

# The Sentinel

Vol. 9, No. 4

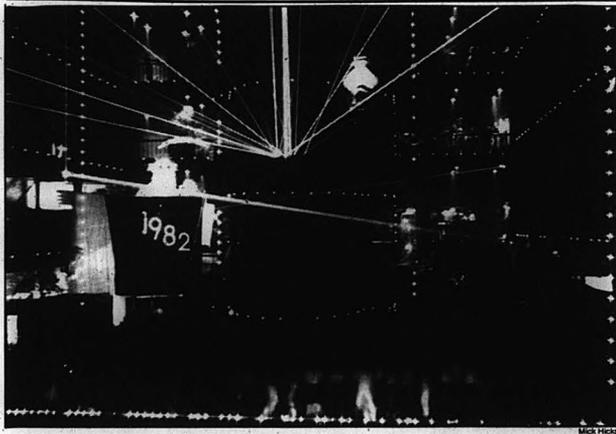
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Next Deadline: January 15 Next Issue: January 21

January 7, 1982



SOONER OR LASER. Thousand's disco in the new year as Laser Media's light show radiated throughout the Galleria at Conceptual Entertainment's RESOLUTIONS 82 party.

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### Vidal To Address GGBA Dinner January 28

Gore Vidal will deliver the keynote address to the Golden Gate Business Association's eighth annual installation and awards dinner, association officials announced this week. The novelist, social critic, raconteur, wit, and possible U.S. Senate candidate joins comic Robin Tyler and S.F. Municipal Court Judge Mary Morgan on the January 28 program. Tyler will emcee the event, and the openly lesbian judge will deliver brief remarks. G.G.B.A. executive director Kim Cortright said. The association will also present its annual community-service and member-service awards at the dinner.

Cortright said Vidal would offer "one variation or another" of his current "state of the state" speech. In a recent *Nation* essay reprinted in the *Sentinel*, Vidal roundly attacked neo-conservative, anti-gay stereotyping.

G.G.B.A. officers for 1982 are Roger Gross, president; Bob Coglianese, vice-president; Laurie McBride, secretary; and Bill Clark, treasurer.

Cocktails begin at 6:30, and dinner is at 8:00, at the Golden Gateway Holiday Inn on Van Ness Ave. Tickets are \$35 in advance, \$40 at the door.



Gore Vidal

### Nurse's First-Person Story Continues

## Coming Out As A Gay Cancer Patient

by Bobbi Campbell, R.N.  
What? Another story on gay cancer?  
Well, I've lived nearly thirty years, each year filled with adventure. I had to come to terms with a cancer diagnosis in 1981—a crisis topped only by coming to terms with my homosexuality in 1970.

The adjustment process in those two situations was similar. I had to acknowledge to myself that I really was in a particular situation, that I had not chosen to be there, but I could choose what I would do in response, and I especially could decide how public or private I wanted to be.

Gayness, like a cancer diagnosis, is socially stigmatized, and it can be concealed or divulged. Homosexuals, unlike racial or ethnic minorities, women, or obese people, can generally escape social censure by hiding that which makes them different.

Obviously, a closet can be socially protective. However, it can be a psychological disadvantage if the closeted gay person internalizes the oppression. Then, the person blames him or herself rather than the intolerance of a homophobic society.

If it never occurred to you that a cancer diagnosis is a ticket to minority status, think again. People have lost their jobs, their homes, their friends, and their lives because of others' reactions to their illness.

Less extreme, but also frustrating, is the stereotyping that is often associated with cancer. I walked into a friend's office and saw his face turn pale. Later he told me that when he'd heard I had cancer, he assumed it was fatal and he was surprised to see me looking so well.

In many cases, people with cancer can conceal their illness. Since I only have purple spots on my feet, no one would know I have Kaposi's Sarcoma if I didn't tell them.

Thus, people with cancer, as well as gay people, are faced with

the questions, "Who should I tell, and why?" Acknowledging oneself to one's friends and family is an important step and one which is fraught with hazards.

All of us know lesbians and gay men who have not come out to their family, or who did so with disastrous results. On the other hand, if this disclosure is met with acceptance and love, it is a growing experience for all concerned.

Obviously, everyone's circumstances are different. If you work for the F.B.I., and it's important for you to keep your job, then it's probably in your interests not to come out. In general, I encourage gay people to be as open as they safely can. It's healthier for you not to have to disguise an important part of your life. It's educational for the straight community, which may not have realized how widespread and diverse we gays are.

A person diagnosed with cancer also faces the issue of coming out. Here again, every person has a different style, and every situation is unique.

My lover told me in no uncertain terms that if he were ever to get cancer, he wouldn't even tell me. I, on the other hand, have told anyone who stopped long enough to listen.

Hopefully, I'm helping to educate our community about these illnesses that are striking gay men. Several brothers have called to tell me that they became worried for themselves after reading this column and sought medical attention. One man was indeed diagnosed with Kaposi's Sarcoma. His early diagnosis greatly improves his prognosis. Also, my openness has won me a lot of personal support in a time of crisis.

It hasn't all been smooth, however. In late October, 1981, my doctor told me that the painless, flat purple spots on the soles of my feet were Kaposi's Sarcoma—the so-called "gay cancer." I spent the first two weeks of November

(Continued to page 5)

## Murder Suspect Sought

by Jerome Szymczak

Police have issued a warrant for the arrest of Frank Anthony Baca as a prime suspect in the December 19 slaying of musician Sean McLarnon.

Police described Baca as a light-skinned, Latino male in his early twenties, with brown eyes and black hair. He is approximately 5'7" tall, 155 pounds, with tattoos on both hands. Police Lieutenant Larry Gray said he is considered armed and dangerous. Gray added that "there is strong evidence" implicating Baca, but he declined to specify what that evidence is.

McLarnon, 50, was shot to death in his car at Eighth and Townsend Streets shortly after midnight on the Saturday before Christmas. He lived at 701 Taylor Street. A witness heard shots about 12:30 A.M. and saw someone running from McLarnon's 1965 Cadillac. The *San Francisco Chronicle* reported it was so dark, however, "that no description of the suspect could be given."

Police have pinpointed robbery as a possible motive. McLarnon's wallet was missing, but investiga-



WANTED FOR MURDER: Frank Anthony Baca

tors found some cash in the victim's pocket.

McLarnon had worked as a cocktail-hour pianist at Napper Tandy's restaurant in the Hyatt-Union Square Hotel.

Nikos Diaman, a San Francisco author and publisher, said that he and McLarnon were lovers for a brief period some twenty years ago.

### 'Most Homophobic State'

## Oklahoma Supreme Court O.K.s Gay Student Group

by Russ Kahn

The Oklahoma Supreme Court has confirmed the right of a gay students' group to receive official recognition from the University of Oklahoma. The court ordered the university's Regents to grant recognition to the group.

The December 30 decision followed a five-year court battle. Gay Rights Advocates counsel Don Knutson called it "a benchmark for college gay groups nationwide." G.R.A. joined the case as a "friend of the court" on appeal in 1978.

American Civil Liberties Union lawyer Glenn Rawden argued the case for the U. of Oklahoma Gay Activists Alliance. In San Francisco, Knutson said, "This issue is now decided as far as I am concerned."

University Regents will decide at their January monthly meeting whether to appeal the latest ruling to the U.S. Supreme Court. University officials did not return phone calls inquiring about the matter.

Gay groups at the University of Missouri, Texas A & M, the University of New Hampshire, and the University of Virginia won similar decisions in the last ten years. But Knutson said the Oklahoma decision "put the final nail in the coffin."

"Oklahoma is probably the most homophobic state in the union. It has to be the worst place to live if you are gay." He added that the ruling comes at a time when a resurgence of right-wing support is setting back some advances of gay groups.

Justice Randolph Hargrave, writing for the Supreme Court, said in the 14-page decision, "mere undifferentiated fear of apprehension on the part of the University Regents or disagreement with philosophy, no matter how repugnant to these officials, is not enough to overcome First Amendment freedoms."

The university's student congress denied official recognition to the gay student group three times beginning in October, 1976. The Regents upheld those decisions.

Official status entitles a group to apply for funds from the student congress and to use campus buildings.

But John Mehring, the president of the gay student group

when the suit was filed, said the court action was taken more "to bring out just how much discrimination and prejudice there is against gay people in Oklahoma."

Mehring, who now lives in San Francisco, said he doubted that the action would be won on appeal after being denied in a lower court.

In that decision, District Judge Alma Wilson said, "There is no constitutional guarantee against discrimination with reference to sexual orientation or sex preference."

In the suit Mehring said his group was organized "to advocate the elimination of legal discrimination against homosexuals, to insure the integrity of the individual regardless of orientation, against personal and social prejudice and to affirm positive self image of the homosexual."

Knutson hopes the state supreme court decision will improve the ACLU's chances of winning a suit in federal district court in Oklahoma opposing a law which requires that all gay teachers be fired. "The psychology is the same. They are forcing gays into the closet," Knutson said.

The ACLU has had difficulty finding teachers willing to take the stand in that suit because they fear they will lose their jobs, Knutson said. Nonetheless, he hopes that the state supreme court decision will ease sentiments against gays.

Meanwhile, Knutson is now focusing his attention on the right of gay groups to be recognized at private colleges. Those cases, involving the University of San Francisco and Georgetown University, cannot be argued on the same constitutional grounds because the institutions are private, Knutson said. Those schools are trying to sidestep local ordinances on religious grounds. Both are Jesuit Catholic schools.

Knutson said the suits should be helped out by a December 8 U.S. Supreme Court ruling that said public universities must allow religious groups to meet on their campuses.

When it ruled against the University of Oklahoma, the state supreme court denied the gay students' request for attorney's fees. The court granted the Regents immunity from liability, saying they did not act with malicious intent.

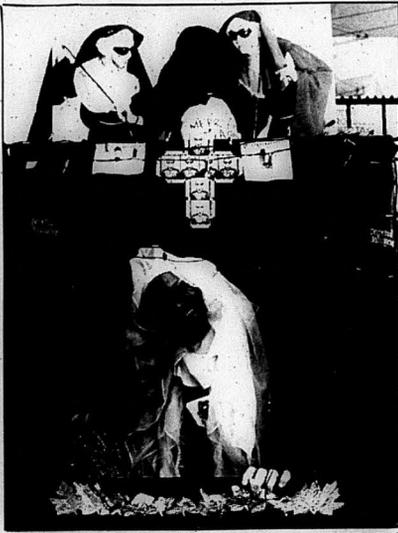


### Plus Peak or Bust!

Police officers Winfred Jew (left) and Kelvin Lai (right) attempt to take Sister Plus Peak of Colorado into custody.

Police cited two other sisters for peddling without a license to take Sister Plus Peak of Colorado into custody and CUAV intervention narrowly averted a riot. The two sisters who were cited later met with Mayor Feinstein. Stories on page 2.

Greg Luby



A SISTER OF PERPETUAL INDULGENCE spread the message of "joy without guilt" at 18th St. in Castro before the police arrived on Christmas Eve.

# Police Cite Castro 'Nuns'

by Greg Day  
A riot nearly ensued on Christmas Eve when two San Francisco police officers attempted to force the Sisters of Perpetual Indulgence from the corner of 18th and Castro. Over 100 people gathered and became so angry when the police began arresting one sister that the police decided to withdraw. Police did, however, issue citations to two sisters for peddling without a permit.

The events began when several sisters set up their confessional booth outside the Hibernia Bank at 2 P.M. They started preaching their message of joy without guilt and distributing "holy cards," T-shirts, and ashes of the Folsom Street fire ("holy relics") in return for suggested donations. Other groups and artists had also set up tables and displays at the busy corner.

Around 3 P.M., two police officers told everyone set up at the corner to leave. One man reported that the police told him that someone in the bank had complained about the large Salvadorian flag which his group had attached to the building. The Salvadorians removed the flag but, along with the sisters, remained at the corner.

Soon, a police car stopped at the intersection and announced through its loudspeaker, "You've

been told to leave before, and you have five minutes to move." The patrol car was on the opposite side of 18th Street, and its message was difficult to understand above the roar of traffic and the crowd. The sisters ignored the message.

Ten minutes later, the car returned, and Officers Winfred Jew and Kelvin Lai emerged to tell the sisters to leave because they were peddling without a license. Sisters Adhanarsura (Ken Bunch) and Missionary Position (Fred Brungard) protested that they were merely "spreading joy as we have always done on this corner."

When the officers demanded to see identification, the two sisters at first complained of "discrimination and harassment." They eventually produced identification, and the officers cited them.

The corner became increasingly crowded as people gathered to observe the events. Several onlookers yelled at the police, "This is our neighborhood. Get out!"

The police also demanded identification from the only other sister then present in habit, Sister Pius Peak. Sister Position explained that Peak was a visitor from Colorado and had not been involved in the "distribution of holy relics." One of the officers said they would have to take Peak to the police station. At this point, two more police patrol cars arrived, and a sergeant joined the officers.

The crowd spilled into the street as it grew larger and noisier. Sister Position angrily told the police, "Honey, you have made your point! Now, why don't you leave? The crowd yelled its support.

Officer Jew then grabbed Sister Peak by the arm and bent his wrist backwards. Many in the crowd blew their whistles and yelled, "Cops go home!"

Sister Peak calmly said, "Please let go. This is ridiculous. I'm not resisting." Officer Jew let go, and Sister Peak escaped through the crowd, ran into a shop, and changed into "secular" attire. He later returned to the scene unnoticed.

People continued to join the crowd from all directions. As the two officers moved through the crowd to their car, Officer Lai shoved a gay man who was yelling and knocked him to the pavement.

As the whistles and screams continued, Community United Against Violence director Bob Smith reasoned with the sergeant in charge. Smith said he told him they should leave the area, since their presence was moving the situation towards a riot.

Smith said the sergeant told him they would leave this time but wouldn't be "so polite" the next time.

Smith said he replied, "I hope that I don't have to quote you in court."  
As the police were leaving, Smith heard Officer Jew tell one man, "Get out of the street, faggot." Others in the crowd heard the same thing. Smith said the man, who did not want his name released, is planning a formal complaint in the courts or to the police department's Internal Affairs Bureau.

(Police spokesperson Sgt. Steve Johnson later said that the department considers the use of such slurs "conduct unbecoming a police officer." If reported, it usually results in disciplinary action, Johnson noted.)  
C.U.A.V. reported the presence of police department "tac squad" units in the area during the remainder of the afternoon. The Sisters of Perpetual Indulgence remained at the corner until 8 P.M.

Sister Position said the event was an example of "how they stop community..." They stop people from gathering and talking to each other on the street. This is the corner where we confronted the Moral Majority and where we had our dog show.

Several sisters have expressed concern that whether they are found guilty or not, their fingerprints will be entered in national computer files. They regard this permanent record as a form of punishment.

Sister Position said, "It's the bully again. It's the bully I knew from sixth grade."

The citations order the sisters to appear at 8 A.M. on January 19 in room 425 of the Hall of Justice.

The Sisters of Perpetual Indulgence have designated Greg Day a "Saint" of their order.

# Bathhouse Job Fees On Way Out

The San Francisco Board of Supervisors' Finance Committee voted, 2-0, on January 6 to recommend that the full board abolish the permits, fingerprinting, and fees required of bathhouse employees. The board will first hear the measure on January 11 and could give it final passage by January 18, according to Del Dawson, Administrative Assistant to Supervisor Les Dolson.

Supervisors Dolson and Richard Hongisto introduced the measure on December 21. At the committee meeting, Dawson read a letter from Police Chief Con Murphy which stated that there was no record of criminal activities among those employees. There was therefore no further justification for the permit and fingerprint requirements, Dawson quoted Murphy.

Dawson said Dolson had requested Murphy's opinion. Dolson was unable to attend the hearing because of the death of his mother. Supervisors Hongisto and Louise Renne both supported the measure.

Dawson said that Mayor Dianne Feinstein "has been fully informed on this matter and would have no reason not to sign the legislation."

Dolson and Hongisto introduced the amendment to abolish the employee permit system after protests from bathhouse owners and employees. On December 18, the city raised the fees from a once-only \$28.50 to an \$86.50 initial charge and \$36 annual renewal fee.

At a December press conference, Suro Baths owner Bill Jones called the new fees "outrageous" and "illegal." He said the average employee works at a bathhouse for only six months and is paid only the minimum wage.

Jones noted that the city transferred control of the permits from the health department to the police department sometime in the 1930s.

# Sisters 'Counsel' Mayor

Representatives of the Sisters of Perpetual Indulgence met with Mayor Dianne Feinstein January 4 to discuss their Christmas Eve confrontation with the San Francisco police. Sister Missionary Position and Sister Adhanarsura (Adi) both reported, however, that they spent most of their time "counseling the mayor about her hangups, and that could have gone on for hours."

After the sidewalk confrontation, Community United Against Violence director Bob Smith suggested that the sisters attend the mayor's next meeting with "gay community leaders." Smith said he asked one of the mayor's aides about inviting Sister Position (a.k.a. Fred Brungard) to the meeting. Smith said the aide said it would be no problem and that the sister could be added to the C.U.A.V. delegation.

When Sister Position (in habit) and Sister Adi (a.k.a. Ken Bunch, and not in habit) arrived at the mayor's office, Deputy Mayor Hadley Roff inquired about Sister Position's presence.

Roff twice asked Sister Position not to enter the meeting. He said it would best for the sister to wait until a time at the end of the agenda. Smith asked that Sister Position be placed at the top of the agenda. Position reiterated his desire to participate in the full meeting, which would discuss police disciplinary problems.

Smith said it became clear to him that Position's attire was part of the issue. Sister Adi, in "secular" clothes, entered the meeting unhindered.

Roff later denied that Position had ever been invited and that the sister's clothing had anything to do with being excluded from the meeting. Roff added that he had admitted no one whom he knew to be one of the Sisters of Perpetual

Indulgence.  
Sister Adi reported that one man at the "leader's meeting" asked why Position had been excluded. The mayor responded that she wanted to focus on "the total issue" and not "isolated examples" and that she wanted to maintain a group continuity in these regular meetings.

Adi said that he asked the mayor or her position on selective enforcement. He said she responded that "as long as she was mayor, all the laws of San Francisco would be enforced equally."

When that meeting adjourned, Adi said, the mayor asked Sister Position into the office. Adi said that Police Chief Con Murphy, police-gay-community liaison officer Paul Seidler, Bob Smith and Carl McMillin of C.U.A.V., District Attorney's investigator Ron Huberman, and Adi remained.

Huberman opened the meeting. Adi reported, by asking that the specifics of the December 24 incident not be discussed because the court case was still pending. Smith nonetheless outlined the occurrence and explained his position that "people on both sides did not use their best judgement."

Adi compared the Christmas Eve situation to the Castro Street mini-riot which preceded the May 21, 1979, riot at City Hall by less than two weeks. Adi said that the mayor and police chief did not comment on the December 24 incident.

"A half-hour of encounter-group therapy for the mayor" then ensued, according to Adi.

Adi said the mayor opened by saying she was "offended by our appearance," and that she repeatedly commented about "standing on streetcorners in habit wearing dildos."

"How can you dress like that?" Adi quoted Feinstein as saying.

"There are real nuns who have taken vows of chastity and sequestered themselves all their lives. How can you be so offensive? Theater is theater in a hall but not on the street."

Adi said that Position replied that theirs was a spiritual order dedicated to "joy and the expiation of guilt."

The mayor, Adi reported, replied: "I don't see anything spiritual about it. What about John Doe who works 40 hours a week and is religious and faithful to his wife? Aren't you offensive to him?"

Adi said he questioned the mayor or whether such a person actually exists.

Deputy Mayor Roff later reported that he was in and out of the meeting and did not hear everything. He confirmed that the mayor called the sisters' behavior "offensive to the average person on the street" and "a mockery of real nuns." Roff could neither confirm nor deny that the mayor talked a lot about dildos.

Adi said that he and Position explained to Feinstein that each person perceives the Sisters of Perpetual Indulgence through his or her own hangups. Making people aware of their hangups and raising their consciousness, the sisters said, was their mission.

Adi said C.U.A.V.'s McMillin then explained the concept of consciousness to Feinstein. Huberman and others present, Adi continued, explained the sisters' importance to the gay community and why the community felt threatened at the Christmas Eve incident.

As the meeting ended, Adi said, Position asked Police Chief Murphy if he would like to get together and discuss his Catholic background. Adi said Murphy declined: "Some things are better left undiscussed."

-Greg Day

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### 'Sexual Orientation' Soon on State Job Notices

State job notices leaving Sacramento after next week will contain a sexual-orientation non-discrimination clause, according to a state official. Charles Walter of the state personnel board's Public Employment and Affirmative Action Division said the addition of the phrase to the civil-service announcements had been delayed by holiday vacations.

Early in December, Walter had promised that some job notices would be changed by the year's end.

Walter reported that the "master bulletin" showing the change was now due in his office on January 7. After January 11, all announcements would be prepared on the new form. Those would go out later in the week.

Governor Jerry Brown issued an executive order in 1979 directing all state agencies not to discriminate against gay persons in hiring or other personnel matters.

## 3 Groups Plan January 20 Dance

Black, white and Asian gays and lesbians will be celebrating together at *Menage a Trois*, an intercultural social event at the Endup on Wednesday, January 20th from 8 P.M. to 2 A.M. The event includes dancing to music of the '60s, '70s, and '80s and a complimentary buffet.

The Association of Lesbian and Gay Asians (ALGA), Black and White Men Together, and Stonewall Gay Democratic Club are jointly sponsoring the event. These three organizations believe this to be the first time any three such groups have jointly staged an event. Cover charge is \$1.00, and the bar is no-host. Information about the three clubs will be available, but the evening is primarily

social. Friends of all three groups are welcome.

Stonewall Gay Democratic Club, which has led the community in many actions during the years since its formation in 1975, has been instrumental in bringing this event together. Black & White Men Together will produce the decor of the occasion, which will feature the music of recent decades. ALGA will have charge of door admissions and the table of information materials. In this three-way host operation, the title *Menage a Trois* will become a reality. The Endup is already familiar to many of the people involved in staging this event. Its owner, Al Hanken, is a member of Stonewall Gay Democratic Club.

### Cable Car Awards Set for February 7

The Journalism Committee of the 1982 Cable Car Awards & Show will this week begin preparing their nominations for this year's presentation. Now in its eighth year, the event will be presented Sunday, February 7th at the Japan Center Theatre.

The categories for journalism have been modified from previous years. The Journalism Committee will choose the winners in four categories. They are outstanding achievement in breaking news, in feature writing and in entertainment writing. The committee will also choose a winner in a new category, outstanding achievement in broadcast journalism.

Two journalistic categories will be decided by public ballot. One is the outstanding columnist of the year. The other award is outstanding achievement in photo-journalism.

The five members of the Journalism committee are Randy Shilts, Frank Robinson, Jim Rivaldo, Dan Curzon, and Ken Maley.

Journalism is one of several areas of endeavor recognized for achievement at the Cable Car Awards & Show. The presentation also recognizes contributions in the fields of sports, entertainment, public service, and business within the San Francisco Bay Area's gay and lesbian communities.

Tickets are \$15 for \$20 for main-floor, reserved-table seating, and \$10 balcony general admission. Ticket outlets include Headlines, Gramophone Records, the Starlight Room, and Urban Country.

Doors open for the 1982 Cable Car Awards & show at 6:00 p.m., with awards balloting continuing until 7:30. The show starts at 7:00 P.M. The Japan Center Theatre is located at Post and Fillmore Streets.

### Awards Seek Photos for Voting

For the second year, the Cable Car Awards & Show will include an award for Outstanding Achievement in Photo Journalism. All who attend the event will have the opportunity to vote for the winner in this category. The award was conceived to honor gay men and lesbian photographers.

The photos will be captioned, but will not include the names of photographers or publications. These will be identified after the voting has concluded.

Rules for photographers are as follows:

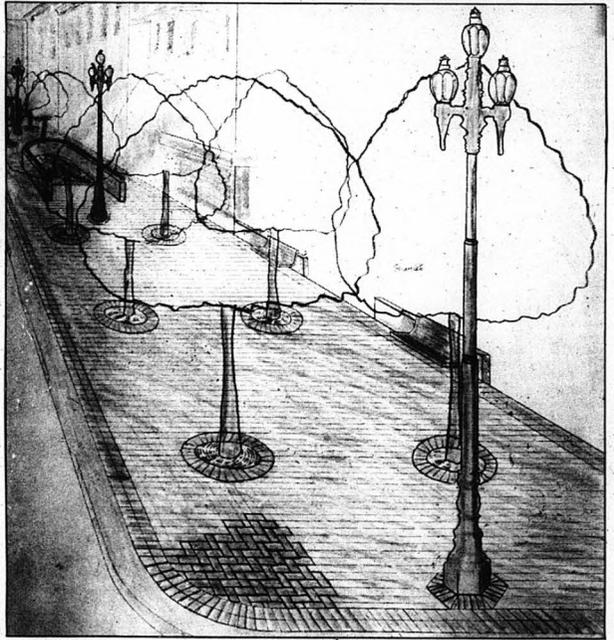
1. The photograph must have appeared in a publication published in the year 1981.
2. The award is for photographic journalism, not photographic art.
3. Photographs must be submitted

unframed in 8 x 10-inch size and should identify the photographer, the publication, date published, and a brief caption.

4. Photographs must be submitted for nomination on or before January 15, 1982, at the starlight room, at 1121 Market Street, near 7th Street and the Civic Center Muni/BART exit.

5. The legal owner of the photograph, whether photographer or publication, must own the photo and the photo will not be reproduced without written permission of the legal owner.

Freelance photographer Greg Day won the first award in this category for his photo of the Milk-Moscone Memorial March, which appeared in a 1980 issue of *Alternative* magazine.



PATH OF GOLD streetlights will soon be erected at Castro Street. Architect's drawing of the northwest corner of Castro and Seventeenth Streets, facing west, shows the classic light standards, newly planted sycamore trees, and a red brick sidewalk. Arco service station is off-sketch at right.

## Market Street Sidewalk Work Begins

Work on the \$704,000 beautification of two blocks of upper Market street sidewalks began this week. The project covers both sides of the street from Church to Sanchez and from Castro to Collingwood.

The work will include landscaping of the Harvey Milk Plaza on the south side of Market at Castro, at the Muni Metro subway station, according to Jack Barron, head of the city's Transit Task Force. Path-of-Gold light standards like those on lower Market, will be erected on both sides.

Sycamore trees, benches, and a red brick sidewalk will be added to

the north side, near Pat's Liquors and the Arco service station, reported Don Doon, a civil engineer in the city's department of public works. He added that planting on the 17th-and-Market gore in front of the City Athletic Club would be limited, but that there would be more later, after weekend service on the K, L, and M trolley lines goes underground.

Dick Pabich, an aide to the late supervisor Milk, is raising funds for 'Harvey Milk Plaza' lettering on the pedestrian bridge at the subway station. Pabich hopes to have plans approved by the city's public utilities and arts commissions in

time for the lettering and a plaque to be dedicated on Milk's birthday, May 22.

The sidewalks near the Church Street Muni Metro station will be concrete with red brick borders, according to Doon. He cited maintenance problems downtown as the reason for limiting the use of brick on this block. Doon said benches will be added, and Muni coach stops will be moved adjacent to the subway entrances west of Church on both sides of Market.

Home J. Olson Co. of Union City is the project contractor. It will take about six months to complete.

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# ON LIVE!

with Randy Alfred

**CROSSOVER:** California magazine (formerly *New West*) will print major excerpts from Randy Shilt's new book, *The Mayor of Castro Street: The Life and Times of Harvey Milk* in its February issue. Shilt, now an openly gay reporter for the *Chronicle*, hails the planned condensation as a "breakthrough" and a "major crossover from gay to mainstream publishing."

The biography of Milk is likely to ruffle feathers all over town. Among other subjects, Shilt reviews the feud between Milk and Democratic Party activist Jim Foster's "responsible gay leader" cadre. St. Martin's Press plans to have copies of *The Mayor of Castro Street* in San Francisco in late January, only weeks before the Alice B. Toklas Memorial Democratic Club celebrates its tenth anniversary by honoring Foster, its founder, with a gala, \$50-a-plate dinner. That's politics.

**POLITICAL QUOTE OF THE YEAR, 1981:** John Maher of the Delancy Street Foundation or the Harvey Milk Gay Democratic Club on September 22: "I don't believe Dianne is the worst mayor we've ever had. I don't think she's the worst we're likely to get. But she ain't a good one," he concluded with waving finger.

**POLITICAL QUOTE RUNNER-UP:** Harry Britt described himself at his third annual swearing-in as Supervisor as "someone who came onto this Board as somewhat of a scared rabbit."

Britt took the oath as an appointed district supervisor on January 10, 1979, as an elected district supervisor on January 8, 1980, and as an elected city-wide supervisor on January 8, 1981. He might take the oath again this week from force of habit.

**PERSON OF THE YEAR? NOW NEWS,** published by the San Jose chapter of the National Organization for Women, asks: "How many women have been *Time* magazine's *Man of the Year*?" Answer: "Three—Wallis Warfield Simpson in '36, Madam Chiang Kai-shek in '37, and Queen Elizabeth II in '52."

**THINGS I LEARNED FROM THE NEWSPAPERS IN 1981:** The *Harford Courant* reported that our folding money is printed on currency paper "made from cotton and linen rags, which might include remnants of underwear or blue jeans."

The Jacksonville, Florida, franchise of the North American Soccer League is called the "Tea Men." I'm still wondering what they call their locker room.

Thieves stole the 4500-year-old golden saw of Mesopotamian Queen Shub-Ad from the University of Pennsylvania Museum in Philadelphia. That proved that though you can't plagiarize an old saw, you sure can rip it off.

Authorities in Mexico City charged two bus drivers with deliberately backing over and killing two pedestrians they had hit and injured. The judge said bus companies instruct their drivers to do this because it's easier to defend criminal charges than lawsuits filed by surviving victims.

A parent's argument over a little-league baseball game in Tahlequah, Oklahoma, resulted in a shooting death and subsequent conviction for second-degree murder. It's sometimes hard to explain those erratic heterosexuals.

An Ohio grand jury indicted San Diego cult deprogrammer Ted Patrick for allegedly attempting to "deprogram" a woman from a lesbian relationship. That should remind us which side of the First Amendment our bread is buttered on.

The chorus of the Bavarian State Opera protested low wages by silently howling, rather than singing aloud, the third act of Richard Wagner's *Die Meistersinger*. Good thing of opera, that. *Die Meistersinger* is about love nearly thwarted by guild rules, the forerunner of modern union regulations.

Wagner does move people. In Marseille, a 22-year-old music student was carried away to the hospital after getting carried away by *Parsifal* and leaping 50 feet from the second balcony into unoccupied front-row seats as the curtain came down.

*Examiner* headline reported Israeli Prime Minister "Begin a bit behind on eve of the Iranian election." Israel, Iran, Iraq, Ireland, Italy: what's the difference, anyway?

**PREDICTIONS FOR 1982:** Medical researchers looking for the elusive causes of the so-called "gay cancer" and "gay pneumonia" will check out all aspects of our lifestyles. Brunch will be a prime suspect. By year's end, however, the intrepid scientists will announce that neither Eggs Benedict nor mushroom quiche is carcinogenic.

Meanwhile, scientists working for the National Institute of Occupational Safety and Health are planning to test the effects of popper inhalation on mice. Turkish scientists will refuse to let them use the same mice they supposedly "turned gay" with loud disco music last year.



WHERE WE'RE AT: THE SENTINEL's new offices are located at 500 Hayes Street, at the corner of Octavia.

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PUBLISHER..... W. E. Beardmore  
 EDITOR..... Randy Alfred  
 ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT EDITOR..... Edward Gutmann  
 ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT WRITERS  
 Steve Berry, Adam Block, D. Lawless, Terry Marshall,  
 Beau Riley, Steven Simmons, Cobbett Steinberg  
 CONTRIBUTING WRITERS  
 Jim Boland, Bobbi Campbell, Alan Sable, Sue Zemel  
 ART DIRECTOR..... Leroy Burt  
 PRODUCTION..... John DeLeon, Deborah DeMott  
 BUSINESS MANAGER..... George L. Banda  
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# LETTERS

Your Gore Vidal article in the December 10th issue was excellent. The man is so perceptive and can deliver the information with full wit.

It is extremely important for us, as gay men and women to begin to question what has been handed to us. And from the questions we have to re-create.

Sometimes I see S.F. as a university. First we teach ourselves, and then it spreads. I think we should make "r. Vidal president of the university."

Thanks for the article. It was very affirmative and affirming.

Lou Kerns  
San Francisco

# HEAD SPACE

## Help! I'm Too Beautiful!

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

*Dear Head Space,*  
 My problem is that I'm too good-looking. Please don't laugh. This really is a very big problem for me. As a kid I was paised over all the time and now I get the same treatment. Everybody's always coming on to me. All this has made me very shy. Also, I have a very low self image. And I'm very uptight sexually. Usually, in fact, I don't get turned on at all. Do you have any advice or help for me? I get very little understanding from anybody. I know that it's all connected to being good looking, but when I tell people that they just laugh.

Shy Fox

Dear Fox,  
 Over the years we have learned from some of our clients that being very good looking can be a very big problem. Very good-looking people are approached by others far more often than they would like to be, leaving them with the unpleasant task of rejecting people frequently.

As a consequence, many very good-looking people develop shy (or cold) personalities to protect themselves. Similarly, because much is often expected of very good-looking people, they sometimes feel inadequate because they know they cannot live up to expectations. This happens notoriously in the sexual realm.

We are all constantly bombarded by the message that good-looking people are sexier than others. Actually, sexiness is a process that occurs between two people rather than the automatic consequence of good looks, and the sorts of sexual relationships good-looking people tend to get involved in tend to make it difficult for them to get in touch with their own sexual feelings.

Very commonly, very good-looking men find themselves in sexual encounters in which they are the object, rather than the subject, of sexual activity. Because he is so turned on, the other man takes over and "does all the work" and has all the sexual feelings. Further, many good-looking men report feeling that their sexual partners' interest in them is shallow, that men seem to be so interested in their good looks that they ignore everything else about them. This tends to create a feeling of low self-worth.

Another common pattern reported by good-looking men is that their partners are able to get off with little or no real sexual interaction. This in turn leaves the

good looking man with little or no sexual stimulation.  
 It is absolutely essential for good-looking men to get in touch with their own sexual feelings. To remain always the object and never the subject of sexual activity is disastrous not only for a person's ability to enjoy sex but also for his or her self concept.

A good place to start is with your sexual fantasies: who and what turns you on in the privacy of your own head. Pay special attention to fantasies in which you take the sexual initiative and in which you are the subject rather than the object of sexual interest and activity.

The next step is to go out and experience some of these fantasies. This will entail the necessity to reverse your cruising pattern: you must approach men you are interested in, rather than let yourself be approached by them. Similarly, once home in bed it will be necessary for you to take the sexual initiative as well as letting the other person do so.

From your letter it is difficult to ascertain whether you will be able to make these changes on your own. We are sending you our list of gay mental health professionals who can work with you to make these changes if you sense that you may require their help.

It is sometimes very difficult to reverse long standing cruising and sexual patterns or even to get in touch with one's own sexual feelings. We wish you very well, dear fox. If in addition to being foxy, you become sexy, you will bring very great pleasure into your life and others as well.

We also hope that this column may help other not-so-foxy men realize that their often brutally cold rejections at the hands of good looking men are motivated not always by arrogance but all too often by fear, insecurity and low self esteem.

Foxes need love and understanding too. If you grab at them they often become very frightened. But if you treat them with care, and respect, as the Little Prince found out, they may come to love you very, very deeply indeed.

Jim Boland and Alan Sable are noted Bay Area gay psychotherapists. They write this column in response to letters from our readers seeking mental health advice, support, information and understanding. Write Head Space care of Dr. Jim Boland, 1456 Hopkins, Berkeley 94702 or Dr. Alan Sable, 2223 Lincoln Way, San Francisco 94122.

**How did you Stay warm In the storm?**

Asked at Castro & 18th Streets.

Photos: W.E. Beardmore

**Luigi, real estate business, Castro:**  
A fireplace, my family, and a lot of love.

**Lynn, insurance company worker, Ord Street:**  
I wore sweaters, blankets, and cuddled with my lover.

**Tony, banker, Castro:**  
I got some brandy and I got the one I loved, and I cuddled up on the couch and stayed home all night and all day.

**Margaret, retired housewife, 50-year Castro resident:**  
I have a nice, big mattress and a nice, fat bed. I went to bed with a book and was very happy.

**Burt, singer-dancer, Dolores Street:**  
I cuddled up with a friend in front of my fireplace. It sure kept me warm. That's all I did. I didn't go to work. I didn't go to school.

*you send me*

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**CANCER**

(Continued from front page)

Finally, my experiences have taught me that my best friends undergo exhaustive diagnostic tests to determine whether or not the cancer had spread to internal organs, such as my intestinal tract. One doctor scheduled me for a Barium enema. This is an enema with two quarts (quarts) of a thick fluid that shows up on X-rays. The object is to get a good picture of the large bowel.

Anyone who has tried to hold in this much fluid, while the X-ray table tilts this in one of the most uncomfortable experiences that modern medicine has to offer. Nevertheless, I joked with friends, "I don't know what I dread more, the Barium enema or telling my mother I have cancer."

I was lucky. Doctors substituted another test and cancelled the barium enema. My mom and dad, however, were not cancelled. After a few weeks of stalling, I got up my nerve and made the phone call to Tacoma.

I come out to my parents twice. My experience with my parents aptly illustrates the similarities between coming out as a cancer patient. Both times, my parents were the last people in my world to find out.

I admit it; they worry so much over little things that I didn't trust them to properly handle a real crisis. Both times, I was scared, but felt that I was doing the right thing. Both times, my parents surprised me by getting over their initial shock and then asking lots of questions, reflecting a deep concern for my welfare.

In 1978, in the wake of the national, anti-gay backlash, I went on a visit to my parents and decided that the time had come. After dinner one night, I sat down and said, "There's something I've been meaning to tell you for the 14 years but I didn't have the nerve. I'm homosexual."

My mother's first reaction was, "Oh, no!" My dad's first reaction was stony silence. We moved from this inauspicious beginning to a lively discussion of the issues of being gay in an anti-gay society. My mom asked me, "But, I don't understand. Bobbi—what do you do when you're on a date?" I realized that she didn't mean "Who buys the drinks?", she wanted the nitty-gritty details. I told her, "Well, like any couple, there's a lot of hugging and touching and kissing. Besides that, I also have oral and rectal sex."

She was surprised. "Oral sex? You mean, you put it in your mouth? What do you do after you put it in your mouth?"

Now it was my turn to be surprised. Unable to describe the process accurately or adequately, I just changed the subject. Whew!

While my folks had some initial trouble in coping, they rallied beautifully. They said, "It must be hard to keep a secret for 14 years—we're glad you told us." They even drove me 900 miles back to San Francisco when my visit was over, and our relationship is much the stronger since then.

I remembered this experience when I phoned my parents in November to tell them that I had cancer. Again, I was direct: "I have some bad news. I have a type of skin cancer. It's serious, but my prognosis is very good, and I've started treatment."

My mother's first reaction was, "Oh, no!" My dad's first reaction was silence. (This one surprised him.) Once again, they demonstrated their concern for me by asking a lot of questions. My mother asked, "Well, is it O.K. for you to be sexually active?"

I was unphussed. You have to understand that my mother is a conservative, little, old, Southern Methodist lady who taught me about sex by handing me a textbook. Her direct questions about my sexuality were a real jolt.

Anyway, the end result, again, was that they offered to support me in any way they reasonably could. They agreed with my decision to take a medical leave of absence from work and to remain in graduate school. When I could not pay tuition for the winter quarter, or rent in January, my dad sent a check.

Finally, my experiences have taught me that my best friends

include those who have personal knowledge of what I'm going through. We have formed a support group for gay men with cancer. (For more information, contact the Shanti Project at 849-4980.) Several of my friends have surprised me by telling of their own fights against cancer, tuberculosis, and a few other diseases. And they've given me hope when I was depressed.

The people I have to watch out for, on the other hand, are the who could be in the same situation I am but who refuse to recognize that.

As an upfront gay man, I'm threatening to those who don't acknowledge or accept their own homosexual component. Homophobia is rooted, I believe, in a fear of one's own potential.

In a similar vein, I've seen some very defensive responses in the gay community to the subject of gay cancer, and to the related concerns about long-term popper safety. This makes me sad. Someone who doesn't even want to discuss the issues is using the process of denial. "It can't happen to me, so shut up, already." I didn't think it could happen to me either, but it did.

Anyway. Have a happy new year, brothers and sisters. Make a resolution to take care of yourself, whatever that means for you.

*Bobbi Campbell and Dr. Marcus Coumou will discuss "Gay cancer" on The Gay Life on KSAV, 95 FM, on Sunday, January 10, at 11 P.M.*

**Popper Panel Postponed**

The San Francisco Board of Supervisors' inquiry into the safety of poppers, originally slated for January 7, has been postponed until February 4 at the earliest. Brandy Moore, administrative assistant to Supervisor Doris Ward, said that the constituents who asked for the hearings had not yet presented to Ward's office "a list of the people they want to be contacted."

Hank Wilson, head of the Committee to Monitor the Cumulative Effects of Poppers, said he would deliver such a list to Ward's office by January 15. Wilson added that he will also forward information on popper safety which he has gathered since delivering an earlier packet of such information late last year.

Wilson believes that poppers—amyl and butyl nitrite inhalants—may be involved in causing outbreaks of previously rare forms of cancer and pneumonia among gay men. W. Jay Freezer, President of Pacific Western Distributing Co., which manufactures Rush and other brands of poppers, hotly disputes that contention.

Wilson said he would suggest that the supervisors' committee ask Freezer and other nitrite-industry figures for testimony.

**EDITORIAL**

**How Rude!**

by W. E. Beardemphl

A man walked into our office, plunked money on the counter, and said, "This is a donation for that wonderful article you published." We were all wrecked by this wonderful gesture.

An advertiser walked into our office and renewed his ad. He said, "My business is back to normal now that the Sentinel is back carrying my ad." He went on to explain that when the Sentinel was not being published, he nearly went out of business—this despite the fact that he had been advertising in other publications. We were all pleased by this wonderful support.

This has convinced us that in the long haul the Sentinel is needed and is providing an essential service to the homosexual community. But we have experienced a frustration and an anger in reviving and reorganizing the Sentinel. It is difficult to explain, but it is typified by pettiness, backstabbing and just plain meanness by some persons in San Francisco, many of them "friends" and business persons we know.

When John and I moved out to the country four-and-a-half years ago, this meanness was not evident in San Francisco. We were rather shocked that some persons in San Francisco had become hypocritical, self-centered, moneygrubbers. When we moved to San Francisco many years ago, we found the homosexual community disorganized, we found politicians using homosexuals as scapegoats, we found the police beating homosexuals and raiding homosexual hangouts, and the very places that were known as gay establishments were limited and depressing in their ambience.

We had the opportunity to work and organize in the gay community to upgrade our lives. When we moved from San Francisco to the country, we felt that the homosexual community would continue to upgrade the quality of its existence. Instead we find it reverting back to the self-consuming paranoia of 20 years ago. We wonder why.

Maybe our country experience can help a little to regain a positive direction. There the quality of one's life seems self-determined to a large extent. For example, when we get up in the morning, we have to feed our pets, our turkeys, our peacocks (which squawk our attention for hand feeding), our chickens, and the sheep (Monna—who baas at us for special treats). Our dog, Pepper, loves to run from pen to pen barking all during feeding time and the other chores. We are in a state of peace, surrounded by the creek, pasture, and trees, overlooking the valley with its vineyards. The whole countryside has a serene beauty.

Then, we get into our car to drive to the city. At first, the traffic on the highway is so sparse. As we approach the city the traffic gets heavy, people start speeding and cutting across lanes. Traffic jams come about at various times where people express their anger and frustrations.

When we talk to people in the city, it's easy to see how tense they are. Many depressing things occur in San Francisco. We have experienced the theft of articles from our locked car, which we never unlocked in the country. We have gone to restaurants where the quality of food and service has fallen even as the prices have skyrocketed. The thing that is most appalling is driving into the neighborhood of 6th and Howard, where the old Sentinel was located. The increase in the number of alcoholics and persons strung up on dope in this area is amazing.

We were beginning to identify the depressing street characters who would stand and sleep in the doorway, filthy with their own feces and urine, clutching brown-bagged wine bottles. Each day we were buffeted by characters more inconsiderate and outrageous than we had seen in the last half-decade. They imposed themselves by coming into the business and begging. Some even broke into the upper stories of our building, endangering our business and...scurry.

If people wish to flaunt their inability to cope with alcohol and drugs, that is certainly their business. They have every right to be as they want, but they don't have the right to impose their behavior on the rest of us, and they certainly are not representative of the overall community.

A small minority of homosexuals similarly misrepresents the overall homosexual community.

We recognize the need for diversity within our community. We also recognize the need for quality, for style, for excellence, and for integrity.

We feel the Sentinel is needed for objective news coverage, for presentation of a broad range of informed opinion and commentary which are always labeled as such, and for thought-provoking reviews of, and essays on, the arts.

There is a place for explicit pornography—many people like it. We do not feel that place is in a news-paper of general interest to the male and female homosexual communities, however. Consequently, you will find no photographs or coverage of cock-measuring contests in the Sentinel.

There is a place for opinion, dish, and the well-deserved insult. That place is not in the news columns of a news-paper, however. Consequently, the Sentinel will tell you what's news, not what to think about the news.

If the Examiner and the Chronicle exhibited the same sort of bias and general lack of restraint manifested by some local, gay publications, you can be assured that outraged citizens would be dismantling their headquarters, brick by brick.

Our point is, there is a time and a place for everything. That is why, many years ago, we advocated private, homosexual sex clubs. Today they provide a place for activity which would offend people elsewhere.

Ironically, those who chastised me for making this suggestion now indirectly profit from the very sort of establishment which I then proposed.

The Sentinel will continue to fight for sexual freedom and sexual health. We intend to provide sexual information, not sexual arousal. Stiff cocks are as out-of-place in the Sentinel as a brilliant Gay Men's Chorus concert would be in a Golden Gate Park tea room.

If, as an advertiser or reader, you find it necessary to let gossip and innuendo pass for news, to be told what is "politically correct" according to an editor's latest whims, or to view explicit pornography on the selfsame pages, you have abundant outlets.

For those San Francisco advertisers, however, who wish to sell quality products and services to quality readers, the Sentinel is happening. Write us your opinions. Patronize our advertisers. These will all help us promote a sound and growing homosexual community in the political and economic spheres.

Put the pettiness and "attitude" behind. With so much joy in life, it is ridiculous not to experience the happiness.

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**1981 S.T.D. STATISTICS**

Reported cases of sexually transmissible diseases in the City and County of San Francisco. RANGE, 1975-1980

	1981	1980*	High Year	Low Year
Amebiasis	752	693	678** '80	76 '75
Giardiasis	242***	286	Not available	Not available
Gonorrhea	16,689	17,600	18,640 '79	16,558 '77
Hepatitis—Total	1,718	2,065	2,053** '80	893 '75
Type A	829	1,004	Not available	Not available
Type B	715	872	Not available	Not available
Unspecified	174	189	Not available	Not available
Shigellosis	534	523	602 '76	338 '75
Syphilis	1,890	1,502	1,922 '75	1,238 '79

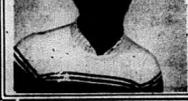
SOURCE: San Francisco Department of Health, Bureau of Disease Control and Statistical Office.

\*53 - week reporting year.  
\*\*Figures for 52 weeks.  
\*\*\*Decline may be due to drop in efficiency of voluntary reporting.

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# Arts & Entertainment

## Films

### Marketing "Love": Guess Who's Coming to the Box Office

by Edward Guthmann

*Making Love*, the slick new Hollywood melodrama that may open the field for gay films with a gentle touch, opens nationwide February 12. In the next five weeks, 20th Century Fox will mount a huge marketing campaign aimed at getting gays into the theatres.

The film, directed by Arthur Hiller (*Love Story*), follows Zack (Michael Ontkean) and Claire (Kate Jackson), a doctor and TV executive whose cozy marriage collapses when Zack's love for a handsome West Hollywood novelist (Harry Hamlin) comes to the surface.

Some film writers have speculated that the film will whitewash its subject. One was even called it "the gay *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner*," 20th Century Fox, however, is touting their product as a sober, sane and intelligent treatment of a badly-abused subject. Counting on the gay community's concurrence, the studio is vigorously soliciting gay patronage for the film's initial bookings.

In the current issue of the *Advocate*, a 20" x 13" poster insert of *Making Love* shows Hamlin, Ontkean and Jackson in a Richard Avedon-posed triad. Ontkean's right arm wraps around Hamlin's chest, and he clasps hands with Jackson over Hamlin's shoulder. Hamlin is bare-chested; his nipples shine brightly. So does Jackson's wedding ring. Fox is also shipping the same poster to the nation's gay bars.

Over the next month, Fox will hold hundreds of invitational screenings for "gay bartenders, community leaders and opinion makers,"



HARRY, MICHAEL & KATE: Hollywood's loxy triad. 20th Century Fox is banking on their charms to sell a gently-rendered gay film to both gays and straights.

Hamlin and Jackson will submit to a rigorous promo schedule in the coming weeks, while Ontkean — who shuns the press always — remains mum.

according to Barry Lorry, vice-president for Publicity and Promotion.

A half-hour radio interview program, to be syndicated by the new Inter-Gay Broadcasting Services, will go out on the approximately 25 gay radio programs in the nation. Author Vito Russo (*Calculated Closet*) will interview producer Allen Adler, screenwriter Barry Sandler, stars Hamlin and Jackson, and possibly director Hiller.

Full-page ads will "probably" appear in every gay publication in every city upon the film's release.

Joe Di Sabato, owner of the New York-based ad firm Rivendell, and ad rep to nearly every gay publication in the country except the *Advocate*, has been retained to advise Fox on the project. Di Sabato specializes in "helping major corporations reach the gay market, either through advertising or publicity."

Clearly, 20th Century Fox sees *Making Love* as a breakthrough film. After the malignancy of a *Crising* or *Looking For Mr. Goodbar*, or the derivative anti-gay years of a *Serial or History of the World—Part I*, the time may be right.

How is the film different? "It doesn't make gays look like terrible human beings," Lorry said. "It doesn't show a seedy side of life, or leather and chains and sadism. Nobody kills himself. As a matter of fact, it's a movie with three happy endings."

"Let me put it this way," Lorry said. "I've sat through the film three or four times and I happen to like it a lot—and you'll probably never meet a straighter guy than I am. I weep so hard at the end. I mean, I get a big kick out of it."

Di Sabato is equally sanguine. "You're not dealing with an exploitation movie, which was [William] Friedkin's intent with *Crising*. And you're not dealing with a farce, as in *La Cage Aux Folles*, which is to say that it's not harmless."

There's a very well-drawn, tasteful and sensitive, outfront love scene between the two men. As Vito Russo said regarding *La Cage*, "You could never imagine those two men going to bed together."

"The first time I saw this movie," Di Sabato said, "I kept waiting for them to do something wrong. But there are no murders, no suicides, no drag queens, and no censorship. It's presented in a way that we've always wanted Hollywood to present us, and that takes balls."

Di Sabato predicts *Making Love* will do "repeat business" among gay men, as well as attracting a large share of the women's audience, due to the sympathetic portrayal of Jackson's character. But straight men? Both Di Sabato and Lorry agree that this is the real challenge.

"If they go," Lorry said, "straight men will like the movie. The problem you're faced with is that in selecting a movie, the wife or girlfriend will frequently say, 'Let's go see this movie.' In the case of *Making Love*, once the guy or the husband learns why it's about, he may decide not to see it because he won't want to deal with the issue, or won't see the entertainment value therein."

"I don't know how to attract straight men to the movie," Lorry said, "except to screen it." To that end, 20th Century Fox will definitely not limit their marketing strategies to the gay community.

"It's important for the gay press to promote this film," Di Sabato said. "If this movie succeeds we may see other treatments on the same subject." Di Sabato sees his efforts as more than simply a commercial venture. "This could be a turning point in Hollywood's depiction of gay themes, and if the gay community supports *Making Love*, that will be the signal to Hollywood to handle other gay projects with the same care."

## Art

### In Praise of Edward Hopper: An "Ultimately Heroic Legacy"

Edward Hopper: *The Art and the Artist*  
San Francisco Museum of Modern Art  
Through February 21, 1982

by Steven Simmons

Edward Hopper stands on the landscape of American art like one of the figures in his own landscapes: liminal, isolated, singular. The best American visual art produced in the last fifty years comprises one of our greatest national cultural achievements. The abstract canvases of Pollock, de Kooning, Louis, Stella, and a host of others ended a two-century-old legacy of dependence on and inferiority to European models and moved American painting in the last half of this century into a position of world-wide influence and dominance.

Edward Hopper, however, stands completely outside this abstract, mainstream tradition. And yet his paintings, unique among those of twentieth-century American "realists," have the aesthetic and emotional power to stand beside the best work of the abstract expressionists and their various progeny. Why? Looking at this enormous Hopper retrospective, organized by and first seen at the Whitney in New York, one can begin to formulate some answers to this question.

Given Hopper's popular reputation as a quintessentially "American" painter, it is curious, if hardly historically surprising, that Hopper's *rites de passage* as a painter took place in France, and that French impressionism seems to have been a decisive and abiding influence on his work. As late as 1956, at the age of seventy-four, Hopper still referred to himself as an "impressionist." Like a number of American artists of his generation (Stuart Davis, Hemingway, Stein, Wallace Stevens), Hopper spent a period of enthusiastic Frenchification as a step towards eventually discovering his American work. Hopper took from the French impressionists their con-

cept of nature as form, their embodiment of psychological feelings in landscapes, and, above all, their emphasis on the play of light. Hopper's paintings from roughly 1907 to 1920 are a record of his struggle to redefine these "French" preoccupations in relation to the American scene and temperament, a struggle that is full of stops and starts, tentative thrusts toward a personal iconography, and experiments with forms, colors, types of brush strokes—a struggle that is extraordinarily interesting, moving, ultimately heroic.

The palette that Hopper developed during these years of struggle remains one of his glories and secures his place as one of the master colorists of American art. In contrast to the light pastels of French impressionism and of most of Hopper's own Parisian paintings, the experiments during these years tend more and more toward the rich, somber hues that characterize his later masterworks. In the mature paintings one especially notes the recurring brick reds, bottle greens, deep golds, and cobalt blues that play off neutral areas of black, white, gray. Perhaps Hopper actually saw American landscapes and cityscapes as darker and with fewer tonal variations than their European counterparts, or perhaps Hopper's deliberately subdued palette stemmed from his own temperament and philosophy. In any case, the dark (but never dull) colors of Hopper's greatest paintings possess immense formal and psychological power. Even when it depicts summer scenes, Hopper's work tends toward the autumnal in mood and often recalls Emily Dickinson's poem about "a certain slant of light." That oppresses like the weight of cathedral tunes.

When it comes, the landscape listens.

Shadows hold their breath.

When it goes, 'tis like the descent

On the look of death.

Hopper's interest in the play of

light and shadow remains constant throughout his life, but again in contrast to the variegated flow of sunlight in the French impressionists and in his own early work, Hopper in his later paintings nearly always places light and shadow

precise lines and the remarkable clarity of his compositions owe something to the sharpness of graphic art. And it is precisely his paintings' flatness and their formal severity that make them seem so "modern" today, and that ac-



Edward Hopper's "Carolina Morning" (1955), part of the current Museum of Modern Art retrospective.

against one another in large geometric blocks. This flattening of areas of light and dark and of the entire compositional frame is evident in the accompanying photograph of Hopper's 1955 painting, *Carolina Morning*. Note the brilliant ear shaft of light in the doorway, and the way in which large and small planes of light and darkness intersect in sharply defined lines. Like a number of Hopper's paintings, *Carolina Morning* is composed on the diagonal, and as he

compositional method is formally brilliant, but it is also emotionally affecting, creating the sense of stillness, isolation, and melancholy that pervades many of Hopper's most famous paintings.

Unable to support himself as a painter until his mid-forties, Hopper worked for years as a graphic artist and illustrator. In the valuable kinescope that accompanies the present exhibition, Hopper speaks scornfully of this bread-and-butter work, yet surely his

counts for the esteem in which Hopper has long been held by many non-representational painters.

There is no doubt that as one views many of Hopper's paintings today, the aesthetics of nostalgia are powerfully at work. His depictions of 1930s gas stations and hotel rooms, of luncheonettes and women's fashions, of a mostly vanished rural peace, now possess undeniable pathos as subjects. One can't help looking at these em-

blems of our recent past sadly, perhaps with longing, nor should one. Yet form is ultimately the preservative of art, and I would argue that with the passage of time, while Hopper's paintings will retain a certain value as social documents—in the same sense that Velasquez's paintings are valuable social documents of the sixteenth-century Spanish court—they will ultimately survive as art because of their formal rigor and brilliance.

Even today Hopper's paintings transcend the nostalgia that is also evoked by the work of many lesser painters of his period who employed the same iconography. In fact, thematically Hopper's paintings can more relevantly be linked with a much older American literary and artistic tradition than with other 1930s realist painters. Hopper's calm, isolated figures and his still, haunting landscapes evoke the self-reliance and individual worth and the reverence for the imminence of nature that is central in a native tradition that stretches from Emerson and Thoreau and Dickinson to Wallace Stevens and John Ashbery.

The Hopper retrospective at the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art is stunning, monumental. Perhaps inevitably, certain major paintings are not included (particularly, I missed *Western Motel*), but the omissions pale beside the splendor and largesse of what is assembled. In a show this exhaustive, however, one tends to experience retinal and intellectual fatigue toward the end. For this reason, I would recommend starting one's viewing in the exact middle of the show in the section the curator Gail Levin labels "The Mature Years." For it is in the second half of the exhibit that most of Hopper's masterpieces are hung. Then go back and look at the apprentice work and the transitional paintings. Or, better yet, see the show twice, the first time to trace Hopper's heroic development, the second time to savor the later, great paintings at your leisure.

# Pop In Review

## Critic Confesses: After '81, "All I Want Is One Night of Glory"

by Adam Block

Reviewing the year's lp's is tough, but at least the suckers are there to page through—the evidence persists. Rating the year's live shows is more like dredging up 200 one night stands: blind dates, awkward reunions, embarrassing encounters usually under stage circumstances. The mind ages visibly in the process.

It used to be easier, back when there was some consensus to pop taste, when we could agree on the heroes. 1981 was a godawful year for mainstream pop, the airwaves ruled by faceless heavy-metal for the skateboard set, soft rock nostalgia for the exhausted Me-generation, and gormless Country for the Moral Majority. The artists and shows to get excited about came from the fringes and often reached only a cult of aficionados. Shows that seem distant on record came to a liberating stampede of shared discovery have gone the way of pharmaceutical hallucinogens. In '81, it was largely the chancy little shows, rarely drawing more than 1,000 fans, that offered a shot of revelation.

Hitting three to four shows a week, occasionally that many on one night, I still manage to miss some scenes where the annotated saw god. This year they included: *Primes* at The Stone; *Laurie Anderson*; *William Burroughs*, and *John Giono* at the I-Beam; *Madness* at California Hall; and *King Crimson* at the Old Waldorf. By all reports as monumental as any on my list, artists worth keeping an eye peeled for.

### Live Pop Top Ten

- 1) *Rolling Stones* (Candlestick Park): This was the pop event of the year; the one show that generated near universal anticipation. Appropriately, it was as much spectacle as concert, and the Stones seldom aspired to anything more risky than reassuringly ragged nostalgia. The choreographed fireworks display that closed the show, set to Jimi Hendrix's version of "The Star Spangled Banner," was as moving as any of the performances. Yet the show was preposterous and it was touching. The music was often hilariously sloppy, and Jagger camped with abandon; pulling off his shirt to draw, "Am I the only girl going toless today?"
- 2) *U-2, Romeo Void* (California Hall): These two young bands were both pushing stunning debut lp's when they teamed up for this gig. Romeo Void were the local heroes, but this show found them staking a claim as performers kicking through the stiffness of their lp. The four Irish teens in U-2 turned the poignant panic of their lp, *Boy*, into a shuddering celebration.

Larry Mullins manned his drums like a transported cabin boy, lashing down the rigging in a tempest. When the power failed, the lads carried on a *capella* with flashlights. When Romeo Void's Deborah Lyons joined U-2 for the encore, the wholeness was electric.

- 3) *New Order* (I-Beam): This lot had a ghost to live up to: their reputation as Joy Division, which had been only musshrouned when their lead singer hung himself, prompting the name change. Their show more than met the challenge. The lead singer moved with the awkward authority of Tim Hutton in *Ordinary People*, and the tunes that seem distant on record came together in fragile and assured collisions. The music seemed to discover itself in performance, and that was breathtaking.
- 4) *Grace Jones' One Man Show* (The Cinema): Her *Nightclubbing* lp finally made virtues out of Grace's limitations: a musically chill, rhythmically suggestive setting for her tone-deaf vocals. It was a surprise triumph: of her style over substance, of pose over passion.

This show added the visual track and turned the tacky tradition of disco divas belting hits to pre-recorded tapes into a class act. The amyloid-circus hysteria of her earlier gay club extravaganzas was missing. Grace looked almost convincingly alien. New fans seemed both fascinated and a little disturbed. Gosh, it was almost like art.

- 5) *James Blood Ulmer* (The Stone): Jimi Hendrix had lived, and gone on to work with jazz-innovator Ornette Coleman, he might have emerged sounding like this man.

Ulmer's talent and range were dizzying as he moved from intricate, polyrhythmic, sketching glorious and accessible figures only to veer suddenly into a series of astonishing explorations. Ulmer is the most gifted and challenging new performer I encountered this year. Pinch me Sheila.

- 6) *Dead Kennedys* (American Indian Center): I thought these jokers were nothing but an argument for the descent of punk into contrived novelty until I saw this show. Jello Biafra roved-funk into a charismatic performer, mixing laconic humor with savage enthusiasm. He matched the slam-dancing crowd with fearless heading leaps into the front rows, and his performance of "Nazi Punks Fuck Off" took on the dumbest misconceptions of his own fans. An astonishing night's work.
- 7) *UB 40* (The Stone): This band emerge during Britain's ska-revival craze, but they stand well apart from the lush dance outfits. Their roots are dirty reggae, and spooky funk. This night they paced Stevie Wonder's most lyrical work in a luminous, uplifting show.

- 8) *Pat Metheny* (Warfield Theatre): This stunningly lyrical guitarist just keeps improving. This year he joined forces with keyboard whiz Lyle Mays and percussionist Nano Vasconcelas on the year's best instrumental lp, *As Falls Wichita So Falls Wichita Falls*. The live show was magnificent. Even the masterful lighting seemed to inspire the players' sumptuous improvisations. Some say he's too cerebral; I say he lit up the night.



Laurie Anderson: When she played The Cinema last year, "the annotated saw god." Critic Adam Block is still kicking himself for missing that gig.

- 9) *Iron City House Rockers* (Old Waldorf): This team of critics' favorites finally made it to town, and about 100 people showed up. They're blue-collar steel workers from Pittsburgh with a sound out of Springfield, but stripped of his melodramatic romance. Initially, they stunk: flat vocals, plodding rhythm section. But as the three-hour set wore on they improved, and by the final hour they were charging the stage with maniacal enthusiasm, leaving the crowd drenched in sweat and howling. A rare and exhilarating reminder of what bar-band rock'n'roll should be.
- 10) *Bloodies*: British drag queens mounted in the unfortunately named *Last in Space*, a fragile and side-splitting musical revue that championed androgyny and eccentricity, mocked conformity and bigotry. Betty Bourne's rendition of "Androgyny" was devastating. Spiked with hard anarchic insights, they deserved a permanent residence, but seemed too abrasive for local sophisticates. I saw god and she is dizzy.

Honorable mention to two very fine shows: *Psychedelic Furs* (Old Waldorf), and *The Cure* (I-Beam).

### Ten of The Worst

I try to avoid the bad shows, so I'm sure I've overlooked some deeply deserving candidates. Those I saw should be considered failed promises. (I have only reliable reports that these were dogs: *The Slits, Duran Duran, Au Pairs, Iggy Pop, and Human Sexual Response*.) For the rest, I apologize to those who visited the disaster areas on my recommendation in *Pop Previews*. What do you want me to do? Cut off my arm?

- 1) *David Crosby* (Great American Music Hall): Only morbid curiosity could have tempted me to this show—some sick insistence on eyeballing the grotesque degradation of one of the '60s most flutest superstars. My ugly instincts were rewarded: the obese growth arrived an hour late, with an unrehearsed band, and strutted around for a

- 5) *Richard Pryor* (Circle Star Theatre): I'm a big fan, and maybe catching the last of six nights was my mistake. I figured he'd be loose and rolling by then. Instead he seemed to lose his timing, and with it any interest in continuing after about 20 minutes—just when he was getting warmed up. An extended apology, that he was fed up with the business and no longer angry enough to do comedy, was deeply moving—but how about a refund on that \$20 ticket?

- 6) *Tom Verlaine* (The Cinema): The founding member of New York's legendary Television, the man who taught Patti Smith to sing, an elegant guitarist, with some intriguing solo lp's and rave reviews from the Big Apple to his credit, finally arrived in SF. And how was he? Thunderously dull. Beware of New York critics raving about fellow New Yorkers. They probably share a parking space.

- 7) *Roger McGuinn* (Old Waldorf): Another '60s veteran, founding member of The Byrds with David Crosby. A few years back this critic did some stunning solo gigs, but since then he has found Jesus and apparently lost track of his talents. There was no loud arrogance here, more like a chastened uncertainty as he ran through his catalogue of oldies as if he didn't deserve them, let alone own them. That was a bit sad.

- 8) *Donna Summer* (Concord Pavilion): Another artist who seems to have found Jesus, only to lose sight of her own gifts. The Queen of Disco was out in polyester K-Mart land, seeming a bit baffled by the politely respectful crowd. She inhabited her hits, but never ripped one loose from the scrabop. Who'd've thunk that Grace Jones would outclass Donna

as a pop property? I only hope her exit to the burbs is temporary.

- 9) *Van Morrison* (Great American Music Hall): Another soundrel, recently reborn and now simply going through his paces. Despite reports that his dance concerts came alive with tough blues riffs, this sit-down affair stuck to recent, undistinguished material—never ripping into the classics that he has lost either the ability or the inclination to pen and proffer. I could forgive the fact that he is beginning to look like a rodent if the little geek would only deliver the goods.

- 10) *Rolling Stones* (Cable TV from Virginia): Live broadcasts of rock shows on pay-tv may be the wave of the future, but this was an unbearably shoddy attempt. Originally planned as a small club date, with a roster of great black talent to be beamed to massive screens in 300 clubs, the ultimate broadcast was a sleep-walked stadium show—the wrong scale for video intimacy. It smelled like cold, tired, green—an ugly portent for the spirit of rock. *And* for the future of live shows as public celebrations of intimacy and sweat-drenched communion. No fun.

A final depressing note: '81 was the year that Dreamland and The Cinema became new wave venues, only to close down; the I-Beam decided to stop booking major new wave shows; and Window was officially slated for conversion to condos. Every venue's death cheats us of opportunities, and these were some of the best. R.I.P.

Life Can Be Frozen, a KQED documentary on low-temperature freezing of bodies for later restoration, will air Saturday, January 9 at 2 P.M., and Monday, January 11 at 2 P.M., Channel 9.

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Films

A Year of Movies: Bringing Back the Spark

by Steve Beery

While I wouldn't say there weren't times during the past year when you may have flipped hopefully through the pink section only to conclude that there just weren't any movies in town worth seeing, it seems in retrospect that 1981 was a very good year for film-going. Movies this year seemed overall to have regained some of the spark, the spontaneity, and the flair for illuminating interpersonal relationships that vanished from films with their increased formalization in the late 1970s. Unfortunately, dry spells are more pronounced than ever due to the distributors' tendency to lump their good releases together seasonally, especially at the onset of summer and the December holiday rush.

Most surprising trend of 1981 was the return of the historical romance, a genre which languished during the past decade despite such interesting entries as *The Wind and The Lion*, but which reappeared with such unequivocal vigor that it grabbed the top four spots on the ten-best list which follows.

Homosexuality was not as much in evidence this year as, for instance, 1971, when *Death In Venice*, *Sunday, Bloody Sunday*, *The Music Lovers*, *Johnny Minkus*, *X, Y, and Zee*, and *Some of My Best Friends Are...* graced the screen, but strongly positive statements were made with *Taxi Zum Kilo*, *Polyester*, and *La Cage aux Folles II*. Even *Zorro*, the *Gay Blade's* tomsilvery seemed to imply a new tolerance abroad in movieland. Next month's big gay release, *Making Love*, is already being pitched hard to the *Advocate's* readership.

Most astonishing in this year's crop of films is the breadth of quality among the runners-up, movies that may not have shone with the glow of greatness but which remain memorable nonetheless: films as diverse as *Atlantic City*, *The French Lieutenant's Woman*, the aforementioned *Polyester*, the disappointingly enervated *Rag-*

time, and the exuberant but over-praised *Raiders of the Lost Ark*. Highly-praised films which, for one reason or another, I never got around to seeing and therefore which may conceivably have found their way into the exclusive cadre of personal favorites which follows, include *Excalibur*, *Heartland*, *Raggedy Man*, *On Golden Pond*, and *They All Laughed*.

The reader is encouraged to remember while perusing the following list that all ten-best lists are highly subjective and that it is precisely this quality which guarantees their enduring popularity.



EVERYTHING BUT THE CAMERAS: Diane Keaton (1) made off like a bandit in *Raiders*, leaving critic Steve Beery in her awe. David Naughton (r) was a sexy, ingenious

1) **GALLIPOLI** Australian director Peter Weir's profound and handsomely homoerotic prayer for peace. Mel Gibson and Mark Lee contributed unforgettably tender performances as the most likeable mates of the year. The horror of war has seldom been expressed with the dreamlike clarity Weir musters. This, heroic, entertainment is the male-male love story that Hollywood has always been

afraid to make.  
2) **REDS**. Warren Beatty's big gamble paid off spectacularly. *Reds* is the first movie to combine the romance of revolutionary politics with an old-fashioned, tear-jerking love story. Diane Keaton at the center of the Russian Revolution steals everything but the cameras in an astonishingly multi-levelled performance.

3) **NAPOLEON**. Abel Gance's masterpiece from 1927 enjoyed a big-scale revival this year. Albert Dieudonne starred as Napoleon, Carmine Coppola conducted his sweepingly romantic new score, and throngs of admirers packed the Opera House. Gance's virtuosity with the camera triumphs over a labyrinthine story.

4) **CHARIOTS OF FIRE**. Handsome men proving themselves through competition. Hugh Hudson had directed television commercials before graduating to films. Ben Cross, the film's Jewish Harold Abrahams, is Catholic. Busby Berkeley to Kafka. An intriguingly fatalistic drama, *Pennies* breaks new ground in questioning the nature of filmic reality and features an Oscar-caliber performance by Bernadette Peters.

5) **BODY HEAT**. Lawrence Kasdan's witty script and tight directorial hand made this the most enjoyable of the excursions into neo-noir. At last there's been a romantic mystery with a truly unexpected, and satisfying, denouement.

6) **TAXI ZUM KILO**. Frank Rippl's autobiographical grappling with homosexuality and free choice made for a zany, liberating, life-affirming movie. Films like this one will help to undo the onus of *Crising*.

7) **SPETTERS**. This brisk Dutch comedy about the tran-



American Werewolf in London and Edward Guthmann (story below) is still catching his breath.

sience of youth accurately captures the vibrance of adolescent sexuality and experimentation. I don't think gay polemicists should protest too much about the gay

performance by Bernadette Peters. So much for the top ten. As far as the turkeys are concerned, I'm loathe to admit that I didn't make it to *Halloween II* or to any of the Chevy Chase comedies this year, so what follows is a partial list of losers at best.  
8) **TARZAN, THE APE MAN**. Bomb cliché. A movie so bad, it's hard to laugh at. Miles O'Keefe can see personally about this listing if he doesn't like it.  
9) **MOMMIE DEAREST**. There's reason for all of us, movie stars and ordinary Joe alike, to fear this kind of hysterical rewriting of history. The movie cries for the campy attention of a Ken Russell, but Faye Dunaway's operatic performance defies direction. A real mess.  
10) **RICH AND FAMOUS**. Candice Bergen overplays, Jackie Bisset underplays, and all the men underdress. George Cukor is dropping hairpins all over the place, but tearoom tricking in a remake of *Old Acquaintance* doesn't jibe.  
11) **ROLLOVER**. If Jane Fonda were truly committed to Tom Hayden's Campaign for Economic Democracy, she could have applied the budget for this movie directly to the federal deficit.  
12) **MY DINNER WITH AN-DRE**. Didn't everybody have these "ultimate-nature-of-reality" rap sessions in their freshman dorm rooms? Not a splendiferous subject for a movie unless watching food being chewed around mouthfuls of Carlos Castaneda numbo-jumbo is your idea of a good time.

An abbreviated listing of the year's best performances would have to include the following: Diane Keaton, *Reds*; Renee Soutendijk, *Speppers*; Bernadette Peters, *Pennies from Heaven*; Mel Gibson, *Gallipoli*; Glenda Jackson, *Stevie*; Howard E. Rollins, *Ragtime*; and Alice Krige, *Chariots of Fire*. All that reasonably needs to be said with regard to the year's worst performance can be succinctly summed up in the two words Bo and Derek.

The Eddie Awards: The Way It Was

by Edward Guthmann

The Eddie Awards, one more in a vast legion of year-end bouquet-and-raspberry lists, was initiated in the *Sentinel* last year to acknowledge the highs and lows of 1980's film performances. My own dalliance with list-making began in 1978 when, as a freelancer for the *Berkeley Gazette*, I compiled a 10 Favorite and 10 Un-Favorite Movie List.

I felt then, as I do today, that "Best" and "Worst" were ill-named and untenable categories. As Steve Beery points out in his film-year wrap-up this issue, the nature of film-going and list-making is "highly subjective" given as much to personal idiosyncrasy and mood, as it is to edicts of critical concern. This year, in pursuit of new diversion, I've expanded the Eddies to include not only movies and movie performances, but absolutely anything in the world of pop culture that's taken my fancy.

Media Happening of the Year: Liz Does Soap(s).  
Gossip Happening of the Year: Liz Dumps Warner.

Favorite 1981 Movies (alphabetically listed): *Blow Out*, *Body Heat*, *Equinusness*, *Pennies from Heaven*, *Raggedy Man*, the first half of *Ragtime*, *Reds*.  
Dog Meat 1981 Movies (alphabetically listed): *American Pop*, *Back Roads*, *Health*, *History of the World-Part I*, *Modern Problems*, *Superman II*.  
Favorite Movie Performances: Sissy Spacek and Eric Roberts, *Raggedy Man*; Burt Lancaster and Susan Sarandon, *Atlantic City*; Sean Connery, *Outland*; Faye Dunaway, *Mommie Dearest*; William Hurt, *Altered States*, *Eye-witness* and *Body Heat*; Jackie Bisset, *Rich and Famous*; Vernell Bagneris and Bernadette Peters, *Pennies from Heaven*; John Travolta, *Blow Out*; Frank Rippl and Bernd Broaderup, *Taxi Zum Kilo*; Diane Keaton, *Reds*.  
Dog Meat Movie Performances: Lauren Bacall, *The Fan*; Mara Hobel, *Mommie Dearest*; Ron Leibman and Lauren Hutton, *Zorro-The Gay Blade*; Chevy Chase, absolutely anything.  
Favorite Hair-and-Nails Movie: A tie between *Mommie Dearest* and *Rich and Famous*. (Past win-

ners: *Other Side of Midnight* and *Eyes of Laura Mars*).  
Fuel For Fantasy: William Hurt in anything. (Runner-Up: David Naughton in *American Werewolf in London*).  
Favorite Bad Performance: Edith Massey, *Polyester*.  
Failed Expectations: John Waters, *Polyester*; Ron Haver's *Best Film Lectures*; Ron Haver's "David O. Selznick's Hollywood"; Castro Theatre, January 19, 1981.  
Best Local Reviewer: Naomi Wise, *Berkeley Express*; Steve Beery, *Sentinel*.  
Favorite Columnist (now and always): Liz Smith.  
My Favorite Interview: Sissy Spacek.  
Dog Meat Interview: Barbara Carrera (for Disney's *Condominium*).  
Most Deserved Tributes: Annette Funicello at *Beach Blanket Babylon*; Barbara Stanwyck, Lincoln Center Film Society in New York.  
Under-Rated: *American Werewolf in London*, *Endless Love*, *Eye-witness*, *Fort Apache-The Bronx*, *Rich and Famous*.  
Over-Rated: *Arthur*, *Breaker Morant*, *French Lieutenant's Woman*, *Napoleon*, *Raiders of the Lost Ark*.  
Most Homophobic Movie: *Back Roads*. (Runners-Up: *The Fan*, *History of the World-Part I*, *Modern Problems*, *Speppers*).  
Favorite Local Club: 544 Natoma.  
Favorite Local Club Acts: Carol Roberts, Ruby Rodriguez, Four Beauties, Esméralda, The Distractions.  
Best Stage Production: *Morning's At Seven*, Ahmanson Theatre, Los Angeles. Curse Carole Shorenstein's chicken heart for dropping it from the Best of Broadway series. (Runner-Up: *Peter Pan* with Sandy Duncan).  
Best Gay Stage Production: *International Stud*, Theatre Rhinoceros.  
Dog Meat Stage Production: *Hotel of Follies*, Angels of Light.  
Favorite TV Series: SCTV Comedy Network.

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# Records

## A Year in Vinyl: Transcending Self-Heroics

by D. Lawless

By glossing over the forces that moor our personalities in obedience and observance rather than risk and dispersal, pop music in '81 reflected the omnipotence of style over content. While documenting the dressed-for-success "mirror culture," a good deal of the MOR moderne was virtually frozen in its own spineless indifference.

Amidst such quantities of musical anesthesia, only a handful of artists (The Fall, Laurie Anderson and The Specials, primarily) addressed the growth of militarism and irresponsibility. While political utterances don't necessarily produce memorable music, the above-named performers displayed an outspoken courage in projecting strength above and beyond the usual buffer of self-heroics. Also noteworthy for their more personalized (but equally forthright) humanistic reach were Yoko Ono, Meg Christian and Pete Shelley.

Both Kraftwerk and Cabaret Voltaire produced spell-binding electronic suites whose mesmeric qualities dealt with master/slave interplay between mankind and technology.

In reversing the communication flow, *Slates* by The Fall is at once this year's most demanding and rewarding listening experience. While evocating conventional political sociology, vocalist Mark Smith draws up a New Working Class contract: between the listener and the band. Terms of the contract are embedded beneath the din of the band's nearly impenetrable out-and-paste punk riffs and within Smith's irrepressibly cunning tangle of concealed intentions.

In negotiating the terms of Smith's anti-commentary, the listener must contribute some labor (say, 5 or 6 spins) and is

eventually rewarded with the knowledge that Smith's movement is one of abolition, not truth: the displacement of the sacramental rituals of the old working-class "lie."

**HEIGHTS** (in order of preference.)

- 1) The Fall: *SLATES* (Rough Trade Records)
- 2) Yoko Ono: *SEASON OF GLASS* (Geffen Records)
- 3) Squeeze: *EAST SIDE STORY* (A & M Records)
- 4) Kraftwerk: *COMPUTER WORLD* (Warner Bros. Records)
- 5) U2: *BOY* (Island Records)
- 6) *BEDS* (Elektra Records)
- 7) Laurie Anderson: *O SUPERMAN* (Warner Bros. 7" EP)
- 8) Cabaret Voltaire: *RED MECCA* (Rough Trade Records)
- 9) Rick James: *STREET SONGS* (Gordy Records)
- 10) Simple Minds: *CHANGELING & I TRAVEL* coupled with *CELEBRATE* (Arista Records 12" import single)
- 11) The Specials: *GHOST TOWN* (Chrysalis Records EP)
- 12) Meg Christian: *TURNING IT OVER* (Olivia Records)
- 13) Tom Verlaine: *DREAM TIME* (Warner Bros. Records)
- 14) Pete Shelley: *HOMOSAPIEN* (Genetic Records 12" import single)
- 15) GEN X: *Dancing With Myself* (Chrysalis Records 12" import single)
- 16) Smokey Robinson: *BEING WITH YOU* (Tamla Records single)
- 17) Pointer Sisters: *BLACK & WHITE* (Planet Records)
- 18) Doug and The Slugs: *COGNAC AND BOLOGNA* (RCA Victor Records)
- 19) Mickey Thomas: *ALIVE ALONE* (Elektra Records)
- 20) Darryl Hall/John Oates: *PRIVATE EYES* (RCA Victor Records)

### DEPTHS

Actually, these records are almost bereft of depth, and that's precisely why they rate as stinkers of the year.

Harrison, Elton and The Who simply sound embalmed. Van Halen's LP is their all-time worst: a

posturing fake metal *threat* that's laughably meek. Marianne Faithfull's follow-up to the great *Broken English* is dreadfully insincere, a diary full of fake confessions.

Was(Not Was) and Byrne-Eno are somewhat experimental, blue-eyed funk projects that're neither

adventurous nor funky enough. The Police are just commercial airheads: fake white reggae. David Lindley and Dire Straits are both on the tired side of pasteurized cowpoke. Echo & The Bunnymen are new psychedelics who'll tell you outright that they've absolutely nothing to say, then proceed to say nothing *anyway* for another 30 minutes.

In order of revulsion:

- 1) Van Halen: *FAIR WARNING* (Warner Bros. Records)
- 2) The Police: *GHOST IN THE MACHINE* (A & M Records)
- 3) George Harrison: *SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND* (Dark Horse Records)
- 4) The Who: *FACEDANCES* (Warner Bros. Records)
- 5) Elton John: *THE FOX* (Geffen Records)
- 6) *WAS(NOT WAS)*: (Island Records)
- 7) David Byrne/Brian Eno: *MY LIFE IN THE BUSH OF GHOSTS* (Sire Records)
- 8) David Lindley: *EL RAYO-X* (Asylum Records)
- 9) Marianne Faithfull: *DANGEROUS ACQUAINTANCES* (Island Records)
- 10) Dire Straits: *MAKING MOVES* (Warner Bros. Records)
- 11) Echo & The Bunnymen: *HEAVEN UP HERE* (Sire Records)

### PREDICTIONS FOR '82:

Local talent Esmeralda, B-Team and Flipper will gain national—possibly even international—critical acclaim. Laurie Anderson, Simple Minds and J. Walter Negro and The Loose Jointz will become household names for a few minutes and sell lots of records. Record industry sales, however, will continue to burn out as disenfranchised consumers cling to golden oldie memories in lieu of plunking down so much of their fresh lean green on new product.



YOKO'S SEASON: Ms. Ono regrets plenty, but came up with a "forthright, humanistic" album in *Season Of Glass*. Bob Gruen

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# Television

## Making The Best of Plug-In Pleasures

by Terry Marshall

Live coverage of news events (even if it wasn't always accurate) along with the breakthrough of video music—rescued television in 1981. But the dreadful fare churned out by Hollywood packagers dramatized more than ever that the medium has to undergo drastic changes if the networks are to compete with improved home entertainment technology offered by cable TV, pay-TV, and videocassettes.

Luckily, the wedding of Prince Charles and Lady Diana lightened up the seemingly endless coverage of assassination attempts and failed space shots. During the lull between the attempts on the President and the Pope, and the murder of Egyptian President Anwar Sadat, the Royal Wedding managed to keep millions of Americans up until the wee hours to see how royalty can wave without showing the palms of their hands. Coverage here was excellent, because the networks had the advantage of planning for months.

Earlier in the year, however, during the Reagan crisis, the news

media showed how vulnerable it is by "greatly exaggerating" the death of White House Press Secretary Jim Brady. Six months later, broadcasters were still gun-shy about reporting the murder of Anwar Sadat: no one wanted to go on with the news first in case it wasn't true. Honors for the year's best news coverage must go to Pierre Salinger and the fascinating three-hour documentary he rushed together at the climax of the Iran hostage crisis.

The other big event of the past TV year was the advent of video music, as the Warner Amex Music Television network went on the air August 1. Though not yet available in San Francisco (it is on the Peninsula), the network's airing of video clips of top rock acts, and newer, video-oriented groups, was an overnight success. (More on this in a future column.)

The year was climaxed by the two big broadcasts of 1981, the Rolling Stones and Rod Stewart concerts. Rock stars even found they had to juggle schedules to avoid competing with each other on the airwaves. Stewart moved his worldwide simulcast back one

day so he wouldn't have to compete with the Stones' worldwide broadcast. Rod did reach the world: fans in England paid \$10 to go to a theater at 6:00 a.m. and watch the show on closed circuit TV. But the Stones ended up reaching only half a million pay-TV subscribers in 17 American cities. Still, at an average of \$10, the \$5 million gross made the Stones the highest-paid entertainers for one evening of work in TV history.

Also in music, Tom Snyder pandered to every rock star who came his way, engaging them in skin-deep interviews. Tom won't be coming back this year. Also missing from the small screen: Walter Cronkite, leaving CBS desperate for a ratings-winning anchor, and the axed Ruth Batchelor. Remember Ruth? She took over for Rona Barrett on *Good Morning America*. While ABC was changing the locks on her office door, Ruth was out planting stories in the trades that she was renegotiating her contract. Barrett, the investigative gossip Batchelor replaced, didn't fare much better. After a well-publicized

fight with Tom Snyder, she ended up with her own well-publicized series, *TV Inside and Out*, which was anything but well received. Even with guests like Mick Jagger, Rona couldn't struggle out of 66th place in the Nielsen ratings, and ended up being cancelled.

Consistently absent last year: the one big mini-series of *Roots* or *Shogun* proportions that make restaurateurs and theater owners curse the tube. Instead, viewers remained loyal to their weekly soaps: *Dallas*, *Dynasty*, *Flamingo Road*, etc. But the soap story of the year was another wedding: Luke and Laura on *General Hospital*. This event was to daytime TV what *ABC shot J.R.*? was to prime time. ABC even had to sue a bar in Washington, D.C. to prevent them from taping *General Hospital* and showing it during happy hour. But the greatest coup was Liz Taylor, claiming she was a long-time fan

of the show, guest starring in the Luke and Laura wedding episode. The episode attracted a precedent-setting two-thirds of the audience in its time slot. But the future of this show remains to be seen. The writing staff quit and Genie Francis, who plays Laura, also left at the end of the year, tired of the same old rape.

And series television? Every year a friend of mine—who used to write *77 Sunset Strip*, *Donna Reed* and *Highway Patrol*—says, "This year is the worst." And every year he's right. To simplify things, I'll say the 10 worst shows were the year's Top Ten (according to the Nielsen ratings): *Dallas*, *Dukes of Hazard*, *Two Close For Comfort*, *Little House on the Prairie*, *Knot's Landing*, *MASH*, *Monday Night Football*, *60 Minutes*, *The Jeffersons*, *Alice* and *Trapper John*.

Two comedies, the cleverly-written *Bosom Buddies* and the delightfully bitchy *Making a Living* were shifted mercilessly by their networks; they soon lost their fans and were cancelled. *MASH* continued to struggle along long after they ran out of jokes. Robin Williams still managed to get some laughs out of *Mork*, and Barney

*Miller* and *Taxi* continued to be bright spots.

Police stories came back with a vengeance. No one recognized what made *Hill Street Blues* different, and after it swept the Emmys, it should have been the one to imitate. But no one did. Instead, they brought back Lee Majors, Robert Stack, Mike Connors, Jim Arness in the same old shoot-'em-up stuff.

All of them, and the rest of the new shows, are falling to get viewers. In 1981, according to *Variety*, an astonishing 44 new series were cancelled by their networks: 17 by NBC, 15 by CBS, 12 by ABC. It's a trend that will have to be reversed this year, if the networks don't want to lose out totally to the Video Revolution.

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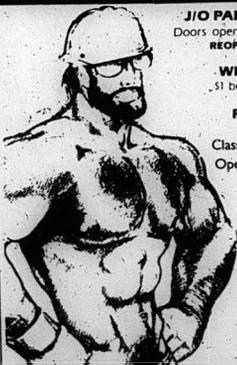
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### MORE GOOD NEWS!!!

If you prefer **OTHER BRANDS OF SPEAKERS**, we also have many other brands with the receiver's available for \$1 with speakers purchase. Thus, you can purchase selected models of **LINEAR SOUND, SONIC, SOUND TEC, JBL 902**, etc. in various price ranges; and still get a wide choice of receivers for \$1. Limit: one receiver per customer!

In some brands, we have a choice of different models available. Supplies of some models are limited, so hurry in for best selection.

The wattage ratings shown above are for both channels combined. \*THE WATTAGE FOR EACH CHANNEL IS 35 WATTS PER CHANNEL INTO 8 OHMS MINIMUM CONTINUOUS POWER OUTPUT FROM 20 Hz to 20,000 Hz NO MORE THAN .0004 TOTAL HARMONIC DISTORTION.

## SUNSET STEREO

Our 16th Year of Serving San Francisco at this Same Location  
2555 IRVING STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

[one block South of Golden Gate Park, at 27th Avenue]

OPEN MON. THRU SAT. 10:00 AM to 6:00 PM SUNDAYS 11:00 AM to 5:00 PM