the VOICE
MORE THAN A NEWSPAPER

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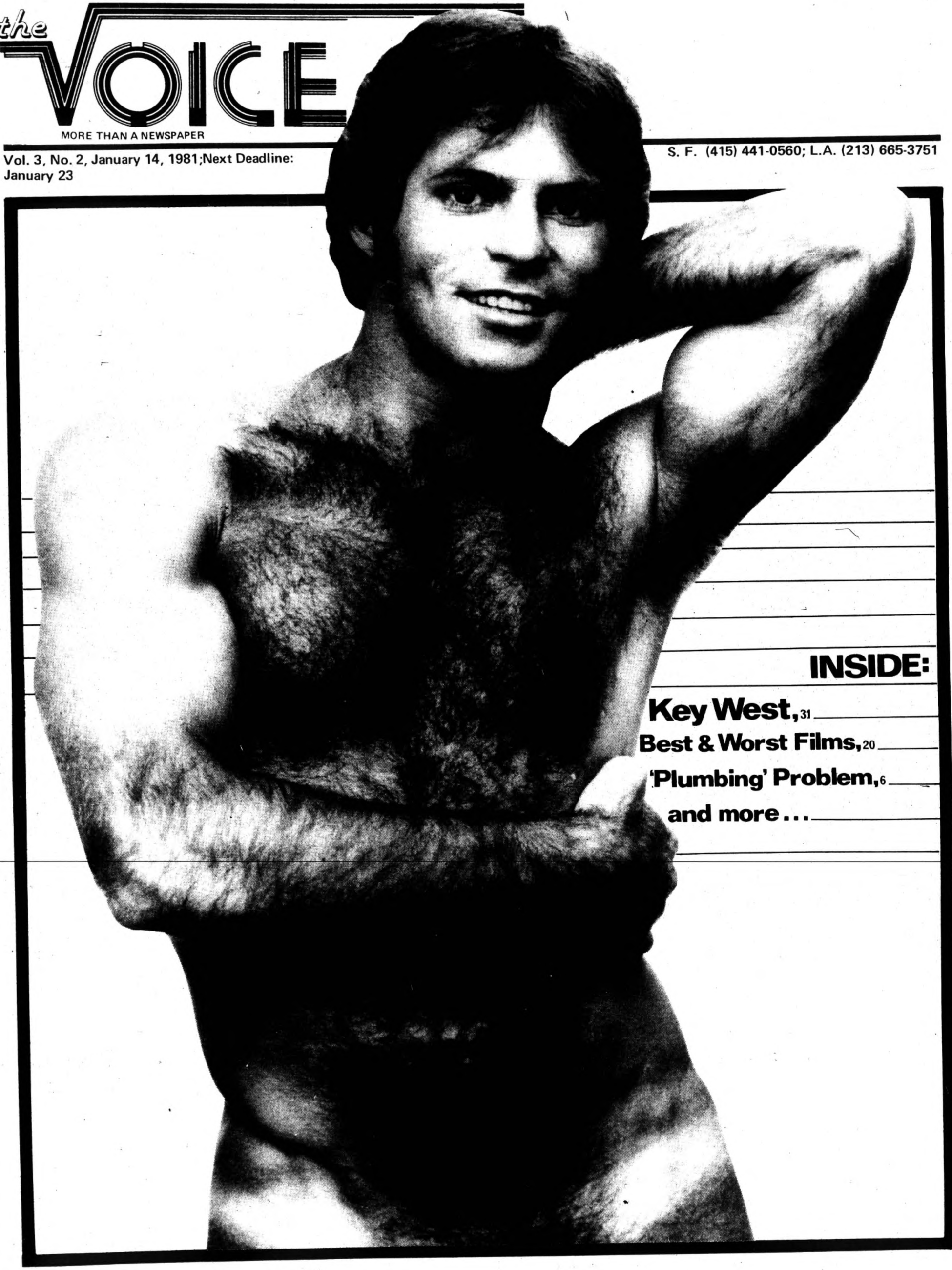

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EDITORIAL

THE VOICE GOES TO KEY WEST

While the portable radio was reporting the cold wave gripping the nation, especially the north east, where the temperatures were below zero, Key West was warm and sunny. By nine o'clock in the morning sun bathers began to select "deck-chairs" around the pool. The pool itself was part of the sea wall, offering swimmers a choice of bathing. The beaches are of white coral sand, the sea water is very calm due to the protective effect of the vast coral reef surrounding the island.

THE VOICE publisher, Paul D. Hardman, went to Key West to establish new markets for the publication and lay the foundation for expanded distribution on the east coast.

The new and expanded distribution is intended to provide advertisers to use THE VOICE and to attract more customers and more business through tourism. Gay money supports many motels and hotels around the country, especially in places like Key West and in San Francisco as well as in the Russian River Area, Palm Springs and the Los Angeles, Hollywood area. The VOICE is there to serve.

It became obvious that gay tourists visiting Key West were from all parts of the country, there was a large group from Los Angeles, a group from Michigan, Pennsylvania, New York and the Pacific North West. Some were from Canada.

At a meeting with city officials, Richard Heyman, is openly gay and one of the five City Council members. He is charming, friendly and bright. Prominent gay and straight citizens supported him for election.

After years of struggle and a depressed economy, the influx of gay businessmen brought prosperity to Key West and the population appreciates that as a fact. Property values, which had been very depressed for years, have gone sky high, especially along the ocean front, but there are still "good deals" to be found.

Beginning with this issue THE VOICE will be regularly distributed in Key West. The local representative there is Jim Tucci. Those interested in placing ads with THE VOICE in Key West may contact him locally at (305) 294-2456. He is located at 12 Diamond Drive, Key West Fla., 33040. Those wishing to reach the Key West market are enclouraged to contact THE VOICE in San Francisco, Los Angeles, Palm Springs, or New York City through your local VOICE representative in those cities. THE VOICE is everywhere: well almost!

Report

MEN'S CHORUS NOW FORMING

The Temescal Gay Men's Chorus is now forming in the East Bay area.

Tenors, baritons and basses are needed. Some choral or musical background is preferred, but not a necessity. This choir may be the first step in the formation of a network of musical organizations serving the communities of the East Bay. For information and auditions, contact Charles Baker, 415-654-0604 evenings.

CRIR TO HOST NEW SUPERVISORS

San Francisco's three new supervisors, Lee Dolson, Richard Hongisto, and Wendy Nelder, will be the featured speakers at this month's meeting of Concerned Republicans for Individual Rights set for Monday, January 19 at 7 p.m. in the foyer of the Atlas Savings and Loan offices located on the corner of Market and Duboce Streets. All are invited to attend.

Dolson, Hongisto, and Nelder, the only three non-incumbents to win seats on the 11 member board in the November election, will be making their first joing appearance since they were sworn in last Thursday, January 8. The three come from widely different backgrounds and professions and their varying perspectives on gay rights should be of particular interest to the city's gay community.

CRIR President Duke J. Armstrong, in announcing the program, commented, "I hope the gay community will avail itself of this opportunity to personally meet the three new Supervisors. They will be able to swing votes on the new Board and are likely to have considerable influence on the direction of city government in the next two years."

CRIR, San Francisco's gay Republican club, is the largest volunteer Republican organization in the Bay Area. Paul Johnson is the Vice President.

GAY SWITCHBOARD INFO

The Gay Switchboard (841-6224) at Pacific Center in Berkeley is staffed by trained lesbians and gay men to provide referrals as well as rap and crises services 10-10 Monday—Friday and Noon to 4 on Saturdays.

In operation since 1973, the Switchboard handles 15000 calls each year from as far away as London, Hawaii, and Montreal. As part of Pacific Center, the switchboard provides immediate access to counseling services and a speakers' bureau. The information available is more wide ranging than most people realize: lists of similar phone lines, as well as services and social and entertainment establishments all over the country. The file of local resources for lesbians, gay men, bisexuals, transvestites and transsexuals is the most complete in the Bay Area.

Did you know, for example, that there is a women's gym in the East Bay, mace classes in Oakland as well as the Castro, a group for lesbian and gay alcoholics in your area, or a gay night at a local rollerrink? What was the name of that hiking club, or the big women's disco? Where can you get good, low cost counseling by trained lesbian or gay contacts?

All you need to do is call 841-6224 to find the answers to these and many other questions—or simply to talk to a friendly and sypathetic voice.

REAGAN TO SPEAK AT STATUS OF WOMEN LUNCHEON

The Friends of the Commission on the Status of Women's 3rd Annual Luncheon will feature Maureen Reagan as this year's honory speaker.

The luncheon is sponsored by the Friends of the commission which raises money to publish WOMENEWS, the quarterly newspaper serving the San Francisco women's community. Friends also provides funding for Status of Women special projects.

cont'd next column

Friday, Feb. 13, 1981, at the Sheraton-Palace Hotel, New Montgomery Street, San Francisco. 11:30 a.m. cocktails, noon luncheon.

Tickets are being sold for $35. Luncheon sponsor tickets are available for $45. For information, contact Laura Talmus (415) 431-8740.

PACIFIC CENTER IMPLEMENTING EXECUTIVE CO-DIRECTORS

The Pacific Center, a Berkeley-based mental health, social services and educational services agency serving lesbians, gay men, other sexual minorities, and friends/families of sexual minorities, is instituting a co-directorship plan for running the Center. A search committee has been formed and is seeking people to fill the tow positions and begin work by April first.

"We are hoping to be more representative of all segments of the lesbian and gay community by instituting this co-director concept," said Marie Renfro, newly elected Board President and chair of the hiring committee. "This will help keep us more responsive to the needs of all the men and women in our community, including Third World, disabled, youth, seniors, and other oppressed sub-groups of lesbians and gay men."

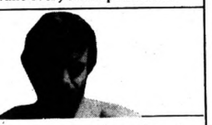
One of the co-directors will focus on administrative/fiscal matters and the other on program/personnel matters, though both will have overall responsibility for the knowledge of all the Center's functions, according to Bill Haskell, another board and hiring committee member.

"We are looking for two people who can work well together, who complement each other's skills and experience," Haskell said. "They will both, of course, need to be familiar with the special needs of lesbians, gay men and their families."

Each co-director will work four-fifths time—four days a week—and will have equal pay, equal title and equal responsibilities. The salary is set at $17,600 per co-director.

The postmark deadline for applications is February 15, 1981. Resume with cover letter, two letters of recommendation, plus two additonal references, should be mailed to: Marie Renfro, Search Committee Chair, Pacific Center, P.O. Box 908, Berkeley, CA 94701. Inquiries and requests for job descriptions can be directed to that address or to 415-548-8283.

"We want to emphasize how eager we are for applications from qualified Third World and disabled lesbians and gay men," Renfro said. "This is an exciting new era for the Pacific Center and we want everyone represented!"



LOS ANGELES SECTION: 25

COVER

PATRICK, The All American Stripper, currently starring in the Barry Ashton production: BURLESQUE U.S.A., now at Harrah's, Lake Tahoe.

MASTHEAD

The opinions expressed in THE VOICE are those of the individual contributors. The appearance, whether in editorial copy or photographic representation is not to be construed as indicative of sexual orientation or preference.

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Next Deadline: January 23, 1981
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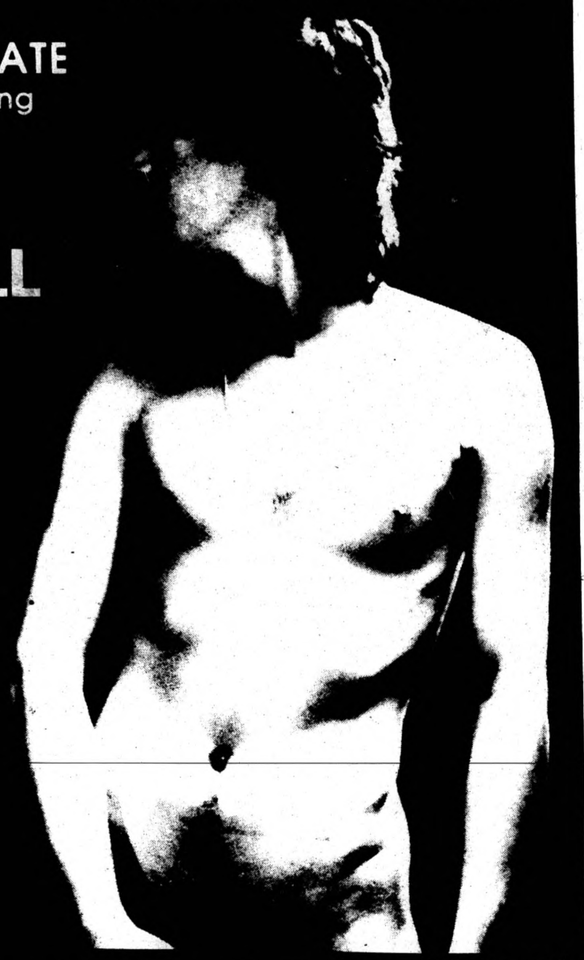

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REPORT

GAY ROYAL COURTS DISCUSSED ON KSAN

Jose Sarria, Empress I de San Francisco, and Bob Ross, Emperor VII of San Francisco, will discuss the history and present status of the City's gay royal courts on "The Gay Life" on KSAN, 95 FM, on Sunday, January 18, at 11 p.m.

Sarria, widely acclaimed for his "Black Cat" drag opera performances, became the first openly gay person to run for public office in San Francisco when he sought a position on the Board of Supervisors in 1961. Ross, publisher of the *Bay Area Reporter*, will emcee this year's Empress Coronation on February 7.

On January 25, "The Gay Life" will present highlights of a forum on racism and sexism in the lesbian and gay communities.

MEN ARE BETTER MATHEMATICIANS—Women Scientists Angered

The title "mathematician" congers thoughts of men like Einstein; Whitehead; Newton; Leibnitz and Pythagoras. The American Association for the Advancement of Science seems to have produced a study which suggests that boys are born better equipped to intellectually cope with math, at least on the average. Their report was published in the December 12 issue of "Science" which is their official organ.

"Environmental and cultural factors were completely left out of that study," complained former math department head Alice Schafer of Wellesley College, and present head of the Joint Committe on Women in Mathematics.

Her indignant outrage characterizes the response the report evoked in women. Schafer made the point that when she was attempting to study mathematics in the 1930's at the University of Richmond, she had to overcome the opposition of the math department chairman there who overtly objected to wmen majoring in mathematics.

Irked at the national attention being given to the report which asserts that "boys are smarter," women scientists have been joined by many men who have spoken out against the wide publicity given to the study.

The study was based on research done at John Hopkins University and by psychologists Camilla Benbo and Julian Stanley which compared test results of seventh and eight grade children who were considered to be gifted. The mathematics part of the usual Scholastic Aptitude Test given to high school seniors, was used to test the boys and girls, and the boys did better than the girls.

Those producing the study point out that since both the boys and girls were given the same courses in school, equally, then only inherent ability must be considered. Environment was not a factor, therefore, the well documented superiority of boys over girls in mathematical skills must be accepted as a valid conclusion, its proponant contended.

Rejecting this arguement, Schafer held a press conference at the Hilton Hotel in San Francisco to denounce the John Hopkins study as "unscientific."

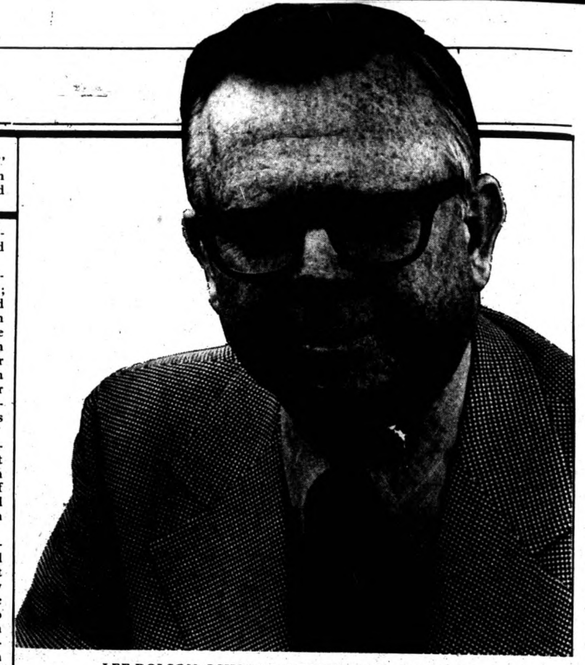
"It's (the study) done an irreparable amount of damage," charged Professor Mary Gray of the American University in Washington; "it gives young women who may be having trouble with mathematics an excuse to give up. If you tell these young women they can't do it, they may believe it."

Some observers noted that the issue is similar to the controvery over IQ when considering the differences between the sexes and races.

DANCE THEATER SHOWCASE

The Adult Students of San Francisco Dance Theater will present a series of Showcase performances on Saturdays and Sundays, January 10, 11, 17 and 18.

Dance Theater Showcase performances have been instrumental in launching many young Bay Area choreographers. The programs offer a wide range of dance styles including ballet, modern and jazz.



LEE DOLSON, SCHOLAR, LEGISLATOR, GENTLEMAN

The election of Dr. Lee Dolson to the San Francisco Board of Supervisors last November 4, 1980, saw the completion of that process on January 8, 1981 when he was sworn in before a pack gallery at City Hall. His friends, his wife and children were there.

This is the second time the people have slected Dolson to be a supervisor, but not the first time that he has been elected to serve. He is a former member of the Board of Education and wes elected the President of that body.

A native of San Francisco, a verteran of World War II, he holds a Ph.D. and is a scholar. He has taught high school locally and has been teaching at City College. Apparently, he has learned Japanese, which reflects his tour of duty in Japan with the military.

His reemergence at City Hall should prove beneficial to practical minded citizens. Dubbed a "conservative," the accolade should be viewed as a compliment, especially be people who own and operate their own businesses and those who have worked hard to acquire a home and are responsible and look to City Hall for leadership.

He has proven his committment to minorities and especially the gay community. Going with him to City Hall will be Del Dawson, as an aide. Dawson is well known for his tireless efforts as a member of numerous merchant groups and as the President of The Pride Foundation. A natural supporter of Dolson, he should prove an ally to the gay community, especially the business community.

Dawson is also a partner in the public relations firm of Dawson, Cartwright & Steele, on Castro.

HARDMAN REPORT ON TARGET

KEY WEST

Highway 1 winds its way down the state of Florida and over the open water all the way to the southern point in the continental United States in Key West. The same point may be reached by plane, which is faster and gives an interesting overview of the geological characteristics which created the Keys. The water, as seen from an airplane, is a deep, clear green and rather shallow. The Keys are coral which forms islands especially when nature does its unique bit by producing trees which start under water and build up their own soil and create an island where there had been none before.

Once you reach the southernmost tip, the sun provides an exceptionally beautiful spectacle almost every evening as it sets amidst vivid tropical colors. Locals in Key West have made a special event of the sun setting and provide a brief carnival setting in the civic center with music and jugglers to enhance the nightly ritual of sunset watching.

It does not require a keen observer to realize that Key West has become a gay paradise. Gay businessmen operate motels, hotels, restaurants and bars, and there are handsome men everywhere. Use of the masculine gender here is necessary, there are very few women tourists or businesspersons. No doubt they are there, but not yet in the numbers evidenced by the men.

At the same time it is not a frantic, lose-living, wild place. It is friendly, loving and hap py. Interestingly enough, the residents who live there on a long-term basis realize and appreciate the role the gay community has played in improving conditions in Key West. Key West has suffered much over the years, and the gay influx has become a blessing.

BACKGROUND

According to the driver of the "Conch Train" which takes tourists on a two-hour site-seeing trip about the island, the name "Key West" comes from the name Ponce de Leon gave the place. The name "Key West" apparently comes from the Spanish words for island "cayo" and "Oeste" meaning "west". According to legends still told there, the name was corrupted in Spanish to "Cayo Hueso" which translates "bone island", that name was in turn corrupted to "Key West" as we pronounce it.

In 1822 an attempt was made to honor the then Secretary of the Navy, Smith Thompson, by a Lt. Perry who dubbed the island Thompson Island, but locals did not go for it.

Prior to 1822 piracy seems to have been the main industry of the people there. Then came a marvelous period of growth based on salvage. It was no longer necessary to attact and sink vessals to get the cargo: the surrounding coral reef proved to be treacherous enough to provide a legal way to pillage ships. As ship traffic increased in the area, the number of wrecks increased, they increased to such an extenct that the income per capita became the highest in the United States.

It was the United States government which put an end to the salvage business at Key West; it built lighthouses to warn of the reef. The use of the remaining ancient lighthouse as a tourist attraction should not be considered a nostalgic remembrance of things past. Since the economy was ruined after the building of lighthouses, locals could hardly be expected to rejoice over lighthouses.

THE RECENT PAST

The Union held the fort at Key west which apparently was the only Southern Fort held by the Union throughout the Civil War. Remnants of that fort are still maintained as a tourist attraction near the present airport.

Near the turn of the century more than 100 million cigars were hand produced in Key West per year. Skilled Cuban cigar makers settled there at what was the largest and most secure deep-water port in Florida.

A railroad was planned and built to take advantage of the site, but as fate would have it, that railroad was damaged by a devistating hurricane and never rebuilt.

The exploitation of salt became economically important and became the basis for the economy. It too was damaged by a ravaging storm at a time when the Utah state production of salt had come into the market. The salt business could not be rebuilt and compete.

The U.S. Navy came in with its personnel and ships to bring some stability to the area but after World War II the Naval base was closed down for all practical purposes and the area went through a depression.

AND NOW

The last two decades witnessed a remarkable change. Gay men began to travel south and they realized the potential of Key West and a resort area. Tourism has now become the major industry of Key West. Nearly extinct in 1934, Key West is now a viable, bustling town. It is a place worth visiting and enjoying, it is a tourist paradise, especially for gay men.

Home of Earnest Hemm

PERRY A. GEORGE

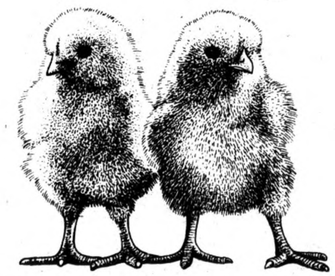
ON FRIENDS . . . THE ART

About two weeks ago, whilst walking down Castro Street, I occasioned to run into a casual friend of mine who was hurrying about to tie up some loose ends of his life in San Francisco as he was soon moving to Seattle. Although he was cordial enough to me, he seemed to have nothing but disdain for San Francisco and its residents. I took time to quiz him further as I wondered what we and our city had done to be painted with such a tarry brush. He immediately launched into a cathartic outpouring of a litnay of errors about the shallowness of the population in general.

I met him in one of the upstairs rooms at the Boot Camp, "An Adult Recreational Facility," and had completed "round one" before we even spoke a word to each other. I found him tall, handsome, and sensual and invited him home to continue "recreating" in quieter, more private surroundings. He accepted, we had a marvelous time, and in the morning we went out to brunch with some friends of mine. About a week later he came back to my house and spent the night. We talked at great length on the phone (always with my calling him) as he was new to town and appreciated all the help I could give him on getting around. The next week his cousin was to arrive from Alabama, so I have a full flash dinner party to welcome him and had six for dinner. Very shortly after that, my friend became embroiled in a torrid love affair. I ran into him on the street and asked if his phone had a dial on it and even if he had a lover he could call and say hello or drop by with his new lover. He appreciated my humor and acceded to his guilt for never calling. I told him, part in mirth but a large part in message, that sincel had met him all friendly overtures came only from me, and since I didn't want to make a pest of myself, the next call would have to come from him. Thenceforward, whenever I met him on the streets it was with a combination of warm affection and profuse apology for never calling. This pattern continued until I ran into him on his final day in town.

I must admit I was amazed at his outpouring against the city and its people. He was saying all anybody wants to do with anybody in San Francisco is lay 'em and leave 'em. There is no hope of any permanent attachments as the temptations are monumental, etc. etc. I must admit I saw red. I was not going to let him get away with his false rationalizations. If he was looking for twenty minutes of guarded glances over a feathered fan followed by a shy meeting and a lengthy discussion on the beauty of Rod McKuen's poetry and Walter Kean's paintings, how come I ran into him at the Boot Camp? Places like the Boot Camp, The Cauldron, The Glory Holes and even the baths in general are divinely functional but are generally not the places where you go to find a fourth for bridge. Although whenever I would call him he would enthusiastically talk for over a half of an hour, he never called me. I reminded him of these facts and said that I could not speak for everyone else he had met, but certainly deserved no blame for his feeling of social rejection he felt the gay citizenry of San Francisco was giving him. I asked him to reflect on how many other people were less gracious or persistant than I was and just abandoned their friendship efforts sooner.

The reason I've gone into such detail on this story is I hope some of my readers might see themselves acting out their lives in the same way as my friend who moved to Seattle. Having friends means being a friend. It should come as no surprise that this then requires an EFFORT on your part to make and keep a friendship going. Unless you belong to one of the choruses, the band, the orchestra, or the various political or religious clubs in the gay community, your next most logical place to build friendships is the gay cruising scenes. If a person is good enough to sleep with, shouldn't he also be good enough to be friendly with? How many of you (I'm sure all of you) have exchanged phone numbers after a torrid night and never called person after person after person. Go into any gay bar and see face after face etched with the anxiety of finding "Mr. Right." So intense is this search for the person who will cure all their anxieties and fill their every need that they feel time making (just) friends is wasted in search of "him." As time and alcohol take their toll and youth, figure, and beauty fade, you end up with the classic lonely, bitter old Fag. I remember a wonderful lession I learned many years ago when I was in my early twenties in Minneapolis. There were three men sitting next to each other in the crowded Happy Hour bar. They were all in their later sixties. One man was burdening the bartender with a lengthy tale of woe about his disasterous years of unswerving loyalty to a myriad of ungrateful and soured "Mr. Rights" now he believed he was too old and unnattractive and was doomed to a life of lonliness. Next to him were two of the jolliest older men, obviously friends for years, just laughing and joyfully reminicing about each others escapades while they were in the Navy together during World War II. Fortunately it came to me that old age is a path you start on in your youth and not a sudden moment after retirement. As gay people we (as a rule) have no children who would have a sociological obligation to us in our old age. We must build our "family" out of our friends. Friends and happy memories are what will make our "Golden Years" golden.



GAY WELLNESS

PAUL A. WALKER

Paul A. Walker, Ph.D. (University of Rochester) is a psychologist and certified sex therapist now in private practice in San Francisco. He formerly was on the faculties of the Johns Hopkins University School of Medicine (Baltimore) and the University of Texas Medical Branch (Galveston) where he was founder and Director of The Gender Clinic. He is currently Director of The Janus Information Facility and is President of The Harry Benjamin International Gender Dysphoria Assoc., Inc. He has published over 30 scientific papers on sexological research and sex therapy.

WHEN THE PENIS DON'T WORK

A penis is an amazing thing. The anatomy, physiology, endocrinology, neurology and psychology of an erection, an ejaculation, and an orgasm are fascinatingly complex. In fact, it is all so complicated that it is a miracle of nature that it works at all—and very often it doesn't!!!

At the Midnight Sun they sometimes show a video comedy spot about a mechanical device with built-in water pumps and erector-set tubes used to get a soft penis hard. A lot of people laugh thinking that that is ridiculous. Such devices really do exist and many thousands of men have such machinery implanted in their crotches. But usually the solution to a penis problem does not require anything quite so drastic.

The things that can go wrong with a penis are many: (PLEASE NOTE that every single solitary man on earth has some of these things happen some time or another in his life and that is normal. These are only problems if they happen too often for your own liking.)

GETTING IT UP—Many men have trouble getting an erection at all, or getting a full hard-on, or keeping an erection for more than a few seconds or minutes.

GETTING IT OFF—Many men come too quickly for their own wishes, others take too long to come and others never come at all.

GETTING IT OFF OUT—Many men come backwards, into the bladder, than out the penis, into wherever.

GETTING IT UP, OFF, BUT NOT AWAY—An ejaculation (coming) is not the same thing as an orgasm. Many men come, but they don't feel anything "big deal" before, during and/or afterwards to suit themselves.

PAIN—Many men have unwanted pain during erection, while using an erect penis, while coming, after coming or while peeing after coming.

HORNINESS—Some man complain of being too horny all of the time—coming 5 to 8 times a day every day and not enjoying any of it and always wnating more as soon as the last one is over.

APATHY—The most common—*the most common*—complaint heard in sex therapy offices nowadays is the lack of interest in sex—feeling like not even bothering to get it up and doing anything. Many men worry about that "who needs it" feeling.

PENIS SIZE—Almost as many men complain that their cock is too big as complain that it is too small.

Of course, the penis isn't the only sexual body part. Every part of the body is sexual. Some other problems are:

GAGGING—Not being able to fill the mouth without gagging.

ANAL PAIN—Wanting the anus to be a two-way street but not being able to stop the pain.

HEADACHES—Headaches before during or after not due to poppers or some other cause.

And lots and lots of other things.

The causes of these very common problems are many, and there are many forms of therapy readily available nowadays although not everyone with a problem knows that help exists, or they are too embarassed to ask for help. The quality of help available is varied-meaning that there are quacks out there. Like everything else important in life, people should shop for quality. A sex therapist should be chosen according to experience, training, reputation, license and certifications. A bad therapist can be very dangerous. A good therapist can be a life saver.

A reputable sex therapist will usually arrange for a medical examination to make sure that any needed medical treatment is taken care of. He will not ask you to have sex with him, nor, usually, in front of him. It is best if a client has an available sex partner but that is not necessary, or when necessary the therapist may arrange for a trained and skilled surrogate partner (NOT the therapist).

Sex therapy includes many, many different techniques including talking, reading, advanced sex education, homework/practice, health care advice (re diet, drug use, etc.). Therapy can take anywhere from a few weeks to years. Some people lose their problem in five minutes (really!) others take years, some never get "better"—but most people do get better and fairly quickly when they see a competent sex therapist, and most importantly, they *feel* much better.

Ninetto Davoli experiences the physical anguish of true love in Pasolini's ARABIAN NIGHTS at the Lumiere. *See page 20*

GUEST EDITORIAL

If I were to shoot the Muppets I don't think I could alienate any more people than I am going to with this column because I am about to take on all of Christiandom.

I have said before that I don't pretend to be an attorney, but that I am personally having a love affair with the First Amendment to the Constitution. I am convinced that the Amendment is absolute and that there are no exceptions. I am not in bad company with that point of view since Justice Black and Justice Douglas felt the very same way.

Well I believe that the Amendment is now being violated across the nation, including right here in Key West.

Included in the first Amendment is "freedom of religion" which implies freedom FROM religion. I has been agreed that the state shall pass no law for the benefit of a church. The intent is clearly separation of church and state.

The situation in Iran is a perfect example of what happens when the emotionalism of religion interfers with the government or, worse, BECOMES the government. This is what the First Amendment was designed to prevent and in my opinion there can be no exceptions, no inroads, and no compromise precedents.

But is there separation of church and state in the United States? Examine these facts and decide for yourself:

Last year $20,000 was granted to Key West's St. Paul's Episcopal Church for restoration. In the rest of Florida, another $20,500 was granted to other churches that are alive and well for restoration purposes. I don't know how much federal money was provided nationally for churches for similar restoration, but I'll bet it was a bundle. And bear in mind that these are tax dollars.

This money is granted for the restoration of historic buildings or buildings in an historic district regardless of ownership, according to the law.

I agree that the public is benefiting by the restoration of St. Paul's; it is a beautiful building, but it does belong to a church which is also benefiting from tax dolllars.

Were the church abondoned and being restored simply as an historic site, I would strongly suppport the use of tax money. But I cannot condone the use of taxes when it is directly benefiting the church regardless of whatever additional benefits the community may derive.

The Florida State Constitution states in part that "no revenue of the state or any political subdivision or agency thereof shall ever be taken from the public treasury directly or indirectly in aid of any church, sect, or religious denomination or in aid of any sectarian institution."

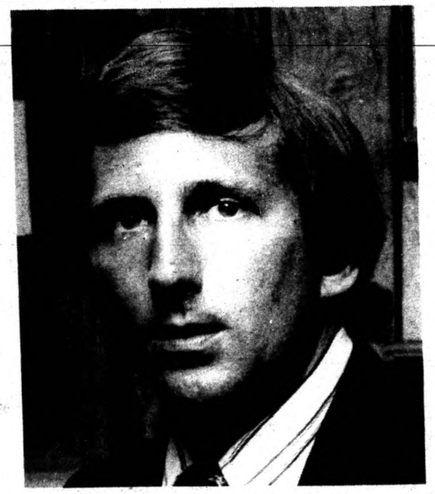
The restoration funds for the churches come from the federal government and are administered by the states. Those funds are derived in the first place from people in the state. Further, the funds are placed in the state treasury until disbursed. One would think that an attorney would loook into that as a violation of the state constitution alone.

In fact, I discussed the situation with a few attorneys, and they agreed that it appeared very unconstitutional. They were reluctant to pursue it, however, since it would be a very unpopular thing to do and is guaranteed to help one lose clients.

The fact that the public may be benefiting from the restoration of an historic church should not, in my opinion, outweigh the First Amendment. It too if for the public benefit and must be the ultimate bottom line and never be compromised for any other possible benefits.

Of course I will now be branded an atheist or another Madeline Murray for my views. Let it be said once and for all that my religion or lack of it is NOT the issue – the violation of the constitution is.

JIM TUCCI



PAUL WALKER, author of GAY WELLNESS

QUESTION of LAW

THOMAS E. HORN

Do you have a question of law? If so, write us. Send your questions to: "it's a QUESTION OF LAW," c/o THE VOICE, 1782 Pacific Avenue, San Francisco, CA 94109. This column will attempt to give answers to questions presented that pose common situations, or are of general interest. Recognize, however, that individual cases vary as do statutes in the various jurisdictions. It is advisable to seek a professional opinion before undertaking any action that may have legal implications.

QUESTION

I have been in the Navy for three years, assigned to a carrier. When I went out to sea last month my are was very badly mangled in an accident in the boiler room. Everyone on the ship knew that the boiler was being maintained in a defective condition, yet did nothing about it. The doctor tells me I may lose the use of my are altogether. I want to sue the Navy. What should I do?

ANSWER

The Navy is an entity, part of the United States Government. When the Navy is sued, so also is the Government. The Government cannot be sued except in cases where Congress has said a suit may be permitted. This is called the Federal Tort Claims Act. Otherwise, a lawsuit against the Government is barred by what is called the Doctrine of Sovereign Immunity.

The situation you described is not one that falls under the Federal Tort Claims Act. However, you do have a remedy. Because of the seriousness of your injury, you will no doubt be separated from the Navy. As part of that separation process, you will receive what is called a Medical Board. It is the purpose of the Medical Board to evaluate the extent of the injury that you received while on active duty. You will then be entitled to disability benefits based on the percentage to your body as a whole, that is represented by injury to your arm. There is a set schedule that establishes the percent of disability and the amount of payments received as the result of an injury while on active duty.

The disability evaluation system does not depend upon showing of negligence on anyone:s part. The only criteria are whether you have a ratable injury, that is to say, your injury is covered in the schedule of ratings, and yours is. The other criteria is whether the injury occurred while you were on active duty. Clearly in your case it did. Your injury will be evaluated and rated.

If you believe that the ratings are too low, then you have to have a right to a formal hearing before what is called the Regional Physical Evaluation Board. You are entitled to have a lawyer present to represent you at that hearing. You are also entitled to submit other evidence in support of your claim that your disability evaluation should be higher. For example, it is common to submit documentation form civilian doctors showing that the military doctors have rated your disability too low.

I would suggest that you pursue to the fullest your right to disability compensation rather than trying to bring a lawsuit against the government. You could stand to receive a very sizable award that will last for the rest of your life.

QUESTION

My friend and I are getting ready to open up a laundry. We don't know what type of legal structure we need. Everybody tells us we should incorporate. What do you think?

ANSWER

The type of business entity that is indicated varies from case to case. It depends strictly on what your needs are. The benefits to incorporating are that it limits your liability personally. You cannot be sued individually for a debt of the corporation, unless you have personally guaranteed that obligation. The disadvantages are that it is expensive and requires lawyers, and if you become very successful it may have some adverse tax consequences.

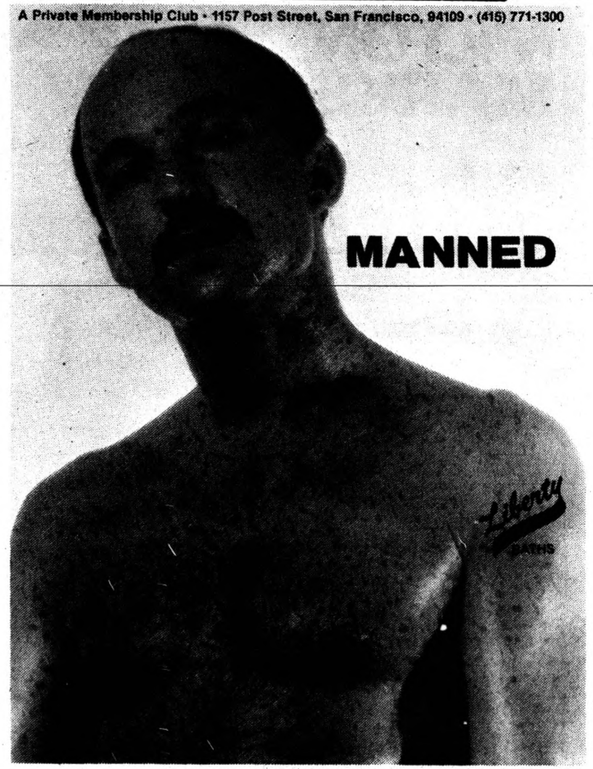
Another choice is to simply go into partnership with your friend and have a written partnership agreeement drafted. This will set out what each of your responsibilities and obligations are to be, as well as what your percentage of the profit or loss is to be. The agreement can also contain any other aspect of your relationship that you choose to put in writing, such as what is to happen to business upon the death of one of you, etcetera.

Partnerships differ from corporations in the aspect of limited liability. Both partners are fully responsible, even personally, for all of business debts of the partnership.

A third consideration might be given to a limited partnership, whereby one of you becomes a general partner and is liable for all of the obligations of the partnership and the other is a limited partner and is only liable for the obligations of the partnership to the extent of the money he has put into the partnership. If the two of you intend to run the business jointly, however, a limited partnership would be out as limited partners cannot participate in the day to day management of the business. This form of enterprise is used generally when the limited partner's only involvement is capital contribution.

You should give serious thought to how you want to structure your business before you actually begin. This will save you a lot of problems and grief down the road.

the VOICE



New GGBA officers (l to r) Roger S. Gross, vice president; Jon Blumenstock, secretary; and Matthew A. Coles, president. (Photo by Tony Plewik)

NEW BOARD AND OFFICERS NAMED FOR GGBA

The Golden Gate Business Association, San Francisco's predominately gay business association, has elected officers and board members for 1981. Matthew A. Coles, Attorney at Law, was elected president; Roger S. Gross, Attorney at Law, vice president; Jon Blumenstock, owner of Royal Pharmacy, secretary; and William F. Clark, C.P.A., treasurer.

Additional board members of GGBA for 1981 are: Lu Chaikin, psychoterapist; Arthur S. Lazere, C.P.A.; Rick L. Manring, Attorney at Law; Douglas Nelson, The ITF Group; Dick Pabich, Rivaldo Pabich & Friends; John A. Schmidt, Schmidt & Schmidt Insurance Associates; and Martin M. Topliff, The Computer Center. The executive secretary is Kim Cortright.

The new president of the association, Matthew Coles, is a lawyer in private practice in San Francisco and has been a member of the organization for several years. Coles, 29, has authored gay nondiscrimination ordinances adopted by the cities of San Francisco, Berkeley, Los Angeles, and the Bay Area Rapid Transit District.

Coles is a cum laude graduate of Yale University and holds a J.D. degree from Hastings College of the Law. He was an adjunce professor of constitutional law at Hastings College and last year he served on the transition team for District Attorney Arlo Smith. Coles currently is a consultant to the United States Civil Service Commission.

With more than 600 men and women in business as members, GGBA is one of the most prominent gay organizations in the Bay Area, with considerable economic clout. In addition to monthly meetings and seminars, the association publishes a buyer's guide/directory of member firms twice a year, offers a telephone referral service to the public, and has recently established a non-profit foundation to raise and distribute funds to charitable organizations in the Bay Area that benefit the community.

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MARKS

The Senator's column will appear next issue..

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VIEWS: SEMANTICS

On the assumption that our readers may wish to have a more insightful understanding of the sources of attitudes, as expressed in words, THE VOICE will print this series of articles which will continue until the research material has been completed. The publication of these data represent their first offering to the public and THE VOICE is indebted to the authors Dr. Wayne Dynes and Dr. Warren Johanson for their permission.

EROS, MYTH AND STIGMA: THE HISTORICAL SEMANTICS OF SEXUAL INTOLERANCE

By Wayne Dynes and Warren Johnson, 1978

The lexical stock of the modern languages, including English, offers a highly variegated assortment of terms for homosexuality. The diachornic study of these terms is significant not only for philological analysis but also for the history of ideas. Under the linguistic microscope, almost every one of these terms is shown to encapsulate a mythological or theological notion. These are archaic survivals of the dead past, semantic ghosts that need to be exorcised.

The concept of homosexuality in the popular mind of today is an amalgem of archaic and irrational beliefs that are all the more resistant to logical argument in that they are imbedded in the very structure of the vocabulary and so form the preconscious substratum of thinking on the subject of human sexuality and sexual ethics. These terms serve to maintain a conceptual matrix which the unsophisticated equate—in the Whorfian sense—with reality itself.

A critical examination and exposure of this legacy of magical and supernatural ideas is imperative in order to demythologize the subject of homosexuality and to differentiate the modern understanding of the phenomenon from the radically alien frames of reference wherein ancient and medieval socity conceive it. Only a new vocabulary, purged of the residue of centuries of superstition, defamation and apologetics, can enable a valid biosocial concept of homosexuality to emerge.

NATURE AND THE UNNATURAL

As Raymond Williams has observed, ther term "nature" is one of the most complex in the language; it is also one of the most dangerous. Our focus is on the most emotionally charged antonym: "the unnatural," which must be distinguished from the supernatural and the praeternatural and from second (and for the Greeks, third, fourth and fifth) nature and the peculiarly Thomistic concept of the "connatural."

The Ancient Greek word for nature, "physis," was unique to that language and to Hellenic thought; no equivalent can be found in the Semitic and Oriental languages, or in other intellectual traditions. The term "physis" derives from a verb meaning "to grow," and hence retains strong connotations of organic completeness and development towards a goal. The primary notion of "physis" is a magical, autonomous life force manifesting itself not only in the creation and preservation of the universe, but even in the properties and character traits of species and individuals, thus in medical usage even leading into the sphere of the pharmacopoeia and of constitutional biology.

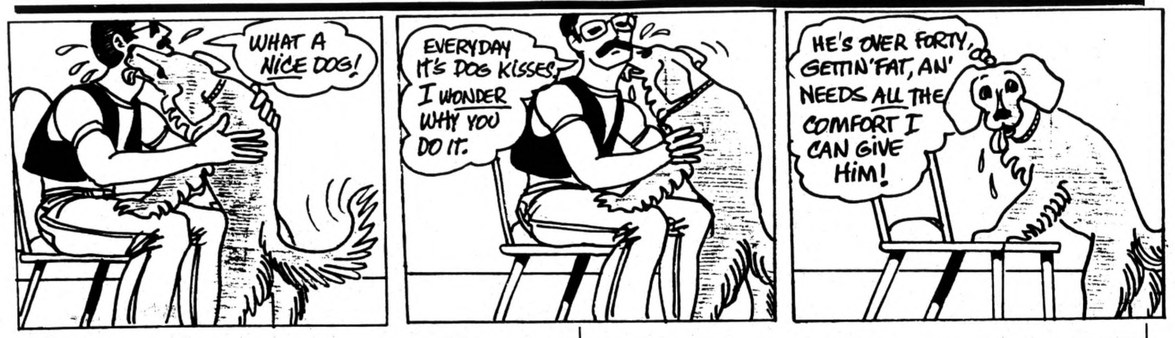
Its use among the Greeks can be further understood in the light of three contrasting pairs of terms: phsis/nomos (law or custom; physis/techne (art); kata physin/para physin (against nature). The last of these antinomies, which if of particular significance for our enquiry, received a decisively influential formulation from the old Plato in his *Laws* (Books I and VIII). In this work, Plato condemns same-sex relations because, unlike those in which the animals naturally engage, they cannot lead to procreation. The the so-called intertestamental period this Hellenic idea found its way into the *Testaments of the Twelve Patriarchs* and into the apologetic writtings of Philo Judaeus, and thence into the Corpus Paulinum with the fateful formulation of Romans I 26-27.

In medieval Europe the semantically iridescent concept of "natura" was perpetuated and even given some new twists and images by moralists (Peter Damian), litterateurs (Bernard Silvestris, Alian de Lille, and Jean de Meun) and philosophers (Albertus Magnus, Thomas Aquinas).

It is curious that the notion of crime against nature, so familiar to us from the penal codes of the American states, does not figure in the Henrician statute of 1533 or its successors. Sir Edward Coke, however, does affirm it in his seventeenth-century *Institutes and Reports*, whence it becomes part of the not fully investigated Anglo-American legal tradition down to our own time.

The contemporary scene offers a curious paradox in that conservative thinkers continue to denounce homosexuality as "unnatural" (Ezra Pound), while homophile apologists have revived the ancient medical definition to claim that homosexuality is inborn and thus "natural" (Ulrichs, Hirschfeld). On the other hand, the antinomian counterculture has insouciantly glorified natural foods and the environmental protection of nature without confronting the problem that the sexual freedom and tolerance that it embraces have been historically denounced as "unnatural."

CASTRO / BRUCE BILLINGS



SAN FRANCISCO AS I SEE IT
E. LEE CLIFTON

Welcome 1981, at times I never thought we'd make it but we did. As almost everyone knows, 1981 is the Chinese "year of the cock" and the Chinese are not alone in San Francisco as the rest of us join them in celebration.

With this edition of THE VOICE, we welcome the good people of Key West, Florida, as readers and advertisers, now you have joined California. Welcome, may your sunshine turn to gold.

How long has it been since you've been to Fanny's? It's a nice cabaret at 4230 18th Street and their playbill for January includes Mem'fis on Sundays, Showcase Nights on Monday and Tuesday, Terry Hutchison on Wednesdays, Billy Philadelphia on Thursdays with Pam Brooks on Friday and Saturdays. On Friday, February 13, at 11:30 a.m. REAGAN, Maureen, not Ronald, will be an honorary speaker. Cocktails will be served and a luncheon will follow at noon. It takes place at the Sheraton-Palace, tickets are $35. and Sponsor Tickets at $45. For more info, call Laura Talmus at 431-8740.

I see where "When you comin' Back Red Ryder?" is back as a Bedini Theatre Project as of January 17 at 3944 Balboa Street. The play stays through February 1. Did you know that January 24th is the First Anniversary of the San Francisco's Gay Men's Chorus? Well, it is and may I extend to them my very best wishes for continued success.

For anyone interested, the Sankowich Academy of Performing Arts will be looking for people who want to enroll in their workshop. There is a few of $48 and it's a one day workshop on Sunday, January 18 from 9 a.m. til 5:30 p.m. at 595 Mission Street in San Francisco. For all of you art people I thought you might like to know that during the month of January the Galerie Art-Works at 2159 Powell Street will be having a group exhibit of four Bay area printmakers.

NEWS YOU CAN USE

Stock is still available at Atlas Saving's & Loan, but please hurry, Steve Miller continues at Pines and Company on Nob Hill, the Exotic Erotic Ball was a big success and a Mardi Gras Exotic Erotic Ball is coming up and guess what? Louis Abolafia will appear in the February issue of PLAYBOY. Good luck in 1982 in your race for governor. Just in case you haven't heard, The Casa Loma Hotel in San Francisco has re-opened after extensive remodeling so call for reservations and then check in at 601 Fillmore in the heart of the new gay business district. On Thursday, January 22 at 8:30, the International Stud will open at Theatre Rhinoceros, 1115 Geary St. The play will perform on Thursdays and Sundays with ticket prices at $5 and Fridays and Saturdays with ticket prices at $6 and do go as our local gay theatre needs your input and support. Speaking of Rhino, Daniel Curson's Beer & Rhubarb Pie starting February 1st with a performance at 2:30 and will continue Saturday evenings at 11 and Sundays at 2:30 through Sunday, March 1. This production is directed by Dan Turner.

The MCC has announced the 2nd phase of its effort to assist in the relocation and resettlement of the gay and lesbian Cubans in the Bay area. The final social hours will be held at the gymnasium of MCC at 150 Eureka from 4 p.m. til 7 p.m. on January 17 and January 24th. OLGRO, Oakland Lesbian & Gay Rights Organization, will present "Alive" and Blackberri, nationally popular entertainers will appear in a benefit performance for OLGRO at Ollie's on Friday, January 30, 1981. Ollie's is located at 4130 Telegraph in Oakland, just one short block from The Revol and just two blocks from the MacArthur BART Station. Tickets are $5 unless sold out in advance.

Good luck to the candidates for Empress de San Francisco, Pushy Phylis, Greta Gra and Bubbles. I'll be thinking of you if you think of me. Haven't been in the mood to stir, but that doesn't mean I have forgotten how.

the nob hill cinema
729 bush st.___tele7819468

RHINOCEROS MOUNTS STUD

Theatre Rhinoceros is proud to announce the opening of Harvey Feirstein's bitter-sweet love story THE INTERNATIONAL STUD on Thursday, January 22, and continuing Thursdays through Sundays through February 28.

Directing THE INTERNATIONAL STUD is J. Kevin Hanlon, whose A PERFECT RELATIONSHIP delighted Theatre Rhinoceros audiences last winter.

Called "the best gay play ever," THE STUD stormed New York's LaMama in its 1978 premiere. The Rhinoceros production is its West Coast premiere, and will tour California following its San Francisco engagement.

From the play's introduction, "There once was a bar in New York City called THE INTERNATIONAL STUD. It boasted a pool table, pinball machine, and the jumpingest back room in town. This play is dedicated to all who made it their home."

Theatre Rhinoceros is funded in part from the San Francisco Hotel Tax Fund and the National Endowment for the Arts.

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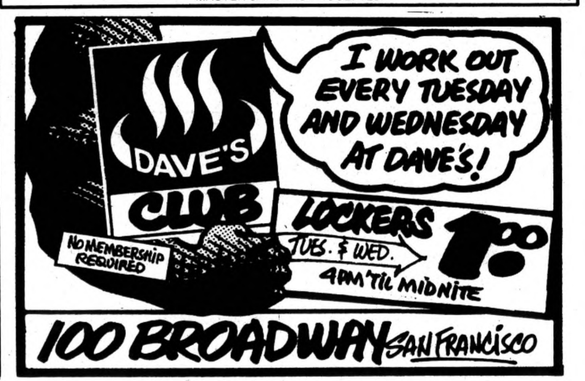


HISTORY

PAUL D. HARDMAN

Friedrichs des Großen.

FREDERICK THE GREAT KING OF PRUSSIA (1712 to 1786)

Frederick, known to history as The Great, was one of the most remarkable men to dominate the eighteenth century. Even his critics had to conceed that he was "Great."

To understand Frederick, it is necessary to understand that his homosexuality was a fact and not conjecture to be proved. Whether based on the ribald, vicious, self-serving writings of the Comte de Maribeau, or on the more polished barbs of Voltaire, Frederick was homosexual.

When Frederick inherited his kingdom, very few people considered themselves to be Prussians. His domain was a collection of petty states strung together within the moribund Holy Roman Empire, plus the important acquisitions of his grandfather outside the Empire which entitled the Electors of Brandenburg to dub themselves Kings of Prussia.

Frederick's father was a pompus bully who dominated every aspect of his family's life and the lives of his subjects as well. Autocratic, boorish and mean, he demanded that he be loved and punished anyone who did not. He inspired hate very easily.

Frederick's father was known as Frederick William, King of Prussia. He enjoyed being King, especially the trappings and prestige. He also enjoyed having a large standing army and collected tall men to be part of an elite corps of giants whom he pampered, but really never used for war. The King relied more on the number o fhis soldiers than any overt military action. He became a comic character and he hated his son.

The hatred he displayed toward his son Frederick was based on fundamental differences between himself and his son. The Crown Prince, Frederick enjoyed music, literature and cultured manners and conversation; the King did not even comprehend the meaning of culture, music or literature. Frederick loved and enjoyed life, his father prefered drinking, smoking and authority.

His father also suspected that his son was homosexual, or at least "effeminate" and frivilous. As young Frederick reached his teens the tensions grew more serious. His father was a bully and was quick to strike his children, or anyone else in his way, with his cane. In his fury, his father would throw young Frederick to the ground, tair his cloths, pull his hair and make him kiss his boots!

The King enjoyed taunting young Frederick and often boasted that he would never have taken the abuse from his father that Frederick was taking from him. The King asserted that he would have committed suicide or at least have run away.

Frederick had no intention of committing suicide, but he did begin considering running away. He was 18 years old when he and his lover made romantic plans to escape to London; after all his uncle was King George II or England.

King George wanted no part in the plans and urged his nephew to postpone his escape, and offered to pay his debts instead. However, Frederick and his lover, Lt. Hans Hermann von Katte, were looking forward to the adventure and could not keept the secret, even the king heard the rumors.

Foolishly, Frederick wrote his lover a letter and misposted it; it was delivered to the King. The King went into a rage and would have killed the Crown Prince if he had not been blocked.

One of the pages, a Lt. Kieth, had been pressed into aiding the two runaways, but at the last minute became so fearful that he went and confessed all to the King. Add to that the suspicions the King had regarding the relationship between his son and Katte and you can be certain the King was in a brutal rage.

Both the Crown Prince Frederick and Lt. Katte were charged with desertion, and the King wanted the death penal. A court martial was conviened. However, it would not even try the Crown Prince and ultimately refused to condem Katte. The King then exercised his right and overruled the court martial and condemned Katte to execution by beheading.

The King ordered the execution to take place outside the window of his son, and Frederick was forced to be a witness. To make the most of his point, the King ordered that the body of Katte be left from the time of execution at dawn until 2 p.m., before being removed. Frederick was traumatized and lay unconscious for hours after the execution, apparently in shock. He had learned a bitter lesson.

Frederick then learned to play the waiting game; he would placate his father and out live him to become King; only then, the thought, would he be free. In the process he became shrewed and developed skills as an administrator. He studied military sciences and bided his time.

He almost broke when his father ordered him to marry a dull, ugly minor princess and tried to get him to renounce his claim to the throne. Frederick went through the motions of marriage; it at least allowed him to be free of his fathers household and that was enough for Frederick.

Almost as soon as the wedding ceremony was completed he left his wife along, the King had to insist that Frederick spend at least an hour in bed with his new wife, but after about 45 minutes, he got up, went out and never spent more the limited formal occasions with the poor woman. Frederick was always kind and considerate to his unfortunate wife, and he required all others to treat her with respect, but he did not live with her or sleep with her. As a matter of fact, he never permitted her to even visit his Palace at Sans Souci after he was king

Having been derided by his father, he decided to be not only "a man" but a "super-man." He would and did become an agressive military expert as well as a poet. He was pround to be able to be perfected in both war and the arts.

Finally his father died. Hardly had he seated himself on the throne before he set out to defy the Austrian Empire by siezing territory which he claimed was really part of his domain, and he got away with it. He also got to meet more interesting people.

He met an attractive Italian Count, Algarotti, who was his own age, and the Count apparantly taught him the meaning of being homosexual. Frederick fell madly in love with him.

He also had a passion for Voltaire, but that was to be more of a problem to Frederick than it was worth; Voltaire was really too heterosexual for the crowd at Sans Souci but not to the extent that he would not try it.

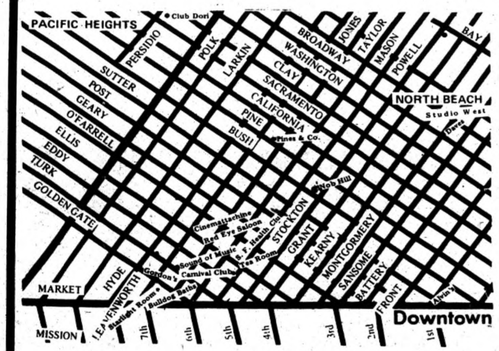
Frederick lived a long time and became the military genius of his age. He also was a patron of the arts and a cultured gentleman who had many friends and who was also a friend to many.

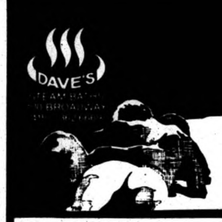
Lt. Hans Hermann von Katte.

See opposite page: Frederick the Great with Voltaire.

MARKET STREET

NORTH





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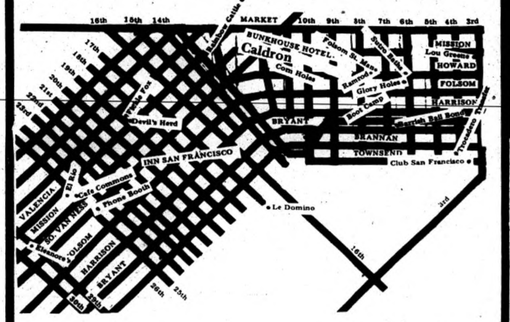

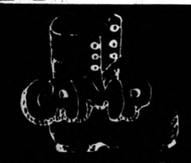

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SOUTHWIND LEATHER EDGE

PRINCE DE LEATHER

Just keep those cards and letters a'coming men. I love all the attention. Sorry I missed the last issue but decided to get a rest and spend the holiday season in Palm Springs. I can tell you that NOTHING goes on there. According to my spies, all went well during my absence and the DIRT is piled high but I haven't had time to assemble it all, so I will only comment on the HIGHlights: (1) According to Mr. Leather of SF, Mike Martin, his New Years Day party was a success until Robert Dunn tried to amuse the leathery gatherings with his obnoxious antics. Besides being 86'd from Leather Manor indefinitely, Mr. Dunn is awarded the Pro-Am Celebrity Schnapps Throwing Championship, a dubious honor at best; (2) No one was able to tell me who the first person 86'd from the BALCONY by Ms. LaLa Beach in '81 was. I understand Ms. Beach was on the brink of being "IT" himself, but after all, he IS the boss; (3) A certain group of bar people are petitioning the CENTURY THEATER on Larkin to change their weekly midnight showing of "BORN TO RAISE HELL" to a cartoon festival because upon witnessing the opening sequence of the film starring Steve "Stella" Loignon, the whole theater broke up into uncontrollable laughter; (4) A new leathery number of sinister silkiness from Toronto named Maurice has established himself in the Valley of the DULLS and has seduced enough queens already to start his own marching band and twirling corps and I'm not talking about batons! (5) A new correspondence club has formed in San Francisco for S&M people only and it will be called the "PAIN-PAL CLUB!!!

Since I had so much time on my hands in Palm Springs and have been most neglectful of the limerick war between myself and Mrs. Lifeguard, (Marcus—and yes, that romance is STILL agitating the lifeguard's wife!), I decided to try writing my own limericks and HERE are the results:

We are all dying to hear from Dave Lewis
And I wish he would truthfully clue us
'Bout which "15" is TOP
And for WHOM he would drop
If he won't tell, then maybe he'll DO us?!

Said a dude fresh from seeing Rio Grande
"I'm just wild about Gina Morandi
Why should she have a crutch
By the ODD name of 'BUTCH'?
I think MAC of Pine Street is dandy!"

And now for a swipe at MS. GLOVES
Says he's gentle as two turtle doves (harrumph!)
He will beat you with chains
And just scramble your brains
Ask RANDAZZO, the type Ms. Gloves loves!

If you're looking to go for a lark
Keep your ass out of B. VISTA PARK
Just for being a slut
You might get your throat cut
I would rather sleep with a shark!

Here's to Gary, Hot JOHN, and Dave Bandy
For their parties are always a dandy
At the new Galleria
You might meet BIG MARIA
And the Boot Camp is really quite handy!

And here's to our Dear Empress Tessie
To you all I must truly confessy:
I just love and adore you
I'll do anything for you
Hope your outgoing will be very dressy!

Two dudes, Yakavino & Morris
Are trying to form a sex chorus
But it sounds weird to me
With a group of just three
Even trying to sign up a clitoris!

There is a bar owner named Kerry
Who disdains being known as a fairy
When the AMBUSH is packed
With hot men who are stacked
He forgets that he's long lost his cherry!

There was a ball player named Irene
Who kept watch in a public latrine
At the balls he would stare
Measure, grope and compare
Can it be that all jocks are obscene?

MOBY DICK'S humpy bartender Danny
Indisputable has a nice fanny!
With his dazzling gaze
Marcus calls him "The Haze"
And I tell you, he's really uncanny!

There is a bar owner named Allan
Who can drink that "CC" by the gallon
With club soda and twist
He can really get pissed
But what he does afterward, I'm not telling!

Mama Billy's quite a great host
Tambourines he plays better than most
Things are pretty hand loose
At his Wild, Wild Goose
Is it time we give Billy a roast?

The Baloney's bartender is "STELLA"
Who is known as a Most Happy Fella
In the movies he stars
~~Check his buns for the scars~~
He is lucky he don't catch Shingella!

And now for our Emperor Bobby
Who has a very strange hobby
When he gets a piece
He'll always use grease
What a show for the St. Francis lobby!

For haircuts you'll find no one tamer
Than CARNATION, also known as Bob Cramer
At the BATHS he does tan
Whilst pursuing a man
But accuse him and he'll have a disclaimer.

Up on Polk St., a bartender, Dixon
By his antics is known as a vixen
He won't dilly-dally
When he plays being Sally
He's adept when two lovers he's fixin'

If you want to fill a big void
You will want to meet dear Alan Lloyd
Cuz his really big bag
Is lip-synching in drag
When you see him, you're visably bouyed!

If you want to see a great show
You should all go and visit Janet Doe
He is sometimes real tacky
~~To his critics, by cracky~~
But in back rooms he can really blow!

Mister Marcus does write for BAR
And denies that he is a big star
Why not use your trump card?
(He still wants the life guard)
If 'twas me, I'd use feathers and tar!

In spite of a wasting disease
Robert Dunn went down on his knees
Before cowboys and hogs
Whores, boys and small dogs
And all for a very slight fee!

There's a preacher I'll call Brokenshears
Who has nothing between his ears
Can't somebody stop
This despicable FOP?
If you do, you'll hear lots of BIG cheers!

There's that 6th Street bar manager Todd
Who reputedly shows a BIG wad
But his help he harasses
Always after their asses
Why do bar managers always play God?

I hope I haven't offended anyone. To qyote Miss Aurora of 1944, Randy Johnson, it's CAMP dear, it's CAMP. Hope everyone had a good New Years Eve time and I'll be listening at you all around Folsom turf and the other leather scenes, The Balcony and Castro Street Station.

—THE PRINCE DE LEATHER

MR. GLOVES

A time for beginnings. A time for endings. A time for reflections and resolutions. This past year has been limbo for me. Like swimming upstream when the current is faster than you are. Dreams get shattered and we're not supposed to let that stop us from dreaming again. Truth is, we do let that keep us from going for the brass rings as often as we should (and we all know where brass rings are worn these days).

In this town of many parties, they don't seem to be what they used to be in terms of pure energy and fun. Each time gets a little harder to party and drugs don't do what they used to if you still take or ever took them. And everything gets more expensive. Surprisingly Conceptual Entertainment didn't this year. In rememberance of Folson Fantasies it is a wonder they survived. I wonder if we will survive another year of ray broshears with his brand of destruction and vendettas. This should only be the beginning of his end. Too much talk and too little do about him.

There is more Polk on Castro and more Castro on Folsom now. Not sure any of us like that. I'm sort of a purist. Especially when it comes to Leather bars. Sweaters and ties sort of seem out of place. Of course, I think Leather is o.k. anywhere. Suppose I'm biased. In this age of macho and super macho it is hard to remember that masculinity is a scent and an aura, not a clothesrack and it was, after all, the effeminate queens who fought the first and hardest battles for gay freedom, simply because they were and are the most obvious gay people and hence targets for the sickos. I accept queens and straights and have little in common with either of them. But non-discrimination has gone too far when I can't be assured that if I go to a Leatherbar there will be only Leather/Levi clientel allowed. I know I'm not bordering on chauvinism, but I wouldn't wear torn Levis to a black-tie event either. I am specific about my brand of sexualness and always ask before I invite anyone. I wear Leather because I feel comfortable in it and also because it signals my Lifestyle to others. Understand that there are many Men into Bondage and Discipline sex that do not wear Leather. And there are just as mnay Men who seek out B&D on occasion and do not live it as a daily routine. Wearing Leather makes it easier for those Men to come to me. And the few times I have not worn Leather in the past years I have felt as though I was mis-representing myself and/or missing out on attracting the kind of partner I want.

The past year allowed me many more friends than I was aware. The holiday season brought us closer and gave us opportunities to demonstrate that closeness even though I tried to hand on to my seasonal depression. Expressions of Love seemed to come from people I least expected it and at times when I could not possibly have needed it more. And the very special people in my Life were absolutely first class all the way. The same problems seem easier to handle when people care about you.

The Leather Community as a whole should support the following people for their contributions to our Lifestyle: Joe Taylor, his shop is at the Ramrod with honest prices and reliable merchandise; The 15, they have made noteworthy gains in the problems of intelligent discussion and research regarding S&M Lifestyle; Castro Station, from bringing the old Balcony crowed out of the woodwork and back into hot and heavy cruising-pickups with great music and fair prices and service; San Francisco Street Monitors, for doing a great job of volunteer service to the gay community at our public gatherings and celebrations; all the gay publications (except the libelous Crusader, of course), for doing their best to communicate the many various messages within our community; all the new bars

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in the South of Market, for giving us back some of the old Folsom Feeling; and every person or place of business that has been what you individually needed in this past year.

* * * *

The man sitting at the end of the bar was far above my caliber. Too hot, too much of the stuff that everyone dreams about, too good to even think that we would be getting together. Afterwards I thought about him all week until I was in the same bar the following Saturday. He appeared almost magically again at my end of the bar. I held my breath and purposely did not cruise or salivate over him. Mine is not a quiet group of friends and we were all being our outrageous selves. He was quietly standing there, politely winning over everyone in his vicinity, yet not going home with anyone. My friends had other things to do and one by one they all went out the door. For the first time in many ages I was by myself with nothing really planned for the evening. And he was still at the end of the bar.

When I went to the bar to order another drink I asked if I could buy one for him. Since I buy almost everyone within sight a drink there really wasn't anything unusual about this, I kept telling myself. We both knew different. He accepted and even indicated he wanted to talk to me. We did and the conversation quickly became frank about Leathersex. I did the best I could to explain without making it personal. He wanted it personal and said so. Not truely believing what was happening I said sure and invited him to my dungeon.

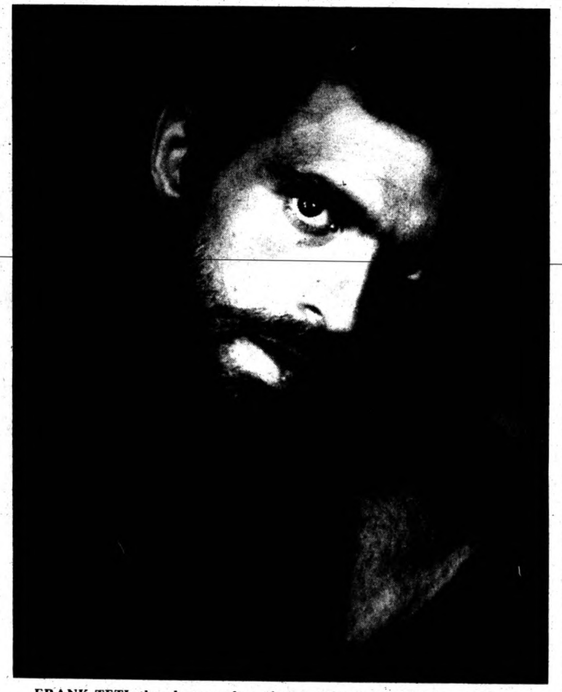
After hours of the usual chains and straps but unusual closeness we ended up in bed together for the night. In the morning I clipped some of his crotchhair to keep and released him with no small feeling of loss. Even took him to get his motorcycle. The feelings that persisted that he was once in a lifetime experience and as hungry as I was for the fulfullment he gave me I should be happy to have had that and not hope for more. Wrong again. New Year's Eve he called, came over and we shared another person through and incredible night. He has been over since then and has extracted from me desires I have kept closely wrapped up for too long. A friend, he calls himself. A very special friend, indeed. I look forward to exploring this year with him.

My especial thanks to each of you who have stood by me in so many different ways this past year far beyond the call of duty. Knowing you are there have made the unbearable hours bearable. And I cannot let this column go by without promising PdL over there that I will be more quiet in public if he will get his facts straight BEFORE he prints them.

Take care of yourselves, each other and pursue your Fantasies.

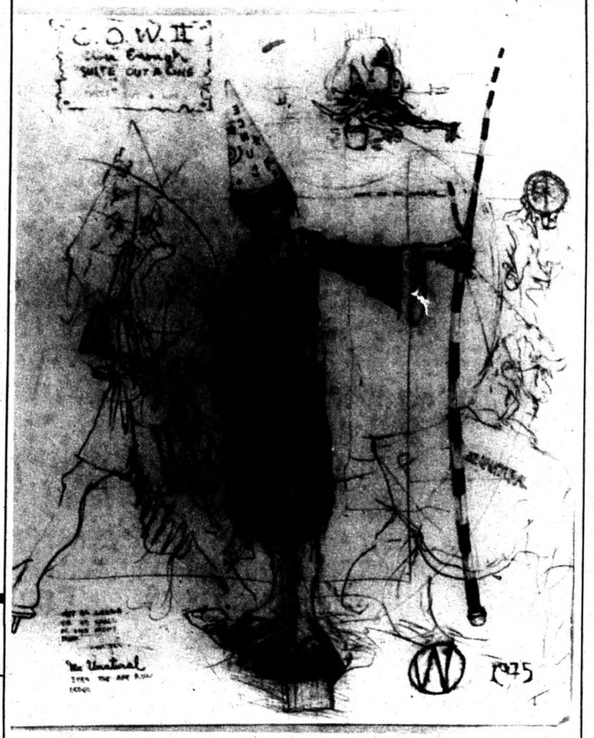
—MR. GLOVES

THE ARTIST



FRANK TETI, the photographer whose work appeared in the previous issue of THE VOICE may be reached by telephone: (213) 659-2600. Complete photo and portrait services.

ART KNUTE STILES



WILLIAM T. WILEY: Wiley Territory at the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art, McAllister and Van Ness
by Knute Stiles

"Mr. Unnatural" is a cartoon character that Wiley has fabricated based on a personal reading of himself: he is a wise fool; all of us are, of course, so it's very easty to identify.

Wiley was in a skit at UC Davis which is where he teaches, and he wore a dunce hat, Japanese kimono hanging open though tied, a school slate about his neck with the chalk message "Earlier/but later on" handing about chest level; he has a long fake nose, and is mounted on Japanese wooden platform shoes. This is the ironical take the artist is making on himself. There is also an earlier character named "Zenry" which is a recall of that cartoon inside the back cover of the Saturday Evening Post (it cost a nickel then); There was also Zulu; she also had a sharp nose, just like Henry, and neither of them seemed to have to do with words—if it was captioned it must have been about their antics; I don't really remember of course . . . And does Wiley mean that Zenry is really what he was like as a kid, seen in a memory metaphor through his ironical mend set? Something like that. He is doing an autobiography; he presumes to do his memoirs while still young; he gets to do that because he is really practicing extreme honesty, which is of course impossible, so he gets to be a saint, a sort of Zen saint.

This cast of characters star in a vast collection of paintings, sculptures, found objects, watercolors, and drawings which constitutes the artist's first retrospective at age 44, or is it three. It was all put together by the Walker Art Center in Minneapolis and has travelled through the midwest, and since it had already been to New York, and had been to Europe as parts of other shows, this show is the measure that finally stirs his message into the cultural brew that is constantly being blended, the last bastion has been overcome, to mix a few metaphors—and mixing metaphors is what Wiley's doing. Wow. Some of this stuff is a little flimsy, and I'm surprised that it survived Des Moines, and Dallas in this good a shape. Some of these things are just a gnarled stick with a read found animal jaw wired on to impose the fantasy on that stick forever. This stuff is a little hard to look at because all of those people are standing in the way trying to read all of that nonsense written all over these things. Puns; plays on words; ironically turning things upside down, inside out and backward. I would personally rather look at pictures that were entirely visual, but these actually are visual, I suppose, and I should just stop carping about their being too literary. (You don't have to read the foot notes.)

Very often he puts the found object assemblage together and then does a large water color of his found object in an environment. Some times he paints a picture and has a structure growing out of it and a found object fastened on to that which has found its way to the floor. He is this season's variation on the Dada Follies.

This is the kookiest show in town. Take it in.

REPORT

RUSSIAN RIVER GETS ASSOCIATED

The weekend of December 26, 1980, was a weekend of celebration and fundraising at the Russian River. It was to benefit the newly formed Russian River Business Association.

The festivities started with Casino Night at "Fifes." The familiar, comfortable lounge was transformed to a fabulous casino, in every detail from professional tables to dealers. Prizes were donated by San Francisco and Guerneville merchants; one could win a $200 gift certificate from Wilkes-Bashfords or, if your luck held up, a smoke detector from the Gurnville Fire Dept.!

That Saturday night was an evening with the Stars, at the "Woods." Starting with a chicken dinner in the main dining room, we were progressed to the cabaret, for an evening of entertainment hosted by San Francisco's most loved performer, Sharon McNight. Also on hand was Jae Ross who filled the evening with his hard working style and more than competant back-up musicians. It was a treat. Then came a surprise appearance of a friend of Sharon's from New York, Ruby Rimms. Ruby does a great Betty Davis comedy number; the audience was stunned by his next rendition, What is a Man.

The weekend events were successful and entertaining. I hope the cause for which the money was donated will do as well, also. The R.R.B.A. was formed by Guernevills gay and straight business and resort owners to help promote the area as a major vacation spot for bay area residents.

Steve and Bill owners of the popular Highland Resort, provided me with some insight into the R.R.B.A., and its purposes.

Not only will it be a public relations organization, but it will also serve as the core for community services and community pride.

"The R.R.B.A. wants to show the rest of the community that not only is gay business good business, but that gays take responsibility and are a valuable asset to any community," Bill asserted with conviction.

In keeping with the spirit of growth and increasing popularity of the Russian River area, many business people are expanding and improving the facilities. The woods, for example, is investing an enormous amount of money to make its facilities among the best anywhere.

The Highlands Resort has just completed its months of building and improving and offers year-round vacation services. It's homey, comfortable, relaxed and fulfills expectations.

Guerneville has had a long history of being a divided community, for various reasons. It is hoped that the work of the R.R.B.A. and the new tolerance to various life styles that has come with the 80's, the Russian River area can set an example for the rest of the nation to follow.

It's done with gay money, by gay people, improving the economic lot of the entire community through hard work, good taste and ability.

SHARON McKNIGHT at The Woods.

Various recreational facilities at The HIGHLANDS RESORT.

BOOKS

It is with kind permission that we have been able to re-print a brief version of the following book review by Dr. Wayne Dynes. The complete review will be found in the Fall 1980 issue of Gay Books Bulletin, Number 4. Those wishing to enjoy the complete version and other reviews should contact G.B.B., Gay Academic Union, Inc. P.O. Box 480, Lenox Hill Station, New York, N.Y. 10021.

"CHRISTIANITY, SOCIAL TOLERANCE AND HOMOSEXUALITY: GAY PEOPLE IN WESTERN EUROPE FROM THE BEGINNING OF THE CHRISTIAN ERA TO THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY", by John Boswell, University of Chicago Press, Chicago, 1980, $27.50, 424 pages.

This massive volume by one of America's leading younger historians has been eagerly awaited for several years. For many readers the book will open up a storehouse of heretofore recondite (and deliberately obscured) literature and information about homosexuality, both celebratory and censorious. The author has diligently mined the academies of the United States and Europe to achieve a rare bibliographical control in a task that is necessarily interdisciplinary. For some topics the footnotes may seem too wide-ranging and full, but in this terra incognita it is better to have a surfeit of information that the dearth that has prevailed up to now. In addition to the usual academic languages, Boswell seems at home in Latin, Spanish, Catalan and, to some extent, in Greek, Arabic and Hebrew. He shows a sensitivity to the literary values of the material he translates that is rare in a historian. And he is scrupulous in supplying the original texts so that readers can work out their own, possibly divergent renderings. As a work of erudition and an almost encyclopedic reference this book cannot fail to command wide attention.

The time frame tat Boswell has chosen may seem arbitrary, inasmuch as the first thirteen centuries of our era do not figure as a single period in any usual periodization. He has chosen to omit the classical Greek period, since he knew that Sir Kenneth J. Dover would be treating that in his authoritative Greek Homosexuality. There is still a gap between the two books in the Hellenistic period, which is far more important than is often realized. (Contrary to expectation Dover did not go beyond ca. 300 B.C.) Still Boswell is on firm ground in thinking that the simultaneous advent of the first Roman emperor and the founder of Christianity marks a crucial turning point. At the other end of the scale he holds that the close of the thirteenth century saw the definitive crystalization of a malign idealogy of homosexual oppression that was destined to remain in place until the latter part of the nineteeenth century. Fixing the start of the fourteenth century as the terminus thus makes sense for homosexuality, if not for general European history. (A few cultural historians have, however, suggested that the last part of the Middle Ages be detached and linked to the Renaissance, since the continuity between the two is so strong.) As the title indicates, the bulk of the strory takes place under the sign of Christian ascendency. It may seem surprising that so much material, particularly of a positive sort, could be retrieved from this period, inasmuch as Christianity is generally viewed as an extreme sex-negative religion. By comparison, Canon Derrick Sherwin Bailey, in his often cited Homosexuality and the Western Christian Tradition (London, 1955), covered Boswell's material in less than a hundred not very closely printed pages. Other treatments, as by Arno Karlen and Vern Bullough, are little more than sketches. Boswell is far more ambitious, and rightly so, despite some serious problems to be discussed below.

At first sight the main topics covered by this book seem somewhat disparate: (1) the original significance and exegetical destiny of the chief proof-texts from the Old and New Testaments; (2) the several facets of Roman same-sex customs, and the literary and legal heritage they engendered? (3) the bizarre sexual lore of the hare, the hyena and the weasel, which became in effect totems of prohibited erotic relations; (4) the persistence of themes of passionate friendship and boy love in Christian ecclesiastical writers; (5) the varied permutations of the concept of Nature as applied to sexual conduct? and (6) the putative social causes of tolerátion and repression of homosexuality. Compressed in this way, such a list

> **"The bizarre sexual lore of the hare, the hyena, and the weasel, which became in effect totems of prohibited erotic relations..."**

produces a bewildering impression, which is to some extent the fault of the source record itself, necessarily fragmentary because of the amount of suppression. The lack of homogeneity may also be symptomatic of a deeper process the author perceives. For Boswell tends to view homophobia as a kind of motiveless malignancy that desperately casts about for any shreds of justification that might shore up a basically irrational prejudice.

Given the wealth of material he has provided, it is unfortunate that Boswell chooses to begin his treatment of Christianity with a full-dress analysis of the main Biblical proof-texts; this is imprudent inasmuch as he is not trained in either the techniques of scriptural exegesis or the linguistic procedures of semantics and etymology. Following the above-cited Canon Bailey and Father John McNeill (The Church and the Homosexual, Kansas City, 1976), Boswell seeks in general to minimalize the force of antihomosexual prejudice found in the chief texts he discusses, viz. Genesis 19:4-9; Leviticus 18:22 and 20:13; Romans 1:18-27; and I Corinthians 6:9-10. Inasmuch as the arguments are very intricate, only a few token examples can be mentioned here; suffice it to say that Biblical scholars are likely to make mincemeat of this seemingly well documented, but actually amateurish and tendentious argumentation. It is denied that the word malakos in I Cor. 6:9 can mean "passive homosexual," despite cases where anal= gous context clearly demands that it be interpreted in this way. As in the case of the notorious Old Testament euphemism "to know," Boswell uses the polysemy (multiple meanings) of ancient words as an escape hatch by which to blur the secual meaning that the context, supported by paralllel instances, clearly dictates. For one word, the much discussed arsenokoites, denoting active homosexuals, Boswell has proposed a spurious semantic distinction based on the two orthographic options for the first element of the word; this mistake, a Greek philogist assures me, is reminiscent of the worst blunders of the late Byzantine gram= marians. Without offering any proof at all, he limits the term to male prostitues serving women. For a much more convincing treatment of this term, and others Boswelll discusses, see Tom Horner's lucid Jonathan Loved David. In a recent private communication Dr. Horner, who has read this boook, has reaffirmed his conviction that arsenokoites means a male who pedicates other males, as suggested inter alia by important evidence proferred over half a century ago by Adolf Deissmann in a study ignored by Boswell.

As a general explanation for the growth of intolerance toward sexual variation Boswell posits a contrast between basically tolerant urban attitudes, as seen in such writers as Catullus and Petronius, and the more restricted horizons of the "red-neck" countryside. At first sight this seems plausible. In late antiquity cities did decline, concomitant with the advance of sexual intolerance? while the resurgence of urban life in the eleventh century heralded the groundswell of prohomosexual writing in the twelth. But such a paralllel is more likely to be what statisticians call a spurious correlation. As long as one is forging such a link why not make it in the traditional way with the rise of Christianity, which was repressive in its early centuries, but then began to relax in the twelfth-century "Renaissance," when influences from classical antiquity and Islam freely circulated? On the other hand, there is evidence of rural homosexuality in Roman times, not to mention zoophily, which was rampant in the countryside, yet stringently repressed by the supposedly prorural barbarian kings and Christian rigorists. In general Boswell has no satisfactory theory of the dynamic of tolerance and repression. In this respect his work contrasts unfavorably with a recent German monograph that covers much of the same ground: Gisela Bleibtreu-Ehrenberg, Tabu Homosexualitaet: die Geschichte eines Vorurteils, Frankfurt am Main, 1978. Another valuable contribution, strong on the legal side, is Michael Gooodich: The Unmentionalbe Vice: Homosexuality in the Late Medieval Period, Santa Barbara, CA: ABC-Clio, 1979. The two books will be reviewed in due course.

In view of the author's remarkable qualifications and the wealth of material he has so diligently furnished, it may seem churlish to devote so much of this review to negative observations. But the problems are not local and episodic, but central to the boook's very design, for distortions due to Christian apologetic pervade the marshallling of evidence throughout the book. In an effort to isolate the bias that vitiates the book's overall purpose we have concentrated on only a few topics that it treats. Among the themes neglected here -- and much further probing elsewhere is clearly indicated -- is the crucial question of the concept of Nature. Here Boswell missed an opportunity to show clearly how the notion of nonreproductive sex as unnatural and therefore taboo is rooted in the late work of Plato. To paraphrase the old saying, Truth must be a greater friend to us than even Plato. And I would add a better friend than the much quested-after Jesus, historical or not. Boswell's tome will provide material for thought and reflection for several years. In this process it is essential that it be treated critically, and not simply accepted as a monument. The book may be used for the references in its notes and, for the many translations that it contains, as an anthology, but at this point one must regrettably conclude that its chances of assuming the place its creator clearly intends, as a cornerstone of our history, are slight indeed.

Wayne Dynes

ARIEL ON MUSIC

What does a Critic do?

Let's start with a story. Last fall I took a bus ride cross town with Harold Schoenberg, the senior music critic for *The New York Times*. Since I grew up in New York, I had wide acquaintance with Mr. Schoenberg's work, and was interested in the man behind the columns.

The grand old man definitely enjoyed the attention I paid to him; he knew that this young, aspiring critic was looking for some understanding of their craft that only years of experience could teach. "Well, you know what you think as soon as the music stops, don't you?" There was a glint in his eye; he snuggled closer to his new wife. It was obvious that he had reached a central point in his own credo: the reviewer had to know quickly what he thought. "No new material is going to come to light in the curtain calls, is it?"

Quick opinions have never been hard for Ariel. He made them even before he thought of making a career of them, but Mr. Schoenberg had glided too easily over an important point. "It's true," I replied, "you do know what you think when the performance is over. All the rest of the questions are compositional. How are you going to weave what you have to say into a shapely review?"

"Oh, I never much thought of myself as a writer," the author of thousands of pages of prose answered. "It was just all that free music I could hear." In those two short observations, Mr. Schoenberg summed up the task of the music critic. The essence of the business Schoenberg understood instinctively, like a kitten does a dish of milk. The purest motive Ariel knows for becoming a music columnist is the desrie for all that free music. As a motive, it has about it the right amount of selflessness. It encompasses the job most completely, because in the daily round of his work, the critic needs to hear a lot of live music, needs to want to hear so much music.

Like any avocation turned vocation, the job of reviewing live performances must sometimes put the critic sitting in the theater when he would prefer to be elsewhere. But if he starts from the perspective of "all that free music," he is most likely to understand the proceedings, even when hedonistic desires would put him outside.

Yet Mr. Schoenberg, in his assessment of the music critic's job, was being strangely onesided, when he placed so much importance on the listening to the music and none at all on the writing of it up. Had the esteemed representative of *The New York Times* conceived of himself as a writer whom chance had put in the reviewer's seat at the symphony, as sometimes happens, the result could not have been so happy. And yet, there seems something very odd about the author of a near daily column, to say nothing of several fat books, who never thought much of himself as a writer.

The particular balancing trip that a critic must perform is that he needs to express his reactions to the music that he hears without interposing his ego between the music and his readers. Obviously since you are reading his words, his ego is everywhere present in what you are reading. But if the strenght of his ego is directed to the task of writing well, if his accomplishment is seen as a finely composed column, then perhaps he can be as selfless as possible in the opinions that make up the substance of the review.

Primary in the critic's work is for him to give a reading of the music and/or the performance he has attended. Ideally he validates the audiences' reactions, he summarizes what they all heard in the house. When composing a column, I like to imagine the relatively new listener as my audience, someone who has recently fallen in love with music but is still struggling to understand what is going on. For the critic, such a reader is a gem, for what the critic has to say can be estraordinarily valuable to that listener without sounding simplistic to the more experienced. The more knowledgeable concertgoers can then measure what they thought of the evening against what the reviewer had to say.

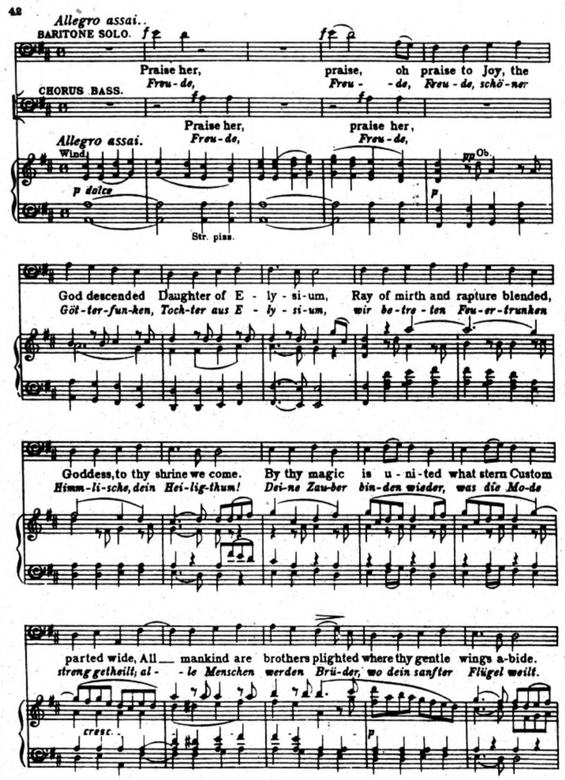
Now I have said that the reviewer can give a reading of the performance or of the music. When he treats the performers' work, the critic must not resent the limelight that the performers get. The critic works either in the darkened theater or in the privacy of his own study. His reward, besides the free music, is like that of any teacher—he has given a new understanding of the art he loves. It is a very different reward from the applause given to the performer, because the critic has distanced himself from his audience, while the performers have exposed themselves directly.

About reviewing the music, I have heard it said from many readers that they don't care what a critic thinks of the music he hears. These readers care only what he thinks of the performance. However, I do not think that you can get a first-rate mind to do a reviewing job, if you restrict him to just talking about the performance. It is true that I don't care if Mr. Commanday likes *"I Pagliacci"* better than he does *Cavalleria Rusticana*, though it sets what he does have to say about those two operas in perspective if I know his perferences. But I do care what Mr. Commanday knows about the genesis of *Pagliacci*, or its structure. I am willing to learn from the critic's study of the music.

The role of the critic in the classical music world is more like that of the performer than it is like any other. The critic's job is to present the works that he witnesses to the readers of his journal. The performers present these works by playing the notes prescribed by the composer. The critic presents them by describing them in words. His task in reviewing the performers is to tell how close what you heard is to what the composer envisioned.

The standard for judging the critic is how good a sense his readers have of the task the performers undertook. Only because it casts an important light on what that task is need the critic tell you how well the performers executed their task. Even when he is talking about the performance, the critic's essential subject is the music. It is to music that he owes his final allegiance.

From Beethoven's Ninth Symphony.



THE STUTTGART BALLEY & THE CHICAGO CHAMBER PLAYERS

By the rights of all that free music, the Stuttgart Ballet and the Chicago Chamber Players deserved the space I have given to these ruminations.

The Stuttgart company is one of the great ballet ensembles in the world, and the empty houses to which they played made me ashamed of my city. One of the purposes of the critic is to tell his readers about upcoming events that he believes from his experience will be worth their while. I am self-critical that I did not tell you what a spectacular event there was in store for you. As it is, I doubt if we will ever see them again, so miserable were their ticket sales. Luckily, those who did not attend made up in enthusiasm for what they lacked in numbers.

Taming of the Shrew is a more mature work than *Eugene Onegin*, but both of them are full of alert, inventive things. John Cranko's choreography is leaner than we are used to from Smuin and the S.F. Ballet. His style is more physically active; his conception of grace more earthy, less etherial and more jagged. But it has the power of a steam engine, the propulsion of a locomotive. When danced by the likes of Marcia Haydee and Richard Cragun, these ballets have the hard-edged brilliance of diamonds.

The Chicago Chamber Players, who are the third entry in a new series called San Francisco Performances, Inc., presented an unusual program of Beethoven, Hindemith and Martinu. The Beethoven piece, a *Septet* for Clarinet, Bassoon, Horn and String Quartet, op. 20, is an early one, and though it lacks the brooding spirit for which the composer is so famous, it contains a refreshing symmetry and sparkle. I had expected perfection from Samuel Magad, the violinist, but even the co-concertmaster of the Chicago Symphony has his limitations.

Bohuslav Matinu's *Nonet* for Flute, Oboe, Clarinet, Bassoon, Horn and Strings was the special treat of the evening. Written in the last year of his life (1959), the *Nonet* abounds in a serenity that only experienced mastery can give. In its warm, summer sunset feel, it reminded me of Brahms' late, great works for the clarinet.

Of the performers, Michael Henoch, the oboist, and Dale Clevenger, the horn player, deserve particular praise.

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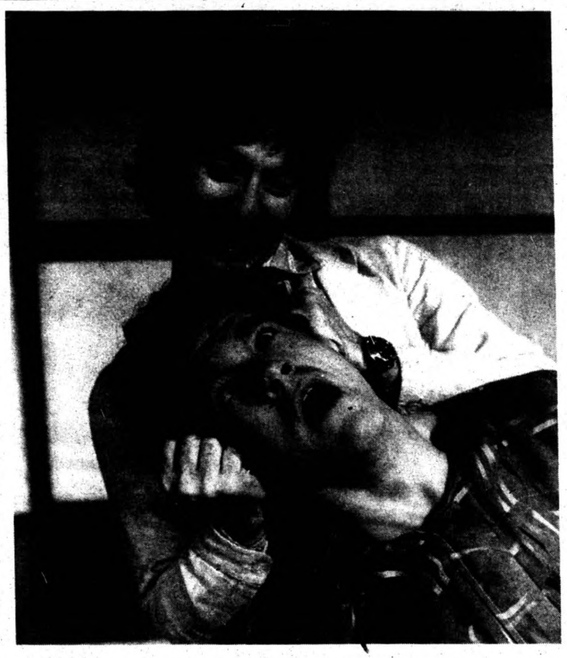

Allen Gebhardt as Ouushoo (left) and John Finch as Kenji (right) in the Magic Theatre's THE MAN THAT KILLED THE BUDDAH, now showing through February 14.

THE MAN THAT KILLED THE BUDDAH
by Marc Lipinski

The Magic Theater has again lived up to its name, as local playwright Martin Epstein's THE MAN WHO KILLED BUDDAH truly transforms an empty space into a magical exhibition of playwrighting, acting, and scenic design.

The play, the third production of the 1980-1981 season at the Magic, is caught somewhere between a comic parable and a religious satire. The story revolves around Kenji (John Finch), a young, unworldly Japanese man looking for enlightenment in a twentieth century Doji Shrine (I'm assuming this took place in the twentieth century due to the polyester print shirt worn by Kenji throughout). It seems that through his meetings with his teacher, Misou Roshi (Jack Shearer), Ouushoo (Allen Gebhardt), his old school chum; his former girlfriend, Kenshi (Kathy Baker), and Majiama (Michael Grodenchik), the shrine house boy, that his life plunges deeper and deeper into the twilight zone as each of the other proncipals gain enlightenment from his foibles.

Although Epstein claims to know little about Buddah, as compared to me, who knows absolutely nothing about Buddah, it's all well-camouflaged in this smoothly run show. Through linking techniques, which is an oriental technique for joining scenes together by feelings rather than radical changes in plot or theme, Epsetein's work flows smoothly from beginning to end. Intermissionless, BUDDAH leaves little time for one to become restless, although certain bits of comic dialogue become corny and slapstick. One example is while Kenji is repeating an oath, the drunken Misou Roshi is dictating, the Misou Roshi hiccups; Kenji hiccups too; another hiccup, another repeat. In another sequence, Kenji shakes the hand of Ouushoo and is flipped karate fashion. As Ouushoo holds out his hand to help Kenji to his feet, he is flipped again; three's the charm. Boooring!

Under Epstein's direction, the cast works remarkably well together. Finch, who is on stage throughout the entire play, starts slowly but builds as an actor with each passing segment. His wonderfully animated face is filled with innocence that is expected of him in this role. However, his part seemed shallow in that what we see and know of him at the start of the piece doesn't seem to develop by the end.

Grodenchik's performance steals the show. This John Denver/Alfred E. Newman look alike captures every eye in the audience as his highly energetic characterization unfolds. He is delightful to watch.

Shearer also does a fine job. His make-up is fascinating; it produces and ugliness which is mandatory for the part; Misou Roshi is blatantly proud of his unattractiveness.

Performances by Baker, Gebhardt, Henriques (One Other), and the Puppets (an added treat) were also very well done.

Set design, a series of Japanese screens, sliding door, and open space is really very effective. Done by Michael Lynch, it forces the actors to rely on their talent as opposed to hiding behind the security of a packed set and many props. Costumes are by Elaine McKeen and light by Kurt Landisman.

Performances continue Thursdays–Sundays through February 15. Curtain time is 8:30 p.m. There will be one matinee on Sunday, February 15 at 2 p.m. The Magic Theatre is located at the Fort Mason Center; Building D.

JULES BROUSSARD

If you like rhythm and blues, you'll like Jules Broussard. If you like a musical sytle from the mid-sixties, be sure to see this group performing Thursday and Friday nights at Mr. Hyde's at 1390 Hyde St. If your answer to the above questions is "No," stay home or find something else to do.

Broussard, a tenor sax player, is supported by six other musicians and vocalists. Although everyone performs adequately, there is really nothing outstanding about the group as a whole, no distinct "style," unless the decible level they perform under can be considered a style. Mr. Hyde's is too small a place to have the volume as high as they do.

Having just released an original album, it would have been nice to hear the some of these original compositions. Instead, the group preferred to play well-known songs, trying to make them their own, but failing in the process. They do nothing to advance the state of the art. Their rendition of "The Land of Make Believe" was a failure. After Broussard's squeaky beginnin on a soprano sax, Calie Chappel's flat vocalizing followed. She has a fair voice, but it it too light for the reperatory. Their extended version of the Rolling Stone's "Miss You" was one of the better numbers of the evening. It was only through this number that the individual personalities of the group were brought out. Their performance of James Taylor's "Steamroller Blues," nicely sung by David Gardner, was enhanced by the wonderful harmonica playing of a person from the audience who is an orderly at one of the local hospitals.

Broussard and the group is playing an open-ended engagement. Hopefully, as the run continues, they will improve.

—Robert Komanec

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DONALD McLEAN'S ENTERTAINMENT SCENE

FILM: ARABIAN NIGHTS

ARABIAN NIGHTS, now playing at the Lumiere Theatre, is the final film of director/writer Pier Paolo Pasolini's "trilogy of life," following "Canterbury Tales" and "The Decameron." It is definitely a fairy tale . . . in more ways than one.

Rated X, though not hardcore at all, it would be interesting to time the 130 minute movie to see how long is the longest stretch of film without showing male genitalia; my guess would be about ten minutes at most. Acres of naked male flesh, dozens of Italian penises, usually pubescent teenagers, and if all those attractive boys these peni are attached to cannot act, who really cares?! Pasolini was brutally murdered two years ago in a gay scandal and his films reveal his never-ending reverence of youthful male flesh. And unfortunately, like so many gay directors, his women are also built like young boys, small-breasted, slim-hipped and virtually sexless.

If you are still reading and haven't hailed the nearest cab to the Lumiere, I feel duty-bound to report that even with Dante Ferretti's often magnificent sets and Danilo Donati's authentic Babylonian robes, Pasolini's vision of "1000 and One Nights" is sluggish, choppy filmmaking. The film moves steadily at a snail's pace, with no highs or lows, just monotonous story-telling. There is never any tension, any physical action (beyond languid embraces and endless people running toward, away from or just in circles through various towns and country-sides) or any true sense of adventure. We are never caught up IN the film, we just watch it meander casually by. There is no such thing as a real performance, just closeups of faces registering murky looks that are supposed to convey whatever emotion Pasolini wanted at the moment. Basically, he relies upon "smile" and "serious" to relate all; only Pasolini regular Ninetto Davoli goes beyond those two . . . he adds "crying" to score the acting coup of the film.

The film has several stories, starting with the longest and dullest between young master Nuredin and his slave-girl Zumurrud, who get separated by thieves, she becoming King of the City by living in drag while Nuredin combs the country looking for her. Far more interesting are the two tales of two holy men who relate how they happened upon this life after misguided youths. And there is the story of Aziz (Davoli), who fell in love with a mysterious woman on the eve of his wedding and who ultimately paid the price when the woman castrated him.

The movie is never as exotic or "fairytalish" as the title would lead you to desire, but made in 1974, it is certainly Pasolini's most romantic, least violent and most visually stunning achievement.

It depends upon how you feel about Pasolini; personally, I feel he was a director who had nothing to say but said it endlessly . . . and with great panache.

–DMc

STAGE: WE'RE IN THE MONEY

The concept of a musical revue documenting the years of the Great Depression of '29 is not particularly original, but at least director/creator Phillip Rayher has provided some firstrate film footage that recalls the grim bread lines, the unemployment, the N.R.A., a good Cagney montage of '30's gangster movies, jovial F.D.R. promising everything will be fine tomorrow, Busby Berkeley production numbers and dust bowl storms. The film footage is the best thing about WE'RE IN THE MONEY, a new revue playing Wed. thru Sat. nights at the Chi Chi Theatre Club.

Interspersed between film clips are musical numbers of the '30's (and into the mid-40's; how long do they think the Depression was?!); the numbers are generally well-chosen, particularly the less well-known patter songs paying tribute to comic strip characters, Herbert Hoover, the WP.A., Alf Landon and Levcowitz Liverwurst. In two acts, one hour each and seeming twice that long, the show is interminable and desperately needs severe pruning (the entire "Silly Songs to Swing" section could go with no tears shed). Minimal scenery and props are effective, costumes are basic '30's unflattering rummage sale, but all these problems are mino. The big problem is that, courtesy of the cast and musicians, the show looks and sounds like an amateur high school production.

The three girls all perform with great verve and virtually no vocal ability. Sue Bailley is pert and vivacious and has a thin, quavery soprano voice that grates, Pamela Erickson is not a bad revue player but has no singing voice at all, and Deanna Hemenway is a lovely redhead with a decent contralto, so of course she has the least to do.

The two male performers–George Quick and Michael Sicilia–have the better voices of the show, meaning adequate, but all five having nothing more than chorus personalities and abilities, meaning they're incapable of carrying anything solo. They'd be good backup for a couple of strong leads. They are not helped by the feeble piano tinklings of Teresa Haddock and Kathleen Ortiz-Millard's occasional tootlings on reeds; the show desperately needs a drummer to injest some much-needed energy and tempo. Rayher has staged it at a snappy pace, but because of the dismal musical proceedings onstage and, even worse, in the pit, the show never rises beyond "cute."

There is a potentially sharp, fast-paced revue here, but it will never take shape until Rayher cuts it down to a zippy playing time, finds five dynamic performers and a musical director who can play a full piano and who knows how to fill a small room with big sound. Until then, "We're in the Money" is out of the money–it doesn't win, place or make much of a show!

–DMc

STAGE: I'M GETTING MY ACT TOGETHER AND TAKING IT ON THE ROAD

On the day of her 39th birthday, Heather Jones is about to resume her singing career after years of being June Allysonish on a soap opera; the new Heather has written a new act reflecting her emancipation as a liberated woman, she's cut her hair and shorn her goodie image and she's invited her manager/friend Joe to a rehearsal of what she is opening with that night. Joe is appalled at the strident angry feminism of the act, but then, Joe is a stereotyped man who likes his wom women dependent and fluffy. Talking about her childhood, her divorce and her new selfawareness, Heather finally tells Joe to go ahead and leave her, she doesn't need anyone now to depend upon.

This is the plot of I'M GETTING MY ACT TOGETHER AND TAKING IT ON THE ROAD, now playing thru Feb. 1st at the Curran Theatre. Gretchen Cryer's clenched-fist women's lib militantsy already seems dated, her book becomes preachy without being entertaining ultimately and one can only wonder what has kept this show running, both in New York and L.A., to such appeal. It's not an appealing show, it's characters are not much more than one-dimensional bores and the stark setting of a rehearsal stage with everyone in street cloths eliminates any discussion of production values (although Martin Tudor's lighting is sensationally effective). Perhaps it's the score by Cryer and Nancy Ford; Ford's melodies are generally superior to Cryer's lyrics, but there are several firstrate songs that linger in the memory long after the harsh tone has faded. "Natural High" is a bouncy delight about the joy of singing in a rock 'n roll band, "Old Friend" is a lovely ballad sung to Joe for his steadfast friendship through the years and when Jake, the guitarist younger than Heather who asks her to try him for understanding, sings "In A Simple Way I Love You," it's the most telling, truthful moment of the show. Even the more topical feminist songs reveal wit and sound musical style, such as "Miss America," "Strong Woman Number," and "Put in a Package and Sold," but it is Ford's melodies that shine throughout.

The San Francisco production is headed by Donna Theodore as Heather; Ms. Theodore is a fine singer totally incapable of delivering anything more than a superficial rendering of Cryer's plea for understanding. She plays it start to finish at a manic level that makes Heather shrill and extremely taxing to watch, losing all empathy along the way. She misses so many beats and levels it's almost unfair to judge Cryer's book by her; perhaps in more capable hands, Heather would be sympathetic. Al Alu is excellent as Joe, the bewildered friend trying to cope, and in supporting roles, John Fragnoli shines through the general din to make young Jake this production's most interesting character and Kathryn Jaeck lends nice comedic touches throughout as the back-up singer who deserves her own spotlight. Word Baker's direction is masterfully uncluttered and adroit, but all these able talents connot overcome the fact that we are alientated by Heather Jones and begin to wonder why we are sitting for 90 minutes watching this personal tirade that actually is nothing more than one long, uncompromising monologue of militant liberation. A little grace and charm would have gone a long way.

–DMc

STAGE: STOMPIN' AT THE SAVOY

It's a well-kept secret that there is a musical revue now playing Fri., Sat., and Sun. nights at the On-Broadway Theatre, STOMPIN' AT THE SAVOY. With no money for advertising, the show exists entirely upon word-of-mouth, and I've got one of the biggest ones so let me tell you it's there, it's reasonably priced and there is much of merit to see.

First the bad news–The show is directed, choreographed (with Henry Le Tang), conceived by and featuring onstage Ron Stacker Thompson. A herculean task for anyone, it's small wonder that everything that's wrong at the Savoy could be remedied by an objective director. There is also some attempt made at a book (uncredited, but presumably Thompson), which is a total mess. The concept of several black entertainers (and one white) gathering together in a nightclub called the Savoy to sing and dance some old standards is enough; to put dialogue in their mouths and set up relationships that mean nothing only clutters the issue at hand, which is a revue of pure entertainment value. The direction by Thompson is stagey and forced, the book should either be re-written or dropped, and the show could use a lot more dance numbers for the chorines and Thompson, as the emcee of the evening.

The good news–the show stars Harold Nicholas, of the famed dancing Nicholas Brothers; Nicholas is the epitome of the old pro, proving he's still a great tap dancer today and a rolicking song stylist to boot (his "Lady Be Good" scat duet with drummer Willis Kirk is a bona fide showstopper in any show). There is a toothy charmer named T. Baomi Butts who, as a singer, "does it all!" She can snap out a wicked punchline, tear the roof off the theatre in duet with Nicholas on "That Ain't Right" or simply knock your socks off with a plaintive "Someone to Watch Over Me." She's a formidable talent, as is Ron Stacker Thompson himself, whose ebullient showmanship as a song-and-dance man makes you wish he had given himself more to do in the evening.

There also are good turns by Mwanza Furaha, Cle Thompson and the dancing "Chocolate Kisses," Linda Goodrich and Paul McCullum. Only Bianca Thornton strikes a sour note as a pretentious wife out for the evening in an annoying falsetto screech that's only funny once; she also has trouble hitting high notes when trying to belt "My Man." Michael Brown has nothing to do as her husband, but he does it well.

There are flaws in "Stompin' at the Savoy," but you can see the potential it could have if taken in hand; meanwhile, thanks to Nicholas, Butts, Thompson and costumer Jeffrey N. Mazor, who has captured the 30's with true flair, it's an enjoyable little show that often shines with superior talents. It's worthy of your consideration for a pleasant evening out.

–DMc

CLUB: PAMELA BROOKS

There is certainly no more versatile singer on the local scene than PAMELA BROOKS, now appearing Wednesdays at Trinity Place (5:30 to 8:30) and Fri. and Sat. nights at Fanny's. And there is definitely no singer around around who takes more chances in her act than La Brooks. Armed with those old-fashioned qualities so seldom seen in clubs today, genuine style and flair, her seemingly effortless and unlimited range make her the most uniquely satisfying club performer on the scene today.

A former Metropolitan Opera finalist, trained as a classical soprano, Pam Brooks has developed a rich, full-bodied lower range as well, perfect for caressing a tender ballad or belting out Broadway razzmatazz. Couple that with

CONTINUED ON PAGE 23

FILMS: The Best and Worst of 1980

Now is that time when every critic drags out his recommendations for the 10 Best and 10 Worst Films of the Year. Being a slave to convention, who am I to defy tradition? The "best" is difficult this year, the "Worst" being selected from films that at least aspired to mediocrity, not the obvious ripoff junk movies or terror-ridden horrors such as "Prom Night" or "Friday the 13th."

So, heregoes . . . and remember, it's just my opinion; feel free to disagree but also remember, I sat through every bit of garbage onscreen (I recall one awful week when I saw "The Gong Show Movie," "Used Cars" and "Up The Academy" right in a row; severe permanent brain damage resulted so I cannot be blamed for anything these days!) I also refused to see "Cruising," so that is eliminated. In no particular order of merit:

THE 10 BEST

1. ORDINARY PEOPLE–Robert Redford's astute directorial debut about middleclass tragedy gave Mary Tyler Moore and Timothy Hutton good shots at this year's Oscar race.

2. THE ELEPHANT MAN–even better on film than stage, with John Hurt magnificent as the sensitve, deformed man who dreamed beyond his body.

3. THE STUNT MAN–a "little" film of great originality, giving Peter O'Toole and Steve Railsback their best roles in ages; like watching the N.Y. Times crossword puzzle.

4. MY BODYGUARD–a "sleeper" about teenage adolescence that did everything it set out to do.

5. BYE, BYE BRAZIL–the adventures of a brokendown troupe touring Brazil is a gem, both funny and very touching.

6. AIRPLANE!–by far the funniest film of the year, more laughs steadily than I've had in years.

7. RESURRECTION–Ellen Burstyn and Sam Shepard in a strange but compelling film about faith healing, impeccably made.

8. RAGING BULL–a repellent film to me because Jake La Motta was such a miserable bastard, but Robert De Niro is excellent under Scorsese's harshly realistic direction.

9. THE 39 STEPS–a beautiful re-make of the Hitchcock classic with Robert Powell and that gorgeous Scottish countryside creating genuine suspense.

10. PRIVATE BENJAMIN–it's flawed, true, but Goldie Hawn's luminous performance plus Eileen Brennan's supporting trun made this an exceptional story of true woman's emancipation.

Honorable Mention–"Flash Gordon" (I loved it, I don't care what you say!!) and "Hopscotch" (Walter and Glenda bubble like Dom Perignon together).

Now for the easy part; it could easily be the Worst 50 of '80.

THE 10 WORST

1. FIRST FAMILY–you have no idea what drek really is until you writhe in unfunny horror through this giant turkey!

2. POPEYE–we all had such hopes for this one, quickly dashed by Robert Altmann with a cartoon of trenchant stupidity.

3. STARDUST MEMORIES–wave goodbye to Woody Allen as he commits emotional hari kari to his fans.

4. XANADU!–far worse than "Can't Stop the Music," this will rank as one of the most tepid musicals Hollywood ever produced, despite my still-existing high hopes for Olivia Newton-John.

5. THE JAZZ SINGER–See Neil Diamond play Neil Diamond, see Sir Laurence Olivier play Sam Levene; they should let everyone in free and charge admission to get out.

6. A CHANGE OF SEASONS–Shirley MacLaine is rapidly in danger of boring us to death with her recurring theme of middleage morality; one step below "Loving Couples," emelettes will be served.

7. THE SHINING–the only terror generated was the Bartok music, but seeing Jack Nicholson ham it up brought back fond memories of those Roger Corman cheapies he used to make; at times he looked like Paul Lynde on bennies.

8, FADE TO BLACK–a wonderfully inventive idea gone down the drain in a sea of amatuerishness; in the right hands, it could have been a solid winner, which makes it even worse to endure watching.

9. CALIGULA–I love a good smutty movie filled with hot sex and bizarre torture, what wholesome, red-blooded American boy doesn't, but this is such a sleazy cheap shot at titillation on a grand scale, I thought it was endlessly tedious; a film of little erection with no climax made by big boobs.

10. HEARTBEAT–Nick Nolte, Sissy Spacek and the dismal world of Jack Kerouac could only have been of interest to 50 year old beatniks who refuse to give up their coffee house, incense and "hip" poetry. Bizarre then, benal now.

Dishonorable Mention–all the dimwitted sequels ("Any Which Way You Can," "Smokey & The Bandit II," "Oh, God II") and all those tiresome attempts at recapturing "Animal House." ("Caddyshack," "Blues Brothers.")

–DMc

Donna Theodore belts out "Natural High" before deciding I'M GETTING MY ACT TOGETHER at the Curran Theatre thru Feb. 1st.

T.–Baomi Butts and Harold Nicholas headline the bill while STOMPIN' AT THE SAVOY at the On-Broadway Theatre.

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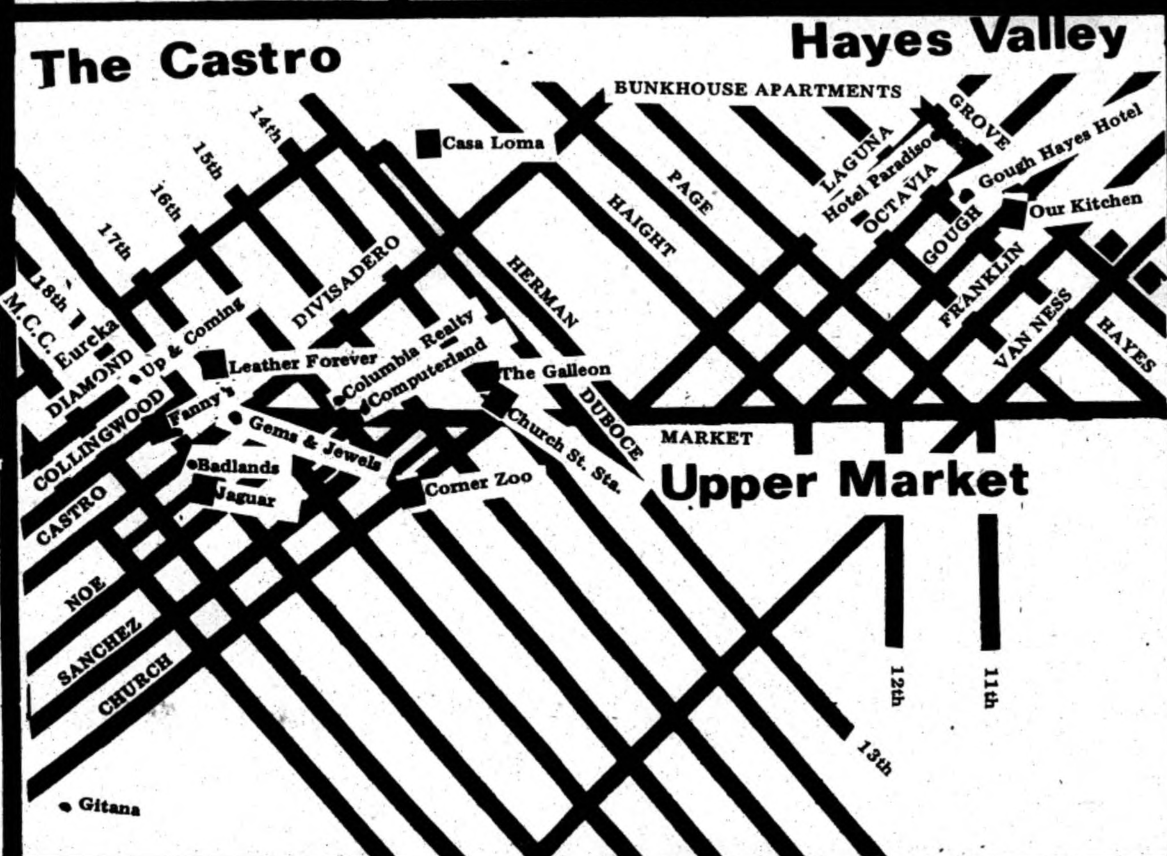

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STAGE DONALD McLEAN STAGE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

her soaring lyric soprano and you have a lady who can satisfy every musical taste, from Puccini to pop. She delivers the definitive version of "Don't Cry For Me, Argentina" I've heard to date, acted as well as sung superbly, her sly rendition of "Love is Where You Find It" recalls Jane Powell trilling all those obligato runs for M.G.M. and there is a sexy tongue-in-check styling of "I'm A Woman" that is simply . . . well . . . hot! In the ballad department, her "Don't Cry Out Loud" and "I'd Rather Leave While I'm in Love" are wistful vignettes of suppressed emotion that are haunting; she does not just sing a lyric, she embodies it.

Mid-way through each set, she opens the act to audience requests, always a chancy proposition. In one set alone, her audience requests, all delivered equally dynamic, included "Come In from the Rain," "San Francisco" sung a la campy Jeanette MacDonald, "Un Bel Di" from "Madame Butterfly" sans microphone, and "Leonard Bernstein's revenge on all sopranos!," "Glitter and Be Gay" from "Candide."

The only problem Pam Brooks faces is an audience as diversified as she is; if she gets an audience geared to love "Hard-Hearted Hannah" and "New York, New York" in big belter style, it is a shock to suddenly be confronted with "Musetta's Waltz" from "La Boheme" as well. She does not fit easily into any neat category as a singer; those people who love her operatic voice probably wonder why the hell she's singing Carole Bayer Sager and vice versa. She demands a well-rounded musical appreciation of her audience; she gets it, she deserves it.

She is backed solely by Bob Bendorff at the piano and it is a perfect musical match. A talented composer and arranger, Bendorff has long been recognized as one of San Francisco's finest accompanists; to play Brooks repertoire with the sensitivity of range and style she requires necessitates a musician beyond the norm. She's found it in Bob Bendorff, whose musical capability seems limitless. Together, Brooks and Bendorff create something very special, far beyond the ordinary nightclub scene.

—DMc

CLUB: PURE TRASH

On the "Better Late than never" theory, I write this with chagrin to admit that I only finally got around to hearing PURE TRASH recently after half of San Francisco (well, maybe a few dozen at least) have told me for months what I was missing.

I dropped in to the New Bell Saloon on Polk Street on Sunday, the only day they play (and hence my long delay), and sure enough, PURE TRASH, seven talented hellions in all manner of dress, were just knocking out the walls with good, solid Dixieland jazz. Leader David Kelsey has long been a mainstay of Polkstrasse nightlife, his campy, semi-drag routines belying his concert abilities as a gifted musician. His double organ/piano renderings, his ability to shift from "Rhapsody in Blue" to Ethel Smith-like "Tico Tico" to the latest Broadway camp hit have made him a San Francisco byword. His audience is vast and loyal, rightfully so, but it's possible in time to come he will best be hailed as the creator of Pure Trash. They're simply sensational.

With each member allowed his moment in the spotlight, they tore loose with familiar favorites like "Toot Toot Tootsie," the ever-popular "San Francisco" and a medley of Walter Lantz cartoon themes. Vocals on show seen were by a very butch-looking clarinetist who sang in camp falsetto and then cut loose with a wailing clarinet that made me wonder if Julliard had opened a branch office on Folsom Street.

Mid-way into their set, the gentleman sitting next to me at the packed bar turned and said, "You know, I love them because I have a feeling that if I ever get to New Orleans, this is what Basin Street would sound like!" And that best sums it up—"Pure Trash" has turned Polk Street into Basin Street every Sunday. Don't miss them!

—DMc

DAVID KELSEY & PURE TRASH make Sundays at the New Bell into pure Basin Street.

ROBERT KOMANEC

STATEMENTS AFTER AN ARREST UNDER THE IMMORALITY ACT

The "Immorality Act," prohibiting all sexual relations between Whites and "Coloureds" (those of mixed race), became law in South Africa in 1950. With a maximum sentence of seven years in prison, this law enforced the continuing policy of apartheid prevelant in that country. Spying and informing by neighbors and the subsequent arrests gave the local media a field day in reporting cases, ruining reputations in the process, whether or not the individuals were convicted.

In his play, STATEMENTS AFTER AN ARREST UNDER THE IMMORALITY ACT, South African playwright Athol Fugard depicts how two lives, one white, one "Coloured," are destroyed by a snooping neighbor. Their only crime is that they fell in love.

This deep and disturbing dramam is currently being given a fiar rendering by the San Francisco Repertory. Under Joshua Karter's careful direction, the story tensely moved to its inevitable climax.

Olive Crawford, as frieda Joubert, gives a sympathetic performance. Her anguish rings true when, after the arrest, she must tell, in intimate detail, *everthing* that went on between her and her lover. (As in rape cases in our courts.)

Felix Justice effectively portrays the "Coloured Man" Errol Philander, who wants to be seen in public with his lover. His character represents the social injustice inherent in South Africa's laws and statutes.

Leo Downey, as Detective Sergeant J. du Preez, chooses to portray his character as a man who merely wants to do his job in the best possible way. This is more convincing rather than making the character a cliched hard-boiled interrogator.

Andrew Campbell's lighting is quite effective. In the opening scene, the use of dim lighting gives the audience time to adjust to the fact that the lovers lying on stage are nude. The minimum set of Rolando B. Rosler is nicely done.

"Statements" plays through January 31 at San Francisco Repertory, 4147 19th St. (at Collingwood). Parking is now available in a church lot on Diamond between 18th and 19th Streets.

—Robert Komanec

A White Woman (Olive Crawford) and A Coloured Man (Felix Justice) in a tense moment during STATEMENTS AFTER AN ARREST UNDER THE IMMORALITY ACT now at S.F. Rep.

THE TOONS

Returning to the club that gave them their start three years ago, The Toons played to an enthusiastic standing-room-only crowd at Major Ponds on January 7. This very talented group, composed of six gents, offered a well-balanced program ranging from rock and roll, funk and punk to a bit of the blues, plus a dash of The Beach Boys and Righteous Brothers thrown in for good measure.

The major portion of the program consisted of their own compositions. Tight harmony, sparkling lyrics, up tempos and the high energy of the group contributed to the mood of good feelings that spilled out over the audience. John, one of the vocalists, described their music as "Mostly happy with the occasional bummer." Not so. In The Toons' style, even a "bummer" sounds happy.

In "Fanny," singer Chuck laments how everyone is after his girl: "Everyone wants to squeeze my Fanny." Parker's "Punk Polka" describes the joys of dancing while being beaten and kicked. "Zombie of Love" explains the joys of owning an inflatable "party doll," while inter-galactic romance is depicted in "Love from Outer Space." A very tender love ballad asks the inevitable questions that rise during the aftermath of a love affair: "But tonight I need to know why/ Why am I alone?/where did you go?/And I wonder/Where are you tonight?"

The Toons have just released an album on the "So" label. If you like what you hear, go see them at Millberry Union at U.C.S.F. on January 23, or at The Great American Music Hall on February 14.
—Robert Komanec

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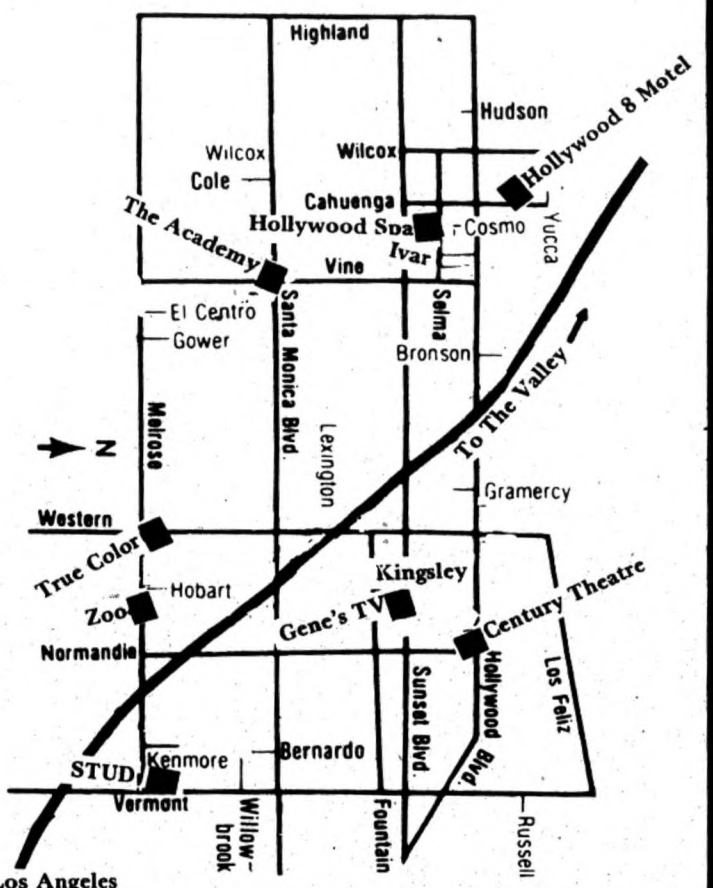

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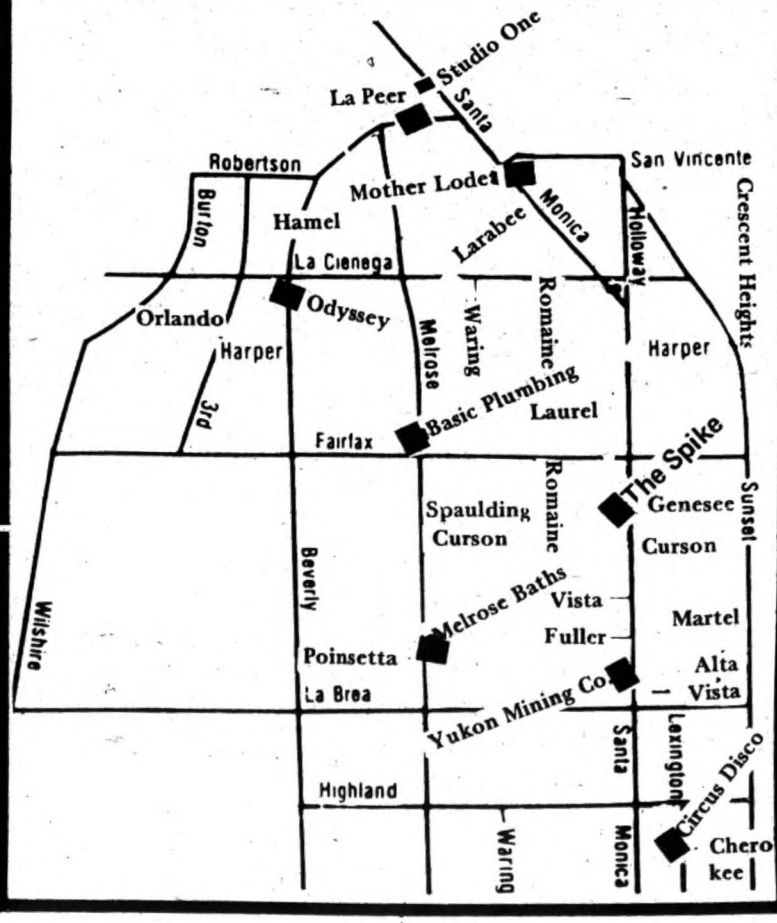

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