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RITA MAE BROWN CHARMS & CHALLENGES

by Sue Zemel
 Author Rita Mae Brown, in the tradition of her literary hero Mark Twain, tossed tidbits of social and political commentary to an appreciative audience at San Francisco State University on November 12. In town to give a lecture sponsored by the Friends of the San Francisco Library, Rita Mae both charmed and challenged the crowd that filled McKenna Theater.

"It's one thing to be a writer. It's another thing to be a lesbian writer," noted the author of the best-seller *Rubyfruit Jungle*. "I get a lot of attention for being a lesbian but I've always considered nuclear disarmament more important than who I sleep with."

Brown, one of the lesbians purged from the women's movement in the late 60's, eloquently expressed her concern that as times get tougher, gay men and lesbians resist "back-peddling into the closet at 60 m.p.h."

She admonished gay and straight alike not to lie about who they are. "It is immoral not to tell. You are as sick as you are secret," she stated, noting that withholding information can be as dishonest as out-and-out lying.

"We would all be better off if we chose a day and gave everyone a chance to get ready for it—let's say July 4, 1982—on which everyone came out," she proposed.

A member of the audience asked her about her recent breakup with tennis star Martina Navratilova. "I think Martina and Nancy [Lieberman, the born-again basketball player bent on saving Martina from a life of sin] have redefined the word 'tacky,'" she remarked.

Rita Mae declined an invitation to play pool after her lecture with a woman in the audience, explaining that "Ms. Brown does not have a bitch bone in her body." A woman in work boots then stomped up to the stage and handed Rita Mae a bunch of flowers.

Brown, who says she grew up

cutting pain with humor, is adept at delivering incisive one-liners. "People making the most noise about homosexuality are the ones who haven't been invited to the party," she wise-cracked in her down-home style.

"As for the Moral Majority, I think we should throw them in the Pacific Ocean. If they walk on the water, then we'll believe them," she said. "We should rename N.O.W. 'NOW WHAT?'"

Brown also observed that the greatest crime of the left is its unrealistic demand for perfection before taking any kind of action. "I don't see any of us turning water into wine, but we've got to deal with what we've got," she stated. Brown believes that, as the establishment continues to falter, power will be up for grabs in the next few decades. She suggested two tactics for making political change: either going into the Democratic Party and re-routing the existing process by electing progressive candidates, or building a new third party, similar to what Teddy Roosevelt attempted.

Impatient with people who spend their time complaining about how terrible things are, Brown warned her audience to be suspicious of what she calls the victim mentality. "The women's movement and all other movements on the left must stop underwriting failure," she said.

When questioned backstage about what she does with her money, Brown bluntly told reporters that she supports her mother and aunt, contributes to the National Women's Political Caucus, and occasionally helps out struggling writers.

Brown's next novel, *Southern Discomfort*, will be published in March.



Rita Mae Brown: 'You are as sick as you are secret.'



ROGER MORTON, the new Mr. C.M.C., lends bar at the Stables. He donated his \$170 prize money to the St. Jude Cancer Research Hospital for children, in Memphis, Tennessee. John Gieske

Youth Want To Learn About Gays

by Jack Nichols

"There is no place in the state of California where children do not wish to discuss homosexuality," said Susan Cronewett at public hearings held November 20 in San Francisco by the state Commission on Personal Privacy.

Cronewett, for 18 months the School Health consultant for the state Department of Education, told commission members how both she and other sex educators have suffered threats, dismissals, and harassment because of efforts to introduce responsible guidelines for sex education in the school system. She was one of a host of witnesses testifying before the commission.

The hearings were the Commission's second. It conducted the first in Los Angeles November 13. Its stated purpose is to seek information from citizens, governmental agencies and other organizations concerned with invasions of personal and sexual privacy.

Cronewett said she had been "eliminated" from her position as educator because of vocal opposition from a very small percentage of the population.

"Homosexuality was mentioned only once in the 168-page guide we compiled," she noted, "but opponents of the guide seized on that one mention and used it to say that it was opening young people to discussions of homosexual lifestyles." On the other hand, Cronewett said that lesbian and gay activists were dismayed at the sparse mention of homosexuality in the proposed guide, *Education for Human Sexuality, Kindergarten Through Grade 12*.

"Teachers elsewhere in the state who discuss homosexuality, or who simply help students understand personal sexual matters can have credentials revoked," she said.

Tom Ammianno, head of the Gay Teachers and Schoolworkers Coalition confirmed this: "She's absolutely correct! Students, especially teenagers and sometimes younger, study about sexual matters, and as an adjunct to that they have a desire to know more about homosexuality. Teachers elsewhere in the state absolutely face an endemic repressive situation for the sharing of any form of sex education."

Cronewett's testimony elicited strong interest from a number of smiling Commissioners, some of

whom asked her cooperation in educational ventures. Other witnesses brought evidence of how homosexuality and homophobia figured in many privacy invasions.

Arthur Warner, of the National Committee for Sexual Civil Liberties asserted, "The first level of privacy is man's dominion over his own body." Warner criticized suicide laws as a violation of this dominion.

Gerontologist Dorr Jones, executive director of Meals on Wheels, called for an expanded definition of "family."

Dr. William Paul, research coordinator for the American Psychological Association, said California is better off than some states but that "there is a massive hate campaign toward gay and lesbian people" here.

Lawrence Cruz, director of Esperanza House, for sexual minority youth, testified that 60-65% of the one to two thousand runaways who arrive daily in San Francisco are sexual minority youth.

Kevin Wadsworth, past president of Concerned Republicans for Individual Rights and twice a S.F. supervisory candidate, blamed politicians for the "lack of emotional privacy" experienced by homosexuals. "Politically I trust homosexuals," he said, "because I know what to expect of them. But it is our political friends and supporters about whom I worry, never knowing when they will turn on me for political profit."

Wadsworth criticized Governor Brown for pulling gay TV spot ads, and he said that the Privacy Commission itself had been timed to report to a new governor.

Addressing the Commissioners, he surmised that the next governor "will forward your report to a Siberia or an elephant's graveyard that awaits such reports."

Governor Brown created the commission by executive order in October, 1980. The Governor, Assembly Speaker, and Senate Rules Committee appointed members to the commission from such groups as business, counselors, criminal defense attorneys, educators, labor, law enforcement, local government, medical practitioners, psychiatrists, researchers, and social service workers.

The Commission plans to issue its findings by December, 1982.

SECOND POLK AREA SLAYING

For the second time in ten weeks, anti-gay hooligans killed a man in the Polk Street neighborhood, within blocks of the Northern District station of the S.F. Police Department.

Two men attacked another and plunged a knife into his heart at the corner of Larkin and Olive Streets early Saturday morning, November 21. Before the horrified gaze of a witness, the unidentified victim ran a few hundred yards down the block before dropping and dying. The same two men, who had been shouting anti-gay and anti-white epithets at passersby for a period of four hours, allegedly stabbed two other victims. One was stabbed just above his eye, and the other in the stomach.

Police booked the two suspects, Richard Weston, 29, and Henry Lund, 26, for murder and attempted murder. The pair was described as belligerent and drunk.

On September 12, anti-gay attackers stabbed Seattle tourist Nicholas Ritus to death one block away at the corner of Polk & Olive streets.

Witnesses say the two suspects were creating a public disturbance, threatening pedestrians and wanting to "fight and raise hell." Between name-calling incidents, they reportedly returned to local stores and bought alcohol becoming more fight-prone as they drank.

Mayor Dianne Feinstein said that "the law theoretically prevents the sale of liquor to such persons. This

is what the Alcoholic Beverage Control Board does. They're supposed to have their licenses revoked if they do."

The mayor had no explanation for why police allowed two drunk and rowdy men to threaten citizens for four hours. "I can't answer," she said. "I only know what's in the newspaper. I'll find out when I go to my office in the morning." Feinstein frequently appears on the scene of media-attracting events such as major fires.

"There are many murders in the City, and police can't prevent every one," Feinstein continued. "I think the two arrests made speak eloquently for them."

Spokespersons for Community United Against Violence were not immediately available for comment.

Cleve Jones, organizer of the "Candlelight Memorial to George Moscone and Harvey Milk" said the Friday evening march would also commemorate anti-gay slaying victims such as Saturday's.

Ben Gardiner, president of the Stonewall Gay Democratic Club, indicated he felt it would be a mistake to focus blame on police at this juncture.

Mayor Feinstein said the Polk Street "sweeps" of August and September were "one effort made that lasted five days conducted by five narcotics officers. There is now no special effort on Polk Street."

(Related articles on pages 7 & 8.)

POPPER INQUIRY EXPANDS

by Randy Alford

The Bay Area Physicians for Human Rights group has formed a task force to investigate the medical effects of poppers—amyl and butyl nitrite inhalants, and a committee of the San Francisco Board of Supervisors plans hearings on the products early next year. Both moves follow suggestions by veteran gay activist Hank Wilson that poppers may be involved in causing outbreaks of previously rare forms of cancer and pneumonia among gay men.

W. Jay Freezer, President of Pacific Western Distributing Co.

of San Francisco, which manufactures Rush and other brands of poppers, disputes the contentions. He staunchly defended the safety of his products, cited scientific testing, challenged the credentials of Wilson and the Committee to Monitor the Cumulative Effects of Poppers, and attacked the motivation and jurisdiction of the Supervisors to look into the issue.

Wilson encouraged the doctors' investigation in a letter to his personal physician, a former officer of the group. The BAPHR executive

(continued on page 14.)



Representative Pete McCloskey John Gieske Give this man some privacy! ...pages 4 and 5.

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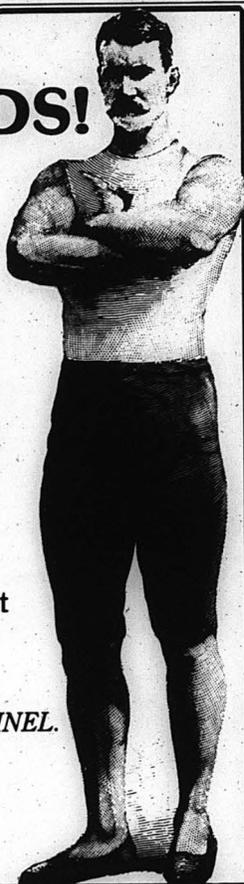
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PUBLISHER W.E. BEARDEMPH and NEWS EDITOR JACK NICHOLS first met in 1965 at this historic East Coast Homophile Organizations (ECHO) Conference in New York City. Standing, l. to r.: Margaret Lewis (Mattachine Society of Philadelphia), clerk Pollock (DRLUM publisher, pres. of Janus Society of Philadelphia), Evander Smith (Tavern Guild, S.F.), Shirley Willer (Daughter of Billie), Jack Nichols (Mattachine Society of Washington), unidentified woman, W.E. Beardemph (Society for Individual Rights), Robert Sloane Beaker (Mattachine Midwest), Neal Secor (Council on Religion and the Homosexual), Franklin Kamany (Mattachine Soc. of Wash.), Joan Fraser (M.C.), Kneeling, l. to r.: Julian Hodges & Dick Lelisch (Mattachine Soc. of N.Y.), Terry—last name unknown (Mattachine Midwest), John Marshall (Mattachine Soc. of Wash.).

FOUNDER PURCHASES SENTINEL

William E. Beardemph, George Banda, and John De Leon purchased *The Sentinel* on October 29 from the defunct Sentinel Communications, Inc. They have formed a new corporation, Silver Pheasant, Inc., to own and operate the newspaper.

Beardemph founded the newspaper as the *San Francisco Sentinel* in 1974 and sold it to Charles Lee Morris in 1977. Morris renamed it *The Sentinel* and incorporated SCI to publish the paper.

U.S. District Judge Lloyd King declared SCI bankrupt on September 11 of this year. Morris then claimed that he, personally, owned the paper and that SCI had published it under license. Morris published one more issue, on September 18, before U.S. District Judge Jack Rainville enjoined him from further publication on October 1.

Rainville ruled finally on October 9 that the newspaper was the property of the bankrupt SCI and could be sold as a going business to help satisfy the claims of its creditors. Trustee Edward Walsh then invited bids from interested parties.

Beardemph, De Leon, and Banda, submitted the top bid of \$9000. Walsh, on behalf of the creditors, retains control of the bankrupt SCI's accounts receivable. All money owed the *Sentinel* or SCI for business transacted prior to October 29, 1981, is due Walsh.

His office is located at 595 Golden Gate Ave., S.F., 94102, 626-2912.

Any person or business that claims *The Sentinel* or SCI owes money for business prior to that date should file a "Proof of Claim Form" in case 3-80-02232W in the U.S. Court for the Northern District of California.

The Sentinel, under its new ownership and management, will honor previously paid subscriptions. On request, the newspaper will also honor past contracts for pre-paid or quantity-discounted advertisements.

Beardemph, 55, was the founding president of the Society for Individual Rights in 1964 and editor of *Vector* in 1967-69. He was active in other homosexual-rights groups of the '60's and served as Chair of the S.F. Gay Freedom Gay Committee in 1974-1976.

De Leon, 47, and Beardemph have been lovers for 25 years.

Banda, 38, has owned and operated Club Dori since 1961 and Le Disque since 1978. He served on the board of the Tavern Guild for many years and briefly succeeded to its presidency earlier this year. Beardemph was Banda's chef at Jackson's in the early '70's.

Beardemph will operate *The Sentinel* as Publisher. He has named Randy Alfred editor, Jack Nichols news editor, and Edward Guthmann arts and entertainment

editor.

Alfred, 36, has been associated with *The Sentinel* with brief interruption, since 1975. He will continue his weekly radio show, *The Gay Life* on KSAN-FM, and his nationally syndicated column, "Dateline S.F."

In 1980, Alfred wrote the 9000-word bill of particulars which resulted in the National News Council censure of the CBS show, "Gay Power, Gay Politics."

Nichols, 43, has been involved in gay and men's liberation groups in Washington, D.C., Florida, New York, and Georgia since the early '60's. He edited New York City's *Gay*, America's first gay weekly, in 1969-1973.

Nichols is the author of *Men's Liberation: a New Definition of Masculinity* and *Welcome to Fire Island*. With his late lover, Lige Clarke, he co-authored *I Have More Fun With You Than Anybody*. Nichols and Beardemph first met in 1965 at the East Coast Homophile Organizations conference in New York City.

Guthmann has written on film, theater and culture for the last nine years. He won the Cable Car Award for Best Film & Theater Critic in 1978.

The Sentinel will publish every other Thursday. For the time being, offices remain at 1042 Howard St., S.F., CA. 94103. The new phone number is 861-8110.

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Analysis: LOSING IT IN PALO ALTO

by Jack Nichols and Randy Alfred

Palo Alto's reputedly low voter turnout, widely touted as the reason for the defeat of Measure B, does not now appear to be the major reason for the 58%-42% failure of the gay rights initiative in that city.

Defeat came as a surprise after campaign receipts of over \$25,000 had raised the hopes of hardworking volunteers of PACER (Palo Alto Coalition for Equal Rights). A June, 1980, election, which defeated gay rights on a countywide basis, missed its mark in Palo Alto by less than 1%. The city also has, because of its proximity to Stanford University, a reputation for liberality.

The defeated ordinance had the backing of well-known politicians, including Palo Alto Mayor Alan Henderson, U.S. Representative Pete McCloskey, former presidential candidate John Anderson, presidential daughter Maureen Reagan, and organizations such as

of Measure B.

Early reports of a low 25% voter turnout in this municipal election were wrong. The *Chronicle* initially gave a 30% figure, and the *Examiner* placed turnout at only 25%. The actual figure of 37.4% was, according to Palo Alto City Clerk Ann Tanner, "absolutely normal for this time period."

Since 1975 odd-year turnouts have generally hovered around a 36-37% figure. The even years 1978 and 1980 produced respectively 77.7% and 82.1% for general elections. If the gay rights issue had been consolidated with an even-year election there would have been a higher turnout and perhaps greater support for it.

From a potential reservoir of 36,945 registered voters, 13,833 cast votes. Of these 5,644 voted for Measure B and 7,718 voted against it.

Political analysts generally believe conservatives are more highly motivated than liberals and are more likely to vote in low-interest, off-

one public appearance during the campaign, representing FAMPAC, the Pro-Family Political Action Committee.

Allen surmised one reason for Measure B's defeat was that its proponents were largely unable to produce evidence of substantial discrimination in Palo Alto. He ran much of his opposing campaign insisting that the city did not need laws protecting gay people from discrimination. "If there are queer bashers," said Allen, "that is best covered by the city's laws, not by this ordinance."

A PACER member came forth, he said, to say that he had been a victim of discrimination. This member, according to Allen, claimed he and his lesbian roommate had been evicted from their apartment after doing pro-gay political work. Except for that, there was only one alleged case that had been spoken about in a blind survey.

Winslow, a former Human Relations Commissioner, spoke of only one other discriminated against individual who had come to his office in 1980 to complain in a general way of "a rather rough life, psychologically and so forth...a man who had had a hard time every day of his life." Winslow, nevertheless, proposed a task force to survey and study the issues.

The final report of the force detailed 85 instances of discrimination, said Winslow although he could recall only two of these rather vaguely, and that all were confidential, though on file in city hall. At the time, recalls Winslow, the Palo Alto HRC had been opposed to the idea of a task force. Winslow conceded that the discriminated-against fellow who'd come to his office did "not necessarily present good evidence."

Allen said he'd spoken to voters before and after the election who had become annoyed by what he called "overkill" in the matter of pro-gay mailings. Some, he said, had been predisposed to vote for Measure B, but after receiving "seven different mailings" (actually only four) they got upset and reversed themselves.

Allen called Palo Alto citizens "very enlightened." They have a "live and let live" attitude, he said, adding that his own opposition had not stemmed from religious grounds. "I do not see it as a civil rights issue. It is more than an economic/political issue."

In a similar vein, council candidate Winslow blamed the defeat of Measure B as well as his own defeat on what he felt was fear caused by the sudden mushrooming in Palo Alto of unclosed gay political machinery which, he says, was perceived as a "threat" to established city politics. Prior to the campaign, Winslow said gay political power had not surfaced noticeably. (continued to page 13.)

PALO ALTO		Areas of Support	Neutral Areas	Areas of Opposition	Palo Alto City TOTAL
June '80 Measure A	Percent pro-gay	54.4	48.1	44.4	49.3
	Voter Turnout %	53.9	57.9	59.4	56.9
Nov. '81 Measure B	Percent pro-gay	49.0	43.8	33.8	42.2
	Voter Turnout %	35.7	36.0	37.8	37.3

the Santa Clara AFL-CIO and the Santa Clara county Democratic Central Committee.

Measure B would have protected gay citizens from discrimination in employment, housing and business services. It would not have applied to the hiring of childcare workers in homes, to domestic servants, to rentals of owner-occupied housing, or to religious organizations providing services not subsidized by the city. Enforcement of the measure would not have cost taxpayers anything, since discriminated-against gay citizens would have had only a private right-of-action, seeking recourse at their own expense.

Low voter turnout was, in fact, initially blamed by PACER spokespersons as the major reason for failure to pass the measure. Opposition leader Kenneth Allen of Palo Altans Against Measure B, disputed this assessment and called it a "poor excuse." So did the pro-gay-rights candidate for the City Council, Doug Winslow, who attributed his own loss to his identification by voters as a strong supporter



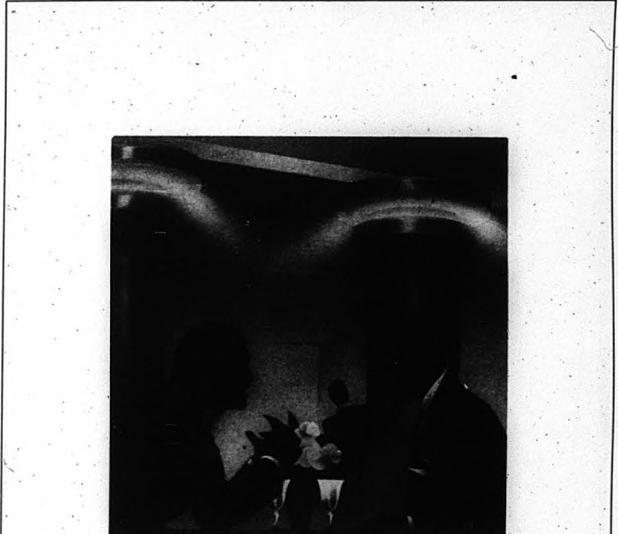
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FAMILY PROTECTION ACT PANEL at Coalition for Human Rights conference. L. to r.: moderator Mary Dunlap, Pauline Gee, Del Martin, Lori Ingram, Russ Lombard, Kathi Smith, Tom Ammanno, Sal Rossell.

John Gleske

McCLOSKEY ANGERS FAMILY PROTECTION ACT CONFEREES

by Jack Nichols

U.S. Representative Pete McCloskey angered opponents of the Family Protection Act in his keynote address at the November 14 Conference on the F.P.A. Approximately 100 people hissed and heckled as McCloskey warned them that their cause would have its "validity destroyed" if they persisted in asking for federal monies at a time when there is a deficit.

The Coalition for Human Rights, a group of 50 member organizations, sponsored the meeting at John Adams Community College and presented keynote speakers, panels, and workshops.

"I'm speaking to you as a lawyer and a legislator," said McCloskey. "I can't say that I think it is wrong to deny federal funds for the purpose of advocating, promoting, or suggesting homosexual lifestyle."

The liberal Republican member of Congress, one of only three Republican sponsors of the national gay rights bill (H.R. 1454), expanded upon the privacy theme he broached November 7 at the National Association of Business

Councils Convention.

"Government should not intrude on conduct that causes no harm to others in private," he noted at the F.P.A. conference. "My problem is when you take conduct out of the realm of privacy." Speaking of sexual behavior, heterosexual or homosexual, he said "Public conduct should be a crime." He insisted that conscientious citizens would "turn away from a law that advocates taxing citizens to advocate a lifestyle."

Members of the audience quickly rose to contradict the Congressman. The entire room burst into hearty applause when one man told him, "I can only conclude, sir, that you are totally misinformed." William Paul, a psychologist at S.F. State University explained that federal funding for research into homosexuality had already been cut. He said that provisions of the F.P.A. would be used to censor all such research.

McCloskey refused to concede that important medical research would go down the drain, but he concluded, "It is wrong to use any government money to advocate any lifestyle."

Following his speech, a confer-

ence moderator took the microphone and said: "If one of the most liberal congressmen in the area cannot understand what's involved in the Family Protection Act, then we see how our work is cut out for us."

An hour later, attorney Mary Dunlap responded to McCloskey by reading a letter she had just composed. Ridiculing McCloskey's concern with federal spending, she called attention to Section 607 of the Act which deals with the costs of the Act's enforcement.

These costs, she pointed out, would line the pockets of those who work in the courts and of other high-level bureaucrats. "Those folks will make money," she charged. She detailed the ways in which the Act would restrict the ability of the gay movement to attract allies, and of gay citizens to associate openly with others. Would, for instance, a mother who joins Parents of Gays be deprived of her Social Security? Dunlap maintained McCloskey "asks that we trade off for the right to privacy the right to speak out, the right to associate free from governmental intervention. We can't afford that kind of tradeoff." She asked that everyone

compose their own letters to McCloskey to protest his stance.

Organizers called the conference to alert people to the dangers of the F.P.A., introduced as a bill in 1979 by Senator Paul Laxalt (R-Nevada.) "This Act," said Dunlap, "would require massive federal enforcement of prejudice." It is, she said, aimed against women, lesbians and gay men, unions, children and youth, the elderly, labor, the disabled, the poor, and Third-World people.

Most participants agreed that the equal protection and civil rights now enjoyed by members of the gay community would be placed in jeopardy. Pauline Gee, who spoke about restrictions the Act would place on legal services reported that "it's got a very good chance of passing because of the political climate right now...no doubt many congressmen will pass it without even reading it."

Alameda county Supervisor John George, another keynote speaker, charged that the F.P.A. "is a Trojan Horse for anti-gay prejudice." That prejudice, he said, is "one of the main features of this Act." George called the Act a "federal intrusion into decisions usually made by the

family," and noted that united action is necessary because it will "force gays back into the closet, women back into the kitchen, and blacks back into the basement."

Another keynote speaker, San Francisco Municipal Court Judge Mary Morgan, a lesbian, told the audience that the Act is "anti-human," and that it speaks for an image of the family that is narrow and no longer realistic in today's society—a "Father Knows Best" or "Leave It To Beaver" TV image—a white dominant father as breadwinner for 2.3 children and a non-working mother.

Judge Morgan proposed a definition of "family" which would give single parents, working mothers, gay fathers, lesbian mothers, and others the kind of protection which the F.P.A. would deny. "It is this plural definition of families that should be protected," she said, "and not one single ideological definition."

After the keynote speeches, a panel on the tactics and mind-sets of the New Right presented Robert Smith, Director of Community United Against Violence; Dorothy Erlich, Northern California ACLU Director, and author Sasha Gregory

Lewis. Gregory-Lewis described members of the New Right as "dissatisfied John Birchers" unhappy at the defeat of their perspectives in the early '70s, who have revised their unsuccessful extremism so they can push violence, segregation, and prejudice under new guises. "They are marvelous at language," she cautioned.

A panel including Mary Dunlap, Pauline Gee, Tom Ammanno, Del Martin, Lori Ingram, Russ Lombard, Kathi Smith, and Sal Rossell discussed restrictions imposed on legal services by the Act, effects on education, domestic violence, women's issues and reproductive rights, anti-lesbian, anti-gay, and anti-bussing provisions, elderly and disabled concerns, and ways in which the Act would affect labor adversely.

Martin, author of *Battered Wives*, said that what the Act actually protects is "domestic terrorism."

Conference attendees spent the afternoon in workshops discussing tactics. Primary concerns were legal maneuvers, media contacts, legislation and lobbying, ways to educate, approaches to the churches, and the building of stronger coalitions and networks.

An invitation from the Mayor of San Francisco:



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McCloskey to NABC:

PRIVACY IS THE KEY

U.S. Representative Pete McCloskey made these remarks on the subject of gay rights to the National Association of Business Councils convention in San Francisco on November 7. The *Sentinel* welcomes, as does McCloskey, your comment on the transcript.

With the exception of minor editorial courtesies involved in transferring the spoken to the written word, this is a verbatim record.

Let me move to...the matter of the legislative calendar with respect to gay rights. And let me say in the practical political world in which I serve in Washington, the question

it's going to happen, and it will happen largely because, I think, of the strength, the quiet dignity, the cheerfulness, the good will, the integrity, coupled with an absolute conviction on your part, that a gay lifestyle is nothing more than a free choice of an individual as to how that individual pursues happiness.

The thing that encourages me so much about you is when I look around this room and I compare you with the other great interest organizations, the right-to-life movement. If you've ever been to a right-to-life movement conven-

to our conservative friends and your conservative friends, that true conservatism keeps the government out of what adults do in private. And it seems to me that if that were the focal point of the political effort now to establish gay rights and freedom of choice, that it should be taken to the conservatives in terms that conservatives understand. And I pose that challenge to you, because note that it is fundamentally based on the right of privacy.

And here is the one area that I would draw your attention to. If the right of privacy is to be sold to a body politic which so far as we know contains a majority of heterosexuals—we're not entirely sure of that, we're not sure of that entirely in the Congress, I might add, of the United States of America.

I might say that my views are based, that as a member of the Navy and of the Marine Corps, and as a prosecuting attorney in Oakland and as a defense attorney in Palo Alto, I have quite often discovered that some of the most pious protesters against gay rights are quiet practitioners.

But in any event, if the key to political success is to establish, in a country that is predominantly conservative, the fact that a choice of private lifestyle is in truth a conservative principle, then it may behoove those who advocate gay rights to take a position which respects and honors privacy, maintains dignity.

In this connection, it seemed to

"No agency of the government shall inquire into or take action upon the private, sexual conduct between consenting adults."

of what is right as a matter of principle and what can be achieved within a given time frame are separate. And there are many politicians who will stand up for a cause or a belief, knowing full well that they will never be called on account to vote for that particular view or belief, because the issue in question will never be reported out of committee or never be brought to a floor vote in the House or the Senate.

In my judgment, the single piece of legislation on gay rights before the Congress of the United States does not go far enough. It has been on our floor and before our committees now for over six years, and it would state that there would be no discrimination based on sexual orientation. I strongly believe in that principle, but until that principle can be achieved, many years are going to elapse, and it will not be [due to] the dedication or the beliefs of people like me in the Congress. It will be [due to] the growing political strength and cohesion and the community respect in which you in this room are held.

There is an additional principle, however, which may have more immediate possibility. And when we talk about principles of this kind, a great change in the judicial

tion, you will find people who are grim-lipped, hostile, self-righteous, with no tolerance of the opposing point of view. And I suspect that around this room, there is cheerfulness, there is a certain lack of self-righteousness.

But hopefully, there is that strong personal conviction that you are right and that you're going to hang together until this issue is solved.

I want to tell you about a piece of legislation from which I have gotten conflicting views from various human rights and civil-rights organizations. It is fundamentally based

"The Oral Majority" is an unfortunate choice of words.

on the following, precise language, which you will note to the conservative has a familiar ring. The conservative, after all, is the philosopher who believes that the least government is the best government, and that government should never intrude upon the personal choice of individuals (at least in the business community) unless there is demonstrable proof that the body politic or the public is harmed.

And the language that I propose,

me that for those who now seek to contest the Moral Majority, to choose the name for the organization opposing the Moral Majority as "The Oral Majority" is an unfortunate choice of words, because it does no dignity to the concept of privacy, which in my judgment is the key means by which gay rights will ultimately be established, as in the matter of abortion.

The Supreme Court's determination of the right of privacy constitutionally guaranteed to a woman achieved [that] which we legislators could never have achieved. And so, if indeed the right of choice is based on the principle of privacy, it seems to me that the approach to this matter should be with the dignity and the integrity and that solid conviction that what people do in private is their own business.

Now I appreciate that at a time when we have had two thousand years of a religious ethic that condemns this conduct, that there must be a considerable body of understanding and a considerable education of the public which has long been geared to accept a contrary view—that a homosexual lifestyle is not bad, that it is not wrong, and it is not something that breaks upon the world anew, and as a matter of fact, as a lifestyle, fits in perfectly with the goals that we have in this world in the next

"The concept of defense and acceptance of the right to privacy is crucial to success."

Christian ethic, something that we have been living with for two thousand years, when you talk about a change, bear in mind that no great change of national policy occurs quickly or easily.

I've forgotten what year it was that Joan Baez [another guest at the luncheon] first began speaking against the war. I suspect it was well before I did in 1967, when I was first elected to Congress. But it wasn't until 1973 that a tie vote in the House of Representatives ended the Vietnam War.

And if you look back to the great cause on which this nation was founded, just compare the following historical events and note the time frame. Prior to our revolution, the battle cry against Great Britain was that "taxation without representation is tyranny." We adopted a Declaration of Independence, the words that have been magic through out the world: "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal."

When we had won that revolution, eight years later, we adopted a Constitution. And in that constitution for purposes of taxation and representation—the critical feeling that had led us into the war—we adopted the provision that blacks would be treated as sixty percent white people.

And we lived for seventy years, until we fought one of the great civil wars in history, and we adopted in 1868 the Fourteenth Amendment to provide that there be no discrimination based on creed or color or race.

It was nearly another hundred years until 1964 and 1965 when we adopted the great civil-rights acts of those two years. But even today we are fighting to end discrimination based on race and based on creed and based on color. And finally we are beginning to attack, and seriously attack, and successfully attack discrimination based on sex.

Now, no one should feel unhappy or certain about the time that it will take to end discrimination based on sexual orientation. But

and we have been working on this for over a year, and the reason that it is not in the hopper in the Congress yet is because of disagreement in your community, not mine. But let me quote to you this following language: "No agency of the government of the United States shall inquire into or take action upon the private, sexual conduct between consenting adults."

Now note those words. No agency of the government shall inquire into or take action upon the private, sexual conduct between consenting adults.

When I took that to legislative

"I lay these words in front of you by means of provocation."

counsel, a purist, the language that first came back was "amongst consenting adults," but I felt that that was probably a little too much to ask of the conservative today.

But I know of no true conservative or no right-wing Republican who would suggest, when confronted with the problem [that] the massive mechanisms of government involve themselves in private conduct between consenting adults. Public conduct—homosexual—is clearly a crime, but so is public, heterosexual conduct a crime.

It seems to me that the argument can be made and should be made

twenty years, that people ought to be as free as possible from an ever increasing complexity and size of government.

But I lay those words in front of you by means of provocation. I would like to go forward with this legislation, but I would like to go forward with careful, considered consensus in your community that this is the proper means of approach. And if we are to achieve success in the legislative arena, then I commend to you the concept of defense and acceptance of the right of privacy as crucial to success.

Thank you very much.

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 - salt and pepper
 - oil and vinegar
 - Romeo and Juliet
 - block and tackle
 - bacon and eggs
 - corned beef and cabbage
 - ham and cheese
 - shoes and socks
 - line and sinker
 - true and false
 - Brad and Janet
 - sharp and flat
 - boots and spurs
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Something's Wrong With My Shrink.

Dear Head space,
Something's wrong with my shrink. I've been seeing him for about three months and I'm getting this powerful feeling that he doesn't like me or my gayness.

It's that I keep picking up these weird vibes from him when we talk about my sexuality. I'm into some "kinky" things and he seems to get really uptight when I talk about them.

I've raised this with him, but he denies everything and throws it back on me. He's a very respectable professional, a member of the American Psychiatric Association.

I'm gay as a goose, as they say, and I don't want to see this guy anymore. I want a shrink who can relate to my lifestyle, and to me, I'm a regular reader of your column.

Yes, we have a referral list of gay mental health professionals who will gladly send it to you (and to any other readers who send us a self-addressed, stamped envelope).

You're by no means the first gay person to have had a negative experience of this sort. Excepting the priesthood/ministry/rabbinate, the mental health profession has been the source of more oppression for gay people than any other.

Most are at great ignorance of the realities of gay life. All too many, with various degrees of openness, still consider homosexuality a "mental disorder."

Fortunately, the chances are relatively much smaller of falling into the hands of the minority of out-and-out homophobes who attempt to "cure" gay men and lesbians whom they diagnose as suffering from "egodystonic homosexuality" (i.e. homosexuality that is supposedly "unwanted" by the patient) through shock treatments, painful aversion techniques, and even lobotomies.

We assume that almost all our readers would terminate treatment immediately in such a situation. But gay people should be aware that too many mental health professionals (and some very widely respected indeed, such as Masters and Johnson) are still quite willing to try to turn "unhappy homosexuals" into healthy heterosexuals, using in some cases extraordinarily sadistic, costly, and hence profitable techniques.

Much more likely than encountering a shrink who will try to "cure" your homosexuality is finding someone who has virtually no understanding of your gayness and little sympathy with it as well. This is especially true if your sexual

activities include anything but the most conventional mo-m-and-poo-type sex.

Anything with the least ink in it is liable to cause your straight shrink to diagnose you as suffering from a "psychosexual disorder," specifically from one or more of the so-called "sexual paraphilias" listed in the American Psychiatric Association's official Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders (Third Edition).

It is undoubtedly of interest and importance to many sexually creative gay men and women to know that the latest edition of this Manual, published in 1980, includes the following among its list of paraphilias/psychosexual disorders: Sadism (except when practiced by behavioral and other psychologists); Masochism; Klismaphilia (being into enemas); Urophilia (being into piss); Fracturing (cumming through rubbing bodies together); and...get this...even "Telephone Scatology" (getting off over the phone).

So all you South-of-Market types, all of you who enjoy an occasional enema, golden shower or taste of recycled beer, all you phone jackoff queers; and even all you poor dears who get off just rubbing bodies together--be forewarned that your friendly shrink's diagnostic bible is hardly an improvement over Jerry Falwell's version.

A good rule of thumb is this: if Debbie Boone probably wouldn't approve of your sexual activities, then the American Psychiatric Association is not likely to either. We don't call these people straight for nothing, folks!

It is almost impossible to emphasize how deep is the aversion to sexuality and especially to homosexuality among mental health professionals. Only in a minority of cases do these aversions take an open, easy-to-discern form.

Useful questions to ask include the following: 1) What, specifically, was the mental health professional's training regarding homosexuality? 2) If the mental health professional claims to belong to a certain school of thought or to have a specific theoretical orientation, they should be asked to explain, again specifically, what this school of thought or theoretical orientation asserts about the origins, nature and treatment of homosexuality. 3) Finally, what, if any is the mental health professional's experience with gayness and gay people, both within and outside their professional life?

Incidentally, these questions may also be very profitably asked of gay mental health professionals. If a shrink can't (or won't) answer these and similar questions to a gay person's satisfaction, then there is very little chance that the kind of acceptance, trust and empathy essential to good therapy, will develop.

We applaud your trusting your own feelings, and acting upon them. Your decision to find a shrink who will accept you and your sexual orientation is a valuable act of growth in itself. Good luck with your new shrink!

Jim Boland and Alan Sable are noted Bay Area gay psychotherapists. They write this column in response to letters from our readers seeking mental health advice, support, information and understanding. Write Head Space care of Dr. Jim Boland, 1466 Hopkins, Berkeley 94702 or Dr. Alan Sable, 2223 Lincoln Way, San Francisco 94122.



Primer que todo quiero felicitarlos por esa publicación Gay de San Francisco, Ca, y mandarles un saludo de la gente Gay de Colombia. Quisiera que me informaran de la revista Gay y si fuera posible me mandaran una publicación para informarme de esa publicación ya que la he oido mencionar bastante aqui en Colombia entre la gente Gay. Quisiera, si es posible me mencionaran en su revista ya que quisiera intercambiar correspondencia con gente Gay de California, y ojala de otros estados de los Estados Unidos,

para intercambio de ideas, casa por vacaciones etc. Ya que es posible que viaje a California y tenga la oportunidad de conocer gente Gay, ojala las personas que me escriban. Espero correspondencia Gay, muchas gracias por la atención que le prestan a la presente. Me pueden escribir al: APARTADO AEREO No. 1839 BOGOTA 1 COLOMBIA. Me suscribo a ustedes como su segundo servidor GAY de Colombia. HASTA PRONTO. CARLOS GRANADOS M.

GREAT MOMENTS IN TEACHING: Meredith Gould reported 'The Exam Answer That Almost Did Me In' in the September issue of the Sociologists' Gay Caucus Newsletter.

The following is a verbatim text of an essay question answer submitted by a junior enrolled in 'Sexuality and Society' at Livingston College, Rutgers University, during fall, 1980. Note: Not one word of the original has been changed. "My aunt is a lesbian, and nobody makes a fuss. Being that her body organs don't allow her to have intercourse with a penis, I think that makes the hole difference. They just look at them as being roommates and very close friends."

Oh, well. Back to the blackboard. GOOD SCOUT: Tim Curran, the openly gay Eagle Scout who's suing the Boy Scouts for his re-instatement as an adult scout leader, spoke recently of an "interesting theory" he's heard.

The Boy Scouts are "absolutely terrified...because they know that there are a lot of gay leaders in scouting presently, and many of the people in the upper echelons of Boy-Scout hierarchy are themselves gay, and they're afraid that if they allow...the public to believe or perceive that there's a possibility that there are lots of gay leaders in Scouts, there's going to be a witch hunt."

"Well, that may or may not be true. But if it is true, it's pretty weird." MORE FROM HOLLYWOOD: My older college buddy, horror-film producer Rick Shaw (yes, that's his real name!) asks, "How do you keep a fool in suspense?" (Long pause.) "I'll tell you next week."

FAMILY HOUR: Cheryl S. Nassar, co-founder of the Pittsburgh chapter of the AIDS Victims, derides the Moral Majority's "Myth of the Christian

Family" in September GALA Review.

"The word family" appeared only once in the New Testament, referring then to the family of heaven. Jesus certainly never used the word, since he espoused an ascetic philosophy which had no use for families. By any standards, the holy family itself would be considered a poor role model: A virgin mother, a cuckold father, a celibate son, who never visited home, not even for holidays, and who snubbed his stepfather. "Woman, what have I to do with thee?" (John 2:4)

RODEO RIDER: The ardent arnoncer at the Grand National Rodeo at the Cow Palace told of seven "institutions" in a bronco rider's home town that the truck drivers never tell their wives about. Then, in a comment that went right by most of the audience, he added: "There's a 4-H camp where I come from that I guarantee would turn San Francisco's southside upside down."

NEW SEASON: The following soap operas will NOT be part of the new television season: Gays of Our Lives, The Hung and the Restless, and The Search for Tomorrow's Trick.

Word's not in yet on Sydney Shore, the Australian surfer sitcom.

OZ & ENDS: Patio Mexicano, at Church and Market, advertises not flautas, but "launtas"...The Associated Press reports that a "falling domino" of doubt in the industry is forcing the closing of some factories...Valencia Rose, the stylish new cafe-restaurant-cabaret at 766 Valencia, around the corner from the Women's Building, opens on Friday, December 11, with A Fine Romance, a musical revue highlighting the love songs of Jerome Kern. Ward Smith, formerly of the Hyde and Green Plant Co., is the resident chef and genius.

Yale Prez Dishes Moral Mat

You may have heard in September that Yale's president had denounced the Moral Majority, but we doubt that you had the opportunity to hear the language that he used. This is the complete text of his welcoming address to the freshman class.

A LIBERAL EDUCATION AND THE NEW COERCION

by A. Bartlett Giamatti President of Yale University Ladies and Gentlemen of the Class of 1985.

You wondered all summer what these days and this place would be like.

Would you be alone in your trepidation? Would everyone else be at ease and only you at loose ends? Would you be the loose end? If you were meant somehow to acquire a liberal education, would there be some way to recognize the creature ahead of time?

Here at Yale you will hear often about a liberal education. What is it? Is a liberal education a set of courses, fulfilling certain requirements, across a variety of disciplines?

"Tax-exempt Savonarolas who believe they, and they alone, possess the truth"

That is certainly a description of the mechanics of what might become a liberal education. Is it an education pursued, as Cardinal Newman believed, in a spirit that studies a subject simply for and in itself, without concern for the practical consequences of study? That would be the description of the proper attitude to bring to your studies. There is, however, more to what I mean by a liberal education.

I believe a liberal education is an education in the root meaning of "liberal" -- "liber" -- "free" -- the liberty of the mind free to explore itself, to draw itself out, to connect with other minds and spirits in the quest for truth. Its goal is to attain the whole person to be at once intellectually discerning and humanly flexible, tough-minded and open-hearted; to be responsive to the new and responsible for values that makes us civilized. It is to

teach us to meet what is new and different with reasoned judgment and humanity. A liberal education is an education for freedom, the freedom to assert the liberty of the mind to make itself new for the others it cherishes.

The order necessary to keep that freedom from collapsing into merely competitive appetites or colliding gusts of anarchy is, first, in this country, a respect for law and the processes of law. But it is also more than an order external; it is the internalized order that grows with self-government, self-civilizing. Order is the precondition of humane freedom, freedom the goal of responsible order. Your education here intends to do many things, but ultimately to bring you to comprehend the responsibilities and the pleasures of that essential, grand connection.

I speak to the nature of a liberal education, and of freedom and order, for three reasons. First, I believe it cannot be said often enough how precious and vital these ideas are to our daily lives. Second, I raise them because the practical application of these princi-

Using television, direct mail and economic boycott, they would sweep before them anyone who holds a different opinion.

From the maw of this "morality" come those who presume to know what justice for all is; come those who presume to know which books are to read, which television programs are fit to watch, which textbooks will serve for all the young; come spilling those who presume to know what God alone knows, which is when human life begins. From the maw of this "morality" rise the tax-exempt Savonarolas who believe they, and they alone, possess the truth. There is no debate, no discussion, no dissent. They know. There is only one set of overarching political and spiritual and social beliefs; whatever view does not conform to these views, is by definition relativistic, negative, secular, immoral, against the family, anti-free enterprise, Un-American. What nonsense.

What dangerous, malicious nonsense. What a shame more of our captains of commerce have not seized the opportunity to speak up for free enterprise. What a shame such denials of our country's deepest traditions of freedom of thought, speech, creed and choice are not faced candidly in open debate by our political and religious leaders. What a shame more of those from various parts of the society with the responsibility to lead have not made the point, clearly and unambiguously, that such beliefs have every right to be expressed but not to be imposed by intimidation.

I do not fear that these peddlers of coercion will eventually triumph. The American people are too decent, too generous, too practical about their principles, to put up with the absolutism of these "majorities" for very long. Nor do I think that when these groups have finally gone back into their burrows of frustration and anger, to lie seething until the next time, that the values they now pervert will be done lasting harm. For what they claim they espouse love of country, a regard for the sanctity of life and the importance of the family, a belief in high standards of personal conduct, a conviction that we derive our values

from a transcendent being, a desire to assert that free enterprise is better than state ownership or state control are not evil or pernicious beliefs. Quite the contrary. They are the kernels of beliefs held dear, in various ways, by me and millions of other Americans and you should not assume these ideas simply because some extremists clamor, whether sincerely or hypocritically, to have captured these beliefs for themselves. The point is, the rest of us hold to ideas of family, country, belief in God in different ways. The right to differ, and to see things differently, is our concern.

What disturbs me so much about the "morality" seeping out of the ground around our feet is that it



A. Bartlett Giamatti

would deny the legitimacy of differentness. We should all be dismayed with the shredding of the spiritual fabric of our society, with the urging to selfishness and discrimination all around us. We should all be concerned that so much of our political and religious leadership acts intimidated for the moment and will not say with clarity that this most recent denial of the legitimacy of differentness is a radical assault on the very pluralism of peoples, political beliefs, values, forms of merit and systems of religion our country was founded to welcome and foster.

These efforts to deny others the freedom to be themselves wish for a closed society, a belief in community limited to a vast, airless (continued on next page.)

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Four Fallacies About Violence

by Arthur Evans

I am a white Gay man who will soon be forty years old. On November 4, 1981, a black male in his late teens assaulted me on a Mini bus and broke my nose. For some time he had been making loud anti-gay remarks when he finally turned to me and yelled, "Why are you a faggot?"

I yelled back, "Why are you a pig? Faggot off!" He jumped me, and we fought. Eventually the police intervened and he was arrested and charged with aggravated assault.

How are we to deal with street violence against lesbians and gay men? There are some who say, "Beef up the cops, and push the blacks out of San Francisco." They assume that all Third-World people are potential criminals, and that police power can, in fact, reduce crime. Others say, "Forget about the cops. Organize to overthrow the power of the rich." They assume that poverty is the cause of street crime and that the rich can, in fact, be overthrown.

All of these assumptions are fallacies. First, not all Third-World people commit violent street crimes. And even where the assailants are Third-World, they usually constitute a subgroup—males in their upper teens. How many street crimes are committed by middle-aged black women? Those who want to get rid of blacks might as well say, "Push all the men out of San Francisco."

Second, beefing up the cops does not prevent crime. During the last twenty-five years budgets for police forces and prisons have skyrocketed. So has the crime rate. In most states the pattern has been: an increase in crime followed by a police beef-up, followed by an increase in crime. Taken to its logical conclusion, this sequence will end in either total social chaos or a police state.

Third, poverty alone does not

cause violent street crime. There are many impoverished people who never commit crimes. San Francisco has a large number of Chinese people who live under the most wretched conditions. How many lesbians and gay men have been assaulted by Chinese?

Fourth, the rich will not be overthrown in our lifetime. The last big push toward social upheaval in the U.S. occurred in the sixties. Not since the 1930s has so much energy been released toward political and economic change. Yet today the gap between rich and poor is greater than ever. Wall Street has survived.

Yet all of these assumptions also have an element of truth to them. A large number of violent street crimes in San Francisco are committed by black and latino males in their teens. Police power can temporarily reduce crime in a neighborhood—especially if the police have the enthusiastic support of the neighbors themselves. People are much more likely to commit violent crimes if they are poor and come from a broken-down family. Limited social progress is possible—provided the oppressed are well organized.

I don't know what the answer to violent street crime is. But I do believe that any proposed solution that is pure rhetoric must address the following realities: 1) the combined impact of poverty and family disintegration on Third-World teenage males; 2) the need for police to be more firmly rooted in the neighborhoods they patrol (for example, live in those neighborhoods); and 3) the importance of being organized for economic progress.

Arthur Evans has been a leading light of gay liberation since the early days of New York's Gay Activist Alliance. He is author of Witchcraft and the Gay Counter-Culture.



What Is Dianne Doing?

by W.E. Beardemph

The homosexual community is confused and puzzled by the stupid actions of the San Francisco Police Department in their Polk Street sweeps. These incidents were initiated by a policy decision coming from Mayor Dianne Feinstein's office. For us, it is hard to understand just what it is that our old friend, Dianne, is doing. No rationale as to the intent of this blatant misuse of police power can answer the human reaction of a night stick cracking an innocent head or the trepidations and frustrations of multiple unjust arrests and detentions.

All of us are painfully aware that street crime is a serious problem. The priority problem, however, is HOW to handle violent crime so that our democracy and our human rights survive. We are aware that this is not an easy task. Our past approaches to the problem, accompanied by the shrill ill-conceived rhetoric of some of our less than intelligent sisters and brothers, only adds fuel to the fire without shedding any light on constructive possible solutions.

We do agree with the evaluation of the Human Rights Commission Resolution #81 printed in this issue. But what does it accomplish? How are these generalizations going to be enacted and upheld? It does appear that the solution to the crime begins where the power resides, with the Mayor.

But, the Mayor's present solution is the worst part of the problem. It is frustrating to see persons arrested for walking down Polk Street, or littering Polk Street, while murder is being committed short distance away. The misdirected expense is ridiculous. The lives and safety of citizens endangered by misdirected Police deployment is an affront to common sense. It is time for Dianne to re-evaluate her advisors, and the advice being given to her by them, and her policy based on this false advice. The stepped up police effort to reduce crime on Polk Street... Dianne called for is self-defeating. It raises the ugly question, again, about just who is the victim and just who is the criminal perpetrating the violence.

Dianne has said, "The first obligation of government is to assure an orderly community where persons can live in freedom..." To make Police enforcement procedures, then, the very tool that takes away personal freedoms convolutes the logic of our whole societal structure. Police are to enforce the laws, not break the laws. Police are to catch and jail criminals, not become the criminals.

In situations such as the Police sweeps of Polk Street, it is the Police enforcement procedure that is the crime. Dianne, STOP IT.

The SENTINEL Is Bom Again

Despite living in the country these last four-and-one-half years, despite Herb Caen's wonderful choice of a verb in reporting our return to the SENTINEL—rescued(?)—I can assure you that I did not ride into San Francisco on a white horse. Likewise, I can assure you that reports of the death of THE SENTINEL have indeed been greatly exaggerated.

On October 29, we resumed ownership of THE SENTINEL under a new corporation, Silver Pheasant Inc. There is not, and will not be, any connection between the present ownership and Charles Morris and Sentinel Communications, Inc., the now bankrupt corporation that used to own THE SENTINEL.

NO PERSON was injured more than I by the bankruptcy of Sentinel Communications Inc. We plan an economic recovery of the paper that we have sustained by running a sound business. Presently, the only owners of Silver Pheasant, Inc. dba THE SENTINEL are George Banda, John DeLeon and myself, W.E. Beardemph. Our policy is to honor the integrity of past SENTINEL commitments to subscribers and advertisers. However, it must be clear that all debts and receivables of THE SENTINEL and/or Sentinel Communications Inc. prior to October 29, 1981, are to go to Edward Walsh, 595 Gold Gate Avenue, San Francisco 94102, court appointed trustee for the bankrupt corporation.

Our commitment as a newspaper serving the Bay Area gay community is to have high journalistic standards. We will emphasize integrity, responsibility, accuracy and craft.

- 1. The SENTINEL's objectives will be:
 1. To circulate to all segments of the Bay Area homosexual community.
 2. To be presentable to the overall community so that the currents and the undercurrents of the gay community may be understood.
 3. To cover factually all news affecting the homosexual community.
 4. To open lines of communication between and among persons and groups.
 5. To open our pages to all points of view that help clarify issues affecting our community. We will omit that which is patently offensive or just plain loopy.
 6. To stimulate dialogue in troubled areas.

Our success will be based on the support we receive from our readers. Towards that end we urge you to patronize our advertisers, who provide the revenue for our operation. We need the help of readers and advertisers both if we are to continue service to the community.

We welcome letters. Every article is open to reasonable criticism and comment. Our Arts and Entertainment section will have its own "mailbag" column. In addition, we will have dialogues and essays on issues of interest and concern. We will specifically invite your reaction to these.

THE SENTINEL has established and kept the largest gay following of any publication in the Bay Area. We intend to continue serving in this fashion and to build our following by increasing our 17,000 press run.

We will contribute in the Bay Area with a full two weeks coverage for our advertisers. We continue our press ad rates with no increase. No other publication gives you a better bargain for your advertising dollar.

This issue is labeled Volume 9, Number 1. While our new beginning may not be as large as some previous issues, we believe it will show you that we are back and we are healthy.

We thank all of you for your past support and we hope that you find us worthy of continued support.

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ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT EDITOR..... Edward Guthmann
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ADVERTISING..... Bobby Moske and GRABITADS, James Freeman

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Published every Thursday at 1042 Howard Street, San Francisco, CA, 94103. Telephone (415) 861-8100. Advertising rates available on request.

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The Language That He Used

(continued from previous page.)
bunker. That is not the kind of community you have come to and that is waiting to welcome you. Yale is a diverse, open place, receptive to people from throughout our society, and it must and will remain so. It is a University

different from the general benefits of citizenship. Pluralism is an inclusive, absorptive ideal; in practical terms, it encourages competition, compromise and consensus. It does not abide absolutism, decree and complete moral certitude. In political terms, a pluralistic democracy like ours is often messy; issues are not neat, edges are not clean, resolution is not swift in most cases because so many different interests must be attended to. One can, as I have, lament the special or single interest lobby; one can grow mightily impatient with a Congress, for instance, which always trades off and spreads the pain or the pork on a national basis. Nor is a pluralistic democracy any more immune to corruption than other aggregations of humankind. For the governors and the governed the consensual, complex, compromising mode of a democracy can be wearing and wearying. But how much better a system that does not assume one single voice shall forever have the last say; how much better a shifting, adaptive if imperfect public process, concerned finally to keep its questions open and essential freedoms strong, than one that would displace law with polyester mysticism and would presume to impose a final, complete, arbitrary contour on

stated that reported antisemitic episodes, including vandalism, arson and cemetery desecrations, increased by 192 percent in 1980—from 129 episodes in 1979 to 377 in 1980. The tip of the iceberg grew in a way that sickened all decent Americans. In the past few years, the Klu Klux Klan has increased its visibility again and claims to have followed or trained, in its name or in league with others, paramilitary camps and training activities in Alabama, California, Connecticut, Illinois, North Carolina and Texas. Hating in public by the mad or the malevolent is only part of the story being told again. People who have no connection or sympathy with such forms of domestic terrorism nevertheless use the new atmosphere to apologize for other forms of terrorism; or they fall silent when it is imperative precisely to speak out; or they apologize for the excesses—the spiritual violence—of the evangelical or political fringe groups. In the new atmosphere, it becomes possible to keep, as Jack Newfield among others has said, two sets of standards that can be applied as one's ideology demands, rather than the single standard set forth by the Bill of Rights, the "monism" of values, that a pluralistic society must maintain to be healthy, open and free. It

and clearly have the courage to reject bigotry and coercion in all forms—and have the courage to embrace the intellectual and human diversity of our community and our country. We cannot as Americans succumb to the fatigue, the arrogance mixed with exhaustion, that claims an exclusive "morality" and that negates and denies. To do so would be to betray at the deepest levels what a free people have won, through struggle and pain, over three centuries.

I welcome you to Yale. We are proud to include you and we hope your pride in being here will lead you to include all the best of the traditions and aspirations of the place. You will find, if the past is any guide, that the burdens of that precious charge will begin to thrs, before too long, into one of the many pleasures you will find here. It is all now yours.

Pluralism is not relativism. It does not mean the denial of absolutes or the absence of standards. Pluralism is not code for anything. It signals the recognition that people of different ethnic groups and races and adherents of various religious and political and personal beliefs have a right to coexist as equals under the law and have an obligation to forge the freedoms they enjoy into a coherent, civilized and vigilant whole. These different peoples have a responsibility, inherent in their freedom, to make a commonwealth, that is, a public good whose abiding concern is the practical protection of the several individual freedoms that are ordered for the general welfare. If pluralism as a concept denies anything, it denies the hegemony of the homogeneous, the rule by a single, overmastering sensibility which would exclude all those who are

"What dangerous, malicious nonsense."

society and the behavior of individuals. The "Moral Majority" is a cry of exhaustion, a longing for succor from the strain of managing complexity. Those voices of coercion speak not for liberty but for license; the license to divide in the name of patriotism, the license to deny in the name of Christianity. And they have licensed a new meanness of spirit in our land; a resurgent bigotry that manifests itself in racist and discriminatory postures; in threats of political retaliation; in injunctions to censorship; in acts of violence. In December of 1980, the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith

is a new mood that can be quantified only up to a point, a mood that should not be dismissed as either inevitable—the consequence of a national "swing to the right"—or as historically predictable—like cyclic eruptions of Know-Nothingism or a recurrent "paranoid style" in American life. Neither of those "explanations" serves because each avoids the issue. The issue is that a reactionary mood, preying on the fears of those who feel dispossessed by change and bypassed by complexity, is growing and that there is a moral imperative, rooted in America's best traditions, to identify it and call for a cleansing of the air.

"A system that would displace law with polyester mysticism."

community given to the competition of ideas and a merit devoted to excellence and dedicated to the belief that freedom of choice, speech, and creed is essential to the quest for truth that constitutes its mission. Those who wish such a place to teach their version of the "right" values and "correct" views misunderstand completely the free market of ideas that is a great university; they misapprehend the extent to which the University serves the country best when it is a cauldron of competing ideas and not a neatly arranged platter of received opinions. You will find, if Yale is at all successful, much that is different here. Revel in that diversity. Whether different ideas or persons come to this in order to understand it. Female and male, Christian and Jew, black, white, brown and yellow, you must find, as we all must, what binds us together, in common hope and need, not what divides us. You may or may not, but all of us love one another, but to be part of the best of this place you must have the moral courage to respect one another. This is not a community that will tolerate the sexism, the racism, the anti-Semitism, the bigotry about ethnic groups, the hysterical rejection of others, the closing off and closing in, that is now in the air. The spirit that sends hate mail, paints swastikas on walls, burns crosses, bans books—wasteful minds—has no place here. We must, and will, maintain at Yale a spirit that is tolerant, respectful and candid, for that spirit is the form of order essential to sustain the freedom of the mind inquiring.

Such a spirit in the service of the inquiring mind is the responsibility of everyone in this community—

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DEAD NOVEMBER: DEATH AND THE MEDIA

by Randy Alfred

NOVEMBER 18, 1978. Saturday...Death. I'm watching it on TV: a so-bad-it's-good '50s movie, *The Titanic*. 1500 souls carried to their deaths. Somehow it's entertainment.

I've been watching a lot of TV lately. It's not recuperating from hepatitis. It's potentially fatal, but my own case has been relatively mild.

I have a morbid fascination with shipwrecks in general and this one in particular. The *Titanic* was a symbol of so much confidence and grace that, to me as to many, it's sinking, and not the round-numbered year 1900, represents the spiritual conclusion of the 19th Century.

The dying on screen is not real. I'm just not emotionally involved. Why then, I ponder, do I so self-righteously sneer at those who enjoy the ritual warfare of pro football? Perhaps shipwreck flics and gridiron video discharge the same hidden reservoirs of frustration and hostility. It's different pokes for different folks.

What amazes me about my detachment from the deaths on screen is that I have just received news of the murder of an old friend in L.A. in January. At 29, Tina Calvo had told friends that she expected to die soon and had given away most of her possessions.

She had expected a quiet death. That isn't what happened. She drove her car into a gas station, and an unknown male assailant shot her in the head and ran off.

But it hasn't registered. Tina and I often didn't see each other for a year or two at a time, and the "missing" emotion hasn't yet begun. On the other side of town, thousands of women march on Broadway to "take back the night."

Women Against Violence in Pornography and the Media has sponsored a conference and demonstration to protest what they see as a causal connection between media violence and the real violence against women. Here I am thinking about a real-life victim of such violence while watching a shipwreck movie.

A friend who is also a shipwreck aficionado calls from El Cerrito to tell me that the *Titanic* is about to sink, am I watching? As an afterthought, she asks me if the movie station has reported that Congressman Leo Ryan has been shot in Guyana, no details yet.

So, while the *Titanic* sinks slowly into the icy waters of the long-ago North Atlantic, I play a movie roulette checking details of a modern tragedy. Finally, the worst—or what I think is the worst—is

confirmed: Ryan and four others are dead.

NOVEMBER 19, Sunday. It's my sister's birthday. At her party, I don't mention Tina's death, and we all ignore any fresh news from Guyana. We also ignore the final edition of the Sunday *Examiner*, whose headline screams in inch-and-a-half type: "REP. RYAN SLAIN."

Death stalks the Sunday paper. Even *California Living*, printed days before, carries news of the living who now are dead. Dr. Robert van den Bosch is featured as "The Outspoken Entomologist." Tomorrow we will learn that he died today of a heart attack.

The afternoon is haunted by continuing rumors of mass suicide and murder at Jonestown. But they're only rumors.

NOVEMBER 20 & 21, Monday and Tuesday. The rumors are confirmed. There are more than 400 dead.

It's hard to believe. Despite sociological studies I've done of religious cults, I never perceived People's Temple as anything more than a politically committed, activist church. How easily we are deceived by outward appearances, by symbols.

It's difficult now to grasp what has happened. Fear and grief are mysteriously and confusingly expressed by one in a continuous round of 'sick jokes' about kool-aid.

NOVEMBER 22, Wednesday. Leo Ryan is buried on the fifteenth anniversary of John F. Kennedy's assassination. His alleged killer, Larry Layton, looks extraordinarily like a bearded Lee Harvey Oswald. Or is my mind playing tricks on me?

Ryan's November assassination both recalls 1963's grief and focuses in a single death the unresolved and only vaguely understood tragedy of over 400 deaths. Ryan's murder thus assumes the mantle of martyrdom far more than it would have had he been slain alone in a single day.

But to me, as to most in the Bay Area, he is a symbol, a media image we never really knew as a person. It's as if 51 years passed between his death the night the *Titanic* went down in 1912 and his funeral the day JFK was shot in 1963. He connects mass deaths with individual dying.

NOVEMBER 23, Thursday. I spend Thanksgiving with a friend I first met in the fall of 1963. This day has an emotional tone more like the somber Thanksgiving of that year than any other since.

NOVEMBER 24 & 25, Friday and Saturday. The known toll rises above 900 as more bodies are discovered at Jonestown. It's even more horrifying than before, more incomprehensible. Deaths or numbers? Are they real?

NOVEMBER 26, Sunday. *DATE BOOK*, the pink entertainment section, has a feature on Fae McNally, who is dying of liver cancer. A



long-planned benefit performance for this multi-talented musician will be held tomorrow night.

I have never met Fae, but he is my roommate Tommy Goodman's beloved music teacher and partner. Tommy is due back from an out-of-town trip in time to sing at the concert tomorrow.

NOVEMBER 27, Monday. The day begins with news of death. I wake at 2:30 A.M. to hear Tommy come in and phone a friend. Fae died late Saturday night. "It's just like him," says Tommy. "Who wants to be in a coma during an 'appreciation' concert? Better to be dead and have it a memorial."

Once again, a Sunday feature article about the living has become an obituary. Media trips and death trips are inextricably intertwined this month.

As I drift back to sleep, I reflect

that Fae died of a liver disease and I'm recovering from one, I think. It's the last time today I'll feel that way.

Later that morning, I'm on my way to City Hall to research the matter of absentee ballots from Guyana. It's about 11:20 A.M.

I enter Civic Center Plaza, I observe a large crowd standing on the City Hall steps. Must be a demonstration either for or against Dan White's re-appointment, I think. Sure, that's it: the TV mobile vans are there, and ...HOLD IT! There are a dozen police cars, lights flashing, parked helter-skelter in the middle of Polk Street.

Something's wrong, very wrong. I know it only takes two or three cars to control a demonstration of

It's not real. It can't be. It just can't. My mind swirls: the men, the murders, the murderer, the madness, the politics leading up to today, the politics that will surely follow. I can't deal with it all. Often today, I can't deal with it at all.

I want to collapse. Instead, I rush inside City Hall and call KSNM-FM to let them know that I am here and will be feeding them information all afternoon. Covering the story is a way of coping with my own sense of loss, a means of feeling useful in a crisis. Many times today, I exchange words and embraces of consolation and support with others who feel the loss personally.

It's not real. It can't be. That notion persists all day. Shortly after 5 P.M., novelist Frank Robinson appears with some of Harvey Milk's other close friends to read the "please, no violence" statement Harvey left behind. Robinson couldn't have gotten away with a plot like this. As fiction, today's tale would strain credulity.

It's not real. It's a local and distinctly personal replay of 1963 and 1968 combined. In one day, we have lost both the stylish, young chief executive and the embattled minority group leader. Once again, the tragedy is played against the background of body counts in a distant jungle.

Both Moscone and Milk deserve the respect and honor they will receive in the ensuing days. It is nonetheless true that both will be mourned with greater intensity, and remembered for years to come with greater emotion, because of the circumstances of their deaths, because it is November, and because they are symbols for us to understand and discharge our feelings about Jonestown.

Nine hundred and fifty deaths are too many and too far away for a city of a nation to comprehend. One death is graspable. Two are horrendous. The violation of City Hall's civic sanctity adds outrage to grief, hurt, and horror.

And really it's three deaths, the reporter's proverbial harvest. The front page of this afternoon's *Marin* newspaper, the *Independent Journal*, records the deaths of Moscone, Milk and McNally. Three M's, and an ethnically balanced tickle to boot.

Fae McNally's Saturday death puts another 1963 touch on 1978. In '63, the rush of even "d the fixedness of deadlines held, the reporting of novelist Aldous Huxley's November 22 'deat' Sunday the 24th.

I never met Fae McNally. I didn't know George Moscone very well. I interviewed him once, attended a couple of press conferences, heard a number of speeches. But he was mainly a media image to me: a talking head on TV, a radio voice.

But I did know Harvey Milk. Assailed images happen to media images, not to your friends. At least, that's what I used to think.

I can't believe that the living, lively Harvey I knew is gone. Never again to laugh and banter and tease, never again to listen and lead and learn. Never again to have a year of such incredible ups and downs; his swearing in, the suicide of his roommate and former lover Jack Lira, his crucial role in the defeat of the Briggs Initiative. And this.

"O Captain! My Captain!" Whitman, with the nation, mourned President Lincoln alone, but all the dead of the Civil War. Grief for the slain leader lifted the numbness around him by a million corners. Sorrow is a singular feeling.

So it is now. Harvey's death is the one I feel: like Tina's, it touches me as a friend; like Fae's it touches our households like Moscone's, and Ryan's, it touches the City and the Bay Area; and like the nine hundred of Jonestown, it shocks the nation.

As I head home on the J-Church streetcar at 6 P.M. I finally feel grief...in my chest. At home, I really want a drink, but I'm still on the mend from hepatitis. As I try to eat a light supper, I am indeed alone with my sorrow.

I know Harvey was a real person, with a lot of the good and some of the bad that makes up every real person. Harvey was not a saint, but tragically he is now a martyr. Over in Marin, Tommy and hundreds of Fae McNally's friends mourn their loss with a concert of the beautiful music Fae loved. In San Francisco, I march down Market Street with thousands of those who knew Milk and Moscone and thousands of those who didn't.

Brooks and rivulets of silent mourners join the glimmering river of candles on the way to City Hall. I know Harvey was a real person, with a lot of the good and some of the bad that makes up every real person. Harvey was not a saint, but tragically he is now a martyr.

Two tearful questions dominate the night. On our lips, as we crest the hills and look back and forth at the immense procession: "Why did it take something so terrible to create something this beautiful?" And in our hearts, simply: "Why?"

HILLSBOROUGH KILLER RELEASED

John L. Cordova left prison on July 11 after serving four years and 17 days for the 1977 Gay Pride Week murder of Robert Hillsborough in San Francisco. A jury convicted Cordova of second-degree murder, and S.F. Superior Court Judge Donald B. Constine sentenced him to five-years-to-life in prison.

Hillsborough, 33, was a gardener employed by the City. Cordova, then 19, Thomas J. Spooner, 21, Michael Chavez, 20, and a 16-year-old juvenile followed Hillsborough and his lover Jerry Taylor, 27, to their home at 19th and Lexington Streets after a late-night, name-calling incident at the Whiz-Burger drive-in restaurant at 18th and South Van Ness.

Hillsborough was stabbed fifteen times and Taylor beaten during the attack. Two witnesses heard shouts of "fag" and "faggot."

In the tense atmosphere which followed the Dade County, Florida, gay-rights defeat earlier that month, Hillsborough murder becomes cause celebre in the City. Many of the 100,000 who marched in the Gay Freedom parade four days after his death memorialized Hillsborough, and 3000 mourners jammed Grace Cathedral for his funeral the following day.

The other defendants were tried separately. A jury convicted Spooner of aggravated assault, and Judge Constine sentenced him to six-months in prison. In a separate proceeding found the 16-year-old "delinquent" and remanded him to the custody of the California Youth Authority. The District Attorney gave Chavez immunity from prosecution in return for his testimony against the other three. Evidence indicated that Chavez used his hands



John Cordova was to beat Taylor but was not involved in the three-on-one, knife attack at Hillsborough.

During the trials, the District Attorney's office received information that Cordova had been sexually involved with three men in the months before the murder. Cordova, through his attorney, and Spooner, in person, both denied that this was true of Cordova. Though discussed in the judge's chambers, this issue was never heard by the juries.

Cordova's original five-to-life sentence became six years under California's new determinate sentencing law. With time off for good behavior, he served just over four years, divided among prison facilities at Soledad, Vacaville, and San Luis Obispo.

Cordova is now on parole for one year. He is employed as a construction worker in the Bay Area, according to Jim Miller, his parole officer in San Mateo County. Spooner's sentence of six months-to-life became three years under the new law, and he served two years, three months, and five days, most of it at San Luis Obispo. Miller reported that authorities released Spooner from prison on September 29, 1979, and discharged him from parole on December 29, 1980.

The juvenile might serve until his twenty-fourth birthday in 1984, but that is unlikely, and he has probably been released.

Earlier this year, the Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals in San Francisco dismissed the Pride Foundation's conspiracy suit against the four assailants, California State Senator John Briggs, and Florida-orange-commercial, Anita Bryant. Attorney John Vaisey had sought \$5 million on behalf of the victim's mother, Mr. Helen Hillsborough of San Diego, and his lover, the San Francisco artist Jerry Taylor.

With the exception of Cordova's period of parole, all legal matters in this case are apparently closed.

'Cruising' Killings in Sydney?

Campaign. Australia's national gay newspaper, reports that two killings in the city of Sydney last month may be linked to the movie, *Cruising*. The November 16 slaying of the Greek consul-general's secretary, and the slaying of a 21-year-old victim, Gerald Leslie Cuthbert and Peter John Parkes, were killed within three days of one another. Both slayings were brutal, with multiple stab wounds the cause of death.

Homicide detectives working on the cases attended a private screening of *Cruising*, which depicts murders of gay men by a psychotic killer. The film, object of gay activist scorn even before its 1980 release, was shown aboard a U.S. Navy ship docked in Sydney October 18, when Cuthbert was murdered. The detectives made inquiries about *Cruising* after learning that several Australians had boarded the ship to see the movie.

HRC Knocks Polk Sweeps

The San Francisco Human Rights Commission addressed allegedly indiscriminate police arrests on Polk Street in a resolution adopted November 19. The H.R.C. voted unanimously to support "a City-wide policy of law enforcement which would preclude Police operations that result in indiscriminate arrests or detentions."

Commissioner Richard Sevilla introduced the resolution in its proposed form. He offered no heated resistance as two other Commission members, John Morrisey and Samuel Chang, suggested word changes he viewed as insignificant to support "a City-wide policy of law enforcement which would preclude Police operations that result in indiscriminate arrests or detentions; and

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TEXT OF HRC RESOLUTION

WHEREAS, the Human Rights Commission traditionally and historically has been a conduit for expressing community concerns to City government and law-enforcement agencies about official procedures that cause tensions and resentments among neighborhood residents, merchants, or their customers; and

WHEREAS, discussions have been held by such groups as the Community United Against Violence, the Intergroup Clearing-house Polk Street Subcommittee, and the Polk Street Outreach Committee regarding a Police operation from August 24 to September 15, 1981, resulting in 449 arrests, 405 dismissals, only 3 convictions, and 41 cases pending as of September 28, 1981; in the Polk Street business area; and

WHEREAS, a set of eleven general and specific recommendations for dealing with the tensions caused by the Polk Street operation have already been sent to the

Mayor and the Chief of Police by the Polk Street Subcommittee of the Intergroup Clearinghouse for action;

NOW, THEREFORE, BE IT RESOLVED, that the Human Rights Commission support the adoption of a City-wide policy of law enforcement which would preclude Police operations that result in indiscriminate arrests or detentions; and

BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED, that law enforcement personnel and officers be reminded to uphold those human and civil rights that prevail as regards freedom of assembly and movement on public streets; and

BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED, that the Human Rights Commission reaffirm its commitment to the alleviation of community tensions, and to the full protection of all citizens and business establishments of this City and County from harassment or invasions of privacy.

Memorial March November 27

The third annual "Candlelight Memorial to George Moscone and Harvey Milk" will assemble Friday, November 27, on 17th Street between Castro & Noe. March time is 8 P.M. and the procession will move from Castro & Market down Market to City Hall.

There will be added significance this year because of Saturday's brutal anti-gay murder, said co-producer Cleve Jones. "On Friday evening we will also remember the John Does and the Jane Does."

The program at City Hall will include Holly Near, Casselberry & Dupree, Bobby Kent, the Lesbian Chorus, and the current S.F. cast of *Street Dreams*. Harvey Milk co-produced *Street Dreams* on Broadway under the name Inner City. Scheduled to speak are Judge Mary Morgan and Carl Hill, the British photographer who is testing the United States' anti-gay immigration policy. Jones urged marchers to bring their own signs and banners and to wear warm clothing for the silent march. The march will proceed regardless of weather.

KCBS Recalls Assassinations

John Molinari, President of the San Francisco Board of Supervisors, and *Sentinel* editor Randy Alfred join host Lila Petersen on the KCBS News Magazine on Wednesday, November 25, to recall the assassinations of 1978 Mayor Moscone and Supervisor Harvey Milk. Discussion will focus on changes wrought in the City's political life by the assassinations. The show will have live call-ins at 2 P.M., or 40 RE if it will be broadcast at 9 P.M.



ENTERTAINMENT & THE ARTS

TAXI ZUM KLO
(*Taxi to the Toilet*)
Written and Directed by
Frank Ripploh
Starring Frank Ripploh and
Bernad Broderup.
At the Castro Theatre.

by Steve Berry

Taxi zum Klo (*Taxi to the Toilet*), the award-winning new German film at the Castro Theatre, purports to be no more than the story of one aggressively idiosyncratic gay man, an inveterate street adventurer who finds sex to be as exciting in the toilets and in the bushes as between the sheets, but it's actually a movie about homosexuality and personal choice. It's also a movie about consequences—the consequences of maintaining a relationship, the consequences of certain specific sexual acts. "When we adults do it, it's free choice," murmurs a drag queen in the film, distastefully viewing an instructional movie cautioning against the evils of pederasty.

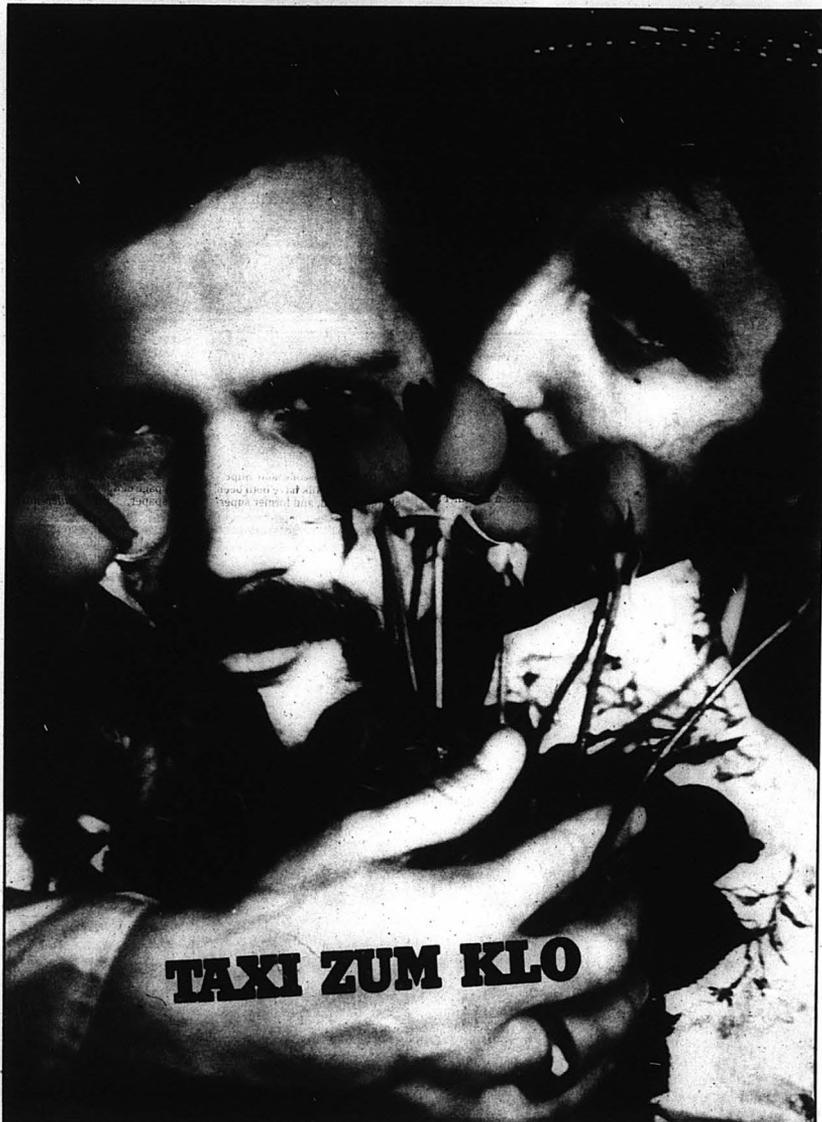
This film, itself a consequence of its writer/director/star, Frank Ripploh, losing his job as a teacher in the Berlin public school system, examines the consequences of that free choice, and illustrates one man's attempt to balance the collective weight of social expectations against his identity as a sexual explorer. It's one of the finest films I've seen this year.

Ripploh, a decidedly non-Aryan-appearing German whose long nose, thin face, and scruffy beard suggest a Frank Zappa of gay liberation, is an unlikely candidate for deification in a culture that worships Jack Wrangler and the Tom-of-Finland man. His film is not without its faults, most of them pertaining to dramatic structure; the movie does not end so much as it simply stops. But by presenting himself, his true identity as Frank Ripploh, as the movie's protagonist, and by showing us his faults (his propensity to think with his dick) as well as his virtues (his responsibility to his students), the filmmaker makes an uncompromised stand for personal liberty. It is in this sense that *Taxi* is a landmark film, deserving of the hosannahs and applause it generates in gay male audiences.

By putting his "real" self on the screen, Ripploh associates himself with his gayness in a way that most artists, obeying the ethic of cool detachment, would find to be overstated, over-committed, and somehow gauche. Yet one of the themes of this multi-layered film is dissociation, the way we humans have of fantasizing about the erotic in mundane situations and about daily responsibilities in the midst of sex, of focusing on whatever isn't happening at the moment.

We know that *Taxi* isn't going to be a typical movie—even a typical gay-themed movie—right from the beginning when Ripploh finds he's run out of toilet paper and, nonplussed, sticks his butt in the tub and dries himself with the guest towel. Certainly wiping one's butt is an aspect of daily life that has long remained unseen in theatres, no doubt with good reason, but with a cool assurance that seems half-calculated and half-anarchic, Ripploh manages to make the scene not merely inoffensive but actively funny and illuminating. He immediately establishes a commonality of experience that speaks to all viewers, whatever their sexual preference, even those who are unused to and therefore squeamish about seeing ordinary bodily functions portrayed onscreen.

Later, when he uses an erect penis for comic effect (it pokes tentatively through a glory hole in the public toilet where he's trying to correct students' papers), Ripploh asks us to laugh at the gay man's



"Baring his life as well as his ass for his art."

the symbol of the lusty longings that differentiate us from our straight male counterparts. Ripploh knows that laughter is the ultimate liberation, and that the way to laughter is through truth, not clever propaganda.

Responsibilities—to school and his students, to bowling night with his straight colleagues, to cruising for sex—merge indiscriminately in his thoughts as he drives to and from his job. He cruises the service station attendant when buying gas, and thinks about his mother's birthday while receiving a massage in what would ordinarily be the erotic setting of a bathhouse. (We

massage despite the attractive masseur and the nearby presence of a sex-coded muscleman; sex is too available here for it to be sexy. Ripploh prefers the adventure of the hunt.)

Bathub play is Ripploh's first sexual encounter with Bernd (played by Bernd Broderup, Ripploh's real-life lover), whom he meets at a candy counter when he arrives too late to see a movie. The exceedingly playful depiction of soapy-clean love is interrupted by a neighbor woman who has been beaten by her boyfriend. In this film, violence is seen as a consequence of repressed sexuality or

tion; the woman is on drugs and is incoherent. Ripploh's unhesitating selflessness in helping someone in trouble is underscored. Clearly the man (i.e., the homosexual) is able to juggle social responsibility along with his sexual freedom.

Discussing for the first time where they're going to live—Bernd wants the country, Frank opts for the city—the two men's boots squeak on the ice that symbolizes the fragility of this stage in a gay relationship. "And when we're a retired gay couple living with our lesbian cook," Ripploh's character declares, "we can adopt some kind of mongoloid kid and put up a

doesn't appeal to the sexual adventurer, but he's in love with Bernd and doesn't want to leave him.

When the inevitable blowup occurs—Bernd comes home early and catches Frank with a trick—we see a surprise; the kid watches the sex act jealously, but he's getting off on it, too. (The ability to be simultaneously angry, jealous, and sexually aroused may be peculiar to gay men; Ripploh the filmmaker scores a telling point here.) The resultant confrontation provokes Frank's musing about his true concerns: "I love him and that's what's important. I can't exist alone. But can I force myself to be

this restless when I'm older? I'm afraid of becoming some old fag who hangs around public urinals." There, encapsulated, are the central dilemmas of modern homosexuality: freedom versus commitment, ego versus id. "When I go on the street, it's an adventure," he tells Bernd. But Bernd prefers to stay at home and assemble jigsaw puzzles.

Frank flips the TV dial out of boredom and images of sexuality and greed wash over him: Liberace, another option for homosexual freedom, thanking the audience for his bracelets and baubles; a Las Vegas-like sex kitten snarling in a lion's mane of feathers; Zsa Zsa being questioned as to whether "a big one" is worth the effort; a neo-Nazi advocating work camps for gays. Frank throws on his leather jacket, drops a tab of acid and goes out. Hepatitis is the immediate, and funny, consequence of his culturally-inbued sexual appetite. Even while bedridden and contagious, he's unable to put a damper on his exploits. Ripploh indicts the selfish, disease-spreading side of gay tricking all the more effectively by locating its careless urge in his own less-than-perfect film persona.

After arguing with Bernd yet again in the cabaret, let-it-all-hang-out ambience of a drag ball, Frank takes the big risk and decides to go straight to work in his diaphanous Scheherazade drag. He is about to learn that personal freedom has its limitations, a hit at school in drag, he allows his students to participate in an exercise in which they toss dice (a device he picked up from a hooker who befriended him after the ball) and then indulge their wildest fantasies.

Throughout the movie, Frank has been doing more or less as he pleased, coming and going at his own hours although it caused pain to Bernd, being careful only to balance his own subjective ideas of freedom with responsibility. Now the children reveal that without the maturity to limit their desires, freedom rapidly degenerates into an anarchy of hair-pulling, clothes-tearing and disruption. It is ostensibly this disaster in school that led to Ripploh's dismissal from his teaching position and his subsequent career as a filmmaker. *Taxi zum Klo*, the extraordinary document of self-revelation, is the film which results.

If *Taxi* is to be read as a political tract (which, given the subject matter of homosexuality, is difficult if not impossible to avoid), then the politics it argues for are the politics of the individual. Ripploh purports to lay claim to no larger realities than those of his own personal pursuits. These are shown to include a sense of duty to others as well as to one's own inclinations, social responsibility as well as freedom, toughness as well as tenderness. In the act of sex, Ripploh both gives and takes. Far from presenting an idealized portrait of a fictional gay character, Ripploh presents himself, weaknesses, warts, and all. He is baring his life as well as his ass for his art, and is making audiences recognize themselves.

Taxi zum Klo is finally about Frank Ripploh himself, and the nature of his ultimate commitment not to any one lover or to any organized gay politics, but to himself as an artist, and to his ability to balance his ambitions and decisions through his art: precisely this filmic examination of self. Hepatitis is but one of the consequences, Ripploh is telling us, of specific, homosexually-based decisions. Another is a profound and satisfying self-acceptance. This *Taxi* is a ride not toward a gay separatism or toward an untrammeled libidinous hedonism, but toward the healthy politics of social integration through individual liberty.

THEATER

Fugue in a Nursery

Theatre Rhinoceros
2926 16th Street
(at South Van Ness)
Thurs.-Sun., through Dec. 20
Res.: 861-5079

by Beau Riley

Theatre Rhinoceros has opened its fifth season in a new home, a giant step up the ladder from what has gone before. This admirable group, dedicated to the gay theatrical repertoire, had already made theatre history working at 330 Grove and at the Goodman Building, showing the best of America's gay playwrights. Now with a long lease on a space which they control, with better facilities than ever before, the company has embarked on its maturity, and happily so.

The season opener is Harvey Fierstein's *Fugue in a Nursery*, part two of his *Torch Song* trilogy, the whole of which is now being seen at Cafe La Mama in New York. For those who may not know Fierstein, he is a drag star and cabaret performer whose club act grew into these plays. They feature a character named Arnold (a not-so-veiled self-portrait), who confronts a fractious and cold world as a romantic and a true believer. What we see here is the difficulty of loving, the messes we make, the play of circumstance upon feeling.

Fugue is in particular the story of Arnold's country weekend with his lover Alan, a gorgeous boy, with Ed, his former lover, and with Laurel, Ed's current, female lover.

If this sounds a bit like Noel Coward's *Private Lives*, that's because Fierstein is the child of Coward, and indeed of Oscar Wilde. These plays rest for their effectiveness on the same wit and repartee which made the two Britons famous. The plays are confections, meant to stir the passions only a little, but to entertain a lot.

Arnold is played by Martin Xero, who will be familiar and welcome to those who follow Theatre Rhinoceros. Xero is a fine comedian with that one great asset, a large and expressive face. Chaplin used his whole body for comedy, but Joe E. Brown and W.C. Fields were, like Xero, face men primarily and wise crackers for rounding. But like those two, Xero is dependent on rhythm and interplay for the best showing of his talents. On the night I saw the show, it was just these critical elements which were missing.

This seems to be partly the fault of Kevin Hanlon, the director, who does know by and large what he is about. (Incidentally, he will be directing Coward's *Design for Living* later in the season.) Hanlon knows how to slip in a straight line, how to point up a punch line, how to move his actors so that the playwright's intended focus is indeed shown.

What he apparently does not know is how to keep an actor busy and engaged in the fabric of the play when not actually speaking. Not present are the looks, touches and twitches—the bridges between people which on the stage give the semblance of life and turn a string of one-liners into a play.

Sheila Lichirie plays Laurel, a woman with a penchant for gay men, what we might call a fag hag if Lichirie were more desperate. But she is a sympathetic and funny actress and makes her Laurel more of a person, perhaps, than the script calls for. The play is entirely a series of duets, and Lichirie's exchanges with the other three are the most consistently vigorous, due as much to her skill at listening as her comedic delivery.

Less successful is Robert Wendell as the young Alan. Wendell is in fact gorgeous and is well able to simulate the vacuous recklessness of youth. But he is not in entire control of his face and voice, and is apt to blow a flat note in moments of intensity.

Last but not least among the actors is Curt Crider as Ed, the bisexual whose indecision is the spring for the plot. Crider is also a Rhino veteran and a welcome face, but Fierstein has put Ed in a dim light. Bisexuality is ridiculed and Crider has no good licks.

Nevertheless, we in the audience enjoyed his discomfort, caught as he was between three admirers; and we had a good time bumping along from laugh to laugh. The set was a cunningly designed aid, the lighting was wonderfully unobtrusive, and the music was just about right, if a bit skimpy. (Why couldn't Xero sing at Arnold's cabaret job, as Fierstein does? Surely Xero is no worse-trained a singer than, and is as powerful a feeler as, Fierstein.)

The Rhinoceros tramps steadily on, offering good and sometimes great theatre. I for one am glad.

Sing-Along Messiah December 4

The 9th Annual "Messiah" Sing-Along featuring The Old First Presbyterian Choir and Orchestra, will take place Friday, December 4, 1981, at 8 P.M. at the Old First Presbyterian Church, Van Ness and Sacramento, San Francisco. Director Mark Smith says that each singer must provide his or her own score, and admission is free.

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LOU RUDOLPH PAINTS,
PETER HARTMAN HOSTS,
PARENTS & PUNKS PARTY,
SOUTH-OF-MARKET SIZZLES.**

544 Natoma Performance Gallery,
San Francisco
November 11 and 13

by Edward Guthmann



Painter Lou Rudolph



Gallery proprietor Peter Hartman

On a dingy South of Market alley, just yards from Winq Park, surrounded by broken glass and dog shit, hidden behind a doorway that might easily house a welding shop or plumbing firm, a man named Peter Hartman is giving new life to the City's underground art scene.

It's called 544 Natoma, and it's where the tastiest, most progressive, the smartest and freshest cultural programming in San Francisco is now happening. Hartman, 41, a composer and pianist who ran a similar gallery/salon in Rome several years ago, opened 544 in April, pooling his amazing breadth of interests under one roof. Who else but Hartman could sponsor a saxophone quartet, an S&M erotica display, a poetry reading series and a transvestite drama about Mao's widow all on the same stage and make it all successful and comfortable?

Earlier this month, Hartman gave a multi-media "party" for his friend Esmeralda, the hot new Barefoot Contessa of the beat scene, who debuted her solo act at 544 last spring (later moving on to the On Broadway, the Cinema, and Los Angeles' Club Lingerie). As the vivid Miss E. sang "Take Yr Rapist By The Hand (Fill The Fucker Full O' Lead)" and "I Was Born In A Shopping Mall," art-in-action expert Lou Rudolph painted her likeness onto a fresh canvass. Shirtless, hips rocking, Rudolph swabbed and stroked in rhythm to the music, finishing his work in unison with Esmeralda's last bow. A former pop organist on Atlantic City's Boardwalk, Rudolph frequently paints instant-images of punk

bands like the Vktms and Rhythm Riot. Call him the Toulouse Lautrec of the Fab Mab.

Lou's parents, The Rudolphs of Morgantown, West Virginia, attended that night (their first California trip), along with a fun cross-section of punks, gays, nouveau groovies, leather boys and USF co-eds. Michael McClure, who started as an ingenue beat poet in the Fifties (later writing *The Beard* and *Josphine The Mouse Singer*), arrived in a new short haircut, looking youthful and still gorgeous after all these years. Rodney Price and several other Angels of Light showed up, gamely weathering the fallout of their dismal new *Hotel of Folies*. One saw Mark Thompson and Pat Califia of *The Advocate*, Timothy Butters and Chuck Solomon of the Gay Theatre Collective, Bradley Rose and Will Roscoe of *Vortex* magazine, Karina D'Almonds and Ken Wilkinson of the Distractions, poet Aaron Shurin and actor Pristine Condition.

But back to Esmeralda. Having seen her just once before (in an Angels show called *Psy-Clones*), I was ill-prepared for the development of the lady's art. Performing her own lyrics and her own compositions, combining New Wave sentiments with the posturings of a cabaret chanteuse, Esmeralda emerges as a true original, the most exciting performer to emerge locally since Winson Tong's brief flame.

Esmeralda is the perfect antidote for cultural boredom (yes, we all have it); alternately sweet and sinister, coy and cutting, she's a Baby Doll dominatrix with a bullet-proof

heart. A kitten, a witch, a Geisha doll and a vampire, she can borrow from any genre and make it all work within her own dynamic. Her mouth a raw wound, her eyes encumbered by bat-sized eyelashes, Esmeralda scats, be-bops, croons, shrieks like a banshee and works a stage like Rita Hayworth in *Gilda*.

Dressed in a black velvet party gown accented by bike chain belt, studded leather bracelet and one

mesh-net glove Esmeralda is waxen and detached in her initial appearance, but heats up rapidly with the music. "She's a strong archetype," calligrapher William Stewart remarked, "but it's her own archetype." Not perfectly true: I saw touches of Eartha Kitt, maybe Mae West in her stance, and heard traces of Yoko Ono, of Marianne Faithful and Tim Buckley in her voice.

In her songwriting, though, I found no easy parallels. With lyrics

like "Malaria feels like release" and "Who can solve the mystery of your masochistic history?" Esmeralda can break up an audience with a rhyme or a twist, or poke great fun at her own consumerist bent with "I Love To Shop (I Can't Help It/Have To Spend it)."

Esmeralda will return to 544 Natoma, but look for her as well at other local clubs. Go see her now, before she bursts right out of her demi-monde.



Esmeralda: Baby Doll Dominatrix with a bullet-proof heart

Photographs © R. Pruzan 1981

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POP PREVIEWS

by Adam Block
SLAKEFINGER, SUICIDE, RED ASPHALT: A Thanksgiving psycho-drama triple bill that could be just the savage antidote to too much mashed potatoes. Asphalt is South of Market's answer to Captain Beefheart, suicide is the synthesizer and vocalist drone-billy duo that the Cars' Ric Ocasek was so smitten with that last year he produced their second LP. You get one synthesizer pro, one obsessive vocalist, and an act that ranges from riveting to redundant. Snakefinger is the avant-guitar hero of Ralph Records fame. Call it Halloween in November. (Stone, Nov. 26, 10 P.M., \$5 adv., \$6 day.)

ROMEO VOID, TWISTED ROOTS, TBA: The Headliners remain our most promising New Wave comers, though some rank them as the Jefferson Airplane of the 80's, which is alright by me. National touring has honed their chops, and when saxman Bossi is restrained the tension is palpable. Ric Ocasek of the Cars produced their upcoming EP, and with an LP looming you can expect some new tunes. Twisted Roots are up from L.A. with former members of the Screamers, Germs, and Nina Hagen Band on board. Sounds like a punk half-way house. (Cinema, 6th & Market, Nov. 27, 10 P.M., \$6.50.)

RANK & FILE, SWINGING POSSUMS, IMPATIANT YOUTH: R & F were once The Dis; the original self-righteous letties of the early SF punk scene—the "I Hate The Rich" kids. After a stay in New York, the lads relocated to Austin, Texas, trading their savage attack for early Sun rockabilly and easing off the polemics.

They took on a former member of the Nuns and a new name. Now they are back. The Possums used to be Alternative Youth, and reports have it that the music is Cajun. Does that mean they feature accordian? (On Broadway, Nov. 27, 10 P.M., \$5.)

RIK AND RUBY: Robin Williams' favorite pop mimics/statists check in for Ruby's birthday, and if the act has been sufficiently updated for the occasion it ought to be hilarious. (Boarding House, Nov. 27 & 28, 9 & 11 P.M., \$5.)

EDITH MASSEY & EVIDENCE: Nobody seems to know exactly what the Egg Lady of *Pink Flamingos* and millionaire of *Poster*, plans to do. I'd guess she's hoping to make it as the Mrs. Miller of punk. Opening acts to be announced. (On Broadway, Nov. 28, 10 P.M., \$5. Also: Stone, Nov. 30, 10 P.M., \$3 adv., \$4 day.)

999, TRANSLATER, TBA: The headliners are the stirring brutes that brought us "Homicide," and still haven't matched it. I prefer their less celebrated song, "Let's Face It, The Boy Can't Make It With Girls." They are six-fisted showmen, and Translater is the new band around here to watch—already boasting the winning single, "You're Everywhere That I'm Not." Pop guts meet gutsy pop. (Stone, Nov. 28, 8 P.M., \$7.50.)

IGGY POP, DIRTY LOOKS: Gone are the days when Ig used to play human ashtray and bottle opener, though he remains a grinning dynamo and winningly drenched performer. The latest LP, *Party*, sounds like his unlikely bid to become a crooner—featuring

his melodramatic monotone over string-heavy arrangements. Two anomalous cuts, "Bang, Bang," and "Pumpin' For Jill," scored as dance hits, and I'm still hoping for an inspired performance from the tyro. Dirty Looks make punchy pop for Stiff Records. (Cinema, Nov. 28, 10 P.M., \$9.50.)

U-2, GARLAND JEFFREYS: The headliners are that team of Irish teens who found panic and promise at the verge of manhood on their LP, *Boy*, which ranks as one of the years' best. These hard workers are already back with the follow-up *October* which takes a stab at redemption and stormy grace. It is neither stone disappointment nor stone revelation. The only sad fact is that the band will play this sit-down venue, inexplicably mismatched with the mullatto eccentric who, after eight years of trying to make a hit out of "Wild In The Streets," is calling this his "Mature Tour." I'll take the green and poignant headlines myself. (Warfield, Nov. 29, 8 P.M., \$8.50 & \$9.50 res.)

NO SISTERS, UNKNOWN: Headlining are SF's perennial losers who finally have a hit with the inane and forgettable, "Roscoe's Family." Hell, you can even dance to it. The openers are the celebrated Surfing Heads from San Diego who boast the EP *Dream Sequence* on Bomb/Sire records. Are these tomorrow's heroes? (Stone, Nov. 29, 10 P.M., \$5 adv., \$6 day.)

ALLEN GINSBERG, GREGORY CORSO, JACK HIRSCHMAN: Yesterday's heroes: It's *beat night* at the Cinema, as promoter Ken Friedman welcomes three poets who split the wine with Kerouac and Cassady to blow their horns, twenty years down the road. The crowd should be fascinating and the homo will be headlining. Request some of his S&M poems like, "Please master." (Cinema, Nov. 29, 9 P.M., \$7.)

WALL OF VOODOO, LOS MICROWAVES: The openers do what they call "techno-salsapop" and are local horrors. Voodoo hails from L.A. and is still best known for its artless cover of "Ring of Fire," which earned them a 'cow-synthesizer band' label. It's trudging through cow-pies music if you ask me, but Allen Robinson will spin the between sets discs in happy contrast. (I-Beam, Nov. 30, 11 P.M., \$4.50.)



Rod Stewart: "The male Kim Carnes?"

Warner Bros.

GARLAND JEFFREYS: If you missed the man at U-2, or adore the new live double LP, here's a chance to catch him in a congenial setting. (Old Waldorf, Nov. 30, 8 P.M., \$7.50 adv., \$8.50 day.)

JOE HIGGS: Higgs is one of the great voices in reggae—soulful and alluring. He's not a whale of an entertainer, but tasteful folks, tasteful. (Old Waldorf, Dec. 1, 8 & 11 P.M., \$7.50 adv., \$8.50 day.)

SILVERTONE, FLAMIN' GROOVIES, HARD ATTACK, SLUTS A GO GO: The Mab has a stellar line-up for owner Ness Aquino's birthday. The Sluts feature chillingly hilarious, '60's-girl-group drag, and Silvertone is the rockabilly wonders that has major labels sniffing at its talents. The Groovies are bad Sha-Na-Na for the British invasion, but they're serviceable as background waffle. And the price is right. (Mabuhay, Dec. 1, 9 P.M., \$4.)

STEVE NICKS, JOHN STEWART: Fleetwood Mac's platinum dizzy zephyr has a solo LP, out and running in the Ronstadt sweepstakes, and here she comes with a battalion of L.A. studio guns and an acoustic guitarist to open—at a Coliseum for chrissakes. Well, think of it as an enormous singles bar. (Oakland Coliseum, Dec. 3, 8 P.M., \$9.50 & \$10.50 res.)

DEVO: These lads are often better on video than in the flesh, but you'll get them both ways at this gig, so that is small complaint. Their *New Traditionalists* LP is a subtler set than last year's surprise smash, *Freedom of Choice*. Early reports have the new tunes illuminated in performance, and the Devo-tees are often a show in themselves. If you thought you wanted to see the Tubes, try this outfit instead. (S.F. Civic Auditorium, Dec. 4, 8 P.M., \$8.50 & \$9.50 res.)

VENTURES, TBA: The seminal instrumental wonders of "Walk Don't Run," and "Telstar" fame in the pre-Beatle era, are on the revival trail and even cut a single, "Surf'n' & Spinn'." featuring the Go Gos on backing vocals. Here you are—Roots for white boys. (Stone, Dec. 4, 10 P.M., \$6 adv. \$7 day.)

ETTA JAMES, BACKWOODS JAZZ: The openers are a mystery. Etta on the other hand is monumental. She can play it so raunchy that Richard Pryor would blush and holler, and she can lose a blues so chilling the same man would bleed for her. After an unmythical series of shifting bands, hairstyles, and tunes, Etta seems to be regaining the fierce mischief that made her '77 shows at the Stud so unforgettable. When she takes it in her teeth, there is no performer more exhilarating.

Don't be fooled by the cushy upholstery, she can do it here. (Boarding House, Dec. 4 & 5, 8 & 11, \$8.)

DAVID REIGN: This two-time Cabaret Gold Award winner ranges from Piaf to Sonheim, and the newly appointed deco lounge is a swell setting. (Savoy Tivoli Nightclub, Dec. 4 & 5, 10:30 P.M., \$6.)

RANK & FILE, TBA: Austin's rockably romantics take it to a club where you can really shine the floor. (I-Beam, Dec. 7, 11 P.M., \$5.)

ROD STEWART: The male Kim Carnes appears at the Cow Palace with a new single that sounds like Bruce Springsteen playing with Mark Knopfler. Those who check the aging of rebels may note—Rod is two years older than David Bowie, and two years younger than Mick Jagger. I'd say this is meant to be a tour he can bank on. (Cow Palace, Dec. 9 & 10, 8 P.M., \$10.50 & \$12.50 res.)

DAVE VAN RONK: This gent used to teach songs to Bob Dylan, back in the days when he was writing "Blowin' In The Wind." Welcome to the folkie revival. I'm pleased to find the man is still alive and well. (Boarding House, Dec. 9, 8 & 11 P.M., \$5.)

- W.A.R.D. Top Ten: Rock Disco DJ's Picks**
- 1) "Homospian," Pete Shelley (Genetic, 12" import).
 - 2) "Telecommunication," A Flock of Seagulls (CBS/import, 12").
 - 3) *Architecture*, Orchestral Maneuvers In The Dark (Virgin LP, import).
 - 4) "Positive/Negative," Positive Noise (Static, 45, import).
 - 5) "Roscoe's Family," No Sisters (45, White Records).
 - 6) *Dare*, Human League (Virgin LP, import).
 - 7) "Always," Tom Verlaque (Warner Bros, 12" remix).
 - 8) *Speak and Spell*, Depeche Mode (Mute Records, import LP).
 - 9) *Hanauka*, Belle Stars (Stiff EP).
 - 10) *Sunny Day*, Pigbag (Stiff EP).
- This list is based on a poll of 13 djs by the Western Assoc. of Rock Djs. Clubs responding include: The Stud, I-Beam, Le Disque, Hamburger Mary's, Earl's, Baths at 8th & Howard, and the Cafe Flore. The poll is compiled bi-weekly.

PHOTOGRAPHY



"Blondie," 1978

Courtesy Franckel Gallery

ROBERT MAPPLETHORPE: PHOTOGRAPHS
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by Steven Simmons
 "To be natural is such a very difficult pose to keep up."
 —Oscar Wilde

Robert Mapplethorpe situates his best photographs right on the edge of boundaries, boundaries between abstraction and empathy, between art and life, between the shock of the new and the reassurance of tradition. On the one hand one is confronted by the immediacy and sexually explicit nature of some of his subjects: the manacled hands, the fist-penetrated ass, the whip-scared flesh of his famous S and M photographs (which are not included in the present exhibition); a large erect cock sticking out of white jockey shorts (which is included). Yet these "raw" subjects are, so to speak, "cooked" by Mapplethorpe, turned into objects of aesthetic contemplation by their placement in an abstract (i.e., studio) setting, by the theatricality of their poses, and by Mapplethorpe's high contrast use of black and white and the extreme formality of his compositions.

Mapplethorpe stylizes and thus distances his human subjects, but to say that he stylizes them is not to say that he distorts the human figure in the manner of much modernist photography. On the contrary, Mapplethorpe's nudes, including the manacled and erect ones, are closer, in their formality

and their classicism, to the nudes of photographic traditionalists like Edward Weston and Minor White than they are to the jugged torsos in Andy Warhol's silk-screen series or the distorted bodies in many of Bill Brandt's photographs. Unlike, say, Brandt's, Mapplethorpe's human figures never tend toward iconographic abstraction. One does respond to the abstract qualities of Mapplethorpe's work, the geometric lines, the play of light and shadow, but one also responds—always—to its human dimensions. It is precisely this uneasy alliance between form and content that gives Mapplethorpe's best work its power.

Although less immediately apparent, this duality of response applies to Mapplethorpe's non-sexual photographs also: his portraits of people and of flower arrangements. Of the portraits here, for example, one of the most interesting is of Deborah Harry. One again notes the extreme contrast of black and white, Harry's geometric placement in the frame, and the stylized, "unnatural" lighting of her face and hair. Yet one is also aware of the human dimension in this glamorous and glamorizing photograph: Harry's cold, vacant stare links the photograph iconographically, if not technically, to Avedon's famous portrait of Marilyn Monroe in a black-sequined halter top. In general the less stylized Mapplethorpe's photographs are the less successful they are. His photograph of William Burroughs, for example, although it contains an interesting play of shadows and geometric photography, is much more "realistic" (and much grayer) than the Harry portrait and much less effective. One notes the same dis-

parity of quality between Mapplethorpe's one landscape included here, which is pedestrian, and his studies of flower arrangements, which are superb, especially one shot against silvery venetian blinds, the most beautiful photograph in the present exhibition. Mapplethorpe does not photograph flowers but precisely flower arrangements.

Like his people, his flowers must be taken out of their "natural" context and "posed," aestheticized through composition and printing. As the French philosopher Michel Foucault has pointed out, mistaking is the twentieth century's one contribution to the history of sexuality, and when Mapplethorpe's photographs first appeared some of his subjects broke new photographic ground (at least in terms of exhibition and publication). Yet the novelty of some of Mapplethorpe's iconography should not obscure the fact that in his aestheticism, in his interest in the "forbidden" and in his conversion of "nature" to artifice, Mapplethorpe shares in a sensibility that is at least a century old. One thinks of the "decadents" of the nineties: of Beardsley's *Salome* drawings, of *The Picture of Dorian Gray* with its attention to both of aestheticism and criminality. Recent examples of this sensibility would include Genet's novels with their lush prose, their floral imagery, and their celebrations of lust, brutality, and the twentieth century's filmic collages of exoticism and homoerotic passion. Robert Mapplethorpe's best photographs are exciting if perhaps minor additions to this romantic tradition.

The Sentinel RECORDS

BEDS (Elektra Records)
A totally overlooked, understated sleeper, "Beds" is on my list as one of '81's best records.

Basically, it's a cabaret/rock/girl group/show-tune/R&B sound composed of three major components. Lead singer Merle Miller is, among other things, an ex-Harlette. Jan Warner is a New York musical composer, and the final major component is lyricist Mel Mandel.

The above-mentioned styles and an occasional Latin or reggae rhythm accent comprise an exceptional sound.

Merle Miller is, like, a real Brooklynese dame. Her style is a mix similar to Bette Midler's—sarcasm, tough, sexy, etc.

All of the tunes on *Beds* are somewhat operetta-like in their drama—each song contains lots of witty asides and sudden changes of mood. Miller goes through these changes without stopping, in the wink of an eye. She's sometimes bawdy, horny, and very frankly sexual, and it's a rarity to hear a woman's voice demanding the fulfillment of her sexual desires and fantasies with absolutely no apologies.

Beds is a one-of-a-kind, concept LP, comparable to an entire movie created just for the phonograph. Definitely cinematic in scope, it encompasses the whole spectrum

of emotions between mournful and giddy. A genuinely warm, human and obviously very dirty album. I love it. A.

KING CRIMSON: DISCIPLINE (Warner Bros. Records)

Purportedly some kinda spiritual, Crimson's sound is a heady but torpid Afro-Indian whod with funk bass, African percussion, and Robert Fripp's guitar cutting through the thick mass like he's climbing mountains—although he never seems to get where he's going. Only one song, "The Sheltering Sky," seems to go anywhere beyond a highly-ordered processional pomposity. D. **ROD STEWART:**

TONIGHT I'M YOURS (Warner Bros. Records)

For a Kim Carnes imitator, he ain't too shabby at all! No, seriously. Though he smirks and crows with his usual chauvinistic condescension, there's a spark up his throat that's been either dim, blasé or buried for several years. It's a pleasure to hear that high-light radiating once again. His best collection of tunes since *A Night On The Town* makes this his most fervent long-player in about five years.

With the exception of two absolute abominations, "Sony" and "Never Give Up On A Dream," both co-authored by Stewart with Elton John's old mate, Bernie Taupin and both sentimental schmaltz-pits that even Karen Carpenter might gag

on, Stewart breezes through the mostly uptempo first side like Fred Astaire in Technicolor. "Young Turks," "Tonight I'm Yours" and "Jealous" are among the most exciting sounds.

Stewart's band is hot all down the line here, just totally invincible. That must be the type of support that Stewart needs, because the LP proves that if there's such a thing as an essential rock singer, chav' lyrics aside for the moment, Rod's one of the essentials. B.

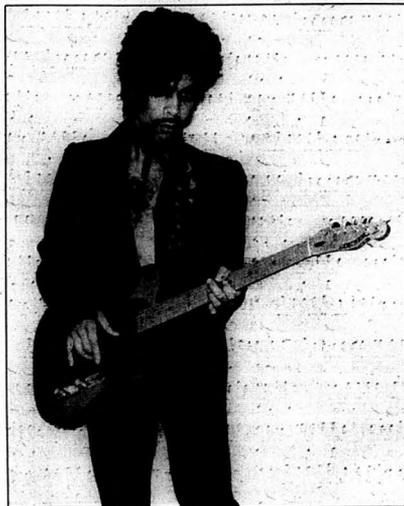
RED ROCKERS: CONDITION RED (415 Records)

A Clash-like cache of anti-war, anti-authority provocation, *Condition Red* is a dashing, self-assured debut from this young New Orleans hard-rock quartet.

By applying a degree of fluid musical dynamics to an already incontestable strength of conviction, this group escapes the monochromatic rut characteristic of protest music without minimizing the concise nature of their anger and defiance.

The tunes are all highly concentrated, icky outbursts that bemoan the violence that's become as indigenous (and nearly as palatable) to the American way of life as apple pie. At the same time, the group threatens revolt against the "order" imposed on youth.

"Peer Pressure," "Know What I Think," "Dead Heroes" and "Condi-



Prince: Salvation through sex Warner Bros.

tion Red," in particular, rev me up. The Red Rockers rock like mad, and that suits me fine. C.

PRINCE: CONTROVERSY (Warner Bros. Records)

Prince won all kinds of acclaim from the white press last year with his *Dirty Mind* album—a little on the new wave side with some anti-war sentiment and a heavy dose of sexual liberation. He's returned unexpectedly to his R & B funk thang mainly, with a few inter-spersed dollops of rock guitar and swing rhythm.

There are two songs on the album that I can definitely say I like: the match-like "Sexuality" and the rockably "Jack U Off." The rest have only a few moments that I find exhilarating: the gnarled feedback on "Ronnie, Talk To Russia," the slick keyboards on "Annie Christian," and Prince's totally outrageous shriek, on "Do Me, Baby."

Included within the album is a poster of Prince standing under a shower wearing just a bikini brief, arms raised up over his head à la Gardner style, with a gold statuette of a Christ prominent on the bathroom wall. Guess he's some kind of Christian who believes in salvation through sex. Or something even more...controversial??? A. (looks C. music)

TELEVISION

MAKE ROOM FOR SIDNEY CHAINÉ 4 (NBC)
Wednesday 9:30 P.M.
Starring Tony Randall

By Terry Marshall
Have you noticed when the man of the house turns out to be gay? Hilarious comedy, new this fall on NBC!

A two-hour television movie and three 30-minute segments into this year's complete new TV show find the Tony Randall vehicle disappointing both the Moral Majority and the gay community. But it's probably pleasing millions of TV viewers who couldn't care less about either group and are just looking for something to watch on Wednesday nights at 9:30.

Even with the couple of thinly veiled references to Sidney's being gay that peppered the first episode, the show is so innocuous, there's not enough in it to merit a Moral Majority attack or boycott of the

show's advertisers. It's unlikely that Sidney is going to be dragging young boys home at all hours of the night as the fundamentalists probably expected. And, while *Love, Sidney*, is certainly not the show that gays have been hoping for to accomplish the final assimilation into the middle class—having a sitcom here who's gay—Sidney is at least a nice guy and he is treated positively and with respect, even if he is a stereotype.

Love, Sidney is about one of those "new" couples, recently discovered by sociologists: a gay man and a straight woman. Only in this case, they happen to live together, and the woman has a little daughter. The woman, is an actress on a soap opera. (She's played by Swoozie Kurtz, who won a Tony Award for *Fifth of July* another gay-themed story.) She comes to New York from California, where she has been

living as a happily married woman for the past year. She splits up with her husband, a movie director, and Sidney persuades her to move in with him. In doing so, she gives new meaning to the life of a lonely, middle-aged homosexual.

This is the third situation comedy for Tony Randall and the second in which he plays a very busy, domesticated man. Luckily, in between *The Odd Couple* and *Love, Sidney*, he played a judge and bachelor father on *The Tony Randall Show*. Otherwise, he'd be dangerously close to being typecast as a male Spring Byington.

The character of Sidney is that of an upper-class commercial artist. He has lived in the same apartment all his life, first with his mother, then, as one quick reference pointed out, with "Martin." It's a well-furnished, New York apartment with the obligatory gourmet kitchen, a very comfortable setting for our

unorthodox, non-nuke family.

The only nods to his gay life are in the form of jokes or reaction shots, and then, it's kept pretty light. For example, he'll exclaim, "What man wouldn't want a beautiful, young woman for a roommate?" Then Sidney will answer his own question with a knowing glance to emphasize the irony.

Like *Three's Company*, the only real controversy seems to lie in the fact that three unrelated people are sharing the apartment. In the second episode, when the building goes co-op, that provided a conflict because the stuffy board of directors wanted to prohibit arrangements like that.

The TV movie which launched the series was highly rated. A lot of people who watched it liked the characters and the idea enough to begin watching the series, and so far, it is doing quite well in the ratings, commanding a 32 share of

the audience and placing 14th one week. Of course, having a show with a title like *Facts of Life* as a lead-in, and the established, highly rated *Quincy*, following, helps.

Many people I've talked to however, are turned off by Swoozie Kurtz and the child, Kalena Kaff. Lorna Patterson starred in the TV movie, but by the time they were ready to cast the series, she had already gone to *Private Benjamin*. Also helping *Sidney* was what was on the other networks. By the third week of the series, however, Randall was pitted against Lee Majors in *Fall Guy* and Michael Learned in *Nurse*. Both are proven audience getters, starring in series that usually do very well: respectively, action-adventure and hospital-soap.

Randall's last series failed on two different networks, and whether the audience sits still for a rather syrupy relationship between a man and a little girl in this one remains

to be seen. If audiences were hoping for a campy, gay man to laugh at and confirm their suspicions, he's nowhere to be found.

One thing is for certain, however: as usual, the controversy over the show, stirred up by the media and Randall himself, helped *Love, Sidney*, a strong start. Conveniently, just before the show was to begin airing as a series, Randall reported to Johnny Carson on *The Tonight Show*, that he had been dismissed from doing a series of spots for the American Red Cross blood banks when they found out the series had a gay angle.

Allegedly "the Red Cross doesn't take blood from homosexuals." They later denied it, but it got people talking and that's the name of the game. Now the trick is to keep them talking—and watching their own juicy playing up the gay theme, the show just doesn't seem to have enough going for it to do that.

PALO ALTO

(continued from page 3.)

In the mid-70s, the Palo Alto city government and school board both adopted sexual-orientation non-discrimination policies. The school board also incorporated positive gay references into its family-life education programs. All these policies remain in effect.

This year, what it became obvious that a full, financially buttressed, pro-gay electoral campaign was underway. Winslow believes that the average voter was "overwhelmed" and reacted by voting his or her anti-gay prejudices. Winslow indicated voters might have felt the latest measure granted "accommodating privileges" to the gay community.

Winslow placed eighth in a field of ten candidates, although he raised \$8,000 for his campaign and was one of the campaign's top spenders and most active campaigners.

PACER had two full-time workers, Doug Grandquist and San Francisco-based political consultant H. Marcia Smolens. It also had a steering committee of five and approximately 70 local volunteers. The organization collected more than \$25,000 using lists supplied by The National Gay Task Force. Smolens, who raised \$6,000 for her efforts, indicated the total raised might go "much higher" but declined to estimate by how much.

Smolens said that she had written the copy which she gave into the four mailings "with the help of one other person." She complained that "the general public does not accept the reality of gay people coming out of the closet." As for her opponent's charges of "overspending," she snapped "There is no such thing...When a group is pressed into a corner, every educational effort is necessary

and helps." Smolens confirmed that the PACER campaign's main thrust was the mailings. Aside from two small ads in local papers, the only other public activities were precinct-walking and the two sparsely attended debates.

She also confirmed that the opposition was mainly from Kenneth Allen and that Curt Weij and Bill Garaway had not been particularly visible. Garaway, she said, had been more active in last year's anti-gay efforts.

Smolens stuck to her belief that "low voter turnout" was partially responsible, saying that the "registrars expected 50% turnout which even so would have been low."

City Clerk Tanner said that there had not been a 50% turnout since 1975 for a general municipal election.

"We wanted a 'professional' campaign," said PACER steering committee member Jennifer Gates, "and that's why we hired Marcia Smolens."

Ed Cristiani, head of PACER's precinct operations, said that 160 precinct walkers rang doorbells and knocked on doors to explain Measure B and to give literature to residents. If no one answered, the walker would just leave the brochure.

On the basis of results from the 1978, statewide Briggs Initiative (Prop. 6) and the 1980 Santa Clara County gay rights referendum (Measure A), PACER identified pro-gay, neutral, and anti-gay areas in Palo Alto.

The Stanford University campus is located outside the city limits. Cristiani said PACER did not target

off-campus student precincts *per se*, but instead inserted voter registration forms and pro-B flyers in student "rug" packets."

Cristiani did not send precinct walkers to the anti-gay precincts. They covered all of the other precincts, returning to a quarter of them for second visits.

Like Smolens, Cristiani vigorously denied that there had been "overkill." He said precinct walkers reported voter attitude shifting from ignorance of the measure in early weeks to "I've heard and I'm undecided" by the campaign's end. By then, Cristiani theorized, "These voters knew they'd vote against it, but they didn't want to tell precinct walkers they were planning to vote for discrimination."

Cristiani said that on election day, PACER contacted by phone

all voters whom precinct walkers had identified as likely supporters of Measure B. The phone volunteers reminded them to vote.

This get-out-the-vote effort appears to have had a marginal effect. Although voter turnout was low throughout the city, it dropped slightly less from 1980's Measure A in areas targeted as pro-gay by PACER. Minor differences of this kind sometimes swing elections. In Palo Alto, it could not.

Cristiani noted that all Santa Clara County voters including Palo Alto voters could vote on 1980's Measure A, although the proposed law would have applied only to unincorporated areas of the county, thus excluding Palo Alto. Echoing opponent Allen, Cristiani suggested that some Palo Altans may have felt that there was anti-gay discrimi-

nation elsewhere in the county, but did not believe it occurred in their own city.

It also may be that some voters get willing to impose a law on someone else, but think it's a different story in their own jurisdiction. In any event percentage support for gay rights dropped, from 1980 County Measure A to 1981 City Measure B, twice as much in the "anti-gay" precincts of Palo Alto as in those precincts PACER had identified as pro-gay or neutral.

Cristiani doubted any could "find reasons for the defeat looking at statistics and numbers." The solution lies in the emotions of the voters. Palo Altans do not believe that gay people ought to enjoy all the privileges that Americans ought to enjoy."

What then can be learned from this loss? Cristiani puts it succinctly: "Although San Franciscans may find this difficult to understand, the way to get support for gay rights in areas outside the big city is through long-term educational programs, helping citizens face and understand their own fears of gay people. But this cannot be done in an electoral framework."

Why then did they try, given that this lesson had been repeated again and again in nine of eleven previous elections since 1974? Perhaps we should ask not what went wrong in Palo Alto, but what did we do right in the 1978 Briggs Initiative and Seattle Initiative 13 campaigns?

In the meantime, Cristiani said, "PACER will concentrate on educational work in conjunction with the Human Relations Commission."

Clearly, some PACER members themselves have been educated as a result of the Palo Alto defeat.

JURISDICTION	STATE	DATE	YEAR	ACTION TAKEN	% pro-gay	% anti-gay	Victory	Defeat
Boulder	Colorado	May 7	1974	Anti-discrimination ordinance repealed*	36	64	X	
Dade County	Florida	June 7	1977	Anti-discrimination ordinance repealed-R	31	69	X	
St. Paul	Minnesota	Apr. 25	1978	Anti-discrimination ordinance repealed	37	63	X	
Wichita	Kansas	May 9	1978	Anti-discrimination ordinance repealed	17	83	X	
Eugene	Oregon	May 23	1978	Anti-discrimination ordinance repealed-R	35	65	X	
Dade County	Florida	Nov. 7	1978	Proposed anti-disc. ordinance defeated**	42	58	X	
Seattle	Washington	Nov. 7	1978	Defeat of attempted repeal of a. d. o.	63	37	X	
State of California	California	Nov. 7	1978	Defeat of anti-gay teacher initiative	58	42	X	
Santa Clara County	California	June 3	1980	Anti-discrimination ordinance repealed-R	30	70	X	
San Jose	California	June 3	1980	Anti-discrimination ordinance repealed-R	25	75	X	
Davis	California	June 3	1980	Initiative requiring council a. d. o. defeated	34	66	X	
Palo Alto	California	Nov. 3	1981	Proposed anti-disc. ordinance defeated	42	58	X	

NOTES:

R=Referendum. Ordinance passed by board or by council not in effect pending results of election.

** On Sept. 10, 1974, Boulder defeated the proposed recall of Mayor Penfield Tate, 51%-49%, and recalled City Council member Tim Fuller, 47%-53%. Both had supported the ordinance defeated in May's election. Fuller had also said, "I've tried homosexual affairs, but they don't appeal to me."

** On November 4, 1980, Florida voters approved, 60%-40%, an initiative making it the sixth state to guarantee the right of privacy in its constitution. (California voters added this protection in the November, 1972, election.) Backers of the two defeated Dade County laws list this as a gay-rights victory. They do not, however, list a similar proposal defeated on November 7, 1978, as part of a multi-item package.

POPPER INQUIRY EXPANDS

(continued from front page.)

tive board established the Amyl and Butyl Nitrite Task Force on November 9.

Task force chair Robert K. Bolan, M.D., wrote Wilson that the group would be "compiling and reviewing all the scientific papers in the literature... We plan to make specific recommendations to the community when we feel scientific evidence allows a clear understanding."

Bolan confirmed that his four-member group would look at the relation of popper use to Kaposi's Sarcoma-RS, or "gay cancer." The BAPHR task force would cooperate, he said, with the joint S.F. Health Department-U.C. Hospital task force on K.S.

Brandy Moore, administrative assistant to S.F. Supervisor Doris Ward, said Ward introduced the call for hearings at an October board meeting. The board's Urban and Consumer Affairs Committee, which Ward chairs, will hold hearings on January 7, at 2 P.M., in

Room 228 of City Hall, Moore reported.

The hearings will look into possible health hazards of the nitrite products, whose "manufacture and distribution are concentrated in the Bay Area," noted Moore. He said that a number of concerned constituents, including Wilson, wrote to Ward about this matter.

Freerzer contended, "Concern by a local supervisor is misplaced. It usurps the powers of the federal and state governments, both of which have looked into it. It's a convenient way for a politician to attract some attention and publicity."

After court action by the California Department of Health, Freerzer agreed in 1979 to make no claims for his products' efficacy as a drug. Although he markets poppers as a "room odorizer," Freerzer claims they have been adequately safety-tested for use as a drug.

"They are safe regardless of how they are used," he stated. "They have probably been subjected to more scrutiny than any drug on the market. We simply do not market them as an inhalant."

Wilson believes that the studies Freerzer funds are tainted, since Freerzer cited some of the research. "He who pays the piper calls the tune," Wilson remarked.

Freerzer said the scientific credentials of the researchers who did the study are "unimpeachable." He said Wilson is "hardly qualified" to raise such questions. "Generally speaking," Freerzer concluded, "the people who are the most concerned are the least informed."

Wilson said, "I told him I have a degree in common sense. Nitrites are proven or suspected cancer-causing agents as meat additives. We inhale poppers, and 'gay cancer' has been linked with 'gay pneumonia.' Poppers are also much more prevalent in our lifestyle than among straights. It's suspicious. We owe it to ourselves to look into it, at least."

Freerzer charged, "The only person on the committee of Mr. Wilson is Mr. Wilson."

Wilson said that the Committee to Monitor the Cumulative Effect of Poppers is a "loose association" of about six members and that eight people attended its last meeting. Wilson said the group has placed documents on popper safety and risks on a popper inspection at the Eureka Valley Branch Library and in the Science Department of the Main Library in the Civic Center. BAPHR task force chair Bolan said his group would complete its study before issuing any recommendations. However, he noted, "As

an individual doctor, and not as head of the task force, in general, it's always wise to restrict excessive use of any of the pleasure chemicals."

Gay Mayor In Missouri

San Diego's *Update* reports that the nation's first openly gay mayor has been in office in Bunce-ton, Missouri (pop. 419) for the past year. The mayor, Gerald E. ("Gene") Ulrich, attends town socials with his lover, former Marine Larry Fowler, and seems to have won the confidence of Bunce-ton residents, who showed surprise that reporters seemed more interested in their mayor's sexual orientation than they were.

Town officials asked Ulrich to run for mayor after Bunce-ton's former mayor had said he would not run again. At election time the incumbent changed his mind and ran as a write-in candidate, defeating Ulrich 64-46. A technicality quashed the incumbent's victory, however, and Ulrich was installed as mayor at an annual salary of \$3. He holds another job as a factory worker in a nearby community.

HAYES VALLEY DEEDS STEED TO S.F.P.D.



S.F. POLICE CHIEF CON MURPHY accepts the gift of a seven-year-old quarter-horse from Steve Cook, representing the Hayes Valley Community Association. The neighborhood group donated the bay gelding, Pecos Roulette, valued at \$1,200, to the police department to "demonstrate gratitude and appreciation for the help it has received in the effort to eliminate crime from the streets and sidewalks of Hayes Valley."

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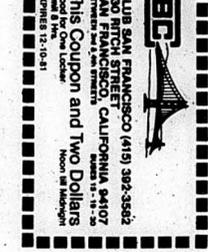
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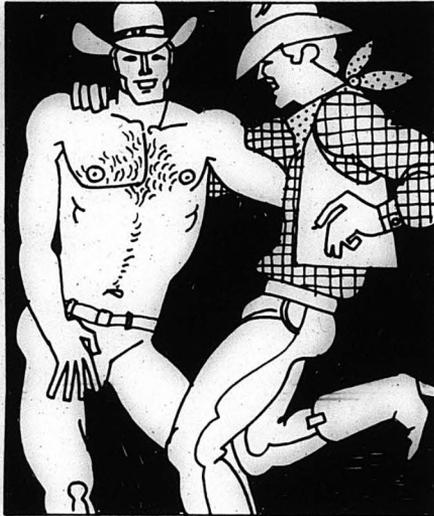
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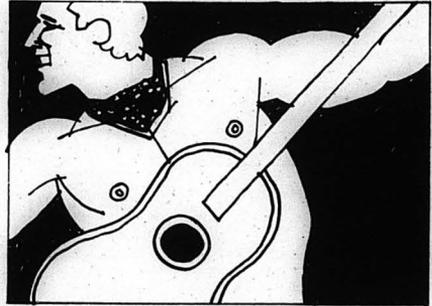
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