ENOUGH series]."

Joyce van Patten is writing a screenplay about those early years, which she and Dick won't discuss. We're sitting over lunch at the Brasserie de la Fairmont, talking about her joy at playing the role of the widowed sister in Neil Simon's current hit at the Curran, **BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS**. But she came to the production late, replacing Piper Laurie in the role after Laurie left due to those famous "artistic differences."

"I came in very late, ten days before the first performance. I didn't think it as a difficult part because I went into it so fast. I love that part. I've replaced a lot, too. I'm sorry to say. You'd like to be the first one they thought of. But I must tell you, Piper Laurie came and saw it and was so nice and enthusiastic.

"It's been a peculiar career, probably a typical career. There's never been a big moment. You fight a little forward and then go backward. All the years of frustration I had. I felt like I couldn't get into the race; now I do. I feel I have that much to prove. It gets worse as you get older because all the good people stay and the crappy ones get married and go away. And the rejection never stops; it can send you right over the edge."

Now married for the fourth time to actor Dennis Dugan (Capt. Freedom on **HILL STREET BLUES**), the van Patten patriarch appears as she says — "I was married twice; the first and third I wasn't serious!" There is daughter Talia Balsam (from marriage to actor Martin) and son Casey King.

Joyce van Patten is nothing if not honest. She can tell you stories! About the three flop TV series she's been in, the "horrible" people she's worked with, like Chad Everett (a night in L.A. during **I OUGHT TO BE IN PICTURES** when Tony Curtis (who'd been fired on notice) and Dinah Manoff got into a fight onstage during Act One and both left the theatre at intermission, leaving Joyce, the third member of the cast, with two new understudies for Act Two. She holds the record for the biggest laugh in theater history; as Act Two opened, with a new understudy, her opening line was: "You've somehow changed since I last saw you!" The audience roared.

And she can tell about playing Sally Cato in the movie version of **MAME** — "I owed an enormous amount of back taxes and I got three weeks work at a fair salary for *Mame*. The rains came, I was on it for three months and paid off everything." And how was the infamous Lucille Ball to work with? "She was very nice to me; she's a little bossy. I thought she was incredibly frightened. It rained out badly, nobody went to see it, it was she was afraid of. She's not dumb. She was 25 years too old for it."

Joyce van Patten epitomizes the veteran pro actress, a survivor who makes a living by acting, en route back to Broadway in a new Neil Simon hit, wondering what comes next after this gig . . . but working, always working. And a nice lady through it all.

ONSTAGE: NEW FACES OF '83

A new main singer on the local cabaret scene? This is cause for immediate inspection, so I recently packed my lunch and dinner and a change of underwear and moved into FANNY'S for three consecutive nights to see some of the bright new faces bursting upon the saloon circuit.

Don Johnson is the new male singer; he is a blond, bland balladeer with a bland, bland ballad in a bland, bland voice. Exciting witwise, he could whip an audience into a coma. In a prettily enunciated tenor, he meanders through such stalwarts as "Some Enchanted Evening," "My Ship," "My Love" . . . my God! Every song sounds the same, all devoid of any real expression. Johnson seems like a nice guy onstage, so let's give him a year to get an act together and work on developing a stage personality and then re-review. Initial debut aimed for mellow, achieved openness.

He brought along good stars, always a danger signal. First up was Shannon Orrock, a bouncy bundle of energy who sang the Battle Hymn of cabaret singers this year, "Memory" from **CATS**, in a contract with a vibrato you could drive The Rockettes through.

Next came Pam Erickson, my nominee for Most Promising New Saloon Diva of '83. This Erickson gals socks double entendre songs like "Daddy" and a sensational "Handy Man" across in a flip tongue-in-cheek manner with insouciant charm. With a full-bodied belter voice and a knowing twinkle in the eye, she reminds us old-timers of a young Julie Wilson starting out; you can see her strut her stuff every Friday night in March at the **LIT CLUB** on California Street.

The next night gave us Sharon Clyde, who may be seen again at Fanny's on March 15 in a repeat performance. A former band singer, Clyde has a nice Doris Day-like voice and manner, but the oozing sincere patter is not right for a room like Fanny's, more the Holiday Inn circuit. Repertoire is standard stuff — "All of Me" (everybody clap along), "Come In From the Rain," etc. There's nothing terribly wrong, she's just a singer in the wrong ambience.

Sunday afternoons at Fanny's feature Sharon (Kennison) & Joe (Barnett), two upbeat performers who may not blaze any new trails but certainly know how to sing/play a high energy song of Broadway favorites and biggies with a clever dash of commercial takeoffs. Kennison boasts a better voice and engaging personality, while Barnett provides campy tenor counterpart and solid piano backup. They're . . . dare we say it . . . fun, a good afternoon's entertainment.

OFFSTAGE OUTTAKES

Lauren Bacall, who on a good day is only grouchy, is p.o'd because **WOMAN OF THE YEAR** producers are waiting to see how Debbie Reynolds does in the role on Broadway before springing for new sets for the road tour. If Bacall leaves in a huff, isn't Kim Novak waiting in the wings?

So what's in the wings was Michael Learned ("Nurse") to make her Broadway debut in Neil Simon's new play **ACTORS AND ACTRESSES** after-star Tommy Grimes was fired two weeks into rehearsal for not learning her lines. La Grimes insists "meditation" was impairing her memory and threatens all sorts of legal retaliations.

While Sharon McNight is off to open the Berlin Film Festival this month, **Samuel Beckett** was called down to L.A. for callbacks for the **Lit Club**. Monteverchi role in the national tour of **NINE**, starring Sergio Franchi. Who's her competition? **Julie Newmar** for one.

Continued on next page

Books



WILLIAM BURROUGHS, scouting for Wild Boy somewhere in the vicinity of the Place of Dead Roads.

Burroughs Plays the Wise Old Uncle

by Steven Saylor

Last Friday at the Kabuki Nightclub, before a mixed audience of New Wavers, old beatniks, '60s radicals and gay wild boys, William Burroughs proved once again — at the age of 69 — that he is still the *enfant terrible* of American Letters and this country's truest poet of youth.

The evening opened with a too-short set by Deborah Lyall of the rock group Romeo Void (just an overgrown, precocious kid from Fresno, really), who read/sang some poems to accompany/blend by a screeching saxophone and ambient piano. Her best line came from a teenage effort recounting a binger about her sister falling down an elevator shaft, "wearing the white sweater that I gave her."

(echoes of "Never Say Never") and "moving as if someone were pulling a huge sliver out of her body." Spooky stuff, softened by lyall's coy delivery.

Next was the Bay Area premiere of a short film from 1981, "Energy and How to Get It," in which Burroughs plays a cameo role. Robert Frank, Rudy Wurlitzer, Gary Hill and the Corporation for Public Broadcasting take credit for this murky, documentary-style story about a renegade scientist doing private fusion research and the vested interests working to thwart him. It's self-consciously "underground" and lacking in real suspense; the same deliberate coolness that gives it a redeeming edge of irony (we can't tell if the scientist is a crackpot or a messiah)

defeats the whole design. It was worth sitting through for what came next.

William Burroughs made his reputation with *Naked Lunch* in 1962, and the obscurity which ensued. He electrified the literati of the '60s with his use of the cut-up method in novels like *Nova Express* (in which printed prose is literally cut up and reassembled at random to form hallucinatory meanings). In the '70s, he celebrated savagery and youth in impossible homoerotic fantasies like *The Wild Boys*. Through all these works he has shown himself to be a moralist, repulsed by and fascinated by evil, always on the side of free will and imagination, always rubbing against it.

Continued on next page

Music

Kerrigan, Vaness: Sopranos Ascending

by Bill Huck

The human voice, when it sings, falls most naturally into the lower ranges. Yet the bright, high pitches of the soprano and tenor singer so thrill an audience that they forget their troubles. "Either you sing high or you sing the blues."

Singing high, however, is not an easy trick. Last week two sopranos, each on her way to stardom, gave us demonstrations of the glory and the strain that their art embodies. Fresh from her triumph as the winner of the West Coast Metropolitan Opera auditions, Ellen Kerrigan presented a recital at Old First Church on Friday evening; then she turned around and sang the lead in Plotow's *Martha* for Pippin's Pocket Opera on Sunday. Carol Vaness, who is, as it were, a lap ahead of Kerrigan in her race to divahood, appeared Sunday and Tuesday with the Marin Symphony in her first run through Richard Strauss' *Four Last Songs*.

Among the loveliest I have encountered, Kerrigan's soprano possesses a luscious sheen. Her sound can shimmer. She has the ability to strike a note purely with

all of its attendant overtones in place. At present, her instrument lacks the force needed for the bigger roles and the more strenuous roles, but I confess that, when use and determination have provided her with that tempered steel, I shall miss the fragile freshness I now hear. Some of those lightest overtones will be gone.

Pitch is the first question for a singer, and after that, expression. Kerrigan knows how to purify her sound so that we are getting a single fundamental, and most of the time she keeps it on pitch. The wordless intervals of Alan Hovhaness' "Harp of Saturn" were close to perfect in their placement. Some of the great violinists around might have envied Kerrigan her achievement there.

The problems for this soprano start at the top of her scale and in the softest part of her dynamic range. Some of the Brahms songs she performed in recital and the famous "Last Rose of Summer" whenever it appeared in *Martha* lost focus in Kerrigan's hands and went awry.

Now, this lovely lady braved stages these appearances on the public stage in a very pregnant condition. Since so much of the effort to sing high depends on the diaphragm throwing the sound far up into the head, perhaps Kerrigan's insecurity is passing. That particular music does sit perilously close to the infant growing within her.

Carol Vaness, who began, like Kerrigan, here in San Francisco, has already put that tempered steel into her voice. She is one of the handful of true sopranos to emerge lately. We can count on her to survive the rigors of her profession. The sound of her voice in last fall's *Dialogues of the Carmelites* flooded the Opera House. All of it she kept remarkably in tune. The lady has taken command of her instrument and she knows the essentials of musical expression. However, in her determination to control her production, Vaness tends to become uninvolved in the emotional impact of her music. Poulenc's *Blanche* is an hysterical, overbred young woman who must learn the kind of fortitude Vaness everywhere

evinces.

While *Blanche* is one of the most human characters in the operatic repertory, Vaness' recent assignment, Strauss' *Four Last Songs*, took her into realms anglic. The heroine of this song cycle is more the muse than anything else. She must embody a state of mind rather than an individual persona.

Though I am certain that such idealized projection is well within Vaness' capabilities, what I heard in her appearance with the Marin Symphony was rather short of ecstatic transport. She sang the music gorgeously. Never have I heard its lower lines so securely within the soprano's powers. Always Vaness' pitch was triumphant.

But this music is lyric poetry of the utmost refinement. If Ellen Kerrigan needs to learn to check her nerves with her coat, Carol Vaness must start checking her sense of self with her street clothes.

The Marin Symphony, which I heard for the first time at Tuesday night's concert, produces a rich, bright sound. On first blush, it seems a sturdier organization than, say, the Oakland Symphony. Would that Salgo, its conductor, articulated a steadier beat.

Sight & Sound

Events

Dunk, Dance, Drizzle and Shoot a game between the U.C. Basketball Club and the S.F. Gay Olympic Team presented by the Sisters of P.I. Entertainment by the Gay Men's Chorus, S.F. Gay Freedom Day Marching Band/Twirlers/Filig Corps, Hayward Raw Raws, Oakland Pom Poms, and Jeanie Tracy and the Dreamboys. Proceeds will benefit GOPA, the S.F. Band Foundation and the Sisters. Kezar Pavilion, Waller at Stanyan St., March 5; doors open at 7 P.M., dance begins at 10 P.M. Tickets: \$8 advance, \$10 door. 864-0326.

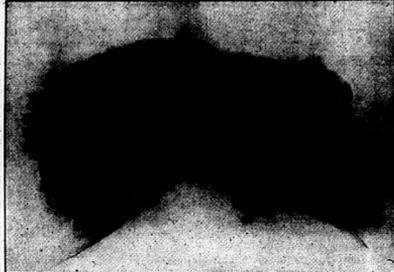
In Person

Samuel Steward, author of *Dear Sammy and Chapters From an Autobiography*, will talk about his friendship with Gertrude Stein and Alice B. Toklas to the Gay Academic Union, 1688 Bush, March 13 at 4 P.M. Visitors welcome, \$1 donation.

Stage

Anarchy in High Heels, 18 original songs and comedy skits featuring Les Nicklelites, 13/Edy Club, March 4 and 5 at 11 P.M. \$4. 621-0448.

Clementina's Gay Cabaret, with emcee Lea DeLaria. Clementina's Baybrick Inn, 1190 Folsom, each



MOORE LEGENDS, a collection of portraits in pencil by William Moore, opens with its champagne reception, March 9 at 8 P.M., at the Arena, 399 9th St. Subjects include Diana Ross (above), James Dean and Bette Davis, as well as local stars Peter Berlin and Leo Ford and new works "touching on eroticism."

formance of a solo show by social satirist Woodcock Goldberg. Valencia Rose, 766 Valencia, March 5, 12 and 19 at 8 P.M. David Schein's *Out Come Butch*, one man's journey through every possible sexual identity, is added to the bill March 4, 11 and 18; shows added at 8 and 10:30 P.M. \$5. 552-1445.

Life is Not a Country Western, a one-man show by David Schein of the Blake Street Hawkways. Valencia Rose, 766 Valencia, March 3 and 17 at 9 P.M. \$5. 552-1445.

Gay Comedy Night with alternating emcees Lea DeLaria and Tom Ammanno. Valencia Rose, 766 Valencia, each Saturday at 10 P.M. \$4. 552-1445.

Gay Comedy Open Mike with co-hosts Tom Ammanno and Lea DeLaria. Valencia Rose, 766 Valencia, each Monday at 8:30 P.M. Sign-up at 7:30 P.M. \$2. 552-1445.

Goldberg Variations, premiere per-

Theatre

Cascade of Laughter at Rhino

by Gary Schwellhart

It was a catch phrase to a familiar vaudeville sketch. One person would mutter "Niagara Falls," and those words would transform the other guy into a silly, slappy boob. The guaranteed result, to any die-hard Three Stooges fan, was a good gaggle of giggles.

Comic styles and punch lines have changed over the last half century, and only George Burns remains untouched by time — but the phrase "Niagara Falls" can still bring on an instant laugh. Proof positive is the play *Niagara Falls*, the current production at Theatre Rhinoceros.

Deftly directed by J. Kevin Hanlon, this Victor Bumbalo comedy is actually two one-act plays that continue but do not cross one another.

The first, "American Coffee," takes place at a kitchen table at 5 A.M. It is humor in the "All in the Family" tradition, as an Italian Archie and Edith fuss and fight on the morning of their daughter's big wedding. It seems that the couple's gay son and his lover have shown up unexpectedly for the nuptials.

"You mean he brought his fairy home?" demands Papa Poletti (Larry Friedlander), as he threatens to put sleeping pills in the boys' coffee so that they'll snore through the ceremony. The character is cranky and funny, but Friedlander's characterization is strictly one-note. And it was irritating to see so many jokes lost, punch lines swallowed, and toppers that dropped like Raided butterfies.

Meanwhile, Pamela Poletti (Helene O'Connor) is a definite graduate of the 'It's not my fault, I swear it's not my fault' school of shrieking. Unfortunately, O'Connor plays her as more of the stereotypical Jewish mother than the stereotypical Italian brand, more Kay Medford than Kaye Ballard. It is Bumbalo's writing and not the performances that make the first half of *Niagara Falls* enjoyable, but it is a radiant combination of the two that turns the second act into a nonstop deluge.

"The Shangri-La Motor Inn" takes place that evening in a motel lobby a few miles away. The newly-wed Jackie Ventura (Ann Houk) is confiding all of her wedding night fears to the gay

motel manager (Michael DiMartini), as the horny groom (Jeff Mason) tries to coax her back to their honeymoon suite.

This playlet is wonderfully funny and each of the players is perfectly cast. House, a Wendy Nelder look-alike, is smashing as the baffled bride who is convinced that her gay brother is going to lead a happier life than she. Her comic timing is flawless, her delivery first rate.

DiMartini and Mason are also super. The former is a genuinely likable, proverbial nice guy. Mason, too, is fine as the harried hubby.

Niagara Falls is comedy of the sitcom category, but it is at least quality sitcom, à la "Barney Miller" or "Maude," and not "Three's Company" or anything else running in this post-M*A*S*H wasteland. One criticism: I saw the play at Theatre Rhinoceros last Friday, the same day that Tennessee Williams' death had been announced. I was surprised and disappointed that there was no mention or reference to the playwright's passing. For any American theatre to ignore his death is inexcusable, but for a gay theatre to do so is inexplicable.

Lunch and Dessert, world premieres of two one-acts by Philip Reed, concerning love, relationships, lust, and good food. Studio Rhino, 2940 16th St., Thurs-Sun at 8:30 P.M. March 17 through April 17. (Preview March 16 at 8:30 P.M.) \$6. 861-5078.

Niagara Falls by Victor Bumbalo. Theatre Rhinoceros, 2940 16th St., Thurs-Sun, at 8:30 P.M. through April 2, 8:59-9 A.M. March 13 at 2:30 P.M. \$7. 861-5078. (Reviewed in this issue.)

Screen

Colette, an homage to the famous writer and champion of women's independence, featuring rare footage of an interview by Jean Cocteau; part of the "Strong Women in Classic French Cinema" series of the French Film Club. Film Room 232, Harney Center, USF campus Cole and Fulton streets, March 7 at 8:00 P.M. \$2.50. 771-2218.

The Picture of Dorian Gray (1945). Albert Lewin's elegant version of the Wilde novel, starring Hurd Hatfield as the bewitched charmer, George Sanders as his suave avenger ("I choose all my friends for their good looks"), and a very young Angela Lansbury in Dorian. Cinema, 38 Cedar Alley (near Geary and Oak), March 6 and 7. Call 776-8300 for times.

Salome (1922). Alla Nazimova's highly stylized silent version of the Oscar Wilde play, with a reportedly all-female cast and *Maxfield Parrish* (Germany, 1931) Leontine Sagan's legendary film of love and repression from the University of California school. Roxie Cinema, 3117 16th St., March 15. Call 865-1087 for times.

S.F. Gay Video Fest, presented by Frameline each Monday and Thursday at 9:30 P.M. on cable channel 25. March 2 at 10:30 P.M. in the Noel Coward of New York. March 7 and 10: "Survival House," documentary about a nondefunct Tenderloin halfway-house for homosexuals. March 14 and 17: "Survival House," part two.

Notes

Filmmakers: Entries are now being accepted for the 7th Annual S.F. International Lesbian and Gay Film Festival. Formals accepted: 35mm, 16mm, Super-8 and 3/4" video cassette. Deadline: May 1, Frameline, PO Box 14792, San Francisco 94114, telephone 861-5245.

Gay Videos and Videos: a study circle for gay men sponsored by Treeroots, dealing with 19th and 20th century gay mystics and visionaries. Starts April 6 and meets for nine weeks, each Wednesday, 7-10 P.M., at Pacific Center, 2712 Telegraph Ave., Berkeley. Limited to 12 gay men; fee for reading materials. Info: Chris Kilbourne, 548-7570.

Pacific Lesbian & Gay Singers is accepting new singers and preparing for its spring concert of Fauré, Brahms, Schumann and Schubert. Info: director Robin Kay, 438-0138.

Photographers: The Second Annual S.F. International Exhibition of Lesbian and Gay Photography has announced its theme for 1983, "Self Portrait: Our Lives, Our Community." Deadline for application requests is March 25. Frameline Photo, 3478 18th St. #6, San Francisco 94110.

Video Gallery announces a volunteer orientation, March 19 at 2 P.M., at the gallery in the Women's Building, 3543 18th St. Info: 864-5104.

Burroughs Plays the Wise Uncle

Continued from previous page

grain to produce the pearl of true art.

Recent works, like *Cities of the Red Night*, have shown a clearer balance between story and hallucination. Still, lulled by a patch of straightforward narrative, the reader is likely to find all hell breaking loose on the following page. Chaos, with all its opportunities for discovery and disaster, is one of Burroughs' consistent themes.

On the road, Burroughs sticks to more "accessible" excerpts from his works in progress, which have all the immediacy and power of fable. Like fables, these sketches display a wide-eyed, sometimes horrific honesty.

Burroughs' writing, silent on the page, has always struck me as utterly serious; but given his own super-dry delivery, even the most disturbing parables acquire a mordant stain of humor. It's a little like sitting at the knee of a wise old uncle who tells you lurid stories (behind your parents' backs) of how the world really works.

Burroughs is that rarity among writers who insist on reading their works aloud, a genuine, natural storyteller. His voice (a laconic Midwestern drawl reminiscent of John Carradine, though flatter and grayer) is ideally suited to playing his villains. They are melodramatic — heartless, smug, utterly malignant — from the "poker playing, whiskey drinking, evil old men who run these United States," to the sinister mafiosi who "throw dead rats in rival pasta vats," to the menacing next-door neighbors "literally kept alive

by the hope of doing some harm to someone."

Melodramatic, but not unreal; all in all, Burroughs' monsters are too familiar to be dismissed. As a "wise old black fagot" once told the author, "Some people are shits, darling. I was never able," Burroughs says, "to forget it."

Most of his reading at the Kabuki was drawn from his forthcoming novel, *The Place of Dead Roads*. Its vision: that "man was designed for space travel, not intended to stay in his present form any more than a tadpole is meant to remain a tadpole." Its hero is one of Burroughs' "wild boys," Kim Carson, a "morbid youth" with a taste for the sensational and fantastic, whose father left him with these parting words: "Stay out of churches, son, and never let a priest near you when you're dying ... and wear to me that you're not wearing a policeman's badge."

Kim's odyssey, in search of space travel and a solution to humanity's "evolutionary stagnation," leads him down the dead road to England, and to the evening's most timely and telling moment. The realm of QE II, Kim decides, is "too heavy" with privilege and leaden propriety "ever to be lifted into space." It is a country bound to earth and to the dead past by a mentality of fear and restraint: "*Never go too far in any direction. Bad advice.*" Burroughs intones in his most threatening delivery, "at a time when going too far in every direction may be necessary to have even a fighting chance for survival."

Critic's Corner

Continued from previous page

Pam Brooks off for another six weeks on Royal Viking line, this time to Hong Kong, Bali, Java and Australia. She went around the world last year; there are no surprises left for this gal!

Playwright-turned-actor **Harvey Fierstein** seems to be suffering a burp of the ego; his matinee standby **Richard DeFabe** left "by mutual agreement" from **TORCH SONG TRILOGY** after playing all matinees with no press coverage since the hit move to Broadway, and Mr. Fierstein is turning thumbs down on all the actors suggested for replacement. The fact that DeFabe gets standing ovations in Fierstein's role written by and created by H.F. seems to have made him more nervous — Do as I say, Act as I do ... or don't work?

Since **Angela Lansbury's** new comedy wasn't, she's going to tour this summer in **MAME** and yes, well, it's getting it ... as it is taped for cable TV. **BUT** do we really have to get **Carol Channing** one more time in **HELLO DOLLY**, also to be taped for cable? I mean, I loved it the first ten times but ...

George Hearn ("Sweeney Todd") definitely set for the mad cap on stage version of **L.A. CAGE AUX FOLLES** ("Queen of Basin Street"), music by Jerry Herman, directed by Arthur Laurents ... all subject to change at the whim of producer Allan Carr, who has already lost Mike Nichols, Tommy Tune, Jay Presson Allen, Michael Smith ...

Leave it to **Peter Allen** (cancelled with *The Rockettes* from the Golden Gate), dishing with **Alan** in a shirt he describes as "a gay ameba in sequins," to come up with the **Line of the Week**: "Stars are very nice people, they're just like you and me. Well, actually, a little more like me."

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Films

Weir's Year, Papp's Pirates: Dangerously Good Stuff

by Penni Kimmel

YEAR OF LIVING DANGEROUSLY, at the Vogue

The Year of Living Dangerously: 1965 in Indonesia, a time and place for risk-taking and personal ambition, crumbling ideals and crisis. For Australian journalist Guy (Mel Gibson), the sudden bureau assignment to agitated Djakarta is his first big professional break; for Billy (Linda Hunt), the Australian-Chinese photographer, it's the culmination of a lifetime of compassionate manipulations and dreams of democracy; for Jill (Sigourney Weaver), coolly devoted to her high-security job in the British Embassy, repressed passions are breaking through. The veteran Western correspondents fight for the scoop that will jump them to Saigon; the poor scramble

for food, the PKI communists for arms, and President Sukarno for the power to protect his empty promises. The country is boiling to the terraced surfaces; but it is the distances, for non-Asians especially — between people, their ideas and emotions — that are most deceptive and dangerous.

Gibson, expanding on the young soldier/runner and hero-outlaw roles of *Gallipoli* and *Road Warrior*, has reached fully involved, command level of his craft. Hunt is the thrill in what is essentially a co-star performance. A stage actor with superb credits (first screen role was the wrestler's mother in Robert Altman's *Popeye*), she is, without the least hint of drag or impersonation, a man — the clown-philosopher, a tragic, betrayable, heroic figure.

Director Peter (*The Last Wave, Gallipoli*) Weir is in top form,

••• Flickerbits •••

••• A distribute to the U.S. Attorney General's office for its recent ruling on Oscar nominee **IF YOU LOVE THIS PLANET** and others —

To the National Film Board of Canada: Our Justice done flipped its bananada — You viewed life over pain Eschewed nukes/acid rain; So must now mark your docs "Propaganada."

••• Berfinales Reeling Along: Special programs at the grand Fest include a retrospective long on expatriate German actors with a couple of *Hertha Thiele* classics, **MADCHEN IN UNIFORM** and **ANNA UND ELIZABETH**; a program called simply "Men," showing *Vito Russo's LECTURE* and The Toronto doc, **TRACK**



ROMANCE AMID REVOLUTION: Mel Gibson and Sigourney Weaver get high on living dangerously in Peter Weir's latest.

weaving a tight tapestry of plot, action, scene, sound and heady atmosphere... five reasons to see one of the strong Cannes contenders.

PIRATES OF PENZANCE, at The Castro

"Make the most of fleeting leisure" advises the lyrical libretto of Gilbert and Sullivan's *Pirates of Penzance*. Sirs Arthur and William might still not be speaking kindly to each other from their 19th century graves, but both would be tickled to death with Joseph Papp's production of rollicking land chanteys and romantic period pairing — once they'd recovered from the slam of 20th century Dolby sound technology and eye-catching camp. What got lost in Victorian social references is made up for in freshly comic triple entendre.

Kevin Klein's Pirate King buckles his swashes with fine Fairbanks grace, a rich Alfred Drake bass-tenor range, and an incongruous innocence of mind and intent that would make Peter Pan seem a monster. Linda Ronstadt, at a fulsome 36, is effectively cast as Mabel, a piquant sweet-sixteen (who knew there was an actor under all that pop?) against Rex Smith's romeo-erotic Frederick. George Rose's Major General and

Angela Lansbury's Ruth are character treasures. It's an unlikely ensemble of complementary voices in different timbres and action at precisely controlled high-energy levels aptly directed by Wilford Leach.

Graciela Daniele's choreography is athletic and original, and a very willing suspension of disbelief is set up by the heavily theatricalized scenery — a subliminal hint of wings and backstage and footlights that says: we've set up a fantasy world; sit back and be entertained.

Short Takes

Designer Dykes
BY DESIGN, here — ho-hum — and gone

When a leading Canadian director, Claude (Mon Oncle Antoine) Jutra, shifted operations from Quebec to English-speaking Toronto, something got lost in translation. As a comedy of lesbian manners and up-to-date sexual mores, *By Design* is working out of the wrong book of etiquette.

Patty-Duke Astin and Sara Botsford (both attractive, competent actors) make more of a futuristic "odd couple" than the designer dykes they are meant to represent. Their ms. adventures on the road to pregnancy (scripted

by Jutra, Joe Wiesefeld and David Eames) are crafted of, by and for the mildly enlightened straight male audience. With too much hard (hetero) sex for the provinces, insufficient plausibility for sophisticated farce, and an enraging lack of sensitivity for basic lesbian/feminist issues, *By Design* is asking to get where it's going; hopefully, nowhere.

Room for One More

TABLE FOR FIVE, at the Alexandria

Genevieve crises and emotional growth are the pleasant surprises of *Table For Five*, a tightly episodic tale of a flyaway divorced dad (Jon Voight) vacationing with his three estranged children to mutual regrets aboard a luxury liner on an Athens-Rome-Tunis cruise. Voight, who also co-produced, brings the same compelling sincerity to the irresponsible parent role in this domestic drama that stood up so well in the heavier *Midnight Cowboy* and *Coming Home*. Richard Crenna is solid as the stodgy, sensitive second husband who interrupts their excursions into new family configurations with the pivotal tragedy.

The production is almost too powerful for its subject: Director Robert Lieberman is backed in his first feature by top-liners — Script-writer David Seltzer (*The Omen*, "Green Eyes"), cinematographer Vilmos Zsigmond (*The Rose, Close Encounters*) and editor Michael Kahn who Oscaered on *Raiders of the Lost Ark*.

The fifty empty chair at the shipboard dining table is filled in turn by hope, difficulties, ghosts and finally the ambiguity that makes the whole thing work.

One From the Heart

THRESHOLD, opens March 4 at the Ghirardelli

Built-in suspense, a minimum of trauma and the max in optimism for medical technology attend affairs of the heart in Richard (*Woodstock*) Pearce's *Threshold*. Opening coincidentally on the heels

Les Trocks on the Rocks

Continued from page 5

What Adam Baum, Yurika Sakumai, Ludmila Beulenova and their consorts lack in testosterone, they make up in makeup. Their wit in skewering dance styles is steadier than their balances. And, as ever, their program notes fly higher than they do.

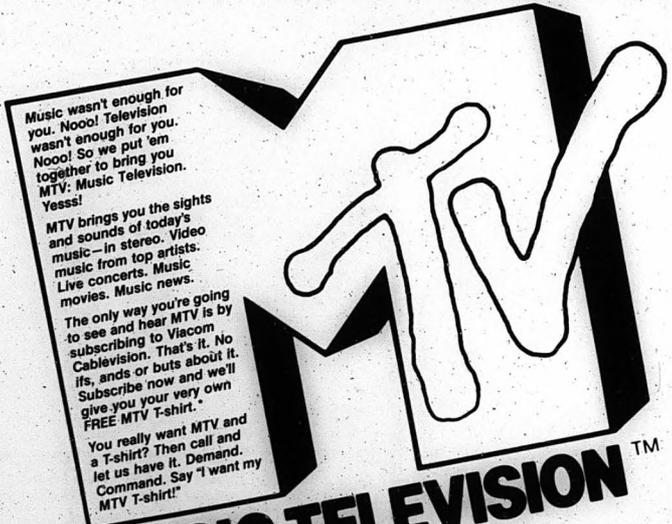
The Trocks are demented dancers living the dangerous Walter Mitty fantasy of performing before sold-out houses five nights running, doing their favorite hits (or misses) absorbed from a millennium of dance-watching. Graham, Robbins, deMille, Petipa, all get adorably fractured. Their Tudor slam, *Pillar of Virtue*, credits "Bibles by King James." *Go for Barocco* is "stylistic heir to Balanchine's Middle-Blue-Verging-on-Black-and-White Period." Viewing *Les Sylphides*, you see a ballerina do more dribbling than lyrical hand movements; a *danseur ignoble* pulling his partner back by her false wings; a corps de ballet slumping into spasms on the sidelines; a soloist carried away by her own pirouettes as if by an unseen force.

After the Bolshoi dash-and-trash of *Spring Waters*, and the molting *Dying Swan*, you're hardly ready for the apache-dance excesses of *I Wanted to Dance With You at the Cafe of Experience* — rich with Falangist terror tactics and a macho man who throws his little cutie to the floor so hard she bounces thrice. Merely misfiring stuff.

In my heart of hearts I wish the Trocks' large, heterogeneous audience were drawn to see legit ballet companies, thus learning to value the source of the slightly bent (nay, twisted) things they're convulsed by. But as a duck never a swan shall be, I'm grateful for the sense of perspective lent by the Trocks. Maybe for my next life I'll be born backstage in their costume truck — and christened Ima Plizdamitya.

Continued on next page

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Cabaret

Going for Gold: Awards Then & Now

by Gary Menger

It was late in 1978: the newly formed Critics' Circle had just given its first awards presentation, and the gay Cable Car Awards show was going into its fifth year. Cabaret in San Francisco (a mostly gay phenomenon) was touched on but not emphasized by either group. "I think it's time," Allan Johnson (Bar Manager of Chez Jacques) observed, "to have some kind of annual cabaret performance ceremony."

Jack Essex, then owner of Chez Jacques, pondered the idea; then invited John Wasserman, *San Francisco Chronicle* critic, to get together with him and kick it around. They agreed an awards show for cabaret would be a great occasion. Kirk Frederick, head of the newly formed Cameo Productions, was recruited and, together with his graphics assistant (and featured performer) Scott Rankine, designed the logo and

program for what, it had been determined, would be called the San Francisco Council on Entertainment. And a tradition was born.

Critics Jack Brooks and Lee Hartgrave, writer/producers Bill Gundel and Barry Koron, musician Doug Tranham, and club owners Manny Scrofani and Tom Sanford were also enlisted. Together they formed the original steering committee, with Jack Essex as chairman. The first Cabaret Gold Awards show was held in April, 1979 at the Hippodrome on Broadway, and it was a sellout. (By that time, a "Council at Large" of about 80 members — people involved in or supportive of the cabaret industry — had been located and comprised the voting membership.)

In that first year, there were ten award categories and, except for the category of "Outstanding Visiting National Artist," all nom-

inees performed — over 20 acts, including Faye Carol, Madeline Eastman, Pilar du Rem, Nancy LaMott, Ruth Hastings, Sharon (McKnight, Shelley Werk and the Toons, to name a few. It was the most spectacular musical and comedy variety show the city had ever seen, and word spread.

By the following year, the "steering committee" had become the Board of Directors, and the show had grown to the larger space of Bimbo's. Many if not most of the same entertainers were nominated, and it was another spectacular sellout.

By 1981, the Plush Room had appeared on the scene, and cabaret was being taken more seriously. The Board of Directors determined to move its now prominent show to the Japan Center. New categories had been introduced and everybody performed, a good time was had by all, and the show was a financial disaster. It lost its ambient intimacy

in the Japan Center, the costs were almost twice as high, and the house only two-thirds full. While the Board had been growing, the Council at Large had diminished; only a few dozen people voted. And many if not most of the same entertainers were nominated.

The Council spent most of the ensuing year in debt, and hit on the idea of doing some well-promoted benefit shows for itself. The presidency passed from Tom Quinn to Kirk Frederick to Dean Goodman, who still holds the office. Vice President Russ Walton agreed to take on a membership drive — since cabaret supporters were losing interest in the Council when their involvement was free, and since the Council needed money, let's charge for the privilege of involvement and the right to vote.

It worked! By Awards showtime last year there were over 150 paid members, debts were discharged and there was money in the bank; and the show (which had been moved back to Bimbo's) was once again a sellout. . . . and many if not most of the same performers were again nominated. (It was determined at this point

that any three-time winner would be presented with the "Golden Laurel Award" and retired. Sharon McNight was the first recipient.)

Talking to nominees (some of the former winners) I've gotten comments ranging from: "I never helped my career, but it created tensions and jealousies; if nominated again, I'll decline," to "Winning doesn't matter, but the chance to sing for 1000 cabaret people; that's important," to "I want that award more than any thing, and I think this will be my year."

Whatever its difficulties and shortcomings, the Council on Entertainment has pulled it all together once again. The Cabaret Gold Awards Show is coming up at Bimbo's on Monday, March 7, and will surely be a sellout. Among the nominees are Lynda Bergren, Samantha Samuels, Gail Wilson, Val Diamond, David Reigin, Jane Demacker, Carol Roberts, Faye Carol and Weslia Whitfield, as well as several performing groups and book shows, and all will be performing. Tickets, while available, can be purchased through BASS outlets.

Film Reviews

Continued from previous page

of the PBS live-film triple bypass, this will reach a newly-informed and fascinated audience as loosely-framed fiction surrounded by a documentary effect.

Donald Sutherland is strong enough to carry off the soap-opera ideal (every patient's secret hope of surgeon-as-superbeing — benevolent; a silly millimeter fallible — in a combination role as Drs. Denton Cooley and Robert K. Jarvik, both of whose consultations mark the film as trustworthy. *Threshold* also features the Jarvik-7 heart pumping up a clinical storm; Jeff Goldblum as the associal, obsessed genius who designs it; hateful hospital administrators who oppose it; and Mare Winningham as the damsel in cardiac distress.

Threshold raises token debate on the moral issues of biological transplants and prostheses ("Just one good motorcycle accident"), and animal experimentation, but comes off — at heart — a clean, warm, intriguing and virtually bloodless argument for exciting pernicious taboos about the human body once and for all.

GOOD SPORTS

Pool Stampede at Stallion

by Will Snyder

Little snippets of life may come and go for Tommy Sherck, but the co-owner of the Stallion will always remember his first night in San Francisco in 1975.

"My company had just transferred me to San Francisco," Sherck recalled. "So here I am relaxing in some motel near the Seventh Street when the 11 o'clock news came on.

"Some gal — I think her name was Barbara Brandon — started off the news by saying, 'We now continue with the second part of a five-part series on 200,000 gays in San Francisco.'

He paused for a sip of his drink and then continued his story.

"Before then, I just thought of San Francisco as a nice place to live," Sherck said, "but I was terribly closeted and never dreamed that many gay people lived in The City.

"I just shouted, 'Whoopee!' and threw my pillow toward the ceiling."

Since that eventful night, life has become a mellow experience for Tommy Sherck. He found himself a lover and the two bought the Stallion, a lively neighborhood bar in the Polkstrasse. Like any business, there are profits and losses to worry about, but Tommy also has a chance to live out some different types of fantasies, too.

Sherck grew up in a little Indiana town called Middlebury. Not too far to the west of Middlebury lies Chicago. Sherck happened to be a fan of the White Sox, Cubs and Bears and enjoyed sports in general. He never dreamed in his days as a flower youth that there were other gays who enjoyed sports too.

But now he knows differently, and that's why the Stallion has become one of the livelier bars in town for people who like sports, as well as evening socializing.

The bar sponsors two pool teams. The oldest of the pool teams is fast becoming the New York Yankees of the San Francisco Yowl Association with a city championship and a state championship in three seasons of activity.

According to Sherck, there are many reasons why the pool scene

has aided the overall scene of the Stallion.

"No doubt, it has helped to bring in more profits because I'm sure some people have come into the bar due to the team," said Sherck, "but even more important, it has done its part in fostering the family type of spirit we like to have here."

This family spirit Sherck talks about is interesting from the standpoint that it extends happily beyond gays who frequent the Stallion and participate in the bar's sports activity. There are straight members on the Stallion's pool team and they are emphatic in their opinions of Tommy Sherck.

"Tommy is one helluva sponsor," said Gordon Bell, the tall, bearded and straight captain of the Stallion team. "He makes sure that pool is treated seriously when it's time to be serious.

"He does things like making sure people don't spill drinks at the table or rip the felt, but not only that, he's just one helluva great guy," added Bell.

Another straight member of the team, Joe Ritchie, echoed Bell's thoughts. "The people here are down to earth and friendly and I think that's an adequate reflection of Tommy."

Recently, the Stallion team traveled to San Diego for what is known as the West Coast Challenge, a pool championship tournament for teams from Los Angeles, San Francisco and San Diego. The L.A. team beat S.F. this time, but the Stallion team had its own celebration, presenting Sherck with a trophy in a scene fit for any Frank Capra movie.

"We gave him a trophy, which called him 'The World's Greatest Sponsor,'" said team member Colin Bradley, one of the best pool players in the city.

There are so many things sponsors can do for players, but Sherck certainly has done more than his share by providing extra recreation and a friendly atmosphere to boot.

"I wouldn't consider playing for any other bar's team," Bradley said.

That says it all about Tommy Sherck.

Scoreboard

Division 1	Team	Score	Opponent	Score
Baseball	Stallion	10-0	Yowl	1-10
	Yowl	1-10	Stallion	10-0
	Stallion	10-0	Yowl	1-10
	Yowl	1-10	Stallion	10-0
Softball	Stallion	10-0	Yowl	1-10
	Yowl	1-10	Stallion	10-0
	Stallion	10-0	Yowl	1-10
	Yowl	1-10	Stallion	10-0
Pool	Stallion	10-0	Yowl	1-10
	Yowl	1-10	Stallion	10-0
	Stallion	10-0	Yowl	1-10
	Yowl	1-10	Stallion	10-0

Community Softball League: There will be a meeting to finalize the schedule for the 12 teams on March 26 at 1 P.M. at the Mint. Opening day for the season will be May 1.

Gay Softball League: The league is once again sponsoring a rookie team — home bar is the Irish Rover — call Debbi Kimes at 641-0360. Also, the Rowside II team is looking for seasoned players — call Ray Chalker at 621-1197.

Pool Bowl Leagues: This season's official opening is now for the spring and summer leagues. Call Mui at 752-2366 for more information.

Japantown Bowl Leagues: The SENTINEL has not received any of your team standings at publication deadline. If you wish to be included in future issues, contact James Foot at 861-8100.

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