



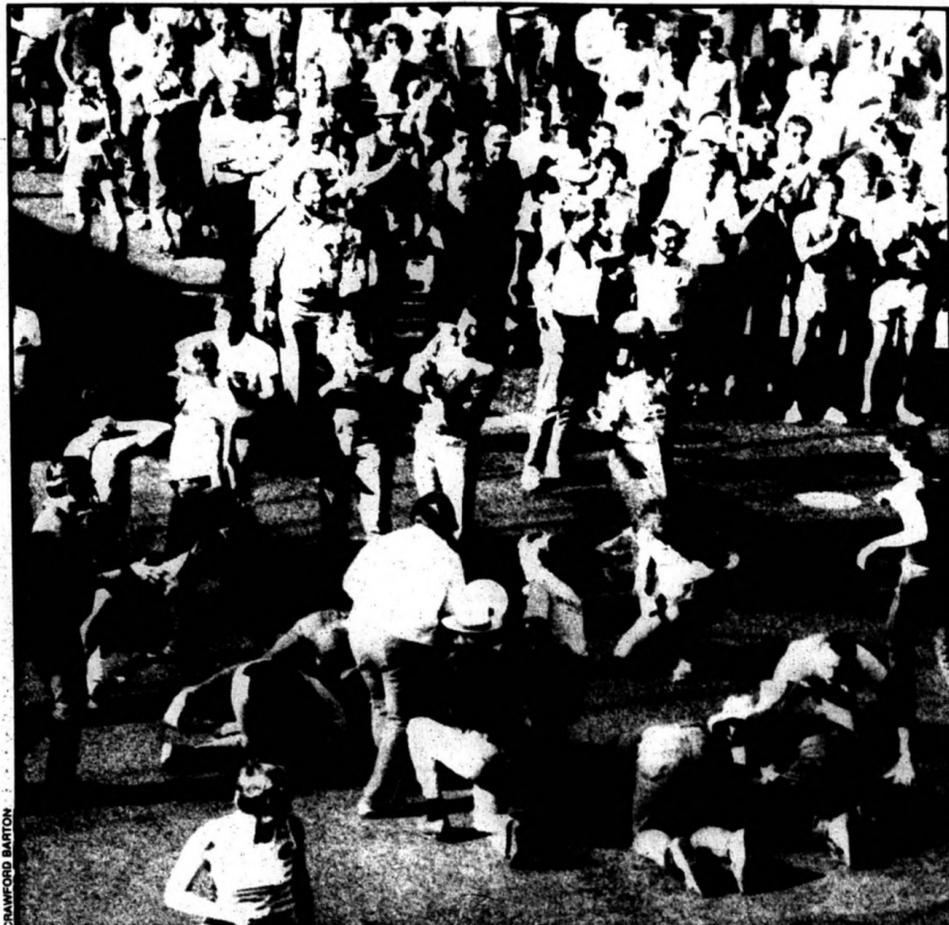
The Sentinel

Vol. 8 No. 13
June 26, 1981

AMERICA'S LEADING GAY NEWSPAPER

50¢ Outside San Francisco

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CRAWFORD BARTON

(San Francisco) Members of the San Francisco Gay Men's Chorus, delighted to be home again after their historic concert tour, fell to their knees and kissed the ground at Castro and 18th Streets last Sunday afternoon. Thousands of high-spirited supporters and well-wishers gathered at 18th and Castro to welcome home the triumphant chorus and Bay Area Women's Quartet, whose performances earned them high praises wherever they appeared. The welcoming home celebration, which came as a complete surprise to the Chorus, was an emotional high for both the crowd and the returning musicians. There was a performance by the Gay Band, award presentations, a few speeches, much clapping and cheering, and some tears. Unusually warm temperatures contributed an air of summer frivolity to the event, and hundreds of scantily-clad merrymakers milled about the Castro until well after nightfall. All in all, a delightful occasion. See pages 8 and 9 for more photographs.

California Gay Rodeo Nears Collapse

Shawn P. Kelly

(San Francisco) The California Gay Rodeo, a ten-hour extravaganza scheduled to take place at San Francisco's Cow Palace on August 15, is teetering on the brink of collapse. No final obituary for the event and its producer, Bar None Productions, can as yet be written, but what may be emerging is the story of one of the most colossal business failures that the gay community has witnessed.

With less than two months left to pull off the event, Bar None's production staff has resigned, the company has withdrawn as a sponsor and participant in the Lesbian/Gay Freedom Day Parade, and its president is desperately seeking over \$100,000 in additional financing in order to proceed.

Money problems have plagued the rodeo from the beginning. Gray Saunders, president and sole corporate member of Bar None, told the *Sentinel* earlier this week that two urgent meetings had been scheduled to solicit major investors.

Admitting that no small effort will help, Saunders said, "It won't work on a band-aid basis. I'm looking for reliable funding." But he admitted, "I don't have those monies presently in line."

Although all parties connected with the event are holding final comment pending the outcome of those meetings, so many problems in addition to the company's immediate fiscal crisis that it seems unlikely that the event will take place.

Two weeks ago, Bar None's production staff members—who had been hired only a month before—resigned because they had not been paid for several weeks. According to Cynthia Neff, John Mihaly and Laura Heffron-Hardiman, several thousand dollars in back pay is owed to them.

Neff and Mihaly have long been associated with the production of successful nonprofit events in San Francisco's gay community. Steven Ames Brown, attorney for Bar None, told the *Sentinel* that Mihaly is "one of the best gay producers in the country," and that Neff is "nothing short of wonderful."

Saunders himself, with whom Mihaly and Neff have been negotiating to get their wages, said that he con-

siders the recently assembled staff to be the best possible, and that he would be unwilling to continue if he were unable to attract them back to the project.

Saunders told the *Sentinel* on Wednesday that the "staff is willing to come back on board if I can get together the funds to put on the event." He said that he is asking the staff to come back and work on a "bootstrap basis."

But according to Mihaly, the guarantee of back and future wages to the staff is only a first prerequisite to the resumption of his and other staff members' participation. "If those wages are paid and guaranteed," Mihaly told the *Sentinel*, "we are willing to discuss . . . very serious contingencies" with Saunders. The company's structure and methods of operation, Mihaly said, would have to be "dramatically different."

Staff members emphasize that their reputations as well as their livelihoods are at stake in their involvement with Bar None. As the event has drawn nearer, and the finances have deteriorated rather than improved, Neff and Mihaly told the *Sentinel* that they could no longer make commitments in good faith to stage promotion events

Don't Miss the Parade

(San Francisco) Anyone who has attended San Francisco's previous parades can testify that the event displays one of the most interesting and bizarre collections of groups assembled in one time and place. This year's Lesbian/Gay Freedom Day Parade will continue that amusing and admirable collection of diversity, wit, and entertainment.

A quick and partial survey of the official entrants in the parade has yielded several groups that spectators would do well to look and cheer for this Sunday. There are several thousand stories to tell in this parade, and these are just some of them.

Continuing in its tradition of expertly produced and constructed award-

(Continued on page 6)

or seek broad participation from members of the gay community.

Skip Barrett, head of the Foggy City Squares, a local gay square dance group, called the *Sentinel* to say that his had been one of the groups that had been left stranded by Bar None's failure. He said that the group had been promised a float and sound system

(Continued on page 5)

Judge Blocks Ban on Foreign Gays

S.F. Lesbian/Gay Freedom Day Committee wins injunction against government

(San Francisco) In a surprise and precedent-setting decision yesterday, United States District Judge Robert P. Aguilar granted a preliminary injunction against the U.S. Immigration and Naturalization Service from barring the entry into San Francisco of foreigners solely on the basis of their being openly gay.

Unless the injunction is appealed by the government in the next two days, federal officials will be prohibited from turning back gays who are expected to visit the country for San Francisco's Lesbian/Gay Freedom Day Parade this Sunday.

The injunction came in response to a suit by the Lesbian/Gay Freedom Day Committee, which took the novel grounds that exclusion of openly gay foreigners was a denial of the First Amendment rights of lesbian and gay citizens.

The committee's lawyer, Mary Dunlap, argued that the rights to free association and speech of gay citizens were violated by the government's policy. "It's a novel challenge," Dunlap had admitted Wednesday evening.

Aguilar's decision does not overrule the present INS law, which is the object of the suit filed by the Parade Committee, but it does grant that the arguments presented are not without merit on their face.

"The Court finds that there are sufficiently serious questions going to the merits [of the case] to make the questions a fair ground for litigation," the decision read.

Aguilar also found that "the balance of hardships tip decisions towards plaintiffs [the Parade Committee]. Plaintiffs will be seriously deprived of the constitutionally protected rights of association and speech as they will be deprived of collegiality and intellectual companionship."

"On the other hand," the decision continued, "the defendants [the government] have asserted no harm that will come to them . . . and the Court feels there is none."

Either condition would have been sufficient grounds to grant the preliminary injunction, according to Aguilar.

Reaction from Dunlap and officials of the Parade Committee was swift

and jubilant. "We have won a very major victory," Dunlap said. The decision, she said, should set guidelines for other jurisdictions throughout the country. She emphasized, however, that the ruling only applies strictly to this district.

Greg Day, co-chair of the Lesbian Gay Freedom Day Committee and one of the plaintiffs in the suit, said that the ruling is "a victory for all of the lesbian and gay citizens of the United States."

Current policy of the INS is a confusing and technical issue. Congress has provided that homosexuals be excluded from the country because they are considered to be sexual deviates, mentally unstable, and therefore a threat to the health of U.S. citizens.

Under the Carter Administration, however, the Surgeon General ruled that because current medical opinion holds that homosexuality is not a disease, there is no way to determine such a condition, and therefore no way

to enforce it.

Despite intense lobbying to maintain that policy, the final ruling of the Carter Administration and the INS was that two conditions would be sufficient to exclude gays: that they openly declare themselves to be gay; or, that a third person identifies them as being gay to customs officials.

That policy is currently being challenged by Gay Rights Advocates, a San Francisco-based public interest law firm, on behalf of Carl Hill, a British citizen who is testing the regulations.

The current suit filed by the Parade Committee takes a different approach that the regulations are capriciously enforced, and, more importantly, that they violate the rights of U.S. citizens, and are therefore unconstitutional.

Aguilar's decision may indicate that such arguments have a chance of succeeding. "There appears to be no threat to national security, law enforcement,

(Continued on page 5)

Congress Gets a Look at Anti-Gay Bill

Family Protection Act denies aid to those who promote, defend or suggest that homosexuality is an acceptable lifestyle

Larry Bush

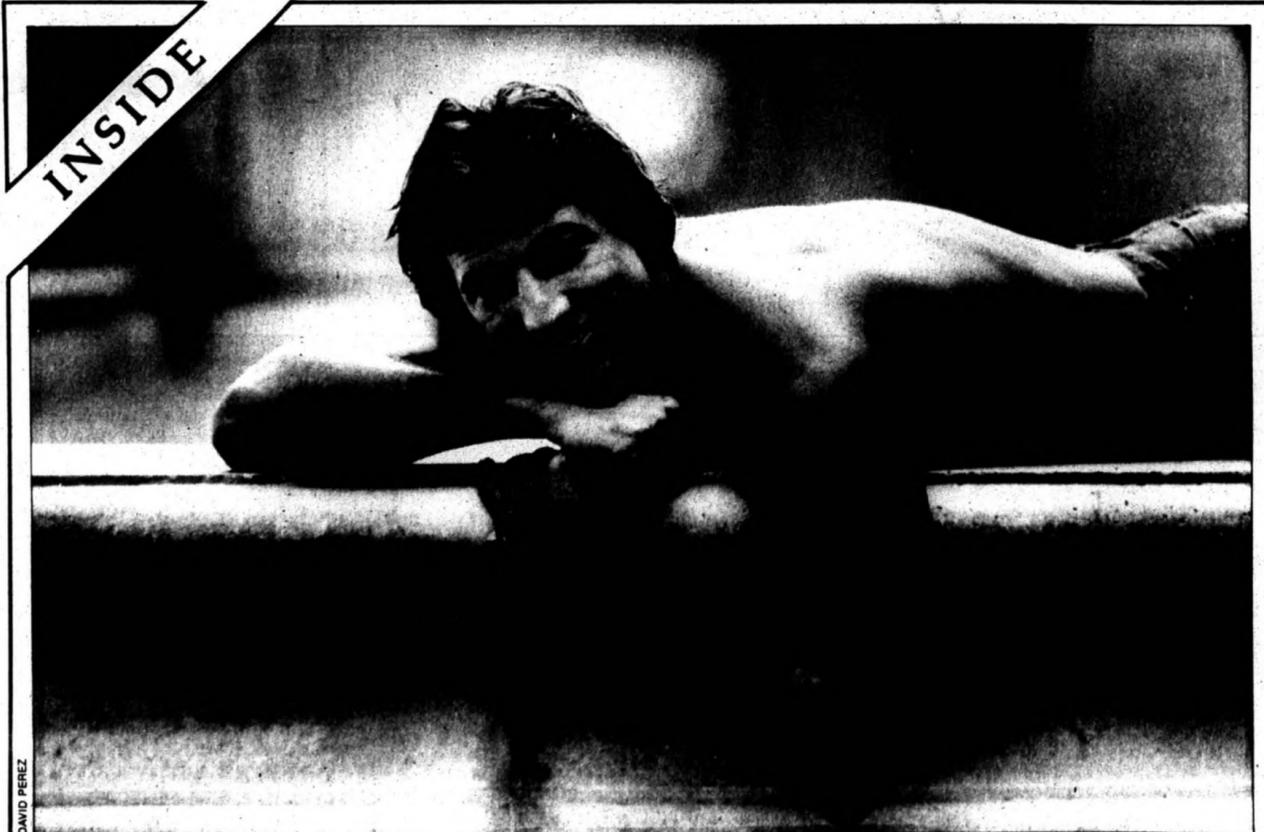
(Washington, D.C.) The Family Protection Act, an omnibus bill that outlines how the New Christian Right would like to see America change, was introduced with fanfare in Congress last week. The bill, which includes a provision denying federal funds to individuals or groups that advocate gay rights, has the public support of Senator Paul Laxalt (R-Nev.), President Reagan's closest confidante in the Congress.

The bill's sponsors announced that they expect the proposal, unlike last year's version, will get congressional

hearings and move to a floor vote during the current session, most likely by early next year. The bill was referred to a committee headed by Senator Robert Dole (R-Kans.), whose wife serves as President Reagan's liaison to public groups, and the bill's introduction came shortly after Senate Majority Leader Howard Baker (R-Tenn.) announced he was unable to halt conservatives from pushing social issues onto the congressional calendar.

The Gay Rights National Lobby and the National Gay Task Force released a joint statement to members of the press attending a briefing on the bill stating that they will strongly oppose

(Continued on page 4)

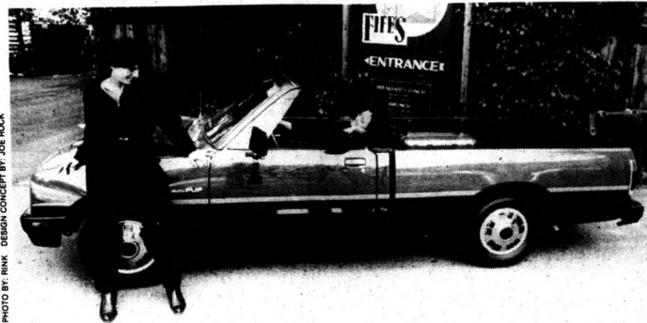


DAVID PEREZ

The Chorus Comes Home pages 8-9
Portraits by David Perez pages 15 & 18

Confessions of a Gay Rocker page 21
Senator Gore Vidal? page 24

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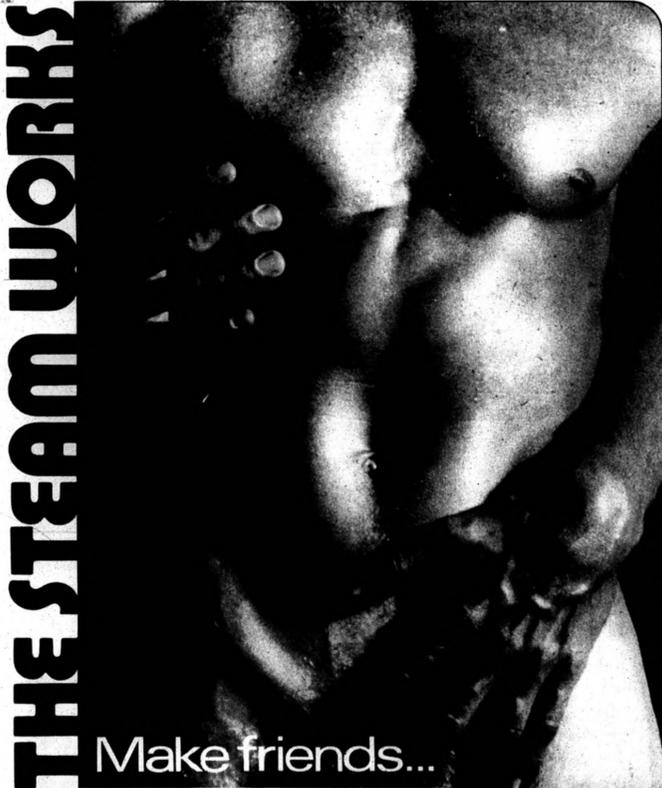
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Legal aid closed to gays

Larry Bush

(Washington, D.C.) A strongly worded anti-gay amendment to the Legal Services Corporation Bill overwhelmingly passed the U.S. House of Representatives last week, following a major floor debate on congressional attitudes toward gays. The amendment replaces an earlier anti-gay amendment viewed as too mild by conservative critics, and sets a pattern conservatives hope to follow in future congressional actions.

The amendment, offered by Georgia Democrat Larry McDonald, forbids the Legal Services Corporation from undertaking cases involving homosexuality, and overturns the federal agency's proposed nondiscrimination policy in employment and services on the basis of sexual orientation.

The new restrictions still must be approved by the U.S. Senate, but its new conservative makeup is expected to result in a handy win. President Reagan has held out the possibility of vetoing the legislation because he hopes to abolish the federal agency by cutting its funds from the federal budget.

The anti-gay amendment is the third effort to restrict the Legal Services Corporation from handling gay cases in the past four years, but the new wording is the most restrictive yet approved. The agency, which aids low income people in civil but not criminal cases, has been a target of conservatives who believe that it pursues class action suits enlarging the rights of the poor across the board at the expense of landlords and employers. Each congressional session has seen additional restrictions placed on the agency, ranging from abortion cases to school busing.

The action by the House last week set a new standard in the debate over gay restrictions, as members of Congress engaged in the most extended debate yet on how far Congress might go in curtailing the rights of homosexuals.

"We are telling the country at the beginning of this Congress that we are going to arm people with the weapon of discrimination," argued Representative George Miller (D-Calif.). "Dis-

crimination can now be used as a weapon."

Miller, who managed much of the two-hour debate in opposition to McDonald's amendment, was joined by Rep. John Burton (D-Calif.), Rep. Ted Weiss (D-N.Y.), and Rep. Barney Frank (D-Mass.), all outspoken supporters of gay rights.

"It's an outrage to the gay people in my community," said Burton. "It's also an outrage to the straight people of my community, who have learned what everyone should know. We are all the same. Some of them are jerks, some are not."

The most surprising development in the debate, whose outcome was a foregone conclusion, was the number of Republicans and conservative Democrats who also rose to challenge McDonald's proposal and to speak in favor of ensuring gays have the same access to legal services as all other citizens. Those supporters included Rep. Tom Railsback (R-Ill.), a key member of the House Judiciary Committee during the impeachment proceedings against former President Richard Nixon, Rep. Jim Leach (R-Iowa), and Republicans from Washington state and Montana.

House members, as in the past, first voted down the McDonald Amendment in a voice vote, but when required to move to a roll call vote that recorded their positions, ended up approving the measure by a 281-124 margin.

One change in this year's amendment is to prohibit the Legal Services Corporation from implementing a policy of nondiscrimination based on sexual orientation. That policy was proposed early this year, based at least in part on bringing the agency's policy into conformance with a District of Columbia law that mandates nondiscrimination. The agency is incorporated within the District of Columbia and thus would ordinarily fall within the scope of its laws.

The policy never went into force officially, however, and during the debate Representatives were informed that the Legal Services Corporation had planned to withdraw it, making it a moot issue. According to House

aides, the proposal was being withdrawn in anticipation of strong opposition from Reagan appointees yet to be named. The House aides said that the White House provided clear signals that it was opposed to such a nondiscrimination policy. President Reagan has the opportunity of naming an entire new board of directors to the federal agency this month.

The impact of congressional action overturning a District law was not known, but it does stand as first instance of Congress intervening to exempt a corporation from the city's Human Rights Law.

The strategy of curtailing federal funds to agencies which might use that money to protect the rights of gays or provide services to the gay community has become a major part of the ultraconservative drive to introduce their philosophy into federal policy.

Under the Family Protection Act, reintroduced into Congress the day before the McDonald vote took place, all such funding would be eliminated. The prolonged debate on the McDonald Amendment, which took place as the San Francisco Gay Men's Chorus was giving a concert on the Capitol steps, was considered by congressional observers as an indication of the seriousness with which gay rights advocates gauge the support for the anti-gay strategy.

The proponents of that approach, however, were not visible during the public debate. Only Rep. McDonald stood to defend his proposal, responding to each objection in turn. The roll call vote showed he had won his arguments.

The strong showing in the opposition to McDonald during the debate came after strong lobbying efforts were made by the Gay Rights National Lobby. GRNL had decided to take a major campaign on the issue after it became clear that McDonald would seek to amend the bill to make it more restrictive than last year's version. The gay lobby pulled in support from most national progressive organizations, and contacted a wide variety of congressional offices directly and through intermediaries.



Greetings From Washington, D.C.

(San Francisco) The San Francisco International Gay Film Festival will present a repeat showing of *Greetings From Washington, D.C.* on Saturday night at midnight on June 27 at the Castro Theatre. *Greetings* is a 30-minute documentary about the 1979 National March on Washington for Lesbian and Gay Rights. Author Vito Russo (*The Celluloid Closet*) says, "Greetings has everything from a hit tune to a lesbian clown. It has laughter and pride and a lot of truth. It is also thrilling and dynamic. Go see it."

Also showing on the same bill with *Greetings* is the hilarious short film *Altered Habits* starring the Sisters of Perpetual Indulgence. Admission is \$2.50.

Elderly gays lose funding

Dick Hasbany

(San Francisco) Controversy about whether San Francisco's elderly lesbians and gay men should receive services designed to address their special problems mounted this month when the president of the Commission on Aging lowered the priority funding status of a new program proposed by Operation Concern, a gay mental health agency. According to Carole Fitzgibbon, a lesbian member of the Commission's Advisory Council, Commission staff had given top priority in April to Operation Concern's (OC) Senior Project, a program that would have established counseling and support services for elderly gays and helped sensitize and train existing service agencies to serve special needs of the gay elderly. At the June 3 meeting, however, Commission president Marian Brislane submitted a new list in which the Senior Project lost its priority position. Calling Brislane's move an act of "sleight of hand," OC Director Carole Migden objected to the manner in which the matter was being handled and the prioritizing of projects in the "other" or miscellaneous category was shelved until the July 1 meeting.

In fact, it's not clear at this point whether the money, mostly from the state, will actually be available to fund any of the programs selected, though Brislane told the *Sentinel* Tuesday that she thought the Commission would know by its meeting next Wednesday. What is clear is that the process of determining which programs will receive the money if it becomes available has been marked by confusion and

misunderstanding. According to Stafford Buckley, OC board member who worked with Migden on the Senior Project proposal, the understanding of people submitting proposals in March was that money was secured for new programs. It was only at an April 15 meeting with commissioners that Buckley and Migden learned that the money might not materialize.

In addition to this confusion, it has not been at all clear how decisions are arrived at on the Commission. When asked how the staff came up with its April list of priorities, Brislane told the *Sentinel*, "Quite frankly, I don't know how they were arrived at." Carole Fitzgibbon's upset that the work of the Advisory Council seems to go largely unheeded by members of the Commission. "We're the ones who spend our days going out evaluating senior programs," she said, "but I think the information is just totally disregarded." Brislane admitted to the *Sentinel* that her list of recommendations for funding were based primarily on her own experience with programs over the past year and a half.

Even more confusion surrounds the June meeting at which OC's Senior Project seemed to fall out of contention for funds. Brislane says that she asked each of the seven commissioners to bring a list of favored new programs for discussion. She says she was surprised that none of the other commissioners arrived at the meeting with lists. A commissioner who asked to remain anonymous told the *Sentinel* on Wednesday, however, that he had not been asked to bring such a list.

Brislane claims that OC's project is low on her list of priorities because it serves what she calls a special interest group. She argues that it is more important at this point to develop programs in areas of the city not adequately served, specifically the Oceanview, Lake Merced, and Ingleside districts. Buckley counters that the Commission shows a commitment to serving special interest groups by providing special kosher, Chinese, and Japanese meals. In addition, he says, the gay elderly are also not adequately served by existing agencies. Deborah Wolf, who conducted a National Institute of Mental Health-funded study of 100 Bay Area gay elderly, seems to confirm his contention. Wolf found that 20% of her sample declared they would not go to mainline agencies for help. She found, additionally, that every person she interviewed who had lost a lover partner said they would not feel comfortable going to a mainstream agency for grief counseling.

Migden says that special programs for elderly gays are not only needed, but are also a matter of justice. The gay elderly, along with the Chinese, comprise one of the largest elderly minorities in San Francisco. Migden estimates their number at around 24,000. These 24,000, Migden says, "have been taxpayers for decades, helping pay for the education of the city's children, and they are entitled to get some return on their money." She urged persons interested in supporting services for the gay elderly to attend the 9:30 a.m. July 1 Commission on Aging meeting. It will be held on the third floor of the Department of Public Health Building, 101 Grove.

4TH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION AND GAY PRIDE WEEK



THURS., JULY 16
BELINDA WEST

MON., JULY 20
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FRI., JULY 10
JESSICA WILLIAMS

FRI., JULY 3
EDWIN STARR

SAT., JULY 31
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(to be announced)

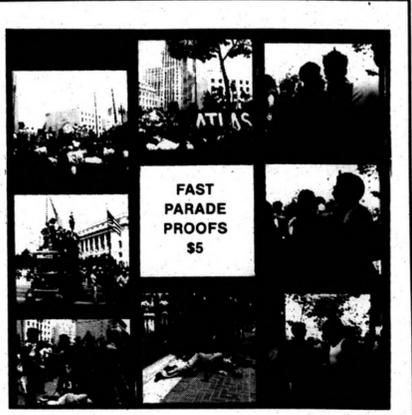
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Socialist sweep in France brightens gay prospects

(Paris, France) A massive rally and the socialist sweep of national offices have encouraged gay activists in France. More than 15,000 lesbians and gay men marched through Paris April 4 in France's first national demonstration for gay rights and liberties. The march was organized by the Emergency Committee Against Homosexual Repression (CUARH). CUARH has been active over the last year in the struggle to reform the French criminal code to obtain equality for gays and straights in age of consent provisions. Plans for the national demonstration were finally blocked by conservatives in the French senate last October. Thousands of festive demonstrators arrived in Paris from cities and towns across France. For the first time the French movement mobilized large numbers of people from the normally apolitical gay ghetto, "the moustaches, leathermen, machos and queers," according to reports in the Paris monthly *Gai Pied*. Costumes and high spirits gave the event a carnival atmosphere. At the closing rally marchers heard an impressive array of messages of support from the country's major labor

union confederations, many small political parties and the French Socialist Party. Media reaction was mixed. The *Quotidien de Paris* and *Le Monde*, gave the event adequate and favorable coverage. Right-wing papers ignored the issue or buried it in their news briefs columns. Especially disappointing was the French Communist daily *L'Humanité*, which gave the story six tiny lines and reported that the march had been organized by the "Emergency Committee Against Homosexuality." The march took place on the eve of the first round of the French presidential elections, and many of the signs and banners ridiculed the right-wing incumbent president Giscard d'Estaing. A week after the demonstrations, Socialist candidate Francois Mitterand made public his support of the gay movement in a letter published in *Gai Pied*. "I want to express," he wrote, "how much I associate myself with the necessary and manifest fervor of your national march. . . I am asking [author] Yves Navarre to be the messenger of the esteem and attention

which I have for the lifestyle that you hope for and which must be made possible, with obstacles removed, laws abolished, and new laws passed. "Cordially, Francois Mitterand." Mitterand was elected the first leftist president of France in 23 years on May 10, defeating d'Estaing. His candidacy was supported by a number of prominent gays. His position was bolstered substantially last Sunday, June 22, when Socialists took at least 283 of the National Assembly's 491 seats. Socialist members of the Assembly have been supporters of gay causes in the past, and the party's 1979 program declared opposition to "discrimination against homosexuals" and said that homosexuals' "rights and dignity must be respected."

Though French law does not make homosexuality a crime, it levies harsher penalties for homosexual morals convictions than for heterosexual offenses. The Mitterand and Socialist sweep may reopen the possibility of criminal code reform in the National Assembly this year. The current version of the Family Protection Act, which underwent prolonged rewriting because of flaws in the earlier versions, retains the strong provision that would deny any federal aid to those who promote, defend or suggest that homosexuality can be an acceptable lifestyle. A review of that language by the Congressional Research Service, an independent agency that analyzes federal legislation for Congress, suggested that the effect of the provision would be to cut off Social Security payments and veterans' benefits to gay rights advocates. In addition, the proposal carries the same restrictions for all groups, associations, organizations, corporations and other entities who provide assistance to gays or who promote gay civil rights. The aim of that provision, sponsors claimed, was to cut off federal aid to gay health clinics and community service groups, but the language of the bill, according to the Congressional Research Service, would also cut federal election aid to such groups as the Democratic Party and presidential and congressional candidates who support gays. At a press briefing on the bill, Senator Paul Laxalt indicated that the provisions of the legislation had the general support of President Reagan, although Laxalt said Reagan had not been briefed on any of the specifics of the bill. A special briefing on the bill will be held for the White House staff this week, Laxalt said.

Anti-Gay Bill (continued from front page)

"Even more important than the language of the bill itself is what the bill represents," Laxalt says. "Behind the bill is a recognition of the necessity of this country to revitalize its family structure and to reemphasize the traditional values that made this a great nation. Laxalt was joined as a sponsor at the bill's introduction by Senator Roger Jepsen (R-Iowa), who Laxalt will be responsible for moving the bill through Congress. An identical measure was introduced the same day into the House of Representatives by Rep. Albert Lee Smith, Jr. (R-Ala.). Smith's bill will replace the measure introduced earlier this year by Rep. George Hansen (R-Idaho), who had renounced last year's version. Hansen was not invited to join in the press conference on the new bill. Laxalt, Jepsen and Smith, in an appearance before reporters, explained their movement emphasizes the traditional roles of the sexes as well as traditional values. Women, according to Jepsen, should be "mothers and homemakers" and his bill will promote that cause. The members of Congress also said their bill will mark a departure from previous federal legislation. When asked if they would consider any federal legislation that had benefited citizens, none of the three could do so. "I guess that's why it's time for the Family Protection Act," responded Jepsen. The Gay Rights National Lobby and the National Gay Task Force issued a press release calling for the bill to be defeated, and announcing that they will spearhead a drive to enlist opposition to the proposal.

As about a hundred whistle-blowing members of the welcoming committee waited in anticipation, passengers from Robinson's Pan Am flight emerged from customs with bewildered expressions at the crowd. Finally, after nearly an hour of waiting, the crowd saw Robinson emerge; a cheer went up, and the press rushed in to see how he had been treated. Robinson, who was wearing a t-shirt which said "Let Gays In," said that he had asked the customs agent whether it was the policy of the United States government to exclude homosexuals from the country, and that "he said 'No, it's not the policy.'" Because Robinson didn't identify himself explicitly as being gay, the current policy of the INS wasn't tested officially. But the parade committee was able to cite other cases for Aguilar's consideration in which the law has been enforced to the detriment of citizens. Dunlap reacted with pleasure that Robinson was admitted, but said Wednesday night that the "INS retains the power to pick and choose as they please," and that the fact that a hundred protestors were on hand may have made the difference in his case. After Aguilar's decision Thursday, Dunlap voiced another note of caution that gays and lesbians monitor the actions of immigration officials to make sure that they don't violate the judge's ruling.

Foreign Gays (continued from front page)

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potential sponsors. White, who spoke after Saunders that evening, said that she was "embarrassed" by his presentation and that she tried to recover good feeling by talking about her enthusiasm for rodeo. Saunders suggests that the reason that businesses didn't come forth could have been caused by several reasons. One was the possible over-pricing of sponsorships. Other possibilities, he said, may have been that lesbian and gay businesses "just didn't care" about the event and that later "rumors . . . have fed one another . . . so that gay businesses doubt that the event will take place." Those rumors about Bar None may have been accelerated by the financial failure in the spring by the ITF Group, the company hired by Bar None to handle its promotion. Ed West, co-owner of ITF, was also one of the senior people in Bar None. By the time that the most recent staff was recruited in May, the rodeo had had a shaky start, and White, among others, thought that it would be wise to postpone the event rather than risk failure. Finally, in May, White told Saunders that she could no longer continue her participation in the event unless the company was shown to be "fiscally solvent." She says that she has personally spent several thousand dollars of her own money, and that she is dismayed that she solicited support and money from friends. "I'm so embarrassed and ashamed about my connection with Bar None," White told the Sentinel. "I totally ruined my credibility with the [Pacific Coast Gay] Rodeo Association." The PCGRA is a non-profit group of rodeo enthusiasts that was originally recruited to sponsor and sanction the Bar None event.

White reflected on her position in the troubles. "I didn't know the questions to ask. I'm not a wheeler dealer. I attribute a lot of my mistakes to my own ignorance." Patrick Kelly, president of the PCGRA, said that he regretted White's decision recently to resign from the group's board of directors. White was a founding member of the PCGRA. He said that whatever differences PCGRA and Bar None may have had, that White was not a factor. Kelly emphasized that PCGRA and Bar None are completely independent of each other, and that PCGRA had never sanctioned the Bar None production. Last week the PCGRA announced that it plans to pursue a "small local rodeo sometime next year."

When all is said and done, if the California Gay Rodeo does not take place the biggest loser will be Gray Saunders himself. "If I kill the event now, I stand to lose \$120,000," he said last week. He said that he has personally signed notes for part of that total, and that he "feels responsible" for money owed by Bar None itself, although he admits no such legal obligation. Despite the seemingly overwhelming odds against him, and perhaps because of the staggering debt that will be incurred if the event does not transpire, Saunders is maintaining his desire and determination to pull it off. "I could have tossed in the towel a month ago, two weeks ago, this morning," he told the *Sentinel* on Tuesday. "I feel responsibility to bring the event off," he added. "I want to and intend to bring the event off."

Saunders said that all advance ticket sales are guaranteed to be refunded if the Rodeo does not take place.

observers, did not ride well with some



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Hongisto supports civilian review for police

(San Francisco) Supervisor Richard Hongisto announced his support Wednesday for an office of civilian investigators which would look into complaints of police misconduct. The former San Francisco sheriff and former police chief of Cleveland said in a press release that he considered putting police procedures under civilian scrutiny as proposed June 1 by Harry Britt "sound governmental policy. As a former policeman," he went on, "I have had the opportunity to view things from the inside and I don't believe it would impair police operations to have civilian investigators in the Department." Police Chief Cornelius Murphy and Mayor Feinstein have opposed the creation of an office of civilian investigators. Murphy's response to a report by Catherine Barron charging ineffectiveness on the part of the Internal

Affairs Division, which currently investigates complaints, was submitted to the five members of the San Francisco Police Commission Wednesday night. Murphy's reaction to the allegations made by Barron, a staff aide in the Citizen Assistance Center, and his recommendations on the future of the IAD will not be made public, however, until the city attorney's office rules on what portions of the report must remain confidential. In supporting civilian investigation, Hongisto joins a growing list of persons and organizations who have announced their approval of the concept. The San Francisco Bar Association, which developed the original proposal for using trained civilian investigators in 1976, reaffirmed its support for such an office on June 10. The San Francisco Human Rights Commission similarly reaffirmed its support for the

1976 proposal at its meeting yesterday. Endorsements from the gay community have come from the Coalition for Human Rights, an umbrella group of 40 lesbian and gay organizations, the Alice B. Toklas and Harvey Milk Gay Democratic Clubs, Concerned Republicans for Individual Rights, and the Tavern Guild. Minority and neighborhood groups have also begun to take positions favoring an office of civilian investigation, including the Chinese-American Democratic Club, and the Duboce Triangle and Haight-Fillmore Neighborhood Associations. How complaints of police officer misconduct should be handled will be addressed in a public hearing before the Board of Supervisors Committee on Crime and Violence, July 15 at 2:00 p.m. in the Board Chambers in City Hall. Interested individuals are urged to attend.

Unique pneumonia strikes gay men

(San Francisco) Health officials said recently that there has been a mysterious outbreak of pneumonia among gay males in Los Angeles, San Francisco, and other cities in the last few months. Although locally the pneumonia has not yet been fatal, it has taken the lives of several gay men in Los Angeles. According to health officials, the type of pneumonia is unusual in that it is caused by a parasite, pneumocystis carinii. The resulting type of pneumonia usually occurs in patients

who are in "compromised conditions" such as cancer patients, according to Dr. Wayne Shandera, of the CDC. According to Dr. Shandera, all of the gay men who contracted the disease were in "excellent health." Officials confess their ignorance about what may be the cause of the outbreaks, and speculate that it has something to do with the gay lifestyle. Since the disease strikes the lungs, one area of immediate speculation among some people was that the use of amyl

or butyl nitrate might be a factor, but Shandera said that it was a "remote consideration." "We're looking into all possibilities," said Dr. Shandera, who is working out of the Los Angeles Gay Community Center. "We haven't been able to talk to enough people" to come up with the cause, he said. Shandera said that individual physicians should contact the local health department about any possibly related case.

Gay Rodeo (continued from front page)

potential sponsors. White, who spoke after Saunders that evening, said that she was "embarrassed" by his presentation and that she tried to recover good feeling by talking about her enthusiasm for rodeo. Saunders suggests that the reason that businesses didn't come forth could have been caused by several reasons. One was the possible over-pricing of sponsorships. Other possibilities, he said, may have been that lesbian and gay businesses "just didn't care" about the event and that later "rumors . . . have fed one another . . . so that gay businesses doubt that the event will take place." Those rumors about Bar None may have been accelerated by the financial failure in the spring by the ITF Group, the company hired by Bar None to handle its promotion. Ed West, co-owner of ITF, was also one of the senior people in Bar None. By the time that the most recent staff was recruited in May, the rodeo had had a shaky start, and White, among others, thought that it would be wise to postpone the event rather than risk failure. Finally, in May, White told Saunders that she could no longer continue her participation in the event unless the company was shown to be "fiscally solvent." She says that she has personally spent several thousand dollars of her own money, and that she is dismayed that she solicited support and money from friends. "I'm so embarrassed and ashamed about my connection with Bar None," White told the Sentinel. "I totally ruined my credibility with the [Pacific Coast Gay] Rodeo Association." The PCGRA is a non-profit group of rodeo enthusiasts that was originally recruited to sponsor and sanction the Bar None event.

White reflected on her position in the troubles. "I didn't know the questions to ask. I'm not a wheeler dealer. I attribute a lot of my mistakes to my own ignorance." Patrick Kelly, president of the PCGRA, said that he regretted White's decision recently to resign from the group's board of directors. White was a founding member of the PCGRA. He said that whatever differences PCGRA and Bar None may have had, that White was not a factor. Kelly emphasized that PCGRA and Bar None are completely independent of each other, and that PCGRA had never sanctioned the Bar None production. Last week the PCGRA announced that it plans to pursue a "small local rodeo sometime next year."

When all is said and done, if the California Gay Rodeo does not take place the biggest loser will be Gray Saunders himself. "If I kill the event now, I stand to lose \$120,000," he said last week. He said that he has personally signed notes for part of that total, and that he "feels responsible" for money owed by Bar None itself, although he admits no such legal obligation. Despite the seemingly overwhelming odds against him, and perhaps because of the staggering debt that will be incurred if the event does not transpire, Saunders is maintaining his desire and determination to pull it off. "I could have tossed in the towel a month ago, two weeks ago, this morning," he told the *Sentinel* on Tuesday. "I feel responsibility to bring the event off," he added. "I want to and intend to bring the event off."

Saunders said that all advance ticket sales are guaranteed to be refunded if the Rodeo does not take place.

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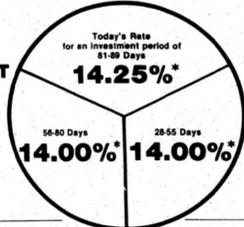
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UNITED FEDERAL SAVINGS AND LOAN ASSOCIATION

Profiles in Gay Pride

There are many ways in which people and organizations have contributed to enriching our lives as gay people in the Bay Area. Because it is such a politically active place to live, much of the news space in the Sentinel in the last year has been devoted to events which influence our lives in a political sense.

enormous impact on our lives. Competing gays in these fields deserve recognition. We are proud to honor those gays who have given so freely of their time, energy and resources in order to enrich the quality of our lives.

—Charles Lee Morris, Publisher

LAW ENFORCEMENT Connie O'Connor

Perhaps in no other field has the participation of open lesbians and gay men been so long delayed as in the criminal justice system. Certainly few occupations have such long-held opposition from straight members of the field.

If anyone had told Connie O'Connor when she was a teenager that she

times it must have been the least likely occupation for her to enter.

"I was in a home for girls for three years," she said. "I got in a lot of trouble as a kid."

The tall, usually serious and thoroughly professional woman looks back with irony at her more troubled youth. It was in those three years in the girls home that O'Connor had her first lesbian exposure. It was that part of her life that later led to further troubles with the police.

"Once I went into a bar with some friends," she said, "and the vice squad came in—this was when I was a Senior or a Junior in high school—they came in and started beating up people, pulling out guns."

"It was just a no action bar and quiet on a Thursday night. Those things were commonplace at that time," she said.

So it's something of an O'Henry twist to O'Connor's life that she should have ended up where she is. After a brief stint as a substitute teacher, she followed her mother's advice and took Civil Service exams.

At that time, then-Sheriff Richard Hongisto was making the first push to recruit lesbians and gays into the department, and O'Connor soon found herself as one of the pioneers.

Although O'Connor makes few general statements about the lesbian and gay deputies, she is obviously proud of the difference that she and others like her have been able to make.

"I think that the best deputies are those who have not always wanted to be deputies," she said. She said that the "whole influence" of her back-

ground prepared her to think and act to reform the city's sheriff's department.

In one area, however, O'Connor has seen a difference in the behavior of lesbians and gays: they aren't violent. "I have never seen that [violent behavior]; not once." She added that gays and lesbians may feel that they have to prove themselves.

When O'Connor isn't working, she's well working—primarily in her role as President of the Alice B. Toklas Memorial Democratic Club. She first got involved in Alice when she was Hongisto's liaison to the lesbian and gay communities. Slowly she worked her way up the ranks until becoming this year the first woman president of the club.

Do politics and law enforcement mix? "The complement each other," she said, "because the sheriff's department is very political."

O'Connor maintains calm demeanor when she emphasizes that lesbians and gays must insist on making politicians "more accountable." She is convinced that many of the reforms made in the San Francisco Police Department under former Chief Charles Gain have been rolled back, and she is determined to make sure that changes instituted under Hongisto not be allowed to lapse into disregard and abandonment.

Her current activities suggest that O'Connor will continue to be active in politics and government in San Francisco, but she seems genuinely unambitious for any specific position or goals. One gets the impression, however, that her hard work and commitment will pull her on to other spots. But, after all, it would be difficult to predict O'Connor's future from her past.

BLUE COLLAR WORKERS Martha Collins

Martha Collins does everything 100%, so when she came to San Francisco from the midwest, she came precisely "to be a lesbian." For Martha, being a lesbian meant leaving her husband of eight years and their classic car business, which was, she says, "the best job I could ever have. I spent at least two months a year in Europe. I had my own shop. I had a house. I had everything." She even had a happy marriage, though she had no lesbian and few women relationships.

"I bought into that life completely. The only thing I suffered was that I didn't let myself have many women friends because I wanted to block that off." A year and a half ago, Martha decided she wouldn't block it off any longer.

So here she is, a slight, pretty mechanic working in a South of Market garage, who "took books out of the library and just learned" to be a mechanic when she and her husband started their business back in Ohio. She is currently learning how to be a lesbian.

Six months ago, she says, she would have identified herself as a dyke. Now she considers herself a lesbian. "I think the difference is a self-consciousness

you have as a dyke, which I'm losing. It becomes more and more natural." And at this point, projecting her comfort with being Martha Collins, lesbian, is as political a stance as she is ready to take. "I'm not a joiner," says Martha, who does admit to attending occasional meetings of Women in Trades, a group of women who work with their hands.

Her current activities suggest that O'Connor will continue to be active in politics and government in San Francisco, but she seems genuinely unambitious for any specific position or goals. One gets the impression, however, that her hard work and commitment will pull her on to other spots. But, after all, it would be difficult to predict O'Connor's future from her past.

Hardly a militant stance, certainly, but a persistent one. When Martha came out while at Western College in Oxford, Ohio, she made no bones about her trips to gay bars across the river in Covington, Kentucky. She told her husband all about her orientation before they settled down to what seems to have been a happy wedded life. When men asked her for a date at the non-gay garage she worked in when she first arrived here, she casually ended the discussion by telling them she never went out with men. "It's a small statement," she says, "but it's the way I do it."

This is Martha's second Gay Freedom Day Parade. "The first parade was just a feast for my eyes," she recalls. "I wasn't intellectualizing. I just had the experience. This parade—I wouldn't miss it for the world, but I'm not sure yet what it means to me." Martha, it would seem, is what most of

us are, gay persons in progress, consciously exploring what labels mean, changing, and at the same time standing firm. It is maybe a small statement, but it's one way we do it.

the parade, it is the small idiosyncratic entries that usually steal the hearts of the crowd. Who could forget Gays for Long Hair? (You've forgotten already?) This year some of the small groups will be the Reignbeaux Intergalactic Contingent, led by the Kosmosky Ladye, Straights for Gays, and a delegation from San Francisco's own Mother Jones magazine.

Far be it for me to pick the favorites, but two different groups may stand out. The Southern Women's Alliance, a support group that discusses among themselves the "positive aspects of being Southerners, and also how to change to bad aspects," according to Lee Guion of the group. "It's hard to get Southerners out of the closet as Southerners."

Due to Thursday's federal injunction, lesbians and gays from Third World countries will be able to enter the country, so the Southerners should be in attendance in full force. Without question, however, the favorite this year will be the group "Nancy's Little Pistols." If the wit sounds familiar, the same group marched last year at Gays Against Brunch. This year the gang of fifteen will be tackling nearly as important an issue: gun control.

Come early and stay late. It should be a hoot.

Parade (continued from front page)

winning floats, the Bay Area Women's Float Committee is presenting "Hot Child in the City." Jessie Kane of the committee told the Sentinel that at the center of the 35-foot flatbed truck will be a seven-foot tall, plaster-casted woman. Surrounding her will be replicas of the Hyatt Regency, the Golden Gate Bridge, Coit Tower, and other San Francisco landmarks.

Kane said that many professional artists and architects have been working on the float for the past three months. Bet on them to place in the competition.

No event in the last year in San Francisco has escaped participation by the ubiquitous Sisters of Perpetual Indulgence. Could they miss this one? Not on your rosary the least. As if one troupe of bearded nuns on roller skates weren't enough, it has imported other sects from around the nation for the event.

San Francisco, are you ready for the Sisters of Loose Habit from L.A., the Sisters of the Candle Burnt at Both

Ends from U.C. Davis, and the Sisters of Perpetual Motion from Atlanta? Do you have any choices?

They will all cluster near the S.F. Sisters' float, which will be an elaborate chapel. The Sisters' theme is "Invincibility of the Spirit and they are encouraging everyone to bring a bell to ring in joyful celebration.

Little ringing bells may well be overshadowed by the more elaborate entries in the musical category. The Association for the Advancement of the Arts will feature a big (14 x 20) rocket ship that plans to blast the featured musical group right out at you. This year the group is featuring the six-man theatre group "Bloodspits" from England. They have a two-week engagement at the Boarding House in July, so this will be a good chance to catch a sneak preview. According to Bill Wolff of AAA, they are famous for outrageous costumes and makeup, so they should fit right in with the other 300,000 people present for the day's events.

Moby Dick Records, a local label, will compete in the best musical category with a performance every five minutes by Cynthia Manley of her latest hit with the Boomtown Gang, "Remember Me/Ain't No Mountain High Enough." Every five minutes!

Although the more commercial entries will steal most of the splash of

FILM

Rob Epstein

It started with an ad in Francis Coppola's old City magazine. Rob Epstein, 21 years old and new to San Francisco, answered Peter Adair's call for "a non-sexist gay person to work on a documentary on gay lifestyles."

The working title was Who Are We? and the ad read, "No experience necessary. Only insane dedication and a cooperative spirit."

Two years later the film was released, and even today—an additional three years hence—Word Is Out still has its impact on Epstein's life and that of thousands of other gay people. No single film has articulated so well the lives of gay people as Word Is Out. Propagandistic, yes. But for once we were writing our own propaganda.

Today, Epstein's still busy with filmmaking. He worked as assistant editor on the award-winning Life and Times of Rosie the Riveter, and as production manager last fall on Edward Hopper, a British feature on the life and work of the American painter.

Most remarkably, Epstein completed (along with Frances Reid, Greta Schiller and Lucy Winer) a film called Greetings: From Washington, D.C., the joyous mini-documentary that opened the Gay Film Festival at the Castro Theatre last Monday. (It also screens Saturday, June 27, at midnight.) Eighteen months in the making, Greetings nicely fulfilled Epstein's early promise for a lark "gay travelogue, a series of campy postcards made just for gay people." When the lights went up after Greetings' debut, a loud and long ovation was his.

Still in the wings is Out of Order, the working title for Epstein's projected documentary on the Briggs Initiative, the Harvey Milk/George Moscone assassinations and the City Hall Riots of May 21, 1979. "I'm trying to raise the money to begin research," Epstein said. Given the reception accorded Greetings, that may not be such a large problem.



DISC JOCKEYS Larry La Rue

Larry La Rue was S.F.'s first rock-disco DJ. In 1978 rock-disco sounded like a contradiction in terms.

In '78 La Rue began spinning discs at the Stud on Sundays and Mondays, the slow days. He played disco, like all the other DJ's. There were DJ's playing rock and new wave at the Liberty and Club Baths, but dancing was prohibited. Responding to customer demands, La Rue began playing 'Gloria,' by Patty Smith; 'Siouxie and XTC, until in the fall of '78 Mondays were declared "Punk/New Wave Night" at the Stud. At 24, La Rue became one of the first rock disco DJ's in the country.

By '79 disco purist George Ferren had quit the Stud. La Rue was playing through Wednesdays at clubs around the city: The Web, Oil Can Harry's, The Ambush, and X's had begun to offer rock. The Western Association of Rock DJ's (WARD) was formed. Founding members included La Rue, Alan Robinson, and DJ's from Hamburger Mary's, The Ambush, and Club Baths. The group distributed new records to its members, rated them for

the record companies, and allowed members to swap information.

Only the Stud and I-Beam still provide rock-disco for the gay community. Howie Klein has returned to radio DJ work, and running local label 415 Records. Robinson books live rock acts at the I-Beam on Mondays—and DJ's between sets.

At the Stud La Rue is back to his first love, "exposing people to new music and making them happy." He admits that at administrative details, he's a "modern ditz." There are disco DJ's who may have had far more national impact. But La Rue was like the first drag queen to lob a lipstick during the Stonewall riots—a little-known hero, who simply got there first.

Ask why the Stud remains the only gay bar in S.F. to continue with a diverse rock, new wave, oldies play list seven nights a week; he grins, "I think it's just that we have better taste than the disco queens."

As one cop at the Stonewall Riots responded when his partner gestured at the gay contingent, "Who can be attracted to that?" There is no accounting for taste.

Demonstrations follow new raids in Toronto

(Toronto) Three persons were hospitalized and six arrested last Saturday night in the violent climax to a demonstration protesting new bathroom raids by Metropolitan Toronto Police.

The violence took place about a block from police headquarters as groups of gays tangled with around 30-40 anti-gay attackers armed with fence posts and two by fours. Police in riot gear entered the fray with nightsticks and were able to separate the warring groups after about half an hour, though not before a lesbian marcher suffered a broken leg and Tim McCaskell, one of the protest's organizers sustained a head injury requiring six stitches.

The demonstration began peacefully as approximately 2000 lesbians, gay men, and a smattering of non-gay supporters gathered near downtown in a predominantly gay area to protest afternoon raids on two small downtown baths. In the June 16 action against the Back Door Gym and the International, 21 persons were arrested for being "found-nuts" or keepers of common bawdy houses. In Toronto law, a bawdy house is any place "resorted to for the purpose of prostitution or the practice of acts of indecency." Toronto gays argue that the statute is worded vaguely enough to be used to arrest gay men in bars, baths, and private homes. The police have in fact used the statute to conduct numerous raids in 1981, with the largest taking place on February 5 when 150 police raided four baths, arresting 273 men, and causing extensive damage in the target facilities. According to McCaskell of the Right to Privacy Committee, a group founded to defend people arrested in bath raids in 1978, approximately 337 persons have been

arrested so far this year.

The gay community's response to the raids has been massive and persistent. Following the February police action, approximately 3000 protestors marched to the Ontario legislature where some of the demonstrators hurled themselves against the doors. Despite the anger of the gay community and the support of certain groups, the city's police commission has refused to conduct an independent investigation of the raids as requested by the Canadian Civil Liberties Association. The police department's "only response has been to raid during the daytime," McCaskell told the Sentinel. "There wasn't the verbal abuse or damage this time," he went on. "They were very polite."

Polite or not, "There was a sense that civil disobedience was appropriate for a permit to parade, even though the route included some of the city's busiest streets. In spite of several warnings when the crowd spilled from the sidewalk into the street and held a spontaneous sit-in at Young and Bloor, one of Toronto's major intersections, police did not interfere with the marchers.

The crowd made its way to police headquarters where it burned effigies of police chief Jack Ackroyd and Ontario Attorney General Roy McMurtry, "very much seen to be the man behind the raids," according to Hannon. A group of 30-40 queer bathers who had planned the marches along the route were held away from the demonstration by arm-linked monitors and

police. "They were very ugly," Hannon says, "sweating and yelling 'kill the queers.'"

When demonstrators began dispersing to the south, the anti-gay men ran around the block to meet them, grabbing fence posts and other weapons along the way, and the melee began.

Hannon says that though the police were able to separate the battling groups, their sympathies seemed to lie clearly with the anti-gay attackers, and they used nightsticks indiscriminately against the gays and those who had attacked them. Several gay men reported verbal abuse from officers during the fracas.

The conservative Toronto Sun reported that five of the six persons arrested were non-gay attackers. A preliminary investigation by The Body Politic, however, has disclosed that at least four of those arrested were actually gay.

Gay leaders seem to feel that the situation in Toronto has deteriorated and the Right to Privacy Committee met Monday night with the Metropolitan Community Church and members of The Body Politic to discuss appropriate responses. "There's a incredible sense of rage and anger that no matter what we do, the raids will continue," Hannon told the Sentinel. The Toronto Star has reported receiving calls, allegedly from gays, threatening violence. "There's a no way of confirming whether or not the callers were actually gay, he confirms the increasingly frustrated mood of homosexuals in this Canadian city. "Sometimes I feel," he said, "that only something dramatic, something cataclysmic will have to happen to make people satisfied."

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OLDER GAYS

Rusty Brown

"I'm happy to be my age," says 58-year-old Rusty Brown. "I've gotten wiser and I've learned. I've gotten over all the silliness of my youth. It was wild and woolly." It was a strong-willed tomboy who out-fought and outran the boys in her New York City neighborhood, Rusty more or less came out at seven and a half when her "very English, very Victorian" mother discovered her under the covers with a little girlfriend. All hell broke loose, she recalls, and in the next decade when she wasn't running away, she was being raised by various New York State institutions for abandoned or mistreated children. It's not that she was completely abandoned; she was mostly just given up on and misunderstood. One day her father told her, "God damn you, you're too damn independent and logical to be a woman." "Well," Rusty recalls, "I was young and that really didn't register on me till I got a little older. I came back at him one day and said, 'Dad, what gave you the idea a woman can't be logical or independent?' He said, 'A woman has to depend on a man.' And I said, 'Bullshit. I don't need a man to support me.'" And she never has.

When World War II came, Rusty tried to enlist in the armed forces, but was turned down by every branch because those New York institutions had dutifully reported her "homosexual tendencies." She was able to enter the Navy as a civilian, however, and Rusty came west to work in the Navy's San Francisco shipyards as a welder.

There was hardly even the beginning of a women's community here then, she remembers, and there were only two bars where a girl could meet a girl. So when they gave her one day's notice at the shipyard in 1946, Rusty went back to New York where she went into show business and met her lover of 28 years. You may not have heard of Rusty because she was in what we might call alternative entertainment—she was a male impersonator in the Howdy Club, dancing a Fred Astaire to a female impersonator's Ginger Rogers. She was a lesbian Fred Astaire who made eyes at a stripper who began to make eyes back. The rest, as they say, is history.

If it's possible to imagine life being routine for Rusty, the next few years must have been routine, except that she succumbed to her lover's persua-



sion and became a psychiatric nurse and she kept getting arrested there in New York for impersonating men. The law said that a woman needed to wear at least three pieces of feminine attire. "Well, I didn't have too much of a breast, so I didn't need a brassiere," Rusty says. "Since I was always wearing pants, I certainly didn't need a petticoat, and I wasn't about to wear lace panties to please any cop." Apparently New York cops aren't easy to please. The one night she put it all on, lace panties, an evening gown and all the rest, she was arrested for impersonating a female.

In 1971 Rusty made her way back to San Francisco, this time with a lover, this time to a city with a growing women's and lesbian community. Rusty began to become a part of that community, a process that she obviously considers a sign of her wisdom. When her lover died a few years ago after a lingering illness, Rusty was, of course, denied the social security benefits that would have routinely gone to a heterosexual spouse. She was blocked from making funeral arrangements for her lover because she was neither husband nor blood relative. But she survived because "at least I was in my community. I had support from my lesbian friends."

Rusty returns that support to other lesbians. She helped found Slightly Older Lesbians two years ago, a group that holds drop-in rap groups at the

Women's Building every Wednesday night to help lesbians over 30 deal with any problem from unlearning feminine passivity to learning how to cope with growing older. She got dressed up "fairly feminine" and spoke before the March 23 meeting of the San Francisco Commission on Aging. She urged the Commission to provide funding to address some of the special needs of older lesbians and gay men not currently met by gay or non-gay agencies. She says that the room fell into a deep silence when she announced she is a lesbian, but that didn't intimidate her. Very little has.

GAY YOUTH

Tim Curran

"Gay activists ever have self doubts about whether their efforts are making this country a better place to grow up gay, then they need only look to Tim Curran as vindication of their efforts."

At 19, Tim Curran looks like any other classically American, clean cut college student. He is easy-going, articulate, and quick to pick up a joke. He was an Eagle Scout, and he works for the staff of a newspaper at UCLA, where he has just finished his first year.

Tim Curran is also openly gay, a condition that was unthinkable for most people until they escaped the confines of dormitories and peer hostility. His casual acceptance and pride in being gay is sign enough of progress, at least in this part of the country.

Curran burst into prominence this spring at UCLA when he sued the Boy Scouts of America after they removed him from the organization for being gay. His suit is currently awaiting a preliminary ruling from a southern California judge.

"I'm not especially interested in the publicity," Curran told the Sentinel, "but I think it's extremely important that these issues be discussed. Any kind of discussion is positive."

This is not the first time that Curran has had publicity. When he was a senior in high school in Berkeley, he "came screaming out of the closet," as he put it. He took a real, not surrogate, date to his senior prom, and was the subject of an article in the Oakland papers.

That publicity resulted in his expulsion from the Boy Scouts, and for the next two weeks at school it netted him "a lot of stares and funny looks."

Without trying to sound like an anthropologist, the Sentinel asked

Curran to what he attributed his healthy attitudes. "Growing up in Berkeley had a lot to do with my being as well-adjusted about being gay as I am," Curran said. "People's differences were something that are special rather than bad." He also credited the fairly healthy attitudes of his parents.

In the tenth grade Curran began going to the Pacific Center, an Oakland center for gay people which is especially popular with younger gays who can't go to bars.

Curran is not unaware of the difference in his position and fortunes and those of gays and lesbians who have come before him. "Things are changing so fast that nobody really perceives it," he said. "Nobody really understands the magnitude."

"I think things are getting better, but I think they have a long way to go. It's easier to grow up gay now," he said, "but in each person's life it's still very tough."

During the past year in Los Angeles, Curran spent a lot of his social time at a disco that caters to gays under 21. It was there that he was able to see contemporaries that were less comfortable with their positions in life than he was.

"There's a hell of a lot of stress there," he said. He attributed it to the fact that most of the people are in high school and live at home, so they can neither choose with whom they live, nor can they pick their environment outside of the home.

As one might expect, living in a college dorm is not the best situation in the world for a gay college student, and Curran says that he'll be moving off campus next year. It's not likely, though, that the gay movement will lose track of Curran, no matter where he moves; he's our future.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Fisher Ross

Fisher Ross is one of the few good photographers whose work you can pick up for less than a dollar. His Bodies by Fisher, those finely textured nudes, have begun to turn up on post card racks from here to Paris and what they're meant to do is stimulate fantasies from here to the Seine.

They're also meant to set the highest standards for gay nude photography.

Ross's quest for photographs that are "realistic and beautiful and sensual and erotic" began when the 34-year-old east Texan was in Vietnam. "That's

(continued on page 11)

PROFILE

When I first realized the beauty in men," he recalls, "and this thing that I saw every day, I could never pick up a magazine or ad and see expressed."

So he came to San Francisco in 1970 to make sure that that beauty was expressed. He began as a long haired hippie postman, but he quit that, he says, so he could "spend years working and going to the lab by myself and just reading and picking up from other people, trying to develop my style and technique."

By 1976 Ross's work was ready to appear in After Dark. As Ross sees it, his photos helped encourage gay men to become more and more conscious of their bodies, an awareness that has resulted in the working out, gym culture that is becoming so closely associated with some gay circles in San Francisco and elsewhere. In his own way, Ross feels he is responsible for the pectoral landscape of the contemporary gay community.

Since 1976, Ross's fashion and nude photos have continued to appear in After Dark, most recently in the June, 1981 issue. Ross is a frequent contributor to the Sentinel and his work has appeared in The Advocate as well. He has a show currently at the 551 Gallery in San Francisco whose owner, Victor Arimondi, is one of several other gay San Francisco photographers Ross admires. The "Texan hasn't really broken into non-gay publications, but that doesn't seem to bother him. "I've always liked being a rebel," he says. "I've always wanted to be a cult hero."

It's not clear whether Ross has actually developed a cult yet or not, though his work has the kind of strong personal signature that sometimes attracts a devoted following. "A lot of people term the way I shoot 'fucking through the lens.' I am like having my orgasms shooting these people, although I never touch them. But mentally it's as if I am seducing them and they are giving to me. As his comment suggests, it is a personal, intimate work that comes from Fisher Ross's camera. The man and his work and his world can't be separated. "I want to create something artistic, sensual, and erotic that will depict the way I live my life and the way I see the men in my life, and that will contribute to the world by giving it something it can be proud of."

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Help Sought in Santa Cruz Murder Case

(Santa Cruz) Investigators in the Santa Cruz County Sheriff's Department have requested help from persons who may have known murder victim Donald (Donnie) Aquilera. Aquilera's body was found April 1, 1981, dumped in the rural Bonnie Doon area about five miles north of Santa Cruz. The killer apparently picked Aquilera up in San Francisco's Polk Street area, where the victim had been living for about a year. A suspect has been taken into custody.

Investigators are seeking additional information about Aquilera to help complete the investigation. Anyone with any knowledge of the victim should call Dick at the Sentinel, 864-2178, or Lt. Phil Kirkland or Sgt. Charles Weaver with the Santa Cruz Sheriff's Department, (408) 425-2431. Calls to Santa Cruz can be made collect. All information will be kept confidential.

Mace Class

(San Francisco) Tim Wolfred, a gay man elected to the San Francisco Community College District Board of Governors last fall, announced last week that the District will begin offering mace training for groups of 25 or more. The cost to the individual is \$3.70 for a state mace certificate and the approximately \$10 purchase price for a canister of mace. Previous programs which have been privately offered have cost \$30.

Wolfred noted that the classes have been offered at Marina Middle School for the past few months. "It's been pretty popular," said Wolfred. "Once the word gets out it should be very successful," he said.

Lesbian and gay organizations can arrange training for their members by calling Mr. Fran Baran, coordinator for the course, at 931-3595. Classes are six hours in length, and the sponsoring organization may choose the class site or the College District will arrange a location. Individuals may also organize groups, but minimum attendance of 25 must be guaranteed.

Wolfred can be reached at 239-3013 for further information about the mace classes.

Parade Benefits Pay Off

(San Francisco) With the gay community being so supportive of the Lesbian and Gay Freedom Day Parade Committee's benefits this year, it looks as if all the porta-potties will be in place and paid for on June 28. The Stonewall to Dreamland benefit June 19 was immensely successful, according to Paul Boneberg, the Committee's co-chair in charge of fundraising. The dance-ill-dawn event brought 1400 people in off the streets and turned a \$550 profit. After adding this to the \$1300 collected at the Trocadero benefit, the several hundred dollars collected at the 344 Natoma Gallery exhibit opening last Monday, and the money gathered last night at the Sutters Mill Victory Party, Boneberg expects the Parade Committee to be able to pay off last year's debts, this year's expenses and come out with a surplus.

As for fundraising, Boneberg is willing to venture that this is "the best year yet."

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ON LIVE!

with Randy Alfred
UNOFFICIAL PARADE LINE-UP:
Lady Diana Chapter, Future Queens of America...

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...

Dear PP,
It is absolutely essential—for your sake and for your parents' sake—that you stop participating in the self-reinforcing cycle of pain and misery that all three of you are caught up in...

Responses to Sentinel Feature on 8th and Howard
Dear Editor:
I was quite intrigued by the psychological insight and the in-depth reporting offered by Dick Hasbany...

OUTLOOK
Whither We Goest?
Neither a moment too soon nor too late, the annual Gay Freedom Day Parade comes tumbling upon us once again...

QUESTION

What do you like most/least about your boyfriend/girlfriend?

Merle Exit, comedian from New York: I like everything about my girlfriend and there's nothing I like least. I guess, wow, I have a perfect mate. Sometimes she's impatient; that's about it.

Erik Olesen, counselor: The things I liked most were gentleness and intimacy, and the thing I liked the least was what I saw as over-aggressiveness.

Jeffrey Allen, writer: What I like most? Interesting looks. He should be very intelligent, wonderful conversationalist. Someone who makes me laugh a lot because I'm very serious...

BELIEVE... BUT Don't Believe Them
Richard Zone • Pope John Paul II • Jerry Falwell
...all say God will burn you for gay acts. God is not such a monster as these presumptuous humans would like you believe.

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LETTERS

Responses to Sentinel Feature on 8th and Howard
Dear Editor:
I was quite intrigued by the psychological insight and the in-depth reporting offered by Dick Hasbany...

particular situation, he's dead-right, and knows it.
The conclusion appears obvious. The only real alternative to those who don't like the 8th & Howard Wax Museum is to split to another playpen elsewhere...

Dear Friends,
Dick Hasbany's June 12th Sentinel feature on his visit to the 8th & Howard Club Baths (NOT part of the CBC chain, by the way, despite the name) was sensitive but somewhat inconclusive...

Muscles With No Work
How tired is the description "Hot Man" and how mindless is the body culture that supports it. Gay men in San Francisco abound in muscles that do nothing, except provide a residence for the most adolescent expression of insecurity—Attitude...

Dear Editor:
I wish to express my personal gratitude to your paper and its readers for the overwhelming support given to the San Francisco Gay Men's Chorus and their Tour of America '81.
I sincerely believe that the Tour has had three results for the gay community nationwide: first, for those who have already experienced liberation, it was a celebration of love and unity.
Second, for those who still have the feeling of being suppressed, it was a war anthem. And for those whose lives are lived with apathy, there is now hope.

in the ecosystem.
There are many different kinds of toads. Many are princes in disguise, under the spell of some evil social witch. I was almost totally unaware of the princely qualities of toads until the time they came to my attention...

The Sentinel
PUBLISHER: Charles Lee Morris
EDITOR: Ron Baker
NEWS STAFF WRITERS: Larry Bush, Washington, D.C. Correspondent
ENTERTAINMENT & THE ARTS WRITERS: Steve Berry, Adam Block, Ned Brown
CONTRIBUTING WRITERS: Randy Alfred, Jim Boland, Alan Sable
ART DIRECTOR: Ron Baker
PRODUCTION: Linda Michel, James Moore, Tara Sullivan, Spot
ADVERTISING: Paul D. Hufstetler, Advertising Director
ACCOUNTS SUPERVISOR: Mike Snyder

Toad Hall Revisited
Dear Editor:
I am not a zoologist, but I do know a thing or two about toads. My toad nature is very apparent on some sullen mornings. Dick Hasbany's article on the elitist's bathhouse sparked my reptilian brain to make comment.
Toads have been imbued with a plethora of attributes throughout history and within various cultures. They are symbols of change, beauty, the devil, hot sexuality, wisdom, etc. Thus no two toads are alike. Toads have been accused, incorrectly, of causing wars (yet we all know that "10s" can also cause wars). Toads are members of the lowly amphibian group; however, their cousin, the alligator, is our current symbol for hot, sexy men. Toads hop around in parks and in fertile places, playing their role

OUTLOOK

Whither We Goest?
Neither a moment too soon nor too late, the annual Gay Freedom Day Parade comes tumbling upon us once again. (Although now it's the Lesbian/Gay Freedom Day Parade.) As it should, the parade means different things to different people. For some it becomes an opportunity for costume and fun. For others the day presents itself as a time for driving home political messages. And for others, it is a combination of those things and more.



Alice B. Toklas

Memorial Democratic Club

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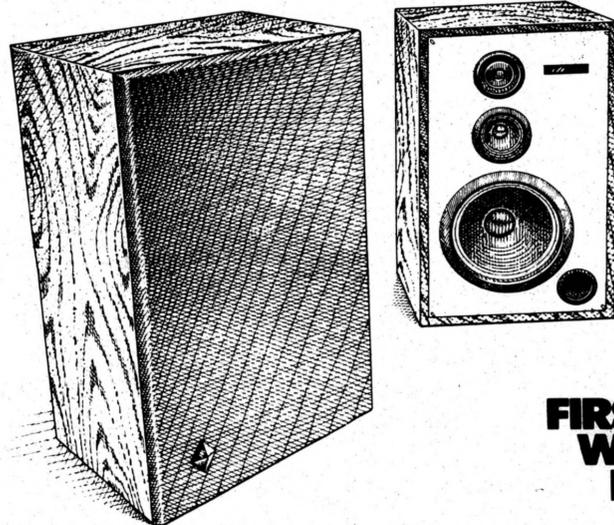
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Vol. 8 No. 13

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MOVIES



Perseus (Harry Hamlin) consults his mentor Bubo in *Clash of the Titans*.

CLASH OF THE TITANS.
Directed by Desmond Davis.
Special visual effects by Ray Harryhausen.
At area theatres.

Steve Warren

It's natural to want the best of both worlds, so why couldn't *Raiders of the Lost Ark* have had a hero like hunky Harry Hamlin; or why couldn't *Clash of the Titans*, which does have Hamlin, have had a script and direction like *Raiders* so we could stay awake to watch him?

Even though the extras in *Titans* appear to have no interest in what's going on—or they're too stoned to care (audiences will relate)—their malaise spreads up to or down from most of the principals. Desmond Davis directs as if he were making a serious historical epic, which is not the way to entertain people who are just waiting for the next mythological monster to attack. Only Laurence Olivier, who plays Zeus, has a sense of humor about his role. On Mount Olympus he and the other gods (Maggie Smith, Claire Bloom, Ursula Andress, etc.) play chess with clay figures representing humankind. Zeus would seem to rule the roost but for some reason he lets the goddesses score points against his illegitimate son Perseus (Hamlin), who is pursuing Princess Andromeda. Inconsistencies abound in the screenplay by Beverly Cross. For instance, on his way to see the Stygian witches to learn how to defeat Kraken the sea monster, Perseus is given a mechanical owl that's supposed to be omniscient. Why doesn't the owl (whose name is Bubo and who will remind you of R2D2) tell Perseus what he needs to know and save him the trip? The first hour is painfully laborious,

but the second zips along as Perseus encounters one weird creature after another on his way to being immortalized in a constellation and the movie. The beasts come to us through the courtesy of Ray Harryhausen, who's been doing the same thing in the same way for almost 30 years. It's paradoxical that while hand craftsmanship is rare but desirable in most fields today, Harryhausen's stubborn refusal to update his techniques has made him as obsolete as his extinct and fictional creations. He has some interesting visual concepts, but their execution looks hopelessly outdated to sophisticated audiences.

We don't have to believe the Medusa and other three-dimensional animated figures are real, but we shouldn't be so aware of the front and rear projection that makes them interact with the humans. (More care in lighting could have remedied this.) There's a nice contemporary parallel when Perseus asks Ammon (Burgess Meredith) why an amphitheatre is deserted. "It's a sign of the times," Ammon sighs. Could Reaganomics have been operating then? Or was it the original baseball strike? Gray men will have to fall in love with Harry Hamlin (and look forward to his gay role in *Making Love*, due next February). If I may cavil, he's miscast as a mortal—I haven't seen anyone look so Greek godlike on screen in years. Lesbians may derive equal pleasure from Judi Bowker. Her Andromeda strains our credibility (in keeping with the general laidback attitude she registers only mild concern when the giant Kraken assaults her), but she's every bit as lovely as she was in *Brother Sun, Sister Moon*. Although it offers us some fun, the knowhow exists to make films like *Clash of the Titans* much better than this one—if only the people who know how are allowed to make them.

RUBENS
NO PARKING
...nite on ice.
The movie

RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK.
Starring Harrison Ford.
Directed by Steven Spielberg.
At the Regency I Theatre.

Steve Beery

Raiders of the Lost Ark has an exciting kinetic rush to it. It's the best example yet of the roller coaster school of filmmaking: once you get in the car and that damn bar comes down over your knees, there's no turning back. You're pulled through this improbable adventure story by pace alone, with crescendos washing over you at a rate that would make most coming attractions trailers look lethargic. Yet, for all the visceral thrills, the film lacks a human element, and there's little emotional exhilaration to accompany your physical exhaustion when the ride finally reaches its conclusion.

George Lucas and Steven Spielberg have recreated the Republic and Monogram Studios' cliffhanging matinee serials of the 1940s right down to the clunky music and the bad acting. Alone among his contemporaries, producer Lucas seems to have the uncanniest

SUPERMAN II.
Starring Christopher Reeve and Margot Kidder.
Directed by Richard Lester.
At the Coliseum Theatre.

Steve Beery

Those who found it hard to swallow the conflicting moods of the first Superman movie, as I did, will find more to enjoy in *Superman II*. It's a tighter, faster, funnier film than its predecessor, which traced in meandering detail the origins of the Man of Steel from Krypton through Smallville and the North Pole and finally to Metropolis and the Daily Planet. With all the fanfare out of the way, the sequel is free to explore the nature of the unique Superman-Clark Kent-Lois Lane ménage a trois, one of the breeziest schizo-identity triangles in popular fiction.

Love symbolically castrates Superman. Under Kryptonian law, he is forced to relinquish his super powers before he can wed his lovely lady reporter. (The film's witty implication is that, if they made it while he was still super, he'd tear her apart.) Lois is cast as the Delilah to Superman's Samson, with the Man of Steel torn between his desire to lead a normal life and his duty to flag and country. This domestic evolution slyly points toward *Superman III* with a closing scene of a queasy Lois evincing symptoms of what might possibly be construed as "morning sickness." But we'll have to wait another couple of years to learn what, if anything, this super-love hath wrought.

This installment also provides Superman with more of a challenge in the villain department. The three jack-booted archcriminals from the planet Krypton are freed from their spinning mirrored space prison and immediately go on a rampage that leads them from the Moon to the White House. Possessing the same powers as Superman, they systematically demolish a small town in the Southwest to show their contempt for powerless Earthlings. Their scheme for world domination is more engrossing than was Lex Luthor's atomic bomb real estate swindle in the first film. The supervillains' presence here enables Luthor to sink around as a humorous turncoat, vastly improving Gene Hackman's role and his performance. Happily, the sequel isn't near as somber as the first film was, and responsible for this shift in tone is the

knack for serving up to the American public what it wants in the way of entertainment. Millions of dollars richer from *American Graffiti* and *Star Wars*, praised to the skies by *Time* and *Newsweek*, he no doubt already has half of Hollywood lying enviously in wait for his eventual flop. Director Spielberg stubbed his toe last year with the joyless comedy *1941*; the inevitable success of *Raiders*, already doing land-office business, will restore him to the pinnacle he ascended following *Jaws* and *Close Encounters*. As a matter of personal pride, and to show industry insiders (especially Paramount, who financed the film) the self-indulgent folly of a \$40-million *Heaven's Gate*, Spielberg reportedly lensed *Raiders* on the tightest of schedules and a medium-sized budget. Visually, he can do no wrong. *Raiders* is a sumptuous film, full of old Hollywood camera angles and shadows, twinkling lights, moonlit vistas, jangling chimes and smoke tendrils curling atmospherically under kaleidoscopically colored desert canopies. There's so much to see, our eyes can barely take it all in. (Continued on page 18)

MOVIE NEWS & NOTES

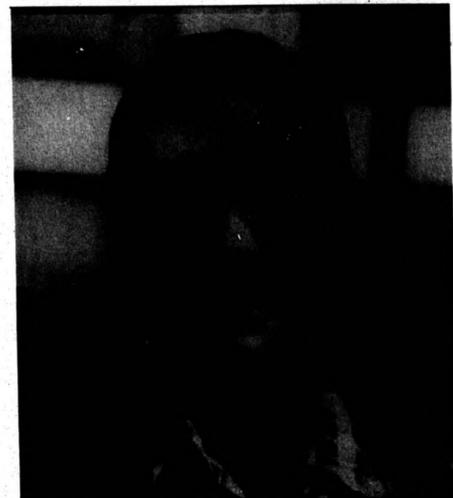
Partners Promises Compassion; Vito Fills the Castro

Edward Guthmann

"My task," said actor Michael McGuire over the phone from Hollywood, "was to sit at a table and feel up Ryan O'Neal."
McGuire's mission, strictly professional, was accomplished on the set of *Partners*, the Paramount movie about a gay cop (John Hurt) and a straight cop (O'Neal) which finished shooting

last. My concern is primarily on the acting level: simply to do it right. But in this case I don't know what that is. I sort of jumped in to the part and relied on Jim and Aaron to put the gain up or down on what I was doing."
McGuire, who came to *Partners* after a *Taxi* TV episode which impressed Burrows, said screenwriter Frances Veber (*La Cage Aux Folles*) was pleased with McGuire's rendering

Closest presentation Tuesday night, *Partners* was booted at the mention of its name. But shouldn't we give it a chance?
"Well, nobody bad-mouths their own film," McGuire said. "But I know that everyone's ecstatic about this one. The set had no tension and they came in four days early. From what I understand, Veber loved what he saw and thought they were very much on to the intentions of his text."



Vito Russo

two weeks ago in Los Angeles. McGuire, a fiftyish actor with vast repertory experience, plays "Mr. Monroe," a "prancey queen" who runs a Ventura Blvd. motel of the nooner variety. Into his establishment walk Hurt and O'Neal, masquerading as lovers in order to crack the underground and solve a series of gay murders in Hollywood.
"Ryan has to act like a piece of meat to draw me out," McGuire said, "since I may have information he's looking for. My character thinks he's just a dumb blonde who can be had."

Mr. Monroe, according to McGuire, makes an early appearance in the film. "The motel scene is the introduction to the gay world once the two cops get together as a team and set up a front in the community. It's a very funny scene. My suspicion is that [director] Jim Burrows, producer Aaron Russo, writer Frances Veber wanted to set up the whole thing lightly before they get into the more serious aspects of it."

"My character," McGuire said, "is a very predatory guy... a lecherous queen in athletic dress: Nike sneakers, wet shorts with zippers up the side and a hooded sweatshirt that zips up."
Isn't Mr. Monroe firmly in the tradition of Hollywood "poofs"? Won't it upset the polluter-sensitive? "It might," McGuire answered. "I prance

and with the proceedings in general. Still, McGuire was apprehensive about playing a stereotype and careful to assuage any doubts that readers of this column might have.
"I would hope, Edward, that the kind of behavior you see in the film is behavior that's true. God knows I've seen it on the streets of New York, and there are people who play it broader than I did. Also, you see a very dignified portrait in what John Hurt is doing and I would hope that the spectrum of behavior in the film is authentic."

How about O'Neal's and Hurt's on-screen relationship? "I know that the film's been described as farce," McGuire said. "But to me the spine of it is the relationship between the two men. They're initially suspicious of one another when they have to set up housekeeping and go out as a team, but they get through the crap and eventually come to understand one another."
"There's a remarkable speech by John Hurt when they check into the motel room and he tells Ryan he has no place condemning a world he's never known. Their relationship is very, very human."
Would *Partners* be another embarrassment to gay people, or could it be a breakthrough—a film that laughs with gay people with taste and intelligence? At Vito Russo's *Celluloid*

with other films of the same sex.
And more. I've realized in recent columns that it's useless for me to feign objectivity when it comes to Vito Russo. I adore and respect him—with always agreeing with him—and I wish him a torrent of success with the book version of *Celluloid Closet*.

Stuart Byron's got the scoop on West Germany's *Taxi Zum Klo* (*Taxi to the Toilet*), the "first masterpiece about the mainstream of gay male life as it has developed since Stonewall."
Taxi, a 92-minute comedy made for \$50,000, was six weeks into its run at a Berlin cinema when Byron caught it, and "had begun playing to audiences that were largely straight."
Director Frank Rippoloh based the story of *Taxi* on his own love affair

with Bernd Broderup (both men play themselves in the Allen/Keaton/*Annie Hall* tradition), focusing on the conflicts of promiscuity and domesticity. Rippoloh, a schoolteacher in the film, has a large taste for public sex, and even taxis to a tea-room from the hospital—following minor surgery—when he's overcome with horniness. According to Byron, the casual sex encounters are revealed as "enriching and enjoyable." The sex is straightforward, too, including a graphic golden shower sequence.
Taxi Zum Klo as yet has no American bookings, but who knows—it could become next year's companion piece to *Partners*.

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Broadway Tower, Worcestershire, England. 1981.
Photographs by Michael Kenna at Stephen Wirtz Gallery, 345 Sutter.

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At the Metro.

Steve Warren

I am not a chronic hater of Mel Brooks' movies. I think *Young Frankenstein* is the greatest film satire ever made. I still enjoyed *Blazing Saddles* five years after its release and I've even defended *Silent Movie* and *High Anxiety* to their detractors.

So you can believe I'm without bias when I tell you that *History of the World—Part I* is an utter piece of shit.

The only excuse I can imagine for this collection of ancient and tasteless jokes is that the average moviegoer today is so young, Brooks figured they haven't heard the humor that was burlesque's stock in trade, "risque" lines that were mildly shocking to Brooks' generation.

There are a few mildly amusing lines and situations I'd like to cite, but they might make the picture sound funnier than it plays and I don't want to say anything that might encourage you to waste your money seeing it.

Raiders

(continued from page 16)

Storywise, *Raiders* is a genre film right down to the footage of the pet monkey doing double takes, like Cheetah in an old Tarzan adventure. Archaeologist/soldier-of-fortune Indiana Jones (Harrison Ford) tries to beat the Nazis to the hiding place of the Ark of the Covenant, a mystical Biblical relic possessed of invincible supernatural powers. The search takes him from the jungles of South Africa to the mountains of Nepal and to a marvelously dusty Egypt, and involves a hard-drinking, two-fisted girlfriend (Karen Allen), an amoral, unctuous Frenchman (Paul Freeman, doing Claude Rains), and a repellent, fish-faced Nazi (Ronald Lacey). Scenes are cut together so tightly they practically overlap. It's easy to lose track of who's who and what's supposed to be happening where, but luckily it doesn't really matter. The procession of spiders, snakes, shootings and cadavers keeps us watching. The best special effects come at the end, when the dark, rolling skies of *Close Encounters* return to zap the bad guys in a devilish orgy of retribution.

As in *Star Wars*, it's impossible to tell whether Harrison Ford has any talent as an actor whatsoever. Here he's required to draw like Bogart, fight like Errol Flynn, and pop his eyes and drop his jaw at regular intervals. At his best, he conveys a dogged determination, like when he's dragged behind a truck and still comes up fighting. The woman, Karen Allen, never gets any kind of rapport going with the audience. Snakes are dropped around her neck, but as a spunky Maureen O'Sullivan, she's a washout.

But the movie's considerable thrills outweigh its shortcomings. *Raiders* is not only worth the money, it's worth the wait in line. Realizing they have a hit on their hands, the management of the Regency is operating their theatre as if it were a zoo. You have a full half hour to buy popcorn before the movie starts, because selling popcorn, after all, is what a movie like this is all about.

CABARET



Ann Weldon

ANN WELDON.
At the Plush Room through July 5.

The thermostat in the hallway registers 80° F. at 7:30 p.m. Children are sassing their parents in the streets. The boys are bare-chested on Castro and I'm due at the Plush Room for Ann Weldon's opening.

Two minutes after I am seated I know that I am in the right place. Stepping onto the stage in a white chiffon caftan, Ann Weldon instantly turns the Sutter Street cabaret into the most elegant oasis in town.

She opens with Jackson Brown's "Running on Empty," hardly a staple on the chanteuse circuit. But Ann makes it work for her. The song becomes a tough-tender hymn to survival sung by a woman who has traveled more than a few of life's highways.

She follows with James Taylor's "Do Me Right," a smoky lullaby which she colors with sexy yearning.

For the Bee Gee's "Shadow Dancing" her voice takes on a reggae lilt, the timbre darker, more assertive. Ann leaves one in no doubt that she is a woman who calls her own moves on the dance floor and elsewhere.

As if to emphasize the take-charge side of her personality, she next launches into the near-camp "W-o-m-a-n." Inflection, timing, movement make me believe that she really does cook, sew, and cut the mustard as well as she holds the stage.

In her next song she abruptly switches field for the Stan Kenton-June Christie jazz narrative, "Something Cool." Here she shows us a little-girl-lost in nighttown, a fragile Blanche DuBois-type dreamer hustling drinks from strangers. No one juggles an ice cube. You can almost hear the cigarette ashes fall.

The remainder of her program includes the Sam Cooke oldie "Knock on Wood," "You Go Your Way," and Ann's signature piece "Pusher Man." In the latter, a feathered hat

and a three-quarters length coat transform her into a bad, back alley punk who talks a mean line but who knows he is being crushed at the bottom of the dope pyramid.

Ann's acting talents contribute enormously to her singing. When she enters a room, she takes possession of it as if she were a commando from the Joan Crawford School of Charm. And she makes you love it.

The warm center of her voice lies in the lower register. But she can make the down-home shout that tops her vocal range work for her the way a smart cook makes pan drippings work in a sauce.

The four men who back Ann Weldon are superior musicians whose taste and precision deserve recognition. The arrangements which they have worked out with Ann—indeed the entire show—could be summarized by a brief quote from one of her songs: "simple and near, just right for the heat."

Welcome back Ann, and don't stay away so long.

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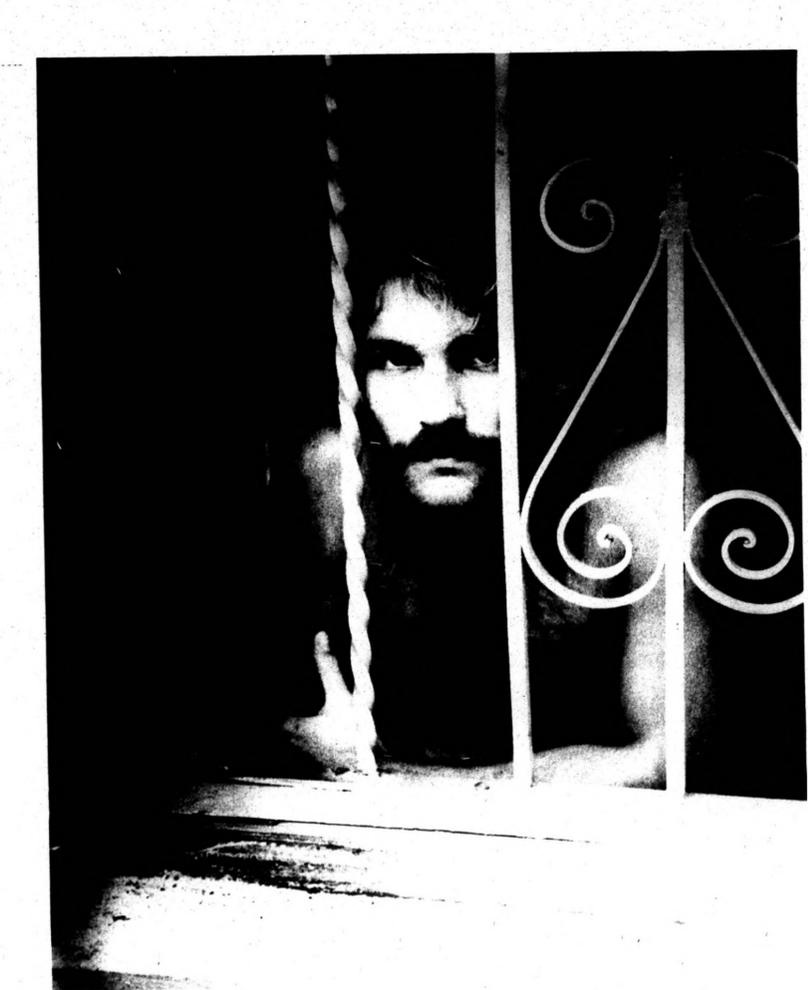
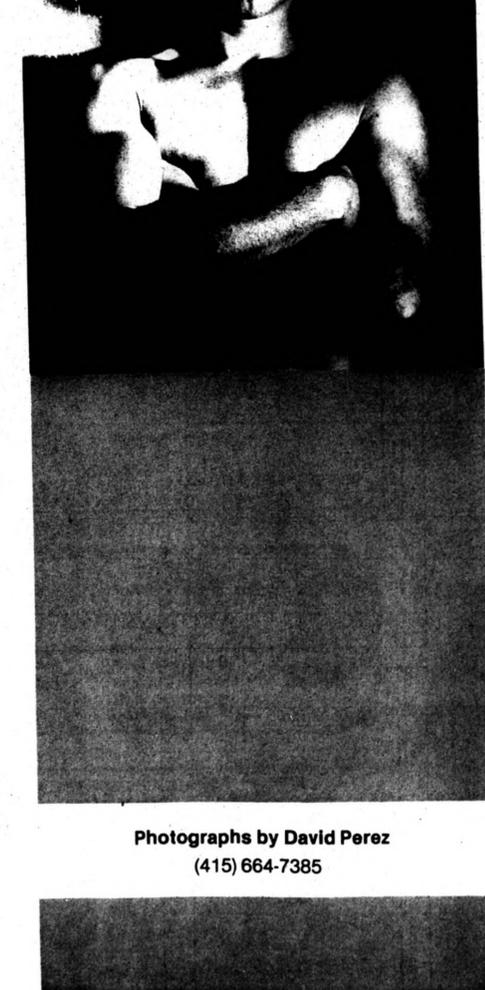
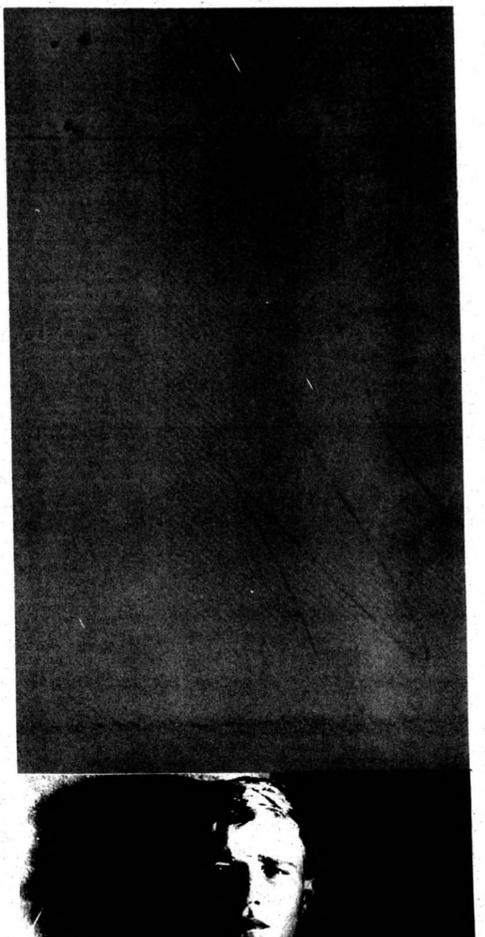
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THEATRE



DOS LESBOS. *Conceived & performed by Terry Baum and Alice Thompson. Presented by Sharpned Spoons through the People's Theatre Coalition at Fort Mason. Through July 12.*

Steve Warren

I fell a little bit in love with two women the other night, but it's okay—they're lesbians.

Norman Lear should see *Dos Lesbos*. If he ever wants to produce a TV series about a lesbian couple, this review has enough ideas to fill his first season. True to Lear's formula it starts out being funny but introduces moments of tenderness and high drama along the way. One episode, in fact, offers the best dramatic writing—by Carolyn Myers—and acting I've seen this season.

The two women onstage don't introduce themselves and coyly avoid using the names that were assigned to their characters in earlier productions. Terry Baum is the slender, more feminine one with short, dark hair, a writer doing temporary office work. ("Every day I go out on the street and sell my fingers to the highest bidder.") God, could I relate (except the short hair)! Alice Thompson has long, blonde hair and is a heavyweight dramatically as well as physically. She's not the world's greatest singer but sells the hell out of "Hard Hearted Hannah," leaving no doubt about why "the vamp of Savannah" is so mean to men.

Most of the themes in the first half are old hat for gay audiences—coming out at work and to parents and the

like—though creatively presented. The second half deals more seriously with rape and its consequences, how we buy into society's oppression, role playing and the importance of sex in a relationship.

The coming out sketch is the longest and funniest, played in a variety of styles including Greek tragedy (funny but too long), Restoration comedy (hilarious), "Ingmar Bergman" (blessedly brief) and a '50s horror film (Alice's conversion by the full moon is as good as anything in *The Howlings*, and without the aid of special effects).

A few quick "blackout" sketches would improve the pacing, but mood shifts are excellently handled with the help of three musicians. The trio is especially effective in bringing us down after Thompson's impression of three women involved in the rape-murder story she reads in a newspaper—the rapist's murder, his accomplice and their victim. As that progresses it's hard to imagine ever laughing again, but a soft musical interlude smooths the transition.

As men constitute half the potential audience for *Dos Lesbos* a word is in order about their fear of alienation. Some of the stronger feminist moments in the show may make you feel a little uncomfortable, but the rewards of the evening are well worth it. Not identifying with the type of man under indictment I felt smug at some points and proud at others; yet there were times when I was grateful to Baum and Thompson for raising my consciousness still further.

Dos Lesbos proves politics can be entertaining and entertainment can be political. I recommend it for everyone.

helping Tim to assert his gayness. Tim's come-of-age is broadened by Red (Duane Cropper), the quintessential queen of the Village who earns a big share of audience laughs with his searing one-liners (at times offensive and denigrating of women's anatomy) and Milton (Christian Har- en), perhaps the most polished of the actors, whose political interests will come to bear directly on the intentions of Tim's father's candidacy for state senator.

Having hung on through a very long first act, the audience is more than primed for the inevitable confrontation between Tim and his father, Jordan. Lee's rendering of Robert J. Johnston seeking the senate on an anti-gay, anti-smut/crime platform falls short of what we would expect from someone who had years of backstage wire-pulling and city politics. Lee seems stiff and somewhat mechanical in the role. His characterization lacks a self-assurance and poise one would assume a media-conscious politician would cultivate. Together, Tim and his father talk at each other rather than ricocheting off one another in a more incisive dialogue. The better part of the second act goes to Har- en playing Milton Black, a snappy, slick gay politician who succeeds over son Tim in calling his father on his narrow, misinformed views of gay people. By the end of the play, Tim has shrugged off a father who always claimed to love him and retreated back into the safety of Bill's waiting arms.

Though hailed in some circles as a welcome addition to a "new gay genre of theatre," *Newsboy* is less than satisfying. This is Arch Brown's (known for his gay porn films) debut as a stage writer, and while there is room for roughness and structural problems one could expect from someone new to writing for stage, the play raises some troubling questions about how accurate some of our gay writers are in perceiving where gays are today. There seems a lag between our experiences and their crystallization into good, engaging drama which goes beyond posturing and preachiness for the cause, domestic sit-coms on par with television, the stereotyping and cheapening of roles within the gay community, the macho stud with little going on upstairs, the together, looking-out-for-number-one careerist, the slick politician who is willing to abuse his own ilk in the name of liberation, the campy queen who belittles women and their bodies.

This is not to diminish the importance of gay theatre nor the fact that *Newsboy* does embrace the very real situation of homophobic politicians loose in society today. The play, for all its shortcomings, might help to raise some questions about the health and vitality of all gays and our brothers and sisters outside our own milieu. Is it enough for gays simply to get their act together individually and the hell with everyone else? Are we content with the stereotypes we have of one another and are they the role models we wish to offer to young people searching for their identity? Do we as gay people have other ideas for community than the aloofness and alienation of our ghetto? Are we critical enough of ourselves? Do gay men and women listen enough to one another? Are our politics just as cynical and jaded as the society at large or are we offering any new ways for humankind?

NEWSBOY
At The Theatre Rhinoceros
Craig M. Machado

Newsboy, Theatre Rhinoceros' latest offering is yet another serio-comic play set in the New York gay scene. Though aspiring to be a telling commentary on gays caught up in local politics, *Newsboy* gives us more chit-chat than intrigue, too much repartee and not enough engaging dialogue. The characters are constricted within stereotypical roles which don't let them move and grow.

Two closed circuit televisions poised to either side of the stage open *Newsboy*. A newscaster (Kate Flatland) throughout the play unfurls a scandal brewing within the state committee of a political party. It is not until near the end of Act I, following several tedious scenes, that the play focuses on the dilemma of a homophobic father, Robert J. Johnston (played by Jordan Lee) seeking to depose a tainted former political cohort and his son, Tim (Chip Stewart), who makes things messy by coming out.

Stewart, whose acting is a bit self-conscious and over-wrought, has come to the Big Apple from the grooming and suave upper class sensibilities of New England prep schools to find Hank (Curt Crider), his long lost school chum with whom he had an affair. Tim tosses aside Hank, the classic Budweiser chugging macho stud, lean on intelligence but big on proclaiming his exploitations for roommate Bill (Thomas Mark), a clean-cut well-heeled fellow with a successful career. Having captured Tim's heart, Bill wants to create a cozy nest for the two while

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REBEL, REBEL. Confessions of a Gay Rocker, Part I

Adam Block

Power in the Darkness. Warm breath on the neck of Dubuque.

There is an unwritten commandment in popular culture: THOU SHALT HAVE NO OPENLY GAY SEX OBJECTS BEFORE THREE. NOT IN THE MOVIES, NOT IN POP MUSIC.

Charles McCabe might put it this way: "Excuse me while I kiss this guy," and not, "kiss the sky," in "Purple Haze." Wasn't the Stones' "Sitting On A Fence," a declaration of bi-sexuality? I swore that Donovan was singing, "Could've tripped out DC, but I've changed my ways," until five years later, when the singer himself admitted that the word had been, "easy," and that he'd never had sex with a man.

By then it was '76. I'd been out for five years, and writing about rock professionally for three. When I first came out I began to believe that none of this was a very big deal. It almost looked as if homosexuality was becoming as fashionable and ubiquitous as rock. Weird, but the post-Stonewall baby-boom hitting the bars in SF in '71 didn't seem to know or care whether they were taken for homos or hipies. Our only demand of the music was that it be danceable, which covered a lot of territory.

The next year David Bowie invented Ziggy Stardust, Lou Reed scored with, "Walk On The Wild Side," and critics raved about the outrageous androgyny of the New York Dolls. Glitter-rock arrived: 14 year old boys filching mommy's mascara as Bowie sang, "Got your mother in a whirl—Can't tell if you're a boy or a girl... Rebel, rebel how could they know? Hot tramp, I love you so." The killer part was that both Bowie and Reed were confessed homosexuals. True, Bowie was married at the time, and Reed has married since, but as gay rocker Tom Robinson told me, "One could be cynical and claim that they said it for publicity, but the fact is that they said it and it made many people feel a lot better."

If gay lib and rock seemed poised for an alliance in those heady days, (gay libbers even asking Bowie to write them an anthem) well, the moment passed. It wasn't just that glitter failed to penetrate the heartland, and that what did get through was more costume than conviction. The rub was that guys weren't dancing to "Rebel, Rebel," which peaked at #64 in the pop charts, but to the Hues Corporation's, "Don't Rock The Boat," which hit #1, and B.T. Express', "Do It 'til You're Satisfied," which climbed to #2 that same year. As gay-glitter was consumed in its' own glare, an unholy alliance of gays, blacks, and latinos were conjuring up a monster. They'd call it disco.

Call it a virgin birth, because it broke all the conventional rules—music was reaching a public not through radio, nor the rock press, nor live performances, but a loose association of clubs and their DJs. They championed and helped create a new kind (Continued on page 22)

him the courage to breathe easy, inspires a twisted reminiscence of my own.

My Obsession, Your Obsession
I used to figure that being a homo was going to prove pretty tough. It wasn't my family that I worried about. A younger brother had come out and my father's response had been to bark loudly, "He ain't gay. He's just hung like a buffalo." Dad is hardly the sort to go cold with rage and horror. It wasn't my friends either. They had already accepted my aberrant personality. Anything else would be a footnote. No—it was more grave still. It was my music.

How was a kid raised on the Rolling Stones and the Animals, Bob Dylan and the Who, supposed to relate to a world where the reigning dieties seemed to be Judy Garland and Barbara Streisand, and polite conversation replete with a fascination with the minutiae of show tunes and Opera? I used to think you could probably spot a homo most reliably with a glance at his record collection—and mine was a disgrace. I dreamt of bringing a date home, only to have him flip through the stack and sneer, "Hey bub, you slumming or something? Because I know you ain't no homo. You don't even own *Stoney End*." Irrefutable. I'd wake in a chill sweat.

It was tough. If homos didn't like rock, I couldn't swear that the feeling wasn't mutual. It was 1971, I was 18, and the only performers my friends agreed were fruits were Liberace and Wayne Newton. Inspirational role models, huh? It didn't help a whole lot when a real star strolled into a gay bar on one of my first visits. It was Rod McKuen.

"You know you can be free. Well, at least in your mind if you want to be." Sly Stone

Rock was more than just my teen soundtrack—it was a shared secret language. It was lustful, daring, and revealing. Rock had always inspired and amazed me—celebrating nameless feelings, linking me to every other fan.

I began listening creatively, just like my big brother had—slowing down his '45 of "Louie, Louie," to 33 rpm to catch the dirty parts. Wasn't Jimi

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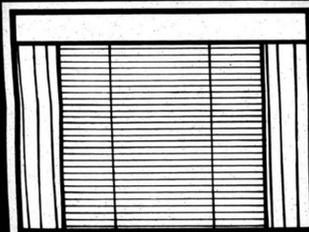
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Rebel, Rebel.

(continued from page 21)

of music, and most major record labels had no idea what was going on. They didn't take the commercial power of the beat seriously. Writers belittled its aesthetic importance, and not without an edge of racism and homophobia. As a full-time homo and part-time rock writer the culture was about to throw me for another loop. Rock writers are a scurrilous lot, but even they had to draw a line somewhere, and for most of us disco was the cutting edge. With one foot firmly in homeland, I was about to enter the world of rock days and disco nights.

At Home He's A Tourist

By day I'd be reviewing new LPs by Dylan, or Lennon, interviewing Roxie or Springsteen. By night I'd be dancing to People's Choice, or Silver Connection, or God knew what faceless one-shot wonder.

I was flabbergasted at the seemingly endless supply of disco, and irked that bars never strayed from the purity of beat. To me disco was functional: a divinely enforced rhythm track that even a spastic on two quales could follow. It was like some secret gas; turn that stuff on and suddenly you were in a queer bar. As music it was OK, occasionally inspired—and I never brought it home. There I'd listen to Blood on the Tracks, or Born to Run, or It's Only Rock 'n' Roll. Who the hell wanted to live in a queer bar?

By 1975 though, I was beginning to feel like a familiar to some strange cabal of gay tastemakers. Just by running with gays, I seemed to have the leap on pop culture. The trick was that you'd almost have to be in the know to guess the fact. Gays were already outsiders, who could slide up to a risky

talent, inspire it, celebrate it, and let it roll on out to the suburbs. The trick seemed to be that America loved the gay spirit of outrageousness for its entertainment value, as long as the sex part didn't intrude. Boys still didn't kiss boys.

"Here is your throat back. Thanks for the loan." —Bob Dylan

Three voices I'd first encountered as gay cult figures went national in '75. I had first heard Labelle in Paris in '73 where gay discos spun 'Moonflower' with a vengeance. In '75, Labelle swept to the #1 spot in the U.S. pop charts with 'Lady Marmalade,' and mounted a glitter-disco staghorn that was not only extravagant, with feathers and sci-fi Barbarella outfits, but featured Nona Hendrix festively toting hand-cuffs and a whip, while flirting with the demure Sarah Dash.

In '73 in New York a gay friend had invited me to a 'Rock'n'Rimbaud poetry reading' by Patti Smith. The next year that friend produced and issued her first single, 'Hey Joe,' and mailed me a copy. In '75 Smith released the LP Horses, which opened with her leso-erotic version of 'Gloria,' and featured the explicit, poetic rape of schoolboy Johnny up against a gym locker by a pretty tough. The imagery was vintage William Burroughs, but the voice of 'Land' was pure Patti. Smith became the bohemian darling of the rock press, and broke pop's top 50.

Meanwhile, gay discos were alive with a Euro-import single by an unknown named Donna Summer. By the time 'Love to Love You Baby' was climbing towards the #2 spot in the

pop charts, Summer had already been crowned as gay royalty: the Queen of Disco.

It wasn't just happenstance that these 'gay discoveries' were all women. That was the tradition. Gay men could identify with the raptures women were allowed to indulge. The women could even impersonate and give voice to gay male fantasies—while remaining straight themselves. I wondered if lesbians identified with male singers. That didn't sound right. The image of a 'lesbian junkbox,' full of Frank Sinatra, Led Zeppelin, Johnny Mathis, and Rod Stewart struck me as hilarious.

My buddy Jack told me that lesbians in New York had turned him on to Labelle, that they liked Patti Smith but thought she was 'too butch,' and thought Donna Summer 'wasn't all there.' None of these artists were ostensibly gay, but all offered liberating images of sexuality. I could imagine some reassurance for the teenager in Dubuque for these women. They were certainly a contrast to the Song of the Year: the Captain and Tenniel's Mormon duet, 'Love Will Keep Us Together.'

Labelle's playful pandering and gritty vamp prefigured the chill gloss and dominatrix drag of Grace Jones, who would never seem to captivate the lesbians. Patti traded on gay imagery for its shock and subversive honesty. Some punk and new wavers would follow suit. Donna epitomized the cornerstone of disco morality: pleasure as its own reward. While disco would continue to welcome itself in off the street, Summer would become its only chanteuse to move successfully beyond the genre and become a pop star.

(Continued on page 24)



The Tom Robinson Band (Tom Robinson, second from right) performs this weekend at the San Francisco Gay Freedom Day festivities.

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Senator Vidal, Anyone?

VIEWS FROM A WINDOW:
Conversations with Gore Vidal
Edited by Robert J. Stanton
and Gore Vidal.
(Published by Lyle Stuart, Inc.,
Secaucus, N.J., 1980.)

Eric Hellman

Gore Vidal, in case you haven't heard, is planning to run for the U.S. Senate from California in 1982. And this may be the most exciting event that's happened so far in this rather ho-hum new decade. Famous for his caustic wit and serious (but always appealing and readable) literary works, Vidal is equally serious about applying his unorthodox ideas to the real world of politics.

But who is Gore Vidal? And why might he be any more qualified to run for office than former peanut farmers or fading movie actors? And what, if any, positions does he advocate? "I don't espouse anything. I simply talk about man's condition," says the author in the May issue of Interview Magazine.

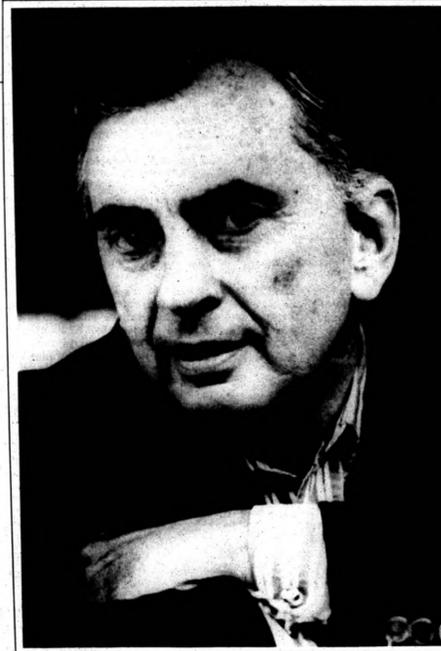
This comment typifies Vidal's like or subtly profound statement to the press. We learn considerable more, however, about both the man and the nature of his political interests in Views From A Window, a recently published collection of interviews with one of America's few first-rate minds. To start with, Vidal is no stranger

to the political scene. He was born into one of America's Eastern establishment families. Or, as Vidal would more accurately (and disparagingly) put it, one of our "ruling class" tribes. Cabinet posts and membership in the U.S. Senate were fairly common vocations. And as a result, an interest in politics was a mandatory, if not vital, part of the author's childhood.

Similarly, Vidal's adult life as a novelist, playwright, and essayist has often reflected a fascination with the political process. His trilogy of novels, Burr, 1876, and Washington, D.C., all deal with American politics and, in particular, the myths and occasional realities of power and history. His humorous and prophetic play, An Evening With Richard Nixon, appeared well before the demise of our late chief executive.

This celebrated author also tried to directly enter the political arena in 1960 by running for Congress in New York's 29th Congressional District. He was not, however, a successful candidate. Vidal considered running again in both 1962 and 1964, but at the time believed: "... If I were to be a serious politician, it was quite plain that I could not be a serious writer ... Also, ... A writer with an audience has more power than most Congressmen."

Apparently, with the advent of the Eighties, Gore has had a change of mind. He has even gone so far as to suggest that his most recent novel, Creation (hailed by the New York Times as his best), may also be his



Gore Vidal

last. In choosing to run for California's Senate seat, Gore Vidal has decided to confront a life-long split between a public and private self. This conflict is reflected by many of

the statements included in the 20-year span of Views From A Window. As a writer, Vidal has frequently used literature to expose the hypocrisy of society and the political process. As a

political candidate, he now seems ready (and anxious) to promote tangible change in a world on the verge of hopeless insanity.

Vidal begins with a frighteningly down-to-earth definition of his political mission: he's concerned with a politics of "... how people make a society work, how we get on with one another." In other words, Gore isn't in it for the bucks and he really doesn't need any more media exposure.

Instead, as a loosely-defined democratic socialist, Vidal advocates (to simplify matters somewhat) strong control in the public sector and near complete personal freedom. He contrasts his views with an American tradition of personal regulation by the state in terms of sex, gambling, pot, and alcohol. Morals, says Vidal, are not the business of government. He also directly contradicts the sense that it is "... deeply un-American to interfere with our public lives—that is, how we exploit our (foreign) neighbors, (or) the environment."

Vidal asks whether there is much of any value to a government that demands thirty percent or more of the individual worker's paycheck and offers no means of affordable health care; no workable network of mass transit; and an educational system that fails to educate. Vidal condemns our government's disproportionate use of revenues to produce "... a vast amount of armaments which enrich a very small group of bankers, manufacturers, and politicians."

Throughout Views From A Window, a sense of urgency underlies Vidal's cynical and frequently witty pronouncements. He clearly senses that time is running out for both American and Western civilization as a whole. He repeatedly tells us that there are too many people in the world. Population control is essential if we are to survive into the 21st century. Fewer babies—

and not improved food technology—are a must, says Vidal.

Similarly, his views reflect a strong commitment to saving the environment and altering an economic system bent on destroying our water, earth, and air in the process of meeting over-hyped consumer demands. He knows that most contemporary, "bottom-line" capitalists have rejected a concern for environmental quality, finding it too costly of an investment to be bothered with.

Vidal also aligns himself with the problems of the poor and condemns the frequent injustices of our social system. He suggests a potential shift in markets for Boeing Aerospace corporation from war machines to mass transportation systems. He advocates a similar shift in government funds from defense dollars to a full revival of the nation's railroad service.

In summary, Vidal observes: "... though most thoughtful people are aware of what we are doing to ourselves, nothing is being done to restore the planet's ecological balance, to limit human population, to create social and political and economic institutions capable of coping with—let alone solving—such relatively manageable problems as poverty and racial injustice. Who will tell Detroit that they must abandon the fossil-fuel burning engine? No one. And so the air goes bad, cancers proliferate, climate changes."

With all this in mind, perhaps now it will seem more clear why Gore Vidal is interested in running for the U.S. Senate. Both his art and his public statements, have consistently reflected a lack of self-pre-occupation or "narcissism" (as contemporary usage might put it). This is not to deny that Vidal may be vain or egocentric. But his creative energies seem to almost always be directed outside the self and

(Continued on page 25)

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BOOKS

QUEER FREE.
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George Birmisa

When a friend asked me if Alabama Birdstone was a pen name I answered, "I don't really know but I do know there is a famous basketball player named Otis Birdsong who plays for the New Jersey Nets and it's his real name!"

Let me tell you, *Queer Free* is very, very real. Birdstone finished his novel in 1978, two years before Ronald Reagan flew to Lynchburg, Virginia to deliver a speech to the National Religious Broadcasters. Reagan's host was the Reverend Jerry Falwell, the president of the Moral Majority.

According to Frances Fitzgerald, in her article in the May 18, 1981 issue of *The New Yorker*, "... a coalition of fundamentalist groups in California announced that it would spend three million dollars on a media campaign against homosexuals, and a spokesman for one of the groups, the Santa Clara chapter of the Moral Majority said, 'I believe homosexuality is one of those

[crimes] that could be coupled with murder and other sins.'" Larry Bush and Richard Goldstein wrote in "Anti-Gay Backlash" in the *Village Voice*, "The Reverend Charles McIlhenny of Californians for a Biblical Morality proposes a final solution in which gay people are stored to death."

There is no doubt about it—Birdstone's novel is a projection of what is happening right now. He weaves the political and the personal into a terrifying novel that is heart stopping.

It begins peacefully enough. Garth Gilroy, an out-of-the-closet movie star is on his way to New York. He is offered a "wide selection" of born again religious literature by an airline stewardess. He turns it down. Birdstone writes, "'How tacky," he thought as he stared at the blue cross on the white wing. It seemed overnight that the churches had bought all the airlines."

The novel is inexorable—we watch the right wing religious fanatics gain political and economic control of the country. Some of the main characters appear to be bloodless—too much the stereotype of the successful GASP (Gay Anglo Saxon Protestant). However, I did enjoy Julian Benedict, the painter, who is obsessed with Jesus Christ. He

has to paint him over and over again. Also, Fat Jack Metzger, who deals cocaine at the age of ten. He finally finds a lover when he reaches middle age and he is as happy as a little boy.

Step by logical step Birdstone leads us to the last outpost of gay men and women: San Francisco's The Castro. A concrete wall has been erected around the gay ghetto by the New Revivalists. The end is near. "Why me?" a young gay man asks as he is lined up to be shot by a firing squad.

The answer is quite practical. A computer study of all levels of American society shows that the most practical way to power for the fundamentalists is to make the homosexual

the victim. The Born Again Christians in their Believers Blue uniforms echo the Moral Majority when they shout, "A practice of sodomy will be punishable by death!" Fiction is less shocking than reality.

And then *Queer Free* is queer free—it is over and done with. All of the 'queers' have been exterminated except for the ones still hiding in their closets. The novel reaches its climax: "... President McNye led the entire government ... and thousands of Believers in an Easter rally in Candlestick Park to offer thanks. The roar of 'Queer Free! Queer Free! Queer Free!' was deafening."

Rebel, Rebel. (continued from page 22)

Between rock and a hard face

I had found gays at work, second-guessing future pop from the cultural fringes. On one margin disco was aborning: that muzak with legs, fashioned as much by DJ elaborate mixes and the audience's performance as by the original musicians. Blacks, Latinos, and gays were decorating their lifestyles with this soundtrack of urban glamour and ass-shaking.



PATTI SMITH

On the other margin, punk and new wave—rock's mutant offspring—were ready to lunge, at birth, for the pompous parent's jugular with a knowing and ferocious exuberance. There were gays mid-wifing both punk and disco, but no one could guess whether they'd win the hearts of a nation. Would disco's menthol hedonism or punk's mischievous nihilism open ears or close them? Would the spirit of subversive fun and compassionate revolt make it through to Dubuque?

As a gay rocker I wasn't exactly pleased as punch with the drift of things. I was still hoping for some inspirational role models—say a gay Springsteen or Sly Stone. Somehow, trading in Ethel Merman on Grace Jones, or Barbra Streisand on Donna Summer didn't seem like much of a victory. Worse, by '77 the punk and disco scenes were developing the feel of armed camps.

In a contemporary report Andrew Kopkind wrote, "No one hates punk worse than a gay disco purist, and no one has more venom for disco than a gay punk." Both scenes were getting oppressive. I took it for a sign that revolt couldn't be far off.

COMING: Disco Detente, Gay Rock in the '80s, Stalking the Gay Superstar, and Rock On, Disco On, Pop On, Gays, as *Confessions* continues.



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Gore Vidal

(continued from page 23)

towards an understanding (if not betterment) of the world and man's relationship to existence. To interview Vidal mentions: "... I'm interested in the state of the nation, the pollution of the Mediterranean, Calvin's novels. I think—as opposed to feel—more about the outside world than about myself. I don't brood much. I don't look in the mirror and say, Oh, how sad! What a time you've had!"

At this point (and if successful), this review has created a heavily erroneous impression of *Views From A Window*. Let me attempt a few corrections. The reader does, quite emphatically, learn a great deal about Vidal's political instincts and social views from this book. We learn even more, however, about Vidal as a man and as a writer and as an artist.

Views From A Window is a carefully edited (by Robert J. Stanton) and sometimes revised (by Vidal) series of interviews spanning a twenty-year

period from 1960 to 1979. The reading is particularly lively because questions have been grouped according to subject matter (and thus, are not in full sequence). The boredom of repeated (or dumb) questions is avoided.

The interviews have further been arranged according to several major themes that make up the various chapters. Vidal discusses his personal history and style of living (although he admits to not being very revealing with interviews). He offers a fascinating view of his life as a writer and the process of literary creation. He also talks about each of his individual works, as well as the work of other writers, film directors, actors, book reviewers, and intellectuals. And throughout it all, Gore Vidal maintains an exceptionally high level of humor and sarcasm.

Vidal regularly explodes personal and social myths: he adored his father; claims to have had few problems with sexual identity when growing up; and finds exclusive monogamy to be both hypocritical and grossly limiting.

He discusses his views on death and its central relationship to literature and existence. Vidal explains that the aim of all art is an innocently discovered

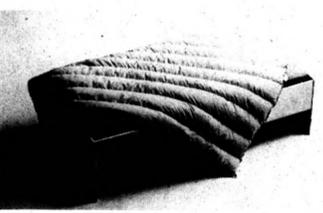
originality. He exposes the 20th century's infatuation with novelty and the accompanying decline of significance in the arts. "The great artist," says Vidal, "is original without trying to be."

Vidal also offers his ideas on marriage, woman, and family. He traces the history of romantic love to an invention of the Middle Ages. He insists, citing Freud and most of modern psychology, that all persons are bisexual in their expressive and erotic capacities. He avoids, however, any detailed discussion of his own sexuality, preferring personal privacy to telling all.

And finally, in contrast to the current hype for "gay sensibility," Vidal makes his own position clear: "Do Saul Bellow's heterosexual preoccupations undermine his considerable art? The question sounds silly, because it is silly. True art is rooted in the common human condition."

In reading *Views From A Window*, we realize that Gore Vidal continually demands excellence from himself and from others. As such, there often is an unexpected harshness to his criticisms—whether social, personal, or

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A piano recital by Charles Rosen on June 24 in Davies Symphony Hall highlights *The Romantic Beethoven* with the *Waldstein* and *Appassionata* Sonatas, and the Raphael Trio, composed of Charles Castleman, violin, Susan Salm, cello, and Daniel Epstein, piano, perform a Trio Cycle on three evenings in the Herbst Theatre (June 23, 26 and 28). The festival closes with a special two-day Independence Day Celebration featuring the Symphony No. 9 with the San Francisco Chorus July 3 and 4 in Davies Symphony Hall with soloists Esther Hinds, soprano, Susan Quittmeyer, mezzo-soprano, Walter Plante, tenor and Marius Rintzler, bass.

Tickets to the San Francisco Symphony's 1981 Beethoven Festival are priced from \$4-\$13, with a "Best Buy" package of tickets to any four concerts available at substantial discounts. Tickets may be purchased through the Symphony Box Office (415) 431-5400 and all major Bay Area agencies. For further information regarding the San Francisco Symphony's Beethoven Festival and a copy of the 1981 season brochure, please phone (415) 431-5400.

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Trio in G, Opus 1, No. 2
Trio in E flat, Opus 70, No. 2

Saturday, June 27 at 8 p.m.
Davies Symphony Hall
Erich Bergel, conductor
Alicia de Larrocha, piano
Program:
Egmont Overture
Piano Concerto No. 1
Leonore Overture No. 3
Piano Concerto No. 4

Sunday, June 28 at 8 p.m.
Herbst Theatre
TRIO CYCLE
RAPHAEL TRIO
Program:
Allegretto in B flat,
Trio in C minor, Opus 1, No. 3
Trio in B flat, Opus 97, *Archduke*

Tuesday, June 30 at 8 p.m.
Davies Symphony Hall
Ronald Brautstein, conductor
Alicia de Larrocha, piano
Program:
Symphony No. 1
Piano Concerto No. 2
Piano Concerto No. 3

Thursday, July 2 at 8 p.m.
Davies Symphony Hall
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Alicia de Larrocha, piano
Program:
Piano Concerto No. 5, *Emperor*
Symphony No. 7

Friday, July 3 at 8 p.m.
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Same program as Friday, July 3.

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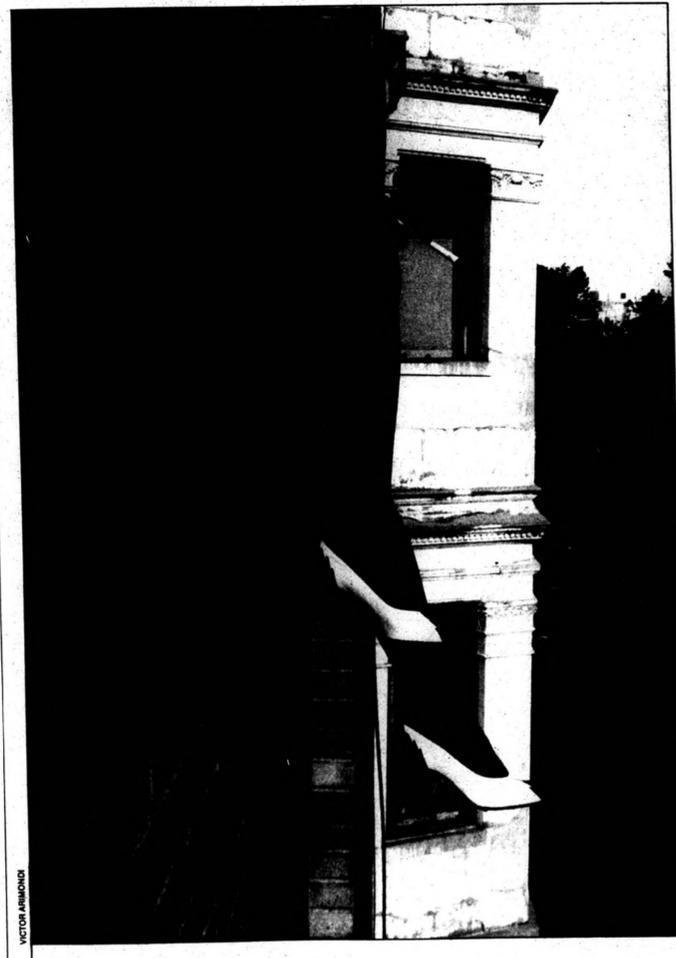
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Yoko's first solo LP in several years is superlative in every way—not just in comparison to her more experimental records but in comparison to most of the vinyl I've heard during this barren musical season.

Though it's comprised primarily of sentimental ballads, unlike other albums of "sentimental" music the sentiment here is genuine and real. In fact, what distinguishes this effort most is



the rare integrity of Yoko's lyrics, the subtly beautiful arrangements, the expertise of musicians such as guitarist Earl Slick and saxist Michael Brecker, and the clarity of the co-production collaboration between Yoko and Phil Spector. Spector's touch is, for once, humble and unobtrusive. There are a lot of intricate little musical touches that he was probably responsible for, but though the musical arrangements are often quite startling and unexpected he resists the temptation toward bombastic overkill. It'd be interesting to see him pursue this direction for awhile. He's already done enough *extravaganza* for two lifetimes.

White Yoko apologized in the liner notes for the occasional "choke" and "crackle" in her vocals, this is the smoothest sound I've ever heard from her. Yes, there are references to Lennon (both dead and alive) scattered through all 14 tracks. "Nobody Sees Me Like You Do," with its lilting multi-tracked harmonies, is a beauty. On "I Don't Know Why," another ballad with a more pronounced Japanese cadence in her vocal, she interrupts the musical flow at one point, shouting, "You bastards! Haters!"—referring most probably to John's killer.

"No, No, No" is, according to rumor, Yoko's remembrance of her first sexual encounter with John. It begins with some gunshots and a couple of screams. This is a new wavy tune, the most atonal of the bunch, but still appealing. In recounting their initial encounter, she states "I'm seeing broken glass when we do it." In a society that seems to promote immediate sexual impulse gratification, it's oddly inspiring to hear that what ways at first painful and irritating could lead with time and practice to the enduring and mutually beneficial relationship they later shared. Refusing to milk the tragedy of his death all the way out into maudlin country, Yoko's dramatic re-enactment of the event is embedded within the well-constructed musical structures.

There's actually a great deal of variety on this low-keyed spectacle. "Extension 33" (one of her more abrasive tunes) is about a lonely woman who foregoes several opportunities to share a love relationship, preferring instead to cling to her precious ideals of freedom and pride.

"She Gets Down On Her Knees" is another one that veers toward the harsh side. This is a mysterious and arty tune about a woman who wastes her life away in unrewarding rituals that no longer bring her fulfillment. "Turn Of The Wheel" is a cutesy-country number that could pass for a Dolly Parton parody, "cept Yoko's lyrics are never quite as frivolous. Here, as in the ballad "Even When You're Far Away" and on the music hall-like "Will You Touch Me" she discusses the correlation between love and fear.

"Downtown" is a kickin', upbeat number about ambition, frustration and inertia in New York City where Yoko gets fed up with her inability to work on her art, incorporating an old nursery rhyme into the song. In the countryish fantasia called "Silver Horse," she's ably supported by Earl Slick's softly slithering slide of guitar. Here, as in another fantasia called "Toyboat," Yoko's wide-awake in a dream-like daze, following the longing in her heart and sounding not at all unlike Glind The Good.

What's so totally refreshing about this album is the absence of a man—when Yoko gets frozen-faced and fearfully uptight. For the most part, though her approach is rarely less than meticulously artful, she's open enough to convince the listener that what he's hearing is, indeed, extremely personal but just as purposeful. Yoko's a take-charge woman, and "Season of Glass" will cut through to a lot of people who never before took the time to know her music. Better now...

CRIS WILLIAMSON
(Olivia Records)
Originally released 10 years ago on the Ampex label, Olivia's just re-issued Williamson's first record. Far from a frantic cash-in attempt to capitalize on

Cris' pre-eminence as the best-selling artist in the brief history of women's music, this may well be her best recorded work.

Her beautiful soprano (often likened to Judy Collins') is framed by a full crew of top N.Y. session men, including Grady Tate, Chuck Rainey and David Spinozza. With string arrangements that're masterfully understated, on her first shot in the studio her plump-toned tones are matched by a complexity as a lyricist that she's all but abandoned in recent years.



Practically all tunes are in a balladish vein, with just a couple in country/gospel styles. But the arrangements are studded with lively musical accents from all genres throughout. "Last Sweet Hour" is a dramatic ballad with lyrics revolving around an airport farewell, and Cris lingers here, savoring the company of her friend in the final moments of his departure for Brazil.

On "Joanna," Cris pleads with a friend to explain a communications breakdown that may or may not be drug-related. "One Thousand Cranes" is the best song on the album, an exceptionally moving composition. It's a poetic ballad about a Japanese woman burned in Hiroshima who, upon hearing a Japanese legend which says that anyone who makes one thousand paper cranes will be granted one wish, wanted to wish for world peace. By the time she had completed 900 cranes, however, she was dead.

This is a surprisingly good album from a not too tremendously prolific singer. On her last couple of records she seemed to've embraced the lazy concept of "positive" music and her anthem-like songs hinged mainly on the nurturing splendor of her lulling voice with hope-promoting platitudes that shied away from any personal disclosures. Pity, as that element might've added some much-needed leavening to tunes that were forgettable except for "the voice."

Her lyrics on this re-issue all come across as stemming from some real-life dramas and stress the value of attaining understanding through a quiet persistence. In future, she should keep in mind that her breathtakingly lovely tones are like the frosting on a cake. I'll take my frosting with cake, please. If you can't cut the cake, Cris, I won't listen.

SQUEEZE: "EASTSIDE STORY"
(A&M Records)
Co-produced by Elvis Costello—and Squeeze've already been tagged by one wag as "Costello's partners in linguistic crime," due to a similar penchant for highly-detailed lyric-musical puns—this is the British quintet's most satisfying LP since '79's jolly "Cool For Cats." It takes a few plays to get into this one. Since their lyrics are fully drawn, their sentiments may escape the listener at first, but on reflection, this is several shades darker than any of their other records. And their harmonious Beatlesque vocals are augmented on several occasions by some very moody string arrangements.

As usual, each song is a fully-plotted soap opera, and "Eastside Story" could just as well've been titled "Beer Guts & Shattered Hopes" since the primary thread of continuity connecting these tunes is about adults (Lotsa hard-drinkers here) living in the romantic past of their impressionable youth while struggling to keep the pain down and maintain "appearances." Judging from the cover shot of these five plumpish men in '50s clothes, that's something Squeeze might be wise to do, although they aren't a beefaroni-gang group, never have been.

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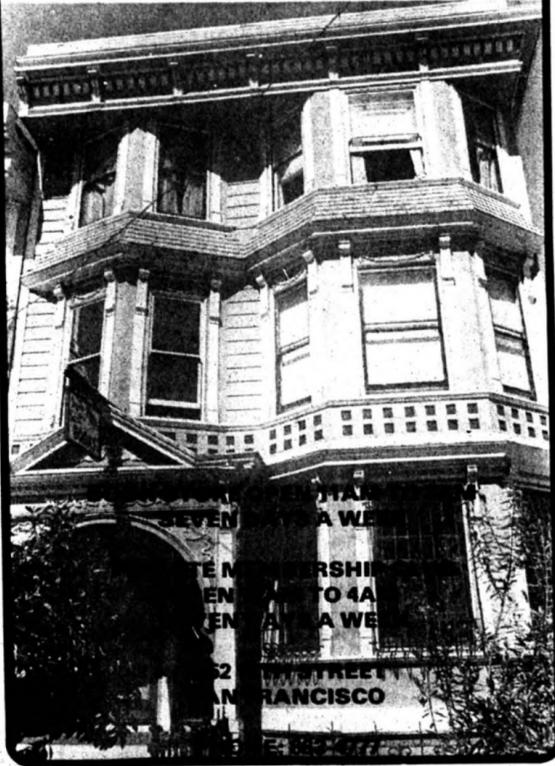
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Pop Previews

Adam Block

GAY MEN'S CHORUS, LESBIAN & GAY MEN'S COMMUNITY CHORUS, BERKELEY SYMPHONY: After a national tour, Michael Tolliver and those other nice young men return to their own for Pride week. With support from the local community chorus, and members of the Berkeley Symphony, in our plushest concert hall—I'd expect a dewey-eyed, aw shucks affair. The audience alone ought to justify the tab, at least if you're part of it. Congratulations. (Davies Hall, June 26, 8 p.m., \$6, \$10, \$15, \$25 res.)

DEAD KENNEDYS, SPEED BOY: After symphony hall, you can charge over for SF's king-punk rockers. Their 'Too Drunk To Fuck' single continues to hold down the #1 spot on the UK Alternate Record charts. (Indian Center, 10 p.m., \$6.)

PHOEBE SNOW, TBA: The little mother with the big voice bares her chops in a rare appearance. I don't know who'll be backing her up, what she'll sing, or the opening acts: just a few more of life's little mysteries. (Warfield, June 27, 8 p.m., \$8.50, \$9.50 res.)

LLOYDS, JO ALLEN & THE SHAPES: A bargain show of local power pop, and a chance to find out why Lulu is gaydom's most popular redhead since Lucille Ball and Bette Midler. (Stone, June 27, 9 p.m. \$4 adv., \$5 day.)

WILLIE NELSON, DELBERT McCLINTON: The Hell's Angels present Shotgun Willie at this barn of a venue. My friend Danny swears that Nelson can make him sweat for men in their 50s, which is one brand of review. Blue-eyed soul smarmer McClinton ain't no filler neither. Pool cues aside, good luck getting tickets. (Cow Palace, June 27, 8 p.m., \$12.50 res.)

VAPORS, 20/20, PUNTS: With one novelty hit to their name, 'Turning Japanese,' here come de ole Vapors headlining the Warfield. It was a great song and I hope there's more where that came from. 20/20 put out a lush tight pop LP last year, which unfortunately got lost in the shuffle. Beautiful harmonies, and crisp guitar gave way to a dud follow-up which doesn't bode so well, but they were great live a year ago—so maybe it was just an L.A. smog attack that jinxed the disc. Punts are local would-bes. Call it a sampler. (Warfield, June 28, 8 p.m., \$7.50, \$8.50 res.)

GALLERIA TEA DANCE: Traditionally the most beloved of Conceptual Entertainment's events, this after-parade bash features the open roof til dark, fresh fruit from the Good Provider, flowers from Magic Moments, and live entertainment from Jessica Williams (of 'Fame and Desire' and 'Queen of Fools' fame), followed by the three-woman disco-trio St. Tropez. One buck off of every ticket goes to the Gay Men's Chorus and is tax deductible. It's a 4th anniversary celebration and advance purchase is recommended. I'll be the one slumped in the corner. (Galleria, June 28, 4 p.m.-midnight, \$12 adv., \$15 door.)

LOUDEM WAINRIGHT III, LARRY KRAMER: This laconic folkie may be most famous for the black humor classic, 'Dead Skunk in the Middle of the Road,' but he is a brilliant, eccentric, hilarious performer, and Yankee original who can match the best with Dan Hicks, or Kinky Friedman, and make Martin Mull sound like a coy lightweight—and hey, I like Mull. (Great American Music Hall, June 28, 8:30 p.m., \$6.)

DIRT BAND, MEL MARTIN QUINTET, NICHOLAS/GLOVER & WRAY: A benefit for cerebral palsy featuring the Cabaret Gold winners, the thoughtful jazz-hands, and the irascible contempo bluegrass boys. (Boarding House, 8 & 11 p.m., \$7.50 tax deductible.)

TOMMY TADLOCK, CHANDELIERS: The last of these gigs was a sell-out, with the mad electronic wizard paced by opener/protegee Walter's 'champagne muzak.' See the ravages of a decade of genius and drug abuse—in the audience I mean. A deeply San Francisco kind of event. Proceeds go to the Tommy Foundation. (Cafe Flore, June 29, 8 p.m., \$1.)

PLASTICS, TBA: The Devo-daffy Japanese combo have been inspiring delirious disbelief coast to coast. Obligatory for Vapors fanatics. (I-Beam Gay Disco, June 28, 9:30 p.m., \$5.)

DELBERT McCLINTON: Out of the roadhouses of Texas and Louisiana, McClinton mixes r&b and rock'n'roll with fierce originals and you won't need binoculars to make out his features here. (Old Waldorf, July 1, 8 & 11 p.m., \$6.50 adv., \$7.50 day.)

STIFF LITTLE FINGERS, DOA: The headliners, Ireland's answer to the Clash, left the house smoking after their last visit. The Canadian openers' greatest claim to fame may be that the leader still answers to the name Johnny Shithead. Isn't that just adorable? (Old Waldorf, July 3, \$7 adv., \$8 day.)

THELMA HOUSTON, VIOLA WILLS: A promising double-bill recommends this Galleria party. Viola Wills broke nationally out of San Francisco last year with 'If You Could Read My Mind.' Houston boasts the spectacular 'Don't Leave Me This Way,' where she managed to work the song from a plea to a threat with breathtaking finesse. She hasn't had a hit since, but reports of a new Quincy Jones production are very impressive. Hear for yourself. (Galleria, July 4, 10 p.m.-5 a.m., \$22: advance only.)

JOANNA WENT, LONGSHOREMEN: The neo-beatnik stars of the *Club Foot* LP will bring their canny/catchy, 'What Does It Mean—Cool Jazz,' and other wonders to a rare local appearance. Headliner J. Went is an avant/what have you performance artist who has hacked live chickens and put fruit up her snatch—visitors to earlier performances assure me. She now has a band, and a single, 'Slave Beyond the Grave,' on Graybeat Records which is out there in the 'no-wave' reaches of atonal howling and visionary dementia. (Ed Monk Studio, 32 Page, July 4, 9 p.m., \$4.)

WANDERERS: What do you make of this—huh? Former members of Sham 69,



The Plastics

Brit. punkers who drew a large skinhead and National Front audience that ultimately disgusted even the group. Now they are joined by former mainstay of the defunct Dead Boys, Stiv Bators, of 'Young, Snotty, and Loud' fame. With no discs out yet, the Wanderers are just a name with some unlikely rumors circling around it. Sound like anyone you know? (Stone, July 5, 9 p.m. \$5.50 adv., \$6.50 day.)

ELLA FITZGERALD: True believers treat every appearance like the Fatima miracle. The fact that this soulful grandmother is still scattering behind her sequined glasses at 63 regularly makes for a blessed event. Gerry Nachwurst complained that the back-up band swamped the singer during her recent Fairmont Hotel run. God knows how she'll sound backed up by the SF Symphony—I mean, I like it, but can it swing? (SF Civic Center, July 8, \$6 balcony, \$7 dress, \$10 table.)

STEPHANE GRAPPELLI: The masterful jazz violinist is ten years older than Ella and remains one of the most exuberant, breathtaking performers in any music, of any age. Grappelli's reputation dates back to immortal recordings with guitarist Django Rhinehart at the Hot Club of Paris in the '30s—yet his current work outdistances anything from that era. Will it swing? Why honey, it'll *define* swing. (Great American Music Hall, July 8-10, 8 & 10:30 p.m., Wed. & Thurs. \$8, Fri. \$9.)

SPINNERS: Ace Philly producer Thom Bell unleashed his most successful act in '73 on a debut disc that featured 'I'll Be Around' and 'Could It Be I'm Falling In Love.' Hits continued with 'Then Came You,' with Dionne Warwick, and 'Rubberband Man.' In '77 lead singer Phillippe Wynne left, to be replaced by the more fervent Jon Edwards. In '79 the group shifted to producer Michael Zager and hit with a remake of the Four Seasons' 'Working My Way Back to You.' Last year Zager connected again with a remake of Sam Cooke's 'Cupid.' This year's outing on the Carpenters' 'Yesterday Once More' failed to scale the charts. The Spinners were often scorned as lightweights in comparison to fellow Philly-sounders the O'Jays. In fact, their satin professionalism had a deceptively casual grace. This small club booking of a major soul review is a rare chance to dip into those charms, and maybe even stumble upon the unexpected. (Old Waldorf, July 10 & 11, 8 & 11 p.m., \$11 adv., \$12 day.)

B-U-Y E-A-R-L-Y
GRACE JONES AT MARINE WORLD: I thought Gay Night at Marine World/Africa USA was a hilarious enough notion, but the chance to watch the flora and fauna compete for attention with the most exotic looker in the history of disco is boggling. The new LP, *Nightclubbing*, is her first pop crossover, the finest LP of her career, and the first I can stand. Exploiting your deficiencies is the wicked trick of great stylists, and this time Grace grazes the bulls-eye. Husband Jean Paul Goude's cover portrait is unforgettable. *This show I gotta see.* (Marine World, July 11, 6 p.m., \$25.)

GANG OF FOUR, PYLON: Crazy Kenny Friedman has scored the original Fillmore Auditorium for a double-bill of Athens, Ga.'s most amazing export since the B-52s, and the post-punk/funk dialectics of the U.K.'s most challenging dance band. (Fillmore Auditorium, July 14, 8 p.m., \$8 adv., \$9 day.)

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