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Page 7 ~ b3; b6; b7C; b7D; b7E;
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8/24/81

Director, FBI

SAC, San Francisco

JOHN MC GUFFIN
[redacted]

WARREN DINKLE
[redacted]

Attached for San Francisco is a copy of [redacted] (U)

[redacted] If feasible, determine travel itinerary and nature of his activities and contacts while in San Francisco. (S) (U)

Positive results should be submitted to FBIHQ in form suitable for dissemination to [redacted] (S) (U)

Enclosure

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~~Date of Review for Declassification August 24, 2011~~

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9/22/81

Director, FBI

SAC, San Francisco

JOHN EC GUFFIN
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WARREN HINKLE
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8/24/81

Director, FBI

SAC, San Francisco

JOHN MC GUFFIN
FCI - PIRA - TERRORISM

WARREN HINKLE
FCI - PIRA - TERRORISM

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Positive results should be submitted to FBIHQ in form suitable for dissemination to [redacted] (S) (U)

Enclosure N.A.

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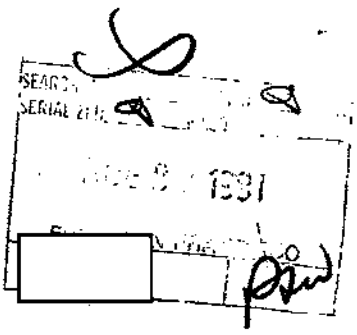

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~~Reason for Extension FCIM, II, 1-2.4.2 (1, 2, & 3)~~
~~Date of Review for Declassification August 24, 2011~~

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Director, FBI

SAC, San Francisco

JOHN MC GUFFIN
FCI - PIRA - TERRORISM

WARREN HINKLE
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Re Bureau airtel to San Francisco [redacted] (U)

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DATE 06-12-2017 BY: C87W44B73

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TO DIRECTOR, FBI ROUTINE

DETROIT ROUTINE

NEW YORK (ATTN: 44A) ROUTINE

PHILADELPHIA ROUTINE

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~~S E C R E T~~

AMERICAN VOLUNTEER BRIGADE FOR IRELAND; FCI - IRELAND - TERRORISM; NUETRALITY ACT; OO: SF

SAN FRANCISCO DIVISION HAS OBTAINED A COPY OF THE DECEMBER, 1981 "FRISCO" MAGAZINE, A NEW MONTHLY PUBLICATION EDITED BY WARREN HINCKLE AND DUGALD STERMER. A LARGE FORMAT COLOR AD MARKED "PAID POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENT" AND ENTITLED, "WANTED FOR TERRORISM" ANNOUNCES THE ESTABLISH OF THE AMERICAN VOLUNTEER BRIGADE FOR IRELAND (AVB). (U)

THE AD STATES "THE AMERICAN VOLUNTEER BRIGADE IS BEING MOBILIZED TO ASSIST IRA FREEDOM FIGHTERS SHOULD IRELAND CALL OUT

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TO US". THE AD CONTINUES, "THE BRIGADE NEEDS TRAINED PRIOR-SERVICE, RESERVE, OR SOON TO BE RELEASED U.S. MILITARY PERSONNEL TO VOLUNTEER FOR SERVICE IN IRELAND." THE AD CONCLUDES, "CANDIDATES WISHING TO ENLIST IN THE BRIGADE WILL PLEASE SEND NAME AND PARTICULARS TO 3541-18TH STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CA. YOU WILL BE CONTACTED." (U)

A SEPARATE ARTICLE ON PAGE 38 ENTITLED, "DIARY" AND SIGNED BY WARREN HINCKLE STATES THAT THE AVB IS THE "BRAIN CHILD" OF MICHIGAN STATE SENATOR JOHN F. KELLY OF DETROIT AND IS "ACHIEVING FORMIDABLE BUT YET UNPUBLICIZED SUCCESS IN THAT PART OF THE COUNTRY". HINCKLE CONTINUES: "THERE IS ALREADY A FULL PLATOON OF MILITARY VOLUNTEERS TRAINING IN MICHIGAN". HIS ARTICLE CONCLUDES, "THE ADVERTISEMENT WILL BECOME A POSTER THAT WILL BE PLACED IN EVERY MILITARY AND RESERVE BASE IN THE COUNTRY TO SIGN UP RECRUITS. PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS". (U)

WARREN HINCKLE IS A KNOWN IRISH REPUBLICAN ARMY (IRA) SYMPATHIZER AND FORMER REPORTER FOR THE SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE, THE CITY'S LARGEST NEWSPAPER. 3541-18TH STREET, SAN FRANCISCO IS THE LOCATION OF THE DOVRE CLUB BAR OPERATED BY PADDY NOLAN. BOTH HINCKLE AND NOLAN REGULARLY HOST VISITING IRA FUND RAISERS AND

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LECTURERS. THE DOVRE CLUB ADDRESS HAS BEEN FREQUENTLY USED AS A CONTACT POINT FOR IRA ACTIVISTS VISITING SAN FRANCISCO. ~~(S)~~ (U)

ADMINISTRATIVE

RECEIVING OFFICES ARE REQUESTED TO CHECK INDICES ON THE ABOVE ORGANIZATION AND CONTACT APPROPRIATE SOURCES FOR ANY INFORMATION PERTAINING TO THE AVB. (U)

DETROIT SHOULD COMMENT SPECIFICALLY REGARDING THE CLAIMS OF HINCKLE AND THE ALLEGED STRENGTH OF THE AVB IN MICHIGAN. ~~(S)~~ (U)

[redacted] SAN FRANCISCO, ADVISED THAT HE HAS RECEIVED PRESS INQUIRIES REGARDING THE [redacted] STATED HE IS NOTIFYING [redacted] WASHINGTON, OF LOCAL MEDIA INTEREST. (U)

FBIHQ IS REQUESTED TO DISSEMINATE THIS INFORMATION TO MILITARY AGENCIES REGARDING ANY INFORMATION THEY MAY DEVELOP. (U)

SAN FRANCISCO WILL FURNISH INVESTIGATIVE PROPOSALS, INCLUDING [redacted] TO FBIHQ IN THE NEAR FUTURE. COPIES OF THE AD WILL BE FURNISHED TO INTERESTED OFFICES. ~~(S)~~ (U)

~~C AND E 4758, REASONS (2) (3), DRD NOVEMBER 25, 2011.~~

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ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
DATE 06-07-2017 BY C87W44B73 ACC

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

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Date: 2-1-82
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S.F.Chronicle
San Francisco,Ca.
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Character:
or
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Submitting Office: SF

Indexing:

HINCKLE'S JOURNAL

Of Paisley, Gays and The IRA

By Warren Hinckle

The night of January 17, a Sunday, was dark and stormy and the wolfsbane was in bloom. Strange and violent things happened in the city.

Piecing them together is a whoopee of a puzzle. When you begin to connect the dots, here are bits of the picture you get:

• The Rev. Ian Paisley, the theological politician from Belfast barred from the U.S., sends an emissary named Peter Robinson to San Francisco. Robinson has been a leader of a lost cause called "Save Ulster From Sodomy."

• Shortly before Robinson's visit, anonymous letters appear in a gay paper here alleging that the mortal enemy of Paisley and Robinson, the Belfast IRA, goes around kneecapping Irish faggots.

• In the wee hours on the eve of Robinson's speech, there is a mysterious firebombing at the Jesuits' University of San Francisco and the gay newspaper office is painted with "IRA KILLS GAYS" graffiti.

• Anonymous threatening phone calls are made the next day taking credit for the autrocities on behalf of "The San Francisco chapter of the Provisional IRA of America."

• Robinson, under heavy police guard and amid bomb threats, delivers a message assuring San Francisco that the Ulster Protestants are fair and reasonable men and that the IRA is the fount of all violence, and then takes off for a giant Protestant pep rally at Bob Jones University in Greenville, S.C., Paisley's base of operations in the United States. (Bob Jones University, where they teach the Bible has established "racial barriers," is the same one that Ronald Reagan tried to grease the skids for with the IRS.)

Things are not always what they seem; skim milk sometimes masquerades as cream.

According to IRA spokesmen in Belfast, there is no San Francisco chapter of the Provisional IRA, and no such animal in any political zoo as the Provisional IRA of America.

"I tend to believe that somebody's using the IRA name," said Inspector Lou Ligouri of San Francisco police intelligence.

"This violence is wholly out of character. We've never had any trouble with the Irish community in San Francisco before. During all the protests of the past few years, even during the hunger strikes, there was no violence. It's hard to believe some Irish guys would bomb USF, especially since USF had canceled this particular speaker days before," Ligouri said.

Robinson, a British M.P. from Belfast

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who sits at the right hand of the fire-breathing Paisley in Parliament, was originally to speak at Grace Cathederal, the California temple of high church liberalism and ecumenism. When it was learned that he was a member of Paisley's fiercely anti-Catholic Free Presbyterian Church, the invitation evaporated.

Robinson's sponsors were The Irish Forum, a group of Irish neutralists here who believe error must be given its voice.

The Forum then booked him into USF. According to a USF source, the university was not originally given Robinson's name and was under the impression that there was to be a lecture on Irish culture and history.

Sviatislav Yasinitsky, better know as Yosh, the ex-S.F. cop who is director of security at USF, had his doubts about the Irish origin of the two Molotov cocktails tossed at the Notre Dame of San Francisco.

"The funny thing," he said, "is that the guy who called the switchboard and said he was from the IRA had an English accent."

In the 15th Street Mission District office of the Bay Area Reporter, the gay newspaper which received the threatening IRA phone call, the staff was looking warily out newly cleaned windows and wondering what was coming next. They said the caller had an Irish brogue as thick as soda bread.

Paul Lorch, the editor, said that since the slogans on the windows and the phone call, the paper had been "deluged" with expressions of support from the Irish community here.

John Maher, the veteran San Francisco Irish activist, thought it was a dirty trick. "Imagine a guy calling up with a heavy brogue to threaten a gay paper. There's nobody with a brogue who understands what a homosexual is."

Maher was incensed at what he called an attempt to brand the IRA as anti-gay. "Northern Ireland with its Protestant majority is the only place in the United Kingdom where homosexuality is illegal," Maher said.

I went to the horse's mouth for more information on the gays in Northern Ireland. That was the Honorable Mr. Robinson, M.P., who brought along his sidekick, one Jim Allister, for last month's appearance.

Both are honchos in Paisley's Democratic Unionist Party, which has established its gains against the dominant Official Unionist Party through shrill appeals to extremism that have fallen as the Lord's Prayer on the ears of the Ulster Protestant majority.

Robinson had a dimple in his chin and gold-rimmed glasses and a face which suggested prayer. Allister was cherub-faced and prematurely balding and flaxen-haired. Their skin was pale like pastry cooks; you could cut yourself if you touched the press on their pants. Their smiles were thin like the winter sun.

I asked Robinson what problems gays had in his hometown. "Why, the IRA persecutes the gays," he said. "I understand there's letters in them homosexual newspapers here about it."

Under questioning, Robinson admitted that he was not exactly a fence sitter on the issue. He ran Paisley's victorious "Save Ulster from Sodomy" campaign of a few years back which defeated a proposal backed by some moderate Official Unionists to liberalize Northern Ireland's anti-homosexuality laws left over from the age of crinolines.

The Paisleyites' Cracker Jack prize for this was that the European Court of Human Rights found Northern Ireland guilty of violating gay civil rights.

I asked Allister, the lawyer of the two, what the penalty was for being a homosexual in Paisley's Ulster. "Five years," he said.

I asked Robinson if he really believed people who practiced same-sex sex should be jailed. His answer was that of someone who believes in the forceable suppression of error. "Homosexuality is a sin," he said.

This is the same man who said in his speech here that the IRA is run by the Russians.

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By Steve Ringman

Peter Robinson and Jim Allister, leaders of Paisley's Democratic Unionist Party

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HINCKLE'S JOURNAL/A Personal View of Cuba

An Evening In Havana's Pacific Heights

By Warren Hinckle

Havana

The man of the house was an elegant revolutionary. He wore white linen slacks and a gray cashmere sweater over a purple silk shirt and he had wild, frazzled white hair like Einstein.

Pablo Armando Fernandez had just come from an afternoon at the opera. Dinner guests were expected. We drank rum out of crystal glasses and talked about firing squads.

We were in Miramar, the Pacific Heights of Havana, a neighborhood of wide, tree-lined streets and stately homes that is set off from the commercial center of the city by a slow flowing river.

Most of the people who were rich enough to live in Miramar left Cuba when Castro came to power. Their mansions are now embassies or state office buildings or have been rehabed into workers' apartments.

Pablo was one of the exceptions. He came from a wealthy family, but he thought the revolution was a good idea. He still lives in the same house he did before the revolution and there are still Picassos on the walls.

■

It was a typical Havana society evening. Dinner guests began arriving. There was Ailina Sanchez, a singer with the Havana opera and a movie star, and her husband, Ronaldo, a journalist for a Cuban military magazine. Ailina sat down at the piano and rendered the music of Bola de Nieve, a Cuban Cole Porter, a thin black man with a shiny, bald head who wrote incurably romantic verses and was the rage of Paris and New York cabarets in the 1940s and 1950s.

We sat under Picassos in wicker furniture with bright flowered upholstery. Ice for the drinks was on a table in a silver bucket with silver tongs. The talk was of music and politics. Havana's beautiful people wanted to know what made Berkeley tick. Alas, to some questions there are no answers.

There was delicious gossip. Cubans love to gossip almost as much as they love their tiny cups of sweet, black coffee, which is half sugar, and it is a wonder anyone on this island has any teeth at all. The gossip was about Barbara WaaWaw.

When she came to interview Fidel Castro she arrived like Queen Ozma of Oz with an entourage of makeup men and TV technicians and producers and gofers. The interview with Fidel lasted more than four hours. The one-hour program, with time out for commercials, that was shown on American television displayed Mz. Walters as the equal of the bearded one, giving him the old socko questions, hitting him up about his love life and such. "Where do you sleep?" she asked. "I have many houses," he answered.

After the show screened in American prime time, Cuban television perversely showed the entire four hours of the interview — with all the gaffs and swear-

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FBI — SAN FRANCISCO

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words and Barbara WaaWaa adjusting her nose and such. This became a subject of great amusement on this communist island in the sun.

One memorable answer left on the cutting room floor was when Mz. Walters asked Castro about his sister, who defected to the U.S. early in the revolutionary game. Castro did not answer in the circumspect manner of your usual head of state. Castro leaped up on the screen like Dwight Clark catching the touchdown pass against Dallas and gave an impassioned oration, saying what sister? I have no sister, what does the same womb have to do with kinship, I have a million sisters, women who stayed here and struggled to make the revolution work, they are my sisters.

■

"Before the revolution," Pablo was saying, during dinner, "Even Batista could not get into the beach clubs because he was of mulatto blood."

This was former President Fulgencio Batista, the Little Tojo of Cuba, a former army sergeant who decked himself out in white suits and high heels and spent his evenings watching American horror movies and gained himself a reputation as a bit of a torturer.

Pablo told me a story about the daughter of his family's cook. He told it with tears of joy in his eyes. He had known this girl as a child. She was a Caribbean black. Before the revolution, she would have been a cook, like her mother, he said. Today, she was the principal of a high school. "Anyone who knows anything about Cuba, knows that this would have been impossible without the revolution," he said.

The color hierarchy of pre-revolutionary Cuba has been totally dismantled by the Castro regime and the status of Cuban blacks has changed as radically as that of Cuban women. Before the revolution only 10 percent of women were in the labor force — and that included the prostitutes.

Women stayed at home in the traditional role the church and machismo men have cast them. It has taken the full 23 years of the revolution to get men — and women — to gradually accept the idea that a wife could work and the kids go to a day care center.

Now a majority of Cuban women are in the labor force, although women are exempt from the "bum laws" have a job-or-go-to-jail — that apply to men. Some feminists think that amounts to discrimination.

■

The dinner wine was imported Romanian red. Ailina Sanchez, the Cuban beauty, raised her glass and smiled with teeth whiter than new sheets. She is a product of women's lib, Cuba style. Ailina is married, has a child, and is able to pursue a full-time career because the state educates and takes care of her kid during the daytime. Cuba is today what America might become if the enthusiasts of the ERA have their way — there is full-time free child care, equal jobs for equal pay, abortion on demand, easy divorce laws, and the streets are safe for women to travel at night. Still, women have problems with men here. Ailina acted in a Cuban movie called "Portrait of Teresa," about the problems a young woman who works in a factory had with her typical machismo piggy husband coming to grips with her independence; she ended up dumping him and signing on a lover. A divorced woman at the table said that was great for a movie, but she had trouble finding available men. I had the feeling I'd heard this conversation before.

The Cuba I have read about in most American press accounts has been colored gray and grim. I found it more yellow and red and white and blue.

Havana has a cultural life that cound never be summarized on a Ronald Reagan 3 x 5 card. There are little theaters galore, big league ballet, symphony and opera, cabarets and reviews, a booming film colony that has created a nation of movie junkies, a publishing industry that has spewed out some 500 million books since Castro took over (the first commercial book printed on the revolutionary presses was a huge re-run of "Don Quixote") and a profusion of literary, political and satirical magazines.

A Communist Party official was sitting next to me at dinner. He was chatty. I mentioned that I had spent the day before visiting a cigar factory and had been surprised to learn that the workers got bonuses and other quasi-capitalistic wage incentives.

Of course, said the man from the C.P. The revolution wasn't above adopting some aspects of capitalism that worked. He said Havana even had farmers' markets where what the farmer produced above his state quota was sold at free market rates, allowing people to get around the rationing system.

"One of the first things the revolution did was to make public telephones free. We found out that didn't work. Kids would sit around all day talking on the phone."

Now, he said, the phones cost a nickel.

"You can't give people something for nothing. They just don't appreciate it," said the Communist.

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Ailina Sanchez, a liberated woman

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HINCKLE'S JOURNAL/A Personal View of Cuba

A Priest Who Stayed When The Others Left

By Warren Hinckle

Havana

The priest took a big black Cuban cigar out of a worn leather case and sniffed it reverently. He offered me one. It was 9:30 in the morning. We were in the bishop's house. I said what the hell and lit it.

The priest's head was bald and freckled. He wore a beige turtleneck sweater with a clerical collar underneath. His eyes were brown and wide and innocent like a doe's.

He came from a family of Cuban fighters. His great-great-grandfather had been a national hero in the fight long ago against the Spanish. After Castro came to power, most of the priests of Cuba took a hike. He stayed to fight in his own way.

The Rev. Carlos Manuel de Cespedes said the 1961 abortive Bay of Pigs invasion was widely, although erroneously, viewed in Cuba as a Catholic invasion. He pointed out that most of the people defending against the invasion were also Catholic. God is so often on both sides.

"I was a Cuban and I was a priest and my place was here," said Father de Cespedes. He spoke perfect English. He blew cigar smoke in the air disapprovingly of the 2000 priests and nuns who fled the revolution.

Father de Cespedes is secretary of the Cuban Bishops Conference and the leading spokesman for the Catholic Church in Cuba. I had had some trouble getting the Cuban Foreign Ministry to arrange an interview with him. This was not what you might think of as censorship; the Cuban government prides itself on allowing writers to talk to anyone they wish, and even let a reporter for the Pravda of capitalism, the Wall Street Journal, roam the country at will. The resistance seemed to be more genuine disbelief that I would really want to talk to someone representing a church that had long ago banished the big stick of Christ on this island and lost the tumble.

I told the woman in charge of press relations at the foreign ministry that there was no way I was going to spend four weeks in a Communist country without talking to a real priest in his lair.

She was an attractive black woman of early middle age, softly spoken, neatly dressed, a career Communist. She looked at me through rimless glasses. "I used to be a Catholic," she said. "I used to wear long white gloves to go to Mass. I was even married in the church, although I am now divorced. I would not bring up my daughter as Catholic. It is not important any more. You talk to people and you will see."

She shrugged. "You talk to the priest."

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MAR 25 1982
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We were sitting in an office in the bishop's court-yarded residence in Old Town Havana. The high cool walls were so white you could see a fly land. The smoke from the priest's cigar curled up around the bare feet of Christ on a large crucifix hanging behind his desk.

Father de Cespedes said that the Cuban Church has always been a poor boy of Catholicism. "When the revolution instituted agrarian reform, Cardinal Cushing of Boston preached a sermon and said, 'how can the church survive if they take its land away?' When he heard that, the bishop of Havana laughed and said, 'what land? We have no land for the state to take,' " he said. This could not measurably be said of the Catholic Church in Boston, or San Francisco.

The priest seemed to think that his church had been a little chicken about the revolution. "It was the heads of the orders in Spain who panicked and brought most of the priests and nuns out of the country in the early 1960s. They feared a repeat in Cuba of what happened in Spain in the '30s with the Republicans versus the church. It turned out they were wrong.

"Now many of them have tried to come back, but it is not always possible," he said.

Before the revolution there were 800 priests and 2000 nuns in Cuba, a country 90 percent Catholic where everyone got baptized but hardly anyone went to Mass. Today there are 200 priests and 300 nuns. Catholic schools were abolished in 1961 and most of the nuns remaining work in public hospitals.

"The nuns who stayed here are very happy," he said. There are no longer any Catholic charities for the nuns to staff because the government is doing for everyone on this Carribean island what Ronald Reagan expects the rich to do for the poor.

■

The priest had some bones to pick with a former student of the Jesuits named Fidel Castro.

He said that while the average Catholic was, "in terms of social justice," better off than before the revolution — Cuba has no starvation or malnutrition or even poverty by Latin American standards — there remained nagging matters of the soul.

"Catholics are second class citizens in Cuba," the priest said.

I asked how Castro discriminated against Catholics.

"Catholics are not allowed membership in the Communist Party," he said.

I took a tug on my cigar and wondered how this would play with the Polish pope. Catholics in the Communist Party?

The beef between the church and the revolution began in 1960 when the Cuban bishops issued a pastoral letter to be read to the faithful attacking the pink glow of the revolution. (How times change. The bishops pastoral letter for 1981 attacked the United States for attempting to bully Cuba through "psychological warfare" and threats of "armed attack and blockade.")

The priest said that in Spain and Italy, Catholics could be Communists. "When I was studying theology in Italy, the young man in charge of Communist youth in my parish went to Mass every Sunday." But the Cuban C.P. insists that its members be atheists, the priest said, effectively excluding Catholics from party membership and the accompanying perks. In terms of leadership positions in Cuban society, upper mobility means membership in the Cuban C.P.

There was another bone he wanted to pick with Fidel. He said that the state did not interfere with worship as such, but "atheism has become the state religion here" and is taught in Cuban schools the way creationism was once taught in American schools before the Scopes trial. "I ask myself the effect on the minds of Catholic children, to hear the teacher say, 'don't be foolish, there is no God,' and then go home and pray with their parents," he said.

■

The priest picked up his half-smoked cigar from the large brown ash tray on his glass-topped desk and relit it and sighed.

The Marxist-Christian dialogue, which was a staple of '60s intellectual life in Europe, is still virtually non-existent in Cuba. This seems peculiar at a time when liberation theology is the rage in Latin America. Liberation theology, variously defined, comes down to the fact that the radical social gospel of the Roman Catholic Catholic Church is being taught from revolutionary pulpits.

Archbishops are assassinated by right-wing death squads in El Salvador and priests are packing pistols in Nicaragua, but in Cuba the church is in a time warp: the revolution came and triumphed before the church got on the bandwagon, and now there is little for Rome's shepherds to do but maintain and seek a piece of the revolutionary pie. This is a matter of more than a little frustration for Father de Cespedes.

■

Father de Cespedes said that the state shares one problem with the church — restless youth. "There are many youths who are not Christian, who are not Marxist, who are not anything." He told me about a class at the University of Havana where the students polled themselves and came up with six Christians, six Marxists and 28 I-don't-knows.

"In the beginning of the revolution there was great optimism on the part of youth — but now . . .

"Many of these youth listen to radio from the U.S. and see films from the U.S. or from Eastern Europe and they create a false world in relation to the consumer society. They live here but with their heads and hearts there.

"This creates all kinds of disorientations for youth who do not accept all the sacrifices and efforts demanded by a revolutionary society. They live in search of the small item that will satisfy a little the desire to consume — having jeans of a certain brand and a tape recorder and being up to date on the latest song of the Bee Gees." He pronounced it Bee-Jazzus.

"These distractions," the priest said, "occur more frequently than one would hope."

■

Cuba is today a strange amalgamation of religious ritual and atheistic practice. In many homes, it is not unusual to see a picture of the Sacred Heart of Jesus on the wall next to a picture of Che Guevara.

The Cuban government allows freedom of worship but not religious proselytizing. There are no Moonies selling flowers on the sidewalk or True Believers hawking the Watchtower or sandwich board reverends selling the end of the world, and an aggressive sidewalk preacher is more likely to end up sitting in jail than at the right hand of God.

"Fine, if people want to go to church," a Cuban government official told me. "But most people here are getting out of the habit. Christ didn't feed and clothe and educate the poor here, the revolution did. The churches weren't around when they needed them, and now the question is, why do they need them at all? People have learned they have only themselves to rely on. If the United States invades again, people are going to ask Fidel for help before they ask God."

Cuba's attitude towards religion appears to be deflating the market. A Cuban Jew told me that Havana's Jewish community, once 20,000, is about 1200 today. He said there were still seven synagogues in Havana. The one he attended was down by the Havana waterfront and the rabbi helped keep body and soul together by selling beer to Russian sailors from a stand set up in front of the building that housed the synagogue. "Not inside the building, just out front," he said.

Father de Cespedes relit my cigar with a yellow Bic lighter. His faith was brighter than the flame. He said he got 160 people every morning for daily Mass at his church, Holy Angel, in the heart of Old Havana. "The Christian faith has a role to play in building a revolutionary society but the party excludes us. This is no good for the party or the country or the church," he said.

"But the parishoners are very generous," he said. "We're living — we're not starving."

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Cubatimes

Rev. Carlos Manuel de Cespedes, the church's top spokesman in Cuba

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HINCKLE'S JOURNAL/A Personal View of Cuba

They're Still In Search Of Hemingway

By Warren Hinckle

Havana

Saturday morning, Robert Chrisman of San Francisco got up early in his room at the Riviera Hotel, the house that Meyer Lansky built. This was a big day for Chrisman. This was the day he was going in search of Hemingway.

Chrisman looked out his window, past the kidney-shaped swimming pool and across the Malecon where the Caribbean was splashing over the graceful concrete wall that separates this island city from the water. Havana's mild winter brings the type of rough weather day that used to provoke Hemingway to go down to the sea in a fishing boat to show the ocean who was boss.

The San Franciscan shrugged into a weather-beaten Levi's jacket and shoved his pad and pencil into its frayed blue pocket. Chrisman is the publisher of the Black Scholar magazine. He had been living at the Riviera for two months while researching a book on the culture of the revolution.

Chronicle columnist Warren Hinckle recently spent four weeks in Havana. This is the third of his descriptions of how he found Castro's Cuba.

Today was relaxation of a sort. Hemingway had made big footprints on the sands of Cuba. Chrisman wanted to retrace them, one American writer to another.

The Cuban government beat the Mafia out of the Riviera hotel, 33-zip, in a big fight some 20 years ago and now maintains the place as a Las Vegas totem in the Antilles. The government gave Chrisman a car and a driver in Vegas they call that a comp. Chrisman is a poet; in Cuba poets get treated like high rollers.

We were going to visit the Hemingway shrines. Cubans revere the American novelist who, unlike his government, supported their revolution. In this he was singular, but not alone. Errol Flynn went up to the mountains to offer Fidel a helping hand. Americans were dashing in those days.

■

The Hemingway shrines are like stations of the cross. We were headed for the glorious mystery of the famed Floridita, where Hemingway regularly opened his mouth to waterfalls of daiquiris. This prompted a discussion about hangovers, of which I had a beauty. Chrisman was of the insufferable opinion from his readings about the great man that Hemingway did not have hangovers. He supposedly drank double bourbons and daiquiris and champagne and woke up the next morning cool as a rock under snow. Legend has it that Hemingway once

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got drunk with a bear in Montana and slept with the bear and the next day the bear had a hangover but Hemingway didn't. These are not stories a sick man appreciates.

We were riding in a wheezing red Lada with back seats suffering from curvature of the spine. As the car bounced over the ancient stone streets of Havana, my head was snapping like a battle flag in the wind. I hated Hemingway. I opened an 18-proof Cuban beer with an Indian on the label and took a swig to fix the hole in my head.

The beer is Havana's most potent and most popular. It's named Hatuey after a 16th century Indian who first gave foreign invaders the finger. The Spaniards were getting ready to burn the Indian at the stake and asked him if he wanted the priest to baptize him so he could go to heaven. Hatuey asked if Spaniards went to heaven when they died. When he was told yes, he declined the favor. If that was where Spaniards went, the Indian said, he preferred to go to hell.

■

Havana works hard but plays just as hard. The night before had not been untypical of Havana after dark. I had been up until 5 in the morning drinking Bloody Marys at a dive called El Gato Tuerco, which means the One-Eyed Cat. Cuban Bloody Marys are made with rum and called Cuba Nitros and make the American version seem sissy. The night had been filled by an insane conversation with an Italian Cuban and an East German engineer in which everyone spoke a different language.

"Matar el raton," laughed Tapia, Chrisman's driver, a jolly black Cuban built like a bulldozer, who had fought at the Bay of Pigs in 1961 against the CIA's invasion team and has a gimpy foot from a bullet paid for by the U.S. taxpayers. *Matar el raton* is the Cuban idiom for a hangover. It means to kill the rat. You kill the rat by means of a drink the next day; if you are just a little hung over, you kill a mouse. Hangovers are universals that transcend political philosophies; the sympathetic Communist driver made the red Lada an ambulance and raced to the Floridita to get me some rat poison.

In a far corner of the long bar where Hemingway used to stand and drink and read the newspapers, a stiff-necked bust of the old man who loved the sea around this island rests protected by a frayed red velvet rope from the sticky paws of tourists.

"Papa always stood. He would read and write and sip his daiquiri. Never sat — always standing," Antonio, the bartender, said proudly. Most everybody in Cuba calls Hemingway "Papa." Antonio is one of the few who actually knew him.

Antonio has worked at the Floridita for 42 years. He served Hemingway for 20 of them. "He always drank his daiquiris double, without sugar," Antonio said. "He didn't like the sweet."

Antonio wore a red dinner jacket with black lapels and a black tie on a stiff white shirt. His black glasses sat on a shiny balding dome. His hands were freckled and the face was fit for a Mount Rushmore of bartenders. He said the quantity of drinking hadn't changed since the revolution but in his opinion the quality of customers had [illegible]

"Before there were only rich people here, and people hanging around the millionaires. Papa did not like them. Now it is much better. We have no phonies at the bar. Papa would approve."

■

Hemingway lived in a white house on a farm on a hill of palm trees nine miles outside Havana, with his wife, his servants, 52 cats, 16 dogs, three cows and a flock of pigeons sufficient in flight to block out the sun. The Cuban government has made it a museum; outside there is the sweet smell of honeysuckle and inside the stale scent of unused books.

The keepers of the Hemingway flame are a couple of dedicated Cuban ladies who, with the stern demeanor of Midwestern librarians, tell visitors not to touch. Everything is kept just as Hemingway left it, down to unopened packages of bound book galleys from publishers eager for blurbs. On Hemingway's bed is a yellowing copy of Newsweek with the perfect '50s cover line, "Atomic Fallout — How Bad?"

The house was something an anti-vivisectionist would torch. The walls were full of deer heads and moose heads and the beaks of dead barracudas. A sealed jar in the bathroom held what looked like a frog fetus and a zebra-skin covered notebook lay on Hemingway's large curved desk with legs carved to resemble tobacco leaves. Animal skulls shared bookshelves with the books, among which there were several volumes by Baudelaire, from whom Hemingway once said he learned his knuckleball.

"The man was obviously a totemist," said Chrisman, surveying the stuffed zoo inside. "You kill something and then preserve it and the whole process is your ritual of self-preservation." Chrisman was leaning through an open window to look because visitors weren't allowed inside. One of the lady caretakers came up and tapped him on the shoulder. "Don't lean so far inside the window," she said.

■

"It seems to me Hemingway's been getting a bad press in the U.S. the last few years," Chrisman said, sipping a beer. We were sitting on the grass in a park beside the road back to Havana. An old man, with a pipe clamped in his mouth and wearing a tall straw hat as high as an elephant's eye, was selling beer out of a cast iron trough. The beer was at the bottom under the water, like stones in a clear stream, and polar-sized hunks of ice were floating on top. He had a lot of takers. A group of Cuban soldiers in green fatigues were sprawled around us on the ground

like broken toys. They were joking and laughing and drinking beer. It was like a scene out of "Farewell to Arms."

It has long been fashionable among the higher critics to charge the bearish Hemingway with the crime of machoism and a lack of faith in the gradual liberal progress of mankind. "Everybody forgets about Hemingway's progressive politics. He was an anti-fascist in the Spanish Civil War and supported the Cuban revolution. I mean, the man was no apologist for slavery," said Chrisman.

■

The last Hemingway shrine was the Bodeguita del Medio in Havana, a cross between the old Shanty Malone's and Tadich Grill on a Friday in Lent. The place was crowded as a refugee camp and the walls were decorated in graffiti and carved with the loving initials of diners. This is where the elite of Havana's literary life meet to eat. This is where Hemingway drank his mojitos, a rum drink with a sandbar of sugar at the bottom and a bush of fresh mint leaves on top.

At the table were some of the bright stars in Cuba's literary constellations. Nicolas Guillen, one of the world's great poets, now nearing 80, had long white hair, like combed ivory, and a melodic voice like a flute. A political poet, a member of the Central Committee of the Cuban C.P., Guillen was radiant in a dark blue blazer bedecked with award ribbons and looked for all the world like a black Brezhnev. Guillen was drinking with his buddy Angel Augier, a mere 70, also a famed poet and the vice president of UNEAC, the Cuban Writers' Union, which is headquartered in a mansion bigger than Gatsby's. Augier's wife, Mary Cruz, had just published a best seller in Cuba on the object of our affections, Ernest Hemingway.

"Hemingway's machismo was a mask. He was a better man than he seemed. He was soft inside — yes, he was," she said.

I asked in what way Hemingway was soft. "He was truly concerned about the dignity of man. He found in the humble people of Cuba the dignity and endurance and love for their work that he had. That was why Cuba meant so much to him. He hated the smallness in man that won't let other men live up to their dignity. That was why he supported the revolution," Mary Cruz said.

The Hemingway expert felt that the Cuban revolution, too, was soft inside and working for the dignity of man in a way that Hemingway would understand but that Ronald Reagan apparently does not.

She thought that if people understood Hemingway better, they'd be better able to understand what the revolution is all about, and then Americans and Cubans could live in peace.

As Hemingway said at the end of "The Sun Also Rises": "Isn't it pretty to think so?"

TOMORROW: Politics, Cuban style

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Ernest Hemingway talked with Cuba's new prime minister, Fidel Castro, in May of 1960

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HINCKLE'S JOURNAL/A Personal View of Cuba

Black Market Tapes and Other Surprises

By Warren Hinckle

Havana

The black marketeer was so excited he was letting his fish get cold. His long fingers caressed money as he talked. We were sitting at a restaurant counter in uptown Havana. He was telling the American about a deficiency of the revolution.

He said he once had 16 pairs of shoes in his closet and someone in his apartment building ratted on him and citizens with stern faces came and took 15 away. He was left with only the alligators on his feet. This to him was a deficiency of the revolution.

I said that in the four weeks I'd been in this economically blockaded city most of the people I met had shared the sensibility that everyone should have one pair of shoes before anyone had two.

Chronicle columnist Warren Hinckle recently spent four weeks in Havana. This is the second of his descriptions of how he found Castro's Cuba.

He shrugged and chugged at his beer. In Cuba, it is said, you are for the revolution or against it.

Cuba is in one respect a right-winger's paradise: all the able-bodied men have to work. Have a job or go to jail. The black marketeer didn't have a job. "I'm in the private sector," he said. A cardboard box full of tape decks was at his feet. "I procure what people can't get," he said in fractured English.

He hacked at his cold fish like a sugar cane cutter. This was a busy man. He asked if I wanted another beer. I did. "Beers cost 60 cents. But you can't drink at the counter unless you order food. So I'll order a beer for you on my tab and you pay me 80 cents for the convenience," he said. Capitalism is alive and well in Cuba.

The black marketeer, who said he was a religious man, said that God had sent the recent plagues that have infected Cuba's tobacco and pigs and cattle and given the island's children dengue fever. Punishment for stealing his shoes.

Most Cubans I have met here are of the opinion that the CIA had more to do with the plagues than God. But I told the black marketeer that I understood what he meant: when I went to school, the Jesuits taught me that homosexuality was the cause of earthquakes.

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He left with his tape decks. An old Cuban man wearing a white rain hat had been sitting next to us at the counter. When he paid his check, he silently handed me the 20 cents the man in the private sector had scammed. In Cuba, you are for the revolution or against it.

■

Before the revolution of 1959, there were two Cubas. One was Havana, America's brothel, the empress city of organized crime, a Guys and Dolls Disneyland of gambling, prostitution, drug trafficking, abortion rings and other immensely profitable sleazy activities. A large part of 1 million Havanans made their income one way or the other off this dreck.

The other Cuba was the rest of this long thin island, as large as the state of Tennessee, where 5 million people lived in huts. The illiteracy rate approached 50 percent and the children who survived the acid test of poverty grew up with parasitic infection and malnutrition.

The revolution confiscated the large, mostly American-owned landholdings and gave the land to the peasants and built housing and schools and hospitals in the country. Today the life expectancy in Cuba is 72, rivaling that of advanced industrial nations; there is no unemployment; everyone has at least an eighth grade education; rent is a maximum of 10 percent of your income; movies and concerts are the equivalent of a dollar; sporting events are free; public transportation is a nickel, and all workers get a month's vacation where the government picks up part of their tab at hotels or beach resorts. This may be communism, but some people like it.

Herbert Matthews of the New York Times once said that the Cuban revolution was one of the most poorly covered stories in the history of the American press. Maybe ditto for the great refugee exodus of 1980 from the port of Mariel. The press viewed it as a sign that Castro's regime was collapsing. The view you get here — and I heard this not just from Cubans but from foreign residents who are keen Castro watchers — is that Fidel snookered Jimmy Carter into taking a load of welfare cases and hustlers into the good old USA.

Over a million Cubans marched down the Malecon to demonstrate their displeasure with the 100,000 who left (Cuba's population is 10 million), but from the government's standpoint there were singular advantages to the exodus. Castro relinquished a good deal of his prison population to the care and feeding of the U.S. taxpayer, and the migration allowed a way out for the most disgruntled segment of Cuban society: an estimated 30,000 of those who left were gays, a good number of whom came to San Francisco. Although the Cuban officialdom has recently relaxed its attitude toward same-sex sex, this remains a decidedly machismo society where gays see greener grass on Castro Street than in Castro Cuba. Most of the straights who left were less traditional political refugees than they were consumer refugees — seekers after the designer jeans and other flotsam of the Good Life advertised on American television. After midnight, Havana television sets can pick up the Florida channels. People stay up late here.

The irony of the great migration is that Castro has repeatedly said that anyone who doesn't support the revolution is free to take a hike. The wrinkle is that the American government controls the spigot of immigration. It was when Carter decided to open the flood gates and let everyone who could swim come to Florida, that Castro emptied the hedgerows of Cuban society. Many of the types who came by boat to Miami, you would not be quick to invite to your neighborhood Tupperware party. According to Cuban police statistics, after the 1980 flock of refugees left for the United States, street robberies in Havana dropped by 50 percent.

■

"How many Cubans are for the revolution? That's the question everybody asks. Even after 20 years here I still can't say exactly — but there's no question that the majority of the Cuban people support it. Otherwise the government could never survive.

"Let's face it — for most of the workers, this country works," Lionel Martin said.

Martin is the dean of Havana's foreign correspondents. He went to college at Berkeley and got into journalism and went to Cuba in 1961 and wandered into the Bay of Pigs waving his KPFA press card and has been here since. "I absolutely never thought I'd be here this long," he said.

Cuba is an island of surprises. What you expect to see before you come here is not necessarily what you

get. You don't expect, for instance, to hear a lot of people openly mouthing off against the government on this Communist island. But that's what you hear.

"Criticizing the government is a national pastime in Cuba," Martin said. Martin is Reuters' man in Havana. We were sitting in the living room of his office, on the top floor of a seaside apartment building with an iffy elevator. A teletype was chattering in the next room.

"What they're really paranoid about here is becoming another Poland," Martin said. Cuba's leaders are quick to criticize the Polish Communist Party, which they say screwed up royally, became fat and bourgeois and out of touch with the people. The Cuban government is going to extraordinary lengths to make its brand of mass democracy work. The columns of the state-owned newspapers have been opened to criticism, there are popularly elected municipal assemblies to bring grass roots opinions into party decision making, and all factories have regular "production conferences" where workers criticize the managers.

A premium is put on party leaders hanging out with the people. In this as in most all things in Cuba, Fidel Castro sets the example. He frequently flies around the country in a helicopter, dropping in unannounced on farms and factories where he slaps the boys on the shoulders and asks if everything's going all right. This is a caudillo with an ear to the ground of public opinion.

A couple of years ago, Castro read the riot act to the C.P. central committee, accusing party officials of indulging in "privileges" such as renovating their homes or bringing luxury items back with them from foreign travel. As the novelist Gabriel Garcia Marquez once said, Cuba is one big family that shares the same secrets, and within days the entire island was talking about Castro punching his own windbags in the stomach.

This revolution has a sort of New Deal willingness to experiment and screw up and admit the mistake and try something else. When they make a mistake it can be a dilly. About 10 years ago I was asked to visit Cuba but I declined to go because the government in a fit of puritanism had shut down the bars on the theory that bars were bad influences on workers and dens of spies, to boot. I sent them a letter saying that there was no way I was going to a country where the workers couldn't drink; it wasn't my idea of democracy. The move proved as popular as Prohibition in the U.S. and the government eventually surrendered to the thirst of the people and reopened the saloons. "We goofed on that one," a Cuban diplomat told me, over a drink.

Although most of the Cubans seem to feel free to criticize the government's means, criticism is not indulged about the goals of party policy. I heard no one, for instance, criticize Cuba's presence in Angola, although to be fair that seems a popular national commitment.

Ask most any Cuban why they have troops in Angola, as I did when I visited a school and a factory, and you will hear, with a quiet pride, that Cuba will not live with its back to the struggles of other countries.

Cubans feel a special kinship to Angola because of Cuba's African heritage. They say they were asked to come there to help fight the CIA and protect Angola from invasion by South Africa. The kids and workers talked to all said with genuine enthusiasm that they wanted to go over and help out if they could. They sounded like Yanks anxious to get Over There and beat the Hun.

■

The American woman came out of the department store shaking her head. This was a big store on Fifth Avenue, which is Havana's equivalent of New York's. "I can't believe it," she said. "There's nothing to buy."

The American visitor was accustomed to the cornucopia choices of consumerism. "I had to wait in line outside and then they let us in six at a time. A matron took us one by one to look at the goods. It was more like going to a museum than a department store. The things they had in the window were the only things they had and there were only four things — slacks, two types of sweaters, and a bathing suit — all sort of dull East European polyesters. They had these same items in all the racks on the main floor in different colors — but all the same clothes. The women went around looking at different colored slacks and saying, 'Do you think this would look nice on me?' just the way American women talk when they're shopping. It was amazing, really amazing."

Cuba is an ecologist's heaven. There are no throwaway containers — the maids in my hotel carried cleaning fluid in empty Havana Club rum bottles — and no competing brands of toothpaste or aspirin. You go to the store and buy one of it, and that's it. There is of course no advertising; Havana billboards sell political ideas instead of new improved formulas.

Packaged consumer goods are virtually unknown (the hotel I stayed at served canned Romanian tomato juice as a luxury) and food items such as meat and fresh milk remain rationed. Toilet paper is doled out like gold leaf. A woman told me that the bathroom attendant in a fancy restaurant's ladies room handed each customer *one* piece of toilet paper.

The Cubans I spoke with who bitched about life's inconveniences under the rigors of the American economic blockade seemed to accept the situation as a burnt offering for the next generation. "I know my children are going to grow up educated and healthy and that's worth a few sacrifices," a Cuban friend said.

"What the hell — we've learned to live without corn flakes," he said.

Tomorrow: In search of Hemingway's ghost

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A crowd in Havana taunted a woman who was seeking asylum in an embassy during the big exodus from Cuba in 1980

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HINCKLE'S JOURNAL

Inside Cuba

A Report From Havana — What It's Like Now

By Warren Hinckle

Havana

The kids came laughing down the street in Old Havana. They were singing a catchy little song in Spanish. "Is Reagan gay? Ask the USA" was the refrain.

Havana is no longer an American Graffiti junkyard of '50s cars, but certain things are not subject to change. One is the traditional Latin machismo attitude toward gays. Another is a certain view of the American presidency as the lair of a deranged eagle, although this is severable from a widespread feeling of friendship for the non-governmental American. I spent four weeks on this communist island, and no one said boo to me.

Chronicle columnist Warren Hinckle recently spent four weeks in Havana. This is the first in a series on how he found life in Castro's Cuba.

The popular media image of Havana as a Sargasso Sea of cannibalized Studebakers and Dodges and Plymouths is what you might call slightly exaggerated. Instead, it looks more like a Toyota ad.

The streets are full of newish Russian Ladas, Argentine Fiats and Polskis from Poland, a version of the VW dreamed up under a toadstool. The only time warp I experienced was when the parking new Cubana Airlines jet landed at Jose Marti International

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Airport in Havana with Glenn Miller doing "Little Brown Jug" over piped-in U.S. Muzak.

The Cuban revolution saved Havana's skyline from a fate like San Francisco's. When George Raft woke up with a hangover in the Capri Hotel on New Year's Day of 1959 to find the bearded ones smashing up his gaming rooms, the Mafia was building a wall of highrise casino hotels that would have cut Havana off from the sea.

The revolution that also kept Havana from becoming a Caribbean Las Vegas left it a human-scale city of classic stucco homes and apartment houses in whites and pastel blues and grays with red-tiled roofs and landscaped thoroughfares and parks.

The only garish American note in post-revolution Havana is the huge blue neon sign atop the former Havana Hilton — now renamed the Havana Libre — which spells out Free Havana, beaconing like an impolite finger in the night toward the hostile U.S. 90 miles away.

From the roof of the Capri Hotel, you could hear the music from the loudspeakers of the government building on the street below. It was a medley of the Beatles' "Hey Jude" and Harry Belafonte's "Island in the Sun." When it comes to American music, Cuba is as eclectic as KABL.

The sky was overcast and puffy like a gray bruise. The pool atop the Capri was crowded with sunbathers hoping for a break in the Caribbean clouds. A honeymooning Cuban couple huddled together for warmth; the woman was pretty and wore a full-bodied red bathing suit of the cut that was darling in early Doris Day movies. Next to them were a group of Spanish stewardesses in bikinis, and next to them a slick-haired Russian businessman in tropical shorts who was making notes in a morocco-bound notebook with a silver pencil.

"Americans are crazy," a Canadian businessman sunbathing in the haze was saying. "I've been coming down here for 20 years and making good money."

He said his company sold the Cubans paper and chemicals and salt. "When they have hurricanes they run out of salt," he said, sipping the rum of his Cuba Libre and puzzling over the sacred mysteries of Washington foreign policy.

"Everybody does business with Cuba but the Americans," he said. "The Americans say Cuba is Russia's puppet, but look at all the business America does with the Russians. If you do business with the master, why not with the puppet?"

A Russian built like a tree stump walked into the pool area and stopped short and stared at the Astroturf around the swimming pool. He wore a T-shirt with Russian comic book characters on it and long black leather trunks. His skin was as white as talcum powder. He took a thick toe out of his sandal and poked at the Astroturf on the deck like a deer nudging grass. He picked it up and peeked underneath.

"Why, he's never seen Astroturf before," the Canadian said.

He tried to explain in broken Russian what Astroturf was. The Russian smiled and offered us Russian cigarets. They were sort of like smelly Lucky Strikes. When I tried to get him to talk about Poland, he gave me a ruble as a souvenir and walked away.

"We are not like the Chinese — we don't tear down the monuments of our past," said a Cuban diplomat. We were driving down an elegant, tree-lined boulevard of Paris dimensions, past a show-stopper monument that made the Lincoln Memorial look like a Cracker Jack prize. It had been erected in honor of the past presidents of Cuba — a very select club of embezzlers — by one of the grander thieves to inherit the former presidential palace. The diplomat laughed. "He was nicknamed The Shark because when he stole he splashed a little around to others."

The crew that Castro kicked out were no minor league thieves. The story of the Cuban government before the revolution is simply the story of the theft of a nation. "I know of no country among those committed to the Western ethic where the diversion of public treasure to private profit reached the proportions that it attained in the Cuban Republic," former U.S. Ambassador Philip W. Bonsal once said. One minister of education of that era was asked how he had managed to get some $30 million out of Havana to Miami in just over two years. He answered, "In suitcases."

We drove along the Malecon, the elegant highway that curves along Havana's seawall, to the old city, through narrow streets once walked by pirates, to the Floridita, where by popular legend Hemingway helped the bartender invent the perfect daiquiri. According to the 1950s Esquire article framed on the wall, the Floridita is one of the great bars of the world — in the company of the 21 in New York, the Shelbourne in Dublin and, this is news, the Pied Piper in San Francisco.

Like San Francisco, Havana is a city of restaurants. The Floridita is one of Havana's finest public rooms, an eating arena of glistening mahogany and ancient murals and curtained doorways. Old-timers say that nothing has changed since the revolution — the waiters look like 30-year veterans of the likes of Jack's or Luchow's in New York, and bartenders who served Hemingway still stand behind the plank. It is amazing that nothing has changed because the government owns the restaurants. Imagine the Washington Square Bar and Grill run by Dianne Feinstein.

What is different is the clientele. Where the silver spoon set once exclusively dined, now the workers eat. There is something exhilarating, like seeing a Warren Beatty lefty movie, about watching guys in coveralls chowing down at lunch in a white tablecloth restaurant being served by red-coated waiters.

In the midst of this worker's paradise, I thought I spied a couple of capitalists. They were sitting at a table by the wall and acted like they had held it for decades. One had heavy cuff links and a shiny suit; the other an expensive blue polo shirt and sunglasses. They looked for all the world like the type of rich emigree Cubans you see in Miami Beach. All around, workers and their families were chewing and chatting, but those two seemed oblivious.

"Oh yes," the Cuban diplomat smiled. "You see, we still have some bourgeois who stayed — we aren't as bad as Reagan says. We aren't against people having property — we're against them using it to exploit other people.

"They didn't participate in the revolution, but they didn't do anything against it, so we don't hold it against them. We let them keep their homes; if they had several houses, we gave the extras to poor people but paid them the market price. If we nationalized their business, we pay them for it for life. They live quite comfortably that way. They have no need to work.

"They live in the old world — for them there has been no change."

Tomorrow: Who stays in Cuba, and who goes.

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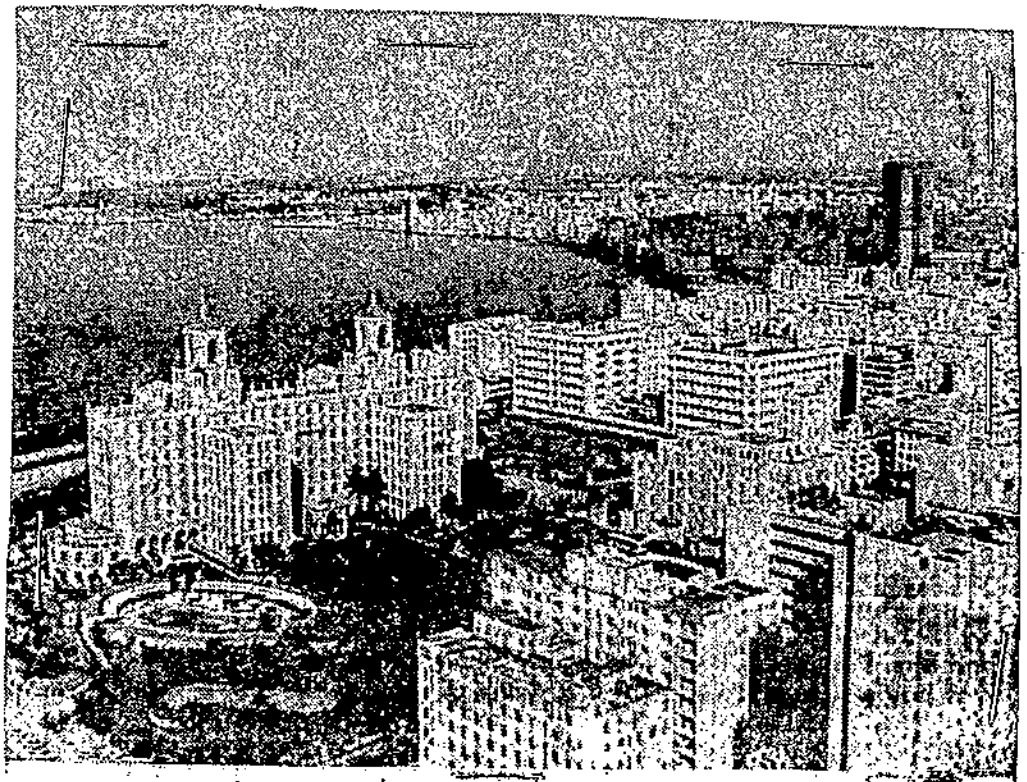

Havana, with the Hotel Capri and its rooftop swimming pool (lower right)

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UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE

FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

In Reply, Please Refer to File No.

~~SECRET~~

San Francisco, California

June 15, 1982

AMERICAN VOLUNTEER BRIGADE FOR IRELAND
FOREIGN COUNTERINTELLIGENCE-PROVISIONAL
IRISH REPUBLICAN ARMY-TERRORISM;
NEUTRALITY ACT

~~This document is classified "Secret" in its entirety~~

Investigation in this case was initiated based on information which appeared in the December 1981 edition of "Frisco" magazine. A full-page, color ad marked, "Paid Political Announcement" was entitled, "Wanted for Terrorism," and it announced the establishment of the American Volunteer Brigade for Ireland (AVB). A copy of the advertisement is attached as a part of this letterhead memorandum. Also attached is an article entitled, "Diary," signed by Warren Hinckle which outlines information pertaining to the subject group.

On January 6, 1982, an article appeared in the Oakland Tribune Newspaper, Oakland, California, which outlined information about the investigation into the activities of the group and also detailed remarks allegedly made by State Senator John F. Kelly, Detroit, Michigan, who was identified as the originator of the idea of the AVB. A copy of the article is attached as part of this letterhead memorandum.

On January 6, 1982, an individual who identified himself as State Senator John Kelly contacted the San Francisco Office of the Federal Bureau of Investigation (FBI) and spoke to a Supervisory Special Agent regarding the newspaper article which had appeared. Kelly denied being the principal organizer of the AVB, however, he did not deny being involved with groups supporting Irish nationalist causes. Kelly stated that his vision of the AVB was as a "peace-keeping force," and he did affirm that units had been established throughout the United States.

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~~Classified and Extended by 4758~~
~~Reason for Extension FCIM, II, 1-2.4.2 (2)(3)~~
~~Date of Review for Declassification: June 15, 2002~~

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Kelly stated that he had been in California last year for a speech and had spoken at the local Irish Cultural Center. While there, he met Warren Hinckle and about four or five other persons who are associates of Hinckle. Kelly said he was unable to identify any of the other participants in the discussion other than Hinckle. He said at that time, they discussed the concept of the AVB for Ireland, and he did not believe that anything concrete would have come out of the conversation, but that it was a proposal simply that was in the formative stages of development.

Kelly denied having authorized the ad to be run, and he emphatically stated he did not pay for the ad. Kelly said he did not know precisely who the people are who are responsible for recruiting or organizing any groups founded under the AVB banner. ~~(S)~~ (U)

On February 3, 1982, a column by Charles McCabe entitled, "The Summer Soldiers," appeared in the San Francisco Chronicle Newspaper. The article details McCabe's opinion regarding the AVB. A copy of the article is attached as a part of this letterhead memorandum. ~~(S)~~ (U)

On March 12, 1982, SF T-1, a source who has provided reliable information in the past, advised [redacted] b6 b7C b7D

On April 30, 1982, Paddy Nolan, owner, the Dovre Club, San Francisco, was interviewed by Special Agents of the FBI. A report of Nolan's interview is attached as part of this letterhead memorandum. ~~(S)~~ (U)

WANTED FOR TERRORISM

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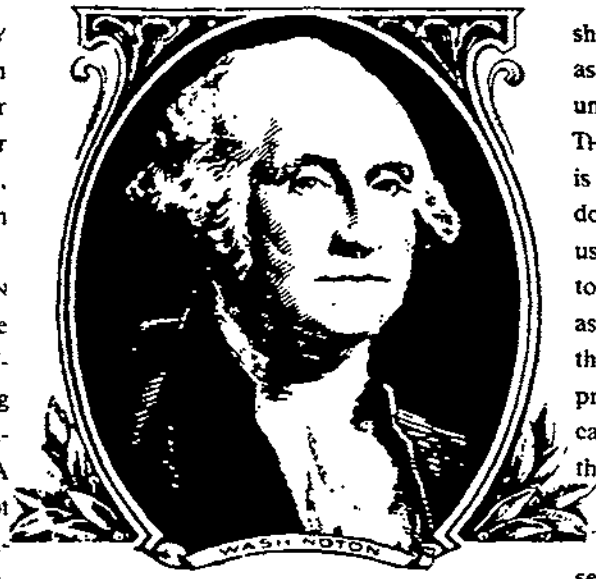
IN 1776, THE CONTINENTAL ARMY guerrillas were considered an illegal organization waging war against the British government. Our first president was considered a rebel, a criminal, and he had a price upon his head.

TODAY IN IRELAND, THE REPUBLICAN movement is considered in the same light. The Thatcher regime has branded the IRA "criminals" much like King George viewed our patriots in the Minutemen 200 years ago. But the IRA aren't criminals because they are not motivated by self-gain. In their platform they seek an end to nonrepresentative government based on privilege and the repression of civil liberties. Why, the IRA fight for freedom is as American as the Boston Tea Party!

LIKE THEIR AMERICAN COUNTERPARTS, however, the IRA could use a little help. During our war for independence Irish volunteers and sympathetic French Republicans were critical to our success. Without international support the American rebels would surely have lost. But times have changed and what our relationship to our compatriots should be, must be placed in perspective.

IN ULSTER, THE BRITISH SANCTION the growth and arming of Loyalist paramilitaries. These localized thugs are threatening reprisals, population transfers, annihilation and genocide should the British army be withdrawn as the first step towards peaceful reunification of the island.



GEORGE WASHINGTON: A TERRORIST?

THE AMERICAN VOLUNTEER BRIGADE is being mobilized to assist IRA freedom fighters should Ireland call out to us. We realize the IRA must continue to wage their war for independence as they have for over a century—themselves alone. But if British policy produces a situation in which Republican civilians are left unprotected and threatened with extinction, we won't stand idly by.

THE BRIGADE NEEDS TRAINED PRIOR-service, reserve, or soon to be released U.S. military personnel to volunteer for service in Ireland. We will issue a call to service only if atrocities are threatened and then only to help create an atmosphere of equality and accommodation so that a pluralistic solution within a United Ireland can be worked out.

THE PRECEDENT FOR A VOLUNTEER BRIgade is a time-honored American tradition. Throughout history American volunteers have sacrificed their lives to keep the torch of liberty burning brightly.

IF IRELAND CALLS, WE WILL BE READY to help hold the torch once again.

Candidates wishing to enlist in the brigade will please send name and particulars to 3541 18th Street, SF, CA. You will be contacted.

AMERICAN VOLUNTEER BRIGADE FOR IRELAND

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NOTES & REMAINDERS

Wilfried Sätty is guest artist for this issue.

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HIDDEN AWAY UNDER A CENtury-old frame building on the frontier between North Beach and Fisherman's Wharf, the basement is like the secret chambers most kids dream about. Washed in a gloomy half-light, crammed with old lamps, misshapen easy chairs, dolls, mirrors and other bric-a-brac cast aside by residents of stately Victorian mansions on Pacific Heights, it could be a stage set for Mrs. Havisham's parlor in *Great Expectations*. A crazy-quilt of musty Oriental carpeting covers an irregular dirt floor that was once the mud of the old Barbary Coast, and now seems to pitch and roll beneath your feet like demented ocean waves that have congealed into solids. The dank, subterranean hideaway exudes the sinister aura of an opium den, and the occult atmosphere of an alchemist's workshop.

In a sense, the basement has been both these things. The inner sanctum of San Francisco artist Wilfried Sätty, it was once the scene of extravagant parties where socialites and hippies mingled, clambering up and down a rickety ladder that affords its only access, smoking and snorting illicit substances of various kinds while rock bands played and exotic dancers performed. At the same time, it is also the anteroom to an even more secluded place—a dusty, windowless library occupying a kind of mezzanine, likewise reached only by a makeshift ladder that is usually concealed. Here, surrounded by antique books, watched over by a human skull, and in an adjoining street-floor studio where snippets of pictures gathered from thousands of sources have been assembled into a vast "image bank," Sätty transmutes reality into his magical collages.

Sätty, as the accompanying reproductions may suggest, is not your ordinary artist—contrary to romantic legend, usually quite sane and even professional. Sequestered like a medieval copyist in his cell, working with the meticulous perfectionism of a Dutch diamond cutter and the obsessiveness of a paranoiac possessed by an *idée fixe*, Sätty is prone to stay at his task for days and nights at a time—and then to burn out for long periods in a womb-like crow's nest tucked under the eaves of the building's attic. Over the past five years, this relentless single-mindedness has been repaid with an astonishing series of some 400 collages inspired by the early history of San Francisco, the raw material for a monumental book that Sätty is still in the process of completing. He has collected another series of fantastic images into a *Dream Book*, not yet published, and found time to do an occasional assignment for the editorial pages of the *New York Times* and *Washington Post*.

He has also paid a heavy cost. Something of a celebrity during the peak of the flower power era, Sätty has gradually slipped into the shadowy forgetfulness that engulfs the reputations of contemporary personalities who fail to keep their names continually before the public. Minus the sources of income most artists have—teaching jobs, affiliation with commercial galleries—he has been fighting off the creditors. A year ago, his wife left. He broke his foot in an auto accident, and his pelvis in a fall from a ladder. In recent months, there have been no more big parties in the basement.

Sätty was born into Surrealist fantasy the way some people are born into titles or money. Growing up in the shambles of war-torn Bremen he carved a "clubhouse" out of the shell of an abandoned Gothic church tower that overlooked the dream-like spectacle of the ruined city. "The whole city was my playground," he recalls. Sätty went on to receive a formal education in architecture, engineering and design. But he remained steeped in the undercurrent of German Romanticism.

Settling in San Francisco in the mid-'60s, on the threshold of the psychedelic era, Sätty soon began to make posters, developing a collage technique and style that brought together both the contemporary and technological, and the fantastic and visionary, facets of his background. In the course of working on four published books—*Cosmic Bicycle, Time Zone, The Annotated Dracula, The Illustrated Poe*—he perfected what he calls his "Visual Language." Based in the tradition and methods of collage, it extends these in unprecedented ways. The images in any single Sätty picture often come from scores of different original sources, as widely separated in time as they are in place. And they are so intricately fragmented and fastidiously reconstituted that their origins are totally obscured. The individual components of his collages fuse, much as multitudes of seemingly unrelated sensations are woven together in the brain, to create coherent images of a compelling visual "realism." It is a realism, however, essentially of the imagination. In contrast to the photographic image—and, especially, to the television image—Sätty's visions create a world in which both the fantasy and the senses are set free to explore, much as in the old engraved book illustrations some of us may remember daydreaming over for endless hours when we were children. In this partly imagined, partly real world, the viewer recaptures some of the innocence of pure seeing.

Excavating in the sands of San Francisco's old North shore as he fashioned the environment in his basement, Sätty also began to dig into the history of the city itself. The panorama he has created of San Francisco's gaudy, bawdy and frequently explosive past mingles fact and fantasy as intricately and freely as they are interwoven in the fabric of the city's past, where historic reality shades constantly into legend and myth. His images use the pictorial language of the era they depict—by and large, the engraved illustration that was, to the 19th century, what the photograph has become to the 20th. But the scenes they seem to reconstruct never happened, either in actuality or in the book illustrations of the period. At least they did not happen in quite the way they do in Sätty's visions, in which a more or less authentic view of a Chinatown alley or a saloon housed in an abandoned sailing vessel, taken intact from an illustration of the time, may be peopled by dozens of figures derived from other sources — sometimes with heads from other sources still. Although the feel is of another time, the perspective is clearly from our own—like peering through the "wrong" end of a telescope on scenes that have the deceptive clarity of illusions projected on the walls of an old-fashioned camera obscura, but periodically burst open to the dream world of *Through the Looking Glass*.

What we call "history" is always a compound of data and interpretation, authentic documentation and sheer fabrication. Sätty's views of early San Francisco add up to a kind of reminiscence that the City itself might relate. If a city could have a subconscious mind, these are the memories, the dreams and a few of the nightmares it might have.

—THOMAS ALBRIGHT

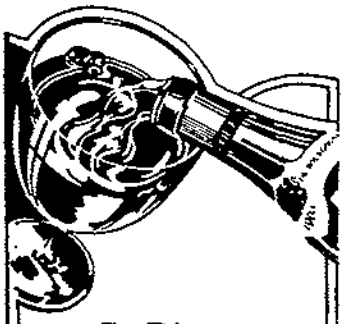
D ☆ I ☆ A ☆ R ☆ Y

NOW THAT THE FUN PEOPLE at the CIA have been let off the leash by the Great Communicator in the White House it will doubtless be mere time before the agency's national security whorehouse on Telegraph Hill comes out of mothballs. Historians of sleaze may recall the whoopee apartment lorded over by the repulsively fat and bald Colonel George White, the genial narc who busted Billie Holiday. White spent evenings in the service of his country sitting on the potty sipping stem martinis while watching through a two-way mirror as whores on the CIA dole plied unsuspecting johns with LSD mickeys and the end products of concupiscence. "If we were scared enough of a drug not to try it on ourselves, we sent it to San Francisco," read a declassified CIA memorandum (they'll be no more of these if Reagan has his way in bottling up the wicked FOIA). The goal of the good Colonel's Telegraph Hill experiments with uncontrolled substances was to find the know-how to turn the average American Joe into a kamikaze pilot at a moment's notice. The sex maniacs at the CIA code-named the Frisco freak show Operation Midnight Climax. Reagan's truth squad is attempting to make sure that no more news of such federally funded gynecological dysfunction leaks out. In the future, maybe what we don't know about the past will be good for us.

THE KREMLINOLOGISTS who study such things as the small type of the cover will have noticed that this magazine is published on all three coasts. This is the phrase of art of Eve Babitz, the LA novelist: the third coast is, of course, Los Angeles. *Frisco* is primarily circulated in NYC, SF and LA but will not wholly ignore the great sandbox in between and will soon be available in even the wilds of Santa Fe. If you wonder what we are doing, some twenty of us hearties in the print business recently chipped in to buy a former herbal shampoo magazine called Boulevards. Alas Poor Yorick, Boulevards is no more and has become *Frisco*. All of the owners work full time on other publications and such or else we could never afford such an expensive toy, and if you find any typos it is because we do the seat work on weekends. For those of the motorhome mentality who persist in stubborn and irrational objections to the word Frisco, it should be noted that the famous etymologist Peter Tamony proves in this edition that Frisco predates the commonplace San Francisco the way the Catholic Church predates Billy Graham. The masthead with the lovely cocktail glass was devised by Dugald Stermer from the magnificently deteriorating front of a real bar. Frisco (the bar) is on Sixth Street, San Francisco's Rue de la Wino, across the street from the barber college. It is frequented by gay cowboys and black pimps and others from the sinks of the city and we find it a congenial place. As for the cocktail glass, Tom Jefferson wrote the first draft of the Declaration of Independence in a tavern.

THE SINGULAR ADVERTISEMENT on page 49 for the American Volunteer Brigade is a story in itself. It was the brainchild of Michigan State Senator John F. Kelly of Detroit and is achieving formidable but yet unpublicized success in that part of the country. There is already a full platoon of military volunteers training in Michigan. The concept is as American as apple pie: as U.S. volunteers went to Spain the '30s to fight the fascists, they will do ditto in the '80s, if invited, in Northern Ireland to face down the imperial English and the Protestant goons they support in tyrannizing over a wronged Catholic minority; the Spain analogy is not without substance as Great Britain has been using Northern Ireland as a counterinsurgency testing ground for a decade; a look at the riots in the streets of that racialist society will tell you why they felt the need to prepare for trouble. The advertisement will become a poster that will be placed in every military and reserve base in the country to sign up recruits. Patronize our advertisers.

—WARREN HINCKLE



For Dinner, a World Apart

The majesty of the room. The magnificence of the service. The brilliance of the kitchen. A wine cellar that goes back to the Thirties. The French Room—a world all its own, and, as Fortune Magazine put it, "A legend even in a town famed for its fine restaurants." Reservations 775-4700.

FRENCH ROOM

Four Seasons Clift. Geary at Taylor.

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'Peace' force for Ireland probed

Military group formed in Bay Area to aid IRA

By Paul Grabowicz and Richard Spencer
Chronicle Staff Writers

The San Francisco FBI office has started an investigation into the activities of a paramilitary organization that is recruiting former U.S. military personnel to send to Northern Ireland and serve as an armed "peacekeeping" force.

The subject of the FBI probe is the American Volunteer Brigade for Ireland, which recently ran an advertisement in a San Francisco magazine seeking recruits.

The advertisement stated that those who enlist in the brigade will be sent to Ireland "to assist IRA freedom fighters should Ireland call out to us" because "atrocities are threatened" there.

The brigade is the brainchild of Michigan state Sen. John F. Kelly, D-Detroit, who said he has been to several states, including California, talking about the brigade.

Kelly said the brigade has established units in nearly half a dozen cities, including one in the Bay Area. He said he has been told that brigade members have started "training" for possible intervention in Ireland.

"We are conducting a preliminary investigation" into the brigade, said San Francisco FBI spokesman Tom Anderson, because of possible violations of U.S. neutrality laws. Those laws forbid the enlisting of troops for the aid of a

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belligerent power with which the United States is not at war.

Anderson said that at the conclusion of the FBI's investigation here, the information will be sent to the U.S. Justice Department in Washington. There it will be determined if the brigade has violated any laws and if its members should be prosecuted.

The idea of the brigade, according to Kelly, came last spring during a discussion he had with people concerned about the situation in violence-torn Northern Ireland.

Kelly said he suggested that one possible action was the formation of the brigade. Since then, Kelly said, he has talked to several Irish groups about the brigade, although he said he is not an organizer or member of it.

Brigade units have been established, according to Kelly, in Michigan, New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Texas and California.

Kelly said he could not estimate the total number of people who have enlisted in the brigade. But in an interview last month with Neil O'Dowd, editor of the Irishman newspaper in San Francisco, Kelly was quoted as saying the brigade had 150 "active members," including 80 in the San Francisco area.

Kelly would not supply the names of any members of the brigade, saying that "by the very nature of the idea, (the brigade) is clandestine."

Another Irish journalist, who requested anonymity, said he had met with California members of the brigade in the Sierra foothills where he saw weapons and recruits engaged in training exercises.

The paid advertisement for the brigade, which appeared in the first issue of Frisco magazine, said the group "needs trained prior-service, reserve, or soon-to-be-released U.S. military personnel to volunteer for service in Ireland."

Candidates wishing to enlist in the brigade, the advertisement said, should send their names to the address of the Dovre Club, a well-known Irish saloon in San Francisco.

Paddy Nolan, proprietor of the club, would not comment on how many people have sent their names in since the advertisement appeared, but said he has been "getting some phone calls."

Nolan said anyone could apply to join the brigade, which he emphasized would be strictly a "peacekeeping force" if sent to Ireland.

Kelly, who earlier this year sponsored a bill in the Michigan Senate calling for the expulsion of the British consulate in the state, said the brigade would "intervene" non-violently in Ireland to prevent "genocide" if civil war breaks out.

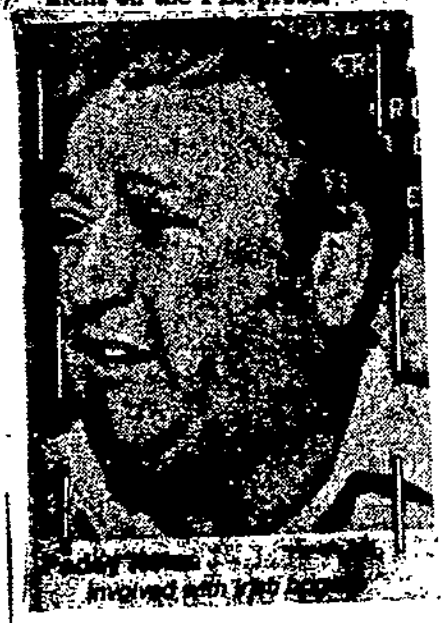
Kelly maintained that its activities were within the law.

The neutrality laws, according to Kelly, state, "You cannot recruit (paid) mercenaries to fight in a foreign war."

"They (members of the brigade) are not mercenaries and it's not a foreign war," Kelly said.

Frisco magazine editorial director Warren Hinckle, who wrote an article in that magazine about the brigade, said he had cleared the advertisement with the lawyer for the magazine.

John Russell, a spokesman for the U.S. Justice Department in Washington, declined to comment on the FBI probe.



Paddy Nolan
involved with IRA Brigade

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Charles McCabe

Himself

The Summer Soldiers

REVOLUTION IN AN Irish saloon in the Mission? The FBI is investigating just that possibility.

An outfit calling itself the American Volunteer Brigade for Ireland, it is reported, solicits recruits regularly in Paddy Nolan's Dovre bar, and trains them with hurling sticks and golf clubs for possible service in the troubles of Ulster.

The FBI interest in the matter is that these summer soldiers and sunshine Irish patriots may be violating the Neutrality Act. The FBI was alerted to this possibility by the publication of a full-page ad in the San Francisco magazine Frisco seeking volunteers to serve as an armed place-keeping force in Northern Ireland. Former U. S. servicemen are preferred by the American Volunteer Brigade.

Warren Hinckle, spokesman for the magazine and also an advocate of the Provisional IRA in Northern California, quoted a couple of lawyers who said the Neutrality Act would not be violated unless a person actually left the country and took up arms.

* * *

HINCKLE SAID TO a reporter: "These guys don't carry weapons. They train them with hurley (sic) sticks (heavy wooden staves which are symbols of early Irish resistance to British rule.)

"Mostly, these guys are saying, 'If ever asked to go we'll go.' And in my opinion it's very unlikely they'd be asked to go."

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He added, "I have no idea how organized these guys are, but I understand they're not a bunch of barstool Irishmen. They are young and militarily prepared."

What does this all amount to? A publicity stunt for the Dovre Club, whose owner is a buddy of Hinckle's? Or a genuine attempt to organize units for the IRA, the mostly Catholic terrorist group? Or a propaganda move designed to get sympathy for the IRA in the United States? Or a prank?

* * *

I THINK IT is a little of each, but mostly propaganda for the IRA and Nolan's saloon. The saloon's owner, Paddy Nolan, told the reporter, "We would do anything to save the lives of the Irish people." He said he was unable to tell the number involved. "They come and they go, depending on their schedules and how cold it is." When pressed he said "the hard core" amounted to 15, "mostly Irish-American people."

There is a strong odor of disingenuousness about the statements of both Hinckle and Nolan. If Hinckle thinks that a hurling stick is not a weapon, he has never seen a real Irish brannigan. You could kill a man with a strong arm and a hurling stick.

"We would do anything to save the lives of the Irish people." Paddy, an amiable enough fellow, is talking through his hat. The whole thrust of the advertisement and the brigade is to recruit Irish-Americans for the precise purpose of combatting other Irishmen, of the kind they do not happen to like. Like Ulster Protestants.

* * *

THE AD IN Frisco said as much. It said that those who enlisted in the brigade would be sent "to assist IRA freedom fighters should Ireland call out to us."

The troubles in Ulster are too tragic to be submitted to this kind of juvenile japery. An Irishman who cares to join the IRA is perfectly clear to do so, if he can scratch up the air fare to Dublin or Belfast. He can fight to his heart's content for dear old Ireland. And he doesn't need a public relations coups to egg him on.

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FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

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Date of transcription May 13, 1982

Paddy Nolan, owner, Dovre Club, 3541-18th Street, San Francisco, California, was contacted at his place of business by the interviewing Agents who displayed their credentials. Nolan was advised that the Federal Bureau of Investigation (FBI) is conducting a Neutrality Act investigation into the alleged activities of the American Volunteer Brigade (AVB) for Ireland, whose ad first appeared in "Frisco" magazine in December 1981.

Nolan said that there was nothing particular meant by the ad and described it as a "publicity stunt to tweak the Limeys," (British). Nolan said that the AVB has no members, has held no meetings, and no training or any other organization has taken place. He advised that he did receive a few letters at the Dovre Club, however, he feels these were in response to the ad and subsequent newspaper stories about it. Nolan claimed that he has destroyed the letters, and he advised that most of them appeared to be mainly from "crazy kids."

Nolan admitted the idea of the AVB did receive wide publicity, and many newspapers called him about it. Nolan recalled that he told one paper that this supposed group trained with Hurleys (Irish walking sticks), and he recalled he told another reporter that they trained with golf clubs.

Nolan was advised of the details of the Neutrality Act, and he replied that he meant no harm and certainly did not expect the FBI to get involved in this case. Nolan explained that he is well known to be sympathetic to Irish Republic causes, and he is always looking for some avenue to embarass the British Government.

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Investigation on 4/30/82 at San Francisco, California File # [redacted]

by SA [redacted] and SA [redacted] CW Date dictated 5/7/82

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EXEMPTION CODE: 25X(1,6)
DATE 06-07-2017 BY: C87W44B73

FBI

TRANSMIT VIA:
- [ ] Teletype
- [ ] Facsimile
- [X] AIRTEL

PRECEDENCE:
- [ ] Immediate
- [ ] Priority
- [ ] Routine

CLASSIFICATION:
- [ ] TOP SECRET
- [X] ~~SECRET~~ (U)
- [ ] CONFIDENTIAL
- [ ] UNCLAS E F T O
- [ ] UNCLAS

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED EXCEPT WHERE SHOWN OTHERWISE

~~SECRET~~ (U)

Date 6/15/82

TO: DIRECTOR, FBI
(Attn: [redacted]

FROM: SAC, SAN FRANCISCO [redacted]

SUBJECT: AMERICAN VOLUNTEER BRIGADE FOR IRELAND (AVB)
FCI-PIRA-TERRORISM; NEUTRALITY ACT
OO: SAN FRANCISCO

b3
b6
b7C
b7D
b7E

~~This document is classified "Secret" in its entirety unless otherwise noted~~

[redacted] initiated 12/1/81, to expire 3/30/82; [redacted] extended under FBIHQ authority to 4/30/82. ~~(C)~~ (U)

Re San Francisco teletype to FBIHQ dated 11/27/81; Bureau teletype, 2/9/82; Bureau telephone call dated 4/15/82. ~~(X)(C)~~ (U)

Enclosed for dissemination by FBIHQ to the Internal Security Section, Department of Justice, are the original and five (5) copies of a letterhead memorandum (LHM) summarizing investigation conducted in this matter. (U)

Source carried in LHM as SF T-1 is identified as [redacted] (U)

The individual who spoke to Senator Kelly on 1/6/82, was Supervisory Special Agent [redacted] ~~(C)~~ (U)

No attempts were made to interview either Warren Hinckle or Dugald Stermer of "Frisco" magazine. Stermer has been identified in later issues of "Frisco" magazine as being primarily

~~S E C R E T~~
~~Classified and Extended by 4758~~
~~Reason for Extension FCIM, II, 1-2.4.2 (2)(3)~~
~~Date of Review for Declassification: June 15, 2002~~

4 - Bureau (Encs. 5) (RM)
2 - San Francisco
(1) - [redacted] (Warren Hinckle)
PJW:lcw #13
(6)

SEARCHED
SERIALIZED
INDEXED
FILED

~~SECRET~~ (U)

Approved: _____ Transmitted _____ (Number) (Time) Per _____

[redacted]
PJW:ICW

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responsible for the art direction and layout of the magazine and not its editorial content. As FBIHQ is aware, Warren Hinckle [redacted] (S)

Hinckle is well known in this area for being outspoken in his opinions about the FBI and as an Irish Republican sympathizer, and it does not appear to be prudent to allow him extra opportunities to proclaim his views. The investigation conducted indicates that the entire aim of the AVB ad was to gain publicity for the Irish Republican cause and the resulting media interest, which was in turn heightened by the fact this investigation appears to have amply succeeded in fulfilling their original goal. (S)

No investigation conducted subsequent to 4/30/82.

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
DATE 06-07-2017 BY C87W44B73 ACG

Routing Slip
0-7 (Rev. 5-28-82)

(Copies to Offices Checked)

☐ **TO: SAC:**

☐ Albany	☐ Houston	☐ Oklahoma City	☐ Bern
☐ Albuquerque	☐ Indianapolis	☐ Omaha	☐ Bogota
☐ Alexandria	☐ Jackson	☐ Philadelphia	☐ Bonn
☐ Anchorage	☐ Jacksonville	☐ Phoenix	☐ Canberra
☐ Atlanta	☐ Kansas City	☐ Pittsburgh	☐ Hong Kong
☐ Baltimore	☐ Knoxville	☐ Portland	☐ London
☐ Birmingham	☐ Las Vegas	☐ Richmond	☐ Mexico City
☐ Boston	☐ Little Rock	☐ Sacramento	☐ Montevideo
☐ Buffalo	☐ Los Angeles	☐ St. Louis	☐ Ottawa
☐ Butte	☐ Louisville	☐ Salt Lake City	☐ Panama City
☐ Charlotte	☐ Memphis	☐ San Antonio	☐ Paris
☐ Chicago	☐ Miami	☐ San Diego	☐ Rome
☐ Cincinnati	☐ Milwaukee	☒ San Francisco	☐ Tokyo
☐ Cleveland	☐ Minneapolis	☐ San Juan	
☐ Columbia	☐ Mobile	☐ Savannah	
☐ Dallas	☐ Newark	☐ Seattle	
☐ Denver	☐ New Haven	☐ Springfield	
☐ Detroit	☐ New Orleans	☐ Tampa	
☐ El Paso	☐ New York City	☐ Washington Field	
☐ Honolulu	☐ Norfolk	☐ Quantico	

☐ ASAC, New Rochelle (MRA)
☐ ASAC, Brooklyn-Queens (MRA)

11/23/82
Date

RE: WARREN JAMES HINCKLE
FCI-PIRA-TERRORISM

Re San Francisco teletype dated 2/3/82.

☐ For information ☐ Retention optional ☐ For appropriate action ☐ Surep, by _____

☐ The enclosed is for your information. If used in a future report, ☐ conceal all sources, ☐ paraphrase contents.

☐ Enclosed are corrected pages from report of SA _____
dated _____.

Remarks:
San Francisco is requested to advise FBIHQ of the status of captioned matter.

SEARCHED ... YED
#5 ...

Enc.
Bufile
Urfile

[redacted]

[redacted]

FBI/DOJ

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ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
DATE 06-07-2017 BY C87W44B73 ACC

Routing Slip
FD-4 (Rev. 4-20-81)

Date 12/6/82

To: XX Director
Att.: ITU-II

☐ SAC
☐ ASAC
☐ Supv.
☐ Agent
☐ SSS
☐ Rotor #
☐ Steno
☐ Typist
☐ M
Room

FILE #
Title WARREN JAMES HINCKLE II
FCI-PIRA-TERRORISM

RE: Bu R/S dated 11/23/82

☐ Acknowledge
☐ Assign ☐ Reassign
☐ Bring file
☐ Call me
☐ Correct
☐ Deadline
☐ Delinquent
☐ Discontinue
☐ Expedite
☐ File

☐ For information
☐ Handle
☐ Initial & return
☐ Leads need attention
☐ Open case
☐ Prepare lead cards
☐ Prepare tickler
☐ Recharge file ☐ serial
☐ Send to

☐ Return assignment card
☐ Return file ☐ serial
☐ Return with action taken
☐ Return with explanation
☐ Search and return
☐ See me
☐ Type

Attached teletype dated 10/1/82 from San Francisco to FBIHQ should clarify status. No further action being taken at San Francisco.

Attch. (1)
PJW

SAC ROBERT S. GAST II
Office SAN FRANCISCO

See reverse side

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ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
DATE 06-07-2017 BY C87W44B73 ACC

020282 0943
DDL 5880
N FBR 012 DDL
DDL SACTO
020282
FBR

[redacted]

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PHOTO SUBJ [redacted] ATTN SA [redacted]
FBI SAN FRAN. MIX.

WILLIAM D NEUMANN FBI SAN FRAN DPT

C/IN
[redacted]
C2

See also 1A(5)

AN
AN
AN
FEB 06 1993
[redacted]
[redacted]

DECLASSIFICATION AUTHORITY DERIVED FROM:
FBI AUTOMATIC DECLASSIFICATION GUIDE
DATE 06-21-2017 BY: C87W44B73

FBI

TRANSMIT VIA:
- [ ] Teletype
- [ ] Facsimile
- [ ] AIRTEL

PRECEDENCE:
- [ ] Immediate
- [ ] Priority
- [ ] Routine

CLASSIFICATION:
- [ ] TOP SECRET
- [ ] SECRET
- [ ] CONFIDENTIAL
- [ ] UNCLAS E F T O
- [ ] UNCLAS

Date 3/15/83

~~CONFIDENTIAL~~

TO: DIRECTOR, FBI

FROM: SAC, SAN FRANCISCO [redacted]

SUBJECT: PROVISIONAL IRISH REPUBLISH ARMY (PIRA)
FCI - PIRA - TERRORISM

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b7E

~~This entire communication is classified "Confidential."~~

Re Bureau teletype, dated 2/25/83, which set forth numbers obtained by [redacted]

The following numbers were identified in the San Francisco Division:

~~CONFIDENTIAL~~
~~Classified By (7414)~~
~~Date of Review for Declassification (OADR)~~

4 - Bureau (RM)
(2 - Legat, London)
1 - El Paso (RM)
1 - Jacksonville (RM)
1 - Los Angeles (RM)
1 - New York (RM)
1 - Newark (RM)
1 - Sacramento (RM)
1 - Seattle (RM)
1 - WFO (RM)
4 - San Francisco
(1 - [redacted]
(1 - [redacted] Warren Hinckle)
(1 - [redacted]
(1 - [redacted]
PJW/dld
(16)

SEARCHED
SERIALIZED
INDEXED
FILED

[redacted]

Approved: _____ Transmitted _____ (Number) (Time) Per _____

[redacted]
PJW/dld

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1. 415-431-1343: Pacific Telephone subscriber information indicates this number is listed to D. Hinckle, 515 Clayton Street, San Francisco, California. "D. Hinckle" has been further identified as Denise Hinckle, date of birth 2/18/40. She is further identified as the wife of Warren Hinckle, III, a writer for the San Francisco Chronicle who is well known for his pro-IRA beliefs.

2. [redacted]: Records of the San Francisco Office indicate that this was previously the telephone number held by [redacted] San Francisco. [redacted] resided there with [redacted] until March, 1982, at which time both parties moved out to different locations.

3. 415-552-0074: Listed to the Dovre Club, 3541 - 18th Street, San Francisco. The Dovre Club is a well known Irish bar operated by Paddy Nolan. Nolan is well known for his Irish Republican sympathies and has frequently furnished his telephone number and address to people emigrating from Northern Ireland to the San Francisco area to use as an accommodation address.

4. [redacted] Listed to [redacted] San Francisco. [redacted] has been identified as [redacted] and has been observed taking part in Irish Northern Aid (NORAID) demonstrations.

5. [redacted] Subscribed to by [redacted] who is also currently using the name [redacted] His address is [redacted] San Francisco, California. [redacted] is the roommate of [redacted] and both men presently reside together. [redacted] is the subject of [redacted] and [redacted] is the subject of [redacted]

DECLASSIFICATION AUTHORITY DERIVED FROM:
FBI AUTOMATIC DECLASSIFICATION GUIDE
DATE 06-07-2017 BY: C87W44B73

Memorandum

~~SECRET~~

To : SAC, SAN FRANCISCO [redacted] Date 9/18/84

b3
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b7C
b7E

From : SA [redacted] SQ13

Subject : WARREN HINCKLE
IT-PIRA
OO: SF

This entire communication is classsified ~~"SECRET"~~.

SUBJECT, a columnist in San Francisco for The Chronicle is well known for his support of the PIRA, and this office is frequently tasked to report to FBIHQ regarding his activities. A comprehensive article re HINCKLE appeared in the March, 1984, issue of "Focus", a San Francisco-based magazine. This article contains helpful background information and is being forwared to the 1A.

ACTION: For Information.

PJW/

~~SECRET~~

~~CLASSIFIED AND EXTENDED BY G3~~
~~REASON: FCIM II, 1-2.4.2 ... 3~~
~~DATE OF REVIEW FOR DECLASSIFICATION~~

SERIALIZED ... INDEXED
SERIALIZED ... FILED
... 1984
FBI — SAN FRANCISCO

~~SECRET~~

FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
FOI/PA
DELETED PAGE INFORMATION SHEET
FOI/PA# 1356875-0

Total Deleted Page(s) = 10
Page 6 ~ b6; b7C;
Page 9 ~ b6; b7C;
Page 12 ~ b6; b7C;
Page 14 ~ b6; b7C;
Page 16 ~ b6; b7C;
Page 18 ~ b6; b7C;
Page 21 ~ b6; b7C;
Page 23 ~ b6; b7C;
Page 25 ~ b6; b7C;
Page 28 ~ b6; b7C;

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XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX
X   Deleted Page(s)    X
X   No Duplication Fee X
X   For this Page      X
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FD-340a (Rev. 10-3-77)

(Title) [redacted]
(File No.) [redacted]

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Item	Date Filed	To be returned Yes	To be returned No		Disposition
1	5/20/82		x	4 copies of 1 photo of inmate at rest stop at San Miguel on 4/17/82 dtw	
2	"		x	4 copies of 1 photo of inmate at rest stop near San Miguel on 4/17/82 dtw	
3	"		x	4 copies each of 4 photos of subject loading his car. dtw	
4	"		x	4 copies each of 3 photos of subject & [redacted] taken 4/16/82 dtw	
~~5~~	~~8/11/83~~			~~One Copy of Ot. License [redacted] Issued to [redacted]~~	

SEARCHED INDEXED
SERIALIZED FILED
MAY 20 1982
FBI — [illegible]

[redacted]

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b7E

FD-340 (REV.8-20-79)

Field File No. [redacted]

00 and File No.

Date Received 5-10-82

From Photo Lab

(NAME OF CONTRIBUTOR)

(ADDRESS OF CONTRIBUTOR)

By [redacted]

(NAME OF SPECIAL AGENT)

b3
b6
b7C
b7E

To Be Returned ☐ Yes ☐ No

Receipt Given ☐ Yes ☐ No

☐ Yes ☐ No

Grand Jury Material-Disseminate Only Pursuant to Rules 6(e), Federal Rules of Criminal Procedure

Description: 4 copies of 1 photo of animals at rest stop at San Miguel on 4/17/82

[redacted]

b3
b7E

FD-340 (REV.8-20-79)

Field File No. [redacted] b3 b6 b7C

00 and File No. [redacted] b7E

Date Received _____

From Photo Lab

(NAME OF CONTRIBUTOR)

_____

(ADDRESS OF CONTRIBUTOR)

By [redacted]

To Be Returned ☐ Yes ☐ No

Receipt Given ☐ Yes ☐ No

☐ Yes ☐ No **Grand Jury Material- Disseminate Only Pursuant to Rules 6(e), Federal Rules of Criminal Procedure**

Description: 4 copies of 1 photo of unknown at rest stop near San Miguel on 4/17/82

[redacted]

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FD-340 (REV.8-20-79)

b3
b6
b7C
b7E

Field File No. [redacted]

00 and File No. _____

Date Received 5-10-82

From Photo Lab

(NAME OF CONTRIBUTOR)

_____

(ADDRESS OF CONTRIBUTOR)

By [redacted]

To Be Returned ☐ Yes ☐ No

Receipt Given ☐ Yes ☐ No

☐ Yes ☐ No

Grand Jury Material- Disseminate Only Pursuant to Rules 6(e), Federal Rules of Criminal Procedure

Description: 4 copies each of [redacted] 4 photos of subject loading his car

[redacted]

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b7E

FD-340 (REV.8-20-79)

Field File No. [redacted]

00 and File No.

Date Received 5-10-82

From Photo Lab

(NAME OF CONTRIBUTOR)

(ADDRESS OF CONTRIBUTOR)

By [redacted]

(NAME OF SPECIAL AGENT)

To Be Returned ☐ Yes ☐ No

Receipt Given ☐ Yes ☐ No

☐ Yes ☐ No

Grand Jury Material-Disseminate Only Pursuant to Rules 6(e), Federal Rules of Criminal Procedure

Description: 4 copies each of 3 photos of Subject and [redacted] taken 4-16-82

[redacted]

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FD-340 (REV. 6-29-81)

Field File No. [redacted]

00 and File No. [redacted]

Date Received 2/4/82

From DMV

(NAME OF CONTRIBUTOR)

(ADDRESS OF CONTRIBUTOR)

SACRAMENTO, CALIF.

By [redacted]

(NAME OF SPECIAL AGENT)

To Be Returned ☐ Yes ☒ No

Receipt Given ☐ Yes ☒ No

☐ Yes ☒ No

Grand Jury Material-Disseminate Only Pursuant to Rules 6(e), Federal Rules of Criminal Procedure

Description:

Copy of CALIFORNIA Driver's License [redacted] issued to [redacted]

See [redacted]

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FEB 10 1982

FBI SF

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FD-340a (Rev. 10-3-77)

(Title) [redacted]

(File No.) [redacted]

b3
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Item	Date Filed	To be returned Yes	To be returned No		Disposition
6	10-4-84		X	Copy of Articles - Subject 9-18-84 CC	

SEARCHED ..... INDEXED .....
SERIALIZED CC FILED CC
OCT 4 1984

[redacted]

DECLASSIFICATION AUTHORITY DERIVED FROM:
FBI AUTOMATIC DECLASSIFICATION GUIDE
DATE 07-24-2017 BY: C87W44B73

FD-340 (REV. 6-22-81)

Field File No. _____

OO and File No. [redacted]

Date Received 9-18-84

From 'Focus' Magazine

(NAME OF CONTRIBUTOR)

_____

(ADDRESS OF CONTRIBUTOR)

_____

By [redacted]

(NAME OF SPECIAL AGENT)

To Be Returned ☐ Yes ☒ No

Receipt Given ☐ Yes ☒ No

☐ Yes ☒ No

Grand Jury Material-Disseminate Only Pursuant to Rules 6(e), Federal Rules of Criminal Procedure

Description: Copy of Article re SUBJECT.

~~SECRET~~

CLASSIFIED AND EXTENDED BY 0.3

REASON: FCIM II, 1-2.4.2 2&3

DATE OF REVIEW FOR DECLASSIFICATION

[redacted]

b3
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SAN FRANCISCO
MARCH 1984
PRICE $1.50

FOCUS

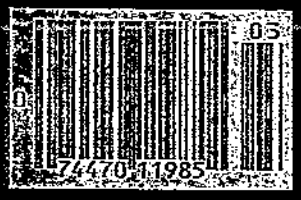
PAPER TIGER:
The Warren Hinckle Chronicles

MANAGING YOUR STRESS

Understanding the City Hall Killings

IRISH COOKING?

Spotlight on Spring Fashion



THE KQED MAGAZINE FOR THE SAN FRANCISCO BAY AREA

It's More you.

It's long.
It's slim.
It's elegant.

More More

20 CLASS A CIGARETTES

More

MENTHOL

FILTER CIGARETTES

120s

©1983 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

16 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

BY LIZ LUFKIN

PHOTOGRAPH BY MAREK MAJEWSKI

Warren Hinckle contributes commentary on KQED's 'Express,' a weekly newsmagazine airing Wednesdays at 8:00 p.m.

WARREN HINCKLE MAKES NEWS:

The Rip-Roaring Career of San Francisco's Most Outrageous Journalist

TICKED OFF. MAYOR DIANNE FEINSTEIN IS QUICKLY becoming ticked off. The scene is January's debut broadcast of KQED's *Express*, a weekly newsmagazine. Until now, the show has gone smoothly for Feinstein, who is there to present a proposal for building a new sports stadium in the city. Armed with facts, figures, charts and her own cool composure, the mayor has easily deflected complaints from the few critics in the small studio audience. She is clearly in control.

That is, until Warren Hinckle gets his say. Nowadays, Hinckle is best known for writing "Hinckle's Journal," a *San*

of the aforementioned cuisine. Irish recipes are rare: a search in the all-inclusive *New York Times Cookbook*, for example, under the letter "I," yields nothing at all between Indonesia and Israel.

Colcannon

Ingredients:

2 lbs. potatoes, peeled and cut up
1 lb. cabbage or kale, chopped
1/2 cup chopped leeks or scallions
1 cup cream or milk
salt, ground pepper, mace
6 Tbs. butter, melted

Procedure:

(1) Boil or steam cabbage until tender. (2) Simmer leeks in enough milk to cover them, just until tender. (3) Cook potatoes in boiling water for 20 minutes, or until done; drain and mash well with salt, pepper, mace and enough remaining milk to keep them creamy. (4) Fold in cooked cabbage and beat until fluffy. (5) Divide into 4 to 6 servings; make a well in the center of each and pour in melted butter.

Irish Soda Bread

Ingredients:

2 cups whole wheat flour
2 cups unbleached white flour
1 tsp. baking soda
3 tsps. baking powder
2 Tbs. sugar
4 Tbs. butter or margarine, cut in small pieces
1 egg, beaten
1¾ cups sour milk or buttermilk

Procedure:

(1) In processor or large bowl, mix all dry ingredients together. (2) Add butter or margarine and mix until texture resembles coarse meal. (3) Add egg and enough milk to make a soft dough. (4) Knead or process until smooth. (5) Divide into two loaves, place each in greased 9 x 5 inch loaf pan, and bake at 375° for 35-45 minutes, or until golden.

This is a style that has no use for dried or powdered spices and even less for fresh.

Turbot in Chive Sauce

Ingredients:

1 lb. turbot or any white fish filet
2 cups sour milk or buttermilk
2 Tbs. each butter and flour
3 Tbs. heavy cream
salt and freshly ground black pepper
2 Tbs. chopped chives and parsley

Procedure:

(1) Poach fish in buttermilk about 10 minutes, turning once; remove and keep warm. (2) Melt butter, add flour and stir until smooth; add milk and heat until almost boiling, stirring continually to keep sauce smooth. (3) Add cream, salt and pepper to taste. (4) Spoon sauce over fish, sprinkling generously with the fresh herbs.

Irish Coffee

According to Theodora Fitzgibbon's 'Irish Kitchen Map,' "Irish Coffee was invented by Joe Sheridan when he was chef at Shannon Airport, County Clare." But every land has its legends.

Ingredients:

2 tsps. sugar
1 cup strong black coffee
1 double measure Irish whiskey
1 Tbs. heavy cream

Procedure:

(1) Warm a stemmed glass, stir in the sugar and enough hot coffee to dissolve it. (2) Add whiskey. "Now [and these are the official instructions] hold a spoon so that its bowl is convex side up and just touching the surface of the liquid, then carefully float the cream onto the surface by pouring it gently onto the inverted bowl of the spoon. Do not stir. The hot, whiskey-laced coffee is drunk through the cream—and excellent it is!" ■

LESLIE EHRMAN / STYLIST

Francisco Chronicle column that has fueled his reputation as San Francisco's most colorful, most notorious and, possibly, most powerful journalist. Recently, he also signed on as an *Express* commentator, hired, according to Executive Producer Ken Ellis, "because he's good at those properly aimed missles."

Tonight, Hinckle scores a direct hit. "Dianne won't like this," he begins (as Feinstein, off-camera, silently mouths, "I never do") "but I think it's the most offensively hypocritical thing I've ever heard this charming mayor say, that we are building this idiot $200 million stadium to do something for our senior citizens." He has blasted her perfect presentation to pieces in the two short minutes he was alloted at the end of the program. Feinstein looks furious.

The studio erupts the minute the taping stops. Hinckle is quickly surrounded by an annoyed group of businessmen and stadium boosters, a circle that eventually includes the mayor herself. "This is the most biased man I know," she says, buttonholing him.

Less than an hour later, Hinckle shrugs off the entire incident as he bellies up to the counter of a cop bar located in a tiny alley across from the Hall of Justice. "No big deal," he says. "Why should I be afraid of the mayor?"

Why, indeed. In his more than twenty years as a hard-drinking, hell-raising muckraker, Hinckle has gone up against plenty of tough opponents: the CIA, the mob, the pope, even the president of the United States. Not only does Hinckle not mind controversy, he thrives on it, seeks it out. "So there I was, surrounded by all these pissed-off politicians," he will tell a friend a few days later, gleefully recounting the entire scene. "It was riotous."

Riotous. Hinckle uses this word a lot. It suits him as perfectly as the big bow ties he usually sports. In the course of his job at the *Chronicle*, Hinckle has been kicked off a Rolling Stones tour, threatened to sue his own newspaper for libel and written a gut-wrenching series about the plight of elderly hotel tenants. The stories turned on the heat, political and otherwise, virtually overnight.

Small wonder that Hinckle says riotous all the time. It certainly sums up his outrageous dual career as editor of four now-defunct magazines: *Ramparts, Scanlan's, City of San Francisco* and *Frisco*. (Some suggest a strong connection between the magazines' demise and Hinckle's handling of them.) At *Ramparts*, back in the sixties, Hinckle unveiled unsavory activities by the Catholic Church in Vietnam. *Scanlan's* existed for less than a year in the early seventies, but in that short time Hinckle incurred the wrath of Richard Nixon and unleashed Hunter S. Thompson's wacked-out gonzo journalism on an unsuspecting world for the first time.

Later, in the mid-seventies, Hinckle raised a furor when *City* magazine published a racy article called "Why Women Can't Get Laid in S.F." By the time he ran a phony Irish Republican Army recruitment ad in *Frisco* a couple of years ago, everyone figured it was business as usual. Riotous.

IT TAKES A LOT TO FAZE Hinckle. Consider the scene unfolding in his comfortable Castro District apartment one morning in late January. Five people are milling about, all of them clutching drinks even though it is not yet noon. It's noisy, too. The door to the porch is wide open, letting in loud shrieks from kids playing in a nearby schoolyard, as well as a couple of flies. And Hinckle himself tends to roar when he's not muttering in that gruff growl of his. Meantime, Wendell the basset hound, feeling neglected, has begun to bark.

Big deal. Hinckle calmly surveys this chaos with his one good eye, refills the ice bucket, then turns his attention to more important matters. Like digging around in a closet stuffed with his clippings, back issues and other mementos. One day, Boston University will come and cart it all away, along with all the stuff that also fills his basement.

It's a great deal, Hinckle explains. The university contacted him and offered to catalog everything. The only problem is that he never has time to sort it all out for them.

Understandably. Aside from his job

at the *Chronicle*, Hinckle runs Silver Dollar Books, which will publish his Dan White book, *Gay Slayer*, early this year, followed by a book about Dashiell Hammett later on. He's also working on a treatment about Alan Funt, of *Candid Camera* fame, and he's busy with the Virginia City Resto-

(a) Warren Hinckle as a student at the University of San Francisco, where even then he created a stir. (b) As editor of USF's *Daily Foghorn*, Hinckle first created a sensation by exposing popular *Chronicle* columnist Count Marco as gay hairdresser Henry Spinelli. "It was an old-fashioned newspaper crusade," Hinkle says. "We beat him up day after day." (c) By 1964, Hinckle was working at *Ramparts*, which opposed the Vietnam War early on with an "I Quit!" confession by a former Green Beret. (d) *Ramparts* also hit the CIA with damning exposés, including a story about the agency's involvement at Michigan State University. "At first, even I couldn't believe the CIA did this kind of stuff," he says. (e) Before *Ramparts*, Hinckle wrote for the *Chronicle*, where he hit the front page with offbeat stories like "Phantoms of the Fox." "That was old *Chronicle* madness," he recalls. (f) Following graduation, Hinckle ran an unsuccessful campaign for San Francisco supervisor on the slogan, "Save What Is Left of San Francisco."

ration Corporation, now renovating a hotel in the mining town and gearing up to publish a newspaper, *The Daily Trespass*. By contrast, business has been a little slow at Hinckle's Red Star Detective Agency lately, possibly because it doesn't have a phone number or address.

"Jesus!" shouts Hinckle from the closet, where he is rummaging around for an article about how the National News Council censured him for his remarkable hotel heat articles, in which Hinckle accused the Patel clan (Indian nationals and owners of numerous San Francisco hotels) of housing violations, including failure to provide heat. Some people felt the series deserved a Pulitzer Prize, but the NNC said it "unfairly attacked a large group of people for the actions of a few."

"Those stories!" he says. "It was one of those things where you say 'Bang,' and they say, 'I'm dead.' It hardly ever happens in journalism. I was outraged by the censure. Furious! They had some nerve calling me a racist."

So intent is Hinckle on finding this article that he decides to take off his brown velvet suit, made from a curtain that once hung at the now-demolished Little Fox Theater, and put on some jeans. Also going off are the patent leather dance pumps. The brown eye patch stays on, of course. When he was nine years old, Hinckle was in a serious car crash on Christmas Eve, bad enough that he lost his left eye and missed school for a year-and-a-half. He wore a glass eye until the mid-sixties, when his eye muscles started to deteriorate. After numerous operations, Hinckle switched to an eye patch.

"Ah, that glass eye," he says a few minutes later, after he has retreated to the living room for another drink. "What a pain! I hated it. It was always falling into my soup."

YEARS AGO, A WRITER described Warren Hinckle as a cross between a pirate and the original William Randolph Hearst, a description that still fits. Hinckle's flair for flamboyance and ability to spend money like a millionaire (which, unlike Hearst, he is not) goes all the way back to his days at the University of San Francisco, where he was editor of the *Daily Foghorn*.

One of Hinckle's first acts upon assuming control of the paper was to turn the weekly into a daily and install an expensive Associated Press wire, much to the dismay of the Jesuit priests who ran the school. Hinckle covered the 1960 Winter Olympics from a bar in Squaw Valley, ran stories like "American Catholics: Afraid of Criticism" and exposed *Chronicle* columnist Count Marco as a gay hair-

dresser named Henry Spinelli. The paper was $13,000 in debt by the time he graduated.

After college, Hinckle lost his bid to become a San Francisco supervisor. He also started a publicity firm with equally unsuccessful results. "A disaster of Marx Brothers proportions," is how he describes it in his autobiography, *If You Have a Lemon, Make Lemonade*. But Edward Keating, a Menlo Park millionaire who was starting a small Catholic magazine called *Ramparts*, didn't know about Hinckle's failures. In 1962, he hired, then fired Hinckle as publicist. Ten months later, he hired him back again, this time as editor.

By then, Hinckle had a job at the *Chronicle*—somehow he had convinced Editor Scott Newhall to forget the Count Marco incident—where he started out on the lowly Oakland crime beat but within a year made the front page with stories on Hunter's Point and phantoms haunting the Little Fox Theater.

Under Hinckle's guidance, *Ramparts* went from a quiet quarterly to a monthly magazine that *Time* described as "a rampaging crusader . . . a sensation seeking journal of the New Left." The magazine's baptism by fire took place in the fall of 1964, when *Ramparts*' cover featured a cartoon of Barry Goldwater looking like a rattlesnake. The fall from grace occurred little over four years later.

In between, the magazine exposed covert CIA funding of the National Students Association and military-financed secret research at Michigan State University. It published the diary of Ché Guevara. It came out against the war in Vietnam long before it was fashionable to do so, publishing an article by a former Green Beret titled, "I Quit! The Whole Thing Was a Lie."

Nor did *Ramparts* confine itself to attacking the right. It infuriated hippies by running unflattering stories about Timothy Leary and the Haight-Ashbury scene and so incensed some of its investors with a piece about Israel that it lost two million dollars.

On top of everything else, *Ramparts* revolutionized the magazine business with its glossy, expensive "radical slick" design. Unfortunately, the magazine lost about $20,000 an issue. The *New York Times* suspected *Ramparts* stayed afloat by taking money from communists, and it sent a reporter to investigate. In reality, Hinckle spent more of his time flying around the country looking for investors—he once hit up *Playboy* Publisher Hugh Hefner—than he did running a magazine. When he did venture into the office between trips, he had a habit of ripping apart issues at the last minute, which naturally sent costs even higher.

By February of 1969, it was all over—*Ramparts* owed $300,000. No, wait

(a) After *Ramparts*, Hinckle started *Scanlan's*, in which he continued to take on the Powers That Be, including President Nixon. "He hated the magazine," says Hinckle. "We took a very combative attitude that he was a bum and a crook." (b) Four years after *Scanlan's* folded, Hinckle took over *City* magazine, where he attracted national attention with Susan Berman's article, "Why Women Can't Get Laid in SF." "That was a memorable story," he says. "There was more truth to it than I thought." (c) *Frisco* was his last magazine. Despite its short existence, Hinckle still raised eyebrows with a biting Dan White essay. "San Francisco has never faced up to the fact that Dan White got away with murder," he says. "Nobody wanted to deal with it then, and nobody wants to now." (d) By 1977, Hinckle was back at the *Chronicle* on page one. He still regards his series about heat in local hotels as a major victory. "For once the City got off its ass and did something." (e) A rare shot of Hinckle in an office. He usually works in bars.

THE FISHERMAN FROM CHIHUAHUA

JAN 1, 1984: DAN WHITE GOES FREE. HURRAH?

TOP OF THE NEWS

Francisco Chronicle

Tenderloin, South of Market

Mayor Orders Probe Of Heatless Hotels

A Census Of Every Room

a minute, it wasn't over, not quite. Hinckle returned to the fray a little over a year later with *Scanlan's*, named after an unpopular Irish pig farmer. President Nixon hated the magazine so much he asked his aides to sick the IRS on it, according to John Dean's book *Blind Ambition*. But an IRS attack wasn't necessary. Eight months after it started, *Scanlan's* was finished, its final issue on guerrilla warfare in the United States—so controversial it had to be printed in Canada—confiscated by the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

Before that happened, however, Hinckle had helped give birth to gonzo journalism by introducing the infamous Hunter S. Thompson to illustrator Ralph Steadman.

FOUR YEARS PASSED before Hinckle got his hands on another magazine. If a coin flipped by filmmaker Francis Ford Coppola had come up tails rather than heads, Hinckle would have never become a guest editor at *City of San Francisco*. Instead, he was the third editor in as many months at *City*, which *Newsweek* described as "a splashy tabloid chock-a-block with trendy insights into local culture."

Such as the fact, according to Hinckle's first issue there in August 1975, that women can't get laid in San Francisco. Written by Susan Berman, "Why Women Can't Get Laid In S.F." attracted national attention, doubled *City's* circulation and once again established Hinckle as a madman muckraker with a taste for the sensational. He followed that up with stories on topics ranging from anal intercourse to flying saucers, Dashiell Hammett to mistreated rich ladies.

City might have become successful if Coppola hadn't abruptly shut it down three months later. The big joke going around then was that Hinckle was the only person who could spend money faster than Coppola could make it. But actually he cut costs during his tenure there. Still, *City* was losing $20,000 a week, and Coppola needed all his cash for the movie *Apocalypse Now*.

"I think Warren knew the end was coming when Francis pushed him into a pool at a party one night," recalls *Chronicle* columnist Herb Caen. "He just shoved him in. As a joke, of course. I think the magazine was going under then. So Warren went under first."

Hinckle agrees that he and Coppola had a stormy relationship.

"I wasn't very nice to him," he says. "He kept coming around the office, and I kept telling him to go away. So what if it was his money! If I'm putting out the magazine, then that's it."

Of them all, Hinckle seems least fond of *Frisco*, launched in 1981 after the defunct *Boulevards* magazine was purchased by a group of twenty well-known writers—including *Chronicle* art critic Thomas Albright and author Maya Angelou—following fifteen hours of negotiations at one of Hinckle's favorite bars, the Dovre Club.

"It went downhill from there," says Jesse Hamlin, Caen's assistant and a *Chronicle* jazz critic. It was Hamlin who first heard that a magazine called *Boulevards* was for sale, and he suggested to Albright that they round up some people to buy it. "I personally had fun," Hamlin says. "There was a lot of yelling and laughing. But it wasn't one of journalism's greater moments. No one was really editing it. There were too many egos involved."

Nevertheless, Hinckle naturally managed to make an impact, even though *Frisco* folded after six issues. The FBI and the Justice Department investigated that phony IRA recruitment ad, for one thing. And Hinckle's front page essay on Dan White still ranks as one of his most biting pieces.

"San Francisco has become the biggest queer-bashing town in the world. People here can get away with murder if they trash a fag," it began. "Dan White did, and he's a hero to many people in Frisco. Now there are hundreds of Dan White clones running around doing his hateful thing. SF has become a gay Clockwork Orange."

At first, the memory of all this makes Hinckle shake his head and paraphrase Macbeth: "All my pretty ones, gone, gone, gone, all in one blow." And then he perks up somewhat, saying, "Why should magazines last forever? Most of them go on too long. I think three to five years is plenty. The ones that go on for twenty years become careers and get boring.

"Publishing is a crazy business. People get stuffy and self-important about it. What you really want to do is direct feeling, change things. It really

doesn't matter how much it takes to get that done. Once it's over, it's over. Done! You go home and have a drink. But if you give up early in the game, you're in trouble."

He pauses for a moment, leans forward and asks, "You know what I think is the real problem with most publications? It's this idiotic notion about coming out on time."

HINCKLE IS NOT AN Irish name, it's German. Still, Warren James Hinckle III is an Irishman through and through. His family has lived in San Francisco since the 1890s, when his grandfather was stationed at the Presidio during the Spanish-American War. Warren James Hinckle II married Angela De Vere in San Francisco back in the late twenties and together had three children: Warren James III, now forty-five, Bob (a Denver real estate agent) and Marianne, who works at a San Francisco printing company.

Hinckle was a shy, thin child who read a lot, not at all a hell-raiser, according to his mother. "I noticed a change in him after the eye injury," says Angela Hinckle. "I don't know if he felt he had to prove something, or what. I never could figure it out. But after he went back to school, he was a different boy. Always trying to stir up something."

Even though no one else in his family writes, it is natural that Hinckle became a journalist and author (he's written four books to date: his autobiography, *Guerilla War in the USA*, *The 10 Second Jailbreak*, and *The Fish Is Red*). In the all Irish-Catholic community out in the West Portal where he grew up, there were certain acceptable professions for a young man. He could be a cop, a priest, a politician—or a journalist.

So of course he accepted when *Chronicle* Publisher Richard Thieriot offered to rehire Hinckle back in 1977. No one remembers much about the actual circumstances. Hinckle thinks he said something rude about the paper to Thieriot at a party, and that Thieriot shot back, "Well, why don't you do something about it." That's as good an explanation as any, according to Executive Editor William German.

Since his rehire, Hinckle has established his own particular niche at Northern California's biggest paper, usually on page four, sometimes on page one. He specializes in certain types of stories, often those about segments of San Francisco that would otherwise go neglected. Hinckle writes about the Irish, the old-timers of North Beach, the poor, the nutty and those who buck the system. Cops, criminals, his buddy the bartender, all are suitable subjects to him, as is anything else that strikes his fancy.

"I think he represents many things indigenous to San Francisco," says German. "Some of it goes back quite a way. But Warren is often aware of things which are avant-garde, too. There is a blustery warmth about him which crosses a lot of boundaries."

Indeed. In 1982 alone Hinckle wrote two pieces about a local ship involved in the Falklands War and a series on Cuba. He also did a story on a shop that sells ladies underwear to men, as well as one about an apartment that rents for $75 a month. Other topics included a 111-year-old man, weird artist Mark Pauline and a feud within the gay community over the memory of slain supervisor Harvey Milk.

His style differs from most of today's journalism, too. Consider the 1978 story, "Shooting Craps in Style":

Monty the Duck was there in spats, and Hydro Willy the Cucumber wore his best hat. Cactus Jack, who drove all the way from Moss Beach, buttoned up his cardigan when he saw the cut of the joint. The word had gone out in the heat of a dead Memorial Day Sunday. Jimmy the Glove was floating a crap game—a real crap game.

I DON'T THINK AN OBJECtive press is possible; I think an opinionated press is a good thing," says Hinckle. "For some reason, opinions are looked down on. To say that newspapers don't come to a political viewpoint as to what they want in a newspaper is crazy. It's denying the reality of what they are.

"I change my mind about some stories. Sometimes the facts don't conform to what I thought a story would be, and I come out on the other side. A few years ago, there was this tow truck guy in the Mission who was yanking all these poor people's cars out of lots. They were all calling me, saying, 'This guy's a real bastard, go get him.' So I go out to see him, and it turns out this guy is poorer, more set upon, more honest, and had a tougher life than all those people with towed cars. I came out on his side," says Hinckle, laughing softly. "Politics."

Not everyone likes Hinckle's work. The Harvey Milk Gay Democratic Club called one Hinckle story "disgusting," accused him of appalling sexism and said that "Hinckle has never been known for accuracy or fairness in pursuit of a juicy story."

Writer Robert Sam Anson, in his book *Gone Crazy and Back Again*, describes Hinckle as a rascal by temperament, a swashbuckler by disposition and a genius by personal estimation. "One could never be sure about Warren Hinckle, whether his chief love was drinking, telling tales, or giving the United States government fits, since he did all three in such profusion," writes Anson.

Even Hinckle's close friends say he has a habit of leaving bodies behind. Concert promoter Bill Graham is still seething over articles Hinckle wrote during a 1981 Rolling Stones tour, especially one that hinted the band was going to play one of Graham's nightclubs.

"The coverage of the Rolling Stones was atrocious," Graham says. "He'd been asking me for an interview with Mick Jagger, and I was trying to help. So then he comes out with the rumor about the club date, and we've hundreds of people calling the office, hundreds of people lined up outside the club.

"Hinckle shows up for a Stones concert in Seattle, and I asked him, 'Are you aware of what you caused? Get out of here!' I was trying to do him a favor and look what he does in return."

Others defend Hinckle's approach and say he's a wonderful writer. Herb

Continued on page 111

Continued from page 46

Caen does, for instance. So does Richard Reinhardt, a former *Chronicle* reporter who teaches newswriting at the University of California, writes books and freelances articles to publications like the *Columbia Journalism Review*.

"He exemplifies a style of journalism that there is a great place for in our world," says Reinhardt, who places Hinckle in a league with Mark Twain, Lincoln Steffens and John Reed. "A lot of people think the only good journalism is that which resembles the *New York Times*, with its self-importance, or the *Washington Post*, with its reputation as a gadfly of the government.

"Hinckle is of a tradition that precedes all that. He wants to stir up people's emotions and interests. No matter how much he colors things, if in the process he comes to the real truth, then that's serving the higher process of journalism."

Working with Hinckle isn't always easy, even at the *Chronicle*, where he can't tear editions apart the way he always did at his own magazines. One *Chronicle* staffer describes the process as "bemusement tinged with anguish." Even James Hicks, the paper's special projects editor, whose main job, apparently, is keeping track of Hinckle, admits that he usually has to phone three or four bars whenever he wants Hinckle to turn in a story.

Still, Hicks says, "I hate to destroy this image which he has so carefully cultivated. But Warren is very sharp, very good and very precise. He's one of the most professional people around. But that's a secret.

"I always know when he's ready to write. He shows up with a six-pack of ale. Then he won't leave the building until he's done. When Warren was working on the hotel heat stories, he was here around the clock for days."

The rest of the time, Hinckle breezes in and out whenever he feels like it. Apparently management likes it that way. He gets into trouble if he spends to much time in the office. Hinckle once threatened to sue the paper for libel over a column Charles McCabe wrote about him, even though the offending phrase—something along the lines of "a paid agent of the IRA"—was never seen anywhere except on a video display terminal.

"He's a great character, there's a timeless quality about him," says Caen. "When I first met him, he was young and brash. He still is."

WARREN HINCKLE drinks in Irish bars in the Mission District. He also drinks in cop bars near the Civic Center, scavenger bars out in the Sunset, Italian bars in North Beach and black bars located so deep in Hunter's Point that cops won't go there.

Hinckle has hung around in bars since he was a teenager. Apparently it runs in the family. When his father had a fatal heart attack, he was sitting on a bar stool. Cookie Picetti likes to tell about Marianne Hinckle's twenty-first birthday party at his Kearney Street bar. "I couldn't believe she was only twenty-one," he says. "She'd been coming here for *years*."

Hinckle personally has little use for offices—"everyone hassles you with all this crazy bureaucratic stuff"—so he spends much time in bars, which are perfect for what he likes to do best—read, write, think and talk. Not just dives, either. For all his ability to defend the downtrodden, Hinckle always flies first class and feels right at home in fine restaurants. Places like Jack's, where he's having lunch today, a week after that first KQED taping. It makes perfect sense to him that yesterday he was at Sam Jordan's—"out in Butchertown, on third street to hell and back"—and that tomorrow, he could be at any one of a dozen other spots, elegant or otherwise.

"Fishes swim up and down in the sea. I move through it all. That's America," says Hinckle. "Most people don't deal with it very well; they get stuck in this idea of strata. The New Left guys I hung out with in the sixties could never understand me. I always thought that, come the revolution, we'll all sit in the same boat. Until we tear the sucker down, we might as well enjoy things."

During lunch, Hinckle talks about many things. Ever the renegade Catholic, he doesn't go to church more than one or twice a year, if that. But religion, at least the cultural aspects of it, still matter to him.

"Being a Catholic is nice," he says. "Protestants have this phony reserve, which I think comes from being left out. Unlike Catholics and Jews, they don't have this long history of being persecuted. If you aren't a Catholic or a Jew, you're screwed."

Oh, c'mon.

"You're bait for shrinks," he gleefully insists.

Hinckle glibly deflects questions about his personal life, however, especially regarding a pending divorce from Denice, his wife of eighteen years. (They have two daughters, one studying at Sarah Lawrence, the other in high school in San Francisco.) Those who know him well say that Warren Hinckle is actually a shy person.

But you'd never guess it from the way he's carrying on at Cookie's, where he holds court after Jack's. He chats up Cookie, discusses some business with others. When Jesse Hamlin pops in, Hinckle insists on buying him a drink.

"There's a sequel to that Susan Berman story, you know," says Hinckle, looking sly. "I had become, um, slightly involved with her. And Susan —God, she's so crazy, I love her for this—wrote at the end of her second article, 'The old editor wouldn't lay me, but thank God the new editor did!'

"The art director reads this, and he can't believe it. He calls my wife, who tells me to take it out. I say, I can't, it's a matter of principle. So he snips off the ending anyway! But early proofs of the issue had gone to Coppola's press agent, who sent out a release that said, 'Susan Berman Gets Laid.'"

It's early evening and Cookie is closing up now. Hinckle makes a couple of phone calls, then steps out into a warm, achingly beautiful San Francisco night.

Where is Hinckle going now?

"I'm not telling you everything," he says, moving off up the street, wearing that brown velvet suit and carrying his battered briefcase. It is many blocks before he fades into the crowd. ■

BY ROBERTA ALEXANDER

OF MICE AND WOMAN

How Mickey's rodent relatives turned a confirmed animal lover into an eager executioner

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I DIDN'T KNOW THAT I had any feeling about mice until they turned up in my house. Although I've never been particularly sentimental about animals, I like to think I'm not insensitive. Save the whales? Fine. Stop killing baby seals? Fine. But then, seals and whales haven't moved into my kitchen. At this point, it would be okay with me to nuke the mice.

As hard as this is to confess (no native of New York ever wanting to admit that we don't have more of everything than anywhere else), I've never had mice before. Cockroaches, sure. Ants, occasionally. But not mice.

The trouble is that, for rodents, mice have a remarkably good press. Who could possibly appear more benevolent than dear old Mickey M.? "As quiet as a mouse," we say, to indicate a state of repose. Believe me, there is nothing particularly restful about the peculiarly slurred scratching sound of a mouse tearing open a spaghetti package.

Having become aware—however unwillingly—of mice, I found I couldn't escape them anywhere: my daughter wanted help with her English homework. "Is this a simile or a metaphor?" she asked, "'her mouse feet peeped under the dress.'" I turned on the TV and Larue said, "I don't know if we can find him, Captain. A man like that has a lot of mouseholes to hide in." In my magazine was a coloring ad for mousy brown hair, and in my morning crossword was a clue: "rodent," five letters.

I went whimpering to my friends.

Norma told me that her children had once had mice as pets. "Maybe it was their pedigree," she said, "but every field mouse in the county found its way into our house, wanting to make whoopee. The kids used to wake up at night screaming because there were mice running all over the room."

Eventually, over the children's objections, the pet mice were removed, and Norma set out massive amounts of poison for the intruders.

Melinda too has been infested. "I called in the exterminator. He said to use D-Con, that it would make them thirsty and they would go out of the house looking for water."

She paused and sighed. "I believed him," she said. "What he didn't explain was that the water activates the poison."

And so one evening that week, when she went to preheat the broiler before cooking hamburgers, a terrible stench filled the kitchen.

"When I'd put the broiler tray back in the night before, I hadn't bothered to dry it," she said. Three poisoned, thirsty mice had died on that tray, only to be charbroiled the following day.

Fran, a farmer's daughter, had a more sanguine attitude. "In Georgia we had mice, but we also had these big old rats."

I wasn't ready for rat stories.

I lived in Washington," Fran recalled, "we had mice all over the place. At night they'd climb through the stove and poke their heads through the burners."

It was on Fran's advice that I set glue traps out in the kitchen. "You'll like them better," she said, watching me shudder. "You don't have to touch them; just throw away the trap."

A nice sanitary disposal—just my speed. Unfortunately, Fran forgot to tell me that there is a time lag between when the mouse is caught and when it dies. When I noticed that one of my traps had moved, I should just have gone away for a few hours. Instead, I investigated and found one of my unwanted guests struggling to free its feet. This was not one of my finest hours, and I will draw a discreet veil over my ensuing panic.

It's an interesting point, actually; how a woman who has coped with illness, depression, death, childbirth, divorce, surgery, unemployment and most of the seven deadly sins can become hysterical at the sight of a trapped mouse. Someday—when all this is behind me—I'm going to think about this.

I told my tale of woe at the office the next day, only to discover evidence of an office mouse. The telltale scratches on my box of tea, the nibbles taken from a coworker's candy bar, told their own story. I got a canister for my tea, but the more important issue remains unresolved. Why have I developed this mouse karma? Is there something in my aura? Is this plague of rodents an objective correlative of a hitherto unrecognized inner conflict?

I suppose I'll get it sorted out one of these days. For the moment, I've got enough poison and traps set out to discourage a horde—a gaggle? a pack?—of mice. I'm going to put off thinking about whether I need a therapist rather than an exterminator; that's a mouse of a different color. ■

ILLUSTRATION BY KEVIN POPE