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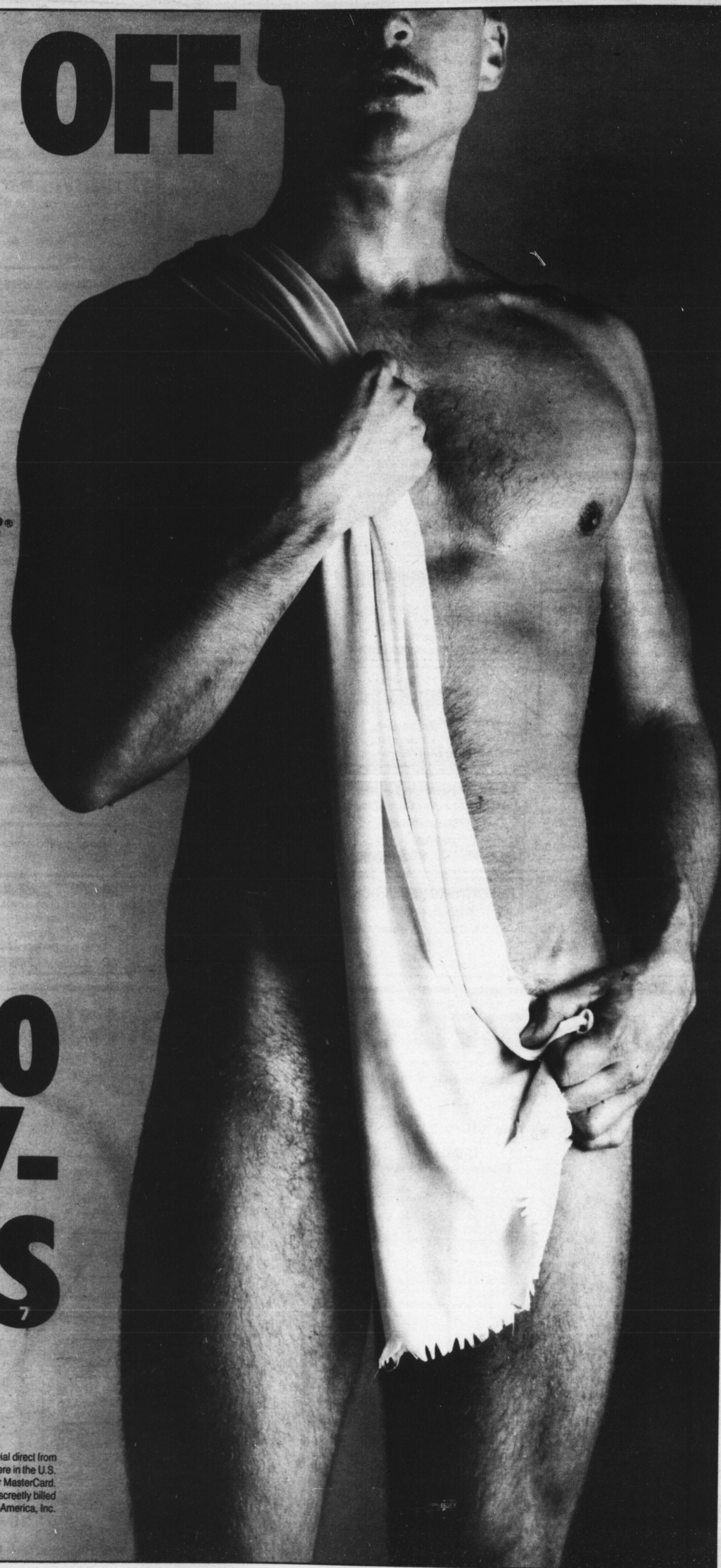
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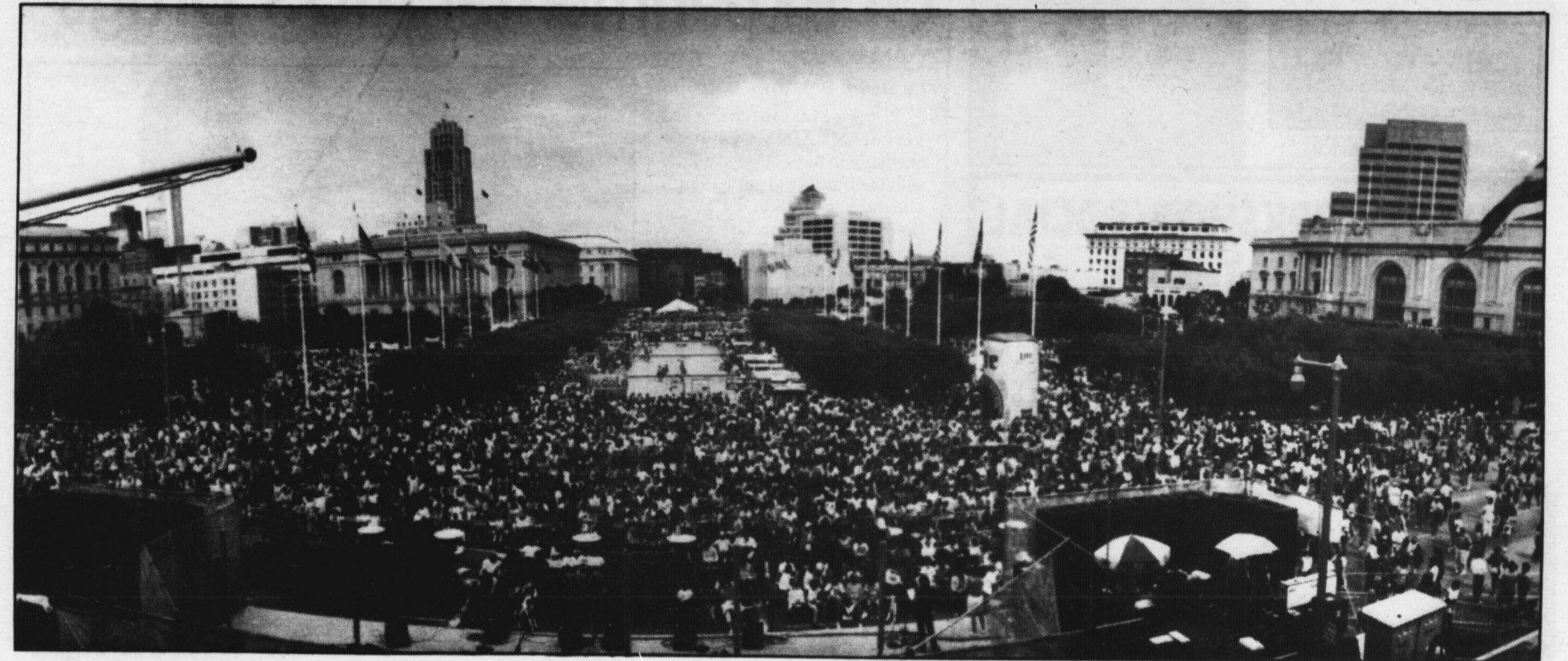
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# 300,000 Join in Parade



The view from Mayor Art Agnos's office during the post-parade celebration at Civic Center on Lesbian/Gay Freedom Day, June 25. (Photo: Darlene/PhotoGraphics)

# BAY AREA REPORTER

VOL. XIX NO. 26 JUNE 29, 1989

395 NINTH STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94103-3831

TELEPHONE: 415/861-5019

by Allen White

An estimated 300,000 people participated in the largest annual lesbian/gay event in the world last Sunday here in San Francisco. Beginning for the first time at Castro and Market streets, the 1989 San Francisco Lesbian/Gay Freedom Day Parade was a spectacular collage celebrating the pride of gay men and lesbians.

Near the front of the parade marched more than a dozen people who had been at the Stonewall Inn in New York in 1969. It was the 20th anniversary of the riot at Stonewall that provided the inspiration for Sunday's event.

The parade and the Civic Center celebration were both themed to "A Generation of Pride." Leading the parade were three grand marshalls representing San Francisco's early gay-rights movement, which pre-dates Stonewall.

Jose Sarria grandly sat on a convertible in an all-white outfit waving at the crowd. He looked remarkably like Pope John Paul II.

He was followed by Phyllis Lyon and Del Martin. The two were all smiles as people ran up to the car and greeted them.

The most enthusiastic response of the afternoon was reserved for people with AIDS and AIDS service organizations. Those in the grandstand rose to their feet and gave the contingents emotional standing ovations.

This was the first year a contingent had been formed of surviving partners of people who have died of AIDS. They too were warmly greeted by the hundreds of thousands lining the parade

route.

A full year of meetings and true struggle in the lesbian community paid off Sunday with the re-emergence of the women's motorcycle contingent. The group began almost 10 years ago as the Dykes on Bikes.

They started forming over on Collingwood a full three hours before the parade began. The projection was for 250 bikes in the parade, but when the parade finally began, more than 500 motorcycles descended on Market Street.

More than 300 units of one form or another followed the motorcyclists. It was the largest gay parade ever held in San Francisco and the largest annual celebration of gay pride in the world. The San Francisco Lesbian/Gay Freedom Day Parade is the largest annual parade in the state of California, except for Pasadena's Tournament of Roses Parade.

In New York City, over 150,000 people participated on Sunday, while over 200,000 were reported in Los Angeles. Chicago's Mayor Daley rode in that city's parade with close to 90,000 gay pride celebrants.

The units in the San Francisco parade represented the diversity of the gay community. There were community groups of almost every fashion and stripe. Gay religious groups, representatives from dozens of labor organizations, performing arts organizations—they were all in the parade.

There were "High Tech" gays from Silicon Valley and gay employees from PG&E. There

(Continued on Page 12)

## Experimental AIDS Treatment

# Project Inform Exec Defends Monitoring of Compound Q

by David Smyth

Joe Brewer, a co-founder and co-executive director of Project Inform, has defended the group's monitoring of Compound Q, an experimental AIDS treatment that has been given to several volunteers outside of the federal drug-testing program.

"Anything that teaches us how to handle the drug is important," Brewer said, adding that "it's just as important to see if the drug doesn't work, so that we can focus our energy on other treatments."

A controversy over the ad hoc drug trial ignited this week when a man who had received the compound under a doctor's supervision died sometime later. Randy Shilts reported in the June 27 *San Francisco Chronicle* that the man "choked on his own vomit and died at Mt. Zion Hospital" on Saturday, June 24. It has not been established whether Compound Q played a role in the man's death.

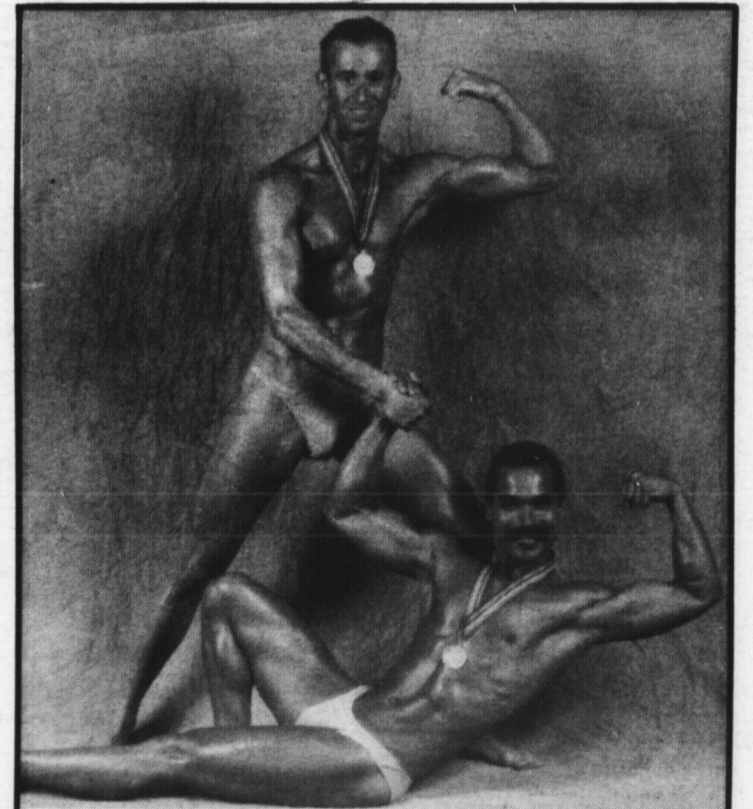
Compound Q is the common name for GLQ 223, a purified form of the drug tricosanthin. The drug has been used to induce abortion and treat some cancers in China for decades. Officially sanctioned studies of the drug's effect on HIV-infected people began last month at San Francisco General Hospital.

Activists have imported Compound Q from a factory in

Shanghai, prompting Project Inform to design a study that could obtain useful data on the possible benefits as well as dangers of

the new drug, before HIV-infected people begin using it on a widespread basis.

(Continued on Page 2)



## Hot 'n' Hunky

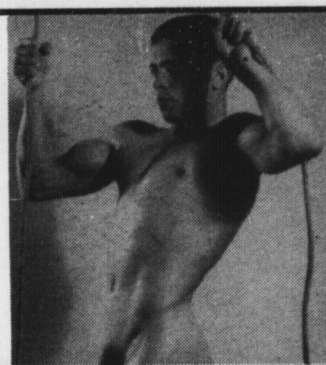
Stuart Siegel, standing, and John Jay DeLeon, silver medal winners in last Saturday's Physique '89 bodybuilding contest. See story, page 16.

(Photo: S. Savage)

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## Fauci Proposes Wider Use Of Experimental AIDS Drugs

by David Smyth

A proposal to make experimental AIDS treatments available to patients who are unwilling or unable to participate in clinical trials received an enthusiastic welcome last Friday, June 23, at the HIV Treatment Awareness Week conference at Civic Auditorium in San Francisco. The proposed policy change had long been sought by AIDS activists.

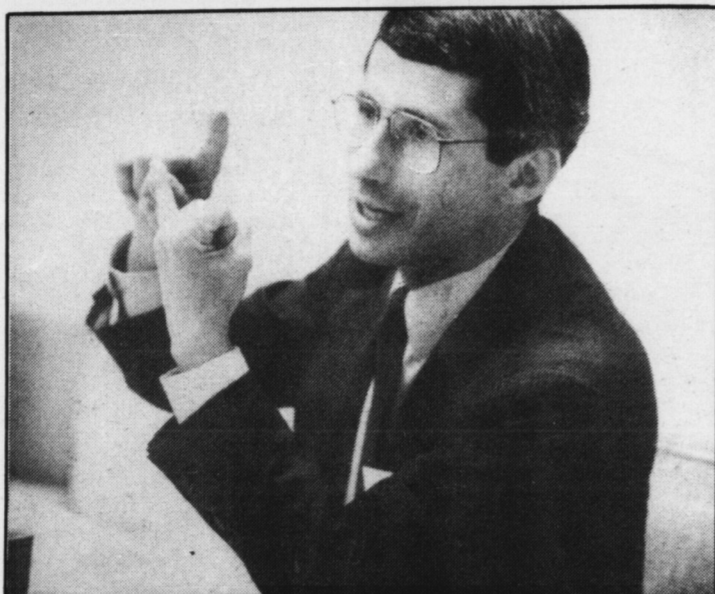
Dr. Anthony Fauci, the pre-eminent federal AIDS official, described his plan for compassionate use of experimental drugs as a "parallel track." One track would consist of traditional, rigorous clinical trials; the other track would involve providing the drug to patients who, for several unspecified reasons, could not participate in the drug trial.

The proposal would apply only to phase-two studies of a drug's effectiveness. Phase-one studies establish a drug's safety and search for toxic side effects, although these early studies often yield preliminary indications of a drug's effectiveness.

Dr. Fauci is director of the National Institute of Allergy and Infectious Diseases, a division of the National Institutes of Health, which receives most of the federal funds allocated for AIDS programs.

Fauci cautioned that his parallel track proposal, while supported by the Food and Drug Administration, could not be implemented by his "fiat" alone. Releasing a drug to people who cannot participate in a clinical trial would have to be a decision made by the drug manufacturer as well. Some drugs might not be available in sufficient quantities to give to people outside a clinical trial.

Details about who would qualify to receive drugs under the parallel-track proposal have not been worked out, but Fauci said the guidelines would not provide untested drugs "for thousands of people, only excluded people." He did not address the possibility that thousands of people might be excluded from a drug trial. Nor did he suggest



Dr. Anthony Fauci speaking in San Francisco at HIV Treatment Awareness Week. (Photo: Barbara J. Maggiani)

how an already overburdened bureaucracy that takes months to pass on applications to test drugs could process applications for compassionate use in a timely fashion. And, finally, there was no suggestion as to who would pay for the drugs provided under the program.

ddl, a drug related to AZT, will be one of the first experimental treatments that could be released under the parallel-track proposal. The drug just completed phase-one tests and will soon begin phase two. Dr. Fauci said he was negotiating with Bristol Myers, the manufacturer, about the terms for compassionate use of the drug.

The outcome of the talks is by no means certain. Larry Kramer told the *Bay Area Reporter* on the afternoon of Dr. Fauci's announcement that he and other members of New York ACT UP had met that morning with Bristol Myers officials who indicated a reluctance to agree to the proposal until eligibility requirements were spelled out. "We're making Bristol Myers the first test case" of parallel track, Kramer said. A boycott of the company's products might occur if it does not agree to release ddl, Kramer added.

Fauci praised the "constructive pressures" of AIDS activists,

which resulted in his proposal. He said he had met with New York ACT UP earlier in the week to discuss his proposal. Martin Delaney, co-director of Project Inform, said he had suggested the idea of parallel release of experimental therapies to Fauci several months ago.

In a speech to the same conference, Dr. Michael McGrath provided more information about Compound Q, a potential therapy that began human testing in May. The University of California researcher warned people not to use the powdered form of the Chinese cucumber from which the drug is made. The drug's active ingredient, tricosanthin, is inactive in the powder form, he said. However, he said there is "apparently no difference" between his version of tricosanthin and the highly purified liquid manufactured in China.

The phase-one safety trials of the drug at U.C. "are in the process of being speeded up," according to McGrath.

"There is a good indication these tests could be wrapped up by Sept. 1," Martin Delaney said. Compound Q would not be eligible for parallel-track release to patients until it begins phase-two testing.

ribavirin and isoprinisine that provided results long before officially commissioned trials.

The FDA is "well aware of [the trial] going on and respectful of the patient care and legalities," Brewer said.

He cited an FDA policy that allows doctors to treat patients with unapproved remedies that the patients have obtained themselves.

Brewer declined to discuss specific results from the studies of Q other than to say that p24 antigen levels, a measure of viral activity, appear to decline significantly.

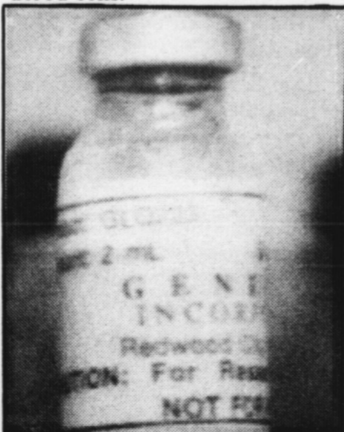
He said that, "People are quite enthusiastic about the treatment, and I doubt anyone would say they have been harmed. One person said, 'I feel like I have a second chance.' Another said, 'It's the first time I felt there is real hope and not just a hypothetical possibility.'"

Tandy Belew received two doses of the drug and suffered severe side effects.

"For a week or a week and a half, I didn't know who I was or what time it was. I couldn't find

the bathroom or remember phone numbers."

But he also enjoys substantial benefits, which he attributes to the drug, such as a drastically reduced p24 antigen level and dramatically increased white blood cells.



Genentech GLQ223.

"I feel great now. I'm glad I did it [participated in the trial], but it scared my family to death."

It has been reported that Compound Q's side effects are more severe for those whose brains and central nervous systems are infected with HIV.

## Supervisors Blast Walker Nomination

by Drew Blakeman

Ten of the 11 members of the San Francisco Board of Supervisors have reiterated their opposition to the nomination of San Francisco attorney Vaughn R. Walker to fill a vacancy on the U.S. District Court serving the Northern California region.

In a strongly worded five-page letter, dated June 8 and addressed to U.S. Senator Joseph R. Biden Jr. (D-Del.), chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee, the supervisors expressed their "dismay" at Walker's "troubling" renomination to the federal bench by President George Bush.

The supervisors' letter to Biden cites "several disqualifying factors in the nominee's record," which "is replete with evidence that gives cause for our considerable worry over Mr. Walker's ability to be a fair and impartial jurist.

"Mr. Walker is clearly unsuited for a lifetime court appointment... We urge [you] to reject this nomination," the letter says. As chairman of the Judiciary Committee, Biden has the power to set the ground rules by which the committee would consider Walker's suitability to serve as one of 18 federal judges on the District Court.

Supervisor Bill Maher was the lone board member who did not sign the letter. In an interview in the June 15 issue of the *Daily Journal*, a San Francisco publication catering to the legal community, Maher said he was out of town when the letter was mailed to Biden, but that he would not have signed it anyway.

An aide in Maher's office said Tuesday that the supervisor was "out of town" and unavailable for comment.

An article in the June 2 issue of the *Daily Journal* quoted unnamed congressional sources as saying the defeat of Walker's nomination is "in doubt" and that he is "likely" to win confirmation to the federal bench this summer.

Supervisor Richard Hongisto was the primary force behind the drafting of the letter to Biden, according to Hongisto aide T.J. Anthony. Hongisto "energetically opposes nominees to court posts who are known homophobes," Anthony said.

"The Walker nomination is plagued with controversy, and we view it as hostile to the interests of the Northern California district and its citizens," the supervisors wrote. "The people of this district are entitled to a more dignified and honorable choice. We have no confidence at all that Mr. Walker is capable of dispensing justice fairly."

Gay activists, joined by other minority groups and civil rights advocates, vehemently oppose Walker's nomination because of what the letter describes as his "shocking lack of understanding and sensitivity to women and minorities" and "contempt for judicial ethics."

Prior to his nomination to the District Court, Walker achieved notoriety as the attorney who represented the United States Olympic Committee in its trademark infringement suit against San Francisco Arts and Athletics for calling its sporting events "Gay Olympics." Walker won the

case, and the group was forced to rename its athletic competitions "Gay Games."

The supervisors wrote that Walker "went beyond the bounds of decency" when he attached the personal residence of the late Dr. Thomas Waddell, founder of the "Gay Olympics," to cover \$96,000 in litigation fees. A federal appellate court ruled Walker could not justify such an "excessive" amount, and vacated the judgment.

Despite the Circuit Court decision, Walker refused to lift the lien for more than a year, until public outcry forced him to sign the release on the property after Waddell's death from AIDS. Many observers of the case felt that Walker's actions constituted a personal vendetta which bared his extreme homophobia and overt hostility toward gays.

Walker was originally named to fill the District Court post by former President Ronald Reagan



Supervisor Richard Hongisto.

(Photo: Rink)

in December 1987. On February 16, 1988, the Board of Supervisors unanimously passed a resolution by consent opposing the nomination. At that time, Maher expressed his support for the resolution, according to civil rights attorney Mary Dunlap.

"Frankly, I'm shocked at [Maher's] behavior," Dunlap

said, adding, "Last year he says one thing," but because it's "less expedient... this year he says another." Dunlap defended Waddell in the "Gay Olympics" case against Walker.

At the time of his nomination, Walker was a member of San Francisco's all-male Olympic Club. The 4,700-member organ-

ization was also all-white until an anti-discrimination lawsuit filed by the city prompted the club to admit two black men in the spring of 1988. This token action did not placate City Attorney Louise Renne; the suit is still pending.

The American Bar Association's Code of Judicial Conduct states that "it is inappropriate for a judge to hold membership in an organization that practices invidious discrimination on the basis of race, sex, or national origin," according to the supervisors' letter.

Biden's Judiciary Committee held confirmation hearings on Walker's appointment during the summer of 1988, during which he defended his membership in the Olympic Club. However, the controversy surrounding his affiliation with the club prompted the committee to table the nomination, effectively killing it.

Walker's nomination expired by law in October 1988, when the 100th Congress adjourned without having confirmed his appointment by a vote of the full Senate. He belatedly resigned his membership in the Olympic Club on February 15, in anticipation that Bush would resubmit his name to the Judiciary Committee. Walker was nominated for the second time on February 28.

(Continued on page 20)

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# Reform Jews Debate Ordaining Gays

## Local Gay Rabbi Named Executive Director of Mainstream Organization

by Henry Mach

What more could be asked of a mainstream religion that endorsed gay civil rights in 1977? For more than 600 Reform Jewish rabbis who met in Cincinnati last weekend, the debate has now focused on ordination of openly gay and lesbian rabbis.

Rabbi Allen Bennett of San Francisco explains, "Reform Judaism supports gay civil rights. But it has yet to support gay religious rights or gay religious rites. It does not acknowledge the validity of our relationships, or job protection for sexual minorities."

In 1987 the Union of American Hebrew Congregations (UAHC), the national organization of Reform Jewish synagogues, passed a resolution strengthening the language of its decade-old gay rights pronouncement. But there was a specific request from senior members of the Central Conference of American Rabbis (CCAR), the group representing Reform rabbis, asking that endorsement for gay rabbis and cantors not be included until the CCAR had had time to consider the issue.

Rabbi Yoel Kahn of San Francisco's Congregation Sha'ar Zahav has been part of the CCAR committee considering the religious status of gay and lesbian Jews. He is the only openly gay member of the 12-person committee.

"It's easy to oppose anti-gay violence," Rabbi Kahn states, "or to say gay and lesbian people can be citizens. But can gays and lesbians be full members of the faith community?"

Rabbi Mark Golub, CCAR's director of public information, reports that Rabbi Kahn's June 26 presentation on "The Sanctity of Homosexual Relationships" received a standing ovation from half the crowd of more than 500 in attendance. Golub says this was an unusually large turnout for a Monday morning convention speech.

While expressing disappoint-

ment over the length of the "education process," Rabbi Kahn feels "encouraged about a resolution [on gay ordination] passing at next year's convention."

Rabbi Bennett, who did not attend the Cincinnati gathering, believes such a resolution was shelved this year because "This was the centennial convention. They did not want a controversial subject like this to mar the celebration."

Meanwhile, policies toward homosexuals remain vague. When he graduated from Hebrew Union College in Cincinnati in 1974, Rabbi Bennett remained closeted about his gayness, understanding the school's unstated policy: "They wouldn't knowingly ordain an openly gay or lesbian rabbi. But I think they made it their business not to know."

Likewise, Rabbi Kahn remained closeted until after he graduated from Hebrew Union College in New York and was ordained as a rabbi in 1985. But he says he knows of an openly gay man who was ordained this year.

Dr. Mike Rankin, a former president of Congregation Sha'ar Zahav who now serves on the board of trustees of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations, says, "Reform Judaism from its inception has been progressive. We believe that understanding the Torah [Old Testament] is an ongoing, fluid process, and that tradition must take into consideration contemporary thinking and science.

"It gives us pause that some of the senior rabbis in leadership positions, who were so supportive of black civil rights, are not supportive of gay rights."

He says there are three principal reasons cited by those who oppose ordination of gays and lesbians.

First, there is fear that this issue could cause a serious rift within American Judaism. The Conservative Jewish movement has not been nearly as supportive

of gay rights, and many Orthodox Jews have aligned themselves with right-wing homophobes in expressing outright hostility toward gays.

The second major concern is that congregations would not hire openly gay or lesbian spiritual leaders. Rabbi Bennett complains that the Central Conference of American Rabbis' Job Placement Commission refused to even send him on job interviews.

This month, however, Rabbi Bennett became executive director of the Northern California region of the American Jewish Congress, a 72-year-old national organization dedicated to social justice and human rights. He is the first openly gay person to serve as executive director for a mainstream Jewish organization.

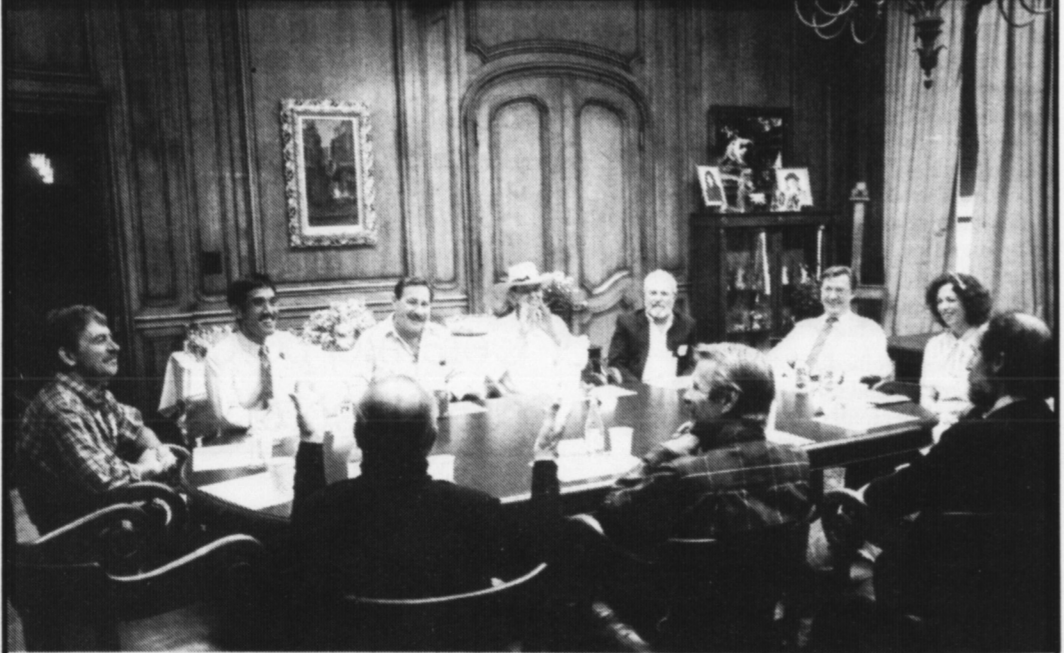
Finally, those who oppose gay religious rights question whether homosexuals can serve as moral teachers. "Rabbi" translates as teacher and is the highest title of respect among Jewish people.

"They say gay and lesbian can be OK," explains Rabbi Kahn, "but not as a role model, not as an ideal. And yet each of us must find our own path. I'm proud to be a teacher."

Dr. Rankin believes there is more support for ordination of gays among the lay leadership than in the rabbinical leadership. He expresses confidence that Rabbi Schindler, the current president of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations, will address issues of religious homophobia when he speaks to that organization's convention this November.

For many years Unitarians and Episcopalians have ordained openly gay people. Currently there are debates raging about this issue among Lutheran and other Protestant denominations.

Both the Southern Baptist and Roman Catholic churches have policies of keeping active homosexuals out of the ranks of their clergy.



People with AIDS were invited to join Supervisor Richard Hongisto, in white shirt at right, and his wife, Elizabeth, to kick off Lesbian/Gay Freedom Weekend in San Francisco. Hongisto was acting mayor of the city on Friday, June 23, and he used the occasion to host a luncheon for PWAs in the mayor's office. Joining them were parade grand marshals Jose Sarría, Phyllis Lyon, and Del Martin, as well as members of the board of the San Francisco AIDS Emergency Fund. (Photo: George T. Kruse)

# ACT UP Demonstrates at INS Against Deportation Threats

by Dennis McMillan

ACT UP staged a bilingual demonstration at the Immigration and Naturalization Service headquarters in the financial district June 23 to protest threats of mandatory HIV testing and deportation at the border.

Jim Denison, ACT UP member, spoke out against the threat to lesbian and gay men concerning their rights of immigration, residency and travel. The demonstration called for an end to INS discrimination against seropositive people, a repeal of the 1988 Helms law prohibiting U.S. entrance to HIV carriers, a ceasing of mandatory testing, and forced departure of immigrants wanting to legalize their status.

ACT UP has called for a guarantee that all foreign delegates wanting to attend the 1990 International AIDS Conference be admitted regardless of HIV status and that all visitors to this country be free from discriminatory treatment at the border, along with granting of visas for as long as necessary. They stressed the cessation of INS discrimination that forbids immigration and visa rights to gay people.

Fifty protesters began marching in a loop in front of the INS building, carrying placards bordered in barbed wire with the messages, "Open up the borders," "Keep your borders out of our medicine chests," and "Fight AIDS with compassion, not borders."

Some of the signs were printed in Spanish. One activist's dubbed the INS as "Inhuman Negation Service."

The group was mostly gay and lesbian with some straights, mixed nationalities, mostly white. A few financial-district three-piece suits and many "Silence = Death" T-shirts were visible. Several demonstrators wore HIV Treatment Awareness Week name tags.

They began to chant, "1-2-3-4,

we won't take it any more; 5-6-7-8, let our people immigrate" and "Immigration, not discrimination!"

The only police interference came when a few riot squad officers insisted the demonstrators keep moving continually and not block foot traffic. For the most part, the activists obeyed.

Concha Saucedo, executive director of Instituto Familiar de la Raza (a health-care and AIDS information service to the Latin community), praised the group

for its involvement in border protests and encouraged further interaction of gays with people of color in future demonstrations.

Loren Laureano of the League Against AIDS in Miami called to task the INS policy that "has always been based on homophobia but is now based on health status."

"We will resist until such time as the attitude and policy is one of openness, honesty and true care," he said.

(Continued on page 17)



Members of ACT UP protesting federal border policies for people who are HIV-positive. (Photo: Barbara J. Maggiani)

# Activists Demand Access To Experimental Treatments

by Dennis McMillan

About 50 ACT UP activists marched in the blazing sun in front of the old Federal Building at 50 United Nations Plaza June 21 as a demonstration against the Health and Human Services Department's delay in allowing access to experimental AIDS treatments.

ACT UP focused on the treatment for CMV retinitis, foscarnet, addressing their demands to Anthony Fauci, director of the National Institute of Allergy and Infectious Disease, the agency responsible for testing AIDS drugs in clinical trials.

Foscarnet has been used in Europe as primary therapy for the blinding AIDS opportunistic disease CMV retinitis. The alternate used in the United States, gancyclovir, does not treat HIV infection and, unlike foscarnet, is not compatible with AZT.

ACT UP demands included compassionate access to foscarnet for all people with AIDS, increased clinical trials of the drug along with consultation with activists when designing the trials, and reviewing of foreign data on treatment of CMV colitis, pneumonia and other systemic manifestations.

They then began dropping to the pavement in a symbolic die-in demonstration, outlining the "corpses" in chalk and writing slogans within the drawings, such as "AIDS doesn't discriminate, your government does" and "FDA equals delay."

ACT UP member Michelle Roland spoke of the ground work that the late Terry Sutton had accomplished for compassionate access to foscarnet under a salvage protocol at Ralph Davies hospital. She also informed the onlookers of the shortcomings of the program.

"If you want to take foscarnet but have not yet failed gancyclovir by getting so sick that

your life and sight are threatened, you cannot do so," she said. "If you are eligible for that protocol, you still have to get the money to pay for hospital costs associated with using that drug."

Sutton had spoken with Fauci and gotten the salvage protocol approved, but died before he had the chance to utilize it.

ACT UP member Marty Bleeman accused Astra, distributors of foscarnet, of being murderers, denying access of the drug to his roommate Sutton and countless other PWAs with CMV retinitis.

"We're here today to keep the pressure on the public officials who are supposed to take care of us and our health," Bleeman said.

## "ACT UP, FIGHT BACK."

He said the ACT UP treatment issues committee received at least one phone call a day from frightened people across the country who are having difficulty obtaining foscarnet treatment and slowly going blind.

ARCAIDS Vigil member John Belskus repeated one of the original demands of the vigil made three years and seven months ago, which has yet to be met.

"We appeal to the FDA to immediately allow American physicians to prescribe medicines for treatment for ARC and AIDS, which are available to their colleagues in other countries," he read.

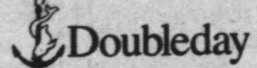
Activist Bill Thorne closed the action with the promise, "We're not going to be gone until the epidemic is gone. We're committed to fighting and keeping people alive."

He then led the group in a loud, repetitive chant, "People with AIDS under attack, what will we do? Act up, fight back!"

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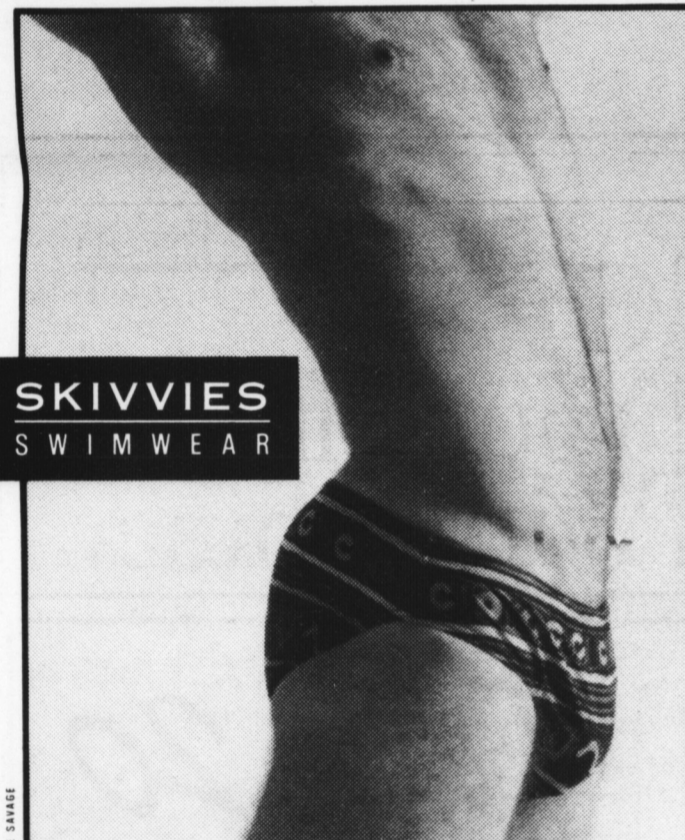
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**MURPHY'S MANOR**



**Mike Hippler**

**Haight Street Love Letter**

I didn't go to the annual Haight Street Fair last week. It was too cold, and I had other things to do. Nor did I go to the I-Beam's Sunday afternoon tea dance, a Haight Street tradition. I haven't been to the two local gay bars in years, except to pick up copies of this newspaper, and I've never been to any of the heterosexual night spots at the far end of the street.

No wonder, then, the Haight Street Merchants Association has yet to invite me to serve as community propagandist.

Yet despite my distaste for community night life and party places, I still consider myself a booster of the neighborhood, which has been my home for the past nine years. For me, it is a special place, unique in San Francisco and probably the nation.

I first heard of the Haight in the 1960s, when thousands of flower children, riding a wave of youthful idealism, naive, angst and alienation invaded the area I mispronounced "Height-Ashbury." For better or worse, I wasn't brave enough—or desperate enough—to follow my high-school contemporaries 20-some years ago. But even then I suspected that some day I would spend a significant period of time here.

The Haight wasn't my first home in San Francisco. That distinction belongs to the Castro, thanks to the narrow focus and unrelenting determination of my first lover, who found the two of us an apartment when we emigrated from New York in 1979. My only instruction was that he should find us a Victorian. It wasn't necessary to live in the heart of the gay ghetto, I assured him.

But for him it was. He found us a place at the foot of Diamond Street, three blocks from the intersection of Castro and 18th. Because I was never one who believed that it was possible to lead a life that was too gay (especially after a childhood spent in a heterosexual suburb), I didn't mind.

What I did mind was the roach-infested dump my ex-lover found—not a Victorian at all, but a modern flat devoid of character and soul. That's why, when we broke up a year later, I fled to the first Victorian I found, which just happened to be three blocks from the intersection of Haight and Ashbury.

I immediately fell in love with the eclectic mix of people I found in the Haight. As I told friends, "It's one-third gay, one-third

yuppie, one-third black, and one-third everything else," forgetting for a moment how many thirds constitute a whole.

In the Haight, I discovered, it was possible to encounter a mommy pushing a stroller past two lesbian lovers holding hands while on the sidewalk nearby a tie-dyed hippie strumming a guitar competed with a tattered street person for spare change. Some of my friends, when they visited, found the mix annoying. I found it enervating.

Not only did it give me greater faith in the possibility of harmony and cooperation, it also proved to me that in this neighborhood, at least, personal liberty was more than just a concept.

**"I immediately fell in love with the eclectic mix of people I found in the Haight."**

"Do you realize what would happen to most of these people if they dared to show their faces on the Main Streets of most of America's smaller cities?" I asked, pointing to punk kids with holes in their ears and drug casualties with holes in their brains. "They'd be chased out of town."

Demographic variety wasn't the only reason I liked the Haight so much, of course. I also fell in love with neighborhood architecture, the crowning glory of San Francisco Victoriana ever since the city's upper-middle-class merchants built homes in the area 100 years ago.

And I was delighted by the plethora of parks so close to my apartment. A block south towered Buena Vista; a block north sat the Panhandle, the gateway to Golden Gate Park. The Haight, I learned, was a biker's, jogger's and stroller's paradise.

It didn't take long to discover the neighborhood's drawbacks, unfortunately. I quickly grew to resent the ever-present threat of fog looming on the horizon. I also resented the number of panhandlers and skinheads on the street, who make walking more than a block, especially after dark, an exercise in self-preservation and emotional

detachment. Yet these things failed to matter much in the face of the area's preponderant advantages, which I never ceased promoting.

I have lived in the Haight for so long that I rarely notice the things that once meant so much to me. I take them for granted, until visitors, toting cameras and looking for the remnants of the hippie generation, draw my attention to them. Then I recognize how fortunate I am to live in a place that for more than two decades has been a spiritual mecca to various kinds of searchers, from acid rockers to New Age philosophers.

During those decades the neighborhood has changed a great deal, naturally. The area has inevitably gentrified, and residents who once gathered in grass-scented cafes now flock to gourmet bread and cookie shops. Yet the Haight still remains a place where small business of a certain character predominate.

What other area, for instance, can boast in a few short blocks an anarchist bookstore, a bagel shop, a shoe store, a fresh fish market, a stained glass store, a pet shop, a movie collective, an international newsstand, more used clothes and record stores than in all the rest of San Francisco combined, and what must surely be the world's last remaining head shop?

The Grand Piano restaurant, a symbol of the '60s, may have disappeared, but Domino's Pizza, which replaced it, didn't last long either. This is a neighborhood, after all, whose residents—or someone—would rather burn down the outpost of a national drug store chain than see it replace the mom-and-pop establishment down the street.

Or take this example: within a block of my apartment exist a day-care center, a runaway youth shelter, a drug rehab residence, and an old folks' home. A little farther afield can be found a free medical clinic and numerous free food banks. Lest that seem unremarkable, think what isn't here—a nuclear power plant, an Army or Navy base, or even an Exxon gas station. Believe me, every day I count my blessings.

Possibly I may not always live in the Haight. If my lover has his way, he may, like the last one, carry me off to parts unknown. But this time, unlike the last, I may put up a fight, for I have finally found a neighborhood by which all others may be judged—and it's the place I'd haught to leave.

by Kurt Erichsen

**Parade Revelers  
 Jam Pride  
 Parties, Bars**

by Allen White

With beach balls bouncing in the air, hundreds of party-goers danced until after midnight at the annual Gay Day Tea Dance at the GiftCenter to benefit the AIDS Emergency Fund—just one of many parties across the city to celebrate the pride of gay men and lesbians.

"Let's Dance at the Beach" was the theme of the GiftCenter party, which was underwritten, in large part, by Budweiser, Castro Station and the Bay Area Reporter. For the past two years the annual tea dance has been a benefit for the AIDS Emergency Fund.

Party-goers joined in the spirit of the party, many with swimming trunks and even more showing off tans from a day watching the parade. The entertainment for the event was the delightful Del Rubio Triplets. These three women look like they just won a Pillsbury bake-off and they thoroughly delighted the crowd.

On Fourth Street several hundred more revelers were dancing the night away at the "Toga, Toga, Toga" party. Many who entered were given a version of a toga, which looked more like a torn sheet, to get in the mood of the afternoon. The event, a joint venture of Crew and Fraternity, featured erotic dancers to help bolster the party's theme.

At Dreamland the party was a literal continuation of the event at the Civic Center. The Dreamland management underwrote the entire cost of constructing the 8,000-square-foot dance tent that was a part of this year's celebration. As the party wound down at the Civic Center, many of the dancers simply continued on into the night at Dreamland.

Across town, the Box and the I-Beam were jammed. The I-Beam now has the distinction of being

the longest-running gay day tea dance event in the city. Highlighting the I-Beam's entertainment package was Chrysalis recording star Adeva.

The Sunday afternoon events were just a part of the weekend party celebrations. Throughout the weekend the city hosted a bevy of parties.

One of the biggest women's parties of the year was Saturday night at the GiftCenter. The annual "Puttin' on the Ritz" attracted literally thousands of women. Many from the Bay Area joined other women from around the world. They were entertained by Olivia Records' dynamic new star Dianne Davidson. Many of these same women had caused long lines at the Box on Divisadero and jammed both floors of Amelia's on Valencia.

The theme of the party at Crew was "Muscle Beach." The Fourth Street party location was jammed as people danced throughout the night. Crew Manager Gus Bean was visibly upset at the last-minute cancellation of his featured star Chaka Khan. She cancelled less than four hours before her scheduled performance and, according to Bean, her reason for not showing was unacceptable. Bean would not publicly divulge why she was a no-show.

Upon learning the news, the price was immediately dropped at Crew and refunds were offered to any that asked. The biggest insult to Chaka Khan was the number of people who apparently didn't seem to care that she wasn't performing.

At the I-Beam video from the Arcadia Bodybuilding Society's contest was shown as many people moved from the Physique '80 show at the Palace of Fine Arts over to the Haight Street dance palace.



Outstanding Inspirational Float: AIDS Emergency Fund with Gail Wilson and City Swing.  
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## Parade

(Continued from Page 1)

were rodeo horses as well as an entry from San Francisco's SPCA. The entertainment world was represented with a diversity that ranged from La Cage on Broadway to the erotic Campus Theatre in the Tenderloin to the members of Theatre Rhinoceros in the Mission.

Dance clubs including the I-Beam, the Box, the Stud, and the Corral provided colorful and dynamic musical entries. This year, the people at Crew were given the choice position at the end of the parade.

For the first time as president of the San Francisco Board of Supervisors, Harry Britt led a contingent of elected officials. Also for the first time, both members of Congress representing San Francisco, Barbara Boxer and Nancy Pelosi, were in the parade. California state Sen. Milton Marks and Assemblywoman Jackie Speier were also in the parade, as were Supervisors Dick Hongisto, Terrence Hallinan, and Angela Alioto.

For the second year, Art Agnos rode in the parade as mayor of San Francisco. Walking behind the mayor were several of his gay appointees.

Another strong statement was made with the appearance of members of the San Francisco Fire Department, including representatives of the Black firefighters group. One of Agnos' very first appointments as mayor was to designate Sharon Bretz to the Fire Commission. Her appearance with San Francisco Fire Department trucks was seen by many as one of the continuing signs of gay progress for the city. With sirens blaring, the firefighters were warmly received by the crowd as they closed out the mayor's contingent.

The end of the parade moved into Civic Center at close to 4 p.m. At nearly five hours, it was the longest of all San Francisco's annual gay parades. It was also the largest in terms of participants, with well over 10,000 people marching or riding this year.

The route of the parade was also new this year. Moving down Market Street, it turned left at Franklin Street. People crowded the entire length of the parade route. They were in restaurants and buildings along the way. At the Americana Hotel at Franklin and Market, several parties were going on at different levels as people got a choice view of the event. Dozens more watched the parade from the hotel's roof.

As the parade moved into Civic Center, many encountered the Van Ness intersection. It, with the Church Street intersection, provided the major delay of the day for the parade. Cross traffic backed up at both streets, and the opening of the intersections to traffic throughout the day made for substantial delays in the movement of the parade.

Those arriving at the Civic Center found the largest gay festival ever assembled. Stretching to the outer limits of the center, there were four stages, over 300 booths and an 8,000-square-foot dance tent.

The focal point was the stage located in front of City Hall. It was a huge wash of radiant fluorescent pink. The creator, Gilbert Baker, said the design evolved into "giant pop birthday cake." Artists like Fred Herzog worked throughout the night applying layers of paint to the stage and the curtains to create the dazzl-



Sistah Boom!

(Photo: Darlene/PhotoGraphics)



The original Stonewallers were in full force to celebrate 20 years of pride.

(Photo: Rink)



Outstanding Theme Group: Project Open Hand with director Ruth Brinker.

(Photo: Darlene/PhotoGraphics)

ing effect.

There was over five hours of entertainment and speakers on each of the four stages. Over at Hyde and McAllister, the entertainment ranged from Kenny Sacha as Bette Midler to Olivia Recording legend Tret Furie.

At the Larkin Street stage thousands throughout the day heard a variety of cabaret entertainers from Aldo Bell and Karen Williams to Menage and the Chrysanthemum Ragtime Band.

The afternoon began at the Exhibition Stage at Polk and Golden Gate with the Loli-La Polynesian Dance Group and concluded with a retrospective of the world of leather with Judy Tallwing-McCarthy, Coulter Thomas and Cynthia Slate. In between, the entertainment ranged from the Arcadia Bodybuilding Society and the Golden Gate Wrestling Club to the Sadletramps and a South Bay leather fashion show.

One of the most emotional moments came at the City Hall stage when Mobilization Against AIDS' Paul Boneberg presented an award for gay activism to Hank Wilson. The award was named after Bill Paul, one of the city's most respected gay leaders, who recently died of AIDS. It was a moving moment as Wilson, a person who now has AIDS,

(Continued on page 19)

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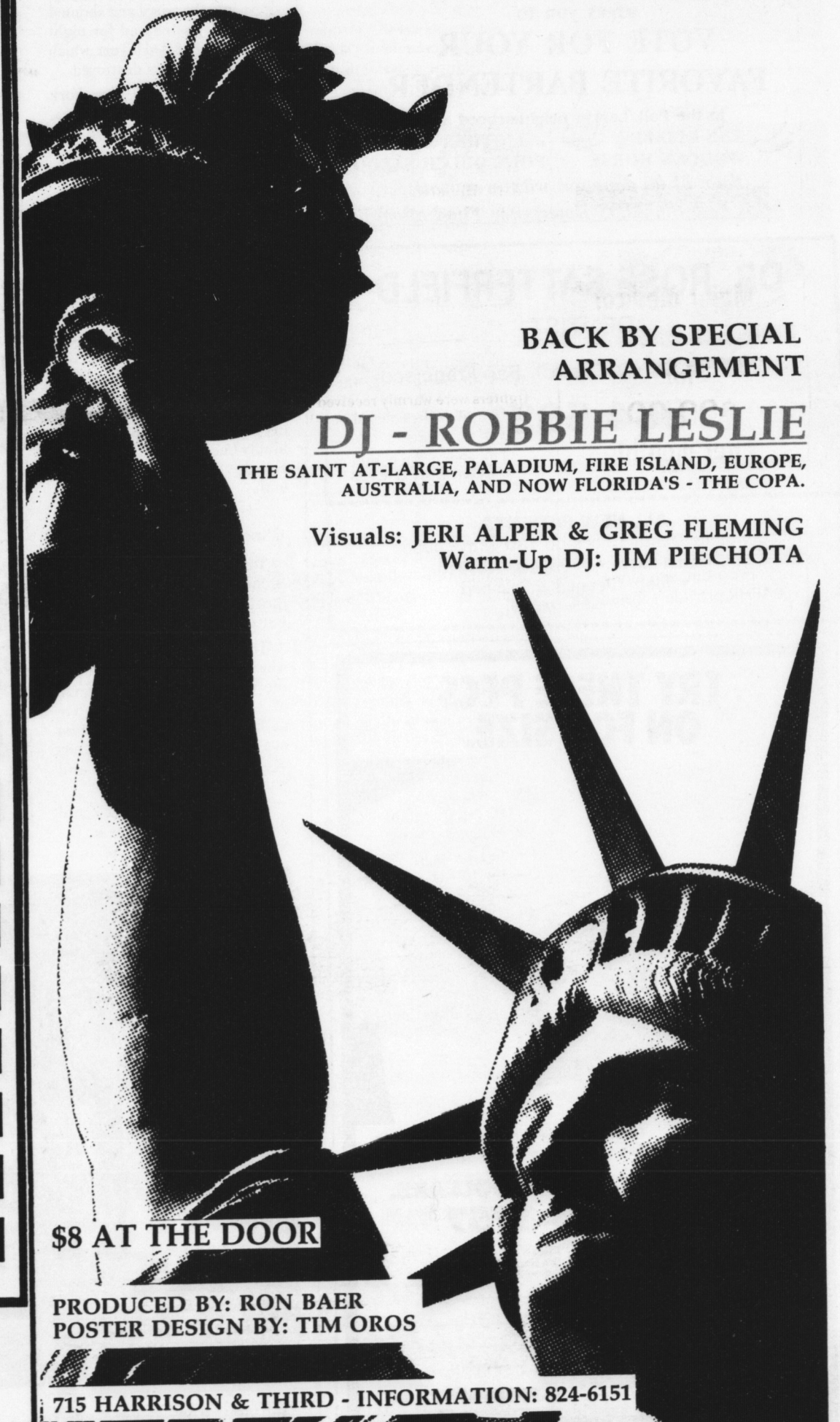
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According to Gordon Nary, executive director of PAAC, the magazine is designed to provide current information on treatment to physicians, other health-care professionals and persons with HIV infection.

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# Protest Erupts at N.Y. Commemoration

## Theater Evokes Reality On Streets of Greenwich Village

by Brian Jones

NEW YORK—Two thousand protesters blockaded the Sixth Precinct Police Station in the West Village on Saturday night, June 24, to commemorate the 20th anniversary of the Stonewall Riot.

The two-hour melee stopped traffic in the narrow streets of the Christopher Street neighborhood and, for 20 minutes, traffic on the busy West Side Highway nearby.

Angry motorists and cab drivers charged the crowd, injuring five protesters, none of them critically. One motorist who drove into the crowd and shouted "faggot" was chased for eight blocks, until he fled his car, which the demonstrators destroyed.

More than 1,000 New York City police saturated the area, but on direct orders from City Hall, they refrained from confronting the crowd or making any arrests.

"Arrest us? Don't try it! Remember Stonewall was a riot!" shouted the protesters. They seized police barricades and blocked traffic along their route.

An angry Mayor Ed Koch denounced the demonstrators publicly for "attacking the police." In fact, no police were physically assaulted or hurt. Koch, trailing badly in polls in his current re-election bid, was loudly booed by gay and lesbian crowds throughout pride week-end.

### Channelling Judy

The re-enactment of the Stonewall riot began as street theater by the Radical Faeries but quickly grew.

The stage was set Friday night when the Faeries wound through the Village mourning the death of Judy Garland. Faerie pallbearers bore a casket blaring out Garland hits while hundreds of "mourners" sobbed and wailed.

Twenty years ago, Garland died and many of those at the Stonewall Inn on Sheridan

Square the night of the first riot had just come from her wake.

That scene was ritually re-enacted when "Judy" (a Faerie named Wayne from Toronto) burst from the casket, gave a gay rights speech, and tossed a yellow brick—made of foam rubber—toward the Stonewall.

Saturday night, the Faeries re-enacted the Stonewall riot, with gay men and lesbians posing as cops. While the "cops" moved in to arrest dykes and drag queens milling around the Stonewall the crowd began throwing hundreds of yellow foam bricks at the mock police.

The crowd grew to more than 2,000 people who jammed tiny Sheridan Square. Laughs turned to shouts.

Many of those in the crowd were angry about the murder of two men whose mutilated bodies were discovered Thursday on a pier near Christopher Street. One of the victims was shot in the crotch.

Police said they had no suspects or clues in the case, although a police spokesman declared the murders "are not anti-gay related."

The event attracted Squatters' movement anarchists—many of them also lesbians and gay men—who are angry at police for recent violent police actions against the Squatters.

### Sixth Precinct Zapped

Calls came to march on the Sixth Precinct stationhouse near Sheridan Square. The crowd swept out of Sheridan Square as police, hastily blocking traffic in most directions, retreated on foot and in squad cars rolling in reverse with lights flashing.

Police barricades were now being dragged along and hoisted aloft by gay men wearing dresses and lesbians wearing camouflage pants. The barricade bearers became a squad blocking traffic along the route as angry motorists threatened marchers.

One group of barricade bearers did a can-can while blocking Seventh Avenue and sang, "We are the Stonewall Girls, we wear our hair in curls, we have no underwear, we show our pubic hair." The chant was said to be the same one chanted by some of those arrested at the original Stonewall riot.

At the Sixth Precinct, the crowd quickly blockaded the front. An American flag burned and the demonstrators chanted while the police formed a line and stood silently. There was roughly a yard-wide perimeter running between the crowd and the police line, and although no one was telling them to do so, those in the crowd honored the DMZ.

On to the West Side Highway, where a sit-in blocked one of Manhattan's major north-south thoroughfares for 20 minutes. The crowd shouted "Gay Power" and "Gay Rights Now," evoking 1960s-era slogans.

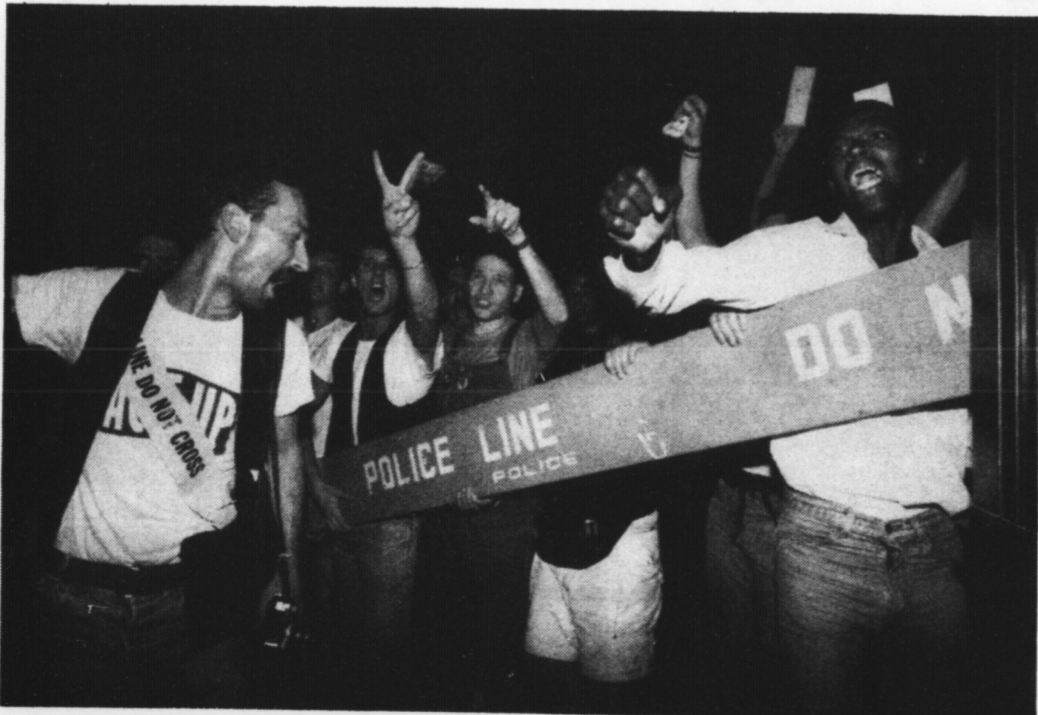
### Drivers Attack

The demonstration wound down and the throng wound back toward Sheridan Square. But lower Manhattan drivers, especially cab drivers, were seething. Many of them had now been blocked in traffic on a hot New York City night for 45 minutes. They were ready to attack, and a few of them did.

Several cab drivers charged the crowd, causing three of the five injuries for the protest.

Self-control and traffic control were quickly restored, as demonstrators broke for cocktails at 11 p.m.

The police had sustained no injuries—except perhaps to their self-image. This was in contrast to a training exercise for a mock riot Wednesday in Brooklyn. Police injured eight of their own who were playing the role of "protestors." Police leadership said the exercise became "too realistic." ▼



The view from inside New York's Sixth Precinct stationhouse Friday, June 23, as angry demonstrators barricaded the door. (Photo: T.L. Litt)

# Sex is Riskier Business For the Recovering Gay Man

by Frank Davis, 18th Street Services

Much publicity has been given to the fact that alcoholics and addicts who are still drinking and drugging are more likely to engage in unsafe sex. Someone who is high will be more prone to do something unsafe because his judgment is impaired, and in fact, surveys of men coming in for substance abuse treatment at 18th Street Services reveal that about 30 percent had recently had anal sex without using a condom. This was true despite their being well educated about the dangers.

It might well seem to follow that upon getting clean and sober, good judgment would prevail and all unsafe sex would stop. But an 18th Street Services survey has shown that sobriety does not necessarily lead to a reduction in unsafe sex among men in treatment. Many men who get clean and sober continue to have unsafe sex, at least occasionally.

Why would someone who lives in San Francisco, who is well educated about AIDS, who knows how it is transmitted, and who has seen the horror of friends dying, continue to practice unsafe sex even when perfectly sober? The answers appear to be many, and are tied in to typical characteristics of alcoholics and addicts.

First is low self-esteem, which can manifest itself as lack of assertiveness. In recovering people, the low self-esteem that is so characteristic of addiction does not magically go away with the last drink or drug. It takes time to build self-esteem.

Meanwhile, when a sexual opportunity comes up, the recovering man may not feel assertive enough to insist on being safe for fear of being rejected. Without the high self-esteem that would put more value on his life and the self confidence that would place assertiveness over fear of rejection, the recovering person can fall back into old unsafe patterns even if he does not want to. Going along with unsafe things the other person wants to do is "people pleasing" taken to a dangerous extreme.

While most of the gay community during the past years was addressing changes in sexual behavior, the alcoholic and addict may have been "isolating" and not making those changes in his own sexual life. He may never have made a strong personal commitment to always stay safe. And even if he did make such a commitment, he may never have developed the social skills necessary to maintain it, such as the ability to negotiate with a sex partner in advance what he will or will not do. These skills do not automatically materialize just because the alcoholic or addict gets clean and sober. They require work and practice. Most of the gay community learned this some time back; the newly recovering gay man may now need to catch up.

Some newly recovering men continue to socialize in their old hangouts with their old drinking and drugging buddies, who may also be their old unsafe sex partners. Those people and places may be especially "slippery" for relapses, both with respect to drinking/using and with respect to unsafe sex. It is wise for men

in early recovery to quickly develop a support group of friends who have good sobriety and a strong commitment to safe sex.

Denial, a major characteristic of alcoholism and addiction, can also manifest itself in the sexual department. We may rationalize away unsafe sex in many ways, such as "He looks healthy," "Just this one time is OK," "I'm probably already infected," or "I really love him, so it's OK."

Denial by men in relationships is especially common. Unless you are absolutely certain you and your lover are both HIV-negative and absolutely certain he never has unsafe sex outside the relationship, it is not wise to take chances for "love."

What to do about sex is often the first and most important question a man asks in early recovery. The fact is, most gay men coming into early recovery just aren't used to having sex without being high, and probably

a majority of relapses by gay men come around sexual or relationship issues. Some men solve this problem by not having sex at all in early recovery, concentrating instead on their "program." This may be fine for a while, but it is not a good long-term solution because when the celibacy ends, it quite often ends with a bang (a relapse or a wildly unsafe sexual experience).

The better solution is to work on sexual issues and learn to have good sex while sober. Clean and sober and safe sex can be hot sex, but it takes a little practice.

So, what do you do? Where do you get that practice? Unfortunately, 12-step programs are not a very good place to start. Sex is not a topic that is frequently discussed in most 12-step meetings, except for Sex and Love Addicts Anonymous. And SLAA, which often urges abstinence, isn't a good place to go either, unless of course you are dealing with truly compulsive, addictive and destructive sexual behavior.

There are, however, professional counseling resources for working on gay sexual and relationship issues. Call 18th Street Services at 861-4898 for further information and referrals to these resources.

It is now evident that winning the battle against the spread of HIV in the recovering gay community will require more than just getting clean and sober. It will take becoming more comfortable with our sexual selves and learning how to make a strong commitment to staying safe and avoiding relapses around sex. This may be as difficult to some as getting sober, but it is well worth the effort.

Just remember, being clean and sober will not automatically keep you safe. Work on your sexual issues while you work on your sobriety. Otherwise, you may find that sex will lead either to relapse on your drug (or drink) of choice, or it will lead to HIV infection. Or both. ▼



18th Street Services Building. (Photo: S. Savage)

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# Pecs and Abs

## Men Cheer Women— And Vice Versa— At Physique '89

by Butch Anthony

June 1989

Dear Batman,

Do the damn movie any way you like. I'm moving to San Francisco.

Love, Robin

When Stuart Siegel arrived in San Francisco, he got a job working the check-in counter at the City Athletic Club. Joe Dupuis, the porn star Joe Cade, judged best all-around male poser at Physique '88, was then the trainer. Undaunted, Stuart joined the Arcadia Bodybuilding Society (ABS) and prepared himself to compete.

Last Saturday night, June 24, at the Palace of Fine Arts theatre, Siegel, 22, was the youngest of the 60 entrants in Physique '89. Performing with fellow City Athletic Club trainer John Jay DeLeon, the Batman to his Robin, he produced the sexiest of the performance pieces that make gay and lesbian bodybuilding a revolutionary new force in this now century-old American sport.

The peppery pair began with some traditional poses. Oiled up, Stuart's skin has a reddish glow to it, a match for his auburn hair, and being long and lean, his body is now the very embodiment of Charles Atlasian ideals.

John is Spanish, and he bunched his thick, black hair into a ponytail to complement his dark eyebrows and his bushy mustache, both used to skillful theatrical effect. Kneeling down in front of Stuart, his big, bronzed back to the audience, he gave an image as old and exciting as gay manhood itself. Their music was pulsating, electronic, a jungle beat for beautifully enacted body heat.

As distinctive and pleasing as the three male pairs performances was the solitary female counterpart. Envision two blond wonderwomen in bikinis of red silk. Add silver sparkles to the oil on their golden limbs.

Their answers to male criticism were soft caresses and loving holds. They unfolded their bodies and entwined their limbs while mouthing the words of a slow, rich paean to love.

Most innovative of all were the mixed pairs, bodybuilding routines by a man and woman together. During the first, the woman sitting next to me said, "She's bigger than he is." Then she shouted, "C'mon, man. Get hard."

The loudest applause of the evening went to the gold-medal winning pair who came next, Liz White and Edmond Gbadgon of Sacramento, both Goya-esque. My neighbor told me Liz is the out-of-town gym hard at working making gay and lesbian bodybuilding an international sport. "It's for the mind as well as the body," she said. Entrants from gay and lesbian gyms all over the world are expected to perform at Gay Games III next August in Vancouver.

Saturday night's event was the three-year-old child of one of the surprise hits of Gay Games II. That year, the all-day competition and the evening's award performances were held at Civic Center Auditorium. Tom Waddell himself was one of the tearful presenters. So extraordinarily beautiful did this assembled cast of heroes turn out to be that men ended up on their feet for women, and women screamed themselves silly for men.

Moved to action, George Birimisa, new to his sixties, in an earlier role a gay playwright, colared friends, organized ABS, and set about developing both a system and a set of ethics to guide our new community's incarnation of another traditional form. On this score, the big news at Saturday night's event was the announcement that bodybuilders who used steroids would not be allowed to compete.

This year, both the man and woman selected best all-around

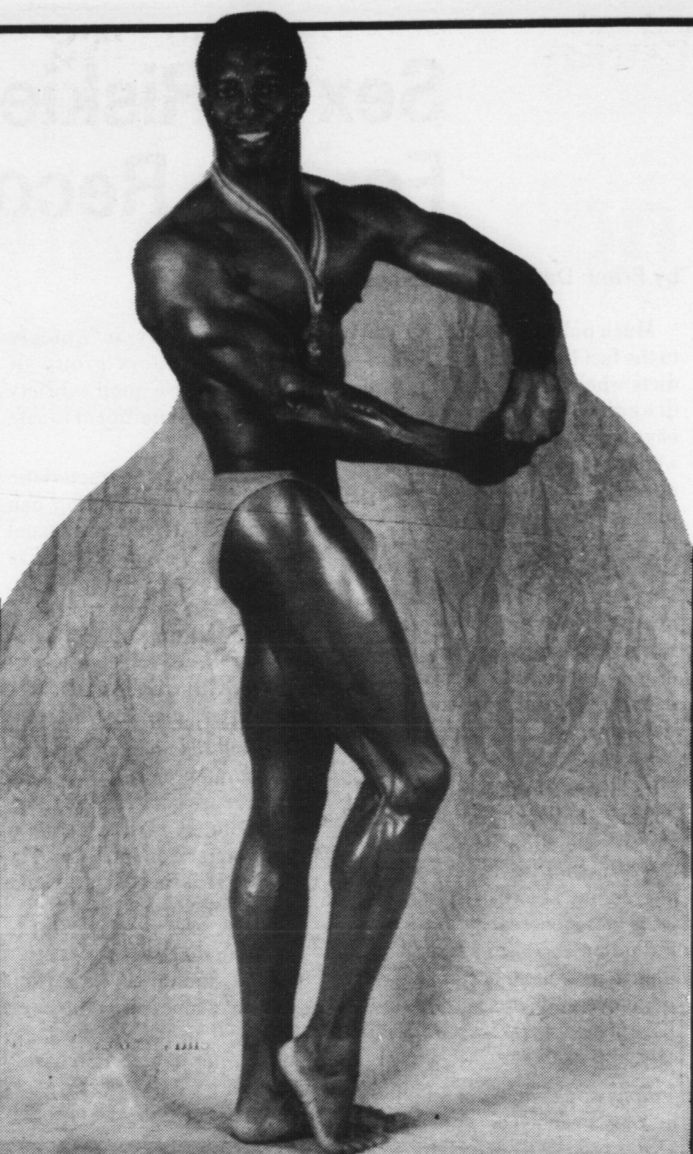
posers—Ron Alvarez of San Francisco and the lovely and entrepreneurial Liz White—were ballerina bodybuilders. Leslie Ackerman and Robbie Head of San Francisco received awards for having the best abs, short for abdomens.

The most enthusiastic members of the audience were the sisters from Sacramento, many of them friends and lovers of the contestants, a support-network that one presenter, looking snidely at San Franciscans in the audience, referred to as FLABS.

The big service awards went to Birimisa, with love from his board, and to Rose Mary Mitchell, chosen for the Kurt Troester Memorial Award, established to honor an original contest organizer fallen to AIDS. Mitchell has been an ABS board member and a Gay Games booster since 1986.

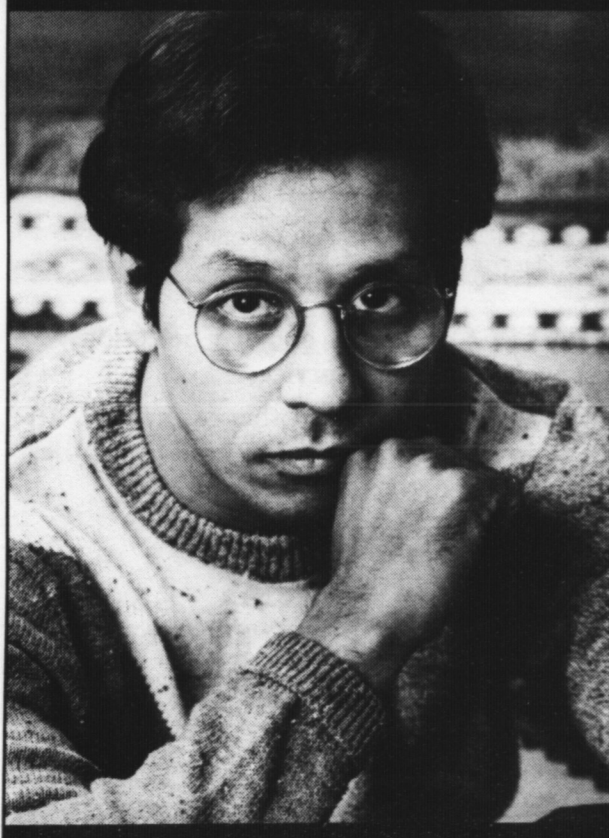
For the organizers, the big step was moving the show to the Palace of Fine Arts. Last year, in the auditorium of Mission High School, the crowd was far livelier.

George Birimisa, by the way, showed his prejudices by competing not in the over-60 group, but alongside the show-stealing Ron Alvarez in the bantamweight class. Bantam Man, we love you!



Above: The Sacramento team, from Valenti's Gym, contestants in last Saturday's Physique '89. Top: Light heavyweight gold medal winner Carlis Sharpe. (Photos: S. Savage)

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Funding provided by the San Francisco Department of Public Health and foundation, corporate, and individual donations.

## Friday

(Continued from page 5)

committee toward running for state insurance commissioner when it becomes an elective post next year.

State Senator Milton Marks is hopping mad and tells me it is a "damned lie" that he fell asleep during one of his own fundraisers in Sacramento recently, as was reported in Herb Caen's column.

How's that again, Chief? In Oshkosh, Wis., 11 men were arrested recently for allegedly making advances to undercover police officers in that city's Rainbow Park. Patrols will continue, says Police Chief James Thome: "We're not San Francisco—that type of behavior is not accepted here."

An overflow crowd that would warm the hearts of any politician attended Dianne Feinstein's birthday dinner last Tuesday night at the Fairmont.

Required reading for all political junkies: *The Jackson Phenomenon*, a behind-the-scenes book on Jesse written by his former campaign press secretary, who says that while she still believes in Jackson's so-called "message," the messenger himself is an "extreme egomaniac, a bully."

And a salute to *Examiner* columnist Bill Mandel for his excellent column exposing television's *Arsenio Hall*, and his mocking of gays. "They're gonna have a Gay Day Parade here in L.A.," Hall said on the air. "Gay people should be allowed to celebrate whatever the hell it is they celebrate." It was all downhill stuff from there. I wonder what Hall would think of a half-hour of prime-time anti-black material? But then, what are we to expect from someone who calls homophobe Eddie Murphy his "hero"?

Hypocrite extraordinaire: Texas Senator Lloyd Bentsen, who publicly quit three segregationist social clubs last summer after he was picked as the Democratic veep nominee, has now quietly rejoined the all-white Houston River Oaks Country Club, the Middleburg Tennis Club in Middleburg, Va., and the Ramada Club in Houston. So much for Senator Bentsen's liberal agenda.

And you read it here first: Lyndon LaRouche, now serving 15 years in prison for mail fraud and conspiracy, says he'll run for Congress in '90 against GOP Congressman Frank Wolf in Virginia's 10th congressional district. Does Lee Atwater know about this?

TV talk-show host Johnny Carson on speculation that ex-speaker Jim Wright, D-Texas, is thinking of running again for the House seat he's resigning under a barrage of ethics charges: "Isn't that like Lincoln wanting to go back to the theatre?"

Randy Shilts' column Monday in the *Chron* on the antics of AIDS Coalition to Unleash Power (ACT UP) at the recent AIDS Conference in Montreal is sure to cause controversy. Shilts says that while "the reason for the growing anger of the new breed of AIDS militants are understandable, their methods are becoming so confrontational that they are beginning to backfire." One doesn't have to agree with Shilts, but for my money he is one of the best writers anywhere, and never reluctant to let you know where he stands on an issue.

## ACT UP—INS

(Continued from page 5)

Adolfo Mata, of Latino AIDS Project, spoke of the daily horror stories concerning foreign Latinos who have been HIV-tested for legalization requirements, finding out they are seropositive and not receiving proper counseling.

Moises Montoya of ACT UP presented his speech alternating between Spanish and English translation.

"We're here because the INS continues to harass undocumented workers and activists who talk about politics that go against official government policy," he said.

He warned that the INS would use HIV test results against immigrants attempting to enter the country. This warning followed news that morning that INS Commissioner Alan Nelson suggested to Congress that the INS be allowed to increase computerization in a system of national identity cards to control immigration, as South Africa does.

Richard Publia of ACT UP read a statement from Dutch traveler Hans Paul Verhoef, detained from entry into the United States in April:

"This virus has already spread all over the world. Trying to stop it at U.S. borders is comparable to chasing ghosts." Verhoef called the new immigration guidelines issued in May "small improvement but still discriminatory. People with HIV disease



Members of ACT UP protesting Immigration and Naturalization Service regulations on people who are HIV-positive. (Photo: Barbara J. Maggiani)

must be allowed free travel!"

He said he felt the United States had punished him for having AIDS, and although he was initially depressed, he said he intended to challenge the border authorities again next year while traveling to the 1990 AIDS conference in San Francisco.

An endorsement of the ACT UP demonstration by the San Francisco AIDS Foundation called the new selected waivers for HIV-infected individuals a "transparent diversion and a band-aid solution based on false premises."

David Glassberg of People With AIDS/San Francisco pointed out the absurdity of holding an AIDS conference where HIV-infected researchers were prohibited from attending.

Ignatius Bau of the Coalition for Immigration and Refugee Rights and Services spoke of the irony that the first time President Reagan had ever publicly mentioned the word "AIDS" was when he proposed that every immigrant seeking entry into this country be tested for HIV.

The speeches were followed by guerrilla street theater and a

game based on "Red Rover, Red Rover, let so-and-so come over." The Barbie and Ken types were allowed to pass the borders, but people with color and people with HIV and "gay-looking people were detained. When a Jesse Helms effigy/pinata was carried out, the crowd was encouraged to beat its head in, and out poured packages of condoms, falling to the pavement.

The peaceful but boisterous action ended with a group chant, "Give me your tired, your hungry, your poor; give me your people with AIDS!"

## HIV RESEARCH STUDIES Available in the East Bay

The MERRITT-PERALTA MEDICAL CENTER, in affiliation with the UNIVERSITY of CALIFORNIA, is conducting a number of HIV research studies. Some of these studies provide treatment options not normally available for persons with HIV disease.

Studies that are now open include:

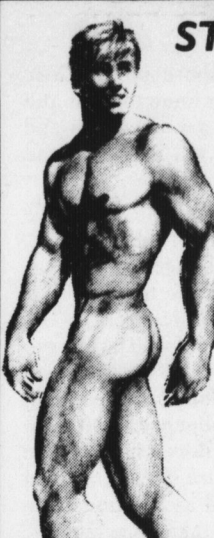
- \* AZT for HIV+ people who are without signs of disease
- \* BETA-INTERFERON with low-dose AZT for people who cannot tolerate full-dose AZT
- \* RIBAVIRIN for people who cannot take AZT
- \* FLUCONAZOLE (an oral medication) for serious fungus infections in people with AIDS
- \* FLUCONAZOLE versus MYCELEX TROCHES for thrush infections in the mouth
- \* MEGACE for the wasting and weight loss associated with HIV disease, ARC and AIDS
- \* Two new oral therapies for acute *Pneumocystis pneumonia*
- \* A comparison of SEPTRA/BACTRIM (oral antibiotics) and PENTAMIDINE (inhaled antibiotic) for preventing the recurrence of *Pneumocystis pneumonia* in people with AIDS after their first PCP pneumonia (includes free AZT)

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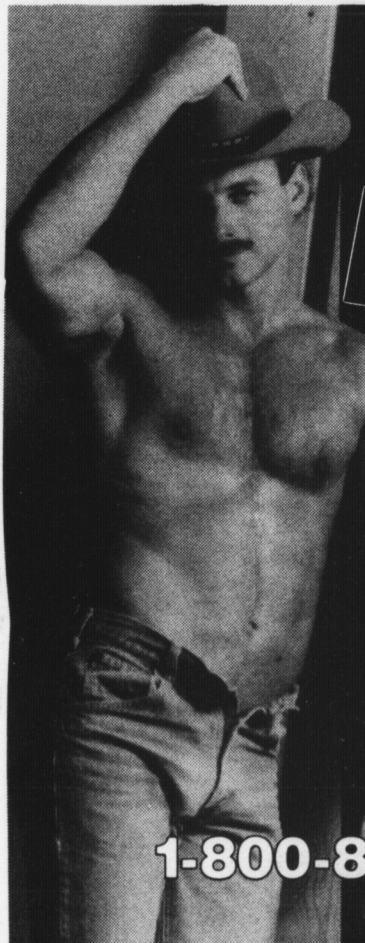
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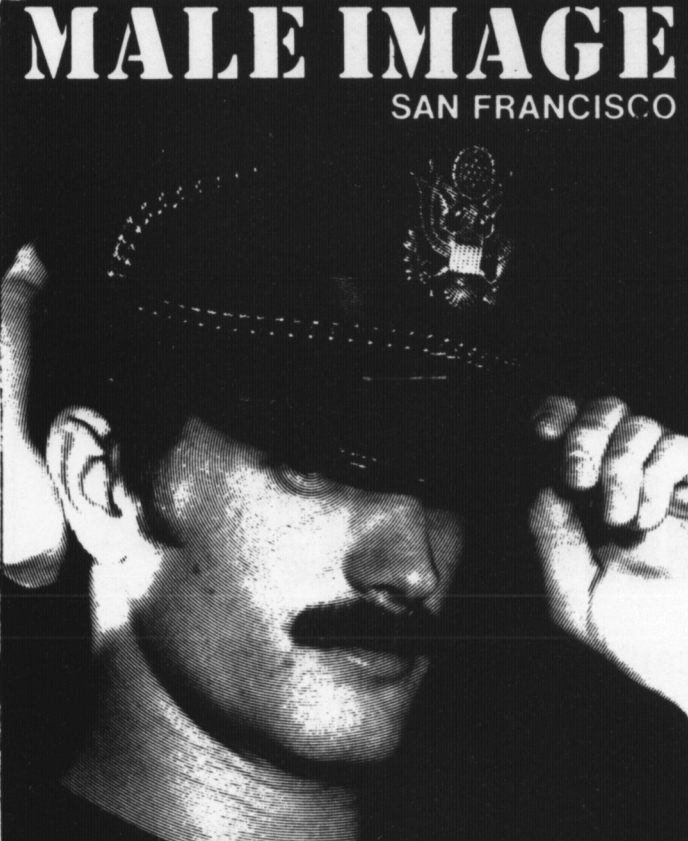
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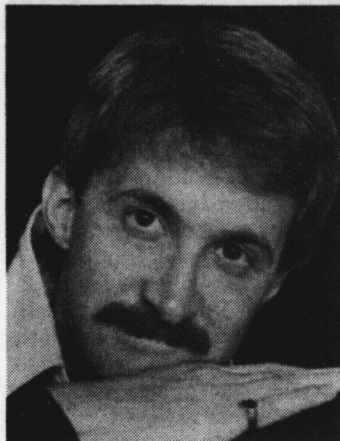
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**Thomas Brent Lindsey**



Thomas Brent Lindsey.

On Wednesday, June 21, Thomas Brent Lindsey, 36, son of Ruth and Glenn Lindsey of Murray, Utah, lover of Russell I. Kassman of San Francisco, died from complications arising from AIDS. Tom was born and raised in Salt Lake City and attended Skyline High School.

Tom moved from Salt Lake to San Francisco in 1975 and was one of the early support counselors at the Shanti Project. While employed as the administrative manager for the Bay Area Council, he continued to train numerous individuals for Shanti and was instrumental in the project's growth to accommodate the needs of a growing crisis in the early 1980s.

Tom was diagnosed with AIDS in March 1986. Rather than retreat into seclusion, he chose to return to Salt Lake and try to affect AIDS awareness in the state. He was a familiar figure on numerous AIDS discussion panels and television programs in Salt Lake City and in the state of

Idaho, and he was a frequent speaker at church discussion groups. Tom was elected president of AIDS Project Utah until his illness prevented him from continuing. And shortly before his death, he was appointed by the governor of Utah to the state AIDS commission.

Tom was an outgoing, compassionate man who made friends

easily. He was a man of principle and cherished personal relations above all else. He was an avid reader and voracious snowball collector. He was frequently seen on stage and street alike as Mrs. Russell Kassman, and together with their son, Alvin, won acclaim at the last Castro Street Dog Show for their joint talent, which was shopping. Both wore ensembles from Neiman-Marcus.

In addition to his parents, Tom leaves behind three sisters, a brother, numerous nieces and nephews, Russell Kassman, countless friends, and of course his son, Mr. Alvin Lindsey Kassman of San Francisco.

Services were held on Monday, June 26, in Salt Lake City, and a memorial gathering of friends will be in San Francisco at a future date. In lieu of flowers, the family requests donations to be made to the Utah AIDS Foundation of Salt Lake City or the Shanti Project of San Francisco.

For more information, please phone 626-8444.

**Walker**

(Continued from page 3)

The letter to Biden also mentions Walker's "failure to meet *pro bono* obligations," which entail attorneys donating legal services to the poor. The supervisors note that Walker "could not identify one individual for whom he provided *pro bono* services during 16 years of legal practice."

The supervisors' letter points out that the American Bar Association's Code of Professional Responsibility "emphatically" calls upon "every lawyer, regardless of professional prominence or professional workload, to find some time to participate in serving the disadvantaged."

Walker testified during his Judiciary Committee confirmation hearings that he had tried only two cases before juries during his career as a lawyer. "By his own admission," the letter states, "Mr. Walker has no experience whatsoever in criminal or civil rights law. Yet, the [District

Court] handles upwards of 1,000 criminal and 500 civil rights cases yearly."

The supervisors also comment on "the apparent lack of a national commitment to identify and place qualified women and minorities on the bench," adding that "We find it completely incomprehensible that... Mr. Walker is the best and brightest choice to be made."

U.S. Senator Alan Cranston (D-Cal.) has opposed Walker's nomination from the outset, and sent a four-page letter to Biden dated April 4 detailing his stance against the appointment. "With respect to the Walker nomination," Cranston's letter reads, "I have reached the conclusion that he is disqualified" from being confirmed to the District Court.

Most of Cranston's letter focused on Walker's membership in the Olympic Club. "Walker's persistent refusal to terminate his membership" in the discriminatory organization "demonstrates a level of insensitivity inappropriate for a member of the federal bench," Cranston said. His letter also touched on Walker's heavy-handed treat-

ment of Waddell and the "Gay Olympics" issue.

Victoria Lion, Cranston's Washington, D.C.-based assistant press secretary, said that opposition "by a judicial nominee's home-state senator 'used to be a way of killing a judicial appointment.'" She added that such opposition "does not carry as much weight as it used to," and that the issue is "up to the discretion of the committee."

Senator Pete Wilson (R-Cal.) is responsible for Walker's nomination to the District Court, according to Anthony. "Wilson has one of the worst records in the U.S. Senate in promoting homophobes to the federal bench," Anthony said.

Anthony cited Robert Bork and John P. Vukasin as examples of the type of jurist Wilson supports. Vukasin, the presiding judge in the "Gay Olympics" case, stated in one of his rulings that "homosexuals are perverts," and once referred to a gay litigant as "that faggot," according to Anthony.

**SF Native Named Lambda Official**

Lambda Legal Defense and Education Fund, the nation's oldest and largest organization dedicated to the rights of lesbians and gay men, has hired Ruth Herring as its first deputy director.

Herring, who joined Lambda on May 1, will oversee the organization's administrative, financial and fund-raising activities. Before coming to Lambda she served as grants officer at Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts Inc. in New York City where she helped raise \$7 million annually for performance and education programs.

"The committed and courageous people devoting themselves to the lesbian and gay rights struggle give me inspiration to continue fighting in the face of enormous obstacles," said Ms. Herring. "I feel fortunate to be joining the extraordinary staff and volunteers at Lambda."

Herring, a native of the San Francisco Bay Area, is a graduate of Brooklyn College and Yale University. She now lives in Brooklyn.



Ruth Herring, newly named deputy director of Lambda Legal Defense and Education Fund. (Photo: Tom Tyburski)

**BAY AREA REPORTER  
GREATER BAY NEWS**

Nez Pas

**At the Parade**

**INTERMINABLE, OPEROSE PROMENADE**  
(A "Viewing" Nose)

Yes, I know it was confusing, but contrary to what you were thinking, I wasn't thinking! When Paul M. called and told me that the OPC was number 94—it turned out to be number 93, out of 109, and that Oakland's contingent would be in the first third of the parade, I should have sensed something amiss.

Well, this beloved paper, last issue, listed 109 entries, by golly. However a paper (*On Parade*) handed out on the streets last Sunday, listed about twice that many, which would place Oakland's entry, indeed, in the first third.

Egads! If one went by the "official" parade line-up, gobs of confusion would have been generated—no, I didn't even try to call "Ghost Busters"! Nevertheless, one peek "behind the scenes" on Castro and several cross streets would have given a slight clue as to the necessity of last-minute restructuring of the schedule, if you will. One can only imagine the heated confusion on Castro, but once on Market all was smiles and pride and pomp and circumstance.

Several things were obvious at this year's parade. The opening number of Dykes on Bikes gets larger and larger every year. Either that or they somehow manage to circle around the block for several passes at any given audience. The number of floats has diminished, and the amount of AIDS services and agencies, L&G employees, various and sundry political-statement makers, friends of gays/lesbians, friends of friends of gays/lesbians, friends of friends of friends of friends who happen to know of one or two gays/lesbians, and religious-professional-service-white/blue-collar workers-pro/anti causes-student alliances-networks-allies-societies-etc. have increased a hundredfold.

The OPC received its just and well-deserved applause and cheers. All those who put in tireless hours on end must be justifiably proud of their efforts. In my book (which I just may write some day!) it was a winner all the way around. The design was simplistic and to the point, with the climax being the mini AIDS quilt spewing from Terry's and Marge's sewing machines. (Actually, Richard H. made the quilt, and a damn fine job at that!) It was nice to see the "County's" Emperor and Empress on the float.

The Pom Pons were good too, but I miss the 18 and 20 bodies they had in the past. Six seemed like too small an effort for all the available talent over here.

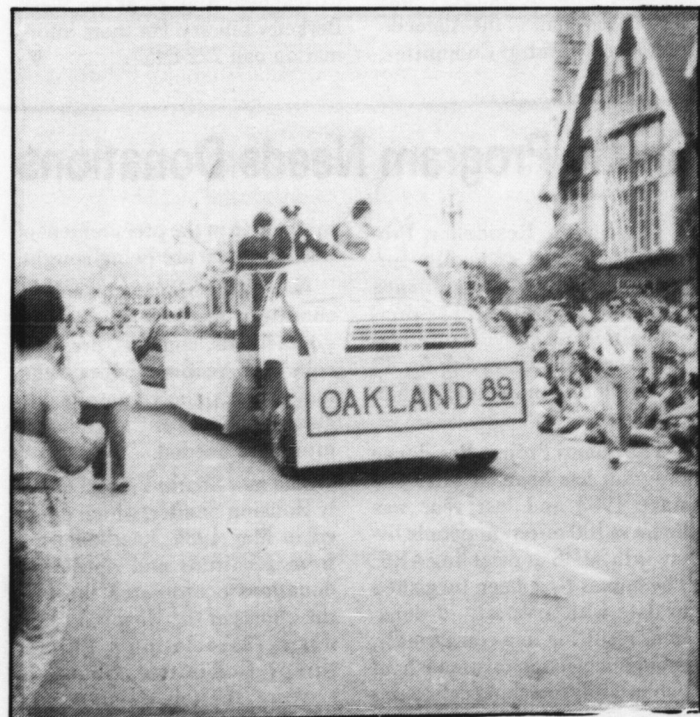
With echoes of, "Please stand behind the second white line," "Would you kindly get your #@%!\*# off my in-step," and "Hey, Hazel, that woman forgot to shave off her moustache and beard," ringing in our ears, we made it to a BART station before the end of the parade. After spending three hours standing, we were spent.

**AIDS AWARENESS MONTH**  
(A "Hayward" Nose)

Sources inform me that Big Mama's Condom Auction last week raised hell bucks for the AIDS Food Bank. Kudos to all who made it possible.

The culmination of the month-long emphasis, participated by Driftwood, Spoiled Brat, Big Mama's, and Turf Club, will culminate this Friday, June 30, at the Turf Club. Along with AIDS awareness information, there will be a night full of comedy provided by Marty Blecman, Shan Carr, and Maureen Brownsey. Also on the agenda will be a raffle for a color TV. Tickets purchased for the 50/50 raffle on Sunday, June 18, are good for this drawing. The festivities are scheduled to begin at 8 p.m.

(Continued on page 23)



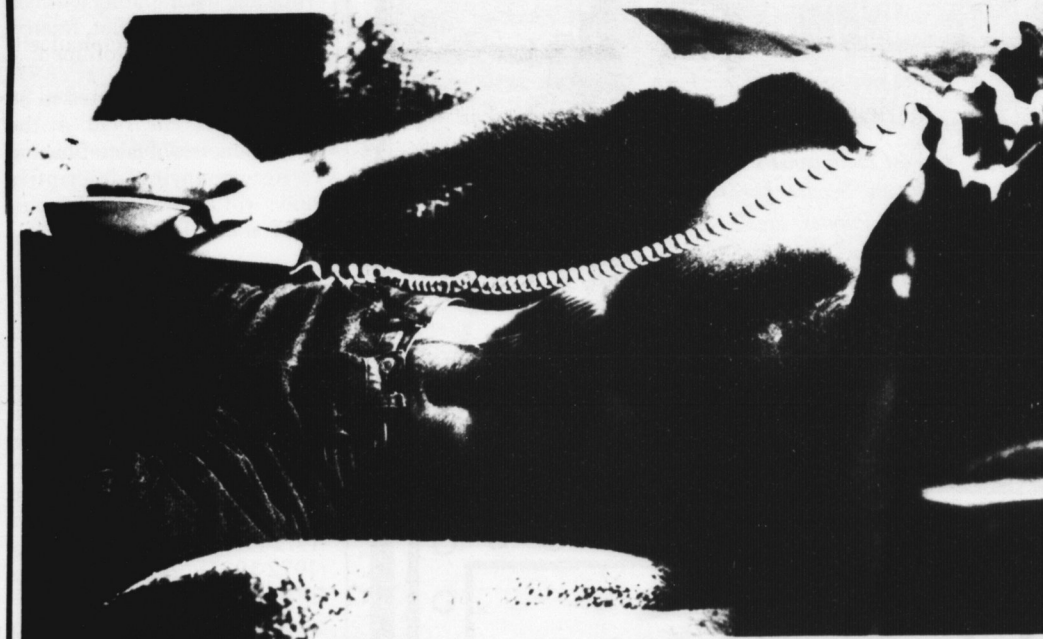
The Oakland Parade Contingent float in Sunday's parade.

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## UC-Berkeley Microfilming Bay Area Gay Publications

The history of the gay and lesbian movements in the Bay Area will be made available to scholars worldwide and preserved in a major microfilming project now under way at the University of California at Berkeley.

The "straight" community's reaction to the gay and lesbian movements is also included in this unique project, a cooperative venture between a private archive, the San Francisco Bay Area Gay & Lesbian Historical Society, and the university's libraries.

The project will be of interest to scholars in political science, history, sociology, literature and philosophy.

Funded by the nine-campus University of California Libraries Shared Purchase Program, this project will create preservation-quality microfilm of three decades of Bay Area gay and lesbian journals and newsletters.

The microfilming project is a major achievement for the Historical Society, whose members have been painstakingly collecting intact runs of these historically important Bay Area publications for many years.

The society is lending the most important titles to the book and paper conservators at the Berkeley campus library. The often brittle and deteriorating journals are carefully ironed flat, treated for damage and microfilmed.

The project is expected to be completed in late 1990. At the conclusion, sets of microfilm and an accompanying descriptive guide will be available for purchase at cost from U.C.

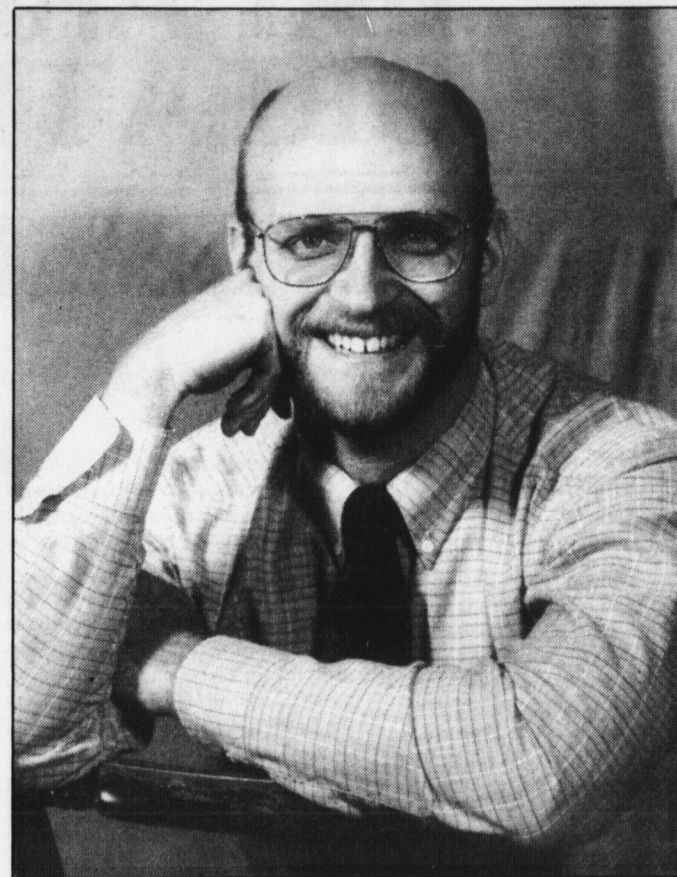
Among the titles being microfilmed are *Bay Area Reporter* (1971-1988), *Sentinel* (1974-1988), and *Coming Up!* (1979-1980). Earlier publications include *L.C.E. News* (later called *Citizens News*, 1961-1967), *Cruise News* and *World Report* (1965-1967), *Gayzette* (1970-1972), *Kalendar* (1972-1978), *Amazon Quarterly* (1972-1975), *Lesbian Voices* (1974-1981).

Also included are a number of local periodicals from the early gay liberation movement, such as *San Francisco Mattachine Newsletter*, *Daughters of Bilitis San Francisco Newsletter*, *Town Talk*, *Committee for Homosexual Freedom Newsletter*, *Maverick*, *Mother*, *Vanguard* and others.

The society continues to seek donations of missing issues and obscure titles. In addition to journals and newsletters, the Historical Society is interested in preserving records of gay and lesbian organizations, personal papers of individuals, and photographic images of all sorts. Anyone who might consider donating such items is urged to write the SFBAGLHS Archives at PO Box 42126, San Francisco, CA 94142 or call 648-6814.

Anyone wishing further information about the project may call or write either Bill Walker, SFBAGLHS Archivist at the above address and phone number or Pat Kreitz, head, General Reference Services, 208 Main Library, University of California, Berkeley, CA 94720, 642-7600. ▼

## Pacific Center Names New Exec Director



Scott Walton, executive director of the Pacific Center in Berkeley.

The Pacific Center for Human Growth in Berkeley, has a new executive director, Scott W. Walton.

Walton comes to the agency with an extensive background in the management of gay and lesbian political organizations, AIDS organizations, and private

business.

The Pacific Center is a 16-year-old, volunteer-based United Way agency that offers the communities of sexual minorities, including lesbians, gays, bisexuals, transvestites and transsexuals, a wide range of unique and specialized programs and services. ▼

## East Bay Demos Mark 7th Birthday

The East Bay Lesbian/Gay Democratic Club marked its seventh anniversary on June 18 at a banquet held at the Mandarin Garden Restaurant in Berkeley. About 50 club stalwarts and friends gathered to celebrate the club's accomplishments during the past year and to honor one man and one woman for outstanding service to the community.

Lesbian activist Kerry Woodward was presented with a plaque recognizing many years of behind-the-scenes work. Woodward, former co-chair of the Human Rights Campaign Fund, was lauded for enhancing the club's effectiveness by contributing her national political and fund-raising expertise to the club.

Former club President Bob Kegeles, who in January was elected vice-chair of the Alameda Democratic Central Committee,

received a plaque in recognition for his effective advocacy of lesbian/gay rights within the political mainstream.

In accepting the award, Kegeles spoke of the importance of openly gay candidates for public office and announced that he is seriously exploring the possibility of running next year for a seat on the Berkeley City Council.

In attendance at the dinner were Edgar Rakestraw, recently selected as an openly gay member of the rules committee of the state Democratic Party, and Tom Brougham, a former EBL/GDC president who was recently elected president of the Peralta Community College Board.

Club President Allan Shore announced that the next EBL/GDC general membership meeting will be held Aug. 24 at the West Berkeley Library. For more information call 222-8957. ▼

## Shanti Program Needs Donations

The Shanti Residence Program is in need of quality furniture and household appliance donations to refurbish 13 different units which provide safe, low-cost, permanent housing for 47 AIDS-affected individuals in San Francisco.

The Shanti Project Residence Program has been in existence since 1983 and last year was home to 100 different people living with AIDS or disabling ARC. The homes have been furnished to date with a variety of donations resulting in a comfortable, though eclectic, mish-mash of haphazardly matching colors and styles. Direct donations or leads to wholesalers or retailers who

might help in the procurement of needed items are being sought.

New furnishings or excellent condition used items such as double beds, couches, dressers, color TVs, reading chairs, rugs, night stands, shelving units, kitchen appliances and kitchen furniture are needed.

The new Shanti Project Family Housing Shelter, which opened in May 1989, has benefited from furniture and appliance donations coordinated through the efforts of the Hospitality Industry Association's Philanthropy Committee. Shanti is seeking similar assistance in refurbishing the other 13 homes in the residence program. ▼

## Nez Pas

(Continued from page 21)

**OLLA-PODRIDA**  
(A "Medley" Nose)

Ed Paulson wants to thank everyone who attended his birthday party, at Big Mama's on Sunday, June 18. He expresses his deep-felt gratitude to all at Big Mama's, and a special hug and kiss to Paul Grundman and David. "It was a great party!"

Speaking of Eddie P., the Spoiled Brat presents "The Third Annual Ed Paulson's 'Christmas in July' AIDS Food Bank Drive. It will take place on Sunday, July 30, starting from 4 p.m. and continuing until ???.

The flyer emphasizes one and all to clean out cupboards, closets, attics and even garages to make donations to a worthy cause. Collections will be at local Hayward bars or contact Ed P. at Big Mama's for further information.

Speaking of flyers, I kind of think that the one advertising the foregoing fund raiser misspelled Ed's last name! What the hey... it's Christmas... and 102 degrees in the shade!

Speaking of hot, don't forget Town & Country's sixth anniversary party on Friday and Saturday, July 7 and 8. On that Friday, there will be a show presented by none other than the Misses Stephanie and Morgan. Show time is slated for 9 p.m. On that Saturday, there will be a barbecue and Thorn and Roses

will entertain from 4 to 8 p.m. Adding to the festivities will be lots of raffles, prizes, and games—including, I'm sure, those infamous and habit-forming pull-tab lotteries.

Speaking of don't forget, do just that (*don't forget!*) concerning Princess' efforts to feed the peas (and a lot more food items) to the AIDS Food Bank at the Center. Please be reminded that the Princess herself will reward your donations with a complimentary Schnapps of your choice. She is on the planks—among other things—at the Bench and Bar Tuesdays through Fridays from 3 to 7:30 p.m.

Speaking of banks, head for yours and purchase a certified check or cashier's check for \$20 and make it payable to I.S.E. That way, you'll be able to procure a ticket to I.S.E.'s Coronation '89 "Welcome to Our Nightmare." Further information may be obtained by calling Ralph B. at 276-1725. All the phantasmagoria begins Thursday, Sept. 28, with the In-Town Show/Imperial Roast at Big Mama's, at 8 p.m.

Amusing, that button Bertha Jean bought for me at the Freedom Day parade: "If you are what you eat, I could be you by morning." I guess my spouse will allow me to smile at that! Love, Nez. ▼

## MEN, Eagles Rush Parade Footage To Bars, Hospitals

by Allen White

studios.

AIDS patients at San Francisco General Hospital and Pacific Presbyterian Medical Center were able to watch Sunday's Lesbian/Gay Freedom Day Parade through the combined efforts of the Male Entertainment Network and the California Eagles Motorcycle Club. It was all part of a first ever instant replay video network.

Working with parade organizers, the plans were coordinated with the grandstand seating, which was located nearby. Acting as emcees for the taping and also the grandstand spectators were Hank Plante of KPIX and Ginger Casey of KQED. They were also co-emcees for the Cable Car Awards earlier this year.

At 11 a.m., the show began taping.

At the conclusion of the first hour the California Eagles Motorcycle Club began their part of the operation. They rushed tapes out of the mobile truck on Market Street to waiting motorcycles, which whisked the tapes to the Male Entertainment Network

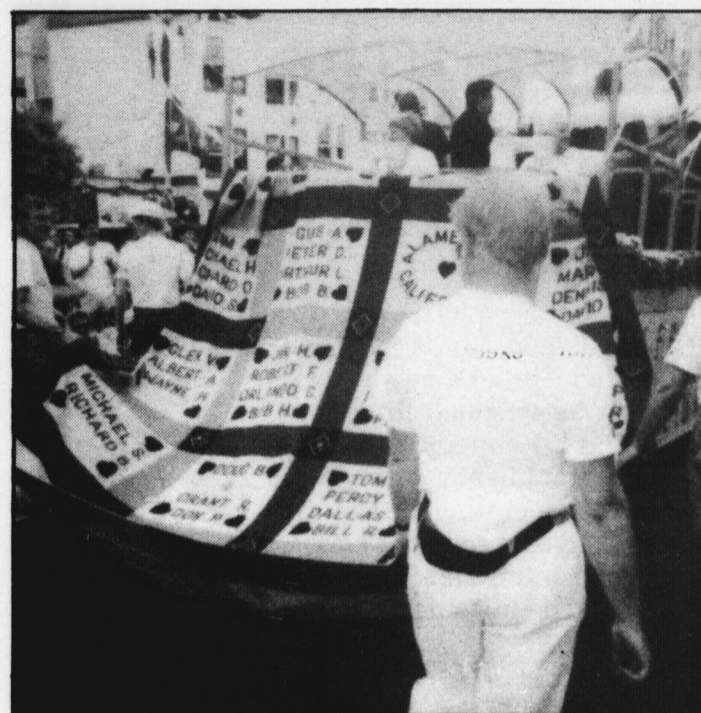
As the tapes were completed, California Eagle bikers began their trips to bars across the city. One biker headed South of Market to the Eagle and to the Rawhide. Another courier made his way to the Castro where tapes were distributed to the Castro Station, Moby Dick and the Pendulum. Tapes were also delivered to Maud's, Amelia's, the Galleon and the Polk Gulch Saloon.

Other couriers were making their way to the AIDS wards at San Francisco General Hospital and at Pacific Presbyterian Medical Center.

As the tape of the first hour was being finished for distribution, more California Eagle members were rushing the second hour to the MEN studios and the process was repeated.

Later on Sunday another set of tapes was delivered to the Surf Club in Hayward.

Monday afternoon a complete set of parade tapes was also provided to patients at Davies Medical Center. ▼



The rear of the Oakland Parade Contingent float.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

## Parade Award-Winners

Cable Car Awards and the 1989 San Francisco Lesbian/Gay Freedom Day Parade and Celebration Committee have announced the winners of this year's parade. Ten judges selected the winners from a motorized cable car located near the reviewing stands on Sunday. The winners are:

- Marching Units**
- Outstanding Outrageous Group..... Dykes on Bikes
  - Outstanding Musical Group..... Shanti Project
  - Outstanding Out of City Group..... Sacramento AIDS Fund
  - Outstanding Theme Group..... Project Open Hand
  - Outstanding Performance..... Cheek to Cheek

- Floats**
- Outstanding Theme..... Women's Contingent
  - Outstanding Out of City..... C.G.N.I.E., Court of Sacramento
  - Outstanding Creative..... The Corral and Golden State Gay Rodeo
  - Outstanding Inspirational..... AIDS Emergency Fund

A special Inspirational Award was presented to Gays Over Sixty for their participation in this year's parade. The Oakland Contingent made an outstanding showing this year, but it has been placed in the Hall of Honor of Cable Car Awards, so it was not eligible to win.

Judges were Hank Cook, Peter Cyr, Arthur Sampson, Bob Docca, Joel Coleman, Roy Harteneaux, Jim Melsi, Terri Warkentien, Marga Gomez, Jo Ann Shirley, and City Attorney Louise Renne.

For Cable Car Awards the 1989 Judges Committee co-chairs were Susan Fahey and Larry Eppinette. The co-chairs of Cable Car Awards are Bob Cramer and Hyde Downard.

The winners of these awards will receive special Cable Car Awards at the 1990 Cable Car Awards and Show next March. ▼

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

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Recovered cancer victim, Jay Kordich, "The Juiceman."

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Meet Jay Kordich, known as "The Juiceman." Forty-five years ago he was diagnosed with bladder cancer. Facing terminal illness at age 21, he embarked on a fresh fruit and vegetable juice therapy. At the end of two years after drinking a combination of carrot/apple juice daily, there was no evidence of cancer. Thus was born "Jay The Juiceman," who since that time has dedicated his whole life, heart and soul to spreading the word on juicing.

Among his more famous devotees are

Robert Redford, Gavin McLeod, Gloria Swanson, Dr. Lendon Smith, Sidney Portier, Conway Twitty and in 1962, he was personally invited to the White House by John F. Kennedy for a private two hour session on Juicing.

When not on the road lecturing, he spends time at home with his 33-year-old wife Lynn and their two young sons, John, 5 and Jay, 3.

Now you can have "The Juiceman" change your life forever!

## What you'll learn during this seminar

- **How to keep slim, healthy and young with simple juicing**
- **The most effective way to lower your cholesterol naturally, and keep it down**
- **Boost your resistance to diseases by building a super-strong immune system**
- **The rejuvenating, reducing and healing powers of fresh vegetable and fruit juices**
- **How to "cancer proof" yourself and your loved ones**
- **What recipes to use for specific conditions and much, much more!**

## What people are saying about The Juiceman

"No matter what your age, Jay's information will help you live a healthier, longer and happier life."  
—S.F., Daytona Beach, Florida

"A Crusader, a man of destiny, a guru, the father of nutrition."  
—The Journal-American

"He has more stamina and energy than a man half of his age."  
—R.C., Seattle, Washington

Watch Jay on the following talk show:

Watch The Juiceman Thursday, July 6th, 9:00 a.m. on "Good Morning Bay Area," KGO TV 7

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# BAY AREA REPORTER ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

## Presenting Charles Nelson Reilly Presenting Oscar Levant

by John Karr



Stan Freeman stars as the late Oscar Levant in *At Wit's End* at the Waterfront Theatre.

What are these three men doing together? First, Oscar Levant, the pianist, composer, actor, and author, who has also been described, and is perhaps better known as Neurotic, Hypochondriac, Insomniac and Wit; then Stan Freeman, the pianist, composer, and actor; and finally, Charles Nelson Reilly, who is neither a pianist nor composer, but a well-known actor and director.

Answer: In the absence of the first-named, who died in 1972, the last two have collaborated as performer and director on the play for one man, *At Wit's End*, which brings a parade of Levant's acerbic wit, warm humanity, and piano playing thrills to the stage.

Charles Nelson Reilly was in town for the local opening of the show, which is playing at the Waterfront Theatre in Ghirardelli Square. Although most people think the flamboyant game show personality is a parade unto himself, he was planning to ride in the San Francisco Gay Freedom Day Parade. It's his general habit to ride in whatever gay parade he's near—he's been a participant in the Los Angeles parade for some years—and this year the one he was near was ours.

While such appearances could be mistaken for publicity stunts, they run much deeper, although Reilly disallows they are statements of his personal identity.

"I never discuss that because I think too much is said about that. If you have a heterosexual guest, no one ever says they're

heterosexual. So I don't get into that. It's human rights, is what it is."

Reilly may guard his personal life while speaking, but he has been more forthright with his deeds. He recalled the float Studio One sponsored in the Los Angeles parade one year. Its sign was supposed to read "Entertainers for Gay Rights," but instead announced "Gay Entertainers for Human Rights."

"You never saw people get off so fast!" Reilly laughed. "You'd have thought it was the Titanic. You know what I'm saying," he dished.

The float, with sign unchanged, drove through the parade bearing only Reilly and Michael Kerns. And those human rights for which Reilly appears in gay parades have become more personal to him in a different way.

"I've lost about 60 friends to AIDS," he told me. "I lost my agent, who was 32 years old. When he was in the hospital he said to me, 'You're a director. How do I do this scene?' And my good friend Leonard Frey died. So you go in the parade for those people."

Although Reilly honors his gay peers and friends in the entertainment field, he's had little connection with gay theatre. He was asked to direct the production of *Last Summer at Bluefish Cove*, which played here several years ago, but had to turn the offer down because of conflicting commitments.

But in his own way, with his quips and outgoing manner, he wears the mantle of gay performer on television, where his guest appearances and game show hostings are seen by millions.

The offstage Reilly is a little



Charles Nelson Reilly

calmer than the one television viewers know, and calmer than the musical comedy star known to Broadway fans from his Tony winning role in *How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying*, and his Tony nominated role in *Hello, Dolly!* (both from the era when there still were Broadway musicals with stars in them). Strangely enough, Reilly, who was born in the Bronx in 1931, began his career as neither performer nor director.

"I was a teacher," he told me. "I taught acting for 25 years at

(Continued on page 28)

## 'Wonderland'

# Does the Gay Guy Always Have to Get It In the End?

by Steve Dambach

The San Francisco premiere of Vestron Pictures' feature release *Wonderland* at this year's San Francisco Lesbian and Gay Film Festival contains a disturbing but familiar note about the state of mainstream filmmaking. Apparently, it is still considered good practice to kill off the lovable fag.

To cut to the chase, our hero Eddie dies from an unattended knife wound while his runaway buddy Michael doesn't notice until the next day. Eddie hid his wound for some reason until it was almost too late. Then Michael runs away to get help, but dramatically rescues Eddie's dolphin friend instead, nearly killing himself in the process, and returns oddly alone just in time to watch Eddie die. He screams "Why?" and so do we.

Up to that, *Wonderland* was going somewhere and saying

something about singing for your supper songs against your nature. Unfortunately, its unnecessary ending (Would a straight man or woman had to have died to make a point?) indicates that life outside of the system is precarious at best.

This archaic "getting what you want can kill you" attitude was acceptable but annoying in the Gay Film Festival replay of the 1971 "gay" film *Some of My Best Friends Are...*

But, in a contemporary film supposedly informed by the impact of AIDS on Britain it had to be twisted to fit into the sad-fag sensibility film historian Vito Russo worked so hard against in *The Celluloid Closet*.

This film did not have to have a happy ending, but *Wonderland* went out of its way to kill Eddie. This is particularly weird considering writer Frank Clarke (Let-



Emile Charles and Tony Forsyth star in *Wonderland*.

ter to Brezhnev) says, "I like to write about what's happening now, but I don't want to ram things down people's throats. I want to show hope, and I want all my movies to have light at the end of them."

Despite this film's sell-out, *Wonderland* does hold a lot of promise. Most notably its fresh stars, Emile Charles and Tony Forsyth, as Eddie and Michael, respectively, are good, new

players comfortable in their roles. Charles is especially free as he camps his rendition of Marilyn Monroe in *Some Like It Hot*.

Hopefully these two won't get lost in the Hollywood shuffle.

Robbie Coltrane is a moment of light on the screen in a yellow gingham dress most actors would have suffered through. Likable Coltrane is of course also murdered. Fortunately, this happens off screen.

Underwater cameraman Mike Valentine's footage presents the grace, speed and symmetry of the dolphins while giving an average aquarium pool texture and brilliant depth. His work, *Diva*-esque styling, and some good dialog help *Wonderland* occasionally jump out of the murky water of summer films. The real wonder here, though, is what the rest of America will think of this film, if they think about it at all.

## Anti-Male Sentiment Fueled Hughes' Emotional Performance

by Wendell Ricketts

"I can't tell a lie," Holly Hughes declares about halfway through *World Without End*, her one-woman show in performance through July 2 at Life on the Water Theatre. "If you came here to hear lies, you're out of luck."

By the time the announcement comes, though, we already know she means it. Hughes has told so much truth by then that she is nearly terrifying.

Hughes doesn't just edge up on the conditions of life; she doesn't just stick one toe in. No.

Hughes dives right in, and when she comes out again, standing there dripping wet, she doesn't tell you that the water was fine, either. Nope, she tells you just how cold that water really was. She may even get some on you.

By rapid turns poignant, funny, chilling and defiant, *World Without End* is Hughes' elegy to the memory of her mother, a striking monologue for mixed voices.

Hughes' work last appeared here in October, when Life on the Water presented *Dress Suits for Hire*, Hughes' tale of lusty lesbians play-acting (or were they?) the vagaries, demurs and deceptions of intimate relationships. Known in particular for her irreverent, even contemptuous swipes at the labels other folks apply to sexual styles, Hughes is a familiar figure on New York's performance-art scene. Hughes first presented *World Without End* in workshop nearly a year ago, fully expecting it to be "so offensive that nobody would like it." Much to her delight, the piece has been wildly popular with both audiences and critics.

As *World* opens, Hughes slouches behind a green, slightly seedy naugahyde recliner. The chair, an end table, a vase of cut flowers, and an overgrown pot of fuchsia are the only set, the only props. As Hughes begins to speak, one leg and arm alone are visible. Her pale wrist and forearm dip, arc, and retreat like some nimble feathered thing; her spread fingers are plumage.

A bird is, in fact, precisely what Hughes is recalling. In her childhood, she tells us, a bird nested in the tree outside her bedroom window. The same individual lived there for years, until one season another bird claimed the nest for her own. With surprise, Hughes recognizes the new resident as the daughter of the first. But the nest itself is a bad job, tumbledown and ratty. What makes the daughter want to come back to that?

"I guess she didn't know any better," Hughes reasons, "than to live in the mess her mother had made."

With that as prologue, Hughes faces the audience and launches into an elaborate series of interlocking narratives, some dream-like and richly poetic, others straightforward and anecdotal. For Hughes, the landscape of the human psyche is spacious and highly textured; it reveals shifting memory, archetypes and anomalies, deep shadow and sudden illumination. Hughes speaks as a child at times, twirling gleefully around the stage; at others, her voice is a lover's whisper.

"Have you been faithful to me?" she asks, wistful. "I've been faithful to you."

But each of these threads is woven deliberately into a grander fabric. It is her kinship with her mother that Hughes ultimately wants to account for. As a child, Hughes is wholly enveloped in a universe of her mother's making; she wants to be just like her, she wishes she were nothing like her. And Hughes' mother, it becomes clear, was a woman of epic strangeness.

On one unforgettable mortify-



Check out Holly Hughes one-woman performance at Life on the Water Theatre through July 2.

ing evening in Hughes' childhood, her mother hacked a porcupine to death in a crowded Denny's parking lot; years later, when Hughes admits that she "likes boys and girls," her mother shoots back, "No wonder you can't hold down a full-time job!"

Still, the monologue reveals, Hughes has spent a lifetime trying to learn her mother's "French," a code word that means sexuality, but not just sexuality. It is her mother's style, bravura and exoticism that Hughes wants; it's her ability to survive (and even to relish) her "otherness."

The fulcrum of *World Without End* is a section in which Hughes recounts a version of what analysts like to call "the primal scene." Summoning Hughes into the privacy of the bathroom, Hughes' mother strips naked and stands before her daughter. It is literally a revelation—a revelation of the body, certainly, but much more than that, and Hughes reels under the weight of her fresh knowledge.

"I can smell the ocean," she breathes, "the old one that used to cover the continent. There's no hint anywhere that I'm so full of oceans."

No hint, that is, until now. What Hughes is up to here is nothing less than the elaboration of her own creation myth, a cosmology of family life, complete with its major and minor deities, its own rituals, mysteries and transfigurations. Hughes' mother-of-the-many-faces spins at the center like a sun; she is sometimes Aphrodite, sometimes Kali, sometimes even Hecate.

But even as Hughes' mother imparts her magic, she bestows as well an experience of fundamental "otherness," or irreducible separation. Recalling her mother's garden, Hughes quips, "There's no word for a woman who has that kind of power over tomatoes!" But a moment later Hughes adds, with what seems like sadness, "There's no word in French or any other language for the kind of woman I am."

But if Hughes must live in the personal "mess" her biological mother made, she is also forced to live in the moral, existential

mess of Mother Earth. Having eaten of the tree called Life, however, Hughes can no longer ignore the tales that burn within her. She doesn't necessarily want to see what she sees ("I'm just like everybody else," she admits, "I just want to go to sleep."), but she can't avoid it.

Hughes' specific focus in *World* are the persistent threats she sees to the bodily and psychic integrity of women. Her references to rape, the Hedda Nusbbaum trial, and the abortion controversy, then, are pointed and smack on target. Describing the impetus behind *World*, Hughes notes, "Men in this culture—and particularly straight men—literally get away with murder. But we're in this sort of post-feminist, post-Stonewall generation now and, as a woman, you're supposed to be over that. At the same time, I know that if the majority of men really cared about the problem of sexual violence against women, and saw how pervasive it was and what effect it has on the whole psychology of women, it would not happen to the extent it does.

"So there is an anger there that has been covered over and that hasn't really gotten talked about except maybe in conversations in coffee shops. And I think I wanted to say, no, it's not over with yet."

Ironically, if Hughes were purely an "angry feminist," her work would be easier for some to digest. By sympathizers, she would be welcomed into the fold. By detractors, she would simply be dismissed. Fortunately, however, Hughes clings tenaciously to her complexities and paradoxes, suddenly tossing a flash of startling wit into the monologue, unexpectedly shifting perspective, bravely insisting on describing her entire experience, not just the parts a select audience would approve.

Indeed, at one point, Hughes graphically relates a rapturous sexual encounter with a male co-worker. Yet later she teases, "We're all women here, right? I mean, we're all lesbians. Anyone can be a lesbian. Gender is no obstacle!" At still another point, she announces, "I hate men!" but throughout *World*, Hughes concedes a childhood yearning

(Continued on page 30)

## Peach Pie and Patsy Cline: A Good Time at Healin' Dirt

by Noreen C. Barnes

Somewhere in the Southwest, amidst the cacti and coyotes, two waitresses in a small diner spend their after-hours time in rehearsal for their big dream—to make it in Nashville as a country-western band called Patsy's Outlaws.

Sage, played by Betsy Burke, slinks around the tiny tacky restaurant (Pam Peniston's set is complete and jukebox and a virtual shrine to Patsy Cline on the back wall), narrating the latest installments of her spy-novel adventures of lesbian twins. Her girlfriend, Jacey (Sydney Erskine, a powerful presence on stage, and always enjoyable to watch), is a lover of women and whiskey who won't let anyone else drive her white Wrangler (the contemporary equivalent of the horse for this cowgirl). She composes songs on the diner's paper napkins and stashes her money in a coffee can. She is, as one character calls her, "The Marlboro Man as a woman who doesn't smoke."

They have advertised for a third band member to replace Jewel, who once sang with them. Enter Wanda, a wide-eyed, bouffant-haired "apparition" in pink polyester, who has left her husband to pursue her goal to be a country-western singer. She has misunderstood their ad and responded to it, naively claiming that she has "always identified as a woman." Like Eva in *Last Summer at Blue*, the straight Wanda invades the lesbian environment and is transformed by it.

Jacey, who entices her women with the same lines and the same songs, turns her attention to Wanda as a potential conquest, causing the chocoholic Sage's comments and candy wrappers to multiply.

A high point of physical comedy is Jacey's confident stalking of Wanda, who nervously evades her by maniacally cleaning and making a painful attempt to fill salt shakers (Shaw is virtually Chaplin-like at this moment). This culminates with Jacey's erotic eating of peach pie and licking Wanda's fingers.

Sage is bestowed with some of the best lines ("That sounds like Kenny Rogers writing haiku with Jonas Salk"), and in the role Burke has an appealing off-beat delivery and an East Village performance artist's sensibility in exploring the stage. She sulks while Jacey benignly tolerates Wanda's attempts to make the diner more homey with a variety of tasteless arts and crafts and compulsive pie-baking. Sage calls Wanda a "Donna Reed on bennies," even though the latter's now-short hair and jeans

### Non-profit Groups Can Apply For \$5,000 Award

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Nominations must be submitted on forms provided by the San Francisco Foundation. Please call the foundation's Awards Office at 543-0223 to receive a form or for more information. ▼

and newly-found feminist phrases signal her awakening of sorts.

Into this uneasy triangle enters Jewel (Cheryl Wilson), Jacey's ex, a black lesbian country-western singer whose self-assurance and sensuality matches Jacey's own. Jewel, on her way to fame and fortune has returned from Nashville to make Jacey a copyright offer on a song they wrote together. However, Jacey has some ideas of her own. As Sage observes, "She sees something better and she's gone."

Sage's three lovers, in a wonderfully staged scene, play out a fantasy of revenge for her abandonment of them. And a new triangle is formed, until...

Director Tracy Ward works skillfully with a sharp, funny, sexy script by Mary Casey and Pamela Gray, talented actors who have created distinct and alive characters, the eclectic and gifted composer Jeanine Strobel, and a design team that has provided maximum use of Theatre Rhino-

ceros' tiny studio space.

The predominantly lesbian audience opening night was very responsive, not only because much of the content of the play may have reflected some of their experiences and relationships, but because the work was also very well done. Ward knows how to pace a performance, and the script-writing, acting and production values were at a higher level than has generally been the norm for a lot of lesbian plays of this size and scale (both in San Francisco and nationally), with a few exceptions. The teamwork involved—particularly of Ward's collaboration with playwrights Casey and Gray—is hopefully a sign of the caliber of productions to follow. It is a fresh breath of country air for Theatre Rhino's Studio, and for lesbian theatre. ▼

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Betsy Burke and Cheryl Wilson star in *Healin' Dirt Diner*.

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# A Different Kind Of Communication

by Steve Dambach

For a moment it is 1977 at "Excavations: Public Restroom In The Urban Environment," an important photographic installation of tea-room graffiti unearthed from an abandoned '80s public men's room "at the center of a densely populated urban area."

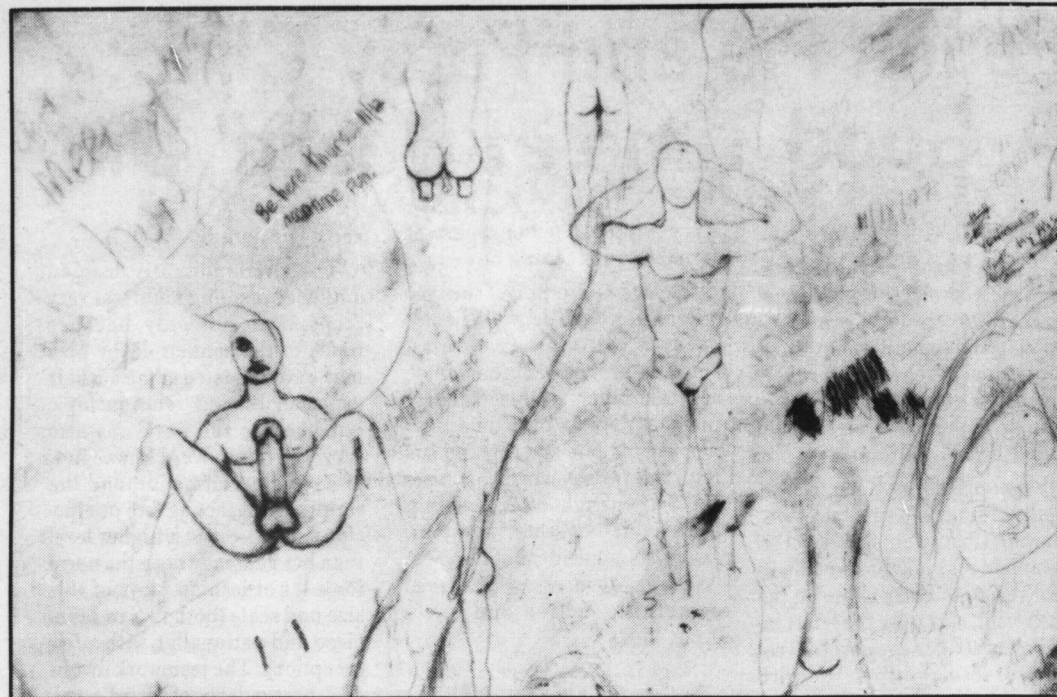
This brave display seriously captures a transitory form of communication in as close to a "natural" setting as possible without moving the whole room into the Southern Exposure Gallery at Project Artaud.

Upstairs, as you wind through the dark, empty corridors, making your way to the main room, it feels private, as if this room is for a secret purpose. You can also hear if someone is coming. Specifically, dim lighting shows these urban cave markings in almost the same light they were etched.

Huge but art school cocks and a surprising number of rear full

body portraits tell the viewer what the artists had in mind. The words that accompany the massive phalluses and butts have faded because they were written in ink on marble. It is still very easy, though, to get an impression of what it was like to be in a charged sex space with nothing to do until the next man came in but draw on the wall.

Often the entries are an impression of the moment, like street graffiti, a giving in to recording the moment and an effort to say "I'm here." But, like cave etchings, these sex drawings and paragraphs serve more purpose than expression. As a boastful celebration they mark the best hunting grounds and recount memorable outings. One entry lists four different encounters by one- or two-word descriptions beside the time of day that each occurred. Also, like a primitive bulletin board, there are the expected "meet me," too.



Anthony Aziz's Excavations (1988), a photograph of tea-room drawings.

It was interesting to see this mode of expression being treated as archaeology. In many parts of the country public toilet sex is still one of the only ways to make sexual connections, especially on the road. Traveling last year with Gay Cable Network from New York to New Orleans by van to cover the Republican National

Convention we discovered a brightly marked hot spot within an hour of the French Quarter. One entry had been made hours before. I wondered how the patrons would have handled a dozen gay reporters converging on their territory.

rooms, you should check out this exhibit before it disappears July 2. There's even a private hallway with a 4x8 foot board and markers in case you're inspired or just want to be off.

(Southern Exposure Gallery, at Project Artaud, 401 Alabama at 17th Street, San Francisco.) ▼

Even if you never did the tea-

## Reilly

(Continued from page 25)

the HB Studios in New York. Naturally, when you're doing that, you're called upon to act a little, and you have to direct."

And performing was fun, too. Reilly had done over 22 off-Broadway shows (causing Walter

Kerr to remark in *The Herald Tribune*, "If I see Charles Nelson Reilly's young, energetic face in one more opening number, I am going to be sick) before he was discovered by Jerry Herman. Herman starred him in the two revues that opened Broadway to him; he followed *Bye Bye Birdie* with *Business and Dolley*, and didn't have a chance to direct until 1966.

While teaching at William and Mary College in West Virginia, he directed Elaine Strich in a production of *Private Lives*, which was so successful it moved off-Broadway. It also sparked the Coward revival: thinking it was dated, Coward's agent had been withholding the playwright's work. Reilly's production proved otherwise to him, and he released the works.

Most recently, Reilly's television appearances have complemented his directing career. In the '60s, however, he was still a Broadway performer—and that's a good thing, for if he wasn't, he wouldn't have done the musical *Skyscraper* with Julie Harris and formed a deep friendship with the actress.

"Julie was always spouting this poetry," Reilly recalled. "She was always doing readings of Emily Dickinson's poems." Out of friendship, he went to one of those readings. "Before the second word had gone by, I said, 'This has to be a play.'"

It took eight years to get that idea on stage, but Julie Harris in *The Belle of Amherst* was such a hit that the show not only enhanced Reilly's reputation as a director, but made him the officially recognized director of one-person plays. He has since done solo shows about Paul Robeson, Charlotte Bronte, Zelda Fitzgerald, and, now, Oscar Levant. Coming in the future is another show for Julie Harris based on Isak Dinesen.

"The trick is to honor someone who wrote," Reilly revealed. "If there's a lot of writing, you can get a play out of it. If the person you're honoring is not a writer, it's very difficult. But if you have a wealth of what they themselves wrote, you're kinda in business."

As proof, he points out less successful one-person shows based on Casey Stengel, Fiorello LaGuardia, Eleanor Roosevelt, Van Gogh and even Grandma Moses. The script for his Levant show follows his prescription, however, coming mostly from transcripts of Levant's radio shows and three best-selling books.

After a script full of the "honoree's" own words, only one other thing is needed: an event in the person's life to hang it all on. In *At Wit's End* that event is Levant's first public concert after a crazed period of drug dependency, breakdown, institutionalization and withdrawal. Levant gave concerts he called "Concerts With Comment," in which he alternately talked, told stories and played the piano. It's a perfect format for the show, allowing for witty storytelling,

bitter personal revelations and flashy piano playing. And, like *The Belle of Amherst*, the show had a long and difficult gestation.

"During our backer's audition in Los Angeles there was an earthquake, and on the second night after the premiere in Florida there was a hurricane," Reilly said. "The water was pouring in as Stan played 'Rhapsody in Blue.' You seem to inherit the life of the person you are honoring. Doing Emily Dickinson, we were rejected by everyone at first. With the Robeson show, we had pickets and rioting. With Oscar, we've had chaos bordering on frenzy, which is just how he described his life."

The director reflected a moment on these difficulties, and laughed insidiously: "It helps make the part real."

The play about Oscar Levant is rooted in the man's long friendship with George Gershwin. Commenting on how the two men took to each other, performer Stan Freeman has said, "I guess it was as much of a love affair as two straight men can have without going further."

Reilly agreed. "There's nothing gay oriented about the Levant evening, but it's so beautiful that it appeals to everyone."

*At Wit's End* aims at portraying a Levant who is more than caustic jokes, public self-deprecation, endless hunger for drugs and fine music making.

"What's interesting about the play," Reilly said, "is how I thought the witticisms are wonderful, so you play a little Gershwin, you play a little Bach, and you have a sweet little evening. But what fooled me was that it's really a full blown play. Audiences get into it as if they're watching a full play. It's because Oscar was quite a wonderful man; he's inspiring to anybody, he covers everything that's human." ▼

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## MOVIES

'Batman'

# Keaton Strikes Out; Nicholson Bats 1,000

by Ron Larsen

Holy hype and hoopla, *Batman* hath arrived! But does it fly? Is it really this summer's long-awaited "super-colossal blockbuster," second only to the Second Coming, as all the Hollywood hucksters would have us believe? Yes and no.

At its best, *Batman* is a triumph of style over substance, a visually stunning achievement that even the hearing impaired can enjoy. At its worst, it is an opulent but emotionally underwhelming epic adventure with a bargain basement script that opts for Batmobiles and Batplanes over plot development and character study.

On the plus side, *Batman* has all the production values and prodigious talent that a \$40 million budget can buy. And every cent of it is right up there on the screen—the fantastic set design and art direction, the outstanding cinematography and editing, the striking costumes and make-up, the amazing visual and special effects, a thrilling Oscar-calibre music score by Danny Elfman with songs by Prince, and the Dynamic Duo of Michael Keaton and Jack Nicholson sharing the big screen for the first time.

Fact is, *Batman* has almost everything going for it except a strong script, and sometimes even that doesn't matter. Under the direction of "Boy Wonder" Tim Burton, who scored a bull's-eye with last year's offbeat hit *Beetlejuice*, this comic strip come to life is a stylish and highly stylized motion picture that abounds with images that will haunt film-goers long after they have left the theatre. In this respect, *Batman* lives up to its hype and is definitely worth seeing.

Production designer Anton Furst deserves high praise for his wonderfully moody and atmospheric sets, which rival the futuristic sets of *Blade Runner* in 1982. As envisioned by Furst, Gotham City is a dark, grimy, menacing landscape blighted by all the worst aspects of America's decaying inner cities, a nightmare vision of what New York might be like had there been no planning or zoning con-

trols. Part boiler room and part prison, with grotesque skyscrapers forming canyons and shutting out the light, Gotham City is a metaphor for crime and is as much a leading character of the film as Batman or the Joker.

Beyond the production values and technical achievement's, *Batman*'s biggest drawing card is the compelling presence of Jack Nicholson in the bigger-than-life role of the Joker. As played by the Oscar-winning actor who turns every performance into an instant classic, this Joker really is wild. Indeed, Nicholson *owns* this picture. He has the meatiest role, with all the best lines, and he dominates the film from start to finish, even managing to have the last laugh.

But that's part of the problem with *Batman*: the picture is supposed to be about the Caped Crusader, yet the bland title character is totally eclipsed and outclassed by his flamboyant archenemy. For this and other reasons, *Batman* should have been called *The Joker*. Then, at least, audiences would not have gone to it with false expectations.

As for the casting of Michael Keaton in the dual role of Batman and his alter ego, millionaire/philanthropist Bruce Wayne, I'm afraid that all those angry Batfans were right when they protested his selection. Keaton is a gifted actor, and he was brilliant in *Beetlejuice*, but he doesn't do right by the Dark Knight. He looks imposing enough in his Batsuit, handling his action scenes with agility and aplomb. But, for the most part, his performance is inexplicably subdued, especially when he's playing the poorly drawn role of Bruce Wayne, and this throws the whole picture off balance.

If Keaton's Batman fails to come off as a commanding and convincing hero, screenwriters Sam Hamm and Warren Skaaren must share much of the blame, for they have written a lopsided script more geared to showcasing the talents of Jack Nicholson than to exploring the character and mystique of the Dark Knight. In the plot's classic confrontation between good and evil, the cards are so heavily stacked



Batman and the Joker continue to confront each other, even after this final scene in the film *Batman*. In the critics corner they're fighting it out over who is the film's true star.

in the Joker's favor that the audience can't help but root for the bad guy.

As for the supporting players, Kim Basinger is awful pretty/pretty awful as the vapid Vicki Vale, a photojournalist determined to unmask the Caped Crusader. Vale is supposed to serve as Batman's love interest/damsel in distress, but there's not enough electricity between them to light up a flash bulb, much less the big screen.

Faring much better in subsidiary roles are Robert Wuhl as *Gotham Globe* reporter Alexander Knox, Jack Palance as the double-crossing crime lord, and

the wonderful Michael Gough as Batman's loyal English butler, Alfred. Pat Hingle and Billy Dee Williams appear briefly in the film's convoluted and confusing opening segments, where it's hard to tell the good guys from the bad, and they are lost in the shuffle.

With all its failings, *Batman* is still an extravagant, spectacular, hypnotically watchable and entertaining motion picture. While some Batfans may be disappointed by it, Nicholson's fans will love it, applauding the Joker's every mad, maniacal gesture. Even those who find the script lacking will be bowled over

by the film's eye-popping sets and visual effects.

*Batman* is a flawed blockbuster, to be sure, but Tim Burton's screen adaptation of the comic book adventure is a far more original and imaginative work than most of the tired retreads Hollywood has been serving up in this Summer of the Sequels. As always, the choice is yours, but I suspect that *Batman* will lift you right out of the summer doldrums. ▼

\*\*\*  
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Jack Nicholson stars as the Joker in *Batman*.



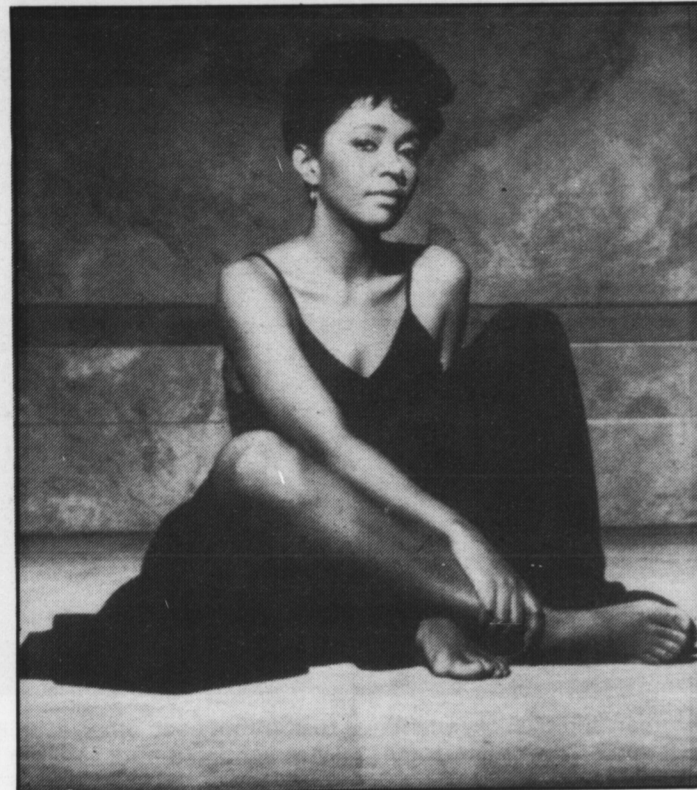
# Overweight Ms. Nasty Delayed LP

by David Taylor-Wilson

Summer's here and the time is right for dancing in the street! The long-awaited, long-overdue album by **Janet Jackson** is almost here. The hold up was apparently due to Ms. Jackson herself. It seems that A&M Records wanted to release a videoclip of the first single simultaneously with the album, but Janet (Ms. Jackson if you're nasty) had put on some weight. As a result, the videotaping was delayed until she slimmed down. I'm being told now that she has in fact dropped the excess pounds and that the video has been wrapped. My guess is that once it is released, she will undoubtedly rule the charts once again. Stand by.

By the time you read this, the movie and soundtrack to **Batman** will have been released. The entire music industry is waiting to see if this will help the fledgling status of **Prince**, who put in much overtime on the soundtrack to the movie. The pre-released "Batdance" single has been steadily moving up the charts and has been the most avidly embraced single by his purpleness since... since... uh... well, in awhile. Don't get me wrong, Prince will be around for awhile, he's just been missing the mark lately.

Speaking of soundtracks,



Is Elektra Records holding Anita Baker's "Good Enough" hostage?

*Ghostbusters II* pre-released the single "On Our Own" featuring **Bobby Brown**. Among teens and young adults this former **New Edition** member is one of the hottest properties around. A guaranteed hit. It'll be interesting to see if the single that rappers **Run D.M.C.** cut for the soundtrack generates a hit.

New from **Lisa Lisa & Cult Jam** is "Just Git It Together." This group continues its Midas touch on music. Watch this become a #1 hit.

The **Jacksons** are back—without Michael. Their

new album "2300 Jackson Street" along with the first single "Nothin' (That Compares 2 U)" is getting good numbers so far. Honestly, I didn't think too much of this initial single—maybe I'll have to give it another listen. The title track however is an homage to the Jackson parents and features vocals by every member of the Jackson siblings.

I was hurt to see sales of the new **Phoebe Snow** album starting to slow down. This is a fabulous album. Hopefully her new single "Something Real" will turn that around.



Can the *Batman* soundtrack help pump up Prince's floundering career?

**Dr. John's** new LP "In A Sentimental Mood" features a great duet with **Ricki Lee Jones** on the classic "Makin' Whoopee!"

When is Elektra Records going to stop catering to the pop radio formula and release "Good Enough" by **Anita Baker**? This is arguably the best cut on the LP. With her already across-the-board and cross-over success I think it's time pop radio grew up and accepted and played music based on its quality—not on whether it simply adheres to a certain demographic and time constraint. I'd rather listen to five minutes of good, quality music like "Good Enough" than 3½ minutes of the pop-shock we've been getting lately.

Can you believe the out-of-nowhere comeback of **Donny Osmond**? His single "Soldier of Love" went Top 10 recently (really, it did!), while his new release "Sacred Emotion" is climbing upward. Wouldn't it be great to see him beat out **Michael**

**Jackson and George Michael** at the Grammys?

Across the waters the British are just having a great time recycling yesterday's hits and overlaying them with new beats and calling it "fresh." I now have a copy of the "latest" **Bananarama** single, "Cruel Summer" the "swing-beat '89" version. **Wod.**

**Chaka Khan's** greatest dance hits have been reworked and remixed with the same treatment. They did this last year with the successful "You Can Dance" compilation by **Madonna**. Chaka's collection is called "Life Is A Dance."

Ten years ago this week, "Hot Stuff" by **Donna Summer** was the #1 single. Twenty years ago this week, "Get Back" by the **Fab Four** was #1. 1989 also marks 25 years since **The Supremes** premiered out of Motown, and I am surprised that I haven't seen or heard much hoopla about that anniversary. ▼

## Deadline Near For Arts Fund

Arts groups or other non-profit organizations undertaking arts-related activities are invited to apply for assistance from the Voluntary Arts Contribution Fund. The application deadline for 1989 support is Friday, July 21.

Applicant organizations must have non-profit status or a valid fiscal agent, a budget of under \$1 million, at least two years of continuous stable programming in San Francisco, and be governed by a fiscally responsible board of directors or sponsoring agency. The maximum grant will be \$1,500 and matching funds may be required. Collaborative efforts sharing use of these small capital and equipment acquisitions are encouraged.

Established by the San Francisco Board of Supervisors in 1984, the VACF provided grants to 29 small- and mid-size groups during 1988.

Complete application information may be obtained by contacting Voluntary Arts Contribution Fund, Room 289, City Hall, San Francisco, CA 94102, phone 554-6710. ▼

## Hughes

(Continued from page 26)

for her much-absent father. Hughes' refusal to be pinned down guarantees that at least a few individuals in every camp won't like what they hear.

Hughes has been particularly stung, however, by women's criticisms that *World* fails to be true lesbian theatre.

"It's a big problem for lesbian artists," she acknowledges. "Not only do you have to deal with homophobia and misogyny in the general world, but you have to deal with a community that has put a lot of energy into defining what it means to be a good lesbian. There's a lot of argument, a lot of little camps, but there's no sense that we could agree to disagree."

Still, such reactions have become familiar, and Hughes is philosophical.

"If all I really wanted was for people to love me," she laughs, "I guess I wouldn't have done this piece." ▼

**World Without End** written and performed by Holly Hughes. Life on the Water Theatre, Fort Mason Building B. Tickets: 776-8999. ▼

## 'Flowers in the Dirt'

# McCartney's Easy Ride to Pleasure

by Jeff Boswell

**P**aul McCartney has done it. He's finally bounced back from a seven-year creative drought to give us his best collective work since 1973. Unless you are a new-wave or heavy-metal extremist, you'll find something enjoyable and entertaining on this album from the most successful recording artist-composer in history.

I've always loved the writing style in many of McCartney's songs in which he focuses on love regardless of gender.

"Flowers in the Dirt" has the quality of "Band on the Run" (1973), the spontaneity of "London Town" (1978), the simplicity and quick execution of "McCartney II" (1980) and the diversity of "Back to the Egg" (1979).

His last good album was "Tug of War" (1982), which featured "Ebony and Ivory," a joint effort with **Stevie Wonder**, his memorial to **John Lennon**, "Here Today" and "Wanderlust," Paul's little bit of **Gilbert and Sullivan**.

"Pipes of Peace" (1983) was a fair album that had several good McCartney classics—notably his dual effort with **Michael Jackson**, "Say Say Say." But all in all it was a weak album.

"Press to Play" (1986), again with several good songs—"Talk More Talk," "Pretty Little Head" and "Angry"—lacked cohesiveness and consequently widespread public appeal. The stark back cover seemed to insinuate that Paul was just stamping this album out for the record company's sake. His heart just wasn't in it anymore.

Those two weak albums seemed to forgo bad times ahead for McCartney and his fans. It was as if McCartney was stumbling, uncertain of his place in today's music world, unsure of what direction to take. It looked as if he had lost his footing after **John's** death. **George Harrison's** success with the **Traveling Wilburys** no doubt prodded Paul to get serious.

"Flowers in the Dirt" has 13 songs, four co-written by **Elvis Costello**. On this album, McCartney proves he is still the master virtuoso, giving us typical McCartney easy-listening ballads, but also reggae, gospel, rhythm & blues and modern dance sounds.

Of the 13 songs, I found only two to be clinkers—"Figure Eight" and "Don't Be Careless Love." And the problems with those two lie in McCartney's vocals, which border on the obnoxious. The lyrics and music are fine. With most albums containing only eight to 10 songs, "Flowers in the Dirt" still provides more than a full album's worth of quality music.

The best songs on the album are "Ou Est Le Soleil" and "Rough Ride."

"Ou Est Le Soleil" is a dance mix with all-French lyrics that rivals much of the modern music played on **Live 105**. The energetic bass, which was not played by Paul but by **Steve Lipton**, never lets up. The synthesizers, keyboards, bongos and **Linda McCartney's** background vocals (though she isn't credited, I'm sure it's her) give the song a "hip," eerie effect. A quality dance song that should produce an extended mix. I hope to hear

of the styles that's part of him and a nice complement to the rest of the album.

"We Got Married" is Paul paying homage to straight domesticity. Kind of an updated "Deliver Your Children" ("London Town" LP). **Dave Gilmour** provides a typically **Pink Floyd** hard-rock lead guitar.

When "Band on the Run" came out, everyone applauded the theme album concept—related and interwoven songs and themes. The picture that is developing in McCartney's albums through the years is that of a concept career.

McCartney has effectively incorporated and reinterpreted some of his past styles and sounds into this album and experimented with the new. While at many times in the past he has simply reshaped, that is not the case with "Flowers in the Dirt."

"You Want Her Too," another co-job on which **Costello** plays keyboards and alternates vocals with McCartney in a me-against-you love-song triangle, has a great electric guitar reverberation. Paul claimed **Costello** was being "real John" in his collaboration.

"Put It There" is an all-heart McCartney song, reminiscent of the "White Album's" "Mother Nature's Son," with a touch of **Simon and Garfunkel** and a string quartet that brings back memories of **James Taylor's** 1970 **Apple** album. **Beatles'** producer **George Martin** helped with the arrangement.

"This One" is a **Beatles** love song, engineered by **Beatles'** engineer **Geoff Emerick**, with double McCartney vocals, harmonium and some of the most visual chorus lyrics McCartney has written in years:

*The swan is gliding above the ocean  
A god is riding upon his back  
How calm the water and bright  
the rainbow  
Fade this swan to black*

"That Day is Done," a solid gospel production with McCartney pushing himself to another musical extreme, is a follow-up to the theme begun in "After the Ball" on "Back to the Egg." In Paul's words: "I kept bringing in all these happening hits, and **Elvis (Costello)** was bringing in like **Eskimo** drum music and the **Bulgarian All Stars!** On 'That Day is Done' I said 'Oh yeah, I get it. New Orleans funeral music. House is finished, right?' It's turned out a nice track set against everything else."

"How Many People" has a reggae flavor. A good song, written in **Jamaica**, that's dedicated to **Chico Mendes**, a **Brazilian** who was killed because of his efforts to stop devastation of the **Amazon** rain forest.

McCartney's voice is in prime condition here. And he reveals his environmental activism. (I hope he puts his money where his mouth is.)

"Distractions" is one of those songs that makes you say, "There goes Mr. White Bread again." It's definitely a song you won't like if you absolutely don't like **Paul McCartney**. If that's all he did, it would be bad. But it's one



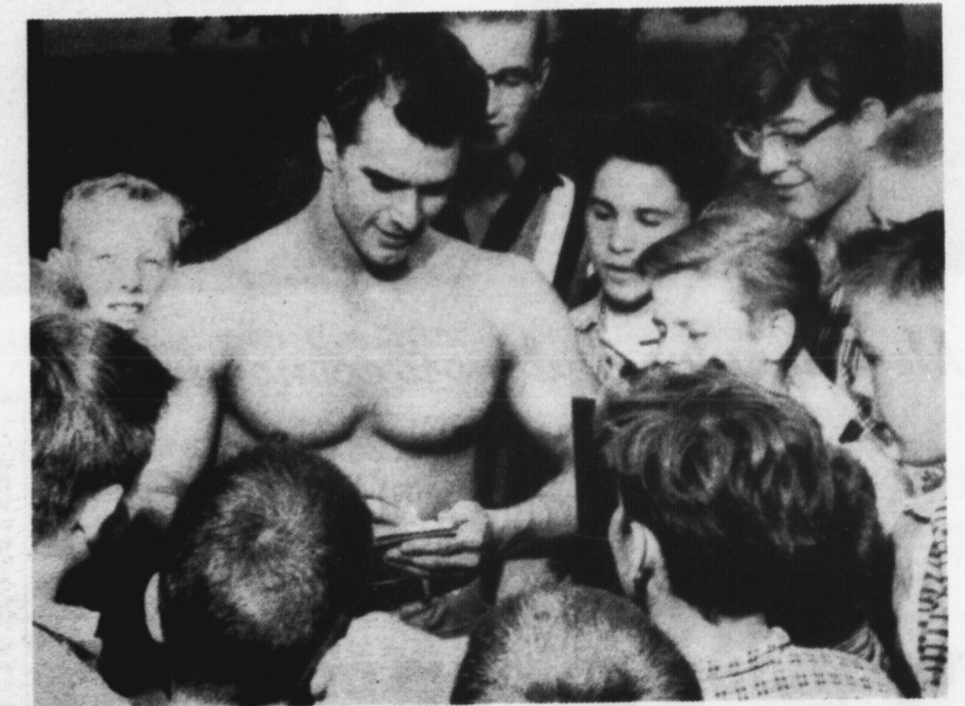
Paul McCartney will tour the United States next year—his first in 14 years.

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## Haven and Home For Lesbian Nation

**The Bar Stories: A Novel After All**  
by Nisa Donnelly. St. Martin's Press, 1989. 356 pp. \$17.95  
by Noreen C. Barnes

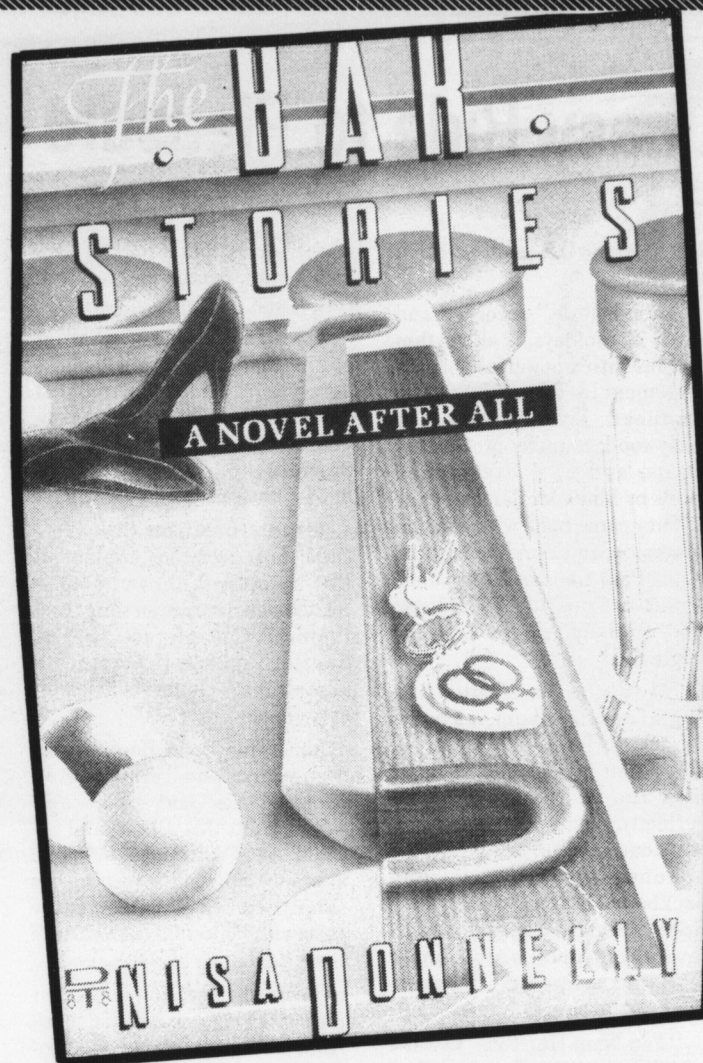
Nisa Donnelly's fragmented but always fascinating novel (as much for its structure as its content) tells the multi-layered and tangential tale of a number of women who are somehow connected to Babe's, a women's bar in Oakland. For some it is just a stop when leaving or going home, for others it is home.

The brash and brave Babe Daniels dominates her hard-earned and beloved bar where, as in most bars, "time passes; only the names change" and where "dreams littered the floor" promises "of temporary paradise."

The tarot-reading Babe's life is "a series of fortunate accidents strung together like popbeads," from pre-Stonewall days when she was a roller-derby queen to the current, relatively sedate life she shares with Sharon, her lover of more than 20 years, and Tara, their "turkey-baster baby without the turkey baster."

Babe's own adventures provide the backdrop to a series of short-story-like accounts of women—both colorful and common—who peripatetically inhabit the pages of *The Bar Stories*. Kate, a New York photojournalist, drives across the country in a car named Eleanor Roosevelt to put together her final exhibit, photographing lesbians of all kinds. It is her last "gift"—an album for all the women in the world... the ones in the offices or driving trucks or tending bar or making music or just trying to hang on... The legendary bar is the last stop in her search for the "lesbian nation," and Babe assures Kate, "Well, you've come to the right place, because if they aren't here, they're either on their way or they just left."

One woman, obsessed with Matty, the manager of the bar, takes on the name "Shadow," deciding to call "herself what she had become" in an eerie transfor-



mation reminiscent of "The Yellow Wallpaper." In "The Changer and the Changed" Matty grapples with opposing views of lesbian-feminism—one from an insufferable academic purist who does little more than theorize—shrilly—about it, and the other offered by Babe, who has lived it:

"We're respectable because we survived. And we survived because we knew how to kick ass... You talk about building a revolution? Well, just remember whose backs this revolution of yours is built on."

Other stories are of former, present and future lovers, mothers and daughters, co-workers, best friends, and an occasional meeting of strangers—one fateful, another fatal.

Maggie, consumed with Biblical verses and blood, is locked in a psychic duel with a TV evangelist. Jake, a Native American with a pool-hall education, escapes the suburban trap masquerading as domestic bliss and finds refuge at Babe's where she can "rule the table the way she never could rule life." Kit and Sissy have a steamy encounter behind the ficus in a corner of the bar. And one story is told from the perspective of a "remarkable" cat, who reunites two pairs of lovers.

Because Donnelly has so many tales to tell, and some of them were originally published as (and it seems, intended to be) short stories, it is sometimes difficult to regard *The Bar Stories* as a "novel after all." Just as the author begins to flesh out a character sketch, with her history, thoughts and sensibility, she moves on to the next, abandoning her creations on a beach, in a bed or at the bar.

In turn, the woman she had been flirting with or passed in the parking lot becomes the center of the next story, and so on. Donnelly does keep circling back to a few "main" characters, and she keeps returning to the bar, but some of her women do get lost on the fringes and become difficult to distinguish from each other (hmm, sort of like real life).

I would love to see Donnelly, who is an excellent writer, concentrate on a few of these characters and construct something with a bit more focus. As a first full-length work, however, *The Bar Stories* is impressive. She has been, for the most part, successful in shaping the stories—although some contain shifts in style and point of view that are a little uneven in their execution—into a whole composition.

Donnelly packs the work with the striking poetry of such lines as "stars spilled like rhinestones from a broken bag of midnight," and blends humor, humanity and even a bit of supernatural horror in a rich mosaic of intersecting lesbian lives.

### Jai Jai Noire Debuts New Band

Songwriter-guitarist-vocalist Jai Jai Noire (pronounced Ja Ja Nwhar) showcases her new band, Lesbian Snake Charmer, and headlines at Female Trouble (aka the Nightbreak) on Haight Street in San Francisco, Wednesday, July 12 at 10:30 p.m.

The new band consists of Jai Jai Noire, Christa Hillhouse, Shauna Hall, and Wanda Day.

## The Genius Factor

Soon after the Broadway premiere of *Sunday in the Park with George*, a friend of mine complained that he had perceived a slowing down of Stephen Sondheim's creative output.

"That man is such a genius that I think we're all entitled to another masterpiece," he griped (without the slightest understanding of the artistic process).

Because June is the month when the MacArthur Foundation traditionally issues its "genius awards," it's interesting to note what genius is and how it plays a role in the arts.

Webster's Big Dick (which defines genius as "a great natural ability, strong disposition or inclination for a particular activity") describes a genius as both "a person with a very high intelligence quotient," and "a person having great and original creative ability in some art, science, etc." What the definition fails to state clearly enough, however, is the uniqueness of a genius and the singular impact of his work. In the sciences, a genius such as Albert Einstein or Alan Turing may possess such rare mathematical and/or logical talents that his brain can stretch the boundaries of human knowledge to the point where new discoveries are made. In the arts, the presence of genius is often reflected in the singularity of a person's abilities to use his craft as a part of the artistic process. A true genius's creativity is not based on quantity so much as it is on quality. Nevertheless, it helps if both factors go hand-in-hand.

### Clowning Around

Several years ago, when Bill Irwin became a recipient of the MacArthur Foundation award, people unfamiliar with his work were a bit surprised to see so much recognition going to a self-proclaimed "performance artist and clown." Yet Irwin (who is a veteran of San Francisco's Pickle Family Circus) is a great clown who has developed a geeky and peculiarly appealing body language all his own. Starring on Broadway in *Largely New York*, this man has sent the press scrambling for superlatives as they try to compare him to Charlie Chaplin and other legendary talents who, as history has shown us, were legends unto themselves.

*Largely New York* offers audiences a humorously kinetic essay whose chief ingredients are music, movement, mime and video. It's a place whose most successful sight gags involve the comic use of stage curtains, sleight of hand, break dancers and a wacko college professor who likes to do pratfalls into the orchestra pit. Irwin's show doesn't have a spoken word in it. Yet there is more imagination here than you could find in most of the theatres on Broadway.

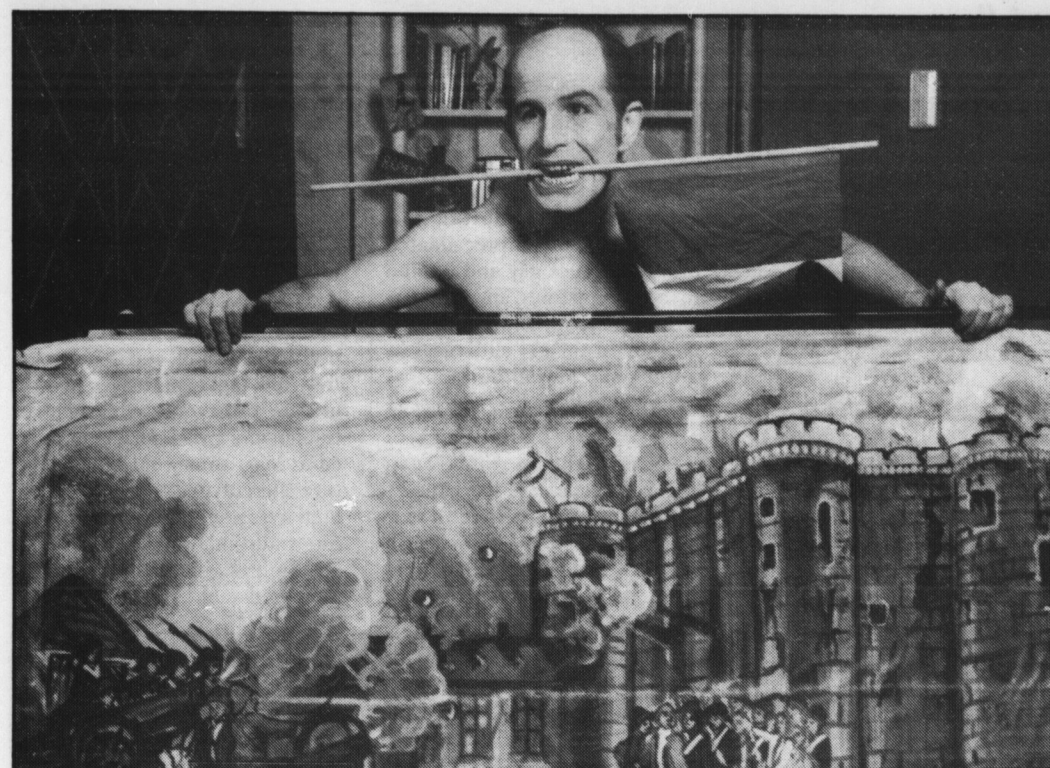
All of the factors that contribute to *Largely New York's* giddy success serve to entertain an audience with an impressively high pleasure quotient. Special praise goes to break dancers Leon Chesney and Steve Clemente as The Poppers, Margaret Eginton as a dance soloist and Jeff Gordon as the diving Dean. But at the center of it all is actor-choreographer-director Irwin in the role of a post-modern hooper who is trying to make sense out of mod-

ern life while playing with a hand-held remote control gadget which can make any mechanical device in the St. James Theatre run amok.

To witness Irwin working a stage in the persona of a timeless nerd whose body is made of rubber is a theatrical joy. You really need to experience this phenomenon for yourself. Why? Because *Largely New York* is definitely not the kind of show you should just read about.

### Deadly Serious

We often appreciate someone's genius most intensely when it has been taken from us. Last year, when Charles Ludlam succumbed to AIDS, many wondered if the Ridiculous Theatrical Company would be able to withstand its founder's demise. In the tradition of "the show must go on," Ludlam's partner and lover, Everett Quinton, took over the leadership of the company. In recent months, Quinton has been performing a one-man show entitled *A Tale of Two Cities*. However, despite a rave review from *The New York Times*, I found his performance as a neurotic drag queen (who finds an infant on his

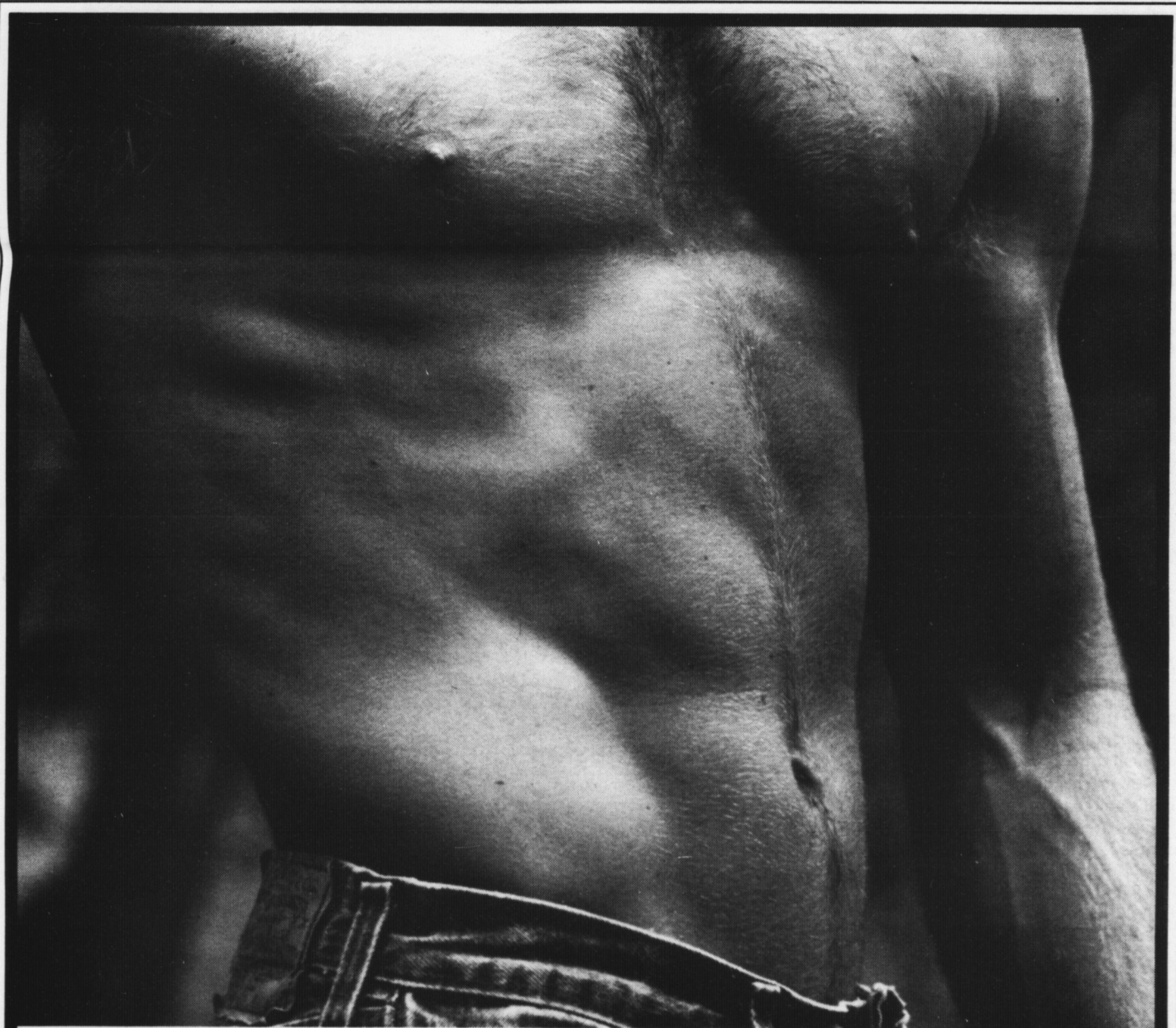


Everett Quinton is the solo performer in the Ridiculous Theatrical Company's production of *A Tale of Two Cities*.

doorstep and attempts to calm the child by acting out all of Charles Dickens' novel) insufferably boring.

One of the tackier joys of the Ridiculous Theatrical Company has always been its tendency to wallow in wretched excess. That excess was made wonderfully lurid by Ludlam's perverse genius and the rare artistic "flounce" that imbued his per-

formances. Ludlam knew what the joke was, the audience knew what the joke was, Ludlam knew that the audience knew what the joke was, (Continued on page 53)



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STAGE

Part II

# Can Gay Theatre Grow Up?

by Wendell Ricketts

Major changes in theatrical images of gay men and lesbians were taking shape by the second half of the 1970s, and gay characters were beginning to show up, without fanfare, in mainstream hits like Lanford Wilson's *Fifth of July* (1978), Michael Cristofer's *Shadow Box* (1977), James Kirkwood's *P.S. Your Cat is Dead*, and even *A Chorus Line* (1976).

But the lavender stage revolution was marked most significantly

by two simultaneous phenomena: the unprecedented proliferation of gay and lesbian theatre companies, and an extraordinary bloom of plays written for lesbian and gay audiences by lesbian and gay authors.

*International Stud*, for example, the first installment of Harvey Fierstein's *Torch Song Trilogy*, appeared in 1978; the remaining sections followed a year later. *Bent* was a Broadway smash in 1979, and Jane Chambers' *Last Summer at Bluefish Cove*

enjoyed a long and successful Glines production during 1980 and 1981.

There was promise, that is, that alongside an alternative, even political lesbian and gay theatre—one that explored problems unique to gay life, illuminated lesbian and gay history, and traded at least somewhat in subculture stereotypes—gay and lesbian lives might be incorporated into traditional theatres as well. One might, in any case, have predicted such a result.

Like every other aspect of gay life after 1981, however, the trajectory of lesbian and gay theatre was suddenly skewed by the onset of the AIDS crisis. In the years since, more than 40 AIDS-related plays have been produced across the country, a tribute both to theatre's ability to encompass a community's concerns and to the struggle of artists to come to terms with the devastation of AIDS.

One of the earliest dramatic responses to AIDS was *The A.I.D.S. Show*, a collection of skits and monologues by some 14 writers, conceived and produced by San Francisco's Theatre Rhinoceros in 1984. Robert Chesley's later *Night Sweat* (1984) and *Jerker* (1986) were both profound considerations of the impact of AIDS on gay men's sexuality. Doug Holsclaw's enormously popular *Life of the Party* premiered in 1986, one of the first comedies about AIDS and one of the first AIDS plays to be, as Holsclaw put it, "blatant propaganda for safe sex." Probably the best known AIDS plays are Larry Kramer's *The Normal Heart*, which opened at the Public Theatre on April 21, 1985, and William Hoffman's *As Is*, which sprang from Circle Repertory to Broadway just 10 days later.

Even in the age of AIDS, however, new lesbian and gay theatre has not dealt with AIDS to the exclusion of all other issues. Timothy Mason's *Levitation*, for example, showered a typical family drama with the magic of a gay sensibility; and Holsclaw's *In the Summer When it's Hot and Sticky* included an insightful look at the clash between a thoroughly liberated 23-year-old gay boy and a flamboyant, decidedly pre-Stonewall queen. In work by women, Adele Prandini and Sue Zemel's musical comedy, *Pulp and Circumstance* (1987), was a liberated romp through the "twisted sisters" school of lesbian fiction from the 1950s.

Despite these examples, there can be no question that lesbian and gay theatre of the current decade, and certainly beyond, will be marked by the "theatre of AIDS." The course of new gay and lesbian theatre has been permanently altered as playwrights struggle with the question of how

and whether to deal with aspects of gay life beyond the issue of AIDS.

Equally notable is the situation of gay theatre companies themselves. In contrast to the 18 or more troupes operating at the end of the 1970s, no more than a handful exist today. It remains to be seen whether the decline of gay companies is part of some natural evolution in theatre or whether it is a casualty of the same difficulties—chiefly financial—that plague all alternative and community-based theatres. In the meantime, "mainstream" theatre seems to have discovered gay playwrights and gay themes as never before.

In San Francisco, for instance, many of the major non-commercial houses have presented gay-themed works not elsewhere in repertory. Life on the Water Theatre hosted gay performance artists Keegan and Lloyd in 1988, and has twice produced the work of avant-garde lesbian writer Holly Hughes (*Dress Suits to Hire* and *World Without End*). The Magic, too, had a hit on its hands last season with *Breaking the Code*, the story of doomed homosexual genius and computer inventor, Alan Turing.

In 1983, Eureka Theatre commissioned Emily Mann's *Execution of Justice* (the story of the Dan White trial) and in 1988 produced Manuel Puig's *Kiss of the Spider Woman*. Eureka is developing a remarkable new *tour de force* by gay playwright Tony Kushner, *Angels in America*, slated for production during the 1989-90 season. Even Theatre on the Square, as one exception to the profit-house rule, produced *Torch Song Trilogy* in 1983 and *Last Summer at Bluefish Cove* in 1984, both to considerable acclaim.

After decades in which stage portrayals of homosexuals rarely varied from stereotypes of perversion, shame and shadow, the post-Stonewall years saw lesbian and gay playwrights answering the call for "affirmative" images, for a corrective to the unsavory, unflattering depictions that had grown too familiar.

The '80s, then, heralded an opportunity for gay theatre not only

(Continued on page 45)



Scandal threatens to explode a family in *Kudzu*.

(Photo: Shari Cohen)

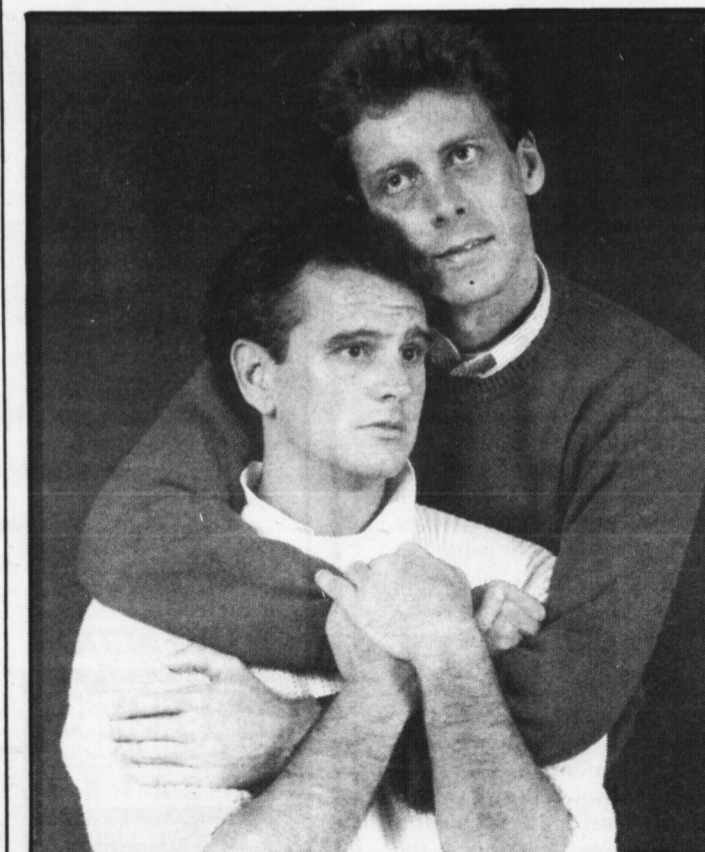
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R. Keith Allaun, left, and Bear Capron starred in the AIDS drama *As Is*.

VIDEO

Part II

# Loop the Loop: 20 Years of Porn

by John Karr

Porno wasn't feature films after all, and the presumptions of the Poole/Deveau era began to fade in the early 1980s. With the spread of AIDS and VCRs, a nationwide network of gay theatres dwindled in number. Even the number of production companies fell after the boom years, and without their distribution network, perhaps it is only the difficulties of marketing that has kept video from becoming the people's art, as *Christopher Rage* expected. Without research, I can think of only a few independents: Katsam Productions, whose videos range from technically crude S/M debauches to forays into the weirdest esoterica; Sirco, which has paired Grandpa with a dildo, and sex with bathroom functions; *Man's Hand*, which purveys unlimitedly dull spanking videos; and *Michael Goodwin's* sometimes artsy-fartsy, sometimes right-on Goodjac Productions of contemporary safe-sex exploration.

But there's an acknowledged leader in the "cottage industry" porn field, and that's **Jack Fritscher**, who informs us that his Palm Drive Video is not a slick studio shooting slick models. Instead, they go to the street, jobsites, rodeos, policemen's wrestling exhibitions, and biker's beer busts to bring you *Real Life Guys*.

**Jack Fritscher:** "I'm an iconoclastic visual artist. I like to make new icons of ordinary people. Look at yourself. We're at a period where we need education and growth, and Palm Drive Videos are doing it. We're not making the same video over and over again. Part of the thing of the post-AIDS film that a video artist has is the responsibility to not only entertain, but to show guys what they can do that isn't the old style stuff that's now out of place, but a new way to have fun.

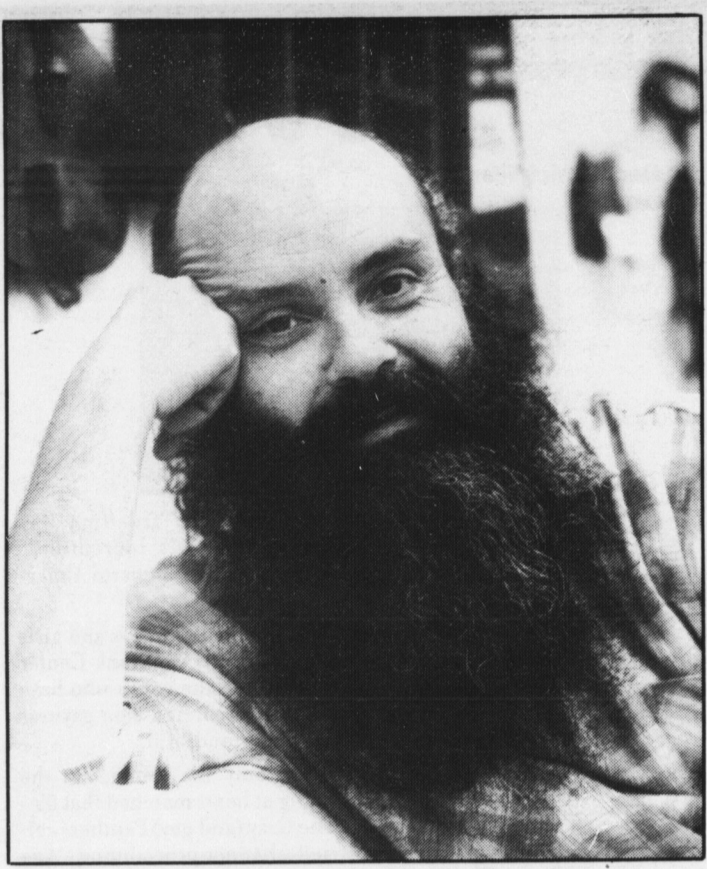
"Creatively, I'll take anything on as a challenge—that is, make a dirty movie where they keep their clothes on. And so, in our videos, the clothing, the gear, the talk, that attitude and the strut is as much the erotic movie as when they finally flip it out and whack it off. So you may watch the first third of a movie before the guy actually gets his dick out, because we're not that dick-centric. Because to the clever homosexual, frontal nudity has never been required.

"What we're talking about is the total attitude about watching a guy walk through his version of what being an American male is all about, whether he's a Southern redneck cowboy, a carpenter or whatever. I'm not reacting to the prevailing commercial style, I complement it for what it is. I think it's kind of silly to do a narrative for an erotic movie, because once you've seen the story, who wants to watch it a second time? So I just decided to approach real guys I find in real places, several of whom are straight as arrows when it comes to their own sexual quality, but are free enough, because this is California, to show it off.

confidence that they can be hot. What you're getting at Palm Drive Video is people's individual passions. What we have received from all the slick studios is the tale of two blonds who supposedly are USMC, fucking each other with 9 inch dicks around the pool. Everyone is tired of that movie. Instead of going through the formula of, 'I went to the bar and a muscle man took me home and fucked me over,' what we do is find the carpenter or construction worker, and I mean a real one, who is smart enough to take being videotaped as a compliment.

"I think video art, particularly in the '90s, is going to have to help gay guys re-invent sex. And I think we are in a stage of transcending purely genital sex. Fetish exploration was there even without AIDS, but it's been accelerated as another way to get at somebody's sexuality. What it does is release people from the grammar school of suck and fuck to the graduate school of sophisticating their sexuality. We're seeing through fetish how one transcends flesh sex a bit.

"Here in San Francisco we invented sex in the baths on drugs from the Haight. Now, video has



Jack Fritscher's Palm Drive Video is experimenting with innovative forms of erotic fantasies. (Photo: Dan O'Neill)

become the substitute for the drugs to expand the mind and show the individual. That's why there's an explosion of solo videos. The biggest stars have

(Continued on page 45)

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# We Love a Parade

by Dennis McMillan



Sunday's Lesbian/Gay Freedom Day Parade in San Francisco was a time for practically every known contingent to march out their gay pride and express their concerns.

Of course the drag queens were out in force.

Vinnie from the float full of original Stonewall drag queens looked radiant in his big, big, big, red wig.

"I was there in '69 and I'm here in '89," he said. "We accomplished a lot then, and we've still got a lot to get done now. We can do it because we're gay and proud!"

Closet Ball Queen winner Miss Conception (Larry Fyvie) said, "Isn't this a great day? It took 20 years and we're really going to celebrate."

The inimitable Doris Fish skated by in high drag to say, "We're 20 today. Isn't it nice to be 20 again?"

Not everyone was a drag queen. Not everyone was gay. Parents and Friends of Lesbians and Gays marched in support of their loved ones. This was not octogenarian Lilian's first time.

"If you've ever marched before, you'll come back again and again," she said with pride.

Also representing non-gay gay support was the Straights for Gays group. One member carried a good-natured sign saying, "Dyslexic Gaights for Strays."

The Sons of Orpheus, a mainly heterosexual male group, decided to march and play samba music.

"This is the first time I've

been to a gay freedom day parade, and it's incredible," straight member Roberto Almanzan said.

Underaged gay boys and girls from the Billy de Frank Center represented the youth who have early on discovered their gayness and are proud of it.

Not only the young, but the young at heart marched that day. The Gray (and gay) Panthers carried a banner proclaiming "Age and youth in action together." The G40-plus club of gay elders rode a balloon-decorated cable car with a somewhat older Marilyn Monroe on board.

"We're here to have a good time and look at all the boys and girls," MM senior said.

Alternative family lifestyles had representation. The Gay Fathers, a support group for men who discover their gayness after they marry and have children, marched for their 13th year.

"We started on the day of the gay parade when a couple of the guys babysat for each other while they watched the parade, and this is what has grown ever since," past "chairdaddy" Phil Conway said.

They were followed by the parenting group, composed of gay men and lesbians who chose to have children after having discovered their gayness.

"The more we as parents join politically as an advocacy group, we can achieve our rights to adoption and raising children with same-sex family units," a spokesperson said.

Lesbian families with twins marched for their third year.

"Now we have four sets of twins in our group, and it gets bigger every year," a representative said. "We hope to hear about a gay fathers with twins group soon."

Sexuality was proudly and boldly represented. Brandon Wilde, porn star from West Hollywood, appearing at the Campus Theatre, rode scantily clad in a convertible.

Joanne, coordinator of the Bay

Area S/M community contingent, confided that she was finding it difficult to eroticize the pain in her sore feet from so much marching.

Many a bare-chested man (and occasional woman) carried banners proclaiming pride in their sexual proclivity.

The spiritual/metaphysical group was well represented. Dignity/SF and the Metropolitan Community Church were glad to be a part of the parade. Asked

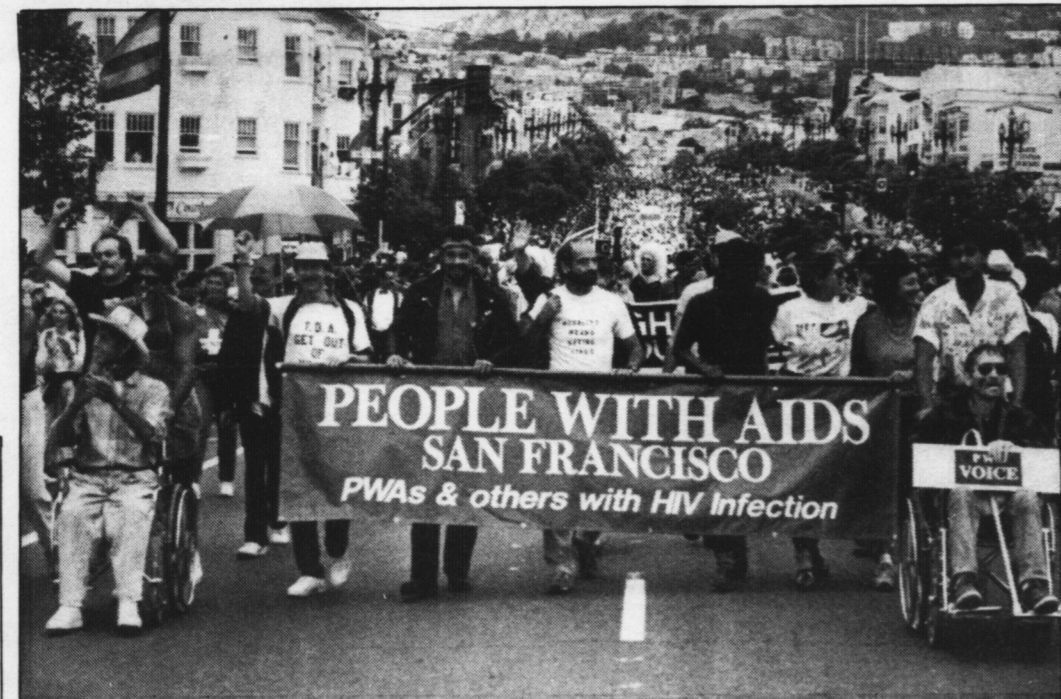
whether they thought God approved, they answered with an overwhelming, "yes, absolutely!"

The radical faeries, taking a slightly less traditional approach to spirituality, marched behind a giant, red patent-leather purse labeled "The Satanic Pursues." A representative calling himself Auntie Christ and carrying a placard saying "Thank Gay I'm God," explained that it was all about being mystical but not los-



The Women's Float '89 won the Outstanding Float award.

(Photo: Darlene/PhotoGraphics)



People with AIDS contingent received enthusiastic applause.

(Photo: Pruzan)



A group of uprooted pansies took to the street.

(Photo: Darlene/PhotoGraphics)

ing your sense of humor about it.

The Steps group, wearing red T-shirts with the words "Power to the T-cells" emblazoned on them, formed part of the healing contingent of people with HIV.

"Our program is all about people taking charge and doing what they need to do with their own healing process," Executive Director Danny Zielinski said. "We're alive and well, focusing on the quality of life."

The AIDS care-givers marched

with pride. Jeannie of Visiting Nurses and Hospice said, "We're here to show support for our gay brothers and lesbian sisters."

Celeste Arbuckle of Coming Home Hospice commented about the joy of seeing the PWAs in her cable car "celebrating life and connecting with the community."

Ruth Brinker, director of Project Open hand, was handing out fortune cookies with messages such as "Ruthee B. say 'food for thought is fine, but food for bel-

ly is better.'"

Lenny Simpson of Bay Area Physicians for Human Rights, marching for the 10th year, said, "We're committed to quality health care for all people, lesbians and gays especially. We were the first to come out with safe-sex guidelines, and we are fighting on a medical, social and political level for our rights."

On the psychotherapeutic level, the Pacific Center for Human Growth marched and let everyone know about their

counseling programs and seminars for gay and bisexual people.

Larry Sheehan, co-chair of Bay Area Lawyers for Individual Freedom, represented the 450 members recognized as an official minority bar association.

"I've seen some briefs here today that I would like to deal with on a non-professional level," he said.

Lavender Veterans for Peace was present to "network with other gay, lesbian and bisexual vets around the country to bring peace, justice, and stop oppression on this planet," according to Michael Job. The group had its beginnings at the national march on Washington.

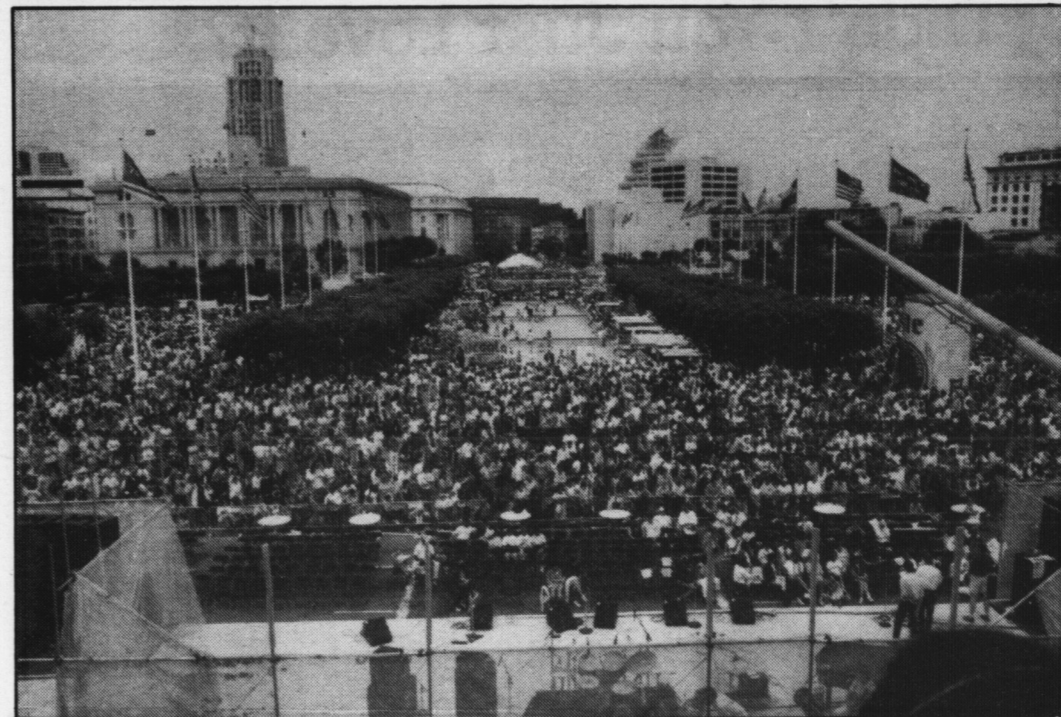
Hand-to-Hand, a women's kung fu martial arts and self-

defense group, punched and kicked their way down Market Street.

Joanie Marquardt of the All People's Fight Back Campaign said, "We will not take four more years of Reaganism under Mr. Bush's regime."

Tom Brougham and his partner Barry Warren rode in a car as the first domestic partners from Berkeley in 1985. Brougham said the couple came up with the concept of domestic partners in 1979 and were instrumental in helping Supervisor Harry Britt with his proposal.

Even the four-legged species were represented at the parade. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals marched while passing out buttons saying, "Thank you for not breeding." ▼



View of Civic Center Plaza from the mayor's office.

(Photo: Rink)



Surviving partners of PWAs marched as a contingent.

(Photo: Rink)



John Laird, Santa Cruz City Council member, left, and San Mateo County Supervisor Tom Nolan.

(Photo: Rink)



The Gay Marching Band rolls down Market Street.

(Photo: Pruzan)

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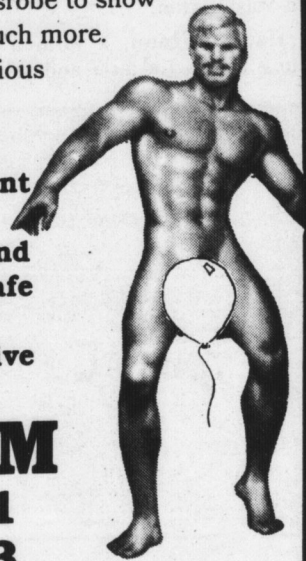
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### Mr. Marcus

## Didn't You Just Love It?



Jose Sarria, one of the grand marshals in Sunday's parade. (Photo: Marcus)

There's a lot to be said about a parade. There's a lot more to be said about a gay parade and last Sunday's annual celebration of the gay and lesbian lifestyle was not without its great moments.

From the beginning roar of the Dykes on Bikes to the pounding music of the I-Beam's dance-a-thon on wheels, it was a marvelous display of the diversity within our community.

It was great seeing all the politicians in the parade too—from members of Congress to the mayor and some of the supervisors.

The Cable Car Awards board members were on hand to bestow accolades on the outstanding float entries.

Members of the ACT UP group impressed everyone with their demonstration and proved that their brand of activism gets valid responses.

There was leather, feather, rhinestones and heels galore not to mention all the body paint and outrageously glamorous costumes.

The original Stonewall rioters were afforded a place of honor and garnered lots of applause along the parade route.

Those who chose not to face the crowds were content and not disappointed in the videos by M.E.N. Video—rushed to several bars with an Instant Replay of the action on Market Street. Cal Eagles M/C motorcycle owners rushed the tapes to their destinations and by the time the parade was over those who didn't go were able to see the whole thing in living color.

The bleacher seats were packed, affording spectators a bird's eye view of the celebration. Hats off to everyone involved in producing an "event." All the volunteers deserve a great hand for their expertise in crowd control, special needs, medical support and the staging of all the fun at the Civic Center.

All over town, disco parties were in progress and the bars were packed. The tourists definitely got a "gay" experience.

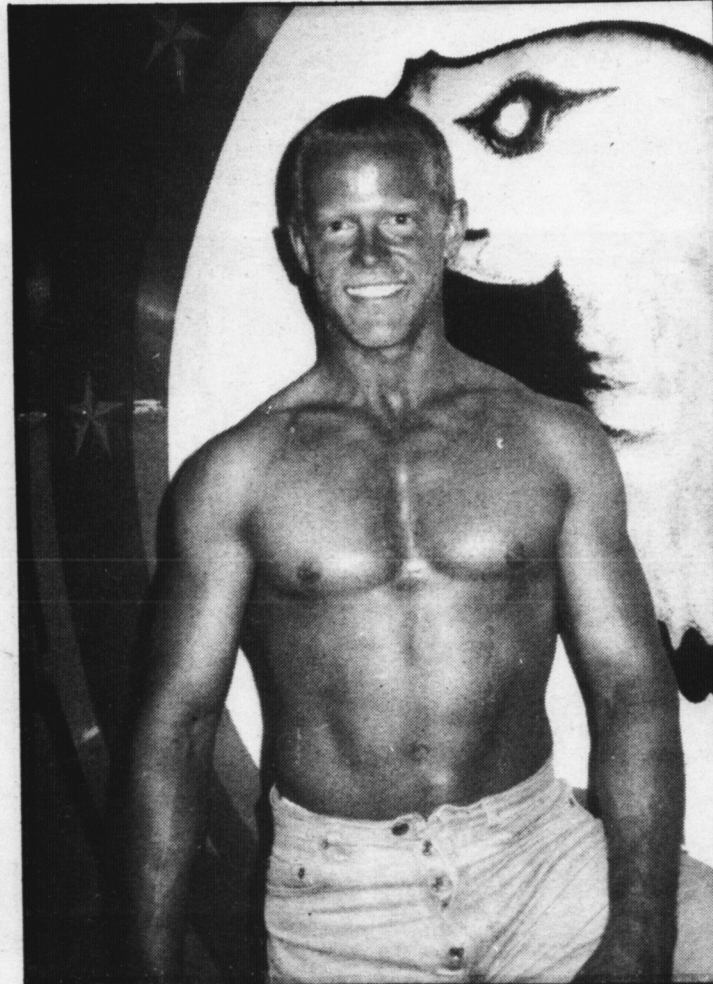
The only sad note I heard was about a man who got his hand severely mangled on one of the truck bed gate drops. Mostly it was a wonderfully wild and exuberant celebration and I dare say, ours was the biggest and best of all the parades around the country. I'm sure you'll enjoy the photos in this issue of B.A.R. and I hope you all had a good time.

\*\*\*

The week leading up to the parade was not without its high-

lights. The S.F. Gay/Lesbian Film Festival brought out more tourists along with all the other people here for various reasons. Lots of Los Angeles people were on hand as well as San Diegos; and from all over the S.F. Bay Area, there were enough gays and lesbians to populate a whole city. Theater, disco and musical groups played to packed houses.

At the S.F. Eagle last Thursday, June 22, the next-to-the-last competition for a spot on the 1990 Bare Chest Calendar attracted a big crowd. Judges Peter Austin, Ken McMullen (Mr. November on the current calendar) and Dan Delbex squared off with a parade



Mitch Johnson, Mr. November 1990 Bare Chest Calendar. (Photo: Marcus)

of pulchritude that seems to get better and better each time the contest takes place.

In the final voting, Mitch Johnson, a 31-year-old paralegal standing 5'9", 170 lbs., blue-eyed, blond and extremely well-built, prevailed over the other contestants to take the Mr. November 1990 spot. "Wild Bill" Hinson took the runner-up spot.

The final contest to pick Mr. December 1990 will take place next Thursday, July 6. This is your last chance! While last week's winner admitted his fetish was body worship, he certainly set a lot of hearts racing in the audience and they seemed extremely pleased at the outcome.

Friday, June 23, this town's only uniform club, the Phoenix, held a beer bust and competition party again at the Eagle. Huge turnout for a Friday night beer bust! The Eagle patio was packed with uniforms of every description. Needless to say, it was heavy-duty cruising!

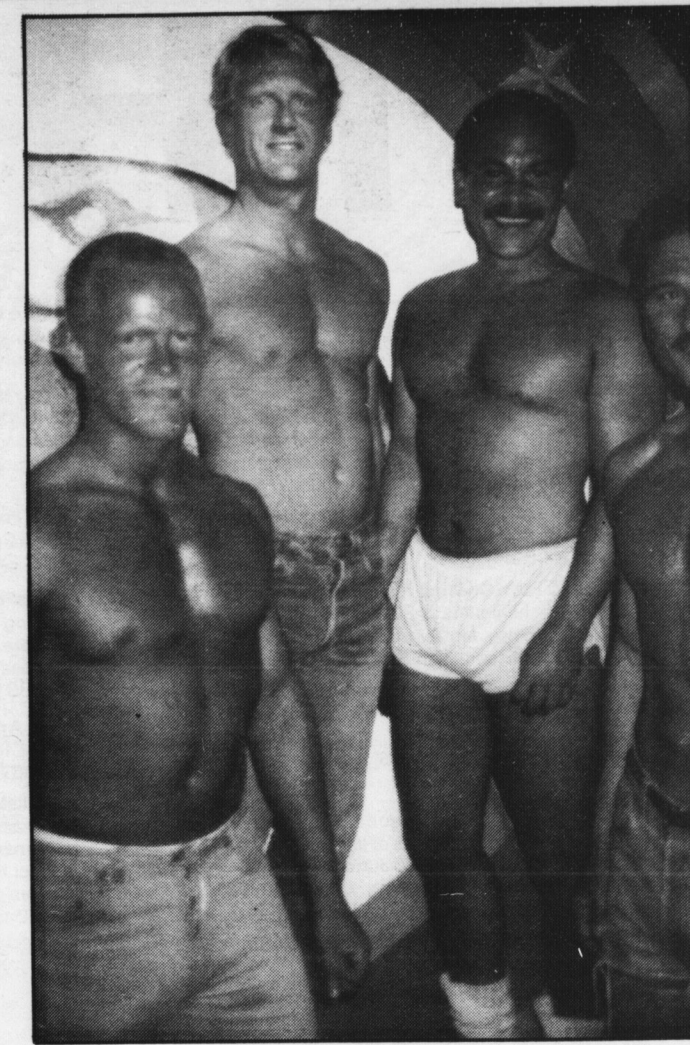
The competition for the best military uniform and the best law-enforcement uniform was judged by Jason Ladd, Tony Trevizo and Dick Norton. Again, the crowd seemed pleased with the winners selected by the judges. It was very festive!

The next night, Saturday, June 24, the Phoenix Uniform Club celebrated its 11th anniversary at the Transfer Bar—another big turnout by friends of uniforms and several bike-club members. I finally realized that night how Pushy Phyllis got the name Pushy! Ye gods, what a mouth!

Friday night, Fran Frisch opened his Pride '89 Cartoon Show at the Eagle. The hilarious artwork will hang on the Eagle walls until July 5, so don't miss it; you'll get a lot of chuckles perusing the display.

And Sunday was the parade. The local TV stations did a nice job with coverage while the Chron and the Examiner differed in their assessment of the size of the crowd. Whatever the number, it was an absolute gay and lesbian day—no one can deny that! I hope you were there. It was a heart-warming and joyous event. Fun, splashy, glitzy, inspiring and worthy of everyone's appreciation.

So here we are, heading into the home stretch toward year end. July should be very festive if you're hankering for some fun things to do. To wit: Tonight, Thursday, June 29,



Four more hot chests compete for the November 1990 spot on the Bare Chest Calendar. (Photo: Marcus)

the Powerhouse celebrates its fourth anniversary! Hey, the 1347 Folsom address started out gay as the "In Between" (because it was between the then-Ramrod (now My Place) and Febe's (now the Paradise Lounge). After that it became the Cow Palace Saloon (Aug. 3, 1971).

Failing as a western bar, it next became the Phoenix—lots of plants (action), macrame, with a window full of plants in the rear looking out on a sometimes grassy patio and a basement with fun (action) and couches where the pool table now stands.

The Phoenix enjoyed much popularity but for reasons I can't remember now, it then became a bar without a name. Ron Johnson and his staff just didn't have time to find a moniker so they painted the sign gray and hung a motorcycle tire on each side. After repeated demands for a name, it was still a bar without a name. Well I had to print something about the action going on there, didn't I? I started calling it the No Name Bar (not connected with the one in Sausalito). That

name stuck.

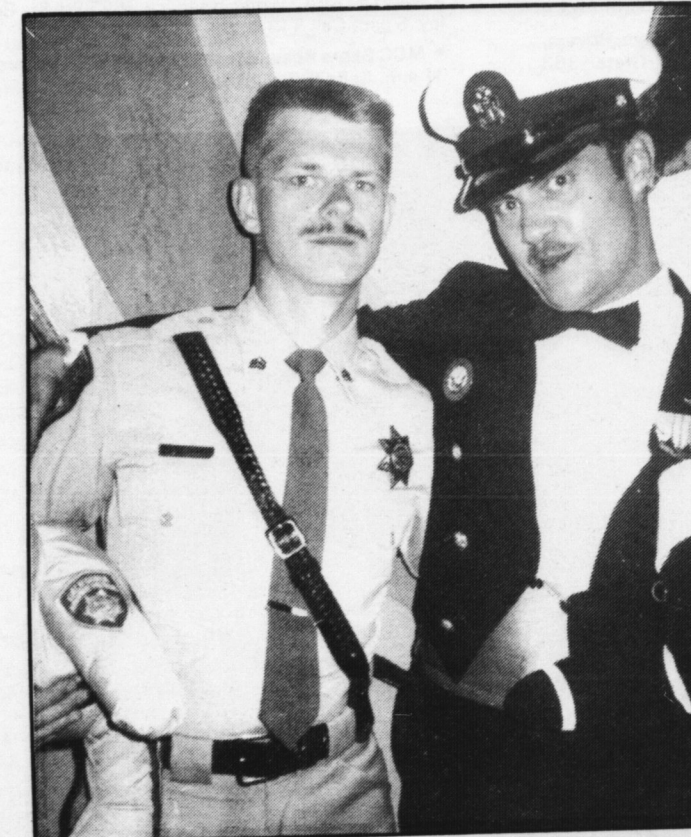
The No Name then started attracting lots of leather. One of the bartenders used the plastic arm of a rubber doll to stir his drinks. A huge papier mache penis hung from the ceiling and it was the first thing you saw when you entered the bar. It was then that 1347 Folsom became world-renowned for leather shenanigans and outrageous parties. The crowds grew and grew.

The next chapter in the life of 1347 Folsom was one that started out amidst rumors that it would become a dance bar! The leather crowd was aghast! No, not that! It was Dr. Sanford Kellman who quieted the fears of everyone. The bar then became the Bolt and the leather crowd remained intact.

The Bolt ushered in a new sub-culture of leather. Before that, no one wanted to believe that leather men liked to dance. The music at the Bolt was superb. By this time, juke boxes were definitely out! Magical tapes with great music permeated and the faster the tempo, the cruiser the bar.

But Dr. Kellman wanted to own a disco. He sold the Bolt and opened the I-Beam. Leather followed. It was the site of the Mr. Drummer finals when Los Angeles' Luke Daniel won the title and then went on to win Inter-

(Continued on page 42)



Best law enforcement uniform (left) and best military uniform winners. (Photo: Marcus)

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## Marcus

(Continued from page 39)

national Mr. Leather.

Then 1347 Folsom became the Brig. By this time, it was in complete ownership of a tried-and-true leatherman—Hank. Another shift in decor—this time a huge mural on the back wall that was absolutely beautiful. There was a small leather shop added as well. It became the absolute shrine of Michael Schiell, the man who made the word "dude" synonymous with leather.

This time, Folsom was the absolute monarch on the lane of leather. It was the years of the Black and Blue, the Arena and lots of headaches with arsonists running around the Miracle Mile. By this time, too, Folsom became a one-way street and Ringold Alley was in its heyday.

The Brig, with its contestant in the first Intl. Mr. Leather contest in Chicago, took the title in the person of David Kloss, an offshore oil rigger who now lives in Houston and is just as beautiful today as he was in 1979 when he took the title away from eight other contestants at the Radisson Hotel in Chicago.

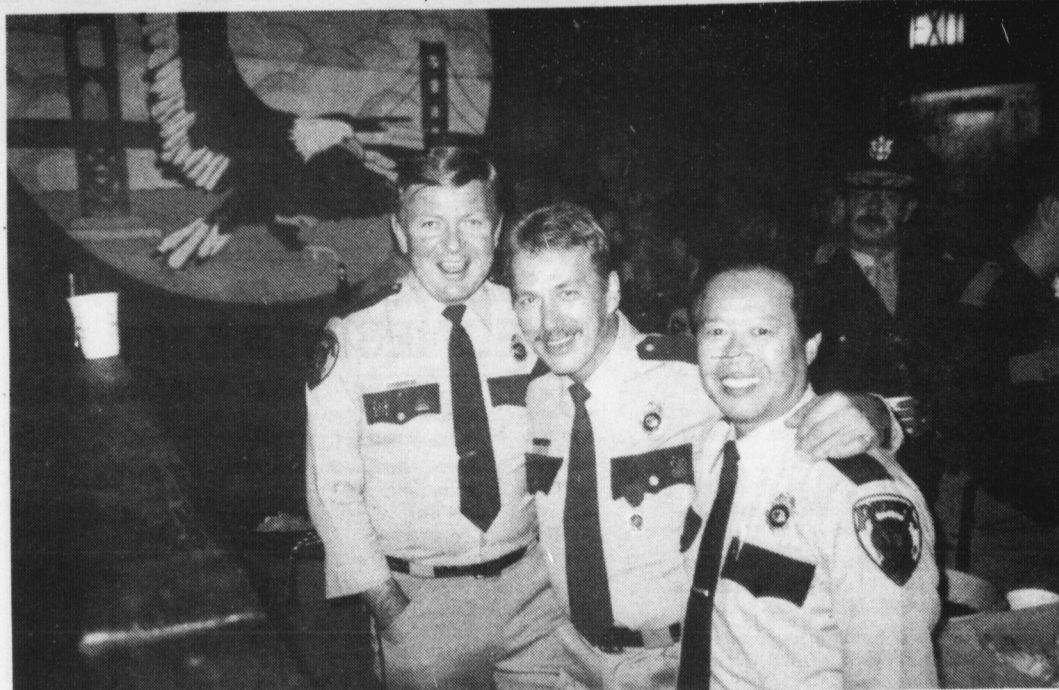
Two years later, the Brig's en-

try, Marty Kiker, took the title from 40 contestants, and a few years later, Patrick Toner again carried 1347 into the winning circle.

After Hank's untimely departure, 1347 Folsom became the Powerhouse. One of San Francisco's most admired men headed the staff. Matthew Newman continued the ambience at 1347 even though he was, at heart, a cowboy type.

And here we are, four years into the Powerhouse. Still world renowned, still leather, still playing great music and still hiring great bartenders. I hope you'll join the staff and the many loyal customers on this fourth anniversary.

And on Friday, June 30, Mr. Powerhouse II will be selected. The past few months saw leathermen troop to the stage to divulge their leather lifestyle and why they want the title. Come and see Jacques Briel, Kevin Jackson, Augie Messenbrink, Cole Weeks, Kevin McCarthy, Gregg Filips, Louis Caraballo and Mark Tully stand tall and proud. See who will be Mr. Powerhouse II. Unfortunately, last year's winner, Jose, will be in Texas dealing with a family matter, but he's sending a stand-in. The finals begin at 2200—hope you'll be there!



Phoenix Uniform Club members celebrate their 11th anniversary. (Photo: Marcus)

The Powerhouse action will get you off to a good start for the weekend. It's a shame the Fourth of July lands on a Tuesday this year! How many "I called in sick" stories will be heard this coming Monday?

The Royal Court (Duke and Duchess) are having an S.F.

Follies Fashion Show Saturday, July 1, at the Corral on Market from 1730 to 2100 for only \$5. Their flyer didn't say what it includes so I guess it's just a fashion show and a show—a benefit for the AIDS Emergency Fund.

The Cycle Runners are having their fifth annual Super 500 trip to the wine country and the delta on July 1 and 2; depart from the Watering Hole at 0800. The \$40 fee includes lodging, lunch enroute, cocktails, outdoor barbecue, pool party and a continental breakfast. You'll also get a Super 500 keychain and it's limited to 30 people. Call 386-6985 (after 5 p.m.) if you really want to go. It sounds like fun!

Gail Wilson will swing and sway with City Swing at the Eagle beer bust on Sunday, July 2, from 1500 to 1800. This is always a great show. All that music, beer, food, and cruising! I didn't get the cost at my deadline, but I'm sure you can afford it and I'm sure it will not be more than \$8.

On Sunday, too, the formerly flamboyant Bill Camillo goes on the wagon—or at least his new 12x12 Dance Party (clean and sober) starts at 520 Fourth St. from 1800 until ????. It's only \$5 and 25 percent of the proceeds go to 18th Street Services!

Monday, July 3, the inimitable Stephanie (Miller) headlines a show at the Transfer beginning at 2200. Steve will perform with the Hand Maidens. I don't know if this is a female J/O show or not, but knowing La Stephanie, she will leave you stomping for more! Don't miss this one!

I almost forgot to tell you that on Saturday, July 1, the S.F. Gay Men's Chorus will perform with Chicago's Windy City Chorus at First Congregational Church (Post and Mason) at 2000 hours. Their flyer didn't mention any price, but I don't think it's free! Call 863-8326 (today and Friday) from 0900 to 1800 and Saturday from 1300 to 1700 for ticket info (i.e., prices and reservations).

If you go to work Monday, fake it so your boss will be sorry he didn't give you the day off. I know I'll be toiling away at the Dildo Mines.

Tuesday, hey, celebrate again—this time independence day for everyone! Up Your Alley productions must be in the red again—they're having the beer bust at the S.F. Eagle on the fourth. I didn't get a flyer, a phone call or a press release (again!), but I'm sure you can afford it.

If you're planning in advance, the Satyrs M/C of Los Angeles are having a beer bust at My Place (1225 Folsom) on Saturday, July 8, according to the new manager Ray—from 1600 to 1900, and at my deadline Ray didn't call me back to say how much. By the way, Ray, you didn't tell me where "CB" is, either, darrrrrling!

There's more coming, but don't fret—you'll get all the info in time!

### Doing the Dishes

Movie/video/cinema buffs were aghast last week when it was learned that the powers that be (Frameline) who put on the Lesbian/Gay Film Festival gave a resounding "No!" to internationally renowned filmmaker Jack Fritscher's entry *Mud!! Mud!!* is the powerful story of a demented performer (starring internationally acclaimed J.D. Slater) who is held as a prisoner of a war games camp and all the ensuing agony he endures.

No one at Frameline returned my calls but the "dish" is that, and I quote: "Jack Fritscher and J.D. Slater are not gay enough!" (to be shown at this festival!!) Not gay enough? Fritscher, owner of Palm Drive Video? Fritscher, a frequent contributor to Drummer Magazine? J.D. Slater, internationally known porno star and director of many a reel himself?

(Continued on next page)

## Author Geoff Mains, 42, Boosted Leather Community

Geoff Mains died June 21 at Kaiser Hospital from complications arising from AIDS. He was 42.

Mains held a doctorate in biochemistry from the University of Toronto, and spent much of his professional career in Vancouver, where he was a member of the faculty of the Forestry Department at the University of British Columbia. His work with various environmental impact study groups brought him into close contact with the natural world, both in British Columbia and across much of Canada and the United States.

In 1984 he was employed by Environmental Science Associates in San Francisco, enabling him to move to this city, which he considered his true home.

Mains will be best remembered in the gay community for his ground-breaking book, *Urban Aborigines*, which, since its publication in 1984, has earned a world-wide readership. Drawing on his extensive readings in anthropology and human physiology, as well as on his own sexual, social and spiritual experiences in the leather communities of San Francisco and the Northwest, Mains shed bright and positive light on areas of human experience previously kept in the dark by society's sexual taboos. His message has done much to combat the ignorance and fear



Author Geoff Mains.

(Photo: Mark I. Chester)

that cloud issues of radical sexuality, and has brought self-respect, hope and a sense of community to leather-identified people worldwide.

Mains' special sensibility and his profound love of the gay and leather communities are the sources of his stories and articles published in *Drummer* magazine and, most particularly, his powerful novel of San Francisco in crisis, *Gentle Warriors*, which should be available in bookshops soon.

It was Mains' intention in life to do what he could to improve the world. In this demoralized

age, his passionate and impatient idealism stands as a lesson in hope for all of us, for he succeeded. The world is a better place for his all-too-short sojourn here.

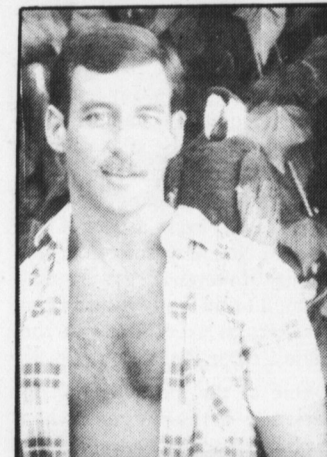
Mains is survived by his parents, Dorothy and Frank, by his brother and sister, Ken and Barbara, and by his many friends. Donations in his memory can be made to the San Francisco AIDS Foundation, the National Gay and Lesbian Task Force, or Theatre Rhinoceros. A memorial service and gathering of friends will be held on July 11 at 6 p.m. Please call Nick Carlson at 931-4484 or Jim Chappell at 552-9851 for details.

## Will Tucker Starred In Men Behind Bars

Our spoiled brat is gone. Will Tucker left us on Gay Pride Day just as the sun broke through the overcast and the parade started down Market Street. During his transition to the next plane, he was surrounded by Virginia, his loving and supportive mother and his close friends Terry, Jim and Bob.

A native of Northern California, he attended Chico State, where he was very active in the Drama Department. After college, he was hired by Channel 10 in Sacramento for their evening news report. Shortly after moving to San Francisco, he began a career in the advertising field with a well-known local ad agency.

Tucker had a taste for the finer things in life. He cherished his dark blue sportscar, designer suits, French champagne, and first class travel. He did many of the things others only dream about. He crewed on a sailing yacht in the Caribbean, went skin-diving on the reefs off Maui, toured the castles in Spain. He also renewed his love for the theatre by appearing in several of the productions of *Men Behind Bars* as "Binky" and the leather and

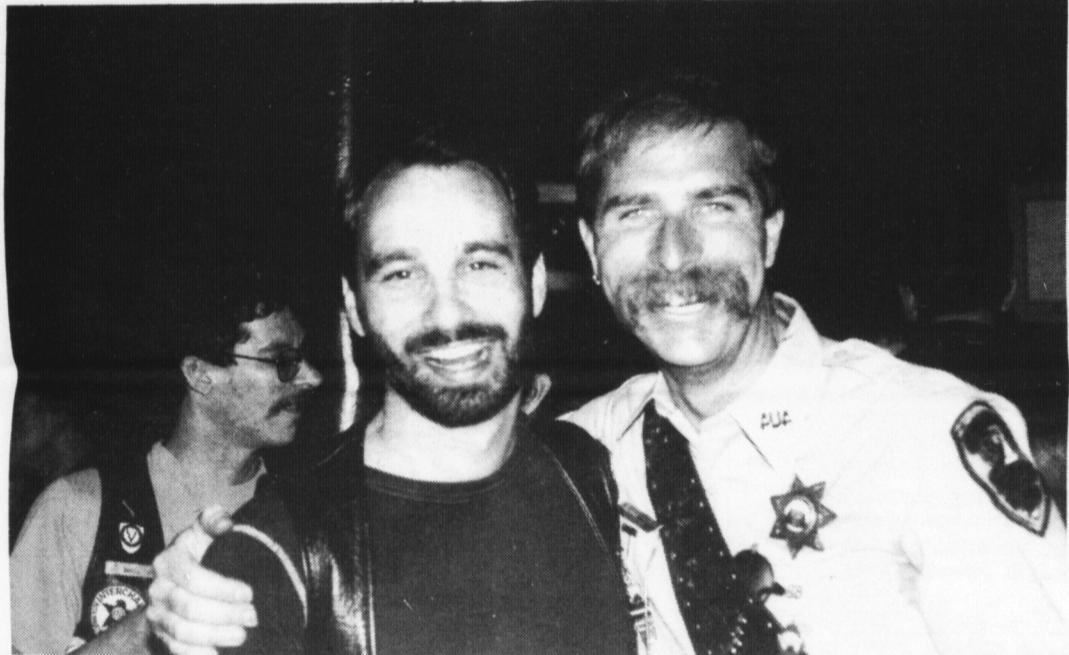


Will Tucker.

chrome clad singer of "I Never Do Anything Twice."

But most importantly, he used his diagnosis as a means of transformation. He became very clear in his priorities: to experience and share with others the true nature of love. He was able to focus on the positive attributes of his illness and to venture out through his heart to connect with those around him.

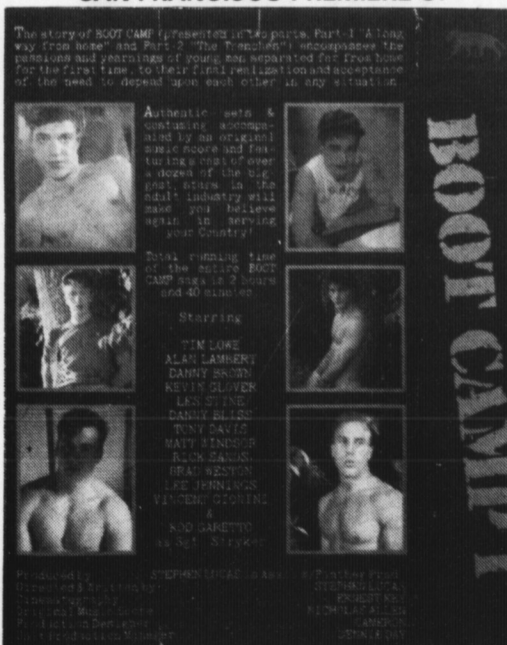
A celebration of his life will be held for Tucker in July. Please call 864-4451 for more information.



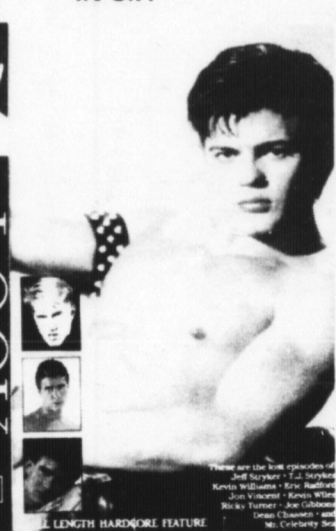
Russian River Leather Daddy John Ferrari (left) and Mr. Northern California Drummer Steve Patten. (Photo: Marcus)

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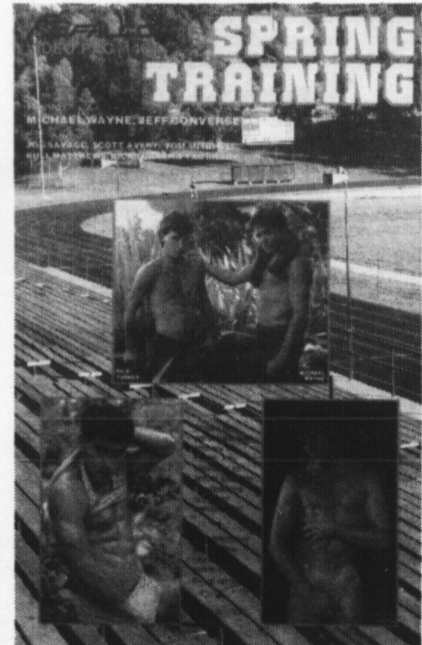
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## Gay Parade Covered the Spectrum

What a celebration! We've really come a long way with more than 180 entries in this year's Gay and Lesbian Freedom Day Parade. From the serious to the silly, sado to masochistic, frivolous to downright freaky, we managed to include nearly every aspect of our diverse, yet very colorful community. However, it was unity that seemed to be the key word from speakers at every stage in the Civic Center Plaza.

One of the most moving experiences of the day came when the Surviving Partners of People With AIDS contingent joined

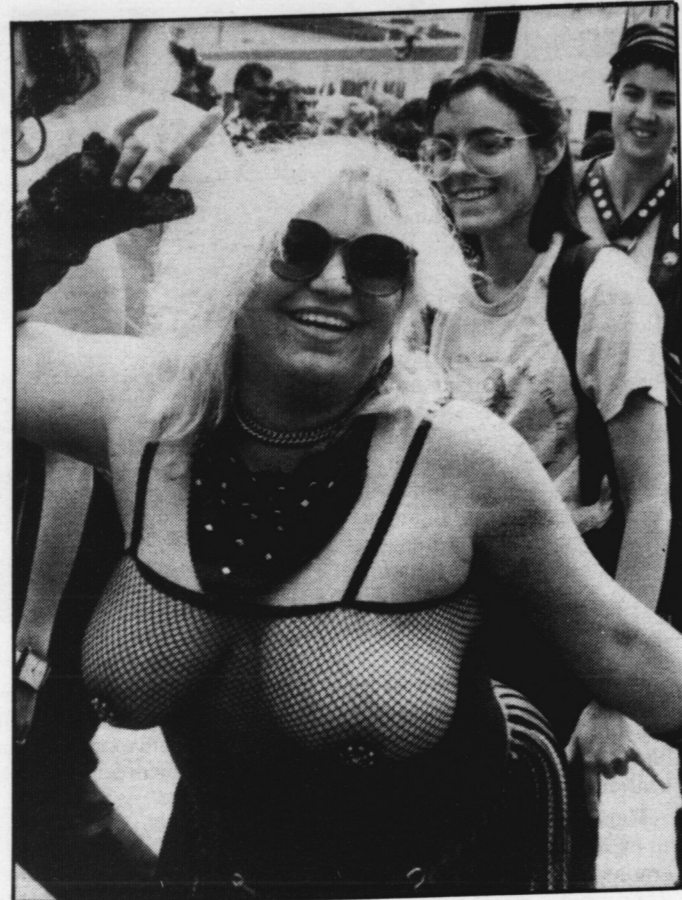
behind the group of People With AIDS for their first year in the parade. The parade day celebration can be a particularly hard time for surviving partners, friends and relatives of those who have died. It was heart wrenching for me to see them marching together, but the respectful applause from the crowds moved with them down Market Street, setting a tone of togetherness for the rest of the day.

The Women's Float, bronze and bold, blaring Sister Sledge singing "We Are Family," was an outstanding favorite with the crowd as well. Many hours of hard

work and months of dedication went into making that dream come true, and for all the volunteers and contributors, a big thank you!

There were so many fabulous contingents this year, including the Gay Elders and Gays Over 60, "Bold and Old!" and everyone here for the West Coast Old Lesbians Conference and Celebration. Parents and Friends of Lesbians and Gays are always wildly cheered by everyone.

PFLAG has done an indispensable job across the nation to defend their children against stig-



Let it all hang out. (Photo: Pruzan)

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## Porn

(Continued from page 34)

seen their peering die, and they'd much rather be in a solo video, not only for the safety of it, but because I try to find out what the man's fantasy is and let him act it out in spades. That allows a personal vision, which means that the day of the gay studio production is over. The independent productions are giving those studio productions a run for their money.

"And that will change the sexuality of gay men. I think art should primarily entertain, but if it's art, it will change you. Gayness gets you into places you wouldn't get into as just a person. And a lot of gay boys miss that point if they think the bar style is the only place where it's at. That sounds like I'm crusading, and I'm not at all. I'm just offering an alternative.

"Where's it going? It's going to be more fetish oriented, because sex is not only your dick and your butt. The point is to let them have a good time, and also diverge from just thinking about sucking dick and fucking ass. And censorship? That influence of the Meese Commission still rolls along, under the principle that if somebody abuses something, you have to take it away. But the abuse of a thing doesn't take away the use of the thing. You can take that principle and put that on every adult video. Prohibition doesn't work. So we're going to see more gay films from independent artists.

"I think in the '90s we're going to see a resurgence of gays in the media, especially as the AIDS cases explode, and we serve as the model for the world on how to deal with this. People will turn to us, just like they always have to make their hair and house pretty, to make their lives pretty again. So instead of Golden Girls dropping their gay butler, you'll see gay people returning to the tube. And I think that will allow gay erotica to grow on a level of above-ground commercial television and video.

"And that's why I prefer the work erotica to porn, because these right-wing types are always quoting us chapter and verse from our own publications—they say we ourselves call it porn. If we would stop calling it the porn industry, we would automatically click everything one more step toward acceptance."

This survey hasn't mentioned the West Coast pioneering of high technique and corporate savvy that has made giants out of Falcon Studios, Colt Studios and William Higgins' Catalina Studios. Nor did I mention the industry ignoring AIDS—even today, only a few performers show any interest in safe sex, and disclaimers preceding videos hardly absolve producers of culpability.

In this survey we've seen the '70s industry changer, Wakefield Poole, the '80s first widespread video dealer, Chris Rage, and some options for the future from the zealous new ideas of Jack Fritscher. And through it all, no matter what the innovation or expansion of technique and thought, 20 years after the cinematic porno revolution we know two things we knew the day before Stonewall: a little mystique heightens the slam-bang, and "loops" is the format that works. Porn: a field in which everything old is not new again, just done with better equipment, and where only a very few visionary people can take us on the real loop-the-loop of sexuality. ▽

## Gay Theatre

(Continued from page 34)

to transcend pre-liberation images of psychotic dykes and pathetic queens, but to move beyond the static portrayals institutionalized by gay playwrights themselves during the 1970s. At the end of the second decade after Stonewall that promise has only been partially fulfilled. Lesbian and gay theatre continues to be molded (and occasionally immobilized) by the inherent conflicts between archetype and stereotype, between self-awareness and self-consciousness.

Lesbian and gay theatre has been significantly limited, for example, by the tiresome division of "men's" and "women's" plays, a feat at democracy that is by now largely precious. Lesbian and gay playwrights often find, moreover, that their most strident critics are other lesbians and gay men, whose insistence on "correct" images thwarts theatre's capacity to stimulate discourse.

Gay and lesbian theatre has also been reticent to take on the "villains" in our midst—the opportunists brokering careers from the AIDS epidemic; the modern Uncle (and Aunt) Toms, whose rationale is assimilation rather than timidity; the moussed and shellacked young gays whose world of conspicuous consumption is, if anything, even emptier because sex is present chiefly as sublimation.



P.J. Benjamin and Thelma Lee in a scene from Harvey Fierstein's *Torch Song Trilogy*.

The fusion of lesbian and gay politics with gay theatre fired a revolution, but in the process it has sometimes nearly strangled art.

Today, the task that lies before lesbian and gay playwrights is both to transcend the political factionalism of the '70s and '80s and to view lesbian and gay theatre as something other than a forum for personal agendas. What is more, gay theatre cannot continue to be held hostage by the demand for "positive" images, as if lesbian and gay identity could withstand anything but a challenge.

The best theatre, it has been said, holds mirrors up and invites audiences to take a close look. It begs comparisons with life. But if the main function of gay theatre is to reproduce the ways in which lesbians and gay men want to see themselves, then the face in the mirror is a stranger, and the stranger wears a mask. ▽

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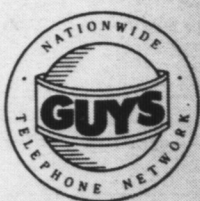
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# BAY AREA REPORTER

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## Petitions Circulate Against Domestic Partnership Law

### Opponents Seek Ballot Challenge While Supporters Plan First Ceremonies

by Allen White

Anti-ERA crusader Phyllis Schlafly may be preparing to take on San Francisco's gay community in the November election over the issue of domestic partners. For the last few days, Eagle Forum, a Schlafly-led group from Menlo Park, has joined with local church groups to gain signatures on a petition which would overturn the recently signed domestic partners law.

The measure's official sponsors are the Rev. Charles McIlhenny and Lionel Feldman. McIlhenny was in the forefront of fundamentalist religious efforts against the gay community about eight years ago.

The proposed ballot measure argues, "With this ordinance, the Board of Supervisors have in effect arbitrarily re-defined the time honored and hallowed nature of the family, flying in the face of society's most precious values."

The City Registrar of Voters said that 18,000 valid signatures must be filed with petitions in order for the measure to qualify for the November ballot. The deadline was yesterday, Wednesday, July 5.

The domestic partnership bill was shepherded through the Board of Supervisors by Harry Britt, president of the board.

Jean Harris, a Britt aide, said surveys predict that domestic partnerships will be overwhelmingly upheld should the measure appear on the ballot. Harris also said placing the measure on the ballot, coupled with Phyllis Schlafly as a leader of the opposition, would solidly galvanize the lesbian and gay community.

The *San Francisco Examiner* reported last week that several church and office buildings of the tax-exempt Roman Catholic Archdiocese of San Francisco have been used to distribute and coordinate the petitions. It was reported that the Rev. Lee Kaylor

(Continued on page 13)



Jean Harris, one of the top aides to Supervisor Harry Britt. (Photo: Barbara J. Maggiani)

## Playing the Big Boys' Game An Afternoon with Jean Harris

by Dennis Conkin

On the last Thursday afternoon in June, Jean Harris sits in the small cubbyhole of an office in City hall that she shares with other staffers of Supervisor Harry Britt, telephone receiver perched between a shoulder and a cheek, and surveys an appointment book bulging with phone messages. It is, she says, "a typical day."

"We get calls from all ends of the spectrum," she says. "Every day we get the commie-pinko-faggot-I-hope-you-die-of-AIDS calls. Calls for permits, calls about the budget, pending legislation, police and crowd control, people with problems, people being evicted, cars being towed, routine things. We get calls from people with AIDS or who are HIV-positive who are having problems with the Department of Social Services. We field calls from people having problems accessing services all the time." The calls total over a hundred a day.

"Listen, tell him that Harry Britt's office wanted him to know about the problem," she tells a constituent. For the next half-hour and 10 phone calls the process is repeated. Meetings are scheduled or cancelled, requests for Britt's presence at community functions or political events

are accepted or declined, callers needing assistance are given it—or are told who in the city government to call.

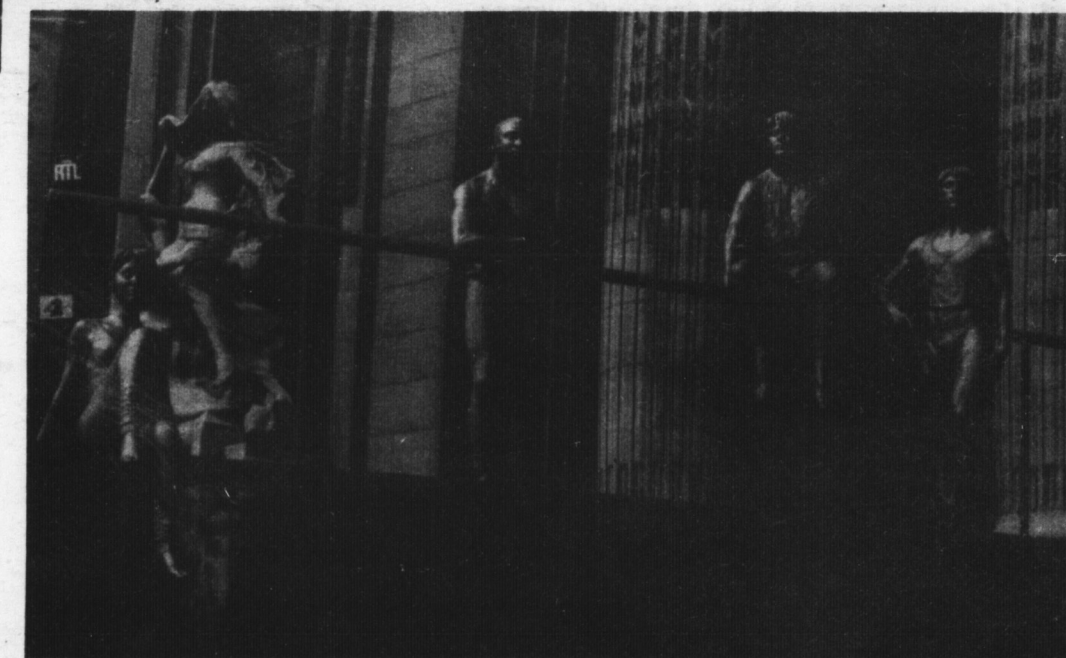
The wall-to-wall desk in Harris' office is scattered with dozens of pink message slips, and even as she is on the phone, another Britt aide is on the other line.

It's just after 1 p.m. The day's activities have included a 10 a.m. meeting of community groups concerned about hate crimes at the Jewish Community Federation on Steuart Street and a working lunch with a member of State Assemblyman John Burton's office.

The afternoon promises to be busy: three back-to-back meetings; an event honoring Tim Wolfred, outgoing head of the San Francisco AIDS Foundation; a public hearing on police crowd control before the Human Rights Commission; and an awards dinner. Harris is dressed for the sprint in white Reeboks, a white shirt, pants, pale grey sweater vest and tie. A flat gold-link necklace adds a dash of flash.

"I've been here two years going on 35," she laughs. "But I've been in politics for 20 years, since 1970, when I was in the anti-war movement." After voting for

(Continued on page 14)



Statues of dancers greet visitors to the Grand Palais, where the Ballet Lausanne performs during its run in Paris. (Photo: Jay Newquist)

## Paris, 1989

### Notes on French Men in Their Bicentennial Summer

by Jay Newquist

A friend who knows these things says a gay man who leaves San Francisco for any reason—even two weeks in Paris during the summer of 1989—rapidly loses strength, like a hurricane moving over land.

We would also rapidly lose patience with the Parisian gay community, such as it is, for its low visibility, its political decorum and its apparently skillful mimicry of eight million straight people on its axis.

My friend Gary and I have a few utterly scientific observations about French men based on a foraging expedition in May, just before the summer of the French bicentennial.

French men all look 18, but they are invariably 10 years older. French men mature rapidly, marrying early by our standard. They are, for the most part, gorgeous, and are seen on the arm of less attractive women.

French men don't eat: they

pick at green salad and look anorexic. No one is supposed to be full after a nouvelle cuisine meal, but this is ridiculous. French men have very nice skin despite their preference for liquor and those filthy Gauloise cigarettes that foul the air.

French men also don't exercise—the joggers in the Jardin du Luxembourg turn out to be tourists—and French men don't do anything vaguely healthy. The

(Continued on Page 2)

THIS PAPER IN TWO SECTIONS