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MANDY HONEYMOON

Women's Festival Near Yosemite Draws 4,000

Sue Zemel

"What we're doing is creating a mini-alternative women's world—a space where we can take care of each other's needs," noted Torie Osborne, Director of the Second Annual West Coast Women's Music and Cultural Festival. Resting on a rock under a pine tree Osborne reflected about the significance of this extraordinary gathering: "A compressed process happens here, in which we move from one place to another. That, to me, is what politics is about. That movement is what culture is about. And that is what this festival is about."

On September 10-13, approximately 4,000 women, mostly lesbians, converged on Camp Mather, a 600 acre site near Yosemite, owned by the City and County of San Francisco, for four action packed days of music, workshops, and recreation.

"Any time in the course of a day you could be relaxing in the sun and regenerating yourself spiritually, attending an organizing meeting to deal with the issue of racism, or learning how to play the flute," added Osborne, who along with about 85 women who served as coordinators and staff worked to put on this year's festival, which according to producer Robin Tyler had an operating budget of one-quarter of a million dollars. "So many different things happen in this community," Osborne stated. "There is never a dull moment when all these women come together."

Women stood on the side of the dusty road, waving fluorescent green flashlights. "Welcome, welcome," they smiled, as they guided cars, vans, and RV's into the grassy parking lot.

I arrived at Yosemite on Thursday night, set up my tent in the Chemical-Free camping area, and headed off to the main stage. One of the first things that struck me was the fact that I could walk without fear in this environment of women. Though warned to watch out for bears, I quickly let go of my city defenses.

Alive!, a women's jazz ensemble, was sending magical sounds into the clear crisp night. The moon rose nearly full

above the trees, and as I looked around at the women sitting on blankets, holding each other, listening to the concert, I felt safe, sane, and glad to be among friends. "The boys may have their Bohemian Grove," I thought to myself as I got up to dance to Rock n' Roll music by Ultra Violet, a women's band from Santa Barbara, "but we women have the power to create something quite different."

"The event is a metaphor for what we are capable of doing," feminist author and activist Kate Millett told a group of about 300 women, present at a 9:00 a.m. workshop, one of several sessions held during the festival.

Following Millett's talk on the women's community, Katherine Brady, author of *Father's Day*, a new bestseller about incest spoke. Charlotte Bunch, one of the major feminist political theorists in the country, then gave an excellent speech on "Feminism in the 80's," in which she suggested that "we have to see feminism as a perspective on the world, and not just a special interest group comprised of women." Eloquent and clear-sighted as ever, Bunch proposed that women transform our successes in the area of culture building into the realm of political policy making.

In the workshop area Mothertongue Reader's Theater and Mischief Mime also performed, adding yet another important cultural dimension to the festival.

On Saturday morning Flo Kennedy, a longtime black and women's activist led a delightful political sing-in at the workshop stage. She was joined by the "Off Beat Chorale," a group of festival participants who put Kennedy's message across in witty and wild songs.

Valerie Taylor, who refers to herself as a "lesbian grandmother" presented a workshop on lesbian cultural roots. Taylor, who is full of information about your literary heritage, wrote lesbian pulp novels in the 50's and early 60's. She told the audience that one of her books, originally entitled *The Heart Takes Many Paths* was changed by the publishers to *Whisper Their Love*. On the back cover of the book was written the warning, "Save Your Daughters From Lavendar Limbo."

The final workshop I would like to

the same night. A strip of reality in the form of a road that cuts through the center of the camp, where hunters and cops harass bare-breasted women on their way down to the lake for a swim. Running out of rice for dinner.

"As much as we wish we could come here for utopia, there is no utopia here," performer Holly Near remarked. "We bring all the problems of society with us. We have to strive for unity, but that doesn't always mean agreement, sameness, or a oneness of comprehension. I always expect these festivals to be painful and a lot of hard work."

The major political struggle at this year's festival centered around the issue of racism.

According to some of the Latina and Third World women who organized a protest which escalated as the festival progressed, women of color felt from the beginning of the festival that their presence was not recognized.

On Friday, a day of solidarity came. Racism. Classism. Rain. Five minutes before an evening concert is scheduled to start. Disabled women, who are trampled and prevented from entering the area reserved for them in front of the main stage.

Throughout the four days of the festival several other workshops were conducted on topics ranging from "Solar Energy and Appropriate Technology," to "Stark Raving Sane: Conflict Resolution and Problem Solving in Lesbian Relationships," to "Guitar Technique," and "Organizing Office Workers."

"At this festival there is a return to the freedom women once had around ideas, around each other and talk, around dealing in theory, in fact, in concrete proposals, in trying to solve problems, or in just looking at the problems," Millett appropriately noted in her workshop session.

(Continued on page 3)

Judge Refuses to Halt Publication of Sentinel

Creditors battle with publisher Morris over ownership of newspaper's name

Ron Baker

(San Francisco) Judge Lloyd King of the U.S. Bankruptcy Court refused on Thursday to issue a temporary restraining order prohibiting publication of the current issue of the *Sentinel*. The motion to stop publication of the newspaper's September 18 issue was made by Jerry Ellersdorfer, attorney for Edward Walsh. Walsh is the court-appointed trustee for Sentinel Communications, Inc., the corporation Judge King ordered into full bankruptcy on September 11.

Ellersdorfer argued that continued publication of the newspaper by *Sentinel* publisher Charles Lee Morris "would cause irreparable harm" to the creditors who are entitled to the bankrupt corporation's assets. Judge King responded that he could see no reason why the creditors' interests would not be served by the newspaper's continued publication, since publication "would keep it visible to the public" and "may actually preserve good will."

Ellersdorfer sought to temporarily

stop publication of the *Sentinel* until a full hearing could be held to settle the central dispute between Morris and the corporation's trustee, i.e. who owns the name the *Sentinel*?

Ellersdorfer maintained that the name the *Sentinel* is the principle asset of the bankrupt corporation, Sentinel Communications, Inc., and that if Morris were allowed to publish the current issue, this action might prevent the sale of the paper to interested buyers.

Ellersdorfer later revealed that a bid for the newspaper has been submitted by San Francisco attorney V. Roy Lefcourt on behalf of his client, Dick Pabich, a principal in Rivaldo, Pabich and Friends, a San Francisco based advertising agency.

Attorney Steve Perelson presented documents to the court in support of Morris' claim to ownership of the name the *Sentinel*. Perelson stated that the original bill of sale indicates that the name the *Sentinel* would not become the property of Sentinel Communications, Inc., but would remain Morris' individual property until certain conditions were met, primarily full payment

on a note to William E. Beardemphl, who sold the newspaper to Morris in 1978.

Arguing for the trustee and the creditors' committee, Ellersdorfer charged that following the full bankruptcy declared on September 11, Morris removed production equipment from the *Sentinel's* offices at 1042 Howard Street. Such action was illegal, said Ellersdorfer, since effective September 11, Morris no longer owned any assets of the corporation.

Perelson stated that Morris denies taking any corporate property from the premises, and that the advertising copy is the property of the newspaper's advertisers, not the corporation. Judge King remarked that following his September 11 order placing Sentinel Communications, Inc. into full bankruptcy, nothing should have been removed from 1042 Howard Street unless supervised by the trustee, Edward Walsh.

Although Judge King denied the trustee's request to prohibit Morris from publishing the current issue of the *Sentinel*, he scheduled a full hearing to consider the matter again on October 1.

Polk Street Murder Angers and Saddens S.F. Gays

(San Francisco) In the wake of a brutal stabbing death on Polk Street late last Sunday evening, several hundred men and women, mostly gay, gathered on the steps of City Hall to express their grief, anger, and frustration.

Nicholas Ritus, 31, a gay male tourist from Seattle, Washington was stabbed seven times by an assailant who leaped from his car to attack Ritus after asking him and his companion, "Are you dudes gay?"

Ritus was pronounced dead on arrival at Mission Emergency Hospital. His friend and companion, Barry Mabus, 34, was also stabbed when he tried to help Ritus. Mabus was released from the hospital on Monday afternoon.

Carlos Zuniga, 26, and Samuel Picazo, 24, were arraigned in Municipal Court on Wednesday, on charges of

murdering Ritus, and aggravated assault for stabbing his companion.

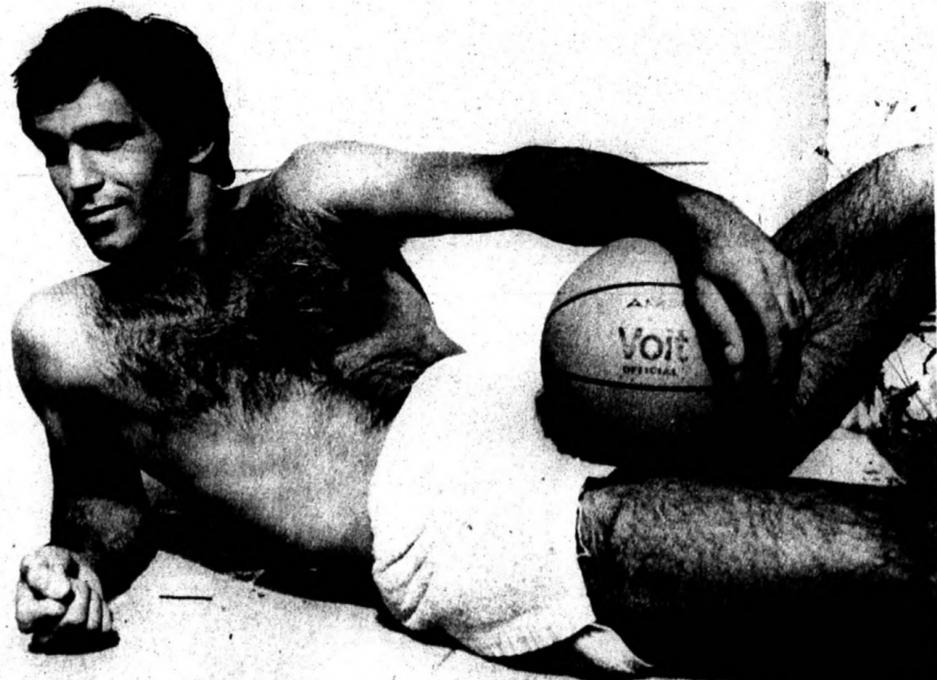
The two men, one of whom received a police award last month for saving a woman from a razor stabbing in the Mission District, were held on \$250,000 bail. A third man, Alfred Razo, 32, was charged with being an accessory to the murder. His bail was set at \$100,000. Judge Alfred Wollenberg continued the arraignment until Tuesday to give Zuniga and Razo time to find lawyers. He denied Picazo's attorney's request to reduce his bail on the grounds that Picazo, the recipient of the police award, had no previous criminal record.

San Francisco's gay community, its citizens and leaders alike, are taking an increasingly aggressive stance toward Mayor Dianne Feinstein and Police Chief Conn Murphy as a result of the

incident.

At the Monday meeting of the Board of Supervisors, Harry Britt called the tragedy a "clear case of homophobic murder." He told the *Sentinel*, "Our community lives in a climate of fear as a result of a dramatic increase of violence against us—violence which the Mayor and her police policies have done nothing to address. These policies have made San Francisco a much less safe and desirable place for gay people to live."

Other gay community leaders echoed Britt's sentiments. Metropolitan Community Church minister Richard Weatherly accused Feinstein of refusing to recognize that a clear pattern of anti-gay violence even exists in San Francisco. A statement by Reverend Weatherly, Rev. Jane Spahr, and Rev. (Continued on page 14)



BILL HENDRICKSON

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Man/Boy Love Challenges Deeply Rooted Taboos

Gerald Hannon

Reprinted with permission from *The Body Politic* in Toronto.

There's a painting in the foyer of my YMCA. It's a dedication portrait, the kind you still expect to see in banks over an "Our Founder" plaque, except that banks have pretty much surrendered to the framed fabric school of interior design. Not so trendy, the YMCA. The ones I know still rely

heavily on dark wood veneer and respectable oil paintings like this one of C.J. Atkinson, "Leader in Boys' Work." Or so the dedication reads. It continues: "... here he realized a dream of his young manhood in the building of a community in which boys learned to do by doing."

He worked with boys, did Mr. Atkinson. He cared about them, worried about their welfare, worried more about the ones society didn't seem to have much of a place for, and finally

(Continued on page 6)

The North American Man/Boy Love Association (NAMBLA) recently announced the formation of chapters in San Francisco and Los Angeles. Organizers claim that the main purpose of NAMBLA is to educate the public about the need for an end to arbitrary restrictions placed on men and gay youth who want to have sex together. We felt that reprinting *The Body Politic* article would serve to partially demystify a phenomenon that represents one of the most firmly entrenched taboos in our culture.

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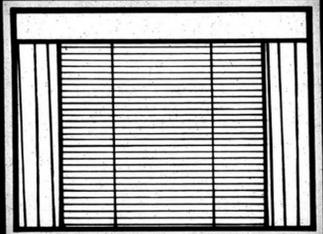
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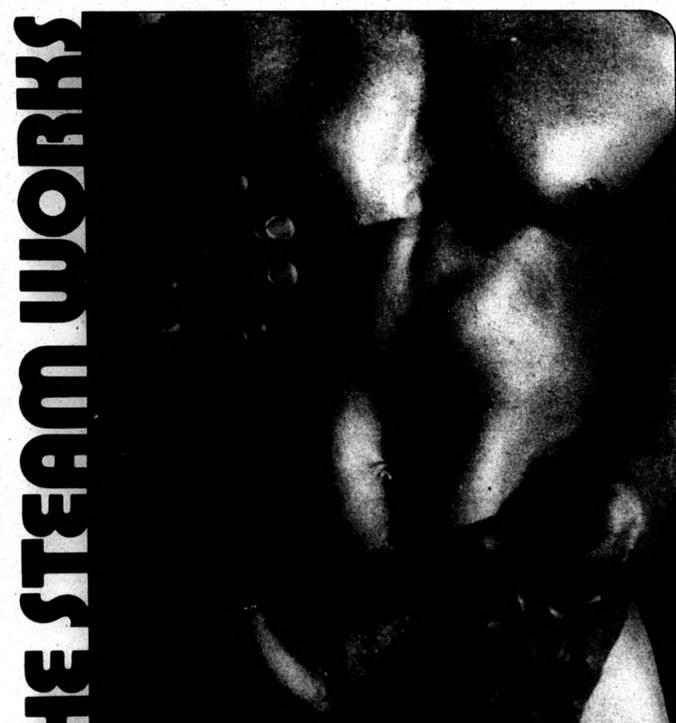
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GGBA to Sponsor Fundraiser

(San Francisco) Gaming and swing dancing will be the highlights of a glamorous evening. "Twenty-two on the Red," a gala fundraiser for the GGBA Foundation.

The second annual event will be on Sunday, September 27 at the Galleria Design Center, from 8 p.m. to 1 a.m. Last year's event was described by the *San Francisco Chronicle* as "the classic black tie charity event ever held in the city."

Entertainment will be by Dick Bright and His Sounds of Delight, a hot 15-piece band featuring several vocalists, swing-era sounds, lots of humor and music to make you dance.

Gaming tables will be staffed by professional croupiers. Gamblers will use their winnings to buy fabulous prizes which have been donated by area businesses, such as a \$2,000 oriental carpet, a \$1,000 jewelry gift certificate, a day on the Delta houseboat and many, many more.

Hors d'oeuvres and no host cocktails will be served.

Tickets are \$15 in advance, \$18 at the door (if available), which includes \$5 in gambling chips to get you started. Tickets are available at Gramophone stores on Polk and Castro Streets and also can be charged on Visa or MasterCard by calling 956-8660. Your donation is tax deductible.

The event is open to all. Formal or period dress is encouraged, but informal dress is okay, too.

Proceeds from this evening will go to the GGBA Foundation, the non-profit, tax-exempt arm of the Golden Gate Business Association. The Foundation was established in 1980 to provide financial assistance to worthy non-profit gay community organizations.

From the proceeds of last year's "Twenty-two on the Red," the Foundation made grants to Community Transitions Jobpower, Lilit—A Women's Theatre, Huckelberry House, the San Francisco Gay and Lesbian Community Chorus, KPFA Radio for its "Fruit Punch" program, and others.



A festive scene from last year's gala GGBA fundraiser.

Charges Dismissed Against Gay Broadcaster

(Cincinnati) Felony charges against the producer of a gay radio program have been dismissed by a Cincinnati judge.

John Zeh, producer of "Gaydreams" for WAIF-FM, a Cincinnati public radio station, has been accused of distributing obscene material to juveniles because one of his broadcasts dealt with sexual lubricants. Judge Peter Outcalt granted a motion to dismiss the charges on the grounds that the law applies only if the material in question is presented specifically to juveniles and not to the general public, reports Boston's *Gay Community News*.

Hamilton County Prosecutor Simon Leis, however, has indicated he may pursue the matter further. He has 30 days in which to appeal the decision and has said he intends to do so. Leis also stated he may bring charges against Zeh for "pandering obscene material," a misdemeanor. Leis has up to three years in which to act on those charges.

Zeh had been charged with four counts of fourth degree felonies, each carrying a maximum penalty of five years in prison and a \$2,500 fine. Judge Outcalt also ruled Zeh could be charged with only one count since only one incident was involved.

On January 3, Zeh read a humorous article in his broadcast from *First Hand* magazine entitled "A Guide to Greasy Fingers." That program was taped by four juveniles whose father took the matter to the county prosecutor.

Allen Brown, attorney for WAIF-FM, was quoted in *GCN* as saying that the decision "lets broadcasting still address itself to adult listeners without being criminally liable or having to reduce content to the level of an eight year old."

Nevertheless, the case has taken its toll in adding to the anxiety of all

Gays to Protest Immigration Policy

(Washington, D.C.) Angered by a provision in the United States Immigration Law which labels all homosexuals as "Psychopathic Personalities" unfit for entry into the United States, gay women and men are demonstrating in dozens of cities and nations around the world on the weekend of September 25. These global protests will culminate in a major demonstration at the White House in Washington, D.C. on Sunday, September 27 at 7:30 p.m.

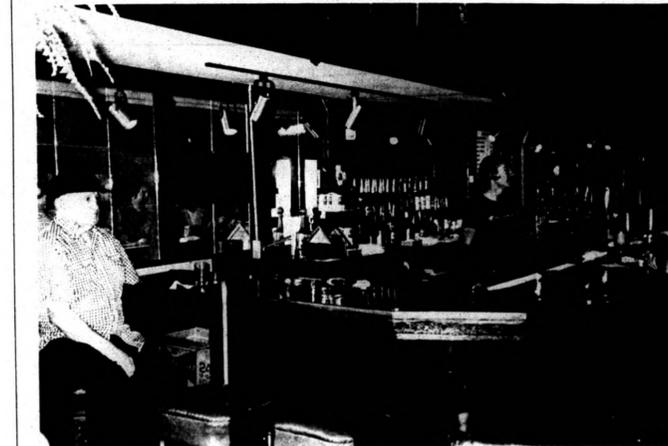
The U.S. Law, Section 212(a)(4) of the U.S. Immigration and Nationalities Act, has been described by Senator Alan Cranston as "a form of discrimination that is not only intellectually unsound and medically unjustifiable, but which also violates traditional American respect for the right of privacy and the dignity of the individual."

In 1980, President Carter formally supported a congressional bill to remove the ban on foreign gays entering the United States, after the Human Rights office at the State Department opined that the law is a violation of the Helsinki Agreements, a treaty the U.S. supported and signed. Weight was lent to this by a formal protest by the government of the Netherlands, another signatory to the treaty. Editorials in many newspapers around the country, including *The Washington Post* and *The New York Times*, called for an end to the discrimination.

The bill did not pass, perhaps because the INS statistics indicated that the law affects perhaps fewer than a dozen people a year; hardly worth the "risk" of a controversial vote. The "official statistics" are somewhat misleading, however, during the period of the law's strictest enforcement, top immigration officers suggested that perhaps ten thousand people a year turned away from U.S. borders on their own when told that an official application to enter would result in a stamp in their passport labeling them "sexual deviate." None of those individuals showed up in statistics, however, because they had not been "formally" refused entry.

In addition to the questionable accuracy of the INS statistics, there is strong evidence that INS border officials regularly violate the Department of Justice guidelines on enforcement of this law. But gays are angry about more than the number of actual incidents, and how they are handled. The law is being challenged because it flatly states homosexuals are unfit to enter the country, and, by implication, suggests that native American gays are permitted in society merely by accident of geography and birth.

Between 25 and 30 cities are participating in these protests; approximately 50% in the U.S.A. and 50% in other countries. Complete details of the entire action will be released at the White House demonstration on Sunday the 27th.



The Eureka Bar at 18th and Collingwood went gay last weekend—well, almost.

Women's Festival Draws 4,000 (continued from front page)

memorating the 1973 coup in Chile took place with workshops and entertainment at the open mike stage located in the recreation area of Camp Mather. Although the purpose of this program was to introduce Latin politics to women at the festival, the women of color complained that their program had been shuffled off to the side, where few people paid attention, instead opting to play frisbee and lie around in the sun.

By the Friday evening concert, a group had prepared a statement which they requested to read from the main stage. Producer/emcee Robin Tyler denied these women access, and a pushing and shouting match ensued backstage. The concert was held until a dozen women volunteered to provide security for the stage area.

"These women in fact acted as a police force," charged a group of white women in a statement of solidarity with the women of color which they prepared on the following evening.

On Saturday women of color, and the white women's solidarity group met separately to discuss the racism and classism they felt were present at the festival.

At dinner that evening women of color worked serving food, in order to make each woman who passed through the line aware of these issues.

A group of about 250 women marched together to the evening concert, during which fifteen minutes were allotted for these women to address the specific events that had occurred.

Andrea Kanin, a black woman who is Director of the Pacific Center in Berkeley, read a statement charging that the festival had not been accessible to poor or Third World women because there was no sliding fee scale, no refunds, and no weekend rates. Her statement also noted that bilingual childcare and stage interpreters had not been provided. The women who supported this statement called upon the festival coordinators to make the festival organizing a collective process, in which women of color would have more representation.

Robin Tyler reacted to the statements read from the stage with an emotion tirade, which overall failed to address the complaints of the women. Her response enraged the large group, who had hoped for redress on the issues they had raised. They walked out of the concert, and held an organizing meeting, which transformed into a multicultural celebration of music, poetry, and dance.

The following morning, Bernice Reagan, a member of Sweet Honey in the Rock, gave a brilliant speech on the subject of racism. Several women expressed the opinion that a principled struggle around this issue had gone on, one in which women did their work to move through some of the issues. At a meeting held later that morning women of color vowed to "get our act together, and continue to put our issues out there" in the future.

According to Torie Osborne, who along with Marj Plumb, coordinated



Friday morning breakfast line at the Women's Festival.

WINERY

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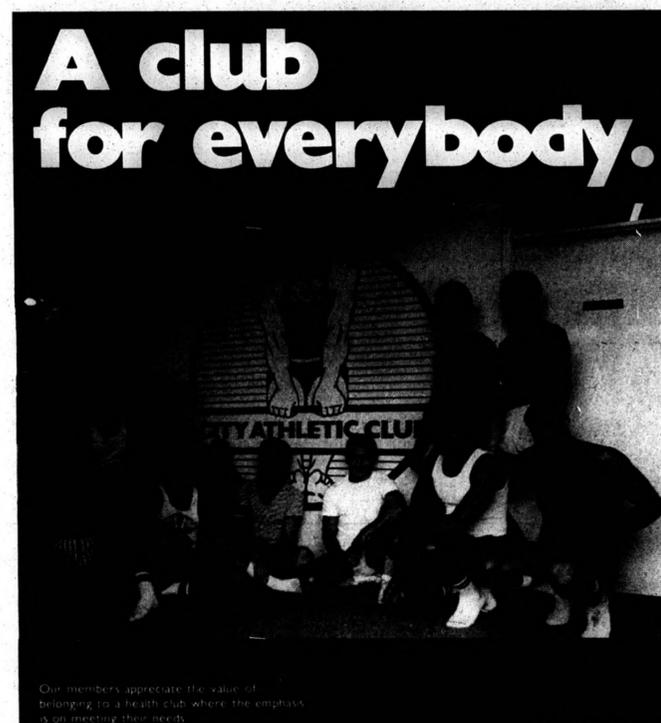
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The Tyranny of the Mental Ghetto

Eric Hellman

I live in a ghetto. I live in the Castro. San Francisco, California, U.S.A. It's a much needed ghetto of shared identity and sexual freedom amid the general anonymity and greater repression of the larger American landscape. Similar to any one of America's now numerous clusters of urban homosexuals, the Castro is a product of the post-1960s, post-Stonewall liberation of gays. Some say it's the "mecca" of gay life for the 20th Century. This, I suspect, is either hyperbole, or accurate only for those who interpret their sexuality as a religious calling.

It is true, however, that the Castro represents one of the most complex and materially advanced levels of modern homosexual life. The Castro's inhabitants are a diverse group, but predominantly masculine in gender. (Although lately, there are definitely more women—gay women—on the streets.) The men regularly display their bulging crotches and ample amounts of exposed flesh, contributing to the neighborhood's general tenor of mandatory eroticism.

The stores in the Castro are mainly gay owned or gay oriented and they reflect the district's increasingly commercial status. Small, boutique-sized businesses offer an amazing variety of specialty services, foods, and products. The merchandise is frequently among the most unique—and the most trendy—that's available for buying.

The Castro is also where the annual Gay Freedom Day parade ends and the beginning point for marches and nights of candlelit mourning. The politicians regularly stop-by whenever election time rolls around. And on weekends, the streets are filled with suntanned bodies, concerned social activists and unconcerned passers-by.

So yes, the Castro is an economic and geographic and political ghetto. And in terms of being fun and helping to establish the roots of a positive gay identity, it's been very important during the past ten years. The Castro is also—like other enclaves of urban homosexuals—ghetto in a far less visible and much more damaging sense of the term.

The ghetto I'm referring to is primarily psychological (for want of a better term). It is a state of mind that severely limits the individual and one that ultimately impoverishes the human spirit. And whether you live in the Castro, too, or whether you've chosen the Village in New York City, or West Hollywood in L.A., or just about any town in America that has a gay bar or two—the mental ghetto is now the most confining characteristic of the contemporary scene.

Of course, no one, during recent times has been allowed to speak of these things. The gay liberation movement has demanded, perhaps necessarily, the avoidance of self-criticism. But as a result of this silence, our mental

ghettos have become some of the most harmful products of the struggle for a positive gay identity.

The rhetoric of our movement has created two generally accepted (and severely misleading) assumptions concerning the meaning of our liberation: (1) the gay movement is essentially a struggle for sexual freedom; and (2) it is also a battle for the rewards and protections of social justice. Strangely enough, these beliefs are significant contributors to a ghettoized state of being: ways of thought and action that artificially limit personal development and prevent the fullest possible enjoyment of life.

But surely, you may bristle, it's hard to doubt the validity of either sexual freedom or social justice as goals for gay liberation. It seems only obvious that the unimpeded expression of our sexual nature is necessary for the emotional well-being of most of us. But (and here's where the trouble begins to develop): There's a great difference between obtaining sexual freedom and discovering the ways in which a person goes about expressing it. Our liberation movement has demanded the right of sexual preference, but very little has been said about how or what to do with it.

Similarly, when it comes to social justice, it's hard to argue or not agree with the universal rights to equal protection under the law and equal opportunity in employment, housing, education, and so forth, regardless of sexual preference. But once you've got your job and your apartment and lost your fear of losing either because of erotic temperament, the question still remains whether you like the rewards of sexual justice as defined by the powers that be. In other words, given legal and other social sanctions, are gays looking for essentially the same version of the American dream as everyone else? Or, do our social values diverge from the mainstream of American society?

With these concerns in mind, I return to my original two assertions concerning the meaning of homosexual liberation and I suggest that despite their apparent clarity and truthfulness, we don't really understand what either statement means. Gay liberation, when defined by the twin demands of sexual freedom and equal access to social justice, still leaves us with not knowing quite what to do with our sexual liberty, nor do we have a clear idea of whether the current version of social equality is really worth having. It seems that the values of our sexual politics have yet to be articulated.

...

In the place of clearly defined values, we live under the contemporary tyranny of the ghetto. By this I mean, we interpret the goals of liberation in ways that are personally limiting and, ultimately, spiritually destructive. The ghetto is a state of mind that takes our goals and twists them into tools of personal, sexual, and economic exploitation.

For example, for many of us sexual freedom has come to mean the uninhibited pursuit of sexual release—that is, the next orgasm. In this sense, sexual freedom is no longer an unfulfilled need, but rather a fact; a desire taken for granted by most gays living in America's cities. It's now quite easy to get laid: you can cruise in the bars, or on the streets, or at the baths. There are plenty of potential sex partners—and most of them are rather handsome and sexy.

The fever of sexual exploitation is further aided by the current vogue for Clone fashion: a mustachioed and macho man is ready to service you at every street corner or bar stool. And if you're not satisfied with the package itself, he most likely comes with a variety of additional assets: poppers, cock rings, leather outfits, assorted drugs, and numerous instruments of sexual intensification, including paddles, dildoes, and the like.

One friend of mine, Tom, a confirmed warrior in the battle for sexual liberty, claims to continue "fucking like a bunny" and can't believe how much fun he's still having. Tom alternately rejoices in the diversity of sexual conquests afforded by bachelorhood—or recounts the cosmic wonders of his current "true" love. In telephone conversations, I frequently find myself hopelessly out-of-date when asking about the romance with Greg, but finding him replaced by Gary, Jim, and Bill. I'm never sure whether we're talking about an on-going three-way or three separate affairs.

Tom's version of sexual freedom begins and ends with the pursuit of what feels good. The ghetto has twisted his understanding of sexual liberty into an unending pursuit of sexual variation. And although he remains cute, he has also become increasingly hard and brittle for a man less than 30 years old. Imprisoned within the search for orgasm, Tom ignores other possibilities, other meanings for his sexual coming out. Most specifically, he avoids the potential for increased self understanding and emotional depth in erotic communication.

In a similar sense, the ghetto defines our expectations in terms of the meaning of social justice. We champion nondiscrimination in our pursuit of a more complete integration with the privileges and rewards of American society at large. Quite simply, we ask for a slightly more sophisticated, but essentially identical version of the traditional American dream.

The ghetto pushes not for the split-level home in the suburbs, nor for the station wagon, nor for membership at the local country club; but we are after the happiness of a new Porsche, or next winter's trip to Bali, or a few regular grams of cocaine. The ghetto asks for equal access to getting it all now. We believe in the happiness that money can buy.

Mental Ghetto

(continued from page 4)

We may discover a common struggle for alternative identities and alternative values to the traditional American way. We may realize that homosexuals are only part of a much broader liberation movement that seeks to free not only the individual, but to radically alter a society that purposefully limits personal expression and creativity.

The gay movement is currently at a stage—and yet, eternal—precipice between material and spiritual values. If we do choose to come out from the ghetto of the mind, this will initially mean pursuing our new found sexual freedom as unique individuals, rather than as impersonal (but quite animate) objects. Along with the pleasures of sensation, we will have to risk fear and vulnerability in the expression of sexuality as a means to intimacy, to depth of personal feeling, and to a liberating sense of being loved.

To come out from the ghetto means to see our bodies as persons, not objects. To come out from the ghetto means to pursue the infinitely complex and immeasurably pleasurable yoga of love.

Finally, I ask: Is there an alternative to the ghetto? Are there other ways of interpreting the meaning of gay liberation? Is it possible to escape from the current reign of personal, sexual, and economic tyranny? Is it possible that our liberation might seek the transformation of the self and culture—and reject the current drift toward adaptation and integration with the American mainstream?

To all questions the answer—quite audaciously—is yes. An alternative politics and an alternative system of values do exist. It will, however, largely be a matter of individual choice whether gays decide to come out from the ghetto of the mind.

Coming out from the ghetto will begin with increasing our understanding of the roots of the liberation movement. It may be helpful to remember that gay politics grew out of the general activism of the 1960s. Our movement began within the context of an era that sought to increase personal creativity and one that condemned violence and economic injustice. Gay politics began within a time when a new vision of human purpose and social organization seemed possible.

In addition to a sense of historical perspective, it may help us to leave the ghetto behind by concentrating more on our similarities to other individuals in groups rather than the present emphasis on our differences to the heterosexual masses. It may be better to articulate the likeness of our needs to the goals of feminists and lesbians, to other minority and ethnic groups, and to former hippie and present New Age types.

We may discover a common struggle for alternative identities and alternative

(Continued on page 5)

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Man/Boy Love (continued from front page)

arranged for the construction of this building, a sanctuary—at least until recently—for boys, for young men. "A dream of his young manhood."

I think I know something about C.J. Atkinson. I think he was a pedophile. I don't know for sure, of course. If I did—if anyone else had—there wouldn't be an oil painting of the man gracing the foyer of a building belonging to the Young Men's Christian Association.

But I do know what he did. I know, at least, why he was celebrated. He loved boys. He had dreams for them. He made them his life's work. If you are what you do, C.J. Atkinson, benefactor and leader in boys' work, was very much a pedophile.

We'll meet Simon and others like him because what they do is important. Like C.J. Atkinson, if they are remembered at all, they will be remembered for what they do. Not for what they are, not because they are "nice people." Niceness is not enough. No, Simon and Barry and Peter and thousands of others like them will earn the esteem of their community for the work they do with boys; they will earn the affection of their associates and friends because they have lived honest and loving lives, have formed meaningful and responsible relationships.

If they don't get caught.

What do they do, then? What is it like—a loving, sexual relationship between a man and a boy? If you read the papers, this is one picture: a psychopath draws a circle of hapless boys to him and after months of wild, degrading sex he murders them—the Houston story. Another: a pathetic man incapable of forming meaningful relationships with adults finally turns to children for his social/sexual outlet—basically harmless, but pathetic and obviously in need of help. Another: a group of well-placed and usually wealthy citizens make clandestine use of a well-organized "boy bordello," one that recruits runaways and waifs and makes big money by selling their sexual favors to the well-to-do.

Those things happen. But they happen less often than wife beating, or the battering of babies. Psychiatrists see far, far fewer young people from man/boy relationships than they see boys and girls unable to cope with the strains of their happy homes.

The media squares boy-love and child molestation. And they use that equation as a weapon against all gay people. Children are molested when

and lick the bottom of my throat... I was dumfounded and I said "What are you doing... stop!" But I didn't want him to stop. And all on his own he would take my fingers into his mouth and roll his tongue around them... it would just drive me up the wall. Then I would do it to his fingers and on one occasion I did it to his toes... that got him aroused. But this was before we'd been naked in front of each other, and all of this was without his being told what to do or asked to do it. Any gay feelings would have been overwhelmed by him."

The relationship seems on an even keel now. "I think it will last like this for quite a while," says Simon. "We satisfy each other. He satisfies my needs, not my desires." But like many relationships, it had its moments of strain. "At one point it cooled off a bit for a period of weeks and I was very hurt and depressed. I had a talk with him and told him he was really hurting me quite a bit, and though I didn't expect things to be always the same so cold and distant. There were a couple of occasions during the conversation when I couldn't speak anymore and I had to get up and leave and when I came back he said, 'I didn't think it meant all that much to you.' And I said, 'It's not the sex, it's what you think of me. It's the affection you used to show me that I miss.' Since then, he's just completely warmed up, and though he's still cool at school, when we get out on our own he's completely relaxed."

I asked Simon why he thought the coolness had developed.

"I think he was genuinely a bit troubled about some of the things he'd done. He'd gone down on me. And perhaps I was a little aggressive and tried to kiss him on the lips which is something he didn't want. But it seems to be settled. I suppose now we have more fun than sex... we both undress, and bring the mattress out here in front of the TV, and we eat and wrestle and giggle and blow into each other's bellies and generally laugh and have lots of fun. And that's really more pleasurable to me than having sex... because there's so much affection."

I wondered about teaching. Is it wise to have your lover in your class? Could one possibly avoid just a little favoritism? Simon thinks so. "If the boy I'm having an affair with does something wrong, I tell him off just like anybody else and he gets marked just like everybody else. If anything, I'm probably a bit harder on him

(Continued on page 7)

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Man/Boy Love (continued from page 6)

because I want him to do better. And he makes sure that I don't treat him any better than any of the other kids. He'll act a bit cool sometimes... but I accept that. It makes him feel more secure with his peers. I mean there's a lot of pressure not to be teacher's pet... and listen: I'm a popular teacher. I'm usually one of the most popular teachers in the school. I understand the kids, sympathize with them. My parents have always remarked on my special relationships with my kids in their reports on me. A few have even suggested that I have a little chat with some of the teachers that don't seem to be doing so well. If they only knew my method!"

But then Simon's classroom methods aren't that traditional either. He's fed up with what he calls "a glorified babysitting service... that seems to exist to keep the kids out of the parents' hair. The schools aren't doing what they should be doing. They aren't teaching kids to live, they're not teaching them to think and they're not teaching them to consciously relate to each other. You can't learn anything in the classroom anyway—except how to regurgitate information. They should be out in the factories, they should be seeing how other people work, seeing what it means to earn a living, seeing how institutions work, how the courts work... how businesses work... You know how incompetent kids are when they first get out on their own. It was the perfect example—as soon as I started earning a living I went straight into debt. Been there ever since!"

For Simon, of course, teaching goes beyond the classroom, and he's willing to admit that his affairs with these boys form a kind of sex education. In many cases, it's the first time many of them have a chance to talk openly about something which is changing their bodies and minds in ways they're not sure how to deal with. "I remember talking to one boy years after we had our affair. He remarked that it was good for him, that it gave him a lot of confidence with girls. In fact, he thanked me for it. Before me, he was afraid and reluctant and didn't know much about sex, but through our relationship he learned quite a bit about his own body and what he could do. It also liberated him from the idea that sex was a no-no—which is what I'd been taught. I tried to relieve him, as I still do with my kids, of feelings of guilt that I went through. I try to get them to realize that this is a bodily function to be enjoyed and nothing to feel guilty about."

"As well, I've never gone to bed with any kid that I haven't formed a friendship with. I just can't go out and seduce a kid. There has to be affection. I can honestly say I've never gone to bed with anybody that I haven't felt a great deal of affection for. Sex has always been part of friendship, of romance, of a love affair. I'm just not capable of going out and picking up a kid and sucking him and screwing him and paying him. If I did something like that I would feel guilty. I would feel emotionally upset."

I wondered if any kid had ever made the first move.

"Yes, one 14-year-old I had in a grade 8 class. We went camping one summer and I tried a few things but nothing obvious and he didn't seem interested so I just dropped it. A few months later he turned up at my door one night and said 'Do you remember the things we did last summer?' Well, let's do them again.' And I said 'I don't believe it.' He said, 'I mean it,' and I said 'You'll have to prove it.' So

he stripped. And that was that for the winter!"

"The whole thing made a real difference to him. He began to talk easily about masturbation—he'd say, 'Boy I had a good one this morning,' and he seemed to have no guilt feelings. Although he did before. He was from a very strict family."

I envy Simon that easy rapport. Kids are an uncomfortable challenge to me. When I'm with them I feel either condescending or oddly negligent; I suspect they find me either pompous or uncomformably strained. We do not meet easily. For Simon, they are the most casual of meetings. They are neighboring tribes, he and his boys, and their rambunctious energies still draw echoes from him.

"I can have as much fun with a kid running around in a field as I did when I was 15 or 16. We go camping, we go downtown, we go to the Arcade, we go to the movies, for rides on our bikes, we buy records and come home and listen, and we watch TV, we fuck. Actually, I've only really bum-fucked two kids. One of them asked me to, and the other indicated that he wanted it. They didn't like it all that much, but it seemed an experiment that they wanted to try."

"A lot of my relationships with boys have not been all that sexually satisfying to me. Especially with the prepubertal kids—there's never been anything really sexual. Mostly just affection, care. Anyway, I don't find prepubertal kids all that exciting—it's a physical pleasure of the hugging, cuddling kind. And it's an emotional pleasure too. I never felt any guilt about the fact that these were kids—I worried about being caught, that's all. And I've never wanted to be different than I am. I'm content. I just want to liberate my kids a little bit and help them find their own sexual direction. Helping them realize their sexuality is nothing to be ashamed of."

If the word for Simon is romantic, the word for Peter is cool. He's rich for one thing, and that's always cool. Not rich in the way of smart young things winging their way noisily from "inn" resort to way-out film festival and back. His is new money, and it resides quietly on the fringes of Rosedale which is about as cool as Peter is in Toronto days. Peter is 48, trim and attractive. He has a swimmer's body, he's a meticulous and casual dresser, and he runs his company with the same generous aplomb that characterizes Peter the host, very much at home in what is always and inevitably an almost inhumanly meticulous townhouse. Thanks, in his case to the "help," which has its own apartment below stairs, and which is also very cool to have.

I suppose we ought to be enemies, Peter and I. Young money meets young radical. But we aren't. Like him, even when he answers my question about how we can change the way society and the law view boy love with "I don't see that I'm willing to make much of a contribution in that direction. I suspect there's no cohesive group that shares any thoughts or experiences... I see myself very selfishly satisfying my own needs by zipping off to Morocco twice a year and filling in the time here with whatever little delights I can scrape up."

I remember that there isn't a pedophile movement in Canada, and Peter is saying very much what I would probably have said had I been out of the closet back in the mid-sixties before the gay movement gave me the chance to change my way of thinking. I think I would have had an "I'm all right Jack" attitude because anything else would have been too frightening to contemplate—anything else would have had to have been done alone. A pedophile movement would be more difficult to organize, would have more perils and pitfalls, than almost anything else I can think of. Neither Simon nor Peter expect to try. I don't believe it. He said, 'I mean it,' and I said 'You'll have to prove it.' So

he did not have the kind of job which would put him in daily contact with them.

"With boys you have to impress them at first, you have to call attention to yourself. I do it with a big car, or a deep tan, or an ability I used to be quite skilled at diving and I would have all eyes on me all summer. It's not all the eyes of my course. I've picked up boys in theatres. You sit down beside them and start making comments about the movie and then you might say 'here's a quarter—now it would have to be a dollar—now it you get us both a coke.' Then there's a long, long period of courtship, talking, driving around town, having a hamburger. And I might never happen. There were lots of boys that I would have loved to make advances to and never did. Or it might take several months. Relationships that were budding in the summer would mature in the depths of winter in a car parked in a secluded spot in the snow."

For Peter, as for Simon, it is the relationship that matters. So much so, that he is still in contact with many of the boys he began having sex with ten years ago and more. Many are married now and have children of their own, but they have no regrets about what happened with Peter, and see nothing odd about looking him up whenever they're in town.

"I remember a couple of kids, they were brothers, probably 10 and 12 and I especially like the 10-year-old. And when he got a little older, I made an advance, but he made it clear he didn't want that—he said he didn't want me to touch him there because it wasn't right. And I said 'Allen, it's not a question of right or wrong, but if you'd prefer not, that's fine...' Then he began to talk about his religious ideals and ethics so I just retreated and didn't bother pursuing it. His brother, on the other hand, turned out to be quite a swinger and we had marvellous sex over a period of years until he got married. Even then, the night before his wedding, he wanted to see me. We stayed in the apartment they were going to live in and I fucked him in his marital bed. By that time he was really older than I was interested in; he was probably 21. He's married, 'I'll still see Buddy. He's married, two kids. And he loves sucking me off. I don't think he has sex with other men."

"And then, I think my relationships give all the kids a real appreciation for the perfectly valid form of sexual activity it takes the threat away from it and gives them some kind of balance, more sense of objectivity than they would have otherwise."

And though the 12 to 14 age bracket defines Peter's prime area of interest, he is, like most of us, willing to experiment. "The youngest? Seven, I think. He wasn't a very bright little fellow, but he just loved sucking. He used to come up to the apartment, and as soon as he got he'd say 'I want some wine.' That meant he wanted to suck me off. And he learned that reference from a policeman. I'd asked him if he did this for anyone else and he said yes, there was a policeman in the neighborhood, and the policeman told him that this was wine. We'd kiss, I'd suck him a little bit but he wasn't very interested. He just wanted to suck me. He'd suck me to orgasm and swallow it. He had very sharp teeth I recall... I decided to put a stop to that one. And years ago I had sex with quite an old man on the beach. It just seemed sort of exciting. And of course, the fellow I'm having quite a regular relationship with is in his late twenties."

A simple question: had there ever been a time when he's wished he hadn't been a boy lover?

A simple answer: "No, I'm crazy about lobster and there was never a time when I wished I didn't like lobster. Why should one wish not to like something one likes?"

Barry got in touch with me. He'd heard what I was doing, wanted to talk about himself, wanted to let me see how his relationship worked, and since I am not only an ordinarily curious individual but something of a voyeur, I said yes.

It was to be a weekend tenting in the woods. Billy didn't live in Toronto—he was a farmboy, lived in one of

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QUESTION What is your fantasy occupation?

Lynn Rugh, student:
Living on a tropical island raising pineapple so I could lay out in the sun and eat all that pineapple.

Todd Cronkhitte, bartending student:
To work in a bath in any capacity, all of them. It looks like fun. You meet a lot of people, do a lot of different things.

Smokie Tyler, credit union co-ordinator:
To be a DJ again for a disco radio station.

Connie Jeffers, registered nurse:
Be a lifeguard on a beach in Hawaii and sit in the sun and the shade, eat pineapple and relax.

Tony, psychologist:
My fantasy occupation is to be a famous cabaret singer.

those houses in the middle of a flat area with cows in it somewhere north of the city, and since Barry wasn't known to Mom and Dad and crusty old Grandpa he simply camped in the woods across the way. Billy, the boy he loved, the boy who loved him, came to him there out of one of those lazily large farmhouses where, thank heaven, not all of the kids are underfoot at the same time, and you don't question too closely a 12-year-old boy who has the good sense to be out of the house all afternoon and half the night. Not if the chores are done anyway.

Barry is a chatter. Five foot five and rather impish, he has the chatterer's ability to string together absolutely unrelated topics in a curiously coherent way—so though you feel you've been talked to, you don't feel exhausted. And I didn't as we barreled down the dirt country road to be met, coincidentally, by Billy and two other boys who were coming down the same country road in the opposite direction. There were great screams of "Barry!", screeching to a halt and then they were shy because I was there saying things like "How do you do?" instead of "Hi." But they agreed to come and help us set up the tent.

They had fun. There was no doubt they were as thrilled to see Barry as he was to see them—that first great baying of the name out of their car window made that clear to me. The brothers were 15 and 16 I think; they knew the score—Barry had had sex with both of them some years before but with Billy it was something special and I could see that he got most of the attention. Nothing "romantic"—that would have been hoisted, but when a wrestling match started it was clear who would be paired off with whom.

I felt out of it. I mean sometimes I think farts are funny but I don't think a lot of farts are funny. And it's been a long time since I listened to people telling dirty stories. Or quailed over who could beat up whom. And I think it was probably then that I realized you practically had to be a pedophile to love kids—kids at their most outrageously bad, kids when they're not being "nice" the way schools package them for mom and dad—and me, for that matter. Not that it was all unremotely horrible —it was easy sometimes just to be carried away by the sheer energetic nonsense of it all, particularly after we'd knocked off a bottle of wine.

The older boys crept off home and we got ready to slip into our sleeping bags—in our underwear, though I could tell by the giggling that Barry and Billy had taken their off as soon as the flashlight went off. Odd man out, I lay there listening to the murmuring, the giggling, the occasional explosive snort. But it didn't last long. And we were all asleep when the two older boys came back and mooned us outside the tent until they had aroused us and told us that Billy had to go home because his mom had discovered that he wasn't just sleeping out in the back of the truck the way they'd told her. He was dressed and gone in a minute.

The next day we talked. I mean Billy and I did after breakfast in a roadside restaurant. Barry went off to the can for longer than was really necessary and that had been arranged.

What did I discover? No startling truths, no insight into the human condition, not even any insights into this particular relationship—though I think it became clear to me that it was a relationship, and a significant one. Billy didn't talk like that. He said Barry was his best friend. He said he wished Barry lived in the country so he could see him more often. He said he liked "fooling around," which was his way of talking about sex, but he was shy about that and we didn't get into it. And that was that.

So, I had trekked off to the country and found—a relationship. Seen what I'd been hearing about from Simon and Peter, seen two people drawing delight from each other's company.

Let's not forget that C.J. Atkinson and associates are criminals—the way we were before 1969, the way we still are if we try anything other than the things you can do with one (and only one) other individual over 21 and very much in private.

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Movies

BODY HEAT.
Written & Directed by Lawrence Kasdan.

Steve Warren
As a screenwriter Lawrence Kasdan proved in *Raiders of the Lost Ark* and *The Empire Strikes Back* that he can give audiences a good ride as long as a director's standing by to land them. In *Body Heat* he takes us for an alto-

And there is. Not big deal-\$50 million-campout at the boxoffice to be first in line to see it special—just old-fashioned, pleasant romantic comedy special.

This is John Belushi's first attempt at playing a romantic leading man, and he's a strong candidate to succeed Walter Matthau as the screen's most unlikely lover when Matthau moves into George Burns' niche as a senior

both join the more prestigious Light Horse (cavalry) instead of the Infantry. Australia is strategically located so that it's only likely to be attacked by an enemy seeking a foothold to invade New Zealand, but the lads buy into the story, "If we don't stop 'em (in Turkey) they could end up here." A warning light flashes in the heads of those of us who have heard the "domino theory" before.

As they sail, a banner on the sidelines

Gallipoli is Australian's *Soldier of Orange*, a reminder to the world that they were in the war too; but it surpasses that Dutch film on every level. And as a human drama about young runners in the early part of the century, *Gallipoli* leaves *Chariots of Fire* in its dust.

Sometimes I feel as if a film is communicating with me on a subliminal level. *Gallipoli* had hardly started before I felt an intense, almost irra-



Ned Racine (William Hurt) and Matty Walker (Kathleen Turner) are caught up in events leading to a crime of passion and its aftermath in *Body Heat*.

gether different but equally pleasurable kind of ride; but directing for the first time he has no one to turn to for help, and the landing is a bumpy one—more of a letdown than a touchdown.

Unlike *The Postman Always Rings Twice*, which was remade as a period piece, *Body Heat* updates the standard film noir plot—wife and lover kill her husband—to the present. Instead of religion or morality preventing her from divorcing her wealthy spouse, there's a pre-nuptial agreement that says she won't get any money if she does. The husband, Richard Crenna, may be "small and mean and weak" as his wife says, but he's not stupid.

Or is he? Why does he leave her alone so much in the first place? Does he become suspicious when he meets her lover? If not, why does he say the things he says? These are some of the unanswered questions in Kasdan's screenplay, but they're not major deterrents to our enjoyment.

The unfaithful wife is played by Kathleen Turner, one lady whose performance, in line with Kasdan's overall direction, is sometimes intentionally heavy handed. It makes us wonder about her ability at times, but the ultimate effect is sensational.

Holding it all together is the year's leading leading man—this is his third starring film to open here in an eight-month period—William Hurt. He still makes me think that Dustin Hoffman has grown six inches and bleached his hair (Don't laugh—have you ever seen them together?), but here he conveys some of the mental and physical vulnerability that his *Eyewitness* character needed. Hurt's charismatic but nuanced performance will further confuse those who don't know whether to classify him as a star or an actor.

Almost like another character, the heat of the title is with us constantly—in the South Florida climate and in the sexual chemistry that happens whenever Hurt and Turner are together. Kasdan has used it as a motif so pervasive that you can never forget what movie you're watching.

The supporting cast is unfamiliar but good. The plot is—to a point—familiar but good; it stops being familiar before it stops being good. The only real fault in the film is the ending. Aside from being barely satisfying it leaves too many issues unsolved or unresolved. One attribute of the genre Kasdan is otherwise so faithfully imitating is that the best of the films noir always tied up their loose ends.

After making an emotional investment in certain characters over the course of two hours, I don't want to have to wait for *Body Heat II* to find out what happened to them.

CONTINENTAL DIVIDE.
Directed by Michael Apted.
Written by Lawrence Kasdan.
At the Ghirardelli Square Cinema.

Steve Warren
I don't know how you decide which movies to see, but what lured me to a "sneak preview" was the fact that *Continental Divide* was billed as "An Amblin Production." I figured that if executive producer Steven Spielberg liked this film enough to label its production company with the name of the fondly remembered short subject he began his career with a decade ago, there had to be something special about it.

celibate. Belushi plays a Chicago muckraker persuaded by editor Allen Goorwitz to head for the hills when the politics he's been exposing start playing rough.

High in the Rockies he meets Blair Brown, a Boston debaucher turned professional birdwatcher. She's committed to a semi-reclusive life in a wilderness so natural it would make Interior Secretary Watt puke, while he can't survive for long on air unpolluted by cigarette smoke and exhaust fumes.

Screenwriter Lawrence Kasdan paints himself into a corner with this "unresolvable" love story (Didn't I tell you they fall in love? I thought you knew that), but he gets out of it surprisingly well with a thoroughly satisfying resolution (despite what I say about Kasdan's endings in my *Body Heat* review). This was reportedly the first script Kasdan sold to Spielberg, before being assigned to pen *Raiders of the Lost Ark* and going on to write and direct *Body Heat*. How lucky can a guy be, having two of the fall's biggest potential hits open on the same day after writing the summer's top attraction? What's he got planned for the winter?

Continental Divide was directed by Michael Apted (*Cool Millions' Daughters*), who is following in Arthur Hiller's footsteps as a reliable, ungimmicky director who can handle all genres without leaving any trademarks on his work.

Michael Small's music is nice, but it's hard to watch eagles in flight for any length of time when John Denver isn't singing.

Unless you're one of those people who hate John Belushi too much to be half-way objective about anything he's in, or you can't ignore the fact that the story would have worked better with an all male cast (typical Theatre Rhinoceros fare), you can't help but enjoy *Continental Divide*.

GALLIPOLI.
Directed by Peter Weir.
At the Clay.

Steve Warren

Gallipoli (pronounced with the accent on the lip) comes on strong as an artistically filmed, gung ho war movie, possibly the best ever made. Even this pacifist reviewer is caught up in the spirit of adventure imbued by Uncle Jack (Bill Kerr) to his family. Inspired by this macho Auntie Mame, Archy Hamilton (Mark Lee) decides to leave home, lie about his age and join the other Western Australian lads who are rushing off to play "the greatest game of all"—World War I—in response to the call, "The Empire needs you."

The Empire needs them for cannon fodder, as it turns out; but I know less about history than Archy does and at this point my adrenalin is flowing in a way it hasn't at a movie since I saw *Treasure Island* as a kid. Circumstance pair Archy off with Frank Dunne (Mel Gibson), who has little in common with him but a fast pair of legs. The actors, as do the characters, complement each other well; Lee and Gibson look like a young Michael York and a young George Peppard, respectively.

Frank's ambition is "to keep my head down, learn a trick or two and come back an officer." He helps Archy forge a birth certificate (He's 18 and the minimum enlistment age for Australians in 1915 was 21), and his friend tries to teach him to ride a horse so they can

proclaims "Thank you, boys, Australia will not forget." Now, thanks to Peter Weir, they won't; and neither will the rest of the world.

Time magazine to the contrary, historical background is not necessary for the appreciation of *Gallipoli*. It's the human context Weir places the battle in that makes it so effective. The fact that most of us have never heard of it before is just the point—the skirmish was so insignificant to the history of the world and yet so final for so many who were involved in it. That's the absurdity of war, and that's what Weir shows us in the final moments of his masterpiece, using daring new techniques to build suspense in the action climax.



Mel Gibson (left) and Mark Lee star in *Gallipoli*, Peter Weir's beautiful and sensitive war movie.

Cabaret



Terri Cowick

TERRI COWICK.
Mondays at Trinity Place.
Fridays & Saturdays at Fanny's.
Through September.
Steve Warren

As new cabarets open and some import stars for special engagements, they tend to distract us from the old reliable venues which, year in and year out, employ the best of our local entertainers.

Therefore, thanks to Fanny's for reminding us that they're still in business on 18th Street, and for turning us on to the many moods of Terri Cowick. I'm guessing when I say "many moods" after being exposed to only three—in two sets of music and a brief chat between. Instead of trying to wow

you with her versatility—See how many different kinds of songs I can sing in 30 minutes!—she picks a mood for each set and more or less sustains it.

In what I call the "Oldies Set," Cowick bounces through pop tunes of the '60s-'70s, including "Runaway," the Beatles' "Oh, Darling" and medleys of "It's My Party"/"Big Girls Don't Cry" (Having no upper register, she gives pianist Ted Pinkston the Frankie Valli part) and "I Know a Place"/"Downtown." Introducing the last as a Petula Clark medley Cowick asks "Who's she?" The answer is, she's the star of a *Sound of Music* revival that set a record this summer for the largest advance sale in London theatrical history; Pet ain't down yet.

Cowick hypens her way through these songs and bluesy ballads "God Bless the

Child" and "You Don't Know Me" as if impatient with drummer Jeff Bond's tempi. She makes the singing look so second nature that she has time to concentrate on keeping two or three visual gags running through each song and probably work on her grocery list in her head at the same time. Still every note comes out exactly as she intends it to.

Tempering the zannes for a mel-lower late show, Cowick goes into a "Contemporary Cabaret Set," with your basic Peter Allen and Melissa Manchester material, the "Here's one I wrote" number and the song she's most noted for, "Peel Me a Grape."

The sound balance is off the night I hear this set and the lyrics are sometimes lost between the music and the audience conversation. When the latter gets too intense, Cowick's not afraid to

tell the offenders to shut up or get out. It's a ticklish problem, cabarets not being concert halls, but she seems to know when someone's going too far.

Perhaps the interruption disturbs her, but she doesn't seem as comfortable with the string of relatively serious songs. She sings them all well, but so do a number of her competitors in this field.

Originally from Kansas City, this *Beach Blanket Babylon* alumna with the face of a little girl found may remind you at times of Debbie Reynolds, Lily Tomlin, Brenda Vaccaro and especially Bette Midler—the funny Bette, not the dirty one.

But that just in three moods—I don't know how many more she has. And she says she's getting a wig so she can do Loretta Lynn!



Having performed in gay clubs since 1951, Morgana King, who appears at the Boarding House Sept. 22-27 at 8 & 11 p.m., has seen some changes in our community. She doesn't think they're all for the best, and her Sicilian nature leader her to say so, even at the risk of offending some of her fans. "I was in a restaurant (in L.A.) last Saturday night," she told us, "and my party was the only one with women in it. There was not a great deal of friendship and cordiality extended to us. . . . (The gay community) has become a very prejudiced society." She's sad that so many gay men shut women out of their lives; as for King, she could never have "yin without yang." On a brighter note—a 4 1/2-octave range of notes—she'll be previewing songs from her forthcoming album, "Through the Eyes of Love," in her shows here next week. When the *Sentinel* broke the news to her that Michael Greer had been added to her bill at the Boarding House (Tues.-Sat. only), she burst out, "Oh, wonderful! I love Michael. He's an old, old friend of mine," and revealed that she had "asked for him" to perform with her.

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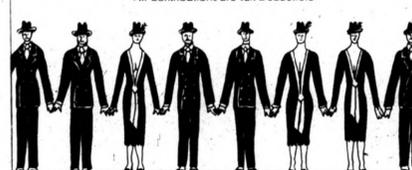
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Books

A LITTLE ORIGINAL SIN: THE LIFE AND WORK OF JANE BOWLES
 By Millicent Dillon.
 (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 1981, 464pp, Illustrations and index, \$18.95.)

Gordon Sager

I first met Jane Bowles and her husband Paul in Mexico in 1938. I saw her last in Morocco in March, 1967, just before my departure for Japan. Thus I played no part in the nightmare that sprawled over six dreadful years to end in a Spanish convent and an unmarked grave.

During three decades, then, I saw her often, sometimes for wonderfully long stretches of intimacy, in New York and Paris and, of course, Tangier. Tangier was Jane's El Dorado, her Shangri-La, her Gethsemane. Like many of us in the forties and early fifties, she did a lot of traveling. It was a time to travel: the long war had ended, the world was suddenly full of hope again, and the dollar was a much admired curiosity. Living abroad was both pleasant and cheap. Not many Americans and fewer Europeans and Asians were on the road, trains were relatively uncrowded, hotel rooms could usually be had at a moment's notice. By summer 1947 I had sold my first novel, and with the advance I went abroad, like Gore and Tennessee and Truman and all the others—including Jane.

In that novel of mine, called "Run, Sheep, Run," I attempted a fictional portrait of Jane as she had struck me one Taco winter. Later the same year, while I was in Italy, I heard from Simon and Schuster, who had accepted my novel, that they had now decided not to publish it because—in the opinion of some hired lawyers—it was obscene in that "it presented an unnatural sexual relationship as attractive." (The year, don't forget, was 1947.) Well, I did hope that I had presented the relationship between the two women as an attractive one, and here was confirmation but not the kind I was looking for. Unlike most homosexual relations in the fiction of that time, the one I had depicted did not end in the Sodom-and-Gomorrah destruction of the protagonists; I did not go so far as to promise that the two women would live happily ever after but I refused to turn them into a tragedy merely because they had a homosexual love affair. So my book was obscene, and Simon and Schuster drew back in horror from the mire. (In real life, Jane and her friend parted some time later, not happily but nonetheless enriched by their experience; and in real life, my book was published after three years by Vanguard and no one was jailed for obscenity.)

In July of 1947, however, Simon and Schuster's change of heart was in the future. I had their advance money in my pocket, and feeling rich I sailed with Paul Bowles from Brooklyn on a Danish freighter bound for Casablanca. Jane wanted to come with us but didn't want to come with us; she didn't want to leave her lover and she did want to leave her lover; she was sure she would like Morocco but—would it not remind her of Mexico? And though she loved Mexico, she hated it. Finally, after a lengthy drama of indecision (so familiar to her, that drama, so useful on occasion in getting her own way, so irritating sometimes to her friends), she joined her husband in Tangier. There she lived, with intermittent trips away, for the rest of her life—until her illness made Tangier impossible. Her illness made every-

where impossible, made life itself impossible.

The total body of Jane's work is remarkably small when one considers the tremendous influence she has had on many other writers and the extent of her present-day cult following—one novel, one play, and a few short stories. That's all. But during the long years of not writing, she never stopped trying to write, yearning to write, aching to write, mourning her inability to write. She filled notebook after notebook with scraps of dialogue and description and with sketches for future plots—but it all came to nothing, to worse than nothing, for that block helped kill her. Twenty years of straining to put words together in the way she knew they had to go but would not, coupled with twenty years of acting out the strange and wayward role in which she had cast herself: the burden became unbearable and at last, in despair, she laid it down.

Millicent Dillon never knew Jane, nor had she even heard of her until 1973, when a friend talked to her about Jane's work. Reading led to fascination and finally to a decision to write a book. It could not have been easy. Jane's short life was full of movement and of vast numbers of people, friends and enemies and lovers on three or four continents. Dillon interviewed as many as she could locate, the famous and the not-so-famous; but memories are not infallible, particularly when drink or grass has been taken; and the temptation to enlarge or justify one's own role, to remember the event as it should have been rather than as it was, is irresistible. These difficulties Dillon has surmounted with astonishing dexterity and discrimination. The Jane she portrays is the Jane who was, with all her charm, her waywardness, her kindness, her petulance, her prodigious talent. If Dillon does not—indeed, cannot—solve all the enigmas that becloud Jane, she provides, as a good biographer must, the materials with which the reader may seek solutions for herself. Dillon presents her own interpretations, to be sure, but she does not insist on them; she is, in other words, the ideal biographer.

In an afterword, Dillon tells us that Jane "remains a figure outside of the mainstream of contemporary American literature." Such generalizations are precarious. If the earth survives this ominous century, the next one may well disagree with Dillon's assessment—but will in any case feel a deep sense of gratitude for her industry and her perception.

Her researches throw considerable light on two areas of Jane's life and suggest some inferences that Dillon herself refrains from. I mean Jane's dynamic responses to her husband and her peculiar reaction to her own homosexuality. Jane described her initial meeting with Paul in this way: "He wrote music and was mysterious and sinister. The first time I saw him I said to a friend: 'He's my enemy.'" What exactly she meant by that remark "to a friend" had remained one of Jane's many secrets. In the Bowles marriage there was deep tenderness, abiding affection, enormous pleasure in each other's company, a desire on the part of each to further the career of the other; and there was an ever-growing rivalry.

In their early years together, Jane often contrasted her own reluctance to settle down to hard work with Paul's indomitable industry, but, as he was a composer of music at that time while she was a writer, the rivalry hardly broke through to the surface. Later, after the publication of Jane's novel (which met with much critical but little popular success) and the tremendous successes, both critical and popular, of Paul's first novel, *The Sheltering Sky*,

the rivalry began to take on a somewhat uglier but always obliquely expressed form. "We can't have two writers in the family," Jane said once, with a deep undertone of bitterness. In her heart she knew that she was a more interesting writer than Paul, but it was Paul who had all the success. I once remarked to her how odd I found it that Ivy Compton-Burnett (to whose novels I had introduced Jane) should have yearned in vain for popular success when she had that far more precious commodity, critical acclaim. Jane refrained from comment.

Nor for Paul could it have been easy to be married to a woman whom most of their friends considered the more original writer. The awful irony is that each of the two had what the other coveted, and neither could resist—from time to time—the velvet touch of a knife that was razor-sharp. Their real duels, unlike their occasional noisy quarrels, were never fought in the open; they were subterfuge, expressed in an apparently innocuous word or phrase that yet broke through and sent out widening ripples.

Once, when the three of us were together in Tangier, lunching on the beach, I essayed a rather silly diversion. "Sometimes," I said, "I think you two are trying to see which one can drive the other crazy first." A few days later Paul let me feel the razor's edge and then with that Mona Lisa grimace of his said to me: "Three can play at that game." In one of her last notebooks, Jane describes a character as "a masochist like Paul." But she knew as well as anyone that no masochist is ever Sade-free. For many years Jane had been working at, hardly on, a new novel that she called *Out in the World*, but to her despair it had persistently got nowhere. While she was still forlornly making inconclusive notes about it, Paul published his fourth novel, called *Up Above the World*.

One of the oddest aspects of the intensifying rivalry was Jane's decision (I think an unconscious one) to meet Paul on his own ground. So she went to live in Morocco, Paul's preferred country, and there she chose for her lover a woman who sold grain in the main market—a wild woman, as Jane called her. It was Paul who introduced them. Here one must pause for a moment to consider how very extraordinary this kind of behavior was back in the forties. Morocco had long appealed to gay men as a place where they might easily satisfy their sexual desires; but to lesbians it offered no such amenities. In the Arab world men are pretty much free to do as they like, and Moroccan boys accepting foreign embraces were not diminished either in their own eyes or in the eyes of their world so long as a bit of money changed hands. And there were of course lesbian relations among Moroccan women, but for a non-Arab woman to try to breach these walls was not to stretch for a phrase—most unusual.

In this endeavor Jane demonstrated qualities of character that would have served her well in her work. She was persistent, refusing always to take no for a final answer, and she was highly inventive, for she spoke no Arabic at that time and the women spoke nothing else (except, some of them, a Berber dialect). All Jane's creative energies went into the wooing of a wild, disdainful market-woman for whom Jane's chief attraction, initially at least, was her pocketbook. Although Jane had, at that time, very little money, she had a great deal more than the market-woman of Tangier.

If one wonders why she threw herself, almost sight unseen, into this harsh, contemptuous, ostensibly cloistered life, the answer is simple: Jane was not to stretch for a phrase—most unusual.

(Continued on page 14)

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Theater



Jane Cannedy in *The Finest Hour*.

THE FINEST HOUR.
 A musical revue by Jack Essex.
 Musical direction by Scott Singer.
 Continuing at the Alcazar Theatre.

Steve Berry

Imagine what *The Lawrence Welk Show* would do with a 90-minute medley of songs from World War II and you have a pretty good idea of what they've come up with at the Alcazar Theatre under the title *The Finest Hour*. Despite some first-rate dancing and a couple of appealing peppy ensemble numbers, this latest exercise in simplistic (read simple-minded) nostalgia can't help but make us wonder whether or not American history is safe from plundering cabaret artists who will process anything through their homogenizing mills to come up with a pleasant and inoffensive musical diversion. Here the considerable agony of World War II is reduced to a tacky crucifixion tableau spotlighting a horrendous paper mache swastika and a broken arm on a Joe Boy returning home to his 1940s malt shop. Survivors of the real holocaust may well ponder the relentless romanticism with which modern kids continue to view the so-called "fabulous forties."

It's always nice to see a fresh-faced cast of newcomers who are eager and willing to please an audience. Unfortunately, the attempt to imitate what apparently began as an intimate cabaret revue into a full-stage show thwarts nearly everyone's best intentions. That said, there's still some lovely dancing by Bob Smith, Nadine Frommer and Anthony Abramo, a funny Baby Snooks impersonation by Jane Cannedy, and some melodic Andrews Sisters-styled harmonizing that all serve to reinforce the show's professionalism if not indicating any great imagination or wit.

Only twice, and for a matter of moments each time, does *The Finest Hour* catch fire and threaten to live up to its name. The Andrews Sisters are an apparently young and energetic trio, thanks to extensive overexposure of spoofs like the one repeated here, but Cannedy, Joan Hawley and Maria Bostick do manage to get effectively to the heart of the sisters' enduring popularity. These Andrews clones don't attempt the sisters' more difficult scatting (they sing *Bei Mir Bist du Schoen* minus the complex internal trade-offs on the final chorus), but they wisely

pick up the tempo for a sizzling *Rum and Coca-Cola* and get a rise out of the crowd with the funny staccato phrasing on the seldom heard *Yes My Darling Daughter*.

Later, a taped voice-over of Adolf Hitler addressing his troops is surprisingly arresting, using only a sheet and a shadow to evoke the menace of the Third Reich's burgeoning militancy. The moment is entirely captivating, and is a genuine example of the "less is more" principle carried over into theatre. If only the foreboding menace of this scene were carried over into the song that follows (perhaps a "decadent Berlin" number or one of Kurt Weill's haunting cabaret songs), there might emerge a sequence of extended period that could do full justice to encapsulating the war. Instead someone appears to warble *White Chiffs of Dover* in a syrupy style reminiscent of Vera Lynn, which erroneously suggests that the war in this show is over before the first shots of battle have been fired.

It may be time to say a few words about gay male singers and dancers. It seems that liberation takes its toll in authenticity: gay men look like gay men these days, hallelujah, but *The Finest Hour* inadvertently makes it look as if World War II was fought entirely by gay men soldiers eager to get home to their girlfriends to jitterbug to *In the Mood*. It's a double shame that these particular gay men are so talented; they shouldn't have to be placed in a framework that only has room for straight characters.

Perhaps that's the biggest complaint about *The Finest Hour*: its decision to savor cautiously into nostalgia for decades past rather than to risk the consequences of attempting to construct a modern musical revue that would speak to modern people, modern issues, and modern problems. The cast is certainly talented enough to eschew mounting a production that is little more than a sober-sided companion piece to *Beach Blanket Babylon*. On second thought, the real problem rests with contemporary audiences, who seem to be increasingly unwilling to confront what's going on in the present day. It's so much easier to laugh at, and be lulled by, the Andrews Sisters, over and over and over again. Producer Jack Essex, who had such a terrific track record presenting cabaret entertainment at the late and lamented Chez Jacques, probably knows exactly what he's doing, and the nature of the folks his show is playing to.

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New Yorker Film Festival

(continued from page 8)



Jonah will be 25 in the Year 2000

Jane Bowles

(continued from page 12)

tered world, the answer lies, I think, in Jane's decision, taken long before and taken I believe unconsciously, to live her life pretty much as a gay man does, merely shifting the objects of her affections to the other sex. This was not, hardly not and certainly not in those years, typically lesbian behavior. An American lesbian who knew Jane in Tangier said she believed Jane's lovers said she thought Jane had never achieved sexual satisfaction. Yet "erotic" was a word that people used constantly about Jane, as they do about many gay men. Jane was often very feminine in her manner, but through her femininity there ran a slightly theatrical, almost calculated note, such as one would not be surprised to sense in the best of female impersonators. Jane was a superb performer and mimic.

She devoted much of her life to this Moroccan woman, she gave her all the money she could afford, she paid for clothes and doctors, she presented her with a house that Paul had bought, she taught her (she said) how to make love. After one of Paul's young Moroccan friends exhibited a talent for painting,

ings are devoted to the Japanese masters, particularly Ozu and Mizoguchi. Two Mizoguchi films, *Utamaro and His Five Women* (1949) and *My Love Has Been Burning* (1949), are on for this Tuesday (Sept. 22). In October, Ozu's *The End of Summer* (1961) and *An Autumn Afternoon* (1962) will be shown.

Closing the festival will be the popular and stunning *Tree of the Wooden Clogs*, which runs from October 18th through 20th. Made by Ermanno Olmi, the film is a rugged but sensitive treatment of Italian sharecropper family life. Each of the films scheduled deserves special mention. Each is a cinematic

treasure in its own right. The Surf Theatre is doing a remarkable job in presenting about one-third of the total catalogue of New Yorker films. Begun some 20 years ago by Dan Talbot in his New Yorker Theatre, the distribution company is still small when compared to the Hollywood giants. Nonetheless, New Yorker Films has performed a great service in bringing the best foreign films from Europe, Brazil and Africa to American audiences.

Whether you're into some evenings of high brow nostalgia or just want to see some of the best cinema produced, the trip out to the Surf at 46th Avenue and Irving is worth the effort.

Also showing next weekend (Sept. 25-26) is *Young Torless*, Volker Schlöndorff's excellent adaptation of Robert Musset's novel. Set in an early 1900s German boarding school, it is the story of boys forming a pseudo-fascist club that functions on terror and sadism.

Next Sunday (Sept. 27), two Hungarian films are to be shown. Both are gems not to be missed. *Angi Vera* is a story of love and politics in conflict and how a young woman learns to deal with these two complex forces. In *Confidence*, a delicate trust and love develops in the midst of war and secrecy as two people fleeing persecution for separate reasons

must pose as man and wife to survive. The festival of seventy-five films runs at the Surf until October 20. Other films included are Louis Malle's classic *The Lovers*, with Jeanne Moreau, *The Lacemaker*, an exquisitely well done piece of film poetry, *Win Wenders' The American Friend* starring Dennis Hopper, and the political mystery *Knife in the Head*, starring Bruno Ganz. Two more Godard films will be shown in October—*Weekend*, made in 1967 and *Every Man for Himself*, released in 1980.

Although French and German films dominate the festival, a significant amount of attention is given to the Japanese cinema. Tuesday evening show-

Pop Previews

Adam Block

ALBERT KING, JOHN LEE HOOKER: Hooker was the only performer to outclass Aretha in *The Blues Brothers* movie, just sitting on a packing case and singing with vengeful good humor. He still makes 'Boogie Chillen,' as dark and compelling a demand as he did back in 1949 when it first brought him fame. Hooker is revered by Muddy Waters, and he—in turn—names Albert King as one of his favorite bluesmen. King's *Born Under A Bad Sign* lp, a 1968 compilation, was one of the most influential of the 60's—a particular fave of Eric Clapton, whose rendition of the title cut with Cream was an exaggerated homage. A fine occasion to touch the bedrock. (Stone, August 18, 8 & 11 p.m., \$7.50 adv., \$8.50 door.)

WAYLAND FLOWERS AND MADAME: The deadly duo return, bringing a touch of virility and camp to our most comfortable nightclub. Despite rumors that Madame is getting a bit senile, gay crowds bring out the best in this team, so do your duty. (Boarding House, Sept. 18 & 19, 8 & 11 p.m., \$10.)

CONTRADICTIONS, SKANKIN BABY-LONIANS, APPLIANCES: Local new wave night at the Embarcadero, with three comers and a cheap ticket. (Old Waldorf, Sept. 19, 8 p.m., \$5.)

REVILLOW, MO-DETTES: I wasn't too fond of the Scottish headliners when they were still the Rezillos, but they are touted for a camp-60's-saxzy show, and cheeky pop instincts. The opener, four women from Britain and a drummer, had a small hit last year with 'White Mice,' and are trying again with 'Tonight.' Neither team has delivered the goods yet, but for promoter Ken Friedman's sake, check out his new venue. He promises booze in the balcony, dancing downstairs, and minors welcomed. (Cinema, 1077 Market, Sept. 19, 8 p.m., \$7.)

JERRY GARCIA BAND: The Grateful Dead's lead guitarist keeps his fingers nimble and covers Bob Dylan, R & B, and himself with what sometimes approaches unalloyed glory-nimble, shambling, grizzly, and grey. Pot bellies welcome. (Stone, Sept. 19 & 20, 9 p.m., \$7.50 day only.)

TITO PUENTE: When salsa gets this good they call it a Latin Percussion Ensemble and book it into a jazz club. Tito is one of the most exhibi-

rating maniacs ever to be allowed onstage—an adrenaline rush on two legs, with chops that are as astonishing as his antics. (Keystone Korner, Sept. 20-27, 9:30 & 11:30, \$7.)

MO-DETTES, TBA: Shucks, two days ago they were an opening act and already they're headliners—this band must be doing something right. For di/promoter Alan Robinson's sake hit this gig. There'll be booze and dancing all over, no minors without phony ID, no balcony to fall out of, and not only do you have a buck—you don't have to sit through the Revillos. (I-Beam, Sept. 21, 10 p.m., \$6.)

JOAN JETT, DAS BLOCK: Jett outclasses her unimpaired band, *The Runaways*, as a solo act and her stage act won more raves than her first single, 'Bad Reputation.' It's too bad she doesn't sound as good as Holly and the Italians, but Grace Jones fans know that a voice isn't everything. I say if the local opener can sing for Milk, they can open for Ms. Jett—that's Milk the beverage, not the dead Supervisor. *That's* a career move for the Dead Kennedys. This is an excellent chance to check out this airy dance-rock venue. (Dreamland, Sept. 22, 10 p.m., \$6.)

SVT, TRANSLATER: The new lp may signal some advances on the suburban macho of 'She Always Comes Back For More,' that brought this team some pop credibility, but I'm not holding my breath. The opener are billed as 'neo-psychedelic' and the whole shebang could be a lot of fun. You could hit this club for two nights running and make Joy Johnston a very happy woman. (Dreamland, Sept. 23, 10 p.m., \$5.)

FLIPPER, LEWD, CRUCIFIX: SF's most unmanageable band headline, and a 'Punk Ballet,' *Bar Wars* remains as entertaining as any of the act's, and most of the clients. (Mabuhay, Sept. 25, 11 p.m., \$5.)

KOOL AND THE GANG, CHERYL LYNN: Disco seems to have found a bland to comatose home in the suburbs, and gigs like this confirm the suspicion. When Donna Summer hit this amplitude there was hardly a black or gay fan in sight, and she seemed almost baffled by the sea of polite polyester enthusiasm. The 'celebrity' horns of the headliners will 'Funkate,' right on through, but I wish they were playing

Dreamland. Then you could go to three shows there in one week and even dance to an accomplished disco team. (Concord Pavilion, Sept. 25, 8 p.m., \$10.50 res., \$8.50 lawn.)

MORGANA KING: To Herb Caen's generation she is a gifted pop interpreter, but she'll always be Mama Caen to me. (Boarding House, Sept. 22-27, 8 & 11 p.m., \$6.)

CLIFTON CHENIER: The zydeco king brings his accordion back from the bayou for one of his rare visits, and the club promises jumbo—I hope catered by the Ellie Cafe. Their brew is almost as spicy, inspired, and authentic as Chenier's music. (Stone, Sept. 25, 9 p.m., \$5 adv., \$6 day.)

MILES DAVIS: Our most legendary living jazz horn player came out of retirement for this year's Newport Jazz Festival and reports had it that the show was a disgrace: the gnomes surrounded by mediocre sidemen, bleating erratic puctuation at the floor with his back turned to the crowd. Recent reports promise that the show has greatly improved, but he forewarned: you'll get to see a legend, but that's no guarantee that you're going to hear legendary music. If the man were as unpredictable as his career, Concord might be just the sight to inspire a shattering performance, but when they say, 'Mile's Back!' I suspect they may be referring to his anatomy rather than his music. (Concord Pavilion, Sept. 26, 8, 10 & 11:30 p.m., \$9.50 lawn, 8 p.m.)

ORCHESTRAL MANOEUVERS: The best thing about this dumb droning synthesizer band has always been their album covers. This is ideal for all you fans of numbing sludge. All I can say is, Come home Tuxedo Moon—all is forgiven. Well, most. (Waldorf, Sept. 26 & 27, 8 p.m., \$7.50 adv., \$8.50 day.)

BOW-WOW-WOW, TBA: The marketing wizard who brought you the Sex Pistols, and Adam and the Ants, Malcolm McLaren, seems to rebound from every upset—most recently with this outfit. By now he must be credited with more than publicity smarts. With their hit, 'W.O.R.K.' they achieved 'anti-prop bubblegum music,' a politically savvy novelty-dance hit that sticks in the mind relentlessly. With a followup single, 'Prince of Darkness,' debuting at #5 on the Rotten Records Chart, and a deal freshly inked with RCA in the USA, they're coming to

SF for two shows. So, take your pick. (Cinema, 1077 Market, Sept. 26, 8 p.m., \$8/Dreamland, Sept. 28, 9:30 p.m., \$7.50.)

SILVERTONE, JIMMY AND THE MUSTANGS: SF's own rockabilly rebels headline the cute little theatre. I dunno the opener, but the name is nice. (On Broadway, Sept. 26, 11 p.m., \$5.)

THE WAITRESSES, TBA: They ought to be good—I mean they've got a drummer who used to play with Television, a guitarist from Tin Huey, and that wonderfully sappy single, 'I Know What Girls Like'—the only problem is that it is a poorly kept secret that they're godawful live. Maybe they heard, and took matters in their own hand. Well, at least the di's good, and maybe you saw Bow-Wow-Wow Saturday and figured one was enough. More hard choices. (I-Beam, Sept. 28, 9:30 p.m., \$5.)

AU PAIRS, ESG: This show is so promising I may fly back from Seattle not to miss it. The Au Pairs emerged in England in '79 with the single, 'You,' that critic Greil Marcus called "as compelling an example of salvation through racket as I've ever heard." The group's pair of men and women reached these cars with last year's dance hit 'It's Obvious,' and its insistent chorus, 'we're equal, but different—it's obvious,' which speaks to more than the war between the sexes.

Their music is sparse-appropriating elements of dub and funk—while their rhythms are propulsive, their melodies catchy; but the group subvert their pop sound with sudden rhythmic discontinuities. Instruments struggling to announce themselves, and an unsettling counterpoint of voices—discovering terror in the banality of sex, finding banality in the outrages of torture: as found facts, though not imposed conclusions. The result is disturbing dance music, and a first lp, *Playing With Another Sex*, which ranks as the most engaging import I've heard this year, because humor and passion regularly shimmer through the mix. ESG are a multiracial New York band of post-funk originals. When a New York writer played tapes of new music to black and white highschoolers, ESG were the only group both liked. A recent video of a live show was hypnotic, and the double-bill ranks as downright inspired. (Cinema, 1077 Market, Oct. 2, 8 p.m., \$7.)

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MEG CHRISTIAN: "Turning It Over"
(Olivia Records)
Sometimes referred to as "the founding mother" of women's music, Meg Christian's latest album is probably her most serious and best-sounding recording. Deriving her major inspiration from the dissolution of a romantic relationship, she uses the sorrowful relationship—

song—an anti-critic critique in which Elifman shouts "You don't believe what you write" at certain media types who pan Oingo's performances. Oingo Boingo take obvious delight in blurring the line between reality and hysteria, making it hard on people who don't realize that—like most of us working-class—they're also into "processing." Only they sometimes forget how to shut down the tinily mechanized machinery. Still only human.

monotony/cacophony by working with three famous funksters (Sly Stone, Junie Morrison and Bootsy Collins) on the production instead of helming it all by his lonesome. Now, that rap record feel's been expanded, percussion seems more fluid and Clinton even delivers his own homage to Bob Marley and Sam Cooke with the reggae "Oh, I" and "Shockwaves." "Funk Gets Stronger" has some jagged

Meg Christian

point in the reconstruction of her own self-worth.

There's a very sophisticated philosophical attitude at work here, although the music is simple and folk-like, very light and spare. Christian's an excellent tunesmith. Though her major mood is that of reflection and self-realization, her spiky wit adds an expansive warmth to both "Restless" and the hilarious "Gym II." The humor softens the vengeful sting without denying the anger, the hurt. She suffers and learns with comic grace.

On the waltzy ballad "Southern Home," she sings about leaving her home in the South to escape the bigotry and mentions the bitterness and disdain retained for her birthplace for many years after her "escape." She concludes on an affirmative note, acknowledging that now "I can dream of the place that has known me the best/Embrace what I've loved and turn over the rest."

There are a couple of beautiful classical guitar instrumentals: "Moving Right Along" and "Window Paynes," and on the very brief "For Mama," she recites the song's one line: "Mama—my door to this time around." Mmmm.

On the closing ballad "I Wish You Well" when she sings about getting in touch with "all the children that I have been" and "all the lovers that I have known," she's saying, in effect, that in order to advance in her self-regarding work, she has to discard the process of denying her past and truly acknowledge it first. When she declares "I never want to meet a martyr again," it's possible that she's actually referring to a role she once inhabited.

No longer the clown-on-the-run, Meg Christian's learning the truth by heart. With her unique candor and aplomb, she's leading women's music up onto a new plateau of honesty.

NEVILLE BROTHERS: "Fly on the Bayon"
(A&M Records)
One of the all-time great party bands, their sound is classic New Orleans bar-stool honkytonk—with the street chants, the Second Line syncopation, the pinky ring flash and soul-type revue with gumbo. This LP, unfortunately, will do nothing at all to or for them. It's a grossly overproduced sound that, in addition to the Bros. quartet and 5-piece horn section, features a ton of extra percussionists, background vocals and string arrangements. Despite all of it, though, there lurks the suspicion that the listener's been shortchanged. What they do do well, but they tend to reiterate their pet riffs and rolls endlessly, and what they need is some good new material.

An old doowop number "The Ten Commandments of Love" and Jimmy Cliff's "Sitting in Limbo" (with Brother Art's sweet high falsetto in the lead) come off best. "Brother John/Iko Iko" has a good chunky-tough Latin beat and features Dr. John on keys and percussion, although the riff is overlaid again and the horn charts sound stale here, tacked on as an afterthought.

Fly on the bayon? Ain't no flyo (fire) here. No big whoopdedo whatsoever. Somebody done put it out, watered it down all the way.

CHARLIE MURPHY: "Catch the Fire"
(Good Fairy Productions)
A mellow, whole earthy affair—produced and distributed by Seattle gay men's collective Good Fairy Productions—troubador-in-residence Murphy's ambitious debut surveys a virtual leviathan of sociopolitical maladies with corresponding messages that're rarely too enlightening if never less than (predictably) politically correct. Murphy's cavalier bleating falls somewhere between Donovan and Neil Young (yawn), but his light folk range is bolstered by magnificently eclectic arrangements that skillfully blend country music with jazz and classical modes. His musical accompaniment (particularly guitarist John Clausi, saxist Sam Levine, Jami Sieber on cello and Kris Wilkinson, viola) is first-rate in every respect and the sheer sonic clarity of the music itself indicates an extraordinary attentiveness to the engineering and production end of recording.

"Gay Spirit" is a catchy anthem. Another upbeat tune, "Double Love," contains Murphy's pleasing multi-tracked vocals. "Under Capricorn" is a passionate ballad with specific homoerotic description and a flamenco undertone. "Dear Men" is a Joni Mitchell-like ballad built on a poem by local poet Aaron Shurin that suggests the unlearning of patterns that rely on alienation as a defensive maneuver. Good message here. "Burning Times" has an interesting arrangement with Indian tom-tom and a chant-like invocation to various mythological goddesses, guardians of the Earth.

Murphy's delivery is, for the most part, too even-toned or detached to hook the listener. While Murphy may, for instance, sing *about* being angry, there's no real anger in his presentation. It might also serve him well as a dramatist if he were to depict every once in awhile from the pseudonymity of the collective spirit and delve into internal conflict narratives. This might allow the listener to regard him as a more earthy presence. I would also encourage the further expression of specific homoeroticism. It's certainly worth singing about, as we all know. Murphy's made serious spiritual vows, so to speak, to heal the planet, to build more nurturing relationships among men (in harmony with women, children, spirit and the earth) and to begin the difficult process of abandoning age-old patterns of male domination and alienation from self and others. On "Healing Song," Murphy declares "In struggle and freedom we are one," and though the words by themselves might sound clichéd, ever dumb, when expressed through the collective alliance of gay men and women musicians who worked together on the creation of this sound, the statement seems more like a viable alternative than a far-fetched pipedream.

INGO BOINGO
"Only a Lad"
(A&M Records)
Oingo Boingo is an 8-man L.A. band whose music's been described as "high-energy, dark, surrealistic cabaret" which is a fair account, but really only half the story. They're also very funny in a DEVOesque way that makes it hard to tell whether they're mostly mirth or wind. What they're primarily about is middle-class obsessions: cleanliness, security, narcissism and so on, and what makes them particularly devious is that they live so well—never hesitating to play one side of the coin off against the other. In this respect they're almost the proto-American boy-man—over-exuberant, ever-elusive. "Even if he did main that old lady, he's not really a bad boy—he's only a lad." See what I mean?

What they do is very clever pop, extremely danceable, with varisped rhythms, teletype synthesizer, brutal guitar and super-tricky horn arrangements. On stage, their madness is more accessible, if no less quixotic, but on record they're a bit too clinical. Lead singer Danny Elfman's probably the primary cause of confusion, being totally "into" gameshow gibberish. On his itchy-ass, pesty vocals, he acts like he's selling some sorta slicer-dicer kit-chen device on latent TV.

Vocals like Andy Partridge of XTC, Elfman carries one-syllable words into frenetic yappy phonetics. Although this album doesn't quite capture the gist of their comedy capers, "Perfect System," "You Really Got Me," "Controller" and "Nasty Habits" are all brass, staggery songs that make the vinyl transition. "Imposter" is another good

Long before there was DEVOution, George Clinton and his "black heads" were glorifying waste-products, with the difference that Clinton and his Force were twitching, swooning and nerving out with a boastful nod to ethnicity. With a sly wink and a fiendish chortle of self-satisfaction, Clinton's long subscribed to the "do your own thing no matter how crummy it is" school of thought.

And now, a full two years in the making, after having once been shelved, George Clinton's succeeded where Francis Ford Coppola failed. This is Clinton's anti-war Apocalyptic and his big crossover move.

Funkadelic's most varied set to date has the usual rubberlegged bass plodding underfoot with a flood of filthy tat and salty songs rolling over it in rhythmic revy. It's dark but safe, and Clinton's partially rectified the general

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