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Nurse's Own 'Gay Cancer' Story

"I WILL SURVIVE!"

by Bobbi Campbell, R.N.

I'm Bobbi Campbell, and I have "gay cancer." Although I say that, I also want to say that I'm the luckiest man in the world. Let me hasten to add that I'm not lucky *because* I have Kaposi's Sarcoma. I'm lucky, and happy, because in my time of crisis, I've found out who my real friends are. I'm surrounded by people who love me, who care about me, who follow my progress with interest, and who want me to get well soon.

Let me tell you something about myself. I'm a 29-year-old, white, gay man who's lived in the City for six years. I work as a Registered Nurse at Ralph K. Davies Medical Center, and I'm studying at the University of California at San Francisco (UCSF) for a Master's Degree in Nursing as an Adult Health Nurse Practitioner. When UCSF's Graduate Division asked me what my focus of study would be, I wrote that I was most interested in specializing in gay health care.

My argument was that lesbians and gay men are often ill-treated by

the straight health care establishment, and that we constitute a population at risk for certain health problems, such as substance abuse, mental health concerns over being gay in a homophobic culture, sexually transmitted diseases among sexually active gay men, etc. The school loved my rap, and now I'm in graduate school studying to be a gay health Nurse Practitioner.

In September, my lover Ron and I went on a honeymoon car trip down the coast to Monterey, Big Sur, San Simeon, and the Pinnacles National Monument. When we returned, I took off my hiking boots and, surprise! On the soles of both feet I noticed purple, painless spots, about an inch in diameter. Since Ron and I had been hiking through some rough territory, I assumed that they were blood blisters and didn't pay any more attention to them.

Three weeks later, the lesions were still there. "Lesion" is a broad medical term referring to any tissue breakdown or loss of function. About that time, I was reading in the straight media about

(Continued on page 5)



DANIEL GENERA and ROSA AGUILAR of Teatro Flamenco danced at the Gay Latino Alliance (GALA) sixth anniversary celebration at the American Indian Center on December 5.

Greg Day

Larkin Liquor License Still Unchallenged

by Jack Nichols

Neither the San Francisco Police Department nor the Alcoholic Beverage Control Board has yet determined which store reportedly sold liquor to two increasingly belligerent men tagged as suspects in the November 21 slaying of a gay man on Larkin Street. Witnesses reported that the duo made repeated trips to a liquor store before they wounded two men and killed a third in a series of knife attacks.

"Theoretically," said Mayor Diane Feinstein shortly after the slaying, "the law prevents the sale of liquor to such persons. This is what the Alcoholic Beverage Control Board does." Stores that sell liquor to such persons, she stated, are "supposed to have their licenses revoked."

Examiner staff writer Carol Pogash learned from homicide inspector Marvin Dean that the suspects had frequented a certain store "across the street" during their four-hour tirade of racial and anti-gay epithets. According to the Examiner: "They bought more beer and booze and the more they drank the more macho they became, picking fights."

Which liquor store was it? Pogash didn't know. Homicide inspector Napoleon Hendricks didn't either. Hendricks said he didn't even ask which store. "We didn't get into that part of it. We had enough evidence from their apartment—the empty bottles," said Hendricks.

Inspector Marvin Dean explained

he found out about the liquor store forays from witnesses and "assumed" they meant a store across the street from the apartment where the suspects were arrested. But he wasn't sure either.

Police spokesperson Sgt. Mike Pera said, "At this point there is no direct information linking any particular store to inappropriate conduct." There was some "vagueness," he reported, on the part of the witnesses.

Pera said that when investigators pursue liquor store owners, the owners say "Hey, listen, what am I supposed to do? I might get assaulted myself!" The proper response to this, said Pera, is "If you can't control sales, you shouldn't have a license."

Ronald Lokyer, district administrator for the Alcoholic Beverage Control Board said the board would make no investigation of the liquor store until receiving an official report about difficulties on its premises from the police department.

Lokyer was unwilling to estimate how long it might be before he'd receive such a report, if police saw fit to pursue the matter, but admitted it could be "several weeks." The fact that the liquor store forays were "front page" was no incentive to investigate, he indicated.

When Mayor Feinstein's office was informed of police inaction on this matter press secretary Win Griffith said that the police "would look into it thoroughly" and report back to the mayor on their progress.

State-Funded Television

OBLEDO DELAYS DECISION ON SPOTS

by Sue Zemel

State Secretary of Health and Welfare Mario Obledo on December 7 delayed his decision whether to reinstate the Lesbian/Gay Mental Wellness Project and promised to meet on December 14 with the eleven-member work group to discuss the future of the controversial project.

In late November, Obledo notified the five other special population groups participating in the state-funded Mental Wellness Promotion Program that they could proceed with their plans to air public service announcements. Obledo, however, declined to give the Lesbian/Gay project the go-ahead, expressing his concern that the proposed television spots bordered on "advocacy."

Obledo offered no guidelines or definitions of what constituted advocacy, according to Pat Norman, coordinator of the Lesbian/Gay work group. Norman also pointed out that Obledo's new set of criteria for the projects, issued on October 22nd disqualified five of the six work projects ten months after they were approved.

The Hispanic project was the only one that didn't violate Obledo's *post hoc* criteria. Obledo is Hispanic. B.T. Collins, Governor Brown's chief of Staff, subsequently scrapped the entire Mental Wellness Project. When Al Loeb, director of the state Department of Mental Health, resigned on December 1, he stated that Collins's decision was one of the factors that led to his resignation.

Subsequently, Mario Obledo reinstated five of the six projects, leaving only the Lesbian/Gay work group in limbo.

"In our media campaign we have gone to the mental wellness route just like the other five projects," said Norman. "We're not asking people to be gay or lesbian. We're saying that we are good people, and that we are part of the whole world. That is not advocacy. It's acknowledgement."

Norman believes that the Brown administration's decision to suspend the Lesbian/Gay project is a clear case of discrimination against the gay community. Norman suggests that the decision is politically motivated, "based on what is best for Mr. Obledo and Governor Brown in their respective races for Governor and the U.S. Senate."

"When the state does something it's not quite the same as when private individual do something," Brown said in a recent KGBS interview. He added that he had to

draw the line at government activities that might advocate a gay lifestyle.

Obledo was unavailable for comment.

The stated objective of the Lesbian/Gay Mental Wellness Project, approved last December by the state department of Mental Health, is "to promote wellness in the lesbian/gay community through the development of multi-media materials that emphasize a positive self-image, question irrational stereotypes, and encourage mutual aid and social support systems."

The Lesbian/Gay project is part of a larger campaign sponsored by the Office of Prevention in Sacramento. Norman said the campaign, called "Friends Can Be Good Medicine," came under scrutiny early on because of its underlying concept of preventative healthcare.

However, the Department of Mental Health went ahead and approved the general campaign, providing \$100,000 grants to five minority "special population" groups. These groups were the Asian, Hispanic, Black, Native American, and Lesbian/Gay communities.

In December of 1981, the Lesbian/Gay Project work group received word that funds were being held up because the elderly had not been included as a special population group.

At that time, Obledo suggested that this group replace the Lesbian/Gay group. Gay men, lesbians, and their friends successfully lobbied state officials to retain funding for the Lesbian/Gay project. The state decided instead to deduct \$15,000 from each existing group in order to form a sixth group for the elderly.

The Department of Mental Health then awarded an \$83,000 contract to Los Angeles producer Jerry Wheeler to film five 30- and 60-second TV spots promoting lesbian/gay mental wellness. In addition to these public service announcements, the Lesbian/Gay work group planned to produce and distribute posters, print advertisements, and general brochures that emphasize the diversity of the gay population according to age, race, ethnicity, and occupation.

The PSA's two of which had been completed and approved by both the Lesbian/Gay work group and Mental Health Department officials, feature Abigail Van Buren—"Dear Abby," actor Mike Farrell of M.A.S.H., and actor Jack Albertson, who recently died. Ed Asner has since agreed to appear in a montage, featuring prominent gay citizens such as Judge Stephen Lachs.

State Job Notices Ignore Sexual Orientation

More than two-and-a-half years after Governor Jerry Brown issued an executive order directing all state agencies not to discriminate against gay persons in hiring or other personnel matters, announcements of state civil service jobs still bear no printed notice of the order. A state official says they will do so soon.

Currently, the announcements offer "equal opportunity to all regardless of sex, race, religion, ancestry, or disability." As for sexual orientation, said Charles Walter of the state personnel board's Public Employment and Affirmative Action Division, "As near as I can tell, the damn thing dropped be-

tween the cracks."

Walter said Lee Walker, then manager of the state government's Sexual Orientation Project recommended the addition of the words "sexual orientation" in the spring of 1981. The recommendation to the personnel board's examining unit "somehow just got dropped," Walter said.

"We dropped the ball on it, that's all," said an obviously embarrassed Walter. He promised, however, that the state forms would be changed "right away" and that a few would carry the notification by the end of the month and all would do so by January, 1982.

CITY STOPS THROAT TESTS

by Randy Alford

The San Francisco Public Health Department stopped taking throat cultures to test for gonorrhea on October 23. Instead, beginning November 9, the City Laboratory is routinely testing all positive gonorrhea cultures for a strain of penicillin-resistant bacteria.

Erwin H. Braff, M.D., director of the Health Department's Bureau of Communicable Disease, initiated the shift in memoranda dated October 7 and 21. Although Braff and a doctor at the national Center for Disease Control (CDC) in Atlanta defend the move, the city health worker who called to our attention opposes it, and a local gay physician thinks there isn't much evidence either way.

The City Clinic, District Health Center #1, Haight-Ashbury Free Medical Clinic, and all private practices that submit tests for

gonorrhea to the City Lab can no longer do so for throat cultures. Even if a patient requests the test, the City Lab will not perform it.

Braff explained that he made the move because the test for gonorrhea of the throat is very expensive, does not reveal many cases, and does not correlate very highly with the presence of disease. Colonization of the throat by gonococcus (GC) bacteria, Braff said, is not necessarily a health problem and is usually not a danger to sexual partners. Braff would rather use the City's limited post-Prop. 13 funds to screen for the resistant GC strain.

Paul Wiesner, M.D., chief of venereal disease control at the CDC, offered "100% support" for Braff's decision. Wiesner said very little gonorrhea is prevented by doing throat cultures in a VD clinic. "There's a lot of literature on pharyngeal (throat) infections, but

very little evidence of people catching it from the throat."

Wiesner cited his own 1973 article in *The New England Journal of Medicine* that showed no connection between confirmed GC colonization of the throat and the presence of symptoms. He said that 5-20% of throat cultures show the presence of GC, but that most of the patients with GC in the throat only (as opposed to multiple infections of throat, urethra and/or rectum) were known to have had recent contact with infected partners and were being treated on that basis anyway.

Braff said that the City Clinic performed 1873 throat cultures from January to October of this year, and that 65 cases were discovered (3.5% of those tested). He could not provide data on what fraction of these 65 cases were throat-only infections.

(Continued on page 3)



At last: a gay umbrella organization!

1500 hardy souls braved a steady downpour on November 27 for the third annual memorial march for Supervisor Harvey Milk and Mayor George Moscone. 1500? Yes. We counted.

Greg Day

SENTINEL Exclusive: Consumer and Manufacturer Debate ARE POPPERS SAFE?



by
Hank Wilson

Committee to Monitor the
Cumulative Effects of Poppers

On August 28th of this year the Center for Disease Control in Atlanta issued an ominous news release. They reported that an extremely rare form of cancer (Kaposi's Sarcoma) had broken out in the U.S. and that almost all the victims were gay men. The Center added that an extremely rare form of pneumonia (*Pneumocystis Carinii* Pneumonia) was also striking gay men. Moreover, some gay men were coming down with both these rare diseases.

Solid medical evidence exists for suspecting that poppers (amyl and butyl nitrites) may be a factor in causing these diseases. Researchers have shown that when nitrites combine with amines (which are naturally present in the human

body), a class of compounds called nitrosamines is formed. Some of these nitrosamines have been proven to be a powerful cancer-causing agent. That's why Ralph Nader wants to ban even tiny amounts of nitrites from meat.

In 1978 the American journal, *Science*, reported on an MIT study "that furnishes, for the first time, solid evidence that nitrites are themselves carcinogens (cancer-causers)." In 1980 an Italian medical journal announced that alkyl nitrites (poppers) had been proven to be mutagens (i.e., they cause genes to mutate). They warned that "because of the known correlation between mutagenicity [the ability to mutate genes] and carcinogenicity [the ability to cause cancer], we believe that amyl nitrite and isobutyl nitrite, which are used as human drugs, should be tested for carcinogenicity in animals; in the mean while, their use should be allowed only in emergencies" (italics added).

Researchers studying the out-break of gay cancer now strongly suspect that it may be associated with a breakdown of the immune system in its victims. Poppers have been proven to have a harmful effect on the blood's ability to carry oxygen, which is an essential element of the immune system. Heavy nitrite sniffing has been demonstrated to cause both "brown blood" (methemoglobinemia) and the destruction of red blood cells (Heinz-body hemolytic anemia).

What about the effects of heavy

popper use on the lungs? In a survey of 500 gay men, 16.5% reported sore throat; 43% reported a burning nose; 16% reported a persistent cough as an after-effect. If you have ever spilled poppers on your skin, you know how it burns. What, then, is it doing to your soft lung tissue?

The popper industry, grossing \$50 million in 1978, continues to expand. Poppers are pushed with claims of "the most powerful," "new super strength," and "ultimate in purity." Yet there exists no government guideline whatsoever on the quality control of poppers. Who, then, is setting the standards for these claims?

And what are the effects of the impurities in poppers? Do the impurities react chemically with poppers themselves? What happens when poppers start to decompose (which they do)? What are the medical effects of using poppers in conjunction with tobacco, LSD, MDA, cocaine, quaaludes, and marijuana? No one has the answer to these questions.

The National Institute for Occupational Safety and Health will soon begin a two-year study on the effects of heavy nitrite use, the first study ever to be done on the long-term effects of poppers. Until the results are in, we urge the gay community to follow the advice which Rush, the largest popper maker, puts on all its bottles: "DO NOT INHALE CONTENTS DIRECTLY FROM BOTTLE."



by
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The volatile nitrites have been in use for more than a century. During this entire period, their medical use was predominantly in patients with coronary disease. Even in this high risk group, strict control of frequency of administration was considered unnecessary.

Reports of the medical use back nearly fifty years. During the past

twenty years, there has been increasing and widespread uncontrolled use of these compounds.

The nitrites exert short-lived physiological effects, due primarily to their relaxing effect on smooth muscle. The consequent dilating effect on vascular tissue may lead to a transient reduction in blood pressure and increase in heart rate. The unwanted effects of these agents are associated with the vascular effects, but despite the ready availability of the nitrites and their widespread distribution and use, there have been no substantiated reports of serious injury or death secondary to this uncontrolled use. There is no established relationship between the pharmacology or toxicology of the inhalation of the alkyl nitrites and the inhalation of nitrous oxide, or to the suggested carcinogenesis related to the ingestion of inorganic nitrites in foods.

Despite the substantial and increasing uncontrolled sale and use of pharmaceutical amyl nitrite during the decade of the 1960's, no manufacturers received reports of injuries. Based on statistics reported by the U.S. Government-managed Drug Abuse Warning Network (DAWN) project, during the five-year period ending June 30, 1978, more than 18,036 persons were admitted to hospitals and more than 933 died from "drug abuse" directly attributed to specific prescription drugs. Of these, three admissions and no deaths were attributed to amyl nitrite, during the same period.

More than 23,666 persons were admitted to hospitals and 3,754 died from "drug abuse" directly attributed to specific non-prescription drugs ranging from aspirin to mouthwash, and consumer products ranging from glues and housekeeping aids to aerosol deodorants. Despite sales estimated at over 12,000,000 bottles during this

period, no one was reported injured and no fatalities were reported from consumer products (scents, odorizers) containing butyl or isobutyl nitrite.

During the same 1973-78 period, the National Electronic Injury Surveillance system (NEISS) managed by the U.S. Consumer Products Safety Commission estimated that out of 44,658,823 injuries attributable to consumer products, 698,554 injuries were caused by "Home and Family Maintenance Products." In this group, which includes household odorizers and deodorizers, there were estimated to have been 6,627 injuries from chemical deodorizers, and none from odorizers or scents including those containing butyl or isobutyl nitrite.

Amyl nitrite is among the safest medications listed in the U.S. Pharmacopeia. The pharmacology and toxicology of the other volatile nitrites, including amyl and isobutyl nitrite, which are in use in consumer or household products, is almost identical. Their regulation or control is, therefore, unnecessary for the protection of the public health. It is difficult to envision any product with a better record of public safety.

A definition of safety as being totally free of toxicity has no meaning in toxicology, as all substances are toxic at some level of use. No important acute or chronic toxic effects have been demonstrated with the volatile nitrites, and their use in an uncontrolled and unregulated fashion is safe. In view of the great toxicity of the numerous consumer products which are and may be misused as alternatives, restriction of the volatile nitrites could, contrary to the hopes of would-be regulators, ultimately prove harmful.

Excerpted From *Isobutyl Nitrite and Related Compounds* ("1979, Pharmex, Ltd.), by permission.



REBUTTAL

by

W. Jay Freezer
President, Pharmex, Ltd.
Some three months ago, Mr. Wilson formed a committee of one, himself, to review medical data pertaining to alkyl nitrite inhalation. This is a task for which he has few, if any, qualifications. He regularly refers to himself in the plural "we"

in an attempt to lend credence to conclusions which amount to very unscientific and totally unfounded alarmism.

He raises "unanswered" questions, the answers to which are as near as any medical library. After a scanty overnight review of available research data, ignoring most of it, and particularly any which cannot be made to appear to support his position, he leaps to the conclusion that the leading experts—physicians, pharmacologists, toxicologists—all are wrong.

There is no "solid medical evidence" linking amyl or any other alkyl nitrite inhalation with cancer, with Kaposi's Sarcoma, or with *Pneumocystis Carinii* Pneumonia, and no one except Mr. Wilson has reached that conclusion. It is too early to reach any conclusion, and antibiotics are being carefully studied by the Communicable Diseases Center in Atlanta. They have clearly

stated that they have no reason to suspect alkyl nitrite inhalation.

Mr. Wilson's statement that the forthcoming NIOSH review of alkyl nitrites is the "first" such study is totally false and misleading. In fact, the Food and Drug Administration, which has jurisdiction over the drug amyl nitrite, and the Consumer Products Safety Commission, which has jurisdiction over nitrite-based odorizers such as Rush and Bolt, have both studied this group of chemicals without finding any evidence that they could cause cancer. The book, *Isobutyl Nitrite and Related Compounds* (Pharmex, 1979), is an excellent summary of the extensive and detailed research into these chemicals.

We do not advocate using any consumer product as a drug. We are also opposed to incompetent sensationalism intended to terrify the public for the sole purpose of gaining headlines.



REBUTTAL

by Hank Wilson

Committee to Monitor the
Cumulative Effects of Poppers

W. Jay Freezer's statement is a direct quote from a study organized and funded by Pharmex, Ltd., the company that manufacturers Rush and which Freezer is head of.

At issue are the long-term effects of heavy inhalation of poppers, not

the short term effects, nor the number of deaths currently attributed to popper use. We are concerned with the use of nitrites as an inhalant drug, not as a room odorizer.

The odorizer assumption has invalidated important conclusions of the Freezer study. For example, the study concludes on pages 75-76 (not quoted above by Freezer) that nitrites are safe when inhaled at a level of up to 193 parts per million (several times above the odorizer level). However, if we assume that poppers are 70% nitrites and that a good snort is half air and half poppers, then a good snort of nitrites directly from the bottle could go as high as 350,000 parts per million. That's over 1,500 times the amount mentioned in the study.

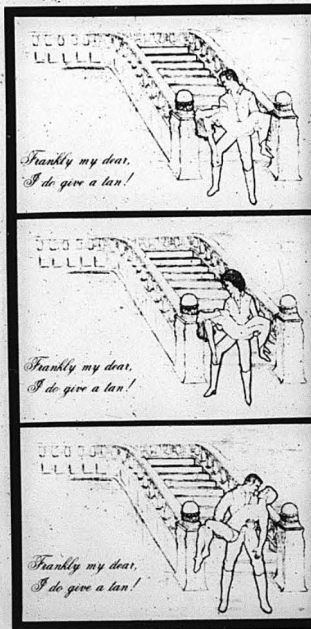
In short, Freezer's conclusions are irrelevant to the real use of poppers. It's as if a heroin merchant

were to say: "Studies have been shown that heroin is perfectly safe provided you use it as a nail polish remover."

Several of Freezer's conclusions are obsolete. While his study was published in 1979, most of the disturbing medical findings and warnings (Heinz-body hemolytic anemia, severe tracheobronchitis) have been published in only the last two years.

Finally, Freezer dismisses our concern that poppers may be carcinogens by stating that no evidence has established that alkyl nitrites cause cancer. We agree that the research does not exist. But that's our point: research is justified. We remain alarmed because of the facts that poppers are mutagens and that 90% of chemical carcinogens are also mutagens. These facts are alarming.

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V. D. TESTS

(Continued from front page)

The city health worker, who declined to be identified for fear of on-the-job harassment, expressed concern over the "at-risk" group of gay men and heterosexual women who practice fellatio. He noted the danger in untreated cases of developing systemic or body-wide gonorrhea, which produces high fever, aching joints, and skin rash.

Braff believes the only significance of gonorrhea of the throat is that a recently infected throat may be able to transmit the disease to a partner's urethra or rectum. Braff said that this is a possibility only for a matter of hours or several days at most, since the GC bacteria rapidly lose their virulence in the relatively hostile environment of the throat. Since it takes several days to get GC tests back from the lab, this information would then be out-of-date.

Robert K. Bolan, M.D., who treats many gay men in his San Francisco practice and who has been a proponent of triple-site (urethra, rectum, and throat) testing for gay men, said there is "not enough data in the medical literature right now for either stopping or continuing" throat cultures for patients without symptoms. Bolan added that he could perform a simple study "in a bathroom setting" and also using hospital records to determine if

throat-transmitted gonorrhea is a real risk. Such a study would cost only \$10,000, he said.

On the other hand, Braff called the presence of penicillin-resistant gonorrhea "an increasing problem." However, no cases of the new strain were found among the 534 positive GC cultures tested by the City Clinic between November 9 and December 2. (Two cases were found by the City Lab in suspicious, treatment-resistant cases submitted by private physicians.)

The anonymous city health worker said money could be saved (and thus used for GC throat cultures) by testing for the resistant strain only when symptoms persisted or GC bacteria were still found in a follow-up, "proof-of-cure" culture taken later. Braff called that course ineffective because not all patients will return for the later test, and the resistant strain may be spread in the meantime.

The CDC's Wiesner agreed to the need to control the resistant GC strain. 1910 cases in 37 states were reported in the U.S. in the first nine months of this year. That figure included 407 in Los Angeles, 26 in San Francisco, and 312 elsewhere in California. Wiesner didn't know why L.A. has been harder hit than S.F., Los Angeles, New York City, Miami, and Texas have been the main problem areas, he said.

**HAPPY HOLIDAYS AND
THANKS FOR MAKING THIS
A TERRIFIC YEAR**

**WE WISH YOU ALL THE
BEST IN 1982.**



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| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Oil | <input type="checkbox"/> Purpose and Direction |
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| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Filter | <input type="checkbox"/> General Contentment |

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ERRATA

In last issue's "Records" review column, the by-line of D. Lawless was accidentally omitted. Also, in Terry Marshall's "Television" review, the NBC series *Love, Sidney* was mistakenly identified as *Make Room for Sidney*. This was no fault of Marshall's.

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Our Holiday Gift To You: Gore Vidal's Dish

Some Jews and The Gays

by Gore Vidal

A few years ago on a trip to Paris, I read an intriguing review in *Le Monde* of a book called *Comme un Frère, Comme un Amant*, a study of "Male Homosexuality in the American Novel" and I read it with a certain interest. He told me that he was looking forward to the publication of his book in the United States by Anchor Press/Doubleday. What sort of response did I think he would have? I was touched by so much innocent good faith. There will be no reaction, I said, because no one outside of the so-called gay press will review your book. He was shocked. Wasn't the book serious? Scholarly? With an extensive bibliography? I agreed that it was all those things; unfortunately, scholarly studies having to do with gays do not get reviewed in the United States (this was before the breakthrough of Yale's John Boswell, whose ferociously learned *Christianity, Social Tolerance and Homosexuality* obliged even the "homophobic" *New York Times* to review it intelligently). If Sarotte had written about the agony and wonder of being female and/or Jewish and/or divorced, he would have been extensively reviewed. Even a study of black literature might have gotten attention (Sarotte is beige), although blacks are currently something of a nonsubject in these last days of empire.

I don't think that Professor Sarotte believed me. I have not seen him since. I also have never seen a review of his book or of Roger Austen's *Playing the Game* (a remarkably detailed account of American writing on homosexuality) or of *The Homosexual as Hero* in *Contemporary Fiction* by Stephen Adams, reviewed at much length in England and ignored here, or of a dozen other books that I have seen sent to me by writers who seem not to understand why an activity of more than casual interest to more than one-third of the male population of the United States warrants no serious discussion. That is, I say, no serious *serious* discussion. All attacks on faggots are perennially fashionable in our better periodicals.

I am certain that the novel *Tricks* by Renaud Camus (recently translated for St. Martin's Press by Richard Howard, with a preface by Roland Barthes) will receive a perfunctory and hostile response out there in book-chat land. Yet in France, the book was treated as if it were actually literature, admittedly a somewhat moot activity nowadays. So I shall review *Tricks*. But first I think it worth bringing out in the open certain curious facts of our social and cultural life.

The American passion for categorizing has now managed to create two non-existent categories—gay and straight. Either you are one or you are the other. But since everyone is a mixture of inclinations, the categories keep breaking down, and when they break down, the irrational takes over. You have to be one or the other. Although our mental therapists and writers for the better journals usually agree that those who prefer same-sex are not exactly criminals (in most of our states and under most circumstances they still are) or sinful or, officially, sick in the head, they must be, somehow, evil or inadequate or dangerous. The Roman Empire fell, didn't it? because of the fags?

Our therapists, journalists and clergy are seldom very learned. They seem not to realize that most military societies on the rise tend to encourage same-sex activities for reasons that should be obvious to anyone who has not grown up ass-backward, as most Americans have. In the centuries of Rome's great military and political success, there was no differentiation between same-sexers and other-sexers; there was also a lot of crossing back and forth of the sort that those Americans who do enjoy inhabiting categories or category-strategy find hard to deal with. Of the first twelve Roman emperors, only one was exclusively heterosexual. Since these twelve men were pretty tough cookies, rigorously trained as warriors, perhaps our sexual categories and stereotypes are—can it really be?—false. It was not until the sixth century of the empire that

same-sex sex was proscribed by church and state. By then, of course, the barbarians were within the gates and the glory had fled.

Today, American evangelical Christians are busy trying to impose on the population at large their superstitions about sex and the sexes and the creation of the world. Given enough turbulence in the land, these natural fascists can be counted on to assist some sort of authoritarian-but never, never totalitarian—political movement. Divines from Santa Clara to Falls Church are particularly fearful of what they describe as the gay liberation movement's attempt to gain special rights and privileges when all that the same-sexers want is to be

But there is no difference in the degree of hatred felt by the Christian majority for Christ-killers and Sodomites. In the German concentration camps, Jews were yellow stars while homosexuals wore pink lambs. I was present when Christopher Isherwood tried to make this point to a young Jewish movie producer. "After all," said Isherwood, "Hitler killed six million Jews." The young man was not impressed. "But Hitler killed six million Jews," he said sternly. "What are you?" asked Isherwood. "In real estate?" Like it or not, Jews and homosexuals are in the same fragile boat, and one would have to pretty obtuse not to see the common danger. But obtuseness is the name

known indeed to those few who know her.

Decter tells that twenty years ago, she got to know a lot of pannies at a resort called Fire Island Pines, where she and a number of other new-class persons used to make it during the summers. She estimates that 40 percent of the summer people were heterosexual; the rest were not. Yet the "denizens, homosexual and heterosexual alike, were predominantly professionals and people in soft, marginal businesses—lawyers, advertising executives, psychotherapists, actors, editors, writers, publishers, gallery owners, designers, decorators, etc." Keep this in mind. Our authors do not.

Decter goes on to tell us that she is now amazed at the recent changes in the boys on the beach. Why have they become so politically militant—and so ill groomed? "What indeed has happened to the homosexual community I used to know—why they only a few short years ago as opposed to those many 370-day years) were characterized by nothing so much as a sweet, vain, youthful, girlish attention to the youth and beauty of their bodies?" Decter wrestles with this problem. She tells us how, in the old days, she did her very best to come to terms with her own normal dislike for these half-men—and half-women, too: "There were also homosexual women at the Pines, but they were, or seemed to be, far fewer in number. Nor, except for a marked tendency to hang out in the company of large and ferocious dogs, were they instantly recognizable as the men were." Well, if I

not have seen very many gentle males without their clothes on. If she had, she would have discovered that gentle men tend to be less hairy than Jews except, of course, when they are not. Because the Jews killed our Lord, they are forever marked with hair on their shoulders—something that no gentle man has on his shoulders except for John Travolta and a handful of other Italian-Americans from the Englewood, New Jersey, area.

It is startling that Decter has not yet learned that there is no hormonal difference between men who like sex with other men and those who like sex with women. She notes, "There is also such a thing as characteristic homosexual speech. It is something of an accent redolent of small towns in the Midwest whence so many homosexuals seemed to have migrated to the big city." Here one detects the disdain of the self-made New Yorker for the rural or small-town American. "Midwest" often a code word for the fly-overers, for the millions who do not really matter. But she is right in the sense that when a group chooses to live and work together, they do tend to sound and look alike. No matter how crowded and noisy a room, one can always detect the new-class person's nasal whine.

Every now and then, Decter does wonder if, perhaps, she is generalizing and whether this will be to realize that Manhattan is not the world. Or as a somewhat alarmed Philip Rahv said to me after he had taken a drive across the United States, "My God! There are so many of them!" In theory, Rahv had always known that there were a couple of hundred million gentiles out there, but to see them, in the flesh, unnerved him. I told him that I was unnerved, too, particularly when they start showering in the Blood of Lamb.

Decter does concede that homosexuals have probably not "established much of a presence in basic industry or government service or in such classic [new-class?] professions as doctoring and lawyering but that for any number of reasons with them as a group the thought suggests itself that few of them have ever made much effort in these directions." Plainly, the silly billies are too busy dressing up and dancing the hully-gully around in case in court. Decter will be relieved to know that the percentage of same-sexers in the "classic" activities is, at most, as high, proportionately, as that of Jews. But a homosexual in a key position at, let us say, the Department of Labor would be a willing and happily but often not, to marry and have children and to conform to the guidelines set down by the heterosexual dictatorship.

Decter would know nothing of this because in her "soft, marginal" world, she is not meant to know. She does remark upon those fairies at the Pines who did have wives and children: "They were for the most part charming and amusing figures, rather like favorite uncles. And their wives, drank." This dramatic ellipsis is most Decterian. She ticks off Susan Sontag for omitting to mention in the course of an essay on camp "that camp is of the essence of homosexual style, invented by homosexuals and serving the purpose of domination by ridicule." The word "domination" is a characteristic new-class touch. The powerless are always obsessed by power. Decter seems unaware that all despised minorities are quick to make rather good jokes about themselves before the hostile majority does. Certainly Jewish humor, from the Book of Job (a laff-riotti to pre-*deuter* Woody Allen, is based on this.

Decter next does the ritual attack on Edward Albee and Tennessee Williams for presenting "what could only have been homosexual relationships as the deeper truth about life in our time." This is about as true as the late Maria Callas's conviction that she could always tell a Jew because he had a hump at the back of his neck—something Callas herself had in dromedarian spades.

Decter makes much of what she assumes to be the fags' "smooth and elegant exteriors, unmarked by traffic with the detritus of modern family existence, constituted a kind of sinister approach to their striving and hardened straight brothers." Although I have never visited the Pines, I am pretty sure that I

know the "soft, marginal" types both hetero and homo, that hung out there in the 1960s. One of the most noticeable characteristics of self-ghettoized same-sexer is his perfect indifference to the world of the other-sexers. Although Decter's blood was always at the boil when contemplating these unnatural and immature half-men, they were, I would suspect, serenely unaware of her and of her new-class cronies, solemnly worshipping at the shrine of The Family.

To hear Decter tell it, fags had nothing to complain of, and they have nothing to complain of now: "Just to name the professions and industries in which they had, and still have, a significant presence is to define the boundaries of a certain kind of privilege: theatre, music, letters, dance, design, architecture, the visual arts, fashion at every level—from head, as it were, to foot, and from inception to retail—advertising, journalism, interior decoration, antique dealing, publishing—the list could go on. Yes. But these are all pretty 'soft, marginal' occupations. And none is 'dominated' by fags. Most male same-sexers are laborers, farmers, mechanics, small businessmen, school teachers, firemen, policemen, soldiers, sailors. Most female same-sexers are wives and mothers. In other words, they are like the rest of the population. But then it is hard for the new-class person to realize that Manhattan is not the world. Or as a somewhat alarmed Philip Rahv said to me after he had taken a drive across the United States, "My God! There are so many of them!" In theory, Rahv had always known that there were a couple of hundred million gentiles out there, but to see them, in the flesh, unnerved him. I told him that I was unnerved, too, particularly when they start showering in the Blood of Lamb.

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"Like it or not, Jews and homosexuals are in the same boat."

included, which they are not by law and custom, within the framework of the Fourteenth amendment. The divine in Santa Clara believes that same-sexers should be killed. The divine in Falls Church believes that they should be denied equal rights under the law. Meanwhile, the redneck divines have been joined by a group of New York Jewish publicists who belong to what they proudly call "the new class" (*né arrivistes*), and these lively hucksters have now managed to raise faggot-baiting to a level undreamed of in Falls Church—or even in Moscow.

In a letter to a friend, George Orwell wrote, "It is impossible to mention Jews in print, either favorably or unfavorably, without getting into trouble." But there are times when trouble had better be got into before mere trouble turns into catastrophe. Jews, blacks and homosexuals are despised by the Christian and Communist majorities of East and West. Also, as a result of the invention of Israel, Jews can now count on the hatred of the Islamic world. Since our own Christian majority looks to be getting ready for great adventures at home and abroad, I would suggest that the three despised minorities join forces in order not to be destroyed. This seems an obvious thing to do. Unfortunately, most Jews refuse to see any similarity between their special situation and that of the same-sexers. At one level, the Jews

of the game among New York's new class. Elsewhere, I have described the shrill faggot-baiting of Joseph Epstein, Norman Podhoretz, Alfred Kazin and the Hilton Kramer Hotel. *Harper's* magazine and *Commentary* usually publish these pieces, though other periodicals are not above printing the odd expose of the latest homosexual conspiracy to turn the United States over to the Soviet Union or to structuralism or to Christian Dior. Although the new class's thoughts are never much in themselves, and they themselves are no more than spear carriers in the political and cultural life of the West, their prejudices and superstitions do register in a subliminal way, making the public life of Manhattan if not of the Republic.

A case in point is that of Mrs. Norman Podhoretz, also known as Midge Decter (like Martha Ivers, *whisper* her name). In September of last year, Decter published a piece called "The Boys on the Beach" in her husband's magazine *Commentary*. It is well worth examining in some detail because she has managed not only to come up with every known prejudice and superstition about same-sexers but also to make up some brand new ones. For sheer vim and vigor, "The Boys on the Beach" outdoes its implicit model, *The Protocols of the Elders of Zion*.

"The Boys on the Beach" outdoes "The Protocols of the Elders of Zion."

were a dyke and a pair of Podhoretz came waddling toward me on the beach, copies of *Leviticus* and Freud in hand, I'd get in touch with the nearest Alsatian dealer pronto.

Decter was disturbed by "the sheer elegance, elegant and utterly chic" clothes of the fairies. She also found it "a constant source of wonder" that when the fairies took off their clothes, "the largest number of homosexuals had hairless bodies. Chests, backs, arms, even



Photo: Scavullo

are perfectly correct. A racial or religious or tribal identity is a kind of fact. Although sexual preference is an even more powerful fact, it is not one that creates any particular social or cultural or religious bond between those so-minded. Although Jews would doubtless be Jews if there was no anti-Semitism, same-sexers also think little or nothing at all about their preference if society ignored it. So there is a difference between the two estates.

Decter notes that when the "homosexual-rights movement first burst upon the scene," she was "more than a little astonished." Like many new-class persons, she writes a stilted sort of genteel-gentle prose not unlike—but not very like, either—The *New Yorker* house style of the 1940s and 50s. She also writes with the authority and easy confidence of someone who knows that she is very well

legs were smooth and silky...We were never able to determine just why there should be so definite a connection between what is now days called their sexual preference [previously known to right-thinking Jews as an abomination against nature] and their smooth feminine skin. Was it a matter of hormones? Here Decter betrays her essential modesty and lack of experience. In the no doubt privileged environment of her Midwestern youth, she could

(Continued on page 14)

"I Will Survive"

(Continued from front page.)

"gay cancer"—rare diseases that were mainly afflicting homosexuals. When my lover, who is a chiropractor, told me that Kaposi's Sarcoma actually occurred on the feet, I started to worry.

Could I, a relatively healthy 29-year-old man, have cancer? Ridiculous. Still, my lesions didn't go away. When I mentioned these concerns to my therapist, he urged me to go to see a gay doctor to have the lesions evaluated by someone who has seen this thing before. "You're worth the money I'll cost, aren't you?" he asked.

Well, I am worth the money, but since I'm a student at UCSF, I can get free medical treatment there for most problems. The doctor at the student health service had never seen Kaposi's Sarcoma, so she referred me to Marcus A. Conant, M.D., the dermatologist who is co-ordinating the Kaposi's Sarcoma task force in the City.

Dr. Conant took a medical history, did a physical examination, and biopsied one of my foot lesions. (A biopsy is the removal of a piece of living tissue for microscopic examination.)

The next week, accompanied by my best friend Maggie, I was back in Dr. Conant's office for the stunning diagnosis: the purple spots on my feet didn't hurt or itch or anything—were Kaposi's Sarcoma. I had "gay cancer." Dr. Conant was kind enough to take an hour off to explain the disease to me.

Basically, there has been a recent increase in reported cases of rare diseases in young, otherwise healthy gay men in San Francisco, Los Angeles, and New York City. One of these diseases is Kaposi's Sarcoma (KS), which is essentially a tumor of blood vessel walls, another is cancer of the tongue, and another is Pneumocystis Carinii Pneumonia (PCP), which is an infestation of the lung tissue by a one-celled organism called a protozoa. The doctors do not yet know why gay men, and not other people, are getting KS, PCP, and other illnesses. The Center for Disease Control (CDC) in Atlanta, the same folks who solved the clinical problems of Legionnaire's Disease and Toxic Shock Syndrome, are researching this one, too.

This is serious business: in August 1981, the CDC reported that out of 108 reported cases of KS, PCP, or both, 43, or 40%, had died. Ninety-six of these 108 reported cases, or 89%, were homosexual men.

I'm not going to die—not yet at least.

I am lucky because my cancer was detected early and is treatable. I have an excellent prognosis. Extensive diagnostic tests showed that my cancer had not spread to internal organs. Extensive blood tests showed that my immune system, which is how the body fights off invaders, was relatively intact. I didn't have any other infections which would have complicated my cancer treatment. I'm a prime candidate for the administration of Vinblastine, a drug that could get rid of my cancer in a matter of months.

That's the good news. The bad news is: I have cancer. I'm 29. Hey, this is too young for a mortality crisis! I've been a nurse for many cancer patients, but this was a real twist of fate.

Dr. Elizabeth Kübler-Ross, a famous cancer specialist, has suggested that people typically face any loss, especially the loss of life, in five overlapping phases:

1) Denial. "The doctor must have made a mistake."

2) Anger. "Goddamn, this isn't fair!"

3) Bargaining. "Just let me live until my daughter gets married."

4) Depression. "I'm worthless and hopeless. I might as well die now."

5) Finally, for those who can work through the earlier phases comes acceptance. "I've put my affairs in order and I'm content with the life I've lived."

I've already gone through most of these phases in two months. In my denial phase, I didn't actually refuse to admit that I had KS, but I was emotionally disconnected from it. Feigned nonchalance was the key. My friend Michelle asked me in the elevator at work, "What's new?" and I said, "Oh, I have 'gay cancer.'"

anger phase, I became irrationally furious with my lover, my doctor, my therapist, my roommates, and others close to me. For bargaining, I tried to figure out how I was going to co-ordinate a cancer treatment with my roles as a part-time nurse and as a full-time student.

In my depression, I coped with grief and anxiety by abusing alcohol and other substances. My lover and I broke up, made up, broke up, and sort of made up, all within a two week period, all revolving around the issue of my self-destructive behavior. "Goddamn it, Ron, this is my mortality crisis and I'll screw it up any way I want."

I haven't exactly "gone through" these phases because I'm still dealing with each of them. I am simultaneously denying, angry, bargaining, and depressed. I'm getting closer everyday to accepting, the fifth phase, because of the energy I've expended on behalf of myself and my brothers with KS and PCP. Since I'm a professor of Gay health nurse, I decided that a way for me to help myself deal with this crisis was to be functional. I wanted to find out what needs the KS and PCP patients had that a nurse could address.



Randy Allred
Bobbi Campbell, R.N.

What I found out was that the doctors were treating the KS patients beautifully from a medical perspective. However, the men did not know each other, and a support system had not yet been implemented.

"Find the need and fill it," someone once said, and I think I found it. I'm helping to establish a network of brothers (no sisters so far!) with KS or PCP. I'm helping Berkeley's Shanti Project establish a support group for all cancer-stricken gay men. I'm writing this column. I'm writing articles for professional journals, and I'm researching the complicated story of "gay cancer" thoroughly.

What is "gay cancer?"

"Gay cancer" is a catchy term which inaccurately refers to a complex syndrome of illnesses which include, but is not limited to, cancer itself. Since 1976, these have been reported in increasing numbers in young, white, homosexual men. Formerly these illnesses were seen only in very specific geographic areas, such as Uganda, or in a specific group of patients, such as those whose immune systems had been deliberately suppressed so they would not reject an organ transplant.

The occurrence of these illnesses in the gay male population suggests that our own immune systems are being suppressed to dangerous levels. How, why? The doctors do not yet know.

Factors suggested for this upsurge of disease include 1) exposure to a particular virus, possibly one known as cytomegalovirus (CMV); 2) hereditary predisposition; 3) frequent exposure to sexually transmitted diseases such as gonorrhea and amoebic dysentery; 4) frequent exposure to the drugs that are used to treat these diseases, such as Flagyl, which is itself possibly cancer-causing; and/or 5) frequent use of recreational drugs—marijuana, cocaine, LSD, alcohol, poppers, etc.

The Kaposi's Sarcoma Poster boy

In view of this depressing story, why did I refer to myself as "the luckiest man in the world?" Aside from having the diagnosis which everyone fears, things are going well for me now. I found my lesions early, so it's treatable and I've already seen a response to the therapy.

I have a job that provides disability insurance and a supportive supervisor who said, "Go home, take care of yourself, and I'll pray for you." I have health insurance that covers nearly everything. I have a man I love dearly who loves me. I have a gay therapist whom I've been seeing for months who can help me sort out my feelings. I have parents who know I'm gay and who are supporting me magnificently.

I have tremendous respect for the doctors that are treating me, and that's quite a compliment from a nurse! I have more friends than I ever knew, who expressed shock and sympathy and offered their support anytime I needed it, ever. Wow, folks, I've tried to thank you individually, but this is for those of you I might have missed—thank you.

In one very practical moment, it occurred to me that I might be able to use the CDC research in my master's thesis. Just then, my ex-lover Tom called from Seattle to ask delicately how I was feeling. I answered "Great! I've just figured out how to turn this thing into a master's thesis." After a few moments of stunned silence, Tom said, "I don't know how you do this."

Tom, I don't know how I do it either. Something in me says I have a choice between curling up and dying, or else getting out in the community and getting this job done. The job is that I'm worried about a man who doesn't exist, exactly. I made him up to illustrate someone who is not so lucky as I am.

Suppose there's a young, white, gay male on Castro Street right now with purple, painless spots on his feet, or arms, or anywhere. This man will not know he has KS—"gay cancer"—for months because he doesn't like doctors or doesn't believe in "gay cancer." When he finally is diagnosed, he'll be wrecked because his doctor won't provide for health or disability insurance, neither his boss nor his parents know that he's gay, he just moved here, and doesn't have a lover or many friends. Sigh.

Remember that I just made up the profile of this man, but it could conceivably be someone you know and love. Sigh, again.

I've become so active in publicizing KS and the other gay illnesses to friends and media that I've taken to referring to myself sardonically as "the Kaposi's Sarcoma Poster Boy." True, I haven't received any offers from movie stars for telenovela fundraisers, but I'm still available.

My friend Gary thought that calling myself a "poster boy" showed a macabre sense of humor. Yes, Gary, I can be macabre—but it's my way of adapting. The purpose of a poster child is to raise interest and money in a particular cause, and I do have aspirations of doing that regarding "gay cancer."

In subsequent columns I will discuss both my own subjective feelings as a KS patient and, as a nurse, issues relevant to gay health care, especially "gay cancer."

I'm doing this for me, I'm doing this for you, and I'm doing it for our hypothetical brother standing on Castro Street who has "gay cancer" and doesn't know it. He may also be standing on Christopher Street or Santa Monica Boulevard, and he's probably not hypothetical.

I've taken to wearing a button with the title of Gloria Gaynor's 1979 hit song, "I Will Survive." It seemed an appropriate title for this column. I'm writing because I have a determination to live. You do, too—don't you?



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by Jim Boland, Ph.D. & Allan Sable, Ph.D.

That Terrible Time, the Holidays

This issue we shall depart from our traditional format of responding to a specific letter and instead answer a question we hear many times over during this time of year—what to do about holiday depression. Although you may read elsewhere that holiday depression is a myth (some researchers have recently begun to claim this), it is our judgment that among gay people, at least, holiday depression is an all-too-real phenomenon.

Indeed, for some it is a killer phenomenon leading to suicide. For many others it is the source of enormous misery: loneliness, an alcoholic binge, or a bitter experience with an oppressive homophobic family. For thousands of our gay brothers and sisters December means (in the words of one of our clients) "that terrible time, the holidays."

That gay people should become depressed during the holiday season is not surprising. The Christmas/Hanukkah season is the time of year when gay people are likely to feel most alienated from society. For many gay people the religious component of this time of year brings painful awareness of the cultural, social and political power of those who see us as disgusting sinners.

Only for the very few gay people whose family and straight friends truly understand and accept their feelings do these holidays bring the sort of human warmth and supportiveness they are supposed to. For the rest, these holidays often bring only the bitter reminder that we are different, excluded, feared, disliked, or at best tolerated and "accepted," even by our own church or "family."

For many gay people the holidays are a no-win situation. If they "go home" or otherwise participate in holiday festivities, they have to deal with depressing homophobia. But if they withdraw from holiday activities, then they experience often extreme loneliness, which is also a great source of depression. Fortunately, by understanding the sources of holiday depression, it is possible to do things that either eliminate it, or lessen its impact, or even transform it into something positive in your life.

The cause of most holiday depression among people who "go home" (sometimes this is merely a phone call) for the holidays is their parents' homophobia. This homophobia can take many forms. Perhaps it is so strong that you feel you simply have to go back in the closet when you go home. ("I hear there's a lot of queers out in San Francisco,

son. Glad you're a good Jewish boy.")

Perhaps they say it, as long as you don't talk about it. ("So as not to upset your father, dear.") Especially not to relatives and friends of the family. ("Just don't mention it to Aunt Hank and her friend Lili. They're two old maids who've lived together in Peoria for the past forty years. They'd never understand.")

Perhaps your folks even belong to Parents of Gays, but were a bit upset after you and your lover took them to see *Taxi Zum Kio* for a pre-Christmas present. ("Your mother and I certainly hope that you and Bruce don't do those things, son.")

Whatever the nature and level of your parents' homophobia, in rejecting your gayness they are rejecting one of the deepest and most important parts of you, and you will be hurt and angry. And unless you express this hurt and anger you will be depressed.

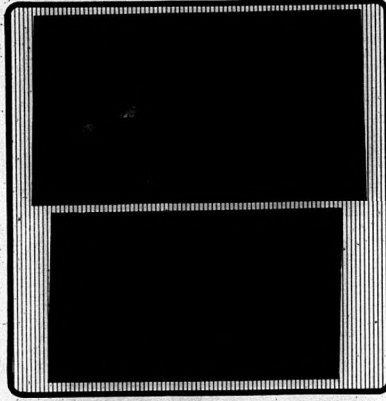
When, how and to whom to express this anger and hurt is a matter for you to judge. Some people will be able to confront their parents directly, and this is the best course of action if your parents will be able to receive your feelings.

Many gay people, however, rightly sense that they and/or their parents are simply unable to deal with their parents' homophobia. In this case, it is wiser to express your feelings elsewhere: to your friends, your lover, your therapist, to anyone who will be able to understand and support your feelings. You are able to choose who it is best to share your feelings with. The only hard-and-fast rule is that you must express these feelings to someone who understands; otherwise you will be depressed.

Remember, again, that it isn't necessary to go home physically to experience your parents' homophobia: even the briefest phone call can suffice to give you a whopping dose. And most important of all, remember that it isn't your gayness, it's their homophobia, that is causing you (and them) anger, pain and depression.

Isolation and withdrawal are the other important source of holiday depression for gay people. The remedy is quite simple: don't isolate yourself and don't withdraw from social activities over the holidays. Make plans to be with your friends, even with one friend. And plan to do things that you enjoy a great deal.

Make plans not just for Christmas Day, but for several pleasure-giving



BASE MOTIVES? Details of Robert Arneson's controversial pedestal for Moscone sculpture. Note misspelling of "tolerance." Comments in ON LIVE! at right.

events throughout the holiday season. That way, even if you can't connect with someone on Christmas Day itself you will still have happy times before and afterward. For many people, it's not Christmas Day itself, but the entire season, that evokes depression.

If it is absolutely impossible for you to connect with someone for Christmas Day and that is going to make things very depressing, then plan to do something, especially nice for and with yourself that day. Buy yourself a present before hand and give it to yourself on Christmas Day. Buy something really nice, something you really want, something really special. Enjoy receiving it Christmas Day from yourself.

Spend the day in a very nice way. Listen to your favorite records. Go for a favorite walk or ride. Exercise, if you enjoy that. Phone some friends, even if you can't be with them.

Even if you follow all these holiday suggestions, it is possible that you will still be depressed. If you are, accept it. Depression, as we have written before, is a very misunderstood state. People tend

to freak out when they are depressed. Many become depressed because they are depressed. Don't.

Depression is perhaps the wisest and most important of our feelings, if only we would listen to it. Depression has a great deal to tell us about what is making us unhappy, and therefore a great deal about what could make us happy.

Listen to your depression. Listen to what it has to tell you about your life. Don't wallow in it. Accept what it is saying to you. If you listen, it will tell you what is causing you pain and sorrow, and what must be changed for you to be happy. Such knowledge is priceless, and can be the best present you receive this holiday season.

HAPPY HOLIDAYS!

"Head Space" is designed to help gay people with personal issues by providing support, advice, understanding and useful information in response to readers' letters. In addition to maintaining gay-oriented private practices, the authors contribute their services to various gay community mental health organizations. Write "Head Space" care of Dr. Jim Boland, 1466 Hopkins, Berkeley 94702 or Dr. Alan Sable, 2223 Lincoln Way, San Francisco 94122.

with Randy Allred

STATUE OF LIMITATIONS: The controversial Moscone bust captures his spirit exactly. And the pedestal, with its ceramic graffiti, captures the bizarre tragedy of his slaying exactly.

The only valid issue, it seems, is: is there any special standards for memorial art? I think not.

The sculpture is not in "bad taste." It was bad taste for Dan White to kill Moscone and Milk. At City Hall, no less—very bad taste. It would be bad taste for the City to forget how Moscone died and why the convention hall is thus named after him.

It would be bad taste to ignore the fact that Milk was killed the same day and for the same reasons—irrational hatred and homophobia. And it would be bad taste to forget White's trivialization of his motives with the "Twinkies defense."

And it's very bad taste for Dianne Feinstein to censor reminders that she became mayor on the heels of a police coup.

YOLKS ON YOUTH: Much has been said and written recently of homo-erotic themes in the work of photographer F. Holland Day (1864-1933). For some reason, everyone's overlooked the man's consummate contribution to the culinary arts: F. Holland Day's Sauce.

ENEMIES OF LOVE: That's the lesbian psychoanalyst Betty Berzon called her talk to the Association of Gay Psychologists. The enemies of gay love are sixfold, she observed:

1) We have been raised to relate to people of the opposite sex, so our relationships have no automatic complementarity.

2) Our resistance to being gay may be acted out as resistance to being in a relationship.

3) There is a fear of losing one's identity through fusing with a partner who is so much like oneself. In heterosexual couples, there are always gender differences, at least.

4) We are living someone else's scripts for our lives. They are often society's or our parents' scripts.

5) There is "a tradition of failure in gay relationships."

6) Many gay men and women feel sadness and anger because we were promised something in life that we did not get.

WHAT TO DO? Berzon concluded she didn't think therapy "helps the world very much. There are too many people and too many problems, and social change is too difficult, and the few people that one helps in therapy are like spitting in the ocean."

"What really matters is the kind of social change that occurs because we begin to live our lives differently. And we help a few people do that by our direct service to them, and hopefully we help even more people do it by talking, by spreading the word, by writing, by being advocates of a different way of approaching our lives."

RIGHT ON: The American Civil Liberties Union's handbook, *The Rights of Gay People*, will appear in a revised edition in 1982. The ACLU's newsletter, *Civil Liberties*, reported recently that *Teachers, Women, Gay People, and Students* are the four top sellers in the 31-title Rights series.

The ACLU started the series in 1971 to explain "legal rights in language you don't have to be a lawyer to understand." *Teachers* was the first. *Police Officers* the most recent. *Your Right to Gossip*, *Crimes of the Heart*, *The Critically Ill*, *Crime Victims*, and *Accused Persons* are next.

Journalistic ethics require me to disclose, and I do so proudly, that I'm an ACLU member. In fact, I've been one for 19 years and have thus supported gay rights for longer than I've known I'm gay.

OZ AND ENDS: Have you heard the dysenteric Christmas opera, *Amelia and the Night Visitors*? It's by Giarda Carlo Menotti, of course. I have a friend who doesn't know much about audio equipment. His idea of a Christmas way speaker system is Willie Brown, Jr., going home to party with a beautiful woman on each arm.

DEMO—G.O.P. REDISTRICT SCRAP

Gerrymandering, Democrats,

and Gay Politics

Reapportionment, Republicans,

and Reality

by Duke J. Armstrong
President, National Republicans
for Individual Rights

If has been suggested by Supervisor Britt (who should know better) that the gay community must rally behind the gerrymandering reapportionment plan devised by Phil Burton and Willie Brown because it defunds our opponents and supposed opponents. That is on the order of Hitler's burning of the Reichstag in 1933 to disrupt the German parliamentary elections. It is politics with a vengeance and it is dangerous. Tampering with the electoral process in in no one's best interest, least of all minority groups whose power lies in organized bloc voting in competitive elections.

If implemented, the Burton reapportionment plan would create one-party districts, making incumbents safe from challenge and thus insulate from voter pressure. A representative could then ignore with impunity the desire of minority constituent groups since such groups would have no power to vote the representative out of office. That is manifestly undesirable for the gay community.

Where district boundaries are not drawn to benefit any one party, but are instead laid out to encompass geographical communities of interest, competitive elections result. Both parties have a shot at victory, and candidates must address the issues and vie for support from minority groups whose swing votes may well decide the election. This is the ideal situation for the gay community to influence the electoral process and foster gay rights.

An excellent example of that situation was the race for Congress here in San Francisco last year between Dennis McQuaid and John Burton. McQuaid, the Republican, made a strong bid for gay support. He met with gay leaders, he listened to their concerns, and he endorsed a number of gay rights issues, among them the right of foreign gay tourists to visit this country without governmental discrimination. Burton, the

Democrat incumbent, had never previously addressed the issue, was put on the spot, and, after stumbling around for awhile, eventually had himself added as a co-sponsor for the legislation to end the discrimination.

That was a significant victory for gays and a vindication of the competitive electoral process. It was the Republican challenger who influenced the Democratic incumbent in that case, but obviously it can work the other way around also—provided the election is competitive.

For another reason, too, the gay cause would be ill served by association with the Burton gerrymander. It is a losing proposition all the way around. The citizens will never accept such shoddy machine politics. If we embrace it, then our legitimate goals and aspirations will only go down with a sinking ship in an inglorious cause. And we will have sacrificed our political ethics in the bargain.

The gay movement is a unique and valuable contribution to the American political process only insofar as it injects into the system our own particular gay brand of idealism and our wondrous sensitivity to the beauty of human life. To unqualifiedly back Burton's cheap political tactics we will be throwing away that one most valuable asset and suppressing our identity. And we will get nothing in return.

No party has a monopoly on gay rights. It is a serious mistake for us to believe otherwise. Legislators generally tend to represent the views of their constituents. Thus Senator Milton Marks, a Republican, is every bit as pro-gay as Assemblyman Willie Brown, a Democrat, because both represent San Francisco. The Burtons are not some unique, courageous gay-rights localities. Any Congressman from our city would be solicitous of gay rights.

An issue ceases to be an issue when both parties take the same

by Gwenn Craig
President, Harvey Milk
Gay Democratic Club

As a black woman growing up in Atlanta, Georgia, in the 1950s and 1960s, I never saw any particular reason to believe that the Republican Party was—as a whole—committed to protecting or enforcing my rights.

As a lesbian coming out and participating in the gay rights movement in San Francisco in the 1970s, I once again never had any reason to think we could rely on the Republican Party to protect our rights.

No one can argue that the Democratic Party is a full partner in the struggle for gay rights, or that we should place blind faith in that party, or that some few Republicans have not supported us along the way.

But we do know that the Democratic Party has officially taken a position against anti-gay discrimination. And we know that the Republican Party has absolutely and contemptuously refused to do so. And we know which party is the home and breeding ground of the New Right and the Moral Majority. And, of more than 40 members of the House of Representatives who co-sponsored the national gay rights bill, all but 2 are Democrats.

Now the balance of power between Democrats and Republicans in that House of Representatives is at stake under a plan called

reapportionment. Lesbians and gay men are asked to decide how they feel about California's reapportionment plan at petition-gathering booths at 18th & Castro and elsewhere. Many are wondering just what this is all about.

The National Conservative Political Action Committee (NCPAC) formed the NCPAC State Election Fund an boasted in their fundraising appeal to corporate givers: "In 1980 NCPAC—SEF again gave generously to those candidates we hope will be conservative leaders in the future, and will shape a more conservative Congress for the 1980s....Legislatures draw the lines for the new Congressional districts in each state, and can influence how many liberals and conservatives, and Democrats and Republicans will be elected to Congress over the next ten years."

We already have a US Senate controlled by the Republicans as a result of the 1980 elections, with powerful committees headed by such right-wing nightmares as Strom Thurmond, Jesse Helms, Orrin Hatch and Jeremiah Denton. Given such precedents, it is frightening to realize that only a 25-member margin stands between the Democrats and a Republican House of Representatives. It becomes even more frightening to realize that as a result of those millions of right-wing dollars, the Republicans gained total control of state legislatures reshaping 73 districts, and Republican governors now preside over the creation of 189 seats in 20 states.

Now our state of California, the Democratic-controlled legislature has approved a plan drawn up by congressman Philip Burton. As soon as the plan appeared, Republicans screamed "unfair," called the bill "distasteful," "outrageous," and attacked Burton's plan for giving a clear edge to Democrats. The hypocrisy of these protests is that the Republicans have used their power in exactly

(continued on next page.)

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An Open Letter to Rep. McCloskey

by Mary Dunlap

Greetings. I am Mary C. Dunlap, a civil rights attorney in San Francisco. I "caught your act" at the Coalition for Human Rights Conference on the so-called "Family Protection Act" on Saturday the 14th. I am writing to you as one of your constituents, because this law is federal, and it touches each and every person in the United States.

I listened as you distinguished the right "to be a homosexual" from rights of speech and association, as these are affected by section 108 of Senate Bill 1378 (Jensen, Laxalt). Section 108 reads in pertinent part:

"No Federal funds may be made available under any provision of Federal law to any public or private individual, group, foundation, commission, corporation, association, or other entity for the purpose of advocating, promoting or suggesting homosexuality, male or female, as a life style."

You said emphatically that it is "wrong" to be opposed to this section of the proposed Act.

I listed as you asserted that it is right to favor this section of the proposed Act because of the impropriety of federal "funding" for advocacy of any life style. I was appalled that you were so critical of the U.S. Supreme Court's decision in *McRae*, denying Medicaid funding to poor women needing abortions, when you expediently adopted the same distinction between Congressional "funding" and legislative

action as the basis for your lack of opposition to this section of the so-called Family Protection Act. I am certain that there are a number of people who view the Supreme Court's *Roe v. Wade* decision, and Congress pre-Hyde funding of some abortions, as action far stronger than federally "funded" advocacy of a life style.

Your argument as to section 108 also ignores the history of federal funding to enforce not only heterosexual values but anti-homosexual beliefs and sentiments. I would estimate that the United States has spent at least \$10 million enforcing the immigration ban against gay/lesbian immigrants and seeking to uphold the anti-gay policies of the U.S. military alone. And then there is the matter of J. Edgar Hoover's salary, one year's worth of which would go far in funding the kind of open discussion of homosexuality that this country has not yet had, and which it desperately needs, as an educational matter. And, finally, there are the considerable costs—financial and otherwise—that all of us who cherish the constitutional rights of all persons will incur in combating this misnamed "Family Protection Act." Not to mention that funding to enforce the Act itself is expressly unlimited (see section 607 of S.B. 1378).

Your position on section 108 of S.B. 1378 is either arrogant or myopic. The distinction between funding and affirmative laws is not

at the heart of the problem. The incredible overbreadth and the poisonous source of this section—"homophobic" efforts to silence lesbians, gay men, and those who cherish the freedom of all to speak and to associate—are at the heart of the problem. The member of the audience, whom you sought to ignore when she said that one must look at more than the language of the section and that you must look at its purpose and the legislative and judicial dispositions about it, is a lawyer, as you reminded us you are. But it does not require legal training to see what the focus of section 108 is—it seeks to deter advocacy by threatening federal enforcement of funding cut-offs as to anyone or any group that is deemed to have "suggested" homosexuality, male or female, as a life style.

The main distinction on which your argument rested in between "privacy" and rights of speech, association and press. The kind of privacy that would be in danger in many real-life instances, is available to lesbians and gay men in the absence of First Amendment freedoms is privacy of the sort enjoyed by cultural prisoners and inmates. We have already seen the harms of "trading off" First Amendment rights for the "privacy" which you spoke, in *Singer v. E.E.O.C.*, U.S. Civil Service Commission, the plaintiff's terrible crime was to kiss his lover in public, for which crime he lost his government job. An even clearer case in *Academy v. Board of Education*, 491 F.2d 498 (4th Cir. 1974), where the Circuit brushed aside the fact that the plaintiff was fired from his teaching job for his membership in a "homophile" organization and for being gay, the court insisting that the plaintiff actually was fired for not putting the organi-

zational membership on his application—to wit, for his "dishonesty" in his application. The only dishonesty here was the Court's. These cases teach us—as our lives do—that there can be no trading off of First Amendment rights for "privacy"; one ends up with neither, and all citizens need both.

You have said that you support our right to oppose discrimination, but, if a federal employee or any person receiving any federal funding may lose his/her job, grant, etc., merely for "suggesting homosexuality as a life style," how are we to oppose discrimination? No coalition can be built on such an outrageous and short-sighted restriction of fundamental guarantees of the Constitution.

It was my obligation at the Coalition for Human Rights workshop that you missed (and I wish you had stayed) to press—: the effects of the proposed "Family Protection Act" upon lesbians and gay men. Other panelists presented the effects upon people of color, people in need of legal services, victims of domestic violence, people needing abortions and so forth. Since you did not get to hear the excellent and thoughtful presentations of this panel, I urge you instead to take another look at section 108—and at the entire bill—and to try to perceive why we are so unhappy and alarmed at the entire contents of this proposed law.

Attorney Mary Dunlap represents the Lesbian/Gay Freedom Day Committee in its fight against the Immigration and Naturalization Service's anti-gay restrictions, as well as Michael Rames in his suit against the War Memorial-Performing Arts Center Board of Trustees.

am anti-gay, I am not anti-homosexual.

The gay community charges those whose opinions differ from theirs, as being bigots and homophobes. (This kind of reaction is not much different from what I see in those who cherish the constitutional rights of all persons will incur in combating this misnamed "Family Protection Act.")

As I have stated in the past, I feel that much of the violence toward gays is caused by the gay community's intolerance toward any culture different from their own. (This also parallels the reaction of the so-called "Moral Majority.") It is "perceived" that the gay culture which has developed in America, has gone far beyond demanding and defending human rights, and promoting love between all human beings (which is what I feel it started out to do).

It is "perceived" that the gay culture has become anti-family; that they want to legitimize the gay life-style at the expense of traditional family values, believing in traditional family values means respecting the right of children to be taught the sexual values which their parents deem appropriate. It means respecting children as individual human beings with human rights—not as sexual objects, which has been "perceived" as the trend in the gay community.

It is "perceived" that today's gay community has reduced themselves to base animistic instincts, whose only goals are drinking, drugs, and sex; that the most important things to current gay culture are the nearest bath-house, bar, or truck.

All of these "perceptions" are probably not true—but they are "perceptions". It is most important that the gay community understands these perceptions, and take intelligent action to correct these misconceptions. This is important, because all of these "perceptions" promote antagonism and polarization between gays and straights. This polarization then causes anti-gay attitudes, gay beatings, and gay murders.

It is important that the gay community tries to understand that human sexuality is still a very complicated "science," and many people do not understand their own sexuality. This lack of understanding causes fear—and as we have seen causes dangerous reactions. All of this is unfortunate, but I firmly believe that the gay community must make an effort to resolve these misunderstandings. Of course it is incumbent upon the straight community to make the same effort. But both communities approach each other at least half way, this would go a long way toward true love and respect between all people—gay and straight.

Finally, gays should not automatically reject criticism. They should respect differences in opinion (the same respect that the gays themselves are rightfully demanding). They should not object even if their gay life-style is not immediately accepted. The important thing is that they are accepted and loved as human beings.

Sincerely, and with love,
William Tocco

Violence Prevention: Keep Talking, Start Doing

by W. E. Beardsmith

In our last editorial we offered severe criticism of Mayor Feinstein and her administration's police policies and procedures regarding violence directed against homosexuals. We believe them to be justified—even restrained—when the facts are reviewed.

But, Feinstein has begun to move in the right direction, as we knew she would when she heard what the facts are. The mayor's office has finally issued a specific statement condemning violence directed against homosexuals: "...For my part, I want to make it crystal clear to anyone who wants to go out and pick a fight with someone because they're gay, they're going to have to pay the price..."

Issuing this statement fulfills just a small part of the promises made over two years ago during Mayor Feinstein's campaign. It is interesting to observe that the realization of this promise is closer to the next mayoral election than to the last.

Be that as it may, we hope that this more positive public attitude is just the beginning, and that it heralds significant changes in questionable Police Department actions. We do not want repeated the extensive abuse of human and civil rights that occurred during the Polk Street sweeps, the May 21 Castro Police riot, the Haight/Ashbury crackdowns, the Tenderloin "concentrated police efforts," and so forth.

Now that correct talk has begun, we expect positive actions to begin. Feinstein has already held two meetings with heads of homosexual organizations, and a third is planned. We hope she hears what they have to tell her.

During the recent past, too many persons have been lax concerning "queer bashing." When is Feinstein going to our High Schools to deliver on another election promise by telling students that violence against homosexuals will NOT be tolerated? When are homosexual "leaders" going to stop their "Uncle Tom's" talk and start actions that bring results? When will individuals wake up from being easy targets for harassment and violence?

For the future we will use this column to open up communication about crime and about ways to deal with creating a safer, happier homosexual community.

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DEMO

(continued from previous page)

the same way, not only in the past but in the present.

In Indiana, Republicans reworded lines to place three Democrats in the same district. In Arizona, liberal Democrat Mo Udall found himself with a new district that had become a narrow strip bisecting the entire state and that cuts out his constituents base.

Charges may be traded back and forth about which party in which state has been the most outrageous in giving edge to the candidates. The truth is that this is what reapportionment is all about, and has always been about: allowing the party which has received the majority votes to reorganize in such a way as to stabilize their power over that decade.

Republicans have been quite satisfied with that way of doing things in states where they control the legislatures. In states where they do not, such as Ohio and our own California, they have spent millions to gain public support for referenda to overturn Democratic redistricting.

For lesbians and gay men, the question becomes: with which party do we wish to align ourselves, with which party do we wish to gamble? It should be abundantly clear that we have received more and can expect more from the

Democrats than from the Republicans.

Our gay Republican brothers and sisters are fond of pointing out liberal Republicans and conservative Democrats as examples to bolster arguments in support of their party. The most common examples of good-hearted Republicans they use are S.F. Supervisor John Molinari, State Senator Milton Marks and, until recently, U.S. Representative Pete McCloskey.

We can understand and respect the work of those courageous lesbians and gay men who have chosen to work for change within the Republican Party. Our movement should be working for social change that is positive for our community wherever such change is possible. But until such fundamental change has begun to occur, a strategy of trust seems foolhardy at best.

Representative McCloskey's apparent turnaround on the Family Protection Act before the recent Coalition for Human Rights conference would seem to indicate the pitfalls of relying on liberal Republicans to carry the battle for gay rights within their own party. Now that McCloskey is running in a statewide primary for the U.S. Senate seat, it would appear that he is becoming aware of the real heart of Republican voters and contributors, even as some gay Republicans are not.

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PHOTO REVIVES MEMORIES

Publishing that photograph in the first issue of the resuscitated *Sentinel* of some of those of us involved in the historic East Coast Homophile Organizations (ECHO) conference in 1965, brought back many memories of the travels in gay organizing during the 60s, of our successes and of our failures. We were the pioneers of that pre-Stonewall decade. The activists of today, no matter how young, will be considered pioneers by each future generation, just as there were pioneers who preceded us in the decades and generations prior to the 60's. Yes, there was a viable, gay rights movement that predates Stonewall. The struggle for human rights must be re-fought in each generation.

There are those in the photo I got to know fairly well as I traveled around the country, such as Bill Beardsmith, Jack Nichols, Franklin Kameny, Shirley Wilner, Clark Pollock, Julian Hodges and Dick Leitsch. I recall others with whom we also worked, who are not in the picture, such as Doris Legg, Barbara Gittings, Arthur Warner, Hal Call, Craig Rodwell, and so many wonderful others.

In the caption, you were unable to identify one of the men in that photo, listed as "Terry"—last name

unknown (Mattachine Midwest). For the record, he is Terry Grand, who was our most effective program chairman on our board of directors, when I was the founding president, Mattachine Midwest, Chicago in 1965.

Best wishes for every success. This would seem guaranteed by your stated method, staffed by people of proven experience, sincerity, imagination, and above all, credibility.

Sincerely yours,
Bob Bakker

ANTI-GAY, BUT NOT ANTI-HOMOSEXUAL

Having been identified as a "homophobe," "bigot," ultraconservative," "a member of the Moral Majority," "anti-homosexual," etc., I would like to respond with this open letter to the gay community, since I am a candidate for Supervisor in San Francisco.

I firmly believe that violence against gays must stop now. But just as I intend to take the initiative, should I be elected Supervisor next year, I must honestly say that I feel that the gay community bears a certain amount of responsibility to bring about an end to this violence.

The gay community immediately charges anyone who is anti-gay, as being anti-homosexual. Although I

A Burglar Only Needs One Opening.

Remember to secure all entrances to your home. That includes all windows—even those in the basement, back, side, porch, patio, cellar and garage doors. You have a special pet entrance cut in a door or anywhere else around your home, make sure you can lock it from the inside; once a burglar gets his head through an opening, the rest of his body will probably follow. And don't make the mistake of thinking a burglar won't notice or try any particular entrance. When a burglar approaches your house, he can be counted on to work his way around it systematically, testing every possible point of entry.

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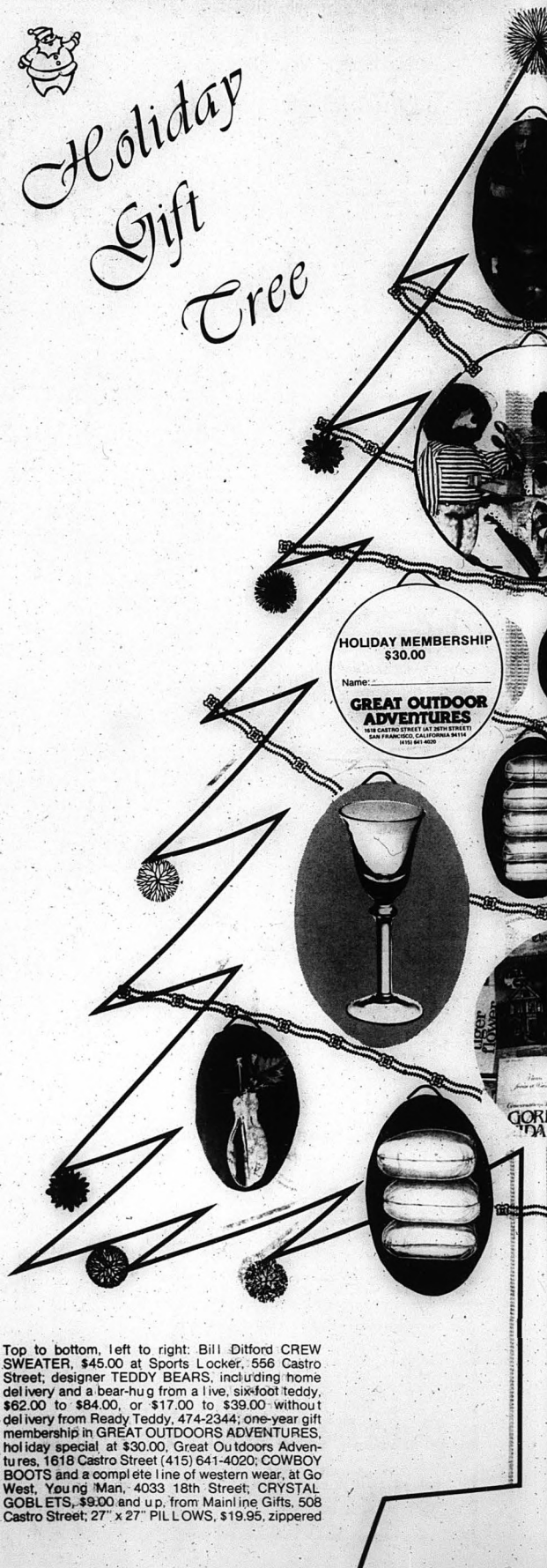
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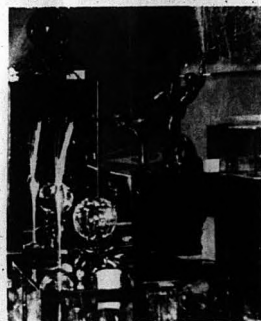
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ENTERTAINMENT & THE ARTS

D. ART: RECORDING A NEIGHBORHOOD IN PASSAGE



DOCUMENTING A 'FORMLESS, FACELESS EVERYCITY': South of Market residents Connie Hatch and Janet Delaney compile a human history in transition. Above: Delaney photographs Mary Gardner's kitchen following the July 10 fire. Gardner had lived in the same Folsom St. apartment for 35 years. Right: Hatch's subjective view of the Moscone Center under construction. For art to be successful, Hatch feels, "it must always work in a social context." The women's photo survey was funded partially through a National Endowment for the Arts grant.

Janet Delaney

by Edward Guthmann

"There's a mad rush to build before asking 'Is it needed,' and if so, 'For whom?'"

Connie Hatch, 30, documentary photographer and longtime South of Market resident, had returned from last week's open house at the new Moscone Convention Center, frustrated and anxious that the death knell for her neighborhood had already started.

Instead of celebrating the erection of the center and the promise of booming tourist trade, Hatch worried that the district and its community of gays, artists, seniors and Filipino families would be ignored in the frantic land-grab and encroaching "Manhattanization" of the City.

"Already four- to five-thousand people have been displaced by the Convention Center," Hatch said. "Rents keep going up, and people on fixed or low incomes will have to move out. Where will they go? The City's not making any provisions for their displacement."

"Instead of thinking about the quality of life in this gem of a city," Hatch fears the purely economic push for redevelopment—with plans for high-rise offices, boutiques and

modern hotels surrounding the center—will transform San Francisco into a "formless, faceless Everycity."

To give expression to the "sense of helplessness" that she sees, and to illustrate the problem to what she feels is an indifferent City Hall, Hatch and collaborator Janet Delaney, 29, have formed D.Art, a project that combines recorded oral histories with their photo survey of South-of-the-Slot residents and workers. The women will present their work this Monday, December 14, at the San Francisco Art Institute (800 Chestnut St., 8 P.M.).

"City Hall doesn't see South of Market as the strong community it is," Delaney said. "So we're trying to give a face to it. Things like slide presentations and art exhibits help to define the neighborhood." Both women view their work as part of "the struggle to reinstate a human element into the statistics used by urban planners."

"This project really came out of the fire," Hatch said, referring to last July's \$6-million, 27-building conflagration that left 60 persons homeless. Instead of focusing on the human loss, Hatch said, "the media made it a sensation, an S&M scandal" that speculated on the

number of torture chambers and tied-up people inside the charred buildings. "The arson rate in this part of town is phenomenal," Hatch said, "and City Hall doesn't seem willing to recognize that. The way the media and the rest of the country saw the fire was, 'Good riddance to that neighborhood.'"

Similarly, Delaney sees the current brouhaha over Robert Arneson's Moscone sculpture as further diversions from the issues of urban renewal, community disruption and neighborhood needs. "We're hoping that our work entertains and educates," she said. "We feel the combination of slides and audio tapes helps make the content more accessible."

The women have shown their work to community groups in the South-of-Market area, including last Saturday's "Last Free Lunch" sponsored by the South of Market Alliance at the Canon Kip community center. "Our relationship to art," Hatch said, "is that we must always work in a social context. We've gotten a lot of support from the art community because we're going in a direction that a lot of people feel we should; to be accountable to a larger community."



Connie Hatch

FILMS

REDS

Written, directed and produced by Warren Beatty.
At the Regency I.

by Terry Marshall

The suspense is over: the opening of *Reds* finds Warren Beatty excelling where many believed—and hoped—he would fail. He has produced, directed, written and starred in an epic sure to make him one of the most celebrated filmmakers in cinema history. *Reds* is Beatty's *Apocalypse Now*, the film of a career, which he has spent 10 years making. But by acting in it so superbly as well, Beatty has managed to go Coppola, Lucas, and Spielberg one better.

In *Reds*, Beatty and Diane Keaton play writers John Reed and Louise Bryant. The two were celebrated and ostracized during World War I and the Russian Revolution for their uncompromising stands on issues which still spark controversy even today, 65 years later: anti-war politics, socialism, open marriage, and equality for women. While Reed was acknowledged as a top investigative journalist and writer of his day, Bryant had difficulty getting recognition as anything other than Reed's live-in girlfriend who ended up marrying him. Their sparring makes them the most endearing couple since Dashiell Hammett and Lillian Hellman.

From the opening scenes in the parsons of Portland, Oregon where they met, to the shabby, crowded hospital in Russia where Reed died of typhus five years later, the film never lets up. There is enough conflict, romance, humor, adventure, politics and idealism to satisfy the most demanding movie-goer, keep-

ing the pace brisk for all 3 hours and 20 minutes, divided into two parts by an intermission. In fact, there is so much going on, that in the hands of a less competent filmmaker it could have ended up not action-packed, but cumbersome and confusing. To avoid this, Beatty uses *cinema-verite* type interviews with "witnesses"—people who were alive at the time of Reed and Bryant and knew them personally or knew enough about them to file accurate reports. You know a film has been a long time in the making when a number of the cast members die of old age before it is released, and that is the case here, with Henry Miller, George Jessel and Will Durant all making appearances among the elderly witnesses. Through their testimony, Beatty not only clarifies why the couple posed such a threat to most Americans at the time, but also organizes and unifies the action without resorting to the rather worn-out device of voice-over narration.

But Beatty's expertise in filmmaking becomes really apparent in the way his writing and directing interweave the constant conflicts, keeping the film really moving along. At odds are politics and art, individuals and society, love and ambition, marriage and freedom, and idealism and reality—issues made even more dramatic against the backdrop of world war and revolution.

For the relatively brief time they're together, Reed and Bryant's relationship is threatened by long absences and infidelity, all in the name of idealism. Reed's loyalty to his politics leaves Bryant at home alone a lot. Though she won't admit it, it's another problem for her and leads to her affair with another

writer, Eugene O'Neill. The brooding, cynical, drunken playwright has some of the best lines in the film, delivered delightfully by Jack

Nicholson. Reed and Bryant are never able to sort things out in America and Bryant finally gives up and tries to make a name for

herself reporting from the World War I front. Reed finds her in France and convinces her that she should really be in Russia covering the Revolution. She accepts, but only as a colleague, not as a lover.

Even though the difficulties of living as a free-lance writer in a country where you don't speak the language are obvious, Reed and Bryant find happiness in Russia. Beatty and Keaton play off each other pleasingly in this sequence which concludes Part One. Again, Beatty's well-written script and the editing of Dede Allen and Craig McKay highlight the irony of the situation: their happiness in Petrograd and enthusiasm at the Revolution is contrasted with the hardships of life there, food and fuel shortages, a cramped apartment, and violence.

Reds is so successful partly because it is Beatty's baby and he has nurtured it lovingly. Like Reed, Beatty has promoted some rather unpopular political views in the past and *Reds* certainly could have provided him with a soapbox. But he resists that and sticks to the facts. No one knows whether Reed remained committed to Communism as he lay dying. He certainly was disillusioned with the way the Revolution turned out and Beatty has done a good job of dramatizing his frustration. He criticizes the party officials to their faces, but defends them to his closest friend, Emma Goldman.

Part Two definitely has more talk and less action than Part One and most of the action is left to Keaton. Her harassment by U.S. government officials and her search for Beatty break up the speech-making and arguing, and her reunion with him and nursing him as he

tearjerker. Although the film ends here, Bryant's life, just for the record, went steadily downhill afterwards. She remarried and had a child, but eventually her depression caused her to become strung-out on drugs and alcohol. She was institutionalized for awhile and finally died, dissipated and broke, in Paris in 1936.

Helping Beatty acquit himself of the rumor and innuendo that has plagued *Reds* since it first went into production two years ago is a wonderful cast including Maureen Stapleton as Emma Goldman, Gene Hackman as a "Lou Grant" type of newspaper editor and novelist Jerry Kosinski, who makes his screen debut playing a Bolshevik party leader.

Beatty's career certainly isn't resting on this one film, since his three previous productions were so successful. So whether the movie does the *Star Wars* type business it needs to make its cost back overnight, is of little concern. Paramount successfully challenged the "R" rating and got it changed to a "PG," and that should help. And, once word gets around that it's not the depressing political picture gleefully predicted by Hollywood financial analysts, that should add to the till. It can't help but garner a slew of Oscar nominations—Keaton's next film *Shogun* the Moon, was held up until next year, producers were so sure she'd be nominated for *Reds*—and probably even win in some categories. That alone can double the box office. Besides, the last rumors to surface before the film opened had Barclays Bank actually bankrolling the picture and leasing it to Paramount. It's about time bankers started giving us some good movies.



CHAIRMAN WARREN cracks the whip: It Could've Been a Soapbox.

David Appleby/Paramount Pictures

ABSENCE OF MALICE

Starring Paul Newman and Sally Field.
Directed by Sydney Pollack.
Opening December 18 at the Ghirardelli Square Cinema.

by Steve Beery

Absence of Malice is a curious title for a newspaper movie that's as resolutely anti-newspaper as this one is. You don't have to be a journalist to spot the absence of logic in this film, which damns reporters in general, female reporters in particular, and makes the Mafia look good by comparison. Ostensibly a look behind the recent headlines exposing falsified sources and the Janet Cooke Pulitzer Prize fiasco, this movie uses one reporter's ineptitude to make an argument for abridgment of the freedoms of the press. It's disenchanted to see politically progressive actors like Paul Newman and Sally Field contributing to this sort of repressive, Reagan-era entertainment.

Field is the neophyte reporter who makes a series of journalistic blunders that cast aspersions on the character of Paul Newman, an

honest entrepreneur who just happens to be the son of a mobster. Sally is suckered by a newsleak, cleverly orchestrated by a shady government investigator who isn't above staining a few reputations as long as the resultant headlines force the real culprit out of hiding.

When Newman's girlfriend, Melinda Dillon, shows up to protest his innocence, Field exacerbates the dilemma by splashing Dillon's story all over the front page, without bothering to conceal the identity of its source. Since Dillon is a devout Catholic school teacher whose defense of Newman depends upon divulging the details of her secret abortion, Sally's story opens a can of worms that results in Dillon's suicide. This tale of woe goes on a bit longer, allowing accused and accuser a highly improbable loss in the hay, until the self-righteous Newman finally makes a repentant Sally realize that, by golly, the freedom of the press entails some (gulp) heavy responsibilities.

Seldom in the annals of modern movie-making are characters so contrived and situations so distorted as to fit the contours of conflict specified by the plot. Certainly the

ex-newspaperman who wrote this screenplay (Kurt Luedtke by name, late of the *Miami Herald* and the *Detroit Free Press*) should have known better than to populate his grisly amorality tale with a morally myopic newspaper attorney and a blithely disinterested city editor, neither of whom spot the gaping holes in Field's journalistic technique before rushing her stories into print. In *His Girl Friday*, a 41-year-old newspaper movie familiar on the revival circuit, and one that really knows its subject, girl reporter Roz Russell raises and settles more serious questions of reportorial ethics with a quizzically arched eyebrow than this entire production manages with all its anguished, Woodward/Bernstein-styled breast-beating. Ah, but movies were bricker then, and corruption accepted as a fact of life by those perpetually cynical pounders of the city beat.

Most insidious of the implications promulgated by *Absence of Malice* is the notion that a female reporter is somehow less apt to be rigorously objective in her fact-checking than a man would be; Field's patented *Norma Rae* "emphatic" look (corners of the mouth pulled down

like Emmett Kelly, eyes brimming bravely with tears) is called into play to show that she's letting her emotions interfere with her job. It remains for Paul Newman, cool and self-assuredly masculine in his best *Had/Heaven/Howdy* manner, to turn the tables on the tricky Fed and to teach Sally and everybody else concerned a richly deserved lesson in accountability.

Sydney Pollack (*The Way We Were*, *The Electric Horseman*) directs perfunctorily, composing attractive and well-lit tableaux of "talking heads" framed almost exclusively in medium shot. Only one scene lingers in the memory: that of Melinda Dillon scampering frantically across her neighbors' lawns, trying, impossibly, to collect all their morning newspapers before the damage contained therein can be disseminated. This film purports to be topical, yet its sole claim to modernity rests with showing us a city room abuzz with VDTs—video display terminals—instead of typewriters. In retrospect, the malice referred to in the film's title is sorely missed. Its presence might have been something worth making a movie about.



STILL-COOL PAUL NEWMAN: What's a political progressive like him doing in a retro movie like this? Columbia Pictures



LIV AND LOVE: Lesbian Liaison Lacks Lustre.

New World Pictures

RICHARD'S THINGS

Starring Liv Ullmann.
Directed by Anthony Harvey
and written by Frederic Raphael.
Playing at the Cannery Cinema.

by Terry Marshall

In *Richard's Things*, Liv Ullmann plays a grieving widow whose husband's last words to her were, "Shit, Kate, I'm sorry." Throughout the movie people are constantly apologizing: if they're unable to her, if they forget to pour tea, or if they're sorry because Ullmann's husband died. They treat murder, love and happiness the same way: by saying it without meaning it, they place themselves in situations where they could never kill someone, love someone or be happy. Anthony Harvey, directing from Frederic Raphael's novel and script, is very detached; he lets the events speak for themselves. But at the end nothing new or original is found. *Richard's Things* simply reaffirms that you can't find happiness by faking it.

The first 35 minutes of the film move quickly as Kate does some detective work to find out how her husband died and why he was sorry. A book she finds in his suitcase and a hotel register with "Mr. and Mrs. Richard Morris" tip her off to an affair. Before long, she finds out that it was one of her husband's employees, Joie—Jojo for short—whose freshly scrubbed appearance and blushing cheeks belie her worldly experience. Kate tells her quite candidly that she'd like to kill her, but instead the two end up tormenting each other under the auspices of having an affair.

It's an interesting plot, but it's never fully exploited. By the end of the first hour, the film is really dragging with a scene in Jojo's apartment where the girls' talk goes uninterrupted too long. Nothing is revealed about either character that hasn't already been suspected. At the end, just before they end in each other's arms, Kate comes out with the startling news that "you and I are Richard's things."

The lesbian affair angle is handled so delicately by Harvey that it seems as if the women are doing nothing more than high school experimentation. Apparently they don't like it. They continue to have affairs with men. Kate with her late husband's business partner and Jojo with "a clumsy young American with big feet." Jojo goes back to him at the end and Kate ends up alone.

There is no discernible motivation for the affair. There's no indication that either one has ever even been curious. And when Jojo suggests that they would have made a happy trio, had Richard survived the heart attack he suffered when he was having sex with her, Kate dismisses it, saying it would never have happened.

Kate has no problems accepting her first "lesbian affair" even though she has been married for 20 years to the same man, "her first and last," as she confides to Jojo. In fact, she's not even distressed when her mother-in-law discovers the affair. Kate and Jojo just laugh it off even though at other times Kate goes to great lengths to hide it. Nor does she have any problem seducing her husband's business partner. She has learned through Jojo that

her husband had other affairs during their marriage. But after that knowledge and the shock of his death, it seems unlikely that a strict, upright, conservative housewife would become a bisexual libertine over night at the age of 40 and not at least have a fleeting run-in with guilt. Had Harvey and Raphael focused on this conflict, *Richard's Things* could have stood up to Raphael's earlier work, "Daring."

The two women finally deceive and torment each other to the point where they decide to say "sorry" again and break up. It is assumed that Kate realizes an affair with another woman is not the answer, that involvement with either a man or a woman is a threat. But for a woman who is so deft at detective work in the opening minutes, it takes her a long time to figure it out. When she finally does, the camera has lingered on a close-up of her searching, tortured face too often to convince us that she has found anything more than the most shallow, obvious discovery based on inconclusive and inconsistent evidence.

Games And Taxes

The Gay Life on KFSN, 95 FM, airs a panel discussion on "Tax, Estate, and Personal Financial Planning for Lesbians and Gays" on Sunday, December 13, at 11 P.M.

On December 20, *The Gay Life* presents a talk by psychologist Ann Peplau, "Lesbian Relationships: What do We Know from Empirical Studies on Love, Power, and Commitment."

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BOOKS

THE BOY WHO PICKED THE BULLETS UP
Charles Nelson
(William Morrow & Co., 420 pp., \$13.95)

by Ray O'Loughlin

The deeper the shock, it is said, the longer an event takes to be understood and integrated into people's experience. It is now almost ten years since the Vietnam War ended and the comprehension of it is just beginning to seep into the American imagination. Like so much in American life, the war was over-

reported but barely understood. Only now with time is perspective gained.

One of the more noteworthy efforts in this direction is Charles Nelson's just-published novel. Easily the best piece of writing on the war to appear since Michael Herr's *Dispatches*, *The Boy Who Picked The Bullets Up* captures the unique madness of the war told in the idiom of the generation that experienced it, fought it and lived through it. Nelson gives us the war through the eyes of Kurt Strom, a Navy medic stationed with a Marine battalion. Before enlisting, Kurt

was an aspiring baseball player: clumsy, literate and also gay, a fact which is important but not so important at the same time. His story is told entirely through letters to friends and family.

The novel operates on four levels at once: it's a picaresque, erotic adventure with plenty of sex; it's about the war with its unrelenting madness and horror; it's about being gay, especially in the military; and finally, it's about men and how they treat themselves and each other.

In Nelson's war novel a gay man surpasses the usual status of handy

victim or villain-corrupting-the-troops, and rises to truly heroic heights both on and off duty. Being gay is very much at the heart of the novel but it is not presented as a cause. Kurt knows full well who he is and what he likes. Never does he politicize his feelings or anybody's movement. In fact, he is candidly amoral much of the time and not above some plain chicanery in obtaining the objects of his desires. What a relief! A likeable gay seducer instead of a tortured self-conscious protagonist. Nelson has advanced gay writing by abandoning the pre-

sumption that a gay man should be more morally aware than others.

Kurt finds no lack of willing playmates in uniform. But while plenty goes on, the price of getting caught is dear not only in official sanctions but in unofficial abuse. "You can fuck a marine," says one character, "so he bashes the man who tries to kiss him. The men must separate their needs and emotions from an overwhelming demand to live up to bloated conceptions of aggressive masculinity."

The men in this novel are casualties whether or not they survive.

They glimpse another side of themselves but turn away from it, murdering a part of themselves in the process. Perhaps it can best be seen through gay eyes. Kurt's letters, detached and yet terribly involved, show how irony helps us cope with that which we feel compelled toward but are prohibited from dealing with.

We don't know what this war means to American history but we do know that it challenges American presumptions unlike anything before it. Nelson's novel is a significant step toward comprehending that challenge, its damage and its remedy.

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"Taxi" Meter Clicks

Taxi Zum Klo, the Berlin-based gay picture that *Time* magazine credits with "liberating the screen," is reaping big profits for director Frank Ripploh and for Promovision International, the new distribution firm that's handling *Taxi*'s stateside release.

According to the December 2 *Daily Variety*, *Taxi* grossed \$190,000 in its first eight weeks at the cinema Studio in Manhattan, one of the most impressive box office jingles for a foreign-language film since *La Cage Aux Folles*'s 1979 splash.

At the Castro Theatre, *Taxi* took a whopping \$38,000 its first week, with good showings also reported at Boston's Nickelodeon (\$15,652) and Los Angeles' Vista (\$15,117). Promovision director John Tilley told the *Sentinel* that the picture had grossed an estimated \$250,000

nationwide in just five weeks, and was already the third highest-grossing German film in the U.S., preceded only by *The Tin Drum* and *Marriage of Maria Braun*. "We'll probably surpass *Maria Braun* soon," Tilley added.

Promovision, according to *Variety*, is relying on a "slow burn" release pattern, and will release *Taxi* in Atlanta, Washington, D.C., Seattle, Denver, San Diego, Houston and perhaps Miami in January, in order to cash in on good word-of-mouth and glowing press. "We've been approached by exhibitors everywhere," Tilley said, "from little towns in Massachusetts to Durham, North Carolina and Champagne, Illinois."

"It's going to take a while because we can't make that many prints. But eventually the picture will play every town where there's a distributor that's willing to risk it and a newspaper that's willing to advertise it."

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Yes, Yes, Noël

The Christmas season in San Francisco traditionally brings a large assortment of holiday music celebrations. Here is a list of this year's offerings:

Dec. 10-27, *The Nutcracker*—A *Fantasy On Ice* starring Dorothy Hamill continues its 37-performance run through Dec. 27. Warfield Theatre, 982 Market St. \$5 to \$22. Tickets at major outlets or call 392-4400.

Fri., Dec. 11, Gian-Carlo Menotti's *Amahl And The Night Visitors* continues at S.F. City College with guest artists Pacific Ballet Co. and Scott Beach and John Brebner reading from *A Child's Christmas in Wales*. Fris. and Gough. Dec. 11, 12, 18 & 19 at 8 P.M. and Suns, Dec. 13 & 20 at 3 P.M. College Theatre, Phelan & Judson. \$3 gen./\$2 seniors and students. Call 293-3100.

Sun., Dec. 13, *Baroque Music For Christmas*, S.F. Chamber Players Orchestra. 4 P.M., First Unitarian Church, Franklin & Geary. \$5 gen./\$4 seniors and students. Call 665-5558 or 661-8091.

Sun., Dec. 13, *Jephtha*, a sacred drama by George Frideric Handel, Oakland Symphony Chamber Orchestra, Calvin Simmons conductor. 7:30 P.M., Calvary Presbyterian Church, Jackson & Fillmore. \$10. Call 465-6400.

Wed., Dec. 16, *The Nutcracker*,

S.F. Ballet, opens winter holiday season with 32 matinee and evening performances. S.F. Opera House, Van Ness & Grove. \$4 to \$30. Tickets at major outlets or call 621-3838.

Sat., Dec. 19, J.S. Bach's *Christmas Oratorio*, California Bach Society, performed in two parts. Featuring soprano Judith Nelson, contralto Marsha Hunt, tenor Robert Tate and bass-baritone Stanley Wexler. 4 P.M. & 7 P.M., Trinity Episcopal Church, Bush & Gough. \$10 each performance. Tickets at major outlets or call 540-6298.

Sun., Dec. 20 and Thur., Dec. 24, *Now Sing With Hearts Aglow*, S.F. Gay Men's Chorus and S.F. Lesbian & Gay Men's Community Chorus. Performing both "traditional and not-so-traditional holiday music." 7:30 P.M., both nights, Nourse Auditorium, Hayes & Franklin. \$8 res./\$6 gen. adm. Charge by phone 864-0326.

Tues., Dec. 22, *Home For The Holidays*, Chanticleer, male vocal ensemble. Featuring renaissance pieces, traditional French, German, Spanish & English carols and new arrangements of Christmas favorites. 8 P.M., Calvary Presbyterian Church, Jackson & Fillmore. \$6 gen./\$4 seniors & students.


Thur., Dec. 24, *Christmas Winds*, Baroque Arts Ensemble. Performers include Elizabeth Anker, Carol Negro, Raymond Martinez, Peter Maund. 9 P.M., Community Music Center, 544 Capp St. \$4 gen./\$2 seniors & students. Call 647-6015.

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by D. Lawless
DAVID THOMAS & THE PEDESTRIANS: THE SOUND OF THE SAND AND OTHER SONGS OF THE PEDESTRIAN (Rough Trade Records)

While stepping into a musical context a trifle more conventional than that accorded him as Pere Ubu's vocalist, Thomas's hysterical caterwauling (in the arsy tradition of Primitivism) automatically limits his appeal to the "acquired taste" slot.

For this clearest exposition yet of his idiosyncratic eloquence, Thomas assembled an eclectic group of musicians: Richard Thompson (from the folkish Fairport Convention) on guitar and dulcimer, Lounge Lizard and Feeble Anton Fier on drums and percussion, Eddie Thornton (ex-Boney M.) on trumpet and Young Marble Giant Philip Moshan on bass.

Basically a collection of odes to the simple joys of feeling alive, its sound is humorous as well as mysterious. Folk, rock, jazz, funk and Eastern influences are blended together, then released in an innovative montage of overlapping timbres. It's abrasive yet playful, shrill yet gentle.

Thomas views life as a paradox and revels in the depiction of its unvarnished contradictions. Within this comedy of manners and unsettling shifting patterns, Thomas is himself a walking paradox.

With his spongy behemoth bulk and *Eraserhead*-like nurdishness, he enacts the bungling fool, blinded by his own simple-minded naivete. Anyone familiar with his work, however, would probably agree that David Thomas is one of rock's most highly-stylized poets. A.

JERRY HARRISON: THE RED AND THE BLACK (Sire Records)

Harrison's the-keyboardist/guitarist for Talking Heads. On my initial cursory appraisal of the album I dismissed it (with the exception of the magnificent "The New Adventure" and the exotic "Worlds in Collision") as being simply another blah funk sound in the poly-rhythmic funk mode popularized by the Heads last year—and since replicated on several slavish retracks

by other bands.

Well, after a few more spins, I concluded that although the sound is, indeed, similarly constructed to the Heads' *Remain in Light*, Harrison's unique thematic approach as a lyricist is the collective reconstruction of our decaying civilization. In this respect, he seems to direct his remarks primarily toward the major racial minorities of the country—urging collective action in the organization of a new, network-based unity.

Apart from the two aforementioned tunes, other favorites are "Magic Hymn" and "No Warning, No Alarm," both dance tunes with interlocking layers of guitar, keyboards and vocals swirling above the funk-drivin' bottom.

Going out of his way to avoid endorsing the dead-end street of unalterable alienation, his parting sentiment, in essence, is that "Life's a gamble. Don't lose." Harrison's got a winning ticket with optimistic and persuasive go-round. B.

DAVID BYRNE: Songs From The Broadway Production of "THE CATHERINE WHEEL" (Sire Records)

The entire first side of Byrne's score for the Broadway musical choreographed and directed by Twyla Tharp sounds like the only thing he's done in years to justify the lavish press he gets for every old schizy ditty he churns out. But I guess those N.Y. critics need some figurehead to hang their hype on.

Judging from his bitter lyrics, the show is at least patially about a domestic estrangement. Surprisingly, a great deal of the music is more rock-tempered than the anticipated funk polyphony that Byrne's managed to make nearly synonymous with any latter-day NYC musical emanations.

"Two Soldiers" and "The Red House," both instrumentals, feature Eno in synched-out layers. On "The Red House" his Arabic ululations are processed through some electronic machine war. "My Big Hands Fall Through The Cracks" is a delightful surprise: a blues-like composition on which Byrne's vocals sound not unlike Captain Beefheart.

Though most of Byrne's music is generally cold-blooded, here and there he breaks his strategically-mounted veneer of civilization and lashes out in hot-blooded anger while remaining in character instead of hiding behind the defective games he's so fond of. B.

THE CARS: SHAKE IT UP! (Elektra Records)

These five electropop simps are now into so-called White European Dance Music (Kraftwerk, et al.) and, believe it or not, The Dave Clark Five's farfisa flash. God, isn't there *anyone* out there willing to gamble on something aside from the standard formulae?

Though this is a well-performed piece of music—a perfectly fine mosaic—The Cars haven't *ever* really equalled the complete sum of their parts. Aside from re-fueling the mild dismay and affected cool of Bryan Ferry into American Teenage, they've always been carefully designed model of conventionality.

The goods: "Cruiser" is a tough dance sound with worldly lyrics about the price of trying to find out the world with nothing but a poker face. A scary tune with a hypnotic riff, "A Dream Away" is about the consequences of life on the run. "Think It Over" is an irresistible dance groove that's impossible not to enter while it's playing but just as impossible to recall when the music's over. Perhaps they should change their name to The Car Parts—er, The Used Car Parts. B-.

HUMAN SEXUAL RESPONSE: IN A ROMAN MOOD (Passport Records)

Rock goes to college, oh yeah. Oh, *no!* Novella-like songs from this 7-member Boston band. Produced by Mike Thorne (who did the Wire classic *154* some years ago), the group has a raggedy-harmony folk sound like the Jefferson Airplane once did, with some Bryan Ferry cold-bloodedness, spiteful silliness reminiscent of *Dewey* and perhaps just a smidge of the Talking Heads disassociative technique.

Well-conceptualized, serious, thoughtful and ambitious, the songs



SCHEIZY DAVID BYRNE with friend Twyla: His blood runs hot and cold.

Richard Avedon

revolve around a predominant theme of dissipated energy spiralling downward as the entropic field proliferates.

"Land of the Glass Pinecones," a sprightly folk drone, is the only melody I can recall. "Marone Offering" and "Public-Hill 909" are vivid and graphically violent tunes with a sort of social conscience. What this album lacks are stronger, more compelling melodies and the kind of musical bomb that doesn't

hesitate to sink those hooks straight into the grey. C.

EMMYLOU HARRIS: CIMARRON (Warner Bros. Records)

Harris is an excellent singer. sort of a modern country ethnographer who chooses her material well and manages to generate a credible sympathy for the madonna-like sobbin' and a-pinin' she goes through. When not playing the sad-eyed lady of the freeways, she's generally

proclaiming how great it is to be a rosy-checked American beauty.

As per usual, she's rounded up some best country-pop musicians—Albert Lee and Ricky Skaggs among them—that money could provide.

She's done well again. While Em's the kinda girl who *always* got good grades in school, I *always* secretly suspected that she scorned "my type," which makes it a little difficult to welcome her into my home. B.

POP PREVIEW'S

by Adam Block

VKTMS, SILVERTONE, IMPATIENT YOUTH: The headliners have found a loyal following for ferocious pop for their controversial single "100% White Girl," reportedly about a singer's affection for Chinese heroin, and not a racist romance. Silvertone are regularly rockabilly headbangers, and IY ought to set a savage pace. A strong card. (Mabuhay, Dec. 11, 11 P.M., \$5).

WAYLON JENNINGS, THE CRICKETS, TONY JOE WHITE: The outlaw without a ponytail, Buddy Holly's original back-up band, and the Harry Chapin of C&W will be down on the revolving stage. (Circle Star, Dec. 11: 7:30 & 11 P.M., Dec. 12: 7 & 10:30 P.M., \$12.50).

WAILING SOULS, UPRISING.

JOE HIGGS & UNITY, HUGH MUNDALL, RASKIDUS: A mixed bag of a reggae festival. The Souls feature four gospel-calling vocalists, and Higgs is a soulful tenor who inspired Marley and Cliff. Uprising and Raskidus are local comers, and Mundall is 19 and self-declared "Prince of Reggae." The search for the new Bob Marley continues. (Japan Center, Dec. 12, 8 P.M., \$9; 11 P.M., \$11).

MILT JACKSON & RAY BROWN: A classic jazz pairing with Jackson (the incomparable vibes master and funky engine of the Modern Jazz Quartet) joining brilliant bassist Brown (who was impeccable on his duets with Duke Ellington for *This One's For Blanton* lp). These sets ought to be stunning. (Keystone Korner, Dec. 11-13, 9:30 & 11:30 P.M., \$8.50).

MARK MCCOLLUM, MIKE PRITCHARD: Two great white hopes of the local comedy scene, both fingered to follow Hesseman and Williams down the road to video glory, return to the club where the finest have honed their chops in a head to head showdown. (Boarding House, Dec. 11 & 12, 8 & 11 P.M., \$6).

OFFS, SILVERTONE, OUTSKIRTS: SF's ska-boys headline, with the winning rockably rebels behind, and a garage-pop-girl-group opening. Talk about covering the waterfront. (On Broadway, Dec. 12, 10 P.M., \$6).

OFFS, RHYTHM RIOT: Look for the Offs to feature their homo-suggestive "Why Boy" hit and the tightly revamped, "Wonderful World." The openers feature a woman lead singer who makes Deborah Lyall look svelte, and

mine reggae and funk to quirky effect. DJ Alan Robinson returns for his convalescence, and the children will all be dancing. (I-Beam, Dec. 14, 11 P.M., \$4).

DEAD KENNEDYS, TBA: SF's kinkpins of punk deliver such fierce glee that the fun is almost scary, and Jello Biafra's rapport with his fans rivals Springsteen's. At this price he's giving it away, and the venue is downright historic. (Mabuhay, Dec. 14 & 15, 10:30 P.M., \$4).

DON CHERRY, CHARLIE HADEN, BILLIE HIGGINS, JIM PEPPER: This is a reworking of the band Old And New Dreams that reunited Ornette coleman's original ground-breaking group. Here, drummer Higgins, another Ornette alumn, replaces the mighty Earl Blackwell. Pepper takes over Dewey Redman's slot, in what was originally Ornette's position. Beyond the musical chairs, look for breathtaking improvisational leaps and breathtaking playing. Sweet harmonies. (Keystone Korner, Dec. 15-20, 9 & 11 P.M., \$7).

EARTH, WIND, AND FIRE: Cosmic funk with the pop instincts of the Carpenters, and leader Maurice Williams knows how to throw an extravaganza worthy of a Coliseum. "I don't know why the Cow Palace is 'open seating,' unless they've dispensed with chairs on the floor but I'd bring a cattle prod and binoculars. (Oakland Coliseum, Dec. 16, 8 P.M., \$10.50 & \$12.50 res.; Cow Palace, Dec. 17, 8 P.M., \$12.50 adv., \$15 day).

RITA COOLIDGE: Her claims to fame in her solo career: a dirge-like reading of "Your Love Has Taken Me Higher," that earned her one critic's nomination as "Andy Williams with cleavage," and the fact that she recently dropped Kris Kristofferson. Well, name recognition she's got. (Old Wadford, Dec. 18, 8 & 11 P.M., \$10 adv., \$11 day).

KATE WOLF: A foot porch folkie, and a warm babe in the thick pines. Really Sue; you can leave the carpal tunnel home. (Great American Music Hall, Dec. 18, 8:30 P.M., \$6).

DEL SHANNON: In 1963 when the Beatles unleashed their second U.S. single "From Me To You," it peaked at #116 on the charts. Del Shannon got to #77 with the same tune a month earlier. He is best remembered, though, for his classic "Runaway." This year Bruce Springsteen brought his hero, Gary U.S. Bonds, out of the cowbuds and produced a tough lp for him. Tom Petty followed suit, working with Shannon. The acclaimed disc is in the stores, and now the man will be in town. Sweet history, have a memory. (Stone, Dec. 19, 8 & 11 P.M., \$6.50 adv., \$7.50 day).

PUNTS, ELEMENTS OF STYLE: With the two-sided hit, "Rochambeau"/"Shelly's Boy-friend," the Punts made a strong bid as this year's local pop great. Lately they've been making it work live. The Elements are well in their wake, but they'll be pushing the new single "Sacred Objects" and the drummer's skaller which counts as a dance club. (I-Beam, Dec. 21, 11 P.M., \$3).

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VIDAL

(Continued from page 4)

themselves have engaged in a good deal of discriminatory practices against others. There are businesses and professions [which ones? She is congenitally short of data] in which it is less than easy for a straight, unless he make the requisite gesture of propitiation to the homosexual in power, to get ahead. This, of course, was Hitler's original line about the Jews; they had taken over German medicine, teaching, law, journalism. Ruthlessly, they kept out gentiles; lecherously, they demanded sexual favors. "I simply want to reduce their number in these fields," Hitler told Prince Philip of Hesse. "I want them proportionate to their overall number in the population." This was the early solution; the final solution followed with equal logic.

In the 1950s, it was an article of faith in new-class circles that television had been taken over by fags. Now I happen to have known that most of the leading producers of that time and, of a dozen, the two who were interested in same-sex activities were both married to women who...did not drink. Neither man dared mix sex with business, every now and then an actor would say that he had not got work because he had refused to put out for a fag producer, but I doubt very much if there was ever any truth to what was to become a bright jack-o'-lantern in the McCarthy *Walpur-*

gismacht. When I was several thousand words into Decter's tirade, I suddenly realized that she does not know what homosexuality is. At some level she may have stumbled, by accident, on a truth that she would never have been able to comprehend in a rational way. Although to have sexual relations with a member of one's own sex is a common and natural activity (currently disapproved of by certain elements in this culture), there is no such thing as a homosexualist any more than there is such a thing as a heterosexualist. That is one of the reasons there has been so much difficulty with nomenclature. Despite John Boswell's attempts to give legitimacy to the word "gay," it is still a ridiculous word to use as a common identification for Frederick the Great, Franklin P. Bangborn and Eleanor Roosevelt. What makes some people prefer same-sex sex derives from

whatever impulse or conditioning makes some people prefer other sex. This is so plain that it seems impossible that our Mosaic-Pauline-Freudian society has not yet figured it out. But to ignore the absence of evidence is the basis of true faith.

Decter seems to think that yesterday's chic and silly boys on the beach and today's socially militant fags are simply, to use her verb, "adopting" what she calls, in her tastefully appointed English, a life style. On the other hand, "whatever

"It is hard for the new-class person to realize that Manhattan is not the world."

disciplines it might entail, heterosexuality is not something adopted but something accepted. Its woe—and they have of course nowhere been more exaggerated than in those areas of the culture consciously or unconsciously influenced by the propaganda of homosexuals—are experienced as the woe of life.

"Propaganda"—another key word. "Power." "Propitiation." "Domination." "What does the new class dream of?"

Decter now moves in the big artillery. Not only are fags silly and a nuisance but they are, in their unrelenting hatred of heterosexualists, given to depicting them in their plays and films and books as a bunch of klutzes, thereby causing truly good men and women to falter—even question—that warm, mature heterosexuality that is so necessary to keeping this country great while allowing new-class persons to make it materially.

Decter is in full cry. Fags are really imitation women, Decter persists in thinking that same-sexers are effeminate, swishy, girlish. It is true that a small percentage of homosexuals are indeed effeminate, just as there are effeminate heterosexualists. I don't know why this is so. No one knows why. Except Decter. She believes that this sort of female imitation pointed neither to sympathy with nor flattery of the female principle. Yet queens of the sort she is writing about tend to get on very well with women. But Decter can only cope with two stereotypes: the boys on the beach, miming about, and the drag political radicals of gay liberation. The millions of ordinary masculine types

are unknown to her because they are not identifiable by voice or walk and, most important, because they have nothing in common with one another except the desire to have same-sex relations. Or, put the other way around, since Lyndon Johnson and Bertrand Russell were both heterosexualists, what character traits did they have in common? I should think none at all. So it is with the invisible millions—now becoming less invisible—of same-sexers.

But Decter knows her Freud,

and reality may not intrude: "The desire to escape from the sexual reminder of birth and death, with its threat of paternity—that is, the displacement of oneself by others—was the main underlying desire that sent those Fire Island homosexuals into the arms of other men. Had it been the opposite desire—that is the positive attraction to the manly—at least half the boutiques, etc.," would have closed. Decter should take a stroll down San Francisco's Castro Street, where members of the present generation of fags look like off-duty policemen or construction workers. They have embraced the manly. But Freud has spoken. Fags are fags because they adored their mothers and hated their poor, hard-working daddies. It is amazing the credence still given this unproven, unprovable thesis.

Curiously enough, as I was writing these lines, expressing yet again the unacceptable obvious, I ran across Ralph Blumenthal's article in *The New York Times* (August 25), which used "unpublished letters and growing research into the hidden life of Sigmund Freud" to examine "Freud's reversal of his theory attributing neurosis in adults to sexual seduction in childhood" despite the evidence given by his patients. Freud decided that their memories of molestation were "phantasies." He then appropriated from the high culture (a real act of hubris) Oedipus the King, and made him a complex. Freud was much criticized for this theory at the time—particularly by Sándor Ferenczi. Now, as we learn more about Freud (not to mention about

the sexual habits of Victorian Vienna as reported in police records), his theory is again under attack. Drs. Milton Klein and David Tribich have written a paper titled "On Freud's Blindness." They have studied his case histories and observed how he ignored evidence, how "he looked to the child and only to the child, in uncovering the causes of psychopathology." Dr. Karl Menninger wrote Dr. Klein about these findings: "Why oh why couldn't Freud believe his own ears?" Dr. Menninger then noted, "Seventy-five per cent of the girls we accept at the Villages have been molested in childhood by an adult. And that's today in Kansas! I don't think Vienna in 1900 was any less sophisticated."

In the same week as Blumenthal's report on the discrediting of the Oedipus complex, researchers at the Kinsey Institute reported (*The Observer*, August 30) that after studying 979 homosexuals—"the largest sample of homosexuals—black and white, male and female—ever questioned in an academic study" and 477 heterosexualists, they came to the conclusion that family life has nothing to do with sexual preference. Apparently, "homosexuality is deep-rooted in childhood, may be biological in origin, and simply shows in more and more important ways as a child grows older. It is not a condition which therapy can reverse." Also, "homosexual feelings begin as much as three years before any sort of homosexual act, undermining theories that homosexuality is learned through experience." There goes the teacher as seducer and pervert myth. Finally, "Psychiatrists' theories about smothering mum and absent dad do not stand investigation. Patients may tend to believe that they are true because therapists subtly coach them in the appropriate memories of their family life."

Some years ago, gay activists came to *Harper's*, where Decter was an editor, to demonstrate against an article by Joseph Epstein, who had announced, "If I had the power to do so, I would wish homosexuality off the face of the earth." Well, that's what Hitler had the power to do in German, and came—or tried to do. The confrontation at *Harper's* now provides Decter with her theme. She tells us that one of the demonstrators asked, "Are you aware of how many suicides you may be responsible for in the 'homosexual community'?" I suspect that she is leaving out the context of this somewhat leftfield *cri de coeur*. After all, homosexuals have more to fear from murder than suicide. I am sure that the actual conversation had to do with the sort of mischievous effect that Epstein's Hitlerian piece might have had on those fagbaiters who read it.

But Decter slyly zeroes in on the word "suicide." She then develops a most unusual thesis, homosexualists hate themselves to such an extent that they wish to become extinct either through inviting

(Continued on page 16)

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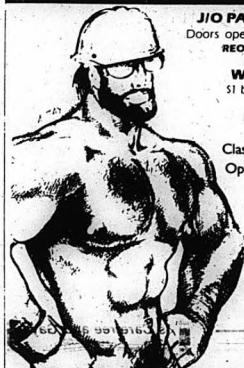
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VIDAL

(Continued from page 14)

murder or committing suicide. She notes that in a survey of San Francisco's homosexual men, half of them "claimed to have had sex with at least five hundred people." This "bespeaks the obliteration of all experience, if not, indeed, of oneself." Plainly Decter has a Mosaic paradigm forever in mind and any variation on it is abominable. Most men—homos or hetero—given the opportunity to have sex with 500 different people would do so, gladly; but most men are not going to be given the opportunity by a society that wants them safely married so they will be docile workers and loyal consumers. They do not suit our rulers to have the proles tom-cattling around the way that our rulers do. I can assure Decter that the thirty-fifth President went to bed with more than 500 women and that the well-known...but I must not give away the secrets of the old class or the newly-middle-class or the newly-middle-class class will go into shock.

Meanwhile according to Decter, "many homosexuals are nowadays engaged in efforts at obliteration...there is the appalling rate of suicide among them." But the rate is not appreciably higher than that for the rest of the population. In any case, most who do commit—or contemplate—suicide do so because they cannot cope in a world where they are, to say the least, second-class citizens. But Decter is now entering uncharted country. She also has a point to make; "What is undeniable is the increasing longing among the homosexuals to do away with themselves—if not in the actual physical sense then at least spiritually—a longing whose chief emblem, among others, is the leather bars."

So Epstein will not be obliged to press that button in order to get rid of the fags. They will do it themselves. Decter ought to be pleased by this but it is not in her nature to be pleased by anything the same-sexers do. If they get married and have children and swear fealty to the family gods of the new class, their wives will...drink. If they live openly with one another, they have fled from woman and real life. If they pursue careers in the arts, heteros will have to be on guard against vicious covert assaults on heterosexual values. If they congregate in the fashion business the way that Jews do in psychiatry, they will employ only those heterosexuals who will put out for them.

Decter is appalled by the fag "takeover" of San Francisco. She tells us about the "ever deepening resentment of the San Francisco straight community at the homosexuals' defiant displays and power [power?] over this city," but five paragraphs later she contradicts herself: "Having to a very great extent overcome revulsion of common opinion, are they left with some kind of unappetized hunger that only their own feelings of hatredfulness can now satisfy?"

There it is. *They are hateful.* They know it. That is why they want to eliminate themselves. "One thing is certain," Decter finds a lot of certainty around, "To become homosexual is a weighty act." She still has not got the point that one does not choose to have same-sex impulses; one simply has them, as everyone has, to a greater or lesser degree, other-sex impulses, to deny giving physical expression to those desires may be pleasing to Moses and St. Paul and Freud, but these three rabbis are aberrant figures whose nomadic values are not those of the thousands of other tribes that live or have lived on the planet. Women's and gay liberation are simply small efforts to free men

and women from this trio.

Decter writes, "Taking oneself out of the tides of ordinary mortal existence is not something one does from any longing to think oneself ordinary (but only following a different 'life-style')." I don't quite grasp this sentence. Let us move on to the next: "Gay Lib has been an effort to set the weight of that act at naught, to define homosexuality as nothing more than a casual option among options." Gay lib has done just the opposite. After all, people are what they are sexually not through "adoption" but because that is the way they are structured. Some people do shift about in the course of a life. Also, most of those with same-sex drives do indeed "adopt" the heterosexual life style because they don't want to go to prison or to the madhouse or become unemployable. Obviously, there is an option but it is a hard one that ought not to be forced on any human being. After all, homosexuality is only important when made so by irrational opponents. In this, as in so much else, the Jewish situation is precisely the same.

Decter now gives us not a final solution so much as a final conclusion: "In accepting the movement's terms [hardly anyone has, by the way], heterosexuals have only raised to a nearly intolerable height the costs of the homosexuals' flight from normality." The flight, apparently, is deliberate, a matter of perverse choice, a misunderstanding of daddy, a passion for mommy, a fear of responsibility. Decter threatens her clichés like Teclas on a string: "Faced with the accelerating round of drugs, S-M and suicide, can either the movement or its heterosexual sympathizers imagine they have done anyone a kindness?"

Although the kindness of strangers is much sought after, gay liberation has not got much support from anyone. Natural allies like the Jews are often virulent in their attacks. Blacks in their ghettos, Chicanos in their barrios and rednecks in their pulpits also have been influenced by the same tribal taboos. That Jews and blacks and Chicanos and rednecks all contribute to the ranks of the same-severs only increases the madness. But the world of the Dectors is a world of perfect illogic.

Herewith the burden of "The Boys on the Beach": since homosexuals choose to be the way they are out of idle hatredfulness, it has been a mistake to allow them to come out of the closet to the extent that they have, but now that they are out (which most are not), they will have no choice but to face up to their essential hatredfulness and abnormality and so be driven to kill themselves with promiscuity, drugs, S-M and suicide. Not even the authors of *The Protocols of the Elders of Zion* ever suggested that the Jews, who were so hateful to them, were also hateful to themselves. So Decter has managed to go one step further than the *Protocols*' authors; she is indeed a virtuoso of hate, and thus do pogroms begin.

Tricks is the story of an author—Rene Camus himself—who has twenty-five sexual encounters in the course of six months. Each of these encounters involves a pick-up. Extrapolating from Camus's sexual vigor at the age of 35, I would suspect that he has already passed the 500 mark and so is completely obliterated as a human being. If he is, he still writes very well indeed. He seems to be having a good time, and he shows no sign of wanting to kill himself, but then that may be a front he's keeping up. I am sure that Decter will be able to tell just how close he is to OD'ing.

From his photograph, Camus appears to have a lot of hair on his chest. I don't know about the

shoulders, as they are covered, modestly, with a shirt. Perhaps he is Jewish. Roland Barthes wrote an introduction to *Tricks*. For a time, Barthes was much admired in American academe. But then, a few years ago, Barthes began to write about his same-sexual inclinations; he is now mentioned a bit less than he was in the days before he came out, as they say.

Barthes notes that Camus's book is a "text that belongs to literature." It is not pornographic. It is also not a homosexual "Novel" in that there are no deep, anguished chats about homosexuality. In fact, the subject is never mentioned; it just is. Barthes remarks, "Homosexuality shocks less [well, he is—or was—Frend], but continues to be interesting; it is still at that stage of excitement where

attached to homosexuality in the French intellectual world where, presumably, there is no equivalent of the new class, the feeling among the lower classes is still intense, a memento of the now exhausted (in France) Roman Catholic Church's old dirty work ("I don't understand the French Catholics," said John Paul II). As a result, many "refuse to grant their tastes because they live in such circumstances, in such circles, that their desires are not only for themselves inadmissible but inconceivable, unspeakable."

It is hard to describe a book that is itself a description, and that is what *Tricks* is—a flat, matter-of-fact description of how the narrator meets the tricks, what each says to the other, where they go, how the rooms are furnished and what the

that he exaggerates, but not much. Of course, he is a Moslem.

The family, as we know it, is an economic, not a biological unit. I realize that this is starting news in this culture and at a time when the economics of both East and West require that the nuclear family be, simply, God. But our ancestors did not live as we do. They lived in packs of hundreds of millennia before "history" began, a mere 5,000 years ago. Whatever social arrangements human society may come up with in the future, it will have to be acknowledged that those children who are needed should be rather more thoughtfully brought up than they are today and that those adults who do not care to be fathers or mothers should be left off the hook. This is beginning, slowly, to dawn. Hence, the concerted effort to deny the human ordinariness of same-sexualists, a recent attempt to portray such a person sympathetically on television was abandoned when the Christians rose up in arms.

Although I would never suggest that Truman Capote's bright wit and sweet charm as a television performer would not have easily achieved for him his present stardom had he been a heterosexualist, I do know that if he had not existed in his present form, another would have been run up on the old sewing machine because that sort of *persona* must be, for a whole nation, the stereotype of what a fag is. Should some macho film star like Clint Eastwood, say, decide to confess on television that he is really into same-sex sex, the cathode tube would blow a fuse. That could never be allowed. That is all wrong. That is how the Roman Empire fell.

There is not much angst in *Tricks*. No one commits suicide—but there is one sad story. A militant leftist friend of Camus's was a teacher in

the south of France. He taught 14-year-old members of that oldest of all the classes, the exploited laborer. One of his pupils saw him in a fag bar and spread the word. The students began to torment what had been a favorite teacher. "These are little proles," he tells Camus, "and Mediterranean besides—which means they're obsessed by every possible macho myth, and by homosexuality as well. It's all they can think about." One of the boys, an Arab, followed him down the street, screaming "Faggot!" It was as if he had finally found someone onto whom he could project his resentment, someone he could hold in contempt with complete peace of mind.

This might explain the ferocity of the new class on the subject. They know that should the bad times return, the Jews would be singled out yet again. Meanwhile, like so many Max Naumanns (Naumann was a German Jew who embraced Nazism), the new class passionately supports our ruling class—from the Chase Manhattan Bank to the Pentagon to the Op-Ed page of *The Wall Street Journal*—while holding in fierce contempt what they think their rulers hold in contempt: faggots, blacks (see Norman Podhoretz's "My Negro Problem and Ours," *Commentary*, February 1963) and the poor (see *Midge Decter's Looting and Liberal Racism*, *Commentary*, September 1977). Since these neo-Naumanns are going to be in the same gas chambers as the blacks and the faggots, I would suggest a ceasefire and a common front against the common enemy, whose kindly voice is that of Ronald Reagan and whose less than kindly mind is elsewhere in the board rooms of the Republic.

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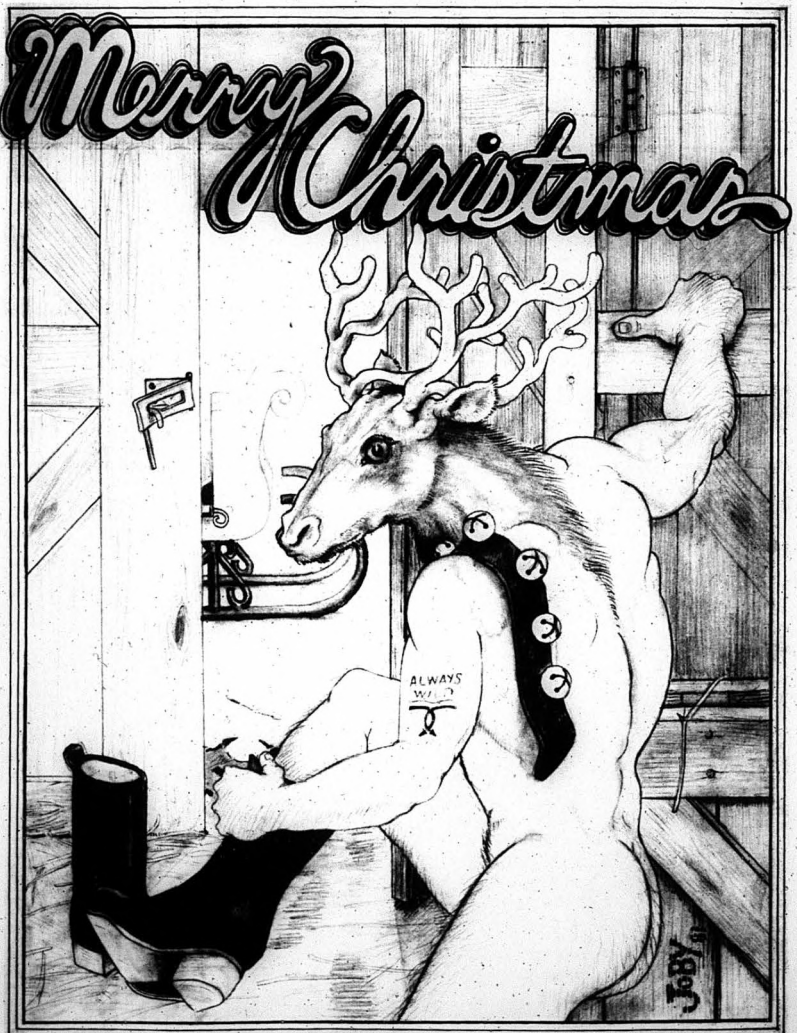
"Homosexuality is only important when made so by irrational opponents."

it provokes what might be called feats of discourse [see "The Boys on the Beach," no mean feat]. Speaking of homosexuality permits those who aren't to show how open, liberal, and modern they are; and those who are to bear witness, to assume responsibility, to militate. Everyone gets busy, in different ways, whipping it up. You can say that again! And Barthes does. But with a nice variation. He makes the point that you are never allowed not to be categorized. But then, "say 'I am' and you will be socially saved." Here the passion for the either/or.

Camus does not set out to give a panoramic view of homosexuality. He comments, in his preface, on the variety of homosexual expressions. Although there is no stigma

men do. One of the tricks is; a number are very hairy—the narrator has a Decterian passion for the furry; there is a lot of anal and banal sex as well as oral and floral sex. *Frivole* flows. Most of the encounters take place in France, but there is one in Washington, D.C., with a black man. There is a good deal of comedy, in the Raymond Roussel manner.

Tricks will give ammunition to those new-class persons and redneck divines who find promiscuity every bit as abominable as same-sex relations. But that is the way men are when they are given freedom to go about their business unmolested. One current Arab ruler boasts of having ten sexual encounters a day, usually with different women. A diplomat who knows him says



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