

Gays Move Into Demo Mainstream

By Ray O'Loughlin

A total of 65 openly lesbian and gay delegates, alternates and 12 party committee members gathered in San Francisco from 17 states for the Democratic National Convention this week. They came armed with the strongest gay rights platform any political party has ever issued. They arrived with assurances that the party would make special efforts to insure greater gay participation in future conventions. And they set out to visibly integrate the gay and lesbian agenda into the mainstream Democratic Party agenda.

But despite significant successes frustration emerged by mid-week as party leadership, clearly under Walter Mondale, declined to openly acknowledge gay participation in the party.

On Monday, opening day, speaker after speaker ran through the litany of groups that make up the Democratic coalition. But none mentioned gays and lesbians as part of that "family". New York Gov. Mario Cuomo failed to include gay Americans in his stirring keynote address that evening. The furthest Cuomo went to his otherwise brilliantly delivered speech was to make vague references to people of "every orientation", to "minorities who have not yet entered the mainstream" and to civil, human and privacy rights.

Following Cuomo, Coretta Scott King, widow of Martin Luther King, Jr., also failed to include gays and lesbians in



The Gay and Lesbian Delegates at the 1984 Democratic Convention.

The National March: Chipping Away At Invisibility

by David Lambie

Sunday one hundred thousand lesbians and gay men took an historic step from ghettoized invisibility to claim their share of a national media spotlight with the Democratic Party and the American labor movement. Most news accounts gave the National March for Lesbian and Gay Rights equal billing with a huge labor march. Both the gay and labor marches were organized to prick the collective conscience of Democrats meeting in San Francisco's Moscone Convention Center.

Openly gay labor leader Bill Olwell told the lesbian and gay rally outside the Moscone Center his own tale of two marches. "This morning I marched up Market Street with tens of thousand of my labor brothers and sisters demanding equality, justice, peace and the end to the Reagan Administration. This afternoon I

have marched down Market Street with tens of thousand of my gay brothers and lesbian sisters demanding the same justice, and equality, and peace and the end to these same repressive Reagan policies." As vice president of the United Food and Commercial Workers Union, Bill Olwell is the highest ranking, visible labor official in the country.

Virginia Apuzzo, executive director of the National Gay Task Force (NGTF), told the lesbian/gay rally that 1984 was the year the Democratic Party would be coming out of the closet on lesbian/gay rights. "We have compelled the Democratic Party to call on the conscience of the American people to reject hate and to reject the violence bred by hate aimed at any citizen, including lesbians and gay men — and in doing so the Democratic Party, at long last, has come to call us by name."

Apuzzo, a member of the Democratic Platform Committee, told this reporter that getting the words lesbian and gay into the platform had been the result of an education process, particularly with Congresswoman Geraldine Ferraro, Platform Committee Chair and Democratic vice presidential nominee.

That Democratic platform plank urging the party to "address, document and end" violence against "women, racial, ethnic and religious minorities, and gay men and lesbians" was bolstered by a new NGTF study revealing that more than 90 percent of 2100 lesbians and gays, surveyed nation-wide, had experienced some type of victimization because of their sexual orientation.

March co-chair Mary Dunlap told the crowd, overflowing the sun baked Mos-

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language does not inclusion make. I was listening for the words gay and lesbian as were gay people all over the country."

In fact, the first podium mention of gays and lesbians did come from the Mondale camp when Rep. Barney Frank (Mass.) spoke on behalf of Walter Mondale urging acceptance of the 1984 Democratic Party platform. Referring to the platform's section of justice, Frank said to the assembled convention, "We reaffirm that gay men and lesbians are entitled to the full rights of citizenship in this country."

That sentence set off a smattering of cheers and a small floor demonstration—briefly noted on network television—by a dozen gay delegates who paraded through crowded aisles behind the bright "GAYVOTE 84" banner. The gay demonstrators reported a largely favorable reception from other delegates.

The big moment came Tuesday evening when Rev. Jackson in his sincere and powerful address to the convention twice mentioned gay people, stating flatly, "The Rainbow includes lesbians and gays."

Gilberto Gerald, of the National Coalition of Black Gays and a Jackson supporter, hailed the speech as historic. "It is the first time a major candidate has unequivocally spoken about us as being part of the Democratic Party," he said. "Hopefully, other candidates with major support in the party will demonstrate the courage Jesse Jackson has demonstrated."

Carole Migden, a Mondale alternate and president of the Harvey Milk Lesbian/Gay Democratic Club, told Sentinel that "I don't care who says the words gay and lesbian from the podium or if Mondale doesn't ever say them. Let's get real. Let's look at what we've done. Mondale controlled the platform committee and we got a strong document to work with. The document is key." She added that holding the Democrats accountable to the document

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See centerfold
for Convention
Week Highlights



her tribute to the civil rights struggles of blacks, latinos, Asians, native Americans and others. King had last August led black civil rights leaders to include gays in the civil rights movement. That support had included an endorsement of the federal gay rights bill. But gays got no mention this time.

By Tuesday, considerable disenchantment with the Mondale dominated Democratic Party emerged among gay and lesbian delegates. Two Mondale delegates from Minnesota, Mondale's home state, were most vocal in their disappointment. Rick Stafford said he was very concerned that no one had even mentioned gays so far in the convention.

Dennis Miller, also of Minnesota, went further. He denounced Cuomo's phrase "every orientation" as "a reference only we hear." Miller then announced he was switching his vote to Rev. Jesse Jackson. He told Sentinel that Mondale was "not facilitating the process of making gays a visible part of the party." He said Mondale hadn't done that in Minnesota but that the Democrats ought to "if they want us to turn out voters for the party." Miller added that he thought any support for gay moves into the party "will have to come from somewhere else."

Hart delegate from Maine, Dale McCormick, dismissed Cuomo's veiled references to gays saying "it wasn't enough". She said that "we need specific language because general

THE VOICE OF A NEW GENERATION

Conservatives, Moderates Form New Gay Group

Washington, D.C.—Citing disappointment with Republican Party policies toward gays and lesbians, a group of conservative and moderate gay men and lesbians have announced plans for the formation of a new national organization to be called Concerned Americans for Individual Rights.

A group estimated at 100 met in the home of an anonymous Washington lobbyist with three immediate purposes in mind. The group hopes to act as a counterforce to anti-gay rhetoric of the New Right and the Moral Majority. It also hopes to conduct public forums and symposiums which will interest the gay community as well as educate moderate and conservative politicians. Finally, it hopes to offer a conservative voice which will speak out on issues of importance to gays and lesbians.

"There is a tremendous pent-up frustration among Republican and conservative gays over the GOP's current direction on this issue," said Bruce Decker, owner of a San Francisco political consulting firm spokesperson for CAIR.

Decker said the group hopes to enlist financial help from other gays and lesbians who share the same political viewpoints. He said the group also intends to name an executive director and open a full-time Washington office before the end of the summer.

For more information, contact Decker at (415) 824-2424.

Bicyclists Ride For Kids

Philadelphia—The Sunshine Foundation, a Philadelphia-based charitable organization which grants the wishes of chronically and terminally ill children, has arranged a cross-country biking trip for five cyclists and has asked the help of the gay and lesbian community by supporting these athletes with pledges and contributions.

The five cyclists—Mario D'Andrea, Peter Metropoulis, Dennis Kent and brothers Larry and John Murray—started their trek in Seattle, came through San Francisco and will head toward San Diego. Then, they begin east and hope to arrive in Atlantic City by Aug. 30. During their trip, the five either will camp out or stay at youth hostels.

D'Andrea said 85 percent of all money raised goes directly into granting the wishes of children. These wishes include trips to Disney World or requests for pinball machines or computers. The other 15 percent of the contributions goes to administrative costs.

The Sunshine Foundation was started in the early 1960's by Philadelphia policeman Bill Sample, who ran across dozens of critically and often terminally ill children while walking his beat. Because The Sunshine Foundation is non-profit, all contributions are tax-deductible. Pledges or donations should be sent to The Sunshine Foundation, 2842 Normandy Drive, Philadelphia, Pa. 19154. Interested persons may call (215) 743-2660.

Charlotte Stations Nix Gay Pride Spots

Charlotte, N.C.—Gay and lesbian leaders in Charlotte were frustrated in attempts to run paid advertisements for late June's Gay Pride Week on three Charlotte radio stations.

The ad, which consisted of a dialogue between two heterosexual men, talked about bias against gays as "the last socially acceptable form of bigotry." The ad concluded with one of the men suggesting that "if you have a gay friend or relative, how about giving 'em an extra warm hug this week."

One of the stations, WSOC-FM, the city's highest-rated country-and-western station, said the ad "was bad copy." Program Operations Manager Don Bell said "we would have received a super backlash" by running the ad.

Another station, WGSP-AM, said the

ad promoted physical contact—hugging a gay or lesbian—and could have been written "with a wry smile."

Spokespersons from the third station, WLTV-FM, were unavailable for comment. Another station, WAYS-FM, agreed to run the ad if Queen City Quordinators, the creators of the spot, accepted changes in the script. A compromise script has not been worked out.

Raleigh, N.C., Front Page

Tea Rooms Under Police Spotlight

San Diego, Ca.—San Diego police started strict plainclothes observance of alleged gay sexual activities in public park restrooms on July 2. Gay and lesbian leaders have condemned the sexual activity, but some also have questioned the need for potential entrapment situations.

Lt. David Spisak, a public relations liaison between San Diego police and the gay and lesbian community-indicated increased plainclothes police were necessary because of "a number of complaints from women concerning men in women's restrooms."

Nicole Murray, a local gay activist, said, "I don't believe in sex in the bathrooms. I think people should take it

home. It's safer and a lot more comfortable."

Murray did indicate that city actions on the subject possibly were biased. "There's two sides to the story and sometimes the police do overreact. I'm definitely against entrapment."

Jeri Ditno, who serves on the police liaison committee, also spoke out against tea room activity, but said "if police were going in (to the bathrooms) between 6:30-7:00 in the morning, or between 5:00 and 6:00 at night, when family men are going to and from work, they would find a whole different crowd."

San Diego Gayzette

Swaggert Statements Re-Aired

San Francisco—In a special encore presentation, KTSF Channel 26 will air The Journal at 5:30 pm. on July 26 1984. The show features opposing viewpoints to recent statements on homosexuality by the Rev. Jimmy Swaggert.

Guests on the show are the Rev. Jane Spahr of the Presbyterian Church and Ministry of Light, the Rev. Michael England of the Metropolitan Community Church and the Rev. Jim Sandmire of the Golden Gate Metropolitan Church.

Moderator for the show is Rose Shirinian.

The National March: Chipping Away At Invisibility

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can deport you." Rally speaker Anthony Sullivan faces imminent deportation to his native Australia, as well as separatin from Richard Adams, his American lover of thirteen years. In the early seventies, Sullivan and Adams were "married" in Boulder, Colorado, hoping that Sullivan could stay in the country as the legal spouse of an American citizen. "The Immigration service sent us a letter say, 'a bona fide marital relationship can not exist between two faggots.' That's on a government document!"

Sullivan said that the government later branded their relationship defective because neither were capable of producing babies. "Then... a judge turned around and said, 'In twenty years time, we may see validation of these relationships, but I'm not prepared to do it now.'"

Sullivan declared that time was running out in his ten year fight against deportation. "In two months time, we could easily get a knock at our door, and I may be handcuffed and put on a plane for Australia, with Richard stuck behind in our home in Los Angeles." Sullivan charged that the government regards lesbian/gay relationships as "menaingless" and that gay couples of mixed citizenship face the same perils of separation that blacks experienced during slavery.

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Violence Mars Falwell Protests

by Ray O'Loughlin

A number of people were injured and eight arrested July 12 as San Francisco police forcefully reacted against an angry but peaceful protest of the Moral Majority's Family Forum III.

Nearly 1,000 people from a coalition of gay and anti-right wing organizations picketed for two hours at the Holiday Inn at Union Square, site of the conference organized by Jerry Falwell. Police presence was massive, with 200 officers on horseback, motorcycles and in riot gear. When the group moved to Union Square to join another 2,000 people, police lashed out at demonstrators turning a noisy rally into a tense confrontation.

A spokesperson for the Coalition Against the Moral Majority said police had promised the marchers a safe passage to the Union Square rally. But police claim members of the crowd began pelting them with bottles and debris. At that point, police struck with a brief fury at whomever was near. One motorcycle officer pinned two women against a car, while another clubbed a woman wearing a yellow and red "People's Medics" T-shirt while she attempted to aid another victim.

"This proves that the police are not under control," said Pat Norman, lesbian candidate for the Board of Supervisors. "They have not been affected much by the re-training they're supposed to have had. They haven't learned," she told Sentinel USA.

In her remarks to the rally in Union Square, held by the All Family Coalition and the All Peoples Congress, two alliances of lesbian, gay and progressive groups, Norman denounced the "Hypocritical demagoguery" of Falwell and others. She promised to "expose the fraudulence of their movement and the

fraudulence of their purpose."

Anne Finger, of the Coalition Against the Moral Majority, told Sentinel USA the demonstration was called because Falwell, Phyllis Schlafly and the Moral Majority were anti-gay, anti-feminist, anti-union and pro-war. "We're here to let people know there is still a movement alive and to tell the Moral Majority we're not going to take their stuff lying down."

Bob Smith, of the All Family Coalition, said that the rally in Union Square was a "reasonable, peaceful and non-violent" reminder that "we're not going to stop loving in the true spirit of family." He said his group worked closely with police and thought the police had done a "marvelous job."

Family Forum III, billed as a leadership training conference, drew 450 registrants, according to a conference spokesperson. Included in the two-day program were appearances not only by Falwell and Schlafly, but also two officials of the Reagan administration. Alfred Regnery, head of the Juvenile Justice Office of the US Department of Justice, and William Bennett, chair of the National Endowment for the Humanities, addressed the conference. A panel on homosexuality featured the Rev. Enrique Rueda, a Catholic priest who works with the Free Congress Foundation, a right-wing study group.

Conference organizers said the demonstrations in no way affected conference attendance. Falwell, however, seemed eager to not antagonize gays and lesbians at a press conference where he stated the violence at the protests was not provoked by gays. Another Family Forum is to be held next month in Dallas on the eve of the Republican Convention.



1980 Birthday Portrait of Jon Sims

Band Founder Sims Dead at 37

Jon Sims, a man who—according to his friends—made his dreams come true, died Monday in San Francisco of Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome.

Founder of the San Francisco Gay Freedom Day Marching Band and the San Francisco Gay Men's Chorus was 37 years old.

"Jon always dreamed of forming his own band," said long-time friend Jose Sarria. "Unlike some people though, he had the foresight to realize that if you want your dreams to come true, you can't sit around. So, he did something about his dreams."

Sims formed both musical groups, now fixtures in the San Francisco gay musical community in 1978. In 1981, the chorus made a triumphant national tour. Sims, a native of Smith Center, Kan., received his Masters degree in music from Indiana University. He had taught band at Daly City

High School.

"I expected this was going to be happening quite soon," said Sarria, who is also known to the gay community as the Widow Norton. "Jon had not been feeling well for an awful long time. He was a close friend and I will miss him very much."

Sims was diagnosed as having AIDS in February, although he told close friends he felt he had noticed symptoms of the disease months before. He is the 237th San Francisco male to die from AIDS. More than 2,000 people have died from AIDS in the United States.

Funeral services were still pending, although Sarria said he thought nothing would be done about memorial services until after the conclusion of the Democratic National Convention this week in San Francisco.

Illustration by Lenny Meyer

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EDITORIAL

Convention '84

by Thomas Murray

Last Saturday morning I stopped for breakfast at the MacDonald's on Stanyan Street. Two polyester-clad middle-aged women from a small town in Texas were talking at a nearby table. Their conversation went something like this.

Woman One: When I was growing up, we never talked about sex. My parents never told me anything.

Woman Two: I didn't know what gay was until my boyfriend went into a gay bar and got propositioned. He flattened the guy and went to fetch me. We went to the public library to read about homosexuals to find out what they do...

Woman One: One of our good friends in the army got drunk and told us that he was gay. He wanted to get married to hide it. He was a fine man...

San Francisco has been a national classroom this week. Visitors have met face-to-face a vibrant, visible gay and lesbian community. We, in turn, have met men and women from places, large and small, across the land. Cameras have clicked to record major public moments, but I suspect most of the learning happened in less dramatic instances, like the ladies from Texas.

We marched from Grace Cathedral carrying candles and inspired by a sermon by Dr. Rosemary Radford Ruether, a non-gay, a mother, a theologian—an unlikely gay activist.

We watched on Union Square as the Sisters of Perpetual Indulgence exorcised Phyllis and Jerry, and we encountered ugliness and violence at the hands of our police during the demonstration.

We marched again Sunday in the sunlight, one hundred thousand strong with helicopters overhead, news camera rolling, and mostly smiling bystanders waving from the curb: Hi, Mom! Hi, Dad! Later we listened as our leaders and friends spoke words of inspiration at the Moscone Center.

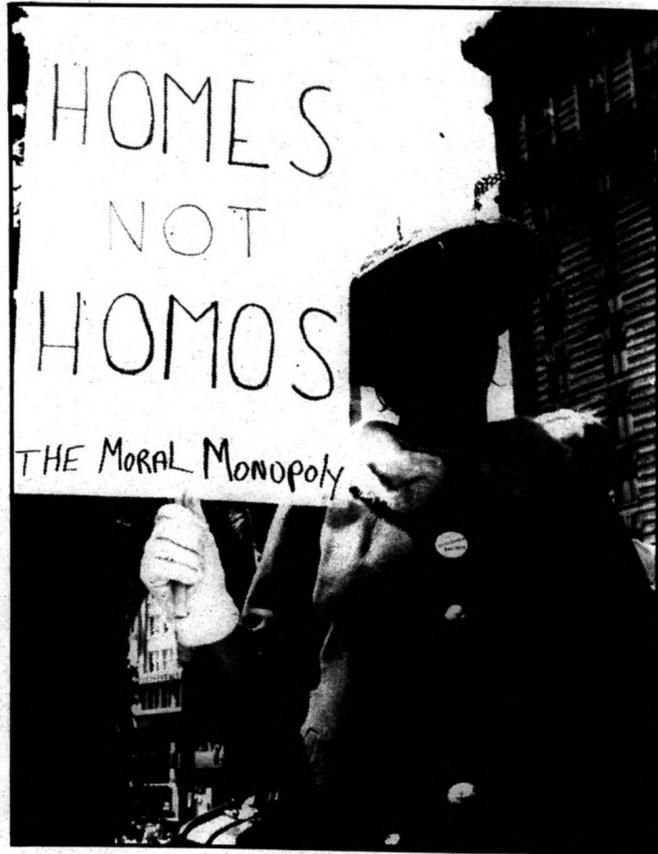
We partied in Pacific Heights at Lia's, at the chic Hart brunch on Russian Hill Sunday, at Willie Brown's intimate gathering of 10,000 on Monday, at the Saturday bash at Sutter's Mill when the crowd exploded onto Battery Street to welcome Ginny, who arrived in a butch Blazer followed by our loyal friend Alan Cranston in a sensible sedan.

We applauded the rousing Keynote Speech and celebrated the selection of a spunky, articulate woman for Walter Mondale's running mate. We also watched with pride our own mayor's graciousness when not chosen.

The gay mayor of Laguna Beach remarked at a press conference this week that it nurtured him, that it gave him support to continue his work in Orange County where the natives are less friendly than here. In truth, the week nurtured us too. We met people like him who are working for justice in other places and drew strength from their courage, their conviction.

Visitors learned - at least those on the sidewalk during Sunday's march - that we are a smiling, singing, gently-powerful people not to be feared, and not to be ignored either. Rev. Falwell's unwelcome presence only served to energize us further.

I learned from those ladies at MacDonald's that much ignorance remains about us. The key to enlightening them came not from the public library, but from a friend—"a fine man"—who shared his identity.



Eileen Lee

Gays Move Into Demo Mainstream

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is the real issue. Sal Rosselli, also a Mondale alternate and president of the Alice B. Toklas Lesbian/Gay Democratic Club, said he saw no problem with Mondale on gay/lesbian issues. He said he hoped Mondale would include gays in his acceptance speech but added that Mondale's staff is strongly supportive on gay issues. Mondale and his running mate, Geraldine Ferraro, each have demonstrated support for gay causes although both have preferred that that support be quiet. Ferraro has represented a conservative district in Congress since 1978 despite her liberal politics.

In the platform document, the Democrats promise lesbian and gay America that "We will support legislation to prohibit discrimination in the workplace based on sexual orientation." The platform also commits the party to move against anti-gay discrimination by the military, to increase funds for the treatment and cure of AIDS, and to end restrictions on immigration by homosexuals. In another section of the document, the party calls for an end to violence against "gay men and lesbians", placing those words in the party platform for the first time. Six gays were part of the platform committee and say all their demands were met.

The rules committee, which had four gays on it, also recognized the lesbian and gay caucus as one of six official caucuses within the Democratic Party and committed the party to make an effort at recruiting lesbian and gay delegates in the future. The number of gay delegates dropped from over 80 in 1980 to 65 this year, mostly because of changes in the rules for delegate selection, say observers.

Bill Kraus, who served on the platform committee, said that he doubted that inclusion of gay rights would ever again be an issue with the Democrats. Peter Vogel, of New York City and co-chair of the gay caucus, commented that

"now that we've been included, the issue is how to make it clear we've been included "to both the gay and general population."

That process of integrating lesbians and gays into the party structure certainly was boosted by this convention, both on and off the floor. Terje Anderson, a Jackson delegate from Vermont, is now that state's executive director for the Democratic Party. When asked if his gayness was a problem in his selection for the only paid staff position in Vermont, Anderson replied, "No, not at all. We talked about it but no restrictions were placed on me that any other person wouldn't face, such as avoiding internal party factions." At 26, he is also likely the youngest state director in the nation as well. He attributed his appointment to the effort and time he's put into party work.

When the San Francisco Gay Freedom Day Marching Band marched into attorney Jerry Berg's living room, the Oregon delegation he was hosting loved it. Bob Spicher, co-chair of the Clackamas County Central Democratic Committee, called the band "absolutely terrific." He told *Sentinel* that "The Democratic Party always has been open to human rights and that includes gays." He doubted that open participation of gays in the party would cost it votes. "We'll probably lose some," he said, "but gain others."

Chief of Oregon's state party, Dick Celsi, echoed those sentiments, saying that gay involvement in the party was "part of the political maturity of the gay and lesbian movement. Gays are pushing for important issues while also working for candidates very effectively."

Bob Gentry, gay mayor of Laguna Beach, California, summed up the convention experience in saying, "The gay presence here shows we're not just an oppressed minority but have a chance for some real successes in the political mainstream." He said that what he saw this week gave him a "new sense of commitment" as a gay elected official.



Making A Healthy Decision

A friend of mine approached me the other day to ask me to recommend a physician for her. I've known her for years and never knew her to have any medical problems. Therefore, my first reaction was to say, "What's wrong? Are you sick?"

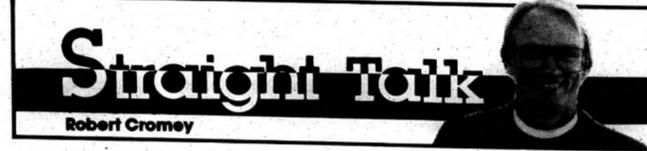
She told me she was perfectly fine but she had never been to a doctor since she moved here a few years ago and wanted to establish herself with someone in case she needed medical assistance in the future. Treating sick people every day makes one take notice when a young healthy person enters your office without complaints just for a routine examination.

You can make the health care system work in your favor if you enter it while

you are reasonably healthy and not after you find yourself in the midst of a major illness or crisis. At that point you may find yourself unable to effectively select a physician to meet your physical, as well as your emotional, needs.

Any physician or health care provider likes to ascertain from his patients a comprehensive medical history over a period of time. This allows him to establish a sense of trust about that patient and gain a better perspective of the patient during an illness while making comparisons to when the patient was healthy.

You should remember that doctors do differ. Many patients understand this and select their physicians accordingly. But most do not examine their choice



The Well of Appreciation

Relationships fail because people do not say thank you enough. People are loathe to say to someone they love: "I appreciate you making the breakfast. Thank you for looking so gorgeous when we go out. I just love that outfit, you look great in it."

I can reduce a couple to tears in couple's counseling if I ask them to tell each other 10 things they really like about each other. When couples are in trouble, the first thing to go is expressing thanks

and appreciation to each other. They stop saying how grateful they are for what the other does for them.

Right now, some readers are thinking, "Saying thank you too much is just phoney. I can't say thank you unless I really mean it. I don't go for that gimmicky stuff. People will think me insincere if I overdo thank yous."

Try it! No one can ever thank me enough for what I do for them. Most people do not get enough thanks and



Convention Stew

San Francisco's lesbian and gay community rolled out the red carpet for delegates and visitors to the Democratic Convention this past weekend. Sutter's Mill was the scene Saturday evening of a jam-packed welcoming party. Even professional hand-shakers and baby-kissers had a rough time working the room that night. The crowds spilled out into the streets and didn't thin out until after US Sen. Alan Cranston had made his appearance. Just about every gay political activist in the city stopped by to say hello. Pat Norman, Greg Day, Carole Migden, among others, were there introducing and being introduced.

John Kouba hosted a brunch at his Russian Hill apartment Sunday for Gary Hart delegates. Andy Bates from Seattle was trailed by a reporter and cameraman from KING-TV who were following him throughout the convention for a later follow-up story. David Brayton, a delegate from Iowa, represents that

state's growing gay community with the style and polish we like to see in our leaders—cool, knowledgeable and proud. Peter Vogle of New York City, co-chair of the Lesbian and Gay Caucus, arrived with Ginny Appuzzo, director of the National Gay Task Force.

The similarities between Ginny and the new Democratic vice presidential nominee are striking. Both are Italian Catholics from New York City; both can be counted upon to say what is on their mind, no holds barred. They are feisty, honest and passionate about their causes. They work crowds well and both have that same New York street-wise sense of humor. The addition of Ferraro to the Democratic ticket will bring an excitement to what would have been an otherwise very dull campaign.

Dale McCormick, a lesbian from Maine, Russ Conner from California and Gary Mudt from Colorado, one of the earliest Hart supporters, remain committed to their candidate to the end. Locals at the brunch were Connie O'Connor, Anne Daley, Supervisor

with enough care and thought and either end up regretting it and changing their selection or do nothing and are miserable each time they visit their physician.

There are several ways to go about finding the right doctor for you. The easiest is to compile a list of names from friends and family. Your friends may be able to tell you certain characteristics they like in their physician and you may question them about those factors that are important to you.

Every local medical society, such as the San Francisco Medical Society, has a medical referral bureau from which you may obtain a list of names. Hospitals will provide you with a list of physicians who have admitting privileges. If you have a particular affinity for a certain hospital because of its location or reputation you may start off your search with a list of physicians who are connected with that hospital.

In narrowing down your selection, you may be interested in finding out the physician's age, where he was educated and if he holds any advance training in a specialized field of medicine.

Many elements go into determining a physician's fee. Training, experience, location of the office and the time he spends with you. This may include time spent in consultation with other physi-

cians and not always in a face-to-face encounter with you.

You may be interested in what the doctor's approach to health maintenance involves. It is a holistic approach to medicine, where the entire body's mental and physical health is considered, emphasized?

I save the next part for last not because it is of lesser importance, but because I hope that out of all the words written here you remember these the most. *Competence and compassion.* The doctor's degree is not meaningful until you determine how his medical school experience affected him as a person. If all that concerns you in your selection is to pick the best technician, then it is textbook competence you are after.

But the art of healing is just as, if not more, important than the science. It involves a relationship between you and your doctor that will engage and tax both of you. You must decide whether the doctor is the kind of person you're willing to confide in, as at least 60 percent of the problems you bring him will have emotional antecedents.

There is no competence without caring. A doctor who won't hear what his patient has to say and who cannot communicate and express emotion with his patient is not a complete doctor.

praise for the things they do for others. When persons know they are appreciated, they feel full, joyous and happy.

The real trick is to thank and appreciate one's self. How many of us are glad we are just the way we are? Are you grateful for your sexuality? Your social life? Your body? Your beloved friends? Your job? Your pets? Your family? Your home and car? Your looks? Your money? Or do you really think everyone else has it focused better than you? Self-esteem, self-appreciation is even harder for most people to attain.

You begin to feel better about yourself when you start thanking and appreciating others. Your self-esteem rises when you let others know how much you appreciate them. You become thankful for your self and your own well-being when you appreciate others.

When you live your life from the point

of view that you are grateful for what life brings, your life becomes a miracle. You turn your scars into stars. You see in each painful thing that happens to you a way of change and growth. When you lose a job, yes there is pain. But if you also are grateful for the loss, a new opportunity for you emerges from the fear and anxiety.

The attitude of gratitude is a way of loving. When you thank your lover, partner, boss, employee regularly and often, you indicate your love and caring for that person. That person can only feel good about you, trust you and be open to you.

When the well of appreciation is in your life, you feel good about yourself. Others feel good about you. Furthermore, you create a climate of warmth, affection and friendship all around you. Try it! What can you lose? Thank you! I really appreciate you taking time to read my column.

Harry Britt, and Richmond Young, who was the liaison for the Hart campaign to the lesbian/gay community.

politician's denunciation of Reaganomics.

Since Ginny Appuzzo is in town, this is as good a time as any to give a plug to her and the National Gay Task Force. Her leadership has strengthened the NGTF and made it first among national lesbian and gay organizations. She has been a star witness at congressional hearings, electrified crowds at national marches with her fire and oratory, lobbied persistently for dollars for the fight against AIDS and helped shape, along with San Francisco's Bill Kraus, the lesbian/gay plank in the Democratic Party's platform.

Ginny is an eloquent spokesperson for our rights and has earned our support. A new or renewed membership in the NGTF is the best way I can think of to give her a vote of confidence.

P.S. to the Mondale-Ferraro campaign staff: A TV commercial by Edith and Archie Bunker (in real life an ardent feminist and spokesperson for the ERA campaign and the liberal president of the Screen Actors Guild), whose home is in Gerry's congressional district, would reach a heck of a lot more homes and voters' hearts than some dour

A Disturbed Peace

Brian McNaught/BOSTON

Outside of Tradition

It is a raw, damp June morning on the coast of Massachusetts. A fog horn moans across the harbor, the pungent smell of fish laces the heavy air and the peace of the night has been broken by the hammering, sanding, sawing and scraping of the bevy of workers who labor to transform this rambling Victorian into our dream of "Bachelors' Hall."

"God is good, isn't she?" said my priest-friend Paul as he ambled into the kitchen for a cup of coffee this morning. Jeremy, my 10-year-old Irish Setter, wagged his tail and rump and barked enthusiastically, as if to answer. (He in fact, was telling us it was time for his walk.)

"God is good," I acknowledged. It isn't difficult thinking of God as good, some would say, when you have a beautiful, fulfilling love relationship and the security of a wonderful home, delicious food, warm and fashionable clothes, good friends, peace and quiet. With all of that, the difficult thing may sometimes be not thinking of God as good but thinking of God at all.

"I am a bit concerned about your spirituality," wrote a nun friend of mine prior to her visit. "I understand that you have a wonderful new home and I don't want you to become like the rich young man in the Gospel."

When we first met, I was living in an inner-city apartment in Detroit. Cockroaches ruled the kitchen at night and rats boldly roamed the halls when the lights went out. I was reading the Bible daily as I fasted on water for three weeks to pay for the sins of the Church against gay men and lesbians.

Sister Jeannine and I walked the beach upon her arrival and discussed who and what God is to each of us. I admitted that I had become somewhat of a pantheist in that I see God in everything, including in me. I pray daily, I explained, in giving praise to the waves, the sky, the beach roses, the Irish Setter, the sea gulls, the wind surfer. I thank God for life and love and the opportunity to grow. I said that Ray and I join hands at every

meal, with guests and alone, and say "thank you" for who we are and what we have.

Spirituality, as opposed to religion, is an essential part of my life, and, from what I am hearing and reading, it is an equally important, though often unarticulated, part for many other gay men and lesbians.

Over successive glasses of wine in the hotel lounge, I learned from the charming and engaging Drew Mattison that he was witnessing a significant growth in, or articulation of, spiritual-



Illustration by Lenny Meyer

ty in gay male relationships. He and his lover, David McWhirter, found this in their research for the book *The Male Couple: How Relationships Develop*. He had difficulty explaining it other than to say he heard people talk about experiencing, through their relationships, a greater, unifying force in their lives than they could account for from themselves.

I told Drew about the letters I continue to receive in response to my book, *A Disturbed Peace*, published by Dignity, Inc., in 1981. Two to three let-

ters a week arrive from men and women who identified with my struggle to reconcile my Irish Catholic background and beliefs with my sexual orientation. What has changed for me and for the letterwriters in the last couple of years, however, is that neither I nor most of them are concerned about feeling comfortable in the Catholic, Episcopal, Methodist or Baptist Church. The issue for many of us has become articulating our beliefs in honest ways and maintaining a personal relationship with God outside of tradition and rituals and without the support of community.

My friend Gary is a highly respected therapist whose clientele is almost exclusively gay male. Last week we walked through the surf together and talked about this pilgrimage from being a "problem solver" to a "spiritual midwife." The change came both personally and professionally as he zeroed in on the shared goals of both spirituality and therapy. Spiritual

journeys, like that of Siddhartha's, the main character in Hermann Hesse's book by the same name, are searches for the conditions under which God and self can be in union. Siddhartha tries poverty, wealth, sexual exploration and a host of other lifestyles. He settles back at home because, like Dorothy from Kansas, he learns that the conditions for being in union were there all along. The invitation was there from the very beginning simply to be and to accept that all of life is part of God, that all living things par-

ticipate uniquely in God and that to be a part of that unity is to accept one's self as good.

Hoping not to do therapy an injustice, I have found, and I think my friend was saying, that good therapy ultimately means the individual lets go of other people's expectations and celebrates the goodness of self. Alice Miller, a psychoanalyst from Switzerland, probes this journey in her highly recommended book *Prisoners of Childhood: The Drama of the Gifted Child and the Search for the True Self*. The conclusion I would draw is that good mental health is good spirituality and vice versa.

How does all of this tie in with the fog horn moaning across the harbor, my priest-friend's morning greeting and my nun-friend's fears?

Many of us, myself included, come from a background which suggests that good things are to be denied, wealth is to be belittled, good looks are a curse, sexual pleasure is sinful. (The latter, I believe, is the least articulated but most troublesome issue for the institutional Church with regard to homosexuality.)

After years of struggle, through therapy and through spiritual journeying (both of which I would now recognize as the same), I let go of the need to ask forgiveness of who I am, to apologize for not being something else, to compensate Church, parents, God and others for their loss. Now I say "I am good." I am part of the world as it should be, as I should be, as Ray, my lover, and I should be, in union with, as part of, God.

The young man in the Gospel wanted to follow Jesus but when asked to give up his worldly possessions, walked away sadly. My friend, the nun, was concerned that the moaning fog horn, the pungent smell of fish and all that is part of Bachelors' Hall would be too much to sacrifice for the love of God and that one day I might look with envy at the camel who is able to maneuver through the needle's eye.

For me, riches (which are relative) are as much a part of God as is poverty. Cockroaches and rats are no more a sign of God's presence than are sea gulls and surf. What matters is not what you have but how you view it. That holds true for sexual orientation.

Perhaps the reason I, and many of my friends, are witnessing a growth in spirituality among gay men and lesbians is that we are witnessing a growth in mental health among gay men and lesbians.

"God is good."

carry them this year. No Republican ticket has ever won without carrying both states.

Continuing the Northern Strategy tally, add Michigan's 20, Illinois' 24, Wisconsin's 11, and Minnesota's 10. The only sure state outside this geographic bloc is Hawaii, a labor and ethnic stronghold with 4 electoral votes.

That would still give Mondale and Ferraro only 222 votes, 48 short of the 270 needed to win. Now we come to the states where the probable results are a toss-up. Maine and New Hampshire each have 4 electoral votes, Vermont 3, Iowa 8, Washington 10, and Oregon 7. If you add all 36 of these votes to the Demo column, you still don't have a majority.

California is also a toss-up, and it has 47 votes. Thus, to win the North—the Democrats must carry California and at least one other toss-up state. If the Republican ticket carries any of the states included in the first 222 votes tallied above, the Demo's must carry correspondingly more of the states I've rated as toss-ups. (On the other hand, the same tactics that might produce victory in California could shift Florida—with its many transplanted Northerners and 21 electoral votes—from the Republican to the toss-up column.)

Another historical precedent: the last Republican to win without California in his column was James Garfield in 1880,

when the state had only 6 electoral votes.

Carrying California means a lot more than carrying San Francisco or the Bay Area. There's another world out there politically. But it can be done.

There is a gender gap. It is wide, and a massive voter registration and get-out-the-vote campaign can widen it.

When Geraldine Ferraro appeared with Walter Mondale in St. Paul, she said of her blue-collar congressional district, that Archie Bunker hadn't elected her, Edith had. The Edity Bunker factor is the Demo's key to carrying California—and the nation.

Many traditionally Democratic voters voted for Reagan or didn't vote at all in 1980. Tapping the implicit, fundamental feminism of women in this category could provide Mondale and Ferraro with the margin of victory.

There are millions of women who may not think they're feminists, but they know they're not dingbats. They may not know from Betty Friedan, but they know they are underpaid—or even unpaid—for their labor. They may not know who Kate Millet is, but they know they are sexually oppressed and denied control of their own bodies. In short, they may not know about theory, but they do know about injustice.

In their hands lies the future of the Democratic Party, the future of the nation, and perhaps the future of the planet.

Travel

Report From London

by Dick Hasbany

The English traditionally call the sixth month "flaming June," but this year June's skies remained murky and fitful. The dreariness seemed apropos of what appear to be the dreary prospects for lesbian and gay rights under the Thatcher regime.

The past few months have seen Our Lady of Whitehall and her ministers sending the gay community some not very pleasant messages. Her Majesty's Customs and Excise agents have become the vanguard of moves against lesbian and gay life here, siezing, on no less than three occasions, hundreds of books coming in from the United States.

The first raid occurred April 10, when agents seized books and mailing lists from London's gay bookshop, Gay is the World. The commandos then went on to search the homes of three of the store's owners. They dubbed their work "Operation Tiger" in an attempt to give the whole tawdry exercise some dazzle and legitimacy.

The government charges that the store's directors conspired to import indecent material into England. London's gay paper, Capital Gay, reports that unless an appeal to magistrates court is successful (unlikely), 221 books are headed for the flames, including such sordid stuff as Gordon Merrick's *One for the Gods, The Joy of Lesbian Sex* and Carter Wilson's *Treasures on Earth*.

The other two raids both occurred during June. On June 4, customs seized 120 lesbian and feminist titles en route

and Criminal Evidence Bill, a widely feared omnibus that would, among other things, permit police to conduct intimate body searches and would continue to list "indecent assault" as an arrestable offense. The first of these provisions would allow searches of the anus, vagina and mouth, and pave the way for even more intimidating entrapment activities than the English have seen so far.

There are a few bright spots on the London scene. The Campaign for Homosexual Equality (CHE) under Nick Billingham is confident it can turn back at least part of the Police Bill, and the Gay is the Word raid has become a rallying point from which to attack the government's increasing repression. Activists have started a legal defense fund and picketed Customs and Excise offices on June 25.

In some ways, even more reassuring is the premier of *Another Country* at the Odeon Haymarket, one of those cinemas deep in London's muddy bowels, a stone's throw from where I saw the play last summer. Playwright Julian Mitchell has cut an hour or so from the stage version and created, with director Marek Kaniewski, a sleek and convincing drama of a public (read private) school sixth form gay man whose alienation from an oppressive English institution leads him to betray his country and defect to Russia. A moody and funny Rupert Everett plays Guy Bennet, a character apparently modeled on an actual person.

The film's strength is its understand-



Savage Photography

from Giovanni's Room in Philadelphia to a feminist book fair. The books were released the next day. The third seizure (again a shipment from Giovanni's Room) will put the mail-order book firm Essentially Gay out of business. Essentially Gay's owner, Terry Sanderson, has destroyed the small London firm's mailing list "just in case they come looking."

Books and mailing lists aren't the only things falling into the hands of government agents. Conservative Member of Parliament Keith Hampson on June 4 demanded a jury trial on charges of indecently assaulting a policeman in Soho's Berwick Street Gay Theatre. When you read "indecent assault" in England, they tell me, you usually are reading police entrapment.

Entrapment is on the increase in Earl's Court outside the Colhern and in the cemetery across from the new western bar, Chaps. I couldn't see that the increased police action was provoking much more than good-natured resignation from the plaid-shirted men I talked to when John a 24-year-old computer syst ems planner, took my lover and me to Chaps one night early in June.

Thatcher's conservatives got John's vote in the last election, but he says she's unlikely to get it again. The elections are probably years off, however, and some serious breaches of civil liberties may be in the offing long before John gets a chance to vote against the Tories.

The House of Lords currently is giving the second of three readings to the Police

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Chipping Away At Invisibility

Continued from page 2.

Person With AIDS (PWA) Bobbi Campbell and his lover face a different peril of separation. While the massive rally crowd was still pouring in from Market Street, Campbell and his companion recreated the affectionate tableau they struck on the Newsweek AIDS cover issue. Campbell then launched an unexpected moment of silence by vowing to "repeat what Jesus Christ said about homosexuality." The silence was soon replaced by a thunderous ovation from gays and lesbians who had faced anti-homosexual signs from right-wing Christian demonstrators, as the gay march turned on to Fourth Street.

Despite Reagan Administration pledges to make AIDS a number one health priority, Campbell charged that many PWAs felt there was a "business as usual" attitude in Washington "while we are dying." Campbell had a list of demands for government funding of AIDS research and treatment programs. "We need increased funding at all levels of government, and an end to paper shuffling which delays the distribution of already allocated funds, new money for AIDS, which is a new health crisis, and not just money from other programs setting the disadvantaged against each other. We need funding for support services, housing, food, emotional support, home health services, hospice care, and research" plus increased educational programs to prevent the spread of AIDS.

Bobbi Campbell warned that the new test for "HTLV3, the supposed AIDS virus, may discriminate against people if they test positive for this virus, but don't have AIDS. They then may be denied employment or insurance." Campbell stressed the need for finding a cure for those who have AIDS as well as prevention methods for those who do not.

One of the emotional highlights of Sunday's rally was the appearance of United Farm Workers' leader Cesar Chavez who declared his support for "gay and lesbian rights." Chavez, who urged the crowd to again boycott grapes, recalled with affection past ties between his union and the lesbian/gay movement. "You supported us



Eileen Lee

since the early days of our struggle and we shall never forget that. We're here, today, to tell you that we support you a thousand percent."

Chavez later told Sentinel USA that his union was struggling against attacks by the Deukmejian Administration on the farm labor regulations established by former Governor Jerry Brown. The renewal of the grape boycott comes Chavez said as a measure of retaliation against the large growers seeking to roll back gains made by the Farm Workers' Union in the 1970's.

The gay and labor marches crossed paths on opposite sides of Market Street Sunday afternoon. Gay labor leader Bill Otwell noted that gay-labor relations is too a two way street. Otwell insisted that while labor needed to support human rights for lesbians and gays, gay people had an obligation to support labor issues and boycotts. "Boycotting Coors Beer means that gay people don't buy Coors and gay bars don't stock it."

Interviews by Sentinel USA discovered

that, for the women and men along Market Street and in front of Moscone Center, The National March for Lesbian and Gay Rights was not just the Lesbian/Gay Freedom Day Parade by another name, at another time to another place. In addition to the absence of floats and crazy costumes, there seemed both a euphoria and political commitment in this crowd, missing from the last several years' parades.

As was the case five years ago, at The National March On Washington, the crowd contained many who had come a long way to "show the flag." As in Washington, there was a large, spirited group of Texans, with lesbian/gay spirit and flags to spare.

Bill Kraus, the openly gay aide to San Francisco Congresswoman Sala Burton, saw the march as an extraordinary personal and political statement. "It was one of the most wonderful days of my life. Never before has the world seen that many

lesbians and gay men. I think we're in a stage of development where just having hundreds of millions of people all over the world see us is a tremendous breakthrough. We have been invisible, and that has been one of our biggest problems. This was, certainly, the greatest counter to invisibility that one could imagine. People shouldn't mistake what you're doing in politics when you're a gay person. You are chipping away at a world which hasn't had any place for us. Now it's got a little more place for us than it did four or eight years ago, both within the party and in the rest of life. Part of what the march does is chip away at those old attitudes standing in our way. It helps for Democrats to see there is a massive constituency out there, which perks up their ears and gives them a self interest in listening to us and helping us. The march is part of a long continuum from Stonewall to the 1984 platform and beyond."

Ginny Apuzzo summed it up this way. "After today and this march, we're nobody's 'nasty little secret anymore!"

THE WEEK THE DEMOS CAME TO TOWN

by David Lambie

Two events this week have given lesbians and gay men a unique media window on the world and in return a mirror like media image of how the world views our community. Organizers of The National March for Lesbian and Gay Rights had hoped that their efforts would result in at least a good side show to the main event of conventioning Democrats at the Moscone Center. And their hopes were realized, perhaps on even a grander scale than they had imagined.

Monday (July 16) edition of the the Los Angeles Times, New York Times, USA Today, San Jose Mercury News as well as the San Francisco Chronicle and Examiner all gave prominent, in most cases front page treatment to the lesbian/gay march with the Examiner headline: *Union members, gays put their best feet forward* typical of the upbeat coverage. In all cases noted by this reporter the gay march was given equal media billing with the massive (and perhaps somewhat larger) march and rally of organized trade unionists. As the media representatives seem to be the new arbiters of political legitimacy in this country, it is significant that they choose for a day to equate, in terms of column inches, our very young movement with the much older trade union struggle.

There is no doubt that the lesbian/gay march got the attention it did due to the sheer lack of competing serious news in a convention town where most of the political deals had already been cut. ABC anchor person Peter Jennings had some revealing observations in an interview on

the KGO-TV program AM San Francisco. A member of the studio audience asked Jennings what he thought of the labor march and was probably surprised by Jennings' reply.

"To be perfectly honest with you, I don't think the labor march will have as much effect nationally as the gay and lesbian march did. Partly out of curiosity, I think, more than anything else. Neither one of

always been a great fan of public demonstrations. I lived for many years in London where people went to Hyde Park corner every Sunday to express themselves publicly. And I thought both marches, yesterday, were very democratic in their nature."

The occasion of the march and convention also caused some out of town papers to give more attention to gay issues

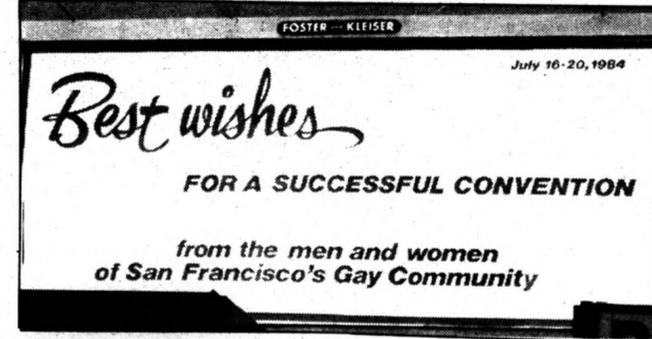
immigration rules. Not all of the flood of coverage was so positive or constructive. Inevitably there were media potshots taken at gay people and their adopted hometown. The worst example I stumbled over in a week of dial twisting was NBC reporter Douglas Kiker's Saturday night hit piece on the NBC Evening News. Kiker's segment

began with an image of two young gay men holding hands in the Castro district. Quick cut to some street people sitting in Civic Center with the accompanying script: "This is a city filled with aggressive homosexuals, bums, drug addicts, and general all-around weirdos; it has more than its share of all of them." Kiker went on to explain that San Francisco fortunately also had its share of tall buildings and businessmen in Brooks Brothers suits driving expensive sports cars.

On the silly side of the week's news, the omni-present Sister Boom Boom managed to beguile two different reporters for the San Jose Mercury News and thus dominated that paper's coverage of both the lesbian/gay march and the much smaller bi-sexual rally.

The highlight of the week's press blitz was the full color portrait of the march on the front page of the Mercury-News. The pictures' centerpiece was two gay men kissing, framed by faces representative of almost every imaginable lesbian and gay person.

On balance in a week when the whole world was watching, lesbian/gay San Francisco came away looking good.



them was unexpected. They both represent the fact that, not only in Moscone Center, but outside the convention hall, in the streets of San Francisco, people are trying to bring pressure to bear on the Democratic Party and let's be honest are trying to share some of the national spotlight that is shining on this city and this convention for a week. I'm one of those who, provided they don't get violent, have

in general including some in their own backyard. Sunday's (July 15) Dallas Morning News contained a thoughtful piece: *Gays survived bloody riots to become national political force.* Staff writer William J. Choyke combined a brief history of the post Stonewall movement with an explanation of the struggle of a British-born Dallas man to keep from being deported under this country's anti-gay

Russian River Report RRGBA

Plenty to Come

Summer has reached about the midpoint already...April-October and to date it's been the biggest and most exciting summer season yet.

There is plenty yet to come with entertainers, events and hot weather usually lasting until October...then, comes Octoberfest, Halloween, and the Holiday Season!

Back to "Mid-Summer"! Sylvester put on a spectacular show at the Woods last weekend and hopes are high that he'll be back for his birthday in the fall.

The Woods is under new owner-management but don't worry...Carl

trails on 200 acres and plenty of fresh air! You must call ahead though. As for privacy, a gate prevents folks from wandering in.

River Village offers nightly entertainment; Molly Brown's now has instruction in country and western dancing Thursday nights and Sunday afternoons during T-Dance (3 pm.); the Rusty Nail has dancing nightly and a terrific Saturday and Sunday barbeque. The Mine, the new video bar is a hit and the Rain-bow Cattle Co. has a number of special parties...3rd Wednesday of the Month Party, "Wheel Night" on Thursdays,



Warm Summer Days at Drums

Bruno will remain through September to help with a smooth transfer. That means they'll continue to bring in top names, big parties, and plenty of excitement. The new owners will work on changes for next spring...it'll be bigger and better than ever! The Patio Cafe at the Woods will be under the management of Little Bavaria...that sounds delicious.

Wildwood Resort, the spectacular resort tucked away in the hills above the River, has added a new hot tub and deck on a hillside with a breath-taking view. This is the resort to get away to for total peace and quiet, comfortable accommodations, pool, hot tub, miles of hiking

and "Cash Night Drawing" on Sunday night...call ahead as this is a busy summer and reservations are a must!

Other resorts include Camelot, Triple R, Paradise Cove, The Village Inn (recently featured in SF's "TG14"), The Willows, River Village, Fifes, and Highlands.

Drums has its "Weekend Pool Party" July 27, 28 and 29 with a "Mr. Drums" Contest on Saturday, Jane Edwards that night and Nicholas, Glover and Wray on Sunday (3 p.m. Bandsell).

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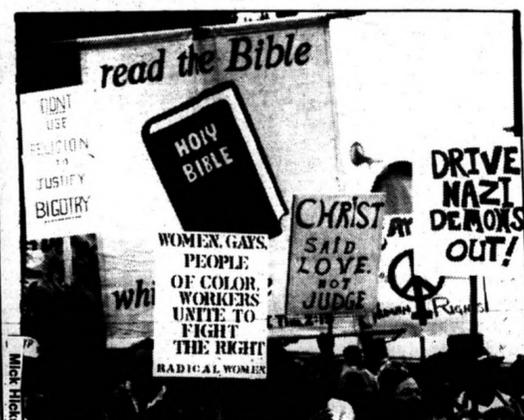
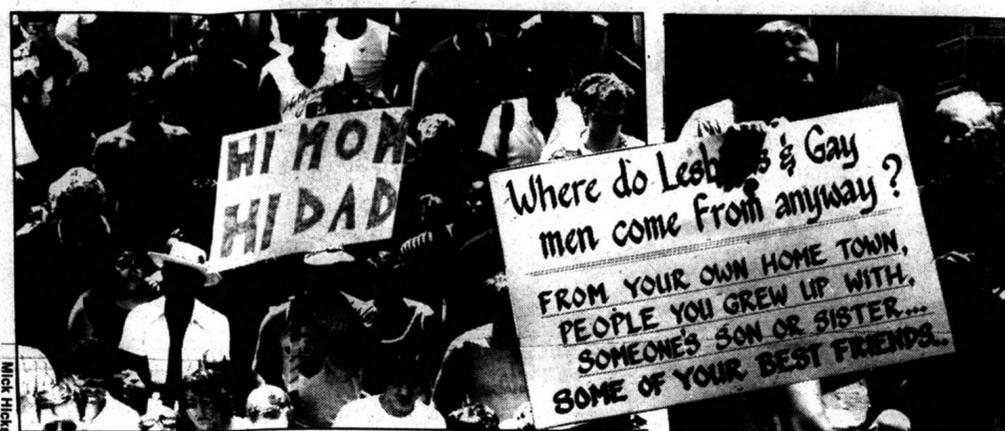
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THE WEEK THE DEMOS CAME TO TOWN



National Gay Task Force head Virginia Apuzzo speaking at the National March for Lesbian/Gay Rights on July 15.



Signs for the times galore at the National March on July 15.



"We're nobody's nasty little secret anymore."
— Ginny Apuzzo



D. Lynn Mattingly, the only Lesbian/Gay delegate from Florida campaigns on the floor.



Alan Cranston at the Sut ter's Mill bash on July 14.

Sunday one hundred thousand lesbians and gay men took an historic step from ghettoized invisibility to claim their share of a national media spotlight with the Democratic Party and the American labor movement. Most news accounts gave the National March for Lesbian and Gay Rights equal billing with a huge labor march. Both the gay and labor marches were organized to prick the collective conscience of Democrats meeting in San Francisco's Moscone Convention Center.



Barbara Cameron, Debra Friedland and friends tending bar for the Convention March Speakers Party held at Lia Belli's house on July 14.



Assemblyperson Willie Brown with Amy and former President Jimmy Carter at the "Night to Remember" Gala held at Pier 53 on July 16.



Jerry shouts while Phyllis points at the Family Forum III held in the Hyatt on July 12-13.



The grand Finale of the Sisters exorcism held at Union Square on Friday the 13th. Pictured is Jesus leading a parody of Jerry Falwell stripped.



A demonstrator is hauled off during the controversial rally against the Moral Majority at Union Square on July 12.

Family Forum III, billed as a leadership training conference, drew 450 registrants, according to a conference spokesperson. Included in the two-day program were appearances not only by Falwell and Schlafly, but also two officials of the Reagan administration.

Conference organizers said the demonstrations in no way affected conference attendance. Falwell, however, seemed eager to not antagonize gays and lesbians at a press conference where he stated the violence at the protests was not provoked by gays. Another Family Forum is to be held next month in Dallas on the eve of the Republican Convention.

Pierce Debuts at The Fairmont

Music

No sooner had the ink dried on my notes for Charles Pierce's debut at the Fairmont Hotel's Venetian Room that it was announced that the famed female impressionist had already been re-engaged for Aug. 14-26. Heartwarming to see Pierce break out of small gay clubs and into one of the country's major rooms with, at showtime, a line of patrons stretching into the lobby and the room itself already packed to the rafters.

Not in my six-plus years of covering the Venetian have I seen such a turnout—not for Ella, not for Lena, not for anyone. Pierce, however, seemed unfazed by his new highfalutin' surroundings: "This room was brought from Rome piece by piece. It was the men's room at the Vatican." And by way of introduction to, proportionately, probably his largest straight audience ever: "I'm ET's sister—EZ."

As expected, the salty, quotable lines flew thick and fast, but the verisimilitude of his vocal and physical impressions seemed more sharply honed than ever before. The latter was particularly true of his latest addition, Joan Collins, "the British Open of Beverly Hills". (It's lines like that that have made him a controversial performer.) And a dash of Mae West, a smidgen of Katherine Hepburn and top off with a frothy cat fight between Bette Davis and Talullah Bankhead. Serve dessert in August.

Singing Carols in July. That's how an old aficionado of pop female vocals like myself would characterize the 1984 SF Symphony Summer Pops season, which includes appearances by singers Carol Lawrence and Carole Bayer Sager.

Lawrence gets a chance to live down her dubious reputation (ex-Mrs. Robert Goulet, General Foods International Coffees and, worst of all, born again) in the program entitled...Gives her Regards to Broadway. The show prom-

ises songs from, among others, *West Side Story* (in which she scored in the original Broadway cast) and *Funny Girl*.

Then on July 26, singer-songwriter Carole Bayer Sager is joined by another singer-songwriter, husband Burt Bacharach, conducting the Pops orchestra. The evening should contain songs by both, like Sager's "Don't Cry Out Loud" and her monster hit "Come in from the Rain" and (hopefully vocal) versions of certain Bacharach songs. While not exactly art, or even first-rate commercial pop, these songs are remembered fondly by those of us growing up in the mid-'60's, the days of the Bacharach-David-Warwick team.

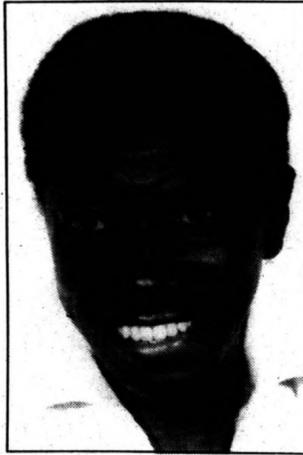
Wait, there's more! On July 28 jazz trumpeter Wynton Marsalis will perform his Grammy-winning renditions of trumpet concerti by Hummel and Haydn. The program is *The Classics' Greatest Hits* and is, appropriately enough, rounded out by the *1812 Overture*, Bizet's *The Toreadors*, the *William Tell Overture* and the Pachelbel *Canon*—in short, a must-see for those of us who, in the words of the immortal Lorenz Hart, "like to recognize the tune."

Hot on Pierce's heels came jazz singer Joe Williams, who rose to fame in the '50's as one of the Basie band's most popular vocalists. (*Count Basie Swings*, *Joe Williams Sings* remains the best-selling of all Basie albums.) Williams' act is like his singing—good and solid—with only occasional lapses into contemporary material that doesn't rise above lounge-act aspirations.

On hits like "Every Day" and "All Right, Okay, You Win" his voice is big and resonant, his style a polished-up urban version of blues shouting. Ironically, it was his smooth thoughtful readings, with solo piano accompaniment of "What's New?" and Bubbie Blake's rarely heard "I'd Give a Dollar for a Dime," pop ballads, that showed him at his best. I also liked Duke Ellington's "Fat and Forty," largely, I confess, thanks to its catchy refrain: "You're my meat."



Charles Pierce as Katharine Hepburn



Joe Williams

Peter Allen Plays at the Pavilion

by DuMont Howard
"Did you notice I'm a little straighter this year?" Peter Allen asked his Concord Pavilion audience. "Boy George makes Bette Midler and I look like a nice suburban couple."

Actually Allen's act is gayer (and funnier and more entertaining) than it's ever been, while his audience continues to be predominantly straight. And, wonder of wonders, the gayer he is, the better they all seem to like it. They shriek with delight at each innuendo and campy bump and grind, as if they're thrilled at last to be in on the joke. Interesting phenomenon.

Allen is an Elton John for the middle-of-the-road set—a lot of energy, a lot of flash, with a dollop of sensitivity thrown in to bring it a notch above Top 40. Unfortunately, Allen's irreverent patter aside, the act is rather slapdash. Allen gives little attention to interpretation, and massacres his better ballads, in-

cluding "I'd Rather Leave While I'm in Love" and "Don't Cry Out Loud" by hammering out the finishes. Volume, apparently, is meant to be read as deep and intense feelings.

The show's best and most touching moment comes in his heartfelt tribute to Judy Garland "Quiet, Please, There's a Lady Onstage." "Goodtime" songs, such as his hit "I Go To Rio," get the best treatment because they seem to call for, or can at least survive, all that prancing around the stage and jumping on the piano and shaking of red-sequined maracas. A medley of "prom" songs, including "The Girl Can't Help It" and "I Can't Stand It," was equally effective. A reprise of Allen's Irving Berlin tribute from the Academy Awards two years ago seemed promising, but his renditions were patronizing and his lumbering tap-dancing an embarrassment.

No doubt about Allen's charm as a performer. Now if he'd only give a little more thought to the music...

Shopping the Galleries

Art Beat:

by Ken Coupland

The City's commercial art galleries offer a pleasant alternative to the big theme shows and stiff admission prices of its museums. There's plenty of variety, almost all of the art is contemporary and you get in for free. Even better, many of the best in the business are conveniently located in the downtown shopping district a short walk from Macy's.

How do you tell a good gallery? As a rule, you'll find them upstairs—only the schlock emporiums need a street level location, because they cater to tourists, not art lovers.

This summer, with the Democratic Convention recently in town, will see a

but is similarly committed to work that is exciting, accomplished and new. This gallery likes to take chances, and will change its shows every month.

Another heavy is *Eaton/Schoen* at 315 Sutter; work shown here is going somewhere. *Quay/Braunstein* at 294 Sutter St., takes a folksier approach, though its next offering (see photo) is an ambitious departure—more fallout from the Biennial, *Paul Anglim*, at 14 Geary, is serious. *Allrich*, at 251 Post, is shadier, showing rather pretty work. With the possible exception of *Jeremy Stone*, at 126 Post, that's the list.

I haven't mentioned *Fraenkel*, at 55 Grant, because, handling photography exclusively, it's in a class by itself. *Focus* and *Thackery & Robertson*, on Union Street, have been in photography longer, but seem to have suffered some in the process.



Some of the art from "The Art Show" by artists Edward and Nancy Klenholz at Braunstein

departure from regular summer schedules—usually, group shows of un-sold work—and an emphasis on new artists and new shows opening every month.

The intersection of Grant and Sutter is the nerve center for a lot of this activity. Start at 228 Grant, next to Banana Republic, where two galleries share four floors of excellent exhibition space. These lavish establishments carry a lot of the art clout in town, and their line-ups this summer show it.

Fuller Goldeen, on five and six, caters to the cutting edge in West Coast artists; the big names in so-called Funk Art look positively sedate here. This gallery has gone all-out for the Demos, following up a canny exhibit of work by many of the artists in the SF MOMA's Biennial with an all-American extravaganza, *50 Artists/50 States*. (Closes Aug. 25.)

Downstairs, on two and three, *John Berggruen* juggles shows of old and not-so-new masters with iffy modernists and the occasional real talent. More than 100 of the greatest are represented in *19th and 20th Century American and European Masters*. (Closes Sept. 8.)

Steven Wirtz, across from Wilkes Bashford at 345 Sutter, is a personal favorite. The space is huge and the gallery is committed to work it genuinely likes, not just a trend, although it exhibits many trendy artists.

Dana Reich, a raku's throw from Gump's at 278 Post, keeps a low profile

Further afield, there are other isolated galleries worth a visit if you have the time.

Charles Campbell, in North Beach at 647 Chestnut, is one of the oldest. *Philippe Bonnafont*, nearby at 2220 Mason, has up-to-date work related to architecture.

Also on the outskirts, *Grapestake*, at 2876 California, is strong on photos—especially the color, West Coast variety. *William Sawyer*, at 3045 Clay, shows more traditional work.

South of Market, there's *Lawson*, at 56 Kissing off Eleventh, often showing gay artists. *Modernism*, at 236 Eighth, takes a backward glance at contemporary trends, with an emphasis on decorative arts.

But perhaps your best bet—it's certainly the most remote—is the *SF MOMA Rental Gallery* at Fort Mason, where real art can be had, if only temporarily, at an affordable price.

UPCOMING IN ART BEAT

Outer Spaces: Alternative, non-commercial galleries are off the beaten track in more ways than one. Hard to get to, they're also innovative—and usually outrageous. *Pick Hit*: Andy Warhol's savage, and interminable, *Chelsea Girls* doublescreens July 27-28 South of Market. The lone distribution print may go out of circulation after this showing. With *Vinyl & Loves of Ondine*. Call 431-8394 for times and programs.

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Summer Opera Ends With a Whimper

Opera

S.F. Opera Die Fledermaus War Memorial June 16, 19, 22, 24, 26, 28, July 1

by Bill Huck
The San Francisco Opera ended its summer season with a whimper. Johann Strauss's *Die Fledermaus* is a period piece. It came out of a particular artistic and cultural situation, and before it can shine with brilliance and gaiety, due consideration must be given to the underlying truths about its society. The SF Opera looked only at *Fledermaus*' glittering surface and thus gave us only a superficial and hollow performance.

To understand the heart of the matter, we must turn to the political atmosphere that dominated Vienna in the last half of the 19th century. The revolutions of 1848 had rocked the thrones of Europe. To be observant, they showed the inevitable furor of the lower classes, but also the present power of the armed monarchies. Those in power knew the precariousness of their position and were willing to fight for it with all the brutal anxiety of a cornered tiger.

live.
If the SF Opera wants to present operetta, then the Opera owes it to these fragile masterpieces to do them justice. First of all, they should be transferred to Herbst Theatre, whose 900-seat auditorium is the right size for them. And they should be played in an appropriate style. Stage director Wolfgang Weber attempted to make *Fledermaus* a gimmicky, broad, low-life comedy, all mixed together with references to contemporary San Francisco. Yes, I know tenor Peter Hofmann works out in a gym (no one comes by that kind of a physique without doing so), but having Gabriel von Eisenstein do 20 push-ups in the middle of the first act of *Fledermaus* is tawdry self-advertisement. To parody modern mores when putting on 19th century operetta is to miss the point.

Aristocratic dignity is the implicit subject of Strauss's comedy. It was hanging on by just a silken thread in 1874, yet the thread was still strong enough to hang anyone who threatened it. That dichotomy is the source of *Fledermaus*' peculiarly feverish brilliance. You lose all of this melodrama's meaning if you let its actors relax and enjoy themselves. Instead of a good show we can all appreciate, you end up with a vapid collection of sight gags, directly contradictory to the elegant lilt of the music.

The image to remember when present-



Debra Sasson as Adele and Helga Dernesch as Prince Orlovsky in S.F. Opera's *Fledermaus*.

In the Austrian empire under Franz Joseph, the main policy was to oppose any form of popular self-expression. This was accomplished through an overwhelming demonstration of administrative efficiency and a candid reliance on military force. A liberal newspaper in Vienna was shut down for observing that the imperial government was kept from extinction only by "a standing army of soldiers, a sitting army of officials, a kneeling army of priests and a creeping army of informers."

Repression was serious business in the world that produced *Die Fledermaus*. In comparison to Victorian England, the fire under society's pressure cooker was turned up higher and the lid was screwed on tighter. Behind the comedy of *Fledermaus*, after all, is the threat of jail.

The strains on this besieged society come out in Strauss' operetta in the form of mindless jokes by the men and fits of giddy coloratura from the women. Encasing all these tensions—and making them palatable—are the piquant rhythms and effervescent melodies of the Waltz King. Vienna in 1874, the year *Fledermaus* premiered, drank in Strauss' music for the same reason his characters drink so much champagne: to forget the everpresent restraints under which they

ting Viennese operetta is the iron fist of Franz Joseph, always clothed in a velvet glove. Both the director and the conductor of *Fledermaus* must maximize their self-control. Flabby rhythms rob the music of its charm, just as heavy-handed directing robs the stage of its glamour. This summer's *Fledermaus* fell flat, because those responsible thought Strauss' operetta an empty shell, hiding nothing.

Amid this debacle, however, several individual performances deserve praise. Ragnar Ulfung's Alfred was a mischievous, good natured *primo tenore*. The way he played with his musical allusions was ingenious. Helga Dernesch's Prince Orlovsky was a stunning *coup de theatre*. The way she turned herself into a man—in fact, into the handsome, bored but fabulously wealthy Russian party-giver—defined the term impersonation. Kevin Langan was a fluid Governor of the Pris on. Langan is so comfortable, so easy and convincing on the operatic stage that one begins to suspect he was born to be up there. George Rose, although over-directed in the non-singing role of Frosh the Jailer, executed his exaggerated movements masterfully.



Guy Bennett (Rupert Everett) and Tommy Judd (Colin Firth) star in the Orion Classic's release, *Another Country*.

Another Country - Another Hit

Films

by William Neville
It is perhaps a tribute to the intelligence and craftsmanship of those talents involved in making *Another Country*—particularly director Marek Kaniévka and writer Julian Mitchell, who based the screenplay on his own 1981 stage hit—that I wish the film, now playing at the Gateway, was longer.

Inspired by the Guy Burgess/Donald Maclean spy scandal, the film opens with a scene of the elderly "Guy Bennett" reminiscing about his days in a British public (boarding) school. He recalls the traumatic events leading to the rejection of his country's values and the embracing of Communism that led eventually to his defection to Russia.

Flashing back five decades, the film depicts a brief period in Bennett's next-to-last year in a snobbish upper-echelon school, then ends only 90 minutes later with a few final remarks from the wheelchair-bound protagonist (all he misses is the cricket). The years in between are left to our imagination, but the basic material—with its thematic intertwining of homosexuality, ambition, disillusion and tragic loss—is so rich and fascinating I wanted the events to unfold before my eyes and not just in my mind. What a marvelous television mini-series it would make, I keep thinking; possibly one to rank with the splendidly memorable *Brideshead Revisited* of a few years past.

As it is, so many characters are presented so early in the film, at such a rapid pace and played by actors who resemble one another, that it is difficult to sort out their separate identities and various interrelationships. One needs and desires more time with all of this, wishing for expansion while the brief running time compels condensation.

Still, in terms of the form Mitchell has chosen, the film is skillfully done. Few

movies have portrayed more effectively the rigid caste system in British schools and, by extension, British society. Fewer still have dramatized so strikingly the peculiar attitude in such places towards homosexuality, which though pervasive is tolerated only if looked upon as a passing phase and if the many who indulge in it are not found out.

Early on there is a suicide by a student who is caught in flagrante. But the focus is on Guy himself, who courts disaster all along by flaunting his sexual nature. He delivers blatantly sensual odes to the rapturous beauty of his beloved (who attends a nearby but separate school) and, even more daringly, proclaims his desire for another male is not transitory but an expression of his innermost being. ("I'm never going to love women.")

Guy, who aspires to be ambassador to France and becomes an outcast and traitor instead, is played by Rupert Everett. Everett, who appeared in the role on stage, is an actor with a long, saturnine face that sits at an odd angle on his neck. Intense, irrepressible, convincingly aesthetic, he conveys the inner conflicts and broad ambiguities written into his character with believability and fiery assurance.

Despite the central character's verbal boldness in regard to his love life, the film is curiously reticent about its direct physical expression. All we are shown is a chaste nighttime loll in a rowboat, when Guy and friend Harcourt are stealing an hour or two of forbidden togetherness.

Director Kaniévka says he was afraid of alienating the audience by showing two men sharing a kiss. Yet he apparently felt no trepidation about depicting the fierce paddling inflicted upon Bennett by his senior classmen when his waywardness is discovered. Interestingly, the film's producer Alan Marshall also was responsible for *Midnight Express*, which graphically showed its hero biting out another man's tongue in an act of righteous rage, but denied the character the homosexual relationship his real-life counterpart did in fact experience. Still, the single scene of bodily closeness we

are granted in *Another Country* is more than is contained in Mitchell's original play, in which Harcourt remained off-stage throughout. The sequence as presented is undeniably tender, touching and fraught with youthful longing.

Cary Elwes, as the golden Harcourt, is a love-object worthy of the flights of poetry he inspires. All shy impetuosity, sweetly eager glances and glowing skin, Elwes resembles a beautiful Ron Howard. It was with some disappointment that I learned in the Village Voice that this breathless, dewy state was not entirely his natural condition, but that Kaniévka "had to make him do 30 pushups and scream at him to make him sweat and say his lines with the right feeling." However achieved, his charm onscreen is ineluctable, and the pangs I felt at movie's end upon learning the eventual fate of the young men's relationship, how destiny sundered them but not completely, may have had more than

a little to do with the actor's personal attractiveness.

The Peace Film Festival will have just concluded by the time this reaches print. Of its many promising entries—the only one I was able to preview in its entirety was *Musical Passages*, a genuinely uplifting documentary concerning Russian-Jewish immigrant musicians who banded together to form a string ensemble that now performs in Carnegie Hall and across the country.

Like *Wasn't That A Time*, the Weavers documentary also made by Jim Brown, this film alternates between interviews and bits of stirring performance. At 75 minutes it is just the right length for its form. It was included in the festival as one of the few upbeat testaments to life in America and the possibilities that it contains.

Filmbeat

by John J. Powers

July 20—August 2

The Castro Theater's Summer Repertory Festival, among the most comprehensive film revival series ever presented, continues. Call 621-6120 for schedule details.

Luis Bunuel's *The Exterminating Angel* (1962), with Silvia Pinal, Enrique Rambal, Jacqueline Andere. Bunuel's last Mexican film is a timeless assault on middle-class values, and one of the funniest of all movies. The "plot" itself is a testament to the late director's integrity of vision, expressing the relevance of a surrealist point of view years after surrealism had made its mark on European consciousness. With Bunuel's *Tristana* (1970), with Catherine Deneuve, Fernando Rey. Another triumph of intelligence and visual lyricism. July 24.

Stanley Kubrick's *Barry Lyndon* (1975), with Ryan O'Neal, Marisa Berenson, Patrick Magee. O'Neal is preposterous in the title role and the narrative doesn't really go

anywhere, but *Barry Lyndon* is mesmerizing to watch and listen to, thanks to the stunning cinematography (by John Alcott) and the music of Mozart, Handel and Bach. Certainly a pretentious project for Kubrick, but a welcome one. July 25.

Harold Prince's *Something For Everyone* (1970), with Angela Lansbury, Michael York, Jane Carr. A deliriously dark comedy that's sort of like *Sunset Boulevard* turned upside-down and transplanted to modern Austria. York has never been more sensual, and Lansbury has never seemed so disturbed. A sick, sick movie. With Bob Fosse's *Cabaret* (1972), with Liza Minnelli, Joel Grey. A queen's holiday. July 29.

Luis Bunuel's *Discreet Charm Of The Bourgeoisie* (1972), with Fernando Rey, Delphine Seyrig, Stephane Audran. This was a culmination for Bunuel, bringing together images of violence and Freudian depravity from his early period with the meticulous style of montage the director had realized in the '60s. The result is horrific and beautiful, providing a curious intellectual alternative to prevalent sentiments of existential "angst." With Bunuel's rarely shown *Diary Of A Chambermaid* (1964) with Jeanne Moreau. July 31.

"FIRE AND INSPIRATION!"

'Another Country' gives an extraordinarily informed view of how 'playing the game' is required of the British upper classes... beautifully photographed among the halls and cricket grounds of Oxford and solidly acted by an exceptional cast of bright young English actors.' —Rex Reed, N.Y. Post

"SEDUCTIVE, GRACEFUL AND CLEVER."

Put together with intelligence and craft... Kaniévka does a beautiful job of evoking this peculiarly English world of orthodoxy and eccentricity, passion and repression!

—David Ansen, Newsweek Magazine

"FLAWLESS."

Rupert Everett is riveting—intensely romantic, ironic, untameable, poignant!

—Christopher Hitchens, Vogue



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Like the tides, dancers and choreo-
graphers rise to meet the Joffrey Ballet,
then recede when their time comes. But
the basic company personality continues
unchanged: its eclectic repertoire of
classics from the days of Diaghilev
through today's mainstream dance-
makers, both balletic and modern; im-
maculate training in theatrical aspects
such as period, characterization,
gesture, mime; and exuberant defiance
of the laws of gravity and aging. (There
must be a Bermuda Triangle where
American dancers vanish the day they
turn 30.)

This year's roster of ballets ranged
from classics (alternately symbolic,
frothy or Western) by Ashton, Tudor,
Masse and de Mille to works by some
of the more noted creative forces of to-
day (Paul Taylor, Jiri Kylian, William
Forsythe and resident choreographer
Gerald Arpino).

In the two programs I saw, a
highlight was Taylor's *Cloven Kingdom*,
his man-is-such-a-beast ballet that
wallops you somewhere between your
funny bone and your gut. Taylor takes
his epigraph loosely from Spinoza's
Ethics: "Man is a social animal." De-
fending that proposition, the philoso-
pher also notes that "man is a god to
man," that men through united strength
can avoid dangers threatening us and
that "it is nobler...to meditate upon the
doings of men than upon those of
brutes."

But Paul Taylor loves to muse wittily
upon brutes-as-men. For 30 years, he has
ranged around the universe for subject
matter: he's used the solar system, Cain
and Abel, cripples and lepers, a pedes-
trian crossing, man's bestiality (in
several pieces), dogs, insects and im-
aginary beings. In *Cloven Kingdom* (the
long-skirted women are shoeless but for
silver material around their "necks").
Taylor sets formally clad men leaping to
baroque string music that gets increas-
ingly punctured by yaps and riffs of per-
cussion sounds, like terriers tugging
down a dowager's slip at a fancy ball.
Gestures become overtly animalistic,
and the women sweep on wearing mir-
rored headdresses that blind us watchers
with a sense of not having put totally
behind us our manners from the rude
kingdom of beasts.

A chief delight of Taylor, in addition
to the wit, pathos and wisdom he so
craftily blends, is the force of his
choreographic structure: Every move-
ment is strong and telling, not merely a
means to make a prettily posed picture.

By contrast, while Gerald Arpino
possesses unlimited ambition and im-
agination, his ballets for the Joffrey
seem to work at speed, daring,
sculptured visual effects and general
hell-bent-for-leather...exoticism,
eroticism. Some feel his ballets would be
more significant were he to find more of
the musical line, elicit meaning through
whole-body gesture, and in general,
think how to make his pieces richer, not
merely faster or more cluttered.

His *Round of Angels* honors a long-
time friend and musical adviser, James
Howell of San Francisco, who died in
1982. It opens beautifully with an un-
dulating ring of bodies in a pool of icy-
blue light, as Mahler's music rises. But
soon its eerie, other-worldly intent
develops hairline fractures from the
gymnastic contortions of the admittedly
dazzling Patricia Miller, with James
Canfield. But then who would have the
restraint not to exploit her uncanny ex-
tension? (Example: He supports her
standing on point as she does a vertical
split, her other foot hitting heaven.)

Arpino may never learn that more is
less. Crowds usually go ape over his
ballets, but their cheers seem like split-
ballots for the beauty of pure dance, the
spectacle of resplendent youth on parade
and the feats deriving from circus,
racetrack and acrobatic ring.

Arpino's *Trinity* always blazes,
though now with somewhat forced fires
(even the SF Boys Chorus sounded
dampened). I'm now convinced that the
Joffrey will never perform this paean to
youth without a black man as lead (the
Christian Holder role). No matter that
Edward Morgan moves magnificently,



Denise Jackson and Tom Mossbrucker in
The Joffrey production of *Dream Dances*.

this is an unfortunate, but not rare, in-
stance of dance world racism.

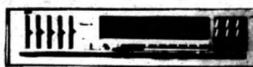
William Forsythe's *Love Songs* looks
created with his tongue planted not in
cheek but in the vicinity of his spleen--an
awful image that matches my reaction to
this discordant, frenzied, relationship-
bashing ballet. It's a matter of taste, but
ballets of the "love me but if you leave
me I'll shake you till your tailbone rat-
tles" variety aren't my cup of grog. Who
needs to pay \$22 to see ordinary ur-
banites destroy each other?

How wonderful at least to see *Rodeo*
(emphasis on the penultimate syllable),
the venerable Agnes de Mille's Mild
Western classic, wherein dynamo
cowgirl Beatriz Rodriguez rides 'n' ropes
with the best of the boys, but tickles the
head wrangler's libido only by donning a
yellow dress and playing society's game.
The sunny horsing around by Jerel
Hilding and the explosive Tom
Mossbrucker, the vivacious Copland
score, the ancient (1942) designs by
Oliver Smith are just right. The entire
work rompingly pays tribute to the win-
ning of the West: through daring, the
allure of the unknown, raw sex and per-
sistence.

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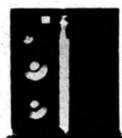
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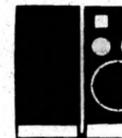


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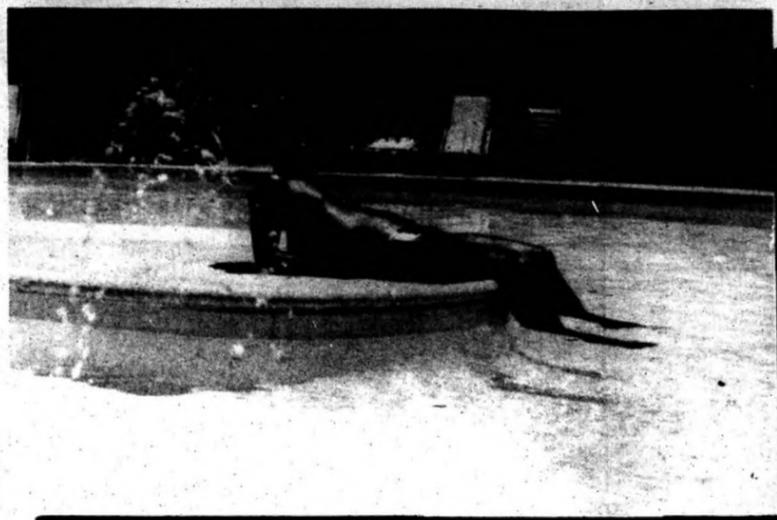
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