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AMERICA'S LEADING GAY NEWSPAPER

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Zone Campaigns to Repeal S.F. Gay Rights Ordinance

Only 9,678 signatures required to place repeal measure on local ballot.

Dick Hasbany

(San Francisco) Fundamentalist leader Richard Zone announced this week that the repeal of San Francisco's gay-rights ordinance will be the goal of his moral crusade in the city, which is set to begin with a press conference a week from Monday.

It would take only 9,678 signatures to place a repeal of the San Francisco gay-rights ordinance on the ballot. To repeal the ordinance, approval by 60,000 San Francisco voters would be required.

The local lesbian/gay community and its leaders worked this week to prepare an appropriate response to Zone's campaign, but the task was made difficult by the lack of information regarding the exact nature of the effort, its timetable and its goals. These things became clearer yesterday as Zone talked to the *Sentinel* about his plans for the city.

"What I want to do is fairly simple and not as grandiose as the media has made it out," the Seaside minister and founder of In God We Trust told the *Sentinel*. Zone said that the campaign's ultimate goal is the repeal of the city's ordinance protecting against job discrimination based on sexual orientation, though he claims that a modified version of such an ordinance might be acceptable to the fundamentalist Christians and moral allies he represents.

The crusade, which, according to Zone, has a projected budget of up to \$3,000,000, will apparently unfold in three stages. The first stage is a direct-mailing and media campaign that will include 30- and 60-second television spots. The mailings will not be limited to names listed on conservative Christian mailing lists, Zone said, but will include registered Republicans, subscribers to conservative publications, and may also include people in the black, Latino, and Jewish communities. The material sent out will ask them to write back to Zone if they are interested in the cause.

With this base of support identified, the campaign will move into its second phase, a more elaborate, educational effort that will include, among other things, seminars on homosexuality and the protected status of the gay-rights ordinance supposedly gives homosexuals. Zone said the plan currently is to hold these seminars outside of San Francisco so as not to "irritate" the situation. The third stage will include targeting selected legislators and moving against legislation that is judged offensive, certainly including the current gay-rights ordinance.

Insisting that he's a moderate man who wants to create a "landmark crusade that will be loving and will create a better understanding between the straight and gay communities," Zone says he is getting flack from the more radical elements in the fundamentalist movement for having "too much pro-gay sentiment."

What seemed evident as the week progressed was that the so-called Christian Right/Moral Majority movement is not a monolithic group and that a good deal of disagreement and division has developed over In God We Trust's San Francisco campaign. Perhaps the greatest source of philosophical dissension in the movement came last week when Dean Wycoff, executive director of Moral Majority in Santa Clara County, told KRON's reporter Evan White in a segment of the weeklong documentary "Moral War" that he favored capital punishment for homosexuals and predicted that the moral crusade in San Francisco would be what he called a "bloody battle." Under obvious pressure from other fundamentalist leaders, Wycoff and Rev. Charles McIlhenny, the San Francisco minister who appeared to support Wycoff's position, backed away from the position. McIlhenny reportedly phoned Mayor Feinstein to assure her that his theological position does not call for capital punishment nor an attack on the gay community.

Nonetheless, Zone seems anxious to dissociate himself from Wycoff and others who give off any odor of death-penalty thinking. Whether for this reason or others, he had decided that In God We Trust will go it alone in San Francisco.

The impression that neither Zone's San Francisco agenda nor timetable are shared by the majority of Christian Right groups grew stronger as the *Sentinel* spoke with various movement leaders this week. McIlhenny, who discussed strategy with Zone briefly last week, said, "I'm afraid of what Zone's

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The Exploitation of Gays by Establishment Media

Shawn P. Kelly

San Francisco's establishment press has a difficult time remaining objective towards gays on those isolated occasions when it is forced to mention their existence at all. But the unease and prejudices of the straight press were sharply exposed in the last two weeks, when these stories all broke:

- Mississippi Congressman Jon Hinson was arrested for performing "oral sodomy" in a public restroom in Washington.

- A gay busboy was charged with arson and murder in the Las Vegas Hilton fire.

- Christian fundamentalists announced plans to reform San Francisco and called for the execution of gays.

The shock waves sent through San Francisco demonstrated the way that gays find themselves first ignored and then exploited by the straight press and how gays unwittingly cooperate in their own manipulation.



Gays in Toronto took to the streets to protest bathhouse arrests.



Police Pillage Four Toronto Bathhouses

3,000 gays battle cops in near riot

The Body Politic

(Toronto) Three thousand people came within minutes of breaking down the doors of the Ontario legislature at midnight, February 6, just 24 hours after police raided four Toronto steam-baths in what has been called the gay equivalent of "Crystal Night in Nazi Germany" by former gay alderman candidate George Hislop, "when the Jews found out where they were really at."

At approximately 11 p.m. on February 5, 150 police officers coordinated by police intelligence descended on the four steam-baths, arresting 253 men as "found-ins" in a common bawdy house and 20 men as keepers.

Under Toronto law, a common bawdy house can be any place "resorted to for the purposes of prostitution

or the practice of acts of indecency."—a vaguely worded statute used to arrest gay men in bars, baths and private homes.

"I was in a room with someone, and I heard a noise," said one found-in at the Barracks, describing the Thursday night raid. "I got up to open the door, but it burst open and a guy in plain clothes pushed in and shoved me up against the wall, my face pushed hard into the wall. My nose was lacerated and bloodied. The cop kept punching me in the lower back and pulling my hair and saying, 'You're disgusting, faggot. Look at this dirty place.'"

"I was choked, and something was jabbed into my neck. Before they took us out of the room, they used a pen to gouge the room number into the backs of our hands.

"I was naked. They herded me into the shower room with about eight other men, and we had to stand against the wall with both hands up against the wall. I couldn't see anything, but I could hear a guy choking, and then a cop said, 'If you're having trouble breathing, we can give you trouble with your spleen or kidneys.'"

"I could hear them moving around, kicking things, overturning things. Someone said, 'Too bad the place doesn't catch fire, we'd have to catch them escaping custody.' Somebody else said, 'Too bad the showers aren't hooked up to gas.'"

"I was finally called to face a guy sitting in the locker room. I was still nude. He looked at the blood on my face and said, 'Get that man washed up.' After I showered, he said, 'Add obstruct police and assaulting police to

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Grand Jury Indicts Gay Radio Broadcaster

Possible 20-year sentence for Cincinnati man

Larry Bush

(Cincinnati, Ohio) Cincinnati officials claimed this week that a gay radio program was "harmful to juveniles" and arraigned its host on criminal

charges that could put him in prison for 20 years.

The case is considered a major test of applying local "family" values that would affect gay programming, and it is believed to be the first instance of

bringing local criminal charges against a broadcaster rather than protesting through the Federal Communications Commission (FCC) in Washington.

John Zeh, host of *Gay Dreams* on WAIF-FM, was indicted by a Hamilton County, Ohio, grand jury following complaints from a Cincinnati family that their four children were damaged by a five-minute segment that dealt humorously with sexual lubricants. The segment was preceded by a disclaimer advising parental guidance.

Arguing the case against Zeh will be the former military attorney who sought the discharge of Leonard Matlovich from the U.S. Air Force, along with a city prosecutor who has built a reputation in cases against *Hustler* magazine publisher Larry Flynt as well as *Deep Throat* stars Harry Reams and Linda Lovelace.

"Their goal is to get rid of gay access to the media," said WAIF-FM lawyer Alan Brown, who will defend the station for the American Civil Liberties Union. "You want to hear a statement from the prosecutor? He said to me, 'What right does the station have to let that faggot talk to his gay friends over the air?' He said, 'I don't need the U.S. Constitution. I don't even need the New Testament to know this is immoral.'"

"The way I see it, it is really an attempt to control the media," said WAIF-FM station manager Thomas Knox. "We are the most vulnerable in town, relying on listener support for our funding, and if they intimidate us, the rest of the town will have to fall in line."

Knox, however, said he also had been offended by the segment and had disciplined Zeh by suspending his program for three weeks.

"As the manager of this station, I do not uphold the content of that broadcast," Knox said. "I think it was pure filth."

Daryl Keeling, a station official named with two other officials in a separate indictment that does not carry prison penalties, defended Zeh's program as "an impropriety, but not obscene."

"John has this unique satirical sense of humor," Keeling said. "It is one of

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Sentinel writer Steve Beery (right), winner of the 1980 Cable Car Award for Outstanding Achievement in Entertainment Journalism, poses with *Sentinel* movie columnist Edward Guthmann. See page 4 for story and more pictures of the seventh annual Cable Car Awards and Show.

Channel 4's week-long news series "The Moral War" was at the center of the recent controversies. Reporter Evan White detailed an upcoming \$3 million campaign by Christian fundamentalists to "re-establish Biblical morality" in San Francisco. In addition to Richard Zone, a former Jerry Fallwell lieutenant whose In God We Trust, Inc., is spearheading the local movement, White interviewed at length Dean Wycoff and Lou Barnes of the Santa Clara and state chapters, respectively, on the Moral Majority, Inc.

All hell broke loose after Wycoff called for capital punishment for homosexuals on the Monday night opening segment. Wire services, the other local television stations and the *San Francisco Examiner* all picked up the story the next day. Emotional calls on all sides poured into the Channel 4 newsroom. White held a press conference on Wednesday, because the story had "been responded to . . . as a major news story." A 30-minute special was added for Friday night.

By midweek Wycoff was forced to retract his statement under pressure, but by then the city was immersed in a full-blown media event, and battle lines shaped up as fast as KRON's ratings. Gay ministers held a press conference condemning the attitudes of the fundamentalists; gays on the street began to talk of resistance; gay leaders held strategy sessions to fight the anticipated battles.

Although gay viewers may have sensed anti-gay motives behind KRON's lengthy exposure of the fundamentalists' views, the reporting was neutral, and the only dark motives were Channel 4's desperate attempt to raise its ratings. But as the story got out of White's hands, the rest of the San Francisco press establishment began showing baser intentions.

The *San Francisco Chronicle* refused even to mention the controversy until its Friday report of the reaction by gay ministers. The story twice used a quote by the Rev. Jim Dykes that "We won't stand passively by" in the face of violence. This bare quote left readers with the clear image of a violent gay backlash incited by gay ministers. What the *Chronicle* failed to mention was that Dykes explicitly stated that activism in no way implied a call for violence. The *Chronicle's* account was

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Psychiatry May Return Gays to List of Mentally Ill

(New York City) Psychiatrists may once again label homosexuals as "mentally disordered" if society grows increasingly intolerant of gays, concludes the author of a new book on psychiatry and homosexuality.

Ronald Bayer, author of *Homosexuality and American Psychiatry: the Politics of Diagnosis* (Basic Books), says that psychiatrists may find the justification for a reversal of their 1973 decision from within their own ranks, since many psychiatric training programs continue to teach homosexuality as a mental illness.

Bayer also says that the decision to remove homosexuality from the list of mental disorders did not mean that homosexuality was considered "normal" or "desirable," but was in part a recognition that its listing as a mental illness conflicted with a growingly tolerant society.

The reversal of the decade-old opinion on homosexuality was a major event in psychiatry, Bayer writes, prompting the only referendum within the professional organization over whether diagnostic specialists had adequately performed their job or capitulated to gay political demands.

"Psychiatry really does reflect the values of society," Bayer said in a *Sentinel* interview. "That cuts two ways. It argues that psychiatry should not be backward looking, but it cuts the other way when society begins to support less progressive values. If society turns mean, that will have an impact on psychiatry."

"We don't know what the mood of the country will turn to in the next three or four years," Bayer said. "It is not propitious, especially in the areas of civil rights. We're in for really rough times."

"It's not a one-to-one relationship, and it's a real mistake to say if the mood in the country turns anti-gay, psychiatry will turn around on a dime and reverse their position," Bayer noted. "The ability of psychiatrists to maneuver is time limited unless society at large moves. It becomes very difficult to hang on."

"If the timing had been different, if the debate over listing homosexuality as a mental disorder surfaced today, the APA would not have taken the stand it did," Bayer said.

"Psychiatrists told me that society had a responsibility to throw its weight in the interests of the heterosexual, in the interests of children," Bayer said. "Those who say homosexuality is on a par with heterosexuality are an extreme minority."

"There are a number of training programs and many, many residency programs that still teach homosexuality as a disorder," Bayer pointed out. "In some ways, that is more crucial than the official position of the APA."

In his book, Bayer writes at length about the importance of the APA decision to gay civil rights and the effect of the 1973 decision in creating a major alliance between the APA and gays where once there had been strong animosity. APA officials have lent support in both court cases and congressional and local hearings in the interests of gay equality.

Bayer says, however, that the psychiatric community may be expected to start drawing a line in cases where gays advocate they are "as good as" non-gays. The impact of that, Bayer said, would be felt in child custody cases, employment of teachers, and accepting gay groups on university campuses.

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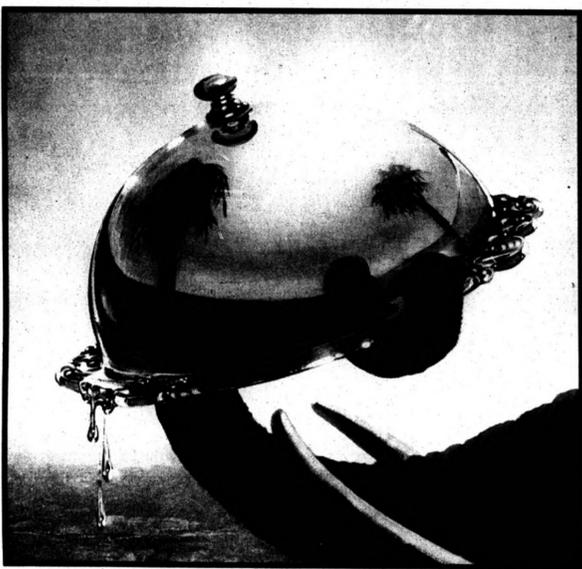
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Gay Sailor Petitions U.S. Supreme Court

(Washington, D.C.) Dennis Beller, a naval weatherman discharged from the Navy solely because of his acknowledged homosexuality, petitioned the United States Supreme Court this week to hear his appeal from the decision of the Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals that homosexuality is in itself a constitutionally sufficient justification for discharge from the Armed

Forces. Although Beller's service record was described by the courts below as "distinguished," his discharge was upheld on the grounds that the presence of homosexual persons "seriously impairs the accomplishment of the military mission."

According to Don Knutson, legal director of Gay Rights Advocates, the petition asks the high court to resolve

the conflict between this case and *Matlovich v. Secretary of the Air Force*. In *Matlovich*, the Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia held that articulated reasons must be provided to justify military discharges. That case ended with a \$160,000 payment to Sgt. Matlovich, who was discharged solely because of his homosexuality.

The question to be resolved by the court is whether the Armed Forces may discharge a person solely because he or she belongs to a certain class of persons, or whether constitutionally sufficient reasons must be given why he or she is incompetent or unsuitable to serve in the military.

"The constitutional law of this country should recognize proof of a 'nexus' between a person's sexual orientation and his or her occupational qualifications before public employment, including military service, can be denied," Knutson said. He emphasized: "Decision by the court of this question is especially important in light of new Department of Defense regulations issued in January which require the discharge, not only of those persons proven to have engaged in homosexual acts, but those who intend or desire to engage in such acts."

Feinstein Announces Two Gay Appointments

Robert Tripton

(San Francisco) *Sentinel* Publisher Charles Lee Morris was recently appointed along with five other individuals by Mayor Dianne Feinstein to San Francisco's Holocaust Memorial Committee, a special citizens' group organized to develop a memorial to victims of the Nazi genocide of World War II. "It is my intention to make the committee as broadly representative of San Francisco's diverse population as possible," the Mayor said. "In keeping with President Carter's 1979 executive order creating the United States Holocaust Memorial Council."

Mr. Morris and special Assistant to the Mayor Steve Stratton are thus far the only gays on the council. It has been estimated that at least 200,000 homosexuals were executed by the Nazis during the war.

Other new members of the committee are Dimitri N. Vedensky, Jr., an architect and member of the Art Commission; Walter Newman, a business consultant and Redevelopment Agency commissioner; Amy Meyer of the Recreation and Park Commission and chair of the Golden Gate National Recreation Area; Ed Sandoval, state and national president of the Mexican-American Political Association; and Rabbi Allen Barnett of the Conference on Religion, Race and Social Concerns.

Another prominent gay was appointed by the Mayor to the new Elec-

tions Committee—or "Board; they haven't decided what to call themselves," said Jim Foster, a founder of the Alice B. Toklas Democratic Club. Foster, who has been involved in local and state campaigns and is a delegate to the Democratic National Convention, quipped that his nomination was "like putting the fox in charge of the chicken coop." The duties of the Election Committee will be to oversee the Registrar's Office to insure that the election procedure is followed and to invest voter complaints and allegations of voting fraud, among other duties.

S.F. Council of Churches Defends Gays in Open Letter

The Board of Directors of the San Francisco Council of Churches wish to declare their concern at the recent declaration that out-of-town clergy and laity are planning an extensive campaign to combat "immorality" in our city—they see immorality. We wish to speak out—as members of Christian churches in San Francisco—because:

1. A number of the spokespersons for this campaign have directly or indirectly espoused violence against our citizens. The San Francisco Council of Churches has always opposed violence

and issued a position paper on this matter in 1977. Our opposition to violence is based on our belief that violence is contrary to the gospel of Jesus Christ. The Lord told Peter to put up his sword. Love is the theme of the Saviour. We are not to use weapons of hate, distortions and prejudice.

2. The expressed purpose of this campaign is to drive homosexual citizens from our city, denying their rights as citizens. The San Francisco Council of Churches, while its members have differing views on the homosexual lifestyle, has agreed that every citizen has equal rights in our city, regardless of sexual preference. The council has expressed this when propositions were on the ballot denying these rights. We have declared our concern for the rights of all, because we believe that God has created every one of us in His image; because our Lord accepted the people of His day with differing lifestyles (only opposing loudly the rich and the judgmental clergy who oppressed the ordinary citizens); and because Christ's death and resurrection were to make every person a whole, human being with the rights God intended for him or her.

3. The judgmental nature of such a campaign is contrary to the gospel of Jesus Christ. The Lord told those who were about to stone the adulterous woman, "He who is without sin, let him cast the first stone." Forgiveness in Christ is the center of the gospel, and His love is the motivating power for change and life. Christians, standing beneath the cross and viewing the empty tomb, are honestly struggling with homosexuality in our age. We believe any kind of dealing with this matter apart from God's grace and mercy is in danger of perverting the gospel.

4. We are disturbed that those who espouse such a campaign say very little about the suffering of the poor, the hungry, the homeless, the oppressed, the handicapped, the elderly, the sick, the dying, the dying. They come from suburbia knowing little about the stress and strain of urban living—about loneliness in the city, about the struggle on the streets about the struggle to be proud of oneself while respecting and understanding people of an altogether different ethnic background and culture—and about the helplessness of knowing suburbia is not the answer. We want Christ to walk the city streets of San Francisco, giving a cup of water, clothing the naked, inviting the little people to sup with Him. We know that the people of Nazareth were ready to throw Jesus off a cliff for describing His words as a ministry of help, support, love and care. We are ready to take that chance, also.

Silver Blows Mines In Tearoom Dispute

Dick Hasbany

(San Francisco) The widespread negative response that has greeted her letter to U.S. Representative Lou C. Hinson prompted Supervisor Carol Ruth Silver to call a press conference Monday and defend her action. The flap began shortly after Silver requested on February 9 that the clerk of the Board of Supervisors send a letter of sympathy to the Mississippi representative, who was arrested two weeks ago for homosexual activity in a U.S. House of Representatives office building.

The reaction has included a barrage of letters and phone calls to the Supervisor's office and critical editorials in both the *Chronicle* and *Examiner*. In its February 12 comment, the *Examiner* took Silver to task for making "a fool of the city" by going on record for something that is not its business. Silver discounted the criticism on Monday, pointing out that letters have gone out on Board stationery in the

past on such topics as anti-semitism in France and fruit flies in Santa Clara County.

Silver's colleagues on the Board itself have seemed eager to dissociate themselves from the letter. At the supervisors' meeting this week, Quentin Kopp asked to have the record show he neither approved of the letter nor was even in the room when Silver proposed it. Board President Molinari got the supervisors to agree to have the Rules Committee study a 1939 resolution prohibiting policy letters on matters over which the body has no jurisdiction. Through the entire affair, gay Supervisor Harry Britt seemed to want to dissociate Hinson and his alleged acts from the gay community.

Obviously feeling abused, misunderstood and a victim of "distortion and sensationalization by the media," Silver provided a whole sheaf of material to reporters at her Washington's Birthday conference, material ranging from FBI crime statistics to a review of research on the psychological characteristics of men who engage in public restroom, or tearoom, sex.

Agreeing that police should act on complaints about sex in public places, Silver recommended what she called "appropriate police response." More appropriate than plainclothes surveillance, she said, might be a uniformed officer's posting a notice in the restroom involved in the complaint. The notice would say that the restroom was being watched. Uniformed officers would then occasionally drop in to make their presence obvious.

This type of response is in keeping, Silver said, with ACLU and San Francisco Bar Association statements declaring that victimless crimes should not be subjected to criminal prosecution.

Chief Murphy Appoints Gay Liaison

(San Francisco) San Francisco Police Chief Con Murphy took a step that may help improve police-gay relations January 28 when he assigned Officer Paul Seidler to serve as liaison between the department and the gay community. Seidler's assignment places him in the eight-member Community Relations Unit and marks the first time there has been a liaison to the gay and lesbian community since June 1979, when the unit was disbanded under Chief Charles Gain. Chief Murphy re-established the unit in September 1980. Its purpose is to assign officers to work with various San Francisco communities on their particular problems or needs regarding police enforcement.

Seidler, a native San Franciscan, requested to be assigned to the Community Relations Unit, although he did not specifically request the gay liaison role. Seidler told the *Sentinel* that he became convinced of his ability to work with people in his last assignment as a beat-patrol officer on outer Sacramento in the Richmond. A good portion of his 14 years on the force have been spent on beat-patrol assignments, including one in the Castro- and 18th-Street area in the early 1970s. Seidler says he has been working to get to know the lesbian and gay community better and to become better known by attending gay functions ranging from the Cable Car Awards to the 1981 Motorcycle Awards. He called on the community to let him know of concerns and problems relating to police by calling the Community Relations Unit at 553-1345.

Matlovich Switches Parties and Finds Conservative Coalition

(San Francisco) Gay activist Leonard Matlovich, the former Air Force sergeant who won a \$160,000 settlement against the military, gave \$3,000 to and announced formation of "Cornerstone," a conservative coalition "founded to protect and defend the Bill of Rights."

Matlovich, who recently changed his voter affiliation from Democratic to Republican, also handed his voter-registration receipts to the new organization. Cornerstone's co-founders are Duke Armstrong, president of Community Better and to become better known by attending gay functions ranging from the Cable Car Awards to the 1981 Motorcycle Awards. He called on the community to let him know of concerns and problems relating to police by calling the Community Relations Unit at 553-1345.

Cornerstone, still in its formative stages, claims to be nonpartisan, its members solicited from "all walks of life." Its founders promise to use

fundraising revenue to create a national "civics class" to reacquaint citizens with the Bill of Rights and the Constitution.

In a CRIR press release, Armstrong deplored the activities of the Moral Majority and other far-right Republicans. "As Republicans, we cannot help but defend their right to say and believe in what they may, but we do wish for the citizens of San Francisco, California and the United States to realize" that CRIR "believes these groups are intent upon denying the constitutional guarantees of due process and equal protection to a minority whose singular sin is to be different."

"That a theocratic organization would attempt to dictate the laws of our nation is repugnant," Armstrong said.

PEOPLE

Vito Russo

A wedding announcement was sent last month by actor William Atherton, who starred in John Schlesinger's *Day of the Locust* and Richard Brooks' *Looking for Mr. Goodbar*. Atherton described himself as a "former homosexual" thanks to the philosophy of Eli Segal, founder of Aesthetic Realism, who taught him to "come back from H."

Atherton and his new wife signed themselves "victims of the press" on the marriage notice. Nobody can remember the name of the bride.

For every door that slams shut, a window opens. Pulitzer Prize-winning playwright Landford Wilson officially comes out of the closet in an interview with Felice Picano in the April issue of *Christopher Street* magazine. Referring to the gay couple in his latest play *Fifth of July*, he tells Picano "it was really exciting for me to write about a relationship that was vaguely like the world I knew."

Meanwhile, Picano recently covered the demise of New York's legendary disco *Flamingo* for the *Soho Weekly News*. "The crowd that made Flamingo what it was has grown up," said one disco bunny to Picano. "We're all out busy making money and getting famous. I mean, who do you know who can afford to get wasted two days out of every week anymore? When you're drying out, you find that you have a dozen out-of-town business calls waiting for you." Or a subpoena.



Michel Serrault and Ugo Tognazzi

Drag isn't doing as well on the screen this season. *La Cage Aux Folles II* has been blasted by most of the New York critics, despite good reviews for the comic acting of Michel Serrault as the hysterical Albin and Ugo Tognazzi as his long-suffering lover Renato. One review was called, "Just when you thought it was safe to put on a dress again," and another called Albin and Renato "hysterotypical nannies—sexless, scared, laughable misfits who make gays out to be uninteresting swishes." It will probably gross a fortune.

Actor Richard Dreyfuss didn't want to see any reporters while shooting the hospital scenes for *Whose Life Is It Anyway?* at MGM. So when he spotted journalist Arthur Bell taking notes on the set, he screamed, "What the hell are you doing on this set?"

Arthur replied that he had been recruited to play a gay paraplegic "to make your life miserable, Richard," then asked the actor to lunch. "Only if I can bring my girlfriend," shot back the actor. "You know how people talk." Oh, yeah?



Three of the six Bloolips

Bloolips, a group of six tap-dancing, gender-fuck drag queens from London, were a smash hit in New York all through December and are set for a return engagement at the Orpheum Theater in March, to be followed by a cross-country tour ending in San Francisco. *Bette Bourne*, head diva of the group which garnered rave reviews in the Gotham press, said that they had a little trouble going through customs



Richard Gere

Straight actors are beginning to accept gay roles with a lot less fuss than they used to, though gay actors still won't touch them. After leaving his role as a gay Vietnam vet in *Fifth of July*, Chris (Superman) Reeve will play Michael Caine's lover in *Deathtrap*. Caine last played a gay antique dealer married to Maggie Smith in the film version of Neil Simon's *California Suite*.

Richard Gere will repeat his role of a homosexual concentration-camp victim in the film version of *Martin Sherman's Bent*, now announced with director Costa-Gavras.

James Caan has asked for \$1 1/2 million to play a straight cop with a gay partner in a new film called *Partners*. Paramount, originally scheduled to shoot the film, didn't want to pay that sum all at once, so now the project is at MGM, which will pay Caan in one lump sum. The gay cop hasn't been cast yet, but they're talking about Henry Winkler.

Twentieth Century-Fox's *Making Love*, scheduled to begin shooting on February 23, is about a handsome, 30-year-old, married doctor who falls in love with a West Hollywood clone and comes out to his wife and family. Michael Okean, the Canadian actor who stripped down to his jockstrap in *Siaphop*, will play the doctor, and Harry Hamlin, who looked pretty good in boxing shorts in *Movie*, will play the promiscuous hunk from Boys' Town who can't be tamed. Keep your eye on this one.

Finally, the off-screen couple of the week turned up at the Chelsea Central Restaurant in Manhattan last week and sat down 10 feet away from yours truly. Richard Cox, who played the killer in *Cruising*, sat at a quiet corner table with Al Pacino. I wrote "Stop the movie *Cruising*" on my tablecloth with a crayon, but the waiter kept covering it up with dishes. I hope neither of them walked home alone.

Playwright Robert Patrick was the guest speaker at the recent gay press convention at New York's Roosevelt Hotel. He told a crowd of 80 gay editors from all over the country that he has the answer to the survival of the gay press. "More flesh! Give 'em more flesh!" if necessary, put in a serious pull-out section that they can throw away."

Joe DiSibato, head of Rivendell Marketing, a company that sells advertising for the gay press, had a more serious solution. "The trouble with the gay press," he said, "is that it has a hippie mentality. This is not 1968. If gay people can show economic clout, respect will follow." Oh, yeah?

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Sentinel Writers Take Top Honors at Cable Car Awards

Brian Hawkins

(San Francisco) Two of the three 1980 Cable Car Awards recognizing outstanding achievement in journalism went to *Sentinel* news and entertainment writers. In addition, *Sentinel* "On Life!" columnist Randy Alfred received a special award of merit for his investigation of CBS News' breach of journalistic standards in the television documentary *Gay Power, Gay Politics*.

Larry Bush, the *Sentinel's* Washington, D.C. correspondent, was honored for his outstanding contributions to news writing. He shared the award with freelance writer Pat Calafia, whose work has appeared in the *Advocate*.

Sentinel writer Steve Beery took top honors in the entertainment category for his film and theater criticism. The award for social/humorous journalism was shared by Wayne Friday of the *Bay Area Reporter* and Dean Gengle of the *Alternate*.

Rights Award, named for the late civil rights worker and humanitarian. Accepting her award, Daley told the audience, "It's nice to know I have your love, because you've always had mine."

The presenter of the award, Police Commissioner Jane Murphy, had earlier elicited laughter from the crowd with her introduction of Daley by confiding that they had been roommates last summer at the New York Democratic Convention—"But don't get excited," Murphy joked, "I didn't see much of her."

In his acceptance speech, Williams reiterated his long-standing support of gay causes and urged the gay community to respond to the needs of the poor and minorities. "Use your freedom; live your freedom; be your freedom," he exhorted.

The Harvey Milk Community Service Award, which, like the Langston award, was voted by the event's board of directors, was presented to the seven San Francisco delegates to the 1980 Democratic Convention.

Thirteen awards were voted by public

Gay Freedom Day Parade Committee. There were seven honorary awards, voted by the board of directors.

Emceeding the proceedings at the Japan Center Theatre was writer Artimead Maupin. "The special award for Best Impromptu Tongue-in-Cheek Performance by a Public Servant goes to Rep. John Hinson of Mississippi," joked Maupin to the capacity crowd of 1,000. "I know you have to kiss ass in Congress," he continued, "but isn't this carrying it just a bit too far?"

Most popular award presenter of the evening, judging from audience



Jaguar bookstore owner Ron Ernst (center) jokes with friends during intermission at the Cable Car Show.

Twirling Corps, David Kelsey and Pure Trash, Rosie Radiator's Tap Troupe and cabaret performer Michael Greer. Cable Car Awards producer and

noceros. Achievement in Musical Theatre: *Mame*, Jerry Herman, Robert Michael Productions. Community Contribution by a Bar: New Bell Saloon/Red Eye Saloon. Individual Contribution to a Leather/Fraternal Organization: B.A.R. Publisher Bob Ross. Contribution to Athletics: Mark Brown.

Achievement in General News Journalism: Larry Bush, the *Sentinel*; Pat Calafia, the *Advocate*. Achievement in Entertainment Journalism: Steve Beery, the *Sentinel*. Achievement in Social/Humorous Journalism: Wayne Friday, B.A.R.; Dean Gengle, the *Alternate*.

Voted by public balloting: Achievement in Cabaret Entertainment: David Kelsey and Pure Trash, New Bell Saloon. Achievement in a One-Person Show: Sharon McNight, Charles Pierce, the Plush Room. Concert Event: Command Performance, Louise M. Davies Hall. Event by a Leather/Fraternal Organization: CMC Carnival, California Motor Club. Achievement in Photojournalism:



The Cable Car Committee honored Mark Brown for his contribution to athletics.

response, were city Supervisors Carol Ruth Silver and Richard Hongisto, who presented the honorary award for Outstanding Contribution to Community Well-Being to Community United Against Violence (CUAV) and the San Francisco Street Monitors, Inc. Photographer Greg Day, accepting the Photojournalism Award for his news photograph entitled "Memorial March for Moscone and Milk," used the podium to express concern over the maligned status of gay freelance photographers, whose work he claimed, often appears uncredited in the gay press. Entertainment for the evening was provided by the San Francisco Gay Freedom Day Marching Band and

organizer Bob Cramer estimated that over \$5,000 was taken in proceeds from ticket sales for the show. The money will, in turn, be donated to gay-related charities.

A complete list of award winners follows.

Voted by subject committee/Judges: Community Contribution by a Leather/Fraternal Organization: The Valley Knights of Sacramento. Sportsman of the Year: Frances Culmore. Sportsman of the Year: Skip Anderson. Community Contribution by a Business: Terrific Graphics. Achievement in Drama: *Forever After*, Doric Wilson, Theatre Rhi-

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Greg Day. Charity Fundraising Event: Command Performance, Gay Rights Advocates and Golden Gate Performing Arts. Disco Theme Party: Sylvester's Birthday Party, Dreamland. Poster Design: Black Dawn/Folsom Fantasies, Rick Rediske. Achievement in Business Advertising: Trinity Place, Image Development. Competition Guild: Beaux Arts Ball, Tavern Guild. Theme Decorations for a Bar: Night Sun; the Starlight Room. Sporting Event: Tricycle Race, the Mint.

Voted by the Gay Freedom Day Committee: Freedom Day Award: City of Hayward. Best Theme Float: City of Fresno. Most Inspirational Float: The Women's Float. Most Creative Float: The Jaguar Bookstore.

Most Entertaining Ensemble: The Gay Band of Los Angeles. Most Humorous Ensemble: Lavender Harmony Band. Flash Award: Trocadero Transfer. Out-of-State Award: City of Denver, Colorado.

Voted by the board of directors: Dorothy Langston Human Rights Award: Ann Daley; Rev. Cecil Williams. Award of Merit: Randy Alfred. Special Recognition Award: The Friends of the Women's Building. Harvey Milk Community Service Award: The delegates to the 1980 Democratic Convention (Supervisor Harry Britt, Gwen Craig, Larry Eppinette, Jim Foster, Bill Kraus, Anne Kronenberg, Mike Thistle).

Yonge and Wellesley is an intersection at the heart of what has come to be known as Toronto's gay ghetto. It is also one of the busiest intersections downtown. By midnight there were 300 people there blowing whistles, brandishing signs, chanting, "No more raids!" and "Stop the cops!" Half an hour later that number had swollen to 1,500. With the first illegal step into the intersection, the street was the crowd's. The police, undermanned and apparently unprepared, could do little but re-route traffic.

Rally organizers had intended to head for police headquarters at 590 Jarvis, but the mood of the crowd was inexorably for the south, where Toronto could see them.

Yonge Street, usually a river of bumper-to-bumper traffic, was a canyon echoing to the shouts, screams and whistles of an advancing crowd the full width of the street. A man jumped up

onto the roof of an engulfed car and did a disco turn before leaping back into the crowd. The first signs of trouble came just north of Dundas Street. Cop cars were parked in the middle of the street, angled to form a kind of barricade. It didn't work. A windshield cracked under a few sharp blows. Two men stood and pished on one of the cars. Suddenly there was a scuffle beside a cinema—it was unclear what happened, but it seemed a straight man had attacked one of the marchers. A cop tried to intervene, and all hell broke loose—the crowd apparently thought the cop was the attacker and surged at him, fists flying. Three other cops tried to force themselves through the crowd, but simply ended up being trapped with the first one, pinned against a store wall, hopelessly outnumbered and fighting back. It looked like the first blood of the evening would flow here until enough marshals forced their way in and broke it up.

The atmosphere got uglier—by this time the march had attracted a peripheral crowd of 20 to 30 straight men. As the crowd surged towards Police 52 Division chanting, "Fuck you, 52! Fuck you, 52!" they countered with "Fuck the queers! Fuck the queers!" In a final desperate and quixotic gesture, the straight men linked arms and tried to block University Avenue. By that time it was 30 against 3,000 and no contest—a short scuffle, and they scattered.

As the crowd reached the 52 Division, the stabbing lights of the TV crews picked out an astonishing sight—cops, 195 of them, standing shoulder to shoulder, completely blocking the front of the building. Their line didn't break—even when the crowd gave them a Nazi salute and spat in their faces.

The Ontario legislature was a scant 10 minutes away and had been the focus of a particular hatred in the last six weeks, since all three political parties backed away from an opportunity to legislate human rights for gay people. The crowd seethed up University Avenue, and the front line of marshals had more and more difficulty trying to contain it. They linked arms, stretching themselves across the front; but as the thousands of marchers took their first step onto the expanse of lawn that sweeps up to the legislature, the front line crumbled. Nothing could hold people back. They ran, hundreds of dark figures against the snow, heading for the massive oak doors of the legislative assembly.

Dozens of bodies threw themselves repeatedly against the doors, and even people halfway back in the crowd reported seeing the doors vibrate and



The Sisters of Perpetual Indulgence were on their best behavior throughout the glittering proceedings.

Police Pillage

(continued from front page)

that gay? They did that. But he never identified himself as a cop. I was never told I was under arrest."

It was, of course, also happening at the Club and the Roman. Four of the city's five gay baths were pillaged in about three hours—the climax, according to police, of six months of investigations which led them to conclude that "acts of prostitution and indecent acts" had taken place.

It was a pillage. The damage to the premises is now estimated at \$35,000, and photographs taken within hours of the raids vividly corroborate the testimony of men who say the police used hammers, crowbars and shears to smash through doors, shatter mirrors, rip apart mattresses and wrench the doors off lockers. Holes were kicked in walls at random.

Police Chief Jack Ackroyd said he approved both the investigation and the raids—and in one swift stroke destroyed whatever credibility he has as the "liberal friend to minorities" chosen to replace former Chief Adamson. The rumor is also afoot that approval for the raids came finally from Attorney General Roy McMurtry.

By noon on Friday, a hastily arranged meeting at *The Body Politic's* offices brought together representatives from the Coalition for Gay Rights in Ontario, the Right to Privacy Committee and the Metropolitan Community Church. By 4 p.m. the organization was in place—there was a sound truck, marshals were recruited from graduates of the gay self-defense course and 4,000 leaflets were ready for distribution.

"Enough is enough," they said. "Protest. Yonge and Wellesley. Midnight tonight."

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hearing the hollow booming. But that sound was the signal for the police to come down with a viciousness they'd held in check until then. A wedge of some 20 officers forced its way through the crowd, and punching, kicking and shoving, they beat the demonstrators back. One man's face was bloodied. Another shouted that his sister had been hit over and over again by a cop. But the clash left both sides stunned, and organizers took the opportunity to encourage people to leave—in groups, for their own safety.

It was 2:30 a.m. Eleven people had been arrested during the preceding 2½ hours—two for assaulting a police officer, one for damage to public property, one on a drug charge and seven with breach of the peace. One policeman was slightly injured. At least one police car had its windshield cracked and its headlights kicked in. A streetcar had four windows smashed.

But most of the damage was on the other side. However, complaints about police brutality will probably go nowhere, largely because many police rendered themselves unidentifiable by removing their badges and flash numbers. Although photographs of the events showed officers with neither badges nor flash numbers, Deputy Chief Jack Marks said his investigations had satisfied him that all officers were wearing either one or the other. The investigation seemed to have taken less than a day.

Attorney General McMurtry's response to a Canadian Civil Liberties Association request for an independent inquiry into the police's actions was acrimonious police commission meeting February 12. The answer, coming at the end of a seven-page letter allegedly full of outright lies, was "no." Since one speaker after another had called for such an independent inquiry, there were shocked cries of "Shame!" and "Resign!" after the announcement was made.

During many of the presentations, Commissioner Winfield McKay smirked or conspicuously yawned. Other commissioners talked among themselves or stared impassively as Brent Hawkes referred them to a Toronto *Star* story that day revealing that the police operating budget for 1981 is requesting a total of \$7.5 million for the intelligence and morality bureaus together, while asking for a scant \$1 million for homicide investigation. There are at least eight unsolved murders of gay men in Toronto.

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Zone

(continued from front page)

going to do. I tried to talk him out of it. I think it's going to set back sincere Christians' attempts to minister to the gay community."

Sandra Ostby, a director of Christian Voice, a Seaside-based group that Zone left in October to form In God We Trust, said she wants to clearly dissociate Christian Voice from Zone's organization, even though she insists that she respects Zone personally. "I think, frankly, that Richard was looking for an issue with which to build In God We Trust, and the homosexual issue always brings out conservative support," she told the *Sentinel*.

The Christian Voice's agenda has a more national focus and has as priorities a return to prayer in public schools and gearing up for the 1982 congressional races. These, along with an effort to prohibit federal funds for abortion and an attack on television sex and violence, places Christian Voice more closely in line with the agenda of Jerry Falwell's Moral Majority. For the time being, these two groups and others, like the Moral Majority of California, seem more willing to attack homosexual rights through a federal family protection act than through a direct assault in San Francisco or elsewhere.

How this fundamentalist division and relative isolation of In God We Trust may affect Zone's campaign is uncertain, but the gay community seemed to be taking the threat of a morality campaign aimed at homosexuals in San Francisco very seriously. "These people believe they have God's authority to do anything to defeat the enemies of God," Supervisor (and former Methodist minister) Harry Britt said Thursday. "Salvation is at stake, and in light of that, little things like nonviolence and civil rights are a fair fight."

An effort to create an effective response by the gay and religious communities began almost immediately after the first segment of the KRON documentary. On Friday groups of gay leaders and community members met in separate meetings called by Britt and Paul Hardman, editor of the *Voices*, to discuss ways to combat the Christian Right in general and Zone's campaign in particular. Aside from a move to urge the IRS and the state attorney general to investigate the groups' tax status, few concrete moves seemed appropriate yet. The group meeting with Britt will continue to meet on a fairly regular basis to monitor the cam-

aign as it develops. "The community will be able to put into effect a 'No on 6' kind of campaign within 24 hours if we have to," Britt said.

A few fairly concrete responses did emerge from various people and groups, however. Mayor Feinstein issued a statement on February 11 calling the crusaders "self-proclaimed avengers" and suggesting that "they cancel their threatened blitz of hate mail and media, save their money and contemplate the teaching of the Bible to 'love thy neighbor.'" Republican leaders Duke Armstrong and Kevin Wadsworth announced Wednesday the formation of a conservative coalition called Cornerstone to protect and defend the Bill of Rights.

The Community United Against Violence (CUAV) announced last night the creation of a task force to deal with the violence that might be provoked during a campaign against homosexuals and the gay-rights ordinance. Randy Shells, who will serve with David Hummel as head of the new CUAV task force, told the *Sentinel* that specific plans will be published in a couple of weeks. Currently he and Hummel will be collecting information about such things as inflammatory fliers and mailings, what tactics should be pursued if street preachers begin to appear again in gay areas of the city, etc.

The city's religious community, both straight and gay, began this week to make plans to show that the fundamentalists do not speak for the Christian community as a whole and that the more liberal Christian churches will not sit idly by. (See the statement by the Council of Churches.)

Despite a sense that any anti-gay campaign will stir up homophobic feelings and thus create the possibility of increased violence, there was also a sense that now that the long-anticipated campaign had actually taken some kind of shape, a creative response could be developed. Harry Britt summed up the feeling: "The fact that we know they are coming to San Francisco allows us finally to go on the offensive," he said.

Similarly, the *Sentinel's* Dick Hasbany first reported that USF had cancelled a feminist conference scheduled for the campus because of a high lesbian participation. The *Chronicle* re-wrote the story the next day, slightly altering quotes without contacting the people quoted and without giving any credit to the *Sentinel* or Hasbany, a flagrantly unethical, though typical, disregard for the alternative press. Most gay reaction, however, came in response to the stories in the straight press, not to the original news story in the *Sentinel*.

anti-anti-gay) stance was coupled in a dense editorial, however, with a condemnation of Carol Ruth Silver for having sent a letter of sympathy to Rep. Jim Hinson for his "oral sodomy" arrest. The merits of that issue aside, by pairing the two separate issues together the *Examiner* showed its distaste for "extremists" on both sides. With the title "Inundated in Foolishness," the paper showed its affiliation with the straight, conservative middle class.

The *Examiner's* exploitation of gays was most evident in its account of the Las Vegas Hilton fire, allegedly started by a gay busboy. Its incredible headline read, "Sex Act Sparks Blaze." The *Chronicle* followed the *Examiner's* lead with its "Fire Started During Gay Sex." All this would be funny were it not written at the same time that gays here were being called criminals hell-bent on destroying society. One could hear the future battle cry against godless gay arsonists.

What does all this sound and fury add up to? Most disturbing is that gays registered surprise and shock to the statements of the fundamentalists. The Moral Majority, Inc., and its clones have made no secret of what they would like to do to gays. That Channel 4 could consider it news only reflects the extent to which it has systematically ignored gay-related stories. Gays, however, through countless gay press sources, have been exposed to the rumblings of this threat for years. Yet gays respond to KRON's report with surprise. Why?

Gays not only are held hypnotic prisoners of the power of television, as are most Americans these days, but they continue to wait for their lives to be legitimized by the larger straight world. The gay press reported weeks ago that our allies in Sacramento were being besieged by anti-gay Christian lobbyists, yet gays made no response until the straight press mentioned it.

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anti-anti-gay) stance was coupled in a dense editorial, however, with a condemnation of Carol Ruth Silver for having sent a letter of sympathy to Rep. Jim Hinson for his "oral sodomy" arrest. The merits of that issue aside, by pairing the two separate issues together the *Examiner* showed its distaste for "extremists" on both sides. With the title "Inundated in Foolishness," the paper showed its affiliation with the straight, conservative middle class.

The *Examiner's* exploitation of gays was most evident in its account of the Las Vegas Hilton fire, allegedly started by a gay busboy. Its incredible headline read, "Sex Act Sparks Blaze." The *Chronicle* followed the *Examiner's* lead with its "Fire Started During Gay Sex." All this would be funny were it not written at the same time that gays here were being called criminals hell-bent on destroying society. One could hear the future battle cry against godless gay arsonists.

What does all this sound and fury add up to? Most disturbing is that gays registered surprise and shock to the statements of the fundamentalists. The Moral Majority, Inc., and its clones have made no secret of what they would like to do to gays. That Channel 4 could consider it news only reflects the extent to which it has systematically ignored gay-related stories. Gays, however, through countless gay press sources, have been exposed to the rumblings of this threat for years. Yet gays respond to KRON's report with surprise. Why?

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An Interview with Christopher Isherwood

Mona Simpson

Christopher Isherwood will give a reading of his works to benefit Gay Rights Advocates. Isherwood will appear in Nourse Auditorium Sunday, February 22 at 7:30 p.m. Telephone 865-9157 for information.

Sentinel: Why are you willing to speak for the Gay Rights Advocates of San Francisco?

Isherwood: If you were a Jew, wouldn't you stand up for the Jews? And I'm gay. As a matter of fact, I'm vice president of a gay organization—Institute for Human Relations. It's connected with one. It's largely concerned with lecturing, spreading clear information on the gay situation.

Sentinel: What do you feel people should know, but don't, about being gay?

Isherwood: The obvious answer is that gayness is a variation on normality. Normality only means usualness. Being gay is not some sort of social crime. We have ghastly ways of reducing the population. Famine, starvation, disease. Heaven knows this all bores me to tears.

I'm desperately concerned with the election of Reagan and with the Moral Majority. I do think they are sinister. They ought not drag religion into politics in that tone of voice and make it an excuse for hating someone. All those hate preachings influence people who are emotionally disturbed. Increases random violence. There are people who are sick and highly dangerous. This kind of propaganda gives them aid or comfort. Of course, all this applies to the Jews, too, or any minority.

Sentinel: How do you feel about being gay now?

Isherwood: At the age of 76, I'm not at the very forefront of the battle. I use, of course, whatever weapons I have—reputation and being old. Being old has clouded. You have a good deal of authority. People think old people tend to be wise.

Sentinel: How about your writing interests? Have they changed as you've grown older?

Isherwood: I don't feel my interests have changed. I've increasingly realized that all I know, if I know anything, is about myself. Writing has become more and more autobiographical. I'm writing another autobiographical book in a series of three. *Carlteen and Frank* is a study of social class in England. *Christopher and His Kind* was about my days in Berlin and wonderings about Europe. *And My Guru and His Disciple*. Now I've got other masses of stuff. More than half my life has been spent working as a writer. Working with Quakers, about the war. All those things. What I suffer at the moment is an embarrassment of riches. An enormous amount of material in diaries. If I should not live, it wouldn't matter tremendously. Of course, I could comment on the diaries. I do that in *Christopher and His Kind*. I like to do that. I'm very interested in autobiography. I don't mean that I'm against inventing things. Part of fiction is simplifying things. The worst of real life is that it is too cluttered. There are too many love affairs, too many uncles. In fiction, you let one or two stand for a dozen, one aunt stand for all your relatives.

I've done a great many screenplays. In general, I've done them for studios. I've always enjoyed writing. I've had a tremendous lot of them never produced at all. The stars went out of fashion. I must have written three, four dozen. Oh, yes, I very much like the fact that the studio system has so much has to be done by other people. Many a slip can therefore be made.

The first one I'd written was shown, thanks to an accident: a young Swedish lady who was not yet famous at that time was Ingrid Bergman. She is one of my great devotions in the movies. She's also, I think, the most beautiful woman I've ever met in my life. I met her in later life. She's very good-humored; she has immense charm.

Sentinel: Is writing easier or harder with age?

Isherwood: I suppose I have a lot more know-how, but there's a question of energy. I've had tremendous struggles getting books finished. It's always a trial-and-error thing. What is it exactly that I want to say? I can't sit down and do it by sheer intellect. I try to provoke myself by writing at all costs, even sloppily, off the top of my head, then it gets more centered as I discover why it was I wanted to write.

Now, all right, I'm going to write a book about 20 years in the States. I never sit down and relentlessly tell it fact by fact. I'll do it in sections. Say everything there is to say about movies. Go right through that. I was also very involved with Jewish refugees from Germany. I never picked anything. I always talk with you about the moment I've tried, I'll know one way was absolutely wrong and another way is relatively right.

Sentinel: Do you write every day?

Isherwood: I make a kind of motion of the will toward writing every day. My guru says, "Oh, just try to think of God occasionally." Another man who



runs a gymnasium told me, "Just touch your toes once a day."

Sentinel: How do you feel about being a writer?

Isherwood: Yeah, sort of. I had a steady stream of lectureships. I was at Berkeley, at Cal Riverside, Santa Barbara, UCLA, USC. But enough is enough. I stuck to early 20th Century British literature. Shaw, Kipling.

Sentinel: Why do you think you became a writer?

Isherwood: I don't know. Not a bad sort of reason. My father wanted me to. My father, through ill luck, got killed in World War I. He was a Sunday painter, a Sunday musician. I think he wrote a little. I think he really wanted me to be a writer. He was very indulgent of my oddities. By that I don't mean being gay, because he died when I was 9½. He saw me in kind of oddball. I later got hold of all his letters. He was a very good kind of hereditary influence. His idea of heaven—he wished he'd met Robert Louis Stevenson in his life. When I later went to Somalia and to the graves, I felt tremendously that I was doing something for him.

Since the family book, I've felt the extraordinary, subtle power of heredity. I think I'm doing something for my parents by writing.

At the moment, I've been very active, but if it doesn't come, it doesn't come. You have to have faith. And faith, of course, is increased by experience. Of course, sometimes you find your idea was a non-idea, at least as far as you were concerned, and you have to abandon it. I gave up a novel that way. It just wasn't working out.

Sometimes I've switched viewpoint. In *A Single Man*, I wanted to write about an Englishman married to a GI and came out here, living with him in the States. How will we approach her? Well, she'll have a son, and I'll be the narrator teaching college, and I'll meet this boy. But it had no charm for me. Why don't you be the central person? I thought. That's an example of what I mean. I wanted to use a theory—college life as a professor. Suddenly I realized I could do it in this other way. He had a lover who was dead, so he was doubly isolated.

You suddenly realize you're trying to tackle the job from the wrong position. It's like a light and a ladder. You put in the light from above instead of below. Quite suddenly a job that was fearfully difficult is comparatively easy.

Sentinel: What do you think of San Francisco?

Isherwood: It's an absolutely magic city. It's the most beautiful city in the world. One can just walk about. But I just can't live in cities. I'm really much happier here. When we lived in London when I was real young, we'd go to Paris. It was a romantic thing. In a way, San Francisco is my Paris. The water, the bay, whole setting, smell of seaweed. I've seen very few places that move me that way. It's wildly romantic.

Sentinel: You've still retained your accent.

Isherwood: I always tell people that the beauty of Californians is they want me to be British. I had a sort of western American kind of accent as long as I was conscious of being a foreigner. But I feel so at home here. I'm a British Californian. I live in an absolute British ghetto in Santa Monica. Tea shops, pubs. It's the greatest concentration of British people of anywhere in the city. I like British food.

Sentinel: How did you choose to live in Los Angeles?

Isherwood: I didn't pick it. Most of my life I never picked anything. I also, Gerald Heard. I stayed because of ties formed. Having met this monk was the single most powerful reason I stayed.

Sentinel: Do you like L.A.?

Isherwood: It's far beyond that. It's utterly my home. I've never lived anywhere so long in my life. I've lived in

this house 21 years. I never lived in a house so long. This is sort of my background. It just sort of suits me down to the ground. In the first place, I'm not a city dweller. This suburban environment is much more my style.

Grand Jury

(continued from front page)

attitudes control the program."

Knob's opinion was disputed by Zeh, who did, however, accept a management ruling that he refrain from similar material in the future.

"People can decide whether I was indiscreet," Zeh said. "By FCC standards, I have probably done worse with the lyrics of some of the Frank Zappa and Cyborg music I have played. I edited out the curse words, but the stuff is pretty tame."

"I think the whole thing against gays is another manifestation of the anxiety we're feeling today," said Rev. Robert Maddox, himself a Southern Baptist minister. "People feel the foundations are being shaken, and this is just another threat we don't know how to deal with."

"They [fundamentalists] just wanted to make it perfectly clear that they felt any kind of homosexuality was the devil and anything Jimmy Carter did to foster them was satanic," said Maddox.

There were rumblings from the far right about the case. "I think it's in fact, there was an ad that ran in Texas that the President was particularly concerned about. So it was there, it was out there, but I don't think I could say it had a significant role. It's not one of the winning political issues nationwide, maybe in certain sectors of the country, but nationwide I don't really think it is. But you don't make your decisions on the basis of those considerations alone. You make them on the basis of what's right and affording justice to people," said Eisenhower.

"I have never heard anybody ascribe the problems of the President or the Senate or the House had, in terms of loss of seats, to this issue," said Eisenhower.

Eisenhower believes that damage over gay-rights issues was minimized because of the administrative debates with the Senate or the House had, in terms of loss of seats, to this issue," said Eisenhower.

"It is using sex like McCarthy used communism to build a power base," said Brown. "It is a first enforcement manifestation that the Moral Majority won the election, that they are feeling their power and translating it into law enforcement."

Station officials said that although response has been generally supportive, some negative reactions against the station were also received.

"We've had people call and cancel on programs they were supposed to do for the station," Daryl Keeling said. "We had one mother and father who refused to bring their child to participate in one of our children's programs. We've had calls from people who have never even heard of WAIF-FM and who say, 'All we want is that gay station off the air.'"

James Applegate, the Hamilton County prosecutor, said he handled the Matlovich case, said his office was not satisfied with the station's decision to forbid segments such as the one on sexual lubricants in the future.

"I regard it very seriously," Applegate said. "I think it's a pretty clear case. You counsel new miscreants, you prosecute felons. If he's guilty, he's a felon." Applegate said he was uncertain whether the case would bring a prison term.

"We have probation available," Applegate said.

Applegate also defended the jurisdiction of Hamilton County in place of the federal government, which traditionally handles broadcast suits, comparing the case to the murder of an FBI agent which might be handled in either local or federal courts.

Exit Interviews with the Carter Administration

Larry Bush

"Our long national nightmare is over," proclaimed Jerry Ford as he took over Nixon's White House. That sentiment is writ large in Washington today, as Ronald Reagan thrusts Jimmy Carter into the past.

For some Reagan voters, part of the national nightmare was Jimmy Carter's open door to gay activists. That, of course, did not defeat Carter, but at a time when the Democratic Party he headed is sorting out what initiatives it will keep and which ones it will throw away, the future for gay advances is unpredictable in both major parties.

Before the door closed on the Carter administration, the *Sentinel* talked with key presidential advisors on what four years of dialogue with the gay community had achieved and what it had cost.

"I think my view did change and mature," Stuart Eisenhower readily admitted. "If you look at the differences between the 1976 and 1980 Democratic platforms, that change is evident. I think that reflects the maturity in the views of a whole range of people."

Eisenhower, who served as Carter's Domestic Policy Staff chief, played the key role in getting Carter's approval for any steps requested by gay leaders. When Carter ran in 1976, it was Eisenhower who blocked a gay rights plank in 1980, he publicly supports it.

"Early in 1977, I met with leaders of the gay community," Eisenhower said. "I was very impressed with the fact that they were not asking people to accept or glorify a particular lifestyle. They were talking in terms of civil rights, and I found that very compelling."

"Compelling or not, Carter's support for any gay initiative was a trauma in some quarters. Looking back, Carter's liaison to religious groups tried to put that into perspective."

"I think the whole thing against gays is another manifestation of the anxiety we're feeling today," said Rev. Robert Maddox, himself a Southern Baptist minister. "People feel the foundations are being shaken, and this is just another threat we don't know how to deal with."

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ence in Democratic Party circles. After the election, Eisenhower gave a major speech at the National Press Club on some future directions for his party. He came out of that with his reputation re-established for political pragmatism after he suggested that the Democratic Party was leaning too far towards special interest groups.

"I was really talking in terms of people with particular fiscal interests who are pressing their individual cases," Eisenhower said. "I did think the women's group went half-step too far in pushing for their minority report."

As far as gay rights go, Eisenhower predicted that the party will not slip back to ignoring gay concerns.

"For one thing, once something like this gets into a platform, it's very hard to get it out," said Eisenhower. "That type of civil rights issue is unlikely to change."

The test ahead, Eisenhower said, is to continue to focus on gay civil rights and avoid debating lifestyle issues.

"The real test is going to be the extent to which the average American can put this issue in that context and not in the lifestyle issue," Eisenhower said. "The gay community is making strides in terms of making a distinction. I think there's a growing recognition of that, but again, those votes in Santa Clara and Miami indicate there is a long way to go."

Of the anti-gay backlashes, Eisenhower said, "I think you've got to take those on. There is a difference between glorifying a lifestyle and explaining it and avoiding public misconceptions about it."

One of the places where misconceptions surfaced frequently was in the office of the Rev. Bob Maddox, Carter's liaison for the church groups. Maddox held the job for the past 19 months, throughout the period when campaign controversy swirled around the rise of the new Christian right.

"I got in a lot of trouble with the conservative religious communities about the gays," said Maddox. "The Moral Majority types need to be much more responsible in the kinds of rhetoric they put out and the way they approach their use. I got a couple of boxes of the most hideous campaign stuff you can imagine, put out by religious groups against Jimmy Carter."

Maddox said much of that material focused on gay.

"It's a terribly unethical way that they tried to raise money, through fear and inflaming people," Maddox said. "They way they go about it and the way they try to get the hands of the far-right political groups causes me a lot of concern."

"I think they're unscrupulous, I think they're out for raw power, and I think they're out for the kind of political righteous anger that the crowd, the crowd or morality as they are about their own political base," said Maddox, himself a Southern Baptist minister from rural northern Georgia.

"It's hard to argue without being put in their camps," Maddox said in response to the suggestion that he defend gay civil rights. "With my life and I do not encourage a gay lifestyle, but there are worse things, I understand that."

"I find myself in the position of saying 'It's civil rights, and what you're doing is not right,'" Maddox said of his behind-the-scenes debates with fundamentalists, "and sounding like I'm encouraging a gay lifestyle. So I get confused, because it puts me where I don't want to be—but if I have to be there, I'll be there. The people out in Peoria find it very hard to make this distinction between supporting the gay lifestyle and supporting their right to do that if they want to."

"Sure, gays ought to have their place in the American sun and not be the some Devil's island somewhere," Maddox said. "I have never been around too many people I knew were gay. I was very pleasantly surprised at the quality of the lives of the gay people who met with me. They are as concerned about the quality of their community as other people are."

"The gay people I met with do not like the bizarre, far-out kinds of things that a lot of gay people do, like the San Francisco parade, those kinds of things," said Maddox. "It causes them as much anguish as they do any of the rest of us in society."

"Among those who feel that anguish," Maddox said, "are Jimmy and Rosalyn Carter."

"I know where they are on it," said Maddox, who is a close personal friend of the former first family. "It's not the kind of lifestyle that they endorse or encourage, but, as president, he would insist that people not be discriminated against on the basis of any kind of external basis."

Maddox recalled one instance where he was called upon to calm fears about the gays and the press. That was when it was widely reported that there were thousands of homosexuals among the Cuban refugees.

"I would have best to put that fire out in the circles where I could, that we had not imported thousands and thousands of Cuban gays," recalled Maddox. He said he had visited Fort Chafee and seen a few gays, but no evidence of

thousands. What he had seen did not bother him. "I'm not too frightened by it."

There were those who were frightened, however, as Maddox remembered. For most of those was the Rev. Bob Jones III, head of a small, fundamentalist South Carolina college that once expelled Billy Graham for being too liberal.

Maddox said that Jones was "sweaty and nervous" when he came to the White House to protest the openness of gay civil rights. It was one of the few times during the interview when Maddox dropped his Christian demeanor and went for the jugular.

"They are a strange people," Maddox said with a half smile. "Now they're under indictment, and the court has revoked their tax-exempt status."

"A lot of these people are living in their own ghetto," Maddox said of the new Christian right. "Conservative religious people have been listening to the same radio stations and talking to themselves and listening to the same preacher and reading the same material and, over the years, have lost sight of the larger world. That does not mean that they will not fare well in the changing political climate," said Maddox.

"I think they've got a very bright future, a very powerful future," said Maddox. "Jerry Falwell, who is a kind of point man for the crowd, has mastered the use of television for the purposes not only of preaching, but for arousing emotions and raising money. He does it effectively and will continue to do so, I think, for a long time to come."

"They are going to try and push their programs. The signals coming out of the Reagan camp are that Mr. Reagan will not oppose them. If bills were to get passed, he would sign them. He has to—he has committed himself to do that."

"For a while we dropped the ball," Maddox reflected. "We let them get hold of television, we let them pick up the issues, and now the rest of us are in the posture of saying, 'Yes, but . . . We'll have to seize the initiative on down the line again.'"

The one office charged with maintaining the relationship was Ann Wexler's, who was responsible for public liaison. Her chief deputy was Michael Chanin, whose most visible public appearance was a debate in front of Gay Voice '80 in Washington. He was all but booted off the stage by the gays and castigated by one new Christian right publication as "the Jew Chanin."

"I think the most singular accomplishment," said Chanin, "was the full involvement the gay community had in the days later I called back to the White office dialing Ann Wexler's old phone number. Now it is Elizabeth Doles's office. I asked the press representative for an appointment to discuss the Reagan administration's position on gay community issues."

Chanin said, "Now you must make sure the gain in civil service reform is maintained and be sure to not get into losing battles. You shouldn't ask for things you can't get. We have to have got to broaden your alliances and recognize that, in our country, many people have not progressed in their thinking."

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the political process." In part that was legitimation, but there is still more to be done.

"I think I would have liked to see the immigration problem resolved," Chanin said of the undone work he leaves behind, "not because of the far-reaching consequences of the way the law is being enforced now, but because of what it stands for."

"I would like to have seen the institution of a process to bring about an orderly resolution of the clearly conflicting issues involved in the military," said Chanin. "Right now it's being done on an ad hoc basis, but there's no real mechanism for careful analysis of all the conflicting issues."

Of the three offices visited, only Chanin's was bustling with last-minute activity. He was trying to arrange for Warren Christopher, then in Algiers arranging the hostage release, to receive the Medal of Freedom that afternoon. Everyone at the White House was on a last-minute high, the pleasure of the expected return of the hostages redoubled by the prospect that their return would put Reagan's inauguration in the shadows.

Chanin, in a burst of what passes for good feelings towards the Republicans in the last days of the Carter administration, predicted that gays may continue to make their voices heard.

"The real key for us was the logical, orderly presentation made by gays," recalled Chanin. "Just good, solid homework. Their willingness to negotiate and be pragmatic about what can be done and what can't be done. The gay community recognized the problem."

"Look at dealing with a problem like immigration," Chanin suggested in working with Reagan staff. "Approach it from a civil libertarian point of view. Approach things that are do-able."

Chanin contrasted the relationship he believes gays had with Carter to what he predicts lies ahead.

"Our relationship was: How are we going to get things accomplished?" Chanin said. "Now you must make sure the gain in civil service reform is maintained and be sure to not get into losing battles. You shouldn't ask for things you can't get. We have to have got to broaden your alliances and recognize that, in our country, many people have not progressed in their thinking."

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TAX PROBLEMS?

ON LIVE!

with Randy Alfred

VOCAL MINORITY: Yes, the Moral Majority and its minions are coming to town. At the Friday-the-13th meeting...

Duke Armstrong of Concerned Republicans for Individual Rights and Paul Hardman of the Voice suggested fouling up the Christian extremists with the courts and the Internal Revenue Service over alleged violations of tax-exempt status.

And in the event that the Christian totalitarians actually get gay-rights repeal on the San Francisco ballot, Fr. Francis Richter of the Society of St. John the Beloved proposed a coalition of citizens for the preservation of church-state separation.

Everyone who spoke at that hastily called conclave (mostly men, by the way) seemed to think his own suggestion the single best approach. Have we forgotten from the Briggs battle that we need as many approaches as are necessary to get absolutely everyone involved?

DALEY BRED: Anne Belisle Daley, long-time political confidante of Supervisor Richard Hongisto and now executive director of the S.F. Victim/Witness Assistance Program, has other ideas in mind for the ballot. She'd like to see the city select its supes in odd-numbered years, as we did before, to avoid competition for attention with state and national elections.

Daley adds that some supes should be elected in mayoral-election years to give a reform-minded mayor some people to work with on the Board. She'd like to see the current Board place on the ballot this November, or June or November (if legal) of '82, a charter amendment that would give the five supes elected in November of '82 five-year terms and extend to five years the four-year terms of those six supervisors not up for election in '82. Then, starting in '85, we'd be back to a regular, staggered schedule of four-year terms.

COME OFF IT: The Chron and Ex both carried a UPI dispatch about Turkish scientists "discovering" that disco music turns mice "gay."

disc music turns mice "gay." In actuality, all they showed was that high-level noise, "such as that frequently found in discos," caused homosexual behavior in mice.

The "mounting" behavior in question is a well-known way of establishing a dominance order among mammals. It is frequently found as an alternative or, in addition, to direct combat in high-stress situations such as overcrowding or sound overload. Big deal.

Scientists do not agree about the meaning of such patterns for human sexual dynamics or population control. Besides, "gay" refers to consciousness and culture, not just behavior. Mice or members of Congress engaging in homosexual acts are not necessarily gay.

YES, BUTZ: The Oakland Trib, but not the Chron and Ex, carried the UPI story with the text of former Agriculture Secretary Earl Butz's attempt at humor in a Sacramento speech to California tomato-growers. Butz, you will remember, lost his job because of a racist joke about blacks.

According to Butz, a gay man told an S.F. hotel registrar: "If you can guess my weight, I'll go to bed with you." Registrar: "1,800 pounds." Gay man: "That's close enough."

THE GAY LIFE, on KSNB, 95 FM, interviews the authors of A Legal Guide for Lesbian and Gay Couples on February 22 and presents taped excerpts of Christopher Isherwood's benefit reading for Gay Rights Advocates on March 1. That's Sunday nights at 11.

PHIL DONAHUE will talk with Dr. Charles Silverstein and three gay couples on Tuesday, February 24, at 11 a.m. on Channel 2.

GHETTOOVER IT, MARY: How many does it take to change a light bulb? Four: One to take the new bulb out of his left pocket, one to put the old bulb into his right pocket, and another to wait for the fourth one to return from the gym.

INITIAL REACTION: Harry Britt's stirring pro-Jaguar speech mentioned the "very legitimate need to have recreational contact." Legitimate Recreational Contact, or L.R.C., is the new Castro buzzword. And retired Chron reporter Ron Moskowitz has switched from B&B, the classic liqueur mix of Benedictine and brandy, to his own, new concoction: Benedictine and Drambuie.

INVESTMENT NOTES

Lesley Harter

Inflation vs. Depression Which is Worse?

Nothing could be worse than a depression! Everybody knows that. Especially the Great Depression of the 1930s. It was so bad we've been shaking in our boots ever since, worrying about having another one. And doing everything we can think of to avoid a replay.

The President of the United States has recently reminded us that there is something almost as bad as a depression and, if left unchecked, might even be worse. That something is inflation. Especially the Great Inflation of the 1970s and '80s. Not everybody knows that.

The comparison—inflation vs. depression—however odious, struck us as an interesting one. Which is worse, anyhow? It so happens we have a lot of data on both, so we decided to draw up a ledger sheet, admitting at the outset we are analyzing a no-win situation.

Let's start off with living standards, a general matter that touches all of us. In terms of impact on the greatest number of people, we'd have to say that inflation is worse. It simply leaves no one unscathed. High inflation, like what we've got right now, has an almost eviscerating quality to pocket-book, savings, earnings.

Depressions are unkind to living standards, too, but tend to leave the wealthy less bothered. They still have their capital, after all, and can buy what they please at fairly stable prices.

How about unemployment? Which is worse for this condition, inflation or depression? Obviously, the inflation condition as we presently know it can't hold a candle to the unemployment that a depression can cause and perpetuate. Depression is clearly the meanest.

But inflation, left unchecked, might deliver a few surprises in this category. Let's hope we don't have to find out what they are.

Now let's look at some cold and impersonal statistics in the depression-vs.-inflation playoffs. What happens to productivity, that mighty little engine that drives the free-enterprise system? Productivity gains come about most commonly when capital is invested in new plants and equipment. Money to foot such bills ultimately comes from savings and the incentive to invest those savings.

In depressions, savings are scant, incentive to invest scant. Inflation, ditto. People tend to spend, not invest their money in inflationary times.

More in the impersonal statistics department: foreign trade. Inflation is the hands-down winner. Rising prices make U.S. goods more expensive, so foreigners buy less from us. Deficit stuff! Foreign goods, on the other hand, are cheaper, so U.S. consumers buy more of them. Check on foreign car and steel sales in the U.S. In depressions, on the other hand, we don't buy or sell much of anything.

These comparisons are starting to depress us. Only one or two more comments.

Depressions have one clear advantage over inflation: When you're standing smack dab in the middle of one, you know exactly where you are and what's going on. One can, therefore, get busy trying to get out of it.

Inflation presents no such clear-cut boundaries. One often doesn't appreciate its seriousness until it gets up a full head of steam.

So, while we're rolling up our sleeves preparing to do battle with inflation, keep in mind that the enemy is every bit as much evil incarnate as a 1930s Great Depression or any other than you can think of. If you happen to disagree, just sit there and do nothing. It won't be long before you'll probably have both.

Mrs. Harter is a stockbroker with Thomson McKinnon Securities, Inc., San Francisco.

HEAD SPACE

Jim Boland, Ph.D., and Alan Sable, Ph.D.

"Head Space" is designed to help gay people with personal issues by providing support, advice, understanding and useful information in response to readers' letters. The authors are connected with the Pacific Center in Berkeley, and both are therapists in private practice. Write "Head Space" care of Dr. Jim Boland, 1466 Hopkins, Berkeley 94702, or Dr. Alan Sable, 2223 Lincoln Way, San Francisco 94122.

I'm 32 and have had two fairly long periods when I was in therapy. The first was when I was panicked about my sexuality, and the second was when I came out but wasn't really comfortable being gay. I've come a long way, but mostly on my own since I didn't feel my therapists did much for me. I'd like to work on some other issues now, and I wonder about getting back into therapy. If I decide to, how can I be sure I'm connecting with the right therapist this time?

Sausalito Shrink-eee

A comment on therapy before we get to your question. Most of the work in therapy has to be done by you. The fact that you are no longer "panicked about your sexuality," that "you've come out, indicates some "therapy" did take place. Whether it would have happened without your therapists' help is a moot question. The fact is positive change took place in your life. So be aware that if you are primed for change (and positive change or growth may be the simplest definition of what therapy is about), it will probably take place—maybe because of therapy, but perhaps even in spite of therapy.

So the first place to look, as you think about getting into therapy, is at yourself. Try to openly think about and answer the following questions. They'll help evaluate your readiness for therapy:

- 1. What am I expecting from therapy? Do I want a ready answer or an instant cure? Do I hope to change other people or things that are my control to change like "Maybe I can make him love me again"?) Do I want someone to make decisions for me? 2. Am I willing to face the reality of my situation—not the fantasy I live, but the gritty of where I am right now? 3. Am I willing and able to trust and be completely honest with this other person I'm choosing as my therapist? 4. How willing am I to make changes in my life, knowing that they may involve a lot of personal discomfort and risk-taking? 5. If you're ready to be in therapy, then here are some thoughts about choosing an appropriate counselor. First off, when seeking out a therapist, be aware that it is totally appropriate to ask specific questions just as though you were shopping for a new sound system. We would suggest the following: 1. Is he (or she) gay? How "out" is he? Does he present himself professionally as a gay therapist? 2. What area is his training in: clinical psych? counseling? social work? psychiatry? 3. What are his theoretical and practical orientations to therapy: behavioral? existential? feminist? gestalt? biochemical? You should know what you're looking for. Ask around, do some reading—it can be the difference between night and day in whether you're getting what you need. 4. What percentage of his practice is with gay men? 5. What experience does he have with some of your concerns? 6. What is his fee? Therapists generally don't charge any more than plumbers for their time, but you'll be seeing him more often than your plumber, so this is obviously a crucial question. Many therapists now charge according to a sliding scale, which means their fees are based on your ability to pay. If you feel you sincerely can't afford the suggested fee, tell him what you can pay—then it's up to him to decide if he can work with you for that amount. When you find someone who sounds good on the basis of the questions we've asked, set up an initial interview. Tell him you'd like to get together once and see how it goes. You should know at the end of that hour if you can build a trusting and productive relationship.

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Furthermore, while I am cynical enough to think that we will never pass effective gun-control laws, even as we will never effectively control our ever-expanding military budget, I still believe that what separates us from (predatory) animals is our capacity to think. Lampo really hasn't investigated the logical conclusion of his own premise: How many law-abiding, gun-carrying men and women have been shot and killed violent criminals in self-defense?

LETTERS

Hinson's Silver Lining

Editor: Representative Hinson does not get my condolence. Whether he was in a public restroom in Washington, D.C.; Jackson, Mississippi; or San Francisco, he was breaking the law!

I agree with Supervisor Silver that the police have better things to do than hide in public restrooms to stop crime, just as our supervisors have better things to do than try and win votes from special-interest groups by defending lawbreakers, especially when it does not concern the lawmakers of San Francisco.

Jerome M. Pritikin

Comfort of a Handgun?

Editor: David Lampo's long letter regarding gun-control laws (Sentinel, February 6) deserves a response:

- 1. His argument that such laws would leave citizens "at the mercy of violent criminals" is only an appeal to the violent noncriminal. 2. His argument that gun control "discriminates most heavily against... the physically vulnerable; the elderly, the handicapped and the physically weak" is liberal illogic: confronted by a person with a gun, we are all "physically vulnerable." 3. The NRA may not be the only group opposing gun-control laws, but it is certainly the most powerful of organized groups influencing our various legislators. (Also, who are the "many feminists"?) And Lampo's verbiage cannot disguise his tautology: Gun control would disarm, but it certainly would not "punish" innocent people. 4. Private weaponry was needed and used in the American Revolution, but to say that they "made it a success" is to ignore the facts: Washington eventually raised and equipped an army; foreign soldiers (and money) were the determining factor in the battle of Yorktown.

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Service? What Service?

Editor: The outrage! The Los Angeles Gay Community Center has 39 full-time employees! What do they do with their time, write memos back and forth?

I've always thought that gay organizations should be self-supporting. That has been the stumbling block with groups like Pacific Center, Operation Concern and others. When the money gets low, they start paying people just to write more grants. The organization then exists to keep existing.

I could never figure out why these gay community-service organizations continue to this day to think of themselves as serving the community—I can't think of any service I've received from any of them. An informal poll of my friends reached the same conclusion.

In the article about the L.A. center, a man was mentioned who had gone to L.A. from across the country with no friends locally and only \$10 in his pocket. He was given free job placement in a computer outfit, a week's lodging and counseling. Why? Who should support be given to someone who abandons his life, his friends, his job to come west? Why do we owe him something?

Locally, Pride Foundation did the same thing. They were ready to open arms to any free-loaders who went to their Grove Street center, while trying to control the independent groups which actually were providing some community service.

I would be happy to see the L.A. Gay Center shut down tomorrow, as well as Pride and other groups whose existences are tied to grant writing. Let them earn their place, if any, in the gay community.

David Kaye

Bible Ayatollahs

Editor: On Channel 4 the other evening, I heard a churchman attempt to reason with a Christian ayatollah. The churchman got nowhere, of course, for it is wasted breath to seek to refute vague but simple logic the venomous illogic of the ayatollahs. In such a confrontation, illogic is bound to win, for it knows no limits and no decency, and it abides by no rules.

If the fundamentalists were to announce that they intended to rid first San Francisco, then California, and finally the United States, of all left-handed people because the Bible is very pro-right-handed, it seems unlikely that anyone would take the trouble to try to persuade them that their attitude were unreasonable. Homosexuality, unfortunately, is a more explosive subject than left-handedness, although neither disqualifies a man from membership in the human race.

But the ayatollahs must not be allowed to veil their real aim behind this smokescreen. Their final goal is an iron-age America, with the Bible—and its interpreters, of course—the only authority: instead of the Constitution, the Bible. To achieve this, they will march into San Francisco waving the banner of heterosexuality and the missionary position. What they hope for is fighting in the streets of this city, under cover of which they will do their fund-raising in preparation for the final push. Fighting in the streets is how the Nazis started, it is what they wanted, and it is what they go—Nazis and the rest of the world. I do not know how to stop the ayatollahs of Christ from getting what they want. But I am pretty sure that sweet reason is not the answer.

Scarey-Cat

Transparent Chauvinism

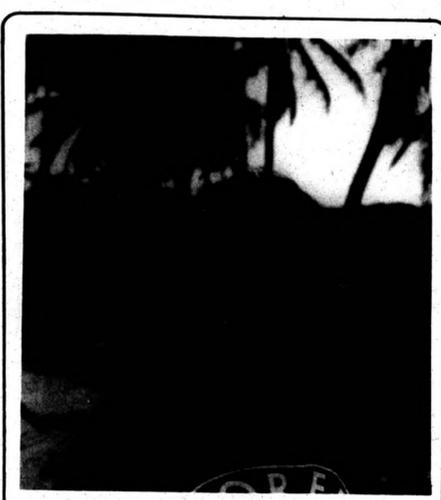
Editor: It's evident from his review in the January 23 Sentinel of A True Likeness: Lesbian and Gay Writing Today that Steve Abbott, who admittedly has done much for poetry in this area, hasn't an inkling of an idea of what is needed to put together and self-publish an anthology of the size and scope of the book under review. If he chooses to believe there is no such thing as gay culture and to air that belief in a medium of such culture, that is a paradox he will have to live with, not me.

A cheaper shot by far is to criticize my selection of material, especially when he doesn't even bother to mention the printed note on selection from the anthology, which ought to answer all questions in that area: aside from the merely financial ones of paying rights permissions, etc.

Least easy to deal with is Abbott's transparent chauvinism. All the authors he mentions as missing from the anthology are Californians, most of them from San Francisco, and several probably his friends. This is the fact that others from San Francisco are represented—Beau Riley, Jon Bracker, Aaron Shurin and Judy Cahlan. If he wants an anthology of all-San Francisco gay and lesbian writers, I suggest he edit and publish such a book. That was not my purpose; there is much good work from authors in Canada, Washington, D.C., Boston, the Midwest, and most importantly, in and around New York, where gay and lesbian writing today (rather than yesterday) is happening. Sea Horse has published California writers (Dennis Cooper) and will continue to do so in the future (Robert Peters' new poems are out in 1982). If Abbott is going to be led astray in his reviewing by such patent bias, perhaps, as he himself suggests, he oughtn't be reviewing at all.

Felice Picano, Publisher The Sea Horse Press

Part of Mr. Picano's "Note on Selection" from A True Likeness: "... At no time in the compilation did I feel compelled to fulfill any so-called "party" obligations. If I were a lesbian rather than a gay man, perhaps there would be twice as many women represented, instead of the other way around: simply through personal contacts and friendships, shared interests and reading. And while I was extremely interested in finding more ethnic minority writing, my efforts here did not quite gel. Although I read a great deal of promising work by black gay writers, I found much other writing to be more concerned with polemics than with character, situation and language: the staples of literature. ... A few authors here began as friends of mine; more became friends after I knew their work. Many more authors are not personally known to me. Of these, about half sent writing to me when they heard of the anthology, and the other half I contacted because of past admiration for their work. ... Although it will no doubt sound pretentious of me as an editor, I believe that A True Likeness, for all its limitations, presents the general reader as well as the more concentrated gay or lesbian reader with some of the best writing by established and new writers of poetry, drama and fiction today. ... Lastly, my selections were made on what I liked out of the enormous amount of material I've read in the last few years; on some occasions, but still clear to me standards of writing I have developed as reader, writer and publisher; and finally, most of all on whim.



IN MEMORIAM Joanne Chapman Cole 1953-1981 The Sentinel staff wishes to pay tribute to the memory of a good friend, the sister of our Advertising Director Pierre Chapman.

The Sentinel masthead and subscription information. Includes publisher Charles Lee Morris, editor Ron Baker, staff writers Dick Hasbany and Sue Zemel, and subscription rates for various durations.

OUTLOOK

Charles Lee Morris

The Great Silver Letter Flap

We wish to go on record that this paper stands squarely behind Supervisor Carol Ruth Silver and the letter she sent to Congressman Jon Hinson (R-Miss.) after his arrest in a House of Representatives bathroom for allegedly committing a sexual act. Silver's position has not been a popular one, but we believe the principles she has enunciated are absolutely correct.

For many years gays in California have fought long and seemingly endless legal battles, contending that there is a constitutional privilege of privacy when one enters a restroom and, secondly, that police have better things to do than play voyeurs by surreptitiously peeking into bathrooms.

Personally, we find sex in public places tasteless and offensive. We also find the wearing of white socks with suits tasteless and offensive. However, since the former case involves sex, our society makes criminals out of those who offend our sensibilities and disgust our sense of taste. In the latter instance, we merely shrug it off to a lack of sense of fashion. But the fact remains that in neither case has society been harmed nor a victim hurt.

It seems odd that the most severe critics of Supervisor Silver right now seem to be gays from the far Left. We suspect it's because Hinson is a conservative Republican and would most likely be one of the first to send gays to prison if such a vote came before the Congress. If a more liberal legislator were in Hinson's place, we would bet the far Left would rally to his cause. Political situational ethics at their worst.

We doubt that there is any political issue on which we would agree with Rep. Hinson. However, if we are going to stand by a principle (i.e., guaranteeing privacy in bathrooms and assuring that police power is utilized where it is most needed), then we must stand up for that principle even when it means defending those who are political adversaries.

It is regrettable that Board President John Molinari sheepishly succumbed to some well-orchestrated telephone calls and issued an apology for the Silver letter in Board chambers Tuesday. Molinari, as is well known, entertains hopes one day of becoming mayor. We believe the occupant of the mayoral chair needs to demonstrate a backbone of steel, rather than the tentacles of a jellyfish.

We believe Supervisor Silver was right in sending her letter, because, if nothing else, it focuses attention on how our limited police resources ought to be used. Silver, not victimless crimes (nor lack of good taste and decorum) ought to be its primary function.

Moral Majority Rears Its Ugly Head

During the recent presidential campaign, time and time again, we warned that a Reagan victory would surely add impetus to the political ambitions of such right-wing reactionaries as the Moral Majority. More than once we must be accused of hysteria. Well, the meteoric spaceship called the Moral Majority has landed in San Francisco with a payload of \$3 million for a war chest against gays.

Make no mistake about it: San Francisco is their primary target. A victory for these fanatical bigots in San Francisco could lose a wave of repression against gays nationwide, the scope of which we cannot even imagine.

One of their leaders has even called for the death penalty to be evoked for engaging in homosexual acts. The anti-gay Proposition 6 battle of 1978 is small potatoes compared to having our liberty and our lives at stake in the war now taking shape.

One very clear goal of the Moral Majority is to repeal the gay-rights ordinances in San Francisco. Anyone who believes that cannot happen here is living in a fool's paradise. The leaders of the Moral Majority (like their fallen, sainted leader Anita Bryant) are masters of the "big lie" technique of political propaganda. Tell a monstrous enough lie to enough people for a long enough period of time, and the populace will soon begin to believe it. One need look no further than Nazi Germany and its treatment of Jews to witness how horrendously successful the "big lie" can be.

There are many courses of action open to the gay community in this pitched battle, a fight which, if we can win, will destroy the Moral Majority—and they know it.

Every effort must be made to force the state attorney general to keep a vigilant eye on churches to guarantee that they are not abusing the doctrine of separation of church and state. Every elected official in San Francisco must be ready to join our ranks. The coalitions we have formed with other minorities must be strengthened.

But, above all else, until the Moral Majority bigots move, we must keep a low profile. Marches and vandalism will serve only to hurt our cause. The responsible gay leadership in San Francisco should be ready to sprawl into the streets and force confrontations do not speak for the majority of gays in this city.

It will be a bitter struggle. But the cooler we keep our heads, the better chance we have of winning this battle and laying the Moral Majority to rest forever.

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We have just what you're looking for. Call the Golden Gate Business Association for a free copy of our new Buyer's Guide for fall and winter, listing hundreds of businesses serving the gay community. Golden Gate Business Association, Box 966, San Francisco 94101, 415/956-8660.

HELP THE GAY HOTLINE. Each year the Bay Area Gay Switchboard at 841-6224 handles thousands of information, rap, and crisis calls from lesbians, gay men, bisexual people, transvestites, and transsexuals. 841-6224.

KIM'S Chinese Cuisine, Szechuan & Hunan Style. Lunch • Dinner, Tuesday - Sunday, 11:30 AM - 11:00 PM, 4068 18th St. (Castro) 626-1950.

There is an ALTERNATIVE in the East Bay. Vic Fascio Realtor Associate, Bill McQuiston Realtor, Berk. 848-1655 845-3564.

THE FRANKLIN CLINIC, Paul Plakosh, Ph.D., COUNSELING SERVICES FOR GAY MEN AND WOMEN, Medical Center Building, 2340 Sutter Street, San Francisco, 921-2660.

Gay & Lesbian Community Services Center, A Nonprofit Human Services Organization Serving The Greater Los Angeles Area. 1213 N. Highland Ave., Hollywood, CA 90038, Phone (213) 464-7400.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
GEORGE DUREAU.
At the Robert Samuels Gallery,
795 Broadway, New York.
Through February 28.

Michael Grumley

Black men stare down from the walls. They stand in framed cages, one above the other, looking out with solemn faces, their harsh, hot eyes the eyes of men behind bars.

Stripped down, their bodies are lean and muscular, proud and threatening. No smiles in this group. You move past each frame, each cell, and the stark, head-on gaze from each face is a life story without mirth. Each look is an indictment. Here are the mechanisms of survival illustrated; here are artificial men.

The beauty of clean black chests and shoulders, sweat-creased necks, sullen mouths and thick fists is awesome. They wear black leather caps, cowboy hats, handkerchiefs tied into turbans. Some are short and misformed; there are dwarves and amputees and men with looping scars across their flesh. And each stands in the middle of his identity and looks out with power and grace at the camera.

These men are serious, these bodies educated, knowledgeable of life's happenstance. These photographs are richly compelling.

Danny Jones wears a plastic cap, leans against a Turkish carpet. There is a small whitebone around his neck. His shoulders are back, his young chest up, his black eyes intent on the lens, the crowd. His smooth joint points west. Older and wiser, the profile of La Lube Ali follows in that direction. Proud eyebrows, a stiff beard, dark turban drawn up above dark neck. Fire and spirit working behind this brow, gathering force.

Roosevelt Singleton and Bob Lang confront their viewers with chins up, arms folded. Lang wears a black cowboy hat and white boots, a pair of black trunks. The light plays on his perfect, unsmoothed chest and limbs, his short legs, smooth stomach. Singleton wears a goatee, a silk turban, white undershirt; his fingers are long, his nails well-trimmed. His full-ahead look is self-aware, dignified.

The work of George Dureau has



been shown mainly in his native New Orleans, and until 1972 his exhibitions were devoted to painting, not photography. In the last decade, however, he has specialized in special bodies on film, working with them in the natural light of the French Quarter, getting down to the essentials in black and white.

The men come from his own acquaintance, occasionally from further north or west. The bulk of his subjects are New Orleans men, brought up to the East Coast like some exotic cargo, naked and gleaming. At a time in New York when the unadorned figure is returning to the city's galleries in photographs and drawings, on canvas and wood, this exhibition is timely, exciting. The male form, stripped down and blown up, is under intense scrutiny this season on Broome Street, West Broadway, 57th Street. Much to be learned from the facts of male anatomy presented, as here, with such classic forthrightness.

What signifies is not simply the wide chest and beautifully veined stomach, the sullen upper lip, the warm brown eyes filmed with attitude. It is the spirit that resides in these details—in Dureau's case, the spirit of resiliency, of making the best of one's equipment. Of putting it out there.

What menace is here is that of extreme self-possession. Spotted among the hard black bodies are white men whose folded arms and calm stares are of this same pattern of forthright strength. Athlete David Kopay wears his uniform of flesh securely, at ease against the high studio walls. Troy Brown's pale eyes seem nearly translucent; his golden hair is knotted simply behind his neck.

The body of life belongs to Raymond Maxwell Hall. A man of serious beauty, his smooth black frame stands unembellished and unadorned but for two leather straps on his wrists. He regards the camera with speculative heat, standing within the cell of the frame, hands light on his hips, feet apart.

These men, these images, are graceful and indelible.

La Lube Ali, 1978 (top).
David Kopay, 1980 (below left).
Roosevelt Singleton, 1978 (below right).
Photographs courtesy of Robert Samuel Gallery, New York.



MOVIE NEWS & NOTES

How Do You Solve a Problem Like Coppola?

Edward Guthmann

No one ever said Francis Coppola lacked a flair for dramatics.

When the multi-Oscar-winner and sometime San Francisco resident made a gangster movie, he made the gangster movie, a mighty tableau, the epic *The Godfather*. When he ventured into publishing and bought *City* magazine, rather than fizzling out quietly, he failed miserably, grandly, with fanfare and publicity.

Same with *Apocalypse Now*. War movie becomes ghastly epistle, a great peroration on man, race, civilization and Armageddon. And today, while his *One From the Heart* teeters on the brink of disaster, Francis is the penultimate martyr, the survivor of countless iconoclastic struggles. But it is really such a romantic individualist or more of a bulldozing, grandstanding overspender with a knack for mismanagement?

I talked last weekend with one of the recent Zoetrope casualties, a script reader who lost his job February 10. The gentleman, who I'll call "George," moved to Los Angeles six months ago to work full-time in Zoetrope's story department.

When Coppola's raging studio had overspent its last penny, it was George and the story department who felt the first slice of the axe.

"We all knew they were in financial trouble," George said. Specifically, *Hammert*, the film directed by Germany's Wim Wenders and starring Frederic Forrest, was a reported disaster with no workable ending and no hope for release. The revenue that Zoetrope hoped to gain from the picture was lost.

On Monday, February 2, "we were called in by the story editor and told that the studio was closed," George's co-workers—three full-time readers, three part-time readers, two secretaries, two story editors and the department head—were all given two weeks' notice. The following week, their termination was moved up, and they were asked to clear their desks out and leave.

What precipitated the crisis, George said, was Coppola's loss of \$8 million in foreign investments for *One From the Heart*, the "offbeat fantasy musical" he is now directing. When the foreign investors, whose pledge represented one-third of the musical's costs, pulled out (due to *Hammert's* problems and *Heart's* lack of top stars), Coppola had to generate \$8 million "immediately," or at least \$1 million a week for eight weeks, to keep *Heart* pumping.

None of Coppola's friends could front the cash, George said, and when he sought aid from the banks, "they said, 'We're interested if you can show us you're serious about being more financially viable than you've been.'"

"Well, of course," Sir Francis said, immediately guilting the story department, promising more layoffs.

Following George's first notice, Coppola held a press conference on Wednesday, February 4, to deny bankruptcy, "which depressed the shit out of us," George said. "It sounded like the story department was fucked up and there wasn't a more general crisis."

The following day, February 5, hysteria resumed: Paychecks would not be delivered. The cast and crew of *One From the Heart* were gathered and asked by Zoetrope President Robert Spiotta to work "on the good faith that we'll be able to pay you later."

Huge applause. "We love you," they said. "We'll work for nothing."

The response from the studio employees, George said, was "What are ya gonna do? Let's give it a try."

The following Monday, the 9th, the studio announced more firings were imminent and that anyone kept on would work at half-salary. The story department was out—no. In the two weeks since George's dismissal, Francis Coppola put up \$1 million of his own property and obtained a \$500,000 loan from Paramount, with an additional half-million from that studio as interest in *Interference*. Zoetrope's next film after *Heart*. The Paramount deal enabled the studio to meet its curtailed payroll for at least one more week. "I don't know what they're going to do this week," George said Sunday.

"There's been a million articles about what's going on," he said, "and almost all write from the point of view of poor, beleaguered Francis Coppola—once again out on the precipice, fighting the establishment to do it his



Francis Coppola

way. Well, basically it's a fucking game Francis is playing, and what nobody's talked about is the consequences for the people he's laid off or the ones who have to work at half-salary. It's not just Francis's romantic little struggle."

Since the layoff, the studio's been "very nice about helping us find new work. They've said they'll make any phone calls we want them to, and they've met with us to suggest people and possible jobs."

Zoetrope, George said, "was a really great and a really shitty place to work. Everything I could say about it applies to Francis in particular. It was very unprofessional, very disorganized and very cheap in what they paid." George received \$25 per week for script reading and analysis, a full \$125 less than weekly union wages. ("Zoetrope generally pays among the lowest wages in the industry.")

"They expected long hours for little money. It was aggravating." On the other hand, "the social relations were terrific. They did a lot to make the reader's job—which is basically alienating—more interesting for us. We were encouraged to get involved in other things at the studio and to meet other people. In many ways, it was an inspiring place to be."

"It was like a family grocery store. You're exploited like shit, but you also feel something special."

It Happens Every February: Just when we stop thinking about last year's movies, the Oscar nominations come out and commence the biggest horse race of them all.

This year, like the last, the competition is rather mild and the winners easy to predict. Remember how Dustin Hoffman, Sally Field and Meryl Streep took all the early acting honors, thus cinching their Oscars? Well, the same *fait accompli* was scored weeks ago by Robert DeNiro (*Raging Bull*), Sissy Spacek (*Coal Miner's Daughter*) and Mary Steenburgen (*Melvin and How-*

ard).

Only the Best Supporting Actor category is close this year: Joe Pesci (*Raging Bull*) and Timothy Hutton (*Ordinary People*) have split most of the honors, Pesci receiving the New York Film Critics and National Board of Review nods, and Hutton winning the L.A. Film Critics and Golden Globe prizes. I'd give the edge to Hutton, not only since *People* is the more popular picture (and likely Best Picture winner), but also because Hutton's character is by far the more sympathetic. If the choice were mine, Pesci would win, hands down.

If I really had my "druthers, though, I'd drop the four categories and install one general field of competition. To my mind, acting is acting. There's nothing a male actor does that a female actor doesn't. Same craft, same responsibility. Why not equal honors?

The Obie Awards (for off-Broadway theater) doesn't give distinction according to gender, and neither does our own S.F. Drama Critics Circle. By the same token, why do we persist in calling women actors "actresses"? To me, that's an outdated term. It's all the same game.

Mel Novikov's super-successful Surf Theatres chain has adopted a new child, effective March 6. The Cannery Theatre, in recent years a legit stage, will be re-converted to a movie house (its original purpose) with the local premiere of Lee Grant's *Tell Me a Riddle*.

Novikov has sunk \$50,000 into renovations for the 299-seat house, which he hopes to maintain as a first-run, quality showcase along the lines of his Lumiere, Surf and Clay cinemas.

Casting Couch: Bette Midler, following in Jane Fonda's and Goldie Hawn's footsteps, will produce and star in her own vehicle, *Jackpot* is the name, and it's a nonmusical comedy for United Artists. Mick Jagger is inked to play the lead in a film of Gore Vidal's *Kalki*, the story of a prophetic, burned-out rock star who leads the way to Doomsday. Werner Herzog is being sought to direct. . . . And if that ain't enough, both Bette and Mick are wanted by Andy Warhol for a movie of Andre Glide's ribald classic, *Caves of the Vatican*.

Hot Tips on the Revival Circuit: You can catch Curt McDowell's *Thundercrack!* tonight and Saturday, February 20 and 21, at the Roxie Cinema. Curt's cult favorite screens with an assortment of shorts: *A Visit to Indiana*, *Confessions*, *Pornogra Folles*, *Fly Me to the Moon* and his new, critically-acclaimed *Loops*. . . . On Sunday, February 22, Robert Aldrich's tawdry/terrific *Kiss Me Deadly* (1955) plays the Strand. It features Cloris Leachman's movie debut, plus the quiescence of '50s blandness, Ralph Meeker, and all that laconic Mickey Spillane dialogue.

Stuart Byron's financial projections for the winter film crop in a recent *Village Voice* show that comedies and comedies alone are the big winners nationwide. Byron estimates a \$55 million take for *Sir Crazy* (that's the figure for the distributor's piece of the box-office gross), trailed by *Nine to Five* at \$45 million, *Popeye* at \$27 million and *Seems Like Old Times* at \$23 million. The only recent comedy flop—and deservedly so—is Buck Henry's dismal *First Family*.

BOOKS

FATAL FLOWERS
On Sin, Sex, and Suicide in the Deep South.

By Rosemary Daniell.
Holt, Rinehart & Winston
(New York), 1980; \$11.95; 293 pp.

Cynthia Betty Levee

In a place where every woman is brought up to flirt and seduce, an acute awareness of the competition is inevitable; if southern women look and smell good, they look and smell good to each other, too. Add to that their fondness for physical affection, or "sloppin' sugar all ova' each othah," and it begins to feel as though men are simply used to hold at bay an attraction that could spill over into overt sexuality at any moment.

With this, Rosemary Daniell brings us into Chapter 8, "A Kiss for Christ My Sister," and begins to report on one of several types of southern female—the who stands by her woman. In the previous seven chapters, we see she who stands by her man and she who

doesn't stand at all. Rosemary Daniell's mother committed suicide in 1975. By paying attention to the damaging southern (and American) patterns, expectations and life forces, the reader can see how not to grow up or, once grown up, how not to be an adult.

When I brought this book to the first family vacation I'd attended in a decade, the summer the last girl child of our brood left home, my mother, whose main task in adult life had been to carry on the fourth generation of our Deep South lineage, wondered aloud, "Lordy! Is theah any well-adjusted girl left back home?" Luckily, Rosemary Daniell maps the heritage of the southern female's sexual urges and repressions, giving future generations a beginning for ending that all-too-familiar battle between feelings and society.

By covering homosexuality as well as other types of sexuality, this book more than maps new paths for women. There are the author's shivers of recognition around drag queens and the queens caricatured everything I, as a southern woman, had been brought up

to become? Because they had embraced the least-free aspects of being female? Or because I had long felt, because of what I fantasized as my embedded penis, like a man in female disguise?

There are details on male bonding, for the good-of-boy talk about guns, hunting dogs and pussy really has more to do with each other than guns, hunting dogs or pussy. And there is the specific dilemma of male-female patterns that seem carved in marble: "You dress that way to please men," one lesbian accuses the author. Of course she does; it is a mind-set many southern women don't think about: It just is.

These pages speak to anyone who remembers her mother's quill-etched forehead as someone suggests, "Why don't you jes' git on in bed with us?" and seen her fuchsia lips tight on her coffee cup, her trousseau slip dripping lace from beneath her dress. Those of us who have difficulty in bridging our worlds and end up "feeling like Karl Wallenda, crossing the Tallulah Gorge in North Georgia on a tight wire on a windy day," will benefit from Rosemary Daniell's honesty and courage.

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MOVIES

THE COMPETITION. Written and directed by Joel Ollansky. At the Northpoint.

Guess which of the following lines is from The Competition: A. "It's better to have loved and won than never to have loved at all." B. "Someone you love is nothing without success to share with them." C. "I wanted to climb inside you and pull you around me like a blanket." The answer is C, which gives the movie its only claim to contemporaneity.

Richard Dreyfuss and Amy Irving star as two of six finalists in a major piano competition, his last chance because he's nearing the cutoff age of 30. His combination of nerves and temperament suggests that he should play P.D.Q. Bach's "Concerto for Piano vs. Orchestra" in the finals.

But Dreyfuss's character has the best of both worlds. Besides representing all that's wrong with America's competition-crazed society, he also has a loving nature which Irving eventually brings to the fore.

Even in the first half of the film, when he's being obnoxious, Dreyfuss is less so than usual. He's toned down his mannerisms and become quite a pleasant leading man.

Irving is also a charmer (it's one of those movies where everybody has blue eyes) and the more believable keyboardist of the two, though both stars went to great lengths to perfect their miming. The pianist I saw the picture with found frequent fault with the admitted faking is far beyond what nonmusical stars have done on the screen before.

The Competition was filmed in a fantasy San Francisco with plenty of parking, very little traffic and no visible gays. The lone gay "character" is a "Marshall Goldman," who only appears in the dialogue.

Lee Remick's camp performance as Irving's piano teacher gives the film the comic edge it needs. She fires off one classic line to conductor Sam Wana-maker that's worth all the bitchy dialogue in The Mirror Crack'd. Remick's character is what was known in the '40s as a "man-hater." This has not been updated to acknowledge that modern audiences know what a man-hater looks like.

Among the other finalists is Joseph Cali, who played a gay policeman on Trapper John, M.D. last month. Let us confuse his roles, one of his first lines informs us that he was encouraged to learn piano by "this faggot in the house of corrections."

Another finalist is a 16-year-old Russian girl whose mentor/guardian defects. (There are almost enough subplots for a disaster movie.) That her country would sponsor her and let her perform a work by Brahms, a non-Russian, is almost as absurd as Irving opting (and Remick letting her opt) to play a Mozart concerto when she's got a dazzling Prokofiev showpiece up her sleeves.

It's easy to make The Competition sound worse than it is. For all its corniness and improbability, it holds your attention, makes you care and occasionally touches some of the same nerves as A Chorus Line in making us feel that we're all in show biz.

SPHINX. Directed by Franklin J. Schaffner. At the Coliseum and Stonestown. Steve Warren

Sphinx is a self-fulfilling curse on all who enter any theater where it's showing. It blends the sexism of "woman-in-distress" movies with the confusion of "foreign-intrigue" movies and the silliness of "mummy's-curse" movies. It dwarfs all these elements with sumptuous storyboard Panavists, but my advice is to buy the postcards



MELVIN DUMMAR (Paul Le Mat) relaxes on the job in Melvin and Howard.

MELVIN AND HOWARD. Directed by Jonathan Demme. At the Bridge.

Admit it. Even if you're too timid/realistic to hitchhike yourself, you've had fantasies about it. The perfect mate has been standing by the side of the road or driving in your direction, whichever serves as yin to your yang. (Do you carry a map in your right or left pocket?) A chance meeting leads to an incredible, probably anonymous sexual encounter of the once-in-a-lifetime variety.

Melvin Dummar was the great American dreamer. His fantasies were oriented more toward fame and fortune than sex, but in the widest of them he never thought he'd give a ride to one of the world's richest men and inherit \$156 million as a result.

Most of Melvin and Howard takes place between the time Dummar (Paul Le Mat) picks up a semi-conscious old man (Jason Robards) in the desert, drives him to Las Vegas and gives him a quarter, and the death of Howard Hughes, after which a mysterious will names Dummar as an heir, making him one of the instant celebrities of the '70s.

The movie provides a partial answer to one of the great, unasked questions of our day: What do people

who are famous for a week do the rest of their lives? Dummar works in a magnesium plant, drives a milk truck and runs a gas station. Whatever his means, he manages to live beyond them, causing his first wife Lynda (Mary Steenburgen) to keep a bag packed and leave him repeatedly. Lynda dreams, too: "I used to dream I'd be a French interpreter," she tells Melvin.

"You don't speak French." "I told you it was a dream."

The closest they come to realizing their dreams is when Lynda wins a grand prize on a TV show that has everything but a gong.

Melvin and Howard is a "little" movie about "little" people, the kind who stare out at us from tour buses, not believing what they see any more readily than we can relate to them, even if we come from families just like them. "They repossessed the car today... right in the parking lot outside K-Mart." That's what's really happening in America!

The "Mormon will" has come and gone, and Dummar is not the richer for it unless the attendant publicity earned him more than his court costs. An epilogue tells us he drives a Coors truck today, and his cameo appearance (as a lunch counter attendant in a bus station) in an early scene of the movie reveals that Paul Le Mat was a good visual choice to play Melvin.

The trouble with the casting is that Le Mat is so outshone by Mary Steen-

burgen that the film's focus is affected: It becomes Lynda and Melvin instead of Melvin and Howard. Le Mat is good, but does nothing he didn't do in American Graffiti and every picture he's made since. Steenburgen, on the other hand, takes another giant step up the ladder to superstardom.

Even Jason Robards, who only appears at the beginning and end of the movie, will stay in your mind longer than Le Mat (which is in itself a comment on the fleeting nature of Dummar's fame). As Melvin forces music-hating Howard to sing, Robards shows us the old man's entire life in his eyes. It's a touching scene and offers a possible explanation for what may have happened later.

The casting of supporting roles is excellent, with Dabney Coleman playing it straight as a judge, Gloria Grahame in a throwaway part as Lynda's mother and Charles Napier as Hughes's errand person (glimpsed at least once before the millionaire's death, keeping an eye on our hero).

Bo Goldman's screenplay balances humor with moments of small human drama as well as any has in recent years. Jonathan Demme's direction is unobtrusive; he lets the story unfold with the simplicity it deserves. The graininess of the film makes the picture look cheaper than it is.

Melvin and Howard stops just short of being magical, but it's never less than entertaining.

room for Ben Hur. Sphinx is a violent film, including a throat-cutting, a crushing and a crucifixion. It escapes with a "PG" rating only because the special effects are so bad. When a man's limbs are tied to four horses, we see hollow prosthetics flying in all directions.

A slapstick car chase intrudes around what should be the climax. Hitchcock knew how to leave his suspenseful scenes with humor, but Schaffner isn't able to create suspense in the first place. The soundtrack is full of moaning muzzins or whatever—which were tolerable for 10 minutes in The Exorcist but grow obnoxious here—and a symphonic score with an occasional syrupy crescendo that sounds like composer Michael J. Lewis was goosed by Maurice Jarre. In short, Sphinx stinx.



As a classic heroine ripped asunder by the deadly double standard, Nastassia Kinski has grit but no fire.

TESS. Directed by Roman Polanski. Cinematography by Geoffrey Unsworth and Ghislain Cloquet. Production design by Pierre Guffroy; costumes by Anthony Powell.

Bill McLeod

This spellbinding three-hour adaptation of Thomas Hardy's Tess of the d'Urbervilles is not exactly standard Polanski. His fascination with the macabre is present here, but only as a trace element: Tess burying her infant son by moonlight outside the hallowed church grounds; a landlady's discovery of a murder by a spot of blood on the ceiling; the police riding through the morning mist at Stonehenge, coming for Tess.

However, Tess is a film fraught with repressed lust, and that is Polanski's meat and potatoes. That his obsession comes to life in an elegantly-measured, plot-dominated style has thrown off many Polanski fans who seek the spectacular. But it should not obscure the obviously expanding directoral gifts evident here. Tess is perhaps Polanski's grandest work, and it succeeds on

many levels—sweeping us back in time through engrossing period detail and lush images and through the faithful retelling of Hardy's compelling, rigidly Victorian tale.

As the film opens, fate is already busy playing two deciding trumps: Ne'er-do-well John Durbeyfield is told that he is the last in a long line of nobility descended from William the Conqueror, while, just down the road, his young daughter Tess (Nastassia Kinski) is trading that first libidinous glance with Angel Clare (Peter Firth).

To exploit what is left of their decayed heritage, a reluctant Tess is sent off by her parents to be employed—and eventually seduced (or raped, the line is very fine)—by a "cousin" who has purchased the original family name, d'Urberville. Before Tess and Angel meet again, she has buried a bastard son.

Then, in the midst of the lovers' ecstasy, fate drops another: Try as she may, Tess cannot confess her past to Angel until their wedding night, and even then not until after she has readily forgiven Angel his own "weakness."

Her otherwise progressively-minded husband takes a sudden turn, sleeps on the couch and is soon off to Brazil. The young Mrs. Clare, righteousness and guilt doing battle for her soul and

dazing her emotions, is reduced to the worst drudgery, to sexual servitude, but—at last—to taking a desperate stand for her love.

As a classic heroine ripped asunder by the deadly double standard, Nastassia Kinski has grit but no fire. This problem may be more Polanski's unobjective direction of the inexperienced actress. Neither Tess nor Angel generate as much contemporary sympathy as they should, perhaps because Kinski and Firth spend so much of the movie

putting Angel Clare as an ultimately sympathetic character is tough to swallow, but, to his credit, Firth grapples with Angel's enlightenment as if he believes it.

Leigh Lawson as "cousin" Alec d'Urberville makes the most of his handsome, lecherous character and invests in it a disconcerting attraction/repulsion duality. His toying with Tess—feeding her a strawberry fairly exploding with sensual juices—seduces us more completely than he.

If anything, Tess is a little too pristine for its own good, the emotions too genteel, to be really seductive itself. Nevertheless, it is a beautiful film by a consistently superior director (and a first-rate crew) who assumes his audience is intelligent. That's almost enough.

CHARLIE CHAN AND THE CURSE OF THE DRAGON QUEEN. Directed by Clive Donner. Produced by Jerry Sherlock. Starring Peter Ustinov, Angie Dickinson, Lee Grant, Brian Keith and Roddy McDowall.

Shawn P. Kelly

A group calling itself "C.A.N. Charlie Chan" has protested from the beginning of production of the new movie, Charlie Chan and the Curse of the Dragon Queen, for giving new life to old racist stereotypes. Chinese-Americans are not the only people who have reason to feel insulted by this witless, embarrassing film. In fact, rather than spending an entire review giving this critic's own, nearly limitless objections, we solicited opinion from other groups that are protesting. The groups submitted statements citing their own complaints.

Coalition of Angry Moviegoers Enraged at Rip-off Amateurs (CAMERA): "We protest the exploitation of the moviegoing public by fifth-rate producers, directors and actors. Stupidity is being presented as wit, and we are tired of it. For the \$4 demanded of patrons, we demand more than endless prattles as a source of laughter. Peter Ustinov should be banned from another screen appearance for his impossibly bad Charlie Chan imitation; a cross between W.C. Fields and Wimpy. Also, death to the screenwriters!"

The Committee to Fight Long Involved Chase Scenes (FLICS) (CAMERA): "We protest the exploitation of the moviegoing public by fifth-rate producers, directors and actors. Stupidity is being presented as wit, and we are tired of it. For the \$4 demanded of patrons, we demand more than endless prattles as a source of laughter. Peter Ustinov should be banned from another screen appearance for his impossibly bad Charlie Chan imitation; a cross between W.C. Fields and Wimpy. Also, death to the screenwriters!"

Stop Angie Dickinson Committee (SAD): "For too long we have been subjected to the presence of this third-rate actress. As the Dragon Queen, she is the least frightening presence since Barbi, and about as expressive. As Charlie Chan's old enemy, the D.Q. only lurks around the edges of this film for most of the time, thankfally. We call for the return of Angie Dickinson to the Satanic source of her origin: television."

Work Harder on Audio Technique Committee (WHATT): "We are a non-violent coalition of technicians dedicated to the art of making spoken lines understandable. We find it necessary under the terms of our charter to point out that the quality of sound is of the lowest level. We feel compelled to state, however, that in this case it may have been a blessing in disguise."

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The Two Tons: Backatcha
(Fantasy/Honey Records)

The second album from this mammoth, gospelized duo is even more impressive than last year's debut. "Never Like This"—with its wind-blown string arrangement and scampering flute—is probably the best single of the new year. With a pulsating tone signal, scat-like vocals and clicking rhythmic drive, "I Depend on You" has the kind of dance hook that won't let go.

The rest of the tracks are in a devotional/ballad vein, and, while the tunes themselves are thematically repetitive, there's absolutely nothing mechanical about the spine-tingling camaraderie between Izora's gussy contralto and Marthen's soaring soprano. Their life-loving funk is real and moving.

Echo and the Bunnymen: Crocodiles
(Sire Records)

Neo-psychedelia from four-member British band. Lead singer Ian McCulloch's Jim Morrison "take" is a remarkable replica. The music is also quite Doors-y—only dozier and a whole lot more guitarish.

"Rescue" and "Do It Clean" are surprisingly danceable bits of adolescent morbidity. "Happy Death Men," with its stormy guitar clang and stately Arabian brass, is moodier still but no less enjoyable.

Beyond that, however, the frozen pose on pose after pose, coupled with the cumulative effect of the B-men's soporific lyrics, floods me with vast indifference.



Two Tons of Fun

Robert Rental & The Normal:
Live West Runtin Pavilion 6/3/79
(Rough Trade Records)

This one-sided long-player of New

Wave electronic rock is a continuous suite that progresses through various sheets of random noise, drum-machine rhythm and cocktail muzak before its eventual resolution in a train-like "foreign intrigue" sort of melody, reminiscent of "Trans-Europe Express."

A subdued piece with just enough varietal flow to keep one involved, as far as electronic experimentation goes this isn't very far. Doesn't crack my facade.

Shoes: Tongue Twister
(Elektra Records)

Another very fine album of highly melodic, high-harmonied pop-rock from this vastly underrated Illinois quartet. Rhythmically punchier than their '79 debut, *Present Tense*, Shoes' boyish—verging on girlish—harmonies now float above a crunchier bottom.

Their breathy, candy-ass music—similar in nature to the Beat Group stylings of Colin Blunstone, the Left Banke and the Who's "Magic Bus" era—may be a bit too syrupy for some tastes. But tunes like "The Things You Do," "Only In My Sleep," "Hoping She's the One," "When It Hits" and "Yes or No" stand a mighty good chance of leaping out of your car radio and squirreling into your heart. Sensitive, well-written songs, immaculately performed and produced. How much longer will the public continue to ignore these talented lads?

THEATRE

THE INTERNATIONAL STUD.
By Harvey Fierstein.
At the Theatre Rhinoceros.

Steve Beery

Theatre Rhinoceros has always been worth a look, so maybe I caught the play on a bad night, but *The International Stud* seemed more like a domestic wimp to me. The play, by Harvey Fierstein and directed by J. Kevin Hanlon, makes a few good points, but a few good points don't add up to a scintillating evening of theater. The result of this play's hetero-sketer approach is something less than the sum of its parts.

What we have here is a paradoxical love story where we don't see the gay couple together on stage until the final scene, when love has cooled and they're ready to split up. It's the story of a young, slightly frowzy drag queen and an older, "international stud," a bisexual man who's running away from any commitments resulting from his homosexuality.

The queen, Arnold, has a heart of gold: He may have holes in his costume stockings, and he may have a hair-trigger sense of self-pity, but the fact that he never goes into the back rooms of the backroom bars for sex proves he's really an innocent trapped in a jaded persona. "Sex is better in bed," he says, justifying his reticence to indulge. "Deep down, I know men don't marry sluts." Chalk up one of good points.

The bisexual he-man, Ed, can also be funny. "I'm a Sagittarius," he confides in his introductory monologue. "I don't believe in that astrology stuff, but I like to know what's expected of me." Fierstein can write terrific lines, like this one: It's superficially funny and, also, deft in delineating the essentially timid side of this macho, externally confident character.

Another good point, all the better for its being subtle, is the fact that we see both men first in their "gay" and then in their "straight" attire. Arnold comes on in full drag; Ed in a clone-look plaid shirt and Levis. Then Arnold wears a boyish sweatshirt and pants, and noncommittal Ed turns up in the chinos and saddle Oxfords his parents and his girlfriend see him in.

One of the play's most glaring errors has to do with its sense of time. When we first hear Arnold berating Ed over the phone for never calling him, for all we know they've only tricked once. Immediately Arnold seems a schmuck for walling about his "lost love." What love? As it turns out, the men had been lovers for a goodly period of time; it's just that it all happened offstage, while the cabaret singer was on.

The five acts are split up by five songs. During the singing, we really feel the metal, folding chairs. Nancy Leigh Smith, a good singer, is the wrong woman to be playing a character called "Lady Blues." In fact, these are the wrong songs for a character called "Lady Blues" to be singing. They're Gershwin, Coward, Lorenz Hart; the stuff Gertrude Lawrence was made of, not Billie Holiday. The songs don't comment on the love-tossed action of the play like they're supposed to, because they're performed lightly and frothily in a deco-and-polish, 1930s pastiche. If they had been low-down, street-slumming or ironic, it would at least have given the songs more punch. What kind of bar is this supposed to be, uptown or downtown, Pacific Heights or Tenderloin? In this production, we aren't given a clue.

Luckily, the caliber of the writing and the acting jobs contributed by the two leads keep this *Stud* fitfully interesting. The promise of a payoff keeps us watching, and, even though one never comes, Daniel Osmani as Arnold and Joel Jason as Ed succeed in bringing this oddly mismatched pair to life. Osmani is professionally cool within his character's dizzy machoism. Jason is convincingly muddle-headed about his bisexuality.

Less excusable is the muddle-headedness of the intent of this play and the indecision of its direction. The embarrassingly tacky, taped voice-over of the two men in bed, the section of the play that falls the flattest, desperately needs to be re-evaluated or else scrapped. Like the cautious Sagittarian, at play's end this member of the audience would have liked to have known what was expected of him.

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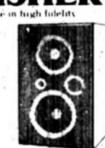
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