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Milk Bio Flawed

A Review
by Randy Alfred

Randy Shilts has written an exciting, but also disappointing, biography of Harvey Milk. *The Mayor of Castro Street* is imaginative, controversial, and filled with facts.

It excites because it captures the measure and message of the man. It disappoints because it is littered with factual errors. Shilts' account of Milk's life is convincing and ultimately effective docu-drama, but it is weak history.

The Mayor has sweep and breadth. It chronicles Milk's childhood, adolescence, sexual awakening, early loves, financial and show-business careers, moves from New York to Texas and San Francisco, and his unsuccessful political campaigns of 1978, 1975, and 1976. 1977 was the year of Anita Bryant, Orange Tuesday, the Hillsborough murder, and Milk's election as Supervisor from District 5.

1978 brings Milk's swearing-in, Board politics, the gay-rights and pooper-scooper ordinances, the suicide of Milk's lover, the Briggs Initiative, the Nestle protest, the assassinations of Milk and Mayor George Moscone, the meeting of the politics of succession. 1979 was the year of anti-gay harassment, the Dan White trial, the manslaughter verdict, the City Hall riot, and the Elephant Walk raid.

It's all there, and Shilts skillfully weaves the web of history across the warp of biography. The author traces the emergence of gay male consciousness and communities in Milk's transformation from a closed Wall-Street Goldwater clone to Broadway hippy to San Francisco merchant to leader of Castro Street and finally to leader of a national movement based on coming-out as the supreme act of personal politics.

Shilts supplements the organizing themes of "gay, everyone," with two threads that are specifically Milk's. One is Jewishness, minority status, and the legacy of the Holocaust. The other is show business, theatricality, and media savvy. Both suffused Milk's consciousness and style.

The Mayor also has its fair share of revelations. Shilts offers a complete transcript of Milk's "death tape," which named possible successors and ruled others out. Milk's allusions to a dishonorable discharge from the Navy were a campaign ploy, according to Shilts. Milk was not above supplementing what he lacked in "everyman" experience, all to good theatrical and political effect.

Shilts also reveals that Milk spent

an hour looking for a dog turd in the park, so he could accidentally-on-purpose step in it later that day, while demonstrating how his new park-and-police law would work. It got great media coverage, and that's just what the clowning supervisor intended.

Margo St. James warned Moscone that disgruntled police officers planned to shoot him, says Shilts. The book also contains details of Milk's romantic life and references to the loves and lusts of unnamed local politicians and White House aides.

Shilts' epilogue offers some trenchant analysis. Castro Street and the Harvey Milk Gay Democratic Club may both be spoiled by their own success, he suggests. National entertainment centers aren't necessarily good neighborhoods for living, and the politics of using power may unduly strain an organization conceived amidst the politics of taking power.

Shilts concludes: "Had it not been Harvey Milk in San Francisco, the legend would have settled on someone else, in another city, at another time. Harvey's sense of stage merely ensured that his legend would also prove good theater." True enough, but merely.

Here, Shilts has missed a major part of Milk's story. Was Harvey charismatic or wasn't he? All the elements necessary for an analysis of this question are present in the book, but the analysis itself is not.

Early on, Shilts suggests that Milk had "something special... politician later called... charisma." Shilts never raises the subject again, except to call both Joe Alito and Diane Feinstein charismatic. Not in my book. Charisma is not some easily stated media appeal, although that is often a necessary adjunct to the real thing.

Milk knew how to manipulate the media and how to sway audiences. He used theatrical stunts to build a following. But he also inspired hope and always made it clear that he was a symbol of the movement as much as a leader of it.

This is not my swearing-in; this is your swearing-in." Milk told the crowd on City Hall steps. Precious Charisma is the sail that makes visible the wind of change. Charismatic leadership requires charismatic followership.

Harvey was just discovering how to capture people's imaginations. As a developing symbol of hope and focus for change, he was pre-charismatic, and only his martyrdom confirmed his charisma once and for all.

(Continued on page 6.)



CAROLE MIGDEN and SAL ROSELLI are both trying to corner the "gay vote" in November's election for the S.F. Community College Board.

Judge Delays Roff Trial

Municipal Judge Mary Morgan on March 3 granted a delay until March 24 in the trial of Timothy Roff, John Fitzpatrick, and Joseph Brady. A defense lawyer had asked for more time to prepare his case, according to Assistant District

Attorney Ken Cady. The D.A. has charged Roff, son of Deputy Mayor Hadley Roff, and the other two defendants with misdemeanor battery in an alleged anti-gay incident aboard a Muni bus on Superbowl Sunday.

PUBLIC SEX

Supes Keep Castro Lot Open

The Board of Supervisors Monday defeated, 6-5, a Quentin Kopp proposal to close the parking lot at 18th & Collingwood Streets daily between midnight and 6 A.M.

"People who live in the area are offended by the disgusting and repulsive conditions in the parking lot at the nighttime hours," Kopp contended. "People are outraged at what occurs on the premises."

In response to questions, Kopp later said he knew of no complaints of public sex. He said his objections concerned "noise, urinating in public, drinking beer, hooting at people, loud singing."

Supervisor Carol Ruth Silver called the resolution "silly" and insisted its effect would be the opposite of its intention. "You would be encouraging additional, illicit activities by creating an empty, dark alley."

The proposal called for installing a chain across the 18th Street entrance. Pedestrians would still

walk through the store but would have had access.

Kopp shot back, "What's silly about taking steps to abate outrageous conduct that disturbs the rights of other citizens who live there to the enjoyment of their property and to the enjoyment of peace and tranquility?"

Last July, Castro residents testified before a board committee that the parking lot had become "a lovers' lane of sorts" for customers of the area's gay bars. They alleged that oral copulation and drug dealing occurred.

Police Chief Cornelius Murphy

Macy's Caution On Restrooms

Peter Hart, operations manager of Macy's Union Square, issued a "caution" this week on continued, male-male sexual activity in the department store's restrooms. He said Macy's would like to avoid having to make arrests and was therefore informing the gay community "through channels" that the store doesn't care for this kind of activity.

Hart said the store has already designated the most troublesome restroom for use by employees only, but that has not stopped the activity. Hart said the store manager asked him to get the word out, since Macy's wants to stop the activity without losing "the good will of the city's gay community."

Hart said Macy's does not want a repeat of the 1970 situation when the undercover vice arrests of 40 men in a two-week period led to picketing and a national gay boycott of the store.

said, "Mission Police Station does not have the manpower to consistently provide parking enforcement in that area."

The Planning Department opposed the resolution on grounds that closure would aggravate a tight parking problem.

Voting with Kopp for closure were Supervisors Lee Dolson, Wendy Kennedy, Wendy Nelder, and Doris Ward.

Opposing closure were Harry Britt, Richard Hognost, John Molnar, Louise Renne, Nancy Walker, and Silver.

College Board Race Heats Up

ANALYSIS by Bruce D. Pettit

Accusations of "machine politics" in the gay community have surfaced, as a lesbian and a gay man campaign for election to the San Francisco Community College Board.

Because it is felt that, at best, only one can win this November, the two sides are sniping at each other. Only one of the three incumbents whose terms expire is regarded as undecided about seeking another four years.

Carole Migden candidly reveals she wants to begin a political career.

As executive director of Operation Concern of the Pacific Medical Center, she feels she can offer the community college the benefits of her five-year administrative background in mental health, here and in Berkeley.

Sal Rosseli finished fifth for four college board seats two years ago. He had been the board's non-voting student member, frustrated with the post's minimal influence to change things he saw as administrative shortcomings.

Migden has the powerful backing of Supervisor Harry Britt, who declares: "In 1982 the political agenda of the gay and lesbian community is to elect a lesbian to citywide office. If Sal is not willing to support this most important agenda, this discredits him in my eyes." In private meetings, Britt and his forces have failed to persuade Rosseli to drop out.

Jack Davis, who directed Mike Hennekey to victory as Sheriff in 1979, is a Rosseli consultant. "Sal is going to be one of the three people elected," Davis promises.

Resent Harry Britt defining what is good for the gay movement.

That's the kind of power-brokering Harvey Milk fought against for so many years. It seems like this is Sal versus the machine — a new machine.

Gay machine politics has scarcely been mentioned since the 1977 battle between Milk and Rick Foss for district Supervisor. Milk factions pinned the machine label on the Stokes support cadre, which until then had achieved most of the gay inroads to city government.

Because Britt is a Milk protege, the irony that Britt is now accused of running a machine escapes few gay politicos.

Migden describes a recent rise in San Francisco lesbian political interest. Previously, she relates, lesbians have been cynical-feeling ignored and unrepresented in the city's gay movement. With white men dominating politics, lesbians invested energy into community organizing and social services. They were the key organizers, Migden

says, of projects that had feminist more than lesbian focus.

The chief problem that has plagued lesbians has been their invisibility," she explains. "Some 50,000 are behind the scenes from those of us who have been involved in the gay movement in San Francisco." Now women are in second terms as presidents of the two largest gay political clubs — both male dominated. Voter registration among lesbians is increasing, Migden believes. Lesbians are excited about a project of the local National Women's Political Caucus that is encouraging registrations with a "Ms." designation.

Harry Britt has done much to bring lesbians into the movement. "He supports gay rights," Britt says. His support of improved pay scales for city jobs in which women predominated "shows that a progressive gay man can care about women. It is hard for us to abstain from the political process any longer."

Britt evaluates, "This movement from separatism is not dissimilar to the experience of Harvey Milk. Developments in the lesbian community give it a unique opportunity this year. It is time that gay men support it."

Rosseli concurs that lesbian entrance into politics is important, but he feels Migden has sights on the wrong office. Britt has identified the community college board as the best gay political entrance point for the foreseeable future, but Rosseli wonders why a school board option for Migden was foreclosed.

Migden replies that, for her specifically, the community college board choice made more closely with her professional experience. She lacks the background in education that the school board would require, she continues.

"Also we run up against the issue of homophobia and children."

Rosseli contends that he has — from prior involvement — the greater commitment to the community college. "It was my total life's work for three years. I'm not running because I'm gay." His base two years ago came from the system's students, faculty and administrators. It was want of substantial backing from the political establishment that left him just shy of victory last time, he is convinced.

That Rosseli is gay was not widely known two years ago. He has since cemented greater bonds to the movement — and is current vice-president of the Alice B. Toklas Memorial Democratic Club. He cites that third element in his 1982 base: organized labor. As business manager of the Theater & Amusement Janitors Local 9, he leads its strike for higher wages.

(Continued on page 3.)

Maureen Seeks Gay Vote

by David Lester

First Daughter Maureen Reagan brought her campaign for the U.S. Senate to a group of gay Republicans last week and said she would support legislation to ban employment discrimination against homosexuals.

"I have a very long and well-known record supporting human rights for all people," Reagan told the Concerned Republicans for Individual Rights meeting at the Sutter's Mill Saloon in downtown San Francisco on February 24.

"I have always supported all legislation that outlaws any kind of discrimination in employment," she said when asked if she would support a bill in the Senate to end discrimination against gays.

Reagan was the only one of the

seven Republican senatorial candidates to accept CRIR's invitation to speak at its open forum.

Reagan, eldest daughter of President Ronald Reagan, has never previously held public office.

The candidate said she had mixed feelings about the Family Protection Act. "There are some parts that I like a lot, but I have never believed that the federal government had any business in family matters. I think they should stay out of hell."

Reagan considers abortion "a moral judgement . . . I would not like someone else's opinion foisted on me and I could not in good conscience foist my opinion on someone else."



Ten Years After

MAYOR DIANNE FEINSTEIN congratulates Alice B. Toklas Memorial Democratic Club founder JIM FOSTER at club's Tenth Anniversary dinner February 20. L.A. City Council President Joel Wachs (r.) applauds. Senator Ted Kennedy's message to Jim and Alice is on page 5.



CHARISMA? This is not my swearing-in, this is your swearing-in." Harvey Milk told supporters on City Hall's steps on January 9, 1978. Behind Milk (l. to r.) are side Anne Kronenberg, Supervisor Gordon Lau, and Mayor George Moscone.

1978 photo: Gamma/20 Martin's Press

GAY CANCER JOURNAL

Danger: Cytomegalovirus

by Bobbi Campbell, R.N.

What you don't know about cytomegalovirus can hurt you.

"Cytomegalovirus" is Latin for "big-cell virus. When CMV invades your cells they swell up, CMV is part of the herpes family."

For years, doctors thought that CMV was a problem mainly for two groups of people: newborn babies and recipients of massive blood transfusions. CMV causes one of the few proven congenital diseases. A pregnant woman with CMV can pass the virus on to her baby, who contracts a sometimes fatal lung or liver infection. Transfusion recipients typically develop mononucleosis, to which they also succumb.

"What does this have to do with me?" Well may you ask. Recently, doctors have found that CMV is widespread among two other groups: those whose immune systems have been suppressed, and gay men.

W. Lawrence Drew, M.D., who is studying viral illnesses at Mt. Zion Hospital, did some research at San Francisco's VD clinic.

There, he found that 54% of the straight men he studied had antibodies to CMV in their blood, indicating some previous or current CMV infection. By contrast, 94% of the gay men studied had CMV antibodies in their blood. Drew also found that seven percent of the gay men were shedding active CMV in their urine, compared with none of the straight men.

In another study of gay men, Drew says he found that 30-40% had active CMV in their semen.

CMV also appears in saliva, feces, blood, cervical secretions, breast milk, sweat, and other body fluids.

If you contract CMV once, or many times, it may be harmless.

The vast majority of CMV infections are not clinically apparent. If you do react to the virus, you're likely to feel like you have a cold. Symptoms of mild CMV disease include fever, muscle aches, mild sore throat, enlarged lymph nodes, and malaise — generally feeling blah.

On the other hand, CMV can

cause hepatitis, mononucleosis, or pneumonia in healthy people. When Pope John Paul II was shot in 1981, a CMV infection slowed his recuperation and lengthened his hospitalization. (He probably got CMV from blood transfusions.)

There is no vaccine now to prevent CMV infections, but look for one to be developed in the next few years. Gay men will probably be among those on whom it is tested.

Nor is there treatment for CMV disease at this time. Eventually, most patients control the infection with their own immune systems.

What happens if your immune system is weak or suppressed? Doctors deliberately induce immuno-suppression in organ-transplant patients to minimize chances of the new organ being rejected.

These patients sometimes show signs of severe CMV infection.

Patients with Kaposi's Sarcoma (KS) and *Cryptocystis carinii* pneumonia (PCP) — the so-called gay cancer and gay pneumonia — also get CMV disease.

Does CMV cause gay cancer?

Research into KS and PCP continues, and so far there are no answers. The current thought suggests that perhaps immunosuppression causes KS and PCP,

in the sense that the body is unable to shrug off the malignant cells or the invading organism.

What causes the immuno-suppression? Nearly all the KS and PCP patients have had CMV infections, however mild, eventually overwhelm the body; CMV is itself immuno-suppressive.

On the other hand, CMV disease is more common in people who are already immuno-suppressed. It could be that the immunity problem came first, caused by something else, and that CMV came later. We're back to the chicken and the egg.

When doctors discovered that I had gay cancer, one of the extensive diagnostic workups was a determination of whether or not I also had CMV, and if so, how extensive it was.

A biopsy of my KS lesions (spots) showed that I did not have CMV there. Nor did I have CMV in non-cancerous skin.

I've saved until now what is maybe my favorite story in this whole gay-cancer business. My lover was anxious about his own immune status, so he went to the doctors to be worked up. I came along.

When the doc was done with Ron, he called me into the

examining room, too, and told us he needed a semen specimen from both of us.

"Here? Now? Are you kidding?" No, he wasn't kidding. He handed us two little, plastic cups, with our names taped to the sides, and left.

Ron and I looked at each other and started to giggle. Collecting a fresh cum sample requires more mind-body coordination than collecting blood or urine! The examining room didn't exactly have a conducive environment. Still, the test was serious and important, so we tried to get down to the matter at hand.

It took a while. We were distracted by the nurses' footsteps hurrying down the corridor and by the receptionist's nasal twang, paging doctors over the intercom.

Then, another doc knocked on the door, late for lunch and in a hurry to interview us. He took a biopsy from a spot on my chest that looked like a new KS lesion, and left.

I was sore from the biopsy, and amused by the whole absurd situation. Looking at Ron, I said, "I'm not into this at all."

Neither was he, but that didn't matter — we had to do it. We tried manfully, and finally produc-

ed. Handing the little cups to the nurse, we took off. As we were getting into the car, Ron said, "That was the worst orgasm I've ever had."

The bad news is that CMV was cultured out of my semen specimen. I'll tell you, it was a bitter blow to hear that my cum could be infectious!

What should you do? Mt. Zion's Dr. Drew argues against widespread testing for CMV. The virus is so prevalent that finding out that you have antibodies to CMV, or even the virus itself, doesn't tell you anything useful.

Further, the majority of cases of CMV are mild and self-limiting.

What can you do to protect your health? Drew echoes other KS doctors in suggesting that "repeated exposure to different strains of CMV may stress the immune system."

He adds, "a sexually active gay man can't really avoid the infections. If he reduces the number of his sexual contacts, he can probably prevent a serious aftermath."

"I'm not saying this out of a moralistic conviction. I'm saying it out of a concern for public health," he concludes.

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COLLEGE

(Continued from front page)
Russell collected just over 59,000 votes in 1980. Gay psychologist Tim Wolff garnered nearly 67,000 for fourth place — and election.

"We know from our experience with Tim how to elect a gay person to the community-college board," Britt claims. The key, he says, is coalition with Asians, who have a vital stake in the system because of the high proportion of Asian students. Those ties just aren't there for Sal. He made a mistake in opposing the appointment of Alan Wong" to the seat from which Lillian Sing resigned to become a municipal-court judge.

"Sal will hurt Carole badly," Britt concludes. "If the gay community has two candidates, the straight community will not think we are serious about winning. But Sal's political style is to promote himself."

Toklas president Connie O'Connor protests, "Harry's way out-of-line in making those statements. Who is he to set the agenda for the '80s?" O'Connor has personally endorsed both Migden and Rosselli.

Migden concedes that, with the Britt stance favoring her, she is hard-pressed to evaluate it objectively. "But if he said the agenda is to elect both Sal and Carole, no one would question its appropriateness."

**Supes Seek
Gay Cops**

by Bruce D. Pettit

The S.F. Board of Supervisors March 1 made it official city policy for the police department to recruit gay and lesbians. The existing coalition with Asians, who have a vital stake in the system because of the high proportion of Asian students.

Supervisor Richard Hongisto's amendment to a Wendy Nelder resolution passed the Board of Supervisors 11-0. Nelder was disturbed that police outreach in recruiting minorities has met with only limited success. Her resolution, also passed unanimously, called for "pursuit of an effective" outreach.

Deputy Press Secretary Bill Straub said his respects. Mayor Diane Feinstein to sign the resolution this week. The legislation began as an attack on the mayor by Nelder, who felt Feinstein had given up on more effective outreach.

A series of amendments by other supervisors took the edge off that for "pursuit of an effective" outreach.

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Supervisors Louise Renne and Nancy Walker doubted the resolution would change much of the actual practice. A federal court order did not mandate gay outreach, because homosexuals are not included in federal civil rights legislation.

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floated down into the hands of leaping celebrators.

Photo: 1982 Run/Atlas S&L

Women's Day-in-Park Set March 7

Nationally known political figures and entertainers joined by state and local leaders covering the full spectrum of women's issues will spark the Seventh Annual Day-in-the-Park for Women's Rights on Saturday, March 6, from noon to 4 P.M., organizers announced.

The program, which also celebrates International Women's Day, will be at the Bandshell in Golden Gate Park, where hundreds of Bay

Area human and civil rights organizations are expected to have representatives at tables throughout the concourse.

This year's rally is the first to be co-sponsored by women's groups from all parts of the Bay Area, led by a Day-in-the-Park Coalition of seven chapters of the National Organization for Women (NOW).

Previous Day-in-the-Park rallies were usually organized only by the San Francisco Chapter of NOW.

Heading the list of platform speakers is Midge Costanza, Carter administration aide, and Deirdre English, executive editor of *Mother Jones* magazine. Costanza's topic will be the Equal Rights Amendment. English will speak on the pro-choice movement and reproductive rights.

The program will also consider the Family Protection Act, the Reagan budget, and comparable worth/affirmative action.



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Atlas S&L Grows

Atlas Savings and Loan Association, one of San Francisco's newest financial institutions, announced impressive growth figures at the end of its first quarter of operations.

Atlas, founded by members of San Francisco's gay community, opened with assets of \$3 million and is now in excess of \$5.5 million, according to V. Paul Duval, chief financial officer. "We have been overwhelmed by the positive response from the community and have almost doubled our staff since opening day," Duval noted.

Jerry Flanagan, president and chief executive officer, said that savings dollars have increased almost three-and-one-half times from opening day to close of business on February 22, 1982. The S&L now boasts 1455 savings

accounts. On opening day, November 16, 1981, the S&L had 900 savings accounts.

Chairman of the Board John A. Schmidt pointed out that among the many firsts the company has enjoyed is the fact that the fledgling S&L has savings account holders in 29 states and five foreign countries.

The S&L announced that as of March 1, 1982, it will extend its hours. Atlas will be open for business Monday through Friday, from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. and on Saturday, from 10 A.M. to 3 P.M. Starting March 1, travelers' checks and money orders will also be available.

Atlas also announced it was proceeding with plans for automated-teller machine services, Visa, and Mastercharge.

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HEAD SPACE

Dealing With Rejection

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

Recent columns dealing with reader's concerns around looks, cruising, and loneliness have generated questions and comment about rejection. In response, we're reprinting one of our first columns, which is as appropriate today as it was two years ago. We hope it again provides some useful and supportive ideas for men dealing with this seemingly ever-present issue.

Dear Head Space,
What can I do about rejection? I am a bar fly, and I suppose I do as well as the next guy in finding tricks. But on those nights when I get rejected by everybody, and go home alone, I get very down. It burns me out for several days afterwards. Am I alone in this?

Rejected and Dejected

Dear R. & D.

You are certainly not alone. Learning to handle rejection is one of the most important skills for a gay man to learn in San Francisco, especially for a "bar fly." For rejection, rejection, and even more rejection is the lot of anyone who tries to make contact with other gay men here in the city.

Considering how important dealing with rejection is, it's at first glance confusing that so many gay men have so much difficulty with it. But when you consider our place in society, it's not all that surprising. For rejection is probably the central emotional experience of gay people from the time they are emotionally and socially conscious.

Rejected by church, by state, by family, by other little boys and

girls, by shrinks, and even (and most importantly) rejected by oneself, a gay person growing up is constantly dealing with negative responses to some of his or her most central and tender feelings, feelings of sexual and emotional attraction to others.

Even after overcoming church, family, peers, psychiatry, and self-rejection and moving to lovely Sodom-by-the-Bay, the gay person's struggle against rejection is of course not over. Any night in any bar, any day on Castro, or any other street, a gay person can encounter repeated, easy, instant rejections, if enough to make one very depressed.

Now, as V.I. Lenin once inquired, "What is to be done?" Two things, mainly: 1) put the phenomenon in perspective, and 2) learn to desensitize yourself to it.

As we've already pointed out, rejection is a very charged issue for most gay men. Just realizing this and some of the reasons for it as outlined above, can help you to see that a great deal of the response you are currently having to rejection may have more to do with the past than with the present.

A further perspective is placed on such "rejections" if you realize that usually they have very little to do with you. They happen so fast and are usually based on such superficial criteria that they do not involve a true assessment of you and hence cannot be construed as a true rejection of you—unless you identify only with the most superficial aspects of yourself.

Further, such "rejections" are based almost entirely on what is going on in the other person's head: on how horny or unhorny he feels, on his fantasies and fears, and wants, etc. In a funny sense, you have almost nothing to do with his decision. So don't take it personally!

It is also helpful to realize that everybody gets rejected in the sort of settings you describe. If you don't believe this bit of fairy-therapist wisdom, carefully watch the hottest man in any bar one night. Notice how often he gets rejected. If you keep careful count, you might find that he was rejected more than you!

These perspectives on the sort of rejections that are bothering you so much should help to diminish your reaction somewhat. But it is even more important for you to start to experience rejections more openly and consciously, so that you can learn that they are no cause for the degree of upset you have been having and so that you learn your own ways of controlling their impact.

The best way to do this is to

actually go out and begin seeking rejections. Go up to the most gorgeous man in the bar tonight, the kind of man who wouldn't even consider going home with somebody like you. Invite him home, and get rejected. Sometimes, for reasons unknown to us, this little experiment goes awry and you actually get accepted by Mr. Hulk. In this case, discontinue the experiment ... and enjoy!

Assuming you are rejected, examining what actually happened and what you actually felt. Was it really so bad? What happened really sufficient reason for you to get bummed out about yourself? Or was it just a small incident, really of no great importance? Think and feel over. Repeat the experiment as many times as necessary to get comfortable with being rejected. And bored about fretting over it so much.

We'll bet you a dime to a dillidoo that after some time you'll be tossing off bar rejections like stale poppers. And with your new-found ease in the bar situation, you'll undoubtedly be more attractive, and get rejected less!

FIVE YEARS AGO

March, 1977

A sparsely attended Human Rights Commission hearing took testimony on fire safety in gay bars and other businesses. David Goldman, chair of Gay Action's Committee on Rights Within the Gay Community, provided the bulk of the testimony.

The meeting led to the formation of the San Francisco Fire Department-Human Rights Commission-Gay Community Fire Safety Task Force. The task force published a pamphlet, *Fire Safety Is Good Business*, in August, 1977.

The group proceeded to discuss

safety in bathhouses, but got bogged down in early 1979 in the aftermath of the Milk and Moscone assassinations. Fire Chief Andy Casper plans to revive the panel this month.

Numerous gay groups, businesses, and individuals throughout the nation undertook a boycott of Florida orange juice and other citrus products. They were protesting orange juice pitcher-person Anita Bryant's leadership of a gay-rights-repeal campaign in Dade County, Florida.

ON LIVE!

with Randy Alfred

MAKING PROGRESS: A Bay Area, professional couple, both in

their thirties, married five years, saw *Making Love* its opening night, February 12. After the show he told her about the "hidden desires" he'd been "fighting all his life."

She was sympathetic. The next day, she called David the Matchmaker and purchased a \$150 three-month coming-out gift certificate for her husband. David says she gave it to him for Valentine's Day. Aww.

David says the husband with the understanding wife has already called him and will soon make an appointment. The gift entitles him to as many as six introductions to likely Mr. Rights.

David will be opening a branch in L.A. in June and plans to commute between the two cities. "I hope I'm in the air when the earthquake hits the city it hits," he adds, ever the optimist. Well, that's his business.

MAKING DOUGH: *Making Love* has grossed \$7,620,000 in its first 18 days, according to Barry Lorry, 20th Century-Fox vice-president for Publicity and Promotion. The film took in \$3,750,000 in its first week, and \$2,405,000 the second. Box-office figures for the first three weekends are \$2.5, \$1.8, and \$1.3 million.

Lorry said that's "probably falling a touch faster than we would have wanted, but if it stays at that level, we'll get a hell of a good movie."

Lorry said the janitors' strike in San Francisco has had little or no effect. The Metro on Union Street grossed \$50,000 in the film's first week, making it the top-box-office

theater in the Bay Area for that period.

Meanwhile, *Personal Best*, with its lesbian-athlete love story, opens at the Alexandria, also struck by the janitors, and I haven't heard word one from the union about an active picket or boycott there.

DONT CRY FOR ME, GARMISCH-PARTENKIRCHEN:

The Gay Olympic Games will hold a benefit screening of *Olympia*, Leni Riefenstahl's classic film of the 1936 Berlin Olympic Games, on Thursday, March 11, 8 P.M., at the Castro Theater. The film has veiled and unveiled bodies and propaganda, and the Lesbian & Gay Jewish Activists are already talking about mounting an informational (or stronger) picket line.

RADIO: *The Gay Life*, on KSAN, 95 FM, will finally present Gore Vidal's witty and insightful address to the Golden Gate Business Association, on Sunday, March 7, at 11 P.M. Vidal delivered his trenchant remarks on the "state of the union" on January 28, but broadcast has been delayed by copyright-clearance problems.

The March 7 *Gay Life* will also feature the presentation of the GGBA's Community Service Award to David Keeler, M.D. On March 14, *The Gay Life* interview w/ day-night Doric Wilson and director Alan Estes. Estes is now directing the world premiere of *Wilson's Street Theater* at Theater Rhinoceros.

KALW, 91.7 FM, presents an interview with Dr. Paul Volberding on Kapos's Sarcoma and *Pneumocystis carinii* pneumonia, on Thursday, March 16, at 10 A.M. and 10:30 P.M.

What will you Do about your PG&E bill?

Asked on Castro Street.



Gary, bookkeeper, upper Market:

We have steam heat, so basically all we pay for is electricity. It hasn't gone up much. We're not affected like a lot of people are.



Nita, administrative assistant, Daly City:

It's outrageous. First I thought it was an error because it was doubled. I think everybody should stop paying them for a month or two.



Richard, printer, Upper Market:

I'm not sure. I'm looking to see what protests I can cue into. I thought a good idea was to bring the bill down in nickels like some woman did.



Alice, graphic artist, Noe Valley:

What can you do? Let them go under. It probably costs so much because they're building so many nuclear power plants, and they've sunk all their money into that.



Viva, BART train operator, Castro:

Pay it. It's gone up about triple.

Photos Bobbie Mosk

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COMMENT

Mastering New Realities

by Edward M. Kennedy, U.S.S.

Senator Ted Kennedy (D-Mass.) presented the following videotaped remarks on February 20 to the Alice B. Toklas Memorial Democratic Party's Tenth Anniversary dinner honoring Jim Foster.

I wish I could be there with you tonight, and I'm honored to participate with all of you, with all the members of the Alice B. Toklas Club, and so many citizens of San Francisco in paying tribute to a close friend of mine, an immensely competent and decent human being, Jim Foster.

As all of you know, Jim runs a brilliant campaign, and I have a special reason to know that he can do it on a shoestring. In the hardest hours of our 1980 effort, when we had few resources to sustain us and only our deepest convictions to draw on, Jim Foster, his telephone, his office, his friends, were the Kennedy organization in northern California.

I've often worried about how little money he had to spend on the campaign, and I've always marvelled at how much he achieved. But Jim means more to me than a superb political organizer. And he means more to me than a loyal friend, though he has demonstrated time and again how loyal he is to the ideals he believes in.

Most of all, he truly is a friend, a counselor whose advice and concern and commitment hold a very special place with me.

Jim has lived the life and the struggle for liberty for gay and lesbian Americans, and he has helped to educate me on that issue. He has helped to teach me that we cannot abide discrimination in our society on the basis of sexual orientation any more than we can abide discrimination on the basis of race or sex or age.

And I'm proud that in our 1980 campaign, we stood for an end to such discrimination in public and private employment, in housing, in the full range of government programs and throughout our society.

And I'm proud that our campaign—a campaign that believed in the right to be gay, Jim and so many of you stood for the protection of the civil rights of all of our citizens. And I'm proud to be a co-sponsor in the Senate of the Tsongas Bill, and I'm opposed and will continue to oppose immigration exclusions based on prejudice.

As the leader of the fight in the

Senate to protect the voting rights of the minority of Americans who are not white, I'm determined to stand as well for equal rights of the majority of our society who are women. I believe this is a time when the Democratic Party must stand without equivocation, rationalization or excuse on all the great issues before our country.

A year ago we were advised to mute our views and trim our convictions. We were told it was old-fashioned to mention the poor, to fight for labor, to oppose discrimination, or to speak of tax justice. But events since then have reaffirmed a vital truth: the last thing this nation needs in the 1980s is two Republican parties.

Last year, the Reagan administration gave America an unfair and unwise tax cut. I take some satisfaction in the fact that I was the only Democrat in the Senate up for reelection in 1980 to vote against the record tax giveaway. Now the administration has found that they cannot afford it, and so they are seeking to shift the burden of their own economic failures to the backs of the states, the cities, the unemployed, and the unprivileged majority of our people.

In reality, their New Federalism of today is nothing more than the old Hooverism of 50 years ago. And I'm tired of all the talk from apologists for this administration who believe in rugged individualism, so long as it is rugged on others and comfortable for themselves.

"The last thing we need in the 1980s is two Republican parties."

Of course, President Reagan does claim that he cares about the afflicted and the poor. And you know, there is one piece of evidence for that: Ronald Reagan must love poor people, because he is creating more of them.

Other leaders in our other days have followed the different course of Franklin Roosevelt. They have appealed to our better instincts. They have encouraged us to have some kind of hope in America in return for all that America has given to us.

Instead, this administration has summoned us to selfishness. They have replaced a tradition of compassion with a standard of greed. They have opened the decade of the 1980s by telling only the least among us to ask what they can do



for their country. In the face of this threat, we must try to lead in the 1980s as Jim Foster has tried to do over the years — with courage and with conviction.

Surely, we need new ideas and new faces, and we are fortunate to have them. But we also need the backbone to stand for enduring values of fairness and progress and full equality for all people.

We do have sensible alternatives

excuse for retreating from principles.

Jim Foster knows, and I know; and you know that no fight worth waging was ever won by quietly surrendering to the forces of reaction. Whether it is in the neighborhoods where the elderly are fearful of the next assault on Social Security, whether it is in the inner cities where an entire generation has been left without help or hope, whether it is among the sharecroppers of Arkansas, or on Castro Street in San Francisco, there is a struggle for human rights that demands and deserves the best efforts of all of us.

The struggle takes many different forms, but the same values are always at issue: the fundamental belief that America must stand for hope and opportunity for all Americans.

In that struggle, I am with you, as I have been before. And I am determined that for all those whose cause has always been the Democratic cause, our conscience shall not fail, our convictions shall never tire, and our leadership shall always continue.

In honoring Jim, we honor the work he has done, and we recommit ourselves to meeting the great challenges of justice and progress in the decade of the 1980s.

LETTERS

BRAVO, BOBBIE!

I just wanted to let you know what the articles by Bobbi Campbell, R.N., "Gay Cancer Journal" mean to me, and hopefully to a lot of people who think like I used to. "Nothing like this could ever happen to me."

It's time to wake up and face the facts, and that's exactly what this award-nominated and brave columnist has been doing.

He's a brave man, and *The Sentinel* should be complimented on printing those articles.

Randy Johnson
San Francisco

ROAD TO KINDERGARTEN

To Steven Saylor concerning Carter Wilson's *Treasures On Earth* and also *The Sentinel's* recent review: If you've been able to believe Mr. Saylor's attack on this beautifully written book, Mr. Saylor's review comes across like a popper reading high-school-book-report.

TREASURES/TREASURES*

Having just completed reading Carter Wilson's *Treasures On Earth* and also *The Sentinel's* recent review, I find it very hard to believe Mr. Saylor's attack on this beautifully written book. Mr. Saylor's review comes across like a popper reading high-school-book-report.

This book is a refreshing change from all the "light-weight" books out today addressing homosexual love and homosexual relationships. Maybe Mr. Saylor could find time between his comic-book reading and actually progress beyond *Valley of the Dolls*.

Linda Niemann
Santa Cruz

The *Sentinel* welcomes letters from readers. Please include a phone number so we can verify that you indeed sent the letter which appears above your name. We will not consider multiple-copy letters for publication.

Larry Trujillo
Capitola

WILSON SI, SAYLOR NO!

Recently while I was on vacation in New Orleans, a good friend gave me a copy of *Treasures On Earth* and complimented me on having such an excellent writer in my "own backyard," so-to-speak. I couldn't find any correlation of what Steven Saylor wrote in his *Sentinel* review and what Mr. Wilson has accomplished. Mr. Wilson's interpretation of Mr. Wilson's book gets lost between the pages. It's not the book that "seems to be addressed to a juvenile audience" as Saylor thinks, but rather his silly review. Writing at this level, Saylor has only one direction to go—UP!

Joanne Sterriker
Oakland

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EDITORIAL

by W.E. Beardemphl

Atlas Lifts Off

Congratulations to Atlas Savings & Loan on its grand opening. Atlas has built \$5 million in assets in its first quarter. This is outstanding growth in the present period, when other savings and loan companies are losing their business.

The dedication and hard work of the members of the board of directors is amazing and must be praised by all the homosexual community. They have established themselves as leaders, showing what cooperation and mutual support can accomplish in our community. We admire their ability and resolve to make things much more of the same.

What this success demonstrates more than anything else is that the homosexual community can show solid, respectable leadership for San Francisco's overall community. To gain our civil rights, we cannot merely rail against the establishment for our civil rights. We are now part of the establishment. We must help solve the problems of our society.

Taking Power From PG&E

The energy problem is twofold. On the one hand, we must improve the efficiency of energy production, distribution, and use. On the other hand, we must adjust social, political, and market forces to respond to the interests of consumers.

Always remember: the corporations do not own the energy. In whatever form, it belongs to the commonweal, the public. The government grants licenses to discover, extract, refine, and deliver the energy in usable form, in return for a reasonable profit. But you win.

Your present PG&E bill proves that we have been sold a bill of goods. PG&E's gigantic mismanagement, monopoly, and freedom from political control has resulted in a helpless public being grievously exploited. Our rubber-stamp Public Utilities Commission contends that the electric rate hikes were justified by higher wages and inflation. Maybe.

To us it appears that this \$900 million giveaway of our money is the price for our own stupidity. We have been suckered into believing that PG&E is the best possible answer to producing energy for our needs.

The Helmo Project cost overruns prove that this is not so. Reagan's Economic Recovery Act of last year gave \$177.4 million to PG&E and charged it to us. We are now forced to pay for the ridiculous \$1-million-per-day interest to finance the Diablo Canyon nuclear plant and other boondoggles.

But the whole nuclear energy fiasco is really the most outrageous boondoggle. The "experts" have never answered questions of radioactive waste disposal, plant safety, maintenance costs, and the disposal and quarter-million-year storage of radioactive wastes. We have been told to accept nuclear energy on faith — in our politicians and in PG&E. The past performance of politicians and PG&E do not justify placing any faith in them.

If nuclear energy is just plain stupid, some past alternate energy sources are expensive and ecologically unsound. Burning wood and coal produce unacceptable pollution. Oil and gas expense is uncontrollable. Solar energy is limited in scope and can not begin to meet our current needs. Wind power is highly inefficient and not reliable.

We're running out of water, we have already run out of rivers to dam for hydroelectric generation. Building small flood-control dams already in place remain electrically unhampered. Hydro-electric power, despite questions of ecological impact, is our best answer because of cost efficiency and environmental safety. State ownership of electric power on a municipal level affords the best possible consumer-response-management.

The Sentinel

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Arts & Entertainment

Films

Keaton's New Triumph: Moving Beyond Melodrama

SHOOT THE MOON

Starring Albert Finney and Diane Keaton.

Written by Bo Goldman.

Directed by Alan Parker.

At the Northpoint.

by Steven Simmons

Toward the beginning of *Shoot the Moon*, George (Albert Finney), his wife of fifteen years. The movie details how George and their four young daughters cope with the subsequent months of separation. Although no doubt spawned by the commercial success of recent Hollywood films about families in crisis, *Shoot the Moon* eschews the sociological patiness of *Kramer vs. Kramer*, the reductive psychologizing of *Ordinary People*, and the gross sentimentality of *On Golden Pond*.

Shoot the Moon is a real drama, and the characters in drama constantly surprise us by acting in ways that we couldn't have predicted, as people do in life. In melodrama, which is what the Hollywood family pictures I've mentioned are, we have a facile "understanding" of the characters,

seem to experience the contradictory emotions that most of us do when a major love affair ends. At times they're matter-of-fact, almost relieved; at other times the pain of separation is nearly unbearable. They cope.

American movies have never been lousier, and it's hard not to attribute this in large part to scripts that are, as often as not, done by committee and that come out as confused, jumbled messes. Significantly, the two best recent American scripts retain real writers' visions. Bo Goldman's script for *Shoot the Moon*, like John Guare's for *Atlantic City*, is specifically and surprisingly structured, funny and painful, remarkably faithful to the way people really talk. Goldman captures his characters' upper-middle-class, vaguely bohemian, Northern California milieu without once resorting to Marin County clichés.

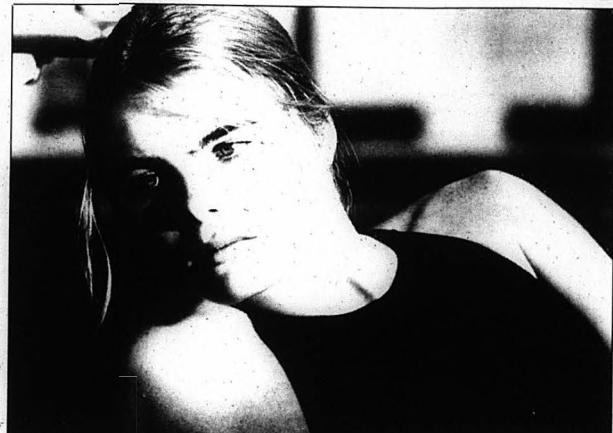
Unlike the exquisite *Atlantic City*, *Shoot the Moon* has its flaws. George is a writer, and the film's opening sequences center around his winning a major literary award, which, we're told, he lost out on last year. This glamorous award and its

mannerisms, and one is thrown out of the context of the movie.

The above lapse aside, *Faith* is Diane Keaton's strongest role to date, and she invests it with all the emotional power and the now considerable histrionic resources at her command. It's an extraordinary, no-holds-barred performance. Keaton is especially velvety with the secret of child actresses playing her daughters who are themselves quite a spectacle. They're the liveliest, most natural children I can recall seeing in a Hollywood movie.

If Albert Finney is less moving, less emotionally naked than Keaton, it is, perhaps, because he's playing a man who lives largely inside his own head. George has a difficult time expressing his emotions, except when they explode as rage, and it's sometimes difficult to tell whether the somewhat sodden quality belongs to the actor or the character. Still, much of Finney's performance is both subtle and strong.

Alan Parker is not a director whose past work (*Buggy Malone*, *Midnight Express*, *Fame*) inspires confidence. Yet surely a large share of the credit for the brilliant performances belongs to him, and he treats Bo Goldman's wonderful screenplay with delicacy and tact. If, occasionally, Parker's images seem a shade "arty" and he holds them too long (e.g., a duck in a mist-covered pond), many other images, like the curve of Keaton's



MARIE THE MAGNIFICENT: "Hemingway is tremendously endearing... she comes through like gangbusters"

Warner Bros.

"Personal Best": Pushing Beyond Gender Expectations

PERSONAL BEST

Starring Mariel Hemingway and Patrice Donnelly.

Written and directed by Robert Towne.

At the Alexandria Theatre.

by Steve Beery

The first shot of *Personal Best* shows us the sweat dripping off Mariel Hemingway's beautiful nose and chin as she readies herself for a race in a women's Olympics track and field tryout. This sense of hothouse physicality suffuses the film: it's writer/director Robert Towne's way of studying his characters' ambitions to start with their exteriors and move inward.

The film is the best female jock movie ever — celebrated women's bodies without turning them into sex objects, by focusing on their sexiest strength. The bodies Towne shows us are muscular, in shape, functional. They're not blank slates to be filled in and shaped by the fantasies of men, but active tools for their own enjoyment and exultation.

The story centers on the relationship between two members of the U.S. Olympics women's pentathlon team. Chris (Mariel Hemingway) is a young, inexperienced athlete who makes it onto the team through the kind intervention of Tory (Patrice Donnelly), an established track and field star. Thrown together by the exigencies of training, the women become lovers and live together for three years. When they compete in the 1980 preliminaries for the Moscow Olympics, the strain of competition separates them, and Chris winds up with a boyfriend.

Towne, who wrote *Chinatown* and co-authored *Shampoo*, makes a triumphant directorial debut. He has fashioned this film into a coherent unity, and, for a writer, this is a welcome delight. Mariel Hemingway is tremendously endearing, and if she sounds a tiny bit rehearsed in an occasional moment of expositional dialogue, she comes through like gangbusters in the emotional confrontations. As Tory, Patrice Donnelly is a revelation. She's an actual track and field athlete-turned-actress, a handsome and heroic woman who conveys a palpable pride in her body and her sexuality.

Graphically explicit in its depiction of lesbian lovemaking, *Personal Best* is a work of art compared to *Making Love*'s charming but slickly commercial packaging. Towne seems to be trying to push movies beyond gender expectations, maybe even beyond sex itself, to learn about people and what makes them tick. I hope other directors are able, and willing, to follow his lead.

Rhino Roars On

Studio Rhinoceros, a new auxiliary theatre space operated by Theatre Rhinoceros, will open Friday, March 5 with a production of C.L. Arnold's *Delivery*. A fantasy play dealing gay myths as seen through the eyes of its protagonist, *Delivery* is directed by Charles Solomon, and features actors Tim Butters, Roger Scroggs, John ponyman, and Sandahl Helbert.

Delivery plays Thursdays through Saturdays at 8:30, until the end of March.

He says the errors will be corrected in the forthcoming paperback edition.

The book would then be a significantly stronger work of history. The moral is: always buy the four-star final — save your money, and wait for the paperback. It's a shame that St. Martin's Press has treated it's higher-priced hardcover customers so shabbily.

The editors also let by one sentence completely out of order, half-a-dozen errors of spelling and grammar, and many of punctuation. There is an irritating lack of commas in the middle of compound sentences.

This negligent editing is typical Manhattanite. A parallel strikes me: Harvey Milk often said that gay people should not lead our destiny entirely in the hands of straight, liberal friends; perhaps the same is true of West Coast writers with regard to New York editors, gay or straight.

Despite all this, the book does work as political portraiture. Perhaps, the very nature of its subject matter provides theatrical license to play fast and loose with the facts. After all, Harvey Milk apparently created a fictitious bad-paper discharge for himself and scouted the park so he could step in dog-doo. Politics is theater, and the medium is the message.



MAMA TIMES FOUR: Diane Keaton shines in her newest role as a Marin Madonna with a floundering marriage.

an "understanding" that comes not so much from our own observations of life as from our experiences with the popular media.

Shoot the Moon is drawn from life, and the integrity of all those involved in its making can be gauged by their refusal to hold the film to any one mood. The film moves rapidly, often within a single scene, between comedy and tragedy, small observations and large confrontations. Faith and George

televised presentation ceremony have, of course, no counterparts in reality. Similarly, a short serious writer turns out a book a year.

These lapses of tact especially stand out in a film that is, for the most part, distinguished by its fidelity to both emotional and sociological reality. Another esthetically jarringly scene is one in which Faith is seduced by the new man in her life. Here Diane Keaton is allowed to slip into her *Annie Hall*

back against a window and her infinitely sad face as she drags on a joint, reverberate in one's mind. When George and his oldest daughter come together on a pier in a scene of Requiem, Parker's unostentatious but perfect staging capture the poignancy of the shift of love and hate that characterize all parent-child misunderstandings. In *Shoot the Moon* the poignancy is earned.

of the assassinations. Rick Stokes is not a past president of the Toklas Democratic Club. John Cudova was sentenced to death, not ten years, for the murder of Robert Hillsborough. And, the public excerpts from the "death tape" did include the "phone call from Altona," Milk's symbol of giving hope.

The poem that mourners briefly thought was Milk's own — "I cannot fall back into my closet... I am too many/I am all of us" — turned out to be his handwritten copy of the work of a lesbian poet. Most of us learned that soon after the assassinations. Shilts apparently did not.

When Shilts notes architectural

"Shilts skillfully weaves the woof of history across the warp of biography."

exasperated, and finally madden. Contrary to Shilts' assertions, Dan White's District 8 did not vote for John Briggs, the anti-gay teacher initiative. Shilts' chronology of the City Hall riot, moreover, appears out-of-whack at several points. The illuminating details that provide the "color" for this kind of journalism ought to be accurate. In Shilts' book, they often are not. For instance, he misquotes both Milk's swearing in speech and Dianne Feinstein's announcement necessitated some "carelessness."



Mayor of Castro' author RANDY SHILTS: the portraiture works, but the details get lost.

Books

"Calamus" Delivers: Serving the 31 Flavors of Gay Love

CALAMUS: Male Homosexuality in Twentieth Century Literature.

Edited by David D. Galloway and Christian Sabisch. (Quill, \$15.95 hardcover; \$8.95 soft.) by Carter Wilson

Reading an anthology very much like accepting a dinner invitation from people you don't know well; you go less for the nourishment and more out of curiosity about who's going to be there and what their congregating might mean.

The 35 guests chosen by *Calamus* editors David Galloway and Christine Sabisch are all, with one exception, men. Contributors include most of the "heavies" you'd expect (Isherwood, Forster, Mishima, Cavafy, Genet, Ginsberg, Burroughs, Cocteau, Gunn — together with many lesser though beguiling lights (Lonnig Coleman, William Inge, Yves Navarre), and a clutch of writers I was pleased to meet for the first time (Eduardo Gudino Kieffer, especially) and a few more or less anonymous.

Every anthology abides by rules of its own making and thereby tries to prove a point. *Calamus* rules that its pieces be about male homosexuality and written in the 20th century. The proclivities of the writer are supposedly not at issue; the scope is international. The point *Calamus* amply proves in its 482 big-format pages is that increasing freedom from censorship has created a new "consequential literature" on the subject of gay men.

The editors, enlightened fellows with very keen eyes for quality, know intuitively what good writing is, but they can't pinpoint what's so terrific about their choices. To much satisfaction, they've noted to naming the varieties of gay love — as if they were reciting the 31 Flavors — and though they come close, they're not fully sure what durable insights their authors have for us.

But of course the insights are there in the selections themselves. One way of seeing how deep they

go — and how hard they must have been to dig up — is to notice where they *don't* appear. By its own rules *Calamus* allows pieces by what we might call "identified straights": people who, whether or not they recognized their own dual natures, mostly enacted heterosexuality. The trouble with the stories by Hemingway, James T. Farrell, William Carlos Williams and Stanley Kaufmann is that they don't go much beyond identifying the existence of queerness as one fact of life. Not enough. Each of these gentlemen will have to endure on the basis of something other than what represents him here.

I'm afraid Sherwood Anderson's "Hands" from *Winesburg, Ohio* (certainly the original town without pity) falls into the same category. I know the story is a remembered favorite of many gay people because of its kindly treatment of Wing Biddlebaum, the one-time school teacher whose fidgety fingers caused his downfall. (Representation of "straight" incomplete repression is bound to lead to sorrow.) But Anderson withholds the possibility of self-knowledge so rigorously, Wing is such a dullard, that in the end all we achieve is sympathy for a burnout. And sympathy does not have the same durability as insight.

D.H. Lawrence, represented here by his late "The Prussian Officer," proves, how, no matter what a writer's preferences, a lifelong obsession with sexuality of whatever stripe can uncover truly complex understandings about the workings of the revealed social order. Falling in lust with his orderly, the officer with the eyes "blue like flame" discovers in himself a vulnerability from which he can claw his way even to rigid military posture can't protect him.

Women, whom he could put down as inferior by nature of their sex, could never teach him the same alarming lesson.

Similarly, in Robert Musil's "Young Torless," the title character torments a boy named Basini, whom all the tougher school boys have

diddled. Torless begins to realize that if he submitted as Basini has, his own fear of the bullies would vanish. "My feeling about myself would be exactly as simple and clear of ambiguity as his feeling about himself," he thinks.

These two stories alone (and others, such as the Genet selection from *Funeral Rites*) would be enough to demonstrate why homosexuality is potentially revolutionary, and why society would want it suppressed. In doing no more than his own thing, the homosexual learns certain secrets, especially about the shadow side of the dominant male, which the patriarchal powers have been at some pain to keep from becoming common knowledge.

In the very best of *Calamus*, the writers' insights become strangely familiar and not particular to homosexual understanding. "Dr. Fadigati" by Giorgio Bassani (author of *The Garden of the Finzi-Continis*) and Christopher Isherwood's "On Ruegen Island" both maintain there is a curative, even ennobling power to love — to drinking out of the same glass as Isherwood says. These are extravagant, even heroic claims to make in stories set plop in the midst of the deepening rot of the Thirties' fin de siècle.

Editors Galloway and Sabisch are concerned that in the new "freedom" homosexual and heterosexual alike may end by reducing human relationships to genital contacts." They need not worry. In those selections which resemble what is politely called fuck literature, the artist's eye for the eternal and mysterious consistently pulls the focus beyond tonight's feelgood. In Allen Ginsberg's 1968 "Please Master," the slave's explicit sexual requests add up to a prayer for transcendence.

tenderly clasp me please master / take me to thee, & drive in my belly your sweet heat-rod

Though a bit more ironic, Thom Gunn is willing to give the title "The Merchant" a spin about a jack-off job at a McDonald's. And Constantin Cavafy reminds us in "Body, Remember" of what poets have always said about "sensual delight": fleeting, yes, but not trivial, since sensual delight gives rise to enduring poetry.

How I wish Galloway and Sabisch had invited Proust to their anthology

cized him for serving up such a negative image to the general public. "But that's what happened," was Fassbinder's defense.

Even after the double-edged sword and not all that is good. More to the point, homoeroticism is today shouted from rooftop billboards, yet society still condemns and strongly represses the actual

so I could at least put his name here. Without him, and Thomas Mann for "Death in Venice," *Calamus* can't quite exemplify the whole sweep of the "male homosexual" literature in the 20th century.

So let's just imagine these two

were out of town and could be with us only in spirit and toast them too — all out of the same glass, of course.

Carter Wilson's fourth novel, Treasures On Earth, was published in 1981.

may face similar criticism from gays for his latest book. The title poem examines the grisly career of John Gacy, infamous Chicago boy killer, and the final prose section concerns Ren Sexton, another murderer of boys.

Certainly *The Tenderness of the Wolves* is a frightening book, all the more so because Cooper has the uncanny ability to get inside a mass murderer's mind and linger

practice of same-sex love. The schizophrenia of sex equals money equals power is bound to produce occasional outbursts of psychosis. Are even the most "normal" of us free from at least some S&M fantasizing? Perhaps this is most frightening of all. We look at John Gacy and see something of ourselves.

What junks the punk rockers, the fist-fuckers, the high-school victims, their parents and teachers, and the mass murderer in Cooper's world is their obsessive concern with appearances, their fixation on style. Purpose, value, identity God — all else recedes.

One must remain hip and cool — that is the ethic of 1982 — even as one explores the most dangerous edges of life to find meaning:

*You break a bottle
on your head onstage
and get popular fast.
Kids like to watch
you more than movies
then they're bored
no matter what you do.*

*You hate them all.
You speak their minds
writing poems and songs
black with mistakes.
They know what you mean.*

*You're not on drugs.
You're not singing to
get in their pants.
You see yourself dead.
You scream yourself hoarse.*

In this "Blank Generation," even renouncing style and speech becomes itself a new kind of speech. That is, this anarchistic content is fitted into such a tightly controlled form it intensifies the singer's dilemma.

Even before *Idols*, Dennis Cooper's first book, appeared, Allen Ginsberg hailed him as "the best young gay poet in America." This latest book proves his writing is better than ever, even as his vision has grown more extensive.

Whether he can find a positive solution to the social dilemmas he so stunningly portrays and whether, like Dante, he can crawl through Satan's anus to find heaven, remains to be seen. What needs to be redefined, perhaps, is our very conception of heaven and desire.

Cooper will read his poems in San Francisco at Intersection on March 16 and at Valencia Rose on March 17, 8 P.M. both nights.

Crawling Through Satan's Anus To Find Heaven**THE TENDERNESS OF THE WOLVES**

By Dennis Cooper.
Crossing Press, 1981; 76 pgs., \$4.95.

By Steve Abbott

When Rainer Werner Fassbinder in 1973 produced Ulli Lommel's *Tenderness of the Wolves*, a film about sadistic boy-murderer Fritz Haarmann, other gays strongly criti-

zed the film for its double-edged blade of sexuality.


Sherie Leyen

ANARCHY UNDER CONTROL: Poet Dennis Cooper's new work considers the double-edged blade of sexuality.

cized him for serving up such a negative image to the general public. "But that's what happened," was Fassbinder's defense.

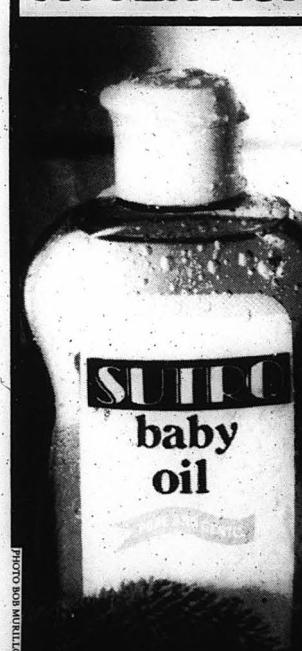
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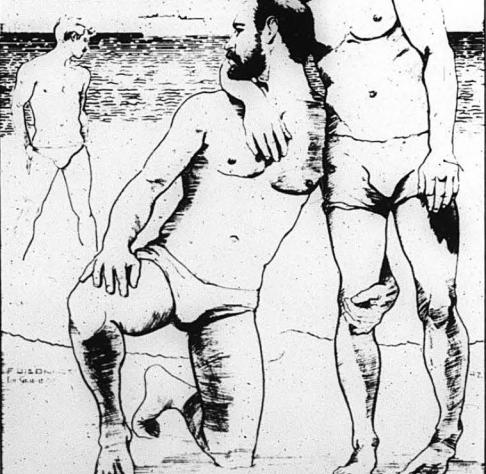
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Theatre

There's Plenty Of Life Yet In This "Boy"

by William Lonon Smith

BOY MEETS BOY
A musical written by Bill Solly and Donald Ward
Directed by Ron Troutman.
Playing at the Alcazar Theatre.

A bit of joy arrived at the Alcazar Theatre last month. It's the revival of the musical comedy *Boy Meets Boy*, a show with so much gaiety and fun that you want to hug the producers for deciding to revive it.

Yes, the story is a variation on the old cliché of boy-meets-girl, boy-loses-girl, and boy-gains-girl in the end. Of course, instead of the girl there is a boy, which adds to the merriment.

The plot is a familiar one. The time is December 11, 1936, and the place is London. King Edward VIII has abdicated the throne to marry Mrs. Simpson. It's the love affair of the decade — if not the century. But for Casey O'Brien, suave American journalist, who misses this big scoop because of a hangover, a more important wedding is about to happen: the marriage of Guy Rose to arrogant millionaire Clarence Cutler.

O'Brien heads for the ceremony and finds Guy Rose has missed his own marriage. After a series of snafus and cases of mistaken identity, Guy Rose ("the British version of the American Beauty Rose") reunites and falls for reporter O'Brien. It all ends happily, with a Cinderella twist.

Boys Meets Boy makes no strong political statement about gay culture. True, the characters are stereotypes, but they are done with tongue in cheek, and the show consistently reaffirms the romantic joys and naturalness of being gay. The purpose of *Boys Meets Boy* is to make you feel good, and it does that most admirably.

The performances are right on the button. Richard Roemer (Casey) and David Gally (Guy) have pleasant personalities and strong voices, believably supporting the romantic flavor of their characters. Raymond Worden, also the co-producer of this revival, is fittingly arrogant and obnoxious as the jilted and conniving Clarence Cutler. Paul Ratevich contributes the right splash of Noel Cowardish sobbyness as Casey's friend, Andrew. And Nan O'Shea adds a broad stroke of lunacy to several roles.

The music and lyrics by Bill Solly are not particularly memorable, with the exception of the love ballad "Does Anybody Love You?" Solly and Donald Ward's book is a package of tried and true clichés filled with silly puns and foolish jokes, which recall the zany fun of early stage musicals.

The production is handsomely designed with an Art-Deco motif by Richard G. Norgard and Ron Troutman. Troutman also provides the clean, fast-paced direction, and Robin Reseen evokes the nostalgia of choral-line symmetry with his uncomplicated choreography.

With the exception of Richard Roemer and the chorus members, the personnel are all originals from the New York and Los Angeles *Boys Meets Boy* productions. (It was also produced in San Francisco in 1976, using members of the New York company.) I think this personal association with the musical gives the production a special sparkle. The show has been mounted with love, and it comes joyfully across the footlights.

Boys Meets Boy has a limited run through the first part of April. I hope it can be extended. It's a happy musical for spring and restores the gaiety into our sometimes solemn gay culture.

PATTIE SINGS PIAF
A cabaret act performed by Pattie Butler.
February 22, The Plush Room, Hotel York.

It's been said that imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, but after seeing "Pattie Sings Piaf" on a recent Monday evening at the Hotel York's Plush Room, I don't believe it's true.

"Pattie" is Patricia Butler, a Los Angeles actress and singer who won a Drama-Logue Critic's Award for her work in the play "The French Chanteuse." Edith Piaf. What I saw at the Plush Room and what those Drama-Logue critics saw must have been two different shows.

Miss Butler undoubtedly has good intentions. It's obvious that she adores Piaf and her songs. But that isn't enough. Piaf was far more than a woman in black dress and a black wig singing some interesting songs with poor French diction. Piaf sang her songs from the heart and from experience. Pattie hasn't the acting ability to convincingly convey Piaf's intense sincerity, and the music and lyrics, unfortunately, aren't strong enough to work by themselves.

It is untrue to present an act of this nature in two sections with an overly long intermission. It breaks the continuity and doesn't hold the audience. The progression of Piaf's career through her songs would have been interesting, but Pattie's current programming dismisses this unifying element and leaves us with an unfocused image of the Piaf persona. The act quickly turns to boredom.

As it stands now, Pattie would be wise to eliminate the Piaf impersonation and develop an act using her own personality. If the great Piaf had any regrets in her life, it would be to have been reincarnated in such a dismal tribute to this one.

(*Piaf* will be performed again on Sunday, April 11, 8 p.m., at the Julia Morgan Center for the Performing Arts, Berkeley. For reservations, call 548-2687.)

Dance

Laura Dean Dazzles

LAURA DEAN DANCERS AND MUSICIANS
Herbst Theatre, February 12-13.

Dresses her six dancers in silk PJ's — white, or black. Mesmerizes, nonplusses, infatuates, enchants, watchers. Some stamp along, some out. All around globe.

Music, played live, has much of a muckiness. Steve Reich/Philip Glass do "Deanstyle" better; why be proud? But, see, L.D. likes to make own music; uses pianos, autoharp, strings. Dancers — why not? — sing. Finish one 33-minute exhilarating/exhausting dance with words "Da-da-Dance!" Piece

titled *Dance*. Other piece, *Tympani*, has surprise... tympani. And a sameness. Hoof that row before.

Dancers amazing memory banks. Have megabyte-minds. Oddly, personalities hidden behind computation/locomotion...

Some things they do: sinewy kick-turns, low center of gravity spins, Tai-Chi arms. Things they don't do: leave stage, stop moving, faint.

Miracle: can leap! So, profusion of leaps. Contest of survival. Multi-pentathlon. Viewer breathless — do what, now that concert over?

Radio spot says, "Not seeing [Laura Dean Dancers] is to deny an interest in dance." Kilroy writes, "Ignore overkill, just keep dancing," and having writh moves on.

move beyond novelty with their beehive dos intact. Their new David Byrne-produced EP, *Mesopotamia*, adds percussion, horns, and keyboards. If they bowed in with an archaeologist's warp on images out of *Godzilla*'s video, now they're bringing a *Gilligan's Island*-cum-*Naked City* approach to archaic archaeology. And you can still dance to it. (SF Civic Auditorium, March 13, 8 P.M., \$9.25 adv., \$10.75 day.)

Alive: Women's Jazz Quintet: Redwood Records' acclaimed combo take a feminist warp on jazz, mixing lyrics with a determination to stomp the blues. Lawdy, Ms. Clawsy. (Great American Music Hall, March 13, 8 & 10 P.M., \$6.)

Bobby Short: The master of Cafe Society cabaret makes Cole Porter glisten, and on his new LP grooms Ellington, Gershwin, Coward, Hoagy Carmichael, and even Streisand's "Evergreen" into urban furnishings for the Nancy Reagana era. Beyond preppy. (Boarding House, March 11-17, 8 & 11 P.M., \$12.50.)

No Sisters, Silvertone, D-Day: The openers are a rather ordinary pop band from Austin, Texas. Silverstone do rockabilly out of early Sun Records and John Lennon teeth-of-the-battle vocals. And No Sisters promise to out-distance their dippy dance hit, "Roscoe's Family." (Old Waldorf, March 12, 9 P.M., \$5.)

B-52s: The wacky kingpins of moderne dance music continue to

Pop Previews

by Adam Block

Mose Allison: An inspiration to both Bonnie Raitt and the Clash — this iconic be-bop piano man is an inspired survivor. (Great American Music Hall, March 5, 8:30 P.M., \$7.)

Big Mama Willie Mae Thornton: Cirrhosis has taken its toll, and she ain't big anymore except in vocal power, but the颤音 of Janis Joplin's signature "Ball and Chain" can still make the dead tremble and the living grin. (On Broadway, March 5-6, 9 P.M., \$6.)

Cars, Nick Lowe: The techno-pop headliners are chilly, awkward, and totally reverent to the recorded versions. Expect more surprises from possibly ionist Nick Lowe. (Civic Palace, March 6, 8 P.M., \$10.50 adv., \$12 day.)

Suburban Laws, Translator: The headliners are an arty dance band, known in the trade as the Suburban Yawns for a terminally pretentious act. The openers are the news: local ladies with a future, and a radio singer who's "You're Everybody That Isn't." Soon to be released by their proud, canny label, 415 Records. (I-Beam, March 8, 11 P.M., \$4.50.)

No Sisters, Silvertone, D-Day: The openers are a rather ordinary pop band from Austin, Texas. Silverstone do rockabilly out of early Sun Records and John Lennon teeth-of-the-battle vocals. And No Sisters promise to out-distance their dippy dance hit, "Roscoe's Family." (Old Waldorf, March 12, 9 P.M., \$5.)

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Theatre

"Street Theater:" Rhino Gets Wilder

STREET THEATER.

A play by Deric Wilson.

Directed by Allan Estes.

At Theatre Rhinoceros, 2926 16th Street, through March 27.

by Stephen Nash

In his new play, *Street Theater*, Deric Wilson has created both an homage to Thornton Wilder and a memorial to the 1969 Stonewall Riot, the widely acknowledged beginning of the current gay liberation movement.

Like all of Wilson's recent plays, *Street Theater*, is a product of Manhattan gay life, inspired by the people who inhabit it. All the action takes place on Christopher Street, Greenwich Village, late on Friday evening, June 27, 1969. Building up to the riot, the characters work through their day-to-day dramas, oblivious to the greater significance of the evening.

Although historically inspired by this 1969 riot, the play's dramatic roots go back to 1938 and Thornton Wilder's *Our Town*. Like *Our Town*, *Street Theater* is a play about the

new boy in town, is unwittingly captivating almost everyone.

According to the *Village Voice* (July 3, 1980), the two events were not all that different. The riot began as a quiet raid on the Stonewall Inn, ostensibly part of a crackdown on unlicensed bars — many of which happened to be gay bars. Only six cops were present, checking documents, arresting the employees, and individually checking the patrons before releasing most of them uncharged.

It was quite a festive affair, with drag queens swishing past officers and flaming for the benefit of the usual Friday-night crowd. The arrival of the paddy wagon changed the mood, though, and the crowd grew angry, throwing bottles and igniting a fire. The skirmishes continued off and on all weekend. The aftershocks are still being felt today.

All of Wilson's recent plays (*The West Street Gang*, *A Perfect Relationship*, and *Forever After*) explore everyday issues, using easily recognizable, often simply drawn characters. The moment-by-moment interactions are the chief interest and are often successful, since Wilson

everyday lives of archetypal people. In Wilder's play (set in Grover's Corners, New Hampshire, 1901-1913), the stage manager dominates the stage, serving as omniscient narrator. In Wilson's play, the bar-owner Murfin serves much the same purpose, although the idea is not extended beyond the early scenes. *Street Theater*, again like *Our Town*, begins on an empty stage in a partially dimmed theatre. As the play develops, the characters assemble the set with simple props at the theatre's darkened end.

Wilder's goal (and Wilson's too, it seems) is to create a universal theatrical experience by lessening the distance between stage and audience, and by implying that the characters in the play are not all that different from all of us. Wilder, in a preface to *Our Town*, declared that the theatre is the ideal vehicle for universal ideas, and also that "every concrete object on the stage finds its way into the imagination and narrows the action to one moment in time and place." These two ideas act as a strong motivating force for the style and substance of these two plays.

All of Wilson's recent plays (*The West Street Gang*, *A Perfect Relationship*, and *Forever After*) explore

very good at quickly sketching characters in delightfully humorous ways.

What suffers, however, is dramatic flow on a larger scale. Scenes can appear unmotivated. This has not hurt some of his plays, but in *Street Theater* the final riot scene and the theme of gay pride arrive too abruptly.

There are some dangers in Wilson's approach to scripting, since characters that are familiar on 1969 Christopher Street may not be familiar on 1982 Castro Street.

The leatherman Jack (Harvey Hand) and the drag queens, Boom Boom and Cee Steevy's Lloyd and Duane Cropper, fit in wonderfully. On the other hand, some of the other characters, particularly Sidney the closet-case (David Vining), are not as come as they seem to be 3000 miles and 13 years away from home.

Oddly enough, the straight cops, Seymour and Donovan (Joe Capetta and Mark Merry), are the most complex characters in the play. This is partially due to Capetta's fine acting, but also to the fact that they are gay actors playing straight cops pretending to be gay in order to make arrests. The ambiguities are fascinating.

This production is (as usual) well-directed by Allan Estes. The easily assembled set was designed by Valentine Hoover.

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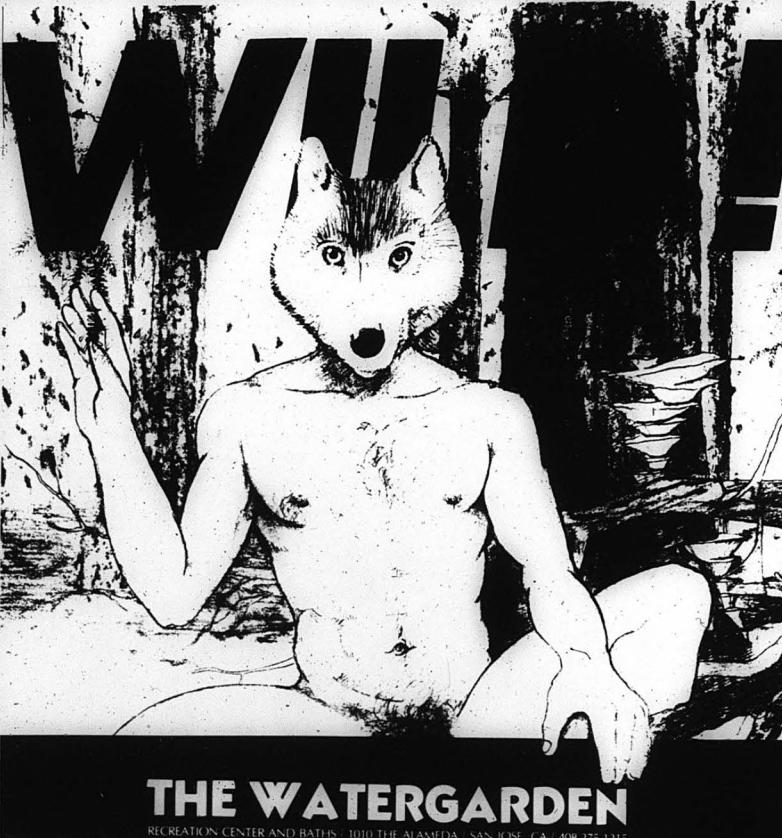
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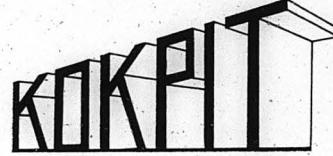
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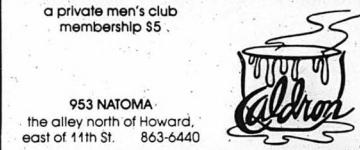
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ROOMMATE SHARE townhouse San Rafael with gay female 34 \$242.50. 456-4664 references required. \$35/15 or 4/1.

SHARE NICE VICTORIAN near Opera. References required. \$200.00/month. 641-9388.

ADULT LIVING ARRANGEMENT Share with owner. 37 yrs. beautiful, spacious 7 room B&B completely restored H/A Victorian. All amenities. I'm a caring, intelligent person wanting to share w/someone friendly, neat, conscientious. 30-45, stable, & a non-smoker. \$325. 456-2870 eves. 771-8500 (ext 271) days. Bill.

Rentals

STUDIO \$250.00 419 Ivy St. #12. A/EK, wall to wall carpets, curtains, shades, refrigerator, and stove included. 863-6262.

STUDIO APARTMENT, POLK AREA \$260 including utilities. 441-4866.

STUDIO \$300.00 419 Ivy St. #14. A/EK, wall to wall carpets, curtains, shades, refrigerator, and stove included. 863-6262.

SUNNY STUDIO with fireplace. \$320/month. 416 Ivy 641-9388.

LARGE STUDIO \$350.00 554 Hayes St. #1, wall to wall carpets, shutters, fireplace, refrigerator, and stove included. 863-6262.

LARGE 3 BEDROOM Remodeled. Carpets, laundry facilities, view. References. 2 men. 570.00. 552-9184.

SMALL 1 BEDROOM, 562 Hayes #1. \$350.00. Hardwood floors, tile kitchen, floor curtains and shades included. 863-6262.

\$750.00 ELEGANT VICTORIAN upper floor, Alamo Square. 3 bedroom, 1.5 baths, modern kitchen, professionally decorated owner's unit, all amenities, lush carpet, hardwood dining room, custom shutters, brass fixtures, garage available. Perfect for two household open-minded renters. 885-1004, 536-1613.

2 BEDROOM. \$450.00. 501 Octavia wall to wall carpets, curtains, shades, refrigerator, and stove included. 863-6262.

LARGE ONE BEDROOM in secure 1920's building, huge closets, new hard wood floors, nice kitchen, hunky, garage available. \$425.00. 663-4024. Bob Brown. Possibly the best landlord in town!!!

2,450 sq. ft. 14th & Valencia. Mini condition shop factory use. 431-2708. \$2,000.

FOR 3 BEDROOM 2 LIVING ROOM 2,450 sq. ft. showplace! 14th & Valencia. 431-2708) HUGE LOFT TYPE.

Buena Vista Delight

Spacious 2-bedroom Victorian style in quiet bldg. Gallery staircase, butlers pantry, deck, charming garden, large closets, excellent transportation. \$700/mo. includes utilities. Nopets. Mature, Stable, Established. Local references.

Call 861-3097

Saxe Realty Co., Inc.

NO FEE RENTALS

All areas

San Francisco's Largest!

661-8110

Jobs Offered

Swiping Sidewalks in front of private residences. \$4.00/hour M-F 20 hours a week. Resumes. 416-1-6pm 625-6262.

PERSONNEL RECRUITER sought by growing Oakland agency. Will train person with sales background. Call Richard Tuck at 893-5466.

COCKTAIL PERSON at Le Disque Wed. thru Sat. Ask for George. 221-2022.

WRITERS & REPORTERS FREELANCE Send samples (xerox or w/size) to Sentinel, 500 Hayes, S.F. 94102. ATTN: R. Alfred. Do not phone.

CARTOONIST, FREELANCE Send samples (xerox or w/size) to Sentinel, 500 Hayes, S.F. 94102. ATTN: R. Alfred. Do not phone.

MALE FASHION MODELS no experience necessary, advertising work for National Magazines. Martin Ryter Talent Mgt. 864-0635.

NEWSPAPER AD SALES with 6 months experience minimum. Send resume to Sentinel 500 Hayes, San Francisco, CA 94102. ATTN: Bill Bearden. Or phone for appointment 861-8100.

POLICE OFFICER-SFPD \$1950/month (entrance). Bay area residency required. No special processing for lesbian/gay men.

GAY OUTREACH PROGRAM (415)431-6500

Travel

A Gay Motel on the Russian River

10 miles from Sonoma

10 miles from Petaluma

10 miles from Sebastopol

10 miles from Santa Rosa

10 miles from Jenner

10 miles from Healdsburg

10 miles from Guerneville

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marantz's GREAT 3-WAY SPEAKER SYSTEM (Model 995)



You can have your choice of
ANY ONE OF THE BRANDS of
receivers shown below, for only

\$1

[that's
right, only
one dollar],

for a **PIONEER** Receiver,
or a **SONY** Receiver,
or a **MARANTZ** Receiver,
or a **TECHNICS** Receiver,
or an **AKAI** Receiver,
or a **KENWOOD** Receiver,
or a **JVC** Receiver,
or a **YAMAHA** Receiver,
or an **ONKYO** Receiver.

with the purchase of **one pair** of the speakers shown above, at the prices shown above of **\$149 per speaker**.

FOR EXAMPLE:
This Marantz Model SR3100 has a sizzling powerful 2 channel total of:

70 WATTS RMS!!!*



Go to any other stereo store in the city and ask if they will sell you this same receiver, (brand new), for less than the manufacturer's list price of \$350.00.

But now, it's yours for only **ONE DOLLAR** when you buy one pair of the speaker systems shown above, at the price advertised above.

The **SPEAKERS** are \$149 each, for a total of \$298 for the **PAIR**. Thus, your complete cost for the two speaker systems **AND** the receiver comes to a total of \$299.

ALL of the advertised receivers and speakers are **BRAND NEW**, in **FACTORY SEALED CARTONS**. They are **NOT** used; **NOT** factory seconds, **NOT** scratched or blemished. They are the **NEWEST MODELS AVAILABLE**, in some brands.

MORE GOOD NEWS!!

If you prefer **OTHER BRANDS OF SPEAKERS**, we also have many other brands with the receivers 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