the VOICE
MORE THAN A NEWSPAPER

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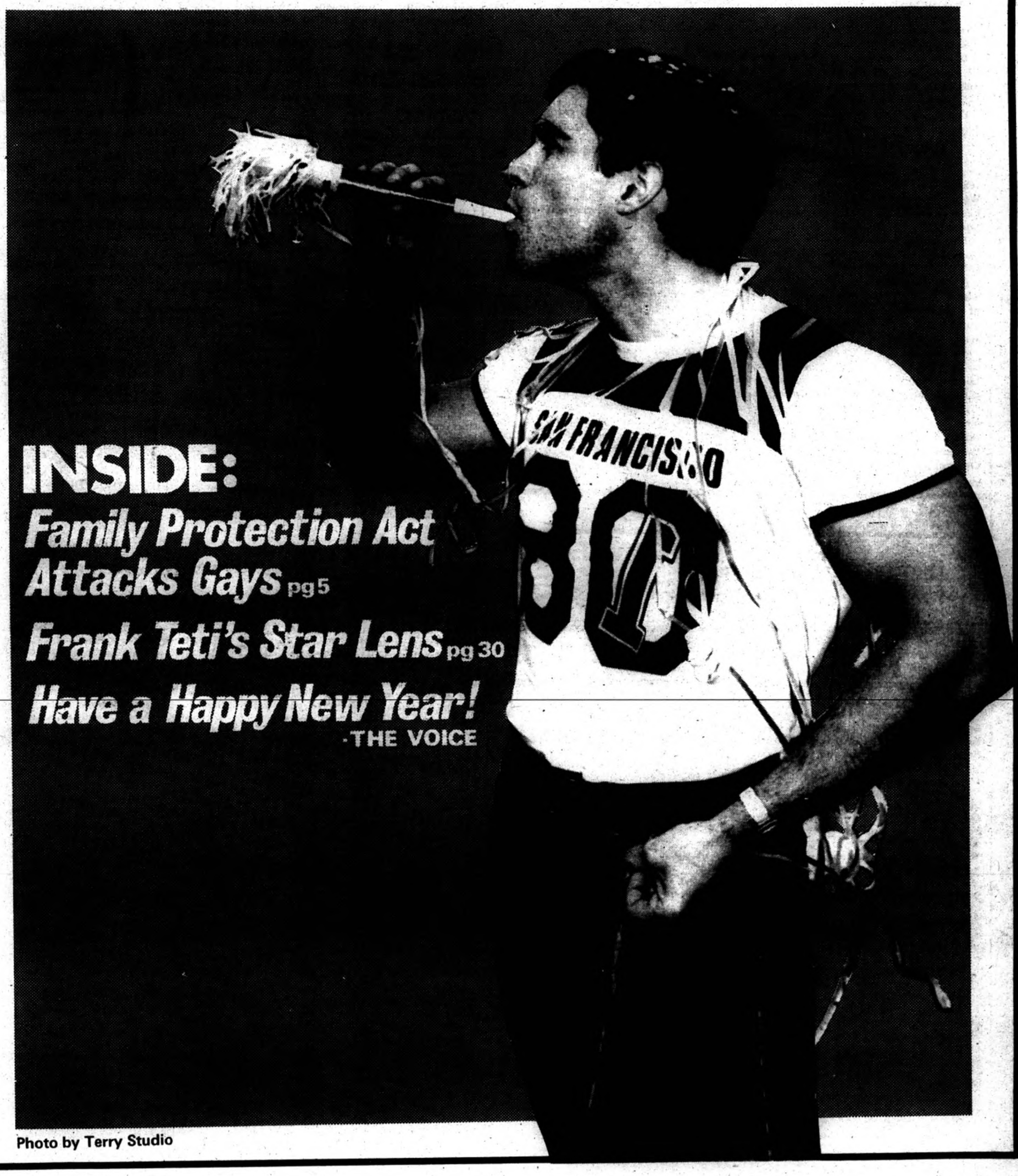

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Have a Happy New Year!

-THE VOICE

Photo by Terry Studio

EDITORIAL

THE VOICE began service to the community in 1979 and it has grown and expanded while other papers and magazines have faded and failed. For that success we want to thank our loyal advertisers and readers.

When we began we had a strong belief that the community can read and is willing to digest more details on important issues, that there was a need to inform and to suggest solutions to our mutual problems.

We have tried to bring informed opinion into circulation in the arts, health, law, cooking and restaurant-going, and we particularly wanted to provide a forum for new or relatively unrecognized talents. To do this we have sought out painters, dancers, cartoonists, glass cutters, weavers, photographers and writers in addition to the talent trying to make it in the theatres, night clubs and restaurants.

In the process we have met some wonderful people and have had the pleasure of seeing great talents develop.. To do this we must depend on our advertisers and those who read and enjoy our publication. To help us evaluate what you like we would welcome your input.

During the coming year we will do more with photographs and graphics and hope to attract more talented photographers to display their work in THE E. Writers are also wanted, especially those who might want to review books.

For those of you who follow our efforts, you must have noted that we have begun to include a regular historical feature on individuals who have been homosexual and have also had an important impact on the course of human events We are hopeful of informing the community of the long list of greats who have been homosexual and how they have contributed to the betterment of the human race.

This may be one of the few times in all history that the forces of hate have been held at bay long enough to let homosexuals speak out for their rights and claim to self-respect.

A new "science" has been developed called socio-biology, especially at Harvard which have developed a premise that homosexual elements of the varied species of animal life perform natural functions; in the case of man (and of course wo men) they may be the element which transmits and fosters culture and the arts.

An idea is subject to rebuttal, but it is nicer to hear arguments like that than suffer the rebuke and hate of religious fundamentalists whose major claim to fame throught out history seems to have been to devise means and ways to kill their opposition in the name of God!

As for 1981, let us hope that we can learn to co-operate and work more closely together; we may need all the combined strength we can muster in order to ward off the attempts, which are sure to come once the religious fundamentalists start their hate work in the Republican Senate along with the Democratic biggots who may join them for political advantage.
(See Page 5 for details on hate legislation)

COVER

PHOTO BY TERRY STUDIO.

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LETTER

Dear Sir:

The first dawn of 1981 approaching, many of us have busied ourselves looking for the appropriate spike to drive into the heart of the yet-stirring form of 1980.

"A bad year—a retrogressive year"—this is the familiar complaint. The charge has been heard everywhere from Castro bars to the gay press, the volume rising audibly since the presidential election with bodings of troubles yet to materialize in the new year. Political setbacks, violence in the streets, boredom in the bars, rising prices, unstimulating jobs, VD epidemics—the prophets of the community woefully smite their breasts to the disco beat as this latest series of plagues descends upon the Promised Land of Gaydom.

What happened? I remember that 1980 was welcomed with such optimism that, as a new arrival to San Francisco, I could conceive of no better place for me to be—gay, male, 28, ready for the adventure of participation in the new society that was emerging here. Was I just another victim of the media hype? Ironically, even the gay media is beginning to suggest exactly that, critically defacing the image it previously labored to create. It all leaves on a little bewildered. Was I cloned merely to be knocked down on my debut? Like most stories of fashion, this one is tragi/comic. I was set up by my hopes and expectations for 1980, as were we all. The disappointment, the ennui that now afflicts us all, probably rises from the revelation that the getting on the gay bandwagon in 1980 was not enough. It is now obvious that everything achieved up to this point by the gay community is but a house built on sand, ever in dange of losing its foundation, its solidity, as the world goes through its ceaseless pattern of change and upset.

The point is, we're stuck with a heavy job of shoring and renovation.

How many of us, it must be asked, really feel as though we are the active causes, the centers, of the new gay self-awarness?

Merely being in San Francisco in 1980 has given each of us a meritorious award of gay conduct (self-awarded, admittedly)—we are a mass concentration of iron filings that magnetically reaches out across the nation still, ever attracting, ever growing. What has been achieved here is, quite obviously, a critical mass, a new state of being that is recognized as such by every gay who arrives here from anywhere else on the planet. Overstatement? Ask any tourist on the Castro, any visiting biker of Folsom, any straying closet-case at the baths—ask any of them why they are where they are. Inevitably the powerful mystique of San Francisco as the capitol of gay culture will underlie the diversity of explanations and reasons. This is our creation—collectively and individually. This is the end result of a movement WE created, purposefully, consciously, "through glorious love of comrades" as Whitman would say.

cont'd next column

The errors in judgement, the political setbacks, the problems facing the burgeoning gay community do exist—I am not denying this. But it is necessary to remember that these are the problems of an established community, one which has already centered its second phase of existence after having successfully met the challenges of its inception. 1980 merely rounded off the '70's for us, capped off what was accomplished and laid before us the issues that will be, that must be, our responsibilities in the future.

I am still happy (at times downright ecstatic) to be living in San Francisco. The prospects for 1981 are mixed, I feel. At present I would like to see the cmmunity continue just being, just steadily attracting more and more potential members from the rest of the world. "Strength through numbers" is as militant a thought as I'm willing to support this year. If what we have established is worth sharing, it will survive by its own sheer dynamism.

My prime resolution for the new year (there had to be a resolution!) is thus an active one—I intend to get at least one friend to move to the city, to help one more gay individual "arrive" and add his energy and purpose to the community. This is my private effort at shoring up these foundations; I find it is the only one I can really believe is having an active effect on both the personal and the communal levels. All other participation—in politics, in gay encounter groups, in public demonstrations, in the variety of gay organizations and businesses—is the result of this initial urge to consolidate my experience here by sharing it with others. Without reaching out, everything else becomes meaningless. More gays in San Francisco will only reinforce the processes already begun by the pioneers of gay rights in the '70's.

It is only a steady increase in the gay population of the city that will guarantee political and economic clout. More gay voters, more gay employees, more gay consumers. It is also from the growing pool of gay citizens that new leaders will emerge in this decade for San Francisco—the city draws already on the nation's best gay shakers and movers and, as the community expands, will attract those from cities less able to sustain the anti-gay shocks expected in a new conservative era.

So in 1981, let's get ready for all those new debuts! The San Francisco gay community is alive and doing very, very well. A new challenge is upon us—one for us to radiate, to welcome ever more men and women to the city, to encounter and resolve new problems with vigor and clear-sightedness. Consolidation is the key concept.

Enough cheerleading. As the next series of New Year's parties unfolds, as midnight strikes in those crowded bars and the hands and lips meet to welcome 1981, let's put it in our minds to have twice as many friends here to welcome 1982, twice that for 1983, and on, and on . . .

David Osborne
San Francisco

MASTHEAD

The opinions expressed in THE VOICE are those of the individual contributors. The appearance, whether in editorial copy or photographic representation is not to be construed as indicative of sexual orientation or preference.

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The four best party spots in town to ring in your Fantastic San Francisco New Year!

...CELEBRATE 81!

REPORT

SUICIDE AND DEPRESSION AROUND THE HOLIDAYS

Can't get into the spirit of the season? Well, according to San Francisco Suicide Prevention, these feelings are common at this time of the year as is the notion that everybody else is merry and has plans for the holidays.

The added hassles of preparing for the season, the anxiety of seeing relatives after a long time, mourning deaths that have occurred, seeing friends go away to their own families—it all contributes to making the season to be jolly a difficult time to cope with. In addition, the idea that this is a time for happy reunions with a loving family contributes to the sense of loneliness and inadequacy for someone spending the holidays alone, and many people are.

Some suggestions offered by San Francisco Suicide Prevention to avoid the holiday blues:

—Talk to friends about your feelings. You'll be surprised how many of them feel the same way.

—Reach out to people who are in situations similar to your own and plan non-traditional holiday events.

—Accept your feelings as normal. You are not suddenly supposed to be one way or the other because it's the holiday season.

—Explore why you feel sad and depressed. If other things are not going well, the expectation that you should feel happy is unrealistic. Try to understand where the negative feelings are stemming from and start doing something about them as a holiday present for yourself.

—Use whatever means you have found helpful before when you have felt the same way. Or explore new ways of dealing with depression.

—If the depression persists and you have trouble functioning in your daily life, it's a good idea to get outside help. One resource is Suicide Prevention which operates 24 hours a day with trained telephone counselors at 221-1423.

Other services provided by San Francisco Suicide Prevention are: the Drug Lines, 752-3400; Mental Health Information and Referral, 387-5100; and the Friendship Line for the Elderly, 752-3778.

The programs are supported by United Way, Community Mental Health Services, Westside Community Mental Health Centers, Community Substance Abuse Services, and private contributions. San Francisco Suicide Prevention is a non-profit public benefit corporation, and contributions are tax deductible.

GREAT OUTDOOR ADVENTURES GETS NEW HOME

San Francisco's largest gay membership group has just moved to their new home at 1618 Castro Street (at 26th Street). G.O.A.'s spacious new home now allows them to handle the Coffeehouses and pot luck dinners for the growing membership. The members, now numbering over 700, are both men and women who have joined to share their common interest in camping, backpacking, skiing, river rafting, and many other outdoor adventures.

All G.O.A. adventures are planned and led by GOA staff. On most trips, staff also prepares and serves meals. The weekend trips include five meals, even a champagne dinner Saturday night.

Whenever possible, GOA travels by carpool with all riders sharing expenses. This really helps to make for an inexpensive adventure. GOA will help match riders and drivers.

For those who don't own their own gear, GOA can provide whatever necessary.

In the past, GOA has gone on backpacking trips to Yosemite, houseboating on Lake Shasta, ski weekends to. North Star and Bear Valley, massage workshops at Orr hotsprings, day hikes to Mt. Tamalpias, Angel Island, mid-peninsula parks, plus numerous other adventures.

Some of GOA's upcoming adventures include a winter weekend at Calistoga Hot Springs, Ski trips to Bear Valley, a Ski week in Colorado, a Windjammer cruise to the Antilles, a Christmas-New Year adventure in Mexico, and dome cozy fireside weekends at Wildwood Ranch.

LAMBDA PRO MUSICA PERFORMS JANUARY 12th AND 14th

Jon Sims conducts the Lambda Pro Musica in "Strings that Dance," a concert to be presented January 12th and 14th, 8:30 pm at the Performance Gallery, 3153 17th Street in San Francisco.

This growing chamber orchestra gave its Premiere Performance last May, and in June played to a standing room only audience with the rest of the Golden State Performing Arts family in the "Gay Musical Celebration at Grace Cathedral."

Musical selections for "Strings that Dance" include works by Bach, Haydn, Pachelbel, and Sibelius.

Tickets for this event are $5, available by mail from Golden Gate Performing Arts, and are on sale at the Ambush, Amelia's, Headlines, Railway Express, and Trinity Place. P.A.S. vouchers accepted and child care will be available.

PATROL SPECIAL JOBS

Jackie Hamilton, who operates a "patrol special" beat in the Taraval neighborhood, is accepting applications for guard positions. There are no particular requirements, and the job pays about $8 per hour.

Patrol special officers are basically security guards who perform general patrol duties. They receive SFPD training and operate under a special arrangement which distinguishes them from other commercial security firms. Jackie may be reached at 861-4142.

B.A.M.I. ANNOUNCES WINTER SESSION OF ADULT CLASSES

The Bay Area Marine Institute of San Francisco, a non-profit educational organization dedicated to providing Bay Area residents recreational and vocational access to the sea, will begin its winter session of adult education classes on January 21, 1981. The courses are specifically designed for people who are interested in small boats. They include:

Celestial Navigation, Advanced Topics in Celestial Navigation, Marine Electricity for Boats, Fiberglass Repairs and Construction, Fundamentals of Boatbuilding, Gas and Diesel Mechanics, Lofting, Marine Surveying, Marlinspike Seasmanship, Piloting and Coastal Navigation, The Rules of Yacht Racing, Coast Guard Operator's License Review.

Tuition fees range from $40 to $160 depending on the course. Classes are held one night per week, Monday through Thursday, from 7 to 10 pm at the B.A.M.I. facilities on Pier 66.

Early registration is recommended as some courses, particularly Boatbuilding and Marine Electricity, are very popular and fill up early. Additional information, course outlines and enrollment forms can be obtained by calling the Bay Area Institute at (415) 552-4500.

CHRISTIANITY CHANGES ITS POSITION

New directions are being taken in Christianity by a new denomination called the Church of Jesus Christ. Church members feel that applications of moral guidelines developed centuries ago need to be re-evaluated in view of the greatly changed circumstances of today. They say that it is quite possible for the intent of the Lawgiver to remain unchanging, yet for there to be a need to make adjustments in laws to meet new situations.

The Church president, Dr. Charles Johnson, has recently moved to San Francisco from Atlanta. He is a former Catholic priest who holds a doctorate in Education and Counseling. His main interest in working with the new church is to assist people in overcoming the guilt that had been placed on them by clergy and parents who were "a bit overzealous." He finds many people, especially lesbian and gays, turned off to Christianity because of their personal experiences. In fact, he said he hadn't emotionally been able to attend a religious service himself for several years, and then joined a Unitarian Church only after receiving assurances from the minister that he was atheistic.

Dr. Johnson states, that given the world population, no longer is each man to be given the command: "Increase and multiply." No longer is each woman expected to be pregnant from age 12 or 13, and no longer does the man "own" the woman and "his" children. The woman has rights, the children have rights—and even the man still has rights. These rights include having a traditional family, but they also include rights to adopt various alternative lifestyles [gay included].

Although accepting various lifestyles the Church urges people who are living together to make some commitment to each other. Often a couple who have lived together several years find it difficult to contact a minister about marriage, especially if they now have children. Some couples feel regret that they never had their marriage "blessed," even though they were married by a Judge or Justice of the Peace, or are legally married because their state permits Common Law marriages. Then there are couples who wish to have a Christian commitment, but do not want to be married by state laws. The latter couple might include a widow who would lose her pension benefits should she marry, yet her potential husband's pension might not be enough to support them both.

To assist such couples the Church has decided to perform spiritual and religious marriages only. In a separation of Church and State in marriage matters the Church does not perform "civil-ceremonial" marriages for the State, i.e. if people want a marriage to be recorded in state courts they may obtain a marriage license and follow the state's requirements for recording the marriage. If, however, people are interested in creating a spiritual and Christian relationship, they may make their commitment, inform the Church by mail (no marriage license necessary) and their marriage will be recorded in Church records, and their marriage certificate will be issued. (A free marriage brochure and application is available—each person must be 18 or older). The above permits us to issue Gay Certificates, too.

The theological basis of the Church of Jesus Christ is the Christ presented in the "Gospel." This Christ tries to free the average person from the guilt heaped on him/her by religious hypocrites. Christ's anger is vented on the hypocrite, not the average street-walker. Thus, the Gospel is primary, the "Old Testament" is secondary. Paul is regarded as post Christian. "Of all people who have come Christian since the death of Jesus," asks Dr. Johnson, "why should Paul of Tarsus' opinions have more weight than the statements of the Founder? Jesus liked women; Paul seems, at times, to detest them. Why are Paul's opinions ranked equal or even superior to those of Jesus? Why? The Church of Jesus Christ considers Paul's opinions to be no more valid than those of other sincere and dedicated Christians. Our 'Bible' is the 'Gospel' or 'The Good News of Jesus Christ,'" Dr. Johnson said.

The Church wants people who don't fit in with other churches —people who are loving and caring, yet are not so guilt-ridden that they can't have a good time—we want people who love life!"

"We would like to hear from people who would like more information on our marriage services, from those who would like to meet with us as we determine our goals and priorities, and from those who hate church meetings, but would like to stay in touch by receiving a newsletter," said Dr. Johnson.

He concluded by saying, "Remember: Jesus came to announce our salvation, not our condemnation! He was most warm toward the averge person struggling with life's problems. He was most critical toward the self-righteous person who condemned others."

For more information: Dr. Charles Johnson, The Church of Jesus Christ, 1214 Polk Street, No. 320, San Francisco, CA 94109—(415) 885-6835.

GAY CHILDREN

Tony Silvestre of Philadelphia, PA has expressed great satisfaction with the newly established program for gay children.

Through the program gay children may be assigned to stable gay households to be raised in a supportive, healthy environment. The children may enter the program through the cooperation of the County Probation Agency and thus they are given a chance to lead a better life without the pressures usually associated with agencies which attempt to "reform" youngsters.

"We have a unique opportunity here," Silvestre noted, "to prove that sexual minorities can raise children in a healthy, well adjusted environment and provide the kind of support that is needed.

"The local government and state have been very supportive of our efforts," he went on.

Silvestre was sensitive to the controversial nature of the project, and the need to protect the children and the program from medlers, but he felt that the fact that the government was "at last" approaching the problems realistically, he wants the community to know that it has happened and by their example, it may happen elsewhere.

Silvestre is the Director of Fromin Center, Inc. He has worked closely with former Governor Shapp of Pennsylvania, and was one of those who helped establish policy in that state regarding sexual minorities. It was Gov. Shapp who first issued an executive order to protect sexual minorities in 1975. That order was the model for the issuence of the executive order issued by California Governor Edmund G. Brown, Jr., last year which established the rights of sexual minorities in California.

Silvestre was one of those consulted by Gov. Brown's staff when the executive order in California was planned.

HARDMAN REPORT

A CLEAR AND PRESENT DANGER

Senator Paul Laxalt (R—Nevada) is a close and personal friend of President Elect Ronald Reagan, he is also an active homophobe. With the Republicans in the majorjty in the United States Senate and the Democrats running scared in the House, it is time to assess the prospects.

During the 96th Congress Senator Laxalt introduced one of a series of bills which are finding their way into the hoppers for consideration, all dealing with New Right themes: "Family Protection", for example, he has declared his intention to reintroduce the same legislation in the new session.

"Family Protection" has become the euphamism fpr anti—gay; anti—Equal Rights Ammendment and anti—abortion legislation. It is the name for regressive, hate legislation inspired by fundamentalist religious groups.

Laxalt introduced S.. 1808 "to strengthen the American family and promote the virtues of family life through education, tax assistance, and related measures." One of the very first things he wants with his bill is to cut off funds to any state which did not permit prayers in public schools, that is on the premises of any public building." It came under a section headed, "Prayer; Famlly Participation Rights; Teacher."

It would also cut off federal funds to any state which "does not have in—place mechanisms and procedures to insure that parents and representatives of the community can participate in decisions relating to the establishment of continuation of courses relating to the study of religion."

The shocking part of this legislation , even when only the first part of his bill is considered, is that it openly, blantantly defies the prohibition in the United States Constitution against Congress making any laws regarding religion and the establishment of religion..

Under the section headed "Requirements for Educational Materials", the bill goes on the demand the right be given to parents to review text books. It would give parents the right to censure books in the schools; but even more it would prohibit the use of text—books which "deminish, or deny the role differences between sexes as historically understood in the United States." So much for equality!

The bill would permit schools to limit, or prohibit the "mingling of the sexes in any sports or other school—related activities."

Under a major section called Title 111 First Ammendment Guarantees and sub—titled "Rights For Religious Institutions" goes on and on about the "rights" of religious institutions, despite First Ammendment prohibition against Congress making laws regarding the establishment of religion.

Under Legal Assistance Restrictions, there is the explicit prohibition against providing "legal assistance to any proceeding or litigation which seeks to adjuicate the issue of gay rights."

If that were not enough there is a whole section entitled "Homosexual Advocacy." That section is so filled with biggotry and hate that itis really a case study in itself and seeks to deny any and all federal funding to any "public, private individual, group, foundation, commission, corporation, association, or entity which presents homosexuality, male or female, as an acceptable alternative lifestyle, or suggests that it can be an acceptable lifestyle."

Not to be out done, the biggots in the House of Representives joined with Laxalt and introduced their varied versions of "Family Protection" and the anti-gay , and anti-ERA and the pro-religion legislation H.R. 79955 was introduced by Congressman Paul to augment the Senators Hate legislation. He has a whole section in his bill too which provides "Constitutional Guarantees" to religious institutions! It also would deny abortions to women and reinforce that prohabition by attempting to curb the powers of the United States Supreme Court to deal with the issue..

To make this biggotry clear he includes a section on "Homosexuality Advocacy" and you can be sure he is not for it, and repeats Senator Laxalts words as quoted above

H. R. 7448 introduced by Congressman Kelly and a host of others continues along the same line as discussed above, but he goes a bit further and makes sure that the military is covered and the "gay rights" are not permitted to be defended at government expense.

Congressman Symms and his biggot buddies introduced another bill H' R' 6028 to protect the rights of those who want prayers in the schools.

There is a clear and present danger to gay men and lesbians; and that danger is just as clear for women and non—Christians. Jews in particular should be concerned about the issues of prayers in the schools.. Whether Jew or gentile, there should be no prayers in the schools, nor should the fundamentalists churches be permitted to influence legislation. It is violative of federal law, it is violative of the U. S..Constitution.

Something must be done, before the churches destroy our country and our constitution; their threat is real and the danger is at hand.

PERRY A. GEORGE

BITCH ARITHMATIC (OR PAY HIM WHAT HE'S WORTH)

As we come to the end of another year, it becomes time to reflect on many things and amongst which is to remind ourselves about how the quality of life seems to deteriorate with each passing year. Most of these things have to be taken as a sign of modern times that we, as individuals, have scant power to influence and like good American consumer sheep, be content wil less for more. There is one item that we as consumers can have a direct effect on to swim against this trend of expecting less for more (paid). Everyone should make a firm New Year's resolution that they are no longer going to get pushed around by self-impressed, haughty waiters and waitresses. I do, however, believe that the worst offenders of all are some of the gay male waiters. They seem to operate on the theory that they are doing you a monumental favor by waiting on you at all and it is their "divine right" to receive AT LEAST 15 percent tip for the privilage of you being allowed to sit at one of their assigned tables.

Ah, but why be vague, let's give the current outrage that inspired me to write about this in this column. On Saturday, Dec. 20, at about 4:30 pm (a rather quiet slow time for a restaurant) I and three friends occassioned to stop for a late light lunch at the Patio Cafe on Castro Street. We were seated immediately and the waiter came with reasonable dispatch to get out order. I ordered a Bacon and Tomato sandwhich on toast. I asked him for French bread that was sliced and toasted and not on a French roll. I thought I was crystal clear. I got an untoasted French roll . . . but I didn't complain (my first mistake) then I had the presumption to ask for a glass of water . . . but didn't get it. I compounded my sin of intruding on our waiter by making a second request of water, but I showed no impatience or displeasure . . . (my second mistake). As we were about to leave, and when all the food was eaten, the waiter finally shows up with the water. We still said nothing but politely asked for the check . . . (my third mistake). We had discussed the possibility of leaving no tip at all but settled on a less than 15 percent tip in the hopes that, in reflection, the waiter could ask himself if perhaps the small tip were a reflection of his talents as a waiter . . . (the most naive mistake of all). We all left and whilst we were walking down the sidewalk the waiter burst from the restaurant inflated to full bitch-queenery snit and decried us to the assembled public that it was customary to give a 15 percent tip and if we couldn't afford that to keep the pittance we had left him. He cast the amount we had overtiped him into my friends hand, turned on his heel and returned to The Patio Cafe in full self-rightious huff.

In reflection, Ican say that I and my party are truly to blame for this scene as I am sure I've spent too much time with my Maxfield Parish prints, my old Victrolas and driving around in my old Packard. I've lost complete touch with how to deal with today. Non-complaining graciousness is "pearl before swine." it's 1981 and time for a whole new era regarding tips. In olden days, a t.i.p. (to insure promptness) was something a diner gave their waiter or waitress in appreciation for special attentions. I am willing to settle for a more modern definition of a tip being the just due given a water or waitress to just doing their job. What the new year has got to bring is an instant complaint if you don't get exactly what you ordered. If you don't get water immediately after a second request one should go to the head waiter and ask him to chase your water . . . that should get some reaction. Finally, if the waiter still gives you bad service—leave one penny. Never leave no tip at all as some people just don't tip and the waiter will assume that no matter how good his service was you wouldn't have tipped. DON'T give the wrong impression if you leave one penny even the densest of them will get the point. If you don't have a penny on you, go to the head water or cashier and ask for change for a nickle as you want to tip the waiter for his service. Somehow the point, no matter how bluntly, must be gotten accross to them. It is a known fact that the best way to make a point with someone is to kick them in the pocketbook.

Each of my readers should reflect on their past experiences with haughty indifferent waiters and waitresses and judge themselves guilty if they sheepishly put up with waiters or waitresses antics and dutifully paid their 15 percent tip so as not to make a scene. Such behavior will only fuel even poorer and nastier service unless we all make a New Years resolution to reverse the trend. To all those waiters, and waitresses, who might start getting penny tips as a result of this article . . . it's a cheap lesson if you learn. To all the restaurants who dread a new wave of demanding customers . . . never loose focus of the fact that if someone just wanted to eat they could eat cheaper at home. What one buys at a restaurant is a toatally pleasant experience. Timid, noncomplaining customers (unless they are Masochists) rarely make a habit of returning to a restaurant that gives them an unpleasant experience. In closing, I am not launching any condemnation against the management of the Patio Cafe as I will assume, until told otherwise, that the behavior of the rude waiter was not the official position of that restaurant and that steps will be made to school the staff on basic etiquette.

SUICIDE PREVENTION SPEAKERS AVAILABLE

Through its public education program, San Francisco Suicide Prevention, Inc., is offering speakers to schools, mental health programs, social clubs, and any other interested groups.

Topics that agency speakers are prepared to discuss include: historical information on suicide and cultural/ethical considerations, suicide statistics, how Suicide Prevention operates, suicide myths and facts, evaluating suicide risk, suicidal profiles, basic counseling techniques, interpersonal communication, suicide and crisis intervention techniques, drug abuse information and counseling techniques, depression, suicide and the elderly, and volunteer training and recruitment.

For more information, contact the Suicide Prevention Speakers Bureau at 752-4866 from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m., Monday through Friday.

19 HAPPY NEW YEAR 81

GAY WELLNESS

PAUL A. WALKER

Paul A. Walker, Ph.D. (University of Rochester) is a psychologist and certified sex therapist now in private practice in San Francisco. He formerly was on the faculties of the Johns Hopkins University School of Medicine (Baltamore) and the University of Texas Medical Branch (Galveston) where he was founder and Director of The Gender Clinic. He is currently Director of The Janus Information Facility and is President of The Harry Benjamin International Gender Dysphoria Assoc., Inc. He has published over 30 scientific papers on sexological research and sex therapy.

Becoming Sexual IV—Coming out Queer

In the past three Gay Wellness columns, I discussed ways in which the world plots and plans to rob many of us of our natural sexuality. Normal adult sexuality is only what is left over of a child's natural pursuit of happiness and pleasure—and what is left over, by the time one reaches adulthood, is too often terribly little, and quite distorted at that. Which reminds me of someone's definition of puritanism—"the nagging gnawing feeling that someone somewhere might be enjoying themselves."

The past few, and next few columns, emphasize the negative. Shortly after the New Year, I will try to look at the other side—happiness, pride and dignity in being gay or lesbian.

BECOMING SEXUAL V—COMING OUT QUEER (continued)

PLAYING COOL—For many gay men and lesbian women, their sexual feelings, labeled bad by tohers, are too painful, so they stop feeling. In fact, all feelings and emotions stop to one degree or another. This is unfortunately extremely common. Feelings get bottled up, and only occassionally emerge—often the wrong feeling is shown, and is sent out in the wrong direction, or bottled-up feelings explode out too strong and too quick—be it anger, sadness or love. Anger, most properly directed in a constructive way towards the homophobic bigots who caused all of these unnecessary hang-ups, too often gets directed at ourselves or each other, if anger is ever allowed to emerge at all.

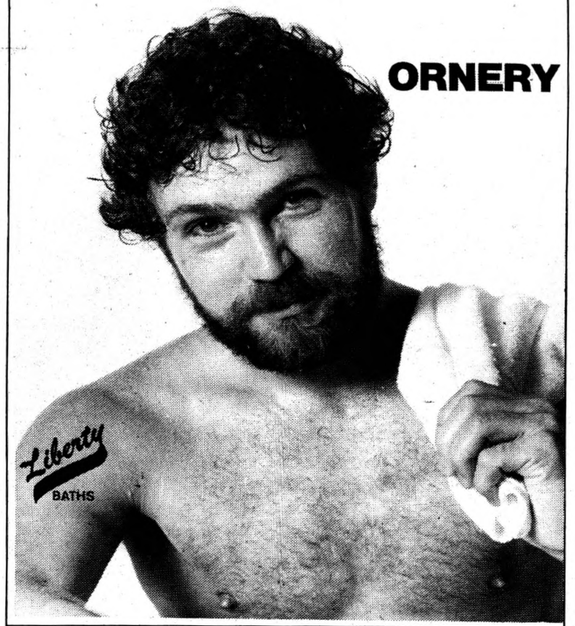
Groucho Marx, said he wouldn't be caught dead joining any club that would have him as a member. That statement says a lot. If homophobic others don't like us, we learn to not like ourselves. If we don't like overselves, how can we like/respect/love anyone else with the incredibly bad taste to like us? So some of us get so cool we become total iceberg loners—not associating with anyone (because if they accept us, they are no good) and constantly hoping for love and accpetance by better people and clubs—who by definition won't except us, because if they did we would no longer consider them better!

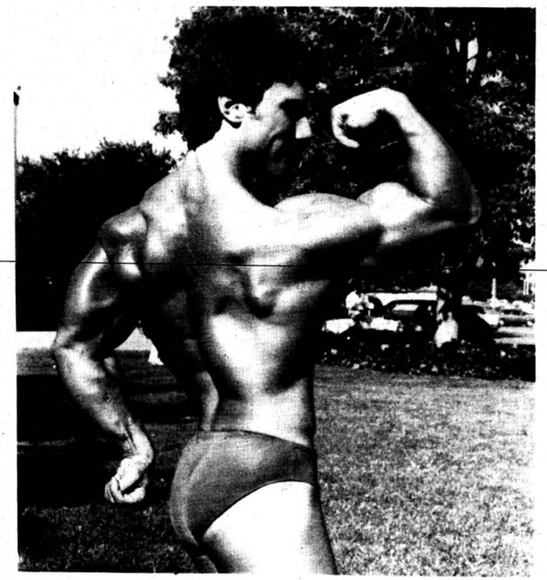
PLUMBING PROBLEMS—(I'll do a whole column on this soon). As many as 50 percent of people have, at some time in their life, extensive problems getting it up, getting it off on time, avoiding pain during or after, or just plain getting turned on at all. Often there is a medical/biological reason which can be treated. More often the reason is psychological, and that can be treated, too. In general, people with a lot of guilt about sex (whether they are aware of that guilt or not) suffer the most. Some gay men and lesbian women, because of the guilt trips dumped on them earlier, have these plumbing problems—not knowing that help exists, and not knowing that often these problems are caused by labels and game playing.

PLAYING ATONEMENT—Some gay men and lesbian women, while realizing they are gay, do so with some degree of shame or apology rather than pride. This sometimes leads to a pattern of behavior in which they pay penance in a sense—constantly being overgenerous with their time and money to help other people and causes, or allowing themselves to be ripped off by lovers and "friends." Being generous is nice, when it is done with a shense of sharing oneself and helping others less fortunate then the giver believes he is. Generosity is a problem when the giver gives because he or she feels he has to, or because he doesn't deserve his own luck or fortune, because he OWES the world something; in other words because he is bad and therefore must pay his dues. Some atoners constantly give (time and money) and receive no pleasure in it because they feel they have to give.

SURVIVOR SYNDROME—Survivors of the Nazi death camps, like military people who survived the war while their buddies were killed, sometimes have what is known as survivor syndrome. This can happen to gays, too, especially to those who pass for straight with their families or careers. The feeling here is that while others (openly gay people, and the gay activists) suffered, I didn't, but I should have suffered along with them, I am a traitor, I am responsible for their pain, I could have/should have helped, too, I survived but I didn't deserve to since I really am just like them.

PLAYING PERFECT—One stereotype about gay men and lesbian women is that we are exceptionally "creative." Sounds nice, but it's still a stereotype. Yet many, many gay/lesbian people do extremely well in their professions—whether it is in business, the sciences or the arts. For some, hopefully most, this degree of excellence achieved is simply a result of their talent and intelligence as they do their thing, because it's their thing. For others, however, such a high degree of achievement is a compulsive driving, unfullfilling pursuit of proving oneself and the world "I'm good at my job, in spite of the disgusting fact that I'm queer." Such people get very little pleasure out of their excellence, since anything less than perfect is unacceptable (like being queer is less than perfect) and perfection, if achieved, being the minimal goal (with nothing better possible) is taken for granted.





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QUESTION of LAW

THOMAS E. HORN

Do you have a question of law? If so, write us. Send your questions to: "it's a QUESTION OF LAW," c/o THE VOICE, 1782 Pacific Avenue, San Francisco, California 94109. This column will attempt to give answers to questions presented that pose common situations, or are of general interest. Recognize, however, that individual cases vary as do the statutes in the various jurisdictions. It is advisable to seek a professional opinion before undertaking any action that may have legal implications.

QUESTION:

I have recently been going to Slave Auction at the Bulldog Baths. They give me play paper money when I enter the door, and thit is what I use to bid on the various slaves. The last time I went, I made a winning bid on one of the slaves. He came with me to my room and we had a very good time. When he had to leave to go to work, he just packed up and went. I seem to recall reading some time ago about people being arrested during slave auctions. Is what the Baths are doing legal? Do I, or the slaves for that matter, have to worry about being arrested?

ANSWER:

I see nothing illegal in the situation you have described. What the Baths have done is create an entertainment situation. So long as no money changes hands, thcn any act you may have engaged in would be lawfully protected under California's Consenting Adult Statutes. The fact that you bid and paid with play money is just part of the entertainment. Had any real money changed hands, then it could be argued that the slave was engaging in an act of prostitution and that you were soliciting an act of prostitution. That is not the situation in your case and I wouldn't worry.

You are correct about there being a problem some years ago, when the police raided a bar and charged the conductors of the auction with attempting to sell another for slavery. That was an absurd raid and all of those charges were subsequently dismissed.

QUESTION:

My mother just had her right eye removed because the doctor told her that she had cancer of the eyeand that it would have to be removed right away or the cancer would spread throughout her body. After the eye was removed, a subsequent pathology report of the removed eye showed that the doctor was wrong and that she really had a relatively innocent eye condition that could have been cleared up with certain types of eyedrops. Can my mother sue the doctor for malpractice?

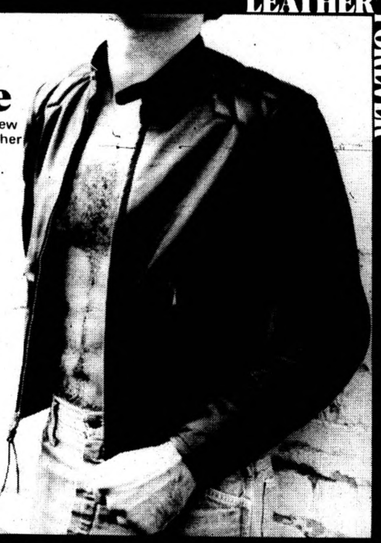
ANSWER:

Certainly your mother should look into whether or not there was medical malpractice in her case. It is impossible to know, based on the limited information you tell me, whether malpractice occurred in this case or not. But, because of the serious injuries involved, that is loss of an eye, it would be wise for her to consult an attorney regarding the matter.

Just because the doctor was incorrect in his or her diagnosis of cancer, does not necessarily mean that the doctor committed malpractice. Malpractice occurs when a doctor deviates from the standard of care reasonably expected of doctors practicing in the same field in the community. If the doctor was unreasonable in his belief that the eye was cancerous, then it will not be malpractice simply because he was wrong. If, on the other hand, any reasonable doctor that had the facts known to the doctor involved in the case, would have not diagnosed it as cancer or would have recommended a treatment less extreme than enucleation (removal) then the doctor may well have violated the expected standard of care.

It is also important to know exactly what the doctor told your mother. Did he explain all the possible treatments, if there were any others? Did he explain the difficulty in diagnosis? All of these are factors that must be analyzed in determining the appropriateness of bringing a medical malpractice action.

LEATHER FOREVER



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SUPERVISOR

QUENTIN KOPP

CSAC: Goals to Galvanize Local Energies For The '80's.

" The issues of the '80's demand effective application of the energies of the county officials toward more efficient and frugal governance. The future strength of counties lies in uniting the talents of many individuals toward common goals."

CSAC Convention Statement

The Annual Convention of the County Supervisors Association of California (CSAC), held at the Disneyland Hotel in Annaheim, California on December 2-5, 1980 was one of the organization's most exciting and best attended.

Despite the many lures of the 60 acres of Walt Disney's Magic Kingdom, hundreds of county officials rejected opportunities to ride the Matterhorn and opted instead to join in discussions of how local governments can help control the states own runaway fiscal "rollercoaster."

The Convention also honored me by unanimously electing me as the President of CSAC for the 1980-81 term. In assuming this new state-wide role I become the fourth San Franciscan to hold this office in the organization's 85 year history and the first since 1961-62 when then Supervisor William G.. Blake held that post.

CSAC is a statewide organization having a membership of 296 elected Supervisors representing 58 counties. As the organization's President I will have a unique opportunity to serve as the leading spokesperson for California County government in both the state capitol and in Washington D. C. Additional duties will include presiding over monthly Sacramento meetings of the CSAC Executive and Legislation Committee and testifying before Assembly and Senate Committees.

Aside from carrying out these regular duties I intend to initiate a vigerous and highly visible program for CSAC's coming year with top priority being given to: 1) Obtaining more equity for homeowners by pushing for adoption of the split-roll method of tax assessment in order to reduce the tax rate on owner-occupied residences while increasing that on industrial property. 2) Revising current voters' registration laws to insure that the voters rolls are periodically and atically purged of all deceased or departed registrants; 3) Freeing counties from the burdensome and discriminatory federal bilingual ballot requirements which in 1978, cost 39 California counties over $2 million; 4) Requiring the state to assume all costs of superior and municipal courts—most of which is now paid from the general fund of each county; and 5) Putting a stop to the erosion of local government authority by lobbying for retention of local decisi on - making over local matters such as roads a county would build, what type of housing it should supply, the type and price of the sewer system it needs and the number of court departments it should have. Such decisions as we in San Francisco well know from first-hand experience, are increasingly being made by distant bureacrats in Sacramento and Washington who are as carefree with the spending of our local tax dollars as a kid at Disneyland is in spending the ride tickets in his or her coupon book.

Those are issues in which many San Franciscans and citizens of other local jurisdictions have expressed an interest and which I hope to join with other county representatives in giving articulation. I also hope through the tenure of my new office to be able to give county government a much more prominent role in the shaping of public policy than it has had previously and to obtain for it the appreciation and recognition it deserves.

The tasks facing local officials in the 1980's are extremely difficult and chall enging.. Now, more than ever before, county and city governments need to organize and join talents if they want to win a return of local tax dollars and local decision making authority or if they. hope to save essential local programs from the new financial draught threatened by the projected shortfall in state tax revenues.

CSAC offers an excellent vehicle for the galvanizing of needed local energies and for advancing the vital public interest in effective, efficient and responsive local government. I look forward to your joining with other members of the general public throughout the state who are becoming increasingly aware of the and lending their support to the fine work of this active, committed organiz ation of county supervisors and would appreciate receiving your comments and suggestions regarding its goals for the 1980's.

SENATOR

MILTON MARKS

The State Senate meets briefly in the first week of December for two purposes: to swear in members who have just been elected (or re-elected), and to allow Senators to introduce bills of special import and urgency. I was sworn in for the four-year term to which I was elected in November.

I introduced three bills at this time, each of which is an attempt to correct a currently untenable situation.

SB39 was prompted by the recent parole of a juvenile murderer (after his serving only four years for killing two men), for which decision none of the proper authorities were notified before the parole hearing. It was a shock to me, as it was to all who knew of the magnitude of this case, that those involved were not given an opportunity to oppose this parole.

This bill would require that, when a parole hearing is set for a juvenile who has been convicted of murder or rape, the California Youth Authority notify the victim's next of kin (if a murder case) or victim (in a case of rape), the District Attorney, the Judge, the defense attorney and the local law enforcement agency so that they may testify at the parole hearing. The bill would also amend a section of the law to require that an adult convicted of first degree murder be subject to the same provision.

The second piece of legislation which I introduced corrects a problem which occurred after the passage of Senator Alan Sieroty's bill last year (Chapter 798 of the Statutes of 1980) revising the Child Care and Development Services Act and repealing alternative child care provisions. That chapter does not specifically include provisions for the continuation of certain programs for serverely handicapped children for which there is an appropriation already in the Budget Act of 1980.

This is not a request for extra or special funding, because the money has already been appropriated, but this bill closes the gap which was created by the omission of these programs (all of which are in the Bay Area) and brings them back in under the "umbrella" of the Child Care and Development Services Act. As the services which these programs provide are not available through any other organizations, this bill insures the continuance of this badly-needed care for severely handicapped children in this area.

The third bill comes from my long-standing concern with the health hazards to school children and employees posed by the presence of asbestos in our State's schools. It would require the governing board of every school district in California to conduct programs to control or eliminate health problems created by the presence of asbestos in schools. Money for the encapsulation or replacement of asbestos materials in public schools would be made available through school district deferred maintenance funds.

Dust from asbestos-treated walls and cielings can float in the air and be inhaled by employees and children in the schools. As medical evidence now links such exposure with serious respiratory ailments and cancer of the lung, often developing many years after exposure, the problem is far too serious to be ignored. For too long we have heard that school districts are unable to correct this life-threatening hazard because of a lack of funds. This bill intends to correct that situation and make California's public schools asbestos-free.

I will be introducing many other bills in the months ahead and I look forward to an active session in the Legislature in 1981. I hope to hear from my fellow San Franciscans regarding issues which are of concern to you. It is and always will be important to me to maintain strong communications between San Francisco and Sacramento.

GAY OUTREACH PROGRAM

To encourage information exchange, the monthly News Update is now being sent to a selected group of community activists in addition to its primary audience of SFPD and SFSO officers and job applicants.

The newsletter has been in existence since October of 1978. Most coverage will continue to stress technical news about police hiring procedures, but articles of more general interest will appear from time to time. Expanded distribution will be maintained on a test basis for several months. If reaction is favorable, it will be continued.

PHYSICAL AGILITY TRAINING

Woe to the applicant who foolishly believes that "being in good shape" will automatically take care of the SFPD physical agility test. It won't. The test involves some very specialized movements. Test-specific training is offered through SFPD. Call officers Gladys Jackson or Luanna Williams at 431-6980 for class time and locations.

DOG UNIT GOES POLYSEXUAL

Dog handlers need not be married heterosexuals, according to a new ruling by the Police Commission.

Chief Murphy wanted handlers to be married and with children to give the dogs "a normal family life," but former Chief Al Nelder, now a Police Commissioner, noted that "with lifestyles being what they are today, San Francisco cops can't be expected to meet the traditional value of family life to become dog handlers."

Commissioners decided to let unmarried officers join the unit if they agree to take their dogs to public places where they can mingle with children and adults each month. (If that doesn't socialize the dogs properly, perhaps gay officers and their dogs could watch "Ozzie and Harriet" reruns together on a regular basis.)

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SPORTS

SAN FRANCISCO POOL ASSOCIATION 1980 FALL SEASON—
FINAL PLACINGS AND RESULTS

Trophey winners: In Division One, first place, White Swallow 'A'; second, Cinch 'A'; third, Luby's 'B'; fourth, Village; In Division Two, first place, Luby's 'A'; second, Rainbow 'A'; third, My Cousins Place, fourth, White Swallow 'B'.

CITY CHAMPIONSHIP PLAY-OFF RESULTS

In Quarter-Finals, W. Swallow 'A', 9, v. Luby's 'B', 0; Cinch 'A', 9, v. Village, 7; Luby's 'A', 9, v. My Cousins, 3; Rainbow 'A', 9, v. W. Swallow 'B', 2.

In Semi-Finals: W. Swallow 'A', 9, v. Cinch 'A', 3; Rainbow 'A', 9, v. Luby's 'A', 7.

FINAL: First leg—W. Swallow 'A', 9, v. Rainbow 'A', 7; second leg—W. Swallow 'A', 8, v. Rainbow 'A', 8. Overtime: 4 for W. Swallow, 1 for Rainbow, best of 7 games.

City Champions' White Swallow 'A' winning 2-0 in best 2 out of 3 final.

The White Swallow 'A' team representing San Francisco is as follows: Raymond Rodriquez (capt.), Jorge Osejo (co-capt.), Colin Bradley, Ron McKay, Hue Lucas and Ron McDaniel.

Most valuabe player award: Archie Ravena, (Brig); Most improved player award: Bill Rae (Bear Hollow 'B'); S.F.P.A. Hospitality Award: Village.

Individuals representing the S.F.P.A. in the Tri-City Challenge against Los Angeles and San Diego on Jan 9, 10, 11 as follows—

Gene Miller of Luby's 'A'; Ron McKay of W. Swallow 'A'; Colin Bradley of W. Swallow 'A'; Gino Smith of W. Swallow 'B'.

The four players won through in an individual play-off held at Bear Hollow on Saturday, December 20.

Should any of the four be unable to play, the alternate will be Archie Ravena of the Brig.

FUTURE EVENTS

Sunday, January 4: Captains meeting and Election of Officers for 1981 at the 8th Day on 8th and Bryant—starts 6:30 pm. Possible subjects to cover are:

1) Bar sponsorship fees increased to $75 for 1 team and $135 for two teams.

2) Player membership fees per year increasing to $10. Both the above due to the Tri-City Challenge in 1981 being held first in San Diego and then in Los Angeles for the Fall season, and the league will need extra monies for travelling expenses to both cities.

3)That all teams should be sponsored by bars serving alcohol.

Tuesday, January 6: AWARDS PRESENTATION BUFFET

7 pm at the White Swallow, 1750 Polk Street. It is hoped that team captains of the top four placed teams in each of the two divisions be present, plus individuals from the two division winners, plus Archie Ravena. Please note, there will be a buffet laid on for all those present.

On Friday, Saturday and Sunday, January 9-11, the TRI-CITY CHALLENGE at the 8th Day (8th and Bryant.)

FINAL LEAGUE STANDINGS—
FALL 1980 POOL SEASON

DIVISION 1

	W.	T.	L.	F.	A.	Pts.
1. W. Swallow A	14	0	1	170	70	28
2. Cinch A	12	2	1	156	84	26
3. Luby's B	11	3	1	143	97	25
4. Village	11	1	3	143	97	23
5. Arena B	10	2	3	134	106	22
6. Pegs B	9	0	6	122	118	18
7. Ambush A	7	1	7	127	113	15
8. Rainbow B	5	4	6	123	117	14
9. The Brig	6	1	8	120	120	13
10. Bear Hollow B	5	2	8	116	124	12
11. Partners A	5	1	9	112	128	11
12. Scotts B	3	2	10	100	140	8
13. Chops A	2	2	10	92	148	6
14. Rivet	3	0	11	80	160	6
15. Deluxe B	2	1	12	88	152	5
16. H/Q B	1	2	11	94	146	4

DIVISION 2

	W.	T.	L.	F.	A.	Pts.
1. Luby's A	15	0	0	190	50	30
2. Rainbow A	12	2	1	163	77	26
3. Cousins Place	12	0	3	161	79	24
4. W. Swallow B	10	2	3	155	85	22
5. Badlands	10	2	3	138	102	22
6. DeLuxe A	7	2	6	126	114	16
7. Arena A	7	1	7	123	117	15
8. Ambush B	5	4	6	118	112	14
9. Bear Hollow A	6	1	8	123	117	13
10. Pegs A	5	3	7	107	133	13
11. Cinch B	5	2	7	106	134	12
12. Scotts A	4	2	9	99	141	10
13. Chops B	4	1	0	105	135	9
14. Maud's	2	2	11	102	138	6
15. Partners B	2	2	11	98	142	6
16. H/Q A	2	0	13	33	207	4

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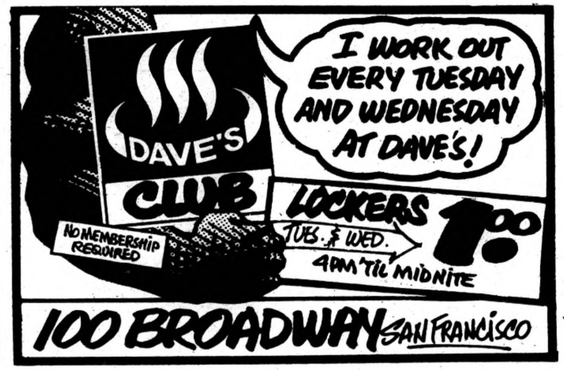
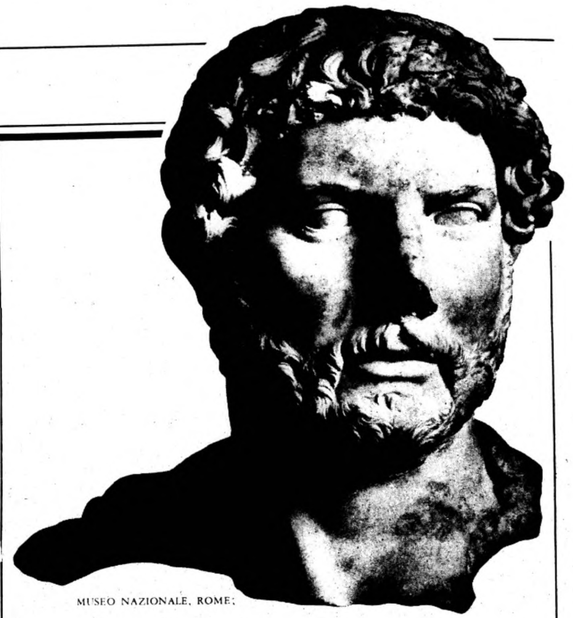


HISTORY

PAUL D. HARDMAN

HADRIAN



MUSEO NAZIONALE, ROME.

HADRIAN EMPEROR OF ROME

Born at Baetica in the year 76 A.D. on January 24, he was called Publius Aelius Hadrianus. Described by a contemporary writer as tall and elegant in appearance, "He combed his hair on a comb" and wore a full beard to cover natural facial blemishes. A good athlete, he rode and walked a great deal and kept himself in good physical shape. He was a strong man and he was homosexual.

One of the highly respected sources for the fact that Hadrian prefered male lovers is the so-called *Historia Augusta* also known as the *Codex Palitinos*. The codex was apparently written from public records and other contemporary writings between the years of 285 and 335 A.D.

Hadrian's father, who was a cousin of the Emperor Trajan, died when the boy was only ten years of age. After that time, Trajan treated the young Hadrian as his own son. In time, he became "the favorite" of Trajan, and the interference of the word meant something more than a son. One historian at the time noted that Hadrian became "the favorite . . . " despite the activities of the "guardians of certain boys whom Trajan loved ardently . . . " .

As their relationship developed, Hadrian was married to the daughter of Trajan's wife's sister. Hadrian was well liked by the Emperor's wife Plotina; she encouraged the relationship with the Emperor.

Hadrian and Emperor enjoyed each other, they were even drinking companians. Trajan took Hadrian with him on campaigns. After one successful campaign, during which Hadrian distinguished himself, Trajan gave him a magnificient diamond, the very diamond which the Emperor Nerva had given him. The giving of the ring continued a custom begun by Agustus when he gave a ring to his chosen successor at the time, Agrippa.

When the Emperor Trajan died, there were those who wanted someone else to become Emperor. Thinking fast, the dead Emperor's wife "smuggled someone who impersonated the Emperor and spoke in a feeble voice" declaring Hadrian his heir and adopted son.

Once he became Emperor, Hadrian sought and preserved peace throughout the empire. He also showed great respect for the institution of the Roman Senate. He traveled extensively over the empire and made important reforms in the army. He also went to Britian where he "corrected many abuses" and he built the famous wall there, to seperate "the barbarians from the Romans."

The record shows that he was a very capable and powerful man, he was a man who does not fit the cliche image of a homosexual. Yet he was a man who "had passion for males," a passion to which he was "addicted."

This great passion seems to have reached its highest point with the young Antinous, whose beauty was celebrated by the Emperor by having statues erected of the boy throughout the empire. The tragedy of that affair underscores the depth of feeling evidenced by Hadrian.

It seems that Antinous was drowned in the Nile while they were traveling through Egypt. One source suggests that the lad "sacrificed" himself to the water when told of a prophecy that Hadrian would surely die if the sacrifice was not made.

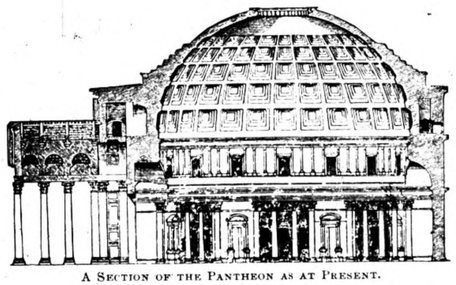
History does not tell us how Hadrian reacted to those who told Antinous of the prophecy, but we can guess. We do know that Hadrian "wept" over the death and then caused temples to be built and ordered the Greeks to worship Antinous.

As Hadrian grew older, he had to seek an heir and successor. He then adopted L. Ceionius Commodus whose "sole recommendation" one historian of the time noted "was his beauty:" after which the lad was called Aelius Verus Caesar.

However, Hadrian was to be disappointed—the lad became ill. Contemporaries used the word "diseased" and noted Hadrian's annoyance and quoted him as saying: "We have leaned against a tottering wall." The young man died.

Still on the look out for desirable young men, Hadrian, who was himself now ill, finally selected Arrius Antoninus, later known as Pius, to be his adopted son and heir.

The choice proved to be a good one for the Antinines continued the Emperial support for the arts, music and culture as participants and patrons. During the reigns of these homosexual emperors it is interesting to note that culture flourished.



A SECTION OF THE PANTHEON AS AT PRESENT.

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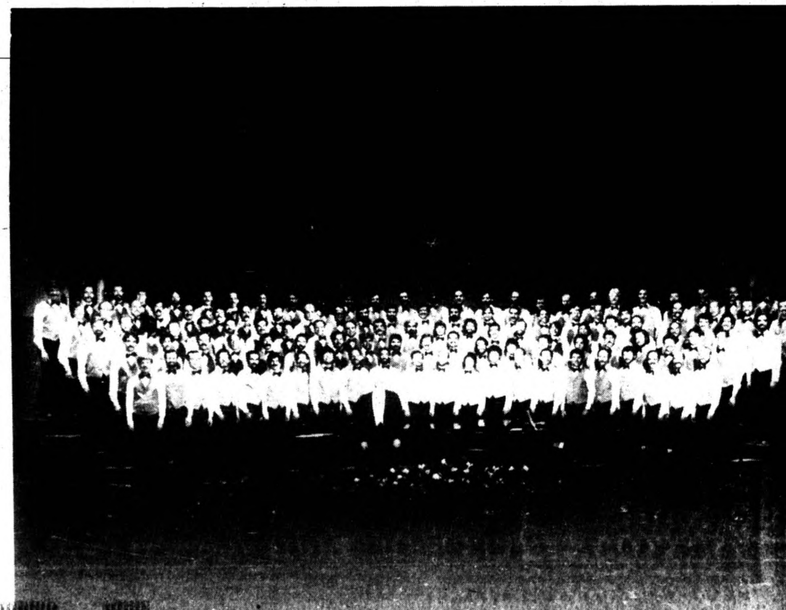

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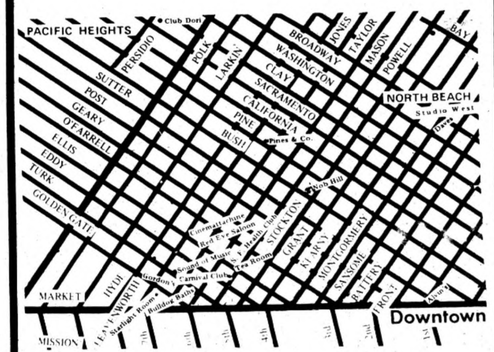

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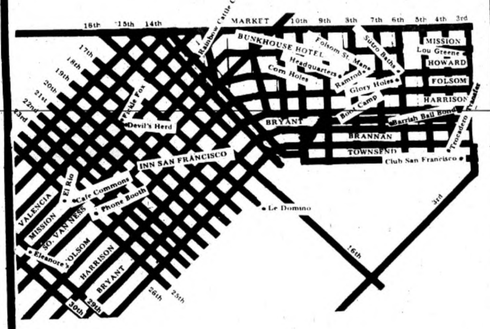

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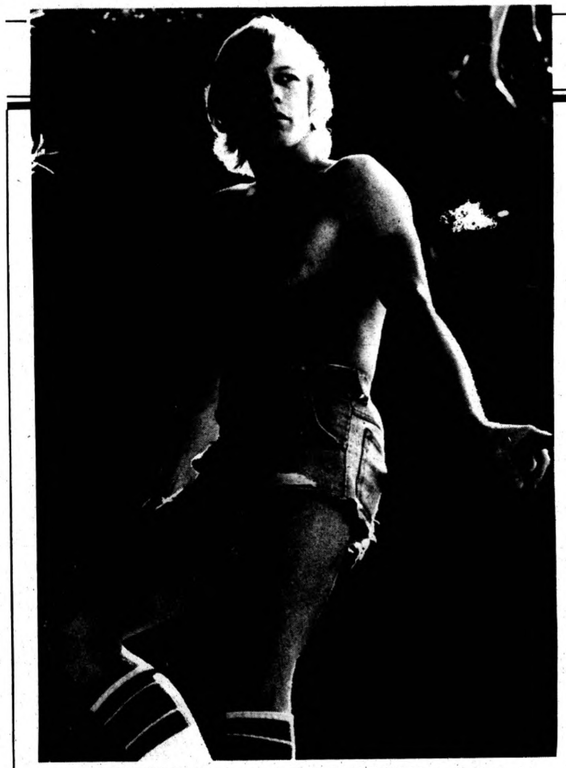

KEN CARTER is just one of the 20 HOT MEN to be found in the Hand in Hand film "PRIVATE COLLECTION" NOW at the NOB HILL CINEMA, 729 BUSH STREET

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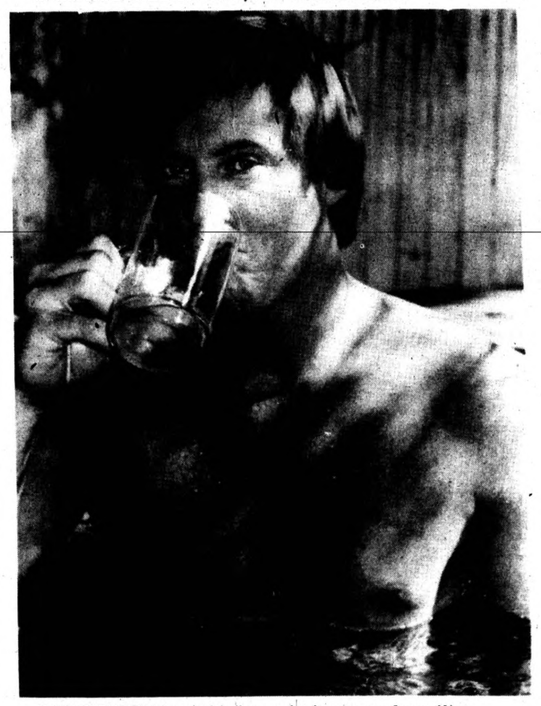


DAN GENTRY keeps his lips moist in a scene from Wet Opus from director Tom "THE IDOL" DeSimone in Hand in Hand film "PRIVATE COLLECTION" Now at San Francisco's Nob Hill Cinema

SAN FRANCISCO AS I SEE IT

E. LEE CLIFTON IN THE SOUP

Happy New Year to: Alan Lloyd and Dixon fo the *P.S., also Tom, George & John, Larry and Carol of The Giraffe, Boo and Roy of The New Bell and Red Eye Saloon's. Clif Newman of the Nob Hill Hill Cinema, Dennis and Monroe of The Century, Frank Ross of the Screening Room, Abdu of the Tea Room and Hal Call of Cinemattachine, Paul Lorch, Bob Ross, and Richard Rubin of B.A.R. Lee Hartgrave, David Hodgeson and Fat Shirley of Data Boy, Tom, Nick, and Lon of Pines & Company, Sister Dennis and Sister Glenda, and Pat Townsend of the Pleasure Palace.

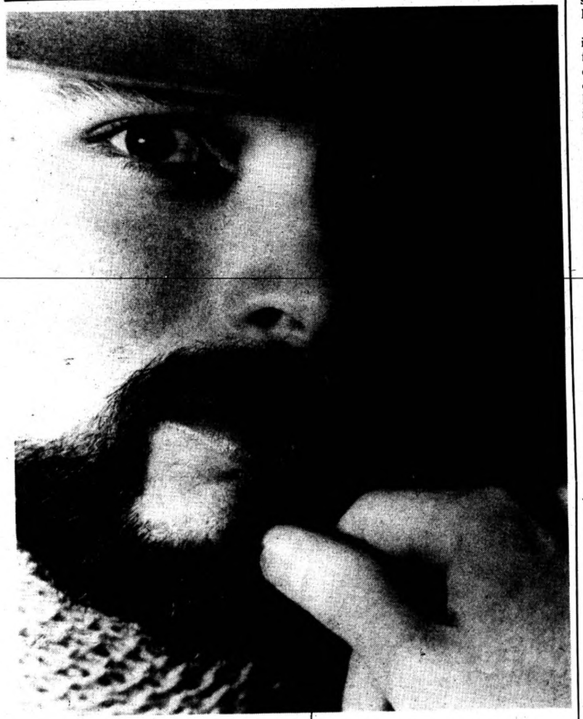
Paul Bentley and Wayne Friday of the 'N Touch, Sweetlips and Greta of the Hob Nob, Hank Cheeke and Al of Googie's. Chris Granger of The Yacht Club, Paul Gibson of the Liberty Baths, John of the South of Market Club, George of the Bulldog and Club S.F., George and Ron of the Casa Loma Hotel and Alamo Square Saloon, Marc in the Phelan Bldg. Rex Allen of Dave's, Russ and Jim of the White Swallow, Gus and Terry of the Town Squire, Dan Turner of the Marathon Ballroom, Tom of Bruno's Gordie of Leather Forever, Harry Mitchel of Jacks, Roland of Le Salon and Ed of the Locker Room, Don Baker of Mama Billy's.

Herb of the Polk Street Connection, Don, Henry and Leon of The Fickle Fox, Dick Collier and his men at the Trocadero Transfer, Gene and Lou of Lou Greene printers, Steve of Bunkhouse Properties, Jerry Barrish of Barrish Bail Bond. The Gand at the El Rio and those wonderful people at the Inn San Francisco. Everyone at Headquarters, the guys at Alvin's on first Street, and the guys at Sutter's Mill, David Warner of the Galleon and Castro Gardens, Dennis of Orphan Andy's, Ron and Jerry at the Jaguar, the folks at Computerland, and the people at Columbia Realty.

Leo Olsen of the Gough Hayes Hotel and Bob and Conrad of the Brother Hotel, Kirk Frederick and his group, Keith Wayde of the 1808 Club and Fred Lehy of the Handball Express, George Banda of the Club Dori and Le Disque, Richard of Le Disque, Bill Jones of the Sutro Bath House, Donald McLean, Perry George, Steve Prokansky, Mariette Gordon, Bruce Billings, Gary Ostrum, Mr. Glvoes and Prince de Leather, Eddie Van and Mike Scott, Robert Komanec and Cheryl Thompson, Cal Coburn and Suzy Parker, Paul A. Walker and Thomas Horn, Esq. Daryl Laris and Evelyn Freedman, Warren Kopp and Paul Hardman, Woody and Bill of Image Development, John Wahl, Esq., Tommy Scott and Joe Diaz, Luis Sirgagusa and Bruce Carlton. Mark Lipinsky and Jim Hoffman, Nick O'Demas and Jack Sullivan, Leona, Monte Reddick, Push Phyllis, and Remy.

I see where Jim Moss has left Drummer, again, Charles Lee Morris can't be all that broke, he's heading east to appear at a gay newspaper convention in New York, costing him many bucks.

CLUB



JAE ROSS — singing every Wednesday night at KIMO'S on Polk.

MARIETTE GORDON

This is a menu to be served to twelve quests at midnight on New Year's Eve.

For those who believe that herring eaten at twelve o'clock brings luck the coming year, buy 12 ounce jars, 2 or 3, of Spiced Cut Herring, drain and rinse it well. Add the following sauce, cover and refrigerate for 3 or 4 days. Combine 1 cup of prepared mustard and 1 cup olive oil and beat until the mixture has the consistency of mayonaise; add 4 tablespoons vinegar gradually, beating well, then the juice of 1 lemon and ½ cup of dill weed, ½ tablespoon ground black pepper, ½ tablespoon white peper, ½ tablespoon of salt, ½ tablespoon whole allspice and 2 tablespoons of sugar. The recipe is found in Luchow's German Cookbook.

Cassoulet (the French version of Boston Baked Beans) can be made days ahead. There are many recipes for this dish and none are simple. Time-Life's The Cooking of Provincal France offers the least complicated without sacrificing quality.

In a heavy 6 to 8 quart pot or kettle, bring 4 quarts of chicken broth to a bubbling boil over high heat. Drop in 2 pounds or 4 cups dry white beans (Great Northern are good) and boil them briskly for 2 minutes. Remove the pot from the heat and let the beans soak for 1 hour. Meanwhile, simmer 1 pound of lean salt pork (in 1 piece) and ½ pound fresh pork rind (optional) in 1 quart of water for 15 minutes; drain and set aside. With the point of a sharp knife, pierce 5 or 6 holes in 1 pound uncooked plain or garlic pork sausage fresh or smoked (French, Italian or Polish); then add the sausage, salt pork and rind to the beans. Bring to a boil over high heat, skimming the top of scum. When the stock looks fairly clear, add 3 whole peeled onions, 1 teaspoon of finely chopped garlic, 1 teaspoon dried thyme, a bouquet garni (4 parsley sprigs, 3 celery tops, white part of 1 leek and 2 bay leaves wrapped and tied in cheesecloth), salt and a few grindings of black pepper. Reduce the heat and simmer uncovered for 45 minutes, adding stock or water if needed. With tongs, transfer the sausage to a plate and set aside. Cook the beans and salt pork for another 30 or 40 minutes or until the beans are tender, drain and transfer the salt pork and rind to the plate with the sausage; discard the onions and bouquet garni. Strain the stock through a sieve into a mixing bowl. Skim the fat from the stock and taste for seasoning. Then set the beans, stock and meats aside in seperate containers. If they are to be kept overnight, cool, cover and refrigerate.

Preheat the oven to 350 degrees. Cream 4 tablespoons soft butter by beating it vigorously against the sides of a small bowl with a wooden spoon until it is fluffy, then beat in 1 tablespoon of vegetable oil. Dry a 4 to 5 pound duck, quartered, with paper towels and coat the quarters with the creamed butter and oil. Lay them skin side down on a broiler rack and broil then 4 inches from the heat for 15 minutes basting them with pan juices and brol 5 minutes more. Then increase the heat to 400 degrees and broil for 15 minutes, basting the duck once or twice. With tongs, turn the quarters over, baste and broil skin side up for 10 minutes. Increase the heat to 450 degrees, baste again and broil for 10 minutes more. Remove the duck to a plate and pour the drippings from the broiler into a bowl, scraping in any browned bits that cling to the pan. Let the drippings settle, then skim the fat from the top and save it in a small bowl. Pour the degreased drippings into the bean stock. When the duck is cool, trim off excess fat and gristle and cut into small serving pieces. If they are to be kept overnight, cool, cover and refrigerate the duck and bowl of fat.

Preheat the oven to 325 degrees. In a heavy 10–12 inch skillet, saute ½ pound fresh pork fat diced over moderate heat, stirring constantly until crisp and brown. Remove the dice and reserve. Pour all but 2 or 3 tablespoons of rendered fat into a small mixing bowl. Heat the remaining fat in the skillet almost to the smoking point and in it brown 1 pound boned pork loin cut in 2 inch chuncks and 1 pound of boned lamb shoulder cut in 2 inch chunks, 4 or 5 chunks at a time, adding more port fat as needed. When the chunks are a rich brown on all sides, transfer them with tongs to a 4 quart Dutch oven or heavy flameproof casserole. Now discard all but 3 tablespoons of the fat from the skillet and cook 1 cup finely chopped onions over low heat for 5 minutes. Scrape in any browned bits clinging to the pan. Stir in ½ cup finely chopped celery and 1 teaspoon finely chopped garlic and cook for 2 minutes. Then pour in 1 cup dry white wine, bring to a boil and cook over high heat until the mixture has been reduced in half. With a rubber spatula, scrape the contents of the skillet into the casserole. Gently stir 1½ pounds firm, ripe tomatoes, peeled, seeded and coarsely chopped, (about 2-2½ cups); 1 bay leaf, ½ teaspoon salt and a few grindings of pepper, into the casserole. Bring to a boil on top of the stove, cover and bake on the middle shelf of the oven (adding a little stock or water if the meat looks dry) for 1 hour or until the meat is tender. With tongs transfer the meat to a bowl. If it is to be kept overnight, cool cover and refrigerate. Skim the fat from the juices in the casserole. Then strain the juices into the bean stock and discard the vegetables.

To assemble the cassoulet, preheat the oven to 350 degrees. Peel the sausage and cut it into ½ inch slices, cut the salt pork and pork rind into 1 inch squares. In a heavy flameproof 6 to 8 quart casserole at least 5 inches deep, spread an ince-deep layer of beans. Arrange ½ of the sausage, salt pork, pork rind, diced pork fat, duck, braised pork and lamb on top. Cover with another layer of beans, then the rest of the meat, finally a last layer of beans with a few slices of sausage on top. Slowly pour in the bean stock until almost covers the beans. (If there isn't enough stock, add canned chicken stock). Spread 1½ cups of fine dry bread crubs in a thick layer on top and sprinkle them with 3 or 4 tablespoons of duck fat. Bring the casserole to a boil on top of the stove, then bake it uncovered in the upper third of the oven for 1½ hours or until the crumbs have formed a firm, dark crust. If desired, the first crust can be pushed gently into the cassoulet and the dish baked until a new crust forms. This can be repeated 2 or 3 times. Serve directly from the casserole sprinkled with ½ cup finely chopped parsley.

Accompany the cassoulet with a good mixed green salad and French bread. Dessert cheese suggestions are Stilton and Herbed Brie.

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

Ann-Margret photographed by FRANK TETI
For more photos by TETI see page 30.

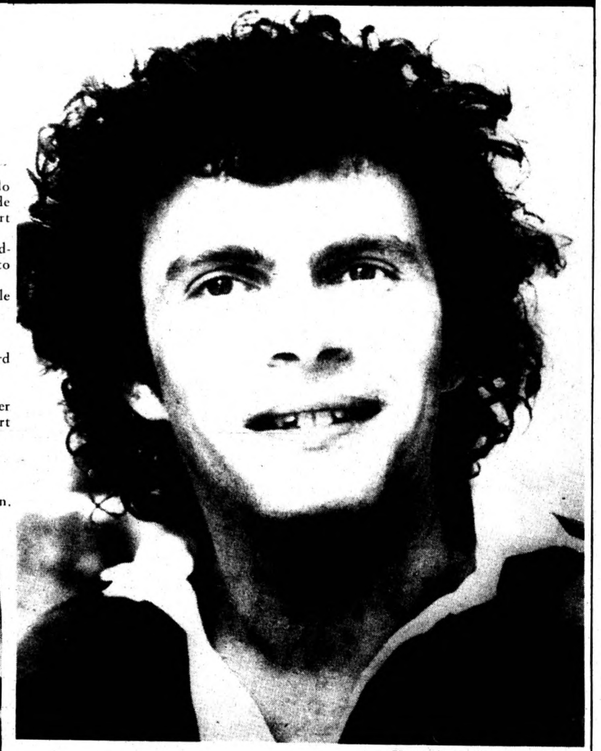
ARIEL
ON MUSIC

TOP TEN PERFORMANCES OF THE YEAR

1.) Claudio Abbado and the London Symphony.
2.) Janet Baker's recital at the Opera House.
3.) Maurice Bejart's Ballet of the Twentieth Century.
4.) Handel's Ariodante from Pippin's Pocket Opera.
5.) Mahler's Tenth Symphony, when it was performed by the S. F. Symphony with guest conductor Simon Rattle.
6.) A May evening, again with the S. F. Symphony, under the baton of Edo de Waart, with music by Mozart, Steve Reich and Maurice Ravel. Alice de Larrocha tipped the scales for this evening by her contribution to the Mozart Concerto.
7.) The New and Unusual Music series at the Galleria was the dynamic addition to the San Francisco music scene this year. All four concerts added to our knowledge of contemporary music, but one, in particular, stays in my memory. On the second Friday night in November, the New Music Ensemble presented the unearthly sounds of music by Colin McPhee, Gregory Ligeti and Steve Reich.
8.) The San Francisco Chamber Music Series planned and delivered a stunning event when they asked Peter Hewitt to play Charles Ives' massive Concord Sonata, and the Aurora Quartet to perform Beethoven and Bartok.

9.) The Opera Company will have to fight among themselves as to whether Jenufa, under the direction of Albert Rosen, or Arabella, with Wolfgang Rennert conducting, most deserves this spot.
10.) The last entree goes, once again, to the Television and New York. During the Metropolitan Opera strike, the Philarmonic gave us a rendition of Verdi's Requiem, with Zubin Mehta leading Monserrat Caballe and Placido Domingo. The serenity of Mme. Caballe's soprano will be a model for singers uet unborn.

Claudio Abbedo and members of LSO.



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STAGE MARC LIPINSKI

(left to right) Martin Xero, Daniel Osman, Charles Solomon, and Tom Fleming in THE DEAR LOVE OF COMRADES, now playing at the Theatre Rhinocerous until January 10.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT a work in progress

DEAR LOVE OF COMRADES

If you are in the least bit interested in the history, the trials and the tribulations of gay life, then the musical "The Dear Love of Comrades," by Noel Greig, with music by Alex Harding, now being presented at the Theatre Rhinoceros, will prove to be an educational evening. However, if you're interested in entertainment you might consider staying home; as COMRADES is a potpourri of unpolished English accents, tired music, and more black-out/scene changes per act than hair trims on Castro Street per month.

The story revolves around the gay relationships and choosen political lifestyle of Victorian author Edward Carpenter during the 1890's. This, of course, encompases his involvement as an activiist in England's Socialist movement, his lovers, and his pioneering of Homosexual Rights at the time.

Although the audience (95 percent male) seemed to be suffering from the "It's gay—it's good syndrome;" (symptoms being—laughing, hooting, and claping at every gay reference), I beg to differ. COMRADES failed to make a point. One could easily find themselves confused as to whether the real plot was Carpenter's sexuality, his political beliefs or his career as a writer. Noel Greig, makes a feeble attempt to put a "War and Peace" story into a "Readers Digest" length. It just doesn't fit! Not only does the show become long and tedious, the seating is so cramped and uncomfortable, it gives the illusion that the show is much longer than it actually is; and the thoughts of paranoia of possibly not getting out of the over-crowded theatre in the case of a fire begins to toy with one's mind.

As actors, the cast wasn't half bad, with good performances by Charles Solomon and Tom Fleming (Edward Carpenter).

Martin Xero presents a fine monologue concerning his love for Carpenter in Act II. Although, in actuality, it could have been more effective if it were either shorter in length or broken into two seperate pieces.

Daniel Osman, as Carpenter:s lower-class lover, carries the show musically as his singing voice is pleasant to the ear; his acting is unrestrained and natural. Directed by Martin Worman, with fine costumes by Lourdon Taylor, THE DEAR LOVE OF COMRADES runs through January 10 at the Goodman Building, 1115 Geary, San Francisco.

DANCE CRAIG SCHWEYEN

CURTAINS UP

"The hottest Dance Revue in Town," well, not quite, but certainly one of the more enjoyable evenings I have spent in a while.

The curtain did go up in fact, no less than eighteen times in Joseph Taylor's new revue. It also covered a lot of ground, from commercial jazz all the way to a ballet piece titled "Alexander the Great—a work in progress."

In between the two extremes is where I found a medium, and witnessed Taylor's and his troupe's best work. In the heat of the night, and hat dance, were the first two numbers that drew my attention to Joseph Taylor's sensitive choreography and the lucid ability of his dancers. It was followed by "Prison," choreographed and danced by the powerful George Dixon, along with a relatively young dancer, Kelly Seal, who did incredibly well holding her own ground on a stage filled with Dixon.

Along with Kelly was yet another new face by the name of Danny Tromp. Both Kelly and Danny appeared frequently throughout the revue. To watch either one of them at work is to know why their efforts glistened every moment either one was on stage. Both have style and presence which is sure to carry them a long way in the theatre.

A little further on we were treated to a fairly standard dance tune: "Big Spender," with a delightful twist. Choreographed by Joeseph Taylor and Chess Rijst. "Big Spender" again shows Taylor's versatile approach to dance, dancers and his audience. Opening with a traditional big production number, with some very sexy women complete with hats and chairs, the curtain rose to San Francisco "big spender" atomosphere; bar room, and sexy men in a wide range of street drag. It was done dancing. We were given an amusing angle on an apparently one-sided coin.

Another highlight of the evening was Joe Poltrone's "Super Man." It was an hilarious look at an underdog type superman followed by with expert baton twirling. It takes a brave effort and keen insight for a comedy piece to come off as well as this one did.

Tradition (if I may use the word so loosely) was injected into the production by the appearance of David Kelsey and the Pure Trash Band. They sent everyone to pure-heavon with their rendition of Black and Blue. David and Pure Trash are sure a welcome addition.

"Curtains up" of course had its moments, but for the most part was well worth seeing. Joseph Taylor is a gutsy producer, artistic director and dancer who is not afraid to take a risk, which is an enviable quality in any artist. I would have liked to have seen him be as sensitive with some of the technical aspects of his production as he was with his concept. Hopefully, in his next production, he can make this happen. I wouldn't want to miss it. As a matter of fact, Taylor plans anther presentation of the same show very soon so watch for the announcements.

—Craig Schweyen

Joseph Taylor at age 28 is an accomplished creative dancer and choreographer. Originally from New York City where he studied ballet and modern dance, he perfected his talents in Paris, where he appeared with the Follies Bergere and as part of the company which performed at the Paradis Latin, a supper club.

Taylor had a total concept when he presented his show as entertainment and not just a "dance concert." He trys, and succeds, to present a variety of dance experiences for the audience rather than the usual one dimentional concert.

Taylor has uniquely combined two companies: "Bottom Line," which is composed to three women and two men, and "Image of Men," which is a company of 15 gay men.

"We did not address ourselves to cliches, we tired to present theatrical statements honestly, not strictly gay nor strictly straight," Taylor asserted as he stressed his desire to entertain an audience.

Taylor noted that audiences and many critics too often come to the theatre preconditioned to see "traditional" dance or "abstract modern" dance and fail to remember that the purpose of all theater is to entertain.

Editor

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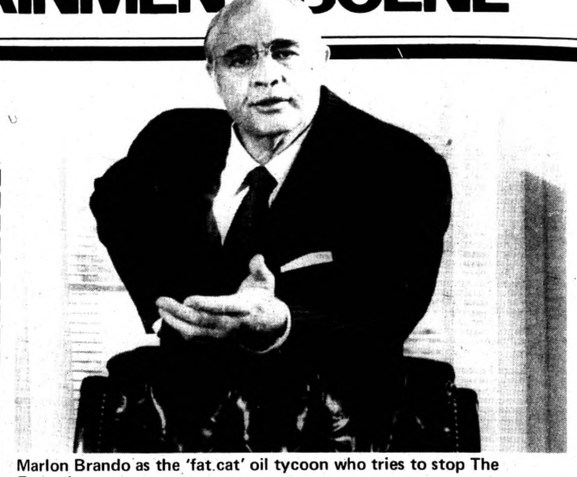
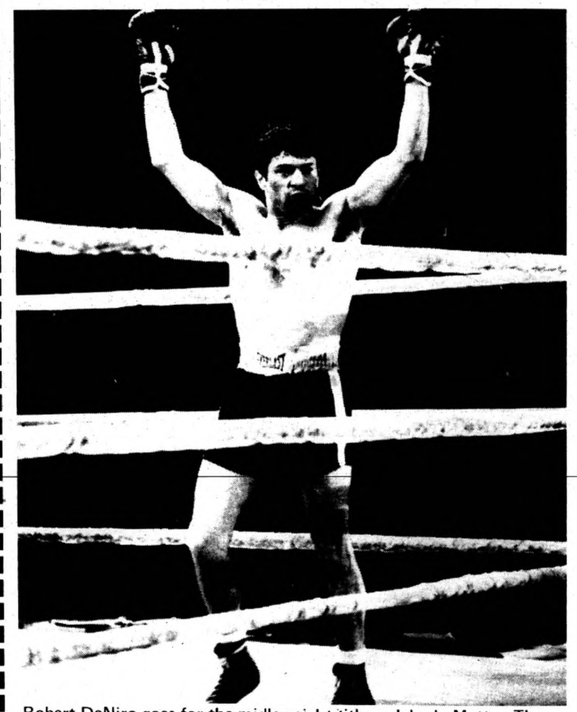


Marlon Brando as the 'fat cat' oil tycoon who tries to stop The Formula.



Robert DeNiro goes for the midleweight title as Jake LaMotta. The Raging Bull at the Regency 1.

CLINT & CLYDE——together again and doing it "Any Which Way You Can."

A Rock between two Queens——Kim Novak as Queen Elizabeth 1 and queenly Elizabeth Taylor as Mary of Scots trade quips and Hudson in the Mirror Crack'd at the Alhambra.

Lily, Dolly & Jane take a coffee bf break during NINE TO FIVE to confer with director Colin Higgins..

ANY WHICH WAY YOU CAN

The deluge of pre-Christmas films this year has to be hailed as a milestone of mediocrity; nothing really sensational, a few fun goodies and a lot of disappointing, over-publicized, underwhelming stinkaroos.

The original teaming of Clint Eastwood and Clyde, the chimp, in "Every Which Way but Loose," made 200 million dollars and provided some easy chuckles; the sequel, ANY WHICH WAY YOU CAN, will probably make just as much before the word spreads that everything that was funny in the first is rehashed and overplayed to death in the second. If Clyde giving the finger once was hilarious, then four or five times ought to be a real thighslapper; the scummy gang of motorcyclists have now become ludicrous retards, Ruth Gordon returns as the foul-mouthed Ma and her lascivious geriatric behavior is more embarassing than ever, and Eastwood's favorite leading lady, Sondra Locke, is now reduced to a dippy simp ingenue instead of the firebrand of the original. She also sings . . . several times . . . it's pitiful.

Eastwood himself maintains his stolid stogie tongue-in-cheek style with apparent effortlessness and Clyde is as ranchy as ever, so eager fans who demand nothing more than the two stars may be satisfied. Because what they have to work with is really forced bathroom humor.

The original dealt with relationships as Eastwood pursued Locke and fell in love; "Any Which Way" has no one relating to anybody, most of all Eastwood to Locke, but substitutes a steady barrage of fight scenes to make up for the ho-hum script by Stanford Sherman, which is never funny and often moronic.

The only redeeming asset is William Smith, probably the best villain working in films today, as the prizefighter the big-money boys team up with Eastwood to make a killing; the fight between Eastwood and Smith finally comes about 10 hours into the picture and it's a dandy.

Director Buddy van Horn has done the best he can with hackneyed material, but even the cast seem to sense they are just going through the motions to make a buck; no one seems inspired or much interested in the feeble goingson except Smith and Eastwood. It's playing at the St. Francis, Alexandria and Serra Theatres, plus the Spruce Drive-in. It should do very well in backward areas.

Also Playing Hollywood Mann Hollywood —DMc

THE RAGING BULL

In 1948, boxer Jake La Motta was proclaimed Middleweight Champion of the world; RAGING BULL, now playing at the Regency I Theatre, traces the rise of La Motta in the early 40's to his grotesque decline in the late 50's, when bloated, broke and alone, he was reduced to emceeing sleazy strip shows and trading on his former name as a joke.

An Italian punk who fought his way out of the Bronx slums with his fists, La Motta was an egocentric, vicious hoodlum whose only asset was a brutal determination to make it alone, without needing anyone and treating those around him with contempt, jealousy and uncontrollable anger. Director Martin Scorsese has managed to make a fascinatingly repellent film about a thoroughly uninteresting bastard; we must admire and applaud the power of this film, the superb black-and-white cinematography of Michael Chapman and the engrossing performance of Robert DeNiro as La Motta.

DeNiro has made a career of playing alienated people who cannot relate; his is a limited talent of limited range but as this one role, the social misfit, he is unbeatable. Scorsese likewise knows his forte the Italian slums of New York and its inhabitants have given him his only successes but he captures this grubby milieu to perfection. Teamed together repeatedly, they score their greatest triumph with "Raging Bull," and Scorsese has captured some dynamic fight scenes that will always remain some of the best on film.

There are two excellent supporting performances by a blonde beauty named Cathy Moriarty as LaMotta's young wife whose marriage was a classic study of the perfect S&M relationship, and Joe Pesci as LaMotta's promoter brother who tried to stand by him even when he knew it was hopeless.

"Raging Bull" is a violent, bloody and often compelling study of a man whose innate psychotic viciousness made him a winner in the only profession that applauds such qualities, the boxing ring. The script by Paul Schrader and Mardik Martin is a neat, concise portrait of the inarticulate hostilities of a man who was one of life's great losers, even with a belt marked "Champion." They say LaMotta today is totally changed; anything would be an improvement.

Also Playing Hollywood Pacific Hollywood —DMc

THE FORMULA

I plan to rush right out and buy Steve Shagan's original book, THE FORMULA, to try and figure out what the hell the last hour of the movie is all about . . . and I suggest you all take a copy of the book in one hand and a flashlight in the toher to the Coliseum or Stonestown Theatres if you want to make any detailed sense of this convoluted film.

Shagan's suspense melodrama concerns the formula for synthetic fuel, developed by the Nazis during WWII and codenamed "Genises," linked to a sudden series of muders in L.A. Detective Barney Caine is assigned to the case of murder of his friend, and later his friend's wife, and the few clues he pieces together lead him to Germany and a cold trail of 35 years later. Everyone he talks to suddenly dies violently, and there is a girl who helps him find the original inventor of the formula to give to the world. But, OPEC and the big oil companies have known about making synthetic fuel from coal for many years and they don't want its discovery released until they have gouged and driven the oil prices out of sight. As Adam Steiffel, ruthless "fat cat" oil tycoon, tells a partner "You don't understand; we ARE the Arabs!" Shagan points up the total corruption of the system by the oil magnates who manipulate the entire world via their cartel. As Caine finally relaizes, "We are all consumers." and helpless.

For the first hour, Director John G. Avildsen admirably draws us tautly into a firstrate spy thriller as we watch George C. Scott fight to discover the truth about "Genesis." But with the appearance of Marthe Keller as a helpful spy (but for whom???), the film falls apart. Great chunks of logic are missing, minor one-scene characters turn out to vitally important to the scrambled plot, and the biggest question of all if the oil companies have had the formula for all these years, why now are they suddenly thirsting for violent bloodshed because one man tried to resurrect the formula after 35 years? Why such a messy killing to attract Scott's attention and let him lead them when they've had it all along? Makes absolutely no sense, nor do the terrorist killings related to Scott's sudden appearance. It's all Big Brother, but we know that after Marlon Brando's first scene (one of three total) as the tycoon Steiffel. And that's 45 minutes into the film. The entire picture could cohesively end after the first hour and it would be far more intriguing and entertaining than wading through the last hour of gibberish, confused reiteration. The tautness goes down the drain as Scott and Keller bog down with each other. John Gieglud hams his way through one scene as the inventor and Shagan writes with the deft touch of a "Dragnet" episode. Terse, choppy sentences always cutoff midsentence.

That Marlon Brando was paid three million dollars for three short scenes is a tribute to the stupidity of Hollywood. What he does is admirably folksy one-note . . . and could have been played just as well for considerably less by a dozen other actors. It's not a great, novel performance that will haunt you, it's a restrained turn gimmicked by obesity to make sure we see the contented evility of the man. Ditto George C. Scott as Caine: he's fine but monotonous in his intensity. When the two team up for the final scene, it's two old pros complementing each other by underplaying almost to a whisper, but for both, technique has replaced reativity and inner fire.

Shagan's attack upon the oil cartels hits home with unnerving accuracy, but as producer/writer of the film version, he's his own worst enemy.

Also Playing Hollywood Pacific & Plaza Westwood —DMc

THE MIRROR CRACK'D

If there is such a thing as "a queen's picture," this is it! Just to watch Kim Novak and Elizabeth Taylor go at each other as two movie queens making a flim together with can-you-top-this bitchery is worth a trip to the Alhambra Theatre. Novak particularly, as a field day with one grand one-liner after another ("I could eat a can of Kodak film and PUKE a better film than his last one!!"), she looks sensational and La Taylor is no slouch when it comes to tossing the quip on herself.

Unfortunately, all of this happens very early in THE MIRROR CRACK'D; Novak departs the scene and Taylor is left looking lovely and frightened as a has-been movie star whom someone is trying to murder (or is anyone?!). Rock Hudson is her director husband, who looks concerned, Tony Curtis is a flamboyant producer who scores a few good lines but has nothing to do with the plot, and Geraldine Chaplin is the efficient secretary who may or may not have seen someone poison the drink meant for Taylor.

Set in the gorgeous English countryside, the Agatha Christie familiar plotline gets a plodding, reverential treatment from director Guy Hamilton, and Angela Lansbury as the famed Miss Marple, a role inherited from the late Margaret Rutherford, is totally wasted. Instead of Miss Marple snooping and sleuthing, she sits calmly in her little bungalow and deducts the conclusion from people telling her what has happened, which makes for a very stagnant film. Lansbury and Edward Fox as her Scotland Yard nephew, give charming performances that hold the film together while Taylor gets increasingly shrill and Hudson increasingly wooden. The focus of the film is completely wrong, it should be Lansbury's film and isn't, there is virtually no action and plenty of cliche dialogue that almost becomes a spoof of Christie classics, and the waste of talent involved is shameful.

The opening pre-credit scene is firstrate, but nothing ever comes up to this imaginative level again. The film putters out of steam about mid-way through, the ending is wrapped up so quickly it barely makes sense, but those first fifteen minutes . . . well, Kim and Liz, they should just have let you two go at it and forgotten that dreary Christie plot. Lansbury should sue and we should all give thanks for Kim Novak's all-too-brief return to the screen.

Also Playing Paramount Hollywood —DMc

NINE TO FIVE

The best news this week is NINE TO FIVE at the Coronet Theatre, teaming Jane Fonda, Lily Tomlin and Dolly Parton as three secretaries working for the male chauvinist boss of the century who fantasize killing him after Tomlin gets passed over for promotion and Parton finds out he tells everyone she's his mistress, which she isn't. A social comedy from the women's point of view, writers Colin Giggins and Patricia Resnick make their women's lib point with solid entertainment first and foremost, and when things bog down from time to time, Higgins as director is sharp enough to throw a sightgag curve in and sustain interest. There's nothing really great about "Nine to Five," but there's nothing very wrong about it, either, which puts it headsabove the rest of the current competition.

When the three girls think they actually have killed him, Tomlin scores a tour de force as she steals a cadaver from the hospital. And if you can imagine Tomlin as Snow White surrounded by animated bluebirds and Disney animals, then you have an idea of what makes this film fast and funny. As the new divorcee on her first job, Fonda plays straightman for the other two and to her credit, she does it adroitly in lowkey style, Tomlin is wonderfully manic and manipulative as the real brains behind the department and Dolly Partin, in her screen debut, plays Miss Dolly onscreen with the same zest and wide-eyed delight that makes her so engaging on stage. We cannot say she's acting, but she's certainly contributing heavily to the fun of it all. And Dabney Coleman as the boss who is kidnapped and held trussed up for weeks while the girls work their wiles on the office gives a fullout macho/buffoon performance that adds ballast to the ladies.

It's lightweight froth with a steady supply of giggles and guffaws, mainly due to the inspired combination of Fonda, Tomlin and Parton together. Under Higgins able direction, it's a notable success for all concerned . . . for an extremist women's point of view.

—DMc

Also Playing UA Egyptian Hollywood, UA Westwood & UA Movies Long Beach Marina

A CHANGE OF SEASONS

Any film that opens with Bo Derek rising naked out of a hot tub can't be all bad, but A CHANGE OF SEASONS comes close. Erich Segal, who gave us the unforgetably naseous "love means never having to say you're sorry," returns to the screen with another version of that same regurgitating theme.

This time around, Segal and cohorts Ronni Kern and Fred Segal take a look at the sad state of monogamy. With no hint of any trouble in his marriage, college professor Anthony Hopkins is having an affair with a beautiful, young student, Bo Derek. When is wife clairvouyantly guesses the truth, he fesses up—he loves his wife but is "in" love with Miss Student Body. Wife, played with sympathetic humor by Shirley MacLaine in a continuation of the same character she just played in "Loving Couples," immediately responds by popping into bed with the local handyman who just dropped in to make a bookcase. Her motives are unclear; revenge, reaffirmation of desirability or sheer horniness?

In a civilized, cutesy touch, all four lovers decide to share the country cottage for the weekend. When their teenage daughter drops in unexpectedly, it all hits the fan. There is a setup her for a rollicking comedy of errors, a la French farce, but Segal and Co. are so busy pontificating on self-awareness, older man/younger woman and vice versa, and releasing the shackles of mental binds that it all becomes turgid and typically Segal syrupy. MacLaine realizes she is now liberated from being "wife and mother" and becoming her own woman (the new MacLaine

CONTINUED ON PAGE 23

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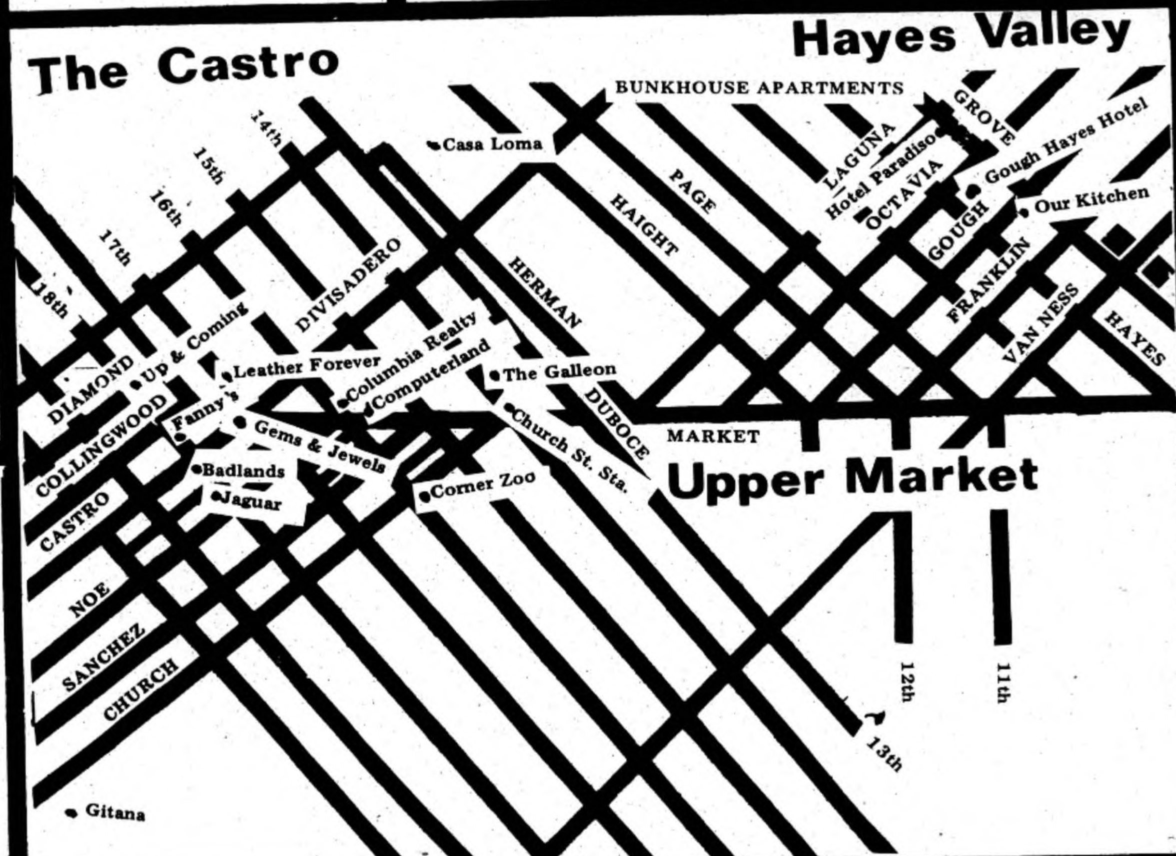

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STAGE DONALD McLEAN FILM

A King, a Queen and a Knight — — Richard Muenz, Richard Burton and Christine Ebersole play romantic chess in CAMELOT at the Golden Gate.

CAMELOT

Starting way back with the Burton/Andrews Broadway original, I have endured countless productions of CAMELOT over the years, from summer stock to secondrate road companies to CLO revivals. My opinion has always been that it is a big, beautiful yawn, long and tedious but visually sumptuous and with fleeting moments of true theatrical grandeur. Those Act I and Act II final curtain speeches inevitably manage to evoke a lump in the throat and in a few exceptional cases, even a tear or two. Burton himself first did that to me many years ago and now Richard Burton returns as King Arthur in CAMELOT at the Golden Gate Theatre.

With over two million dollars advance sale, it scarcely matters what any critic thinks. He will be paid great sums of money for lending his tremendous charisma once more to the role; there are no lumps, no tears this time around, just a hollow Richard Burton depending upon that superb resonant voice and minimal technique (he's virtually immoble throughout the entire show, relying entirely upon face and voice) to carry him throughout the evening with a minimum of effort . . . and maximum of "star magnetism." He is a cool, dispassionate actor with enough technique to carry the entire Old Vic company. But yes, Richard Burton is here . . . in person . . . onstage live . . . and that's obviously enough reason to guarantee SRO houses throughout the country.

Alan Jay Lerner has mercifully condensed the show so that it moves fairly briskly; his book sketches quickly the romantic triangle of Arthur, Guenevere and Lancelot over an eight year period, during which the Arthurian ideals are put into practice before civil strife under the sneaky manipulations of bastard son Mordred destroys all concerned. There is that wonderfully schmaltzy score by Lerner and Frederick Loewe with all those hit songs to please the ear, and Desmond Heeley's sets are magnificent, his costumes far less so. And credit Thomas Skelton's lighting design for one of the most outstanding contributions to the production. Frank Dunlop has directed in monotonous "star presentational" manner; front, center and for the balcony. No one every touches, they scarcely look at each other, so the sweeping love story is talked about but never seen, Lancelot's miracle resurrection of a dead knight gets a quick once-over devoid of any power, and every human emotion is treated perfunctorily by all concerned. For a grandoise love story, this production is curiously sterile.

Aside from Burton's dominating stage presence, there are two performances that vitalize the evening—Robert Fox as Mordred and Paxton Whitehead as forthright King Pellinore. Fox is a formidable catalyst, smilingly malevolent and securely a match for all adversaries. His "Seven Deadly Virtues" rips with slyly wicked humor, his engaging small a triumph of deceit. Paxon Whitehead is simply the best Pellinore I've ever seen, not playing him as comedy-relief buffon but as an honest man true to himself above all others. Withehead wrings every possible bit of comedy from the role without sacrificng stature. As Sir Lancelot, Richard Muenz is handsome, believability heroic and has the sturdy baritone necessary to make "If Ever I Would Leave You" a showstopper, all that the role requires.

Guenevere is played by Christine Ebersole, who possesses a pretty, thin soprano voice and adequate acting ability. But this is a Guenevere of little wit and humor (the only redeeming qualities Lerner allows her) and is played so deadly serious and shallow, one wonders what either man fell in love with. She is the weakest link in the triangle.

The most thrilling voice in the show belongs to Jeanne Caryl, as Nimue singing the haunting "Follow Me" to lure Merlin (outrageously hammed by James Valentine); Caryl only has a moment, but that's all she needs to make you wish for more.

Here is a gorgeous physical production of a musical theatre classic; it lacks only two things—passion and vitality, the two qualities essential to any great romance!

—DMc

JAE ROSS

JAE ROSS is a slender, engaging performer with a strong set of pipes capable of carrying an eclectic repertoire that runs the gamut from lowdown blues to pop. He works hard to please his audience, and he has the asset of several original songs by accompanist Paul Rogers, who specializes in the "slick show" sound of specialty material. "The Money Bus," "Bums" and "Go To Hell" are all good lightweight filler and Rogers also plays a mean piano, aided by John Litwin on drums.

The problem of the act is the arrangements—whether singing "The Viper" number from "Ain't Misbehavin'," Sharon McNight's "Bright Lights and Lonely Nights," "Home" from "The Wiz" or "When A Man Loves a Woman" from "The Rose," every number sounds the same. Slow start to big knockout finish, number after number; one yearns for a quiet moment with subtle piano after a while, but no, here comes another slam-bang big build. There is variety in the selection but not the presentation . . . and it's a big problem for sustaining audience attention.

Obviously oriented to musical comedy, Jae Ross has been around the local saloon circuit for the past few years and the experience shows; he offers a high energy show every Wednesday night at Kimo's on Polk Street through January featuring favorite Broadway and pop standards sung in an assured, ingratiating manner. Now if he'd just settle for a couple of calm, quiet numbers and stop doing mental high kicks every song, he'd also have a well-balanced act vocally as well.

—DMc

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

Anthony Hopkins, Shirley MacLaine and Michael Brandon await the arrival of Bo Derek to complete their menage a quartette in a Change of Seasons

Lucie Arnaz and Neil Diamond try to decide between the temple and Las Vegas in THE JAZZ SINGER at the Regency 11.

marching song), Hopkins is exactly the self-rightous hypocrite that Derek knows him to be ("all men are bastards, but you're a cute bastard!") and wife's lover lives for today and doesn't worry about tomorrow and permanent entanglements. They all moralize and discuss at length, with little wit and constant pulse-taking.

Directed by Richard Lang in Choppy, droaning style, Hopkins is certainly at least a charming bastard and does possess considerable screen charisma, MacLaine scores again in a familiar role and Bo Derek reveals she's quite capable of expressing warmth and compassion as well as a great body. She's actually quite good, and Michael Brandon is fine if far too old to be the "young" lover of MacLaine that is continually referred to. But who cares about any of these people?!

It's rumored this film is considered controversial because of the way it approaches sex, marriage and the demise of monogamy; there's one thing totally uncontroversial—bad moviemaking is bad moviemaking and this script only enhances Erich Segal's reputation as a secondrate hack who knows not whereof he speaks. It's a bore!

Hollywood Pacific Hollywood & UA Movies Long Beach Marina —DMc

THE JAZZ SINGER

This film, now at the Regency II, asks—can a cantor's son break with family tradition and become a popular recording star? Well, if you're Neil Diamond, the answer is obvious. So knowing that, buy the soundtrack and save yourself a grueling film experience.

Diamond is THE JAZZ SINGER, a title that has no meaning today in a film that explores the problem of Jews assimilating into society via hit records. Whaatt?! When Al Jolson first made this theme, it was timely . . . but now?! Under Lucie Arnaz's expert promotion, Diamond leaves his Yiddish home with cantor father Laurence Olivier and becomes a star in a mere couple of weeks. Huh? Gee, I know some people in show business who actually had to wait months for stardom. And in one case, a whole year.

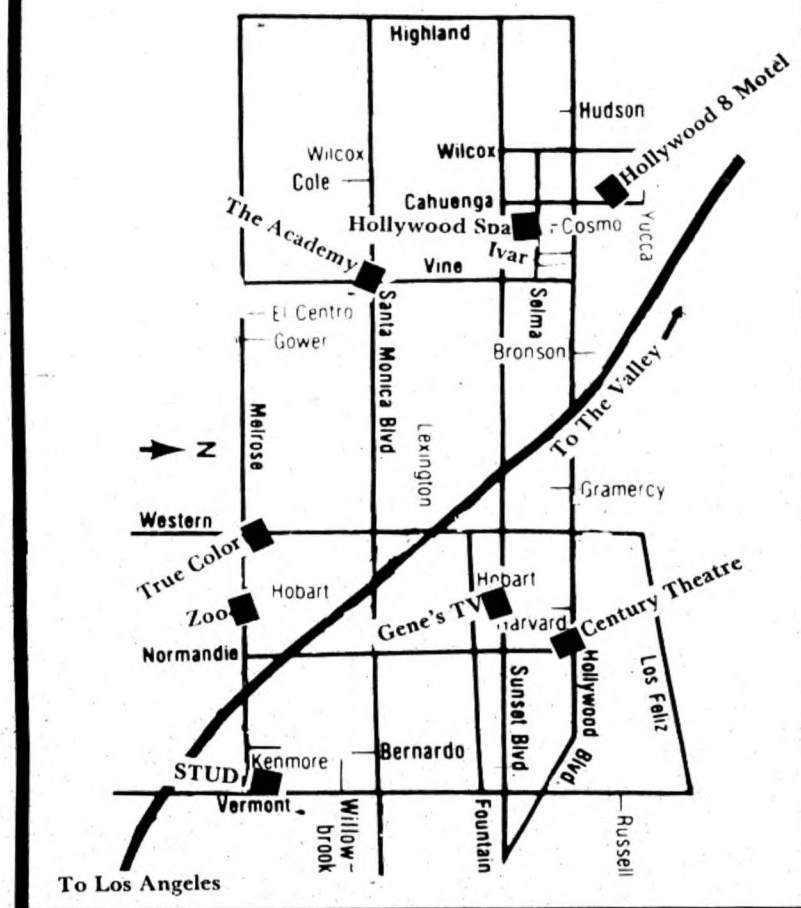
As portrayed by Diamond in flattering closeup, Jess Robin is vain, egocentric and not very caring . . . but he sings and writes big hits so we can forgive him anything. Arnaz is capable as the girlfriend/promoter who urges him to return home and reconcile with Cantor Rabinovitch, played by Olivier in his now-famous Jewish accent on a higher acting plane that anyone else in the film, which only makes Diamond look even more inept.

Director Richard Fleischer keeps things moving at a nice, pedestrian pace, with one crisis after another and no tender moments, but Diamond fans will flock to see his film debut; the soundtrack has "Love on the Rocks" and "America," the two best songs of the film.

It's an unimaginative third-time-around rehash of a former tearjerker that's now just jerky. Even the most devout Diamond fan will find it heavy slogging through a softrock marsh.

Pacific Dome Hollywood & Plitt City Center Orange —DMc

HOLLYWOOD



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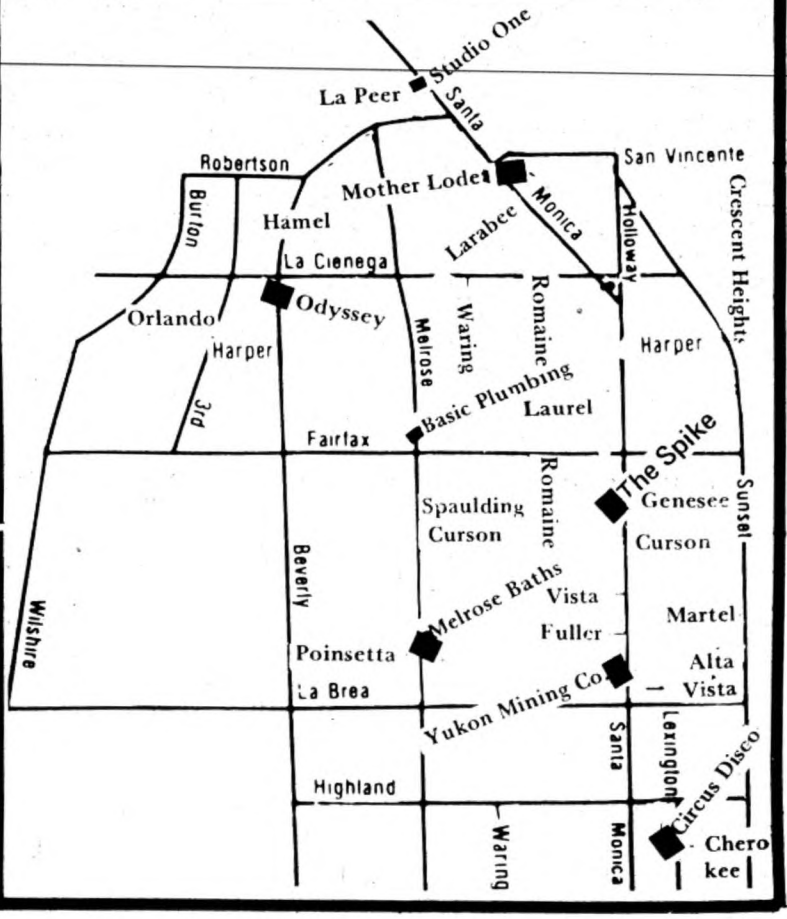

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