

The Sentinel

San Francisco reads The Sentinel -
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Club Adds Exit Signs, Now Safer Than Ever

The South of Market Club has improved several safety features since *The Sentinel* published the results of its fire, health, and building safety survey May 27. With these improvements, the club raised its safety rating from Poor to Good.

Club manager Patrick Macksey installed illuminated exit signs above the front and rear exits, substantially improving the ability of patrons to locate exits in an emergency.

Macksey promised to install an additional illuminated exit sign marking the top of the stairs from the second floor.

Macksey also taped around the edges of bathroom mirror tiles to protect patrons from their sharp edges.

Within the glory holes booths, Macksey said he would sand and repaint any rough parts of the wood, file down protruding screws, and move all hardware to a safe level.

-D.L.

Gay Vote Lands Boxer Win

Renne Campaign Fails Miserably; Boxer To Face McQuaid In November; County Central Committees Loaded With Lesbian, Gay Representatives

by Bruce D. Pettit
Gay political power demonstrated its strength more effectively than ever before in Tuesday's primary with the Democratic nomination of Barbara Boxer for Congress.

Boxer, a Democrat and a Marin County supervisor, immediately becomes the odds-on favorite to win election Nov. 2. She will oppose Republican Dennis McQuaid in a district made heavily Democratic in a redistricting effort to protect Rep. John Burton's seat. Burton later started the political world in March by announcing his retirement.

Gay rights will probably not advance any more in Congress under Boxer than they would have under her principal Democratic opponent, San Francisco Supervisor Louise Renne, whom Boxer defeated this week. Regardless of the scrapper stance Boxer's supporters contended she would portray, Congress simply is not of mind in this socially reactionary period of American history to make that advance. Washington would expect nothing else but strident gay-rights pitches from a liberal Democrat from the Bay Area.

That reality lends weight to the appeal of Duke Armstrong, president of the local Concerned Republicans for Individual Rights, about why McQuaid should be elected in November. "A good Republican working for gay rights is worth two Democrats, especially with a Republican president," Armstrong said. McQuaid has actively courted gay votes in San Francisco since he declared a challenge to John Burton two years ago. He came close (51 to 45 percent) to winning that election.

Thus, gay power in Washington is unaffected by the Boxer nomination over Renne. Rather, power is asserted in the effect the victory may have on local elections — precisely the San Francisco mayoral election next year.

The Renne campaign totally collapsed in San Francisco — paralleling results in the other three counties of Congressional District 6.

Renne's failure in San Francisco was due to three factors. Most important was the backing John Burton gave to Boxer, his former congressional aide.

Second in importance was the slice of San Francisco in District 6: the bayshore, jutting in through the Haight-Ashbury to Golden Gate Park — an area that can be counted on to cast liberal votes. Indeed

	BOXER	RENNE
San Francisco	5936	5138
Marin	149	123
Daly City	149	123
Vallejo	149	123
TOTAL	6273	5507



BARBARA BOXER and her victory smile — the Marin supervisor defeated San Francisco supervisor Louise Renne in their battle for the Democratic nomination for Congress from District 6.

News Analysis

Supervisors Harry Britt, Carol Ruth Silver, and Nancy Walker — all Boxer supporters — gathered more votes from this area than did Renne in the at-large supervisory election of 1980.

Further, the Boxer campaign bombarded these loyal liberals with pieces of mail designed to address their particular grievances with the Reagan administration. A major pitch by Mayor Feinstein and a host of Renne endorsements from within City Hall circles had little effect on these voters, who have felt disenfranchised by what they feel is a lack of action on things that most concern them.

(Continued on page 12.)

Britt Proposes Laws To Legalize Lovers' Rights

by David Lester
Supervisor Harry Britt has proposed a group of city ordinances that, according to Britt, would be the first recognition in law of the rights of non-married lovers.

Britt has proposed these lovers be able to file an affidavit with the county clerk stating they reside together, share the common necessities of life, and are each other's sole domestic partners.

If the ordinances become law, copies of such an affidavit would entitle lovers to many of the same city benefits married couples enjoy, including jail visitation rights, sick leave and bereavement leave, and city housing eligibility.

One proposed ordinance aims solely at including non-married lovers in city-employee health-plan benefits. City employees would not need an affidavit of domestic partnership to enroll a partner in the

health plan. The name of the partner and a simple statement similar to the affidavit is all that the city would require if lawmakers enact this ordinance.

Under the proposed ordinances, either partner would be able to end the domestic partnership by filing a statement with the county clerk which says the partnership is over and that the person who signed it mailed a copy to the former partner. Neither partner would be able to file a new affidavit of domestic partnership for six months.

Britt said a committee of people from the community, headed by attorney Matt Coles, wrote the outline of the ordinances now in the city attorney's office to be written in full legal form.

Britt said he expects the board to begin reviewing the proposed ordinances in July.

FIVE YEARS AGO

Remembering Orange Tuesday



June 1977
Dade County, Fla. voted 69 percent to 31 percent to repeal its five-month-old gay-rights ordinance. June 7, 1977, became gay history's Orange Tuesday.

In San Francisco that night, an angry crowd of 6000 gay-rights supporters marched from Castro Street via Market and Polk streets, and Nob Hill to Union Square for a stormy, impromptu rally.

The next night, 5000 in New York and 600 in San Francisco marched to protest the gay-rights defeat.

Two days after the Miami election, California state Sen. John Briggs (R-Fullerton), a candidate for the 1978 gubernatorial nomination, proposed a statewide ban on gay teachers.

At the 330 Grove Street gay center, 600 gay men and lesbians met to plan a citywide gay-rights coalition. In Hollywood, 400 protesters marched up Polk Street.

On Friday night, 800 protesters marched from City Hall up Polk Street and returned via Folsom to Castro.

On Sunday, 500 lesbians and gay men held a silent vigil outside St. Mary's Cathedral to call for the separation of church and state. About 100 later went to KGO-TV to protest anti-gay editorials by Van Amburg and Russ Coughlin.

On Monday, nearly 1000 people literally jammed the hall to the rafters at 330 Grove Street. The meeting voted to form the Coalition for Human Rights. Across town, a small group formed the Straights for Gay Rights. In Hollywood, 6000 gay-rights supporters marched down Hollywood Boulevard.

One week after the election, Senator Briggs came to San Francisco to reveal details of his proposed ban on gay teachers. A crowd of 150 angry gay people noisily heckled Briggs on the City Hall steps. He then staged a fall to simulate the violence he had failed to provoke. Police then shoved several demonstrators away.

About 100 demonstrators picketed KGO-TV again. In Chicago, 4000 gay people protested outside City Hall, where Anita Bryant was appearing.

Ten days after Orange Tuesday, 600 people peacefully picketed an appearance by Vice President Walter Mondale at Golden Gate Park's Hall of Flowers. Inside, a group of 50 gay protesters sparked an unplanned demonstration by holding up leaflets and chanting, "Gay rights now!"

SAN FRANCISCO
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PHONES 864-5175

PARADE NEWS, ROUTE
... back page

GRape Juice Offered For GJ Substitute

GRNL Plans Federal Effort

Vote! Registration Drive Planned

SAN FRANCISCO
SAN FRANCISCO'S MOST WIDELY READ AND RESPECTED GAY NEWSPAPER
JUNE 11, 1977
NEXT DEADLINE: JUNE 24 - NEXT ISSUE: JUNE 30
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SF REACTS

The unprecedented display of Black and gay forces across the Bay Area and across the country on Tuesday, June 7, 1977, is a landmark in the history of the gay rights movement. The thousands of protesters who marched in San Francisco, New York, and Hollywood, California, demonstrated the strength of the gay community and the widespread support for gay rights across the country.

Vote! Registration Drive Planned

It's your life. You decide.

REGISTER TO VOTE

Elections can change your life and the shape of your city. Make sure you can vote if you don't decide your future, somebody else will.

Register Here.

INSIDE

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Doctors Form Foundation To Tackle KS Crisis

by Bobbi Campbell
Doctors studying gay-related immune diseases formed a non-profit corporation to support research and community education in this field.

The Kaposi's Sarcoma Research and Education Foundation, Inc., will perform many non-medical tasks necessary to deal with the public-health crisis of immune diseases that include cancer, pneumonia, and other infections.

Frank Jacobson, the foundation's acting executive director, said, "As the diseases reached epidemic proportions, it became evident to the doctors on the Task Force on Kaposi's Sarcoma that they needed an organization which could use community resources in ways that the doctors couldn't."

The foundation, in cooperation with the Task Force on KS, San Francisco's Department of Public Health, and the American Cancer Society, is tentatively planning to hold a national symposium in San Francisco on gay-related immune diseases this September.

The board of directors includes Drs. Marcus Conant and Paul Volberding, co-chairs of the Task Force; Cleve Jones, Assembly member Art Agnos' administrative assistant; Bob Ross, publisher of the *Bay Area Reporter*; and Richard Keller, prominent San Francisco businessman.

Six other positions on the board have not yet been filled. Jacobson would neither confirm nor deny a rumor that Lia Belli, chair of the California Democratic Council, had agreed to serve on the board.

CITY

Teaching Us About Them

The Vanguard Foundation has awarded the Human Rights Foundation a \$3,000 grant to expand a project which has brought lesbian and gay-male speakers into classrooms throughout the Bay Area.

Meeting to Bring Gay Docs to Town

Physicians from throughout the nation are expected to gather in San Francisco during Gay Freedom Week for two major medical events.

The Bay Area Physicians for Human Rights will sponsor a symposium June 25 and 26 on such topics as aging, alcoholism, Kaposi's sarcoma, lesbian health issues, and sexually transmitted diseases.

The American Association of Physicians for Human Rights will hold its first annual meeting on June 26 (following the BAPHR symposium) to ratify the new organization's bylaws and elect officers.

Suspect Sought In Gay Slaying



San Francisco police have released new information on the man suspected of killing Pretti (Peter) Laitio in his Hyde Street apartment in the Tenderloin on May 19.

Sisters, Calderon Declare War on VD

The Sisters of Perpetual Indulgence will kick off their war on VD Thursday, June 17, with a fundraising party at The Calderon.

The brochures, which will cost the order \$2,200 to print, contain information on the main diseases afflicting San Francisco's gay-male community.

"Since the convent's coffers are currently anemic, we're turning to the community for help," said Sister

Hell on three wheels

Photos by Ray Bustillos



These scenes from The Mint's annual Memorial Day Tricycles Race show what reckless terrorists people can be on trikes. Honors went to the Community Softball League's Scott Kendrick and Mike Abruhai, who pushed their way across the city for \$500.

STATE

Mary Media, co-coordinator of the brochure project for the Sisters.

The club is located at 953 Natoma, between Mission and Howard, just east of 11th Street. Doors will open at 8 P.M. and close at 9:30.

NATION

Sex-for-Credit Professor Quits

San Diego - A gay man who claimed he killed a woman in self-defense because she raped him and threatened to kill him does not have to face retrial for murder even though there was a mistrial the first time around, the state Supreme Court said.

The court left open the possibility Clifford Stone could still be retried for manslaughter.

No Retrial for Unusual Defense

Long Beach - A California State University professor resigned his tenured post over the storm of controversy surrounding his "Psy-

chology of Sex" course and his admission of romantic involvement with several students.

Southern California political and religious leaders squawked when they heard professor Barry Singer's course offered credit to students who completed optional assignments through involvement in gay sex, group sex, extramarital affairs, and transvestism.

Singer admitted attending clothing-optional class parties and being "romantically involved" with three or four of his students over the years.

Gay-Fund Aids Win In Penny Primary

Philadelphia - The Pennsylvania Democratic primary battle of Rep. Tom Foglietta against another incumbent, Rep. Joseph Smith, marked a big and somewhat unexpected victory for the gay and lesbian communities, according to the Human Rights Campaign Fund.

Common political wisdom before the May 18 primary was that the anti-gay Smith would win with the help of former Philadelphia Mayor Frank Rizzo.

HRFC, which serves as the gay movement's political arm and contributes to the campaign chests of pro-gay-rights congressional candidates, gave Foglietta \$5,000.

This, coupled with an additional contribution by an individual gay-rights supporter, made the HRFC the single-biggest contributor to Foglietta's campaign.

Foglietta is a co-sponsor of a national lesbian and gay civil-rights bill, and voted against the anti-gay McDonald Amendment to Legal Services. Smith has a long anti-gay record in Congress and in the Pennsylvania Legislature.

Lazere Gets Nod In Business Council

Minneapolis - Delegates to the annual meeting of the National Association of Business Councils elected San Francisco accountant Arthur S. Lazere president of the national gay business group.

Lazere, an NABIC founder and former president of the Golden Gate Business Association, is a recent appointee to Mayor Dianne Feinstein's Advisory Committee on Economic Development.

Lesbian/Gay Radio Enters Satellite Age

San Francisco - Western Public Radio has produced a three-part series of documentaries investigating how public policy affects lesbians and gay men. Producers Karolyn van Putten and Zane G. Blaney have fed the Library for Humanity series by satellite to stations across the country for airing this summer.

The producers devoted one segment each to employment discrimination, immigration, and the Family Protection Act. A \$14,695 grant from the Natel-

lite Development Program Development Fund of National Public Radio financed the National Lesbian and Gay Men's Radio Project documentaries.

Locally, KQED 88.5 FM will air the series on June 21, 23, and 25 at 6:30 P.M. to coincide with Gay Freedom Week. An hour of live phone-in discussion with listeners will follow the June 25 show.

The series will also air on KPFA 91.1 FM on July 21, 28, and Aug. 4 at 7 P.M. and on KALW 91.7 FM on July 29, Aug. 5, and 12 at 9:30 P.M.

Drugger, Robber Gets 10 Years

San Francisco - A Superior Court judge sentenced a Yugoslavian drifter to 10 years and 6 months in state prison for drugging and robbing gay men with whom he went home.

Saban Dreas, 32, who posed as a lonely Greek student, is suspected of pulling similar crimes in New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, and Toronto. He was finally nabbed here after he fleeced three gay men in two days last December.

Dreas would meet the men in gay bars, get them to take him home, then ask for hot coffee, which he drugged with a powerful sleeping pill. Then Dreas would take cash, jewelry, cars and anything else of value, police said.

Award of Merit Goes to Five

New York - The Fund for Human Dignity and the National Gay Task Force presented its Award of Merit to playwrights Jane Chambers and Harvey Fierstein, former president of the Legal Services Corporation Dan J. Bradley and New York police Sgt. Charles H. Cochrane, Jr. for their outstanding contributions to the education of the American public about the lives of lesbians and gay men.

Briefing for Congress On Gay Immigration

Washington - Rep. Julian Dixon (D-Cal.) has agreed to sponsor a special briefing for Congress focusing on the exclusion of foreign lesbians and gay men from the United States under prevailing immigration laws.

The Capitol Hill briefing will coincide with the International Gay Association's annual conference to be held this year at George Washington University.

GRNL also announced two additional members of Congress have agreed to co-sponsor the national gay civil-rights bill, H.R. 1454. This brings the total co-sponsorship to 54, just one short of the previous record high.

The two new co-sponsors are Rep. Harold Washington (D-Ill.) and Rep. Henry Reuss (D-Wis.). GRNL Executive Director Steve Edean said their co-sponsorship comes as a direct result of the assistance of Rep. Phil Burton (D-Cal.).

Lambda Toastmasters Join Worldwide Group

Chicago - Toastmasters International chartered Lambda Toastmasters as the first member club composed of openly gay lesbian people in the 100,000-member worldwide organization of speech-makers.

An official welcome for representatives of Lambda Toastmasters came at the District 30 Toastmasters Spring Conference in a suburban Chicago hotel.

Herpes Drug Helps Men, Not Women

Boston - A promising new drug appears to be effective in treating first-time sufferers of genital herpes, but fails to provide relief for women who have a recurrence of the disease, researchers reported in the New England Journal of Medicine.

Because of this, the Food and Drug Administration has licensed acyclovir for use on first-time herpes sufferers only. The drug has been on the market a month.

Acyclovir is sold as a cream to be applied to the open herpes sores. Dr. Lawrence Corey, head of the research team, said he has even higher hopes for the new drug when it becomes available in pill or injection form.

Paris Flocks to See Photos of San Francisco

Paris - Photographer Robert van der Hilst's exhibit, "Homopolis," a look at gay life in San Francisco, has attracted 150,000 Parisians to the Snac Gallery.

Van der Hilst took the 250 photos while on assignment for a story on the city's gay scene for Germany's Der Stern magazine. The popular show will tour 10 more French cities.

Irish Customs Nabs British 'Gay News'

Dublin - Irish customs officials impounded subscription copies of Gay News, Britain's largest-circulation gay paper. The Censorship of Publications Board is examining three recent issues, and if the board rules the paper is indecent, the Gay News might be banned from the Irish Republic completely.

The Irish gay community is already alarmed by police investigations of 1,500 lesbians and gay men in connection with the murder of a prominent Dublin television executive. Gay sex is still completely illegal in Ireland, and there are fears that police are building a master file of the country's gay community.

- The Body Politic

Advertisement for SEREX, INTERNATIONAL, INC. featuring a graphic of a hand holding a syringe and the text: 'HELP STAMP OUT HEPATITIS! (And make money doing it!) Come in for a FREE screening. Find out if you're eligible to donate plasma to produce the hepatitis-B vaccine. If you are, we'll pay you for it. We can't make vaccine without plasma! SEREX, INTERNATIONAL, INC. 130 CHURCH STREET - SAN FRANCISCO - 552-5490 (Across from Safeway)'

Advertisement for RID (Rubin's Imitation Detergent) featuring the text: 'Sometimes you get more than you're itching for. Intimate moments can make for pleasant memories, but occasionally, something a lot less pleasant lingers as well - crabs, for example. Now there's RID, a liquid treatment that kills crabs in 10 minutes and provides rapid relief of itching. RID contains a safe, medically proven natural ingredient at almost twice the concentration of the leading non-prescription product. Each package also includes an instruction brochure and fine-tooth comb for lice and nit removal. You can buy RID at your pharmacy without a prescription and begin treatment at once. But remember, 38% of the people with crabs have been found to have something worse, like VD. So if you think you may have been exposed to something more than crabs, see a doctor. RID - Safe, effective treatment for crabs. Pharmaceuticals Division, Pfizer Inc., New York - New York 10007'

Advertisement for Lesbian/Gay Freedom Day featuring a graphic of a triangle and the text: 'Out of Many... One LESBIAN/GAY FREEDOM DAY JUNE 27, 1982 SAN FRANCISCO Join us in San Francisco for your Parade. Parade/Spear & Market/11am Celebration/Civic Center Plaza/12 Noon 4599 18TH STREET 861-5404'

Macho Do About Something: Who's A Clone?

by Randy Alfred

Allen Ginsberg wrote of "A Supermarket in California."

I saw you, Walt Whitman, childless, lonely old grubber, poking among the meats in the refrigerator and eyeing the grocery boys.*

That was Berkeley in 1955. Suppose Whitman made his 1982 California-supermarket appearance in the Cala Foods near Castro Street in San Francisco or in the Santa Monica Boulevard Safeway in West Hollywood. He would not seem so childless.

For these stores and the streets surrounding them are today filled with the very images of the men he celebrated — lumberjack and cowboy, fisherman and farmboy, butcher-boy and soldier. In "Song of Myself," "Song of the Broad-Axe," "A Song for Occupations," and elsewhere, Whitman extolled the workers, the builders of his new American civilization.

You friendly boatman and mechanic — you rough!
You twain! and all processions moving along the streets!
I wish to infuse myself among you till I see it common for you to walk hand in hand.

— "A Leaf for Hand in Hand"

In a few, select neighborhoods of America's cities in 1982, we do walk hand in hand. And many of us do so in costumes which would make Whitman feel his infusion had indeed come to pass.

All the variations of clone drag, the chic work clothing of rugged masculinism, can be found in Whitman's words and enumerations. Today's seeming bowties, mechanics, and other roughs swirl and circle along the streets in masterstrokes of sexual energy.

The costumes might fool Whitman, who after all would be reeling from a massive wallop of future shock, but they don't fool us. We know the lumberjack cautiously enjoying the construction worker is really an accountant cruising a junior executive, and the cowboy and the Marine who saunter down the street hand-in-hand are respectively computer programmer and college student.

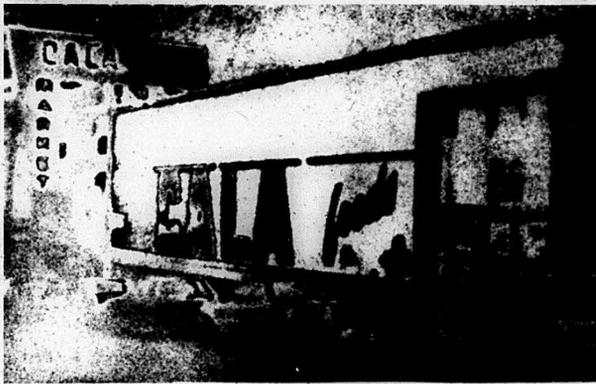
We know it's drag. But it rarely, if ever, occurs to us that many of these men are in drag not only as Whitmanesque roughs, but also as clones. They look like clones, but they really are not.

A clone is an organism that's an identical, genetic copy of another. Since about 1978, when the usage first precipitated out of the oral tradition and onto the printed page in a review by Edward Guthman, it's been widely applied to similarities of costume among urban gay males.

Do the uniformities go deeper than the outer layers of denim,

* Howl, City Lights Books, San Francisco, 1956, p. 23.

** Calamus, Leaves of Grass, Signet Classics, New York, 1960, p. 125.



khaki, and flannel? Yes, I think so. There is a clone consciousness. But there are also closet clones, who think and behave clonishly but don't dress that way, and pseudo-clones, who dress the part but don't think and act it.

What's more, the phenomenon of nearly uniform clothing is certainly not restricted to our suburbia alone. Wall Street clones, prep clones, and cholo clones, for instance, each have their own characteristic, repetitive, slightly varying modes of grooming and dress. Some form of group identification is thereby achieved.

With gay men, something else is going on as well — sexual selection. Many of these men are simply wearing the costumes experience has taught them will sexually attract the very men they find sexually attractive. It gets them what they want, and what they wear may thus have little to do with who they are.

So, who's a clone, if drag is no measure? Let's try this: a clone is a gay man, regardless of costume, who is creative neither on nor off his job, and whose life consists of job, drugs (including alcohol, of course), and sex.

The surest sign of clonehood is that these will be a man's first topics of conversation and, depressingly, his only ones.

The opportunity to get paid for one's creativity is not universally available in our economy, but we all can find outlets for our originality elsewhere. And since lack of creativity is the key to this new conceptualization of clone, I want to use the widest possible definition of creativity.

One can create through cultural endeavor, political involvement, or

community service. These contributions may be either subcultural and within the gay community or in the general culture and the community-at-large.

There are probably, then, few pure clones. But there are lots of men out there who rate a fair 800 or 900 millionces.

Sure, lots of us have lived the job-drugs-sex routine for a few months or maybe a few years after we came out, or perhaps after first moving to the big city with its seemingly limitless opportunities for partying. That's natural. It's as if each of us were living out our own, individual "Summer of Love," the 1967 efflorescence which Ram Dass compared to an entire generation getting out of jail all at once.

Six months does not a clone make. But somewhere along the line, it's time to settle down and make a life of it beyond just partying.

Coming out is a big step, and it deserves both celebration and exploration. After all, as Blake wrote, "The road of excess leads to the palace of wisdom." Unfortunately, too many gay people think that coming out is so big a step,

that there's no need for any further personal growth. Therein, for gay men, lies the foundation of clonehood.

Well, isn't partying creative? No, not in the long run. Creation must be active and productive. Until we attach the Nautilus machines in our gyms to some dynamo, some of the men I'm talking about aren't generating anything.

Gay people are a leaven generating new art, ideas, and social forms.

So-called creative consuming doesn't count. Certainly, the clothes, the furniture, the books, records, works of art, concert tickets, and all the rest we purchase enrich our lives in ways great and small. But if we only consume, it's all so passive, so sterile.

In this regard, it matters not at all if you are into Grace Jones or Joan Sutherland, Gucci or Goodwill. Clones have both mass and elite tastes and may be enamored of class or trash, or more likely a bit of both.

And just as any of us can be consumers of culture, we can and

do consume political and community energy as well. Do we use services provided by voluntary organizations? Do we luxuriate in the use of liberties newly won by our political brothers and sisters? Fine.

But the preservation of freedom requires not only that it be used but that it be defended. And the provision of services requires not only that they be used but that they be funded.

Community and culture are a complex circulation of ideas and energy. Some folks out there, like social Draculas, only drain that circulation. They add no new blood.

Without some, minimal contribution, even if it's only money (only? — it's all pretty damned expensive, actually!), we do not create, and we are candidates for clonehood.

If the proper application of money can be creative, then what about the proper application of sex? Didn't someone once say sex is money?

That all depends on which stretch of the boulevard you choose to cruise, I suspect.

But seriously, perhaps clones as I have defined them fulfill a necessary function for our community. They might be the critical mass for our sexual velocity. In this view, clones are acolytes of an evolving ritual system, a collective font of masculine fantasy. Sex takes its place among the media of mass communication.

Is sex itself creative? Perhaps, but I doubt it's creative enough. In my own experience, the clone men are the least creative both in

bed (or wherever) and in getting there. Somehow, they're always running someone else's movie, whether it's John Wayne's or Betty Davis's.

Sure, it's all right to be a clone. Even a repitious variation ought not to be opposed in the name of diversity. Different strokes for different folks, and all that.

Clones are O.K., but I wouldn't want my sister to marry one. And don't ask me for a second date. Come to think of it, those first dates look a lot less interesting lately.

On the other hand, I know a number of men, some of them

highly creative, who are explicitly turned on by the mindlessness. To them, Some Dumb Clone is as tasty a dish as is served in any Chinese restaurant.

I've identified clonism as a form of consciousness, or rather a lack of it. So what? What's so important about creativity anyway?

This: it's our only link to the future.

Those among us, by the way, who are raising children are building communities, and that's creative. If they are raising these children in loving, non-sexist, non-heterosexist, sex-positive ways, they are not merely creative; they are inspired.

The rest of us, however, are known by other works — cultural, political, and/or community-building. Very few of us will be Whitmans or Ginsbergs, but most of us can do a lot better than the sterile imitateness of a 1000-millionce lifestyle. When we leave this world, we must not leave it untouched.

There is a reason for our continual reappearance in every culture and in every age. Someone once said nature does not repeat her mistakes on so colossal a scale. Don't get me wrong: this is not socio-biology. I'm talking culture here, not genetics.

Gay people, I believe are a leaven, a fermenting agent, continuously generating new art, ideas, and social forms. Even if and where discrimination and rejection reached or have reached the zero point, social difference alone (as opposed to social inferiority) would be the source of perspective and thus of innovation.

If we miss this opportunity to contribute to the ongoing drama of human life, we forsake our special place in the scheme of things. More than any other people, perhaps, we lose a lot by embracing uniformity.

Mindless conformity betrays our calling in every age. It reduces our lives to mere existential doodling and our bodies to biological scratch paper, self scribbles soon to be consigned to the cosmic wastebasket.

The costumes in which we live our lives or play our fantasies are trivial. A fight from consciousness is not. It doesn't matter what you wear. It's what you do. Or don't.

Sleepers, awake!
This essay appeared originally in The Advocate.

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PAID ADVERTISEMENT

"Dear Darlene"

Dear Darlene: I'm afraid that I may be gay. It started with a few late Sunday breakfasts, but before I knew it I was "brunching" every weekend. Saturday's too! You see I found this delightful place on 24th Street off Castro called MAGGIE'S. I kidded myself at first. I thought I went there to sit in the sun on their redwood deck or to sit by the fire on a cold foggy day. Eventually I had to face up to it—I went to Maggie's because I was hooked on brunch. Darlene, isn't that the first sign of homosexuality?
Bye Bye Bisexual

Dear By:

The latest research shows that brunch is not an exclusively homosexual practice. As you know, I am not a homosexual, and I brunch regularly at MAGGIE'S. If, however, excessive brunching worries you, may I suggest dinner at MAGGIE'S. After all, everyone dines, and the fireplace at MAGGIE'S is even more inviting at night. So whatever you may be, get over it, get into it, and I'll see you at Maggie's, 4138—24th Street off Castro, 285-4443.

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Mother Yale Welcomes Back Her Own

ON LIVE!

with Randy Alfred

Editor Randy Alfred spent Memorial Day weekend at his Yale class reunion where he arranged a reception for lesbian and gay alumni. He filed this dispatch.

Thursday afternoon. On the train to New Haven, I begin reading from Toby Marotta's *Sons of Harvard: Gay Men from the Class of 1967*. Same class, different school, but change the names of the Harvard quads to those of Yale, and the stories would be much the same.

Thursday evening: I join a few other early arrivals in the courtyard. No one I know well as undergraduates. We're talking business, and they ask what I do these days. I tell them about *The Sentinel* and "The Gay Life." "Oh," asks one, "are you the one who wrote our Class Notes editor about censoring the word *gay*?" His tone is supportive.

"Yes, I'm one of the two." The others present nod. One sits in polite, stunned silence. My questioner is a police captain in Washington, and his precinct includes a heavily gay area near Capitol Hill. He's the department's liaison to the gay community. His wife is the assistant U.S. attorney who successfully prosecuted some Marines for busting up a gay bar.

My undergraduate classmate, whom I knew not at all back then, wants to talk about our respective lines of work, and that we do later in the weekend. The old-boy network grows, transcending lifestyles as well as years.

Friday morning: Vincent Scully, professor of history, holds forth on modern architecture in a special alumni lecture. The auditorium is packed. Scully enjoys a well-deserved reputation as one of America's great teachers. Once silver-throated, his tones have become deep and golden. Scully's illustrated lecture massages the eardrums, pleases the eyes, stimulates the intellect, and challenges the civic and aesthetic sensibilities of his students.

This morning, he intertwines the entire history of the city, its churches, and its university into his critique of redevelopment in New Haven. He reminds us by example, that this is one of the nation's great institutions of learning, that great teaching is at the heart of such institutions, and that passion is the heart of great teaching.

His lecture ends with thunderous and sustained applause. **Friday afternoon:** I sit writing in the courtyard of Pierson College, the undergraduate quadrangle which is reunion headquarters for 1967. Pierson is one of the two (of 12) quads in pink-brick, white-window, green-shutter, Georgian-revival architecture.

When I filled out my first undergraduate room application 19 years ago, I wrote: "If I'd wanted to live in Georgian, I'd have gone to Harvard; this is better." Actually, I grew up in a Boston suburb, and it was Yale over Harvard because I wanted to move outside my mother's local dialing area.

Back to 1982. Paul Lamar has just walked into the courtyard. We haven't seen each other in 15 years, after being lunch or dinner companions several times a week for three years.

Neither of us knew the other was gay in those days. In fact, neither knew himself to be gay: the inner closet.

Today, we greet each other with a hug far warmer than our parting handshake of 15 years ago.

We re-established contact last year, after another classmate, writer Paul Monette, came out in the Class Notes section of the Yale Alumni Magazine. Lamar and I then wrote similar letters.

The editor deleted the word *gay* throughout, referring instead to "the anxiety that Paul Monette

mentioned." After several rounds of consciousness-raising correspondence, the editor changed his mind.

Lamar and I then planned the Friday-evening "reception for gay and lesbian alumni and their guests." That also took a few rounds of letters and phone calls.

The university was immediately receptive, but our class organizer was not. Judging from his talk with me when he finally said yes, the university seemed to have told him they'd like raising money from gay alumni every bit as much as they like raising it from the other Old Blues.

Fine. We'll be the Lavender Blues. Of our class' thousand members, about 230 have come to the reunion. Most of my old friends who've shown up have read my coming-out letters to the Class Notes. If they were surprised then, they aren't now.

I talk about my life with the same ease they talk about theirs. The class of 1967 went to the old Yale, but we graduated into the Summer of Love. My lifestyle is one among many variants that blossomed forth then.

One or two classmates are confused but interested. They still ask basic questions about choice and change, though none use the word *care*. They listen intently to my answers. I may be the first openly gay person they've discussed this with, and certainly the first Yale.

Friday evening: Paul thought we might be the only ones.

But two undergraduates are already waiting when

Alma mater's gay children returned with a message of love

we arrive. They read the notice I sent to the alumni calendar. Mother Yale has provided a bartender and an open bar with quality liquors, just as she does at every reunion event. This is, without doubt, they say, the first gay bar at a Yale reunion.

Before the evening is over, we'll have about 20 people; four are from '67, one from '68 who happened to be in town, and one from '72, all men. The rest are evenly divided between '82 grads and '83 to '85 undergrads, and between men and women.

The younger folk want to know all about gay life here in 1982. None of us can tell. The five of us were all totally closeted. The man from '72 has a tale or two to tell, but that's all.

Outside, hetero '67 meets and drinks in the courtyard. One straight alum, who lived next to me in 1963-64, walks in. I haven't seen him in 15 years, and I'm meeting his wife for the first time.

They'd see me later this weekend in any case, but they've made a point of coming to this reception to express support. Throughout the weekend, their talk reveals strong feminist consciousness in their relationship and in their friendships with others. This is a warm reunion.

Saturday evening: The New Blue, an undergraduate, all-female, a capella singing group, entertains us after dinner. When they ask the Class of '67 to join them in "Bright College Years," the result is ragged.

We were one of the last classes before Yale co-educational. Tonight, we can't sing in the upper registers chosen by the New Blue. The wives could, but they don't know the words.

Now, 10 of the 14 Whiffenpoofs of 1967 appear. They sing together with the women's group - Yale old and new.

Then the Whiffs give us an impromptu concert of their own, and the magic of their singing casts its spell. 'N' of the Whiffs is a gay alum who came to last night's reception.

Two new reactions tonight: an acquaintance from my first year here asks what I'm doing now. When he hears, he promptly excuses himself and studiously avoids me for the rest of the evening.

That's the closest thing to hostility I'll encounter all weekend.

One of the '82 grads who attended last night's reception wanders into the courtyard with another gay son of '82. While we sit and talk, one of my '67 classmates, a stranger to me, comes over and joins us.

When the two '82s leave, '67 says: "Nice-looking guys." Now, I'm sure I've seen this fellow with a wife on his arm this weekend. What's his up?

He's bisexual and lives in a middle-size, midwestern town. He knows there are gay people and some bars and organizations there, but they're not very accepting of bisexuals.

I'm planning to drop in at Partners, a gay bar a block away from here, and he asks to come along. I'll be 15 minutes," he says. "I just have to put my wife to bed. Will you wait?"

I wait, and half-an-hour later, I finally see him again, chatting in the courtyard. I try to catch his attention, and he either misses or avoids me. I move a bit and see he's standing next to his wife. (Everyone wears nametags.)

I say, "Heading off now. Catch you later." He half-nods and darts his attention back to his wife. That's the closest thing to perfect ambivalence I'll encounter all weekend.

Sunday afternoon: It's time to say goodbye again. Friends old and new want to know how Friday's gay and lesbian reception went. They also wonder if anyone has reacted badly, and they're glad to hear no one really did. There are many meanings to "a liberal education."

Yale's president has denounced the Christian right in two major speeches this year. The university has pledged not to discriminate on the basis of private lives. There are several strong lesbian and gay students' groups here.

This weekend, some of alma mater's gay children have returned with the message of a special love. Yale has welcomed us.

We and Yale have grown and learned since we parted 15 years ago. This growth, this learning, this passion for all that is human: this is the heart of our great institutions.

For information on Lavender Blue, gay and lesbian alumni of Yale, write Randy Alfred, c/o The Sentinel, 500 Hayes St., San Francisco 94102, or Yale Gay/Lesbian Cooperative, Dwight Hall Box 8, New Haven, CT 06520.



3543 18th St., June 24, 8 P.M. to 1 A.M., \$6 donation.

Schedule Published: After months of planning and negotiation, the dates, times and facilities for each of the 17 sports have been finalized. Copies of the printed schedule are available on request. Travelers around the country or other nations this summer are encouraged to stop by and pick up as much material as they can distribute to help build the Gay Olympics network. New posters by Karl Anderson are also due off the press soon.

Package Price: Tickets for both the Opening Ceremonies and the Closing/Awards events are now available from the Gay Olympics offices. The tickets are \$15 for one event or \$25 for both and are available by mail with a check or money order.

National Torch Run: Runners, cyclists, and even

CONRAIL COMMUTER LINE, New York-New Haven: It was muggy, so I stood up to remove my jacket and put it on the overhead rack. I looked down and couldn't help but notice the opening line on a letter being written by the handsome young man in front of me: "Right off, I want to tell you that you're a very good-looking man."

Well, the service was better on the old New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad, but Conrail's passengers are certainly a lot more interesting.

NOTE ON A NAPKIN, New Haven: On a bulletin board in a sandwich shop near the Yale campus, I found this: "If anyone sees Jody Foster, tell her I am looking for her. —John H."

PARTNERS, New Haven: This bar calls itself the town's "center of gay activity." Center is a good word for it. Its design is sociocentric. It encourages interaction.

The upper floor is a disco, with a small quiet corner set on one side. The main street-level floor is arranged around a more or less rectangular bar, and two corners of the room sport bar-stool level conversation tables that let you talk to friends even as you survey the scene. It's quieter here than it is upstairs, but there's an even quieter bar, with cafe booths, in the basement.

Variety and sociability: bravo!

JULIUS, New York City: This venerable Greenwich Village tavern nearly collapsed a few weeks back when the wall facing Waverly Place buckled outward right above the first-floor ceiling.

The upstairs tenants had to move out, and the bar itself was closed for several days. Now, three 8-inch square pilings buttress the ceiling wall and another dozen-and-a-half hold up the exterior inside.

Repair work continues. For the moment at least, it kind of looks like the old days at San Francisco's Stud.

STREETS OF THE VILLAGE, New York City: Queer-bashing is as much a problem here as in San Francisco. Many of the bars are distributing a pamphlet, *The Best Defense*, reprinted by Gay Male-S/M Activists. "In memory of Vernon Knorning and Jorg Wenz, shot to death by a homophobic madman at the Ramrod Bar on November 19, 1980."

Among other things the brochure warns of sexual come-on from cars ("Lone drivers may well not be alone"), especially those with New Jersey license plates. It also counsels carrying a whistle, running from an attack, covering your face if you are being attacked, and so forth.

The leaflet lists 11 trouble spots in the West Village and Chelsea neighborhoods and also has tips to reduce your vulnerability while at home.

Arthur Bell, Thomas Steele, Bob Downing, and Jay Watkins prepared the pamphlet. It's far more extensive than any pocket-size info I've seen in San Francisco. I think we need something similar.

FILM FORUM, New York City: Arthur J. Bressan, Jr., previewed his new film, *Abuse*, here June 6. It's about a graduate-student filmmaker preparing a documentary on child abuse. He encounters a teen-age abuse victim, and they fall in love.

The documentary within the film expertly delineates the child-abuse problem in America. The wrap-around story contrasts a supportive, non-abusive, counter-abusive, man-boy love affair. *Abuse* is a disturbing film visually and ethically. You may not be able to watch some of the graphic scenes between the teen-ager and his parents or some of the photo stills of infant and child abuse. And you may not be able to forget some of the staggering questions the film poses about social-service and legal systems that threaten the rescuer and protect the abusers.

Bressan has not yet set a release date for *Abuse*.

some walkers will visit about 50 cities and towns along a northerly route from New York City to San Francisco, carrying a lighted torch to the games site. They need our support in this historic crossing of America from the symbolic Stonewall area of Manhattan — birthplace of today's gay freedom movement. An aggressive media campaign is an important objective for renewed national attention. If you can alert your friends or families along the route, or have time or ideas to offer in this important education project, please let us know.

The non-profit San Francisco Arts and Athletics is sponsor of the first Gay Olympic Games and associated Cultural Week activities Aug. 28 to Sept. 5. Write to Gay Olympic Games, Box 14674, San Francisco, CA 94114. Stop by the offices anytime at 597 Castro St. at 19th Street, or phone (415) 861-8282/0882. Donations made payable to the San Francisco Tavern Guild Foundation are tax deductible.

OLYMPIC COUNTDOWN

Schedule, Tickets Ready

by Richard Primavera
Gay Olympic Games

A successful Patricia Donnelly look-alike benefit at Amelia's lounge May 27 brought hundreds of people in search of a double for the star of the film *Personal Best*. The event raised about \$1000 for the Gay Olympic Games (Aug. 28 to Sept. 5) and the Lesbian/Gay Freedom Day Committee. Much more fundraising remains, however, and there are still some big incentives for everyone to help at any level.

The most talked-about event is the "Winners All" reverse raffle June 19 at Sutter's Mill. Even though the

limited 200 tickets are nearly all sold at \$100 each, anyone can view the excitement with a \$56 buffet price purchased at the Gay Olympics office. Grand prize is \$5,000.

At the other end of the scale, supporters can buy Gay Olympic Games buttons for \$1, posters at \$4, and T-shirts for \$7.

Other benefits include:

- an auction for the local tennis team at Sutter's Mill, June 15, 8 P.M.;
- the Haight-Asbury Merchants auction at the DeLuxe bar, June 17, 8 P.M.;
- *Cinderella*, a new musical revue, at Sutor Bath House, June 18, 19, 25, and 26, 8:30 P.M.;
- An Evening of Dancing with guest stars Sharon McKnight and The Furies at the Women's Building,

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LETTERS

TAKE A SECOND LOOK
Thank you for the effort you put into your recent fire and safety survey. But inspecting buildings is tedious work, and efforts like yours stimulate new ripple in the pool of gay consciousness, prompting both business owners and consumers previously taken for granted.

You've set a fine example of how the gay press can help improve the quality of our lives.

Arthur Evans
San Francisco

A REAL CHOICE
Thank you so much for your linkage of politics to prostitution! As a retired nuclear engineer, I can only take it as encouragement for my bid to the Board of Supervisors. There are, alas, some flaws in your analysis. Despite its illegality, prostitution is an honest trade in which you get what you paid for. This is far more than the taxpayers can expect from the all too gross majority of our elected officials. Another advantage of the prostitutes is that they offer a real choice. And with Reaganomics putting more women and boys out of more "legitimate" occupations, you can expect the choices to get even more diverse.

Come November I hope your readers will remember your editorial. When they go into their polling places and punch out their computer-card ballots, they should poke their prod into the hole of a true professional, and vote for slut with a gimmick who admits he's a slut with a gimmick.

St. Boom Boom, S.P.I.
San Francisco

BE A CANCER RESEARCHER
My patients want to know what causes cancer. And, what doesn't. So do I.

The American Cancer Society now is looking for answers to some of the questions about the relationship between lifestyle and environment and the risk of cancer. We need your help.

Here in San Francisco we are seeking 310 volunteer researchers to implement the cancer prevention study, our part of a nationwide study that requires 2,600 volunteers throughout the Bay Area. The volunteers will select 10 families from among their friends, neighbors and relatives, and distribute a confidential questionnaire. Three times in the next six years, they'll check on the whereabouts of these people and report to the American Cancer Society. If any of the participants die during the study, health statisticians will analyze their questionnaires to see how their lifestyle affected their health.

Becoming a volunteer researcher is an important way to strike back at cancer. This study should help us make the right decisions to preserve our lives and protect our families. To join us, please contact the American Cancer Society at 545 Post St., San Francisco, 94105, or telephone (415) 678-7976.

Lawrence W. Margolis, M.D.
San Francisco Chairman
Cancer Prevention Study II

CLONE THE LINEUP
On your restaurant review of Leticia's, you neglected to state that the restaurant is a clone of the Lineup and serves the identical menu. I have had the displeasure of eating twice at the restaurant solely upon the recommendation of C.A. Thayer, noted commonwealer about food.

The food at the Lineup is as you describe at the Market St. restaurant. I thought the chinchillas and/or whatever should be called the chinchilla. Bear in mind that this is a place that caters to the gay crowd so all you need is a hot audience, lots of fancy drinky-pops and to hell with the food. One goes

there only for the atmosphere. I have chosen to rename the place Le Shit's and I avoided the place so far.

The closeness of the tables does present a hazard in dining - with all the gay folk waving good-bye and waving regards to protect one's vision. And don't forget the Turf for your tummy.

Andrew J. Belscourt
San Francisco

BEING TOLD IN ADVANCE
My letter is in regard to your dining out column in your May 27 issue. In it, Mr. Beardemph's column, he makes mention of the fact that when arriving at the restaurant he always announces the fact that he is there to review the restaurant. This statement just floored me. I never agreed with his opinion of restaurants and this might just explain why.

Having been in the restaurant business for more than 25 years from waiter to owner and everything in between, I cannot place much respect in a restaurant reviewer who announces his intentions when he arrives.

This kind of a thief calling you in and telling you when your house was to be broken into, and to please have the good things ready to go.

I have had reviewers inform me of who they were after a meal and go over their review with me. If they must tell me who they are, I find this this only honest way.

A reviewer were to tell me in advance who they were, of course the service would be very good, the food fantastic, etc., etc.

I think that restaurants should treat every guest as if they are writing a restaurant review. Not just the ones they are told are.

I am disappointed that the P.S. wasn't able to correct the broad service for this table knowing they were being reviewed for the paper.

In the future, I'll assume that any review of restaurants by Mr. Beardemph that doesn't have reviews doesn't care at all about their guests. Especially after being told in advance that the dining experience will end up in the newspaper.

In looking for the address of this newspaper, I noticed that the dining out column and the publisher are one and the same. Tell me, when you inform the restaurants that you are the restaurant reviewer as well as the publisher, does this insure special treatment, such as no bill, or only a bottle of wine or a round of drinks?

How does this affect advertising? Does a restaurant that decides not to advertise get a bad review? Or does a good advertiser get a good review?

Perhaps if you used a pseudonym when making reservations, and not informed restaurants of being reviewed, those of us who read your column might find it more honest.

If you don't like that suggestion, at least change the byline on the column. That way, we won't be aware of a conflict of interest. Example: Are the service or food or "special extras" because of you as publisher or because they've been told they are being reviewed?

Look forward to reading your reply. Please let me know if you're answering as the publisher or as the restaurant reviewer.

Tony Harris
San Francisco

W.E. Beardemph responds to these critics in Dining Out, page 11.

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.



Fred, model, Pacific Heights:
I haven't looked at anything right now, but I'm going to vote. None of the candidates really interests me.

Michael, nurse, Haight-Ashbury:
I like to vote. I like to exercise that right. But I have yet to go through a lot of the issues - I haven't zeroed in on anything.

Kathy, student, Mission District:
None of the candidates really interests me - nobody special. I haven't taken the time to be real serious about it. Everyone I like is going to do fine I think.

Morgan, astrologer, South of Market:
No, I'm not going to vote. I used to be very political and I felt very political when I was voting. I just decided to focus on my own personal life.

Edmund, musician, Richmond District:
The most important issue is the decriminalization of marijuana, because I don't drink, and I like to smoke dope before I play music.

The Sentinel

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*Silver Pheasant, Inc. 1982

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ADS, POSTERS, FLYERS, LOGOS

Voting In This Election

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EDITORIAL

Myths and Realities of Using Power

by W.E. Beardemph

We have been spending these last seven months in *The Sentinel* editorials slaughtering some sacred cows of Gay Lib. What is becoming increasingly apparent is that it is almost impossible to slaughter dead sacred cows. Gay Lib itself seems dead.

Where have all the demonstrations gone? When we tried to find a widely publicized lesbian and gay male demonstration a few weeks back, it was hard to locate, small, late, badly organized, and completely ineffective. Leadership, you say, is lacking. Define leadership. In San Francisco, Gay Lib had two vocal, center-stage, proponents: Reverend Ray Brosnhears and Supervisor Harvey Milk. We helped put both in positions of power. Now both are dead. Was San Francisco's Gay Lib so vague and weak a concept that it can not survive its leadership?

Maybe, what we are observing is a phenomenon similar to that experienced by our Bay Area Black community. Can anyone remember the feared Black Panthers when they appeared as the top news every day for month after bloody month? The Black community gave that liberation concept a chance to deliver some results. But the Panthers could not deliver their promised nirvana. The black community returned leadership to the NAACP, the middle-class business community, and the churches.

The San Francisco homosexual community also appears to have just lived through a political fad. The San Francisco homosexual community should also look to its productive past and return leadership to those persons who have concepts of the Homosexual Revolution and to middle-class business people.

Our Homosexual Revolution of the 1960s was predicated on radicalism that understood what was meant by the vague concept of *socialist structure*. We achieved and used power through organizing the homosexual community. Our actions were calculated to bring desired results.

There has been a conscientious attempt to bury what was accomplished by the Homosexual Revolution by accrediting Gay Lib. We are presently misled by an incorrect illusion of advancement of homosexual rights in San Francisco through Gay Lib. The truth will have to be set right, as it will, by a true account of our history. Not all of the papers were destroyed, as some have hoped.

An assessment of Gay Lib (starting with the Stonewall riots in New York and apparently running out of steam now in San Francisco) must show the principles, intentions, and accomplishments of the players. It will probably end up as *Gay Lib* more than anything else.

Those that have dramatized the events of these Gay Lib years have our sympathy. Remembering can prevent repetition of mistakes; dreaming can ease painful experiences; but life is for the living. What is over is over. The self-centered dwelling on a past of over-indulgence is getting damned boring.

One of the important guidelines we established in the 1960s was the stimulation and growth of a homosexual middle class. The administration of Franklin Roosevelt stimulated the largest mainstream middle class of any society in history. This allowed our country during World War II to establish the greatest power of any society in history.

Since that time, we find the mainstream middle class being destroyed by the policies of subsequent administrations. Yet, San Francisco's homosexual middle class has been quietly growing. What is in existence is a large, creative, responsible and economically sound homosexual middle class. Upon this foundation is the promise for future accomplishments of our rights and social acceptance.

With guidelines again established of actions planned within specific, immediate, and realizable results, we can move forward. We will do well to remember those programs of the 1960s and early 1970s and what was achieved.

We can only be pleased that such groups as the Sisters of Perpetual Indulgence are again taking responsibility for their lives as homosexuals. The *Cum Clean* campaign for VD they have begun is one that reminds us of the past VD programs we put together. The homosexual community of San Francisco was the forerunner of VD prevention. We became the model for the mainstream community to copy. It was one area where we established leadership. We must congratulate the Sisters and The Caldron for sponsoring this program.

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GAY CANCER JOURNAL

The Politics of Research

by Bobbi Campbell, R.N.
 "Gays Quarantined by Health Department."
 No, you probably won't ever see this headline, but it is part of a worst-case scenario of possible political responses to the outbreak of gay-related immune diseases.

Medical researchers have deliberately downplayed the potentially sensational aspects of these illnesses. They fear that the government may see these health problems as a "gay peril" and put immune-suppressed gay men into isolation to protect the general public.

Unconstitutional? Probably. However, the internment of Japanese-Americans in World War II is a dangerous precedent.

POLITICAL RESPONSE?
 Politicians haven't done much about the epidemic of cancer, pneumonia, and other infections that have afflicted over 300 people, most of them gay men. The current political climate has given short shrift to social services and gay rights. Thus, there's little or no money in the appropriate government medical budgets for education, treatment, and research of gay-related diseases.

In March, the San Francisco Board of Supervisors' Health and Environment Committee held inconclusive public hearings on the related issue of the safety of amyloid use.

To my knowledge, no San Francisco City Hall official has directly

addressed the issue of gay-related immune disease, itself.

Assemblymember Art Agnos (D-San Francisco) is taking the problem seriously. According to Cleve Jones, Agnos' administrative assistant, Agnos is distributing an information packet to fellow state legislators, is exploring funding prospects for research and education, and is mediating sometimes-difficult relations between these patients and uncooperative insurance companies.

In April, Rep. Henry Waxman (D-Los Angeles) held House Subcommittee on Health and the Environment hearings in Los Angeles to investigate these diseases in gay men and to document the need for increased federal funding for them. Waxman criticized the Reagan administration's budget cutbacks and society's homophobia.

"There is no doubt in my mind that if the disease had appeared among Americans of Norwegian descent, or among tennis players, rather than gay men, the responses of the government and the medical community would have been different," Waxman said.

Public-health departments on the local, state, and national levels are supporting medical efforts as far as their already stretched budgets allow.

Dr. Selma Dritz is a disease-control officer for San Francisco's Department of Public Health.

She said her office is a "central

clearing house" in the Bay Area for reporting cases and suspected cases of gay-related immune diseases. She helps coordinate local research and education efforts.

"My assistant and I spend half our time just working on these problems," Dritz said, "so there's less time to work on other pressing health problems. Aside from paying for our salaries, no other city funds are available for medical efforts to study Kaposi's sarcoma."

The Federal government proposes greater cutbacks in CDC's budget, further limiting its ability to respond effectively. Similarly, proposed city and state budget reflect concern with priorities other than public health.

WHAT YOU CAN DO
 Politicians respond to social pressure. If you think, as I do, that more money, time, and concern should be spent on gay health care, make your views known.

Write the supervisors, the mayor, your assemblymember, your state senator, your representatives in Congress, and even Ronald Reagan. You can be sure that they'll be hearing from people who say, "Queers are sick anyway, and they're just getting what they deserve."

The politicians need to hear your side, too.

Bobbi Campbell, Registered Nurse, is studying for a Master's Degree in Nursing at the University of California at San Francisco as an Adult Health Nurse Practitioner, specializing in gay health care.

How does funding compare? So far, CDC has spent \$950,000 on the immune diseases, compared to more than a million dollars for toxic-shock syndrome, and \$9 million for Legionnaire's disease.

Immune Disease Workshop

The Department of Nursing Service of UC-San Francisco will hold a workshop on Kaposi's sarcoma and *Pneumocystis carinii* pneumonia Saturday, June 26 from 8:30 A.M. to 5:15 P.M., in the campus Cole Hall.

This workshop will use multi-disciplinary case studies to highlight

contemporary clinical information related to the care of gay men with the diseases. It will discuss a variety of interventions designed to meet the complex physical, emotional, and social needs of these patients.

The workshop is designed for nurses, nutritionists, respiratory therapists, social workers, and other health-care providers.

The \$35 fee (\$15 for UC employees or full-time students) covers registration, continuing-education credits, course materials, and lunch.

Contact Angie Lewis at 666-2293.

Canine Carnival

The second annual Dog Show and Parade will be held on Sunday, June 13, at 1 P.M. on Castro Street between 18th and 19th. The street will be closed for the event.

The Dog Show features the Sisters of Perpetual Indulgence. Entertainment includes the Gay Freedom Day Marching Band, Twirling Corps, and Honor Guard. Proceeds will support a national conference on KS to be held in late September in San Francisco. The KS Foundation, the American Cancer Society, San Francisco's Department of Public Health, and Assemblyman Art Agnos are sponsors of the conference.

Headlines and Joe's Shows, Inc. are sponsoring the Dog Show and Parade.

Blood Needed

Jim Burge has "gay pneumonia" and needs your help.

Burge, suffering from *Pneumocystis carinii* pneumonia, is a patient in the intensive-care unit at Kaiser Medical Center (San Francisco).

How can you help? Donate a pint of blood at the Irwin Memorial Blood Bank, 270 Masonic St., and tell them it's for Jim Burge.

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Arts & Entertainment



THE ECLECTIC IMAGES OF GAY FILM (clockwise from upper left): a lover's embrace from the French short, "Milan Bleu"; actress Ute Cremer in the West German feature, *Depart to Arrive*; an outrageous pose from "Joaquin, Portrait of a Transvestite," an American short documentary; a tense moment from *Depart to Arrive*; "Lucifer Rising," part of Kenneth Anger's multi-film *Magick Lantern Cycle*; and German actor, Eric Roberts in "David (Bowie), Montgomery Clift and I," a study of hero-worship.

Film Festival With a Difference

by D. Robert Foster
The sixth annual San Francisco International Lesbian and Gay Film Festival, the nation's oldest festival of gay cinema, will open this month with almost twice as many films as last year's program, spanning six days, four locations, and more than 50 films long and short.

The 1982 festival kicks off on June 21 at the Castro Theatre with Natasha Rambova's 1922 silent classic, *Salome*, adapted from the play by Oscar Wilde. Also, on opening night, guest host Vito Russo (*The Celluloid Closet*) will lead an open discussion with Elizabeth Stevens of Iris Films and Barry Sandler, who wrote the screenplay for *Making Love*.

The festival will conclude June 26 at the Roxie Cinema with the second of a two-night, in-person tribute to the bizarre Kenneth Anger, director of such notable shorts as "Scorpio Rising," and "Lucifer Rising," and author of *Hollywood Babylon*.

Two feature-length films stand out as most promising in this year's collection: *The World of Gilbert and George* from Great Britain, and the gay festival debut of Japan's *Funeral Parade of Roses*.

Funeral Parade was made in 1968 by then-novice director Toshio Matsumoto, who is now renowned for his work in Japanese avant-garde. Described as an Oedipus legend, the film delves into the seamy underworld of Tokyo's gay community in the 1960s, and features scenes of gay bars, street drug trade, student battles with police, and clashes between gay men and Shinjuku prostitutes. Not only was *Funeral Parade* Matsumoto's first film, but it was the Japanese film to portray the gay lifestyle in Japan.

A film which promises to be less shocking, though equally appealing, is *Gilbert and George*, made in 1980 and sponsored by the Arts Council of Great Britain. The film is an autobiography of sorts, a portrait of England's artist duo Gilbert and George and their works of modernism (described as "classic kitsch"). Most of the action takes place during the artists' recent traveling exhibition titled "Post Card Pieces," but more than that,

the film somehow emerges as an illustration of Britain's historic pomp and glory — which should be particularly poignant considering recent events.

Some of the other feature films scheduled are the well-known *Greetings from Washington, D.C., Army of Lovers* or *Revolt of the Perverts* from West Germany, and the 1978 film *Nighthawks* from Great Britain, with director Ron Peck in person.

The 1982 festival, produced by Frameline, will feature several first-time affairs, including filmmaker awards, screenings in Berkeley at the Pacific Film Archive (as well as at the Castro, the Roxie, and UCSF's Cole Auditorium), and a new work-in-progress program offering local filmmaker Rob Epstein's *Out of Order*, a documentary on the Milk/Moscone murders.

Tributes to outstanding filmmakers past and present, another new feature this year, will offer, in addition to the Kenneth Anger program, a tribute to Iris Films, the lesbian-feminist film collective.

Lesbian films in general will play a noticeably larger role in this year's program. As well as the Iris Films tribute, the festival will host the American premiere of *Depart to Arrive* by West German director Alexandra von Grote. Set in Berlin and the South of France, the film tells the reflective story of the separation of two lovers. Von Grote is slated to present the film in person and, in fact, is scheduled to fly in from Germany only hours before the screening, film reels in hand.

Other films with lesbian content include a three-film tribute to Barbara Hammer; *Madam X* from West Germany; a realistic answer to late-night television's *Call Block H* titled *Prison for Women* from Canada; and *Times Square*, the fictional portrait of two New York City female rockers (with Tim Curry). Also included, in a program of Australian films, is "Farewell to Charms," a delightful short with a New Wave soundtrack about two women learning to kick the lipstick habit.

The short films, submitted this year from as far away as New Zealand, often turn out to be the festival's most valuable entries. A number of shorts (including the

above-mentioned "Farewell to Charms") were available for advance screening just before *The Sentinel* went to press.

Sure to be one of 1982's favorites is "Ernie and Rose" by director John Hucker. "Ernie and Rose," scheduled for June 22 at the Castro, is a humorous portrait of two elderly male lovers (in the non-sexual, Walt Whitman camaraderie sense), one black, one white, and their dependent life together growing old in the same house; a powerful statement about love and aging in

modern America. Other shorts screened before deadline included New Zealander Peter Wells' "Foolish Things," a damp, dark, expressionistic film about the end of a relationship and the self-questioning and guilt that follows; Donald Richter's made-in-Japan short, "Boy with Cat," about the frustrations of masturbating in the same room with your pet cat; "Nighthit," by San Francisco State University alumnus A.P. Gonzalez, an impressionistic *film noir* about South-of-Market nightlife (that in-

cludes an interesting soundtrack of mechanical noises recorded over a melancholy violin) and finally, two animated shorts by Jack Mougouan (Whose credits include work on Steven Spielberg's *E.T.* and *Pollergest*) titled "DA DA DA" and "Toumanaka."

No gay film festival would be complete without a program of male erotica, and this year's festival will include a midnight showing on June 24 of erotic shorts (pardon the pun) to include "The Deep Frontier," concerning those things which

can be done with a fist, "Robert Having His Nipple Pierced," which is self-explanatory, and local cult hero Curt McDowell's masturbatory fantasy, "Loads."

Many of the program's films will be screened twice, at different locations, for easier access. All events are subject to change, so check daily newspapers, the official festival program available at all screening locations, or call Frameline at 861-5245 for up-to-date schedule information.

Lesbian/Gay Film Festival Screenings and Events

- Monday, June 21**
 - **Castro Theatre**
Champagne Reception, 7 P.M.; *Salome* (U.S., 1922, silent), followed by Vito Russo interview with Barry Sandler and Elizabeth Stevens, 8 P.M.
 - **Castro Theatre**
Prison for Women (Canada, 1981), West Coast Premiere, 6:30 P.M.; Festival Shorts, 8 P.M.; *Once Upon a Time in the East* (Canada, 1971), 10 P.M.
 - **Pacific Film Archive, Berkeley**
Three from Down Under, a program of three lesbian films from Australia, 7:30 P.M.; Festival Shorts, 9:05 P.M.
 - **UCSF Cole Hall Auditorium**
Greetings from Washington, D.C. (U.S., 1981), and "Pink Triangles" (U.S., 1981), noon.
 - Wednesday, June 23**
 - **Castro Theatre**
Special bargain matinee TBA, noon to 6 P.M.; Festival Shorts, 6:30 P.M.; *Out of Order* (Work-in-progress screening) and "Pink Triangles" (U.S., 1981), 8 P.M.; *Funeral Parade of Roses* (Japan, 1968), 10 P.M.
 - Thursday, June 24**
 - **Castro Theatre**
The World of Gilbert and George (Great Britain, 1980), 6:30 P.M.; *Depart to Arrive* (West Germany, 1982), U.S. Premiere with Alexandra von Grote, director, and Gabriele Olsburg, star, in person, 8 P.M.; *Nighthawks* (Great Britain, 1978) with Ron Peck, director, in person, 10 P.M.; Erotic Shorts, midnight.
 - **Pacific Film Archive**
Army of Lovers or Revolt of the Perverts (West Germany, 1978), 7:30 P.M.; *Funeral Parade of Roses* (Japan, 1968), 9:40 P.M.
 - Friday, June 25**
 - **Roxie Cinema**
Montreal Main (Canada), 6:15 P.M.; Tribute to Iris Films, 8 P.M.; Kenneth Anger's *Magick Lantern Cycle, Program I* "Fireworks," "Rabbit's Moon," "Eaux d'Arctique," "Inauguration of the Pleasure Dome," with Kenneth Anger in person, 10 P.M.; *Life and Death* (Norway, 1980), midnight.
 - Saturday, June 26**
 - **Roxie Cinema**
Independent Film Production in the Lesbian/Gay Community, a panel discussion, 2 P.M.; *Madame X* (West Germany), 4 P.M.; *Three from Down Under*, 6:30 P.M.; Tribute to Barbara Hammer, 8 P.M.; Kenneth Anger's *Magick Lantern Cycle, Program II* ("Kustom Kar Kommandos," "Scorpio Rising," "Invocation of My Demon Brother," "Puce Moment," "Lucifer Rising"), with Kenneth Anger in person, 10 P.M.
- Program subject to change.

Frameline Also Presents: Photo Exhibit, Video Fest

by Steven Saylor
Frameline, sponsors of the San Francisco International Lesbian and Gay Film Festival, is also presenting this year two other celebrations of the creative spirit to tie in with Lesbian/Gay Freedom Day festivities: San Francisco's first International Exhibition of Lesbian and Gay Photography, and the International Lesbian/Gay Video Festival.

The photo exhibit, which opened last month, continues through June 27 at three locations: the Valencia Rose (766 Valencia St.) Exposé Gallery (4406A 18th St.), and 544 Natoma Gallery.

The exhibition, the result of a collaboration between Frameline and several local photographers, was rapidly conceived and organized over a period of three months. A jury of three men and three women reviewed entries from across the United States and from West Germany and Switzerland. They selected 160 striking photographs ranging in subject matter from the explicitly homoerotic to abstract images and landscapes. More than 70 photographers are represented.

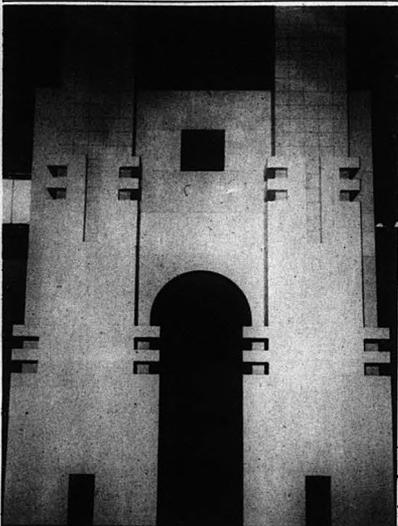
On Saturday, June 12, Frameline will present the San Francisco International Lesbian/Gay Video Festival at the Roxie Cinema, using a full-screen video projection system. The festival will be presented in three different programs at 7 P.M., 9:30 P.M., and midnight. The one-night festival will include "M.A.S.S." by Bruce Pavlov,

a modern mystery in which the viewer plays private eye, finding clues in every shot; "Gay is Out" by Horses, Inc., of Chicago, a witty examination of images and stereotypes of gays that can be viewed as a parody of San Francisco's own unique culture; and "Ghetto Girls," a TV (transvestite) video musical by John Canally and Marty Monroe of San Francisco. Canally and Monroe promise for warm that the Ghetto Girls will appear in person at the midnight screening.

Another highlight of the video festival will be the San Francisco premiere of "Some of These Stories Are True," by Peter Adair, the director of *Word Is Out*. "Some of These Stories" presents three different people talking to the camera. The stories they tell explore a common theme: the relationship between sex, power, and aggression. The audience does not know which stories are true until the end of the film.

"Some of These Stories" was originally commissioned by the Corporation for Public Broadcasting, which now refuses to air the tape. Part of CPB's objections stem from a segment featuring Lucian Truscott IV, author of the novel *Dress Grey*, who tells a hilarious, true story about a confrontation at West Point with Alexander Haig. "He could go through three personalities in 15 minutes," Truscott recalls. CPB termed the Truscott story "too frivolous." Viewers can judge for themselves at the video festival's 9:30 P.M. screening.

Architecture



AMONG THE FACADES: This fantasy was created by San Francisco architect Daniel Solomon of Daniel Solomon and Associates, designers of the Castro Common residential project.

Post-Modern Architecture: The Once and Future Past

THE PRESENCE OF THE PAST: The Venice Biennale International Exhibition of Architecture

At Fort Mason Center, Pier 2, Tuesday through Sunday, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., through July 29. \$5 general, \$3 students, juniors and seniors.

by Randy Alfred

This exhibit raises three questions: how does one exhibit architecture, what is post-modern architecture, and where is it taking us? The exhibit breaks ground on the first, comprehensively answers the

second, and says practically nothing on the third.

Traditionally, architectural exhibits have consisted solely of photographs, models, graphics, plans, and elevations of the buildings and projects involved. One can't, after all, move the buildings themselves around.

The Presence of the Past, imported from the 1980 Venice Biennale via a 1981 Paris showing, offers a significant innovation. Two rows of 11 full-scale building facades constructed like movie sets define the *Sirada Novissima* (newest street), the exhibition's central corridor. Behind each is a gallery

with the usual paraphernalia of architecture exhibits. The facades and galleries represent the work of 22 architects or architectural firms from eight nations.

Another 43 architects display their work in smaller galleries without facades at the end of the pier.

(The pier, by the way, is very cold even on warm days. Take an extra jacket or sweater.)

The post-modern movement in architecture is a move away from the sterile, glass boxes of modernism. Its practitioners seek inspiration in the forms of the past and of non-western cultures to mold the technology and materials of today and tomorrow in the industrialized world.

Much of their design is consciously theatrical and often whimsical. Some of the designs look like they are not intended for actual construction. Helmut Jahn, for instance, proposes odd-shaped glass not-boxes that combine 18th-century engraver G.B. Piranesi and 20th Century hotel-builder John Portman. One would vault on 60-story stilts above Hood and Howells' 1924 neo-Gothic *Chicago Tribune* tower and rise another thousand feet or so.

England's Jeremy Dixon offers a glass pyramid for Northampton County Hall, sets it in the countryside in relation to Stonehenge, and adheres to 18th-century principles of landscape architecture.

The exhibit's major weakness is that it is underlabelled. It is often difficult to determine what has been built, what is being built, and what remains the dream of the architect. The 350-page catalogue, which presumably has some of the answers, costs \$35.

The exhibit's major strength, the facades, display the theatricality which may be post-modernism's own major weakness. Cinecitta, the Italian film studio, constructed most of them, and like most film sets, they vary from good to bad. Stanley Tigrerman's reminds me of a junior-high-school musical-comedy set. Tacky is the word only.

Others stretch the imagination well. Austrian Hans Hollein's four variations on the theme of the Doric column is witty and succinct. Allen Greenberg's Georgian portico is directly neo-classical. Robert A.M. Stern offers a southeast Asian temple entrance. Arata Isozaki offers unpainted wood and unpainted fabric, with lean-to wooden doors seemingly propped up by natural rocks. Behind this facade is a gravel-floored gallery, Zen for days.

Is all of this mere fantasy? No, look at Philip Johnson's sloping

Books

Making of a Harvard Man

SONS OF HARVARD: Gay Men from the Class of 1967
by Toby Marotta
William Morrow, 1982; 288 pp., \$12.50

by Carter Wilson

Every five years, a graduate of Harvard College (founded 1636, the parent of Harvard University) receives a request for a personal statement of virtually any length, which the Class then publishes for its own edification in a volume with the Harvard Printing Office's distinctive crimson cover.

These large red books should be studied like holy texts by every student of power. The entries are portraits of leaders in every field strutting their stuff, and the tone is generally self-flattering: "Last year I succeeded to the presidency of Honeybucket and Son Shoes of Cincinnati, now Huneybucket Vision Enterprises International. Were it not for the sustaining hand of my wife (the former 'Muffy' Buffin, Radcliffe '62) and an 18-hole average in the low 80s, my life would be a much poorer place."

Then Toby Marotta, Class of '67, a Bay-based social scientist and happy warrior of Aquarian temperament in the gay liberationist cause, writes in his ten-year book and announces not only his homosexuality, but his contentment with same.

On the surface, Marotta's act

might not seem so daring. But until very recently, Harvard has remained a place where the love that dares not speak its name simply didn't. Marotta was breaking cover — and doing the disavowal of his 1100-and-some classmates to boot.

A Harvard man goes through four years in the Cambridge crucible, with all those other late adolescents exactly as exacting, critical, and egomaniacal as himself. The procedure forges an affable adult with that ineluctable Harvard brass we all know and love.

In theory, once you've been there, you have (to borrow a phrase from another alum) nothing to fear — except of course the opinion of the others who've been there.

Surprisingly, the response Marotta got was not hisses (the way the Harvards, as Damon Runyon called them, traditionally show their displeasure), but kisses: 10 members of the Class of '67 contacted him and agreed to be interviewed about themselves, their careers, their sexuality. The result is *Sons of Harvard*, an intriguing, always honest and frequently explicit investigation into the lives of gay and bisexual professionals.

Along with rural gays, professionals have been the people for whom coming out has been hardest. The penalties remain unknown and the incentives, in career terms, almost nil. As a result, we have known less about their lives than we should.

Only one of the 10 men Toby Marotta interviewed, an activist, was willing to use his real name. But the others seem very affected by Marotta's own infectious political-cultural philosophy, which applauds any step a gay person makes in the direction of self-disclosure as a significant movement toward a more humane, loving society.

In form, *Sons of Harvard* is more personal voyage than stern, depersonalized reporting. Marotta calls his travels about the country, dropping in on the lives of men he now knows share not only Harvard but also gayness, an experience of

"special richness." He forsook the sordid objectivity of his training. Having sex with one of his informants is a well-known no-no of social science. Admitting you have done so is a double no-no, and confessing that you enjoyed it, as Marotta does, must qualify him for the Triple Crown of candor.

As a sentimental re-education, a you-can-go-home-again, the book is finally and properly most revealing about its author, the 11th son. Marotta proves afresh what mainstream social scientists have forgotten: to get other people to talk from the heart you must yourself be open to them. The most touching thing in *Sons of Harvard* is a romantic confession by Marotta: "... there's always been something about craziness in a person I've found very erotic. It's almost as if it stirs in me a desire to heal by getting so close and giving such pleasure that the demons are driven away by the sheer intensity of my affection."

Marotta's intellectual mentors were the honchos of neo-conservatism, and he has held to their belief that pluralism in the United States runs very deep. Simply by becoming visible, Marotta argues, homosexuals will achieve the rights and rewards (such as they've been) that other minorities have achieved in our society.

In grad school, he says, he wanted to convince his teachers that gay men in New York were fast "becoming a lamb chop in the urban, ethnic stew." My response to that, I'm afraid, is both culinary and political: curishness: like "Sandy Anderson" of the book, I don't believe it's all going to happen so easily; and besides, the ideal way to prepare the noble lamb chop is not in a big ragout.

But as any astrologer could tell you, my differences with Toby Marotta can really be attributed to our stars. We Capricorns, ruled by gloomy Saturn, are not much amused by the ending of our hegemony and the onset of the age of hopeful Aquarians like Marotta. Yet my own greatest teacher said hope is the proper attitude of the wise, so maybe someday soon I'll cheer up and get smart.

Carter Wilson, Professor of Community Studies at UC-Santa Cruz, was a member of the Harvard Class of '63.

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Pulcinella (8:30 P.M.),
Bournonville Dances (9 P.M.; also
 June 23, 1 P.M.),
Images of Modern Dance (10
 P.M.).

By Mark Woodworth
 KQED has added a jewel to its collection of dance films with Robert Gladstein's *Symphony in Three Movements*, which launched San Francisco Ballet's series of celebratory dances for the Igor Stravinsky centennial. This new piece heads up a three-hour dance film marathon to be aired June 21 that includes Israel's BatSheva Dance Company performing *Pulcinella* (Murray Louis choreography to the Stravinsky score) and repeats of the New York City Ballet's *Bournonville Dances* and of *Images of Modern Dance*, last summer's KQED special showcasing local groups.

The BatSheva *Pulcinella*, which I haven't seen, seems a good companion piece to the other Stravinsky, *Symphony in Three Movements*. This ballet has been attract-

ively translated into video by KQED producer Judy Flannery and director Val Riolo, with Greg King's striking lighting design. They had their work cut out for them: squeezing 32 dancers into a sound stage, even installing a wood floor so the dancers wouldn't be injured (one was, anyway).

Choreographer Gladstein, ballet master and lately assistant director of the San Francisco Ballet, reshaped some of his patterns to compensate for the lack of wings and to suit the four camera eyes. Thanks to a careful, untricky shooting style, the crew rarely cut off dancers' feet even in tight close-up, though editors might have deleted some bits of running into place before a combination. One distracting element is the shifting dancers' focus caused by camera rotation. This may always be with us in televised dance, so I suppose we must adapt. In any case, the result of the care that KQED and the Ballet took is a strong film that, if big bucks can be raised, could be shown nationwide over PBS.

Obviously, all arts organizations and PBS arts programs owe their existence to patrons great and

small, including the lowly taxpayer. So we all deserve pats on the behind for the heavenly *Bournonville Dances*, originally presented in the PBS "Dance in America" series.

New York City Ballet's dancers have been taught over the years, and coached for these excerpts, by Stanley Williams, formerly a principal dancer of the Royal Danish Ballet and thus a direct descendant of Auguste Bournonville, who was a contemporary of Hans Christian Andersen. Auguste learned ballet from Vestris and from his father, who studied with the great Noverre, as did Marie Antoinette.

What is astonishing about this bit of history is that today, when we can only fantasize how Bach played his own divine music or how Will Shakespeare sounded his lines as an actor, we can see in the Royal Danish or New York City ballets exactly how Bournonville — 150 years ago! — commanded bodies to move through space in time.

One of the ballets excerpted, *Napoli*, has not been tampered with, as has its older sister *Giselle*, by hordes of choreographers and dancers. Thus, we see Danish dancers Helgi Tomasson and Peter Martins, partnering Heather Watts and Merrill Ashley, as living embodiments of a long-dead genius whose grace, noble style, and fecundity of invention still are dazzling. Martins tosses off airy but precise beats and powerful leaps, conveying (as



THE SAN FRANCISCO BALLET rehearses for the KQED taping of *Symphony in Three Movements*.

do all the dancers) a grasp of Bournonville's belief that "the secret of true art is to conceal its technical aspects under a cover of harmonious calm."

I suggest videotaping the Bournonville program for later replays while going for an hour's walk, then strolling back to watch the modern dance special, which may

otherwise look like a lamb following the pride of lions. The leading lights of San Francisco Moving Co., Oberlin Dance Collective, and Margaret Jenkins Dance Company, plus contract improvisors Brook Klehm and Whitney Ray, talk about their creative stimuli: "I wanted to do a dance that portrayed emotional relationships," or "In contact improv you have to be right there in the

moment," or "I telescoped the duet so the effort that movement takes would be seen in an exaggerated way."

You may find this personal touch helpful, or merely curious when weighed against the results. Then again, you may be oblivious, your mind's eye still in the Denmark of 1842, bedazzled by a man named Bournonville.

Opera

Summer Opera: 'Turandot,' Leontyne Price in Recital

TURANDOT
 San Francisco Opera.
 War Memorial Opera House,
 June 3, 6, 9, 12, 15, and 18.

LEONTYNE PRICE IN
RECI-TAL
 War Memorial Opera House, June
 6.

by Bill Huck

Three riddles sit at the center of Puccini's *Turandot*. The icy princess asks them of each suitor for her hand. So far no one has understood. They have all paid with their heads for this failure.

In order to solve the riddles, we must first picture the princess who does the asking. Turandot is heir to the throne of China. Since she is a woman, the man who marries her will win the most powerful place in a rigidly hierarchical society. She has had, naturally, many applicants — not one of whom has ever even looked at her, let alone looked with desire.

The first riddle is really an instruction. In it, she tells the suitor to take Hope. Despite her cover as a man-hating bitch-goddess, Turandot wants a prince who wants her. She wants him badly.

The second question involves a phallic image, because Turandot wants her prospective husband to know that the issue is sexual love.

He cannot have her or ner throne without it. Puccini heroines are by nature over-sexed creatures.

In this riddle, the princess describes "a fever, a force, a passion. Lose heart and it grows cold, but dream of conquest and up it flares." This question troubles Calaf, the latest suitor, most of all. Since he is the right man, the one who has seen into Turandot's true nature, he knows the answer immediately. But how to say it in polite society? The slave girl Liù offers the hint that it is used for love, and the prince responds, "If *sangue*." He is correct, since blood is the agent that transforms the male sexual organ from a dangling participle into the main verb.

The last question is self-description, because the answer is Turandot. It is also a piece of S&M poetry. "If it allows you your freedom, it makes you a slave. If it accepts you as a slave, it makes you a king."

When, however, Calaf solves all the riddles, Turandot turns fearful. The closet that said that she hated men, hated them all, kept affection away from her starved soul, but it protected her from pain as well. She trembles before the door of fulfillment.

Puccini's last opera is lurid matter. The current San Francisco production is a lurid setting of it.



LINDA KELM as Turandot: the scale of the San Francisco Opera's production obscures a story of subtle sexual allusions.

The new experience of opera seems to be the overproduction of glamor. We are in our Busby Berkeley phase. Last year's *Aida* was another example of this genre.

Visual extravagance makes for an enjoyable evening in the theater. It offers a feast for the eye, but unfortunately it usually shortchanges the human drama. Operas are sung plays — they really are. They

are not just gorgeous sounds and splashy settings.

I am not ruling out overproduction as a mode. It can help an opera fill a cavernous barn like the War Memorial. I liked that *Aida* hoopla, for example. But I object here to forgetting about Turandot's sexual frustrations. They are the human context of her song.

The most Linda Kelms knows

about the icy princess is her music. Now that is a prodigious amount to know, and coupled with the ability to sing it as well as she does, it is an awesome accomplishment. But she was not Turandot; she was not even talking about a friend with whom she gossips. It is true that Kelm possesses a large, large voice, though some of its size comes from having a slippery hold over its outer edge.

Still, Kelm may have a great career before her, but Nicola Martinucci, her Mr. Right, is not looking at stardom. He is competent, serviceable. He produces a beautiful sound in the middle of his range.

The best singing of the night came from Kevin Langan as Timur and Barbara Daniels as Liù. Daniels managed just that focusing of her voice that Kelms sometimes missed. Of course, Liù is among the most flattering roles in the world of opera. Nevertheless, Daniels is an artist, capable of the difficult. Langan is one of Kurt Adler's last major finds. Keep him around.

Ping, Pang and Pong — Thomas Woodman, David Gordon and Jonathan Green — sang well, indeed. But they need to practice their movements and ensembles between performances. Myung-Whun Chung, the conductor, did not shape the score as

sensitively as my previous experience of him had led me to hope. He is, however, a fine musician and a welcome visitor to San Francisco opera.

In order to continue with *Turandot*, let us pick up Leontyne Price's recital at her third encore. By then the diva was warmed up. Beautifully warmed up.

The music was Liù's aria from the last act of Puccini's opera. In it the servant girl is radiant because her act of self-abnegation will help Calaf. Through this aria Turandot learns the difference between seeking a man who wants her and caring for the man she wants.

Now Leontyne Price spends too much of her time singing in languages foreign to her audiences. As a result her Italian is flat and unsavored. Since she does not get points from her listeners for finely shading her words, she does not strive for this effect. But Price knows the meaning, not just the words or even just the music, of what she sings. She brings understanding to her work and she communicates understanding.

To say that Price brought a richness of spirit and tone to Liù's aria unmatched by the whole *Turandot* cast is not to shame that cast. But it is to praise the diva as she deserves.

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Theatre



THE DOCTOR AND TWO PATIENTS: Eric Jody Ray, Jerry Schultz, and Robin Kohn. According to the play's publicity, "The producers of the show have offered to finance a sexchange operation for the actor playing the young man's role."

The Doctor to His Patients: 'Let the Humiliations Begin'

SEXCHANGE: A Dramatized Sensation
 Written by Mel Clay.
 At the Venetian Bakery Theater, 2202 Powell St.
 Wednesday through Sunday through June 30, at 8:30 P.M., \$7.
 by Steve Abbott

Sexchange flirts with the possibility of something really tremendous and exciting in theater. The play is written by Mel Clay who, on and off for 20 years, has been a member of Julian Beck's Living Theater. Beck's group pioneered concepts of audience participation and just about every kind of taboo-busting including on-stage nudity.

Secondly, the subject itself is rich in potential. At a time when being homosexual, or even into S.M., is about as exciting as walking the dog (in San Francisco at least), the idea of actually changing one's sex still holds a rather metaphysical horror and fascination. Even that most raunchy and cynical of Roman poets, Catullus, confessed to being shocked and mystified over those young men who castrated themselves to serve the goddess, Cybele.

Finally, the Venetian Bakery Theater, with its ominous ovens lining one wall, would seem a grand locale to explore the theme of transgression and sacrifice. But something goes awry. Soon after

the opening color slides of a transsexual operation, I found myself bored. Why?

In fairness to the playwright and actors, I should note the performance I attended was a rehearsal. A few lines were muffed, the lighting wasn't completely in sync, and a band rehearsing downstairs intruded on my attention. Also I was sick with a cold. I can imagine these problems will be solved by opening night.

But the real problem, I fear, runs deeper. To begin, the play really doesn't investigate the feelings or aspirations of a genuine transsexual. Neither pre-operative Roger (Eric Jody Ray) nor the post-op denizens of sleaze enthralled by the evil Dr. Ahmed Said (Jerry Schultz) give any reason for their desire to change sex save for a vague, masochistic dissatisfaction. And if this is the case, why not just shoot heroin or get a lobotomy?

Dr. Said is the dramatic center of this play, the only character with any mystery or charisma. Eve (Robin Kohn), the Doctor's "greatest success," is anticipated with great mystery but arrives with all the gusto of a zombie.

Looking like a cross between Sigmund Freud and Josef Mengele, Said drops lines like "Let the humiliations begin." His acting is strong, though, and full of nuance.

Seeing himself as an artist, he says: "Some say God is Nature's lover. I see her as my executioner." If just one character would rise up in a philosophical rebellion to this figure we'd have some dramatic tension. Unfortunately, none do, aside from some whimpering complaints that are quickly suppressed. Or if the script offered the doctor to experience some inner tension, a latent masochism to challenge his dominant and suave sadism; but this doesn't happen either.

There can be no transcendence in the transgression of a taboo, even murder, unless the taboo is felt with some real passion. But in Dr. Said's Casablanca laboratory, only boredom, dissatisfaction and bitchiness reign supreme.

Thus, when the dramatic climax comes, or when the characters wander about clutching their groins in pain, I could only squirm uncomfortably and wonder why all this was happening. Why does Eve sit in the electric chair? Why does she die, and not Roger, in whose lap she sits? Why is even the nudity such a yawn?

Am I simply too jaded to be moved, or is this just a cartoon version of Frankenstein with all the horror sanitized away? Roger's earlier quip about San Francisco seemed to apply to the play itself: "It's a city where everything is possible but nothing ever happens."

But I may be wrong. In a packed house, perhaps some energy will catch fire. Maybe an angry band of transsexuals will even storm the stage.

Then there is the fact that she comes equipped with a disco following. My enjoyment of her performance was virtually quashed by the presence of two of her most fervent — and obnoxious — gay fans seated directly in front of me. While the cathartic experience of a crowd listening to gospel music can be invigorating, the experience of gay men applauding, yelping and bouncing up and down at the hands of a disco diva is something else again.

The costumes are eyesores, unnecessarily drab and alike. The choreography alternates uncertainly between ballet and dancer-chicks. The attempts at cue dialogue are more often distracting and painfully absurd. This exchange from the crowd mocking Christ on the cross:

"Then he turn water into booze." "Yeah, Ripple!"
 The audience would be better

Eureka! 'Lucky Lindy' Flies High

LUCKY LINDY
 By Dick Zigan.
 Directed by David Ostwald.
 At the Eureka Theatre, Building B, Fort Mason, Through June 20.

If Dick Zigan had grown up in Germany, he might well have made an off-beat, epic film of history as myth, like Syberberg's *Our Hitler*. Instead, he wrote *Lucky Lindy*, about a brash, young, technological American hero-myth, Charles Lindbergh's 1927 solo flight across the Atlantic.

The hero is represented by a model of his plane, *The Spirit of St. Louis*. The play's two actors, over 300 scenes, portray his life's cast of characters. The play loosely tells his story: a momentary hero after his 33½ hour flight, Lindbergh otherwise struggles to be as banal as so-called normal people.

Lucky Lindy is a theatrical playground. The actors sing and dance, play with puppets and toys, sink the Titanic in a center-stage fish tank, and clearly enjoy the many overdrawn characters and costumes they don. The goings-on include a vintage newsworld of Lindbergh's take-off and victorious homecoming, and there's even a sing-along at the end of part one.

The stagehands mingle with the actors onstage, handling the hundreds of props; the set is cluttered and anything but realistic. Part of the plot is a scheduled program note.

The sets and props, full of the technological clutter of aviation, are by Peggy McDonald. Barbara Bush did the witty costumes and soft sculptures.

The cast (Laurel Olstein, Drew Eselman, and musician Michael Eklusky) is lively and energetic. The crew (Lisa McLeod, Franz Metcalf, Jody Pollock) is well-organized and unobtrusive. David Ostwald's direction gives the production a newsreel-like pacing.

Lucky Lindy is wonderful fun — served by a traditional robed chorus singing gospel tunes without all this rigmarole. One of the songs in the show proclaims, "Just a Little Bit of Jesus Goes a Long Way." The same can be said for this overwrought production. All the frenzied dancing and LaBelle's frenzied vocalizing can't save *Your Arm's Too Short* from being a tepid bore.

'Your Arm's Too Short': Christ, What a Bore

YOUR ARMS TOO SHORT TO BOX WITH GOD
 Directed by Vinnette Carroll.
 Written by Alex Bradford and Micki Grant.
 Starring Patti LaBelle.
 At the Curran Theatre.

by Michael Mascioli
 The life of Christ, an inspiring subject for painting and sculpture, has yet to provide compelling material for the stage or screen. Invariably, when Broadway produces the Passion, the result is a second-rate musical like *Jesus Christ Superstar*. The topic remains singularly unappealing — partly because of our overwhelming familiarity with its narrative aspects, partly because of its dwindling interest and relevance to the mod-

ern (particularly the gay) world, and partly because it has yet to attract the attention of those few who could conceivably do the story justice.

It would seem that if anything could make this topic palatable on the stage, it would be the gospel idiom. Even the most irreligious among us have been pleasurably exposed to gospel at one time or another through Aretha Franklin, perhaps, or Maria Muldaur; most of us could welcome a soul-stirring evening of gospel music — but not when it is watered-down with uninspired R&B and hyped-up for the stage, as in the all-black production of *Your Arm's Too Short to Box With God*.

The music and lyrics are by Alex Bradford and Micki Grant.

and the conception by Vinnette Carroll from the book of St. Matthew, all of whom, except Matthew, gave us *Don't Bother Me, I Can't Cope*. The touring company of *Your Arm's Too Short* has surfaced at the Curran Theatre with disco star Patti LaBelle making her theatrical debut.

Patti LaBelle is very definitely the name above the title, and very definitely not a part of the company; she comes onstage only to do her star turn of five numbers.

Vocally and physically her tenure with LaBelle, one of the most innovative R&B groups ever, has prepared her for the rigorous demands of this show. In LaBelle, her voice would soar dramatically, and their concert performances would eventually find her writing

on the stage in fevered, gut-wrenching abandon. Patti LaBelle is one of our finest R&B vocalists.

Her presence in *Your Arm's Too Short*, while clearly the ace up the producer's sleeve, is a mixed blessing.

At a gospel performance, one anticipates a certain amount of emotional response from the audience — clapping, shouting, testifying — particularly when, as here, nearly every performer has been given a chance to vocally chew the scenery. LaBelle's performing style tends to intensify these reactions; casting her in a show like this is like choosing to explode a bomb by blowing it up with dynamite. I longed, more than once, for her to keep the lid on, knowing she could get equally effective results. She does sing restrainedly at one point, and the result is the difference between the merely exciting and the truly affecting.

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Dining Out

A Fine Evening at Le Domino, and a Note on Dining Out

LE DOMINO
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Chef Alain Fardeau

by W.E. Beardemphl
The location of Le Domino is somewhat incongruous. It is a beautiful, well-cared-for, old brick building set in the midst of an industrial section of the city.

Inside, the first floor is a spacious bar and the second floor is a restaurant with a splendid old-world ambience. There is a large, lovely crystal chandelier hanging over the broad staircase used to enter the dining room. Two antique sideboards grace the room, along with other good-looking antiques. The walls are hung with tapestries and pleasant old realistic paintings. Outside the window we faced was a windowbox full of red geraniums.

The table setting was an intricate floral pattern, a red carnation, and pleasant table ware.

This particular early Wednesday evening we were greeted by maitre d' Edgar. When we inquired about Luke, who usually is at the top of the stairs, we were informed that Luke and Gunther, the owners, are on vacation in Europe.

The three special entrées not on the menu were carefully explained by Edgar. David, who accompanied me for dinner, ordered one of these: Pacific Snapper Bretonne at \$10.95. He also ordered onion soup to start at \$3.50. I ordered from the menu soup du jour at \$2 and the rabbit Morvandelle at \$11.50. Entrée prices range from \$9.95 to \$14.75.

For a dinner wine we selected a Chenin Blanc, estate bottled by Inglenook winery. It was crisp and dry with a pleasant bouquet that reminded me of a breeze coming off a wooded area in Sonoma on a hot afternoon. At \$8.50 it was a good wine for our dinners. Prices on the wine list range from a high of \$75 for Taittinger Blanc de Blanc Champagne to a low of \$8. The wine list is very extensive

with a great selection of California and French wines.

Dinner bread was a baguette of sourdough that was crisp and very fresh, served with pats of sweet butter. This, Ron our waiter told us, was received partially baked to be finished at the restaurant just before dinner hour. An excellent way to handle this bread.

Both soups were good and very hot. The onion soup was a little sweet and had a great deal of cheese. Cream of asparagus was the soup du jour, a heavy *potage* of vegetables with a garnish of asparagus.

Salad was perfect leaves of Boston lettuce, dry and cold on a cold plate, with an ample dressing of excellent oil and vinegar. The only garnish was a bright red wedge of tomato.

The rabbit I had was perfectly cooked, done and not dry, with a lovely rich sauce of reduced white wine, a touch of tomatoes, mustard, and rosemary and finished with brandy. The garnish was fresh mushrooms and whole onions.

On the entrée plate were six slices of home fries and a mound of purée of broccoli with cream, sprinkled with grated cheese. The entrée plate was a picture, as were all those on the tables in the dining room.

David's entrée of snapper was also nice picture perfect. Excellent fillet that was sautéed in butter, and had a pan sauce *déglacé* of white wine reduced, shallots, mushrooms, shrimp and finished with cream. The starch with the fish was rice pilaf, and the vegetable was the same puréed broccoli. Both entrées rated excellent.

There was a large selection of desserts that neither of us could pass up. David had a creamy custard with a fresh strawberry sauce and I had a chocolate cake. *La Reine de Saba* (Queen of Sheba), that was moist, rich and made of ground almonds and walnuts. Both desserts were superior. Our coffee was good.

I have eaten many times at Le

Domino in the years since Luke has owned and managed the restaurant. It has been consistently good to superior all this time. The staff, which also proves to be well-trained, performs as if Luke were there. Everyone is to be congratulated on a fine, well-run establishment.

The following section answers some letters we have received about the Dining Out column. Many of these letters are printed in this issue's Letters to the Editor column.

The main complaint is that I announce to the waiter that a review is being written on that dinner. The readers allege this causes a change in food and service and merits special treatment such as no bill, free wine, or drinks. One correspondent notes his own 25 years in restaurants "from waiter to owner." Presumably he is asking for my credentials.

I have spent more than 30 years in food service from cook to chef to manager to owner. I started with restaurant-school training, then I was one of three American cooks trained in the Olympic Hotel, Seattle, under chef Charles Ensebe, before Western Hotels bought that hotel. The quality of our training and work was very strict in that French style kitchen. Typical of the staff was the *garde-manger* who had worked under world-famous chef Auguste Escoffier. I was later banquet chef at the Pierre Hotel when I lived in New York. In San Francisco I was chef in mainstream restaurants such as Albert's and in places catering to the homosexual community after starting S.I.R. At one time I owned the Fickle Fox restaurant.

Never among quality food service personnel that I have worked with have I seen special treatment or variation in food service because of the diner being a reviewer. Reviewers were always known by the waiters, including the editor of *Gourmet*, and nothing was varied.

I did see a variation in food service when we served President Dwight Eisenhower for a week, but that was for security reasons. Even the president received the same quality meats, the same rolls and butter, the same coffee and



'GREETINGS FROM WASHINGTON, D.C.' the His Films documentary about the historic 1979 Gay Rights March in the nation's capital, can be seen three times in June. Frameline will present the film in Cole Hall Auditorium on the UCSF campus at noon on June 22. KQED, Channel 9, will broadcast the documentary the same day at 10:30 P.M., with a repeat airing at 8 P.M. on June 27 (International Lesbian/Gay Freedom Day).

desserts as the other guests in the hotel. A kitchen does not run out and purchase different quality food, nor cook and serve a different soup for just one guest.

My method of approaching the restaurant is simple. Reservations are made in first names only. I announce to the waiter after being seated that I will ask questions, will be taking notes and will want a menu to take with me as I am reviewing that dinner. To do otherwise is damned stupid.

I am surprised at the naiveté of a 25-year veteran of food service who knows so little about restaurant reviews. Does he imagine that those pictured reviewers in mainstream publications are incognito when they go into a restaurant? Or does he think they wear masks? I can just see the waiter saying when one of those reviewers has left, "I wonder who that masked man who stole the menu and took all those notes really was?"

Furthermore, I have never received any free wine nor drinks nor been given a free meal while reviewing a restaurant. I never, but never, discuss my review with anyone connected with the res-

taurant prior to publication, as the complaining letter writer has with reviewers of his place. To do that is a breach of journalistic ethics.

In case you are interested, every reviewed dinner has been compared against unreviewed dinners at the same place, and, surprise, the unreviewed dinner rates the same in all cases so far as the reviewed dinner.

A restaurant does not get a good or bad review depending on whether it advertises in *The Sentinel*. A bad review is generally just as effective advertising for a restaurant as a good review. The letters and phone calls and comments we received about the bad review of Leticia's prove that.

We Goofed

In the feature story "Russian River 1982" in our May 27 issue, Jim Schultz, assistant manager of Fife's, was incorrectly identified as the owner of that establishment.

In our chart "What the Resorts Offer," Wildwood was shown as allowing camping. Wildwood manager Frank Hecker informs us, "this is no longer the case." The resort's accommodations currently include rooms with shared bath, a bunkhouse, and tents on wooden platforms with mattresses and bedding.

Also, Triple R Resort (RRR) should not have been identified as Russian River Resort.



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'Out of Many ... One' Freedom Day Theme

The 1982 Lesbian/Gay Freedom Day Parade and Celebration, the largest single gathering of people in San Francisco, will step off Sunday, June 27 at 11:00 A.M. The theme for this year's parade is "Out of Many ... One," the English translation of the Latin phrase, *E Pluribus Unum*.

The parade will begin at Spear and Market streets, proceed up Market to United Nations Plaza, and then to Civic Center. The celebration begins at noon in Civic Center with music, speakers and booths set throughout the area.

Monitors Needed For Parade, Celebration

Classes for people who will work as monitors in the 1982 Lesbian/Gay Freedom Day Celebration are offered in June.

Monitors who will only be marching with a specific float or contingent must attend a training session on June 11 at 7 P.M. or June 19 at 1:30 P.M.

Safety monitors who will work during the march and celebration must attend one of the above courses as well as an additional session on June 14, 16, or 21 at 7 P.M.

Medical monitors must attend classes on June 12 at 2 P.M. or June 15 at 7 P.M.

All these classes will be held at the Women's Building, 3543 18th St. Further information is available from the Lesbian/Gay Freedom Day Parade Committee at 861-5404.

Dignity Sponsors 'Festival of Prayer'

Lesbians and gay men from San Francisco and the Bay Area will gather in a Festival of Prayer the weekend of June 19 and 20. The event, marking the beginning of Lesbian/Gay Freedom Week, will begin at 8 P.M. Saturday, June 19, at Trinity Episcopal Church, Bush and Gough streets, San Francisco. A 24-hour prayer vigil will follow, and conclude with an hour-long interfaith celebration at 8 P.M. on Sunday, June 20, at St. Mary's Cathedral, Geary and Gough streets.

The Festival, first of its kind, is sponsored by Dignity/Bay Area, Catholics for Human Dignity and the Council on Religion and the Homosexual. Participating will be members of San Francisco's many gay religious caucuses from the Jewish, Christian and Eastern traditions.

During the 24-hour period in Trinity Church, services of worship characteristic of each of these groups will take place. The concluding celebration at St. Mary's Cathedral will feature prayers and readings gathered from the various faiths and traditions. Congregational singing will be led by the choir of Dignity/Bay Area.

BOXER

(Continued from front page.)

The third factor was gay political activists' campaign work for Boxer — principally from the Harvey Milk and Stonewall Gay Democratic Clubs. Minus that effort, Renne surely still would have won in the San Francisco portion of the district.

Leaders of other minority communities — endorsing Renne largely to protect whatever they might expect to receive from City Hall in the future — were not able to deliver their constituencies to the extent gay political activists were. Gay activists even triumphed over their own community newspapers — which endorsed Renne. This is the second time that phenomenon occurred: the gay papers endorsed Quentin Kopp for Mayor in 1979, but activists pulled it out for Feinstein.

What all this means for 1983 is that progressive leaders in San Francisco are emboldened to find a candidate to run for mayor against Feinstein and possibly Kopp. The total collapse of the Renne campaign in San Francisco — with the political establishment putting everything on the line for her — is the stuff of which wholesale political landscape shifts are begun. The next question is whether progressives can organize sufficiently to exploit the opportunity.

These were the most complete results available late Wednesday morning: Boxer won districtwide 50 to 31 percent over Renne, 38,934 votes to 24,244. Boxer

defeated Renne in San Francisco 59 to 36 percent — 11,763 to 7,298. Boxer won in Marin County 51 to 31 percent — 19,566 to 11,876. Marin contributed 49 percent of the total district result to San Francisco's 26 percent.

Boxer won by similarly impressive margins in Vallejo and Daly City.

The second highlight of this election for gay people was the election of eight of nine gay Democrats running for the Democratic County Central Committee.

Glenn Craig, president of the Harvey Milk Gay Democratic Club, finished first in the at-large race for 10 seats in Assembly District 17 with 14,853 votes. Louise Minnick, Alice B. Toklas Club political action chair, was seventh at 10,783. Ron Huberman, a Milk Club vice president, was ninth at 10,081. Lawrence Wilson, Toklas membership chair, was 14th among 19 candidates — with 7,127 votes — and did not place among the winners.

Gays won five of the 10 seats in Assembly District 16. Randy Stallings was second at 11,743. Jack Trujillo fourth at 11,128. Connie O'Connor sixth at 10,506. Cleve Jones eighth at 9,577; and Steve Krefling ninth at 8,802. Stallings, Trujillo and O'Connor are identified with Toklas, Jones with Milk, and Krefling with the Sierra Club.

Republican gays elected to the Republican County Central Committee were Donald Bowden, Frank Crosetti and Gary Myerscough in District 16, and Bob Bacci in District 19.

Lots of Lively Music at Civic Auditorium

Golden Gate Performing Arts and The Alive and Hot Company will present two events to make the weekend of the annual Lesbian/Gay Freedom Day Parade unforgettable.

GGPA presents its fourth annual Gay Musical Celebration on Friday, June 25. This year's concert will be held at 8 P.M. in San Francisco's Civic Auditorium, Grove and Folk streets.

"The concert will feature performances by the San Francisco Gay Men's Chorus, the San Francisco Lesbian and Gay Men's Community Chorus, the San Francisco Gay Freedom Day Marching Band and Twirling Corps, the San Francisco Tap Troupe, and the Bay Area Women's Quartet (a brass ensemble).

Also featured will be avowed foodsexual, Carol Roberts. Now a traditional part of the weekend, this concert has previously been played to capacity audiences at Grace Cathedral and Davies Symphony Hall.

There will be 12 hours of non-stop dancing on Saturday, June 26, at 9 P.M. when Celebrate! Celebrate! Dance to the Music! is produced by The Alive and Hot

Company. This event, also at the Civic Auditorium, will feature entertainment by the Richie Family, just back from their European tour, and D.J. Robbie Leslie.

Tickets for the Gay Musical Celebration are available for \$12, \$10, \$7, and \$5, in reserved and general admission unreserved seating. They are available at BASS ticket agencies and through the GPA office, 480 Castro St. For information and to charge tickets by telephone (Visa, MasterCard), call (415) 864-0326.

"Tickets to Celebrate! Celebrate! Dance to the Music! are available by mail order from The Alive and Hot Company, P.O. Box 661, San Francisco, CA 94101. Advance tickets are \$15, payable by money order only; they will cost \$25 at the door. They are also available in San Francisco at All American Boy, Gramophone Records, Rugby, and Trinity Place; in Los Angeles at All American Boy and Basic Plumbing; and in New York at All American Boy.



Dancer PAUL SCARDINA performs with his company at the Meray High School Theatre, 3250 19th Ave., across from Stonestown, June 17 through 19 at 8:30 P.M. Photo: Gary Slink



REV. MICHAEL ENGLAND of the Metropolitan Community Church of San Francisco and the REV. ELDER JIM SANDMORE of the Golden Gate Metropolitan Community Church say a blessing for the riders and their bikes at the San Francisco Eagle Bar. Many expect this to become an annual tradition.

Republicans Go on a Picnic

Concerned Republicans for Individual Rights will sponsor a gay G.O.P. celebration at Angel Island on Saturday, June 19. The event will feature a round-trip ride on a luxurious Red and White Fleet ferry, a gourmet box lunch prepared by Cow Hater Catering, a plentitude of beverages (beer, wine, soft drinks), and unchaperoned recreation on the sylvan shores of Angel Island. Tickets are \$12.50 for CRIR members and \$15.50 for non-members.

At this day-long outing, gay

Republicans, a minority's minority, will celebrate their liberation from the regimented bonds of leftist gay politics and commemorate their hard won victory over the repressive dictators of the politically correct. The post-election event will also allow CRIR members to relax after the politically active primary season.

Further details on this celebration may be obtained by contacting Tom Peretti at 836-4305. Reservations must be made by June 15.

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- 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