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BAY AREA REPORTER B.A.R.

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Community Grapples for Normality

by Dennis Conkin

As life returns to a nervous-but-grateful semblance of its usual routine for most San Franciscans in the wake of Oct. 17's catastrophic 7.1 earthquake, everyone has a story to tell about where they were and what they were thinking when the devastating temblor ripped through the city.

"I thought we were going to roll out on the streets. If we had been on tracks, we would have. But, we're in a pretty solid structure," said Tim, an employee of the Grubstake Restaurant, a Polk Street landmark built out of a railroad car.

Without electricity or gas to run its grill, the Grubstake served sandwiches.

At Polk Gulch Saloon, crowded to capacity with 85 customers in the after-work bar rush, manager Jess Leminger reported the damage as one smashed bottle of root beer schnapps.

Gulch bartender John Lesser says that people streamed into Polk Street, and even stopped cars.

"When it hit we all moved outside. But nobody freaked out. As far as our bar patrons were concerned, it was just another day, once it stopped."

It was just another evening for some Polk Street denizens, according to one observer.

"The hustlers were still working the street," he said.

The Castro Theatre, reported to have suffered damage, remains closed.

"We're closed for a while, but we're making a comeback. Please stay tuned to future developments," a theatre recording says.

At All American Boy, the Castro Street fashion institution, the quake rattled shelves and nerves.

"Some underwear and a couple of mugs fell. They were precariously placed mugs. We do have some nasty cracks. We closed early," said Curtis Comer, a clerk.

Comer, who was standing by the register during the quake, said that as a co-worker ran out of the building, two small upstairs windows shattered.

"I've only lived here three years. I've felt a few earthquakes, but I didn't think this one was ever going to stop," Comer told the *Bay Area Reporter*.

"The streets were packed. It was kind of festive, until people started hearing that the Bay Bridge collapsed," Comer said.

At that point, according to Comer, people on the street realized that the quake was serious and many went off to check on their loved ones and pets.

A portion of I-880, the Nimitz Freeway's Cypress Overpass, that collapsed during the earthquake that measured 7.1 on the Richter scale. (Photo: Rick Gerharter)

With the death toll at 13, an estimated 1,000 homeless, and portions of the South of Market and Marina neighborhoods in ruins, early damage reports are estimated at $2.5 billion. Reports of damages to businesses in the gay areas—as elsewhere—are incomplete.

More than 250 buildings have been declared unsafe, half of them residential, including at least 35 apartment buildings and homes in the Marina. Many are unrepairable, and some have already been razed in the aftermath of the disaster. More than 60 buildings have been destroyed, either ravaged in fires caused by natural gas explosions, or crumpling in the tremor.

More than 1,000 units of housing South of Market have been

(Continued on page 2)

Gays Help Keep Things Moving

by Ray O'Loughlin

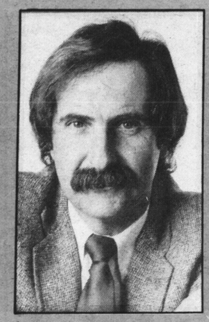
If the Peninsula train ever runs to downtown San Francisco, San Mateo Sup. Tom Nolan should get the credit. If the Metropolitan Transportation Commission and the Bay Area Air Quality Board ever develop a plan that protects clean air, San Francisco Sup. Harry Britt will be involved. If the Golden Gate Bridge Board reduces bus fares for Marin commuters, *Bay Area Reporter* publisher Bob Ross will vote on it. If Prop. B, the transit sales tax initiative, gets voter approval Nov. 7, it will be thanks to the hard work of Jim Haas, Sharyn Saslafsky and Ed Harrington.

What do these people have in common? They are gay or lesbian and are in pivotal positions acting on the issue that is usually identified as the top problem in the Bay Area: transportation.

No longer do gay people represent only gay issues. Although lesbians and gays have always contributed actively to an array of social causes, now some are breaking through to become major players in mainstream issues at the highest levels of local government. It's a new era for gay politics.

Nolan appears frequently on the nightly news whenever discussion of the Peninsula train pops up. He is one of the architects of the agreement to get the train extended in San Francisco and BART extended to near San Francisco airport and in the East Bay.

"Gay people tell me thay feel proud to see someone who is openly gay involved in something that impacts everybody," Nolan says.



Sup. Tom Nolan.

Britt points out that there is a network of gay people in public service.

"It's a good feeling for me to find lesbians and gay men in positions of responsibility," Britt says, "not just to protect our rights but out there on many issues."

King Nolan

Nolan likes to brag about a certain lawsuit against him. He says he may frame part of it and hang it on the wall. Twice in the suit he is referred to as "King Nolan." The namecaller thinks Nolan wields so much power in San Mateo County that he's like

(Continued on page 22)

Domestic Partners Must Pass

by Eric E. Rofes

San Francisco's gay and lesbian community appears headed for a defeat that will have profound reverberations. Despite articles in the gay press, exhortations from political leaders, and feckless attempts by our political clubs to move us to action, our community has failed to create the mass mobilization necessary to gain voter approval for the domestic partners proposition on November 7.

Opinion

At a briefing by Mayor Art Agnos, Supervisor Harry Britt and campaign leaders two weeks ago, I listened to analysis concerning the failure of the "Yes on S" forces to marshal mass support. Afterwards, I spoke with pollsters, political activists and long-time local leaders who know this community a lot better than this newcomer does.

The explanations for what everyone seemed to agree is a dispirited campaign incapable of mobilizing community energy break down three ways: (1) the community is overconfident and unaware of the tremendous challenge of bringing out progressive voters during this off-year election; (2) our people are burnt out by the heavy demands of recent elections, AIDS work and personal loss; (3) the stadium proposition has divided much of the community from our political leadership.

Perhaps each of these factors is contributing to our inability to attract large numbers of volunteers and donors to the campaign, but I'm afraid that an unstated, unaddressed barrier stands in the way of our community rising to ensure passage of this critical and historic initiative: many people in our community are simply ambivalent about the domestic partners initiative.

The crowd I run with tends to be fairly apolitical—fun-loving men and women who belong to no political club, avoid the intra-community squabbles, and expect someone else to do the work necessary to protect the community they enjoy. They contribute money, sometimes volunteer in service groups, and they usually vote. I'm not sure how typical they are of gay and lesbian citizens in this city, but if they are any indication of why the polls look bad for us less than two weeks away from the election, it's because something about domestic partners doesn't sit right with them.

(Continued on page 15)

THIS PAPER IN TWO SECTIONS

Cable Subscribers Help AIDS Patients

Cable television subscribers in Berkeley and western Contra Costa County are expected to donate $30,000 for persons with AIDS in a unique program conceived by Bay Cablevision, a Richmond, California-based cable TV operator.

During October, National AIDS Awareness Month, new subscribers to Bay Cablevision will receive free installation and a free month of programming from the HBO or Cinemax cable networks by making a minimum $20 donation, payable to Horizons Foundation. For the same donation, current subscribers will receive a free month of service from the same networks.

A San Francisco-based community foundation, Horizons makes grants to Bay Area nonprofit health, service and advocacy organizations. This year marks the third year that Horizons has benefited from Bay Cablevision subscribers.

In fall 1988, subscribers, with the additional support of HBO, contributed $30,000 to the foundation.

To date, more than $20,000 has been granted from the Bay Cablevision Fund. Recipient organizations and their respective grant amounts include: AIDS Project of the East Bay, $2,000 to publicize their STOP AIDS program; AIDS Legal Referral Panel, $2,000, for free legal service to East Bay clients; Rubicon Programs, $880, to duplicate and distribute AIDS Awareness manuals to East Bay mental health professionals; AIDS Satellite Program, $1,000, for six months of national AIDS education programming produced at Berkeley's KPFA-FM; and the Coronado Neighborhood Council, $1,000, to print copies of the "Color Me Deadly" AIDS coloring book for East Bay minority youth. ▼

Civil Rights Commission's Controversial Chairman Quits

by Keith Clark

The White House announced on Oct. 18 that President Bush had accepted the resignation of William B. Allen as chairman of the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights, following an uproar surrounding his appearance at a "West Coast Symposium on Homosexuality and Public Policy Implications" sponsored by the anti-gay fundamentalist group, the Traditional Values Coalition, in Anaheim earlier in October.

At the TVC conference Oct. 8, some 40 gay rights activists—mainly members of the Orange County Visibility League and ACT UP/LA—were arrested when they staged a sit-in at the hotel where the symposium was being held.

The activists were protesting Allen's appearance at the symposium sponsored by TVC, which for years has battled against gay-rights and AIDS anti-discrimination legislation in Southern California and more recently has opened an office in Concord in the East Bay where it is fighting a variety of gay rights and AIDS issues.

Allen's speech at the TVC symposium, titled "Blacks? Animals? Homosexuals? What is a Minority?" was denounced by the Civil Rights Commmission itself as "thoughtless, disgusting and unnecessarily inflammatory." Commissioner Mary Berry called it "another sad episode in the saga of the unguided missile who is chairman," and Lambda Legal Defense Fund head, Thomas Stoddard, said Allen's appearance at the symposium was "frankly shocking."

Chase Untermeyer, Bush's director of personnel, said Murray Friedman, who is vice-chairman of the commission, would become acting chairman for the time being.

Despite Allen's resignation as chairman, he remains a member of the commission, which is scheduled to expire at the end of November unless Congress and the president renew its funding.

Allen's term as a member of the commission expires in 1992. The structure and fate of the Civil Rights Commission has increasingly been in doubt during the past few years, largely because of Allen's controversial chairmanship.

Arthur Fletcher, who authored the so-called "Philadelphia Plan" of affirmative action in 1969, one of the nation's earliest, is believed to be Bush's choice to be the commission's new chairman. ▼

Community

(Continued from page 1)

declared unsafe, and the city-wide figures are expected to rise in the weeks following the disaster, as seismic engineers and building inspectors proceed beyond emergency inspections of immediate damage to buildings and look for "hidden damage," including serious structural damage to residences and buildings.

AIDS service agencies are on line a week after the quake, providing services and support to people with AIDS and others.

"So often the disease robs people of the ability to make choices in their lives. When you have a crisis of this enormity, it further limits the individual choices we can all make," said Pat Christen, acting director of the San Francisco AIDS Foundation.

"Including the ability to make phone calls, to get public transportation across the city, to find safe housing or food," she said.

The foundation's client counseling, food bank and hot line were disrupted by the quake.

Christen said the Foundation's residential flat for people with AIDS was undamaged.

"No one had to be moved. Our flat is fine," she said. "We do have a lot of concern for people with AIDS who were in their own homes and apartments. Many people who have been displaced will be coming in for services for the first time," she said.

Shanti Project's offices remain intact, according to Holly Smith, public information director.

"We had damage at two of our homes. One was severe enough that we had to move the residents out," Smith reports.

Shanti moved residents into a vacant house that was intended for PWAs needing 24-hour attendant care.

"We were all there," said Keith Rice, a resident of the Shanti house. "The house started to roar. A mirror came off the wall and shot at my head. The living room windows were popping out," he says. "The place just kept rocking. You could see the crack in the foundation. It was kind of rough. One guy is really fragile, very sick. We are all pretty exhausted. We've all been a little sick."

According to Smith, the agency had all 14 of its residences inspected for damage within 24 hours following the quake—and Shanti mounted an effort to contact all 1,400 clients by telephone only to find that many had already been contacted by Shanti volunteers—and many were spending a few nights after the earthquake at the homes of volunteers or friends.

Shanti volunteers with housebound clients in the Marina and the Tenderloin too ill to move or trapped in highrise buildings without gas, water or electricity delivered medicine, groceries and water, and evacuated clients if necessary.

"One woman in a wheelchair was trapped when a bookcase toppled over on her. People on portable oxygen units were close to running out because of the lack of normal transportation," Smith said. "We made sure they had oxygen brought and that clients could get in touch with their doctors."

Smith credited Grand Central Answering Service for providing a free round-the-clock emergency phone link that kept clients, the agency and volunteers connected during the crisis.

With scores of calls from around the Bay Area, including from people who do not have AIDS but wanted emotional support and counseling, Shanti is providing free telephone counseling for all Bay Area residents in the post-quake weeks, and has scheduled two free earthquake support groups for anyone interested.

According to mental health experts, everyone in the Bay Area has suffered some degree of emotional trauma from the earthquake.

"Some people will have more immediate reactions and find themselves beset by a whole range of emotions ranging from anger to terror and relief," says Dr. James Dilly, a UCSF psychiatrist.

Dilly says that reactions may also include survivor's guilt by those who were not hard hit by the quake and feel they should be doing something for those affected by the disaster.

18th Street Services, a gay alcohol and drug treatment program conducted support groups for its clients.

"On the evening of the earthquake, we held groups by candlelight. We've been open ever since. The earthquake triggered urges to use among alcoholics and addicts. It's a very stressful time," said Frank Davis, the agency's recently appointed director. But, Davis said, the gay community in recovery, like the

(Continued on page 4)

Crime Watch

The following incidents were reported to Community United Against Violence between September 28 and October 5.

A man was robbed of jewelry and money after accompanying another man to his apartment on Geary Street in the Tenderloin on Oct. 17. The two left the Pendulum bar in the Castro together. The victim described the robber as a youthful looking white man, about 28 years of age, 5'10", 135 lbs., with a Southern accent. Among the missing items was a gold band ring with black backing and nine 4-leaf clover engravings, valued at $900.

Pierce Street, 8:30 p.m., Sept. 27. Five teens said anti-gay epithets and one of them hit a gay man with a club. The victim ran to safety.

Castro Street, between 18th Street and 17th Street in the Mrs. Fields Cookies parking lot, 7:30 p.m., Oct. 1 (day of Castro Street Fair). A gay man was called a faggot and was mugged. Witnesses can call CUAV at 864-3112.

Mission Street (Doc's Clock bar), Sept. 29. A gay man kissed a female friend of his hello. The woman's boyfriend yelled, "Don't kiss her, you'll give her AIDS." The gay man was then pulled by the arm and thrown to the floor.

Silverlake (near Los Angeles), Sept. 2. Three gay men were walking from the Gauntlet bar heading toward the Detour bar when five men said anti-gay epithets, threw bottles and fought the men. The incident has been reported to the Los Angeles Gay Community Center.

During this time CUAV also received four reports of anti-lesbian/gay verbal harassment and threats. CUAV can be reached at 864-3112. ▼

Bankruptcy

Chapter 7
Chapter 13
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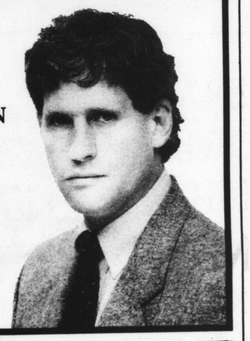

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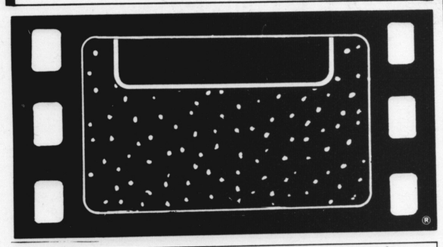

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Yes on S Campaign Raises $30,000 for Quake Relief

Red Cross, Catholic Charities Balk at Gay Support

by Allen White

The Yes on S domestic partnership campaign temporarily suspended its partisan operations last week in order to devote itself to aiding the earthquake relief work in San Francisco. It appeared, however, that the effort was less than fully appreciated. Catholic Charities refused to distribute an informational sheet of emergency phone numbers that campaign workers had assembled, and the American Red Cross had to be talked into accepting a donation of $30,000 of "gay money" that had been raised by the campaign.

In a memorandum issued earlier this month by the church and obtained by the *Bay Area Reporter*, it was announced that Archbishop John Quinn would be speaking out strongly against domestic partners. The church's strategy will be to position Quinn "as a teacher explaining the moral issues that are impacted so heavily by this legislation."

The memo invites parishes and priests in San Francisco "to inform Catholics of his [the Archbishop's] position."

The church, which is a nonprofit institution, avoids endangering its tax-exempt status by saying in the memo, "As with other issues that are political in nature, the Archbishop and the Church speak to inform the conscience of the individual Catholic, not to tell them how to vote."

The church has also prepared a pamphlet, "Why does the Catholic Church Oppose the Domestic Partnership Bill?" The Archdiocese memo takes care to emphasize that the pamphlet "separates us from any homophobic activity in this undertaking." The Archdiocese plans to print the text of the pamphlet in the November issue of its magazine, *The Catholic*, and says it will distribute the pamphlet through the Church's "Justice and Peace Office."

Supervisor Harry Britt said of the material, "This is offensive stuff. It is more offensive to me than the Jimmy Swaggarts of the world because it speaks in mainstream, cleaned-up, nice authority.

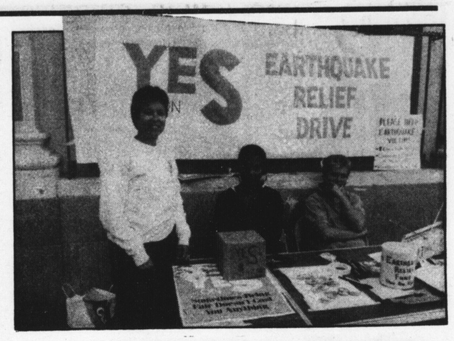
"The people who put this together," charged Britt, "did it for one reason, which is they don't like gay people.

"We have work to do," Britt said, "just to let people know, not that we are going to lose, but that whether we lose is completely up to us. Just because everyone we know and just because every political entity we associate with is supporting Proposition S does not mean we can win this election unless we make a magnificent effort."

Adding his support for domestic partners, Mayor Art Agnos spoke with Britt at a Yes on S meeting held the Saturday before the earthquake. Agnos said, "The significance of Proposition S is that the eyes and ears of the world are always on San Francisco. They know the gay community is an important part of our city, and we want them to know, when they look at San Francisco, that San Francisco's gay families are a part of this community."

"We must not let the political arithmetic of off-year elections dictate a statement of San Francisco's values, and that is why we are insisting how important it is to vote," Agnos said. He noted that the city's conservative minority increases in influence because it is more likely to vote than a progressive majority in an off-year election.

That imbalance of conservative voters in an off-year election is reflected in the polls, which show that if the election were held today the proposition would lose. Campaign director Dick Pabich emphasized that the polling data are not expected to change between now and the election.



Yes on S workers solicit funds for quake victims at Hibernia Beach. (Photo: Rink)

The change the campaign hopes to realize is to increase the turnout of the lesbian and gay community and those supportive of domestic partners. Those voters, primarily renters and younger and newer voters, traditionally are the people who do not vote in an off-year election. The goal is to find those registered voters and get them to the polls on Election Day. If the strategy is successful, the proposition wins; if gay men and lesbians don't vote, it loses.

"There seems to be a sense of benign neglect at worse and a sense of over-confidence at best in the campaign that is being manifested in not the kind of energy we want to see in a successful campaign," Agnos said.

What the campaign says it needs now is volunteers. Pabich said there are all sorts of tasks open. This includes handing out literature, answering telephones and contacting voters both in person and over the phone. Call the Yes on S campaign at 864-0860 for more information. ▼

ACT UP/LA Targets Prudential

AIDS Coalition to Unleash Power/Los Angeles is participatng in a nationwide effort to demand that the insurance industry end discriminatory practices and provide full health-care coverage for the insured.

ACT UP would like to hear from individuals who have experienced any AIDS or HIV-related problems with insurance companies and are particularly interested in hearing from Prudential Insurance Company policy-holders.

All replies will be held in strictest confidence, although individuals may be asked to speak out publicly against the abuses of the insurance industry. Please contact or write to ACT UP/LA Insurance Committee, P.O.B. 26601, Los Angeles, CA 90026 or call Richard (213/838-3260), Jake (213/851-2492) or Neil (213/650-7590). ▼

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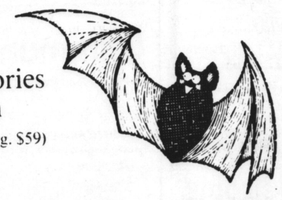

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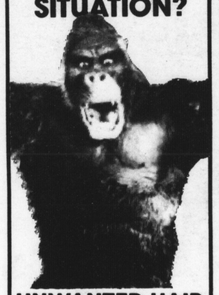

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Lesbians, Gays Lend A Hand to Victims

Project Open Hand volunteers mobilize to help quake victims. (Photo: Darlene/PhotoGraphics)

by Allen White

When the earthquake hit last week lesbians and gay men across San Francisco went into action. Their efforts had a decisive effect on how the city and its citizens pulled through this disaster.

Moments after the first shock, the city set up a command post at Turk and Gough Street. One of the first people on the scene was Sharon Bretz, the city's first lesbian fire commissioner. Throughout the night she was on the scene working with Mayor Art Agnos and other city officials to coordinate the response by the Fire Department. In the days that followed she worked, most days with very little sleep, coordinating the city's response to the disaster.

Bretz was also given credit for saving the city's fireboat. Budget considerations during the past several months had all but doomed the craft, and she had fought successfully to keep it as part of the city's firefighting equipment. That fireboat was used to pump bay water that was used to fight the fire that broke out in the Marina following the earthquake.

Throughout the night and for the next several days the gay community was represented by Scott Shafer, Larry Bush and Michael Housch, all aides to Agnos. These people were authorized to speak for Agnos. Lea Militello, the gay liaison from the police department, served as the mayor's driver for much of the week.

At the Turk Street command post and at disaster sites across the city, members of the district attorney's investigative staff played a key role. Investigator Wayne Friday, a political columnist for the *Bay Area Reporter*, was assigned duty at the command post to monitor those entering the area. Ron Huberman, also from the district attorney's office, worked in the Marina and later at the Embarcadero Freeway when it was deemed unsafe.

Lesbians and gay men who work as aides to members of the Board of Supervisors worked non-stop for hours during the crisis. Joyce Newstadt, an aide to Supervisor Angela Alioto, was continually on the move between the disaster area at the Marina and the command post.

Openly gay Board President Harry Britt and his two aides, Jean Harris and Rick Ruvulo, spent much of the week assessing the damage in area of the city outside the Marina. The night of the quake, Britt joined many of the other supervisors helping people in the Marina area.

In the days that followed, leaders of the gay community were visible working as volunteers to assist those made homeless by the quake. They were most prominent at a transformed auditorium at the Marina Middle School.

Police Commissioner Gwenn Craig, Pam David, Paul Melbostadt, David Neeley, Maurice Belote, Bob Anderson, David Binder and Leonard Graff were just some of the many people from the gay community who devoted hours at the disaster site.

Belote said many of these people worked in 12-hour shifts for several days. Their job was to lead residents through a system where they could gain access to their homes. He said the procedure was extraordinarily painful because on many occasions they were forced to tell people they would never be able to enter their homes again.

Paul Melbostadt, a gay local attorney, chased a group of religious zealots out of the area. Melbostadt became incensed when they told residents the earthquake was a punishment from God.

Across the city, literally hundreds of others volunteered their time, many from gay organizations, many simply as individuals, to help those in need. Many worked at Glide Church in the Tenderloin where more than 30,000 meals were served in the week following the quake, including Hal Call, founder of the Mattachine Society, one of the first gay organizations in the country. ▼

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Community

(Continued from page 2)

rest of the city, is finding togetherness and mutual support in the upheaval caused by the quake.

According to Paul Causey of the AIDS Health Project, two Alternative Test Sites, one in the South of Market neighborhood and the other at the St. Anthony Clinic in the Tenderloin have been closed due to damage to the buildings they operated in.

"I don't know when they're going to reopen," Causey said.

Clients at the Tenderloin site were lined up for their AIDS antibody test results when the tremor struck—and Causey said that many clients insisted on finding out their results rather than vacate the clinic.

"Can you imagine getting a positive result right after a 7.0 earthquake?" Causey asked.

Health Department structures suffered $17 million in damage. Sixteen patients were on AIDS Ward 5A at San Francisco General Hospital, according to Delfino Martinez, SFGH charge nurse.

"We checked all patients immediately, then checked for damage. The electricity went off and it was about 30 minutes before the emergency generator kicked in. No one fell out of bed. Mostly everyone was pretty calm. People wanted to be informed," Ruffino said. "Nobody was ringing for assistance, but everyone seemed almost somber."

After the initial shock, Rufino reports that patients, like most of the rest of San Francisco residents who had power, found themselves glued to TV.

Project Open Hand was up and running during the quake, delivering thousands of meals throughout the city to people incapacitated with AIDS—as well as to those hit by the earthquake—and to emergency food lines or food programs such as Glide Memorial Methodist Church when their food kitchens serving the city's poor suffered power outages and were inoperable.

One gay man, Frank Gonzales, was a resident of the city's emergency hotel shelter program, which was crippled when many of the unreinforced brick masonry buildings used to house thousands of the city's homeless poor were declared unsafe and residents of at least five hotels found themselves without shelter.

Gonzalez found his way to the Red Cross disaster shelter at Moscone Center.

However, a decision was made to close the Moscone disaster shelter because of an incoming convention and lack of kitchen facilities and showers for homeless people. Residents were moved to buildings in the Presidio—and to a ship offered by the Navy berthed at Pier 30.

With more than a thousand units of housing, much of it low income single residential occupancy hotel stock, declared unsafe, Department of Social Services General Manager Julia Lopez and Deputy Mayor for Housing Brad Paul are scrambling to find viable housing stock for the city's homeless poor—and middle class. They will be scrambling for weeks. ▼

COITS/SF Elect New Officers

The COITS of San Francisco conducted its annual election of officers at the October meeting. Elected as president for the 1990 term, succeeding Larry Hughes who served three terms, is Kevin Wadsworth. Other officers are: Pablo Prado elected as vice president, Jerry Guerra re-elected as treasurer, Jo Daly elected as corresponding secretary, and David Valdez elected as recording secretary.

The COITS of San Francisco, the oldest gay men's and women's social organization in the United States, was founded 27 years ago to provide healthy social activites for the membership as well as raise funds for causes important to our community. ▼

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BAY AREA REPORTER
OPEN FORUM

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EDITORIAL & OPINION

A Time for Thanks

The question that is going to be around for quite a while will be "Where were you when the earthquake hit?" Most will remember quite vividly if it was their first large quake in the city. Other older residents, more blase, might just ho-hum it, no matter how disastrous it was. What about those like myself who weren't at home in San Francisco? You suddenly learn the true meaning of the word frustration.

Frustration is the horror of hearing that the city you love is in flames, estimated death toll at 5,000 predicted, the bridges are down. You cannot get through on a telephone to verify or hopefully disprove it. The American Consulates' phones are jammed; you cannot get any information. This is what happened to me last week at 4:45 a.m. Wednesday morning in Spain. I was attending a conference there when the earthquake struck San Francisco.

Spanish television news in the early hours is sketchy at best and we couldn't get any other foreign news from England or Germany at that hour. We saw horrible pictures on the television with equally horrid news information. As the day progressed we learned some of the truth. It seems the stations used file footage (i.e., the L.A. quake and the Hollister quake) without telling anyone about it. It wasn't until CNN got on the air that we learned that it wasn't the holocaust we were first led to believe.

While the deaths and destruction are still gruesome, it is not as awful as I first feared. It was very heartening upon my arrival back in the United States to see how fast the city that cares snapped back. My brother in New York could not believe that we did not have the mass lootings and muggings that New York experienced during their Blackout. He also could not believe how fast people put aside their personal squabbles to help each other. I explained to him that this was why San Francisco is my home. There is no other place in the world with this kind of compassion, understanding and a willingness to help each other. The news media in the East were equally blown away that the city and the entire Bay Area responded so quickly to the needs and caring of each other. I suggest a silent moment of thanks for the privilege of living in such a community.

It wasn't until late Thursday evening that I found out that all of the crew at the *Bay Area Reporter* was safe, some of our newer citizens to the city very shook up, but all safe. We are in the midst of reorganizing the paper and some of our staff are still quite new to the city as well as the job. I am very proud and pleased how well they responded to the crisis. With no phones and no electricity at the office they moved the operation into their homes and put out an excellent issue only one day late. Throughout the years it has been this kind of dedication and loyalty by the staff and writers that has made the *Bay Area Reporter* the largest gay newspaper in the United States. Along with thanks to the staff, it is also time to thank our many advertisers who have stayed with us over 18 years, some from the very first issue. To the 112,500 readers of *B.A.R.* each week, it is you who must be thanked for your loyalty, your input and your constant support of our staff and advertisers throughout the years.

To the staff and writers of the *Bay Area Reporter*, I am very proud of you and thank you all again for your loyalty and hard work in making the paper the voice of the gay community that it is.

Bob Ross
Publisher

OPINION

An Open Letter to Leaders of San Francisco's Religious Community

by Cindy Bologna

I fell in love with Sydney as we walked arm-in-arm through Central Park on a crisp, snow-filled day. She was kind of bold, in a shy sort of way. She had the prettiest brown eyes and she could make me laugh. We talked for hours about politics and theatre. In the evening we read to each other from an assortment of books. We even rediscovered *Winnie the Pooh* and fell asleep before Pooh could wriggle out of the Rabbit's hole.

We decided to create a home together and shared our first Thanksgiving dinner with family and friends. And when we decided to move to San Francisco, our extended family stood with us and prayed for our safe journey. Our dreams were beginning to come true...

The domestic partners debate, which is currently raging in San Francisco, touches my life deeply. Opponents seem certain that gay or heterosexual couples who live together outside of marriage are immoral. The belief is that, by registering as domestic partners, my lover and I will virtually destroy the "traditional family." When pressed for an explanation as to how this phenomenon will occur, there is no response.

We are not trying to redefine the traditional family. The family has already redefined itself. The family has already broadened its boundaries so that it is more inclusive than exclusive. When the traditional family could no longer fulfill all of the emotional, spiritual and economic needs of its members, the non-traditional family reached out with love and support and said, "We are here."

Individuals must not continue to look outside of themselves for someone to blame for changes in the family. It is *not* the gay community. It is *not* teminists. It is *not* Communists. Changes in the family have occurred out of *necessity*—changes that will help build, not destroy, society.

I see the American family expanding its comprehension of who is already part of that family. People who may or may not be related by blood or traditional marriage have *already* formed loving and nurturing family units. And when you have a society of loved and nurtured human beings, you have a society that is strong and productive and creative. You have a society that is truly "familiar."

When Sydney and I register our already-existing relationship at City Hall, *nothing* will be taken away from the traditional family. *No money* is going to come out of the pockets of taxpayers (of which, by the way, we are two) to pay for our registration. And *no city benefits* will be bestowed upon us at the signing of our domestic partnership.

What *will* happen is that we will stand and face those who fear us and say, "We are loving and we are devoted. We are nurturing and we are strong. We support *all* families, whether they are like ours or different from ours. And we are here to stay."

Please—take a long look at who is part of *your* family. All of our lives will be enriched if we only embrace one another... if we let go of narrow ideas... and if we give "families" the room to grow and become truly fulfilling to their members.

Cindy Bologna was one of the plaintiffs in National Gay Rights Advocates' case to have the domestic partners issue removed from San Francisco's November ballot. ▼

Be Alert & Careful This Halloween

LETTERS

Give a Damn

★ Such fools we are. All polls show Prop. S (domestic partnership) failing drastically. The new polls show the proposition losing 54-33 percent, and still the gay community is pathetically unconcerned. Having been a volunteer now for two months, I am shocked at the stupidity of the gay community. Walking door-to-door or phone banking I am still encountering gays who don't know what Prop. S is or even what it entails. I have been yelled at, doors slammed, and lied unconvincingly that they just-don't-have-the-time. Many make me sick by stating, "This is San Francisco. We don't have to worry." Oh yes, this is San Francisco and the police riot recently was a movie. Oh yes and gay bashings and murders don't happen in this city either.

So don't think for one minute that the "Christian bigots" can't win. This group is getting very strong and very organized. We're just making their job easier. Prop. S is a lot more than just domestic partnership. The "Christians" are using this as an agenda to gauge who will run San Francisco. Do the gays still have the clout after years of gay emigration and unfortunate deaths? Or can the "Christian bigots" finally get rid of "undesired perverts" on their family traditions?

We came here to get away from such assholes and now we have a chance to tell them to get off our backs and so what do we do? We let them fuck us with their cross and bibles. Believe me, this proposition will not pass. Nobody is volunteering. Even when I have to beg, these gays don't give a damn. Do you actually think anybody in leadership roles will take our gay voting bloc seriously anymore. Ha! Forget about any type of pro-gay legislation in this city if this fails.

Acting like infants, many of you would tell me, "Well, this really doesn't do anything." Legally it doesn't. Symbolically it says a lot. It tells everyone that the gay community is still a force in San Francisco. It tells the Christian bigots that their lies do not wash in this city. Can it happen here? Can the religious bigots win? You bet. Ask all those gays who got bashed by the SFPD last Friday if it can happen here. Ask all those who got beaten, kicked and verbally abused in our own neighborhood if it can happen here.

What are you waiting for? I guess you don't give a damn whether we have to kiss the Archbishop's ass. If you do care about domestic partnership then go vote and volunteer to defeat the religious bigots and keep San Francisco safe for future pro-gay legislation.

Daniel Formenti
San Francisco

Aplomb Under Fire

★ Congratulations to the *Bay Area Reporter* staff, which worked under the stress of primitive conditions from the recent earthquake, including lack of electricity, to bring the Oct. 19 edition to press in such fine form.

The drastic necessity to produce the newspaper with pages laid out on the floor of *B.A.R.* staff's apartments and then deliver a knock-out issue is evidence of considerable aplomb under fire.

Maybe this wasn't "the big one," but whatever comes careening along the fault line, the *B.A.R.* has shown it will hit the streets no matter what.

Jay Newquist
San Francisco

A Tragedy that Can't Be Measured by Richter

★ I have no wish to downplay the tragedy and devastation resulting from our recent earthquake. However, President Bush's subsequent visit here made me mad as hell. He flew 3,000 miles to make slick speeches about heartbreak and shock. Two weeks ago, he wouldn't take the time to walk out his back door to view the quilt which memorializes over 50 times the number of deaths caused by the quake.

The casualties and heroes of the AIDS crisis, which cannot be measured on the Richter scale, may never be recognized by Bush and his cronies. However, we should all continue to remind them that we're out here in great number and that we vote!

M. Janet Allen
Albany, Ca.

VOTE NOV. 7

Hurt Feelings

★ As a resident of Ben Lomond, in the Santa Cruz mountains, I would like to ask NBC, the media, and all concerned to refrain from calling this The San Francisco Earthquake and to call it by its proper name—The Santa Cruz Earthquake. As the quake originated almost from my back yard, I think it is rather piggish for others to steal our quake from us.

Rick Haze
Ben Lomond

Unusual Polities

★ Allen White's article in the Oct. 12 *Bay Area Reporter* used a quote from me, but, for some reason, left out the main part of the quote. I said that Mayor Agnos needed to carry out his promise to campaign for Proposition S (domestic partners) wherever he campaigned for Proposition P (the downtown stadium). He pledged this to Stonewall, and did the same thing later to the Milk Club. Two days after his promise to the Milk Club, Agnos campaigned passionately for Proposition P at the Black Leadership Forum—but he said nothing about Proposition S. He has raised great amounts of money for Proposition P, but he has raised comparatively little for Proposition S. Proposition S lost at the Black Leadership Forum by just 10 votes. I told White that Agnos needed to keep his promise to campaign for S in places like the Black Leadership Forum, rather than campaigning for S in the gay bars. White only reported that I said the mayor should not be in gay bars.

It is regrettable that Dick Pabich (the campaign manager employed by Prop. S) is quoted as saying my financial contribution to the Prop. S campaign is somehow hypocritical. It's the only campaign contribution I have made for this election, and I'm sorry that apparently it isn't enough for him. It seems odd for campaign managers to attack contributors, but, of course, our community's politics have always been a little unusual.

In any event, I hope your readers vote Yes on S, and No on P. S is in our interests. P wastes our money, badly uses our land, and invites a terminal traffic jam in our city.

John Wahl
San Francisco

What's Best for the City

★ It seems we're so used to opposing things, and defending ourselves from attack, that we've forgotten how to support non-gay issues that might be good for the city as a whole.

My support of the ballpark has nothing to do with political deals or favoritism. I truly believe that a well-thought-out and implemented baseball stadium can add character (and bring needed revenue) to this city. There are precious few affordable cultural pastimes in this world that bring together such a diversity of people as does professional baseball—rich, poor, young, old, black, white, Latin and Asian, gay, straight—if you root for the home team the differences dissolve, at least during game time. Is that such an awful thing?

I'm not going to argue that all progressives or all lesbians and gay men should support the ballpark, nor that we should make it a priority. Each of us must decide how we stand on the ballpark based on the merits of the issue.

What I *will* argue is that people need to look at the facts, and make up their minds *not* just on the basis of whether the stadium is important to them personally, *but whether or not it's a good thing for the city as a whole.* Examine the financial package, go down and look at the site, talk to the League of Conservation Voters about the environmental impact, read the studies on regional mass transit—check it out.

Make your decision a reasoned one, with a broad vision of what this city needs and should provide all of its citizens. The hotel tax supports the opera, symphony, theatre and the Lesbian/Gay Freedom Day Celebration, among other things. That is right to do, even though it is only some sectors of San Franciscans who enjoy each of these activities. It is the openness and tolerance of this city that led so many of us to make our homes here.

Big league baseball *is* a cultural activity, one that enriches the lives of many citizens across race, class, age, gender and sexuality. You don't have to personally appreciate it to support it. This is not a gay issue nor a woman's issue, this is not about discrimination or civil rights or peace. This is simply about baseball, understanding what this team means to so many people in this city, and figuring out the best possible plan that benefits the team, the fans, and the city as a whole.

In support of Proposition P, I am

Barbara M. Cameron
San Francisco

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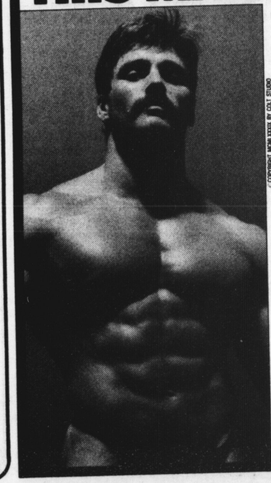
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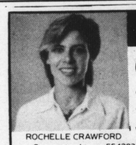

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LETTERS

Stonewall's Reflections Of The Ballpark

★ Stonewall Club members met last week and voted by better than 90 percent to reverse its endorsement of the downtown stadium. We did so for three reasons:

• Notices of the first endorsement meeting were not received by most members until two days after the meeting;

• Facts now show that information originally presented by the mayor in support of a new downtown stadium was inaccurate; and

• The mayor broke his promise to campaign for domestic partners.

We are dismayed by the effort of some to link a stadium with the rights of lesbian, gay and bisexual people. The priority of this community is to retain the domestic partnership ordinance, and we have committed ourselves to the effort. We were deeply disappointed when Mayor Agnos failed to speak out for domestic partners at his appearance at the Black Leadership Forum recently. We lost the endorsement by 10 votes.

Fighting for increased funding for AIDS treatment, care, and support services is also our priority. We worry that the stadium project, a massive drain of public funds to benefit a private developer, will limit the resources necessary to provide intervention care to more than 20,000 HIV-positive San Franciscans. We were first told that the stadium would only cost $30 million. Two weeks later the number jumped to $40 million; then $62 million. Now, the city's budget analyst says it may well cost $80 million, or more than $100 million.

The vote to reverse Stonewall's endorsement of the stadium project was 18-2, well more than two-thirds required for reconsideration.

We are proud that Stonewall has found its heart and soul. We are glad that, against the odds, abuse and political scheming, we kept the faith with the lesbian, gay and bisexual community.

We also kept faith with Harvey Milk's progressive coalition. We had been asked to forge a partnership with a private developer. Instead, we stood with neighborhood activists, feminist, environmentalists, and senior citizens.

We are grateful for the strong support we have received from the lesbian and gay community for our stand. It is difficult, and often painful, to take tough stands against powerful forces. It means much that so many people in our community understand why we took this difficult position. And you can bet there will be a move at a special meeting on October 18 to again put Stonewall in support of a new stadium.

But you can rely on us to remain true to the principles so many have fought—indeed died—for over the years.

Many of our people are ill; many are dying. Stonewall knows its priorities—and a $100 million scheme to use public funds to benefit a private developer is not one of them. We urge the lesbian and gay community to reject Proposition P. And let us all dedicate ourselves to saving our domestic partnership ordinance and our people's lives.

Ben Gardiner
Parlimentarian
Stonewall Gay Democratic Club

The True Villains

★ As the former executive director of the San Francisco AIDS Foundation, I am very concerned about the shortsightedness of the opponents of Proposition P, the new ballpark.

Critics of Prop. P are somehow laying the blame for all society's ills at the feet of the mayor, as if he could wave a wand and provide adequate funds for AIDS, homelessness, and the other crises our city faces. People say we need more money for AIDS—they are absolutely right! But the problem is how we get that money in the era of Reagan/Bush/Deukmejian and the like.

The ballpark plan is a good example of how a city can make sound investments that offset—to some extent—the *failure* of the state and federal governments to adequately fund the critical needs facing most large U.S. cities.

The villian here is *not* Art Agnos—the villains live in the White House and the governor's house. Agnos is taking measures to ensure that the city not only keeps a major revenue-producing business—the San Francisco Giants—but does so in a way that is fiscally smart, environmentally sound, and transit first.

We don't have to love the mayor or care one bit about baseball. We do have to care about how the city is going to develop the resources to pay for the programs that *are* important to us. Prop. P is one way to do it—and it's a good way to do it.

Tim Wolfred
San Francisco

Reasons to Support The Ballpark

★ In all the criticism being leveled at the ballpark proposal, I have yet to hear one well-founded reason why the ballpark is not a good idea. Nor have I heard one critic address how we'll deal with the financial impact of losing the Giants.

The fact of the matter is that the owners of the Giants, like any other business owner in San Francisco, pay payroll tax and business taxes. A lot of smaller businesses make money off the Giants too—businesses that also employ San Franciscans and pay taxes.

The new stadium will increase business revenue and increase the city's profits. And the city needs more revenue. The city of San Francisco earmarks more money per capital for AIDS than any other city in this country. This money is not pulled out of a hat—and we're certainly not getting any help from Washington or Sacramento.

It's easy to say no. And it's easy to dismiss baseball as frivolous. But it's not easy to pay the bills for community programs, for health care, for affordable housing, for family planning. We can't criticize the city's politicians for not funding programs if we don't support creative ways to develop city revenue.

We simply can't afford to lose the San Francisco Giants and the revenue they bring to the city. The new ballpark ensures that the Giants will be here for 30 years, in a "deal" that will put millions of dollars in the city's coffers. The environmentalists support the proposal—so do affordable housing activists. We're not doing anyone a favor by supporting Prop. P. We do our community a disservice by opposing it.

Gerald Whitehead
San Francisco

More Baseball

★ Robert Barnes (Letters, Oct. 12) cries about all the attention and debate that Proposition P (China Basin ballpark) is receiving. He thinks all this should stop and attention should be directed toward domestic partners' (Prop. S) passage.

Dear Robert, it is the intense debate over the merits of a new ballpark that will bring the gay electorate to the voting booth—not the merits of the anemic domestic partners law. The gay and lesbian communities have already demonstrated their apathy concerning Prop. S. If it wasn't for the interest in the ballpark issue, Election Day would be gloomy and quiet. It is Prop. P that might save Prop. S. When the voters turn out to decide the ballpark matter they will, of course, support domestic partners. Therefore, rather than trying to stifle debate in the gay community concerning the merits of a new ballpark, you should be encouraging the quarrel.

Concerning the Ron Brathwaite letter (Oct. 12) telling us what a great deal the new ballpark will be for the city, both he and I will be long dead of old age before the city realizes any income. However, if Prop. P passes, we as taxpayers will be shelling out millions before our next birthday. Prop. P may at some future, far-off date generate income for the city, but even then there is no guarantee that the revenue would be used for anything that concerns the gay community.

Ronald E. Bayles
San Francisco

The Courage of His Convictions

★ Concerning the Oct. 12 article by Allen White, "Fiddling While the City Burns":

First, let me state that I have worked with, and been close to, John Wahl for 17 years. Over that time period we have had many, many differences, including the fact that I am an active Republican, and John is a very active Democrat. The one thing about John that has always earned respect from many people has been the courage of his convictions—agree or not with him. This, along with the many countless hours of legal work, free of cost, and his giving of himself and money to the whole community, brings me to one *big* question: What have Dick Pabich and Allen White given? That is, without being *paid?* Have they taken a stand on any issue that may not be the most popular, but may be in the interest of justice? But then I am sure that Pabich and White spell justice, freedom, and right, with a capital $$$$$. And "Pay Me Pabich" has the nerve to use the words "height of hypocrisy."

I very much want Prop. S to pass, but of every dollar given to this cause, as in the past—as in the case of No on 102—what percentage goes into the pockets of overpaid consultants?

Larry Hughes
San Francisco

LETTERS

Straight/Gay Coalition

★ I am writing this letter to address a few current issues facing us here in our city of San Francisco.

(1) The traditional unity of gay, lesbian and straight neighbors on development, social and environmental issues.

(2) The proposed China Basin stadium.

First let's talk about unity. I was lucky enough to be a part of the first coming together in San Francisco of diverse neighborhood groups. This beautiful coalition was forged by Harvey Milk. Harvey saw through all of the old artificial political divisions. Beneath everything he saw our common humanity, our sense of family and home. He brought us all together: the seniors, feminists, students, conservationists, environmentalists, political activists, gays and lesbians. He truly had a special vision of San Francisco and he made us his voting family. Through his efforts we have often stood together to preserve the quality of life for all people in San Francisco. Now the dream is threatend by a political and environmental nightmare.

This brings us to the proposed China Basin stadium. I am a member of the Coalition for San Francisco Neighborhoods, and we oppose this developmental, financial, and environmental disaster. There are 58 organizations in our coalition, and we have been fighting this stadium issue for six years. Under Mayor Feinstein it was Proposition W. If you move it a few blocks and add an arena to the original stadium site and make it bigger and more expensive by leaps and bounds, it becomes the present 1989 Proposition P. P stands for pathetic, political problem. Prop. W was defeated by Harvey Milk's magic coalition plus mayoral candidate Art Agnos; we were right then and we are right now.

So, my dear friends and neighbors, it is with tremendous sadness that I have watched money and politics attempt to destroy our coalition, and the biggest surprise has been Art Agnos. What on earth has motivated him to tear apart Harvey Milk's winning team? Doesn't he remember that the Chamber of Commerce and the media plus Mr. Lurie wanted a different mayor and a different path for this city? They still do. But these are not our priorities. Our united priorities are AIDS, crack, homelessness, feeding the poor, saving the environment, and preserving the quality of life in San Francisco and the world. We can do these things if we stand together and share Harvey Milk's San Francisco dream. We can lose everything if we lose each other.

I am proud of the gay/lesbian voting community's history of caring for each other and the city at large. This is why, at my neighborhood's expense, we developed a Yes on S domestic partners button which looks like a valentine, and for the last few weeks, you have seen me campaigning for Yes on S and No on P at the corner of Castro and 18th. I am overjoyed with the positive response we have received. I am especially proud of the Stonewall Democratic Club, which took the courageous step of overturning its Yes on P vote. The Stonewall Club has re-embraced Harvey Milk's coalition of gays/lesbians, neighborhood activists, environmentalists, and seniors. They have said, we won't be fooled by false promises and our civil rights are not for sale.

From our neighborhood to your neighborhood, we love you. We can pass the domestic partners legislation without accepting fraud, political division, or the Chamber of Commerce's stadium and vision of our city.

Yes on S, No on P. Please come on out and join us. We will see you on the weekend on the corner.

Margaret Verges and family
San Francisco

Dedicated Service

★ I have known Mr. John Wahl for about five years now. I am a gay man from the Island of Martinique, West Indies.

John Wahl has helped me with immigration information and counseling. He also has helped me when I was being harrassed with hate mail from a person who was offended by my living in a white, upper-middle-class neighborhood.

John Wahl helped make my adjustment to American society a lot smoother, especially on the West Coast, where many people are not used to meeting blacks from foreign countries and make all kinds of negative pre-judgments because you do not understand a cultural expression or how to properly pronounce a certain word.

John Wahl never once charged me for his many hours of dedicated service.

Berni Malachie Ortiz
San Francisco

Rhetorical Passion

★ Has anyone noticed how many of our lesbian and gay leaders, along with many more self-appointed ones, are endorsing the ballpark stadium? Their seeming gratitude to the Agnos administration for the small crumbs thrown us, is evident. Have our leaders ever considered that the San Francisco lesbian/gay community owes no one anything? Our community, from choruses to marching bands to other social, business and political organizations, run the gamut and have consistently contributed to the cultural and economic well-being of this city.

And have these leaders, in their desire to align themselves with the Agnos administration, ever considered that lesbians and gays as single people have always paid a disproportionate amount of tax dollars? However, what is more disturbing is that our leaders seem to equate voting for the civil rights issue of domestic partners to voting for a ballpark stadium. Such a partnership will surely backfire in some way at some time!

Our leaders, like many other groups in the city, have been taken in by the Agnos administration policy of "consensus building." Consensus building, as practiced by the Agnos administration, is an extremely effective tactic by which everyone's "input" is solicited to give the impression that everyone has a say in the system. In reality, this administration has a very set agenda, and this "consensus building" is nothing more than a smokescreen. Our leaders and other community groups will come to realize, most probably too late, that any input results only in minor concessions.

I wonder how many of our leaders were around and remember many moons ago when the City Hall politicians told the voters of the multitude of advantages in teaming down the magnificent art deco Fox Theater on Market Street? The voters listened, and today on the site is a magnificent high-rise eyesore.

Likewise, the current City Hall bureaucrats are doing much of the same thing by providing data and statistics which are misleading because they are subject to various analyses and interpretations. In fact, Budget Analyst Harvey Rose has disputed the mayor's figures and has concluded that the city could lose money by building a new ballpark. No question but that a ballpark will be the mayor's legacy to the city, and he candidly acknowledges that he wants and needs it.

What truly is lacking in all this is that our leaders do not appear to notice that Mayor Art just does not have the same rhetorical passion for the domestic partners legislation as he does for his beloved ballpark.

Robert J. Becker, LCSW
San Francisco

Police Terror

★ I was with the ACT UP demonstration on Friday, Oct. 6. I saw the entire, uncalled-for terror unleashed by the hoodlums called the San Francisco Police, from the "enforcement" of traffic lights to the martial law sweep to the false imprisonment of innocent people in the businesses of the Castro. Every single one of the participating cops should be fired.

We now hear that the police brutalized the political prisoners in jail arrested at the demonstration and not the drug pushers because they are more afraid of "radical faggots" than drug pushers. Thus, we now know, if we did not before, that the drug crisis exists because the police and big business allow it. The reason, of course, is money. Drugs are a big, profitable business. The radical gays and radical straights challenge the profit system when we demand government funding for AIDS research and care.

The ACT UP demonstration was the third scene of police brutality I witnessed in two weeks, the others being the anti-apartheid demonstration at the St. Francis on Sept. 28 and the housing demonstration on Oct. 1. Meanwhile, the mayor and his five minions on the board continue to actively support the obscene stadium. Why? Because it is profitable for a few rich folks while our sisters and brothers die of AIDS, hunger, and homelessness. One banner in the ACT UP march said it all: Baseball = Death!

Lee Heller
San Francisco

Window Watch

★ I read that John Wahl does not have a Yes on S poster in his window, and I am furious! Who does he think he is? Doesn't he know that Alice might look with disfavor on him?

Those of us who watch his window will not have an inkling of how to vote—Yes, No, Maybe? I am eternally grateful to Allen White, who unearthed this shocking evidence, proving without doubt that Wahl is not only a high hypocrite, but probably a closet homophobe too.

Douglas Comstock
San Francisco

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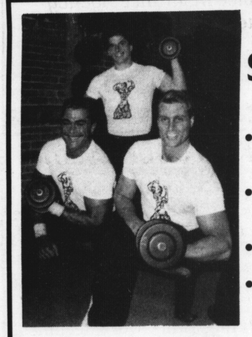

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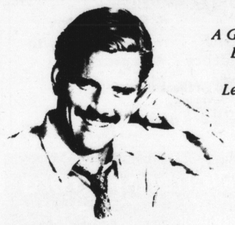

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REMEMBER TO VOTE NOVEMBER 7th

Wayne Friday

U.S. Rep. Barbara Boxer in the Gay Pride Parade.

Barbara Boxer Emerges

When the House of Representatives, in a dramatic policy turnabout, voted recently to approve a plan allowing the use of public funds to provide abortions for victims of rape and incest, U.S. **Rep. Barbara Boxer** D-San Francisco, suddenly became a household name across the country.

Boxer, the leader of the victorious challengers on an issue that had become a litmus test for organizations opposed to abortion, hailed the 216-205 House vote, saying, "Today, we have an historic moment—a change in direction," adding that "the political momentum is so strong right now that if President Bush vetoed this he would be making a big mistake."

Ebullient abortion rights supporters across the country congratulated Boxer for that vote and for another House vote, 212 to 207, to broaden a provision, approved every year since 1981, that permits government funding of abortions when the life of the mother is endangered.

Boxer, hailed as the single leader of the House victory, appeared on numerous national television news programs and was featured in newspaper stories across the nation after the votes. Clearly, Boxer has become a "national" congressperson, and along with **Rep. Pat Schroeder,** D-Colo., has become one of the most recognizable women in Congress.

The fact that Bush did, in fact, veto the legislation on Saturday did nothing to take away Boxer's new-found national status, and some state Democrats were saying this week that the San Francisco congresswoman is among those Democrats quietly considering a run at **Sen. Alan Cranston's** Senate seat in 1992, whether the veteran embattled senator seeks re-election or not.

All but three members of the California delegation voted along party lines on the abortion funding bill; 27 Democrats voted for the amendment, while 15 Republicans voted against it. U.S. **Rep. Tom Campbell,** a popular first-term congressman from the South Bay, was one of three Republicans in the state delegation to support the abortion funding amendment.

Regardless of Bush's veto of this legislation, the political stock of Boxer has skyrocketed and the political career of this congresswoman bears watching.

Alan Cranston, meanwhile, is fighting for his political life, after Common Cause called last week for an investigation of him and four other U.S. Senators concerning charges that they improperly interfered with a federal investigation of troubled Lincoln Savings & Loan in Irvine, after receiving huge contributions from its owner.

Cranston's cut in contributions from the S&L group is near $1 million, and the Senate ethics committee is almost certain to take this one up.

The Toklas Democratic Club donated $5 from every ticket to last week's annual dinner to the Yes on S campaign, and **Mayor Agnos,** who paid $600 for a table at the dinner, personally requested that his check go toward helping the domestic partners effort.

The Toklas dinner, incidentally, had a good turnout, but the speeches were, predictably, awful; featured speaker **Kathleen Brown** spent too much time telling a "dung" joke that no one laughed at; Toklas President **Ron Brathwaite** rambled on about someone named "Rita," though few in the room knew of whom he was speaking, and the rubber chicken was just that—rubber chicken.

To make matters worse, the event itself was held at the Daly City line; the surprising thing is how these clubs manage to draw crowds year after year, considering what they have to offer—that's politics, I guess.

To the surprise of no one, **Governor George Deukmejian** has formally endorsed GOP Congressman **Dan Lungren** for attorney general.

Lungren, a conservative from Southern California, was rebuffed by the state Senate last year when the governor attempted to name him state treasurer.

You think our Sacramento legislators come cheap? It was re-

(Continued on page 22)

MURPHY'S MANOR — by Kurt Erichsen

Mike Hippler

The Day After

One of the Marina district's hard-hit apartment buildings. (Photo: Darlene/PhotoGraphics)

The earthquake. It's all anyone could talk about the day after, as they milled about the streets recovering from last week's 7.0 temblor—the worst quake in San Francisco since the big one in 1906. I was working out at the gym when it struck at 5:04 p.m., and at first I merely smiled, shrugged my shoulders, and waited for it to pass.

But it didn't pass. It just got worse and worse, and everyone around me fled to the nearest doorjamb or down the stairs to the street. When the weights began to topple from the weight racks, I too decided it was time to make a move but realized there was no safe place to go, really. So I rode it out.

When it was over, about half of us continued our workout, even though there was no power in the building. We all agreed that it was the worst earthquake we had ever experienced, but we had no idea at the time how extensive the damage was. Consequently, everyone cracked jokes to relieve the tension. "Wear me out!" said someone from the dressing area. "The biggest earthquake of my life, and here I am standing naked in the shower!"

Afterward, I had plans to eat dinner at a restaurant across the street and to see a movie in the Marina district, but I could see that the power was out up and down Market Street. Gradually I learned the power was out all over the city, and on the way home I saw that all the restaurants and businesses were closed and that the Marina district was on fire. "Great," I thought. "*Now* what am I going to do tonight?"

The quake couldn't have hit at a worse time, at least for my stomach. I hadn't eaten anything but a piece of toast all day, and the refrigerator was completely bare—not even a can of Diet Coke. Furthermore, I had only one small candle, no flashlight, no emergency supplies, and no radio, so I had no idea what was going on around the Bay Area. I couldn't have been more ill-prepared for a disaster.

Arriving home, I discovered the damage to my apartment was slight. A few things had fallen over, but the only real casualty was my electric train set, which was smashed. (Thank God it wasn't the china.) Then I called my friends Tim, Lisbet and Karen to see what they were doing for dinner. Only Karen was home. She was supposed to pick up a friend at the airport, but we soon learned—via word on the street—that the highways were clogged and the airports were closed. So instead, we raided Auntie Pasta, the only store in the Haight still open, returned to Karen's apartment, and feasted by candlelight.

Lisbet was the first to join us. She was followed by several other friends and neighbors who didn't want to be alone; our intimate dinner soon evolved into a sizeable party. Only when people started calling family did we discover how serious things were. The outside world had more information than we did who were without power.

At ten, I drove my motorcycle to the top of Buena Vista Park to view the darkened city. There were more lights than I expected, mostly on the east side of the city around Potrero Hill. There were also lights in all the hospitals as well as on the Golden Gate Bridge. The Bay Bridge, of course, was dark.

I wasn't thinking about that at the moment, though. Instead, I was thinking what a lovely night it was—the first time I could see so many stars in the sky above San Francisco (although the light of a nearly full moon obscured those). Not surprisingly, I was not the only visitor to the park. In the middle of the parking lot at the top of the hill, some mystic soul was nude moon-bathing.

Before returning home, I took a brief tour of the Castro. With nothing else to do, people would be partying on the sidewalks, I knew, and I wanted to see a little of that for myself. But perhaps "partying" is the wrong word to use here. People simply had an intense need to be together during the crisis, and very few, it seemed, chose to stay indoors to read by candlelight—the only other option available.

In fact, my sister told me later on the phone that when street scenes of San Francisco were shown on *Nightline,* Ted Koppel had to caution viewers, "Despite what you just saw the situation in San Francisco is extremely serious." To prove the point, Koppel cut to footage of the fires in the Marina, destroyed buildings, buckled freeways, the bridge, and, worst of all, the half-mile section of Interstate 880 that collapsed in Oakland, crushing over 200 people in their cars.

Despite these horrors, one of the most reassuring things about my brief motorcycle tour was noting how many citizens pitched in to do what they could. One of my friends, for instance, was directing traffic at Castro and 18th. (A former officer in the U.S. Army, she probably drooled at the opportunity to issue orders again.)

Others were patrolling their neighborhoods or helping neighbors whose chimneys had toppled or whose apartments were flooded due to burst pipes and cracked water heaters. I heard there was practically no looting in the city. *That* was nice to know, especially for a ground-floor tenant.

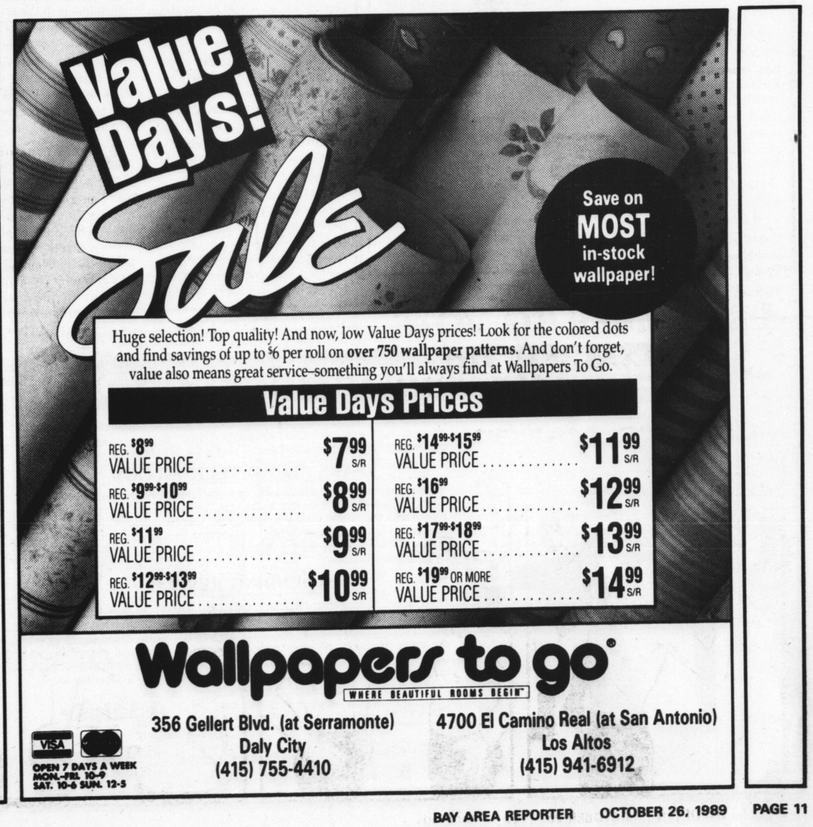
At home, after falling asleep while reading (yes, to candlelight), I was awakened at least four times during the night—first by the power returning, next by a 4 a.m. phone call from my sister, then by a phone call from a friend in Phoenix, and finally by a call from my lover's brother in New York, who seemed more concerned about me than my lover in Chicago did. "That's fine," said my boyfriend when I called him the night before. "I'm glad you're okay. Now can I return to sleep?"

Ironically, before the quake, on Tuesday morning, my friends Bob and Hadley had begged me to accompany them to the delta to water ski, but I declined. At first, I was almost sorry I did, for the day was so beautiful—unbelievably warm. But when the earthquake hit, I was glad I had said no, even if I *was* in one of my three least favorite spots. (Number One: Trapped on BART under San Francisco Bay. Number Two: Downtown, under an avalanche of broken glass. Number Three: At the gym, on the second floor, with thousands of pounds of weights to accelerate my fall.) By remaining in the city, I was able to protect my things, check the damage, and help out, if necessary.

Bob and Hadley, unfortunately, were stranded on the east side of the Bay. When it happened, they were enjoying the beach at Victoria Slough. Suddenly, the earth rumbled, the tulles whispered, and tiny bubbles arose from the muddy bottom of the slough. Not until they returned to Orwood at sunset did they learn the magnitude of the quake. With the Bay Bridge down, they had to cross on the Dumbarton Bridge further south, which took hours.

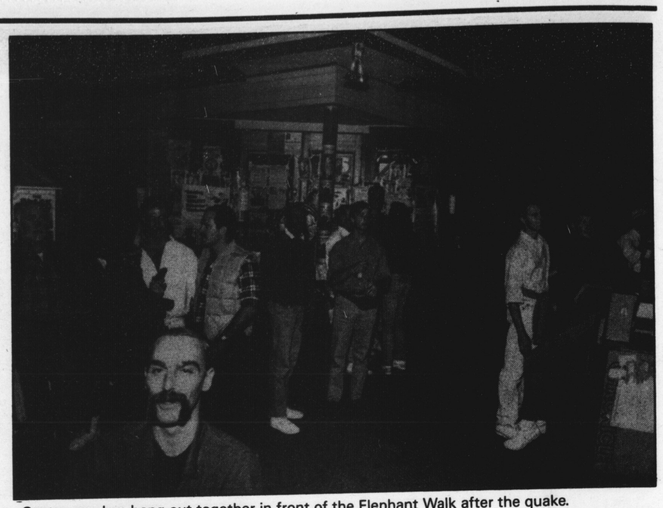
My friend Georgia was another who was stranded in foreign territory. A resident of Sacramento, she was on her way to Game Three of the World

(Continued on page 12)



Looking Back On a Night to Remember

by Mary Richards



Castro regulars hang out together in front of the Elephant Walk after the quake.
(Photo: Darlene/PhotoGraphics)

It occurred just as most San Franciscans were leaving their workplace, and as earthquakes go in this city, it was a monumental one. Those who were able to pick themselves up and head home as twilight approached, realized that whatever else happened that night, would happen in the dark.

Along Market Street pedestrians walked silently through the gathering dusk, toward the Castro. Most of the gay bars were open. Peering into the dark caverns, one could see medieval faces framed in candlelight. Spiderwebs hung from doorways and ceilings, along with the paraphernalia of the approaching Halloween holiday. Skeletons danced from above, as strange creatures crouched, waiting to pounce on the unsuspecting.

A hunter's moon hung in the sky, heralding a night to remember.

★ ★ ★

Wednesday was an Indian summer's day, hot and bright. The Castro was filled to the brim and looked like the Fourth of July. Gone but not forgotten was the terror of the previous night. No one could go to work, so it turned into a festive day. Restaurants and bars were packed with people savoring the relief of survival, gathering together to tell their tales.

In the Muni underground, halfway between Van Ness and Civic Center, Fidel Gallo felt the train rocking back and forth and starting to slow down. Over the loudspeaker they announced that the train would be stuck there for awhile.

"The power had already gone out," Fidel recalls, "it was black and very dark. They told us there had been a major earthquake and everybody giggled—can you believe that? We were making jokes about how when we came upstairs the city would be completely leveled. They led us out with flashlights."

Michele Scoggins had trouble walking.

"I had on a new pair of tennis shoes," she laughed, "and for some reason I thought my shoes weren't working right! So I kind of stopped and looked down to see what was wrong with my shoes and that's when I noticed that the walls were really shaking. I grabbed the nearest wall and braced myself. I was so consumed with trying to get home for the World Series that I was not thinking clearly, otherwise I never would have thought it was my tennis shoes! I mean, come on! Out on the street it reminded me of a Superbowl parade with everybody on quaaludes."

People were not the only ones who reacted to the quake.

"The kitty cat came into the kitchen," Roman Keene remembers, "and made this real loud meow. The next thing I know all the pots and pans hanging on the rack were swinging back and forth. I looked out into the alley and saw part of a chimney from next door fall. I grabbed three beers, a battery operated radio, my jacket and a pack of cigarettes and ran outside."

Jim Spinelli was watching his friend measure his bay window for drapes.

"It started, and increased in intensity," he says. "My friend decided he shouldn't be standing in that bay window so he tried a little bit of a Nijinsky leap into the main part of the room. We sort of stood there and watched the house roll with the punches."

Tourists from other parts of the country visit San Francisco every day, and Aaron Pierce is here to greet them and guide them.

"I was giving a tour about Victorian houses," he explains, "and somebody raised their hand and asked about earthquakes: 'When do you expect the next big one?' I said, 'Oh, that's easy—any minute!' They all laughed, and we finished the tour around 4:45 p.m. I saw them again today and they said, 'There he is! He wasn't kidding!' "

Rachel Williams was caught in a classic situation. She works on the 35th floor of a building downtown by the Embarcadero.

"I was in the bathroom," she says, "changing my clothes with my pants down. It started quaking and I didn't think very much of it, because there were earthquakes before. Then the building started to sway. I almost lost my footing, so I pulled my pants up! The lights went off at that point and I was in the bathroom totally alone."

The Tenderloin was one of the hardest hit areas where the blackout lasted longer. Wednesday night Sam Stewart and his friends still hadn't any hot water or electricity, and they had wandered down to the Castro just to experience what lights looked like.

He watched TV at one of the area bars.

"A psychologist on Channel 4 said one of the things that people need is to be around people," Sam remarked, "not to be by themselves because it releases stress. I really believe that. I saw a woman from Southern California sitting and reading a book alone, I went over and we talked for about 45 minutes. It was just enough to say, 'Hey, there's somebody else who cares.' "

Project Open Hand proved that they cared during the aftermath of the quake. Besides serving the regular 1,300 meals to people with AIDS, they delivered 7,000 hot meals to the Red Cross, the Salvation Army, firehouses, police stations, senior centers and a church.

David Devereaux, a third generation San Franciscan, spoke about "Being on Castro today and experiencing people feeling each other emotionally because of the quake. We went back to our patterns of life, but the phenomenal and wonderful experience was the 24 hours afterward. It has yet to be defined, but without question we have turned a page economically, socially, politically."

Hippler

(Continued from page 10)

Series when the quake hit, and she didn't feel a thing. She arrived at Candlestick just in time to meet a friend and to discover that the game was indefinitely postponed. Finding her way as best she could back to her friend's hotel in the city and then to the East Bay to spend the night with her boyfriend, she made the best of a disappointing situation. "All my life I've waited for a World Series," said Georgia, a Giants fanatic. "And now this."

Georgia and I had made plans to meet the next day for lunch in the city. It was to be our first get-together in over twelve years. On the phone, she promised to try to keep the date—via ferryboat from the East Bay—before driving back to Sacramento with her friend. But when I arrived at the Civic Center Holiday Inn—our meeting place—all was chaos, and I never found her. The place had no power and was emptying rapidly as tourists scrambled to escape San Francisco.

Which is odd, really, because things hadn't changed much. Except for the devastation in the Marina and the tragedy in Oakland (I knew nothing about Santa Cruz), the city *looked* the same the day after. It *felt* a little different, true, especially since most people took the day off work and so many businesses were still closed.

But there was little to justify the horrifying picture that the national news people on TV painted. Peter Jennings on ABC, for instance, said, "Yesterday the city of San Francisco looked like this. [Cut to bucolic skyline vista, with gulls circling overhead.] And this. [Bay Bridge collapse.] And this. [Devastated building.]"

"It *still* looks like that," said a disgruntled neighbor, referring to the first picture. No wonder relatives and friends around the country were scared. And no wonder world leaders as far away as the USSR expressed concern. Gorbachev promised to send aid, even personnel if necessary. My friend Tim thought this was hilarious and responded, "Personally, I wouldn't mind if he sent over a few soldiers to help straighten my bookshelves."

Enough already. As I wrote to my lover the next day, "The city recovers, and I continue to dine well. Tomorrow I return to work, if power returns to the restaurant. Then it's back to life as usual—writing articles, dreading the gym, and answering the call of my AZT beeper. Some things, alas, remain exactly the same—even if you wish they wouldn't."

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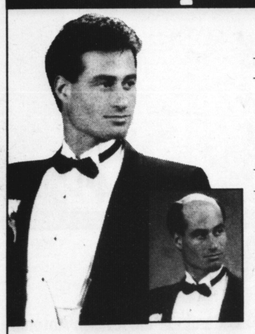

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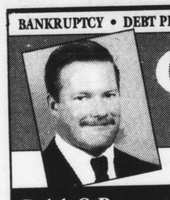

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After the Quake

by Wayne Friday

Those of us who are old enough will always be able to recall exactly where we were and what we were doing at 5:04 p.m. on Tuesday, October 17. A neighbor refers to last Tuesday as "the day God spoke," and probably she is right.

I was walking my dog Max near my home when the street began rumbling and two houses nearest me shook like trees in the wind. Having experienced numerous smaller quakes, I knew this was a big one, and even for a long-time Californian, there was no terror quite like it.

Within minutes, neighbors had gathered on my stoop to take in what information we could get from my portable television and a battery-operated radio.

I am a peace officer in the San Francisco district attorney's office, and within an hour of the quake, the chief investigator had somehow managed to reach me by phone, advising me that all D.A. investigators had been pressed into emergency duty. I was to report immediately to the city's Emergency Command Center on Turk Street.

The Command Center is a place that has been designated in advance where fire, police, rescue workers, and the mayor's office direct the city's rescue operations in time of emergency. My function at that site was to keep the hundreds of media people—already in San Francisco to cover the planned third game of the World Series—from entrance so that authorities could direct what was to be a night of compounded tragedy.

Mayor Art Agnos and Lt. Gov. Leo McCarthy, both of whom were at Candlestick Park when the quake hit, immediately took charge of the rescue operations. Governor George Deukmejian was in Europe, leaving McCarthy acting governor, but Deukmejian rushed back the following day. Agnos arrived at the Command Center shortly after 6 p.m., having been rushed by helicopter from Candlestick, was immediately briefed by the heads of the police and fire departments, and calmly but firmly took charge.

The 7.0 earthquake presents Agnos with the first major disaster of his mayoral term, and the man showed an incredible take-charge ability. I observed the mayor several times as he reported periodically back to the Command Center during the night, and he was probably the most calm hands-on official I have ever seen.

Dozens of press people appeared at the Command Center, desperately seeking information; most of these were media representatives from around the world who had never covered an earthquake, let alone experienced one first-hand. Agnos and his press aide Scott Shafer politely but firmly accommodated the hordes of reporters and television crews, but the mayor's thoughts were clearly on helping those hardest hit by the quake.

Agnos seemed to be every where at once, directing relief efforts, rushing to the shelter at Marina Middle School, helping officials fighting the raging fire in the Marina, running down to another shelter at Moscone Center, checking with police officials regarding reported downtown looting, back to the Command Center for hasty phone calls imploring federal officals for emergency aid, numerous visits to several hospitals, where he checked on the casualties, then back to the Marina, where he was seen helping residents carry what belongings they could salvage from their destroyed homes.

Anyone who observed Art Agnos since this terrible disaster hit Tuesday afternoon, regardless of whether they ever voted for the guy or not, would have to admire him. The mayor was splendid in the face of this tragedy, and the city was damned fortunate to have him in charge. Watching him all night last Tuesday, never losing his calm, firmly but quietly in charge, showing compassion that exists in few men, I felt real admiration for the man. Well done, Mr. Mayor, you've served your city well.

* * *

Tueday's killer quake brought terrible havoc to the Bay Area, but it bestowed instant national political celebrity on Lt. Gov. Leo McCarthy. Every network news show in the country featured the lieutenant governor, making the man who holds a backwater office recognizable around the nation.

Upon Deukmejian's return from West Germay, he was asked if McCarthy had shown the "right stuff" as acting governor to run the state full-time one day. Deukmejian said, "Leo did a splendid job, and I've complimented him on it, and I've expressed my deep appreciation to him."

Disasters such as the quake are often times of peril for politicians. The wrong move or a misspoken word can sometimes ruin a political career. From all reports, both McCarthy and Agnos came through with flying colors. Agnos, particularly, performed extremely well under trying circumstances (though some of his allies feel the Dan Quayle flap was unnecessary).

Politically, the earthquake has made Agnos a national political figure, and there were even some whispered predictions that the impressive way he has handled the disaster—being completely in charge, going sleepless for days—would encourage some to urge him to seek Senator Alan Cranston's seat in 1992.

Natural disasters can have the reverse effect on a politician's life, however. Few can forget the ridicule and criticism former Governor Jerry Brown took early in his second term for not taking the Medfly problem seriously and delaying spraying the tiny fruit pest until the problem had spread out of control. Brown's career suffered badly because of his inaction and he lost a Senate bid to an unknown San Diego mayor in 1982.

As for Vice President Dan Quayle, who was in southern California when the quake hit the Bay Area, rushed here to observe the damage, and then left without conferring with Mayor Agnos—well, in my opinion, sending Dan Quayle to a disaster is redundant. The guy circles the area in a helicopter and proclaims that what he saw was "heart-rending." Thanks, Dan, but go home.

President Bush's quick response to the disaster was impressive, but then the federal government is supposed to be here for us in the event of just such a problem. Agnos says he is "thankful and encouraged" by Bush's visit to the Bay Area and his promise of "quickly doing whatever is necessary."

Speaker Willie Brown says he will call a special session of the legislature to deal with the obvious financial problems caused by the quake.

Rep. Barbara Boxer, Senator Pete Wilson and other federal officials say the total cost from the northern California quake could reach somewhere between $8 to $10 billion.

World Series? Who gives a damn? Giants catcher Terry Kennedy summed it up for most players: "We found out where the priorities really are. The Series doesn't mean anything compared to what happened in this city Tuesday night. People were hurt, and some have lost their lives. It makes me feel sick."

Gay men and lesbians took to the corners and directed traffic all the way to the financial district and as far west as Twin Peaks. Gay bars and Castro restaurants handed out what free food and soft drinks they had, and gays by the scores showed up at relief centers and in the hard-hit Marina to do volunteer work all week after the quake hit.

Gay men I had seen for years were working alongside rescue workers helping to dig out casualties in the Marina while still others spent endless hours personally consoling survivors.

Supervisors Angela Alioto, Harry Britt, Jim Gonzalez and Dick Hongisto spent hours the day after the quake carrying belongings of evacuated Marina District residents. Another who spent the entire night comforting and helping those affected most by the fire was former mayor Dianne Feinstein, a former resident of the area, who later opened her own home to burned-out victims.

Santa Cruz Councilman John Laird, a former mayor, says his city is a "shambles" and needs all the help it can get.

Secretary of Health & Human Services Louis Sullivan, during a press conference at the Nimitz disaster site in Oakland Saturday, paid particular tribute to "a wonderful local group, Project Open Hand, for the thousands of hot meals they have provided for the victims and rescue workers" following the quake.

Can you help financially? If you haven't as yet written a check but want to, write a check—for any size—to Earthquake Emergency Relief Fund, 100 Larkin St., San Francisco, 94102, and it will be immediately delivered to them. ▼

Partners

(Continued from page 1)

Don't get me wrong: they don't overtly oppose the initiative. But they have unaddressed feelings which stand in the way of any enthusiasm for the campaign. One friend—in my opinion—is letting his long-term feelings of anger about not having a lover get in the way of supporting the campaign. Another simply seems disinterested; when confronted, he says that the initiative has little real impact and that he can't get energized for a "symbolic statement." One lesbian friend opposes the institution of marriage and believes that domestic partners might be a step in the wrong direction.

I too share qualms about the proposition and find it ironic that I am spending my evenings calling friends and relatives to urge them to take the time to vote. As a strongly independent libertarian, I have feelings about whether government should play any role in supporting any relationships. But two factors have moved me swiftly into my more pragmatic (and some would say better) mindset: the simplicity and essential justice of the proposition and the powerful ramifications that a defeat would have for our community.

Others have articulated the merits of the domestic partners initiative better than I can. I do believe, however, that our community remains unenergized about the campaign because we have not considered the significant impact a defeat—especially the currently projected large defeat—would have. My concerns focus on three key areas:

- ***Local Efforts Throughout the Nation Will Be Cut Short.*** Over a dozen urban centers are considering some kind of policies similar to our proposition. If San Francisco voters soundly trounce our initiative after a unanimous vote of support by our Board of Supervisors, elected officials throughout the nation may heed the warning and proceed with less courage and integrity. A nascient movement could be set back significantly.
- ***The Mainstream Media Will Eat This Up.*** This might be a fetish unique to me, but over the past year I have become increasingly aware that news reporters and television news teams are sitting around awaiting concrete proof of their theory that the heyday of our movement is on the wane. In fact, I find them drooling for evidence to support their hypothesis that AIDS brings to a halt to the progression of gay liberation. I sensed this in the coverage of the 20th anniversary of Stonewall; I see it in superficial analyses of the impact of AIDS on our community. I do not want the defeat of Proposition S to be fodder for their fantasy.
- ***Our People Often Internalize These Defeats.*** Sure, some of us get angry, some of us become political, some of us block traffic at rush hour. Others take messages from the voters as confirmation of deep-seated self-doubt and self-loathing. I recall my feelings on the day of Anita Bryant's victory in Florida: I struggled to find fury instead of hurt. I felt a painful confirmation of long-held fears—most people considered me criminal, sinful, "bad." I know the courage that many lesbians and gay men struggle to summon up in order to take time off from work when a lover dies or to insist on visitation privileges in hospitals. A defeat for domestic partners may have an unfortunate and profound impact on community self-esteem.

Don't get me wrong, I believe that the cause of gay and lesbian liberation is just and will win out in the end. However, I do not want our community to underestimate the potential impact that a defeat of Proposition S will have. Perhaps we have become so accustomed to fighting off negative referenda (e.g., LaRouche or Dannemeyer) that we can't make a shift and battle to protect a positive proposition.

With days remaining in the campaign, *each of us must break through our barriers to participation in the campaign*—overconfidence, ambivalence, exhaustion, anger—*to get out the vote.* The campaign needs each of us to use our skills, our time, our money and our energy to dramatically bring out voters from the gay, lesbian and liberal sectors. ▼

Recognition

Paul Hazen, president of Wells Fargo Bank, presents Douglas Holloway (left) Wells Fargo employee and Shanti Project volunteer, with an award for social service.

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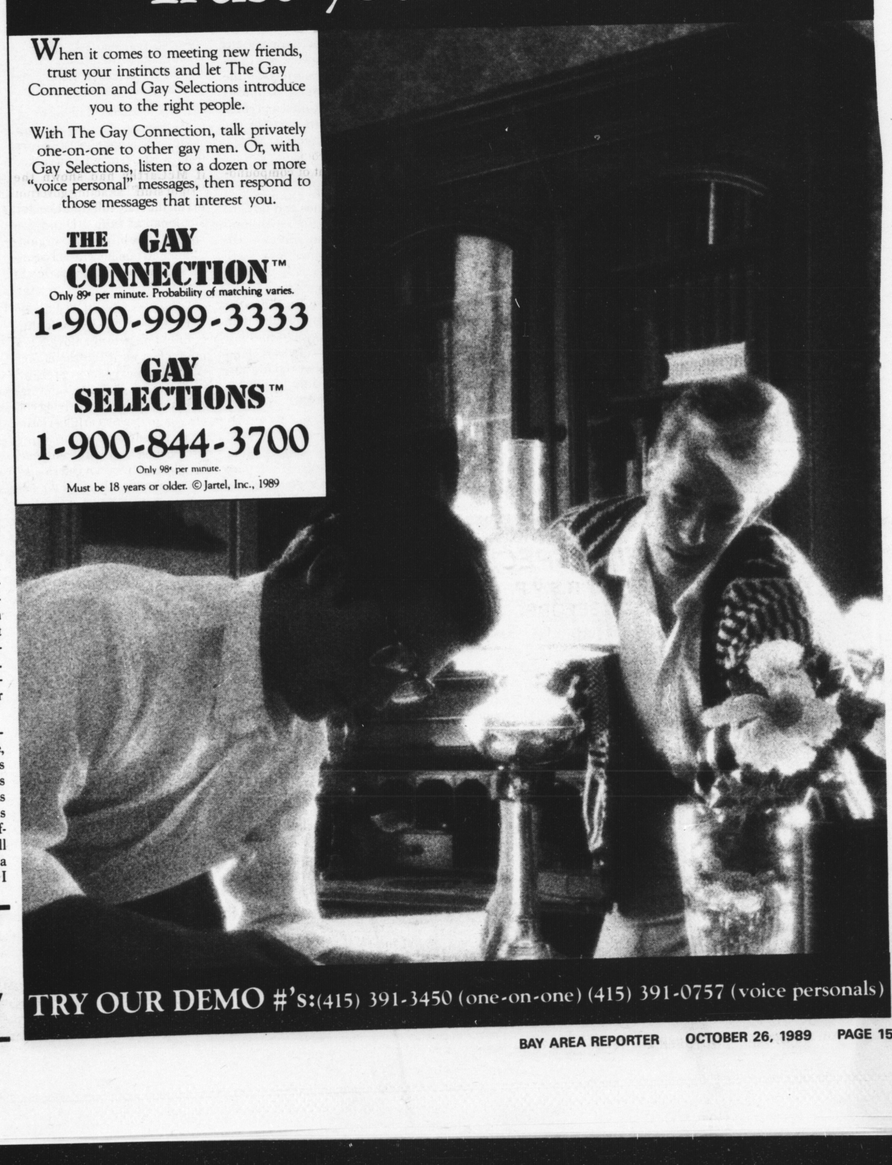

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Fragile Unity Prevails At AIDS Update Conference

by Michael C. Botkin

Over 2,500 people attended the 3rd annual National AIDS Update Conference Oct. 10–14 in San Francisco. Ranging from gold-braided Navy medical personnel to leather-clad activists, the participants listened to the big names in AIDS research, treatment, and activism, such as Dr. Anthony Fauci, Dr. James Mason, head of the U.S. Department of Health and Human Services, and Michael Callen, founder of the People With AIDS Coalition in New York. During the three days of the conference, two trends predominated: the new-found unity between officialdom and the activists, as exemplified by the highly publicized "conversion" of Dr. Fauci, and the emergence of pressures that threaten to overturn this consensus.

The discovery that AZT delays the onset of AIDS, and the general point that HIV-related illnesses are now controllable, have raised the uncomfortable issue of equitable access to treatment. The advent of early intervention has effectively tripled the number of people who should be receiving treatment—but little additional funding can be expected. The increasing scramble for pieces of the diminishing funding pie is threatening to upset the fragile unity of the AIDS service community, pitting gays, women, ethnic minorities, community agencies, and the feds against each other. The often-repeated calls for unity at the Update reflected the growing fear that the honeymoon may be over before it really started.

The National AIDS Update is a combination of what used to be four separate conferences: the National AIDS Conference, the AIDS/ARC Update, Comprehensive Care of the AIDS Patient, and Management of the AIDS Patient. These four events were combined into a single mega-conference primarily due to the efforts of Martin Roscher, who died last year from AIDS.

The Update is not a cutting-edge medical research forum like the big international conferences, such as those that have been held in Montreal or Stockholm. It is a treatment update, aimed at AIDS service providers. The participants cover the political spectrum from federal authorities and their fellow-travelers on the right to ACT UP and other community-based organizations on the left, with public health workers generally in the middle. The major drug companies, who underwrite most of the costs of conferences such as these, have a subtle but pervasive influence.

Federal Turn-Around

Each day of the conference began with big-name speakers addressing a plenary session. From the start, the failure of "the system" was a frequent theme. "Research has done a good job, the rest of society a bad one," said Dr. Matilde Krim of the American Foundation for AIDS Research (AmFAR) at the opening plenary. "AIDS is less and less a medical issue and more and more a social and political one."

Dr. Marcus Conant, another noted AIDS researcher, put it even more strongly: "American society is sick, and has failed society in this epidemic." In this regard, the consensus even among researchers has finally moved to the position that community activists have held for years.

An outstanding symbol of this change is Dr. Fauci, whose recent acknowledgment that the current drug testing guidelines need to be updated received widespread coverage in the mainstream media. But he seemed anxious to deny that he had been pushed or pressured. "Nobody has 'changed' me," he said testily when questioned. "John James [of *AIDS Treatment News*], [Martin] Delaney [of Project Inform], and ACT UP haven't changed me or vice versa. We hold similar fundamental principles, and once we started talking this became clear."

Not everyone shares this rosy view. Dr. Al Novici, a "professional ethicist" from Yale and posssibly the most reactionary voice at the conference, denounced ACT UP and accused the federal government of caving in to the organization inappropriately. "The government is afraid of the activists, and having started to respond to them doesn't know how to stop," he said, and predicted that a backlash would occur.

Indeed, when members of ACT Up requested that a speaker be permitted to respond to Department of Health and Human Services director Dr. Mason's address, they were granted it readily. And although ACT UP's comments were brushed off by Mason, it was clear that he and the other federal representatives have a deep respect for them. This acceptance of community activists, however limited, as a legitimate part of the AIDS service community is a major change in itself.

However, the current federal line has an escape clause: while officials admit that current laws are inadequate, they say they are bound by them until somebody else changes them. When Mason was asked if the "orphan drug" law—which currently protects Burroughs Wellcome's monopoly on AZT—should be changed, he replied, "We need to redefine the rules; nobody foresaw these flaws." He admitted that he believed that Burroughs was, in fact, price-gouging, but claimed, "They have done nothing illegal; we have nothing we can charge them with. Even if the laws are changed in the future we still couldn't; it wouldn't be fair to change the rules on them in midgame."

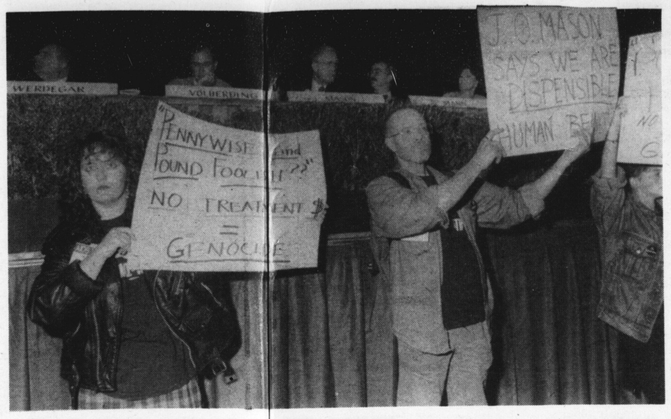
This line was repeated by FDA representative Frank Roh at a workshop on drug access. "Don't get angry at the FDA," he urged. "Focus on the drug companies. They make the decisions, we just review them. If you don't like the laws, change them." This coupling of good intentions with the status quo may serve the purpose of re-directing anger from the feds to the drug companies, but clearly will do little to speed long, slow treatment development.

The Key: Access

The most controversial issue was access to emerging treatments. Who can get into the clinical trials? Who will pay for "experimental" treatments? Who will make these life-or-death decisions? Mark Smith of Johns Hopkins, speaking at the second day's plenary, posed the question most clearly: "The challenge is to take better care of more people, at earlier stages, with more other problems, with less money, and still do good research." He touched on the frequently whispered but rarely spoken concern that gays have more services than others. "When I was an intern at San Francisco General, there was a street person with nothing in one bed, and a gay man with tons of support next to him." An uneasy hush followed this comment; when he continued, "Everybody should have that kind of support!" the audience burst into relieved applause. Smith concluded that the greatest dangers in the coming days are "stable resources, a plateau of funding, and strains on alliances and provincial interests."

The fear that gays will be pitted against ethnic minorities was a recurring theme. At a workshop on community-based clinical trials, Michael Callen, head of the Community Research Initiative of New York, questioned why NIH has refused to fund predominantly gay, community-based research organizations. The federal rep claimed that the money had to go to "underserved ethnic minority" organizations, but Callen challenged that statement, pointing out that CRI serves a proportion of ethnic minorities equivalent to that of the funded agencies, many of which, he said, are "community-based" in name only. Peter Staley, of ACT UP New York, charged, "The NIH funding decision was political, an attempt to pit minority communities against each other."

There was general agreement that AIDS service providers should unite in fighting for a bigger pie instead of squabbling over existing resources, but few believed that much more in AIDS funding will be forthcoming. Dr. Lee of UCSF's Institute for Health Policy Studies pointed out that "private insurance spending on AIDS is down, and Medicaid is paying for more and more"; and this means that individuals (who have to be destitute to get Medicaid) and the federal and state governments are picking up the slack. The media seem to be losing interest in AIDS; NBC correspondent Robert Bazell revealed "a dirty little secret: media honchos don't care as much about 'those people' [gays and IV drug users] as they do about their own kids." And many expressed concern that a class of AIDS poverty pimps is taking advantange of the exponential growth of the AIDS service sector. Mervyn Silverman, president of AmFAR, said, "AIDS agencies in San Francisco grew from four in 1985 to over 80 now; there is increasing in-fighting at the grassroots level." The frequent calls for unity belied a concern that it will be impossible to maintain a united front in the face of coming challenges.



ACT UP members protest during the AIDS conference. (Photo: Jane Cleland)

The Rumor Mill

The most interesting information available at such conferences is whispered at the back of the rooms, not declaimed from the podiums. One persistent rumor was that ddI is turning out to be much more toxic than anticipated, and that this is why the parallel tracks are being delayed. If would look bad, it is said, if the first "free" drug turns out to be more toxic than AZT.

Another emerging belief is that AZT has gotten a bad rap, and that many of its negative side effects result from its being given in oversize doses. However, many activists still consider AZT to be, as one put it, "Drano in pill form."

Dr. Alan Lifson of the San Francisco Department of Public Health anounced the first two verified cases of oral transmission of HIV. But since one of the two men had severe gum disease, and the other had 900 "episodes of reported oral intercourse" plus oral-anal contact in less than a year, some question whether this doesn't demonstrate that truly heroic efforts must be made to acquire HIV by oral sex.

Conclusion

Significant changes have been made in the AIDS situation. Federal officials have acknowledged the legitimacy of the activist wing of the movement and the illegitimacy of the federal government's own stance on drug testing. The medical mainstream, pressured by ACT UP's direct actions and by competition from community-based research groups, is abandoning "purity" of research for humane considerations. The drug companies, fearing a crackdown unless they police themselves, are beginning to take steps to provide treatment in parallel tracks for those without insurance or for those who are ineligible for official trials, though no one has actually done this yet. The possibility of early intervention has changed HIV and AIDS from a fatal disease to a chronic but controllable condition.

But the Update Conference revealed that the AIDS treatment community remains sharply divided among itself. The drug companies, the FDA, and the various community and minority groups are closer together now than they've ever been, but this is more of a truce than it is genuine unity. The challenge, frequently addressed but never answered, is how to maintain this fragile unity in the face of growing tasks and shrinking resources. ▼

Drug Maker Denies It Will Give Away Pentamidine to Poor

by Cliff O'Neill

Despite a front page story in the *New York Times* touting the giveaway of a promising anti-pneumonia drug to indigent AIDS patients without insurance the company that manufactures the drug is still saying that such a program does not yet exist.

The drug distribution program is intended to provide AIDS patients who don't have insurance aerosolized pentamidine, a preventative for *pneumocystis carinii* pneumonia. The Oct. 12 *Times*, reported it appeared that Lyphomed Pharmaceuticals, the company that manufactures the drug, would be kicking off the program soon.

However, a company spokesperson contacted on Oct. 13 called that speculation "premature."

"We haven't worked out the details on it yet," Melissa Marsden, a Lyphomed spokesperson, said. "It really is premature at this time to give any information on the program. All we've indicated is that we intend to establish a program to supply indigents without coverage with pentamidine for prophylaxis therapy."

As company spokespersons did shortly after the drug's final Food and Drug Administration approval, Marsden said the company was still working with community-based research groups in several major cities to coordinate the program, but refused to state how many people would qualify for the program, or even when it would be implemented.

Lyphomed has been the direct target of harsh criticism from AIDS activists nationwide, which have charged the Rosemont, Ill.-based company with "price gouging" based on the fact the company raised the drug's price by 300 percent in a two-year period prior to it gaining a monopoly patent on the drug.

Lyphomed initially sold a vial of pentamidine for $25 in 1984. Then, in 1985, the company raised the price to $39.45 a vial, upped it to $54.79 a vial in 1986, up again to $69.95 a vial in April of 1987 and finally up to $99.54 a vial in August of 1988.

Upon final FDA approval of the drug in May, Lyphomed issued a news release that included a mention of the drug distribution program, but stated afterward that the program was still in the talking stages.

"That program never materialized," Steve Smith, lobbyist for the Human Rights Campaign Fund said. "It really isn't clear whether they're just getting around to [working on the program] now or if it's something different. It's not clear."

"There's only one thing I can make out of all this," Gay Men's Health Crisis lobbyist Jeff Levi added. "They think this is going to make up for their price gouging, but it ain't."

Lyphomed staffers have historically reacted sharply to the pressure from AIDS activists, and in the recent *Times* story, they said such protests could affect the future development of other AIDS drugs.

"We are being pilloried," Brian Tambi, a Lyphomed senior vice president, told the *Times*. "We are being crucified."

He said that small drug companies would stop developing AIDS drugs if their reward was to be constant criticism and price undercutting from AIDS activists.

The company has steadfastly refused to make public data explaining their pricing mechanism.

Similar to another letter to Burroughs Wellcome, manufacturer of the costly anti-HIV drug, AZT, AIDS activists have been working on a group letter from a coalition of gay/lesbian and AIDS

(Continued on page 27)

Compound Q Scrutinized

by Michael C. Botkin

Compound Q was a frequent topic at the AIDS Update Conference because it touches on so many AIDS issues: the role of the FDA and community agencies in testing drugs, ethical issues about access to treatment and the rights of patients, and conflict within the AIDS service community.

The Q trials became a referendum on community research vs. the federal guidelines, and it appears that community research has won.

Before this, however, Project Inform's "unofficial" trial of the Chinese extract Trichosanthin was lambasted by the mainstream media and also by many AIDS activists, notably Mathilde Krim and Michael Callen.

Now most of the critics have backed off and retracted their harshest criticisms, but much unrest remains.

Michael Callen, while praising Project Inform's Martin Delaney as an exceptional scientist, expressed concern that he was setting a dangerous precedent by doing clinical trials without oversight.

"This has effectively ended FDA oversight... and plays into the hands of the de-regulationists."

FDA rep Frank Roh unconvincingly denied that they had been informed of the trial or that FDA had "looked the other way."

"We sent them a letter warning them not to do it again, and if they do we'll move to stop them," Roh said.

Nobody believes that FDA was unaware of the Q trial, and Callen thinks that the FDA is waiting to see how effective Q is before they commit themselves.

"They can hardly put Delaney in jail if he's found what people think is the 'cure' for AIDS," he said.

Callen remains unconvinced that Q is effective and believes that its popularity is "a scream of horror and contempt at the bankruptcy of the system."

Dr. Al Levin of Project Inform insisted that he had no desire to do away with the independent review system. He defended Q as a special case, a drug too important to be delayed by federal bureaucracy.

"On a previous study I wasted four months while an Institutional Review Board argued over one sentence in one paragraph of the proposal; I refused to waste time arguing with lawyers and professional ethicists."

Overall, he was critical of the official system.

"Community research is where it's at. Academics are unaware of PWA concerns and therefore do abysmal research. For example, patients died because they were overdosed with AZT prescribed too late. Community research saves lives."

Another Q issue was the infamous "New York-San Francisco split," with New York's ACT UP perceived as denouncing Project Inform for the death of Q patient Scott Schaeffer.

Peter Staley of ACT UP New York considers the entire split a myth.

"A reporter went through her rolodex and eventually found a few people willing to criticize Project Inform, then portrayed this as the official opinion of ACT UP," Staley said.

He expressed considerable anger at this attempt to manipulate and split the movement, and ACT UP New York circulated a statement at the conference supporting Project Inform and the Q trial.

But splitting the movement apparently was an easy task. Volberding, in charge of the official Q trials at San Francisco General Hospital, likes to pretend that Project Inform doesn't exist. Krim, of AmFAR, was initially an outspoken critic of the trials. Dr. Levin of Project Inform claims that AmFAR served as an independent review agency, but got cold feet when the media got nasty and turned coat.

It is a scene reminiscent of the early rivalry between U.S. and French HIV researchers, and many question how large a role oversize egos and professional jealousy is playing.

The Q trials tapped a very deep issue; do people have the right to take whatever drugs they want, and what role should the Fed play in this? At this point, and largely because of the Q trials, the consensus is that patients have the right to take whatever they want. The only public dissenter to this belief was Dr. Novick, the Yale ethicist.

"Allowing participation in underground trials frays the social fabric," he said. "Patients do not have the right to take whatever they want if it's a promoted substance."

But when a PWA from the audience denounced as unethical random-assignment trials, where subjects don't which which of two drugs they're getting, Novick told him, "Stop complaining. When subjects consent to these trials that includes consenting to one of two drugs."

However, Novick is a holdout, and few authorities still challenge the right of people to take—or refuse to take—any treatment they choose.

The general issue is that of the needs of the subjects versus those of the researchers. Researchers like "clean" studies, with no other treatments for the subjects, double-blind assignments, where neither doctor nor patient knows if the subject is getting real treatment of a placebo, and a certain number of deaths in the no-treatment group as proof of effectiveness.

PWAs are understandably uncomfortable with this, and a new consensus is emerging that allows concurrent treatments, avoids placebos and replaces patient death as an "endpoint" with other indicators of health, like rising T-cell counts.

The success of the Q trials, and the FDA's tolerance of them, has shifted the entire dialogue in favor of the community-based agencies. This is why the violent disputes among various community agencies is so confusing and alarming. ▼

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NGRA Files Suit For Lesbians' Health Benefits

National Gay Rights Advocates has filed a petition in a Wisconsin Superior Court to obtain health insurance benefits for the lesbian partner of a state employee.

Jerri Lynn Phillips, a Wisconsin State employee, attempted to add her life-partner, Lorri Tommerup, to her group health plan. Phillips' request was denied because the two women were not legally married.

NGRA staff attorney Cynthia Goldstein explained that Wisconsin had a statute barring discrimination based on an employee's marital status and sexual orientation.

"Wisconsin's anti-discrimination law is meaningless if Jerri Lynn and Lorri are denied employee benefits afforded to heterosexual couples," Goldstein said. "Equal access to family benefits is central to equal treatment."

NGRA Executive Director Jean O'Leary says that the organization is expanding its efforts to secure equal rights for lesbian and gay families including family partnership legislation, and equal access to business accommodations and employee benefits. ▼

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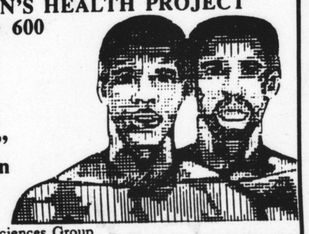


"Love him...Love him and let him love you."
-James Baldwin

UCSF Prevention Sciences Group

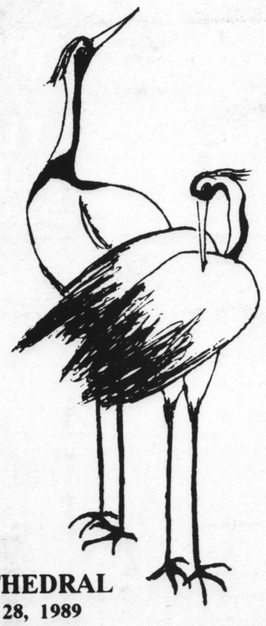
DAY OF REMEMBRANCE

For Those Who Live With AIDS
And For Those Who Have Died

The Day of Remembrance is Grace Cathedral's annual celebration of life in the midst of the AIDS epidemic. It is a day to share our grief over those whom we have lost, to join to heal the scars of fear and suffering, and to celebrate the joys and strengths of our community.

Arts, song, poetry, prayer, meditation, music, and story bring us together to remember those who have died in the AIDS epidemic, to honor the courage of those who live, and to love those who serve.

Please join us for all or part of this very special day.



GRACE CATHEDRAL
OCTOBER 28, 1989
9 a.m. - 6:30 p.m.
Interfaith Service 5:30 p.m.

GRINCH Planning To Steal Christmas

by Keith Clark

A national underground network identifying itself as GRINCH—Gay Retaliation for Inexcusable Negligence and Criminal Homophobia—has an idea that could make the coming holiday season a pretty miserable one for a lot of people.

GRINCH has been sending fliers to AIDS activists and media representatives around the country saying it's "time to turn up the heat" by blocking traffic, booking up airline flights, sabotaging computer networks, jamming bank automatic teller machines and stink-bombing department stores and shopping centers during the peak Christmas shopping period following Thanksgiving.

The leaflet, which shows no mailing address, telephone number or contacts, began reaching AIDS activists and organizations in mid-October, sporting a drawing of the Dr. Seuss cartoon character and a headline reading, "Let's steal Christmas!" Copies of the leaflet also mysterious showed up at the recent Washington, D.C., showing of the Names Project quilt.

The GRINCH pamphlets have been mailed to ACT UP, the AIDS Coalition to Unleash Power, from San Francisco to Los Angeles to Philadelphia, calling on activists to create the "maximum disruption of the holiday shopping season" beginning Nov. 24. Targets include shopping malls, retail districts, theatres, sports events, airports, subways, freeways, bridges, telephone systems, television and radio stations and transmitters, computer networks, powerlines, satellite receivers, government offices, military recruitment centers and political party offices.

GRINCH suggests skipping Christmas shopping altogether and donating money instead to AIDS research groups. Disruption tactics being urged range from buying junk automobiles and stalling them on bridges to stink-bombing department stores to knocking down powerlines.

The anonymous organization's pamphlet says, "The United States has failed to meet the challenges of the AIDS epidemic because the people who control our country are blinded by homophobia, racism, greed and apathy" and that "the threat of civil disorder and financial loss will prove more compelling... than appeals to either conscience or reason."

The pamphlet warns that many of the proposed actions are illegal and that activists should "look before you leap" and also warns activists to "confide only in trusted friends."

A spokesperson for the Federal Bureau of Investigation in Washington declined to comment on the GRINCH pamphlet, saying the agency "never comments on investigations." But the spokesperson did confirm that the FBI is "aware of the pamphlets from several field offices."

Activists of all stripes are reacting cautiously to distance themselves from the anonymous fliers. Wiggsy Sivertsen, vice president of the Bay Area Municipal Elections Committee in Santa Clara County, said, "I'm not opposed to aggressive political action. But I am diametrically opposed to teen-age pranks."

ACT UP/Philadelphia's Scott Tucker said, "I don't know who's organizing it, but they obviously think ACT UP members are a good audience for these kinds of actions."

At the same time, however, Tucker expressed serious reservations about GRINCH.

"I'm not opposed to protests or disruptions or sabotage," Tucker said, "if you carefully target who you're aiming at so your message gets across. But some of these ideas might be more appropriate for guerrilla fighters in the hills of Nicaragua. A strategy of general chaos is just fucking stupid." ▼

Video Grant for Gay Novelist

San Francisco gay novelist N.A. Diaman has been awarded a $2,000 production grant from the Paul Robeson Fund for Film and Video for *Cut Sleeve: Lesbians & Gays of Asian Ancestry*, a 29 minute videotape documentary exploring the personal and political lives of some half dozen women and men actively involved in the San Francisco lesbian and gay community.

The target audience for *Cut Sleeve* is young lesbians and gays of Asian ancestry who are coming to terms with their sexual orientation and cultural heritage within the broader society. The videotape will be suitable for showings in high school social studies classes; anthropology, ethnic studies and sexuality college classes; counseling centers; movement organizations, as well as to the general community at large. Its 29 minute length will allow time for discussion even during a one-hour period.

Work has already begun on the project but additional funds must be raised to continue. While fundraising efforts include grant applications to other foundations which support multi-cultural and lesbian/gay videos, contributions from individuals are also being sought. Tax deductible donations may be made through the Film Arts Foundation, a non-profit organization which is acting as fiscal agent for this project.

Nikos Diaman, the producer and director of *Cut Sleeve*, has worked in all phases of video production since the early '70s, contributing to such works as *Lesbian Mothers, Ohio Gay Pride Week* and *Larry Goldman Works*. He was also the founder and festival director of the first San Francisco Gay Video Festival in 1977.

Diaman has also written and published five gay novels over the last decade: *Ed Dean is Queer, The Fourth Wall, Second Crossing, Reunion*, and his newest book, *Castro Street Memories*. He is also the publisher of *Persona Review*, a free newsletter devoted to the promotion of gay/lesbian fiction.

For more information write Persona Video or Persona Press at Box 14022, San Francisco, CA 94114, or call 775-6143. ▼

CUAV, Police Urge Caution on Castro

The San Francisco Police Department and Community United Against Violence are taking steps to assure that Halloween in the Castro is incident-free.

"It's a madhouse on Castro, and it gets worse every year," Sally De Haven, a lesbian police officer, said.

De Haven said that unlike the Castro Street Fair or the Gay Pride Parade, which are attended predominantly by gays and lesbians, Halloween tends to draw a large straight crowd to the Castro. And that increases the likelihood of anti-gay violence in the area.

This year, following a heated clash with police on Castro Street that spawned from an ACT UP demonstration on Oct. 6, coupled with the overall stress associated with the Oct. 17 earthquake, many more gays and lesbians may decide to take to the street, which sets up an even more volatile scenario.

De Haven, who is based out of Mission Station, which was not involved in the Oct. 6 police incident, also advised that anyone planning to wear Halloween costumes on the street refrain from carrying any item that could be used as a weapon, including devil's pitchforks, baseball bats or swords.

"Those type of items will be confiscated," she said.

CUAV has urged anyone in need of help Halloween night to look for CUAV safety monitors, who will be clearly identified and will have access to medical and police assistance.

CUAV will also provide a "cooling out" location at the Collingwood Recreation Center behind Cala Foods, where coffee will be served.

The community organization urges everyone on the street to observe these precautions: carry a whistle for use only when a threatening situation arises; do not walk alone, travel in groups; be extra cautious on side streets; and let friends know where you plan to be.

Police expect upward of 100,000 people to jam the Castro area this year. The street will be closed and buses re-routed at 6 p.m. on Tuesday.

Anyone who is victimized or observes any anti-gay activity should contact CUAV immediately at 864-7233. ▼

Plenty of Pre-Halloween Parties Around Town

by Allen White

Only an earthquake could make people forget that Halloween is just a few days away. Party planners are hoping people will be in the mood to get just a little festive and party at least one or two nights away.

There will be three superparties on Saturday night. The biggest party starts at 9 p.m. at the Giftcenter. Called "Gotham," the event is an opportunity to show off your best Halloween costume to thousands and win several hundred dollars in the process. There will be shuttle bus service leaving from Moby Dick in the Castro and the New Belle Saloon on Polk and Sutter streets to the Giftcenter. Tickets are $20 in advance at Headlines and $25 at the door.

This year Crew presents the annual "Black Party" at 520 Fourth St., on Saturday night. "The Black Party," presented for the first time more than a decade ago, is the longest running gay Halloween party in San Francisco. This year the facility is being redecorated inside and outside. The party starts at 9:30 p.m. and runs till mid-morning. Tickets are $12 in advance, available at Headlines, and $15 at the door.

The Halloween party at the I-Beam is called "Tarzan Boys 1989," with $500 in prizes for the best Boy, Jane, King, Queen and group. There will be an exotic dance review with The Snake and Carol Doda is the emcee. Admission is free with an I-Beam pass, $5 if you can't find one.

The Halloween Masquerade Bash starts Saturday night at 9 p.m. at the Box at 625 Divisadero with Page Hodel doing the music mix. Admission is $6. A costume contest will be held at midnight.

The Sunday Dreamland Halloween Party is called "Masks and Hoods." Admission is free with one of their passes or $3 at the door. The organizers want party-goers to dress masculine, which means wear something dark and leathery.

Also on Saturday there will be a "Mayhem in Miami" party presented by the Bay Area Career Women at the Dominican College at 1520 Grand Ave. in San Rafael. Tickets are $20 in advance and $25 at the door. Call 331-0345 for more information.

One of the most popular dances to emerge in recent years is the Living Sober Halloween Party on Saturday night, the city's big clean and sober event. There will be a costume contest with money given to the winners. It starts at 9:30 p.m. and goes till 1 a.m. at the First Unitarian Church, Franklin and Geary streets. Cost is a sliding donation of $6 to $12. The party is wheelchair accessible, and childcare is provided.

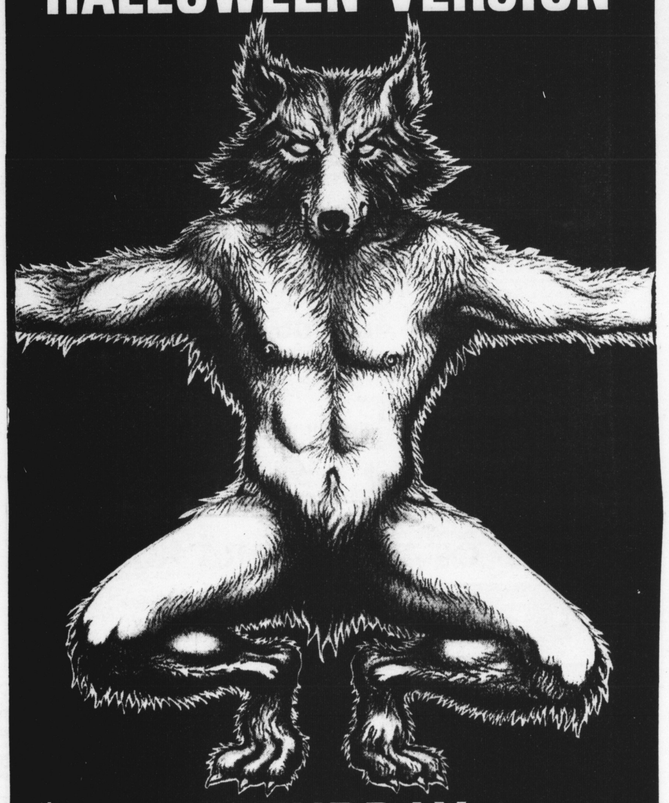
Friday night there will be a comedy fundraiser for the Shanti Project featuring Marga Gomez, Scott Capuro and Karen Ripley at the Mint. The cost is $4 and it starts at 10 p.m.

Club Q, which many know as

(Continued on page 29)

HAPPY HALLOWEEN

THE BLACK PARTY
HALLOWEEN VERSION



SATURDAY
OCTOBER 28, 1989
9:30 P.M. TILL THE NEXT DAY

MUSIC BY
Direct from the PROBE, Los Angeles
DJ STEVE FABUS
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DJ DAVE MOSS
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DJ MARK WATKINS
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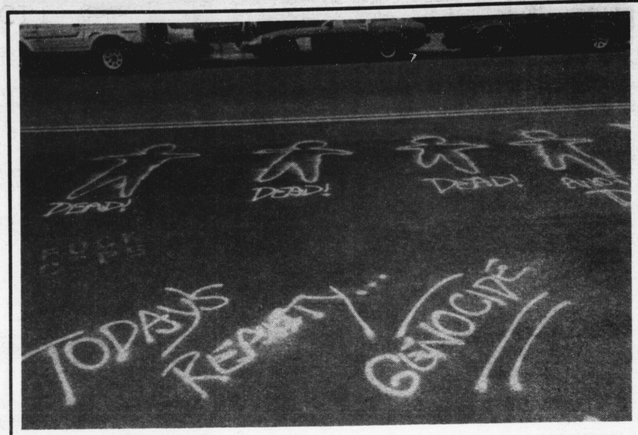
Disabled Voters Eligible For Permanent Absentee Ballots

The office of the San Francisco Registrar will provide permanent absentee ballots for disabled persons who apply and qualify for permanent absentee voter status.

This status will allow disabled voters to have ballots and voting materials sent to them each time there is an election within their precinct. Voters will automatically receive an absentee ballot every election until they move or re-register. Disabilities that qualify for permanent absentee status include circulatory problems and mobility impairment, as well as more severe disabilities.

Registered voters can receive an application by contacting the registrar's office, or they may request permanent absentee voter status by making a written request that includes the voter's full name, address, information which establishes the voter's right to permanent absent voter status, and signature of the applicant.

Election day is Tuesday, Nov. 7, and absentee voting begins on Oct. 10. To receive an application, write: San Francisco Registrar of Voters, City Hall, Room 158, San Francisco, CA 94102. or call 554-4375. ▼



Painted Protest

AIDS activists re-painted Castro Street in front of the Bank of America late Saturday night. The city had painted the street to cover up graffiti painted Oct. 6 during ACT UP's demonstration. (Photo: Darlene/PhotoGraphics)

Women Are Twice as Likely To Continue Sharing Needles

by Keith Clark

While a voters' initiative calling for the legalization of hypodermic syringes in the state was being certified in San Francisco last week, the Santa Clara County drug abuse services bureau announced the preliminary results of a needle-sharing survey that indicated just over 40 percent of female injection drug users questioned said they have continued to share needles with others even while learning that the practice puts them at increased risk for AIDS, while only 19 percent of the men said they had continued to share needles.

The federally funded survey, which is part of a pilot project to help identify a variety of law-enforcement and treatment issues connected with injection drug abuse, consisted of voluntary interviews and urine tests of 263 men and 126 women arrested in Santa Clara County between August and September of this year. Of the women, 42 percent said they continued to share syringes although they already knew needle-sharing increased their risk of exposure to HIV, the virus generally believed to cause AIDS.

Truday Kilian, manager of the county's criminal justice services, which handled the survey, said the higher needle-sharing among women had "tremendously important implications for drug-treatment programs and health officials involved in AIDS education."

"Perhaps those who are doing AIDS education in areas with severe IV-drug abuse rates need to look at the IV educational materials they're using to see if a different approach or more targeted approach to women who share needles is in order," Kilian said. "Obviously, with twice as many women as men continuing to share needles, the message isn't having the effect it should."

While there were slight differences in the responses of the men and women in other parts of the survey—the percentages who said they had been involved in a drug-abuse program in the past, believed they should be, or who had used drugs during the past 30 days—Kilian said the only significant difference was the higher rate of women who continued to share needles. ▼

Court: State Must Pay For All Uses of AZT

In a decision of critical importance to persons with HIV infection, a federal appeals court has ordered Missouri's Medicaid agency to pay for AZT, even when the drug is prescribed for conditions other than those recognized by the Food and Drug Administrations' labeling.

The decision guarantees that Medicaid eligible persons whose doctor's prescribe AZT will be able to receive reimbursement for the drug.

"This is the most important legal victory for people with HIV infection concerning access to health care yet," said Nan Hunter, director of the American Civil Liberties Union's AIDS Project, which co-authored a friend of the court brief filed on behalf of the AIDS Action Council in support of the Medicaid recipients in the case. "The court's decision ensures that Medicaid eligible HIV-infected persons will be reimbursed for the care that their doctors prescribe."

The care at issue in this case involved so-called "off-label" use of the drug AZT. In 1987 the FDA approved AZT with a label that stated that the drug was indicated for use in patients who had a history of *pneumocystis carinii* pneumonia or fewer than 200 T-4 cells.

The FDA has long held that once "a product is approved for marketing, physicians may prescribe it for uses or in treatment regimens or patient populations that are not included in approved labeling."

Accordingly, doctors have routinely prescribed AZT for use by HIV-infected persons beyond those indicated in the FDA labeling and this summer the government announced the results of clinical trials that proved the efficacy of AZT well beyond its labeled indications.

Notwithstanding the widespread use of AZT beyond its labeling, Missouri's Medicaid agency refuses to reimburse eligible recipients for off-label use of the drug.

In 1988 three individuals sued the agency in U.S. District Court for the Western District of Missouri, which, in September of 1988 ruled in their favor.

The court held that AZT was medically necessary treatment for the plaintiffs and that the Medicaid agency's denial of coverage for off-label use violated applicable Medicaid requirements.

This ruling was upheld this week by the United States Court of Appeals for the Eighth Circuit in *Weaver v. Reagen*, No. 88-2560.

The Eighth Circuit's decision states that indications noted in FDA labeling "were not intended to limit or interfere with the practice of medicine" and thus that it was "improper for the state of Missouri to interfere with a physician's judgment of medical necessity by limiting coverage of AZT based on criteria that admittedly do not reflect current medical knowledge or practice."

The court concluded that "Missouri Medicaid's approach to its coverage of the drug AZT is unreasonable and inconsistent with the objectives of the Medicaid Act," and ruled that the agency could not "deny coverage of AZT to AIDS patients who are eligible for Medicaid and whose physicians have certified that AZT is medically necessary treatment."

* * *

In a related development, the American Civil Liberties Union has also announced that nearly

(Continued on page 24)

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Photo: Kingmond Young

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CFC #0863-P-FLAG

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David Johnson, MA
Cheryl-Cox DeNapoli, MSN
Leland Traiman, FNP
Susan Duynstee, RN
Kathy Labriola, LVN
Mark Darpel
Randy Carter
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Lani Militante

Reform Bad Condo Laws! Yes on R

Proposition R will reform San Francisco's bad condominium conversion laws. Too good to be true? Here's how!

Proposition R	Current Condo Law
• Requires 51% tenant approval.	• *Current condo law does not require tenant approval.*
• Requires owners to offer lifetime leases for seniors.	• *Current condo law allows an owner to evict anyone when that owner wishes to occupy that unit.*
• Requires owners to offer lifetime leases for the disabled.	• *Current condo law only requires a one year lease.*
• Requires a minimum 5 year lease for tenants who choose not to buy.	

And that's not all...

Home Ownership opportunities

- Proposition R will allow tenants to negotiate affordable prices in exchange for the approval of the conversion.
- Proposition R will encourage owners to secure financing for first time buyers.
- Proposition R will help stop unfair evictions.

Current condominium law does not.

For most San Franciscans the "American Dream" of home ownership is a thing of the past or limited, unfortunately, to a privileged few. The Mayor's Housing Advisory Committee reports that "only 5 percent of San Francisco households can afford to buy the median priced house." The high cost of houses today prohibits most renters from ever enjoying the stability, security and financial benefits of home ownership.

Proposition R will reform our condominium laws creating a new and better method for condominium conversions that protects renters' rights and creates affordable home ownership opportunities.

Vote Yes on Proposition R

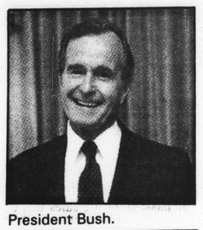
Ernestine Pasco Treasurer ID#890873

Friday

(Continued from page 10)

ported this week that "special interests" (translate that to mean "lobbyists") spent a record $82.9 million to influence the legislature and other state agencies in 1988, an increase of 9.7 percent compared with the previous reporting year.

Washington Democrats continue to be frustrated by **George Bush's** popularity (70 percent approval, according to the latest Gallup Poll). House Majority Whip **William Gray,** a Democrat from Pennsylvania, lamented this week that the president often sounds like a Democrat, which makes him particularly tough to attack: "This guy is not a target like Reagan was—he's very popular."



President Bush.

Former supervisor and mayoral candidate **Jack Molinari,** a big baseball fan, told me this week that if the downtown ballpark (Prop. P) passes, they should name the new park after **Agnos.**

"Art put this plan together, and if it passes he gets the credit—they should name the park after him," Molinari said.

Molinari, incidentally, is enjoying life as a "private citizen," though his love for politics has obviously not subsided, and you can probably expect this guy to run for office again one day.

Despite criticism from the *New York Times,* Jersey papers, and even some Republicans, the New Jersey GOP nominee for governor, **Rep. Jim Courter,** keeps up his running anti-gay line. This week Courter proposed removing teachers and children infected with HIV from contact with uninfected children. Several civil-rights and gay-rights groups attacked the Republican this week, saying he was only legitimizing irrational fears among voters. Got friends or relatives in New Jersey? Get on the phone now to advise them against this homophobic would-be governor.

Ah yes, the ultimate and predicted solution: a committee of Roman Catholic bishops meeting in New York City last week urged the U.S. Roman Catholic Church drop its support for teaching about condoms in public schools as a way of preventing AIDS, and urge instead that young people be taught chastity.

He can raise big bucks, but can he arouse a crowd? New Jersey **Sen. Bill Bradley,** one of those considered an early candidate for the '92 Demo presidential race, appeared at a $1,000 fundraiser (all proceeds going to the senator, of course) in Los Angeles recently, attended by such luminaries as both former **Brown** governors, comic **Robin Williams,** and other Democrats.

Bradley walked away with a whopping net of $600,000, but the speech was so dull that the senator was not once interrupted by applause. The Bradley event was, however, a watershed in the state's role as the country's chief exporter of political dollars. Not one senator, not even **Alan Cranston,** has taken in that amount at one single dinner in this state.

Speaking of fundraisers, **Carole Migden** is in charge of raising funds for the Yes on S (domestic partners) campaign, and she tells me that while other politicians are slow to come around, **Willie Brown,** when asked, quickly sent $2,000 to help.

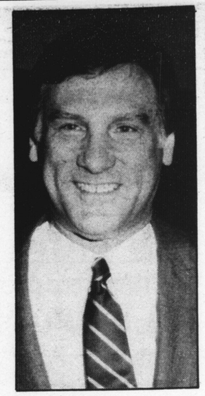
"No fanfare, no comments, the check was right there," Migden said.

Though 56 percent of the voters polled recently in **Rep. Barney Frank's** Massachusetts district still say they would vote for him, despite the disclosure of his relationship with admitted male hustler **Steve Gobie,** that figure is down from a poll conducted just before the scandal, when Rep. Frank had an approval rating of 74 percent in his heavily Democratic district.

The recall campaign against Fremont Unified School District President **Robert Stipicevich** is getting dirty. Stipicevich is the politico who held a news conference to announce his homosexuality, only to ignite a recall effort by the conservative, anti-gay "Fremont Family Alliance." Stipicevich's brother is now accused of election code violations for allegedly destroying petitions being circulated supporting the recall move.

Republicans are now given a good chance of electing one of their own, Modesto Councilman **Dick Lang,** to the 27th Assembly District seat formerly held by Democrat **Gary Condit,** elected recently to **Tony Coelho's** congressional seat.

One statewide race predicted to get real nasty is the primary fight building up between state



John Molinari.

Senator **Marian Bergeson** and state Senator **John Seymour** for the GOP lieutenant governor nomination next year.

A local political rumor has former Sup. **Carol Ruth Silver** eyeing a seat on the Board of Education.

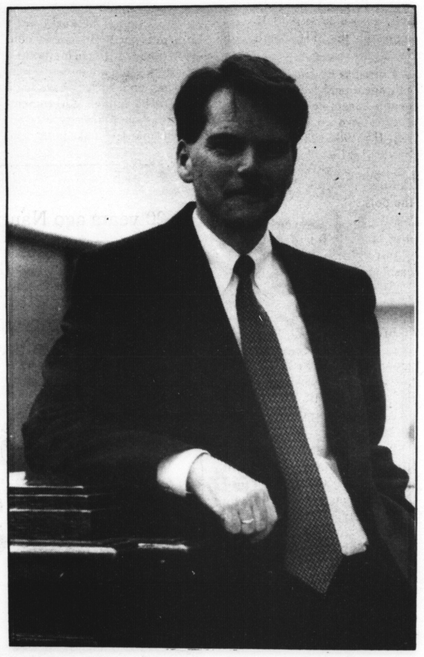
And those close to Community College Board President **Julie Tang** tell me she is seriously thinking of challenging Sup. **Dick Hongisto** for the city assessor's job next year.

The San Francisco Deputy Sheriff's Association, representing 450 sworn members of the sheriff's department, has joined the Police Officer's Association in endorsing domestic partners (Prop. S).

Meanwhile, two local weekly papers have split on the downtown ballpark proposition (Prop. P)—*S.F. Weekly* endorsed Prop. P, while the *San Francisco Independent* opposed the plan.

Some of those supposedly in the know about these things are predicting that embattled Police Chief Frank Jordan will be replaced by the first of the year; one City Hall "source" anonymously commented this week that "the mayor is a pretty patient man, but the guy has got to be getting tired of the continuous crap coming from that department."

From the you-had-to-be-there department: a friend of mine was seated directly behind comedienne **Roseanne Barr** and her boyfriend, **Tom Arnold,** when the Slob Goddess of televison decided to drop her pants and "moon" the opening game of the World Series at the Oakland Coliseum recently; not a pretty sight, I'm told, but Larry has a snapshot that the tabloids are sure to pay big bucks for (and this offensive housewife-turned-comic is a million dollar star?). ▼



Ed Harrington. (Photo: Rick Gerharter)

Gays

(Continued from page 1)

a king. Nolan doesn't see himself as king of anything. But he takes this deunuciation as tribute to his effectiveness as a public official.

Elected county supervisor in 1984, Nolan is credited with hammering out the agreement resolving the dispute between San Mateo County and Contra Costa County concerning transit funds. Contra Costa and other East Bay communities demanded extensions of BART service for which they have been paying since the 1960s. Others, however, thought an extension to San Francisco airport had a higher priority.

Meanwhile, Peninsula communities wanted Caltrain, which presently stops at 4th and Townsend streets, to run to downtown San Francisco.

Both plans were blocked by dickering, preventing approval of either by the powerful Metropolitan Transportation Commission, which directs all federal transit money for the nine Bay Area counties.

Nolan thinks the train offers valuable service to his constituents. Its presnt 47-mile route from San Jose carries 18,000 people a day. Because he represents San Mateo County on MTC, he got to work on the problem.

"I insisted we break the deadlock," he says.

(Continued on next page)

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Gays

(Continued from previous page)

The result is a $2.68 billion plan calling for San Mateo to pay $200 million to BART for extensions and for MTC to approve plans for the Peninsula train extension. Specifics need to be worked out, but work is under way. Nolan optimistically estimates that construction could start in a year and trains could run to downtown in four years.

"The train is a workhorse," Nolan says. "It may not be as pretty as BART but it has enormous potential. But it has one flaw—it goes nowhere. It has to go downtown."

Nolan says he is proud of his work to save the train just as he is proud of what he has done for the gay community in San Mateo on AIDS programs, for example.

"But don't pigeonhole me. I don't want to be the gay supervisor," he says.

"I want to participate fully in the total life of the community, unfettered by anyone's preconditions. I won't have anyone tell me that because I'm gay, I can only be the gay supervisor or work in human relations."

Nolan now heads the board of directors for SamTrans as well as chairing the Joint Powers Board, the three-county agency that will assume operating responsibility for the Peninsula train when the state gives it up in 1990. He also serves on the MTC board with Britt.

Politics is his life, and he encourages openly gay and lesbian people to get into politics. Nolan has his eye on state office someday. His 1988 bid for the state Senate failed but he's not discouraged. He ran a credible campaign, earning points with the pols.

"It helped move our community along," Nolan says. "If I didn't succeed, it may make it easier for the next person."

Beyond Tokenism

Britt was a little late for our appointment to talk about transportation. Because he relies on Muni to get around town, he got stuck in one of the transit system's famous "brief delays" that morning.

Britt is one of those rare public officials on public transit boards who actually uses transit for more than occasional photo opps. He represents the city on MTC and on the Air Quality Board. He used to serve on the Bay Conservation and Development Commission.

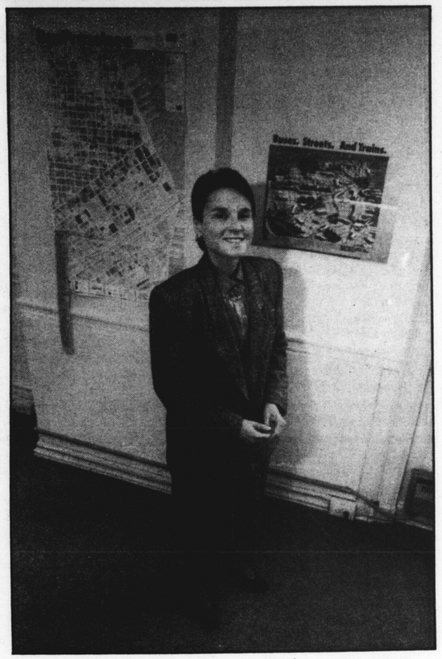
"I've always been interested in regional planning and quality of life issues," Britt says. "And moving large numbers of people is clearly the biggest challenge the Bay Area will have to face in future years."

Because he serves on a number of area-wide commissions, Britt works closely with a number of politicians from conservative parts of the greater Bay Area.

"It's helpful for other politicians to have gay people on these boards," he says. "It makes it easier for them to deal with their own gay populations."

He points to his working relationships with Contra Costa Sup. Sunne McPeak, Assemblywoman Jackie Speier, Santa Clara Sup. Rod Diridon and others.

"There are personal relationships there," Britt says, because the same people meet on different boards and commisssions. "It's helpful when issues come up, we know each other."



Sharon Saslafsky. (Photo: Rick Gerharter)

Two kinds of networks exist. One puts gay politicians in contact with mainstream movers and shakers. Special commissions and regional boards have been called the hidden government. Although not directly elected, they frequently make policy and control the purse strings for federal money.

The other network puts gay people in contact with one another both for protection and advancement. A gay board member can legislate non-discrimination policies and insist on fair employment practices at their agencies.

According to Britt, a number of gay and lesbian staff members at agencies have come to him to offer their expertise on projects before the board.

As president of the San Francisco Board of Supervisors, Britt also meets with many people who come to the Bay Area to see how urban problems are addressed here. On environmental issues, California, and the Bay Area in particular, lead the way.

"People come here to find out how we do it," Britt says. "I make sure they know they're talking to a gay man."

"Britt is not a token," according to Ed Harrington, finance director for the city's Public Utilities Commission and a member of the Harvey Milk Lesbian and Gay Democratic Club.

"He (Britt) serves on some of the most powerful committees of MTC. We're beyond tokenism," he says.

As PUC finance director, Harrington supervises 140 employees in managing the $400 million budgets for Muni, the city's Water Department and the Hetch Hetchy system. As such, he is very invloved with financing Muni's daily operations, which account for $235 million annually. If new Muni Metro lines are ever built, Harrington's office will figure out the bill and how it's going to get paid.

He loves his job.

"If you look at what's happening in California you couldn't find two issues more important than water and transit. This job deals with both," Harrington said.

Everyday he deals with federal, state and local officials from around the bay.

"When people realize you can do something and you're also gay, that creates goodwill. We're crossing the boundaries," he says.

We Are Everywhere

This fall San Francisco voters will see some of the work that gays and lesbians have been doing for the city. Prop. B proposes that the sales tax be increased by a half-cent to pay for a number of transportation projects, including Muni improvements, street repair and development of alternative forms of transit. The measure is expected to raise more than $900 million during a 20-year period.

Jim Haas, a long-time gay activist on a variety of local issues, chaired the Citizen Advisory Committee that wrote the plan dividing that $900 million pie. Harrington provided the committee financial advice on public funding. Britt sponsored the ballot initiative; and Sharyn Saslafsky is coordinator for the Yes on B campaign.

Prop. B, Saslafsky says, "impacts the entire city of San Francisco, every neighborhood."

She has been leading the fight for passage of the sales tax, 60 percent of which will be devoted to special projects for Muni. That means $541 million during 20 years. Another $72 million is earmarked for paratransit service for the disabled, including people with AIDS.

Since August, she has been on unpaid leave from her job as the staff person for the BART Board of Directors. Transit, she says, is her profession. She has been

(Continued on page 26)

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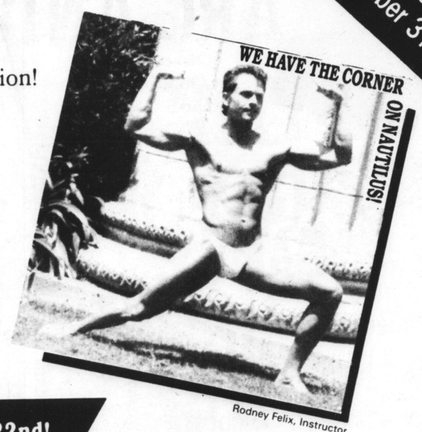

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The Other Side of 'Gay' Denmark

by Rex Wockner

After the emotional high of covering the world's first 11 legal gay marriages in Copenhagen, I spent a few days in the small Danish town of Odder, visiting Peter Jorgensen and his wife Stine. Peter was an exchange student at my high school in 1974.

Odder is about 20 kilometers from Aarhus, Denmark's second largest city, on the northern Jutland peninsula, a rural and conservative part of the country.

It was a Thursday night and I headed off in search of the only gay bar—The PAN Club. Like the Copenhagen PAN Club, the Aarhus club is operated by the national activist group Landsforeningen for Bosser og Lesbiske.

I got a really nice T-shirt out of my brief visit to the Aarhus club, but unfortunately Thursday night was "ladies night," as the bartender put it.

"So, where do I meet gay men?" I asked.

"The only place, really, is to cruise the harbor, down by Pier 2," he said.

Because journalists are required to be curious, I headed off to do my duty. What I found, to my surprise, was cruising nirvana.

Pier 2—huge, badly lit and very warehouse motif—was covered by large stacks of lumber with just enough space between the piles for walkways and private niches. I wandered around the maze in the cool night air for an hour or so, chatting with the cruisers and doing whatever it is one does in such a situation.

And then suddenly someone ran by shouting that we all had to get out fast because two cars of fag-bashers had arrived on the scene.

Now, when you're from Chicago, it's a little difficult to feel unsafe at any time in Denmark, but I figured the risk might be real and wandered back to the pier entrance.

The fag-bashers, it turned out, were five teenage boys and one teenage girl. After they had scared away all the men, they retreated to a picnic table at a fast-food stand across the street from the pier entrance.

By then, the only homosexual on the scene was me. The journalist in me had to see the other side of the world's first gay marriage country.

I sat in my car about 200 yards from the food stand and watched the five boys put on a show.

They blew me kisses. They kissed each other on the lips. They yelled "fag" at me in Danish. They grabbed each other from behind and simulated anal intercourse.

My news nose led me closer. I parked at the food stand, walked in and ordered a hot chocolate.

As I waited for the powder to dissolve in the tepid water, one boy laid another down on a picnic table, threw his legs up in the air, and began aggressive simulated screwing.

I walked outside and sat at the next table. The fake sex, real kissing, winking and (I'm guessing here) verbal fag-bashing continued.

After 10 minutes, I spoke. (Danes study English from fifth grade on.)

"In America. . .," I began in loud, slow English. They stared at me.

"In America," I said, "when somebody seems to hate homosexuals as much as you do, we believe that they are really homosexuals themselves—homosexuals who haven't yet accepted their homosexuality and are directing their bad feelings about themselves toward others."

Silence.

And then all six of them quickly left.

Within seconds, their car sped around the front of the fast-food stand.

"Faggot!" somebody yelled out the car window, in perfect English.

I wandered back over to the pier, but it was deserted. ▼

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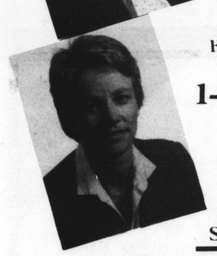

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AZT

(Continued from page 20)

every state Medicaid agency has guaranteed reimbursement for two newly approved HIV-related drugs—aerosolized pentamidine and ganciclovir.

Following the FDA's approval of these drugs this summer, the ACLU surveyed state Medicaid agencies concerning their reimbursement policies.

In clinical trials, pentamidine (administered in an aerosolized form as opposed to intravenously) proved effective in protecting HIV-infected persons from developing PCP and thus in prolonging their lives.

Based on this data, the FDA approved the use of pentamidine in its aerosolized form.

The Public Health Service recommends that HIV-infected persons with compromised immune systems (i.e., fewer than 200 T-4 cells) take aerosolized pentamidine regularly.

Ganciclovir is a drug used to treat retinitis caused by cytomegalovirus (CMV). HIV-infected persons are particularly prone to CMV infection, the consequences of which include a form of retinitis so severe as to cause blindness. Like aerosolized pentamidine, ganciclovir proved effective in clinical trials and was approved for use by the FDA this summer. ▼

County Community Consortium Awarded $7 Million Contract

A community-based group of health-care professionals that has contributed significantly to clinical AIDS research in the San Francisco Bay Area has been given a 5-year, $7 million contract to develop its own AIDS drug trials.

The U.S. Health and Human Services Department announced Oct. 5 that it was "taking research to the people" by establishing 18 AIDS treatment research programs across the country to be "based in the communities where people with AIDS live and receive their medical care."

Selected to receive a first-year grant of $650,000 from the $9 million available this year for the new Community Programs for Clinical Research on AIDS is the County Community Consortium in San Francisco. Additional funds during a five-year period will bring a total of $7 million in federal funds to the local group.

The local Consortium was founded in 1985 by Donald I. Abrams, MD, UCSF associate professor of clinical medicine, SFGH cancer and AIDS researcher, who is chairman of the group. The purpose was to facilitate communication between physicians in the SFGH AIDS Activities Division and physicians practicing in the community.

The National Institute of Allergy and Infectious Diseases will administer the program under director Anthony Fauci, MD, who serves as associate director for AIDS Research at the National Institutes of Health.

About 10 percent of the total number of AIDS patients in the United States reside in San Francisco and neighboring communities. The majority of patients with human immunodeficiency virus infection are cared for by physicians and related health-care providers practicing in the community.

The local Consortium gained nationwide recognition earlier this year when the FDA approved aerosol pentamidine as a preventive treatment for pneumocystis carinii pneumonia, one of the most common complications of AIDS. Most of the data for the approval came from the local Consortium, which helped design and run the largest study done on PCP in AIDS patients.

A total of 69 Consortium physicians in community hospitals and private practices around the Bay Area enrolled 444 patients in just two months. Coordinated by UC-San Francisco researchers in the AIDS Activities Division at San Francisco General Hospital, the study went from conception to completion and FDA approval for preventive treatment in less than two years.

Abrams is enthusiastic about the Consortium's ability to provide expanded access to HIV treatment to patients as well as giving their providers the opportunity to participate in clinical research.

The initial group began with a dozen physicians who met monthly with SFGH researchers to discuss specific treatment problems concerning patients with HIV disease and to learn how they might enroll them in experimental drug trials at SFGH. As their numbers grew and they gained more insight into AIDS clinical research, they became interested in designing their own clinical trials.

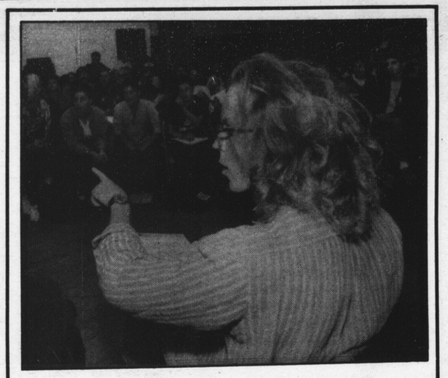
Filled with an urgency because of the increasing numbers of patients they were treating for AIDS-related pneumonia, they began sharing information on their own attempts to prevent the disease. They felt, however, that they could speed the pace of research to prevent the disease by designing their own studies and collecting data from patients during routine office visits. Their efforts were rewarded by early FDA approval of aerosolized pentamidine as a prophylaxis for PCP.

The Consortium, which has since expanded to include more than 150 community physicians, nurse practitioners, physician assistants and other health-care providers, receives funding from the American Foundation for AIDS Research and an initial grant from NIAID.

The CCC publishes a monthly newsletter, *Synopsis*, circulated among AIDS practitioners nationwide, has compiled a Bay Area HIV Clinical Research Directory, which profiles all NIAID-sponsored trials at SFGH, Consortium clinical trials, and trials held at various medical centers throughout the Bay Area. It also sponsors monthly AIDS Clinical Grand Rounds, which rotate among 12 Bay Area hospitals.

The Consortium is involved in five AIDS research clinical trials to:

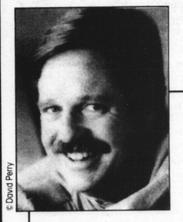
- Determine if the drug Clofazimine can prevent mycobacterium avium intracellulare infection, a bacteria similar to one causing tuberculosis, and which affects 40 percent of people with AIDS;
- Study long-term effectiveness and side effects of using zidovudine (AZT, Retrovir), the only licensed drug available for treatment of HIV disease;
- Study effectiveness and side effects of alternative treatments for HIV disease to learn of potential antiretroviral or immune modulating activity;
- Determine if monthly Vitamin B12 injections can prevent anemia in patients taking zidovudine (Retrovir, AZT) because one out of four people who take AZT will develop low red blood cell production found in anemia;
- Determine if Megestrol Acetate (Megace) will promote weight gain, increase appetite and improve the nutritional status of patients with HIV infection since debilitating weight loss commonly occurs with this disease. ▼



Confrontation Aftermath

ACT UP held a special meeting Oct. 13 to discuss the recent police action in the Castro. (Photo: Jane Cleland)

Pleasures...by the book.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—Walter Kendrick, *Village Voice Literary Supplement*

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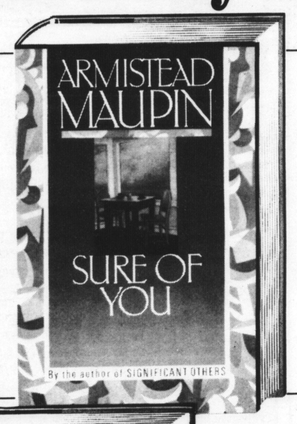
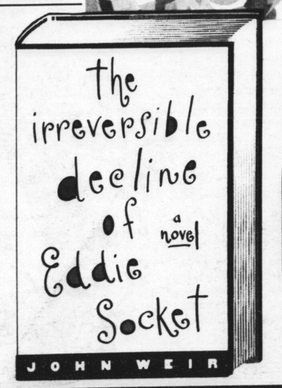
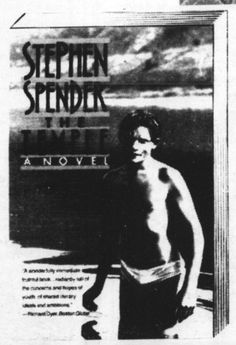


All the previous *Tales of the City* novels are now available in paperback from Perennial Library $10.95:

Daring, original, and wildly funny, this novel shows how the AIDS crisis has affected the lives and loves of two very different generations of gay men. "This richly romantic comitragedy recalls the work of Fitzgerald." —*Booklist*





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DEATHS

Joseph C. Pando
Aug. 10, 1946-Sept. 26, 1989

Joe passed away suddenly, at the dream home he built, of a heart attack on the morning of Sept. 26. He is survived by his lover of more than 15 years, Al Coles, many dear friends and a family somewhere back East.

He was born in Liberty, N.Y., and upon his discharge from the Navy in 1967, at Treasure Island, he settled in San Francisco.

Having just returned from a memorable trip to Ireland and England, he was to begin volunteer work and apply his culinary talent to Project Open Hand, on the day he passed away. As he wanted, his ashes were scattered at sea.

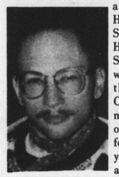
A memorial service will be held on Nov. 12. Call 648-1305 for details.

Donations in Joe's memory may be made to Project Open Hand or the American Heart Association. ▼

Henry Mautner

Henry Mautner, age 26, died on Oct. 18 at Davies Medical Center. He is survived by his parents, Willy and Norma Mautner, and his sister, Polly.

Henry was born and raised in New York and attended Horace Mann School and Bronx High School of Science. Henry was a graduate of the California Culinary Academy and a resident of San Francisco for the past three years. He fought a valiant fight and his bravery was an inspiration to us all.



A memorial service was held at his home on Sunday, Oct. 22. Burial will be in Birmingham, Alabama. ▼

Mike "Honey" Heffernan
Jan. 8, 1950-Oct. 22, 1989

Michael Joseph Heffernan passed away in his sleep during the morning hours of Oct. 22 after a long and very courageous struggle with AIDS.

Known simply as "Honey" since he arrived in the Bay Area 20 years ago, Mike combined a sincere concern for his brothers and sisters in the gay community with an infamous sense of humor that could illuminate any room, even before he entered it.

Mike served his country as a corpsman in the Navy during the Vietnam War, and later worked as a travel agent for Bryan Travel until 1984, when he entered the Society of Jesus to become a Scholastic Jesuit.

Of his many contributions to the gay community, Mike was proud of his 12 years as an active member of Alcoholics Anonymous and of the years he served on the Citywide Alcohol Advisory Board, where he did much to advance the integrity and quality of recovery services for the gay and straight communities.

"Honey" will be long remembered by many of us for his years as emcee of the annual Fashion Show fundraiser for the Living Sober Conference.

Mike was well known and well loved by countless people, filled a very special place in each of our lives, and will be greatly missed. He is survived by his mother Mary, his sister Maryann, his brother Jim, and his many, many friends. ▼

Walter C. Toulou
Aug. 20, 1953-Oct. 5, 1989

On Thursday, Oct. 5, Walter entered into the peace of life eternal. For those who knew and loved him in life, the pang of separation is hard to bear. Indeed, not unavailing will be our grief if it sends us back to serve the living, to counsel and comfort those who, like ourselves, are sorrow-stricken.

A native of Marysville, Ca., and a long-time resident of San Francisco, Walter is survived by his mother, his brother, his sisters, his nieces, and his many friends in San Francisco.

His final days were made as comfortable as possible by the caring staff of the Coming Home Hospice, and by the tireless efforts of Sandra Sanchez, Steven Briley, and Sue Nishizaka who were at his side throughout his illness and demise. I shall be forever grateful for the selfless deeds they performed so many times for my dear friend when I could not.

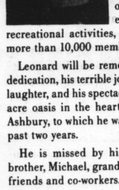
Walter, dear friend, I shall miss you. "We loose our hold upon life when our time is come, as the leaf falls from the bough when its day is done. The deeds of the righteous enrich the lives of men, as the fallen leaf enriches the soil beneath. The dust returns to the earth, the spirit lives on in eternity. Like the stars by day, our dear departed friend cannot be seen with mortal eyes, but he will shine on in the untroubled firmament of endless time. Let us be thankful for the companionship that continues in love that is stronger than death and spans the gulf of the grave." —Union Prayerbook of Jewish Worship.

"No longer shall you need the sun for light by day, nor the shining of the moon for radiance by night. For the Lord shall be your light ever-lasting, your God shall be your glory. Your sun shall set no more, your moon no more withdraw; for the Lord shall be a light to you forever, and your days of mourning shall be ended." —Isaiah 60.19,20.

As we bid you farewell, dear Walter, we find comfort in knowing that you will still live here on Earth in the acts of goodness you performed, and in the hearts of those who will always cherish your memory. Goodbye, my friend, until we meet again. I love you, Steve (Todd) Watson. ▼

Leonard Andruski
Aug. 11, 1950-Sept. 27, 1989

Leonard was a dear friend, inspiration and esteemed colleague of many. A graduate of the University of Michigan, Leonard received his Master of Public Health from the University of California, Berkeley, and was employed as supervisor of Building Management at UCSF.



Leonard was known as the person to call when you wanted something done.

In addition, Leonard was a founder and first chairman of UCSF EMPACT, an employee's activities program offering cultural, educational, and recreational activities, which now has more than 10,000 members.

Leonard will be remembered for his dedication, his terrible jokes and raucous laughter, and his spectacular garden, an acre oasis in the heart of the Haight-Ashbury, to which he was devoted these past two years.

He is missed by his mother, Jane, brother, Michael, grandmother, cousins, friends and co-workers.

Contributions in Leonard's memory may be made to "UC Regents" for the care of AIDS patients c/o Nancy Vega, 505 Parnassus Ave., San Francisco, CA 94143-0208, or "UCSF Foundation" Leonard Andruski Memorial Fund to benefit EMPACT, 745 Parnassus Ave., San Francisco, CA 94143-0917. ▼

Anthony J. "Tony" Wormus
Dec. 8, 1943-Oct. 15, 1989

Our dear friend, Tony, passed from this life to life eternal on the morning of Oct. 15. He fought a courageous and most difficult battle against AIDS.

Tony was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, where he spent the early years of his life. He later lived in New Orleans, La., and then came to San Francisco. During the '70s he worked as a waiter at the very popular Gold Street, then at the World Trade Club and later at Schroeder's in the Financial District. In recent years he was a popular bartender at the Polk Gulch Saloon.

Tony was very strong of character. He was generous, loving, caring and possessed of a quick wit and a wonderful sense of humor.

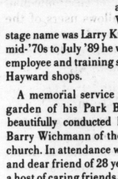
He will be deeply missed by his many loving friends, here in the city as well as in Palm Springs, New Orleans, Seattle and numerous other points.

A memorial to commemorate Tony's life will be held Wednesday, Nov. 1, at 2344 California St., San Francisco, between 6 and 9 p.m.

Donations in Tony's memory may be made to any of the AIDS support services. ▼

Larry Keith Pettersen
June 27, 1936-Oct. 6, 1989

Larry Keith Pettersen left us for a better place at 3:55 p.m. on Friday Oct. 6. He was 53. He passed on peacefully at Oakland's Merritt Hospital in the arms of two of his dearest loves, Glen and Woody.



In his heyday of the '60s and early '70s he was a renowned cabaret pianist and singer throughout the Bay Area and posh Carmel Valley resorts. His stage name was Larry Kimball. From the mid-'70s to July '89 he was a loyal BART employee and training supervisor at the Hayward shops.

A memorial service was held in the garden of his Park Blvd. home and beautifully conducted by the Reverend Barry Wichmann of the Berkeley MCC church. In attendance was his roommate and dear friend of 28 years, Wallie, plus a host of caring friends. His three loving brothers, Bill, Gil and Chuck, will hold an additional service in southern California where his ashes will be strewn from the yacht of his caring nephew, Bill, Jr. which was Larry's wish.

The man was tops... We shall all miss him so. Bouquets to the staff at Merritt who so tenderly cared for him. ▼

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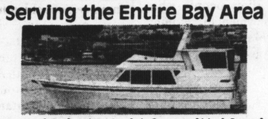

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Gays

(Continued from page 23)

working in Bay Area transit planning and marketing for 15 years.

"The more visible people are, the more gays and lesbians are involved in different fields, not just as interested players but on the boards, that represents another breakthrough for the community," says Saslafsky.

"It's the concept of 'we are everywhere.' We're doing a lot of productive work, working with each other and other communities."

In a normal 12-hour work day Saslafsky spends her time "energizing people," talking to neighborhood groups, merchants' associations, the Chamber of Commerce, political clubs, raising funds for the Yes on B campaing, organizing volunteers for phone banking.

"Making sure all the pieces work," as she describes it.

There's a lot at stake in the campaign for Prop. B. Britt calls it "an intergral part" of the long-term plan for transportation.

"If it fails, it'll place San Francisco at a severe disadvantage with significant Muni fare increases likely," he says.

From a financial point of view, Prop. B is "one single major boost that will allow the city's public transit to survive till the turn of the century," says Harrington.

In addition to the millions to be raised by Prop. B, its passage will make the city eligible for state and federal funds that require local matching funds.

"If you care about the city, you have to be concerned about more than gay issues," attorney Jim Haas says.

Haas certainly has shown that concern through the years. His byline as a commentator on many civic issues is familiar to readers of the *Chronicle*, *San Francisco Business*, and other publications.

In July 1988 Haas was chosen to chair the 55-member Citizens Advisory Committee to devise a transportation expenditure priority plan. That group completed its work in April 1989 with the unanimous adoption of its report, most of which became the provisions of the Prop. B tax proposal.

Haas beleieves gays should be involved in mainstream issues such as housing and transportation.

"You have to rise above narrow issues and broaden out to become a conscientious problem solver," he says.

"It is important for the rest of the community to know we live here and view ourselves as full participants in civic life," says Haas.

That's part of the coming out process, according to Harrington. "Once you know somebody and you're not a foreigner to them, it's not easy to be opposed to them." ▼

Democrats' On-Line Bulletin Board

by Keith Clark

The cigar-smoke filled back rooms of mainstream politics moved an inch or two closer to the antiseptic high-tech world of the 20th century recently when the San Francisco Democratic Party went on-line with its own computer bulletin board system dragging debates about public policy, party politics and petty personal gossip into the somewhat rarefied world of the ethernet and telecommunications in San Francisco.

A BBS is a dial-up computer system that is accessible through your home computer with a modem via telephone lines. There are hundreds—perhaps thousands—of BBSs around the country. Some charge fees for access and use, others are operated entirely at the owner's expense. Most are privately owned and operated, but government and public agencies also run a number of their own.

The Democratic Party's BBS is believed to be the first such computer system set up by a political party anywhere in the United States, however.

So why would anyone with a computer want to sit around hooked up to a BBS anyway? What's the point?

There are, of course, as many answers to these questions as there are computer users in the world. Many BBSs offer free or low-cost computer programs that you can take off the system (downloading in the jargon of the computer literate) and use at home. Many offer electronic-mail service that allows users of the system to send or receive messages—hence the name "bulletin board."

On BBSs with lots of users you might find ads from people wanting to sell or buy merchandise, notices of upcoming events of interest, news items, and just about anything else anyone can think of. Many gay BBSs around the country operate more or less like the personals section of gay publications with people looking to meet for everything from quiet romantic dinners together to, well, a more X-rated rendezvous.

Jim Stevens, who operates the system for the Democrats and therefore gets to use the awe-inspiring title of "Sysop" (for system operator), is an avowed computer-hacker with definitely uncloseted, left-leaning tendencies. His idea of democracy in the electronic age is clearly libertarian and all-embracing.

Well, almost all-embracing.

The only two things Stevens won't allow on the Demos' BBS are "hate material" and announcements for the Republicans.

Would Stevens permit the Communist Party to put notices on the BBS?

"Sure," Stevens says. "I just don't want to have announcements for Republican fundraisers and such on the system."

Stevens recently got copyright permission to put a *Bay Area Reporter* article about several popular brands of condoms that failed leakage tests on the bulletin board. Stevens wanted BBS users to be sure to know about the condom failure problems because "everyone needs to know this kind of information—after all, this is San Francisco."

Not exactly what you might expect to find on a political BBS perhaps. But Stevens has set up segments of the Demo BBS around specific topic areas of interest, and AIDS is one of those areas, along with such political flotsam and jetsam as abortion, rent control, public utilities, environmental issues, arms control and similar areas of concern.

The Democratic BBS is in a sense part of an on-going party renewal movement that began in the state party a little over a year ago to restructure the Democratic Party from the bottom up with greater autonomy at the grass-roots level.

One small step for the Democrats; one giant step for the silicon chip.

The San Francisco Democratic Party's computer bulletin board system can be reached at (415) 621-8763. You must, of course, have a computer, a modem (1200 BAUD), and a telecommunications program. Your modem should be set for 8 data bits, 1 stop bit, and no parity. ▼

Not Showing

The Castro Theatre is closed for repairs caused by the Oct. 17 earthquake. Owner Blumenfeld Enterprises says the landmark theatre will be closed until further notice. (Photo: Rink)

Trial Program

Michigan to Pay PWAs' Private Insurance Bills

by Keith Clark

In an unusual move aimed at saving the state of Michigan millions of dollars in Medicaid bills, the state began paying the premiums on private insurance policies for nine men who have AIDS as part of a two-year pilot program in the three counties that make up metropolitan Detroit, where the majority of the state's AIDS patients live.

State Rep. David Hollister, D-Lansing, who developed the program, said the Michigan project of paying private insurance premiums for people with AIDS could save the state $4 million by 1991.

Hollister also said the plan was being used as a model for similar proposals now being develped in Colorado, Wisconsin, New York and California.

The program continues to pay insurance premiums for people with AIDS who have lost their jobs because of illness. Federal regulations allow people who have lost employment to continue their job-related insurance policies for up to 18 months at their own expense.

For those who qualify, the state will begin picking up the insurance premiums to continue the health policies.

It costs Michigan an average $1,600 a month in treatment for each person with AIDS through state Medicaid, while the premiums of the nine men in the pilot project average only $245 a month, state Medicaid officials said. ▼

Pentamidine

(Continued from page 17)

groups to Lyphomed asking for a price reduction.

This summer's group letter to Burroughs Wellcome has been seen as instrumental in achieving a 20 percent price cut from that drug's monopoly manufacturer.

Central in the recent announcement of Lyphomed's not-yet-implemented distribution program was the recent announcement by the New York-based People With AIDS Health Group that they would be importing aerosol pentamidine from Britain, where it is much cheaper than in the United States.

Lyphomed staffers insist that the price is lower overseas because they don't need to recoup their expenses for research.

An FDA spokesperson said the agency was investigating the practice. ▼

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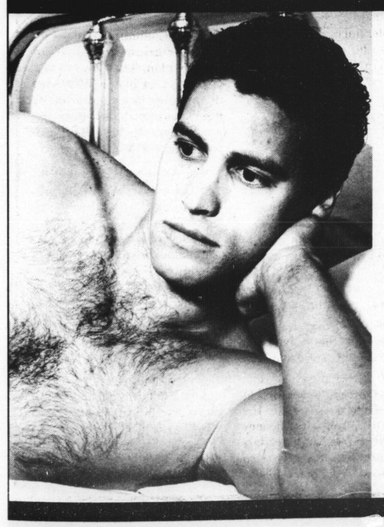

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For Asian language/community information, call the Asian AIDS Project: **929-1304**

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

Gay Democratic, GOP Clubs Hold Contrasting Dinners

by Allen White

Nothing seems more sacred than the annual ritual known as the gay political club dinner, and no two could have been more different than what was presented last weekend. October 13 it was the Alice B. Toklas Lesbian/Gay Democratic Club dinner. Saturday night it was the gay Republican's turn at the Log Cabin Club of San Francisco/Concerned Republicans for Individual Rights dinner.

Though the Alice Club was founded in 1972, both Republican and Democratic clubs bill their events as the 12th annual. The Alice B. Toklas Club started when Jim Foster, now a health commissioner, brought together gay activists working on George McGovern's campaign for president. The Democratic club is the oldest gay political club in the country.

The Log Cabin Club of San Francisco began in August 1977 and is the oldest predominantly gay Republican organization in the United States. The gay Republicans have had a stormier road during the past decade due primarily to their party's standard bearers, which through most of their existence have been Ronald Reagan and George Deukmejian. Given the role model problem, most gay Republicans found it easier to be gay than to be a Republican. On the other hand, the gay Republicans are quick to point out that their guys have been in the top seat most of the time, no matter how repulsive.

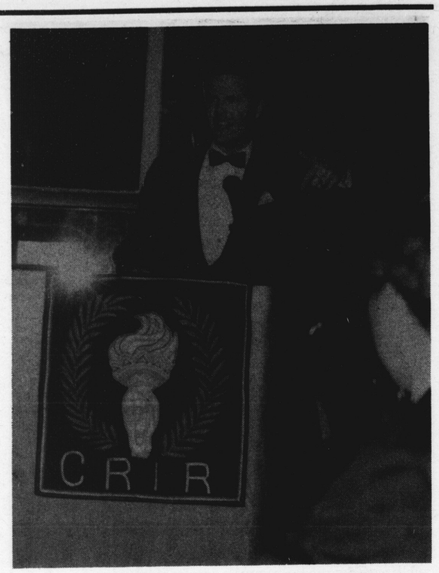
Traditionally, the Republicans have been much more comfortable in uniforms than their Democratic counterparts. Through the years, drag queens and leather aficionados have shown a unique tendency to be labeled Republicans. Without breaking the pattern, the Republicans announced that their event would be black tie optional and it became the first gay black tie event in recent memory to be held in a Holiday Inn.

Conversely, the Democrats of the Alice Club chose to dine at the Union Espanola de California on Alemany Blvd. This architectural salute to Spanish California is unquestionably the farthest distance possible from a gay bar while still being within the city limits of San Francisco. A man who looked like a night watchman from an old Zorro film stood outside with a flashlight to welcome the arriving guests.

The difference between gay Democrats and gay Republicans was never more noticeable than at the start of each dinner. The Republicans began with the presentation of the American flag, sort of a throwback to last year's presidential election campaign.

The dinner chair, Rod Palmer, then led those gathered in the pledge of allegiance, which was then followed by prayer from Brian Mavrogeorge, a defeated candidate for public office. Significantly, the prayer began with a plea to God that U.S. Rep. William Dannemeyer, another Republican, might be educated.

The gay Democrats do it differently. They have no flag, they don't pledge to anything and the last thing they would be caught doing would be praying. They use the time to trash every living political mortal lucky enough to have lasted from the previous year's banquet.



U.S. Rep. Tom Campbell speaks at the Log Cabin dinner.
(Photo: Rink)

The Alice Club then spent almost half an hour introducing gay elected and appointed officials in government. Straight politicians, most of whom come because they enjoy being around gays, and of course, their money, praise and endorsements, were also introduced.

Because there is no such thing as a gay Republican elected official, the Log Cabin Club took a different approach. They started by introducing the dinner committee. Then, all Republicans from out of town were introduced. The people who come the farthest distance get the most applause. If the Republicans had held their dinner at the Union Espanola de California, like the Democrats, no doubt everyone would have been introduced.

Each dinner had a guest speaker. The Log Cabin Club presented Congressman Tom Campbell, who last year was elected to Congress from California's 12th Congresssional District. The Alice Club introduced Kathleen Brown, whose major claim to fame is having a brother, Jerry, and a father, Edmund G. "Pat," who were both governors of California.

Both speakers were asked their position on Proposition S, the domestic partners referendum. Three weeks before an election where one of the most important rights for gay men and lesbians would be decided, the guest speakers at both gay political club dinners were unaware of the issue.

Brown said she would not take a position on the issues until she had reviewed the legislation. Urgency, which she demonstrated by the length of her speech, is not a priority for Brown, and she indicated she would set her own schedule relating to a response to Prop. S.

Campbell apologized and said he was embarrassed that he was not aware of an issue of such importance to the gay community. He then promised a statement regarding the proposition if a copy could be faxed to his office Monday.

Monday afternoon Campbell called from Washington, D.C., and said, "I strongly oppose all forms of discrimination based on sexual orientation as I do those based on race or gender. The question of Proposition S is for the people of San Francisco to decide. I have never taken an official position on any local ballot measure outside my own district."

It was also significant that the Alice Club used their dinner to focus on the struggle to gain passage of the domestic partners ordinance. Throughout the written dinner program it was mentioned numerous times, and almost every local person that spoke mentioned the issue. Five dollars of every Alice dinner ticket was donated to the Yes on S campaign.

By contrast, the gay Republicans never mentioned the issue at their banquet.

"It would be like preaching to the choir," one club member said.

The classiest part of both club dinners came with the speeches by the leaders of each club. Ron Braithwaite, president of the Alice B. Toklas Lesbian/Gay Democratic Club, made a simple gesture of pride that many gay men and lesbians can, unfortunately, only hope for. He introduced his father who was attending a gay event for the first time and witnessing his son in a position of leadership as the head of one of the largest lesbian/gay political clubs in the country—and the largest club in the California Democratic Party.

Ron Kershaw, president of the Log Cabin Club of San Francisco, concluded with the presentation of the Leonard Matlovich Freedom Award to Chris Bowman. Matlovich, a Republican and a hero of the gay liberation movement, was a friend of the local gay Republican club. He died last year of AIDS.

The award was a total surprise to the dinner guests and to Bowman, who has gained a reputation as one of a few people, either Republican or Democrat, who consistently can be relied on to serve the best political interests of San Francisco's gay community. He was warmly recognized by the crowd with a standing ovation. ▼

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Women's Rights

Thousands of women staged a march for abortion rights on Sunday, Oct. 15, up Market Street.
(Photo: Jane Cleland)

UC Davis Testing New AIDS Medicine

Medical researchers at the University of California, Davis, are seeking patients diagnosed with AIDS or advanced AIDS-related complex for a two-year clinical trial comparing a new medication with AZT.

The double-blind study, now under way, will compare the safety and effectiveness of the compound dideoxycytidine (ddC) to zidovudine (AZT), according to principal investigator Dr. Stuart Cohen, assistant adjunct professor, division of infectious and immunological diseases.

Like AZT, ddC is a drug shown to inhibit replication of the virus and to increase T-helper cell counts.

"It seems likely that a combination of drugs, rather than one, could be more effective in attacking the AIDS virus," Cohen said. "Therefore, new drugs must be studied for efficacy."

"Long-term treatment with AZT has been hindered because it suppresses the bone-marrow production of red and white blood cells," he said. "Laboratory and early clinical studies have shown ddC to be effective against AIDS, and it does not appear to suppress the bone marrow at the does used in this study."

At least 24 volunteers, all within a 40-mile radius of the UC Davis Medical Center, Sacramento, will be randomly selected to receive ddC or AZT.

Participants will take tablets every eight hours and capsules every four hours. The identity of the drugs will not be revealed until the clinical trials are completed.

On every clinic visit, blood will be drawn for laboratory studies, and an interim history and physical performed.

Every four weeks, during the regularly scheduled visits, volunteers will receive a more detailed evaluation, including a more thorough blood work and a complete physical exam. They also will receive an aerosolized medication, pentamidine, every four weeks in order to prevent Pneumocystis carinii pneumonia.

Every three months, volunteers will allot an hour for memory, concentration and dexterity tests.

In addition to anemia (which may require blood transfusions) side effects associated with AZT include nausea, vomiting, muscle aches, insomnia and severe headaches.

High doses of ddC may result in numbness, tingling or burning of the hands and/or feet, skin rash and mouth sores. But the UC Davis study involves a low dose of ddC, Cohen said.

Further information is available from Cohen or William Lippert, staff research associate, at (916) 453-3741 from 8 a.mm. to 5 p.m. weekdays. ▼

Halloween

(Continued from page 19)

the Box at 828 Divisadero, will have a dance party for women Friday night—"A Halloween Masquerade Ball." Admission is $6.

Sunday night there will be a Halloween Dance for Older Lesbians and their friends at the St. Francis Lutheran Church from 2-5 p.m. The event is free and sponsored by the Gay and Lesbian Outreach to Elders of Operation Concern. Call 626-7000 for more information.

Another event not to be missed for the athletic is the Halloween Glitter Run with the San Francisco Frontrunners. It starts at 10 a.m. on Sunday at 18th and Castro.

Saturday at Grace Cathedral is the annual Day of Remembrance for those who live with AIDS and for those who have died. It is a day of meditation starting at 9 a.m. There will be an interfaith service at 5:30 p.m. ▼

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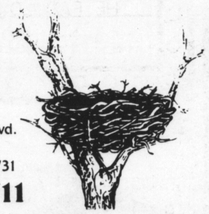

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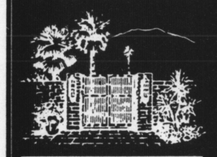

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Discombobulated Enthronement
(A "Nonplused" Nose)

The best laid plans of *mice* and *men* ofttimes go astray," could have used the addition of the word *monarchy*, especially after the 11th Investiture of ISE, Saturday, Oct. 21.

Only when someone mentioned that the IC Prince and IC Princess' Beer Bust must have been canceled was it announced that it was, indeed, going on, but at the bar across the street.

Because of traffic conditions (that quake will be blamed for so much for so long. . .) the Investiture was somewhat late getting started, and when it did, the first task of business was to finish the "swearing of upholding ISE's constitution and the *once-twice-thrice* with the Sword of State," which wasn't done at the coronation.

Audio problems arose right at the beginning of the festivities, and it became evident during the first attempt at Imperial Entertainment that corrections couldn't be made. Empress XI Timmi's first edict was to scrap the original program, move the entertainment segment to the bar across the street, and continue the announcement of the Rainbow Household and Rainbow of Love Court sans microphone.

Luckily, Renee Colby's rendition of "Somewhere Over the Rainbow" was live, because the background music gave out a few times, but the trouper continued, seemingly unaffected.

The illustrious past Monarchs of Alameda were introduced, in descending order, and there was no representation for the Eighth, Third, and Second reigns.

Michael and Timmi requested past Monarchs of ISE to serve the 11th reign as Imperial Ambassadors to different sectors of Alameda County. Emperor 6 Doug and Empress 5 Cha Cha graciously accepted the Eastern Sunrise Sector from Hayward to Fremont; Emperor 9 Carlos and Empress 4 Stephanie, the Western Sunset Sector of Berkeley and Oakland; Emperor 10 Tim and Empress 10 Fina, the Northern Star Sector of Pleasanton, Livermore, and Dublin; and Emperor 7 Paul and Empress 7 Johnni, the Southern Star Sector of San Leandro and Alameda.

Imperial father and mother to Michael are Emp. 8 David and Emp. 1 Suzie; Imperial father and mother to Timmi are Emp. 2 Chuck and Emp. 9 Tootsi!

Invested into the Rainbow Household were: Prince Consort to the Empress, Steve Ahm; Princess Consort to the Emperor, Lady Champagne; Father to the Rainbow Household and King Father of the Imperial Star Empire for life, Jim Sanchez; Mother to the Rainbow Household, Marge Anderson; Imperial Wizard, Ralph Bittel; Rainbow Crystal Wizardress, Linda Lucky; Rainbow representatives to the Court of St. James, Lord James and Lady Chris; Keeper of the Treasure, Terry Leitner; Rainbow Keepers of the Larder, Shelly and Frances; Protectors of the Rainbow Wine Cellar, Sam and Marv; Rainbow Nannies to the Court, Linda and Karen; Minister of the Rainbow, David G.; Rainbow Hushpuppies, Totti and Wanda; Rainbow Brat, Sandra Locke Whitney; Prom King and Queen, Kurt and Sandy; Rainbow Photographer, Roger Caron; the Sight, Sound and Voice of the Rainbow, Nez Pas; Protectors of the Rainbow Colors, Christopher and LeBron; Keepers of the Imperial Emblems, Debbie and Lani; Captain of the Guard and Keeper of the Rainbow Flag, Paul Moulton; Imperial Guard, Sharon, Billy and Carol; Godmother to the Emperor and Empress, Jerri Olsen; Godfather to the Emperor and Princess Consort, Teddy Herschfield; Godfather to the Empress and Prince Consort, Ted Taucher; Protector of the Rainbow of Love Name, Rhonda Love.

Imperial Star Empire Empress XI Timmi and Emperor XI Michael.

Royal Rainbow Entertainers are: Stephanie Devareaux of San Jose, Ashley Abbott of Fresno, Inga Nations of San Francisco, Lucille Lovewell of San Mateo, Lady Jay of San Francisco, Lady Dawn of Modesto, Chantilly of Stockton, and Kim of Stockton.

The Rainbow of Love Court is as follows: Imperial Crown Prince and Princess, David Murray and Cathy Heart; Imperial Performer to the Emperor, Eddy Browning; Imperial Performer to the Empress, Raven Madd; Imperial Crown Command Performer and Ambassador to Northern California for the Rainbow of Love Court, Morgan; Imperial Ambassador of the Rainbow of Love and Queen Mother of ISE for Life, Val Souza; King Father, Hank Chavez; Queen Mother, Manuel Galaxcina Lady de Camp; Baron, Lynda; Baroness, Joyce; Marquis, Rosalie; Marquise, Ro-Jane; Count, Greg Gist; Countess, Trampolina Lopez; Dukess, Maxine; Duchess, Franchesca; Grand Duke, Jim Hall; Grand Duchess, Lena Mae; Prince Royale, Harry Wilmoth; Princess Royale, Reneee Colby; Imperial Prince, Jack Vaughn; Imperial Princess, Gigi.

The ISE Board of Directors for the 11th Reign: Paul Vierra chairman; co-chair, Linda Keeton; secretary, Toosi!; treasurer, Morgan; parliamentarian, Jim Hall; and members Emp/Emp 11 Michael and Timmi, Emp/Emp 10 Tim and Fina, Greg Gist, C.J. Stoyka, and Toodie Montoya.

Prattle Palinode
(A "Flip-Flop"? Nose)

After a thorough investigation and direct communication with the Oakland Hyatt International Hotel, it was established that no one connected with ISE, the Coronation, or the audience was responsible for any damage to any hotel room. The broken window was in a room rented to a party not associated in any way with the Coronation or the Empire.

That's the good news. The bad news is that the person/s responsible for starting the dastardly canard will not have balls enough to admit to it and apologize to those who may have been inconvenienced by it all.

When I wrote about it, I stated that it was just a rumor and that I had heard it second hand. I mentioned no names, and reiterated it was just hearsay. Those who chastised my writing of it, at the post-Investiture festivities, either hadn't read the item or chose to ignore that I qualified the entire piece.

Would that the investigation had continued on to the originator of the rumor. But, that might prove embarrassing!

***Savoir Gre* and Gramercy!**
(A "Beholdin' " Nose)

Val and Carlos organized the auction that raised in excess of $1,800 for Paul Moulton. Plaudits and kudos to all who participated in that event. Paul and Tootsi! wish to extend their thanks and gratitude to each and every one who took part. They were both extremely touched by the generosity of the community, and they will long remember the warmth and love extended to them during their trying time.

Olla-Podrida
(A "Medley" Nose)

To whom it may concern: the original painting of the broccoli and pineapple was done with love and admiration, and given out of respect. How come a guffaw and a chortle was the only response? Just curious.

The "Return of Witches of EastOak" and the show, *The Magic Continues*, scheduled for this Saturday at Bella Napoli, has been postponed for a few months. Watch for announcements when the Bay Bridge gets operable once again.

The first ISE Board of Directors meeting will be held Monday, Nov. 6, 7 p.m., at Jim Hall's

(Continued on next page)

Bush Won't Limit AIDS Discrimination, Attorney General Tells Dannemeyer

by Cliff O'Neil

Under harsh questioning from U.S. Rep. William Dannemeyer, R-Calif., Oct. 12, Attorney General Richard Thornburgh made it clear that the Bush administration was prepared to stand up to attempts to limit coverage for AIDS patients under a far-reaching disabilities anti-discrimination bill.

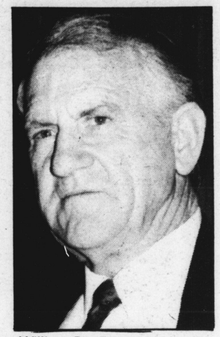
Testifying before the full House Judiciary Committee, Thornburgh outlined the administration's strong support of the Americans With Disabilities Act, a mammoth bill that would extend to people with disabilites—including people with AIDS and HIV infection—the protections of the Civil Rights Act of 1964.

After Thornburgh's testimony, which did not specifically mention any of the physical and mental disabilities covered by the bill, committee members questioned him on several fine points of the bill.

Dannemeyer, a longtime opponent of AIDS anti-discrimination protections and lesbian and gay civil rights, quickly began grilling Thornburgh on the bill's AIDS anti-discrimination protections.

After a brief dialogue with Thornburgh, Dannemeyer expressed his intent to introduce an amendment to the bill that would allow the AIDS anti-discrimination protections to stand, but would exclude from coverage "all people with communicable diseases who have received that disease through intentional conduct."

"Clearly, I would like to cover



William Dannemeyer.

hemophiliacs and people who got this [disease] through blood transfusions and innocent babies," Dannemeyer said, "and I don't want to cover homosexuals and drug addicts."

When Dannemeyer asked Thornburgh for the Bush administration's position on this, Thornburg responded, "The administration's position is that there should be AIDS non-discrimination protections without relevance to such other factors."

Stating that the Bush administration's position is to support an outright ban on all AIDS and HIV discrimination, Thornburgh added that such a law had been called for by the Presidential Commission on the HIV Epidemic, former Surgeon General C. Everett Koop and virtually every commission assigned to study the epidemic.

The broad coalition of lobbyists working on the bill, since its introduction to Congress this past spring, have been expecting some AIDS-related motion from Dannemeyer who sought, unsuccessfully, to exclude AIDS and HIV from the anti-discrimination protections of the Fair Housing Act of 1988.

After hearing the Orange County Republican's statements at the hearing, they said they now knew what to expect.

"It is very important that the [Bush] administration has a strong commitment to having AIDS non-discrimination protections," said Chai Feldblum, AIDS lobbyist for the American Civil Liberties Union. "And we are going to work with the coalition with which we have worked for the past two years to make sure that if Dannemeyer offers such an amendment, we can defeat it. You could say our work is cut out for us."

Under the bill, discrimination on the basis of disabilities would be banned in the areas of employment, public accommodations and telecommunication systems. Such discrimination in housing was banned by the Fair Housing Act of 1988.

After intense negotiations with the White House and ranking Senate conservatives throughout hte summer, a compromise version of the original bill was passed by the U.S. Senate in September. Passage of the bill by the House is expected by the end of the year. ▼

Canadian Schools Install Condom Machines

by Keith Clark

When the some 1,100 students who attend the Parksville and Qualicum Beach high schools in Vancouver, B.C. returned to classes in September they found a new feature in the boys' and girls' washrooms—condom vending machines. And last week the Toronto school board voted 17-3 to install the vending machines at the 26 high schools in Canada's largest city.

The Qualicum school board, which oversees schools for the two small towns on the eastern edge of Vancouver Island, voted unanimously earlier this year to approve installation of the vending machines, Loretta Nichols, chairwoman of the five-member board, said. Nichols said the board decided not to consider similar machines for grades 6-8.

"The decision came after a great deal of very serious consideration," Nichols said. "We received extremely favorable response from members of the community to the proposal to install the machines. Letters ran 6-to-1 in favor."

Nichols said installation of the vending machines, which dispense a single condom for a quarter, "will go hand in hand with a very strong educational component to try to make sure the students make good choices."

She said school board trustees stayed away from debates about the religious and moral issues of making condoms available to young people.

"It's a reality to us," Nichols said, "that young people are sexually active and it's not going to be altered by telling them not to do it. We decided on the machines purely on a health question."

The Qualicum school board took up the idea of installing condom vending machines in student washrooms after Dr. John Millar, health officer for the upper and central portion of Vancouver island, recommended greater access for teen-agers to condoms to help prevent the spread of AIDS.

The Vancouver school board vetoed a similar proposal two years ago as "inappropriate."

In Toronto the condom vending machines are expected to be installed at the city's high schools by early December. The decision followed a two-hour debate about the move that brought little opposition.

The Toronto school board decision was strongly supported by a recent University of Ottawa study that found that about one-third of Canada's 14-year-olds had had sex and that by age 19 over three-quarters had.

The decision came after revelations earlier this year that at least 47 Toronto high school students were infected with HIV, according to school health officials.

The decision makes Toronto the first major city in the world to install condom vending machines in its public schools. ▼

Nez Pas

(Continued from previous page)

home. The first ISE General Assembly meeting will be held Tuesday, Nov. 14, 7:30 p.m. at Town & Country.

Yes, Morgan did, indeed, wear the "fish" dress and Paul V. paid the bucks to charity. But, I ask, why did Morgan, when sewing the dress, put the fish's ass hole right between her boobs?

What good is it being idle and lazy when there isn't any work to be done? I can smile at that. Love, Nez ▼

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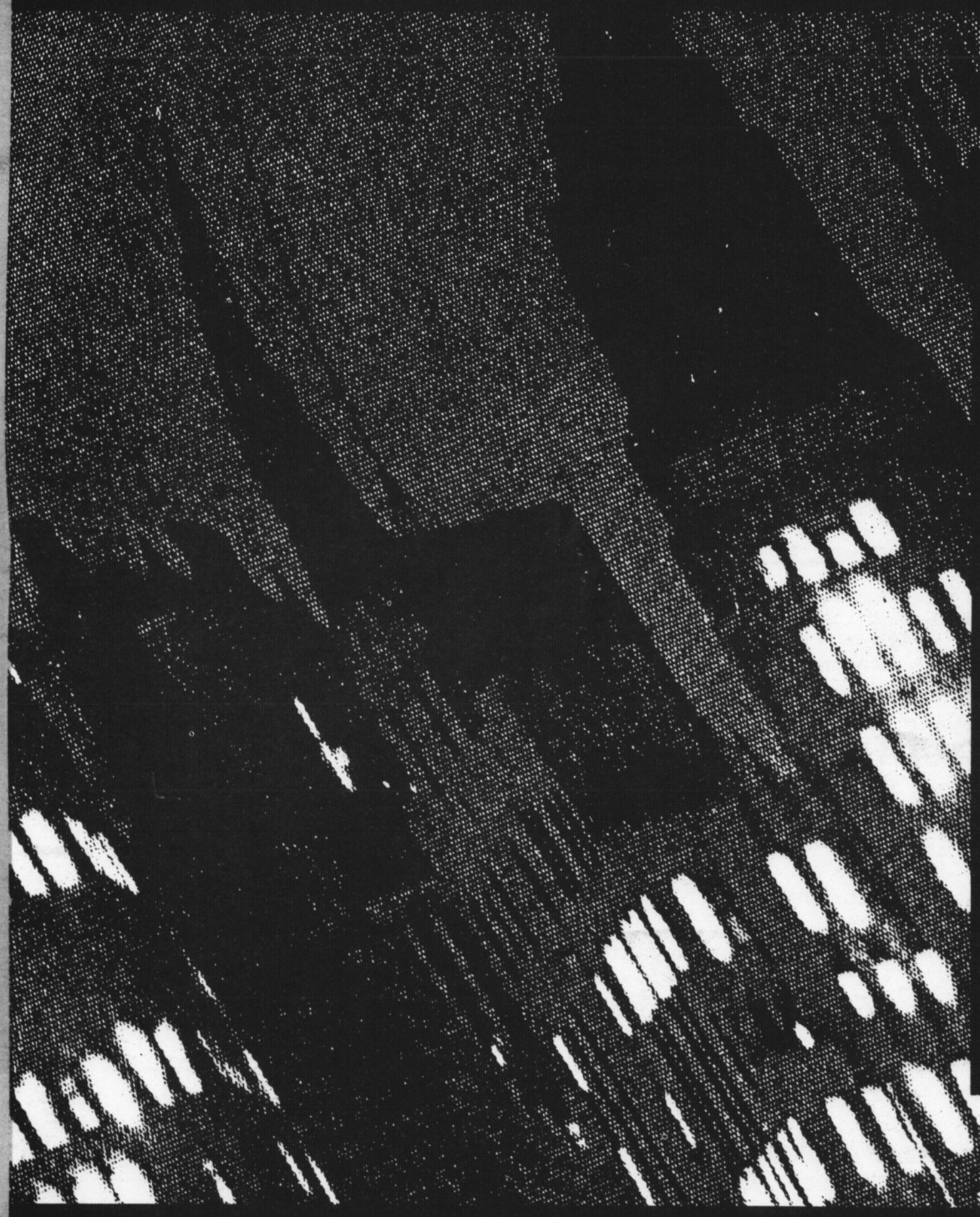

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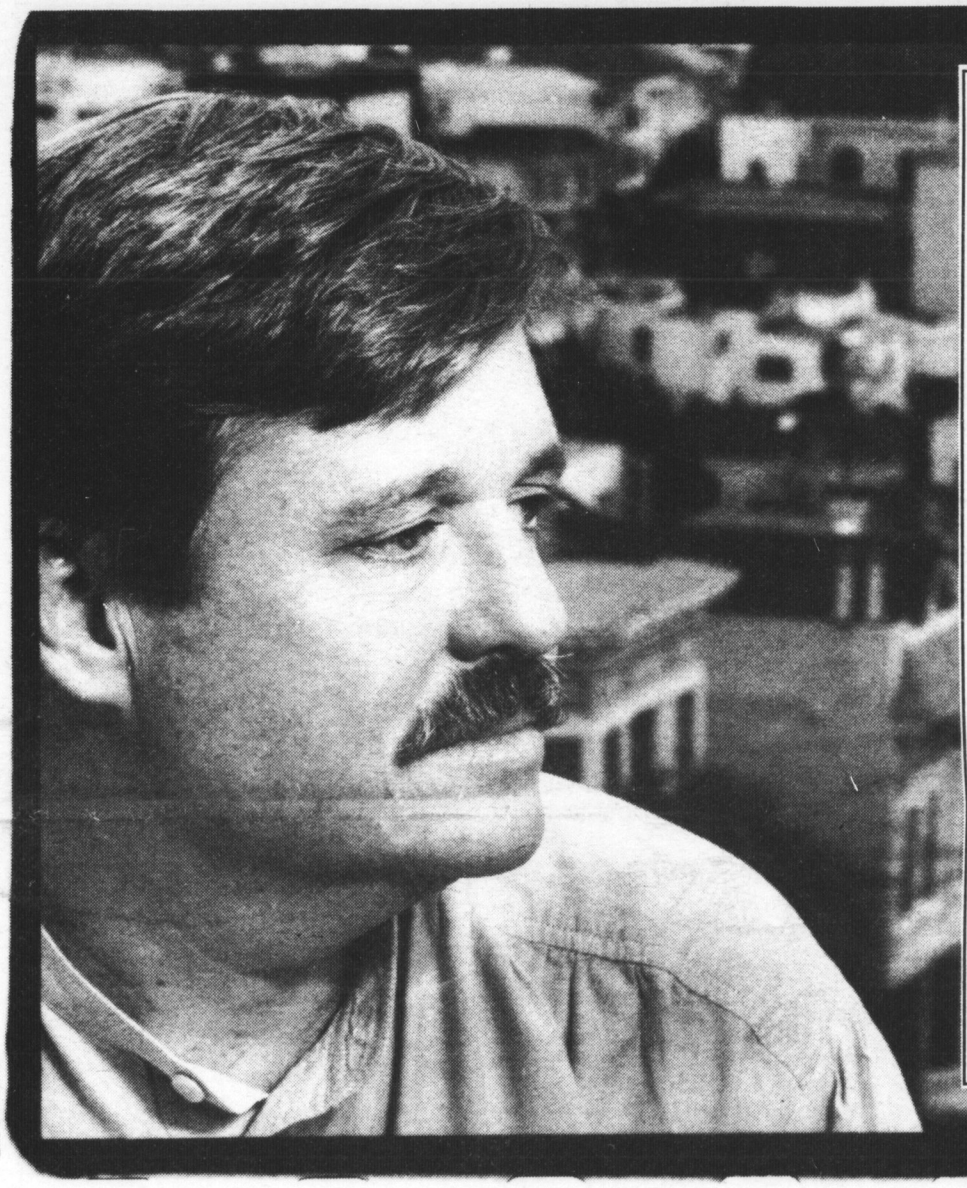

Eric Slomanson

A Sure Thing

Interview with Armistead Maupin by Jim Marks

This Fall brings a bittersweet pleasure to fans of Armistead Maupin's ongoing Tales of the City. *Once again, Maupin regales us with stories of Michael Tolliver, May Ann Singleton, the "spirit" of 28 Barbary Lane, Anna Madrigal, and the others in this sixth volume.*

But Maupin has announced that ***Sure of You*** *will be the last glimpse into the lives of these denizens of San Francisco. And so a somewhat melancholy atmosphere hangs just in the background of this still deliciously humorous novel. Mary Ann's television career hits the big time — and her marriage to Brian hits the rocks. And she comes perilously close to forgetting all she's learned about gay humanity from her best friend, Michael Tolliver — Maupin's alter ego in the series.*

But if Mary Ann has sold out, her creator, transplanted North Carolinian Armistead Maupin remains as feisty, indeed radical, as ever. In the course of our interview he talked about what has happened to Mary Ann, why he still loves San Francisco, and why he's ready to dynamite all the closet doors.

BOOK REPORT: After finishing Sure of You, **I was impressed by the way Mary Ann Singleton has developed — or maybe, regressed — over the course of the series. How did this once sympathetic character turn into a scheming, shallow careerist?**

Armistead Maupin: I really have no idea. The development in Mary Ann's personality is perhaps the most

(Continued on Page 12 — See Maupin)

Jim Marks is a Washington-based photographer and writer whose work appears regularly in the national gay and lesbian press.

Gertrude Stein Is Gertrude Stein Is...

by Victoria A. Brownworth

REALLY READING GERTRUDE STEIN
edited by Judy Grahn
(Crossing Press, ISBN 0895943808, 368 pp., $13.95)

LIFTING BELLY
by Gertrude Stein
edited by Rebecca Marks
(Naiad Press, ISBN 0941483517, 108 pp., $8.95)

As a college teacher of English, language, and writing, I have repeatedly told students to challenge views of what is and what is not "classic" literature — classic being the code word for important, essential, definitive. I routinely give students my own views on literature: that reading George Eliot's **Middlemarch** will tell you more than all of Austen, Thackeray, and Hardy combined; that Dickens is a soap opera and must be read as such — enjoyable trash; that James Joyce, like his French counterpart Marcel Proust, is highly touted by people who have never read him. And that everyone must read Virginia Woolf's **To the Lighthouse**, even if they can't understand it till the third go round.

I also tell them that good writing, *essential* writing, lasts because of what Judy Grahn calls "commonality": we understand, we identify, we are in the world of the book — the whole book, all the characters, all the language — not just "the good parts." When you read **Catcher in the Rye** at thirteen you *are* Holden Caulfield; but when you reread it at 35 you *still* are Holden Caulfield. That's the power of essential writing — that it communicates on every level to us, continues to reach us long after the pages have dusted away.

Gertrude Stein is not a writer I recommend to students because there is none of what I've just described in her work. Her words are familiar, even easy, but how they appear — on the page, in a line, metered or not — is confusing. We thought we knew what those words meant, but in Stein's writing their context is altered; their very state of being, in a sentence, in our consciousness, is completely alien from what we know and understand. The reader often gets angry with Stein; she has taken our everyday talk and made it foreign, something whose substance we can no longer identify or identify *with*.

I have read nearly everything Gertrude Stein has ever written — from letters to novels to essays and so forth — and I have struggled with all of it. It has not been a struggle like that of reading Woolf, who comes clear on second or third reading, but more like the struggle of reading a foreign language without knowing the system, the grammar. I have not understood Stein's *grammar*, both literally and figuratively. The struggle has been

(Continued on Page 5— See Stein)

Victoria A. Brownworth is the author of **Quatorze** and the soon to be released **Camera Obscura** from the Women's Press, London.

Black, Gay & Self-published— Page 8

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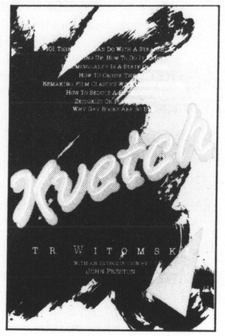

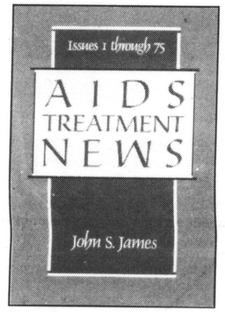

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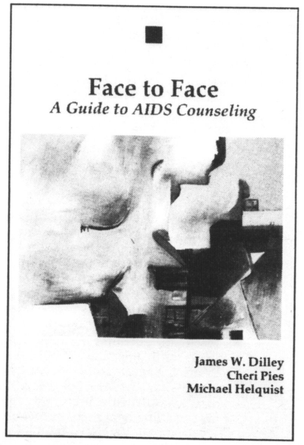

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Comments & Queries

Community Coursework?

Homophobia is not the only force working against gay men. There is also heterosexism, an insidious, pervasive force, taking many forms. Look, for example, at ["Coursework for a Community" in] Vol. 1, No. 12 of BOOK REPORT. Since most gay men are the products of hetero families, one might look to gay publications for some help in relating socially, sexually, and psychologically to one's own sex. In your current issue, one finds the feature on how to relate to the opposite sex, men's books reviewed by women, and other forms of heterosexism too numerous to enumerate. The gay male reader is very poorly served by your publication's heterosexist mentality.

Walter J. Phillips
New York, NY

Huh?— ed.

If Valli Kanuha is indeed "always examining the personal and political significance of everything" she says, does, thinks and eats, perhaps she should take another look at what she writes, as well. The tone of her "Calling All Men" in Vol. 1, No. 12 was condescending and snide. These are qualities I don't accept from any person. Making an exception for Ms. Kanuha simply because she is a Radical Feminist Lesbian of Color would be treating her differently than I treat anyone else. Because I feel that kind of bigotry is politically incorrect, I just stopped reading her article and went on.

Perhaps Ms. Kanuha was only demonstrating how grating it is to be talked down to; if so, she succeeded. I just may be wrong here, being a man and all, but this doesn't seem to be a promising start toward building the community Ms. Kanuha says she wants.

Oh, well. Back to my tan.

John Dibelka
San Diego, CA

Let's Talk Lesbian Sexuality

I would like to comment on the review by Laura Markowitz and Mary Kay LeFevour of Robbi Sommers' **Pleasures** that appeared in BOOK REPORT Vol. 1, No. 12. The reviewers express dismay at what they consider to be the book's "sexist view of women's bodies" (whatever that is; they fail to explain it), and preach against "a vision of female sexuality based on the objectification of women" (whatever *that* is). They theorize that, if some lesbians are turned on by the sort of erotic fantasies they (Markowitz and LeFevour) malign, it is because the former have been brainwashed by the patriarchy. (The reviewers don't put it quite this way, but they mean the same thing.) I found it all extremely patronizing (matronizing?).

The reviewers complain that Sommers fails to "identify a lesbian sexuality." How on earth does one do that and, more to the point, what gives *any* lesbian the right to do so for all of us? I will identify my own sexuality, thank you. If I wanted someone else to identify it for me, I'd be straight.

I have not yet read **Pleasures**, but the review made it sound like precisely the sort of book that I — and many other lesbians — enjoy, probably because we are not afraid of our own or other people's fantasies and because we know the difference between fantasy and real life.

As lesbians, we have our sex lives constantly maligned by the rest of the world. Must we pass judgement on each other's sexuality as well? I submit that, in this repressive time in the era of the *Hardwick* and *Webster* decisions, we have more pressing matters to address.

Janet Goldstein
Baltimore, MD

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Focus Changes for Golden Rule

by Cris Newport

AFTER THE FIRE
by Jane Rule
(Naiad PRESS, ISBN 0941483452, 238 pp., $8.95)

Looking at **After the Fire** as part of a linear movement in the continuum of Jane Rule's career, it's clear that both the focus and the style of her work is changing. When **Desert of the Heart** appeared in 1964, there was a certain denseness to the prose, a feeling the reader had of being thrust below the surface of the characters' psyches, of immersion into their needs and desires and fears. The noticeable change came in 1987 with the publication of **Memory Board**. Not only did this novel seem less dense in texture, but Rule's focus shifted to an older generation. In **After the Fire**, her latest, Rule again develops with a deft and sensitive hand a large collection of characters; but here, the overriding themes are death and loss — themes that seem to mirror, appropriately, Rule's own lifecycle.

Set on an island off the Canadian coast, **After the Fire** begins with the death of one of the year-round residents, Dickie — an opening that is curiously undercut with an image of life: "The fire had bloomed into the winter night before the fire truck could get there." This initial tension is maintained throughout. Dickie is survived by his alcoholic mother, Sadie, and by his ex-lover Red Smith and their child, Blue, who is born during the course of the narrative.

The island's older inhabitants, especially the women, greet the news of Red's pregnancy with mixed reviews. Revolted, Milly Forbes doesn't hesitate to share her feelings of shock and dismay over unwed motherhood. Others, like Henrietta Hawkins, manage to soothe not only Milly's ruffled feathers but Red's as well. Miss James, who has spent her life moving from place to place before finally settling on the island and retiring, is more low-key about the pregnancy and even changes her will in order to leave her house to Red.

Jane Rule. Photo by Tee A. Corinne.

The younger Karen Tasuki, on the other hand, has fled to the island from a lover who'd found her "boring." Karen is the novel's only lesbian and, contrary to Rule's other works and to the focus of publisher Naiad Press in general, her lesbianism is neither a major focus of the plot nor of her own personal angst. She's comfortable with her sexuality and is, instead, trying to come to terms with the pain of her breakup with Peggy who "kept" her for eight years, providing her with material needs but little else. Like most of the other characters, Karen's challenge is in learning how to live alone. She, like Red, has come here by choice; others, like Milly and Hen, ended up staying on after their families drifted away.

The three older women experience their losses in a direct way. Milly has a hysterectomy, losing, on one level, what she had come to equate with her roles as wife and mother. Henrietta's husband, Hart, dies after living for years in a hospital in Vancouver without recognizing either Hen or their son, Hart, Jr. After Hart's death, Henrietta's grief overcomes her, and she fades into the background of the text for a short while. It is Red and Karen who draw her back out into the world, completing a circle of gentleness and caring that Hen is well known for within the small community. Miss James is the character whom we know the least about and whose death occurs on the same day Red's child is born, thus furthering the tension between death and life that Rule introduces early on.

While **After the Fire** has its complexities in relationships and themes, the texture of the prose lacks the poetic quality of Rule's earlier works. More movement occurs on a deeper level within the characters, though the surface smoothness of the prose seems to reflect the turbulence below, as when Karen contemplates Henrietta's persistent grief:

> "Why are you crying?"
> "Because love dies," Henrietta answered.
> Karen had no response to that. Certainly her own had, but she had come to doubt that it had ever been love. Fantasy, need, habit: could these in combination actually be called love? The genuine feeling should certainly transcend such things, be ultimately altruistic and, yes, undying.

Though it may seem that Jane Rule's work has become less poetic and more like the bulk of widely available pulp lesbian fiction, a close reading shows that the author may intend more subtlety, leaving the reader to draw connections and conclusions on her own. **After the Fire** is not as fine as some of Rule's earlier works, but it is enjoyable. We need more fiction that sensitively explores the changing needs as well as the physical and emotional aspects of aging. This older generation of women (whose concerns differ from those currently addressed in most of the offerings from women's presses) needs to have strong voices. **After the Fire** is step in the right direction. ❑

Cris Newport's short fiction has appeared in several periodicals and in the anthology **Test Tube Women**. She is currently co-teaching a course in Gay Literature at the University of Massachusetts at Boston and is working on completing a short story collection in her copious free time.

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Stein Is Stein Is Stein...

(Continued from Page 1)

two-fold: the struggle of reading and discerning meaning in the text and the struggle within myself of wondering why it's so hard for me to do so when it isn't that way with other writers.

In **Really Reading Gertrude Stein**, Judy Grahn explains it all to me and anyone else humble enough to listen. She says I am not alone in the struggle, and that my hesitancy to recommend this dramatic body of work and this legendary writer to my students is a normal response. Grahn tells us that she too has struggled with Stein but finally realized that she was coming at it all wrong, finding fault either with Stein or herself instead of realizing that this was work that required a new approach to its appreciation. Grahn suggests that if we are able to look at Stein from a new perspective we will understand her.

Grahn posits that, when we look at Stein, we are burdened with expectations of the usual patriarchal construct and are further fooled by the way the words look on the page, the easy words, the easy repetitions, the flow. But if we begin to look at Stein as easy rather than difficult, and recognize that hers is a different structure altogether, the text will come clear. This is a self help book of understanding (i.e. *really reading* Gertrude Stein) and, if followed correctly, really works.

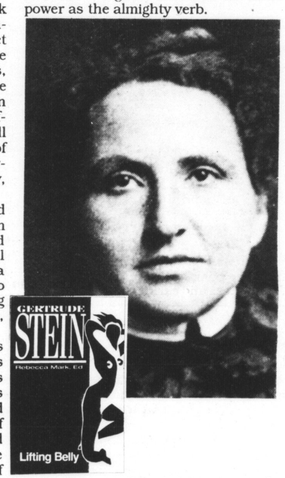
One of our finest writers and thinkers, Grahn herself is too often shelved as a radical feminist lesbian and ignored by those with more traditional or conservative tastes. But that is a great loss because here is a writer who truly understands the concept of writing and language in all its permutations, only some of which are political.

Grahn is deceptively simple as she writes here, in three long essays woven throughout a book of readings she's selected for us from Stein. Grahn's essays include "The There That Was and Was Not There," "Exiled to the Center of the World: A Woman in Her Life," and "Calling Without Naming: Gertrude Stein and Metaphysics." The pieces of Stein's that she has included here feature a wide range, from excerpts from **The Making of Americans** and **G.E.D.** to the entire "novel," **Marguerite or a Simple Novel of High Life**, which is a new treat for most of us.

In the smoothness and directness of Grahn's approach — including her choices of Stein's writings — we are given the gift of the fine writer: *entre* into what we previously did not understand through language both familiar and welcoming. Grahn has no interest in mythologizing Stein or understanding the woman; she wants to share this writer/legend with us in every way she can. Grahn introduces us to her ideas and her knowledge as if she were inviting us in to see her cats and offer us a warm cookie. It is only after we are contentedly purring along that we realize she has offered us something far more lasting and engaging.

Grahn pulls no punches; on the very first page of the very first essay she tells us that Stein is hard work, that she loves Stein, and that we need Stein's work and philosophy like never before. Grahn tells us it's going to be hard going, but she promises we will get there. And get there we do. Part of Grahn's education of the reader is explaining that the difficulty is part of the process.

And it is a distinctly and vitally feminist process. Stein, as interpreted by Grahn, is not merely a radical but a searingly feminist writer. As Grahn tells us, Stein's style and content are about commonality rather than the male-identified universality. Instead of identifying with one against many, as in most books and writings by men, Grahn states that with Stein the identification is with all the parts. And that idea of commonality is extended to the style and structure itself. There is a form here that isn't simply anti-formic for the sake of shock, but rather it is, in Grahn's interpretation, a structure of equality. In Stein, we are seeing and hearing parts of speech and grammatical usage in a different context. The weight is altered. Previously "inferior" parts of speech, such as prepositions, become as important to the construct as the dominant nouns and verbs. It is not only the predicate which predicates in Stein, as Grahn explains; in Stein, the substance or absence of a given word has the same power as the almighty verb.



One could quote extensively from the book to give examples of the power of Grahn's intuition of Stein's *oeuvre*, but what's really important here is the context of the whole. Read all three of the Grahn essays first and then go back and read them in the context of the structure of the book. Looking at the whole explains Stein in a way that makes her far more than the dilettante of writing she has often been minimized as being. Stein called herself great, a legend, *the* writer; Grahn enables us to believe what has heretofore seemed hyperbole.

Says Grahn:

> "It is no wonder we are taking our time understanding her, given that she is challenging our very basic patterns of relationship, at the level of linguistic relationship, for how we speak is how we think, and how we think is how we are."

Or, "'As above, so below; as below, so above.'" In Stein's work, this principle operates within each paragraph, which is a microcosm of the whole piece. As within, so without. As it is in the sentence, so it is in the mind, and as it is in the mind, so it is in the life. As Stein said in her 1929 work, **Useful Knowledge**, "All parts are principle parts.... By this yes." "Yes," as she used it metaphysically, means "endless possibility." If all parts are principal parts, then from studying small interactions we can understand the larger ones by applying the law of correspondence; "as it is in the small world, so it is in the larger."

This interpretation in **Really Reading Gertrude Stein** is both intelligent and thoughtful; it does not presume to be authoritative. In fact, Grahn repeatedly notes that she is still coming to understand Stein and that there are aspects, such as Stein's metaphysics, that she doesn't expect to understand until later in her life. Grahn's approach and interpretation open the door to Stein's work in a way that has not been done before.

The Naiad publication of Stein's lesbian erotic poem, **Lifting Belly**, coincides nicely with Grahn's volume, which publishes only an excerpt. If you are going to tackle Stein now, read both, but be certain to read the Grahn first, for although the introduction to **Lifting Belly** is long, it is not necessarily helpful.

It would be unfair to compare Grahn and **Lifting Belly** editor Rebecca Marks because the Grahn pieces are contextual and deeply exploratory of the Stein *oeuvre*. But, comparisons aside, there are flaws to Marks' introduction to the long poem that are difficult to take.

When Marks stays on an historical track she is very enjoyable to read; we want to know about the context in which **Lifting Belly** was written. But Marks has a tendency to lapse into what can only be described as bad Stein; repetition, plays on words, and the like. This may be fun for her, but it does nothing to illuminate the work at hand; in fact, it further obscures the work since most of us have difficulty reading Stein without some explanations. The publication would have been better served by more clarity in the introduction.

That flaw aside, Marks is to be congratulated for bringing the poem to the attention of Naiad's Barbara Grier since it has not been published since 1953. And, as far as Stein's work goes, **Lifting Belly** is a rollicking good read. It is sexy and funny and full of intriguing tidbits about the world in which Stein and her lover, Alice B. Toklas, lived. It has moments of deep pathos as well, and puts the world at war in juxtaposition with the world of the lesbian lovers — expatriate Americans at that — in a stunningly political finish.

Reading **Lifting Belly** after reading Grahn's book gives the poem decided meaning and impact. We see the heat and the sense of loss. Marks gives us clear historical context for the writing. In a world at war, **Lifting Belly** is a metaphor; after Verdun there is the release from pain into joy: "We used to play star spangled banner/now we lift belly." Stein makes clear that the lesbian love she and Alice share is no substitute for having a country but that, after the effects of the war, there is only the solace of knowing they have an allegiance still, and this is to their love.

Lifting Belly has its light moments, however, and is full of nice bits about Stein and Toklas in bed together — provided one can uncover them in the language. But Grahn can help with that.

These two books are well worth the struggle to read them. Stein is one of the most important figures of the early part of the 20th Century and equally important in the history of lesbian achievement. Both Grahn and Marks have given us more of her. In **Lifting Belly** Stein asks, "do be careful of me." These books offer a history and a reading to be careful with. ❑

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Writing for Our Lives

by Michael Klein

PERSONAL DISPATCHES: Writers Confront AIDS
edited by John Preston
(St. Martin's Press, ISBN 0312034121, 224 pp., $17.95)

Speaking on the literature of AIDS, writer Felice Picano remarked recently at a poetry reading, "It is extraordinary that so much beauty can come out of something so horrible." And while some of the literature of AIDS *is* so beautiful, it's still a literature hard to gauge because it is so new, so largely about the unknown and, by sheer necessity, takes one's thinking and feeling toward the specificity of things grim. The messenger here is invariably overtaken with the message.

For some writers, taking on AIDS has been the way of letting loose with a semi-automatic writing (read practically any recent poem by Paul Monette or the articles by Larry Kramer) filled with risky and terse anecdote. Theirs is a body of work guided not only by an unrelenting desire to get out the truth, but to get it out in time.

It is that brave and unsure hand on time itself that keeps reoccurring as an image for me after just reading John Preston's often extraordinary anthology of essays, **Personal Dispatches: Writers Confront AIDS**. There are many powerful and beautiful moments in this book. Among the contributors who have given **Personal Dispatches** its force are Michael Bronski, Stephen Chapot, E.J. Graff, Stephen Greco, Robert Glück, Andrew Holleran, Arnie Kantrowitz, Laurence Tate, Allen Troxler, and Edmund White.

The very sense of the shortness and, therefore, urgency of life makes the work here both ferocious and strictly unsentimental. In its best moments, the book describes the transformation of initially unfocused anger into usefulness. And make no mistake about it, anger is the presiding key emotion here: anger at the anonymity of an AIDS hotline built on hope but seething with helplessness, suicide threats and ignorance, seen in the thoughtful and stirring prose of Laurence Tate who fights to stay sane in "The Epidemic: A San Francisco Diary." Anger at the spreading rash of interpretative causes and anger even at language itself, which Robert Glück perceptively blames in "HTLV-3," for making "...death general. To say ten thousand died of AIDS, is an example of how language lies. Each death is beyond language."

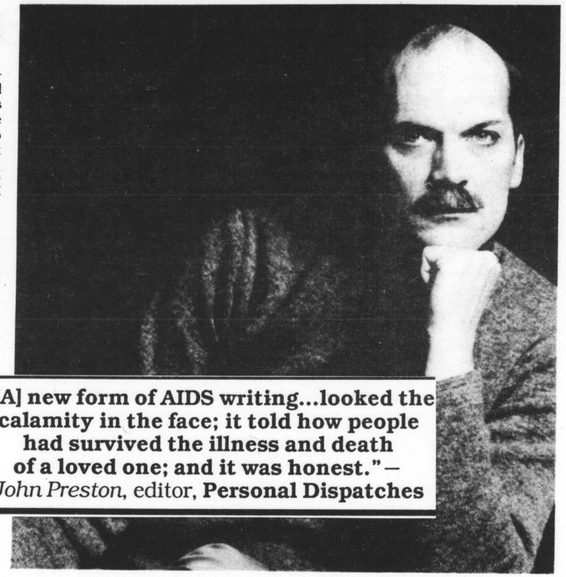
In one of the best essays in the book, "Death and the Erotic Imagination," Michael Bronski is angry at how AIDS has called forth a policing of sexuality, and angry at the larger, aberrant feelings that surround death:

> "The first step in this is to bring death out into the open. Not to avoid talking about it and hiding it as though death was a dirty little secret. There is nothing romantic, nothing sentimental — not even anything *more* frightening — about dying of AIDS. It is not, as Susan Sontag might point out, a metaphor for anything. It is like all death: a painful hard end to the painful and sometimes hard act of living."

And, finally, it is anger at a fearful society that moves Arnie Kantrowitz through his wonderful epistle to activism, "Friends Gone with the Wind." By cross-cutting reportage from the frontlines of the AIDS war with scenes and dialogue from the civil war which ignites so much southern fire in the film "Gone with the Wind," Kantrowitz manages to document an epiphany of survival that echoes our liberation and our contemporary bereavement. It is a touching and wise call to our "newer" necessity for pride.

At one point, in a tribute to the thousands of volunteers who care for people with AIDS, Kantrowitz describes what it means to be a homosexual who lives to fight the dying:

> "These are not stereotypical, flighty, sex-addicted faggots. These are humanity at its finest. Do our critics know how often we are society's servants, its comforters and nurturers? While they excoriate us for being frivolous fun-seekers, we work as nurses and therapists and teachers, beyond our proportions in the populace. There is more to the gay lifestyle than Sunday brunch. It takes nobility and perseverance and dignity and courage to be gay and proud in the face of condemnation and injustice, violence and death. I have never been so proud of our people as I am today."



"[A] new form of AIDS writing...looked the calamity in the face; it told how people had survived the illness and death of a loved one; and it was honest." — *John Preston*, editor, **Personal Dispatches**

photo by Mayne Studio

Though pride has always helped give Andrew Holleran his motivation to write, "The Fear" is his captivating directive and scathing look at the unavoidable terror AIDS has forced us to confront — the terror closer than anyone falling around us: our own "modern" and accelerated fear of it. This essay reads like a hurried monologue of someone unable to shake a recurring dream and it bristles with the transfiction of hard fact, all in Holleran's trademark style of elegantly clean lyricism. Like any of Holleran's best pieces, "The Fear" is unforgettable.

And there are still more anger-motivated excursions. What propels Stephen M. Chapot's anger is sarcasm. In "Liz Taylor, Live," a sometimes tragic report on a Hollywood fundraiser, Chapot contrasts the ghastly conformity of a garish, star-studded evening with the other just as ghastly conformity of a less "spectacular" gathering: the people the evening is being held for in the first place — the writer himself and some of his friends living with AIDS.

> "Pills. Pills will do it for me. No muss, no fuss. My doctor is horrified. The problem is that if I get too sick, I'll never get to them and no one will bring them to me. They'll all wring their hands while I go slowly down the drain, but they won't help get there any faster. Pills are the only way to die on time."

Many of the writers in this all-gay collection are either carrying antibodies to the virus, sick with it or, in Stephen Chapot's case, already dead from it. The remainder of them are the worried-but-well-for-the-moment, as many of us are. And while there is an unavoidable hard gaze at the emotional involvement in possibility, the thread connecting these essays is the unerring fact that our community is dying *too* young — *too* soon on the heels of its own hard-won liberation.

It may be the one devastation that fuels all the other devastations attached to this unfathomable disease — that we are dying from the cumulative invasions of the body before ever learning how to co-exist with those invasions, sometimes bypassing chronic and going straight into terminal.

In his informative introduction, Preston talks about a new form of AIDS writing "which acknowledged the extreme realities of AIDS. It looked the calamity in the face; it told how people had survived the illness and death of a loved one; and it was honest." **Personal Dispatches** is filled with that new kind of writing, and when it isn't being angry, it is being passionate and meditative: from Stephen Greco's inquisitive and lovely "Excerpts from a Journal," an account of the last days with his lover who finally succumbed to AIDS, to Edmund White's informative, though occasionally smug, article on AIDS' effect on art entitled "Esthetics and Loss."

While White's piece is an often fascinating look at the role of art and the artist in the advent of AIDS, it contains an annoying sentence: "If art is to confront AIDS more honestly than the media has done, it must begin in tact, avoid humor, and end in anger." I'm somewhat put off by *any* directive to an artist. Isn't telling someone *how* to create just a more cleverly disguised form of censorship?

Personal Dispatches is not without its flaws. It is far too short (if not living up to potential is a flaw) and, like many anthologies, there are several places where the writing sags. Steve Beery's "Steve" (published for the first time here) is a self-serving, extremely flat account of a fuck-buddy. While it attempts to elegize its subject, the story merely "tells" us about him in the plainest, least imaginative prose possible. Mostly, it's just boring. And while Robert Dawidoff's "Memorial Day" is often touching, his "The Names Project" is written like a weather report, shedding no light on this astonishing community project but opting for a nervous sentimentalizing of it.

Most of the work collected here is high caliber. Two of the finest pieces come from a relative newcomer, Allan Troxler, who, according to the contributor notes, "teaches English country dance." He has provided **Personal Dispatches** with probably its most lucid, endearing and hopeful writing. "Wandering the Woods in a Season of Death" is an exquisite letter to his dying friend Leo which moves from the heartbreaking interior landscape of loss to the proliferating exterior of nature — a nature Troxler walks through for explanation, for solace:

> "Half-seriously, I thought to lie down in the leaves and wait for destruction to sweep through the trees. The only regret I could imagine was not being with those I love most. Otherwise my own death seemed brother to the empty wasp nest, the bleached box turtle shell, the lichen on the rocks, and the soughing water."

Troxler's other contribution, "A Letter Home on Pride Day," is a journalistic look at a small town facing the death of one of its own, quietly overcoming its own prejudices. Troxler speaks with an uncharacteristic kindness toward his heterosexual neighbors and portrays them with diminishing awkwardness, rather than animosity. The result is a stunning reminiscence of both the "fixed-time" effect that seems to balance small town life and of the man who lived there, dead from AIDS.

E.J. Graff's "I Want to Tell Them: Do You Love Your Children? Bring Them Home" (which must be the longest title in AIDS literature) is a spare and intelligent report about one family's undramatic (for a change) handling of their son's dying. John Politano is a kind of returned hero by the end. He is allowed to die at home.

Personal Dispatches is vital, necessary reading. If nothing else, and finally there may be nothing else but this, it gives us more reason to "mourn the dead, and fight like hell for the living!" ❑

Michael Klein is a poet with recent work in *Antioch Review*, *Pequod*, and *Crazyhorse*. He is the editor of **Poets for Life: 76 Poets Respond to AIDS** (Crown), and is presently working on a novel set on the racetrack.

The History of an Epidemic

by Allen Smalling

THE BOYS IN THE BARS
by Christopher Davis
(Knights Press, ISBN 091517538X, 206 pp., $9.50)

The Boys In The Bars collects 13 short stories by Christopher Davis that span the last ten years in almost perfect chronological order. All have gay male themes, yet Davis' characters are, by and large, a dreadful lot.

Like Tolstoy, Davis prefers to write about unhappy people; unlike Tolstoy, he writes about gay men who fall into just three recognizable groups: there's the 60-ish closet case, his life almost over, forced at long last to admit his homosexuality but unable to express it successfully. Second, there's the no-longer-young writer, or would-be writer, struggling to get through the day in a haze of alcohol or drugs. Finally, there's the raw 16- or 17-year-old youth; here we get two variants: the kid whose erotic options are so clouded by lust that we can see him making the same wrong choices that still bedevil both the writer and the closeted businessman; or else, the fully knowing, using, aware hustler who rips off the older men.

(Let's give Davis the benefit of the doubt and assume that he intends no judgment of gays in general, but is merely chronicling the tragedies of a certain subspecies [the term Andrew Holleran uses is "doomed queen"]. Certainly readers of this journal realize that many of us get through life without completely giving in to strong drink or drugs, though alcohol and drug addictions *do* pose large and frequently unacknowledged dangers to American gay men.)

In essence, Davis sets up a radical simplification of the short story — not only in his range of characters, but also in his prose style and story locations. The settings are usually Manhattan and Fire Island, especially in the early stories centering around the "fast-lane" lifestyle of disco, drugs, and sex. Completely unadorned, Davis' prose style is nonjudgmental narrative that out-Hemingways Hemingway. All told, the author's output is so different from the usual run of 1980s fiction that his previous works (the novels **Joseph and the Old Man** and **Valley of the Shadow**) drew polarized reactions from the critics: some praised Davis's stuff because it reflected their lives; others condemned it because it didn't!

Davis' editor for the first two books, Michael Denneny of St. Martin's Press, lampooned the attitude of the latter group as "My life isn't reflected in the novel, so it's a bad novel." That's a fallacy, of course, as is its corollary (That's *me* he's talking about! How dare he be so critical!"). What matters, though, is not whether Davis' stories run parallel or counter to our earlier lives. What matters is how well he uses the material at hand. Not very well, I think, in the first half of the book.

Before we reach midpoint in the book, we can predict outcomes because the plot contours and characters have become too numbingly familiar. In "Vers la Flamme," we know that the 16-year-old rock climber will fall to his death; we know that the middle-aged businessman who was spying on him will kiss his still warm lips. All this is presented in an ultraflat cadence that allows no denouement or even the possibility of redemption:

> The man's tears fell onto the rock and mixed with the boy's blood, and when the man saw this he bent down and tenderly kissed the boy's mouth, which was still soft and warm. The man's body shook with great sobs then, and he climbed down from the slab and ran back to his car crying and shouting his grief.

End of story. Many contemporary authors have been accused of inserting "instant karma" into their stories; Davis goes one worse by reaching all too often for the familiar comfort of canned pathos.

Fortunately for us, Davis shows a great deal more flexibility in the newer stories that conclude this collection. He still uses the same kind of loathsome guys in the same sad situations, but he does so with wit and edgy humor. In "Rope Trick," for example, two lovers — one 30-something and a cocaine addict, the other 40-something and an alcoholic — stumble through their day in their respective states of euphoria and stupor. The alcoholic buys some rope at the local hardware store because "he could see himself tied down on a bed like someone was in one of their porno movies, and as he thought of the movie he felt the swelling of an erection. That'll do it, he thought." Meanwhile, the coke addict buys an expensive parrot. "[H]e took out his wallet," Davis writes, "and laid it on the counter and slid out his American Express Card — gold, of course." When Davis's powers of observation are good, he's very good. In "Untitled," the horny intensity of a youth is captured thus: "He never looked up. Or down. He looked ahead only." Similarly, the hero of the title piece doesn't tell us he has AIDS. He keeps his pain private, like Hemingway's phallically wounded Jake Barnes in **The Sun Also Rises**, until later in the story.

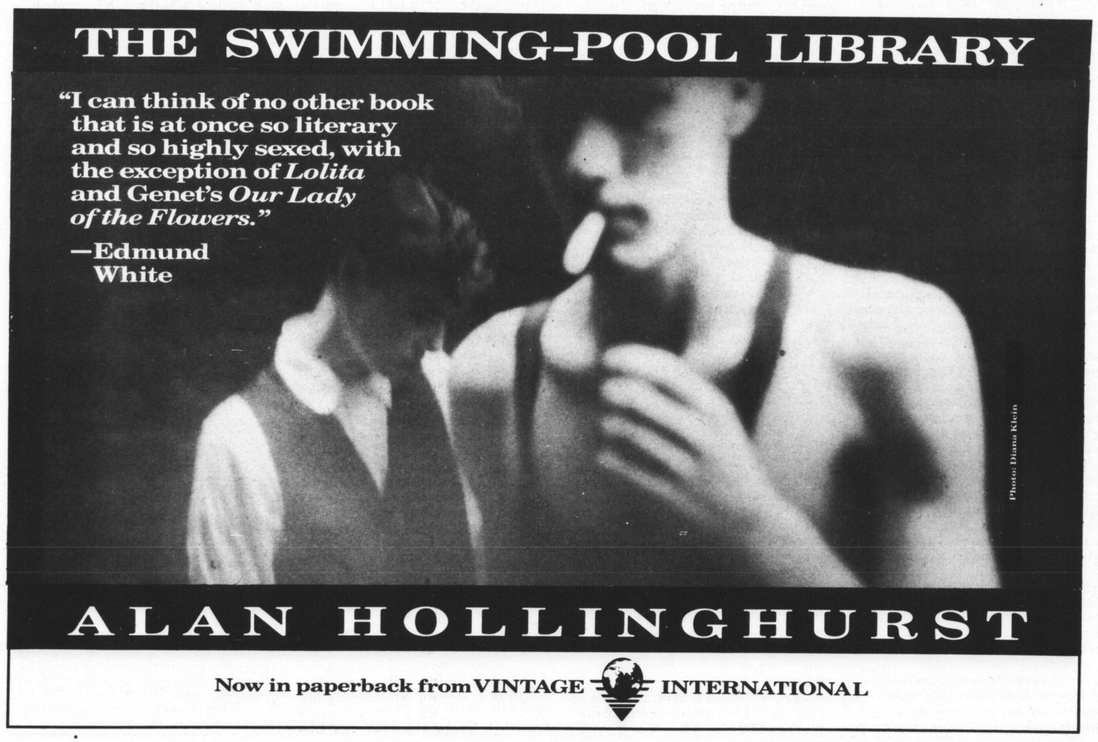
Gene Bagnato

Christopher Davis.

The Boys In The Bars is not a short story collection "about AIDS." But because AIDS enters into this fictive world subtly and without melodrama, it's more realistic in the half dozen times it is mentioned than most well-intentioned attempts to say something meaningful about the disease.

The Boys In The Bars is worth a look, even if you have to skip some of the earlier, depressing stories. Davis has been praised as a great writer and damned as a terrible writer. He is neither, but he's well on his way to becoming quite a good writer, and this volume shows the improvement clearly. ❑

Allen Smalling is a writer/journalist based in Chicago.



Three Voices Closer to Home

by Essex Hemphill

AT THE CLUB
by Alan Miller
(Grand Entrances Press, No ISBN, 23 pp., $6.00)

STATIONS
by Assotto Saint
(Galiens Press, ISBN 0962167509, 46 pp., $7.00)

THE SPACE
by Donald Woods
(Vexation Press, No ISBN, 16 pp., $5.00)

At the beginning of the 1980's, creating poetry from a black gay experience was a lonely, trying occupation. No network of black gay writers existed then to offer support, critical commentary, or the necessary fellowship and affirmation of identity.

I had read requisite portions of James Baldwin's works, but I still hungered for voices closer to home to speak to me directly and immediately about the urban black gay experience. I wanted reflection. To compensate, I read all I could by gay poets such as Whitman, Cavafy, Pasolini, and Genet, but my hunger continued. I began reading lesbian poets such as Audre Lorde, Adrienne Rich, Pat Parker, and Sappho, but the gnawing of hunger, appeased somewhat, persisted.

By 1982, I began to wonder, did gay men of African descent exist in literature at all, beyond the works of Baldwin? Unbeknownst to me at the time, Adrian Stanford's **Black and Queer** had been published by the Good Gay Poets of Boston in 1977. In his poem "Yeah Baby," the late poet wrote:

> i've had them roll up in
> chauffeured limousines,
> swing open the door and beg
> "please get in".
>
> i've been approached, followed,
> waited for, hung onto,
> and groped by all those staid
> white queens that
> don't like *colored boys*.

I would not be introduced to Stanford's work until 1985. Joseph Beam owned two copies of Stanford's **Black and Queer**, and gave me one for my collection. I have treasured this gift since receiving it from Joe, who also told me Adrian Stanford was murdered in Philadelphia in 1981. For me, the emergence of black gay men in poetry begins with this small, powerful work. What I am suggesting is that black gay men have been creating overt homoerotic verse since 1977 – a mere twelve years. Many factors have contributed to this "lack of witness," including codes of silence, invisibility, fear, racism, and constructions of denial designed to ignore the homoerotic experiences of black men. Succinctly, homosexuality is still deemed a taboo subject within the black literary community.

Black gay men, however, can consider the 80's to be the decade in which we began to speak out about our lives. We created literary journals, periodicals, and self-published works that have been sporadically produced and voraciously consumed. The 80's gave us *Blacklight*, *Blackheart*, *Black/Out*, *BLK*, **In the Life**, **Tongues Untied**, **Other Countries**, *Pyramid Periodical*, *The Real Read*, and an intriguing selection of self-published chapbooks that, taken as a whole, suggest an important period of fermentation. Against great odds, and breaking historic silences, black gay men are developing meaningful literary voices through workshops, readings, and brotherly encouragement.

The body of work thus far created is now joined by three new, very interesting selections. All three share the kinship of being self-published, professionally presented offerings of poetry. Each of them, too, experiments with form, succeeding or failing to meet the demands of their author's choices.

Assotto Saint's **Stations** is a sleek, attractive chapbook, with its bold red, black, and yellow jacket sporting a photo of Assotto and his lover, Jan. They stand atop a globe of the world, both clad in leather jackets and black boots. Assotto's feet are planted in America and Africa, while Jan's apear to rise up from the Atlantic Ocean.

Stations offers 26 selections of poetry, some of it experimental, as in the series "Rites of Passage," or in the inverted text poem, "In the Fast Lane," which is much more effective in its execution. "Rites of Passage" is difficult to read and fails as a "concrete poem," managing to maintain some interest only by the one-line epigraphs denoted by Roman numerals that precede each of the 10 pieces composing the poem. Concrete poetry is a European-based school of poetry originating in the early 1950s that seeks to make visual art of the poem on the page and is most successful when the content is minimal, allowing for typographic and graphic arts experimentation. The vertical and horizontal overlapping lines of "Rites," however, tend to obscure its meaning.

At least seven of the poems in this collection are concerned with AIDS, death, grief, hope, and the anger of loss. In "The March," Saint writes:

> too young
> let us not fall like cattle
> to redeem america's
> plaguing prejudices
> let us not fall
>
> let us savagely charge a country.

Some of my favorite selections from this collection include "Processional," "The Wedding," "Arabian Horse," "Souvenir," and "Nuclear Lovers," which states:

> soon
> as they sound the alarm
> let us run to the river
> where we first met
> sat many a sunset
> there
> with bare hands
> we will dig a deep hole
> in the earth
> lay together
> centuries later
> when they excavate
> they shall hear two hearts
> regenerate love
> in the universe.

As a whole work, **Stations** is not entirely satisfying. I wanted it to hold my interest more steadfastly. The complications encountered in attempting to read a poem like "Rites of Passage" should have been worked out before going to press. Conversely, it is worthwhile for black gay poets to explore various poetic forms, but execution is as important as content, as important as substance is to style.

Haitian-born, Saint is a playwright and performer as well as a poet. He is a member of the Other Countries Collective, a black gay literary organization based in New York. His offerings of **Stations** is surely a long-awaited collection from a poet who has contributed to many of the groundbreaking developments in black gay literature in the 80's.

Alan Miller is a relatively new voice, debuting with a selection of poetry entitled **at the club**. Borrowing from the Japanese haiku form of lyric poetry with its fixed count of 17 syllables, Miller recreates the ambiance and mood of two black gay bars in Oakland, CA: Cable's Reef and Bella Napoli. By day, Bella's is a Chinese restaurant, but by night becomes a gay bar. Miller's observations are honed to concise renderings. He examines the most ordinary occurrences in bars:

> like their cigarettes
> alive only at the tips
> those lovely fireflies
>
> or
>
> in this strange eden
> delicious wax apples
> fragrant plastic roses
>
> or
>
> his eyes howl at me
> coyote separated
> from the roving pack.

Miller juxtaposes his human observations against metaphors and images from nature, giving the tension inherent in his haiku renderings its universal quality and appeal. We aren't only in a black gay bar, but many bars, especially when the poet observes

> the wedding band clanging
> against glass causes a thousand
> tiny explosions
>
> or
>
> if I had not checked
> his pulse personally
> I'd guess mannequin.

Miller's observations and his use of the haiku form are excellent contributions to the body of literature black gay men are creating. His sustained use of haiku (though every one isn't exactly 17 syllables) to express black gay experiences is technically challenging, but he succeeds and creates for us an innovative work with substance. His book's black and white cover of a bar scene is rendered by Thomas Rochnacher.

Closing out this triptych of new works is the portfolio **The Space**, by Donald Woods. This 11 1/2" x 17" oversized news format contains 10 poems by Woods and eye-catching black and white graphics, illustrations and collages by George Smith. A selection of appealing typefaces are employed for presenting the text which boldly speaks to you from the page. It is a beautiful "coffee table" work that is as stimulating to read as it is to look at.

Woods is also a member of the Other Countries Collective. He, like Saint, performs his works. Saint relies more on theater contexts for his work, while Woods emphasizes music and song. A member of the song group Sons and Daughters, Woods, with the band backing him, presents his works in a performance context. In "What Do I Do About You," he coyly writes:

> ...I'm a typewriter
> randy and selfish and wise
> a sonnet
> a beat box
> serve the next line.

In "Daily News," which faces a collage page depicting "Cop Killing," "Drug Wars," and "Supreme Court" images and headlines, the poet writes:

> it's crying time again
> the rancher lost his land
> the farm hand his girl
> the miner his pitch fork
> or shovel
> the working woman her
> subway fear
> all these characters hide the truth
> they lie about loneliness
> they rather be alone.

One of my favorite poems in his portfolio is "Couch Poem":

> ...Climbing into the shower
> all manly and such
> wash yourself quickly
> soap your privates
> rinse them towel them dry
> powder them blame them
> even as you swallow vitamins
> too numerous to mention and shit
> all the time pleased at the
> effortless disposal
> the regularity of your movement...

Woods' ten poems are very close to "home," as familiar as the lamp post or corner store. His use of language is, at times, musical or street-wise,

> the gold chains linked and linked
> and linked again
> dangle from his brickhouse neck
> swing west when he gangster lean
> roller coast careening through a
> midnight A-train.
> (from "3 November Poems")

His poems should be read aloud to better savor the music he creates in his line phrases. His work suggests the tradition of jazz poetry which becomes evident when the poems are read aloud.

In "Prescription," which reads as a sophisticated battle cry in the war against AIDS, Woods offers us glimpses of our spiritual strength, and our responsibility to stay alive.

> fight back with roughage
> personal spinach
> spiritual broccoli
>
> call on herbs
> ginseng for heartache
> and seamoss coats the lining
> of an empty stomach
> hungry for full mouth kisses...
>
> your own arms
> against a sea of trouble
> take them
> wrap them
> round and round
> what belongs to you and
> hold tight
> hold tight
> hold tight gently.

These three selections (that we should "hold tight") give additional texture and dimension to the black gay writings that are becoming increasingly available. Saint, Miller, and Woods are to be commended for creating these handsome publications. ❑

Essex Hemphill is the author of **Earthlife**, **Conditions**, and the forthcoming **Soft Targets**. The recipient of a 1989 Fellowship in Literature for poetry from the District of Columbia Commission for the Arts, he is editing **Brother to Brother: New Writings by Black Gay Men**, scheduled for publication in Fall 1990 by Alyson Publications.

Visions of Ginsberg

by Jeffery Beam

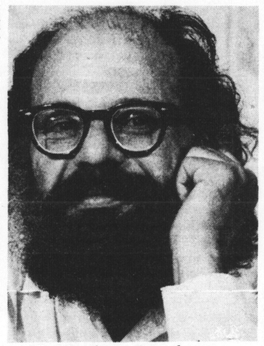
GINSBERG: A Biography
by Barry Miles
(Simon and Schuster, ISBN 0671507133, 588 pp., $24.95)

In 1871, French Symbolist poet Arthur Rimbaud wrote to his friend Paul Demeny the second of two letters which would become known as *Les Lettres du Voyant*. In this particular letter, he described the function of the poet: "The poet becomes a seer through a long, immense and reasoned derangement of all the senses. All shapes of love, suffering, madness. He searches himself, he exhausts within himself all poisons, and preserves the quintessences."

Less than 75 years later, Allen Ginsberg – heir to Rimbaud, William Blake, Walt Whitman, and the as yet unknown William Carlos Williams – began, inspired by these teachers and by Rimbaud's words, his own "season in hell." The process would make him a visionary of the first order, and a controversial and influential figure in the literary, social, spiritual, and political arenas of our time.

In clear, uncompromising prose, Barry Miles' **Ginsberg: A Biography** recreates the legend of the 1950's and 60's as he struggles with madness, crime, sexual frustration, questions of self-worth, love, political intrigue, and spiritual realization. The story involves murder, illegal drugs, free sex, spiritual adventure, gay liberation, poetry, and rock music. We, the readers, meet Kenneth Rexroth, William Burroughs, Diana Trilling, Bob Dylan, The Beatles, Gary Snyder, Louis-Ferdinand Celine, Andy Warhol, Chogyam Trungpa, and Edith Sitwell, among others. Chronicling the histories of friendships, loves, and families, as well as literary, political, and social movements, **Ginsberg** finally reveals the tortured, ecstatic, and melancholy groping of one man toward God.

To say that Ginsberg played a fundamental role in the creation of the Beat Generation and its subsequent literary and social revolutions understates his vital place at the vortex from which the impulse rose. Ginsberg's biography is, in essence, a biography of a time, for without a doubt he will stand in our history as a catalyst for major social upheavals during the middle part of the 20th Century.



Allen Ginsberg. From the cover.

Miles, a longtime associate of Ginsberg, perhaps is not as unbiased an observer as he would wish. Every now and again, he slips in his honest attempt to be balanced in assumptions and judgments. An authorized biographer takes such risks, and generally Miles' treatment appears unprejudiced. However, a great uneasiness is caused by the book's lack of empathy toward Jack Kerouac, the other major stimulus behind the Beat Movement and a longtime friend and influence on Ginsberg. Despite the fact that Kerouac severely tested his love and admiration, Ginsberg himself, in the text, provides constancy and support to his friend. Yet Miles seems to avoid any thorough investigation into the source of Kerouac's problems, assigning them simply to his relationship with his mother, his strict Catholic upbringing, and his resultant alcoholism. The most Miles can say is that "Allen...would go to almost any length to maintain it (the relationship), even if it meant explaining away years of anti-Semitic insults as playfulness. He recognized that Kerouac was sick and made the same allowances for him as he had for [his mother]." (Ginsberg's mother, Naomi, lived most of her life mentally ill.)

Ginsberg's poetry and lifestyle have influenced many young poets and artists, instilling a sense of the implications of art in everyday life, the need for protest and rebellion in a stagnant world and the luminous search for wholeness in a seemingly fragmented universe. However, the depths to which Ginsberg and his companions went in search of "the most individual, uninfluenced, unrepressed, uninhibited expression of art" surprised me, despite my own fairly uninhibited explorations. Somehow, as hearsay, their extensiveness became part of the legend, and not as ominous.

The complete story is a bit frightening and one wonders how any of the Beats survived. Ginsberg's and the Beats' gift to us, perhaps, was to live, as sacrificial lambs, through those horrors and pleasures in order to force open the doors of perception. We are beholding to the Beats for the loosening of America's chains, even as today, the chains seem to tighten their iron choke. May we learn from the mistakes and suffering of Ginsberg and his companions, taking strength from the ecstasy and serenity they found.

On a 1967 visit with Ezra Pound in Italy, Ginsberg tried to encourage Pound to not be so hard on himself. During their limited conversation, as Pound had been virtually silent for years, Ginsberg told the elder poet, "The great accomplishment was to make a working model of your mind.... You must go on working, to record the last scenes of the drama. You still have a great deal to say." **Ginsberg** is a testament to the fulfillment of the poet's teenage vow to devote his life to helping mankind. Today, the internationally famous Ginsberg may not have been as successful in creating change as he had hoped, but he too still has a great deal to say. ❑

Jeffery Beam, a poet and botanical librarian who lives in rural Orange County, North Carolina, is the author of **The Golden Legend** (Floating Island). His poems appeared in **The Son of the Male Muse** and **Black Men/White Men**. A new poetry collection is forthcoming from French Broad Press.

From Wilde to Pink Triangle

by Charles Barber

WHO WAS THAT MAN?
A Present for Mr. Oscar Wilde
by Neil Bartlett
(Serpent's Tail, ISBN 1852421231, 254 pp., $14.95)

This is the most boring book I've ever read!" wrote a 76-year-old friend as she labored through the 600-page 1988 biography of Oscar Wilde by Richard Ellmann. Now, a different and more pugnacious view of Wilde, **Who Was That Man?** by Neil Bartlett, has been released in the U.S. by London-based Serpent's Tail. For those who found the more subtle and far-reaching implications of the Wilde story almost completely beyond Ellmann's grasp, Bartlett provides a personal, compelling, and sexy antidote.

Bartlett, a 31-year-old performance artist and writer, reclaims Wilde from the impressive, yet neutral scholarly clutches of Ellmann, and places him gently in our laps. While some may complain of Wilde-fatigue and overexposure, it must be remembered that, as sexuality is once again pushed towards a state-legislated category, Wilde's most famous of "sodomy" cases contains many cautionary tales. Even Ellmann concedes, "[Wilde] belongs to our world more than to Victoria's," an understatement in the aftermath of *Bowers v. Hardwick*.

The detachment that allows Ellmann to view Wilde's sexuality in a clinical light prevents him from looking at Wilde squarely in the face. There is in Ellman's sketch, for example, little or no sense of what it must have been like to live in a virulently bigoted society such as 19th-century London. Bartlett, on the other hand, documents in great detail the thriving, encoded (although constantly under seige) gay world of London in the 1880's and 90's.

Thankfully, where Ellmann fears to tread, Bartlett storms right in, asking, whom exactly did Wilde speak for, and whom does he speak for now? If Ellmann accepts Wilde's martyrdom uncritically, Bartlett sees a man "uninterested in authenticity" whose sex life was "an elaborate drama of deception, lies and, most of all, inspired invention." This is a tragedy of an immensely privileged, well-connected celebrity – a

From the cover of Who Was That Man?

story, in Bartlett's words, that may be "scrutinized, challenged to reveal some truly ugly meanings.... [W]e were wrong to believe that a hidden meaning would necessarily be a subversive one, one that would help us to identify or liberate ourselves." For Oscar, of course, lied at his trial, and hid behind a baroque literary pretense of art and civilization. How different from his contemporary, J. A. Symonds, who said in 1891: "If we cannot alter your laws we will go on breaking them."

Who Was That Man? asks some hard questions not just about Wilde, but about all of our histories: "Why do we have such a short memory for our own culture?" For every Oscar there are 100 Franny and Stellas, two 19th-century drag queens also hauled into court, but whose lives have vanished into the annals of the *Illustrated London Police News*. "Again and again," writes Bartlett, "it is only the contributions of the privileged...and the mythology of those lives, that are recorded." Bartlett demands we search our cities for past lives despised, or forgotten, or both ("The streets [have] a memory," he reminds us) and write our own histories.

Whereas the biographer and the subject pass each other on the street, pause and nod before moving on, Bartlett's "present for Oscar Wilde" most brilliantly transcends reportage. With the effortlessness of a movie camera, Bartlett cuts between London, 1896, and 1986, to say: "What kind of man was he? That is, what kind of men were we?" For the answer, Bartlett scans the skies over modern London, the sidewalks, curtained windows and rooftops; the moon over Villiers Street, where Oscar took his boys to his hotel and where we, the great-grandsons of those boys, go to a disco called "Heaven." The green carnation on the lapel gives way to the pink triangle. Is it this that Oscar, by losing, won for us? ❑

Charles Barber, a writer and theater director living in New York City, covers the arts for *Outweek* magazine.

An angry young poet's intimate discourse with God on faith, gay love, AIDS and the Catholic Church's controversial stand condemning homosexuality.

"Hot" — *Christopher Street*

Sex With God

By Thomas O'Neil

Illustrations by Ty Wilson

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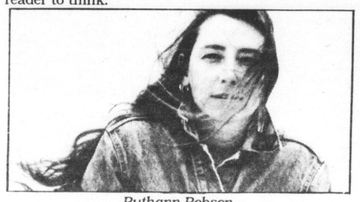
Lives that Look Like Rain

by Jorjet Harper

EYE OF A HURRICANE
by Ruthann Robson
(Firebrand Books, ISBN 0932379648, 129 pp., $8.95)

In **Eye of a Hurricane**, a collection of 13 short stories by Ruthann Robson, many things happen – though you may not always be certain exactly what they are. Some of these brief stories are no more than glimpses into the lives of their characters, and some of them end mysteriously or ambiguously, but they all have shape and substance, and challenge the reader to think.



Ruthann Robson.

There is nothing exuberant or chatty about Robson's prose. Each sentence is polished, each word weighed, and the whole is constructed with heavy-duty irony. All of the stories in **Eye** are written in the present tense, and often in the first person. Yet, through the immediacy of the narrators' voices and the often abrupt actions, the effect Robson creates is one of great emotional suspensions – distances the characters themselves can't bridge but can sometimes speak about with the flat calmness of a person in shock. These gathered storm clouds of emotional distance are the cold fronts around which Robson condenses her stories.

Eye of a Hurricane is, as you might guess, not a light, happy-endings kind of book, but it is sometimes a hopeful one. And some of Robson's characters view themselves with humourous affability. Most of them – though not all – are lesbians. Robson looks at lesbian lives from quirky, imaginative vantages, in ways I haven't seen done before. We meet a lesbian college professor with a penchant for shoplifting who is in a "fervently non-monogamous" relationship; and a "sexual pluralist" lesbian vegetarian freelance housecleaner. A lesbian prostitute becomes an aerobics teacher on a Greek island. A lesbian mother manages a 7-Eleven and has "an address book full of women she's left" because, she tells them all, she's "incapable of commitment to adult humans."

In "Lake Hudson's Daughter," an amusing story with somber undercurrents, the narrator is the teenage daughter of a lesbian lawyer. Her mother is in jail for refusing to turn the girl over to her father after he won custody. Hadley, the teenager, is quite sympathetic to her mother's cause. She's reading Mary Daly, Audre Lorde, Judy Grahn, *off our backs* and *On Our Backs* while she's hiding. She's been shuttled on the lesbian underground from a witch coven in Wisconsin to an "anarcho/lesbo/seperato" farm, to a New York lesbian theatre troupe, and now to a comparatively conventional lesbian couple in North Florida.

"I'd told Sonya and Opal about one dinner with the witches in Wisconsin," Hadley tells the reader as she and her guardians drive to Georgia for barbecued ribs. "They were very strict vegetarians, no butter or anything. I couldn't imagine them ever eating barbecue, no matter where they were. It was pretty boring to eat with them. And the dinner conversation was pretty boring, too. They were always talking about unity and telepathy. So one night Raven says to me, "Owl Wing, would you like some more tabouli? and I say, "Raven, what kind of witch are you that you don't already know?" No one laughed then, but Sonya and Opal seem to think it's pretty funny.

In "Listen to the Dance of the Mangos," Robson even tackles the seldom successful (i.e. often disastrous) task of depicting a love relationship between a woman and a plant. For reasons unknown to me (I admit I am a city person), this difficult fictional theme holds a peculiar fascination for some women. I was skeptical – especially since the story is told partly from the perspective of the tree. But Robson, to my astonishment, actually carries it off by the story's powerful, poetic end.

Eye of a Hurricane is not flawless. Despite the studious care with which she uses language, Robson occasionally trips the ear with a clunky phrase or repetition. A few of the stories did not work for me, but most do. In fact, more than a few in this collection are, to my mind, admirable examples of the storyteller's art, dissolving the line between poetry and prose, vividly told, and rich with layers of meaning. ❑

Jorjet Harper is arts editor for *Chicago Outlines*, and co-edited the award-winning fiction and poetry anthology **Naming the Daytime Moon.**

The Outer Limits of Commitment

by Stephanie Byrd

HUMID PITCH: Narrative Poetry
by Cheryl Clarke
(Firebrand Books, ISBN 0932379664, 160 pp., $8.95)

"You are committed to certain values, you are committed to life, long before you sit at the typewriter. What comes out are the outer trimmings of your commitment, waiting for use."
– K. Kgositsile *(Issue,* Vol. VI, No. 1)

It is because of our commitment to ourselves as black lesbians that we also are committed to examine the world we inhabit. Understanding issues surrounding race and sexuality is part of the journey toward understanding the complexity of our values and lives. Through the narrative poetry in her latest book, **Humid Pitch**, Cheryl Clarke offers a revolutionary stance that engages the reader to seek the limits of commitment and to push forward the struggle toward freedom of expression. The value of black lesbian life emerges as the historical arena opens upon a vista of startling multiplicity.

In "Bulletin," Clarke reproduces an actual runaway slave bulletin once posted in Elizabethtown, NJ, on behalf of Gen. George Washington. The poem is Clarke's fictional response to that bulletin, a response which strongly asserts the relationship between race and sexuality. Throwing away traditional female garb with the threat of violence to "whoever try to take her up," the mulatto girl Charlotte, a runaway slave, vows not to be overtaken and emphasizes her resolve through cross-dressing – for a light-skinned black boy is less likely to be challenged than a light-skinned black girl. A fighter, Charlotte confronts her would-be captor's challenge with "a spray of brown fluid."

In the following poems, which Clarke calls "the sweet and angry births," other black lesbians make decisions and act in ways which require being less covert. In the "Epic of Song," the poet continues with the "long-telling song" (it is close to 100 pages long) of Star who, despite the presence of a man in her life, ocassionally sustains relationships with other women, including Candy Sweat. Both she and Candy understand when Star says,

> I need to be with some womens
> Need to hear they voices
> Need to see them dancin
> To rub some women's asses
> in silk and cotton
> Satin or linen
> Need a woman in my bed
> Wanna suck her breasts.

Because both Star and Candy are sexually flexible and egocentric in their self-awareness, the continuity of their relationship seems chaotic and alienated at times. However, the value of human touch and companionship always appears to ease the harsh reality of the choices which Star, in particular, must make.

Elizabeth Walker

Cheryl Clarke.

Both Star and Candy use sex as a way to emotionally manipulate people and each other. Candy manipulates Star, who in turn, manipulates another woman, Evalena. This unhealthy practice prevents Evalena from acheiving self-actualization. But the fascinating way in which the manipulations occur also helps to detract from Clarke's overuse of repetition and her heavy reliance on metaphor.

The emotional sterility of Evalena, as compared with the vitality of Charlotte, Candy, and Star, also functions as a transition into the life of Ella in the next poem, "Ella Takes Up the Slack." "The creeping depression" of child-care, a thankless job, and life's routine are balanced by Ella's tenacity to maintain the status quo despite the unpleasantness. Ella's tenacity is different from Star's. Star advances with each opportunity toward self-realization. Ella, by contrast, is static and emotionally barren. She produces no mirth or music. Even her children, who should testify to the fruition of Ella's life, are seen as "neglected parts."

Among the abstract values of black lesbian life is the very concrete existence of black gay men. Clarke's embrace of the scope of life is advanced by the poem, "Erol." A young black man, Erol also emerges in contrast to Ella's sterility. Erol is amused by his visiting female big-city relation who, though too cool to understand Erol's brand of "serious partyin'," values him, as does his community, for his even-handed hospitality. Erol's hospitality has two parts, one being private and exclusive. Females like his cousin cannot "party" with him. The "party" is an entirely exclusive masculine sphere, homosexual in nature. But, his other kind of hospitaltiy invites all members of the community. Erol is representative of a dimly remembered African past, something to be treasured. Without him, the legend and the magic of the past are lost. Erol, in understanding his role in the community, also accepts the complementarity of his Africaness. It is this which makes the author exhort us to:

> sit with Erol
> sing with him,
> spontaneously touch him,
> and copy the way
> he twirled a tooth pick
> with his tongue.

Humid Pitch speaks to our commitment to one another as black lesbians and addresses the substances and textures which make up the fabric of our lives. For Clarke, black lesbianism is not flat. Our lives have depth and complexity which include men and women, lesbian and gay and heterosexual. Clarke's expansiveness is not limited by Western feminist ideology or by a black lesbian social scheme. She tries to give feminism an Afro-centric focus. This book is determined to move the reader to consider the ways of our lives. It follows along its intended path, allowing the reader to grow weary, find distractions, rest, and be on her way. The path does not halt but continues long after the final poem. But this does not mean that **Humid Pitch** is a vessel of answers. Any imperfections, such as indulgent repetition or confusing changes of voices, can be seen as an attempt to provide a forum of honesty and openness in which the constraints of Western poetic traditions are ignored.

Without such openness, **Humid Pitch** would further separate us from each other and allow for an unjust and forced segregation. It is Clarke's sense of justice that unleashes the panorama of black life. This same sense of justice sprang from past enslaved men and women whose sexuality was perverted and purloined. Clarke openly addresses these concerns and forces a closer reading of the literature by and about contemporary black lesbian life. ❑

Stephanie Byrd has published two books, **25 Years of Malcontent** and **A Distant Footstep on the Plain**. Her current work in progress is entitled "In the House of Coppers." She attended Michigan State University and now makes her home in Ithaca, New York.

Not Your Average Lesbian Heroine...

by Denise Sudell

SKID: a Violet Childes Mystery
by Maud Farrell
(E.P. Dutton, ISBN 052524767X, 209 pp., $16.95)

Skid is maddening. It's hard to give this murder mystery even a qualified recommendation because there are so many qualifiers: mortifyingly florid writing, cardboard supporting characters, a plot that abandons all pretense of plausibility halfway through the novel. Yet, author Maud Farrell has hit upon something fresh and authentic in her portrayal of heroine Violet Childes, and that freshness and authenticity are enough to make **Skid** more readable than the average lesbian mystery.

Violet isn't your average lesbian heroine: she's madly in love with a man. And no, Naiad fans, she is no naive heterosexual ("strangely unfulfilled") who will inevitably discover the joys of woman-loving as well as the identity of the culprit before the novel's close. Quite the contrary: Violet is a longtime lesbian who turned for comfort to a man after the breakup of her six-year relationship with a woman who became a heroin addict.

Her best friend, lawyer Romaine Brookes (another ex-lover), disapproves heartily of her involvement with Paul Renault. But Violet has other things to worry about. She's just returned to lower Manhattan from six months in Italy where she fled to try to bury her anguish over the brutal murder of her beloved private detective father, Victor. Before she left, though, she asked Maxie, a numbers runner and friend of her father, to investigate his death. Now Violet is home, and ready to handle whatever information Maxie has to give her. Instead, on the floor of her photography studio, Violet finds Maxie himself, throat slashed, oozing blood all over her trendy gray carpet....

Maud Farrell. From the book jacket.

There's material here for any number of terrific plots: Violet stumbles upon hitherto-unsuspected secrets about her father's life, and his relationships with her mother and with a Mystery Woman; she struggles to reconcile her and Paul's deepening intimacy with her own lesbianism, as well as with Paul's increasing conservatism and disturbing ideas about power; she tries to referee the hostility between Paul and Romaine; she confronts Cindy, the heroin addict (now clean), and is forced, in turn, to confront her own pain and the reasons she sought the relationship with Paul.

Farrell takes on too much, though, in trying to juggle all of these ideas within the framework of a single novel. Instead of exploring any of them in depth, she ends up abandoning them all for a series of the hoariest clichés. First, she tries the "Girl Detective Infiltrates Mysterious Mental Institution by Masquerading as Patient" ploy. Then she dusts off the "Mystery Person Revealed to be Long-Lost Relative" routine. And for the climax, she pulls out the old favorite, the "Evil Capitalist Scheme to Enslave the Known Universe."

What's more, all of Farrell's innumerable storylines bristle with loose ends. Characters appear and disappear without explanation; significant plot developments are incomprehensible or simply unbelievable. What, for example, were Victor and Marie (Violet's mother) doing in Borneo in 1943? Why was Paul, a journalist, working with Victor before Victor's murder? Why would the baddies at the mental institution continue to allow Violet to roam the grounds freely, with a *camera*, for God's sake, even after she has been discovered ransacking their secret files? And how on earth does Violet deduce the identity of the killer, based almost solely on their information that he was wearing a baseball uniform?

Perhaps in an attempt to distract attention from the problematic plot, Farrell loads the novel with detail upon detail; those details are both detriment and saving grace. Farrell hasn't quite learned to integrate description with character or plot development; she has an annoying tendency to *tell*, rather than to *show*. And her overblown writing style is no help. **Skid** is studded with howlers, like this passage from the opening: "The sky was taut, stretched thin as the skin of a drum, a pale membrane, an eyelid sinking shut. Its color was smudged-up yellow, congealed, smeared across the palm of a horizon." Ouch.

What, then, redeems this novel? It's Farrell's still too inconsistent ability to hit on the quirkily perfect details that turn Violet into a three-dimensional woman, or that imbue a scene with what novelist/critic Jan Clausen would call "the feel of lived life." At one point, Violet finds in the package of her father's possessions which Maxie had managed to smuggle to her before his own murder a record – made in a booth at the tip of the Empire State Building – of her father and an unknown woman doing a giddy rendition of "Brush Up on Your Shakespeare." It's a poignant moment – the daughter listening as her murdered father's voice drifts from the stereo singing, with a stranger, her mother's favorite song.

If Farrell can tame her wildly erratic but undeniable talent, she'll be able to turn out a novel much more satisfying than this frustrating, but still intriguing, debut. ❑

Denise Sudell read her first mystery, a Nancy Drew, at the age of five. She lives in the politically-correct Washington, DC, suburb of Takoma Park, Maryland.

Sage Advice for the Connoisseur of Love

by Dori Anne Steele

A LESBIAN LOVE ADVISOR
by Celeste West
(Cleis Press, ISBN 0939416263, 190 pp., $9.95)

"Sex has always been a problem, but so has the weather."– Celeste West, **A Lesbian Love Advisor**

Witty, charming, and humorous, **A Lesbian Love Advisor** is a guide to the "sweet and savory arts" of lesbian courtship, romance, and love. Author Celeste West presents her lively and insightful views on lesbian dating and mating practices, including flirting, bedside manners, beginning and ending relationships, jealousy, and spiritual ceremonies and rituals. Speaking through the persona of "Lady Clitoressa," the author imparts a unique philosophy while conveying a great deal of practical information on a variety of subjects, such as safe sex and AIDS, personal ads, S/M, wills and powers-of-attorney, fair fighting, and commitment rituals. Artist Nicole Ferentz's distinctive illustrations complement the book and add a touch of whimsy.

Providing a wealth of insight on the art and science of lesbian love and lovemaking, West's prose style is rich, complex, and poetic. "Let us begin with flirting," the author states, "Isn't that where it usually begins?" "The Sweet Arts: Lesbian Flirting, Courtship & Romance" discusses methods of approaching women and initiating conversations, body language, foreplay, personal ads, ways to cope with rejection, and hints for creating a romantic mood. "Bedside Manners: Lesbian Sex Treats & Social Perils" includes advice on preparing the seduction dinner, making the first move, dealing with different sex practices and persuasions (safe sex included), and handling the morning after. West says, "Let us forgive any schizoid hysteria over Lesbian sex (over all sex) and wish the Big Easy where kisses run free."

From the cover of ***A Lesbian Love Advisor.***

"Back to the Pleasure Dome" explores the relationship between sensuality, sexuality, and fantasies. Relating some of her personal experiences, West discusses a variety of intriguing scenarios and erotic rituals for both new and established lovers. She comments that "trying on wanton ideas like one dons clothes can be a revelation of amazing and humorous sex. Once you accept that sex is as mental as it is genital, you can kiss all kinds of sexy 'unreality' into juicy existence."

West gives some of the sanest advice that I've ever come across on how to cope with jealousy. Difficult topics such as monogamy versus nonmonogamy and a workable code of pluralism are deftly handled; a list of questions never to ask your lover and a first aid kit for jealousy are provided. To keep your lover, West suggests that you tell your lover that "you love her and are afraid of losing her.... Win her back with your love; do not destroy things in anger and blame.... Be the woman someone wants to come back to...." West introduces "Fifty Ways to Leave Your Lover" by stating, "Actually, there is only one way to leave your lover, with her laughing, blowing you a kiss. This chapter is about being left." West shares hints on how to cope with the breakup of a relationship and ways to get through grief. Her advice: "To feel lovable again, do something loving for someone."

The comprehensive **Love Advisor** examines various types of lesbian relationships and different stages therein (first blush, power struggle, acceptance, commitment, co-creation), and describes why lesbian relationships fail and ways to keep them alive and vital. Presenting useful guidelines on the lesbian code of civility and manners, fair fighting techniques, and the art of forgiving, the book also addresses how to prevent misunderstandings about personal habits and space, money, housekeeping, and fusion/fission issues. Practical advice details how to draw up love and partnership agreements, powers-of-attorney, and wills.

As a conclusion, West includes a discussion of ritual as theater, celebration, rebirth, community, invocation, and healing. The chapter contains specific suggestions for planning and performing various rites, such as a coming out ritual, a commitment ceremony for lovers, and a self-blessing ritual.

Overall, **A Lesbian Love Advisor** is an entertaining and delightful book and essential reading for connoisseurs of romance. Even those who are not fans of flowery language or sensual philosophy will find plenty of humor and practical information here. All women who need advice on their love lives (and who doesn't?) will want to pick up a copy of this book and study it. ❑

Dori Anne Steele is a poet, writer, and performance artist. Her book, **Drawing Back the Curtain: A Collection of Erotica**, is scheduled for publication by Banned Books in Spring 1990.

Maupin — A Sure Thing

(Continued from Page 1)

subliminal of all the characters in the stories. As late as the last book, I still thought of Mary Ann as a pretty decent person. From the beginning, the series has served as a kind of shrink for me. [Mary Ann's development] may have to do with the fact that I tap into the ambitious side of myself when writing about her, so in some ways I suppose she's a sort of projection of my worst fears about myself.

Does her sell-out mean that you have become disillusioned with the ability of middle America to understand gay people?

She certainly represents a certain callous, materialistic mindset I find all too prevalent nowadays. She also represents the degree to which people are willing to accommodate to the closet mentality if it means the furtherance of their own success.

When Burke, a New York television producer, shows up, Mary Ann worries that he has come to San Francisco to do an AIDS story, and the narrator remarks, "She'd grown weary of explaining the plague to visiting newsmen, most of whom came here expecting to find the smoldering ruins of Sodom." Is this your attitude, too?

Mary Ann was definitely speaking for me in that context. I spent years here fending off journalists who wanted to write about the end of the good times, and the way the naughty boys had finally paid for their transgressions. I was told by CBS (who else?) that they would promote my books if I would consent to stand outside a boarded up bath house and talk about the ways life has changed in the Castro. It became perfectly clear to me how I was being used, and I refused to do it.

Is that necessarily bad journalism? I recall a series Randy Shilts did in 1986 about how the Castro wasn't a party place anymore.

Of course there are changes. But to me the story all along has been the extraordinary response of the community here to a disease that received no attention from anyone [else] for years. And I was simply unwilling to participate in any version of this story which made it seem like a massive irresponsibility was afoot because I simply didn't believe it.

I was fascinated by the role New York/San Francisco duel-ism played in Sure of You. **Especially after Mary Ann gets hungry for a New York job, she begins to see San Francisco as a provincial place. How do you see this tale of two cities?**

In many ways we are a small town and tend to be enormously defensive when it comes to battles with New York or Los Angeles. On the other hand, every major social movement of the last 20 years has arisen in this city. New York has a tendency to ignore what happens here until it becomes so obvious it can no longer be ignored. Our response to the AIDS epidemic is a perfect case in point.

Michael Tolliver's most interesting scene was when he told off the Calvin Klein-ish Russell Rand character. If I understand it right, Sure of You **takes the position that closet cases are our worst enemies. What's wrong with it? People say: I have to survive, make a living.**

The bottom line is: homosexuality is either okay, or it's not. If it's okay, then it's nothing to be ashamed of, and the only way we are going to convince the public that it's okay is by acting accordingly. People who remain in the closet, for whatever reason, are perpetuating the notion that it is a dirty little secret. Career and money are no longer sufficient arguments when thousands of people are dying from neglect and hatred and outright abuse.

When teenagers are growing up terrified of their sexuality, I don't want to hear why a 45-year old has to remain closeted to protect his career. I don't want to hear that Lily Tomlin won't get another movie if people know she is gay. There are more crucial issues at stake.

You are a radical closet door opener...

I don't believe in participating in the deceit, and I don't believe in the age-old code that one doesn't bring another person out of the closet without their consent. I think that code may have been of use at one time when [homosexuality] was considered both a mental illness and an illegal act, but I think [the code] has outlived its usefulness.

Did Rock Hudson's illness have something to do with your decision not to participate in the deceit?

Yes. I had pretty much formulated this thesis before I was asked about Rock's homosexuality by the press. When the question finally came, I realized this was the moment of truth, and if I believed what I said I believed then I should speak openly and honestly and happily of his homosexuality.

You caught a lot of flack for that, too.

I did. I heard mostly from gay people who felt that I had violated this ancient code. I was mystified by the number of gay people who still apparently believe that homosexuality is a dirty secret.

It struck me that the male characters in the series have gotten stodgy about sex, while the lustier characters are women.

There's no question that lesbians are having more fun than gay men these days. This is not a new thing. I began to reflect this phenomenon in **Significant Others**, even as early as **Babycakes** when Mona Ramsey had to confront the issue of whether or not to become a lipstick lesbian. I think it is the most exciting social phenomenon in the gay world.

Anna Madrigal is absent for most of this book and is even tempted to leave San Francisco. Do you find her kind of San Francisco-hippie, dope-smoking, bohemian free-spiritedness dated?

No, no, I still love all those things — at the risk of pissing off Nancy Reagan. Anna's only tempted to leave San Francisco because she falls in love with someone. The issue is whether the love of one man takes precedence over her brood.

Her spirit is very much alive in San Francisco. It's harder to find sometimes, but it's there. And it's the reason I stay here. I seek out that spirit in every friend I have, straight or gay. We still have our share of warm-hearted old liberals; I'm damn grateful for them.

Except when Michael is worried that he has KS, he doesn't seem as interesting in his own right in this novel. Is this simply an aesthetic problem, or was Tolstoy correct in saying that all happy marriages are more or less alike, but all unhappy marriages are unhappy in their own way?

It is very difficult to write about domesticity and not get a little boring. I hope that it's interesting insofar as it shows that Michael is capable of [sustaining] such a relationship, because he has spent the greater part of five books bouncing in and out of bed with people and looking for happiness and not finding it.

The fact that there is an "ax hanging over his head" is relatively interesting. One of the points of **Sure of You** is the way in which people have learned to incorporate this terrifying plague into what are otherwise relatively mundane and prosaic lives. Friends stop each other on Castro Street and discuss the latest movies in the same breath they discuss the latest herbal remedies they've picked up at the buyer's club. So I wanted to reflect this curious juxtaposition of the mundane and the horrific. I see it as the closest thing to reporting I do in the book, because my own life is very much this way.

You don't mean literally? You told the *Advocate* that you are HIV-negative. So Michael is not you in this instance?

Right. In my own life, I deal with AIDS because both my lover and my best friend are antibody-positive and so we spend a lot of time thinking about it and dealing with it.

Compared to the earlier novels, Sure of You **is less outrageous — no Episcopalian cannibals or Halloween parades. Has gay life, San Francisco-style, lost its novelty for you?**

San Francisco life hasn't completely lost its novelty for me because there are new and hilarious variations. My aim in this book was to make the plot turn more on internal conflicts than on external devices. I felt that people who had followed the books for a dozen years or so had come to know the characters and might want this closer, more personal view of how their minds actually work.

One of the first pieces I edited when I was book review editor at the *Washington Blade* was a profile on you, and I came away from it with the picture of a crazy author, smoking dope all night and then careening down to the *Chronicle* to drop off his copy.

That's just the way it was. A rather frantic, desperate lunge for the newspaper office about 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

This is the first *Tale of the City* that wasn't serialized. Why?

It was my choice. I had enough of a world-wide audience that I didn't need the newspaper any longer and I certainly didn't need the censorship and the usual restrictions that were placed on me by the newspaper.

Do you miss being close to your audience? I suspect that when you were serialized, you were getting a lot of feedback at the same time.

There is that advantage. But it's far outweighed by the lessening of the tension. It was truly a grueling experience most of the time.

I can highly recommend [serial publication] to anyone who's trying to polish his fiction because it does allow you to write a first draft in public and to receive that feedback. And it forces you to write 800 words a day, whether you want to or not.

Because the series was appearing daily in a newspaper, didn't it also become a form of AIDS education? When Michael was discovering condoms, weren't you telling San Francisco to use condoms?

As a matter of fact, **Babycakes** (1984) was the first fiction about AIDS to be published anywhere. When it appeared in the *Chronicle* in 1983, there were a lot of readers who were annoyed that I had, in their words, "spoiled their light morning entertainment" by mentioning this terrible thing. But I had lost a very close friend to pneumocystis in 1982, and it became apparent to me that if I was purporting to write about life as I knew it, I couldn't avoid the subject.

There's not much in Sure of You **about the gay community of San Francisco — the political clubs, the newspapers, the religious organizations, sports teams, and so on. Why?**

What I'm writing about is a character, and I'm following the evolution of this character. Michael Tolliver was a member of the San Francisco street culture 12 years ago, but he owns a house now. He runs a nursery, he's in a more domestic situation, and he's found a lover, so his life isn't about that [culture]. It's about "cocooning" if you will.

At the same time, I regard Michael as a radical of sorts because he has made this discovery of what it means to be completely honest about your sexuality. I think Michael reflects the rise of a new gay radicalism.

Does that owe a lot to his lover, Thack?

No question. My own lover, Terry Anderson, is even more loudmouth on the subject than I am so, to a certain degree, Michael and Thack's relationship reflects mine and Terry's.

Has the gay community been pretty much preempted by AIDS and AIDS issues?

What I see in San Francisco right now is a very encouraging sign that we no longer have accepted AIDS as a death sentence. When I began **Sure of You**, I think it is safe to say that I had a pessimistic view of the future. Now, my attitude has changed almost 180 degrees. My lover feels the same way. We both feel it is not unreasonable to think that he's going to be around for a long time. I don't think that's a Pollyanna-ish attitude or a defense mechanism. I think it is truly based on the knowledge that medical science seems to be moving a little faster than we thought it was several years ago.

What can gay people do to counteract Jesse Helms and the kind of moral witchhunting that seems ready to devour Barney Frank?

This is why it keeps coming back to the issue of the closet to me. Gay people are expected to fight this kind of bigotry with one hand tied behind their backs. We are not allowed to name the good and true and useful citizens within our ranks. We're not allowed to take credit for the Tom Sellecks and the Greg Louganises and Kelly McGillis of the world. We can't strike back against that kind of bigotry because we're essentially invisible.

What's in the future? Are you *sure* there's not another Tales **left?**

Yeah. I have several ideas for novels I want to explore. And frankly, I'm enjoying the idea of that kind of freedom. I have a musical I'm working on at the moment which, if all goes well, will open on Broadway in the spring. It also contains gay characters, so I'll be able to address myself to some of the same concerns I've had before.

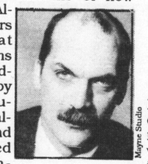
I know better than to say never. It's not inconceivable that at some point many years from now I could come back to *Tales of the City*, but at the moment I've said what I want to say about these people. ❑

PRESTON ON PUBLISHING

The Politics of Modern Marvels

by John Preston

Futurists claimed the computer would create a paperless world. So far, the main effect of these marvels of modern life has been the propagation of mountains of new printed matter. Almost all publishers still demand that original submissions of material be in old-fashioned hard copy — typewritten manuscripts or letter quality print-outs — and hold to antiquated production techniques to turn those books they accept into finished volumes.


Wayne Studio

A very few enterprising small presses have been able to cut publishing costs dramatically by using an author's disk to create typeset galleys from which they can print books cheaply. The same technology is available to any industrious author. Since only about a half dozen distributors handle most of the small press books sold in this country, circulation of books into the marketplace has become much easier. That's become even less complicated since fewer than 100 bookstores sell the majority of gay books; the distributors might not even be necessary for a small-scale enterprise, especially when there are now widely circulated gay and lesbian periodicals which have also created a marketplace through their classified advertising sections. With a prudent use of resources, self-publishing is a much more viable option now than it has been in decades.

Desktop publishing technology makes all this possible. Until recently, a writer would have to pay huge sums to have a book typeset and designed, or else have to be willing to accept primitive forms of printing. Many of the first works of gay and lesbian liberation, for instance, were done on little more than mimeograph machines. Today, a computer-literate person can take desktop publishing software and a rented laser printer to develop a good-looking and professionally styled product.

Hopefully, one outcome of this new technology will be a renaissance of optional forms of publishing. Those early liberation works were often pamphlets or chapbooks, short works of fiction or polemics which were too short for mainstream publishers to even consider. These forms of expression are time-honored. Many of the documents of the French and American revolutions fit these categories. Publishers working in the mainstream today have fixed ideas of what a book or any other publication should be. That usually means a manuscript of no fewer than 250 typewritten, double-spaced pages. For marketing simplicity, publishers also want straightforward prose narratives, whether the work is fiction or not. Poetry fits into few of these publishing plans.

As more publishers have created greater opportunity for gay and lesbian work to be put in the mainstream, writers have consciously or unconsciously conformed to these structural demands. However, with new forms of distribution and self-publishing making it more plausible for writers to put their work into readers' hands, it's not necessary to conform to the sometimes rigid concept of how long a book must be, with what kind of binding, or in what kind of style.

All of this is important politically. All publishing has become more restrictive. And it's not just in book publication; fewer magazines are willing to stretch the style and tone of their content, for instance. A renaissance of political and literary discourse is possible with new forms of publishing.

Electronic communications are making some inroads into the publishing world. (This column, for instance, was transmitted to BOOK REPORT by fax, which is itself a contradiction to the hopes of the futurists. A fax, while certainly electronic, doesn't bypass the need for paper; it creates *more*.)

And there is movement on the technology front. One of the most exciting developments has been the proliferation of gay computer boards. People with access to a computer and a modem can tap into hundreds of such community town meetings at little or no cost. Many of the boards have become highly sophisticated, and some writers and publishers are beginning to learn how to use the boards to spread their work. *This Week in Texas* is only one gay publication which makes its weekly issue accessible to readers around the country by transmitting its editorial content to many of these boards. So far, most of the fiction on the boards tends to be pornographic (the underground writer who is most excluded from the open marketplace has to learn to be the most creative in getting his or her words into print), but there's no reason why other writers shouldn't consider how to get their words onto the boards to develop their readership, solicit personal and community feedback, and bypass the publishing establishment when it is not responsive to their work.

If you're interested in this new means of delivering information and opinions, here are two bulletin boards I've found to be most helpful in getting in touch with networks in your hometown, or else networks which are closest to your own personal interests. In Baltimore: Harbor Bytes (301) 235-6753; in New York City: The Backroom (718) 849-1614. ❑

This column is a regular feature on publishing as it relates to lesbians and gay men. If you have any questions or topics you would like to see explored, feel free to write to John Preston at Box 5314, Portland, ME 04101.

Mr. Preston has edited **Personal Dispatches: Writers Confront AIDS**, recently published by St. Martin's. He is completing work on **The Big Gay Book** to be published next year by NAL/Plume.

MARGINALIA

One-of-a-Kind Aids Book Gets New Life

Sasha Alyson, who spearheaded the effort to produce the book **You Can Do Something About AIDS**, has announced that donations of paper and printing will make possible a second edition of the book in December 1989. The new edition will carry a special introduction by author James A. Michener, and will carry a $1.00 jacket price.

Calls for Submissions

A literary anthology for, by, and about **black lesbians** is seeking poetry (any form or length) and short fiction (maximum 25 pages). Send unpublished submissions and queries with self-addressed, stamped envelope to Terri Jewell, 211 W. Saginaw, #2, Lansing, MI 48933. Deadline: April 1990.

Submissions sought for a book on **lesbians responding to AIDS**, focusing on the experiences of lesbian carepartners and those who have lost close friends and/or family members. Essays should not exceed 5000 words and should focus on emotional processes (love, anger, sadness, fear, survivor guilt, etc.), day-to-day concrete experiences, and interactions with others close to the PWA. For more information, or to submit a manuscript, please write Book Project, 1414 17th St., NW, #802, Washington, DC 20036.

An anthology of original short stories and some poetry representing the **AIDS epidemic and its consequences** is planned. The editors are interested in a broad representation of issues and authors. Inquiries and submissions may be sent to Professor Timothy F. Murphy, Department of Medical Education M/C 591, University of Illinois College of Medicine, Chicago, IL 60612.

Forum Available

Seacoast Gay Men, the oldest and largest gay support social organization in New Hampshire, makes available its weekly meetings and monthly mailings, without charge, to gay publishers and authors as a **forum for new publications**. Contact Al Santerre, program and public relations, S.G.M., P.O. Box 1394, Portsmouth, NH 03801, telephone (603)898-1115.

Attention Crossword Puzzle Constructors

BOOK REPORT is looking for crossword puzzle constructors to work with crossword editor, "Custis Pinckney." Byline and recompense will be yours. Please write Puzzles, c/o BOOK REPORT, 1625 Connecticut Ave., NW, Washington, DC 20009.

BEST SELLERS

WOMEN'S PAPERBACK

1. **LESBIAN LOVE STORIES,** ed. by Irene Zahava. (Crossing Press, $9.95)
2. **THE DOG COLLAR MURDERS,** by Barbara Wilson. (Seal Press, $8.95)
3. **PLEASURES,** by Robbi Sommers. (Naiad Press, $8.95)
4. **BINGO,** by Rita Mae Brown. (Bantam Books, $4.95)
5. **THREE WOMEN,** by March Hastings. (Naiad Press, $8.95)
6. **UNUSUAL COMPANY,** by Margaret Erhart. (Plume, $7.95)
7. **FATAL REUNION,** by Claire McNab. (Naiad Press, $8.95)
8. **TRASH,** by Dorothy Allison. (Firebrand Books, $8.95)
9. **AFTER THE FIRE,** by Jane Rule. (Naiad Press, $8.95)
10. **UNBROKEN TIES: Lesbian Ex-Lovers,** by Carol Becker. (Alyson, $7.95)

WOMEN'S HARDBOUND

1. **PERMANENT PARTNERS,** by Betty Berzon. (E.P. Dutton, $18.95)
2. **INVISIBLE LIVES,** by Martha Barron Barrett. (Morrow, $19.95)
3. **THE BAR STORIES,** by Nisa Donnelly. (St. Martin's, $17.95)
4. **THE EDUCATION OF HARRIET HATFIELD,** by May Sarton. (Norton, $18.95)
5. **SKID: A Violet Childes Murder Mystery,** by Maud Farrell. (Dutton, $16.95)
6. **WINDHORSE WOMAN,** by Lynn Andrews. (Warner, $17.95)
7. **CAT'S EYE,** by Margaret Atwood. (Doubleday, $18.95)
8. **A PLACE AT THE TABLE,** by Edith Konecky. (Random House, $16.95)

MEN'S PAPERBACK

1. **ON BEING GAY,** by Brian McNaught. (St. Martin's Stonewall Inn Ed., $7.95)
2. **ABOUT COURAGE,** by Mickey C. Fleming. (Holloway House, $2.95)
3. **MATLOVICH: The Good Soldier,** by Mike Hippler. (Alyson, $8.95)
4. **RIVER ROAD** by C.F. Borgman. (Plume, $8.95)
5. **PANTHERS IN THE SKINS OF MEN,** by Charles Nelson. (Lyle Stuart, $9.95)
6. **LEATHERMAN'S HANDBOOK II,** by Larry Townsend. (Carlyle Comm., $5.95)
7. **BEAUTIFUL ROOM IS EMPTY,** by Edmund White. (Ballantine, $4.95)
8. **EVERYBODY LOVES YOU,** by Ethan Mordden. (St. Martin's Press, $8.95)
9. **MEATMEN VOL. 5,** ed. by Winston Leyland. (Gay Sunshine Press, $12.95)
10. **MEN ON MEN 2,** ed. by George Stambolian. (Plume, $9.95)

MEN'S HARDBOUND

1. **SURE OF YOU,** by Armistead Maupin. (Harper & Row, $18.95)
2. **AFTER THE BALL,** by Marshall Kirk and Hunter Madsen. (Doubleday, $19.95)
3. **BEING HOMOSEXUAL,** by Richard A. Isay. (Farrar Straus Giroux, $14.95)
4. **SHORE LEAVE,** by Andrew Kennedy. (Bruno Gmünder, $29.95)
5. **PERMANENT PARTNERS,** by Betty Berzon. (E.P. Dutton, $18.95)
6. **HOME BOY,** by Jimmy Chesire. (New American Library, $18.95)
7. **IN MEMORY OF ANGEL CLARE,** by Christopher Bram. (Donald I. Fine, $18.95)
8. **EPITAPHS FOR THE LIVING,** by Billy Howard. (So. Methodist Univ. Pr., $35.00)

Best Sellers were determined by Lambda Rising's nationwide phone and mail order sales and by sales in Lambda Rising's Washington, DC, and Baltimore, MD, stores.

Book Marks

MARK THE MUSIC
by Eric A. Gordon

(St. Martin's, ISBN 0312026072, 605 pp., $29.95)

Musicologists have in the past few years begun to pay more attention to gay composers, first admitting that some "masters" were gay, and then studying how their lifestyles are reflected in their music. Recent articles in *19th Century Music*, one of the premier journals in the field, have dealt with Chaikowsky and Schubert, and a gay caucus is being formed within the staid American Musicological Society.

One gay composer who translated his beliefs about the equality of all Americans into his music was Marc Blitzstein (1905-1964)). His music is rarely performed these days; if most people know of him at all, it is from Truman Capote's account "Music for Chameleons," in which Blitzstein's murder by two sailors is told. However, the quality and power of Blitzstein's music bear little relation to how often we hear it performed. His opera *Regina*, based on Lillian Hellman's *The Little Foxes*, is an American masterpiece. The *Airborne Symphony* is an exciting hymn to man's conquest of the air for peace. Perhaps most famous in this day of Congressional dabbling in censorship is his 1936 production with Orson Welles and John Houseman of the pro-union theatre piece, *The Cradle Will Rock*, banned by the government but produced to great acclaim.

Marc Blitzstein. From the book.

Eric A. Gordon's new biography, **Mark the Music: The Life and Work of Marc Blitzstein**, puts its emphasis on the political and sociological aspects of Blitzstein's art and how his compositions are a reflection of his life and times. Blitzstein wrote his own libretti, and Gordon quotes from them extensively to show how Blitzstein constantly championed social justice. There is an abundance of detail here which might have bogged down a reader but for Gordon's concentration on the major themes and counterpoints in Blitzstein's life and his conveyance of the sweep of the composer's career.

Actual description and analysis of the music is kept to a minimum. This is no doubt due to the biography's emphasis on Blitzstein's life itself and the need to maintain a reasonable length. But the comments Gordon makes about the music show insight, and one wishes that he had dealt with it more.

The one major substantive omission here is too little information about what other composers were doing at the time, and, in particular, Blitzstein's relationship with Aaron Copland. The two men shared political beliefs and sexual preference; why then, was Copland far more successful as a composer? More details about fellow composers such as Paul Bowles, David Diamond, and Henry Cowell would also have helped to flesh out Blitzstein's musical milieu.

Mark the Music is an outstanding account of Blitzstein's life and times; other gay composers deserve similar dedication. Gordon's wealth of detail and superlative analysis of how Blitzstein's beliefs are manifested in topics he chose for his works make this first Blitzstein biography definitive — or, rather, a first volume of such. We eagerly wait for someone to do "volume two," a detailed analysis of Blitzstein's music, and we welcome more performances of his works.

✍ **David Anderson**

SUE SLATE: Private Eye
by Lee Lynch

(Naiad Press, ISBN 0941483525, 161 pp., $8.95)

Lee Lynch offers us a clever detective story told from the perspective of a tiger cat named Sue. In this tale, **Sue Slate: Private Eye**, Lynch's ingenious descriptions of the San Francisco cat world are refreshing and highly entertaining. The overall mood of the book is light, yet Lynch ties the mystery to the contemporary AIDS research dilemma. Thus, one may come away from this story with a new understanding and concern for those suffering from HIV infection.

Lee Lynch. Photo by Kathy Buckalew.

The author dedicates this story to a cast of cats including Sweetpea, Canterbury Tailes, and the late Edison Weagle. Lynch's ability to laugh with us at her own silly humor throughout this creative romp is evident and it is what makes the book very readable. She obviously enjoyed making cat puns of human words to describe the feline world; this is where her writing is at its best. The plot, for example, centers around a "kitnapping" in Peacock Alley somewhere in the Mission District. Our private eye is approached by Tallulah Mimosa, who dons a "multi-colored jumpsuit — black, gold, cream — with a manicured paw" and wears "Roemance" from "Cats Fifth Avenue." Catchy descriptions such as these jump off the pages as we read.

Tallulah's adopted kittens have been mysteriously snatched, and Sue sets out to find them. Here, we have all the ingredients of a black and white 1940's crime movie "lesbicat"-style: the detective in her grey pinstripes, perfectly polished saddle shoes, and angled fedora, and the client (who is also Sue's love interest), a sexy, husky-voiced torch singer. Lynch, keeping in step with her previous novels, plays up the butch-femme roles.

The search for the missing kitties leads through the back streets of San Francisco's Mission District where we meet Rex Boudoir, a "catanova" who sports a rhinestone-studded collar, and Bad Tuna Gat, a no-good alley cat. We experience the thrill of Tallulah's nightly shows at the Peacock Alley Cafe, complete with her white-gloved baby dyke drummer Hot Paws and her grey Persian pianist Woogie. We are floored by Miss Mimosa's rendition of "Climb Every Curtain."

Other characters in this mystery include a variety of Peoples (the cat word for humans), including Slate's People, Levis and his lover, Darlin', who has AIDS. In cats' eyes, AIDS is something akin to the Feline Leukemia Virus, which has plagued the cat community of Peacock Alley.

The plot thickens once Big Ole, a "reformed" gay People, is murdered. He is affiliated with the God Is Not Dead Church, a fundamentalist group which uncharacteristically runs an AIDS clinic on the side. A loose computer disk, which Sue pounces on at the scene of the crime, may hold answers to the entire *cata*strophe.

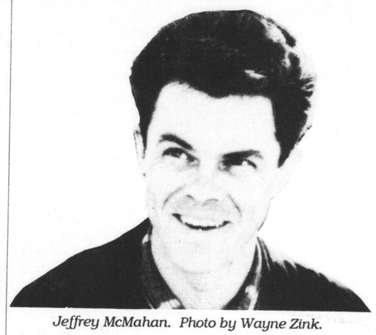
If you are an animal lover, curl up with your favorite pet and enjoy Lee Lynch's witty work. If not, reading **Sue Slate** may make you an instant cat fan.

✍ **Susan Prophater**

SOMEWHERE IN THE NIGHT
by Jeffrey N. McMahan

(Alyson Publ., ISBN 1555831575, 182 pp., $7.95)

For those of us who like stories of suspense, nothing's better than discovering a good book that transports us into the Twilight Zone. Firing our imaginations, delighting us with its decadence, and nourishing the weirder aspects of our humour, Jeffrey McMahan's **Somewhere in the Night** is such a book. A collection of eight stories, **Somewhere** is reminiscent of Rod Serling's Twilight Zone, and each story is, by itself, worthy of Mr. Serling's stamp of approval.



Jeffrey McMahan. Photo by Wayne Zink.

McMahan's little book is a midnight gem. He writes with a droll cynicism that envelopes many of his characters in an aura of bemused self-deprecation. Nowhere is this more apparent than in the title story and its companion piece, the novella "Hell is for Children." Subtitled "Cruising with Andrew" and "Cruising with Andrew — Again," these two stories feature a charming, sensual, alluring, and irresistible vampire. But, with all of the superhuman powers of the undead, Andrew is at once vulnerable and sardonic, resigned to his fate and yet morally conscious of bestowing that fate on others. He feels it's better to take his pleasure and kill his victims outright than to plunge them into a parallel existence with him. (Andrew is definitely into selective reproduction!)

The Andrew stories, albeit the pivotal pieces in the collection, are the most memorable, the most fun to read, and obviously the ones that McMahan had the most fun writing . To say that they are the best in no way slights the other six. We are grabbed from behind and dragged enthralled into the fourth dimension that McMahan has wrought by the first story, "Two-Faced Johnny," a Halloween story with a twist. Placing it at the beginning was a stroke of genius, and the abrupt and unexpected denuemount of this somnulant little piece of fluff about two Halloween junkies on the cruise for a party will not disappoint even the most jaded of readers. As we approach this gayest of gay holidays, "Two-Faced Johnny" will surely add to our shrieks of horrified delight.

For those who share an addiction for horror, a book like **Somewhere in the Night** is a champagne fix. Gay and lesbian writers have not ventured into this genre very often. Those who thrive on the weird, the grotesque, and the enchantingly malevolent will find it refreshing to be transported into a different dimension that includes gay characters, sensibilities, and themes. **Somewhere** is decidedly a boy book; hopefully, there is a female McMahan out there doing for the girl book audience what McMahan has done for his.

Books are a great escape, and stories of the bizarre, strange, and suspenseful even more so. As afficianados of Anne Rice can attest, vampire culture is especially and incredibly sensual and seductive. McMahan has infused his Andrew stories with all of the expected seductive charm and more. He has also brought the same macabre sensuality to his other stories. **Somewhere in the Night** is the kind of book that fans of the genre will want to escape with again and again.

✍ **John Michael Sophos**

BEDROOMS HAVE WINDOWS
by Kevin Killian

(Amethyst Press, ISBN 0927200015, 134 pp., $8.95)

Following closely on the heels of his first novel, **Shy**, published earlier this year by Crossing Press, Kevin Killian's **Bedrooms Have Windows** returns to his world of young America — gay, straight, or otherwise quirky. This time the landscape is the author's own life — his salad days or, in this case, his "Tab" days. True to form, Killian blurs the distinction between novel (the author appeared as a character in **Shy**) and memoir (in **Bedrooms**, "real life" is arranged for maximum dramatic effect). Is this a memoir in the manner of **I Was a White Slave in Harlem** — that, is, pure whimsy? Or is this a gay **One Writer's Beginnings**, an introspection like Christopher Isherwood's autobiographical works? **Bedrooms** is probably a little of both.

Killian gives us the story of his youth in stylized anecdotes, filtered through a writer's sensibility: two parts deadpan humor, one part dry vermouth. His sketches include adventures as a "homosexual primitive" in New York City at 20 and his own "go west, young man" impulse to move to San Francisco. In between, we get descriptions of the druggy decadence of boys' school (which seem somehow true to life), the languors of off-duty waiters in a restaurant world and, most persuasively, the driving horniness of the artist as a young gay man.

From the beginning, **Bedrooms** seems more poetic than **Shy**, and also (thank the goddess) better edited — no more typos lurking on the page. Killian conveys a good sense of place; as in **Shy**, his subject represents, at least in part, the kinkiness of the real America, the suburbs where married men just "want fun with a boy," and gay boys want to escape to the "jungly eroticism" of the big city. Killian's Long Island is "a jewelled bracelet flung out into the sea from Manhattan. Driving your car real fast at night down the Expressway from west to east produces the intimate, daring sensation of glamour in one, sexy because stolen, de Maupassant somehow."

Along the way, **Bedrooms** includes a spirited romp through the vanities and caprices of young writers, detailing juvenalia with Sorrentinian titles like "After the Cheese" and "Laughs in the Cake."

Fans of **Shy** will want to know that Harry Van makes a few cameo appearances in **Bedrooms**, once posing with a rose in a way which won't be given away here. As Kevin says, "Look out for the thorns." The same advice could as well be applied to this book as a whole. No one said it would be pretty.

✍ **Robert Friedman**

LETTING IN THE NIGHT
by Joan Lindau

(Firebrand Books, ISBN 0932379591, 180 pp., $8.95)

Letting in the Night is a novel about an intricate, long-term relationship between two women who are geographically separated by choice. Both PhD's in their forties teaching in academia, the women have been involved since their undergraduate days. Because one of the women has become terminally ill, threads of pain are woven into this thoughtful work. The novel is told in first person and present tense by Thad, the narrator, who discovers that Franco, 3000 miles away, is ill. Alternating with current events are flashbacks to the lovers' early relationship, all logged in a rather blunt, sometimes obscure, task-and-event-oriented journal writing style.

It is almost Christmas when Franco's first letter about her illness arrives. Thad's journey to spend a snowy Christmas with Franco begins an exploration and examination of their relationship which weaves the present in with the past and creates most of the fabric of the book. Bittersweet memories abound as the two women come together on the college campus of their youth, where Franco has been teaching.

But the book has a painful, sometimes harsh tone as it explores the somewhat alienated relationship between Thad and Franco. The abrupt transitions between past and present are indicated by lines separating the print. After a period of adjustment to the blunt, choppy flow of the book and the abrasive, caustic relating of the two women, the reader begins to relax and become immersed in Thad and Franco's attempts to resolve and reaffirm their relationship. The reader will find that the relationship achieves new heights and is greatly enhanced as the book progresses, and what began as an extremely tedious literary experience with an often inaccessible style will capture the reader's attention and interest before midpoint in the novel.

The psychodynamics between Thad and Franco involve a difficulty with intimacy as they bring the residue of their own family histories (which involve alcoholism, abuse, and intrusiveness) into the relationship. We wonder about, and are finally brought into awareness of, the reasons Thad pursues and seeks bonding, and why Franco tends to distance herself and obstruct intimacy.

Snow, Christmastime, a college town, a study of evolving intimacy, old friendships, memories, life, pain, illness, and love make **Letting in the Night** a complex and difficult but worthwhile experience. Professional readers will especially identify with Thad's and Franco's academic lives; all will find gratification in the resolution of relationship issues.

✍ **Marjorie Morgan**

SERIOUS PLEASURE
ed. by The Sheba Collective

(Sheba Feminist Publishers, ISBN 0907179428, 208 pp., $9.95)

In the mood for some good, sexy reading? Something not too mushy yet not just about sex? Not offensive to women yet unabashedly hot? Well then, **Serious Pleasure** is for you. Edited by London's Sheba Collective, this collection of short stories and poems artfully weaves politics and sexuality in a thoughtful and erotic way.

The introduction sets the tone by emphasizing acceptance of differences in lesbian erotic experience and fantasy. The Sheba Collective manages to avoid dogmatism while addressing many controversial issues in the lesbian community, such as S&M or whether to incorporate safe sex guidelines within the stories themselves. Some readers may not agree with the editors' finally agreed upon approach (not to censor anything but to add a safe sex chapter at the end), but few will find fault with the honest and courageous attempt to address such challenging questions.

Serious Pleasure embraces the wide range of lesbian erotica, relying on diverse and creative writing styles. The titles are catchy and the tone is often humorous, with lines ringing true. For example, Maria Jastrzebska's "Some Orgasms I'd Like To Mention" laments moments "like having to go and pee/the doorbell ringing/your mother calling/the cat trying to join in...." Included are stories or poems about masturbation, threesomes, Mother Earth, and Jewish culture; one even comes complete with glossary. Some are almost bittersweet in their blending of humor and loss. And others are frankly bizarre, mixing reality with fantasy enough to leave the reader to her own imaginative devices.

Perhaps the most intriguing stories are those that explore in an open-minded, sexy way the "darker" side of lesbian desire. For example, Jewelle Gomez's "White Flowers" exposes the dynamics of pure lust which can never be truly understood, only experienced. Barbara Smith's "The Art Of Poise," Gomez's "Water With The Wine," and Tina Bays' "Ambivalence" succeed in being highly erotic without being very rough, while incorporating political-erotic themes such as the ambiguity of power and control in lesbian desire.

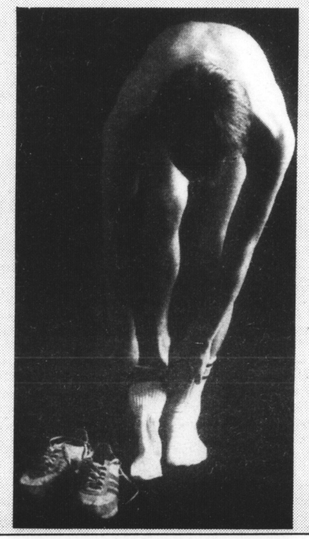
In the end, the reader is left with a broadened view of what is possible in women's erotic encounters and fantasies. Never trite, the selections strive to find, as the introduction states, "the fine balance between political correctness and personal experience: a balance we are still searching for and we may never find as a community, but we may find within ourselves."

✍ **Nadia Malley**

BUDDY'S: Meditations on Desire
by Stan Persky

(New Star Books, ISBN 0919573908, 134 pp., $16.95)

The choice of a sexy cover photo conveying grace, gesture, and nuance in the otherwise mundane task of putting on socks is a visual harbinger of the artful craft contained within. And it certainly helps wary book buyers decide that **Buddy's** might be for them. This is an unusual book. Author Stan Persky is not writing autobiography here, yet these are personal accounts and reflections. He is not writing philosphy, yet these meditations on gay life and culture in the 1980s expound on beauty and eros, Plato, Sartre, and above all, Roland Barthe. Nor is this journalism, though the book uses a real gay bar (now closed) in Vancouver as its namesake and conversations and local inhabitants as starting points for documentation. Some chapters read like good short fiction — episodic, lyrical, and well-tailored, but these are real events and real people. The book is charged with eroticism in its descriptions of sex and tricks for a night, but this certainly isn't pornography. Persky writes, "The gay writer inevitably works on the edges of the pornographic genre, knowing full well that, from the outside, homosexuality itself is regarded as *pornography*."



Buddy's is all of these genres and more, a beguiling amalgam of forms greater than its individual parts. Persky explains:

> "I was going to write a series of tales, matter-of-factly relating erotic encounters in a mock-pornographic style, which is to say, whereas pornographic prose merely aims at arousal, these accounts, while adhering to the conventions of the genre, would nonetheless present persons — that is to say, they would seek to intrigue by recognizing the complexity of experience, the very thing that porn must resolutely avoid, lest it suffer the decomposition of its stereotypes, and thus its reason for being."

I immediately thought of Renaud Camus' famous **Tricks** (now out of print in English), to me a rather dry recitation of sexual encounters that neither excites nor intrigues in its austerity. Persky not only acknowledges this stylistic antecedent but discusses the existentialism of tricking and writing about it. Heady stuff. And thoroughly fascinating.

Though **Buddy's** is not a book about AIDS, the plague haunts every phrase of these ruminations. Chapters take on magnified power: "Buddy," a redefinition of the term of endearment; "In the Plague City," a poetically dark portrait of present-day San Francisco; and "How the Plague Ended: A Science Fiction," where "gradually, it would become a memory, like the curling, yellow-edged pages of an old newspaper exposed to air."

If "the unexamined life is not worth living," then Persky is indeed living his life to the fullest. His intensly personal examination of gay male life belongs on every thinking gay man's bookshelf.

✍ **Paul J. Witzkoske**

Book Briefs

Browsing the Stacks with Rose Fennell

It was bound to happen eventually: a proliferation, and I mean a proliferation, of lesbian fiction. Not just women's novels with a pinch of minor lesbianism for that extra little *je ne sais quoi*? We're talking butch to femme and all that runs in-between. [The following titles are in paperback except where otherwise mentioned.]

Amy Dean got together with a couple of friends to produce **Cut-Outs and Cut-Ups: A Lesbian Fun'n'Games Book** (New Victoria, $8.95). In order to embrace this book in the true spirit of Sisterhood be sure to have your sense of humor intact. I found myself and many of my lesbian friends characterized and featured among the paperdoll cut-outs, cartoons, horoscopes, acrostic and other puzzles. If you enjoy a good snicker at yourself and the lesbian community, this one's it.

Naiad Press, ever at the fore with novels of romance and intrigue, has some new titles. Unemployment and forced vegetarianism leads Marty to the recipe for **Rice and Beans** ($8.95). Veteran author Valerie Taylor serves up an original dish including chicks n' rigs (as in 18-wheelers). In contrast, the novels of Camarin Grae border on a world of shadowy mysticism. **Edgewise** ($9.95) tells the tale of Jude, a woman poised on the brink of a surrealistic journey after she befriends the women of a curious feminist community.

New short fiction includes **Voyages Out 1** by Paula Martinack and Carla Tomaso ($8.95), and **Sugar with Spice** by Kiernan (Banned Books, $8.95). **Voyages** launches a new series by Seal Press "designed to showcase the work of lesbian fiction writers whose work has not been previously collected." **Sugar**'s Kiernan writes with a splashy dash of sexy silhouettes and rippling prose. Crossing Press has released two short fiction works. **Trespassing** by Valerie Miner (hardback, $15.95) is made up of 16 short stories and a novella. The themes of home, departure and travel, are woven throughout the collection and the settings span the globe. **Finding Courage** edited by Irene Zahava ($9.95) collects both fiction and autobiographical pieces showing everyday acts of courage displayed by ordinary women.

Crossing Press also has a new men's fiction title, **Holy Terror** by Steve Abbott ($8.95). Abbott successfully creates an erotic comic urban gothic romance involving evil monks, wicked wealth-mongers, and a sensual young hero completely smitten by a former boy-prostitute.

Stan Leventhal creates a modern erotic comic urban tale in **Faultlines**, (Banned Books, $8.95) set in (you guessed it) San Francisco! A two-bit hood and a phony preacher embody an evil that must be vanquished. The conquering heroes are reminiscent of a 90's "Mod Squad."

Evil rears its ugly head again in James Purdy's latest, **Garments the Living Wear** (City Lights, $6.95). Purdy uses his skill to expose the evil represented by psuedo-hip liberal New York City posers as he satirizes the "lifestyles of the rich and ostentatious."

Thom Nickels has written two novellas, **Walking Water** and **After All This** (Banned Books, $8.95), both of which use Nickels' talents as a science fiction/fantasy writer. What would happen if you found yourself and your lover to be the last two people left in New York? Or imagine a trip to Purgatory with a monk who is sent there for yielding to the sin of lust.

Susanna J. Sturgis, a leader in the genre of feminist science fiction, edits a new collection, **Memories and Visions** (Crossing Press, $9.95), that shows just how far women have come in this traditionally male field. Each of the fifteen stories or excerpts showcases women heroes who seek adventure in alien and often hostile lands.

If you are not acquainted with Michael Nava (**Goldenboy**, **The Little Death**), here is the perfect introduction: **Finale: Stories of Mystery and Suspense** (Alyson, $8.95). Nava serves as editor and a contributor to this collection of first-rate mystery/adventure

writers including Richard Hall, Phil Andros, Vincent Lardo, and the Lady herself, Katherine Forrest (the only "lady" in this collection).

Women mystery writers make a great presentation in **The Second WomanSleuth Anthology** (Crossing Press, $7.95). Detectives, private-eyes, and weekend snoops all make their debut trying to discern the facts that will lead them to the solution of their individual mysteries.

Author Christine Downing explores her own mystery in **Myths and Mysteries of Same-Sex Love** (Crossroad, hardback, $22.95). A heralded and much anticipated scholarly work, Downing first examines how same-sex love has been defined for us by non-participants in same-sex relationships and then explores how gay men and lesbians subconciously define what same-sex love means to *ourselves*. She then offers insight into ways for us to consciously define the "soul meaning" of homoerotic love. Finally, Downing recapitulates the myths that have surrounded homosexuality from the age of Sappho and Plato to modern-day cultures.

Homoerotic text is the topic of **Double Talk: The Erotics of Male Literary Collaboration** (Routledge, $13.95). Wayne Koestenbaum expands on his hypothesis that written collaborations between men actually function as the spawn of their intellectual intercourse. It is the proving ground where homosexual and homophobic energies meet. He uses the actual collaborative excerpts of famous men of letters, such as T.S. Eliot's and Ezra Pound's *Wasteland*, to build upon his thesis.

Was it divinely inspired intercourse that led to **Sex With God** (Indulgence Press, $5.95), a powerful collection of poetry by Thomas O'Neil? A man embarks on a quest through the gay Manhattan of the 80's; his grail, a lover. Along the way he partakes in an often angry discourse with God, a god who's said to condemn homosexual love. Many of the allusions are biblical with a strong emphasis on Catholic doctrine.

Ferd Eggan, a gay man of Nordic decent, teaches at a Puerto Rican high school. In his spare time he has written an eloquent prose poem, **Your Life Story By Someone Else** (Editorial Coqui, $10.00). Egan's autobiographical work comes from the now common perspective of the raw sexuality of gay men's erotica tainted with images of disease and anger. The art and photography that accompany add visual impact.

Writer Freddie Greenfield died in September, a few short weeks after the publication of **Were You Always a Criminal?** (Fag Rag Books, $7.95). This, his autobiography, recounts his life as a former drug offender turned radical voice for Boston's emerging gay counter-culture of the early 70's. Greenfield used his sexuality as a way to "offend" society to its senses on the subject of homophobic violence.

Not offensive at all are Andrew Kennedy's beautifully rendered photos of hunky German sailors in **Shoreleave** (Bruno Gmünder, hardback, $29.95). The photo essay shows young swabbies giving new meaning to the term "3-day pass." No sooner are they out of their Captain's sight, when our boys pick up a mustachioed hitchhiker and set off for a weekend of nude volleyball and other fun in the sun.

Finally, a photojournalistic essay devoted to celebrating the black male couple. What a godsend! Vega Studios presents **Men of Color** ($10.00). The photos range from hot to cute-and-cuddly couplings. The poetry and prose are loving. Thank you, Vega.

June Jordan's new and selected poems in **Naming Our Destiny** (Thunder's Mouth Press, $12.95) respond to the universal struggles against racism and oppression and offers sensitive, yet striking visions of our world as it is and as it could be.

Crossing Press has two collections edited by Christine McEwen. In **Naming the Waves: Contemporary Lesbian Poetry** ($8.95), Jan Clausen, Judy Grahn, Minne Bruce Pratt, Adrienne Rich, and Audre Lorde are just a few of the women writing about fighting lesbian oppression and enjoying lesbian pleasure. **Out the Other Side** co-edited by Sue O'Sullivan ($8.95), anthologizes essays, interviews, speeches, articles, letters, and journal entries of lesbians discussing the "being out" process.

New in paperback: So much has been written, and it all boils down to HOT! **The Swimming-Pool Library** (Vintage, $8.95) may be *the* testament to the unabashedly erotic temples where men, young and old, came to worship each other. Young William Beckwith inherits two legacies, one as future member of the House of Lords, and another as the heir and biographer to Lord Nantwich, an old African campaigner. Both Beckwith and Nantwich are gay. Each lives life to the fullest in an England before AIDS.

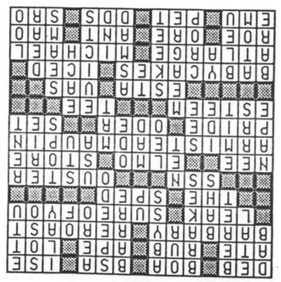
Warren J. Blumenfeld and Diane Raymond have compiled the most comprehensive readable, sensitive, and enlightening study in **Looking at Gay and Lesbian Life**. Extremely valuable and affordable ($12.95, from Beacon Press), it should be in the library of every gay man and lesbian, parent or friend of a lesbian or gay man, church, school, and community center.

Re-releases: Dennis Cooper's **Idols** (Amethyst Press, $8.95 [first published by The SeaHorse Press in 1979]) may go on to become a nationally recognized poetic tribute to the power and thrust behind adolescent homosexual desire. The language is lush with fantasy "turn-ons" as the young narrator talks about the idols of his dreams.

Chris (Naiad, $8.95) was first published by Beacon Press in 1959 during that odd literary period when lesbian paperbacks had their heyday. A tale of forbidden love unfolds between a successful marine journalist, Christopher Hamilton, and Dizz. Chris takes leave of their tumultuous relationship to explore the tawdry scene of one-night stands in Greenwich Village, and there she finds Carol. Another classic from that era is **Three Women** by March Hastings (Naiad, $8.95) first published in 1958. A triangle develops between Byrne, a wealthy woman of aristocratic bearing and her nephew's fiancé, Paula. Byrne is immediately enraptured with Paula, as Paula is with Byrne. But Byrne's past and future remain inextricably bound to Greta with whom she has shared her life since childhood.

The late 50's may have been the "Golden-Age" of lesbian fiction but, based on the new Fall titles – especially those from the alternative presses, lesbian fiction is looking at a bright and shining future. ❑

Rose Fennell is managing editor of **BOOK REPORT.**



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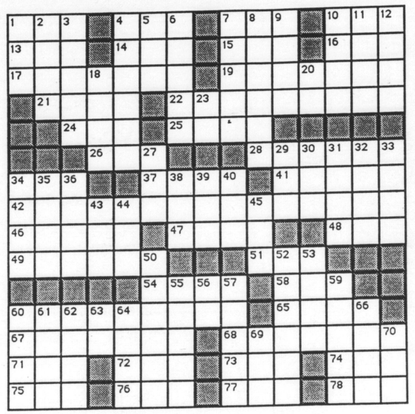
PINCKNEY'S PUZZLE

SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLER by Custis Pinckney



(Pinckney's Puzzle solved on page 16)

ACROSS

1. One who comes out
4. Constrictor
7. Yng. Mens' Org.
10. Advert ending
13. Supped
14. Masseur's action
15. Mimic
16. He had a salty wife
17. Visit Mrs. Madrigal at 28 __ Lane
19. Replace on the spit
21. Scandal precipitator
22. The Chronicler's latest opus
24. Common article
25. Raced
26. I.D.#
28. Coup d'etat
34. Born as
37. Known for his fire
41. Pack away
42. The Chronicler of San Francisco
46. Gay __
47. Baltic feeder
48. Place
49. High regard
51. Golf need
54. Como __ usted?
58. __ deferens: spermatic cord
60. The Chronicler's fourth opus
65. Glazed
67. On the loose
68. __ Tolliver: Chronicler's character
71. Sturgeon delicacy
72. Rough stuff
73. Pismire
74. Chairman __
75. Aussie bird
76. Neck
77. Tooth taker: abbr.
78. Broadway hit sign

DOWN

1. Touch
2. List ender
3. Chapeau
4. Thickets
5. Possessive pronoun
6. "The __": recent flick
7. Wilkes-__
8. Sexy swimwear brand
9. Flight beginning
10. "Now __ __ me...": 2 wds.
11. Mediocre
12. "__ __, Brute?": 2 wds.
18. They go with humbugs
20. Common preposition
23. "__ the Down...": title
27. For wirewalkers and fishermen
29. Amer.
30. Sawed-off Stuart
31. Spinners
32. A canal
33. Monthly bill
34. Scruff
35. Wanders
36. Give off
38. Sign of the Zodiac
39. Enraged
40. Poem
43. Chemical suffix
44. Look
45. A team member
50. Scant: old style
52. Puts out
53. "To __ his..."
55. Type of shooting
56. "__ Deum"
57. "__ __ as an old...": 2 wds.
59. Joinings
60. Nude
61. Tiny particle
62. Cheese type
63. Dialectical pronoun
64. Cut
66. Costly
69. Terre Haute's home: abbr.
70. Canberra commode

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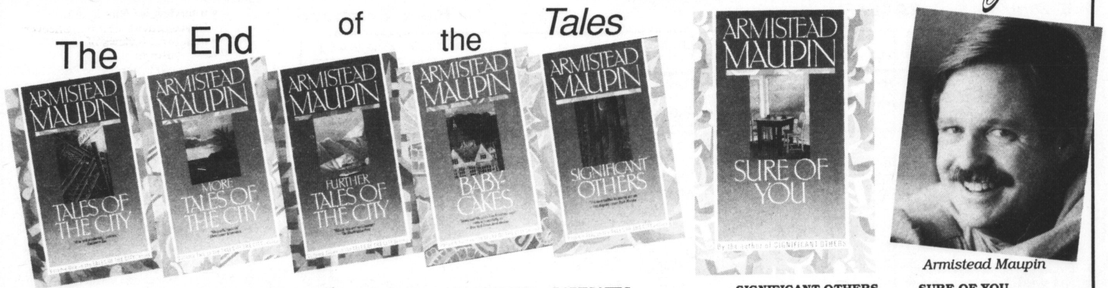

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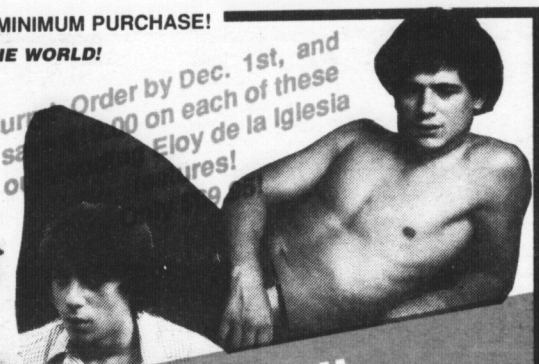

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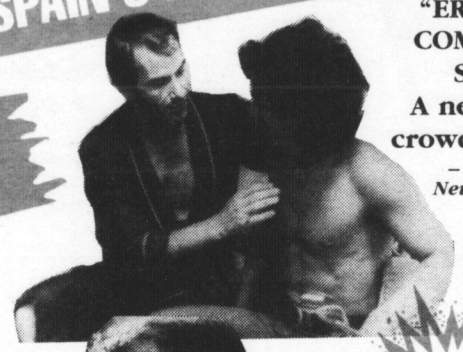

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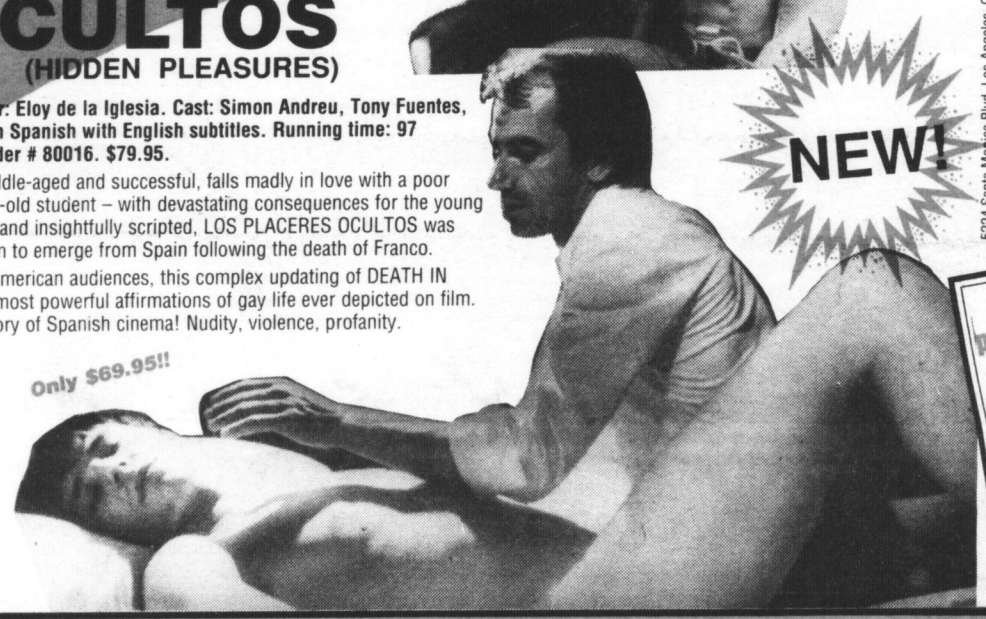

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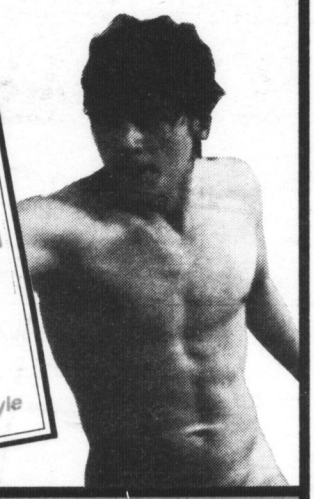

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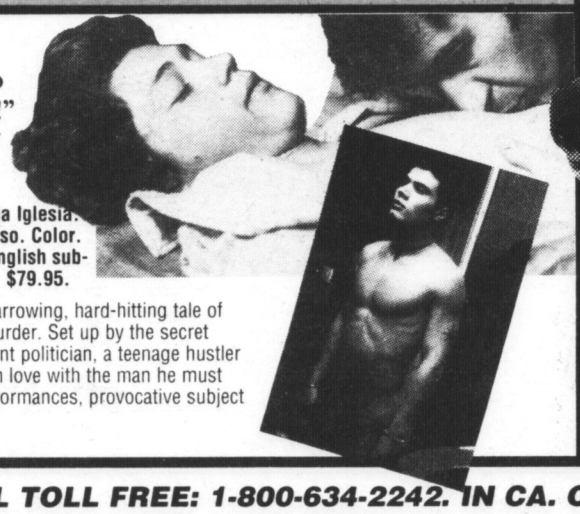

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BAY AREA REPORTER
ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Gay Director Turns Fascination Into Film

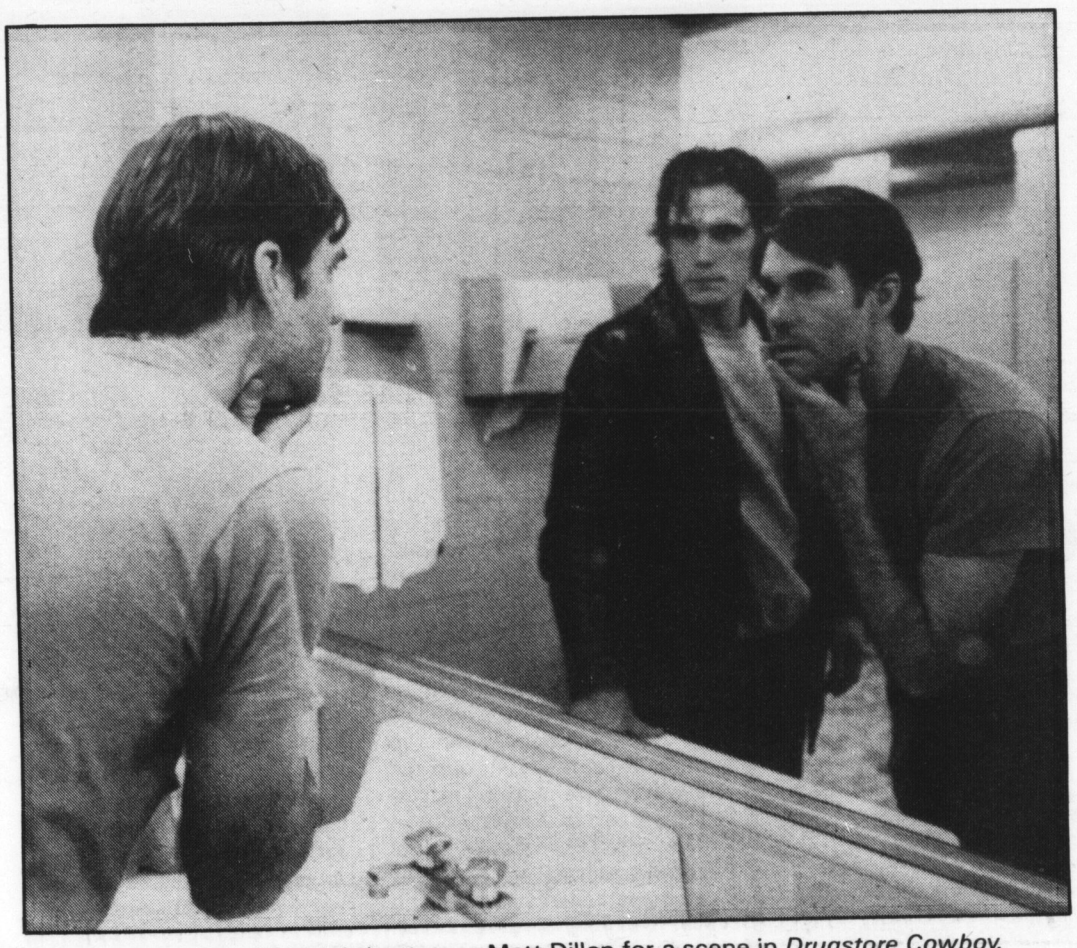
by Patrick Hoctel

"I am fascinated by young, tough kids," Gus Van Sant, director of the new Matt Dillon film *Drugstore Cowboy,* tells me, but then call-waiting takes him away for a couple minutes and I'm left nodding my head in agreement. At 36, Van Sant has pretty much based his career on this fascination, and what's more amazing is that it has made him one of the hottest directors in America.

Van Sant's filmography is impressive, if brief. Several shorts, *Ken Death Gets Out of Jail, Switzerland, My New Friend,* center on handsome, scuffed-up street teenagers trying to get a handle on the world. Van Sant's credits also include a seven-minute adaptation of William Burroughs' short story "The Discipline of D.E." and the much-acclaimed *Mala Noche,* the film that won Van Sant a devoted following, especially among gay film enthusiasts hungry for realistic images of their own.

Shot in 1985 for under $50,000 as an independent production which Van Sant scripted (from an autobiographical story by a Portland, Oregon, skid row poet), produced and directed, *Mala Noche* revolves around Walt, a gay liquor store clerk, and his hopeless, messy love for Johnny, a frightened 16-year-old illegal alien from Mexico.

The film's striking visual style, black-and-white gritty and often haunting, aided by a tremendously likable performance from Tim Streeter as the openly gay and affable Walt, propelled this dark, doomed romance to cult status.



Gus Van Sant (left—and right) prepares Matt Dillon for a scene in *Drugstore Cowboy.*

More important for the director's future, *Mala Noche* also propelled him into a job with Avenue Pictures. Sort of. "*Mala Noche* helped clout-wise," Van Sant allowed, "but the award [the Los Angeles Film Critics Award for Best Independent Film of 1987 for *Mala Noche*] helped more."

The director went on to explain that when he approached the powers-that-be at Avenue Pictures with James Fogle's unfinished novel on which *Cowboy* is based, they weren't *that* crazy about his previous work. The award helped grease the wheels, however, and he eventually found himself at the helm of a 3.8-million dollar picture.

It will be interesting to see, even with the raves pouring in for *Cowboy* from the East Coast, if Van Sant can pull off his next project, *My Own Private Idaho,* a tale of two Portland street hustlers who journey to the Gem State. The plaudits he's getting now, though, are definitely an encouraging sign for gay filmmakers and others "on the fringe."

★ ★ ★

Was the gay content of your films—and your being gay—a concern when the negotiations for *Drugstore Cowboy* were underway?

No. [pause] It didn't concern them.

Your films explore the underside of our society and focus on street-smart, sexy males in situations that could tend towards exploitation. Yet you manage to avoid this.

I just watch.

Your camera is a witness?

Yes—*because I use the story*—the source material. I play with the audience's perception of what they think they're going to see, then steer them away from the stereotypical. It's like a chess game. The audience interacts with me.

Was it difficult going from a film like *Mala Noche* where you had total control as producer/writer/director to one where you had a company to deal with and a producer? Did it alter how you work?

Actually it did quite a bit. First we had a big crew. Then there *is the issue of control. You have to fight for your ideas. It's hard* working with a production company, but as I remember, it wasn't that bad.

I know you paint landscapes, and—perhaps as a result—the countryside in your films has a character all its own.

(Continued on page 40)

'Heartbeat' on Lifetime Cable

Cherishing Small Victories

by Jay Newquist

They used to say about Hollywood that beneath the tinsel lies the real tinsel.

It therefore comes as no surprise that realistic protrayals of gays and lesbians in mainstream TV are still extremely sparse despite the heightened consciousness in Winesburg, Ohio, that gay people are definitely out there.

Still, there are small victories that must be cherished. But you have to watch closely, pin them like butterflies to cork, and express relief that someone got it right at last.

We are talking about gay and lesbian characters who are not merely window dressing, are not exploited for their humor or manner, or who don't drain the Dalmane bottle in the final reel.

We're talking just plain gay folks.

Living Room Battle

We may disagree about zaps of the Golden Gate Bridge and the San Francisco Opera as effective vehicles for AIDS awareness because in most cases they may have only converted the converted—and angered them in the process. It is hard to assess what positive social change actually occurs during these protests.

The "Midnight Caller" fracas took the higher ground when producers were asked to justify why one of the few gay portrayals to reach the light of episodic TV should concern a sexual thug.

The battle is also clearly spilling from the streets into the living room where a natural portrayal of a gay man or lesbian woman can do more to reeducate America than a zap of Rep. Dannemeyer.

It is a sad commentary, however, that Hollywood seems mainly interested in gay men who are dying of AIDS and who are therefore OK to straight America because they'll be dead shortly. No mess, no fuss.

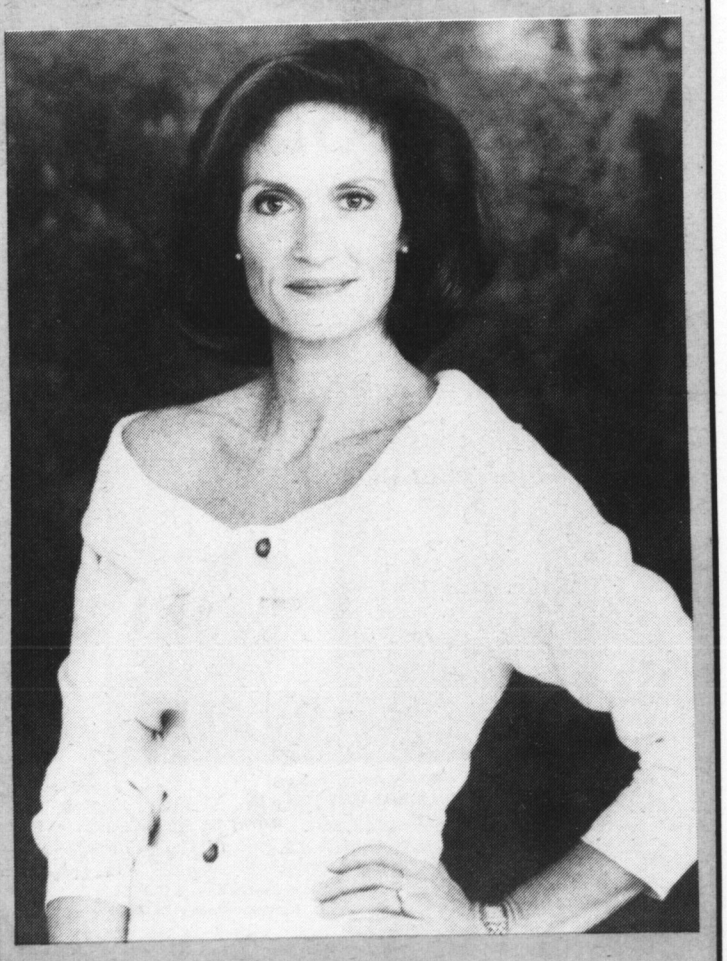
All this myopia is relentless until you come across one of those butterflies, especially the sample that comes from the unlikely quarters of Aaron Spelling, the producer of *Charlies Angels.*

He produces *Heartbeat,* an ensemble dramatic series where a major character is a lesbian nurse who works hard all day and goes home at night to her lover. Like in life.

Let's hope Fred and Ethel Mertz are watching the Lifetime network at 6 p.m. (PST) so they can see that Marilyn (Gail Strickland) doesn't affirm mean stereotypes, offers no threat, but is in a lot of needless pain.

Actress Strickland plays a nurse-practicioner at an upscale medical clinic for women. Her sexuality is never an issue except when she makes it one. No one has yelled "dyke" in a weak moment yet, thank God.

(Continued on page 46)



Gail Strickland plays Marilyn, a lesbian nurse, on *Heartbeat.*

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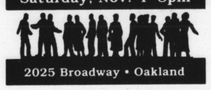

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John Karr

I'm Coming Home Again

News of Ruth Hastings next.

First, put Stephen Hanan's name after Sharon McNight's on the short list of treasurable San Francisco exports who have received Tony nominations for their appearances on Broadway.

Stephen earned his shot at a Tony by creating the role of Gus the Theatre Cat in the American version of *Cats*. Now he's back in town after a 15-year absence to play Lewis Carroll in the ACT/George Coates collaboration, *Right Mind*. (Editor's note: At press time, ACT had not found an alternative site to the Geary Theatre, damaged in last Tuesday's earthquake, at which to continue the run of *Right Mind*.)

"Stephen *who*?," you're thinking. If you don't remember him by name, you might remember his performances. Stephen flourished in the early '70s, those golden days of San Francisco street performers. Accompanying himself on a concertina, he commandeered the Opera House lobby—that's where I met him—and especially the the Sausalito Ferry landing, singing the greatest hits of opera and crowd pleasers like "Finicali, funicula" in a bright and very big voice.

Stephen was high-spirited, hurling his smiles as brilliantly as his voice into the crowds that gathered around him. In the evening at the Opera House, the marble walls amplified his voice, and he loved that, and everyone loved him, which he also loved.

He was lustily exuberant in so many ways—his spirit, his singing, his cocky ego. He worked big. And it was that big style that took Stephen to a Broadway career, and back to ACT.

It's come full circle for Stephen. When ACT produced his play about King David, *David Dances*, as part of their Plays in Progress series in 1975, a director at the New York Shakespeare Festival asked him to come to New York to prepare a reading of the show.

Someone else in New York thought he looked right for a role in a off-off-Broadway performance piece, and suddenly the playwright was an actor. That role led to a part in the Meryl Streep *Taming of the Shrew*. Its subsequent broadcast on PBS tipped off many San Franciscans who had been wondering where their street singer had disappeared.

After *Shrew*, Stephen became a regular at Central Park's Delacorte Theatre, even appearing as Samuel in the Linda Ronstadt *Pirates of Penzance* (his is the first solo voice you'll hear on the cast album). And because of that show, he was invited to audition for *Cats*.

"That's what finally called on my street performing skills," Stephen told me last week.

He didn't know that composer Andrew Lloyd Webber had to cut an opera travesty from the London production because there wasn't a performer who could sing operatically and act and move. Stephen's large voice excited them. Then he told them about his ferry landing performances and pulled out his concertina.

"I sang 'Funiculi, funicula,' " Stephen recalled, "and Webber's mouth dropped open."

Not only was the Gus scene in *Cats* rewritten to Webber's original concept because of Stephen, but the singer's concertina was put in the show as well. "It was shades of the ferry terminal," Stephen joked of the pirate ship scene he swashbuckled through in *Cats*. "There I was on a boat, accompanying myself!"

It was these same quirky skills that landed Stephen his role in *Right Mind*. Director Coates cast all the other acting roles from the ACT roster, but went to New York to cast one role he couldn't fill. In an unorthodox fashion, he saw actors in groups of three, having them perform comedy improvisations together.

"George has a penchant for cartoon voices," Stephen revealed. "He likes to hear people talk like cartoon characters with funny voices."

Stephen sure must have talked

Stephen Hanan (with Kate Taylor) stars in *Right Mind*.

funny, because he got the role—which admittedly also needed someone with his singing and movement skills. He sings a song in each act of the multi-media visual extravaganza, and was even able to make a contibution to Coates' creative process.

During the 15 months he played in *Cats*, Stephen's dresser taught him to knit. The six little girls who propel the action in *Right Mind* were intriqued.

"So I started to teach a couple of them," Stephen said. "We'd sit around in little groups during rehearsal breaks, clacking away with our needles. George thought it looked so serene and lovely in the middle of all this craziness flowing around us that he decided to put the image into the show."

Remaining blithe amidst craziness, and creating excitment elsewhere, Stephen has always refused to reign in his life for security's sake. That exhuberance has let him travel far. from singing in the streets to singing on Broadway. Now he's thinking about opera, which needs tenors as badly as it needs theatrically valid performers. He's even still writing plays, he says, "although I remain undiscovered." Meanwhile, watch for ACT to reopen *Right Mind* when the dust settles.

* * *

Just where has cabaret singer Ruth Hastings been? How about halfway between Fresno and Bakersfield, selling orange juice, organically grown tomatoes and handmade quilts in a country store on an orange ranch restled against the foothills of the Sierra Nevada.

It's an unusual picture for the theatrical and bold singer best known for belting Brel ballads in smokey boites. But that's where she's been, running the ranch that has been in the family of her husband and performing partner, Craig Jessup, for three generations.

The image change from touring chanteuse to "Ruth of Sunnybrook Farm" was initiated by her son, Craig Robert. He's now in the second grade, but when he was in kindergarten he threw a tantrum over his parent's incessant traveling.

"It was pretty stupid," Ruth admitted when we talked, "but we wanted to keep performing so desperately that we thought we could just move him with us wherever we went. But we finally had to make a decision to put him first, for schooling, or put ourselves first and be apart from him. We just couldn't do that."

There wasn't enough cabaret activity in San Francisco for them to settle here, so it was off to the family farm. There, Ruth and Craig run the show, harvest the crop from a thousand trees, fill the mail order business and run the store which sells fresh pressed apple cider syrup for pancakes, orange juice, ice cream and locally made crafts.

"I'm a little heavier," Ruth confided. "I'm living differently—I'm settled, I cook and bake a lot, and make homemade ice cream everyday with cream and sugar.

"It's rewarding, but I keep telling my father-in-law I want to turn the side packing shed into a cabaret. But the lovely people here wouldn't understand what in the world we were doing!

"Performing is my favorite thing in the whole world," Ruth said. "And honestly, it's heartbreaking to me not to be going onstage every night. I made such a life-change for my family, and I wondered if I'd ever reincorporate into my life all the things I'd been working for. But I'm finding very rich ways of keeping that life alive, so I guess we shouldn't be afraid of change. And my son is flourishing."

As well as her farm chores, Ruth is teaching voice lessons and appearing in local theatricals. Husband Craig is directing the local production of—what else?—"Quilters." But still, Ruth longs for a cabaret—and will appear in one, on Friday and Saturday nights, Oct. 27 and 28, at an as yet undetermined

(Continued on page 46)

STAGE

Tenderloin Follies

by David Perry

If Henry Miller had lived in present-day San Francisco, he would have settled in the Tenderloin. Seedy, gutsy and totally real, it's the perfect setting for *Henry Miller in Manhattan*, a new play written, produced and directed by Mel Clay at the Exit Theatre in the heart of that neighborhood.

Under the auspices of Clay's Theater for Consenting Adults, *Miller* is a no-holds barred barrage of scatalogical dialogue, frontal (female) nudity, with some brief moments of bravura acting. It's a semi-professional attempt at live theatre in a section of town in desperate need of cultural input, but not yet memorable or polished enough for an after-dark foray into crime-spotted streets. spotted streets.

Miller, famous and infamous for his sexually explicit and non-apologetic style of writing, is best known for his works penned in Paris of the 1930s: *Tropic of Cancer, Black Spring, Tropic of Capricorn, The Colussus of Maroussi.*

During that time, he became the mentor of a whole generation of American writers, bridling at their native country's puritanical literary constraints. Lawrence Durrell and Anais Nin were friends and admirers, as was Norman Mailer who wrote of Miller in his 1976 book *Genius and Lust. Henry Miller in Manhattan* gives us the struggling writer before he ventured to France, during his years as a poor Western Union clerk in New York City.

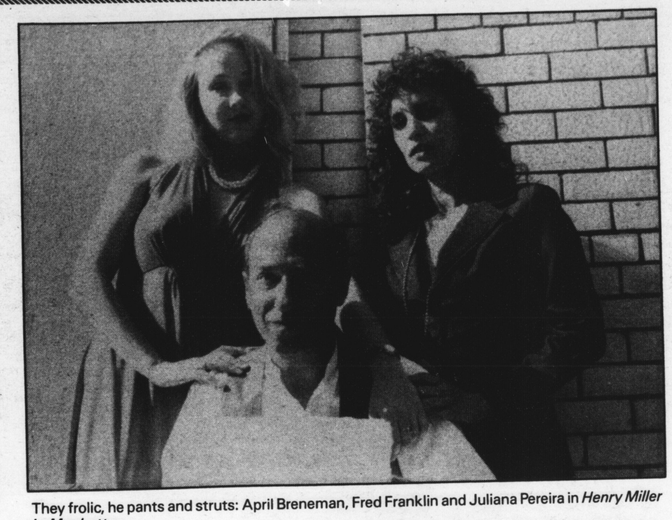
The entire action of the play takes place over a three-day period—a supposed glimpse into Miller's sexual fascinations and insecurities.

Fred Franklin plays the tormented novelist, April Breneman his nymphomaniacal wife and Juliana Pereira the artist who is his wife's lesbian lover. This forced *menage a trois* tumbles about aimlessly for nearly two hours, giving Clay much opportunity to expose the copious breasts of his female actors and the clearly enunciated obscenities of his subject as interpreted by Franklin.

It's kind of silly, and only shocking in spurts. While Pereira and Breneman frolic in the background, Franklin pouts and struts, trying to coax "genius" out of his manual typewriter. Finally, when the two women desert him, a flash of inspiration lights his face, followed by what we must assume will be the multiple orgasm of his burgeoning oeuvre.

Mel Clay and his troupe present a worthy subject, and certainly a misunderstood one. Sadly, the program gives us no background on Miller and no biographies of the performers. I understand that this is off-off mainstream theatre on the cheap, but one more xeroxed sheet wouldn't have run much.

My main complaint with *Henry Miller in Manhattan* isn't its seediness or the understandable limitations of its budget, but rather that Clay doesn't offer any new insights to Miller's character, or what inspired him. As it stands this play is little more than an excuse for actors to roll their eyes and bare their breasts. Henry Miller would have loved the latter. However, he would have wanted as many people as possible to understand why, and then share in the fun.



They frolic, he pants and struts: April Breneman, Fred Franklin and Juliana Pereira in *Henry Miller in Manhattan*.

Henry Miller in Manhattan, Exit Theatre, 365 Eddy Street (between Jones & Leavenworth), Thurs.-Sun., 8 p.m., $10, (415) 931-1094. ▼

Submissions Sought for AIDS Art Symposium

Community Spirit Art Program (CSAP) is seeking submissions for a three-day symposium in February, 1990 on art and healing. Artists, caregivers, healing professionals and persons using art as a healing tool who are interested in participating are requested to send for the symposium guidelines and entry form now.

To enter, send a self-addressed stamped envelope to: CSAP Group, Box 42, 2370 Market St., San Francisco, CA 94114 and CSAP will mail the symposium guidelines and entry form. Submissions with completed entry form must be received by mail no later than November 15.

Artworks and presentations for *Expressions of Love* will be selected from work submitted in slides or videotapes (for the survey), performances recorded on videotape (for the live performance) and written proposals (for the panel presentation), with an accompanying entry form. ▼

Philip Campbell

Shostakovich's Fourth

Symphonic Fallout

by Philip Campbell

After the traumatic events of last week, few would have criticized the San Francisco Symphony had they simply decided to scrap their scheduled performances of Shostakovich's massive Symphony No. 4. Determined to avoid overreaction, however, and speed the return to normalcy, they managed to salvage the Friday and Saturday concerts.

In light of such admirable commitment, it seems churlish to report the event as less than satisfying, but for many reasons, what had promised to be a highlight of the season proved to be little more than a good read-through and positive example of the organization's strong professionalism.

The first reaction upon entering Davies Hall was wonder at how perfectly the structure withstood the severe rattling of Tuesday afternoon. No broken fixtures, hairline cracks in the plaster or, miraculously, shattered plate glass in the sweep of the lobby's huge windows gave any evidence of the force of the quake, testimony to the durability of the engineering design and the importance of enlightened building codes. There was a little residual dust to be seen, but it appears Davies is safe and likely to remain so.

Many audience members stayed away (the hall was at least 75 percent of capacity) more than likely because of transportation difficulties rather than fear of aftershocks. A message in the program expressed the sympathy and support of music director Herbert Blomstedt for victims of the quake. The healing power of music is never more comforting than it is at such times, and the Symphony Association deserves praise for their rapid recovery. If the performance was less than profound, part of the trouble was surely with inadequate rehearsal and musicians understandably unable to give complete concentration to the task at hand.

The Shostakovich Fourth is a towering, pivotal work in his astonishing canon of fifteen symphonies. Written in the mid-1930s, but suppressed by the composer until 1961, the Fourth misses masterpiece status. Still a full appreciation of the composer's genius would be impossible without it.

After the scathing attacks on his music and character in the Soviet newspaper *Pravda*,

(Continued on page 53)

'The Beat'

Shake, Rattle And Roll

by David Taylor-Wilson

Randy Travis celebrates Christmas the old-fashioned way. Debbie Harry's CD has four bonus tracks.

The ripple effect of the Great Quake of '89 is being felt beyond the Bay Area.

Word of the quake reached Los Angeles just as the **Rolling Stones** were preparing for a concert at the Los Angeles Coliseum. In response, the veteran rockers asked that booths be set up around the coliseum to accept donations. Thousands of dollars were raised for the American Red Cross relief fund for quake victims.

I am sure that other artists will follow suit with special dedicated fundraising events. We'll try our best to keep you up to date.

Meanwhile, on the East Coast, benefits are under way to help those in need after the devastation left by Hurricane Hugo. **Geraldo Rivera** hosted a show recently which featured the **Cover Girls, Sweet Sensation, Lisa Lisa and Cult Jam, Noel, TKA** and **Brenda K. Starr.**

An album is also being put together, with proceeds going to the hurricane victims. **Midge Ure, Elton John, Paul McCartney, Stevie Wonder** and the **Rolling Stones** have been asked to contribute to the project.

Making an unscheduled stop next month to perform a special concert Nov. 12 at the University of South Carolina is **Barry Manilow.**

The Beat Goes On

The British Film Institute and MCA Records has put together a course for teenagers interested in media studies. Titled "WHAM! Wrapping: Teaching the Music Industry," the package is aimed at giving students insight into the inner workings of the business, using **Andrew Ridgley and George Michael**'s rise to fame as the course foundation.

Former **Go-Go Belinda Carlisle** rounded up all the original members of the group (except **Jane Wiedlin**) to record "Shades of Michelangelo" which appears on her new LP "Runaway Horses" and as the flip-side of her current single release "Leave a Light On."

Have you heard the new **Mike Score** song "Magic"? Does the voice sound familiar but you can't place the name? He's the former lead singer of **A Flock of Seagulls.** You're welcome.

Sybil has kept the beat going lately on local dance floors with her remake of **Dionne Warwick**'s 1962 classic "Don't Make Me Over." The just released album features a remake of another Warwick classic, "Walk On By."

If you've thought about buying the new **Deborah Harry** album "Def, Dumb & Blonde," buy the CD. It contains four bonus tracks. The consensus is that these four are better than the rest!

"Rapper's Delight" by the **Sugarhill Gang** is the classic rap tune that paved the way for rap music back in 1980. Now, almost a decade later it is being rereleased for a second go-around. My contacts in Hawaii say that Honolulu radio stations have been jamming it continuously.

The Federal Communications Commission has issued a $2,000 fine to radio station WLLZ in Detroit for broadcasting the single "Walk With an Erection." The spoof of the **Bangles**' "Walk Like an Egyptian" was termed indecent.

Local girl **Pebbles** is finishing up studio work right now on an upcoming new album. The very hot **L.A. Reid and Babyface** production team were at the controls.

Tubular Beats

The biggest music video event this year is about to happen. "Rhythm Nation—The Making of Project 1814" by **Janet Jackson** has just been released and is anticipated to become the biggest selling music video of 1989.

Elsewhere in music video, here's a roster of what's coming soon or has just been released: **Love & Rockets,** "The Haunted Fish Tank"; **Michael Damian,** "Rock On"; **Lita Ford,** "Lita"; **Natalie Cole,** "Everlasting"; **The The,** "Infected"; **Luther Vandross,** "Live at Wembley"; **Roxette,** "Look Sharp Live!"; **Robert Palmer,** "Super Nova"; **Paula Abdul,** "Straight Up"; the **Stray Cats,** "Bring It Back Again"; **Dwight Yoakam,** "Just Lookin' for a Hit"; **Thomas Dolby,** "Golden Age of Video"; as as yet untitled **Milli Vanilli** compilation; **Kenny G,** "Live!"; the **New Kids on the Block,** "Hangin' Tough Live"; and **Depeche Mode,** "The 101 Concert."

If you're a couch potato with the beat, there's enough to keep you rooted right through the holidays.

The Yuletide Beat

Just when you thought it was safe to sit back, relax and read your favorite weekly music column in your favorite weekly gay newspaper, you get reminded that there are only 59 more shopping days 'til Christmas!

The music world is already geared up and ready to go. In addition to the usual Christmas packages that are released each year, this year will feature new product by: **Wynton Marsalis,** "Crescent City Christmas Card"; **Kenny Rogers,** "Christmas in America"; **Gary Morris,** "Every Christmas"; **Lee Greenwood,** "Christmas to Christmas"; the **Ramsey Lewis Trio,** "Sound of Christmas"; **Roger Whittaker,** "World's Most Beautiful Christmas Songs"; and personal faves **Ricky Van Shelton,** "Ricky Van Shelton Sings Christmas"; and **Randy Travis,** "An Old Time Christmas."

Coming from Motown Records is "Christmas Cheers from Motown." A compilation LP that reportedly will feature the likes of **Shanice Wilson, Gerald Alston, Smokey Robinson, The Temptations, The Boys, Joyce Irby,** and **Johnny Gil** (now lead singer of **New Edition**).

The new release that is expected to be the biggest seller is "Merry Merry Christmas" from **New Kids on the Block.** Preorders being placed by record stores nationwide for this album are already adding up to way over a million.

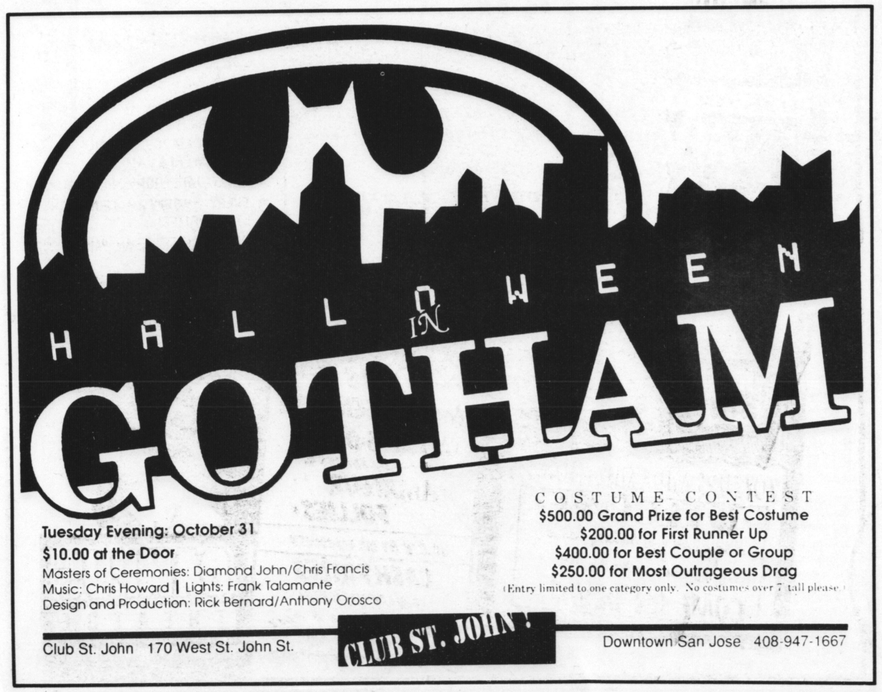
Bah, humbug.

The Best Beats in Town

Yes, of course we will chart the best beats of 1989 when the year comes to a close. We will probably also come up with a "Best of the 80s Decade" chart.

What we're interested in is your opinion of what's best. Send us a list of your all-time favorite

(Continued on page 40)



Keeping the Faith

by Noreen C. Barnes

Faith Nolan's new release, *Freedom to Love*, is an eclectic, rich mix of musical styles (folk, gospel and almost-pop) and provocative themes. She has also drawn heavily from the blues tradition in her work, and the album includes songs by Ma Rainey ("Prove It On Me") and Big Bill Broonzy ("Black, Brown, White Blues"), as well as Nolan's version of "jellyroll."

Lewis Allen's "Strange Fruit" (made famous by Billie Holiday) and "Beloved Comrade" are given fresh interpretation by Nolan, half a century after they were composed, yet with as much immediacy as they originally possessed.

Writer Dionne Brand describes Faith Nolan as "a cultural worker whose tools are her guitar, her voice, her creativity, the cultural landscape that we live in and the will to change the world into a more equitable place." That will to change is perhaps most evident in Nolan's own compositions on the album, particularly the title track, "Freedom to Love":

Not allowed in places,
and I can't love who I please,
you tell me who I have to love
and I call that slavery. . .

Nolan's call for lesbians and gay men to "keep trying" despite the attempts of the government to legislate love while it continues to condone hate, is perhaps the most urgent of her messages, and is delivered with a unique passion. That passion is sustained throughout, even as she switches gears in a moving tribute to a Native American woman, Anna Mae Aquash, "dead in a freedom fight," or battles the racism and sexism of the popular stereotypes on "I Black Woman":

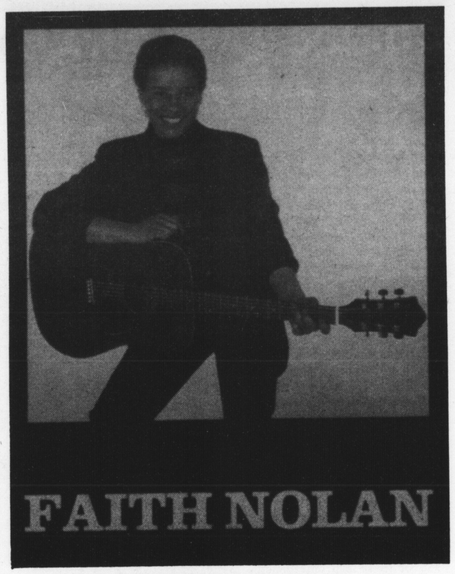
Don't call me your mama, your sister your girl
Don't call me anything in your fantasy world.
I ain't voodoo queen, and African dream
I'm my own woman with my own damn scene.

And, as have Suzanne Vega and Tracy Chapman, Nolan exposes the abuse of women and children in the chilling "Torturer," and equates this private unspoken war to publicly acknowleged conflicts:

Pinochet in Chile,
death squads in El Salvador,
while we're talking 'bout human rights,
let's take a look next door

Nolan moves among a variety of musical styles with ease, grace and clarity. Her own words are compelling, and the history she has drawn from is revitalized by her infusion of contemporary feminist sensibility. This is a time when we certainly need to have more faith, and no better person to have it in than Faith Nolan. ▼

Freedom to Love by Faith Nolan. Redwood Records.



A new album for Faith Nolan.

Book Published On Coming Out To Parents

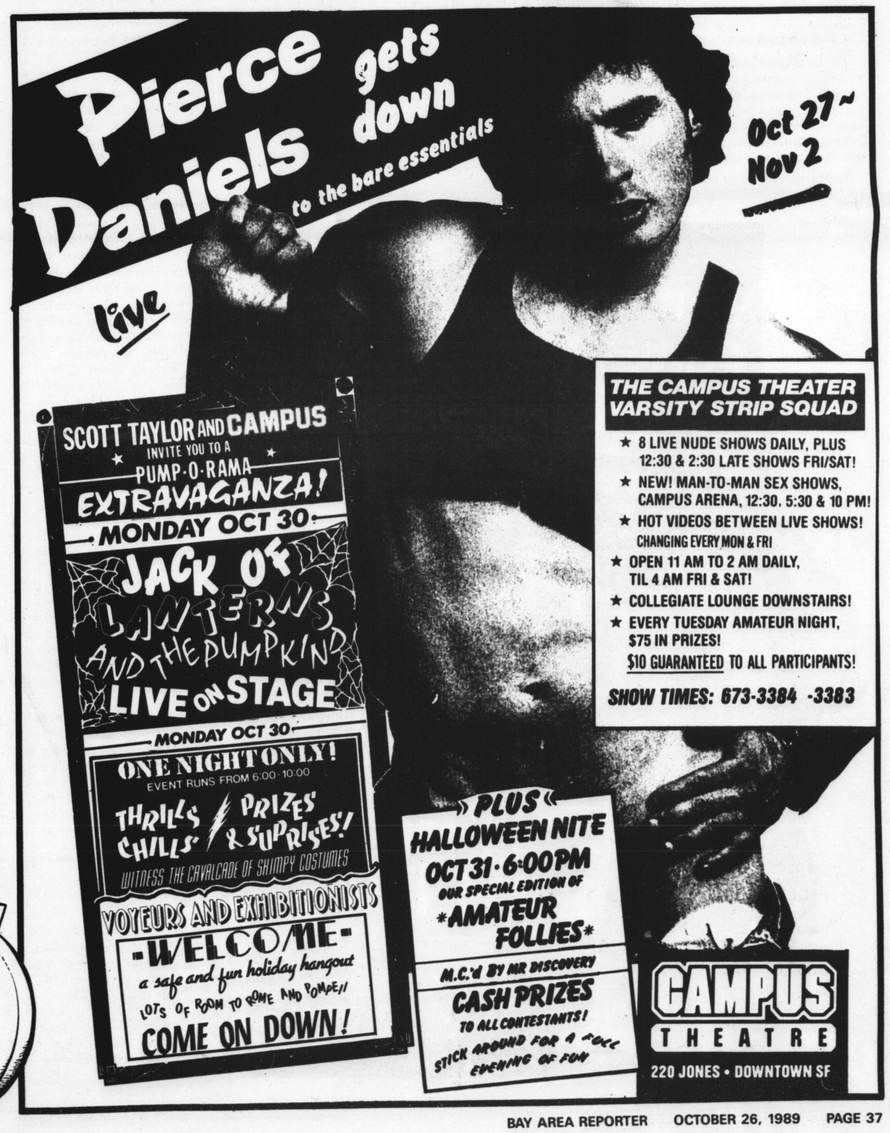
Coming Out to Your Parents is a 16-page booklet published for lesbians and gay men who are considering coming out to their parents. The booklet, published by Philadelphia Parents and Friends and Lesbians and Gays (Parents FLAG), identifies six stages most parents go through when they learn of their gay child's sexual orientation.

The stages (shock, denial, guilt, anger, personal decision-making, and true acceptance) are described, along with specific ways young adults can assist their parents in each of these stages. The author, the father of a gay son, relates his personal experience and that of hundreds of other parents who have come to Parents FLAG meetings.

The booklet (in its third printing of over 100,000 copies) begins by raising 12 questions that need to be considered before one comes out to parents. It offers an annotated list of resources about coming out to parents; it also provides an appendix of books and pamphlets to give to one's parents.

A list of over 200 parent groups and contacts in 50 states is provided. These parent groups are members of Parents FLAG, whose headquarters is in Washington, D.C.

For a free single copy send a self-addressed, 45-cent, stamped business envelope to Parents FLAG, P.O. Box 15711, Philadelphia, PA 19103. Additional copies are 25 cents each; $20 per 100 includes postage. ▼



The Disasters TV Covers Best

by Daniel Mangin

The phenomenal coverage of the recent earthquake proved once again that given a clear-cut disaster with drama and immediacy, mainstream television can inform, unite and console a community in crisis.

The home video of the misdirected Bay Bridge driver who plunged into the gap in the bridge's upper deck, scenes of the emotional Cypress Structure rescue efforts and the blackout of ABC's World Series pre-game show will not quickly recede from the public memory, nor will the tremendous contribution local television made toward alleviating public anxiety over the quake and its aftereffects.

Mainstream television's success with the quake contrasts sharply with its at best mixed performance in dealing with the far more catastrophic disaster—in number of deaths, international implications and financial repercussions—of AIDS. A comparison of these two emergencies reveals TV's major shortcomings when complex crises require attention.

The Right Ingredients

The quake provided television with three necessary ingredients the AIDS epidemic has not: an emphatic, readily apparent danger involving "everyday" folks in a battle to be won or lost in a short period of time.

The earthquake burst into our lives; AIDS crept up slowly. The quake affected "everyone"; AIDS has largely afflicted so-called "marginal" groups in America and citizens of "underdeveloped" nations. And long after the tremors cease to be the topic of daily conversation, people will still be dying of AIDS.

One additional difference between the quake and AIDS should not be overlooked. Unlike the epidemic, the effects of which have been the subject of ceaseless moralizing, the quake is essentially a neutral "act of god," meaning, of course, that *it's no one's fault.*

How much easier it must have been for TV to jump in and "do the right thing"—to mobilize and reassure the community—when there was no "wrong" involved. The quake just happened. AIDS on the other hand, involves groups and behaviors American society has long scorned.

A series of external problems—falling houses, victims crushed in their cars, people made homeless by spectacular fires—confronted TV when the earthquake struck. With AIDS, the issues—homophobia, the mercenary practices of pharmaceutical companies and racism among them—offer less dramatic footage and require deeper analysis.

It is far easier to shake one's head ruefully beside a collapsed freeway—however heartfelt the impulse and tragic the situation—than to explore the ways in which irrational hatred of gays and our inability to discuss sexuality openly has led to thousands of unnecessary deaths.

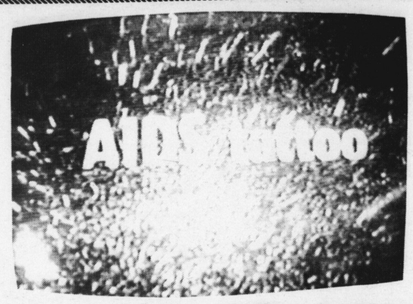
To many AIDS activists and gay observers of the media, mainstream television's treatment of AIDS has been narrow, irresponsible and often inflammatory. Hysterical news teasers, misleading dramas such as last year's infamous *Midnight Caller* episode and homo-baiting talk shows are but a few of the offending practices.

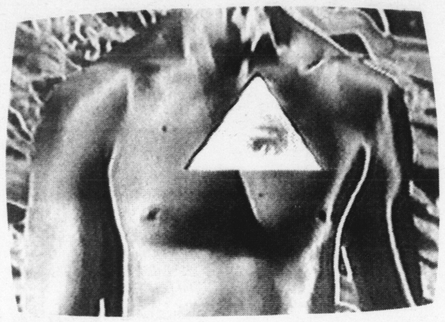
A New Perspective

These indictments of television, true as they may be, ignore the positive aspects of its participation in the fight against AIDS. But there is no mistaking the need for a broader perspective.

Video Data Bank, a Chicago-based distributor, has just released a six-hour, three-tape package of works by artists and documentaries trying to present alternative insights into AIDS. Assembled by Bill Horrigan, formerly of the American Film Institute, and film/videomaker John Greyson, whose *Urinal* screened at the most recent San Francisco International Lesbian and Gay Film Festival, the collection provides a comprehensive look at a number of AIDS-related issues.

The package is divided into three programs, each of which is subdivided again into three parts. Program one includes segments with the titles "PWA Power," "Discrimination" and "AIDS and Women." Program two includes sections on "Resistance," "Mourning" and "Community Education." In program three "Loss," "Analysis" and "Activism" are the topics.





Barbara Hammer's *Snow Job* (top) and Andre Burke's *A* provide alternative perspectives on AIDS.

Of note in the first program are: *Work Your Body*, produced as part of a weekly Gay Men's Health Crisis series on cable television in New York. *Work Your Body* contains information about health, diet and the maintenance of a positive outlook for people with AIDS; and *Doctors, Liars and Women* about a protest against a *Cosmopolitan* magazine article with dangerously misleading information concerning women's AIDS risks.

The media savvy members of ACT UP who initiated the protest against *Cosmo* created the kind of dramatic confrontation with which television deals best: police against protestors, established psychiatrist against rabid feminists. Phil Donahue, Ted Koppel and others jump into the fray, but the most compelling aspect of *Doctors, Liars and Women* is how quickly television redefined the issues in the protest and eliminated from the discussion the very people who started it.

Greyson's *The ADS Epidemic*, a nifty music-video diatribe against the "acquired dread of sex," leads off the second program. Barbara Hammer's *Snow Job: The Media Hysteria of AIDS*, subverts the media's own tactics to expose its complicity in the perpetuation of homophobia and sexism. Also in this program are San Franciscan David Thompson's film on the inaugural display of the Names Project quilt and *Danny*, one friend's moving commemoration of another.

Program three is the strongest and most varied grouping. Most of the works in it have been shown at past gay film festivals here. In *Gab*, directed by Bay Area filmmaker Ann Akiko Moriyasu, a group gathers to remember a friend, and through their testimony a portrait of a beloved but by no means perfect individual emerges.

British producer Pratibha Parmar's *Reframing AIDS* takes a global outlook towards AIDS, looking in particular at black sexuality and how it relates to AIDS. Included on program three is *Testing the Limits*, the style of which has greatly influenced activist videos.

At $150 for the entire six hours (the individual two-hour programs are apparently not available singly), the package is a bit pricey, but perhaps local video stores or libraries can be persuaded to carry the tapes. For more information, phone Video Data Bank at 800-634-8544.

The videomakers who've assembled the works in *Video Against AIDS* have looked at the disease the way mainstream television should have. What a pity the latter, myopic view remains so readily available while this diverse and valuable collection will likely remain undercover because of its prohibitive cost. ▼

Art Sought for ACT UP Benefit

Artists' Television Access (ATA) is currently seeking submissions for *Silent Knights*, a performance art exhibit to benefit ACT UP of San Francisco. The event will take place Dec. 1 as part of the Visual Aids' National Day of Action and Mourning in Response to the AIDS Crisis.

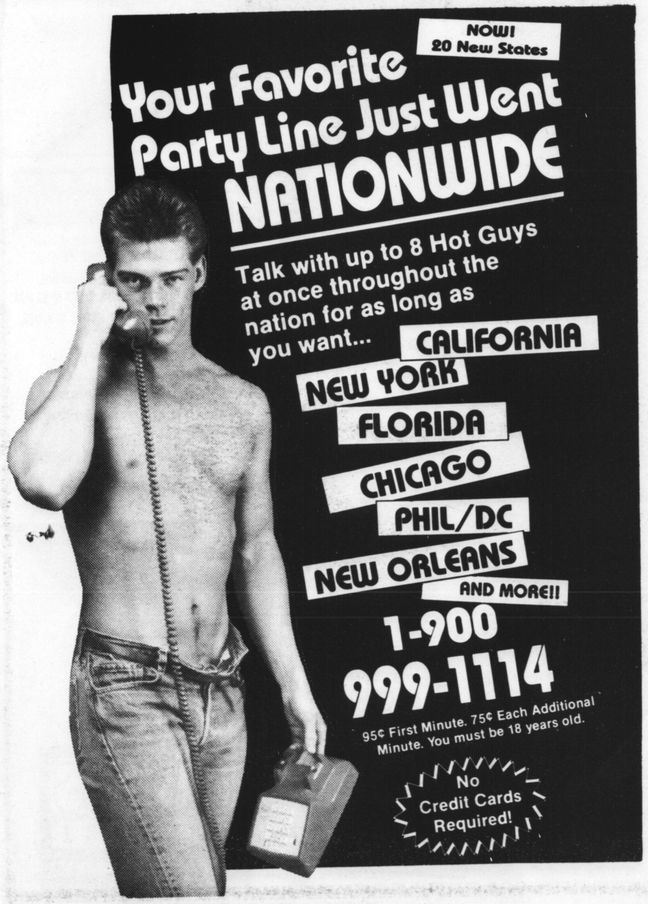
The deadline for submissions is Nov. 10.

ATA will consider proposals for short, silent performance art works or easily installed static works.

For more information, contact Marshall Weber at 824-3890.

ATA is supported in part from grants by the N.E.A. and C.A.C.

Silence = Death ▼



Brothers

The Cute One Is Gay

by Henry Mach

The debut of *Brothers* in 1984 was shaped by cable television's need for high-profile, low-cost original material, which happened to coincide with the prevailing political winds that reportedly caused the major networks to reject the gay-themed sitcom.

The opening episode introduced us to three Philadelphia brothers: Joe (Robert Walden), a divorced former football star, Lou (Brandon Maggart) a blue-collar Archie Bunker clone, and kid brother Cliff (Paul Regina) who walked out on his wedding ceremony and boldly came out of the closet.

Having run on Showtime cable through spring 1989, *Brothers* is now in syndication and can be seen in the Bay Area Monday through Friday, 10:30 p.m., on Channel 44 (Channel 12 on San Francisco cable).

Offensive or Not?

After seeing the first three episodes, San Franciscan Dennis Kruszynski wrote an angry letter to the management of KBHK-TV, stating that *Brothers'* "representations of gay people and gay culture are highly objectionable on many levels and I am sure they do much more harm than good."

Kruszynski continued monitoring *Brothers* out of anger. He now says that "oddly enough the series started to grow on me. I think the writing has become much more sensitive than in the first few episodes."

The supporting character of Donald Maltby (Philip Charles MacKenzie), the friend who helps guide Cliff in the ways of the gay world, came in for criticism in Kruszynski's Sept. 21 letter as being "portrayed in the most negative possible stereotyped fashion as a loud, shallow, effeminate, mincing, lisping, limp-wristed queen with a penchant for flamboyant and effeminate clothing."

While Donald's mannerisms and costumes remained the same throughout the run of the series, Kruszynski now says, "Donald has become a somewhat endearing figure for me. In subsequent episodes Donald becomes a friend and confidante to the two straight brothers. He counsels them and exhibits wisdom. His character has grown on me."

MacKenzie's showy performance stole many episodes. At the end of the series' five-year run, Donald had become a de facto fourth "brother." MacKenzie may have the brightest future of any *Brothers'* alum. He's now starring in Fox-TV's *Open House*, playing a cut-throat real estate broker.

Deja Vu

I was living in New York when my friend Joe introduced me to *Brothers* in 1984. Since Manhattan Cable didn't offer Showtime, his family in New Jersey recorded episodes for him. Groups of gay friends would gather to view the first season's episodes.

Watching these same shows on the tape recently provided by Kruszynski, the material seemed mediocre at best. Old jokes punctuated stretches of lame humor. But every so often, there was a surprising moment. It was those moments—recognition that gays existed, had life experiences that were funny or touching—that made *Brothers* a temporary cult classic for gays in the vast wasteland of the mid-'80s.

There were gems: the football player who came out of the closet, a thoughtful episode about AIDS and comedy veteran Shelly Berman's guest appearances as a bitchy queen.

But the gems became rarer as seasons passed. Recycled plotlines from *Lucy* and *Laverne & Shirley* were mixed with embarrassing attempts at social relevance (the episode about gay-bashing being a prime example of both).

The New York friend who originally introduced me to the series reported, "The first season had many meaningful episodes that I found very funny. But after that they seemed at a loss for what to write about. It became general sitcom garbage that just happened to have a couple of gay characters."

Cute but Frustrated

By series' end, Joe remarried and became a father, Donald was still running off to hot dates with men who had Mediterranean names and Cliff had still never had a boyfriend.

"I never saw Cliff kiss anybody, hold anybody's hand, or go out with anybody," my New York friend complained. "This was kind of unbelievable considering the hunk he was."

Cliff's continually frustrated single state was the most troubling and most objectionable thing about the series to me. Donald was too fluttery and campy to be sexually threatening. On the other hand, one could too easily

(Continued on page 61)

The stars of *Brothers:* (l. to r.) Robert Walden, Paul Regina, Philip Charles MacKenzie, Brandon Maggart.

Gus Van Sant's 'Drugstore Cowboy'

The Right Prescription

by Patrick Hoctel

In this era of paranoia and hysteria about drugs, gay writer/director Gus Van Sant walks a thin line in *Drugstore Cowboy*. Taking as source material a novel by James Fogle, currently serving a 22-year sentence in Washington State Penitentiary for drug-related crimes, Van Sant and co-screenwriter Daniel Yost manage to portray the lure of drugs without making them alluring.

The director presents the world of the junkie, with its metaphorical and literal highs and lows, but he doesn't advocate for or against it. Rather he allows the viewer to understand how Bob (Matt Dillon), Dianne (Kelly Lynch), Rick (James Le Gros) and Nadine (Heather Graham) got caught up in it and why they continue stealing and using.

(Van Sant: "*Drugstore Cowboy* is a vision from a junkie's mind. So the design and spirit of the film is a little removed from reality, a junkie fantasy where everything works out. But there is also the down side, when the junk wears out.")

Scarily Familiar People

The foursome may be the most poignant—and appealing—drug family ever seen on the screen. Yet, to Van Sant's credit, he never patronizes them or milks them for pathos. The straightforward manner in which their crimes and on-the-edge living are delineated renders them all-too-human, scarily familiar, like "normal" people we've all known who've stretched or snapped accepted societal boundaries.

Although *Drugstore Cowboy* has echoes of the Bonnie and Clyde legend, especially in the personas of Bob and Dianne, there's none of Arthur Penn's conscious mythmaking. These characters are disturbingly simple: instead of robbing banks, they empty pharmacies; it's their job.

A New York reviewer observed that "Matt Dillon should bless the day he met Gus Van Sant," and it's true. Perhaps the film's greatest surprise is how Dillon's performance holds everything together. His Bob Hughes is not a poet/philosopher like Mickey Rourke's Henry Chinaski in *Barfly*, nor is he a James Dean poseur.

Van Sant has, in his own words, "de-cooled" Dillon for the role. In his funny-looking plaid bell bottoms and platform shoes (*Cowboy* is set in 1971) as he comes stumbling out of a house in one scene, he's practically a drug nerd. Dillon, who's shown promise in *Tex*, *Rumblefish* and *The Flamingo Kid*, demonstrates an unexpected mature strength here that forms the very core of this picture.

As in *Mala Noche*, the director uses the voice-over narration of the main character to locate the viewer both in the film and in the narrator's mind. Besides providing us with a reassuring sense of continuity, the voice-over lets us know what Bob Hughes, an extremely self-contained individual, is thinking and what he's likely to do next.

Van Sant fans may be struck by other similarities to his previous work. The opening and closing credits spotlight the four *Cowboy* principals clowning around and function as a lively, fun method of introducing them and a good way to send the audience out on an up note after a not terribly happy ending. The outtakes of Walt, Johnny and Roberto in *Mala Noche* that began and ended that film served much the same purpose.

Drugstore Cowboy has a monochromatic sameness that, like the black-and-white *Mala Noche*, gives it a documentary feel. Here, however, the color is green, in shades from lime to forest. This narrow range creates a low-key, almost grim mood besides lending the picture an air of authenticity. Again Van Sant's visual style sucks us into his universe.

William Burroughs (left) makes a cameo appearance (as himself) in *Drugstore Cowboy*, starring Matt Dillon.

Pet Betrayal

Leavening the documentary feel and a script hovering on depressing is a droll, deadpan wit representative of the off-the-wall humor in all the director's shorts and features. The story of Panda, once Bob and Dianne's dog, is undoubtedly the most notable example. Their recitation of tragedy and betrayal concerning their former pet is hilarious *and* bewildering, a Dada routine that is sublimely absurd yet touching.

Abbey Lincoln's rendition of "For All We Know" (J. Fred Coots and Sam Lewis, not Karen and Richard) that opens and closes the film will blow smoke rings around your heart, and Desmond Dekker's "The Israelites" goes way beyond its AM pop origins when set against this dark tale; it hypnotizes. Van Sant is one of the few filmmakers who knows how to use music to complement and enhance, not as an excuse tor a nostalgia wallow or to club viewers over the head with "emotion."

With *Drugstore Cowboy*, writer/director Gus Van Sant has fulfilled the promise of *Mala Noche*, and he's proven that he's capable not only of building on his past but also of concocting fresh visions for the future. The "auteur" tag is still premature, but it's lurking in the wings.

Drugstore Cowboy opens Friday at the Lumiere Theatre. ▼

Director

(Continued from page 33)

It's [nature] an escape. In *Mala Noche* Walt tours around with these boys and shows them the countryside, which they don't care about. They take it for granted. They're not really escaping; they like driving the car. But it was meant to be an escape from the city, to take them out of their lives. *Cowboy* does make use of the road trip, cross-roading as they call it, but it's a literal escape—from the cops. It's there so they can cool out.

Your shorts and films usually feature a magnetic male lead, and Matt Dillon is certainly riveting in *Cowboy*. Was he your choice for Bob Hughes?

Yeah, I thought of him originally when we were casting the film, and we ended up getting him.

Some people—like Spike Lee in his journal for *Do the Right Thing*—have complained that he keeps people hanging.

I was introduced to him through my agency, William Morris. I was pitching him another story, which he didn't want to do. But he liked *Mala Noche* a lot. When we had our meeting, we hit it off and started talking about all kinds of things. One script about a guy in jail. I also pitched him *My Own Private Idaho*, about street hustlers.

We began defining some project we could work together on, and then we left with the idea to get back in touch with each other and maybe we'd find the material. That's when *Cowboy* came along. I offered it to him, and he just said, "Yeah." It was quick. Matt was like "Let's go. Let's do it." He was committed. On the other hand, friends of mine were saying, "You'll find out."

How did you get William Burroughs for Tom the Priest?

He and his secretary, James Grauerholz, thought the script was terrific, which pleased me because it was something I adapted, words I formulated on my own, although I didn't write the source material. There were a couple of things to iron out. I had to shoot all his scenes in a day.

I think playing opposite Matt Dillon sold him. You know then that it's a certain kind of film, and it's going to get a certain amount of exposure. It's not a small film that's going to disappear; it's going to have a historical value as part of Matt's portfolio. If I were him, I would've done it.

Were you worried about audiences being put off by the film's slow pace and episodic nature? The structure is fairly non-standard.

I think it's pretty standard, with many earmarks of the traditional narrative. There are three different sections. First you get the characters and how they relate. Then they're on the road and encounter problems that result in the third part, the main character breaking off and finding his separate way.

Are you happy with the response the film has gotten?

Yes. It's gotten a good response, and it's been very successful.

Any negative reactions?

No, which is surprising, but I think we might get some. One of the questions we always had was would critics understand our intention in making the film, or would they look at it as a glamorization of drugs. Because it has an ambivalent quality—that was the part I liked about it. But I thought it might be seen as a glorification, which it isn't. It's a depiction, an analyzation of these people.

What's next?

My Own Private Idaho. Two street hustlers from Portland go to Seattle then onto Idaho in search of a lost relative. The lead character has narcolepsy and tells the story in his waking moments. ▼

The Beat

(Continued from page 36)

Top 10 singles. We'll compile it and run the results. As diverse as the Bay Area musical taste is, it should be pretty interesting.

The Rear View: We've been asked about the top albums from the past, so here goes: ten years ago this week **Led Zeppelin** had the no. 1 album with "In Through the Out Door." Twenty years ago it was **Creedence Clearwater Revival** with "Green River." ▼

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Young Voices on the Rise

In a society obsessed with youth, the media remains constantly on the lookout for potential stars. Ed McMahon's *Star Search* features seven-year-old male tap dancers and prepubescent female vocalists who aspire to become the next Madonna.

Last spring, while visiting the Minnesota Opera, I found myself trapped in a frequent flyer's nightmare. After checking into a Holiday Inn in Minneapolis, I discovered that the hotel was hosting a regional dance competition for 7 to 15-year-olds.

For a while, I watched in horror as these precocious toddlers tried to imitate Liza Minelli selling sex in *Cabaret*. I quickly fled the dance floor and, in a brief moment of sanity, ordered room service rather than face the challenge of eating in a hotel restaurant overflowing with stage mothers from suburbia.

The proliferation of brat-pack personalities that has dominated summer movie releases has had a peculiar impact on the opera world. Suddenly, young singers are being intensely scrutinized to see if they can be molded into the next Pavarotti, Callas or Domingo.

What the media often forgets is that each artist is unique unto him- or herself and that, particularly with opera singers, the voice doesn't really start to mature until the mid to late thirties.

Nevertheless, young talent costs less, is grateful for the opportunity to prove itself and can, more often than not, deliver the goods with a heightened sense of energy. That's exactly what happened when two West Coast opera companies featured young sopranos in important roles as they opened their 1989-'90 seasons.

Tempting Tart

The title character of Berg's opera *Lulu* is quite different from the girl in Little Lulu cartoons of my youth. An infinitely more sexual, tempting and dangerous creature, she attracts men like moths to a light.

When Lotfi Mansouri first cast young Ann Panagulias as Lulu in the San Francisco Opera's production, many wondered if the 26-year-old graduate of the Merola program would be able to tackle the vocal challenges of Berg's difficult score. Meanwhile, the local press shot its fashion-conscious wad all over San Francisco's War Memorial Opera House as it tried to give sufficient coverage to designer Bob Mackie, who created the costumes for this new production.

Although Mackie's costumes were, indeed, quite effective, they did not have to sing Berg's music. Miss Panagulias did.

Quite dashing in Mackie's costumes, she acquitted herself handsomely on Berg's treacherous vocal frontier. The singer's upcoming engagements include more Mozart (*Pamina* in her native Pittsburgh) and Verdi (*Violetta* at Milwaukee's Skylight Opera Theater)—a good way to protect her future.

Let me be the first to confess that I fall outside the ranks of devout *Lulu* fans. As a result, the ability of Miss Panagulias to sing the title role really seemed secondary to the dramatic impact of the production, which presented the complete three-act version of *Lulu* for the first time in the Bay Area.

Unfortunately, John Mauceri's lackluster conducting put a severe damper on the evening, and whatever singing *could* be enjoyed was often dwarfed by the dramatic proceedings. Special credit goes to Richard Cowan for his charismatic performances as the Animal Trainer and as a rather exhibitionistic Acrobat as well as to Victor Braun for his repressed and contemptuous characterizations of Dr. Schon and Jack the Ripper.

Former Merola student Barry McCauley made a long-overdue return to the Bay Area as Schon's son, Alwa, while, in his company debut, tenor Michael Myers did nicely as the painter and the black man who visits Lulu when she has become a street prostitute. Veteran performer Hans Hotter, now 80 years old, scored strongly in his scenes as Lulu's derelict friend, Schigolch, while mezzo-soprano Hilda Harris offered effective cameos as a wardrobe mistress, schoolboy and groom.

Although I was quite impressed with Gunther Schneider-Siemssen's sets, I couldn't help feeling that the San Francisco Opera's production of *Lulu* had, to a large extent, fallen victim to its own hype.

As soon as any of the production's visual gimmicks disappeared from view, much of Lotfi Mansouri's direction seemed fairly pedestrian. While Miss Panagulias was functional in the title role, her performance did not move me. With hardly any voice left, Evelyn Lear's portrayal of the lesbian Countess Geschwitz proved to be a major disappointment.

The saving grace of the evening was Francis Rizzo's supertitles, which helped move the production along faster than anything happening on the stage or in the pit.

Poison Ring Rings True

One of my reasons for venturing up to the Pacific Northwest several weeks ago was to hear a young soprano named Nova Thomas. Ms. Thomas, who made a deep impression on me when I first heard her sing Rezia in the Opera Theatre of St. Louis's production of Weber's *Oberon*, knocked my socks off last February with her Adalgisa in Opera Pacific's *Norma*. This time around, the soprano (known among friends as "The Dixie Diva") was headlining the silver cast of the Seattle Opera's new production of Verdi's *Il Trovatore*.

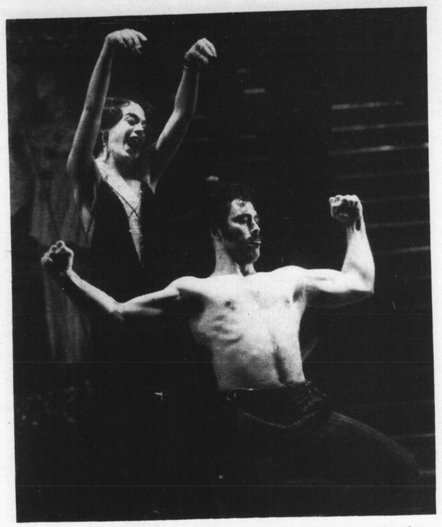
Her performance was a fascinating one. Although Thomas started with a slight rasp in her voice (and there were a few moments when her top notes seemed to pall) once the soprano warmed up, she made no bones about the fact that she was going for the gold.

A highly effective actress, Ms. Thomas milked as much drama out of Verdi's Leonora as possible—to the extent that I found myself yearning to experience her Violetta. The talent, as it stands now, is most impressive. Its potential for growth is nothing short of stupendous.

At the Sunday matinee I attended, it didn't take much for Ms. Thomas to walk off with the show. The Icelandic tenor singing Manrico (Gardar Cortes) and local mezzo singing Azucena (Shirley Lee Harned) were far from ideal in their roles and, of the men appearing onstage in Verdi's potboiler, only Peter Barcza's Count di Luna and Jose Garcia's Ferrando showed real promise.

This new and very strangely stylized production was designed by John Conklin and directed by Nicholas Muni as part of a joint effort with the Houston Grand Opera. On second viewing, its strengths emerge with greater clarity, although I still wonder why Leonora is dying in a blood-stained, white-tiled room that resembles the shower stalls at the YMCA.

Once again, Richard Bradshaw conducted. ▼

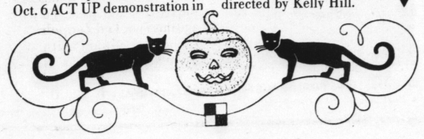


Baritone Richard Cowan flexed his muscles for soprano Ann Panagulias in the San Francisco Opera's new production of *Lulu*.

Rob Goldstein to Read at Different Light

San Francisco author Rob Goldstein will be reading from recent works Saturday, Oct. 28, 7 p.m., at A Different Light bookstore on Castro Street. The reading is dedicated to the ARC/AIDS Vigil and to the activists who participated in the Oct. 6 ACT UP demonstration in the Castro.

Goldstein is the author of *Love ACTS 25¢*, a poem that has been published in chapbook, and *Bobby*, a play that was produced at Purple Stages, a theatrical festival in Los Angeles. The reading/performance will be directed by Kelly Hill. ▼



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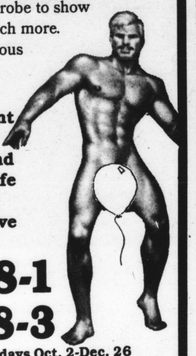

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Mr. Marcus

Tuesday: No Longer A Nellie Day

The only song I didn't hear all last week after 5:04 p.m. Tuesday was Gloria Gaynor's "I Will Survive." While that particular hit purportedly dealt with unrequited love, it also serves to illustrate the spirit and attitude of this city's gay community after the natural disaster that hit the Bay Area last week.

Men and women reported telephone calls from virtually all over the world to inquire about their welfare. Despite the long distances from here, frantic inquiries were registered from every continent in the world.

The Los Angeles leather community has already started fundraising efforts for anyone here who may have suffered losses. The Firebirds MC of Phoenix voted to send funds to the needy here last Thursday at their open meeting. The National Leather Association is mobilizing all over the country to raise funds for needy gays here as well.

Regret to say that South of Market's newest watering hole, the Lone Star Saloon, sustained such extensive damage that it is a total loss. At my deadline, owner Rick had spent nearly all day on Monday at FEMA (Federal Emergency Management Agency), hopefully on the road to reopening the Lone Star in another location. The offices and sales room of Desmodus, Inc., (*Drummer* magazine) were declared a total loss as well. At my deadline, no word as to where they will relocate. South of Market's bars were open throughout the traumatic period with emergency lighting and an indomitable spirit, as always.

Needless to say there were a million and one different responses to the question, "Where were you when it hit?" While some very funny sexual complications were experienced (how many people get it on at *that hour* and on a *Tuesday?*), I dare not go into that aspect. One dude was working away at massaging a client and the trauma was so intense for said client, they ended up declaring their love for each other by Sunday afternoon! By the weekend, with electricity and, most importantly, telephones restored, life went on status quo, except there was a lot of dishing about what happened to who, where and why!

Needless to say, some members of the community had their homes destroyed or declared uninhabitable. A fund has been established to aid those unfortunate ones. And it's available to any member of our pan-sexual community and is being administered by the SF Bay Area Chapter of the National Leather Association. John Ferrari and Ruth Marks are the co-chairs. If you need any assistance or know of anyone who does, contact the Leather Community Earthquake Relief at (415) 465-6008. Needless to say, your contributions are very, very welcome. You can send your contributions to Leather Community Earthquake Relief, 484 Lake Park Ave, #16, Piedmont, CA 94610.

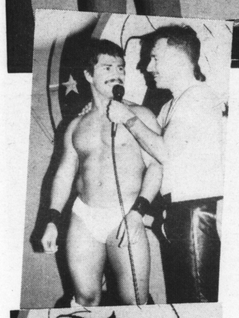
Quake damage all around. (Photo: Rich Gerharter)

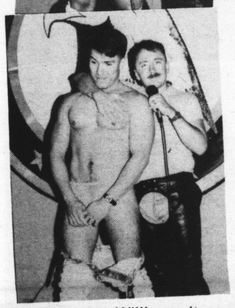
★ ★ ★

In spite of all the inconvenience many endured, the community bounded back to a quasi-normal posture. After checking to see if all our friends were OK, the progression seemed only natural except for one dude who just moved here and on the day he got his apartment in order, "it" hit—he's packing up already and by the time this hits the streets, he's gone, gone, gone—back to Akron, Ohio.

The tension was probably first released when the attendees of Society's Bad Girls' annual pre-Halloween party at the Cafe San Marcos hit the Disastro around 2230 Saturday night. Since the

Leather and Feathers at SF Eagle Oct. 30. (Photo: Darlene/PhotoGraphics)





MC Danny Williams (top right) at the Bare Chest Calendar auction with Jim Reuth (top), Mike Chase (middle) and Andrew Vasquez. (Photos: Marcus)

Hey, it's Halloween! Well, next Tuesday to be more exact. But Tuesday had its big day last week, and most of the big action is this weekend. But before you jump headlong into the fray, grab a few candles and join the ARC/AIDS Vigil at 50 UN Plaza. This is the fourth year for this re-dedication for national health care and access to treatment. Call 861-6261 or 928-5352 for further information. It's Friday, Oct. 27.

That same night is *A Greater Tuna Christmas* at the Marine's Memorial to benefit the Coming Home Hospice. Call 922-6275 for ticket info. Also on Friday, the Phoenix Uniform Club is having a uniform beer bust at the Eagle from 2000-2300—only $7 to rub elbows with spiffy dudes. It's $5 if you're in uniform!

Saturday, Oct. 28—parties galore! costumes! stars! stares! lots of skin! lots of muscles! lots of feathers! glitter! spotlights! cruising! GGRC Ball at the Hollywood Palladium in Los Angeles. The big Gotham party at the Giftcenter Pavilion; costume judging begins at 2300 and they'll provide shuttle buses from Moby Dick in the Castro and the New Belle on Polk. At the I-Beam, Tarzan Boys party till the wee hours with costume prizes. At Esta Noche, Lola Lust will MC the madness that night and again on Halloween night—cash prizes for costumes. Carol Doda will MC at the I-Beam and it's free! Michael Garrett will DJ. If that's too much madness, the Gay Men's Chorus will perform at Grace Cathedral—a Kairos House benefit for "A Day of Remembrance." Call Barry Singer at 282-7874; my press release didn't say what time or how much. If all of the above is too late for you, you can win some cash prizes of $50 for funniest, scariest and most original, at the annual pumpkin carving contest at the Eagle from 2000. They provide the pumpkins and carving tools. This one is always fun!

Feathered leatherette. (Photo: Darlene/PhotoGraphics)

Sunday, Oct. 29: Trax on Haight joins with "Held Over," the clothing store, for a Halloween Bash 'n' Benefit from 1600-1900. Gail Wilson will be accompanied by Wayne Love on keyboards; Deena Jones, Dan Perry, La Tatiana and Ms. Peckerhead will perform and a $1 raffle ticket could win you a 13" color TV, a VCR/VHS player/recorder, a microwave oven and two tickets to Men Behind Bars #5. All to benefit the AIDS Emergency Fund and the Godfather Service Fund. Where's Trax? On Haight Street, darlings. Sunday morning, check in at 1000 at the Watering Hole for the Barbary Coasters MC 1-day run followed by a beer bust at the SF Eagle at 1500—only $8.

Monday night, Oct. 30, Leather & Feathers at the SF

(Continued on next page)

Tarzan Boys are coming to the I-Beam this year. (Photo: Darlene/PhotoGraphics)

was jumping too at their 12th Anniversary party "Legends" until the wee hours. Tensions were being released all over the place.

On Sunday, huge, huge turnout for the Bare Chest Calendar and auction party at the Eagle. Again, because of the earthquake, the calendar was not printed in time for the party (it was supposed to be out last night—Wednesday), but 11 of the 1990 winners were on hand and with Danny Williams whooping it up they raised some $3,100 for the AIDS Emergency Fund. Get your calendar now! It's hot!

On the other end of the Miracle Mile (Folsom), western chic prevailed at the Oil Baron's Ball at the Rawhide. Early quick-steppers stopped off at the Eagle early before going to the very elegant affair. For awhile, cowboy hats and western gear seemed to dominate the scene at the Eagle. By that time, the 49er's had already trounced the New England Patriots 37-20 and it was announced that the World Series would resume play tomorrow at Candlestick. It was a reason for some jubilation but dampened by Joe Montana's injury and Jeff Fuller's disastrous injury. In spite of all the adversity of the past week, the spirit and tenacity of all our community is alive and thriving. Come to think of it, I think I did hear "I Will Survive" all over the place. Well, I didn't *really* hear it—I could see it in everyone's eyes and in their smiles.

theme dealt with sunglasses, you *know* everyone was out to out-"do" each other with costumes and hair. The parade of pulchritude elicited loud tension-releasing laughs. The group that stole the whole show were almost half-dozen dudes dressed as "Sophia" (of *Golden Girls* fame). They're the ones I heard about most all weekend.

One so-called "leather" dude made the mistake of giving his apartment keys to an out-of-town masquerader who went home afterward and passed out. When our hometown host got home and couldn't arouse his visitor, he threw his heels and purse at the window and would you believe they landed neatly on the sill and still didn't awaken the visitor? Our hometown hero (make that heroine) had to spend the night in the outer limits of Army Street, and she was *reeeeeal preeeetty* going home the next morning—or was it to the flower mart, darling?

Danny Williams celebrated his birthday at the Eagle the same night with an array of fun people entertaining and an even more spectacular array of beer drinkers. A new face, a new sound and a versatile singer, Peter Thorne, did his bit at Danny's party and again at the beer bust on Sunday. Don't look now, but Peter's disco-esque prowess is taking off rapidly. (Did someone say an Atlantic recording contract is just around the corner?)

Juicy crowd at the Dick Feast party too, not to mention the Clementina Cocks in action on that fabled street. The I-Beam

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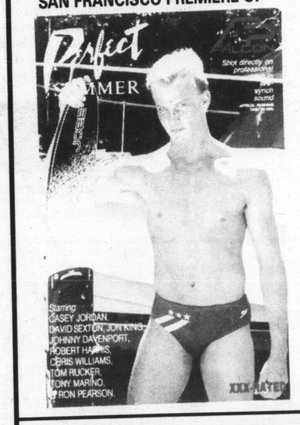

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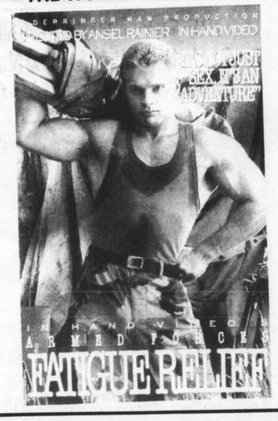

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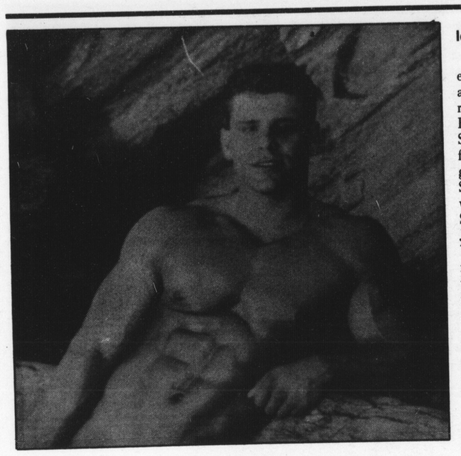

Guy DuPont is Mr. October in the Fox Studio 1990 calendar.

Marcus

(Continued from previous page)

Eagle. Lots of cash prizes; lots of leather, lots of feathers, hot men, gorgeous bodies, the patio. Hey, freak freely! Tuesday night, Oct. 31—Need I say more? Costumes galore—all over—they'll start early (1800 hours) at the Mint on Market with cash prizes and judging until midnight. Again—all over—until next year, hopefully without an earthquake!

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Idol Gossip

Hey, they had a leather weekend in Sacramento last Friday and Saturday. Leather & Lace raised $300 for the Earthquake Relief Fund—great women in Sacramento. Saturday, at the Buffalo Club, they raised $1,500 to give to Hand In Hand and the Sacramento Leather Association, with B&D demonstrations. Alan Selby and Steve Lesh MC'd. Jolanne Tierney and Kim Wallace entertained. Mr. Drummer Brian Dawson was there; it was a five-hour marathon of fun, madness and fundraising. Nice going, Sacramento!

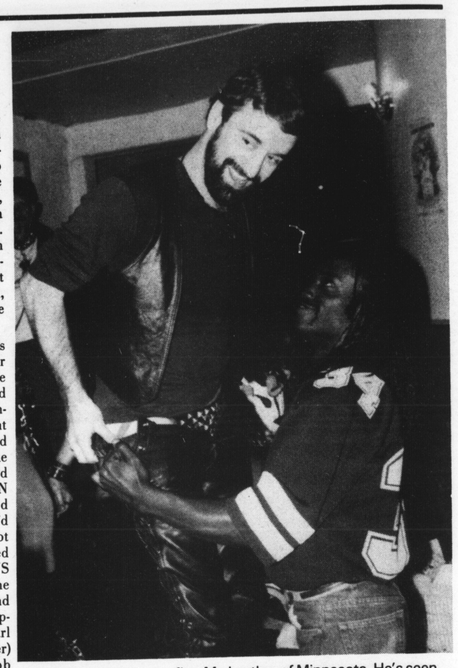
In St. Paul, MN two weekends ago, they held their first leather gathering, raised $3,000 for the local AIDS agencies, elected Mark Cady as the first Mr. Minnesota Leather (he'll represent that state at IML next May) and Master Piercer Jim Ward was the rage of the weekend. They had seven contestants for Mr. MN Leather and *B.A.R.'s* syndicated cartoonist (Fran) Frisch MC'd with assistance by that hot, hot Bob Guttman. It was organized by the Black Guard MC, ATONS MC, Knights of Leather and the Committee for Unity, Hope and Survival (CUHS). Susie Shepherd, "Iron" Mike Pereyra, Carl Cliver (Mr. Midwest Drummer) were judges along with Bob Jansen, owner of the Main Club in Superior, Wisconsin and Siv Sievi of the Knights of Leather. Good show! And yes, boys and girls, leather is alive and throbbing for men and women in Minnesota! The runners-up in the competition were (2) Growler and (3) Steven Bailey. Mr. Frisch will soon be making his home here in Faghdad by the Bay, and believe me, you're gonna hear from him!

The only other thing I can think of that you might want to know is that Gary Ross at the Powerhouse is celebrating his 34th birthday tomorrow night, Friday Oct. 27 and hopes you can all come down for the party. Happy birthday, dude!

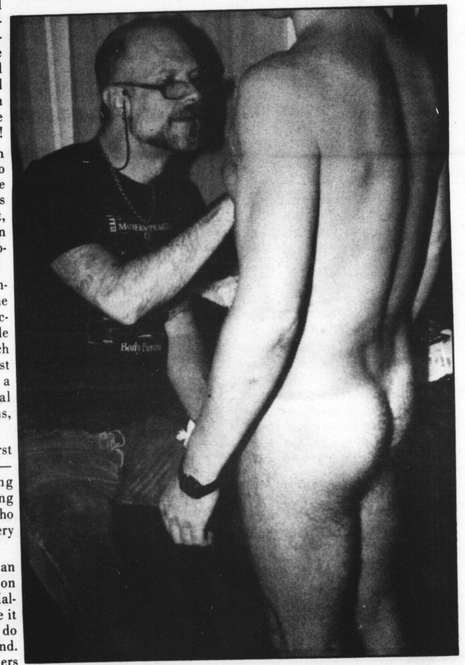
Thanks to Le Salon for contributing the six videos for the Bare Chest Calendar and Auction and party at the SF Eagle last Sunday. I can't tell you which one yet, but one of the bare chest winners has been chosen for a spot in a leading national magazine—when it happens, you'll be the first to know.

And get well wishes to my first royal wife, Empress VII Jonni—at home and recuperating nicely—we miss your smiling face! And also to Ken Wright who will have already been in surgery by the time you read this.

Hey, hang in there; if you can survive an earthquake of 7.0 on the Richter you can survive Halloween in San Francisco. Live it up, laugh it up, love it up, and do it all in leather this weekend. You're allowed to wear feathers with your leathers this time out—but no white sneakers with black leather! ▼



Mark Cady (left) is the first Mr. Leather of Minnesota. He's seen here with a successful bidder at a St. Paul AIDS benefit auction. (Photo: Droux)



San Francisco master piercer Jim Ward thoroughly enjoyed his work in St. Paul. (Photo: Droux)

International Gay Supermodel '90s Pageant, Nov. 25

The Palace of Fine Arts in San Francisco is the setting for the First Annual International Gay Supermodel '90s Pageant to be held at 7:30 p.m. on Saturday, Nov. 25.

The 33 contestants, from San Francisco, San Diego, Los Angeles and other Western states, will vie for the title, "International Gay Supermodel '90s." Each of the five winners will receive as symbols of their achievement, cash prizes, salutatory sashes and trophies.

There will be other special awards: most photogenic, most friendly, most popular, best in evening gown and best in swimsuit.

Each contestant will represent a specific country, but not in the sense of wearing ethnic clothing. As means of providing each a title, they will be introduced as Miss Australia, Miss Japan and so forth. The only nationalistic display will be flags from the countries represented carried by each contestant.

Tickets for the competition may be obtained in advance from individual contestants or from Sierra Productions. Tickets will also be available at the door and the prices are $12 in advance and $15 at the door.

Producer Clarence Sierra, a Filipino-American, said the competition was open to all ethnic backgrounds and was not a "totally Asian" show. Interested contestants, sponsors and advertisers are encouraged to contact Sierra Productions by writing to 347 Oak St., San Francisco, CA 94102, or calling 621-6101. ▼

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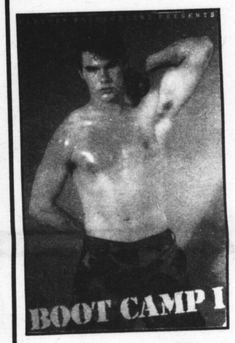

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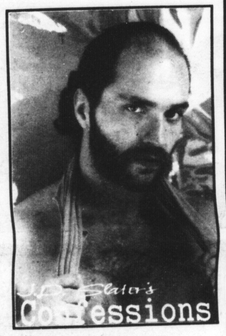

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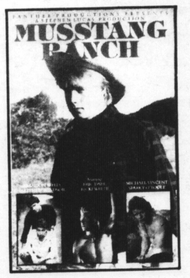

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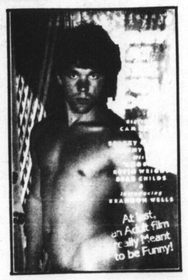

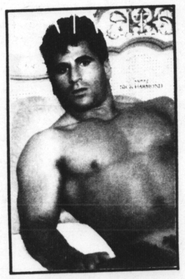

HURRY WHILE SUPPLY LASTS.

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Heartbeat

(Continued from page 33)

Navigating Homophobia

Let's talk about two beautifully-etched episodes where Marilyn navigates the shoals of homophobia—her own—and the hysteria and her daughter.

Marilyn is a tall, lithe 40-ish woman who wears little makeup and is the hugging bandit of the practice. A man who does tax work for the clinic takes an interest in her, and she freaks out. "I'm in a relationship," she explains coldly, giving no further explanation.

Marilyn, however, realizes she is attracted to the man as a friend, and would like to see him as a friend. When he asks her out to dinner, she runs to the staff's male psychiatrist.

He suggests Marilyn is afraid to admit to the man that she's gay and risk an awkward or even hostile rejection.

Damn it, she says, she's proud to be gay, so she marches over to his office, announces she's gay and asks that they be friends. He is taken back a bit, but recovers quickly and they go out to dinner.

Marilyn explained to a colleague that when she came out she was forced to leave her husband and small daughter behind. In another episode, she faced a dicier situation when her estranged and newly engaged daughter arrives to give her mother marching orders for the wedding.

A bitch of the first rank, the daughter decrees that her lesbian mother must not walk down the aisle of the church, but must be seated beforehand like an ordinary guest. The bitch then drops the big bomb: her mother's lover is not invited to the ceremony at all.

Marilyn can handle the aisle part, but she is angry about the slight to her lover who she wants with her. The lover is the placating type and reminds Marilyn she may never have another opportunity to get close to the daughter she lost.

The tense part comes when the daughter and her fiance come to dinner. Marilyn makes a practice batch of lasagna a few days before so she'll cook it right on the night of the ordeal.

During chitchat it turns out the lover and the daughter went to the same college and had the same art teacher. A bit of unscheduled female bonding takes place until the daughter realizes she's dealing with an accursed dyke and therefore a nonperson, and cuts off the *gemutlichkeit*.

What happens? Marilyn doesn't walk down the aisle and the lover stays home. Yet through all the pain and rejection, the lesbian mother insists upon buying her daughter's wedding dress.

Any viewer of this episode, Fred and Ethel, gay or straight, who also possesses a heart, cannot walk away from Marilyn's predicament without a profound sense of admiration for this woman who is thrashed by rejection, but who endures, head erect, eyes forward, ready to carry on in almost eerie serenity until the next homophobic jerk comes along.

We don't need to get the Nielsen numbers to realize that viewership of "Heartbeat" won't make a great share on an alternate cable network during the early evening hour.

And yet Marilyn will be there each weekday night until "Heartbeat" exhausts its first-run episodes, doing her best in the living room, which is always ground zero for social change in America. ▼

★

Gay/Lesbian Programs

Helping Hands
Monday, 7 p.m., S.F. Viacom 6
Wednesday, 7:30 p.m., S.F. Viacom 6

Kevin Gladstone's "Straight Talk"
Wednesday, (1st, 3rd) 4:30 p.m., S.F. Viacom 25: The Popstitutes; The High Risk Group; Cory Monroe; Jim Bentley; Hal Call, pioneer pornographer & founder of the Mattachine Society.

Healing Ourselves
Wednesday, (2nd, 4th) 10 p.m., S.F. Viacom 25.

Community Action Network News
Monday, 7:30 p.m., Mountain View Cable 30
Thursday, (1st, 3rd) 6:30 p.m., S.F. Viacom 6: Award Winning Stories.

Outlook
Monday, (4th) 6:30 p.m., S.F. Viacom 6
Wednesday, (1st & 3rd) 9 p.m., PCTV (Oakland, NE Bay)
Thursday, 8:30 p.m., Mountain View Cable 30; (4th), 6:30 p.m., S.F. Viacom 6
Friday (2nd, 4th) 7:30 p.m., Los Altos Cupertino Cable 30: Harry Britt (Prop S); Lesbian marriage; James Fallon, openly gay candidate for Fremont City Council; Columnist Mike Hippler on his book about Sergeant Leonard Matlovich.

Electric City TV
Sunday, 10 p.m., S.F. Viacom Cable 35
Tuesday, 10 p.m., Mountain View Cable 30
Wednesday, 8 p.m., S.F. Viacom 35
Friday, 7:30 p.m., KCAT South Bay Cable: Cobalt Blue; Patsy Cline; Rainbeau; Damion on alcoholism; Halloween trick or treat.

Hibernia Beach
Sundays, 7:30 a.m., KITS 105.3 FM: Ken McPherson examines the issues surrounding the Contra Costa Referendum.

Fruit Punch
Wednesday, 10 p.m., KPFA 94.1 FM: News, interviews, reviews.

Healing Tales
Monday, 8:30 p.m., KALW 91.7 FM: A female rite-of-passage is described in the classic fairy-tale "Eros & Psyche" with its mythic cast of characters. ▼

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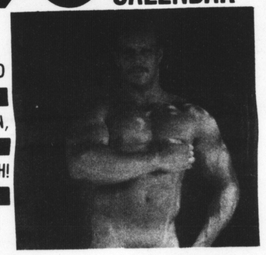
1990 FOX CALENDAR



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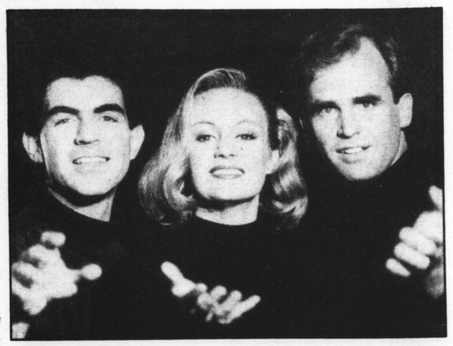
Applications Available for AIDS Bike-A-Thon

AIDS programs are invited to apply to become beneficiaries of the 1990 AIDS Bike-A-Thon sponsored by Different Spokes Bicycle Club. In order to be considered as a beneficiary, the program must maintain 501(c)3 not-for-profit status under the IRS code and provide direct service to PWA/PWArcs or education services to underserved populations in the Bay Area.

In its five year history, the AIDS Bike-A-Thon has raised more than $1.2 million for local AIDS services. The event is unique in that 100 percent of all monies raised has gone directly to the beneficiaries. The Bike-A-Thon is run totally by volunteers and the production costs of the event are underwritten through donations, gifts in-kind and rider registration fees.

Fifteen beneficiaries will be selected by the membership of Different Spokes to participate in the 1990 AIDS Bike-A-Thon set for Saturday, May 12, 1990. The deadline for completed applications is Nov. 1. For an application, call 731-3219. ▼



Back in town: Ruth Hastings, accompanist Barry Lloyd (l.) and performing partner Craig Jessup.

Karr

(Continued from page 34)

location. The show, a special benefit for the Encore Theatre Company, was to have been held at the ACT Playroom, but Encore has decided to move the event. Tickets to the two act concert are only $10. Call 566-4851 for reservations to the 10:30 p.m. shows.

"The show will be theatre, theatre, theatre," Ruth said. "We'll cover the whole gamut, somewhat of an overview of the ten years we've performed in San Francisco. And Barry Lloyd will be our accompanist again.

"I'm so grateful to be coming back," Ruth concluded. It sounds to me like she's gonna sing her heart out. ▼

Halloween Happenings

Memo to Mike Dooley of the White Swallow: How are you fixed for tablecloths, honey?

Sorry to report that a favorite of many people, "Trixie" of Hamburger Mary's in Honolulu, passed away on the 21st and will be missed by many.

The Royal Investiture of Grand Duke Bruce and Grand Duchess Colette and the naming of the court will take place Friday Nov. 3, 6 p.m., at the California Club at 1750 Clay Street and they promise it will be an interesting affair. Remember the White Swallow and the Cinch are just around the corner for drinks.

Thank you, Hal, for the lovely brunch you did for Tina Tanner on her birthday last Sunday at the Hob Nob. Hadn't seen so much royalty in one spot in a long time. And yes, there will be a presentation of all Empresses and Emperors at the Silver Anniversary Ball in February.

The Mint presents a comedy fundraiser with Marga Gomez, Scott Capuro and Karen Ripley on Friday, Oct. 27, 10 p.m., with Wally Kum on the keyboard. Sounds like an interesting evening.

The Castro Station's 14th Anniversary Party has been put on hold temporarily. I'll let you know more later, but the plan is for a four-hour cruise on the bay, with proceeds going to the AIDS Emergency Fund. Watch for more info as I get it from Tommy Tanaka.

My sister Czarina Ms. Greta Grass lost a lot of valuable things in the earthquake but has recovered nicely and is going ahead with all of her plans for next year. Thanks for Sunday, Greta.

The AIDS Emergency Fund at 1550 California St. is taking orders for Christmas trees, the profits of which go to the fund. Contact them now and order yours in advance.

Well, Halloween is just around the corner. So far I have these events to announce so you can start making your plans:

The Kokpit celebrates Halloween night and their Sixth Anniversary Friday Oct. 27, with two shows at 9 and 11 p.m. Bruce and Colette will MC. On Saturday, there will be drink specials from 6 a.m. till 7 p.m., with a lavish buffet at 9 p.m. and a show and a costume contest to follow with prizes and surprises. Sunday Oct. 29, the drink specials run from 6 a.m. to 7 p.m. again, with a progressive cash drawing. At midnight, the winning ticket will be worth $100. Sounds like a busy, busy weekend at the Kokpit.

On Tuesday Oct. 31, the Mint has a biggie with Ms. P as hostess, with entertainment from 8 till midnight and cash prizes for costumes. And yes, they do have cabaret seating.

The bars of the Tenderloin present a special Halloween on Tuesday with $800 in prizes, $400 for best male and $400 for best female. The contest starts at 9 p.m. and you must register at the Peter Pan no later than 9 p.m. The route is Shanes, Blue and Gold, Aunt Charlie's, The Kokpit and then to the Peter Pan. Sounds like the good old days are coming back to the Terrific Tenderloin.

Saturday Oct. 28, Kimo's has Marlena and Bronzie (?) with a cast of thousands in the Penthouse, with entertainment starting at 10 p.m. and no cover charge. Don't miss this one.

Also on Saturday, Company at 1314 California Street will be doing their Halloween from 8 p.m. on, with lots of tricks and treats along with good "Company." A very enjoyable drinking establishment. Right, Seth.

The Polk Gulch Saloon's "Die Hard Kick-Off Party" for Jolene, aka Joe Hickman, clicks her heels and leaves Oz. Come help them celebrate. Costumes optional for Die Hard Halloweeners on Nov. 1 from 9 p.m. on.

I know that many more places are doing their thing for Halloween but I don't have the information as of this writing, although I know that the Pines is doing something special and of course the White Swallow wouldn't miss doing a biggie.

So remember to do your thing, but do it safely. Happy Halloween to all.

Thank you, Mame of Portland, for all your calls to see if everyone was OK or needed anything. You were a thoughtful old gal.

Welcome home, Dick Deemer. You look great after six months on Fire Island. ▼

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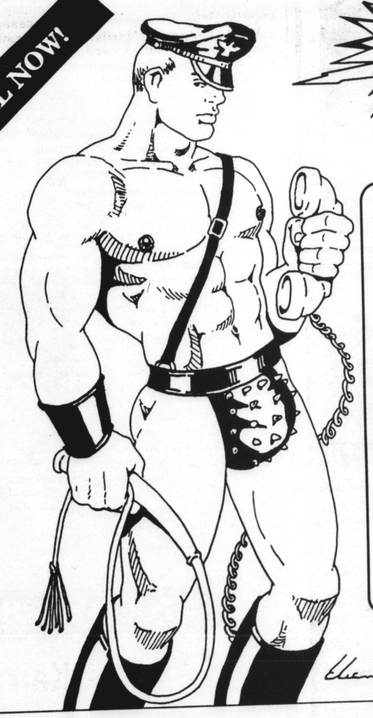

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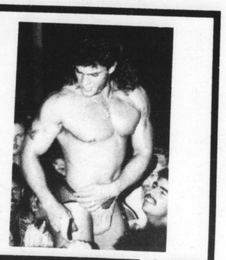
OCTOBER 29
SUNDAY
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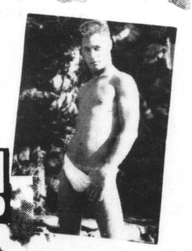
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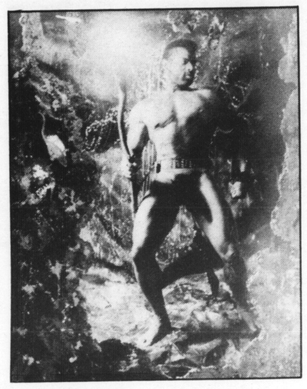
Gay & Lesbian Literature
A DIFFERENT LIGHT
489 Castro Street, San Francisco, CA 94114 (415) 431-0891
THIS WEEKEND'S EVENTS:
Friday, Oct. 27, 7:30 p.m.
ROBERT TRIPTOW, editor of "Gay Comics"
Slideshow and talk
Saturday, Oct. 28, 3 p.m.
THE JAMES WHITE REVIEW:
A reading with Bay Area contributors
Saturday, Oct. 28, 7:30 p.m.
ROB GOLDSTEIN, directed by Kelly Hill
An evening of poetry and performance
Coming in November: Nancy Glen, "Clicking Stones," 11/4; GAWK performance, 11/11; Fenton Johnson, "Crossing the River," 11/12; Harold Norse, "Memoirs Of A Bastard Angel," 11/19; Pat Califia, Lesbian Writers Series, 11/19; Thom Gunn & Jack Collins, Gay Writers Series, 11/26.

THIS WEEK



• **Photograher Christopher Enzi:** Features color photographs of men as demons cavorting in Hell. Thru Nov. 2. Artlick Gallery, 4147 19th St./Collingwood. Wed.-Sun., Noon-8 p.m. Call 626-9043.

FRIDAY 27

• **Modern Primitives: Don Ed Hardy—The Thinking Man's Tattooist:** Founder of *Tattootime Magazine* & tattoo historian curated by Re/Search Publications. 8 p.m. $3-4. Southern Exposure Gallery, Project Artaud, 401 Alabama/17th St.

• **Halloween Dance For Gay, Lesbian & Bisexual Youth (21–):** 7:30-11:30 p.m. Refreshments, costume contest. $2. The Women's Bldg, 3543 18th St./Valencia. 531-4612.

• **Comedy Benefit For Shanti:** Featuring Marga Gomez, Scott Capuro, Karen Ripley. 10 p.m. Drawing for trip to Vancouver! $4. The Mint, Market & Webster.

• **Body Electric:** A multi-media, poetry, music celebration of the individual's right to freedom of expression. Part II, Oct. 27 at 8 p.m. with Kathy Gross, Neeli Cherkovski, Tory Miller, Gary Glazner, Francesca Dubie. Oct. 28 at 8 p.m. with Jack Micheline, Jimmy Lyons, Alejandro Murguia, Wordwind Chorus. Phil Deal on both nights with his kinetic light towers, sax, flute, synthesizer. Phil Deal Performance Gallery at Project Artaud, 401 Alabama/17th St. $5. Call 552-2604.

• **A Greater Tuna Christmas:** Benefits Coming Home Hospice. New sequel to SF's longest running comedy. Marines Memorial Theatre, 609 Sutter. 8 p.m. $20. Men's Associated Exchange (MAX) sponsors. Call Mark, 922-6275.

• **A Vision of the Spirit: Creative Healing & Goddess Imagery Through Photography:** By Irene Young. Reception: Oct. 27, 7-10 p.m. Show/sale: Oct. 28-29, Noon-6 p.m. GAIA Bookstore, 1400 Shattuck Place, North Berkeley. 654-3846.

• **A Different Light:** Robert Triptow, editor of *Gay Comics*, slideshow/talk. 7:30 p.m. 489 Castro.

• **Free Practical Support Volunteer Training in the East Bay:** Oct. 27, 6-9 p.m., Oct. 28, 9 a.m.-5 p.m. & Oct. 29, 10 a.m.-4 p.m. Call The Center, 655-3435.

• **ARC/AIDS Vigil:** Civil disobedience 12 noon in front of the Old Federal Bldg (FDA offices). At 7:30 p.m. join the Vigil to commemorate its fourth year with a candle memorial, UN Plaza. Health care is a birthright!

• **A Meeting on Political Advocacy:** How can AIDS advocacy groups & community service providers best support each other? 9 a.m.-Noon. 2151 Berkeley Wy, Berkeley. 241-5519.

• **The Buddy Connection:** A safe-sex workshop for gay & bi men. FREE. 7-10 p.m. 25 Van Ness, 3rd floor. 864-5855.

SATURDAY 28

• **I Beam:** High Energy & House Music Saturdays. $5, free w/pass. 9 p.m.-2 a.m. Tea Dance Sundays, $5, free 5-9 p.m. w/pass. 1748 Haight, SF. 668-6023.

• **CREW:** gay house music club. Every Saturday, 9:30 p.m.-afterhours, 21+. $8. 520 4th St./Bryant. Call: 978-CREW.

• **Day of Remembrance at Grace Cathedral:** A celebration of life in the midst of AIDS. 9 a.m.-6:30 p.m. Interfaith service 5:30 p.m. Call 864-8660.

• **Nightmare on Valencia Street, The Final Chapter:** Artists' installation haunted house & Halloween party. 10 p.m. $7. Intersection For The Arts, 766 Valencia/18th St. Call 626-2787. Live entertainment, costume contest!

• **Club Mystique Costume Ball:** $500 in cash & prizes for best couple, most original & sleaziest. Party with the girls! 22 4th St./Market. Call 777-0866.

• **Western Roundup Halloween Dance & Costume Party:** 9:30 p.m.-1 a.m. First Unitarian Church, 1187 Franklin. $6-12. Childcare, wheelchair access. Clean & sober event to benefit Living Sober '90.

• **A Different Light:** 3 p.m. *James White Review*: reading by contributors. 7:30 p.m. Author Rob Goldstein, directed by Kelly Hill. An evening of poetry & performance dedicated to the AIDS/ARC Vigil. 489 Castro. 431-0891.

• **Girth & Mirth Club:** Halloween costume party & potluck dinner. 7 p.m.-midnight. 176 Page, SF. Free for those who bring a dish, if not pay $10. Call 830-2597.

• **Bi Friendly SF:** Japanese dinner, SF restaurant. 7 p.m. Join us for sushi & fun. Pierre, 753-0687.

• **Art Class:** Exploring AIDS/ARC issues through creativity. FREE. 11 a.m.-2 p.m. Game Night, social mixer for PWA/PWARC/PWHIVs, 6-10 p.m. Rest Stop, 134 Church. 621-REST.

SUNDAY 29

• **Halloween Dance for Older Lesbians & Friends:** Costume party. 2-5 p.m. St. Francis Lutheran Church, 152 Church (across from Safeway on Market). FREE. Call 626-7000.

• **The Return of Neewollah—Barbary Coasters M/C One Day Run:** 10 a.m. check-in & events at The Watering Hole. Followed by 3-6 p.m. beer bust at the SF Eagle. $8 donation.

• **Poetry at the Press Club:** 2-4 p.m. Poet Will Inman. 555 Post, SF. Call Philip Hackett, 296-0915.

• **El Rio:** El Grupo Sinigual. $7. 4-8 p.m. 3158 Mission. 282-3325.

• **Inga & Friends in "Fishnets & Leather":** Every Sunday until she leaves. 8 p.m. The Mint, Market/Webster.

• **SF FrontRunners:** Halloween Glitter Run. Meet at Hibernia Bank, 18th & Castro, 10 a.m. for a 4 mi. run. All welcome. 453-4118.

• **Different Spokes SF:** Napa county. Helmets required, rain cancels. Call Ed, 845-2256, for carpool/info.

• **Gay Volleyball:** Every Sun., 11 a.m.-3 p.m., in the school yard at 18th & Deharo. All welcome, even beginners. Call Jay at 864-0257.

• **Tsunami Gay/Lesbian Swim Team:** Practices MWF, 6-7:30 p.m. SF Park & Rec's Coffman Pool. Sundays at King's Pool, 10 a.m.-noon. Call Crystal Brunzell at 285-8496.

• **SF Hotshots Men's Gay Basketball Team:** Collingwood gym, 18th St. & Collingwood. 6-8 p.m. All levels welcome. Showers available. Tony Jasinski, 621-2710.

• **Men's Clinic:** free/confidential VD testing and treatment for gonorrhea, syphilis, NGU, scabies, lice, venereal warts, etc. AIDS/ARC counseling and referrals. Gay Men's Health Collective, 2339 Durant Ave., 6-8 p.m. Call 644-0425.

• **Religious Science of SF:** Lecture on "Accept This!" 10:30 a.m. 25 Van Ness/Market. 641-1702.

• **Stockton MCC 16th Anniversary:** Come celebrate! 2:30 p.m. Unitarian Church, 3737 Pacific Ave., Stockton.

MONDAY 30

• **Organize for Health Care Now!:** Learn about organizing in your community for health care coverage for all Californians. 7:30-9:30 p.m. Humanist Hall, 390 27th St./Telegraph, Oakland. Wheelchair acess, 411 28th St.

• **Back Care, Bedside Mobility, Exercise:** Workshop for caregivers by Thomas Koren, MA, PT. 7-9:30 p.m. Garden Sullivan Hospital, 2700 Geary/Masonic. $10. Reg.: 648-4045.

• **Bi Friendly South Bay:** Palo Alto location. 7 p.m. Steve (415)968-5902, Kristine, (408)267-5551.

• **Support Group for Older Gay Men (60+):** 7-9 p.m. Operation Concern, 1853 Market. FREE. Call 626-7000.

• **SF Jacks Mock New Years Halloween:** Progressive men who like to jack-off with other men stay ahead of the holidays. $6. Entry 7:30-8:30 p.m. BYOB. Hotline: 543-3433.

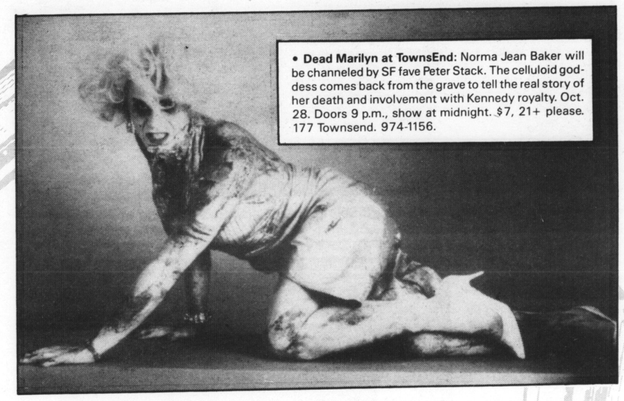
• **Springboard Diving Class & Training:** beginner thru advanced. Info/reg.: Bob Murphy, 552-0820, or Leslie King, 666-6820. Mon & Wed. 7 p.m.; Tues & Thu, 3:30 p.m.

• **Co-Dependent No More Support Group:** facilitated by Bob Pettyman. 7-8:30 p.m., Kairos House, 114 Douglass St.

• **Hayward & Tri-City HIV+ Support Group:** for PWAS/PWARCS and their loved ones. Every Monday, 10-11:30 a.m. or 7-8:30 p.m.; Thursdays, 2:30-4 p.m. Call: 887-0566.

• **HIV+ Spiritual Support Group:** Weekly, SF MCC, 150 Eureka. Call: 863-4434.

• **Alanon:** Meeting for people with AIDS/ARC/HIV-positive concerns. Rest Stop, 134 Church St., S.F., 7:30 p.m. Call: 621-REST.



• **Dead Marilyn at TownsEnd:** Norma Jean Baker will be channeled by SF fave Peter Stack. The celluloid goddess comes back from the grave to tell the real story of her death and involvement with Kennedy royalty. Oct. 28. Doors 9 p.m., show at midnight. $7, 21+ please. 177 Townsend. 974-1156.

TUESDAY 31

• **I—Beam:** Nightmare on Haight Street! King Swamp & See No Evil. 10:30 p.m. FREE. 1748 Haight. 668-6023.

• **Halloween Women's Spiral Dance:** 8 p.m. at the Women's Bldg. $13. Women only! Advance tickets only. Send check & SASE to Women's Spirituality Forum, POB 11363, Oakland, 94611. Call 444-7724.

• **A Nightmare on B Street:** Trip to Hawaii for best costume. 236 S. B St., San Mateo. 9 p.m. 348-4045.

• **Holloween Costume Party with Pride & Joy:** Prizes for most original, scariest, funniest, best office group with one theme. 5:30-9 p.m. Golden Gateway Ballroom, Hyatt Regency SF. 5 Embarcadero Cntr, California & Drumm. FREE. 788-1234.

• **Pro-Choice Benefit at Kennel Club:** 10 p.m. Missle Harmony, Mermaid Tattoo, Lesbian Snakecharmers. 628 Divisadero. $2.

• **Organ Horrors! Hallowe'en Celebration of the Macabre in Music:** Spooky music & readings. Wear costumes! 7:30 & 10 p.m. $5 adv., $6 door. MCC, 150 Eureka. 863-4434.

• **Halloween at the Mint:** Costume contest & prizes. 6 p.m.-midnight. 1942 Market/Webster.

• **Halloween Party for PWA/PWARCs & Friends at Shanti:** Costumes encouraged. 5-7:30 p.m. 525 Howard. 777-2273.

• **Bay Area Bisexual Network Halloween Party:** The Castro, 8 p.m. Dress as your favorite Alice in Wonderland character. Call Andrew for info, 626-3910.

• **Gay Men's Sketch:** Classical nude modeling with Halloween in mind. Open to all skill levels. $10. 1229 Folsom. 7-10 p.m. Reservations, 621-6294.

• **Amron Esoteric Cntr:** 7 p.m. "Healing: The Way of the Ancients," Norma Tringali. 2254 Van Ness Ave., SF.

• **AIDS & Drugs: A Forum on Local Intervention Strategies:** County Board of Supervisors Chambers. Info: 573-2588.

• **Ballroom/Latin Dancing For Gays/Lesbians:** Samba! $7/class, $12.50/both. Beginners 7-8 p.m., Intermediate 8-9 p.m. 50 Oak/Van Ness, 4th floor. 995-4962.

WEDNESDAY 1

• **Mercury:** Progressive/urban house dancing for boys and girls 18+. $5. 9 p.m.-2 a.m. 520 4th St./Bryant.

• **El Rio:** Comics Tom Ammiano, Josh Kornbluth, Ngaio Bealum, Lisa Safran. 9-11 p.m. 3158 Mission.

• **Henry Miller in Brooklyn:** Writer/director Mel Clay. Thru Nov. 12. Thur.-Sun., 8 p.m. $10. EXITheatre, 366 Eddy, SF. 931-1094. Theatre for consenting adults.

• **The Film Society:** A searing look at the corrosive impact of apartheid on the white society of South Africa. Thru Nov. 26. Thu.-Sun., $10-19. Magic Theatre Southside, Ft. Mason Cntr, Bldg D, 3rd floor. 441-8822.

• **New Alliance Party:** Monthly meeting every 1st Wednesday of the month. 75 Gough, Suite 115. Call 558-0442.

• **Castro Lions Club:** Peter Gradjansky, Friends of the Urban Forest, dedicated to the greening of SF. 6:30 p.m., optional meal $10. Cafe du Nord, 2170 Market. Bill, 824-0535.

• **St. Sebastian & AIDS Themed Art Exhibit:** By various artists. Thru Nov. 5. Grace Cathedral. Reception tonight 5:30-8:30 p.m.

• **Cruzin' The Castro:** Walking tour of our community from an historical perspective. Trevor Hailey's wealth of local history explains how & why SF became the Gay Mecca of the world. Offered daily 10 a.m. Call 550-8110.

• **Care Partners Support Group:** For those caring for people with AIDS & other life threatening illnesses. 7:30-9 p.m. MCC, 150 Eureka. 863-4434.

• **Trans-gender Support Group:** Wednesdays 4:30-6:30 p.m. with Counseling Supervisor Christine Tayleur. Open to all people dealing with trans-gender issues. Tenderloin Self-Help Center, 191 Golden Gate Ave., SF. 554-0518.

• **East Bay Figure Drawing Class:** Wednesday evenings, 7-10 p.m. Located in the Jack London Square produce market just four blocks from Lake Merritt BART station. Reservations/info call 465-7382.

THURSDAY 2

• **Colors (aka Scooters):** 22 4th St/Market. 9 p.m.-2 a.m. Black & Salsa mix. Every Thursday night.

• **Sugar Shack!:** Thurdays 10 p.m.-2:30 p.m. 21+. $3. 1015 Folsom/6th St. Hip-Hop & House Music, live shows.

• **El Rio:** Jimmy Talks, Short Stories. 9:30 p.m.-1 a.m. 3158 Mission.

• **Until That Last Breath: Women With AIDS:** 60 photographic essays by Ann Meredith with texts by the women. Reception tonight, 6-8 p.m. Thru Dec. 19. Corridor Gallery, 401 Marshall St., Hall of Justice, Redwood City. 593-1816.

• **Gay Men's Workshop—Sexual Choices & Options:** "Choosing Leather," guests include Mr. Marcus, Joseph "Leathersex Fairy" Bean; FREE; Everett Middle School, 450 Church St., Rm. 105, 6:30 p.m. Henry Mach, facilitator; for info. 863-4910.

• **El Dia da los Muertas (Day of the Dead) Celebration:** 7:30 p.m. The procession will begin at the Mission Cultural Cntr and end at La Raza Park, Potrero/25th St.

• **Bee-Eye:** Written & directed by Joe Besecker. Thru Nov. 4. Thu.-Sat., 8 p.m. Sun. matinee 2 p.m., Oct. 15, Nov. 5. $8. Mission Cultural Cntr, 2868 Mission. 626-6715.

• **Patricia Torres; Reflections:** 1988 Biennale of San Juan Puerto Rico winner for best graphic work. Thru Nov. 12. Robert Dana Gallery, 1849 Union, SF. 749-1849.

• **Tango Argentino Workshop:** Every Thu., 7-8 p.m. $10/class, $40/entire workshop. 50 Oak St./Van Ness, 4th floor. 995-4962.

• **Recovery From Addiction for Gays/Lesbians:** Free 9 week class, 6:30 p.m., by Genevieve Rowe, MS. Everett Middle School, 450 Church. 922-7612.

• **Impact of Stress on Gay/Lesbian Relationships:** Free 9 week class, 6:30 p.m., by Beverly Wells, PhD. Everett Middle School, 450 Church. 922-7612.

• **Express Yourself, The Lesbian & Gay Acting Workshop:** An 8 week program utilizing gay themes & texts. Similar workshops held in London, Chicago. No previous theatrical experience required. Call 541-5090.

• **HIS House, AIDS Care Cntr:** Group home for HIV+ persons. Group therapy, individual & relationship counseling, social service assistance. Call (707)433-5116, Santa Rosa.

• **PWA Pals:** For those looking for a meaningful relationship within the AIDS Crisis. PWA couples also welcome. Meets Sun. & Thu. weekly. Guest speakers, potlucks, special events planned. Call 861-7765 for Thursday info, 469-4886 for Sunday.

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But We Need Your Help
To Make Them A Reality!
SO WE'RE HAVING A VOLUNTEER MEETING
And Inviting Everyone Interested To Bring A Friend And Attend.
THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 2ND
AT 7:30 PM
in THE LION'S DEN of THE GALLEON BAR & RESTAURANT
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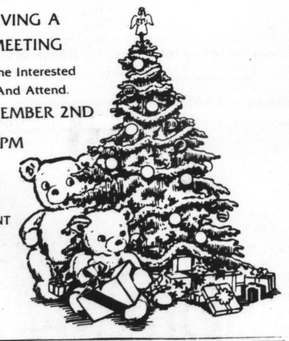

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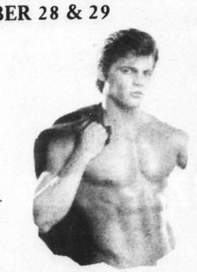
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Gay Art Alliance Forms

Visual Artists Unite

by Mary Richards

In this city, as in most cosmopolitan areas, visual artists flourish alongside musicians and writers, all of whom vie for attention and patronage. Although it may seem an odd circumstance in San Francisco, until the present there has been no way for lesbian and gay artists to network and find support. Two people have set out to challenge that situation, and in dong so have formed what could well become a leading force for gay artistic expression in our community.

Dori Friend and Richard Bolingbroke share a similar dream, which they have developed into the Gay Art Alliance.

"Basically," Richard says, "it's about time that the gay art community started contributing to gay culture in a more cohesive way. Gay writers are visible, and gay musicians are probably more visible, but there's not a lot of real visual art activity with a gay feeling to it."

Twenty people responded to Richard's letter in the *B.A.R.* asking for other artists to join the group. Painters, sculptors and photographers now meet regularly to share thoughts and ideas about their art and its relation to the gay and lesbian community of San Francisco.

The alliance was promised space to exhibit in November, but plans fell through. Richard says, however, "We're tentatively booked for February at the Falcon Gallery on Haight Street; and we're hopefully going to make that a really big event. What I see is having regular shows where people have an outlet for their work, so that the gay community can see that there's a nucleus of people who are producing good art and that it's going to be an outlet for people who want to buy art. When people see the Gay Art Alliance they will know that they're going to be able to see a good show there."

Dori shares the belief that the gay community will want to support this new art group.

"I always look in the Gay Book when I need services done," she explains. "It's the first place I go. I want to make our community strong, and that's the way to do it, to support each other."

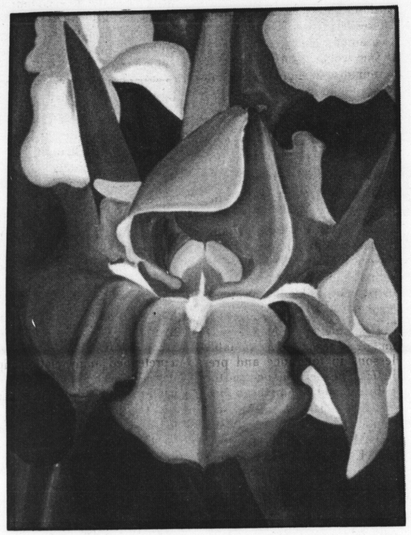
From June 18 through July 16 of next year, Dori, Richard, Lenore Chinn and Randy Damron will present an exhibit of gay and lesbian artists in the rotunda of City Hall. Their presentation is unrelated to the Gay Art Alliance, but they expect that some of those artists will participate.

The Gay Art Alliance's Dori Friend and Richard Bolingbroke. Below is a painting of an iris by Bolingbroke. (Photo: Darlene/PhotoGraphics)

"The show in June will be an annual event," Dori says. "What we're trying to do is turn it into more of a festival where there will be satellite shows. In future years we may want to be in City Hall Rotunda, and then have more theme shows in different galleries."

When the Gay Art Alliance does exhibit in February, the work on display will have to meet standards that the group has set.

"We're definitely looking for gallery-quality work," Richard stresses, "because we want to be able to put out a really professional feeling to people. It's not to put down anybody who's still working on their quality, but it needs to be of a grade that people are going to want to buy and have in their homes, otherwise it's detracting from what we're trying to do.



"Artists judging artists are going to come up with good work. It's not that we're excluding people because of the quality of their work, but we're definitely going to be saying to people, 'maybe you're not ready to show yet,' but please be part of the group. We'll support you in your work to become strong enough to be ready to show. I think that's very important."

The Gay Art Alliance had a booth at the recent Castro Street Fair, and they received a positive response to their fliers. Richard describes the various things about the group that he sees as being important: making a visible contribution to gay cultural life; having regular exhibits and providing outlets for their work; encouraging new artists; and networking. Dori adds "having fun" to that list.

"It is going to be a lot of fun," Richard adds. "I think it's very important that we don't get too serious and too intellectual. It's not a political group, I think that's quite important for us. It's not specifically political, but what we're doing has to be political because of its nature. We've created another gay organization, and I think every time you do that it's a political statement."

The Gay Art Alliance can be contacted at 863-0212. ▼

Aris Project Becomes United Way Agency

Aris Project Inc. has been selected by United Way of Santa Clara County as a member agency. The announcement by United Way's Planning and Allocations Council marks the first time an agency whose sole mission is AIDS services has been admitted to the funding organization's list of member agencies.

Aris Project plans to participate with the Santa Clara County United Way to help raise needed service funds during the 1989 United Way Campaign

Sorenson said, "We are please to receive the commitment of United Way of Santa Clara County in addressing the growing service needs of people with AIDS. With an estimated 500 AIDS diagnoses reported in Santa Clara County, and an expected 7,000 county residents infected with the HIV virus, we are anxious to work with the many health and human service agencies of the United Way membership to maximize limited resources." ▼

BOOKS

AIDS Meets Politics, Culture

Taking Liberties: AIDS and Cultural Politics
edited by Erica Carter and Simon Watney; Serpent's Tail, London; $14.95.

"AIDS, Cultural Life and the Arts: A Forum," City Lights Review #2.
City Lights Books, San Francisco; $9.95.

by Noreen C. Barnes

AIDS has affected—and will continue to affect—our lives, and it informs what we do in every aspect of our lives, whether we call for action in the streets or at the voting booth, or donate time or money to organizations helping to care for, treat and educate in this medical crisis. It has transformed the way in which we write about the gay life—there is a "pre-AIDS" and "post-AIDS" distinction of work, particularly in fiction and drama, and many authors have turned to writing stories set in the "pre-AIDS" era, to exempt them from a requisite acknowledgment of the epidemic and to allow a greater freedom of sexual activity on the part of their characters.

For others, the eroticization of safe-sex practices, on the page or on the stage, has become a worthy challenge of their creativity.

What distinguishes the "before" and "after" AIDS sensibilities is that now sex has to be *discussed*, not merely alluded to—we have to talk openly and frankly about it. It's the only way to be responsible, even among lesbians.

It is our generation's legacy, and it is teaching us valuable lessons in tolerance and prejudice. The social has become the political, and we have been forced to confront not only the homophobia and sexism we already faced, but racism and classism as well. Everyone is touched, from those that express themselves on canvas, to those who canvass for changes in public policy on AIDS, for the elimination of red tape in the expedition of drug trials, and greater legal protections for those with AIDS.

Two publications have focused on this intersection of AIDS, politics, culture and the arts—*Taking Liberties*, published by London's Serpent's Tail, and *City Lights Review #2*, which features a forum on AIDS, cultural life and the arts.

The voices and visions of the contributors to these works are urgent calls for action as well as provocative demonstrations of the permanent incorporation of AIDS into every part of life in the late 20th century.

In his introductory essay to *Taking Liberties*, British author and AIDS activist Simon Watney writes:

We have to transform the terms in which AIDS is thought (and feared, and dreaded and made the stuff of countless nightmares, or entirely disavowed), in order to improve the circumstances in which people with AIDS live. This means taking liberties in every sense of those words. It means taking to the streets, and taking control of our lives, and asserting liberties which no virus or government can ever completely deny us... Our greatest challenge is to be able to construct a politics of health that can speak across the barriers of class and race and gender and sexuality, providing a powerful collective vision of how our lives could be.

This vital and provocative collection of writings is the result of a conference in March of 1988, held in London, of American and British activists, writers and community workers. All the contributions are underscored with the understanding that "AIDS has reverberations and that strategies against it must always take account of AIDS in its cultural dimension."

The essays concern language, racism, public health policies, political legislation, homophobia, drug trials, the media, feminism, erotica, and the AIDS "industry." Throughout, the insufficient and inexcusable responses of both the British and American governments to address the crisis of AIDS come under fire.

Of the passage of Clause 28 of the Local Government Bill into law last year in Britain, Watney notes that its wording "embodies a series of profoundly significant ideological motifs."

In addition to Section 28's primary statement that "(1) A local authority shall not: (a) intentionally promote homosexuality or publish material with the intention of promoting homosexuality; (b) promote the teaching in any maintained school of the acceptability of homosexuality as a pretended family relationship," there is a second part of the legislation: "(2) Nothing in subsection (1) above shall be taken to prohibit the doing of anything for the purpose of treating or preventing the spread of disease."

Thus, by linking homosexuality, the family (and viewing gay and lesbian relationships as not real, or "pretended"), teaching (gay and lesbians threaten to pervert innocent children), and the "disease" that dares not speak its name, this reprehensible law assaults, according to Watney, the entire "field of lesbian and gay culture... where our personal and collective identities and political confidence are formed and validated."

Tom Stoddard, in his essay, "Paradox and Paralysis," which reviews the American response to the AIDS crisis, notes that although AIDS is constantly receiving media coverage, most Americans are ignorant about the basic facts about HIV transmission, and there is "still no national plan on AIDS."

Private AIDS service organizations have thus "sprung into being" and, though "miraculous in their creation and heroic in their achievements," they face financial limits, staff burn-outs, and are "generally ill-equipped to address the future trends in the epidemiology of AIDS."

And, as another example of America's response to AIDS, marked by "confusion and inconsistency," Stoddard points out that while it is "illegal for most private employers in the United States to fire, demote or harass people with AIDS and people with HIV infection," the federal government "views itself as exempt" from such discriminatory practices.

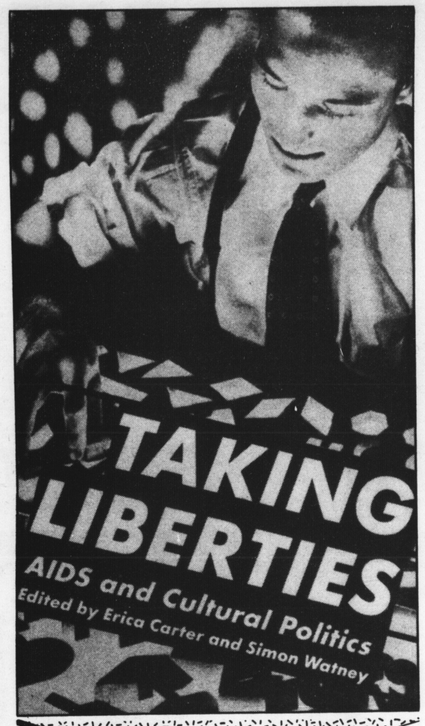
Michael Bronski, on "Death and the Erotic Imagination," states:

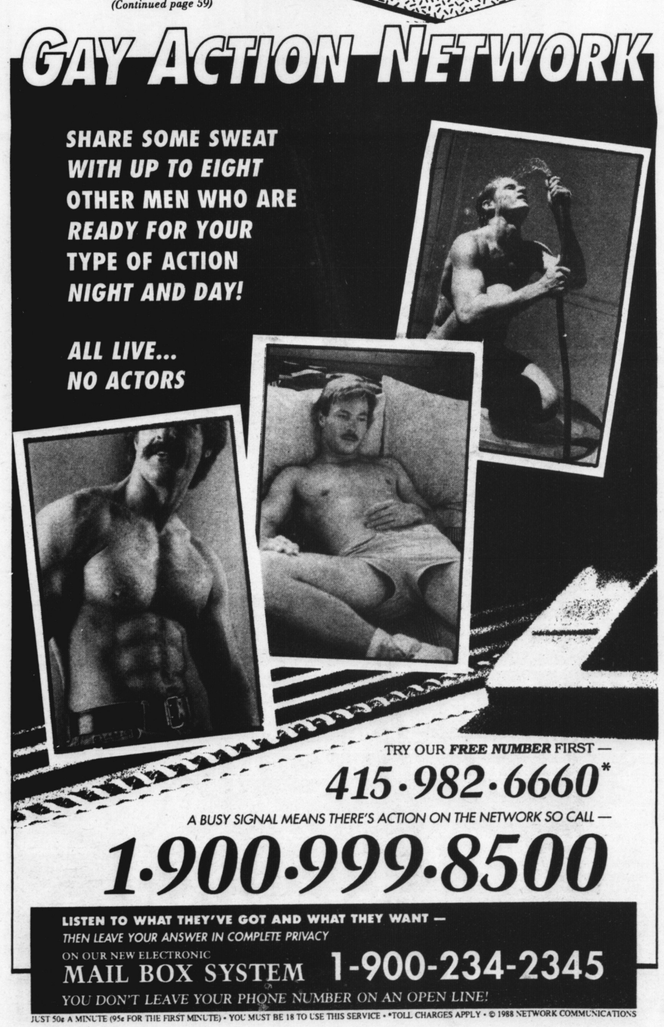
In the gay community, both men and women are beginning to realize that there is no more business as usual. The more profound, lasting and deep repercussions of AIDS are just beginning to be felt. They will not become really evident for another few years and will last for years and years after that. Every day we do not deal with our feelings and reality we will have to do so threefold in the future.

Cindy Patton, on the "AIDS Industry," says she "became interested in the reorganization of race, class and sexuality after seeing the homophobia and racism (less often, sexism and classism) that seem to prevent natural allies in the fight against AIDS from working together."

Patton examines the "degaying" of AIDS in the services and organizations devoted to AIDS work, along with a concur-

(Continued page 59)





Hot Fun in the Hot Summer Sun

by Mark Johnson

How was your summer? If it was half as good as Falcon's *Perfect Summer*, it will be one to remember for a long time. A cast of nine is topped by the incredibly powerful and sexy Robert Harris, who manages to get into everything he can.

The film opens with some daredevil water skiing by Jon King who pisses off Harris and Tom Rucker, out for a quiet day of fishing. Harris and Rucker take off after King through the woods. When they catch him, Harris skis Jon like he was Cypress Gardens.

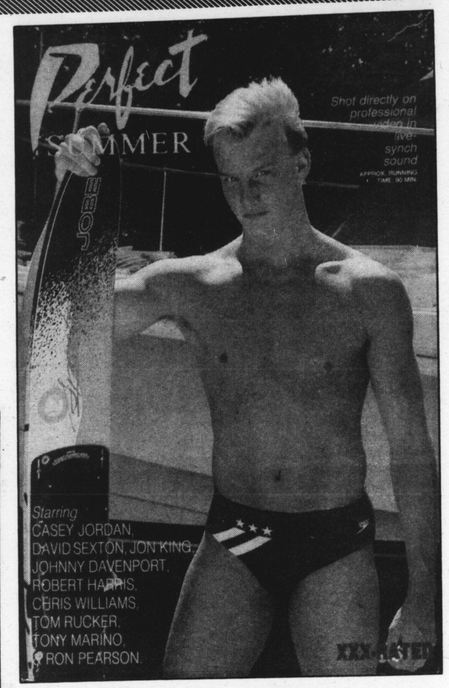
Casey Jordan, King's boat mate, comes looking for Jon and walks right into the opportunity of his life, Robert Harris. If ass and dick were meant to fit perfectly, Harris and Jordan are the mold.

As always, with anything this good once is never enough, so Harris makes King squirm and beg for more and then with Jordon half way up a ladder, returns to teach Jordan what a stairway to heaven is.

The scene ends with Harris, Rucker and King simultaneously shooting over Jordan's ass. This should be put in the archives for young filmmakers to study.

Harris next visits Chris Williams at home. Chris spreads his cheeks so Harris can shoot his water pistol at Williams' perfect target. When Harris runs out of water, he uses his big gun, resulting in yet another superlative session by Harris.

The last scene in the film features John Davenport, Tony Marino and Ron Pearson in a steamy tour of the gym that will leave you heading for the showers contented. *Perfect Summer* is a definite must for the porn shelf. There's enough sunshine in this one to warm you all winter long.



Produced by Scott Masters and directed by John Travis, *Undercover* is Image Video's newest release. The story stars Tom Steele and Doug Niles, two of the hottest models appearing on film today, as undercover detectives on a stake-out. Both have given natural performances in the past, but here they sound like second graders reading about Dick and Jane.

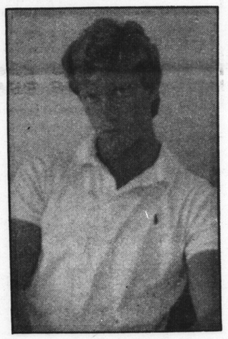
I can't believe that Travis would allow the opening scene to become so stiff, especially since no one had even taken off his clothes yet. Get a dialogue coach, or dispense with a script. In every other way this film is excellent, so why not get the whole thing right?

Steele is given a great show while he observes the staked-out building across the alley. In the alley, two street punks use a neighborhood boy with skill. Steele is supposed to be sexually ambivalent, but he works his hard-on like a champ while watching one of the tenants across the alley entertaining his auto mechanic, who has the right tools and knows how to use them.

Butch Taylor responds to the hot night by dragging his mattress out on the fire escape, where a leather-hooded visitor only makes the night hotter.

Brad Phillips, another detective who's been using the roof as a vantage point, has a rooftop tryst that delights his partner and becomes too much for Steele to handle on his own. Steele calls Doug Niles to come and give him some help, and being the good cop and loyal partner Niles is, he helps Tom Steele straighten things out. When Steele stands erect, all the awful conversation is forgotten in this terrific match-up.

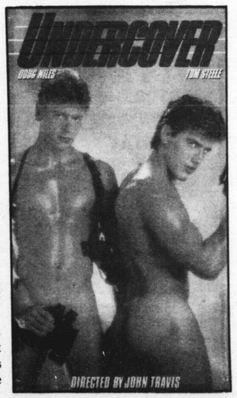
In Hand Video's release *Team Mates* takes one of the oldest themes in the book and adds nothing new or creative. The coach of the track team keeps his students working out both on and off the field and also procures for the wrestling coach.



Robert Harris skis, pumps and shoots.

It won't take you very long to get through this one; the only bright spot is Kevin Wiles doing a good job of acting like it's his first time. If you like white bread, cotton gym shorts, and going through the motions you may want to see this film.

The film gets a grade of "U" for unsatisfying. ▼



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Campbell

(Continued from page 35)

Shostakovich was probably wise to keep the bitter and angry Fourth under wraps. While other Soviet musicians were cranking out odes to tractors, the cynical and frightened intellectual had written a mighty, disjointed diatribe that railed furiously on the one hand and cried piteously in anguish on the other. Shostakovich blamed the conductor Fritz Stiedry, after 10 rehearsals, for not understanding the music, but also accused himself of grandiosity.

The Fourth Symphony is overwritten in many places and it requires an interpreter of uncommon insight and rhythmic empathy for the composer to render it sensible and compelling. Of recorded versions, Bernard Haitink with the London Philharmonic Orchestra demonstrates the strong logic of the symphonic argument. His version is brilliant and highly musical, but it still misses some of the work's savagery, falling short for all its smoothing of the disruptive gear changes.

Neeme Jarvi and the Scottish National Orchestra exhibit more conviction with raw emotionalism and the, at first, confusing mood swings. A wry joke punctuates the most venomous outpourings and the haunting trumpet and celesta stand above a painfully sustained chord in the desolate conclusion.

All of Shostakovich's music is informed by pain, compassion, wit, smart-alecky humor and desperate humanism. Gunther Herbig, music director-designate of the Toronto Symphony, has the credentials to provide a notable performance of the Fourth, but the elements were literally against him.

The acoustics of Davies Hall minimized the great pauses, damping important moments of resonance. The strings sounded undernourished, partly because fewer musicians were employed than called for in the composer's instrumentation instructions. This performance would have made a very good dress rehearsal, but it lacked the impetus and full-blooded dedication of a more passionate preparation.

The program opened with a brisk and astringent reading of Mozart's familiar Symphony No. 25 (the dramatic theme for the film *Amadeus*). A reduced orchestra was Herbig's only concession to current views on authenticity, but the piece played adequately, in spite of sour tone in the horn section.

Thankfully, Davies Hall, along with most of the city's cultural institutions, has survived the quake. We value their dedication and sigh a prayer of gratitude. ▼

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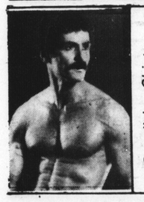

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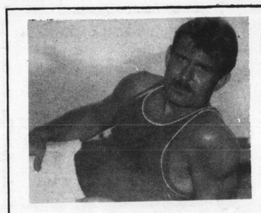


BLOND CANADIAN
Even if you're a little shy
One-of-a-kind-Man
When you need a friendly hand, a warm, sensual experience & a fun man, 6', 195, nude, erotic Swedish hot lotion rub. Experienced
Ron • 922-3250 • 24hr

A TOUCH OF CLASS
A RELAXING MASSAGE
by a handsome, masculine blond, 6', 190, beautifully nude muscular body, summer tan.
Firm, Erotic Swedish Massage
Massage Lotion & Table. Hard to Beat It
$45 In/$60 Out 75 mins.
Mike 931-0149 24 hrs.

MAN TO MAN
Sensual Massage
Blond Blue Eyes
call MATT 558-9688

SWEDISH/SHIATSU MASSEUR
SPECIALIZING IN THERAPY FOR ATHLETES. CERTIFIED.
AVAILABLE NOW!
CALL RICH 641-5045

AUSSIE BODYBUILDER
27 yrs, 5'9", 185lbs.
Classic V-shape. 46ch., 31w, 17ar, solid, muscular legs, washboard abs and tight round butt.
$50 Damien 864-1190

SHIATSU Specialist
$40/75 min.
Michael Quintol, CMT
587-9316

★ CHRIS STRYKER ★
masculine, intelligent Jeff Stryker-type. Certified, sophisticated convenient location parking $45
567-4257

DAVE's 31, 5'11", 180 lbs. (42"c, 34"w), clean-cut brown hair, blue eyes, sumptuous hairy chest, muscular legs. (DISCREET CALLBACK).
MASSEUR RATE: $50 per hour session; $10 each additional half hour or $35 a half hour. (Couple(s) get single rate).
EXECUTIVES: DAVE, a high-tech "wiz kid," also does management & systems consulting (@~$75/hr.), will serve at your estate (@~$25/hr. Attractive, versatile, & masseur for hotel or spa/club owners. (DISCREET CALLBACK to your home/business to get NEGOTIABLE RATES & information.)

WHEN ONLY THE BEST WILL DO!!!
Smooth, Trim, Muscle, Hung 8" & Thick. Handsm, Friendly, Affectionate Masseur gives you
ALL THE EXTRAS!
Many Satisfied Repeats. Near Church/Market. In/Out. Major Hotels OK, Visa/M.C. Special afternoon rates available.
Call J.J. 985-9871

Massage

CUTE & ROMANTIC
TEDDY BEAR
Hdsm & Masculine Latino Guy, 26, Smooth Swimmer's Build, 5'7", 140lbs, delicious buns, passionate & versatile. Let my hands relax & please you.
CARLOS 465-0231
$45 in $60 out 24 hrs.

Strong Yet Sensitive
Non-Sexual

In • $40
552-9231
TOM
- Certified -
Interact with body and mind, a professional massage by an experienced masseur in a clean, comfortable environment. Swedish and Shiatsu techniques with applied pressure sensitive to your needs.

I'm a cute 21 y.o.... but—
DON'T CALL ME
Unless you want an erotic massage at your SF home.
$60 out. Adam, 567-7903 E43

SHIATSU
Good lkg, good body
great massage
10a-10p out only
Rick 752-0467 $30 E43

Best sensuous massage in SF. Hot oil, trained hands, Castro E-Z park. In Larry 621-8560 E47

Strong hands gently bring warm sensual enchantment! Special $30/hr. 861-7020 E43

Goodness Gracious! It's the Deepest, most Sensual Massage in town! Alex, 861-1362. In or out, anytime. E43

NEW KID ON THE BLOCK
Young Blond
In/Out. Trent 931-3541 E43

PLEASURE
Hot Hung Aggressive BB will give you hot body massage with an extra hot touch. in/out.
JEFF 923-9902 E43

High-Strength sensitive touch
$40 • Jim
864-2653

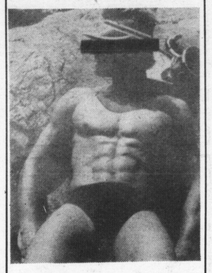
Massage + Sensual Bondage

Ian - 621-0420 $60.
Sensual Exploration/Tits
NO Fr/Gr/FF!!

DAVID'S 90 min swedish massage
Relaxing Nob Hill View $50
—931-2821—

Sophisticated Physical Energy
SENSUAL MASSAGE
By Appt. Max 861-7020

HOT PUERTO RICAN



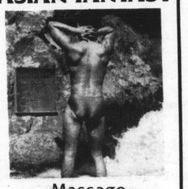
MASSEUR 647-4423

Nurturing
- *Swedish*
- *Acupressure*
- *Rebirthing*

Christopher
255-5964

HOT SHOT
LOADS OF ENERGY
I can do what a man does best. Handsome Man, 6'1", 205, blonde, bisexual muscle magic, big meat, intelligent. Sensuous, Swedish massage.
I KNOW YOU KNEAD IT.
50/70 24hrs GREG
441-4874

ASIAN FANTASY



Massage
TOM • Out Only
415-298-6255

Relax! Handsome Young Masseur will take you to Heaven! Dave, 861-1362. In/out 24 hrs. E43

COMPLETE FULL BODY
Nude hot oil massage, sensuous and caring, call Anthony, 931-2395 E46

Excellent massage
Therapeutic/not sex
Richard 282-7819
$40 in/$75 out E44

FIRM HANDS
Hot oil and a healthy musc. Italian puts you in a state of total relaxation. Call Michael, 665-5877 E47

Erotic nude handsome 291-9590 E43

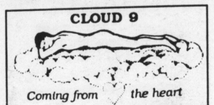
Deep-tissue, Swdsh full-body erotic massage by yng, blnd, BB trainer. Jeff, $40in/out, 550-6833. cert. E43

THE HANDS HAVE IT!
B/B, 27, blond, tan, 5'8", 180#, wide should, narrow waist, grt legs, fantas butt, $50 in/$60 out. Craig. 864-1190. E43

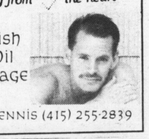
Masterful massage by versatile E. Bay CMT with strong and sensuous touch, $35/75 min. Greg, 547-1364 E43

Massage

CLOUD 9

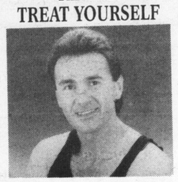


Coming from the heart
Swedish Hot Oil Massage



$28 Dennis (415) 255-2839

RELAX! TREAT YOURSELF



1½-2 hours of quality bodywork. A professional and nurturing Swedish-Esalen massage for men & women. A wonderful way to reduce stress, pain & fatigue. California State Certified. $40/session. Convenient Duboce Triangle location.
Tom Lombardo 553-4073
Gift Certificates Available.

★★★PHILLIP★★★
Good natured model-masseur. Handsome, clean-cut and discreet.
864-5566

Fullbody massage by nude bodybuilder, 36, 5'5" 42"C 16"A, older men welcome, fine body, $40 in/out, Don, 441-2584 E43

Great energy Shiatsu/Swedish 35/up Ted CMT 255-0421 Relax E44

MUSCLE MAGIC
Lay Back and Experience Total Muscle Meltdown. The Masterful, Masculine Hands of an Xtra Warm and Handsome Muscular Masseur Give an Extraordinary Total-Body Massage. Certified.
Nick 626-6210 E43

Amadeus—yng European mass. cert, cmplt $40/$50, 541-5669 E43

East Bay Massage. Attractive well-built swimmer, sensual. call Paul 782-5340. $30 E43

Erik, 22, gorgeous German. Best M. $40/$50 541-5614, cert. E43

Hot, Sensuous, Relaxing Massage. 552-2748. Vidal E45

SPORTS MASSAGE

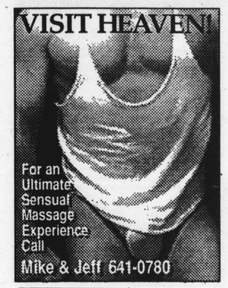
JEFF GIBSON
626-7095 $40
Excellent massage by swimmer/runner/cyclist. For aches and pains, injuries, or just to relax! These experienced hands have worked with athletes at the Calgary Olympics and Boston Marathon. Certified. Member AMTA.

$10 off with ad
MASSAGE
ROBERT (CMT) 626-0667

B.A.R. PEOPLE & PERSONALS

Massage

VISIT HEAVEN!



For an Ultimate Sensual Massage Experience Call
Mike & Jeff 641-0780

All men 50+. Best $25 massage. Great! Nick 552-5059. E44

East Bay massage, sensual, erotic, by tight, defined dancer, $30. Alex, 782-7309. E43

Marin-SF, Hot BB Massage 10 am-10 pm $50/70 Ken 459-4217 E1-90

R. RIVER SPECIAL
Sensual Massage at its best/Video Fun Tues thru Fri only. Mark (707) 578-0214 E44

Get the massage you really need. Point work, deep tissue, subtle balancing with Swedish long strokes by handsome CMT. Sensual, not sexual. 75 min $35/$45 in/out. Jim 752-8846. E43

EAST BAY ASIAN
With Gentle Healing Touch.
$40/$50. Bill 763-7315. E45

Asian American Masseur Certified, $50/$60. 285-9019 E03

HOT HANDS/VIDEO
MARK 648-6081 E48

Hot Blond Stripper/Swimmer
Nick $50 kinky 255-6433 E43

Deep Fullbody Massage by Cleancut & Friendly Yng Student.
Matt 564-6478. E48

Full Body Nude Erotic
MARIN MASSAGE
Very Friendly & Discreet
Beeper 485-8376. after 3 beeps punch in your tele. # E43

Complete mass. by handsome guy. Dwntwn SF 398-2441 Mark 24hr. E46

Experiencing "Corporate Burnout"?

Relax...Relax...Relax during this 90 min. "Hot Oil" massage combining Shiatsu & Acupressure techniques
$45 In/$75 Out
9 a.m.- 11 p.m.
John Polozzo, CMT/Rebirther
255-6263

Photo by RAM 553-8172

SHIATSU MASSAGE
TYKES 626-5338 TYKES

MEL GIBSON
ty pe 26 y.o. masculine, muscular certified Swedish massage. $45.
567-4257
Deutsche gesprochen/francais parle

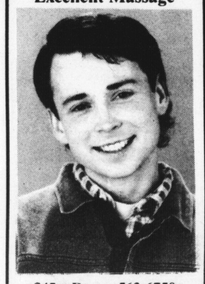
SAN JOSE HUNK
6'1", 190, sexy, masc, gorgeous, hot bod. (408) 559-7524 E48

Full Relaxing, Sensual, Erotic Massage by a Hot-Looking Guy. call 775-4771, 24 hours. E43

BLISSFUL MASSAGE

VAN • 864-1362

Excellent Massage



$45 • Danny 563-6750

Hands That Just Know
WANNA MELT?
18th & Noe Certified $35
Jim 864-2430 E44

Relax, while trained hands sensuously apply hot oil. 24 hrs. Larry 621-8560. In. E48

THE PERSONAL TOUCH
Deep, Satisfying Massage. Certified and Discreet. Daniel 626-4192 eves/wkend. E44

RELAX AT HOME
Massage by Keith. out only. 647-0163 $40—in SF only. E44

Fabulous hands and deep intuition make this young man's full body massage ecstasy! Certified $40. Christopher 285-9710 E44

Head to Feet Massage
Ron 558-9508 E44

E. Bay—Relaxing, Sensitive Touch. Swedish & Reiki. Certified. Kris 528-7760 E44

Asians
Massage for Asians by Goodlooking Bodybuilder
$40 in/out call 621-7530 E43

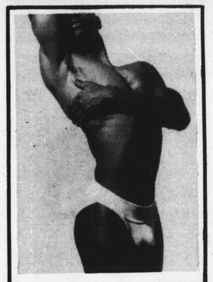
COLON CLEANSING
Jon 681-4828 E43

Hot Hands + Hot Body = Total Satisfaction
$50 in/out Jeff 431-7571 E43

EUROPEAN TRAINED
CMT FROM AUSTRIA
Massages for Relaxation, Energy Balancing or Specific Medical Problems
$40 in/$55 out, 90 minutes.
HANNES RIPFEL
441-5141 Ext. 220 E43

IT'S HARD
To find a great masseur. No gimmicks, multiple ads, #'s or names. When you want the best erotic massage in S.F., look no further. I'm an intelligent handsome and hunky bodyworker who will give your muscles the attention they need.
ROBERT 567-6015

Massage



For a sensual massage • in/out
Call Dick 255-0730

Calm the beast with Larry. Tall, blond, defined, 763-9472. E43

LOST FOR WORDS
Pretty man hung 9", 6', 195, B/Builder, blond, blu, nice big hands, hot lotion rub.
GREAT FOR SHY TYPES
Adam 474-8027 $50 in/$65 out E43

Get stroked, deep muscle, certified, relaxing, Castro. Randy 995-2663, lv message. E43

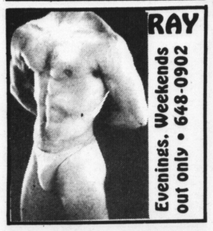
Relaxing Swedish Massage. After a hard day at work or play, contact Dean with Executive Stress Eliminators in Walnut Creek at 937-9566. In-calls only. Strictly nonsexual. E43

Models & Escorts

DARK SECRET
Cleancut, good looking young Black student. 5'7", 145#, hung 8", smooth, athlete's body. Discreet. Call after 7 p.m.
$75 out only. Roger 861-1005

Competitive Titleholder Bodybuilder
26 yrs, 250#, 56"ch, 33"w, 20"arms V-shape, X-hung, X-handsome
495-6345 or Bpr no. 764-9244 Dirk

Oakland Phallic Worship. Safe Gentle Top, 5'5", 142, Hairy. FR A/P, GR/A, J/O, Verbal. $70 In
MARC 444-3204



DOWNTOWN
NASTY IN-OUT GOODLOOKING 567-4407

VERY DARK
VERY MUSCULAR
VERY TOP
Black Man offers fun and games to interested bottoms. James
$100. 534-0982 E43

ALL-AMERICAN
B O Y
25 y.o. swimmer lays back for
W O R S H I P
Handsome, clean-cut, wholesome.
TREAT 775-3114 No B.S.

Models & Escorts

If you would like to give **Fr. Attention** to a handsome, masculine, well-built & well hung man, please call **Buddy 541-5607.** Friendly & affordable.

BONDAGE & DISCIPLINE
S/M Domination Etc.
YOUNG SMOOTH TOP
23-yr-old, 6ft, 170lb, well-built, masculine master will train.
648-7260, KEN

23, 5'10", 160 lbs, blond hair, blue eyes, cleancut student, smooth, muscular, swimmer, fun, safe, discreet. $100. In/Out, will travel. **Mike 267-3032.**

VIRILE SEXY ITALIAN
Hot, gdlkg, rockhard muscles & athl legs. Vers, healthy, yng, hung, tall Marine type.
Anytime. No BS.
Dan 753-8604

THE STALLION
Bpr # 337-3985

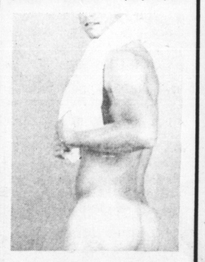
ITALIAN DADDY
Hung and Hairy
239-8419

TOO BIG FOR MOST
Pager #739-7527

BISEXUAL
MUSCLES
255 lbs, 22"a, 55"c
Dave 563-5176

DAN
$100 • **922-3645**

$100 • TROY • 367-0342



—BLOND JOCK—
SF • So Bay • Monterey

Models & Escorts

Bisexual Jock

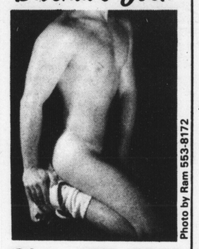


Photo by Ram 553-8172

Skip 881-8919

BEER CAN TOOL
On Handsome in-shape guy, 24 hrs. 6', 165#, br/bl callback req.
Jeff 621-5635 E43

Viking Top Daddy 863-3862 E46

Hunky Bottom avail. for your pleasure. (707) 869-9461. E46

MUSCLE HUNK
6ft, 28yr, masc. guy seeks attn.
664-7156, 24hrs. E43

Ex-Chippendale Stripper
6ft, 208#, Very Handsome, Muscular Top Man—Mild to Wild Fantasy, Full Leather. Tom SF
773-9477, callback. E44

Blond, masc., tall, well-def. and -hung. $100/out. Erik 928-7206 anytime. E44

Hot and Handsome, 5'8", 165, brn hair, brn eyes, weight lifter body. Tony 922-9360. E44

SM TOP
Experienced, Responsible, $75 out. Rand, 626-5922. E44

You Want It
I've Got It, Big & Thick. $60 out.
Gene 626-5922 E44

Recently Divorced BB Stud into Porno & Heavy JO Body Worship, limited time in SF. "Watch it pop." HIV-. (415) 773-9477 Vic. call back E44

HUNG STUD
Thick and Big
GUS (415)469-7221

NEW ON THE BLOCK
Fun Loving Stud
Tanned Italian
V-Shaped Torso
NINE INCHER
KEITH
346-6505 $85/$90

San Francisco's
First Quality
Escort Service

M·A·N DATES
THE ESCORT SERVICE
Bodybuilding Stars ★
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Stars in your Eyes ★
567•9116

B.A.R. PEOPLE & PERSONALS

Models & Escorts

Hairy bearded man for hire, Steve, 6'2", 180, 37, well-hung, 431-5974. call anytime. E43

985-7042
Hndsm, intense Blk Leo, 27 E43

626-0864 Top Latin man-boy E43

X-Hung Blond Aryan Top (Gr-a, Fr-p) Fritz 864-0538 "Tights butts drive me nuts." E43

Hot, Marin College Guy
1ST TIME SPECIAL
In/$50 Out/$60 257-5124 E43

Ed 255-1430 Fr. $40 E43

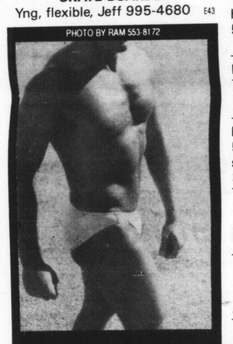
VINNIE BOY
IS BACK!
22, 5'7", 140
SMOOTH CAKES HUNG
474-1946 E43

THIS BUD'S FOR U
626-2037 Bud
TOP QUALITY MAN E43

BEST FR. IN S.F.
626-2037 David E43

Attractive 23 yr old Top. 6', muscular, smooth skin. Most any time day/night, in/out, SF only. Ken 648-7260 E43

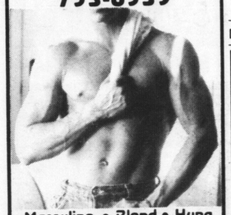
SKATE-BOARDER
Yng, flexible, Jeff 995-4680 E43



252-0775
SEXY 8" UNCUT • HUNG ITALIAN

A Dominant, Tall, Dark,
HANDS, S/M TOP
Creative, verbal, warm, wild, sane. My **slingroom** is well stocked with mirrors, boots, restraints, leather & rubber gloves. Tell me what you want. Expect a great time! Call back # required.
★ **CHRISTOPHER** ★
(415) 255-1018
1st hour $100 in/ $120 out

• WOLF •
753-6539



Masculine • Blond • Hung
Aryan Stud, 24 Yrs.
$100 IN • $140 OUT

Models & Escorts

Hot-Blooded Buddy
Hot young stud. Super Endowed.
Thick power tool.
Rock-hard body. Low hangers.
Vincent $75 #415-MAN-8535

HOT MUSCLE
Competitive BB – 235lbs.
54" Chest, 20" Arms,
29" Thighs, 19" Calves
Safe • IN/OUT
KEN 272-9418

FRAT BOY
Dominant • Verbal • Long Lasting
Horse Hung, Collegiate Jock
Masculine, Muscular
Swimmer's Build
Craig $80 In/out
(415) 626-8535
Dial no., wait 3 bps. Punch yr no. & # sign. Wait 3 bps. again. Hang up. Pager 739-7527

BEARDED STUD
Sexy 25 year old man. Intelligent, masculine and sensuous, a body of beautiful proportions. 759-7136. E43

HOT STRAIGHT GUY
408-945-9667
Kicks back. Boyish, clean-cut, 5'10", 160lbs, a muscular tight swimmer's build E45

Foot worship 928-5826 $60 E47

Shaka Zulu hanging hard
861-0544 E43

Hot J/O with Hung College Stud. 5'11", 165#, blnd/blu. Safe, sensual. Terry. call before 9 pm, 334-7705, $100. E43

Attractive, masc., musc. guy
FLESHLY PLEASURE
Discreet Ron 863-3270 am/pm E43

BEST FR.
bi healthy hairy Italiano
24 hrs, day best, 753-5652 E43

ATHLETE
5'11" 200LB SOLID
HANDSOME MASCULINE
CLEANCUT 27 YO
NOT LIKE THE REST
MIKE 621-4082 E43

HOT HAWAIIAN HUNK
27 smooth & muscular
for striptease massage or j/o
Shawn 255-4691 E43

Huge 10X6 21 yr blond hard body versatile cut fun Rick no BS 10X6 863-5748 E43

Meet your master. Call now. Master Tony makes fantasy reality. All scenes. Novices OK. 558-8381 E43

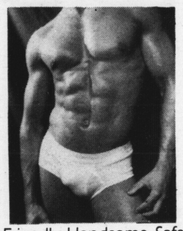
RICK
DONOVAN
Safe Top Out. All Bay Area.
If not in, lv msg.
(415) 621-5721 E44

Daddy Bear Rafael 995-4754 E43

►SEXY◄
YOUNG
►SWIMMER◄
24, 5'8", 150#
smooth defined
body, hung 9½"!
►SCOTT◄
►922-0331◄

Models & Escorts

MICHELANGELO'S DAVID



Friendly, Handsome, Safe
929-7336•$100•In/Out

ALL MEN
Are Not Created Equal
6' 175lb. 29w 42c brn/blu
ONE HANDSOME MAN
Chiseled/Washboard/Friendly
Honest Thick Nine
MASSAGE INCLUDED
$100 • 863-SEXY

DELICIOUS!
Handsome Young Stud
9" EXTRA THICK CUT!
Kicks back for
Fr. Attention
Hot, boyish, cleanshaven, good looks, 6'1", 160 lbs, 26 yrs, green eyes, brown hair.
MIKE 664-2057
(If out, follow answering machine instructions to page for fast callback.)
$100 • out only

MAN TO MAN S&M EDUCATION
A sure instinct about pleasure & pain doesn't fit into the usual code of C&B, S&M, B&D, etc.
If you're thinking about expanding your horizons, waiting for a man you can trust, this is it!! Call Roger weekdays/eves at
(415) 864-5566
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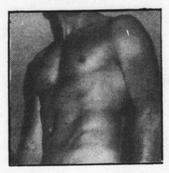

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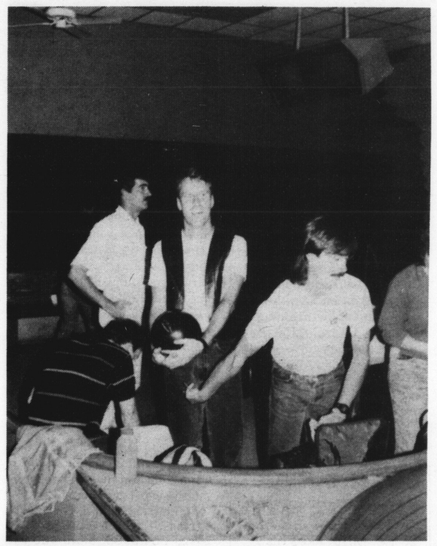

Proper ball-handling technique. (Photo: Jerry R. DeYoung)

by Jerry R. DeYoung

Frequently ignored features of bowling equipment are the finger-hole sizes in the balls. Not anymore in my case! You see, just the other day, while bowling in a Sunday-Before-Brunch-Bowling-Bunch mini-nonsanctioned tourney at Park Bowl that involved five two-person teams, my flame-red ball returned on the carousel with the holes remarkably larger in circumference than they had been when I last propelled it at the pins. In fact, the holes were so gigantic that my averaged-size fingers were unable to apply the necessary tri-point pressure required to lift the ball.

What could have happened to my ball between releasing it and retrieving it from its latest foray into pin-land that would account for the finger holes becoming so much larger? I curiously rolled the ball over in the carousel several times to make certain it was, in fact, my ball. After only a few seconds of manipulating the ruby-red sphere, I suddenly realized it was not my ball.

It was a reasonable facsimile of the crimson devastator (as some bowlers prefer to call my ball), but, obviously, belonged to some other master bowler whose fingers were approximately the size of corpulant cucumbers (the knowledge of which, for some unexplainable reason, caused a profound sensual sensation to surge into my being, robbing me of breath and leaving me totally disoriented for the next couple minutes).

After recovering from my swoon, I murmurred to myself, "At last, someone who can validate the league legend regarding the proportional corollary that exists between specific male appendiges. Why had I, of all people, not noticed this marvelous physical phenomenon earlier in the game?" The excitement of abruptly discovering tangible evidence to substantiate the, heretofore, unfounded erotic equation left me anything but cold.

With my interest, among other things, piqued, I discreetly stationed myself beside the ball carousel and unobtrusively scrutinized each bowler's hands as he approached the lane. It was only moments until a tall, dark, dreamy hunk stepped up to bowl. He leaned down and slid his enormous fingers into the huge apertures of the scarlet sphere, sure enough, a perfect fit!

After he had launched his two-ball quota for the frame and stood back waiting for his next time up, I elegantly drifted next to his statuesque frame and shyly inquired, "Is it true?"

He looked down at me with his great big brown doe eyes, which were appropriately framed by a perplexed expression, and responded warmly, "Is what true?"

"Oh, you know, the league legend about the bigger the finger holes, the bigger the fingers," I coyly chided him.

His continence abruptly mellowed into a more or less enlightened expresssion and Russ Beck of the TGWBL 976-Pilsner team replied with the confidence of one who knows, "It sure is!"

Well, far be it from lit'l ol' me to dispute someone who is merely confirming such an obvious fact! ▼

Tavern Guild Bowling Leagues
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Tavern Guild Monday Trios, October 16:

1) Jeff Hettmansperger	(196)	TreChzMol:	239
2) Vince Dicolla	(174)	MikBrunos:	224
3) Chuck Webster	(164)	MikBrunos:	222
4) Don Gambell	(175)	PWIL:	220
5) Darrell Haven	(164)	PWIL:	212
6) Don Mannon	(166)	PWIL:	209
7) David Arnold	(194)	CaveMen:	203

Tavern Guild Monday Bowling League, October 16:

1) Don Gambell	(187)	AlAmTroph:	206, 235 (607)
2) Dave Lilly	(191)	AlAmTroph:	234, 209 (619)
3) J.C. Halstead	(187)	AlAmTroph:	232
4) Mark Woods	(141)	4 Hubbies:	208
5) Greg Cassinelli	(184)	Rolos:	204, 201
6) Joe Dermer	(170)	MaleHokers:	201
7) Don George	(177)	ParkBowl:	200

Tavern Guild Wednesday, October 18:
Did not bowl.

IGBO/GG, October 12:

1) Doug Litwin	(171)	CUinBC:	241
2) Kevin Schwabe	(212)	PilPinPndrs:	200, 220
3) Donald Choy Jr.	(153)	Sassy:	211
4) Ernie Wilson	(177)	CUinBC:	202
5) Sally Canjura	(161)	MixedFruit:	202
6) Don George	(179)	MixedFruit:	201
7) Don McPherson	(172)	CUinBC:	200

Tavern Guild Thusday Bowling League, October 12:

1) Tim Mulvenon	(195)	PWIL:	228, 215 (623)
2) Stan Wickham	(146)	FourPlay:	218
3) Jeff Collins	(152)	CapriCoff:	214
4) Don Gambell	(198)	PWIL:	212, 202
5) David Hird	(165)	ChoyceMeat:	207
6) Hugh Smith	(168)	Ma'sKids:	202, 206 (604)
7) Bob Bates	(166)	PWIL:	203
8) Don George	(177)	ChoyceMeat:	202
9) Butch Gillum	(148)	Ma'sKids:	200

Gay Soccer to Start in Oakland

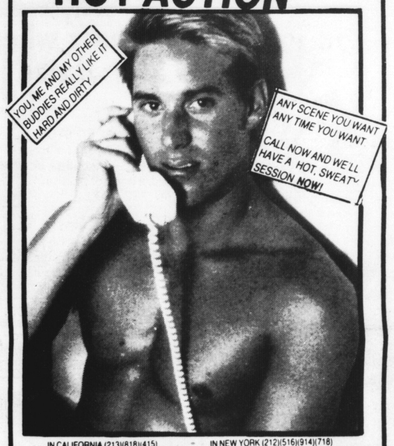
A new team is forming for Oakland-area gays interested in playing soccer. A meeting to organize the team will occur Wednesday evening, Nov. 1, 8 p.m., at the Paradise Restaurant and Bar at 135 12th St. at Madison near Lake Merritt. Anyone interested is invited to attend.

All skill levels are encouraged to show up, including those who have never played before. For additional information, contact Sam at 931-3104.

Because of the earthquake, a meeting also will be held at the Twin Peaks Bar in San Francisco on Thursday, Nov. 2, 8 p.m., for those in San Francisco who would like to play.

A team will compete in the Gay Games in Vancouver in addition to participation in regular league play. ▼

HOT ACTION



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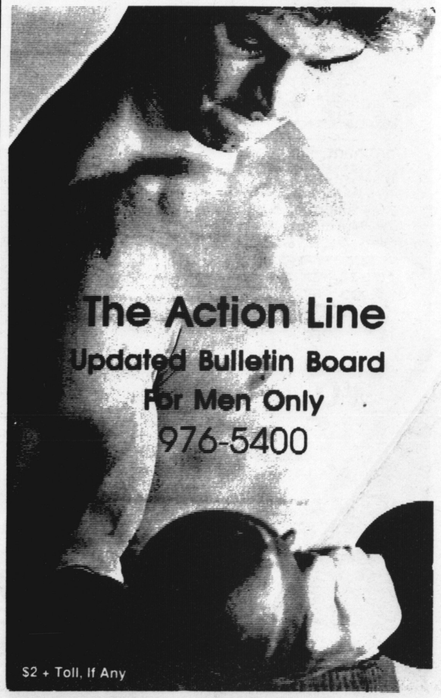

POOL

9-Ball

Shake-Up Before the Finals

by Lauren Ward

Early Tuesday evening the hearts and minds of league pool players were immersed in the implications of week 10 matches, mixed with World Series distractions. Then the planet sent us all a startling reality check and sports took a back set to survival.

Each hour's passing draws us slowly back into our petty indulgences and by last Thursday there were 17 players on hand to trade tales and return to the tables in the next-to-last qualifier for the annual 9-Ball Championship. Joining the 12 who were previously successful were Dennis Healy and Lauren Ward.

It was the end of the line for the crowd who gathered at The Special last Saturday, and Lady Luck smiled on Torri Connelly and Jerry Hoover.

The aforementioned join Ramon Rodriguez, Royal Senn, Jim Russo, Mark Miller, Bernie King, David Lee, Ching Ng, Jack Dunbar, Barry White, Pam Pugh, Bernard Bayaca and E.Z. in the 1989 San Francisco Pool Association 9-Ball finals next Saturday in the intimate Park Bowl billiard room.

Potential spectators can appreciate 9-ball as an audience-oriented game that's intended to be easily understandable, fast-paced and flashy. Action begins at 10:30 a.m. and continues throughout the day.

Among the field are players who seem to mesmerize the cue ball as it spins and dances to their every whim. There are also those who'll be looking for every opportunity to "give the nine a ride," hoping to overcome their heavyweight opponents with a string of lucky shots.

The plan for dealing with last Tuesday's spontaneous cancellation of league functions involves playing last week's matches this week and pushing the remaining schedule back a week. The matches scheduled for week 14 will be dropped. Since the playoffs will include 16 teams it's doubtful that any post-season contender will fail to make the cut. There are no matches scheduled for Oct. 31 so that league members can enjoy the typical Halloween festivities.

Conspicuous by her absence in the upcoming tournament, the first one she's missed in years, will be Lisa Duncan. Her employer, Cal Trans, has her busy piecing together our Humpty Dumpty highway system, a job that's taken on an added stressful dimension lately. We all wish her well until her work schedule allows here the luxury of returning to the table to grace us with her sparkling presence.

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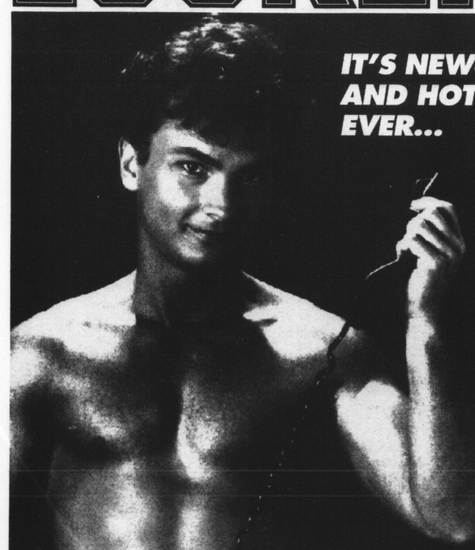

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Sports Medicine Talk at MCC

Sports injuries, the bane of weekend warriors and professional athletes alike, will be addressed by two experts in sports medicine at a special presentation by Different Spokes at its meeting on Monday, Nov. 13 at 7:30 p.m. at Metropolitan Community Church, 150 Eureka Street.

Dr. R. Thomas Grotz, medical director for the Union Square Center for Rehabilitation and Sports Medicine, will be joined by Marty Mattox, owner of Ultrahealth Sports Physical Therapy and Training Facility. Dr. Grotz, an orthopedic microsurgeon, specializes in knee arthroscopy, a state-of-the-art surgical technique that significantly reduces surgery trauma and recovery time. Dr. Grotz also runs eight marathon races a year, and enjoys swimming, tennis and bicycling.

Marty Mattox is a sports physical therapist who has treated professional athletes from teams including the Los Angeles Rams, Dodgers and Lakers. She has coached Martina Navratilova and Greta Waitz, the woman's world record holder for the New York Marathon. Mattox recently placed 11th in the "World's Toughest Triathlon" at Lake Tahoe, qualifying her for the October 14 "Iron Man" Triathalon in Hawaii.

The public is invited to attend the presentation, which is open free of charge. For further information, call the Different Spokes Bulletin Board at 282-1647. ▼

BOOKS

Brotherly Love

Billy's Brother
by Kenneth Martin, Gay Men's Press, $8.95

by Marv. Shaw

One of the best gay mysteries yet comes from Kenneth Martin, whose *Billy's Brother* is a tensely plotted story about the murder of Billy, a man with AIDS.

Written in a tough, lean style, *Billy's Brother* avoids the cliches of the old Cain-Chandler school. The story is narrated by Billy's brother, a middle-aged, straight lawyer who is also a recovering alcoholic. His name is never given—a seemingly odd omission—but appropriate in that Martin wants us to remember consistently that the loving brother identity is the vital central element.

Billy, slightly older than his brother, has led a knock-about, rather feckless life in marginal theater in New York and San Francisco. After contracting AIDS in San Francisco, Billy becomes involved with the strangely charismatic Marlin Golding, who conducts meditation-style healing sessions and runs The Dormitory, a shelter for homeless PWAs in what was once a gay bathhouse. The shelter is financed by big bucks from the city.

When the brother gets a call for help from San Francisco, he arrives here from Minneapolis only to find that Billy has been murdered.

Intent on finding Billy's killer, the brother plunges into an investigation of Golding's operations and is alternately helped and hindered by Golding's cohorts, a ditzy gay barber with AIDS, an "out" gay TV newsman named Luke Carroll, and others.

Except for a hardly believable extended heat wave, the San Francisco atmosphere is well represented as the amateur sleuth snoops, patronizes and badgers anyone who might turn up a motive or other clue.

Martin displays obvious resentment of those who are trying to make a buck on AIDS.

Through the character of Carroll, he evidences some antagonism toward pushy lesbians and their muscling tactics, but these matters are minimal. The most distinguishing characteristic of this novel is the brother's love for his gay sibling.

Ordinarily, a gay man's story told by a straight man would be hooted at by the gay readership. But Billy's brother proves that real love surmounts any prejudice. ▼

HAPPY HALLOWEEN from the Staff of B.A.R.

'Les Miserables' Benefits NGRA, Friends of Oscar

Les Miserables, the international musical sensation that is breaking box office records across the country, will be the vehicle for a local benefit sponsored by Friends of Oscar and the National Gay Rights Advocates in the universal fight against AIDS.

The gala evening Saturday, Oct. 28, will include a sumptuous pre-performance dinner (for the top-tiered price tickets), the 8 p.m. preview performance at the Curran Theatre, and a pre-show and intermission champagne and dessert reception at the Curran, 445 Geary St., San Francisco.

Jean O'Leary, executive director of National Gay Rights Advocates, said that "the themes of *Les Miserables*—compassion, justice and courage—mirrored the stated missions of the two organizations.

"We are proud to co-sponsor this stellar event, and are honored to have been selected to participate in this benefit to raise needed funds to battle AIDS and AIDS-related discrimination," O'Leary said.

Friends of Oscar, which began more than nine years ago as a small gathering of friends watching the presentation of the Academy Awards, has since grown to become a major non-profit financial underwriter of such service organizations as the San Francisco AIDS Foundation Food Bank, the AIDS Emergency Fund, Project Open Hand and many other AIDS service charities.

Friends of Oscar is neither affiliated with nor sponsored by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, but FOO has held nine annual Academy Award Galas at various San Francisco venues and has succeeded in raising more than $260,000 for AIDS-related charities; the 1989 Gala, held at City Hall and co-chaired by Mayor and Mrs. Art Agnos, was attended by more than 1,300 people, and raised more than $80,000.

The *Les Miserables* benefit is the first co-sponsorship of these two active non-profit organizations. Proceeds from this fundraiser will be divided equally between NGRA and Friends of Oscar.

NGRA's funds will go toward its AIDS Civil Rights Project. Friends of Oscar's beneficiaries are Project Open Hand and the Shanti Project.

Tickets for the NGRA/FOO *Les Miserables* benefit are: $250 includes a 5:30 p.m. no-host cocktail party and a 6 p.m. gourmet French dinner at The Portman (black tie optional), a prime orchestra, loge or front mezzanine seat for the 8 p.m. performance, a pre-show and intermission champagne and dessert reception at the Curran Theatre, and program acknowledgment.

$150 includes a good orchestra or mezzanine seat, the pre-show and intermission reception, and program acknowledgment.

$100 includes a good mezzanine seat and the reception.

$75 includes a good front balcony seat and the reception.

Contributions are tax-deductible; deductible portions will be listed with the tickets.

For reservations call the *Les Miserables* benefit offices at 255-4693. ▼

AIDS

(Continued from page 51)

rent increase in racism and classism and a "construction of 'victims,' 'volunteers' and 'experts' in discovering who actually provides and receives information, education and care."

A portion of *City Light Review #2* is devoted to a "Forum on AIDS," edited by Amy Scholder, and it serves as both complement and extended commentary to *Taking Liberties*. Scholder elicited response to the following statement from selected artists/writers:

When government and mass media exploit the vulnerability of certain people with AIDS (homosexuals, blacks, Hispanics, women in the sex industry), an oppressive morality is reinforced and diversity is threatened. Today a community is emerging to work toward change, and artists and writers have been responding with their work and with their lives.

The replies, in the forms of both written and visual commentary, ranged from Sue Coe's painting of an IV drug user's death in front of a burning Capitol building, to Roberta Allen's theatrical metaphor: "I feel as though an off-stage war is taking place: victims fall behind the curtain while those on stage read their lines..." to cartoons, poetry, "Scarlot Harlot's" speech before a congressional committee, and statements by performance artists Rachel Rosenthal and Karen Finley.

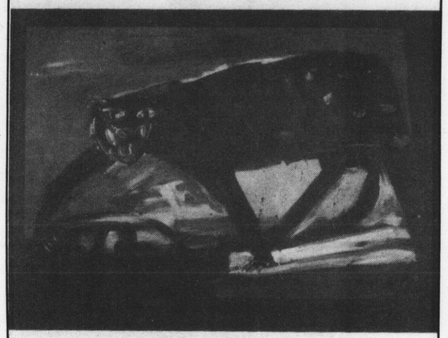
One of Abbie Hoffman's last writings, on "AIDS and Responsible Drug Education," notes "the quicker we start to recognize that we are dealing with a serious health problem and not a moral issue, the quicker we can begin implementing solutions that will work."

Sarah Schulman, on "Literature in the Age of AIDS," calls it "the disaster of my generation" and anticipates that "we will be spending the rest of our lives trying to understand what happened, trying to recover—trying to avenge the unnecessary suffering caused by the neglect and contempt of our neighbors, families and government."

Gary Indiana remarks that "for people fortunate enough to survive this period, it's going to be important to remember exactly what happened."

We will remember, because AIDS has influenced everything our culture generates. Something creative *can* be found in its destruction, and we can *never* forget that our lives are at stake.

CITY LIGHTS REVIEW



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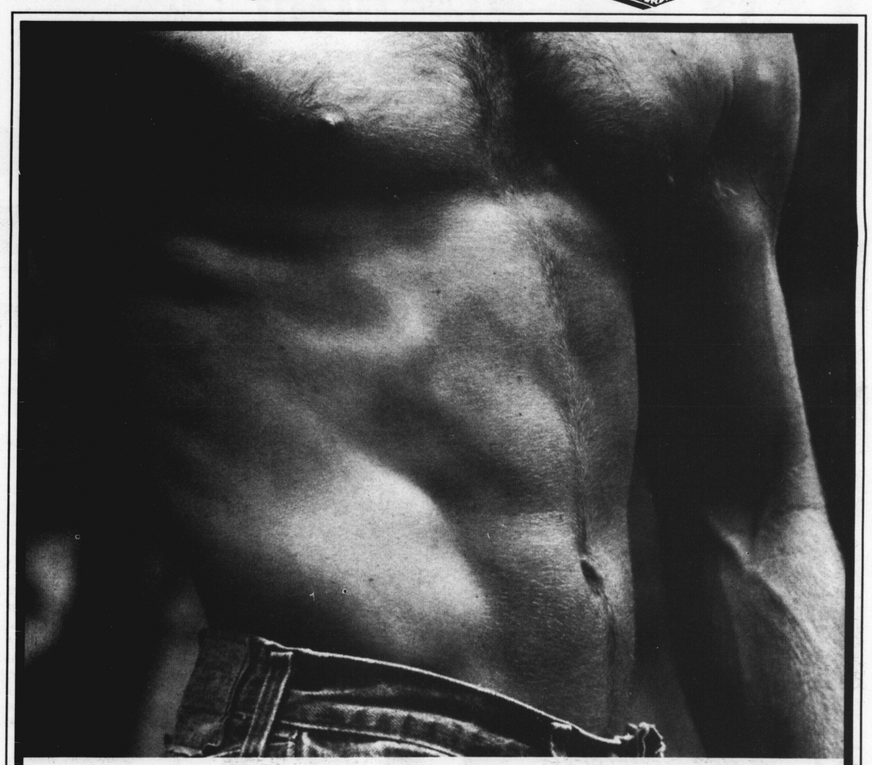

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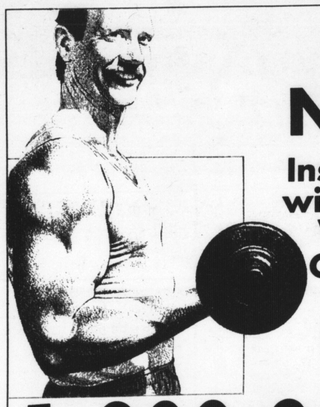
Bay Area Lesbian Choral Group Premiere Concert Set for Nov. 4

VOICES: Bay Area Lesbian Choral Ensemble, a new group committed to musical excellence, innovative programming and community involvement is preparing for its first full-scale production in November.

After several months of planning and rehearsal, VOICES came out at the San Francisco Lesbian and Gay Freedom Celebration in June. The group was selected to sing on the main stage at the Civic Center rally, and earlier in the week it joined in a concert with other northern California choruses.

VOICES will present its premiere concert, Voices of Freedom, at 8 p.m. on Saturday, Nov. 4, at the First Congregational Church, Post and Mason, San Francisco. The program will feature a variety of traditional and contemporary songs in celebration of women. Tickets are $8.50 in advance, $10 at the door, and $5 for children and seniors. They are available at Old Wives' Tales and A Different Light in San Francisco and Mama Bears in Oakland. Call 773-9181 for more information. ▼

The VOICES, San Francisco Bay Area Lesbian Choral Ensemble.



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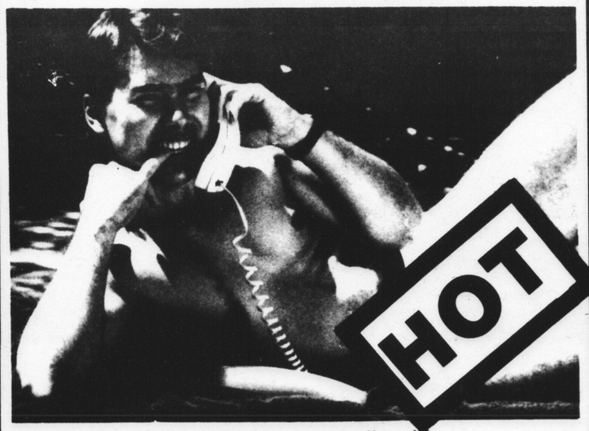

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Harold Norse Headlines Group Reading

by Marv. Shaw

Harold Norse, whose fame grew with the Beat Poets of the late 1950s, will read from his works with several other writers published in the *James White Review* at A Different Light Bookstore on Oct. 28, beginning at 3 p.m. Norse's autobiography, *Memoirs of a Bastard Angel*, will be published in November.

Norse's expatriate years found him in Morocco, Italy, Greece and France, but he has lived in San Francisco since the late '60s. He has stated that his concerns in his work are with the terrors of survival in a hostile universe, the search for and growth of awareness and individuation in a threatening world of collective control of consciousness.

The James White Review is a gay men's literary quarterly now in its seventh year of publication. With its editorial board at the reading will be several Bay Area contributors of poetry and prose: Kevin Killian ("The Push," Summer '86), Phillip Real ("Stronger and Stronger," Winter '88), Daniel Mangin ("Dressing a Wound," Fall '87), Charlie Hufford ("Billy and Tony and All the Boys," Winter '88), Patrick Hoctel ("Slaves of Babylon" Fall '86; "Baseball in July," Fall '88), Jim Tushinski ("Laguna Tales," Summer '86), and David Steinberg ("Spring San Francisco 1987," Summer '87). ▼

BOOKS

Who Was That Man?

Was Oscar the Prototype?

Who Was That Man?
by Neil Bartlett, Serpent's Tail, $8.95

by Marv. Shaw

Was he really our first, Mr. Oscar Finghal O'Flaherty Wills Wilde? Was this overstuffed, clever, arrogant, would-be dandy of a century ago the prototype of gay men ever since? There is a strong temptation to believe so.

Of course it's not as though he was the first Englishman to be publicly identified so. A century before Oscar, William Beckford, a fabulously wealthy aristocrat, became so notorious for his same-sex amours and indulgences that he had to flee England.

But Beckford was so well fortified by his money and his brazen insouciance that he eventually returned, more promiscuous than ever, to live the latter half of his life as he damned well pleased— quite without legal entanglements.

But it was Oscar's particular combination of outlandish pose, slashing wit, disdain of convention, hopeless romantic involvement, various private stupidities, and a brave but ill-conceived last stand that make him seem our psycho-spiritual progenitor.

Now, Neil Bartlett, a British writer and theatrical creator, explores the resemblances. Subtitled "A Present for Mr. Oscar Wilde," his book is a combination of parts that seem disparate and randomly chosen but gradually form a unique mosaic.

Quite unlike Richard Ellman's exhaustive and analytical study of a year ago, this book seeks to know Oscar by an accumulation of telling fragments, many of which were laboriously retrieved from guarded libraries. Juxtaposed with this research are reports of the comparable experiences of less famous Londoners.

The latter involve both the commonplace and the bizarre.

An evening on the streets, in and out of various pubs, for instance, becomes much the same as now, especially with the exchanged looks. And the newspaper accounts of the trials of flagrant drag queens and male whores easily rival today's supermarket tabloids. Bartlett puts us into the London of both periods and then concentrates on Oscar's psychosexual character.

The Picture of Dorian Gray and various elements of the plays are mined extensively for the purpose of demonstrating that Oscar really wrote mostly about and for gay men. It hardly mattered if the character was Sibyl Vane or Basil Hallward, Cecily Cardew or Lord Henry Wooton. What they said and did was an encoded message.

The same was true of a foppish conceit of the gay males of Wilde's time: wearing a green carnation was an early version of today's hankie and key codes.

But "Present" or not, Bartlett's attitude toward Oscar is far from pure adulation. Not only does he demonstrate fraud and plagiarism, but he is resentful of Oscar for setting a stereotype. Nevertheless, Wilde was the first "out" fag, and all gay male development since is to some degree in his debt, as Bartlett acknowledges. ▼

Brothers

(Continued from page 39)

picture actor Paul Regina with a hard-on—one might even wish to conjure such an image.

An active sexual or romantic life for Cliff would have provided different set-ups for the stories, a different tone to the comedy. If the series had taken that direction, it might have continued to ignite sparks with gay viewers.

The perfect final show for *Brothers* would have had Cliff moving away from his smothering, judgmental family in order to make a home with a lover/domestic partner.

We do not live in a perfect world. In this season of gay invisibility on the networks, *Brothers* reruns offer us one of the few regularly scheduled gay depictions on broadcast TV.

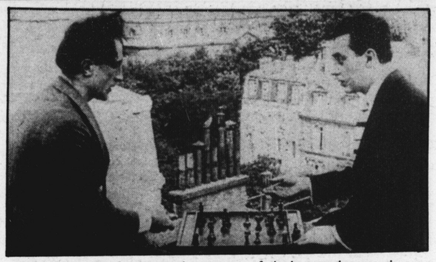
In the early '70s, I attended a film festival screening of *Claudine*, a harmless comedy in which Diahann Carroll played a maid and James Earl Jones her garbageman boyfriend. Following the screening, film students in the audience berated the picture's writer and director for creating such drivel and not addressing the real problems of American blacks.

When one of these critics denounced the movie as "nothing but a black Doris Day film," I impulsively called out from the back of the theatre, "Don't black people have a right to their own Doris Day?" The audience applauded.

If you're seeing *Brothers* for the first time, perhaps you will laugh at the scene of the redneck brother learning Cliff is gay. You may feel a sense of jubilation when Cliff denounces the members of a "Gay No More" bogus therapy group.

The gags with the intolerant brother are the same post-Archie Bunker nonsense played on *Chicken Soup* (in fact with the same actor, Brandon Maggart). Cliff's statement of self-respect is the same self-righteous claptrap that provides the climactic moments in shows like *Who's The Boss.*

The only thing that recommends *Brothers* for gay viewers is that in this case the claptrap is ours. ▼



The Club Foot Orchestra's encore of their popular movie scores for the silent films *Nosferatu* and *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari*, scheduled for the Castro Theatre, Oct. 29 and 30, may move to the Mission's Victoria Theatre. Also on the bill, pictured above, is Rene Clair's *Entr'acte*, with a new arrangement of Erik Satie's score. For updated information phone the Castro at 621-6120.

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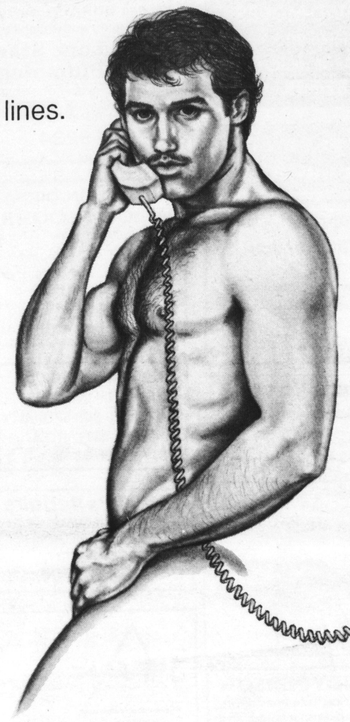

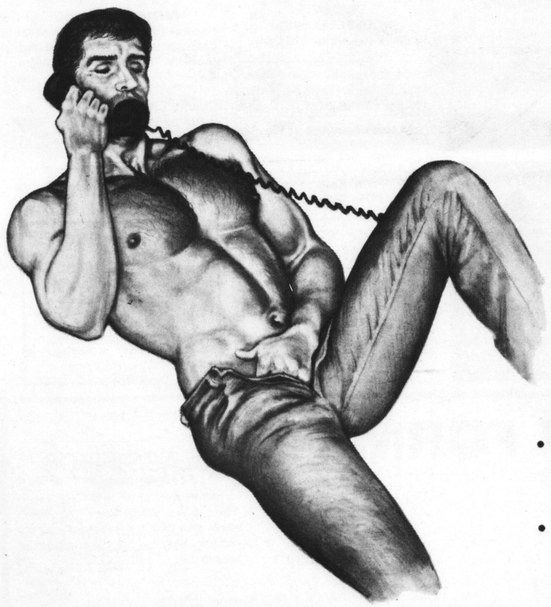

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VOTE TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 7

BAY B.A.R. AREA REPORTER

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Measure D

Concord AIDS Fight In National Spotlight

by Keith Clark

While San Francisco's political attention has been increasingly fixed on the domestic partners issue and a proposed ballpark, public health officials, AIDS activists and lesbian/gay rights activists around the state—and around the country—have been focusing more and more on the Nov. 7 elections in Concord.

Voters in Concord will decide Tuesday, for the first time anywhere in the United States, whether the city's recently enacted AIDS anti-discrimination ordinance should be repealed and on the candidacies of three right-wing fundamentalists for public offices in Concord and Pleasant Hill.

The election represents one of the first important tests of the political clout of the anti-gay Traditional Values Coalition based in Anaheim, and in a broader sense has turned into a general referendum on gay rights in the Bay Area.

In April the Concord City Council unanimously passed an AIDS anti-discrimination ordinance that was supported by area health professionals and gay-rights activists and opposed by fundamentalists backed by the TVC, which has a branch in Concord and recently opened another branch in Alameda County.

Following the Council's action Lloyd Mashore, pastor of the

(Continued on page 28)

Mayor Agnos visited Castro bars Friday, Oct. 27, to urge people to vote Yes on domestic partners. (Photo: Darlene/PhotoGraphics)

Battle Heats Up

Gay Vote Will Decide Domestic Partners

by Allen White

In less than a week the voters in San Francisco's lesbian and gay community will determine if the city's domestic partners ordinance will become law. The vote Tuesday is being watched across the country as a measure of gay power and locally as an indication of the ability of the gay community to pull together.

The Archdiocese of San Francisco, which has been actively working to defeat the measure, was the subject of a complaint with the Fair Political Practices Commission. Deanne Stone, counsel for the Enforcement Division of the state agency, acknowledged that a complaint had been received and was being reviewed.

The complaint, filed on Oct. 27, said, "The Archdiocese has prepared and distributed a brochure which says that its purpose is to answer the question, 'Why does the Catholic Church Oppose the Domestic Partnership Bill.' The title of the pamphlet is: 'The Church and Proposition S.' "

The complaint further says, "Although the value of the printing, publication and distribution is likely well in excess of $1,000, the Archdiocese has not registered as a campaign commitee, has not filed independent expenditure reports and has not filed pre-election statements, as required by the Political Reform Act. The Archdiocese's pamphlets also do not contain the name, address and city of the Archdiocese, also required by the Political Reform Act."

With the complaint is a copy of the pamphlet and a cover memo from the Archdiocese where they take responsibility for the pamphlet and admit the purpose is to present arguments against Proposition S.

Campaign manager for the Yes on S campaign, Dick Pabich, said, "If the church hierarchy wants to inject itself into the lawmaking process of our city, then the least it can do is follow the election laws."

"If our opposition is using the resources of the church without

(Continued on page 2)

B.A.R. Endorsements

City Attorney Louise Renne ✓ YES
City Treasurer Mary Callanan ✓ YES
CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO

Proposition A	✓ YES		Proposition L	✓ YES	
Proposition B	✓ YES		Proposition M	✓ YES	
Proposition C	✓ YES		Proposition N	✓ YES	
Proposition D	✓ YES		**Proposition O**	**NO** ✓	
Proposition E	✓ YES		**Proposition P**	**NO** ✓	
Proposition F	✓ YES		Proposition Q	✓ YES	
Proposition G	**NO** ✓		Proposition R	✓ YES	
Proposition H	✓ YES		Proposition S	✓ YES	
Proposition I	✓ YES		Proposition U	✓ YES	
Proposition J	✓ YES		Proposition V	✓ YES	
Proposition K	**NO** ✓		Proposition W	✓ YES	

Take our endorsements to the polls with you.

Bay Pacific Limits Payment For Pentamidine

by Michael C. Botkin

AIDS service providers and their patients at several Bay Area hospitals were alarmed last week when their requests for reimbursement for aerosolized Pentamidine treatments were rejected by the Bay Pacific insurance company.

Bay Pacific, which has claimed both that there has been no policy change and that all of their patients were notified of the change well in advance, now requires that Pentamidine treatments have "prior authorization."

"This procedure singles out a certain kind of patient, a certain kind of person, and effectively discriminates against people with AIDS," a worker at one of the affected hospitals said.

Dr. Joseph Cook, a physician employed by the Bay Pacific Health Plan, denies that the policy discriminates against people with AIDS.

"We have a list of drugs that require prior authorization, usually the expensive ones, like Retinin or AZT." He said official-

(Continued on Page 27)

Phyllis Zillhart (left) and Ruth Frost.

SF Lutheran Congregation Names Lesbians as Clergy

by Dennis Conkin

Two lesbians have been appointed by a local Lutheran congregation as assistant pastors. They join two openly gay men on the staff.

Phyllis Zillhart, 31, and Ruth Frost, 41, a Minneapolis couple, have been appointed to share a single position as clergy for St. Francis Lutheran Church near the Castro. They will conduct an extensive outreach ministry to the Bay Area lesbian and gay community.

"We wanted to expand the ministry of our congregation to the lesbian community as well as gay men," said Rev. James DeLange, pastor of the church, a 130 person, mostly gay, congregation belonging to the 5.3 million member Evangelical Lutheran Church in America.

"We wanted to say to the church and the entire lesbian and gay community that here is a church that is willing to stand with and stand up for seminary students who are willing to come out. We hope this is a start of a trend that congregations will call

(Continued on page 11)

THIS PAPER IN TWO SECTIONS