

BAY AREA REPORTER

VOL. XIX NO. 52 DECEMBER 28, 1989

395 NINTH STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94103-3831

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Domestic Partners' Future

by M. J. Murphy

The marginal defeat of Proposition S last month has instigated a new round of discussions within the gay community concerning the future of domestic partners legislation in the City.

As the year draws to a close, political leaders and community activists are analyzing the successes and failures of the 1988 campaign in order to decide the next plan of action in the long, arduous battle for recognition of

gay relationships.

Although everyone agrees that Prop. S should have won the election on its merits, many have raised concerns that future legislation should include extended family considerations in addition to the original gay-oriented domestic partnership clause.

"What needs to happen now is that we need to sit down and figure out what we learned from the very narrow defeat of Prop. S,

and figure out how we can go forward in a productive and inclusive way to ensure that this right is won, either through legislation or at the ballot box," said Scott Shafer, recently appointed press secretary for Mayor Art Agnos.

"It doesn't make a whole lot of sense that we would want to put something that was just defeated back on the ballot. That would only irritate people who felt excluded by previous efforts to pass

domestic partners legislation," Shafer said. "We need to make it better to ensure that it passes next time."

Last February, Leonard Graff and Cynthia Goldstein, then National Gay Rights Advocates attorneys, submitted an Omnibus Family Equity Ordinance draft for Agnos' consideration. The draft appealed to the mayor's be-

(Continued on page 23)



Harry Britt on Domestic Partners, see page 14.

Gay Czechs Bouncing Along

by Rex Wockner

As Czechoslovakia, along with most of Eastern Europe, races toward "freedom" and "democracy," the founders of the nation's first gay organization say the pace of change in the gay community is equally dizzying.

"I'm surprised you even got through on the telephone," said Jan Lany, founder of Lambda Prague, now called Lambda Czechoslovakia. "Many evenings I am on the phone all evening, counseling and taking calls."

Lany's home phone doubles as Prague's gay switchboard.

The most obvious impact of what Lany called "the Nov. 17 Revolution"—the day police violently broke up a student demonstration and unwittingly toppled the government—is the race to form gay groups throughout the country.

"Every day I receive news from another city ready to set up a group," Lany said. "There are three independent groups in

Prague now and organizations on the way in Ostrava, Brno, Bratislava, throughout the country."

Starting this month a new youth magazine will feature two "gay pages" every issue. This follows several positive newspaper reports on Lambda and the Czech gay community in the months following Lany and lover Richard's return from July's International Lesbian and Gay Association world conference in Vienna.

But Lambda does have a thorny media relations problem.

"I can't find anybody who is openly gay and can appear in front of TV cameras," Lany said. "Perhaps it's going to have to be LQ to talk for TV, but there are some difficult points with Richard's family. But I guess I am ready."

Lany does not think his job as a high school teacher would be imperiled if he became Czechoslovakia's first televised homosexual.



Party Time!

New Year's Eve revelers party on Castro earlier in the decade. The partying should be bigger than ever this year as we bid farewell to the '80s and usher in the gay '90s. Story, page 4. (Photo: Rink)

God, Cops, Mates and Natural Disasters

by Allen White

1989 will go down in history as the year of the earthquake. Though most San Franciscans will not forget where they were at 5:04 p.m. on Oct. 17, the gay community will also remember 1989 as a year when the city was politically shaken and morally moved like few previous years.

The cloud of AIDS continued to hang heavy over the gay community. As the decade comes to an end, more than 5,000 people have died of the disease in San Francisco since 1981. For 1989 the final figure will exceed 1,200—about 100 people dying every month.

Throughout the year, God, and people claiming to be his representatives, vied with domes-

tic partners as the issues of the year. The year began with the fallout of Dignity, the organization of gay Roman Catholics, being prohibited from worshipping and praying in a Catholic church.

Attempts were made to eject Father Peter Sammon, a Catholic priest, from the Human Rights Commission. San Francisco's gay religious leaders spoke strongly against the naming of several straight priests, rabbis and ministers to the newly formed AIDS Commission, to the exclusion of any person from the gay religious community.

One of the most vocal opponents was Lynn Griffis, who represented herself as a minister of the Metropolitan Community



Gwenn Craig. (Photo: George Kruse)

Church. In August, Griffis allegedly held several news conferences claiming to be the victim of gay beatings.

In the days that followed, it was (Continued on page 12)

Top 5 Gay Stories Inside the Beltway

Barney Frank Scandal Held Spotlight

by Cliff O'Neill

Unlike the year in general news, where earth-shattering changes on the political landscape and devastating natural disasters on the physical one made 1989 such a memorable year for all, events in gay and lesbian news throughout the year were much less conspicuous.

And from inside the Capital Beltway, while wins and losses on the gay and lesbian agenda were felt on a daily basis, none stood out as clearly as others had in years past.

Unlike 1987, there was no Na-

tional March on Washington on which to focus. Unlike 1988, there was no landmark piece of legislation passed to compare with the federal AIDS omnibus bill.

Federal news in 1989 was marked by a series of dethronements and scandals, starting with John Tower in January, continuing with the Democratic House leadership in the summer and culminating in the fall with investigations into five senators in regards to their

(Continued on page 17)

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SCENE AND HERD

What: A Decade?

by Dave Ford

"What a year. What a week. What a Friday." So exulted the *New York Times's* lead Dec. 23 editorial on the changes in Eastern Europe. Indeed. What a world. What a decade. What a month. What a relief—it's over. One theory holds that as a patient ends therapy, the "old ghosts" of his or her former neuroses—which presumably have been exorcised—make a final appearance. It's a last wave good-bye before the patient accepts the responsibility for repaired mental health and its imminent changes.

That happened culturally this year. The American Eighties were the Denial Decade: the country acted like one big, unhappy, dysfunctional family. While we "children" (the everyday citizens) hid our heads, our "Daddy"—a senile, smiling bag of polyps—frittered away "family money" on weapons to battle an enemy that—presto!—suddenly no longer existed. And Mommy? An anorexic, anal, morose woman of means, she ignored her family—and her "family"—and instead obsessed about her image.

So we "kids" acted out. We got greedy: we became addicted to money. We got high: we became addicted to drugs. We represent 2 percent of the world's population, yet we consume 60 percent of its illicit drugs. "We are becoming a nation of compulsive drug users, a 'chemical people,'" one expert said recently. A recent study showed, surprisingly, that affluent white kids use drugs and alcohol more than do inner city blacks.

Worst of all, we cocooned in a warm, Jello-y bath of nostalgia. Whereas pop culture blossomed in the Fifties—the infancy both of rock music and television—baby boomers in the Eighties fearfully stopped the clock. *WashPost* TV crit Tom Shales called it the "Re" decade: re-wind, re-gress. "Leave It To Beaver" re-turned. So did Tony the Tiger. And, this year, Woodstock.

Suddenly, this year (what a year), the "patient"—American/Sixties culture—had its "old ghosts" parade. In an astonishing flurry, rockers like Ringo Starr (the Beatles), the Who and the Rolling Stones tromped across the land, inspired a batch of lesser old hacks—the Jefferson Airplane, Poco, etc.—to reform and once more live out the old hippie dream.

In the context of the sketchy therapy model, this dinosaur stomp is a last-gasp clutch at the nostalgia that's kept us numb to imminent—and urgent—concerns: global warming, environmental decay, shifting political alliances. Now we face a choice: sober up and face the (new) music, or sink in a swamp of self-loathing befitting a decadent, wayward nation.

Warrin' Piece

The changes are already happening as the decade grinds to a close: the wall came down in Berlin; communism suddenly appears outdated. In a flash, as U.C. sociology professor Todd Gitlin pointed out in a Dec. 20 *Chron* essay, markers have shifted: "...the convulsion of communism throws into doubt not only the health of a military-industrial economy but the organizing principle of our political culture." He added a pointed question: "What happens when you have committed your national identity to a war and the enemy resigns?"

Answer: you invade Panama. That's what our new, secret-decoder-ing Boy Scout president did recently (what a week). The super-neat boy-prez Just Said Noriega, losing American lives as he ignored foreign policy law. The toadying mainstream press only kissed Bush's rear column: the *New York Times's* once-respected analyst R.W. Apple

wrote Dec. 21 that the Panama action "...has shown [Bush] as a man capable of bold action..." Tell that to the Panamanians.

Answer II: you declare a war on drugs. Never mind if it misses: the Dec. 6 *N.Y. Times* reported that no new drug-fighting funds have reached Peru and Bolivia, the world's two largest coca growers. And a special California panel on prisons warned recently that "the current war on drugs will overwhelm the nation's correctional systems over the next five years." But gee, whiz—that bag of crack sure looked neat on TV.

Surface Up

Where are the strains showing? Try kids: they always act out their parents' buried angst.

"It sounds stupid, but what I was worried about was whether people would like what I was wearing," Nancy Reagan? Pat Buckley? Liberace? No: an 11-year-old girl who spent three hours choosing her back-to-school outfit. Teens are killing each other for \$100 Air Jordans, the Dec. 6 *Chron* reported. Is the kids' clothing industry decrying teens' fatal obsession with looks? Hell, no: "All of these [companies] understand... that if you own this child at an early age, you can own this child for years to come," said Kids R Us president Mike Searles. Intendured servitude? I Guess? so.

Is the plastic surgery industry decrying teens' fatal obsession with looks? Hell, no: at least not judging by the 200-300 percent increase in teen surgery, as reported in the Dec. 20 *N.Y. Times*. Sixteen percent of the 73,250 nose jobs performed in 1988 were done on people under 18. One surgeon told of a girl who showed him a picture of Christie Brinkley as a guideline; the girl was Middle Eastern. "Kids are so aware now of how they look," said Chicago plastic surgeon Wafik Hanna.

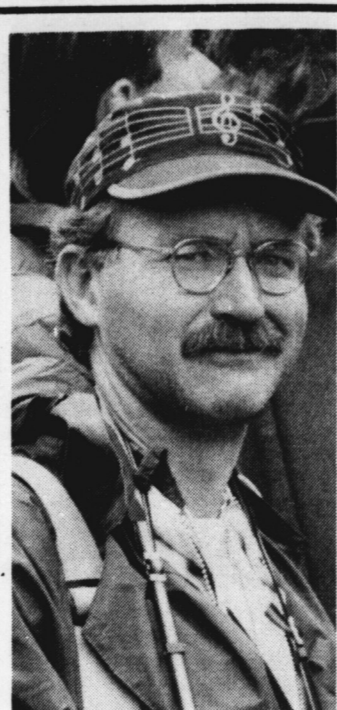
Hershey Highway

The decade slips home, the oddities keep on. What a month. In Houston, a store owner refused to change a window display showing a Santa mannequin holding three green ribbons tied around scantily clad female mannequins' necks. The female mannequins were gagged; their hands were bound with cellophane bows. Store owner Robert Ortega told 50 protesting women Dec. 18 that the window shows Santa unwrapping gifts.

Closer to home, an Amtrak train crashed outside of Stockton, killing three and trashing a tractor-trailer rig carrying Hershey's syrup. A tearful woman on the Dec. 19 KTVU "Ten O'Clock News" described the scene: "People were screaming, and there was chocolate everywhere." Two days later, a freight train jumped the tracks at Hercules; according to a Dec. 22 *Chron* report, UPS trailers "containing Christmas presents did not break open, but... boxes of macaroni and other food were scattered along the shoreline." There was pasta everywhere.

Close to Home

Us queers? Well, the Big A ruled the decade. 115,000 have died, and from 500,000 to 1.5 million Americans are thought to be HIV-infected. The December *Harper's* "Index" reports that 21,000 Americans died before Ronald Reagan said "AIDS" in a speech. In response to an ACT UP/LA protester at his recent visit to UCLA Med Center AIDS



Rick Gerharter.

B.A.R. Names Staff Photographer

The *Bay Area Reporter* has hired Rick Gerharter, a San Francisco photojournalist, to be its staff photographer. He joined the staff in mid-December.

Gerharter's work has appeared in *USA Today*, the *San Francisco Examiner*, *SF Weekly*, the *Advocate* and the *AFLCIO News*, among other publications. It has been distributed by the Associated Press and by Impact Visuals in New York.

He has also worked as a staff photographer for the City College of San Francisco; as a general assignment photographer for the *San Francisco Independent*; as a staff photographer for the Service Employees International Union, Local 250, in San Francisco; and as a photographer's assistant for *Entrelinhas* in Fortaleza, Brazil.

Gerharter speaks Spanish, Portuguese and English.

He is a member of the National Press Photographers Association and of the Media Alliance of San Francisco.

Like most gay newspapers, the *Bay Area Reporter* heretofore has depended on the work of freelance photographers. With Gerharter's hiring, however, B.A.R. becomes one of the first gay newspapers to have a full-time staff photographer on call to cover assignments.

Brett Averill, editor-in-chief, said, "We're looking forward to working with Rick and using his imaginative photography to improve the appearance and quality of reporting in the *Bay Area Reporter*."

babies, our brain-drilled, brain-dead, punk-hairstyle-wearing former president said, "I don't think he knows the facts. I appointed a national commission." Dong!

If the Reagan legacy is hundreds of thousands of AIDS deaths, the Boy Scout doesn't look much better. But little changes are occurring. In D.C., gays can be Big Brothers. A new soap opera produced, of all places, in Orange County, and to be marketed to cable stations, will feature homo story lines.

So the soap opera continues. What a story. What a week. What a month. What a year. What a decade. What is worry? I think we know our facts.

AIDS Health Project to Publish Legal Guide for Practitioners

by Michael C. Botkin

The AIDS Health Project will release a new book, *AIDS Law for Mental Health Practitioners*, this January, in conjunction with a conference it is sponsoring, "Beyond the Basics: Mental Health Challenges in the HIV Epidemic."

Both the book, which examines controversial legal and ethical issues, and the conference are funded by the Department of Mental Health.

"The book was originally proposed by the Department of Mental Health," said Paul Causey of AHP. "Initially they wanted us to provide a training session to go along with the book, but instead we suggested combining it with the conference."

The first of three days of the "Beyond the Basics" conference will be devoted to learning to use and understand the book.

"This is the first time I've heard of a book and a conference being combined this way," Causey said.

"There's an increasing need for awareness of these issues," said Gary Wood, legal consultant to AHP and one of the book's authors.

Mental health practitioners are legally required to protect the confidentiality of their clients, but they are also legally bound by a duty to warn people their client may endanger. The law is very vague about when one duty takes priority over the other.

The "duty to warn" is the result of the famous "Tarasoff

case" in which a psychologist was held responsible for failing to warn a woman that her boyfriend was considering hurting her.

Mental health practitioners are concerned that they could be held liable for failing to warn someone that their sexual partner has HIV.

Wood did not know of any cases where a counselor was sued for failing to warn someone that a client of theirs had HIV, but felt that the possibility of this was intimidating.

"Mental health care providers are nervous about this. They need to be told not to worry so much; that in fact it's very difficult to prove that a counselor had a 'duty to warn,'" Wood said.

However, there have been cases of health care providers being sued for inappropriately disclosing a client's HIV status.

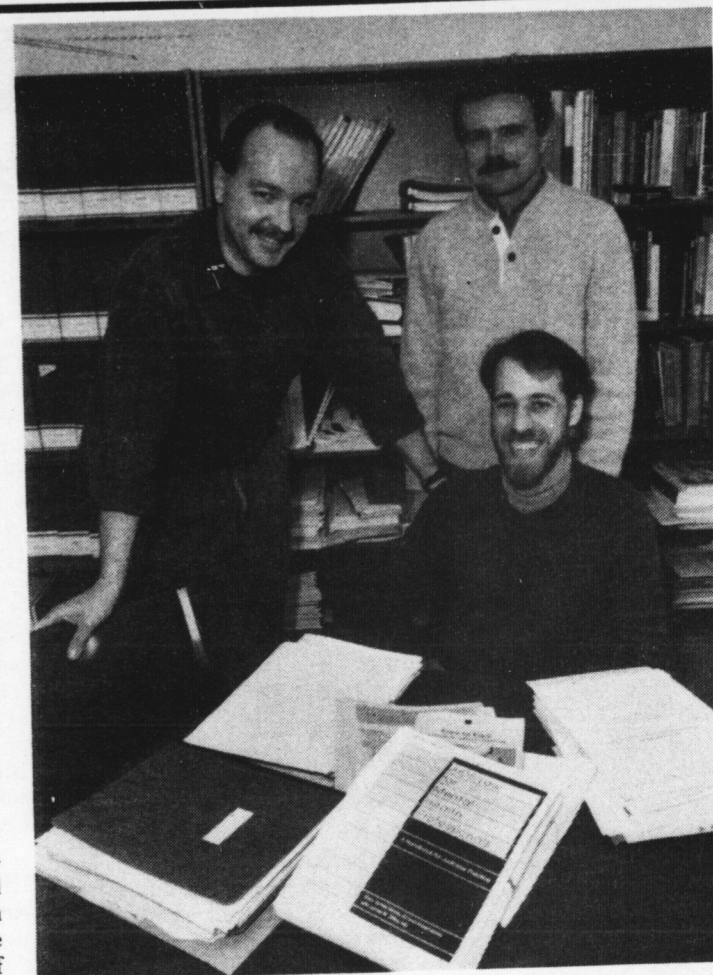
"These situations are likely to arise in a mental health situation," said Robert Marks,

another of the book's authors. "There are a lot of things a person will tell their counselor that they wouldn't tell a doctor. We not only looked at what has been a problem, but also at things that are likely to arise," he said. Marks said that AHP had other book ideas under consideration.

"We will continue to look at ideas that focus on the professional relationship between caregivers and clients," Marks said.

AIDS Law includes sections on the mental health professional as a therapist, as a witness and adviser, and as a person with HIV. It addresses the duty to treat, confidentiality and the notorious "duty to warn," among other topics.

The "Beyond the Basics" conference sponsored by AHP will take place Jan. 17-19, at San Francisco State University. The registration fee includes a copy of the *AIDS Law* book. For more information about the conference, call 255-1297.



Paul Causey (left), Joseph Wilson and Robert Marks (seated) drafted the legal guide. (Photo: Rick Gerharter)

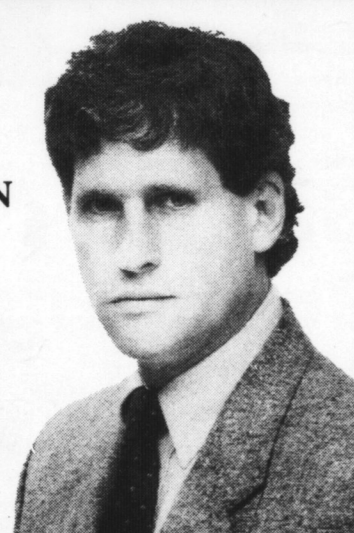
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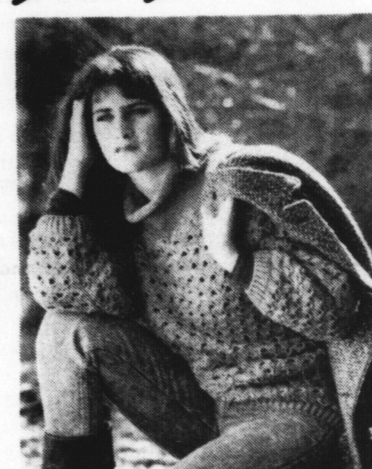
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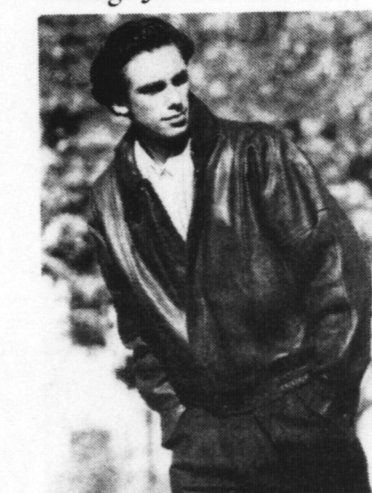
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(Continued on page 20)

HIV WATCH

Kids, Don't Try This at Home

by Michael C. Botkin

The old medical double-speak expression "the operation was a success but the patient died," is the best way to describe the recent bone marrow transplant treatment of HIV. It did, some believe, wipe out HIV in the patient's body. But, medical first that it is, I would be more impressed if they had eliminated the HIV without killing the patient.

Using a bone marrow transplant in combination with AZT may make sense for an HIVer who needs one anyway. But it makes little sense as a treatment for HIV in the absence of lymphoma or leukemia. If you are an HIVer who's completely healthy, chances are that even without any treatment you'll be fine for a year. Compared to a mere 50-50 chance (if that) of living more than a year after a bone marrow transplant, it makes no sense to contemplate one.

On the other hand, if you're an HIVer with serious symptoms, a bone marrow transplant is out of the question—chances are it'll kill you, fast. Just about any of the experimental treatments currently being investigated, including passive immunotherapy

and compound Q, give you a better chance at less risk and cost.

In fact, it's hard to see how this line of research will ever pay off. It's often difficult to find a bone marrow donor. The procedure is always expensive, always painful, always dangerous. Unlike some treatments which could, with commercial development, become affordable, there's no way to provide bone marrow transplants for the masses. It's a perfect example of how hi-tech, hi-profit medicine serves the medical establishment but not the people.

The bone marrow transplant for HIVers has already produced lots of good press for the researchers, and will no doubt net them some fat grants. But will it save lives? It hasn't yet—even in the case of is first and only "success."

New Theory Hard to Digest

Because western medical science was at such a loss at the beginning of the HIV epidemic, many people turned to alternative treatments, such as holistic and eastern methods. Even though the medical establishment did eventually come up

with some treatments, the failure to find the "magic bullet" has left the door open for these non-traditional health care providers. Overall, this is probably a healthy trend, as it tends to infringe on the medical mainstream's monopoly and makes the whole system more competitive. However, it has also allowed some blatant rip-offs to flourish.

I am still plowing through a phone-book thick stack of studies on Ozone therapy, and a slightly less impressive tome on the use of Sufi mysticism in the treatment of HIV. But the "AIDS Control Diet" takes the prize as the least convincing treatment for HIV I have ever seen.

The diet rests on a theory that HIV resides not in the bloodstream but in the lower bowel of the intestinal tract. The author of this theory, Mark Konlee, isn't fazed at all by the massive body of literature supporting current beliefs about HIV, or by the existence of successful therapies based on these theories. Instead, Konlee says, the virus lives off incompletely digested foods in the body, and HIV can therefore be cured by avoiding difficult-to-digest foods.

Other aspects of the therapy include "colon cleansing," fasting, enemas and "garlic suppositories before bedtime." At least you won't have to worry about being rimmed by a vampire.

"Foods strictly forbidden" include: meat, poultry, fish, eggs, cheese, milk, wheat, oats, barley, rye, breads, pasta, tofu, beans, nuts of any kind, and pizza. In case you're wondering what this leaves, potatoes, corn, fruit juice, sugar-free soda and yogurt are allowed.

As "proof" of the effectiveness of this treatment, Konlee cites the case of a person whose T-cell count went from 800 to 840. Apparently Konlee has never heard of lab error or simple daily variation in T-cells.

What makes this "treatment" scary instead of just amusing is that it's actively dangerous. Wasting syndrome is a serious symptom of HIV, and the diet outlined above seems to preclude the possibility of adequate nutrition, even if you don't engage in the long and regular fasts the theory encourages.

Crackpot theories like these can only hurt the development of genuine alternative treatments for HIV. We need a system that will consider and evaluate alternative treatments as well as the high-tech, good-profit-potential products currently pushed by the drug industry.



Hank Cook passed away on December 27, 1989

Rosary will be said Friday, December 29, 7 p.m. at Halsted, N. Gray, Carew & English, 1123 Sutter (near Larkin)
Mass will be said Saturday, December 30, 10 a.m. at St. Brigid's, Van Ness & Broadway

Full obituary and comments in next week's Bay Area Reporter

Avoiding the "A" Word

The "AIDS backlash" has driven many HIV advocates to seek low-profile ways to promote the cause. Because the very mention of the "A" word draws unwanted media attention and its attendant hysteria, it is avoided as much as is practical.

The recently passed Cobra extension bill is an example of this. According to Representative Nancy Pelosi's aide Stephen Morin, the bill was called "the AIDS COBRA bill" by everyone on the House Ways and Means committee. Although the bill will in fact help any disabled person who fits the criteria, a disproportionate number of them will probably be people with HIV, so the nick-

name isn't that far off. But if it had actually been labeled that way, it might never have passed.

The consensus among lobbyists is that it's best to avoid the "A" word whenever you can.

Yes it is, but unfortunately nobody has come up with anything to reliably counter the AIDS hysteria. An emotional appeal to the public's irrational fear of HIV almost always sweeps away any and all logical arguments—look at the frightening numbers of people who vote for the fascist propositions promoted by the LaRouchies. Until we come up with a cure for AIDSphobia, it will be difficult to get the support we need to find a treatment for HIV.

New Year's Eve Events

by Allen White

New Year's Eve is special this year with the beginning of a new decade. There will be a wide range of party opportunities across the city.

This year's New Year's Eve mega-party, "Decade—Dance To The Future" at the Giftcenter Pavilion, 8th and Brannan streets, starts at 9 p.m. Jim Nelson has designed a multi-level set that will be used to its fullest throughout the evening. Singer Ernest Kohl will be part of the presentation. Fred Kelly from Brompton's and Heaven in London will be the DJ for the party. Organizers say there will be surprises every hour throughout the night.

The event will be a fundraiser for the San Francisco AIDS Emergency Fund with a minimum of \$1,000 pledged to help people with AIDS. The party goes until 4 a.m. Tickets are \$30 in advance at Ticketron, All-American Boy and other outlets; \$35 at the door. Call 563-0176 for information.

Dreamland's "MCMXC—Party To The Nines" starts at 9:30 p.m. A special effects spectacular is planned throughout the night with DJ Robbie Leslie providing the music. There will be complimentary champagne at midnight and complimentary

breakfast at dawn. Advance tickets are \$20 at all Headlines.

The I-Beam on Haight Street starts its New Year's Eve party at 5 p.m. with the regular weekly tea dance. No admission until 9 p.m. The theme for their party is "Decade." At 9 they will go into high gear with a live telecast of New Year's Eve at Times Square in New York. Singer E.G. Daly entertains at 9:30. Throughout the evening the I-Beam will feature gorgeous hunks who will model and do what they do best to entertain. DJ is Michael Garrett. At midnight there will be free champagne. The cost after 9 p.m. is \$10 with an I-Beam pass and \$15 general admission.

Community favorite Sharon McNight returns to San Francisco for a New Year's Eve Party at the Great American Music Hall at 9:45 p.m. There will be champagne and party favors. Tickets are \$40 at all BASS outlets and are on sale at the Great American Music Hall box office, which is open noon till 6 p.m. daily.

But the best party for many on New Year's Eve continues to be at the corner of 18th Street and Castro, where people emerge from area bars providing a unique reflection of San Francisco's gay community.

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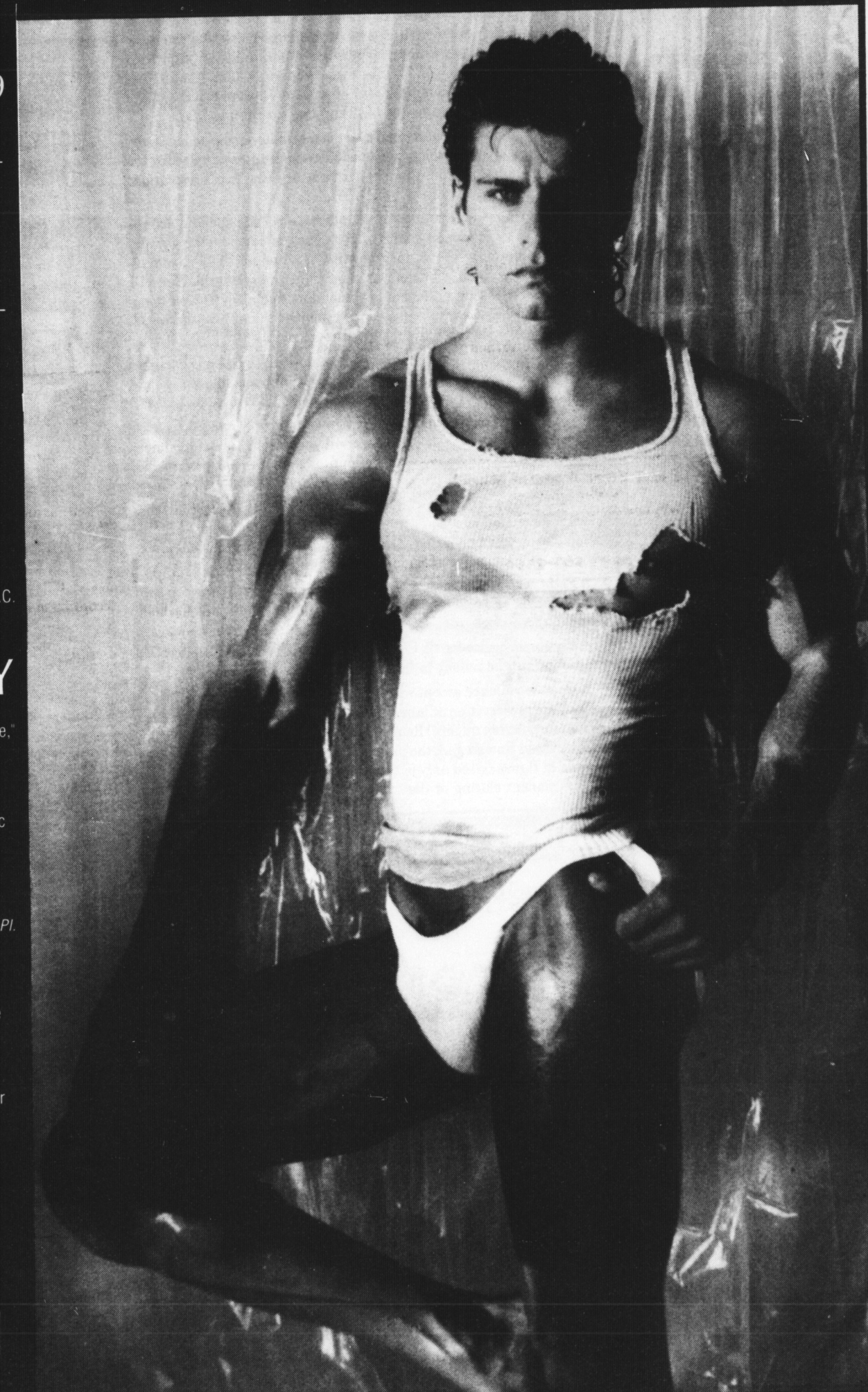
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Reagan, Bush and The AIDS Epidemic

After nearly eight years of total inaction, when he might have made a difference by doing something about the AIDS epidemic, former President Ronald Reagan visited children with the disease last week at UC Medical Center in Los Angeles, passed out toys and posed for a few photos. Reagan, who consistently refused to take a leadership role in the fight against AIDS during his two-term presidency and barely mentioned it, said last week, "I hope my visit will bring more attention to the need to do something about this horrible disease."



Ronald Reagan.

Thanks for nothing, Mr. President.

Reagan's successor, on the other hand, seems to have at least some understanding of the seriousness of the AIDS epidemic, and there is hope among those fighting the disease that the Bush administration will display a marked difference from that of Ronald Reagan.

President Bush visited with gay men suffering with AIDS in Bethesda, Maryland, last week,

and called for "compassion and understanding" for AIDS patients. Taking time out from what was probably the most hectic week of his presidency, Bush met with two groups of AIDS patients—one group made up mostly of adult gay men and the other of infected children who were accompanied by their parents.

Those who watched Bush talking with and attempting to comfort the gay men he visited said that the president showed an "obviously deep concern" for those suffering.

The president was overheard telling some of the men he visited that more education about the disease is needed, noting that many Americans still don't want to help and don't want to become involved, mostly because of misplaced fear. He added that, incredibly, some are still "afraid of holding an AIDS patient because they're afraid of getting AIDS. Barbara and I want to say—and we hope to continue to demonstrate this—they are wrong."

Bush said AIDS researchers are "heroes" who are "giving the greatest gift imaginable, the gift of life."

To demonstrate that there is no reason to fear AIDS patients, both the president and his wife kissed small children with the disease at the Maryland hospital. One of the children, a 9-year-old boy, told Bush, "I hope everyone can be cured," to which the president replied, "I believe it will happen."

The fact that George Bush met with openly gay men suffering from the disease was being hailed by the National Gay and Lesbian Task Force as the first time that an administration has clearly acknowledged that the disease "has a particular impact on the gay community and gay people."

A spokesperson for the Task Force called on Bush to push for approval of the Americans with Disabilities Act, which was described as a "civil rights act for people with all sorts of disabilities, including AIDS."

Clearly, George Bush sees the severity of this epidemic in a light that Ronald Reagan never did, and though the jury is still out on how the Bush administration confronts the growing epidemic, there is real hope for this president on the AIDS crisis. Only time will tell whether Bush is ready to follow up last week's highly public photo opportunity with meaningful commitments against the AIDS epidemic.

Has George Bush done the right thing by sending the troops into Panama, ousting General Manuel Noriega and installing a new president? Well, predictably, there were the usual demonstrators at the Federal Building last week, wringing their hands, condemning the action. I'm certainly no foreign policy expert, but if ever there was just cause for getting rid of a drug-running thug—well, I have to come down on the side of President Bush.

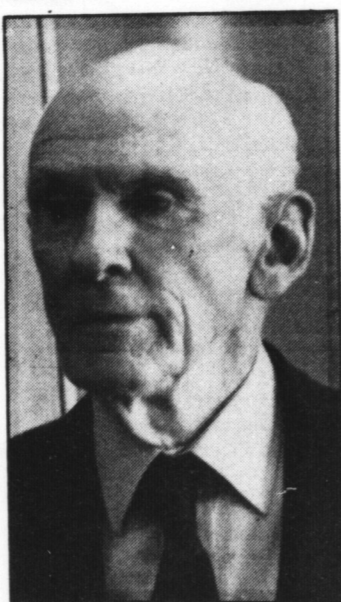
As to the anti-Bush demonstrators: Why is it you always see the same ones demonstrating—whatever the issue?



U.S. Rep. Barbara Boxer

Both California senators, incidentally, have publicly backed Bush on the action, while our own Rep. Nancy Pelosi, whose first reaction was one of "great disappointment" at the military action, later changed her mind and endorsed the Bush move when U.S. officials said Noriega might have been planning an assault on an American neighborhood in Panama City.

Rep. Barbara Boxer could not be reached by the B.A.R. for her reaction, but most other California congressmembers backed the military move, with the exception of Berkeley's Ron Dellums and Rep. Don Edwards of Los Angeles, who was traveling in Hungary and issued a scathing denunciation of Bush and the invasion.



Sen. Alan Cranston.
(Photo: S. Savage)

And speaking of Alan Cranston, what is this guy up to? Poor Alan, a man who has always been eager to get his name in the news, complained that the terrible California press had "pounced" upon him and his intended third wife (he divorced the first two

after each became ill). The senator, who already has enough problems with the nosy press, decided that he and his intended would "cancel" their planned Christmas Eve wedding. This guy has such problems!

As for the Keating S&L scandal, it won't stop. This week Attorney General John Van de Kamp was again defending his actions against the Lincoln group and denying once more that his staff weakened an order to restrict the thrift's sales of now-worthless junk bonds.

Dianne Feinstein, Van de Kamp's Democratic gubernatorial opponent, is fast making the attorney general's "lack of decisions" a political issue, and Van de Kamp is clearly uncomfortable.

Senator Pete Wilson, meanwhile, another gubernatorial hopeful, quickly announced this week that he is returning the \$16,500 that Lincoln President Charles Keating donated to his campaign. Will Alan Cranston do likewise? Nearly a million bucks that the senator got after he intervened on Keating's behalf? Don't bet on it, since, as Cranston says, "it was merely the kind of service he would offer any constituent." Ha!

Senator Cranston accepted more than \$900,000 for campaign contributions from Charles Keating while actively pressuring regulators on behalf of the troubled Lincoln Savings & Loan. The senator, meanwhile, insists that he has done nothing wrong and has broken no law—"I've done nothing for Keating that I wouldn't do for any constituent." He says that if he had to do it again he would do the same thing.

Cranston's lack of judgment tells me he shouldn't wait until the voters kick his ass out of office in 1992—the man should show

(Continued on page 18)

Charting Changes

Without a doubt, Christmas Eve, 1979, was the worst holiday of my life. If I hadn't had to work, perhaps it wouldn't have been so bad. But somebody had to bring home the bacon, and God knows it wasn't going to be my lover, who was in graduate school at the time. So was I, for that matter, but his school was more difficult than mine (he claimed), and... well, you know how it goes. In the theater of love, I was born to play the fool.

Neither of us was happy about my having to wait tables that night, but of the two of us, he had the better deal by far; he had plans to party all night. I really didn't mind, for I understood his need to make the most of his brief Christmas vacation. But I did ask him to be home by midnight. Christmas was important to me, and I thought it was the least he could do under the circumstances.

While he partied, I made the best of a bad situation by celebrating with friends at the restaurant where I worked. In true holiday spirits, we bought each other round after round of Schnapps—fourteen in all—until I could hardly stand. Teetering home just before midnight with vision of sugar plums (or something sweeter) dancing in my head, I was disappointed—then enraged—to find no one home to greet me.

It wasn't the first time my lover had broken a promise, and it wasn't his cruelest betrayal. But it was the first time he had let me down when my blood was saturated with Schnapps, and I reacted with a vengeance. Losing control, I did something completely out of character. I trashed the apartment. I broke everything I could get my hands on (that didn't cost too much or I didn't like anyway). One of the few things I spared, before passing out on the bed, was the Christmas tree. I may have been drunk, but I wasn't completely heartless.

When my lover came home hours later and realized what had happened, he punished me by cleaning up as loudly as possible and sleeping in the living room without me. We tried to make up the next day, but I was too hung over and depressed to make much of an effort. I remember only a perfunctory exchange of gifts and a listless series of calls to relatives. Then he went to a professor's house for dinner while I ate leftovers at home.

Perhaps it was fortunate that a few days later he flew to New York for a two-week visit with old friends. It gave us time to forgive one another. It also gave us a chance to mess around a little—not that either one of us had to leave town in order to screw other people. We had "an understanding," you see, even if we weren't always comfortable with it.

Like my lover, I took advantage of that understanding whenever possible. One Sunday before Christmas, for example, while my lover was studying, I rode my bike to Buena Vista Park and encountered what I described in my journal as "the fattest cock of my entire life." I gobbled it whole, rode to work, and emerged from the restaurant at midnight looking for more. On the street I met someone who took me home to fuck under the Christmas tree. When his roommate, a "tattooed

muscle stud," walked in, I fucked him too, as "I drooled in his mouth and shoved poppers up his nose."

Seedy? No, merely unrestrained. Unethical? No, my lover was doing it too, and I told him about it—I think—sooner or later. Fulfilling? That's another matter. As I wrote in my journal at the time, "Sexual escapades can be so much fun. But that's all they are. They don't mean as much as they used to when I was [younger], and thank God for that!"

At the same time, however, I noted that I never wanted to take sexual escapades for granted. I remembered moments of intense, yet unfulfilled longing in the days before I moved to San Francisco, "when all I had to satisfy myself was my hand." For me—and my lover—sexual freedom was still a mark of liberation as well as fun and I never wanted to forget how oppressive, lonely and isolated life could be for gay people elsewhere.

In any case, my day at Buena Vista and night under the tree were but two of many such adventures. While my lover was in New York, I had many more. Among them were interludes with a man who fisted his lover and fucked me at the same time, a man who was so high on heroin and cocaine that he couldn't get hard, and a man who usually tricked with my lover, not me.

The most significant of these escapades was the one that took place on New Year's Eve. While my lover attended a Bette Midler concert in New York, I watched two movies and ate dinner by myself in North Beach. My only companion was an ex-flower child and jazz musician who joined me temporarily while waiting to pick up an order at the restaurant. When she left, I made a list of people I had kissed on previous New Year's Eves. It was a lousy way to spend the last day of the decade.

A chance encounter on the way home turned things around. On the Number Eight bus, feeling a little sorry for myself and growing tired of my solitude, I ran into a Castro Street regular, a "sleazy little whore with a notoriously big dick" (according to my journal), who often wore a T-shirt featuring a picture of his own erect penis.

That particular night he was wearing nothing but his leather jacket, chaps and a jockstrap (on the bus no less). Concerned for his bare ass in the cold night air, I did the neighborly thing by asking him to stop by for a drink. Unfortunately, at my apartment he was too high to be of much use. "But at least I got to play with one of the most celebrated cocks in San Francisco," I wrote, "and that was nice."

Alas, it wasn't enough, so, after ushering him out the door, I went on the prowl. Eventually, I went home with someone I had had sex with once before. To my dismay, that night we were both after the same thing, and neither of us was willing—or able?—to oblige the other. The incident left me surprisingly lonesome for my lover.

Which was fortunate, because at 5:30 a.m., he called from New York, lonesome for me as well. High, hot and horny, we masturbated over the phone, then sighed and shuddered as we came, 3,000 miles apart. "He's no ideal

lover, and neither am I," I realized. "But we have something special, and it would be a shame to jeopardize that in any way."

Six months later, we got a divorce.

And that's how I began the 1980's.

I didn't fall in love again for quite a while, and although I eventually became involved with a number of people who meant a great deal to me, I didn't call anyone else my lover until I met

my current partner over two years ago. He is nothing like the man who preceded him. The relationship we have established is equally as dissimilar from the first one.

The reasons for this have something to do with the changes in myself over the last decade. They also have to do with transformations in the world around me. Whatever the reasons, the holiday season my lover and I spend together this year will bear no resemblance to the holiday season I endured with

(and without) my ex-lover ten years ago. And thank God for it. I don't think I could survive another year's end like 1979. I may not have survived that one.

For one thing, I won't have to work on Christmas Eve. Instead, I will spend it where I have spent the last two Christmas Eves—around the dining room table and by the fireplace of my in-laws' house in the East Bay. With the extended family clan, I will eat, talk, sing carols and open

(Continued on page 18)

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MURPHY'S MANOR

by Kurt Erichsen

Mom, I'd like you to meet Mark.
Pleased to meet you, Mrs. Robinson.
That's Murphy's sweater! I just gave it to him for Christmas.
Oh... yes. Well, I got to it before he did. I've always admired your sense of style. Murf, of course, has none.
No, he doesn't. He won't even go shopping with me.
No? Well, I love to shop.
Then let's go!
Ernesto's is having a wonderful sale, Mrs. Robinson!
Call me "Mom."

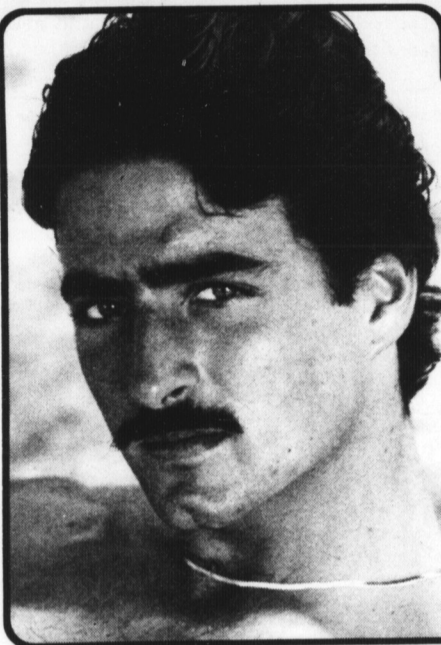
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Year Review

(Continued from page 1)



Lynn Griffis.

(Photo: Barbara Maggiani)

revealed that the claims were a hoax. Griffis left town after an embarrassed community went to her rescue, raising her as a symbol of gay and lesbian brutality.

Across the bay in Concord, AIDS discrimination became God's cause as the Rev. Lloyd Mashore, pastor of a fundamentalist church, announced he would lead the challenge to remove an AIDS discrimination ordinance passed by the City Council.

A petition drive garnered the number of signatures needed to qualify the issue for the November ballot. Mashore announced his intent to be a candidate for the Concord City Council. It represented the movement of the right-wing anti-gay politics into Northern California. When the votes were counted in November, the AIDS discrimination ordinance had been defeated, Mashore won a seat on the City



Lloyd Mashore.

(Photo: Rick Gerharter)

Council and a group from Orange County calling themselves the Traditional Values Coalition claimed victory.

The saga of domestic partners in San Francisco began in January with the release of one of several drafts of a proposed ordinance to validate relationships. The ordinance passed the Board of Supervisors in May, and Mayor Art Agnos signed the legislation in June.

With the signing of the ordinance, a task force was created by the mayor to research the best methods to using the ordinance to give equal health benefits to domestic partners. A key part of the mayor's directive was to look at the possibility of expanding domestic partners beyond gay relationships.

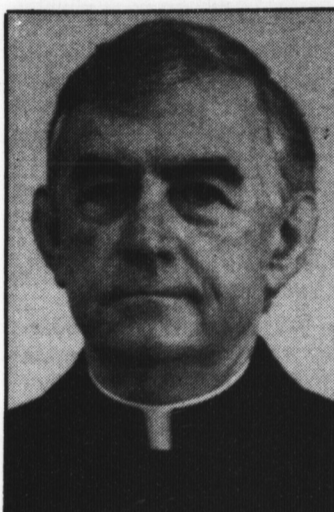
In July a fundamentalist minister and a rabbi announced a campaign to put domestic partners on the November ballot. Following a successful petition drive, the two faded in the background as the Archdiocese of San Francisco began a strong effort to keep the legislation from becoming law.

Agnos and Supervisor Britt, who introduced the legislation, promised to reintroduce the law in 1990.

1989 was also a year for anger, frustration and protests as the deaths from AIDS continued to mount. The year had barely begun when a group of protesters closed down the Golden Gate Bridge to commute traffic. The group, calling itself Stop AIDS Now or Else, promised to return. They did in September during the opening of the San Francisco Opera's 1989 season.

Yet the biggest protest of the year, and certainly one of the most important confrontations of the decade in San Francisco, took place on Oct. 6 as members of the San Francisco Police Department went out of control at an ACT UP demonstration.

The demonstration began at



Archbishop John Quinn.

(Photo: Steve Savage)

the Federal Building in the afternoon, and then moved up Market Street to the Castro. As the march entered the area the confrontation began with more than half the on duty police officers in San Francisco participating. Innocent bystanders and protesters alike became targets for police. People were told to stay locked behind doors in businesses as the police made their sweep.

As the year ends, investigations continue as the police department finds itself the target of public and internal examination. The riots forced the disbanding of the city's tactical police unit, the resignation of a deputy police chief and the reassignment of several lower ranking officers.

The pressure on police officers increased with the naming of Gwenn Craig to the Police Commission. Craig, a former president of the Harvey Milk Lesbian/Gay Democratic Club, is a veteran of clashes between gays and the police, and she wasted no time in moving to accomplish a sense of justice for the gay community. Her appointment by Agnos represented the return of a woman, and a lesbian to the police commission.

The media became a player itself in the news of 1989 in the gay community. The *San Francisco Examiner*, with the inspiration of gay editor Greg Brock, produced almost a full month of gay related stories covering almost everything that could be classified as gay.

Following almost two decades of on and off homophobic attacks, many criticized the effort as "too little, too late." Others praised the effort, which used the resources of virtually every writer and editor at the paper.

1989 was also the year when television personality Morton Downey Jr. came to San Francisco to announce he was apologetic for any offenses to the gay community. He then invited the gay press for a dinner on a yacht in the bay. Three hours later he



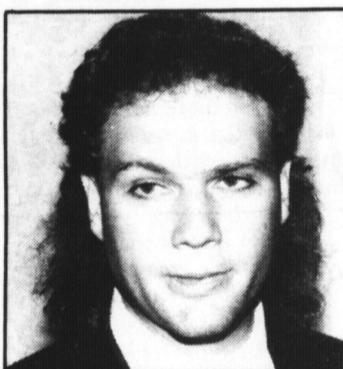
Greg Brock.

(Photo: Barbara Maggiani)

would claim he had been attacked by skinheads at the San Francisco airport.

Downey's show returned to San Francisco airwaves and a few months later was dropped when nobody seemed to care.

It was also the year for Perry Stone, a radio shock-jock, to build his ratings by verbally bashing gays, people with AIDS and any other minority that he could find. He was done in by a member of the Girl Scouts whom he tried to intimidate.

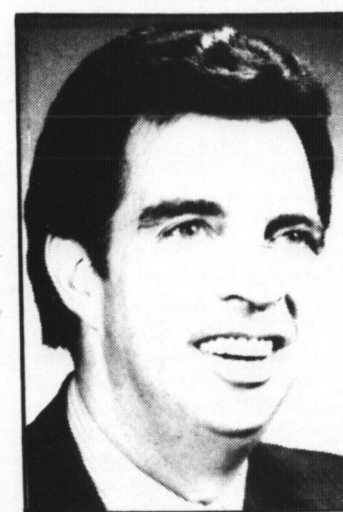


Perry Stone.

(Photo: Rink)

Fired from his morning spot on a San Jose radio station, he moved to San Francisco station KITS-FM. He also apologized and said it was just an act, promising to be good in the future.

There were an assortment of names rising to higher heights and lower lows in 1989. Harry Britt became president of the San Francisco Board of Supervisors. Jean O'Leary resigned as the head of the National Gay Rights Advocates under extraordinary pressure and a cloud of unethical conduct. Jose Sarria joined with Phyllis Lyon and Del Martin to become the grand marshals of the annual Lesbian/Gay Freedom Day Parade. Marga Gomez was voted the Cable Car Awards Entertainer of the Year. A school on Ellis Street was named



Morton Downey Jr.

for Harvey Milk. Jerry Coletti and Pat Montclair became the reigning Emperor and Empress of San Francisco.

Elizabeth Taylor came to San Francisco to raise money for AIDS. Barbara Bush hugged a person with AIDS, wrote a letter to the Names Project, and President Bush gave his first speech on AIDS the week before Christmas. Connie Francis raised more than \$3,000 for Project Open Hand at the San Francisco Eagle. Rock artists joined together to raise more than \$500,000 in the controversial "In Concert Against AIDS." The Kirov Ballet raised almost \$100,000 for AIDS organizations.

The AIDS Walk raised more than \$1 million and came under scrutiny when it was learned that the promoters get more money than most of the AIDS charity beneficiaries.

Following the earthquake, the American Red Cross raised tens of millions of dollars. A byproduct was a financial crisis at every AIDS fundraising organization in the city.



Connie Francis.

(Photo: Barbara Maggiani)

The Names Project quilt was nominated for the Nobel Peace Prize. The largest display was presented in Washington, D.C., in October with Bush flying over as hundreds yelled, "Shame,



Jean O'Leary.

(Photo: Mick Hicks)

Shame, Shame" at the president.

In November the Names Project announced an agreement with the Trinity United Methodist Church to build a community center at the corner of Noe and Market streets, to be used as the home for the quilt as well as a center for PWAs and the gay community.

Congregation Sha'ar Zahav announced the establishment of the first gay Jewish cemetery in Colma.

The gay political clubs seemed to mire themselves in an extraordinary amount of infighting, much a byproduct of the gay community's position on whether San Francisco should have a new ballpark. The Stonewall Gay Democratic Club met the day after the earthquake to attempt to figure out exactly where they stood. The Harvey Milk Lesbian/Gay Democratic Club censured one of their vice presidents, Rick Hauptman, for, they claimed, attempting to tamper with the club's slate cards. The gay Republicans changed their name to the Log Cabin Club and joined other similarly named clubs across the state to garner the biggest gay political win of the year by humiliating homophobic U.S. Rep. William Dannemeyer.

And people continued to die.

AIDS Demographic Shift Seen

by Allen White

Christmas in San Francisco was a time for parties, church services and a time of family. It was also a time of caring, and nowhere was that more evident than the Christmas Eve Dinner for people with AIDS and ARC at the Green Room of the Veterans Building.

People from throughout the community joined together. Vinnie Russell, chair of the dinner committee, said that more than 250 people volunteered their time, and more than 30 organizations donated food and assistance. They were joined by dozens of entertainers from the entire sphere of gay entertainment. Together they presented a dinner for almost 1,000 people Sunday afternoon.

The entertainment lineup read like a who's who from the community. Bob Sander played the piano. Sharon McNight sang. Danny Williams, Sandy Van and Marga Gomez were among those providing comedy.

Mikio Hirata, Solomon Rose, Aldo Bell and Irene Sondeberg were just a few of the many cabaret entertainers on the program. Members of the San Francisco Lesbian/Gay Chorus appeared.

Behind the scenes AIDS Emergency Fund leaders like Alan Selby and Zack Long coordinated the volunteers and helped serve food. Don Thompson coordinated the entertainment.

With the joy helping people

can bring, there was also the pain.

Walking through the room was a heart-wrenching experience.

"It is much harder because it is Christmas," Russell said. "We all know that many of these people will not be here next year."

In years past, these were primarily events for white, middle-class gay men. No more. Many of the volunteers were stunned, possibly emotionally unprepared, for the influx of mothers and children who are infected with HIV. Statistically, the numbers have been growing. Yet, the numbers came to life on Christmas Eve.

A black couple, both people with AIDS, rushed up to Rev. Cecil Williams as he arrived at the dinner. They are part of a growing number of people with color who are becoming visible as the numbers of people with AIDS continues to rise.

A look of shock came across one very well-meaning volunteer when several homeless people with AIDS arrived at the dinner. They had neither the funds nor the concern to dress up. They were there because they, in a very honest way, needed a meal.

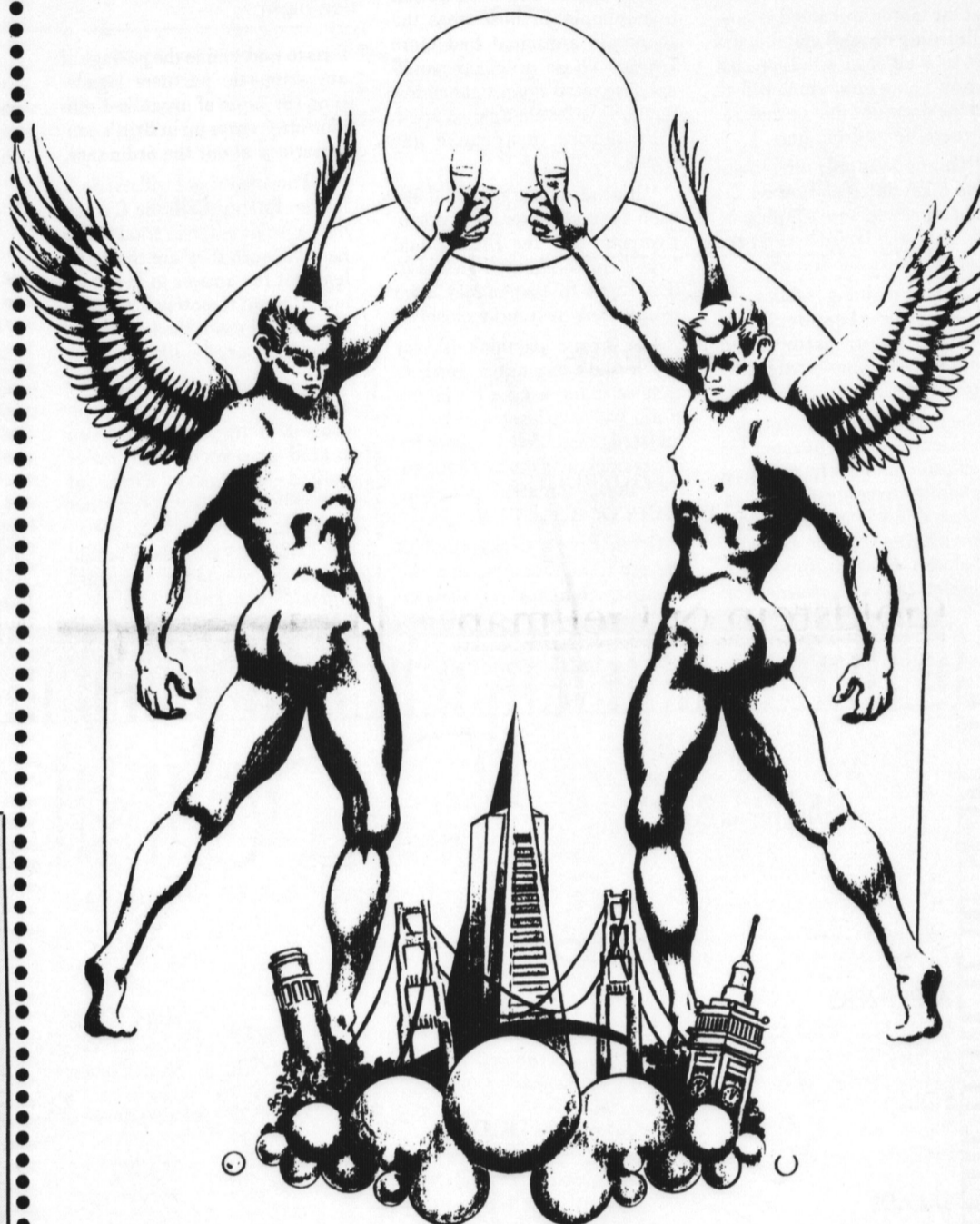
As these people came together on Christmas Eve, discomfort was replaced by compassion. But many people sat enjoying the entertainment, yet somehow missing, or choosing to ignore, the many gay-related quips and remarks.

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Britt Determined To See Passage

by M. J. Murphy

Harry Britt, president of the Board of Supervisors, has been working on the domestic partners ordinance for the past nine years. He has seen the legislation weather defeats in two mayoral administrations, yet he remains determined to see the passage of what many at City Hall refer to as "Harry's Bill."

When asked about the possibility of an initiative being placed on the ballot in June, Britt agreed with attorney Matt Coles, author of the domestic partners ordinance, that it is more likely to go up for another vote in November 1990 but reiterated that as of yet, no decision had been made.

"What's happening now," Britt said, "is that the task force that the mayor appointed is close to finishing its work and that will give us a lot of information that we don't have now, which will affect the decisions that we make as to where we go from here."

"Our options are either to put some form of legislation on the ballot ourselves, or to simply pass it through the board and let the other side take the initiative."

"What I'm doing is talking to people who have been part of the history of domestic partners, and to others who have written me helpful letters."

The narrow defeat of Proposition S leaves plenty of room for speculation about why the campaign failed to come up with the winning number of votes; Britt points his finger at the city controller who wrote in the voter's pamphlet that the passage of

Prop. S could lead to a significant expenditure of city funds in the future.

"My personal sense on this is that the main thing that hurt us is the cost arguments that produced the huge negative votes in the most conservative parts of the city. That was the fault, primarily, of the controller. I think if we could change that, it would be very hard for us to lose."

"There are large parts of this city where gay people are very integrated and seen as part of the family. We won those precincts. There are other parts of the city where we are less visible and where there is more resistance to changing what they call 'traditional values' and what we call homophobia. In those areas, the economic argument had more appeal. Those precincts would not have voted against gay rights, but they will vote against spending money to advance gay rights."

"It's the same argument that's used against comparable worth. Everyone says the ERA (Equal Rights Amendment) is great, but if it starts to cost money, then people look at it more closely."

"Domestic partners is very much like comparable worth in that we're not asking for toleration. We're asking for an acknowledgment that a homophobic system needs to be changed. And that's threatening to people."

Given Britt's background in the study of theology, and the Christian churches' relentless ef-



Harry Britt informs supporters of the defeat of Prop. S on election night. (Photo: Darlene/PhotoGraphics)

orts to undermine the passage of any domestic partners legislation, the topic of organized religion often crops up in Britt's conversations about the ordinance.

"The one thing I will not do is let the Roman Catholic Church have veto power over what we do here because they are the problem, not the answer to the problem. I'm not remotely interested in watering down the legislation to appease people like that."

"That doesn't mean that we don't think (the bill) can be improved. The piece has been around for years now, and we've looked at many different strategies. I thought the one that went on the ballot was pretty good. We'll try to make it better, but not in order to try to appease bigots."

A few days after the defeat of Prop. S, San Francisco Archbishop John Quinn issued a statement that reiterated the church's support for legislation that would extend hospital visitation rights and bereavement leave to designated individuals as long as the designation of domestic partners per se was not included in the wording of the draft.

"Hospital visitation rights is not what we're about," Britt responded. "If all we get out of this thing is hospital visitation rights (and bereavement leave), then we haven't won very much."

"We would have liked to include other protections in the private sector, and the reason we didn't is because state and federal laws were an obstacle at every point. You cannot tell

private businesses that they have to have health plans for lesbian and gay partners, and you can't interfere with labor contracts in the private sector. There is a long list of things you cannot do by local law. Hospital visitation rights was one of the areas where we could, and that's why we put it in.

"Sure, there is a possibility that (the issue) may be dealt with independently, but there is no possibility that we will settle for that."

"The only thing that offends the Roman Catholic Church is that we want our relationships to be taken seriously, and they're not willing to do that. The idea that we rewrite the legislation to please the Roman Catholic Church doesn't interest me. They want us to sign a document that says we know we're inferior and I'm not going to sign that document, and I don't think our community is either."

Britt agrees that while domestic partners legislation could easily win approval from the board of supervisors again, it is important for the community to experience a victory at the ballot box.

"If we do something different, we could just pass it by the board and let the opposition worry about the deadlines," Britt said. "At some point we want to go back on the ballot because we lost and we want to win. We could probably achieve the goals of the legislation without going back on the ballot, but in terms of interest to the movement and the perception of the gay family and its acceptance in this city, I personally think it should go back on the ballot."

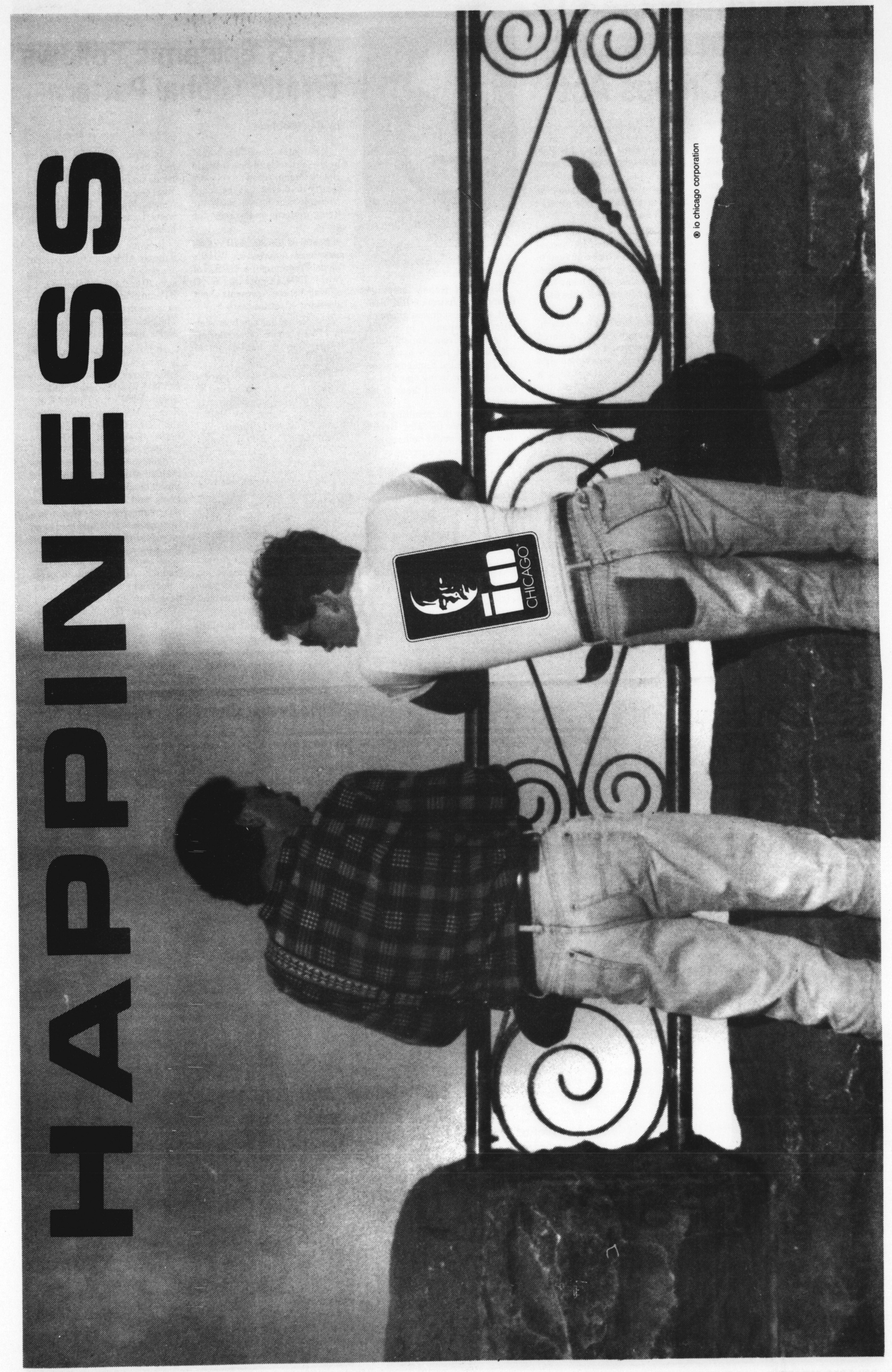
When asked about the contributions and recommendations (Continued on page 23)

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LUNCHEON			
APPETIZERS	POULTRY		SEAFOOD
Avocado Vinaigrette 2.75	Chicken in a Basket 4.25	APPETIZERS	3.00 Broiled Filet of Sole 5.50
Shrimp Cocktail 5.00	Blackened Chicken 5.25	Avocado Vinaigrette 3.50	Stuffed w/Crabmeat 6.50
	Half Broiled Chicken 5.75	Mussels Marinara 3.50	Broiled Swordfish 6.50
SOUPS		Shrimp Cocktail 6.00	Blackened Swordfish 6.75
Soup du jour 2.50	SEAFOOD	Stuffed Shrimp 6.50	Broiled Scallops 8.75
French Onion Soup 3.25	Broiled Filet of Sole 5.00	Shrimp Scampi 9.75	Stuffed Shrimp 9.95
SALADS	Sole w/ Dill and Dijon 5.25	SOUPS	
Garden Salad 2.50	Broiled Swordfish 5.75	Soup du jour 2.75	Stuffed Shrimp 3.50
Caesar Salad 2.75	Blackened Swordfish 6.00	French Onion Soup 3.50	SANDWICHES
Chef's Salad 4.50	Broiled Scallops 8.25	SALADS	BLT w/Cottage Fries 3.75
OMELETS		Garden Salad 2.50	Chicken Breast w/Cottage Fries 4.75
Three Egg Omelet w/Cottage Fries 3.50	OMELETS	Caesar Salad 2.75	Hamburger w/Cottage Fries 5.75
Each Additional Item .75	Three Egg Omelet w/Cottage Fries 3.50	Chef's Salad 4.50	Each Additional Item .75
Swiss American Cheddar .75	Each Additional Item .75	PASTA	Swiss American Cheddar 4.50
Bacon, Mozzarella or Mushroom 5.25	DESSERTS	Linguini Marinara 5.00	Bacon, Mozzarella or Mushroom 4.50
Chocolate Cake 2.75	Chocolate Cake 2.75	Tortellini Alfredo 5.50	OMELETS
Cheese Cake 2.75	Cheese Cake 2.75	Linguini with Chicken in a Cream Sauce 6.25	Three Egg Omelet w/Cottage Fries 4.00
Pie 2.75	Pie 2.75	POULTRY	Each Additional Item .75
Fruit Plate (in season) 2.25	Fruit Plate (in season) 2.25	Chicken in a Basket 4.50	Swiss American Cheddar 4.50
DEVERAGES		Chicken Parmigiana 5.75	Bacon, Mozzarella or Mushroom 4.50
Spinelli Coffee or Tea 1.00	DEVERAGES	Blackened Chicken 5.75	DESSERTS
Espresso or Hot Cocoa 1.50	Spinelli Coffee or Tea 1.00	Chicken Teriyaki 5.75	Chocolate Cake 3.00
Milk 1.00	Espresso or Hot Cocoa 1.50	Half Broiled Chicken 6.00	Cheese Cake 3.00
Iced Drinks 1.50	Milk 1.00	MEAT	Pie 3.00
	Iced Drinks 1.50	Calves Liver w/Onion and Bacon 6.50	Fruit Plate (in season) 2.50
		Park Chops 7.50	DEVERAGES
		Lamb Chops 9.75	Coffee or Tea 1.00
		New York Strip Steak 9.95	Espresso or Hot Cocoa 1.50
		Prime Rib 1.50	Milk 1.00
			Iced Drinks 1.50

Entrees, except Pasta, served with Vegetable du jour and choice of Potato, Cottage Fries or Rice



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BAY AREA REPORTER ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Message For The '90s

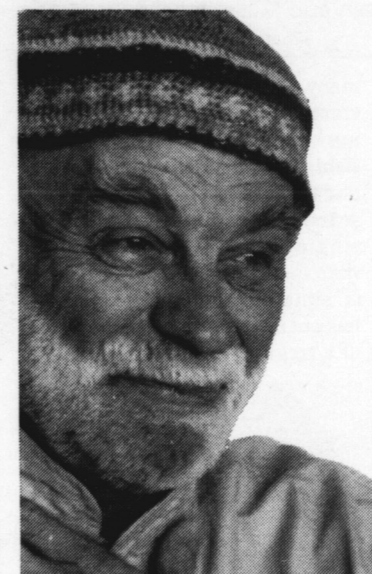
Gay and Lesbian Artists Look to the Future

The last time we had Nineties they were gay. They were also naughty. By the laws of progress gays in the upcoming decade should be gayer and naughtier than ever before. Likewise, alas, homophobes could be even phobier.

Will any decisive progress ever occur without an end to worldwide prejudices of hate and the passion for civil war? Will it always be more acceptable to kill a man than to embrace him?

Tell George and Corby to set an example for a new Gay Nineties by dancing together in gay nighties all the way down to the road to an amorous utopia.

—James Broughton
Poet



James Broughton
(Photo: Rick Gerharter)

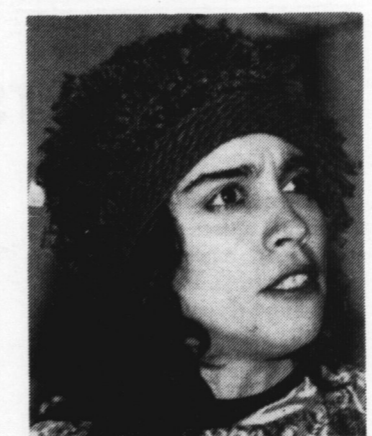
The Nineties! I am sure it's going to be a better decade than the last and I intend to do everything I can to make it so. There's going to be lots of new novels and short story collections by lesbian and gay writers who make no bones about their sexual preference or their political convictions—encouraged and challenged by the first National Lesbian and Gay Writer's Conference here in San Francisco March 3 and 4. Some of those books will be ones I've been waiting for friends to finish for years—queer work by queer artists for queer audiences.

Most of all I'm looking forward to the end of self-censorship in our own arts. Tell me your stories, I tell the writers I love, your whole stories not just the parts you think I will want to hear. It's time we finally began to love each other for how different and unique we are—all genders, colors and classes. The Nineties will be the decade when lesbian and gay artists finally come into a sense of the power of serious truth-telling. We're going to change the world we have known, and it's about damn time.

—Dorothy Allison
Writer, editor



Dorothy Allison
(Photo: Darlene/PhotoGraphics)



Marga Gomez
(Photo: Darlene/PhotoGraphics)

I'm optimistic about the Nineties. I'm thinkin' cycle. The Nineties are the Sixties upside down, and since they are Gay, more people will come out of the closet—so will bell bottoms.

Look for Nancy and Ron Reagan to get back into motion pictures, specifically bad porn, with titles like *Just Say Blow*, *Erection Night Victory* and *Meet the Bushes: Oval Office Antics*.

—Marga Gomez
Comedy artist

Lesbians and gay men of African descent have largely remained invisible and unacknowledged in our communities, Black as well as gay. This is changing.

The next decade will witness our emerging into a thriving, productive, visible community, challenging entrenched myths of what it means to be Black or homosexual, and re-defining both the Black and gay liberation movements, so that both embrace in a common, truly united struggle.

—Marlon Riggs
Filmmaker



Steve Abbott
(Photo: Rick Gerharter)



Jack Collins
(Photo: Rick Gerharter)

Although the 1980s threatened not only the progress of the gay and lesbian movements but also our very survival, our cultures have maintained vibrancy and, indeed, fully matured. The 1990s will witness exciting new developments in all the arts, supported by the establishment of courses and programs in Gay and Lesbian Studies at many institutions of higher learning.

Having imagined a brighter future during the Stonewall era, we will now implement our visions on a grander scale, both for ourselves and for society at large, as our noble social and political experiment, having transformed our own lives, continues to have positive effects amid the so-called mainstream, which can only benefit from the alternatives we have articulated and will continue to imagine and dream.

—Jack Collins
Writer, educator



Barbara Hammer
(Still from *Endangered*)



Marlon Riggs
(Photo: Andre Stern)



Kitty Tsui
(Photo: Darlene/PhotoGraphics)

Message for the Nineties? Activism, activism, activism! Speak out, act up, make yourself heard, be committed to your ideals and never let yourself be silenced! Activism begins with you. Set a simple goal and accomplish it. Then challenge yourself with a more complicated issue, perhaps one with a global perspective. Involve others. Plan, build, grow, prosper.

1990 is a Gay Games year. I challenge you to go for the gold and the silver and the bronze! And in true Gay Games spirit, I challenge you to do your best in whatever you choose; whether you are a leader or a follower, activism belongs with you!

—Kitty Tsui
Writer, athlete

Dear Sisters and Brothers, This is a time where the need for great commitment and flexibility is asked of us: commitment to our loved ones, our community and our personal work; flexibility in times of stress and added demands. This is also a time of our great maturity that gives us the added strength to meet these challenges.

As we move into the Nineties, may our absolute insistence on the end of AIDS and the end of cancer be our community goal; the strongest, deepest love we can feel be in our personal lives; and the most daring risk-taking inform our worldly work.

Let laughter be the release and recharge that underscores our dedication to being the fullest of people we are. I salute you.

—Barbara Hammer
Filmmaker

The greatest world threat in the Nineties is ecological. America needs to drastically reorder priorities away from Cold War militarism to save the environment—to stop acid rain, the destruction of Amazon forests, the depletion of the ozone layer and so on. Locally, San Francisco should have a recycling center in every neighborhood.

World poverty—including increased American poverty and homelessness—is the second major problem. Bush's war on drugs can't work because it doesn't address this. I predict support for drug legalization will increase in the Nineties. Finally, the nation's health care/insurance system must be totally revamped.

As gays we have to network with other communities and address these issues.

—Steve Abbott
Poet

'Funny Face' at the Castro

Beating the Seasonal Mean Reds

by Jay Newquist

A jug of wine, thou, and a nice new print of *Funny Face* (at the Castro) is a far better way to escape holiday cannibalism than shopping for a therapist doll for Barbie and Ken.

The revival of this classic 1956 film—or any icon that springs fully-armed upon us—invariably triggers a retrospective agenda in the viewer that doesn't merely associate with personal history.

What astounds about *Funny Face* is what hasn't changed since 1956 when Director Stanley Donen (*Royal Wedding, Seven Brides for Seven Brothers*) took a gamine Audrey Hepburn and paired her with an aging Fred Astaire.

Hepburn played an undernourished clerk in a Greenwich Village bookstore that caters to such an esoteric clientele that no one bothers to patronize the place. Astaire was a fashion magazine photographer who wants to market the disinterested Hepburn as a model and whisk her off to Paris.

They sing to the monuments, Astaire hoofs a bit, and the pair, separated by an age difference of at least 15 years, float away on a raft through the preponderance of camera filters used to give an ethereal quality to this unlikely romance.

What hasn't changed in the intervening years is the ticket to

box office gold provided by the George and Ira Gershwin songs that are so well blocked into the film that they seem to transcend the dialogue.

Hepburn Magic

What hasn't changed is the magic that Audrey Hepburn—now at age 60—still claims, and how that once-elfin face, now showing the tyranny of the years, still radiates a beauty that transcends physical decay. We are so willing to suspend the aging process because Hepburn has always been so disparaging about those very looks.

Astaire, now deceased, also proves what hasn't changed because the man who "dances a little and is slightly bald" merely needs to tap the floor with his shoe to generate a crowd.

True, Astaire's role is one of a few where he doesn't play a professional dancer, so his talent has been reared in to accommodate his photographer persona in *Funny Face*, but he dances in grace note style enough to accommodate his fans.

The Hepburn-Astaire teaming, if one can grasp their romance across the generations, is not inspired or believable and neither is the script, which reads like Sandra Dee wrote it on an envelope while traveling to Gettysburg.

Still, the star power of the

leads—another trait that hasn't changed—in this case overcomes the insipid and silly sides to *Funny Face*, especially the cult of the mind garbage the Hepburn character professes in an ersatz beatnik style. (Remember the great beat line in the unlikely *Auntie Mame?*—"How bleak was my puberty.")

Fluff and Good Fluff

We can't lose the point of *Funny Face*, however, which is that fluff and good fluff is valid in much the same way there is perfectly respectable movie trash and disreputable movie garbage.

Director Donen, who teamed with Hepburn again in the classic *Two for the Road* in 1966, was never a heavy thinker, and here we have the prototype—the movie that doesn't offer much more than transient visceral beauty (aided by those accursed filters).

Whatever happened to the film that was supposed to make you feel better? Now they're making them with Sylvester Stallone with a cleat in his nose or Sally Field with crow's-feet wailing ad nauseam over her daughter's grave in *Steel Magnolias*.

Funny Face, (which plays with a different Astaire co-feature each day, Dec. 29-Jan. 4) makes us feel rather cleansed of a lot of life's baggage, especially the seasonal mean reds, so wallow in this



Gamin Audrey Hepburn in *Funny Face*.

one. There are no more masked men out there to save us; this film will have to do.

Funny Face
Castro Theatre, through Jan. 4
621-6120

Ride This Train

by Daniel Mangin

The South, always a fertile ground for literature, is no less productive an inspiration for the movies. The state of Louisiana was the site of two prominent 1989 pictures, *sex, lies and videotape* and *Blaze*, and with the release last week of Jim Jarmusch's *Mystery Train*, Tennessee, specifically Memphis, emerges as a state of mind, or, to be more precise, a state of dislocation for a disparate group of characters from three continents.

In *Mystery Train*, Jarmusch (*Stranger Than Paradise, Down By Law*) again creates a memorable cast—some of them locals, others just visiting—who, in three separate segments (with a few common elements among them) find themselves caught in the mythic sway of Memphis, a city over which the ghost of Elvis Presley still reigns supreme.

The first, and most fully realized segment, "Far From Yokohama," is about Jun (Masatoshi Nagase) and Mitsuko (Youki Kudoh), a young Japanese couple in their late teens who have come to Memphis out of adoration for fabled Sun Records (he) and Elvis (she). Like the Italian woman in the second segment who's been routed with her just-dead husband's body through Memphis and the British factory worker who's just been laid off from his job and lost his wife in the third, the Japanese couple's adventures serve as a springboard for a subtle but well-thought-out treatise on the gap between the real and ideal, the poetic and the mundane.

Trademark Long Takes

Using his trademark long takes and slowly unfurling action that occurs in an almost suspended real time, Jarmusch succeeds in making an intriguing, accessible minimalist picture, no small feat. Although the dialogue is pithy and the score—a combination of



Masatoshi Nagase

Memphis-originated rock and rhythm and blues hits and additional, atmospheric music by John Lurie—flesh out Jarmusch's concept, the bulk of our impressions about the characters comes through the visuals.

Several of the long takes in "Far From Yokohama" work particularly well, including one in which the couple sit in front of a statue of Elvis (revealed late in the take) and discuss the merits of Carl Perkins vs. Elvis, and two after they arrive at the dilapidated Arcade Hotel.

In the former scene, their argument about Perkins and Elvis—punctuated by tricks with a cigarette lighter and kissing—is at once humorous and revealing; their romance is steeped as much in myth and ritual as their notions about America and American rock.

In the hotel (run by Screamin' Jay Hawkins' wisecracking night

(Continued on page 40)

Show on Marriages, Children

Gay Couple Wows Oprah

by Richard McPherson

The following voice-over was part of the opening of Oprah Winfrey's Dec. 19 show:

"Should the United States be the next country to legalize marriage between homosexuals? Well, there is a growing movement pushing for what many gay people call their civil rights to be called a family. And should gay people have the right to raise children?"

Winfrey then introduced her first guests, bodybuilder Bob Paris and the man he calls his "husband," model Rod Jackson.

"My first guests shocked the athletic world when one of them announced just last year that he is homosexual," Winfrey said.

"Bob Paris is an internationally known bodybuilder," Winfrey continued. "He was Mr. Universe and Mr. America in 1983 and in June [1989] he got married in a church ceremony to his lover. . . Bob and Rod say that they should have the right as citizens to be married in the eyes of the state."

Honest Examination

So began Winfrey's show, an open and honest examination of gay and lesbian love and marriage. Unlike talk show hosts Donahue and Rivera, who fan the flames of controversy to attract attention, Winfrey created a relaxed atmosphere from the outset, quietly asking intelligent and pertinent questions for 25 minutes, allowing Paris and Jackson to describe their love for each other and to outline what they believe is their right to a legal marriage.

It appeared, in fact, that Paris and Jackson chose her for this reason. Winfrey greeted them by saying, "I'm glad you turned everyone else down and said 'yes'

to Oprah."

Winfrey began with the question, "Do you consider yourselves married?"

"Yes we do. . . absolutely," the couple chimed in together.

"Married in the way your parents were married?"

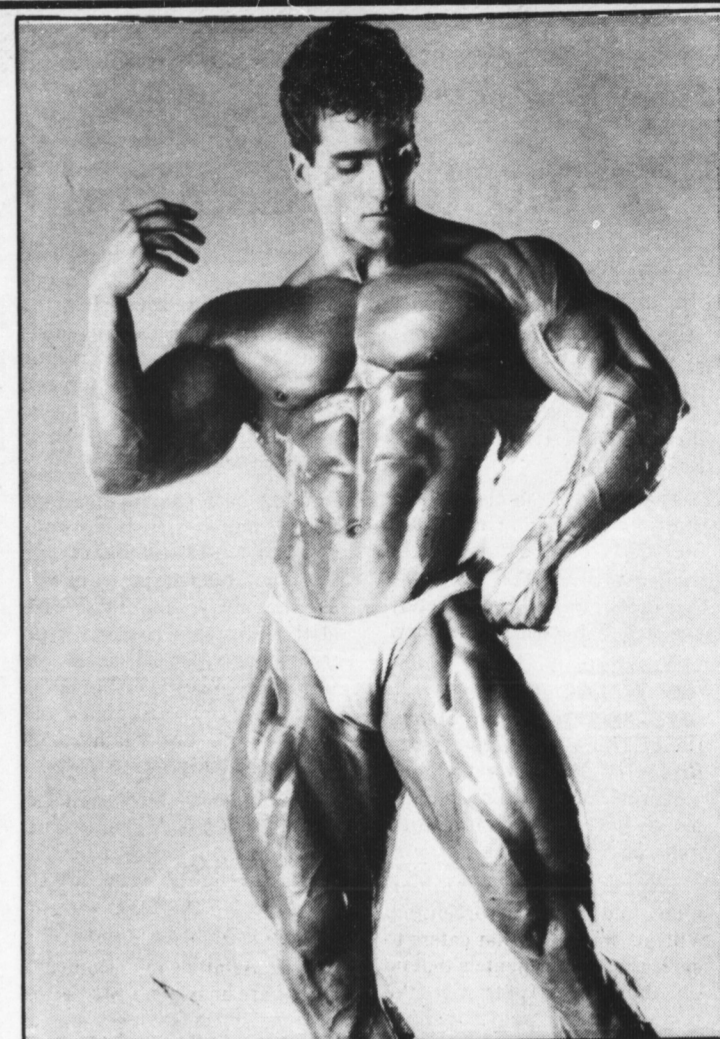
"Hopefully much better," both said.

"Marriage comes from the heart," Paris continued, "and even if society doesn't recognize it as legal, it should take place in the heart first."

"We're supposed to be in a pluralistic and free society, and that society should provide the rights to all its citizens," Paris said. "All we're asking for is the same rights that everyone else is guaranteed."

Concluded Jackson, "People think it's so liberal [gay marriage], it's actually a very conservative issue. We want a traditional wedding, we want the responsibilities of being married. We want, basically the same rights as


(Continued on page 48)



Bob Paris appeared with Rod Jackson on Oprah.

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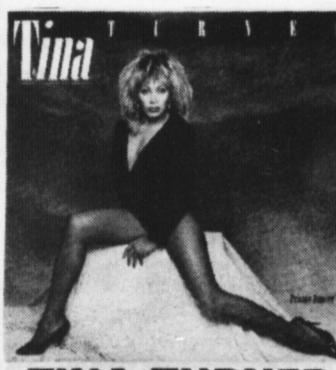
MUSIC

Personal Beats

by David Taylor-Wilson

The surest way for a music columnist to commit literary suicide is to run his own personal best list. No matter what's in the list, it will always excite readers to write and disagree with everything on the list. So before you read on, remember that this list reflects my personal favorites. They are not representative of any political happenings that were going on at the time, and they do not reflect sales figures or radio airplay.

When we ran what *Rolling Stone* magazine considered to be the best albums of the decade a few issues back, it brought in lots of mail asking for The Beat's listing of personal bests. The computers have finished clicking and whirring, and we have some winners. We have chosen two albums and two singles from each year of the past decade, and they are here now because inquiring minds wanted to know...



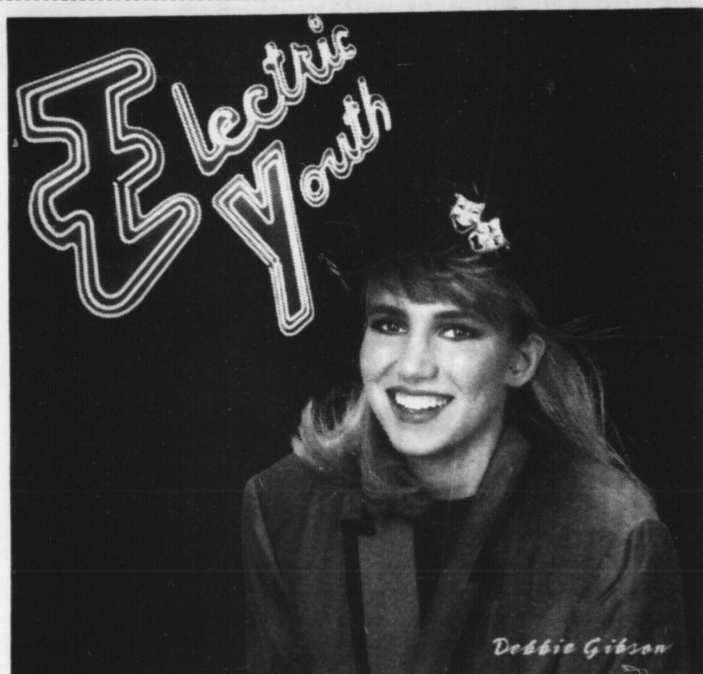
TINA TURNER
PRIVATE DANCER

I MIGHT HAVE BEEN QUEEN... WHAT I LOVE GOT TO DO WITH IT... SHOW YOUR RESPECT... I CAN'T STAND THE RAIN... BETTER BE GOOD TO ME... HE'S STAY TOGETHER... 1981 • STEEL DRUM • PRIVATE DANCER

And, as long as we're in a chartin' mode, *Billboard* magazine, the authority on the music business, has just released the results for 1989. The album results are based on total sales figures, whereas the singles results reflect radio airplay. And the winners are:

Top Pop Singles of 1989:

1. "Look Away," Chicago
2. "My Prerogative," Bobby Brown
3. "Every Rose Has Its Thorn," Poison
4. "Straight Up," Paula Abdul
5. "Miss You Much," Janet Jackson
6. "Cold Hearted," Paula Abdul
7. "Wind Beneath My Wings," Bette Midler
8. "Girl You Know It's True," Milli Vanilli
9. "Baby, I Love Your Way," Will To Power
10. "Giving You The Best That I Got," Anita Baker
11. "Right Here Waiting," Richard Marx
12. "Waiting For A Star To Fall," Boy Meets Girl
13. "Lost In Your Eyes," Debbie Gibson
14. "Don't Wanna Lose You," Gloria Estefan
15. "Heaven," Warrant
16. "Girl I'm Gonna Miss You," Milli Vanilli
17. "The Look," Roxette
18. "She Drives Me Crazy," Fine Young Cannibals
19. "On Our Own," Bobby Brown
20. "Two Hearts," Phil Collins



Personal no. 13 best single of '89: Debbie Gibson's "Lost in Your Eyes," from *Electric Youth*.

Best Albums	Best Singles
1980 <i>The Long Run</i> , Eagles <i>Off The Wall</i> , Michael Jackson	"Cruisin'," Smokey Robinson, "Ride Like The Wind," Christopher Cross
1981 <i>The Dude</i> , Quincy Jones <i>Zenyatta Mondatta</i> , The Police	"Another One Bites The Dust," Queen, "Don't Stand So Close To Me," The Police
1982 <i>Ghost in the Machine</i> , The Police; <i>Never Too Much</i> , Luther Vandross	"Hurts So Good," John Cougar Mellencamp, "Don't You Want Me?," The Human League
1983 <i>Thriller</i> , Michael Jackson; <i>Midnight Love</i> , Marvin Gaye	"Billie Jean," Michael Jackson, "Sexual Healing," Marvin Gaye
1984 <i>1984</i> , Van Halen; <i>Private Dancer</i> , Tina Turner	"Holiday," Madonna, "Let's Stay Together," Tina Turner
1985 <i>Purple Rain</i> , Prince & The New Power Generation; <i>Whitney Houston</i> , Whitney Houston	"We Are The World," USA for Africa, "I Feel For You," Chaka Khan
1986 <i>Rapture</i> , Anita Baker; <i>Winner In You</i> , Patti LaBelle	"Sweet Love," Anita Baker, "That's What Friends Are For," Dionne Warwick & Friends
1987 <i>Control</i> , Janet Jackson; <i>Give Me The Reason</i> , Luther Vandross	"Shake You Down," Gregory Abbott, "The Way It Is," Bruce Hornsby and The Range
1988 <i>Kick</i> , INXS; <i>Duotones</i> , Kenny G	"Never Gonna Give You Up," Rick Astley, "Piano In The Dark," Brenda Russell featuring Joe Esposito
1989 <i>Giving You The Best That I Got</i> , Anita Baker; <i>Don't Be Cruel</i> , Bobby Brown	"Giving You The Best That I Got," Anita Baker, "Baby, I Love Your Way," Will To Power



Pick of '89: *The Traveling Wilburys*.

Fast Forward

As 1989 winds down, we look forward to the new decade with big hopes for big changes in the music field, including: artists who will take on the challenge of relying on their own individual talent rather than pilfering other

(Continued on page 48)

MUSIC

Dionne Warwick at Masonic

Early Present from Santa

by David Taylor-Wilson

It's only fair to warn you that all of the following is highly biased. Steady readers of "The Beat" are well aware that I am one of Dionne Warwick's most rabid fans. The woman could sing me the Yellow Pages and I wouldn't complain. So remember, you've been warned.

Guest conductor Paul Phillips kicked off Dionne Warwick's Dec. 16 concert with the San Francisco Symphony at Masonic Auditorium with the overture from Bernstein's *Candide*. The performance also included "Habanera" from George Bizet's *Carmen*, Saint-Saens' "Bacchanale" from *Samson et Dalila*, highlights from the Ellington-Lowden *Sophisticated Ladies*, a medley of Christmas classics, and selections from Andrew Lloyd-Webber's *Phantom of the Opera*.

Sleek Entrance

Warwick, with the walk of a panther on the prowl, entered the stage in a sleek, sexy, black, full-length gown, to strains of her classic, "Walk On By." A single spotlight on her, creating somewhat of a halo as it reflected highlights of her blonde (yes, blonde) hair. She wasted no time at all, grabbing the microphone and launching into the song to thunderous applause.

A medley of Warwick classics, "I Say A Little Prayer," the 1966 Grammy-winning "Do You Know The Way To San Jose?" and "Alfie." Then, in what Ms. War-

wick explained was a tribute to the men in music she most admired, she sat perched upon a stool and belted out a medley of songs made famous by City-boy Johnny Mathis ("Chances Are" and "The 12th Of Never"), Jeffrey Osborne ("On The Wings of Love"), Luther Vandross ("So Amazing" and "Never Too Much"), and Stevie Wonder ("My Cherie Amour" and "I Just Called To Say I Love You").

The cheering from the crowd never let up.

Currently, Warwick is paired in a duet with Jeffrey Osborne in the single, "Take Good Care of You," which is doing well in the national Top 40. Through the magic of magnetic tape, the duet performed it "together" at the Masonic.

Bacharach-David Showstoppers

The real showstoppers, however, were the Burt Bacharach-Hal David classic compositions. When the Bacharach-David songwriting team worked together, they tailored their compositions to match Ms. Warwick's vocal range, then embellished her singing with some of the most beautiful orchestrations ever. With the impeccable, flawless backing of the San Francisco Symphony, "Any Day Now" shone with an all-new sparkle and magnificence. The real surprise of the evening for me was her interpretation of the Patti LaBelle-

Michael McDonald former no. 1 single, "On Your Own." It was beautiful. With the Symphony behind her, the song took on a completely new life, with all of the characteristic beauty and personality of a Bacharach-David piece.

Another good past pairing for Warwick was with Barry Manilow. She has admitted that at first she was uncertain of the collaboration. At the time, Manilow was riding high himself, and at question was the amount of time and effort he would be able to devote to a Warwick project.

The resulting tracks were among the biggest-selling hits of her career, "Deja Vu" and "I'll Never Love This Way Again." When she sang these, the audience was putty in her hands.

"Friends" Brings House Down

The evening closed with Warwick dedicating her final song to the audience, with a wish for a Merry Christmas. The 1986 no. 1 song of the year, "That's What Friends Are For," brought the house down. I don't need to tell you, with all proceeds from the sale of it and the video of the recording session going to the American Foundation for AIDS Research (AMFAR), the special meaning this song has in our community; it comes as no surprise that Ms. Warwick received a prolonged standing ovation for it.

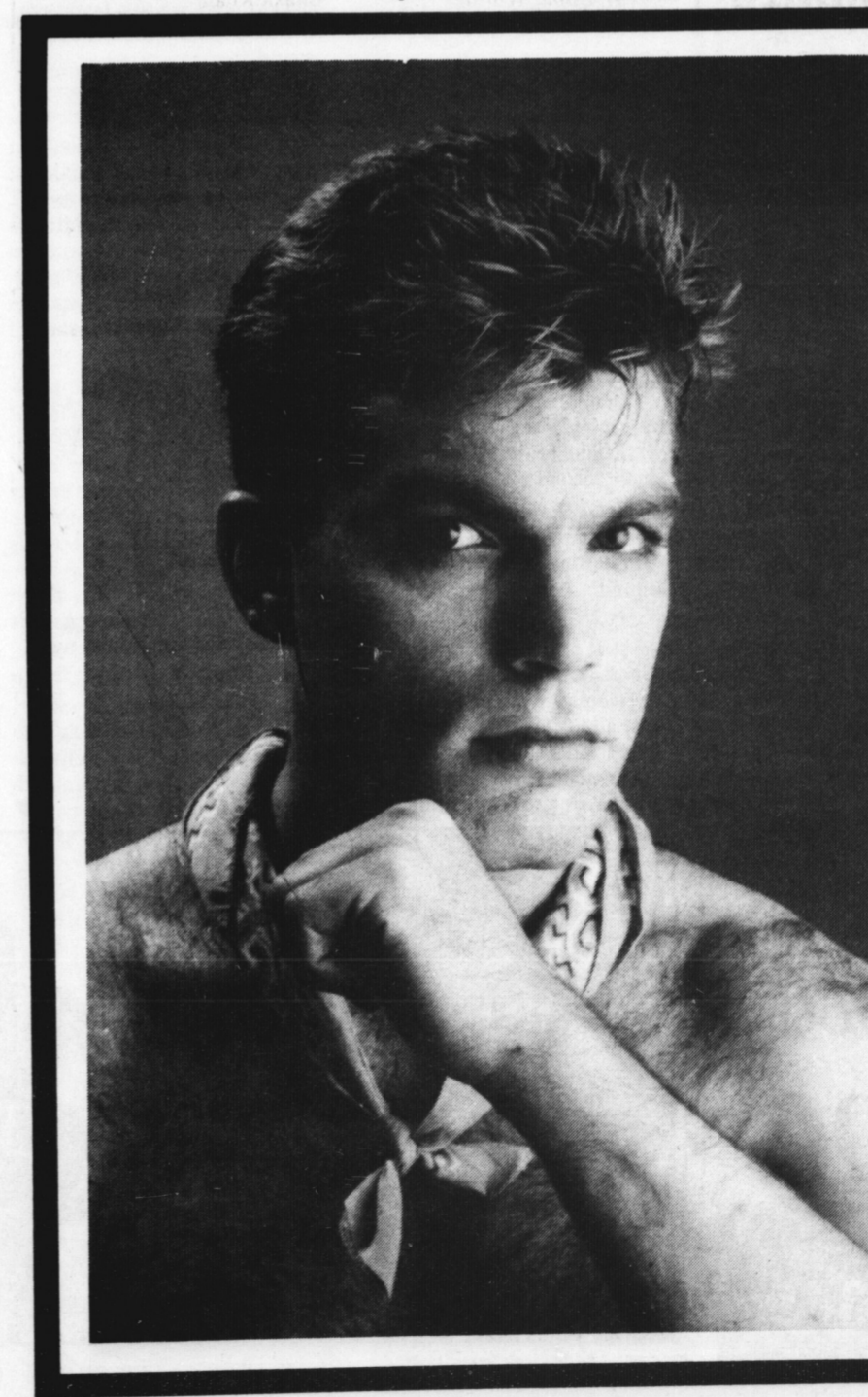


She could have sung the Yellow Pages: Dionne Warwick with the San Francisco Symphony Dec. 16.

What you may not know is that since the inception of the "Friends" project, Ms. Warwick has formed her own charity group, BRAVO (Blood Revolves Around Victorious Optimism), which is associated with the City of Hope in Duarte, California, in order to build a facility for the

research and treatment of all blood-related diseases. Warwick is a true champion in and out of her field.

The evening at the Masonic with this grand lady of song was beautiful and most perfect, an early Christmas present. Thanks, Santa.



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These Redheads Raise a Ruckus

by M.J. Murphy

Recipe for an exciting evening: Take one funky bass guitarist, a passionate keyboard player, two top-notch horn blowers, two dynamic percussionists, and mix thoroughly. Season with African, Latin, funk, jazz, and rhythm and blues flavors. Shake with saxophones, piano, flute, piccolo, harmonica, bass, drums, timbales, conga, gongos and any other percussion instrument you can get your hands on. Serve up to a willing audience (garnish of dance shoes is optional) and you have one of the finest musical combos that the Bay Area has to offer.

Call them The Blazing Redheads and get ready for a real treat. This six member, all-women band is going to take you to Paradise (the Lounge, that is) on New Year's Eve for a raucous night of dance, dance, dance. This will be one of their last Bay Area performances for the next couple of months because this hot sextette has plans, big plans, for the 1990s.

The Blazing Redheads self-titled debut album was released in 1988, gaining national atten-

tion from radio stations and music critics alike. In May 1989, the National Association of Independent Record Distributors and Manufacturers (NAIRD) presented an award in the category of contemporary jazz for that release "in grateful acknowledgement of your exceptional contribution to the world of creative independent music."

"Rhythmo-Fusion" Music

This type of recognition has helped The Blazing Redheads gain access to dozens of venues across the nation where they play their unique blend of "rhythmo-fusion," a term they coined to describe their sound. They have been out on three tours so far, all successful, and are planning a 10-day tour to the Pacific Northwest in mid-February.

While most of their bookings have come from dance-oriented clubs, the group has recently been asked to play at more prestigious "sit-down" clubs, and have performed with Tower of Power, Pete Escovedo, Tuck & Patti, and Indigo Girls among others.



Blazing Redheads at Yoshi's Dec. 22.

(Photo: Darlene/PhotoGraphics)

"That's always the questions with The Blazing Redheads," says manager Susan Roth. "Do you dance holes in your shoes or sit back and soak up the fine details of their music? Audiences love to do both."

"I love to be up there playing and watch people dance," said drummer Danielle Dowers. "But some of our music is really intricate and has lots of arrangements. So, it's fun to play a gig where people are really listening more like a jazz audience. Both ways are fun."

Donna Viscuso plays flute, piccolo, alto sax, and harmonica and is one of the original members of the band. She said that on a recent trip to Detroit, The Blazing Redheads played at Alexander's, one of the top jazz clubs there.

"Lillie, our bass player, is from Detroit," Viscuso said. "She was really shocked that we got to play at Alexander's because they book really heavy-duty jazz people. . . it went over really well."

Each member of the group is extremely talented. They have strong music credentials and a wide range of experience which contributes to the band's creative drive and independent spirit.

"There are five fluent writers in the band which gives us an array of compositions from different backgrounds," said Remy Arnone, keyboard player with the band since 1987.

"Everyone contributes to the arrangements of each song. I'm of Latin background, but I really didn't have much appreciation for Latin music because I was brought up with it. So when I came out here I started playing Latin music to get back to my roots. The rhythms were easy for me to pick up because they were so familiar."

Second Release Due Next Year

The Blazing Redheads will be returning to the recording studio at the end of January to work on their second release.

Until then, they will be rehearsing their new compositions, fine-tuning their new, funkier sound.

"We're at least a year overdue on that project," said Michaelle Georlitz, one of the original percussionists with the band. "Our last album was fine, but it's old. The band's personnel has changed so much; three people on that album aren't with the band any-

more. We have two new people now, and our sound has changed as a consequence of that."

"The band is really different," according to Viscuso. "It's in a whole different place. We play a lot more funk. Our new bass player, Lillie Robinson, plays a lot funkier than before. The sound has evolved. We've grown a lot."

The Blazing Redheads showed off some of their new songs at Yoshi's, a comfortable jazz club in Oakland last Friday night. The first two sets included "Sweet Dreamin'," "7.1," "Cosmo," "Weasel," and a new rap version of the old favorite "Get Down and Stay Down."

The improvisational "Miss Whip It" was brilliantly played and included an outstanding tenor sax performance by Klaudia Promessi whose musical background ranges from symphonic to jazz to R&B to country swing.

Looking for a Label

With a recording session next month, a tour of the Northwest planned for the following month, and continuous writing and work schedules, does that leave room for anything more? The group would like to be picked up by a major record label to expand their popularity.

"We want to do more tours—even internationally to Japan and Europe," Dowers said. "We want to be able to enlarge our audience while still being able to play the music we love. That's the tricky part because the rule tends to be in this business, the more popular you get, the more watered down your music gets. It doesn't have to be that way."

After sampling just a small taste of The Blazing Redheads, I know this recipe is too potent to ever be watered down. In fact, it seems to get even better with time.



Blazing Redheads composer/percussionist Georlitz.

(Photo: Darlene/PhotoGraphics)

Wagner and Strauss at SF Opera

Teutonic Splendor

by George Heymont

Everyone has his favorite operas. This fall, the San Francisco Opera performed two of mine.

Lohengrin offers the listener four solid hours of musical foreplay as Wagner's score keeps building toward a climax. Then, just when it is on the brink of ecstatic release, the music falls back and starts building its momentum anew.

One of the all-time lung-busters of the German repertoire, *Die Frau Ohne Schatten* heaps the kind of lush, orgasmic musical sensations upon its audience that only Richard Strauss could articulate and share with the world. The final twenty minutes of the score are pure jack-off material.

Swanee, How I Love Ya!

What was this fall's revival of *Lohengrin* like? For the most part, quite splendid. Under Wolfgang Weber's direction, Beni Montresor's pastel-hued production has aged remarkably well and, with Sir Charles Mackerras on the podium, Wagner's score got the royal treatment it deserved. Although illness plagued some of the principals during the run, the cast was in relatively good vocal condition at the performance I attended.

As fate would have it, I was present when Meredith Mizell (who was covering the role of Elsa) made an unexpected San Francisco opera debut after soprano MariAnne Haggander took ill. Considering the circumstances, Mizell acquitted herself handsomely.

When Haggander returned to the role several nights later, the popular Scandinavian artist with her brought a much deeper characterization backed by some solid singing. A major disappointment, however, was Eva Randova's Ortud, which lacked volume, stage presence and seemed downright anemic. Compared to such wonderfully evil Otruds as Leonie Rysaneck and Eva Marton, Miss Randova was a rather wimpy villainess.

Tenor Paul Frey's *Lohengrin* boasted a heroic, fairy-tale appeal while managing to negotiate the difficult tessitura of Wagner's protagonist; bass Siegfried Vogel gave a sonorous performance as King Henry.

Theodore Baerg boomed his way through most of the Herald's music, leaving top honors for musicianship among the male principals to Sergei Leiferkus, whose portrayal of the misguided Freidrich von Telramund was one of the finest I've encountered in my life.

The Shadow of Your Style

Without any doubt, a high point of the recent San Francisco season was the revival of *Die Frau Ohne Schatten*, in which a potent combination of Thomas J. Munn's acutely sensitive lighting and Jorg Zimmerman's magical sets catapulted Strauss's opera into a fantasy kingdom rivalling the best in the science fiction literature.

I was less thrilled with Jan Skalicky's new costumes, which made the final scene look as if the Emperor, Empress, Barak and the Dyer's wife could only af-

ford to walk through Strauss's realm of phantasmagoria in their nightgowns. And I should confess that, after hiding behind the fantasy of Hugo von Hofmannsthal's libretto for two decades, it was a shock to be brought to earth by the forcefulness of Christopher Bergen's supertitles (which stress the Nurse's intentions to protect the purity of an Aryan race from being corrupted with the blood of ape-like mortals).

With the exception of William John's throaty Emperor and Mary Jane Johnson's tentatively-sung Kaiserin (which will grow and mature with repeated performances), this revival of *Die Frau Ohne Schatten* had one of the strongest casts in recent history. Anja Sijja's nurse proved to be a powerhouse of a sorceress, delivering a performance of incredible conviction and lucidity.

Gwyneth Jones's portrayal of the Dyer's wife revealed a major

artist who, having conquered some severe vocal problems, seemed miraculously reborn. The sudden strength and surety of the Welsh soprano's singing were astonishing to those who, only two years ago, fastened their seatbelts and held on for dear life as they went tobogganing through her vibrato.

Making an auspicious American debut, Albert Muff was an intensely compassionate Barak who revealed a powerful voice and stage presence. Smaller contributions came from Monte Pederson as the Spirit Messenger, Patricia Racette as the Voice of the Falcon, and Patricia Spence as a solo alto voice.

A great conductor can inspire solid playing from an ensemble and, from start to finish, Christoph von Dohnanyi shaped the performance with a rare passion, intelligence and drive. With Maestros Mackerras and von Dohnanyi dominating the German repertoire this fall, the San Francisco Opera took several giant steps toward improving the overall quality of its artistic product.

And it's about time, too! ▼



Marianne Haeggander, Paul Frey in *Lohengrin*.

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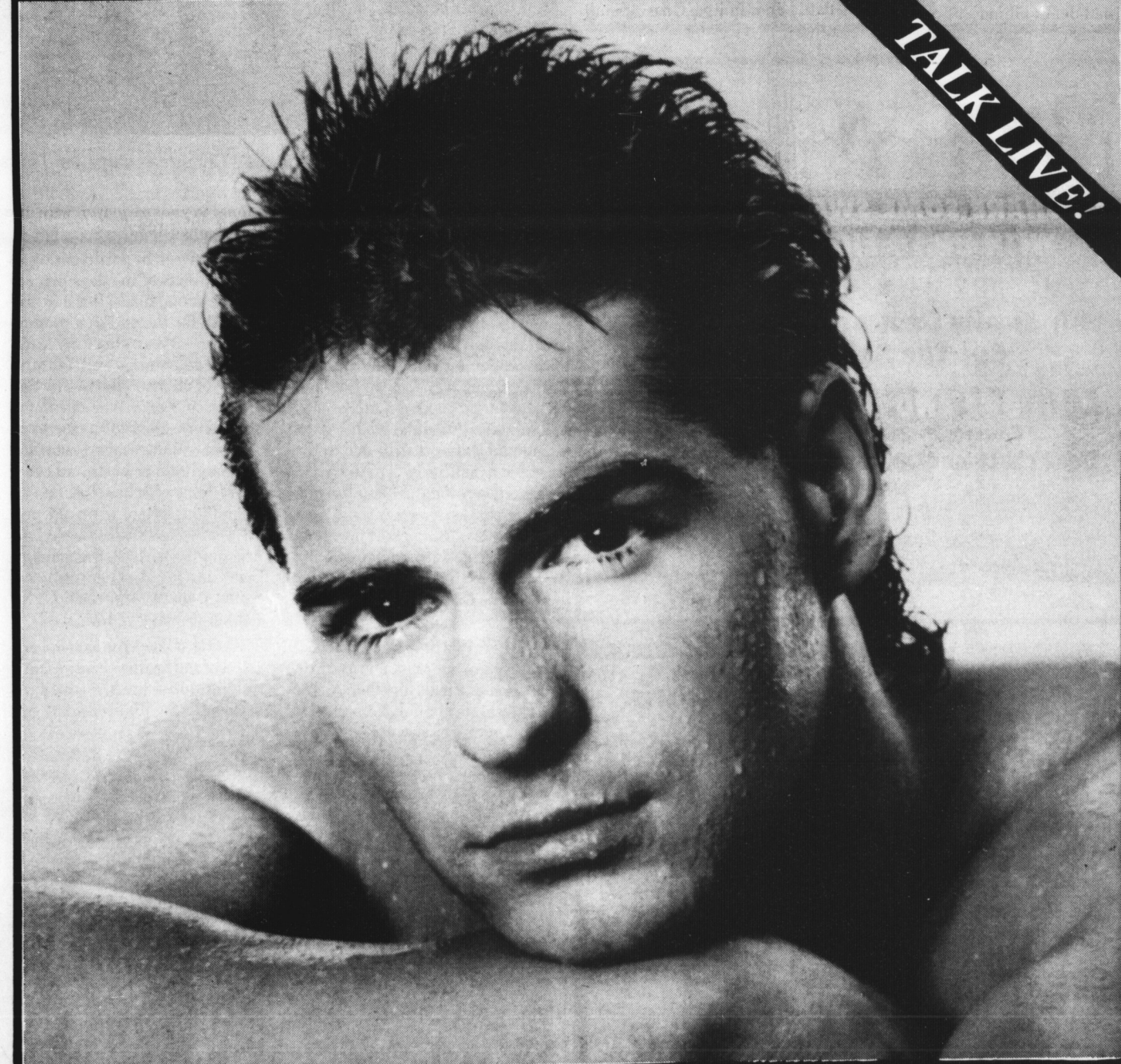
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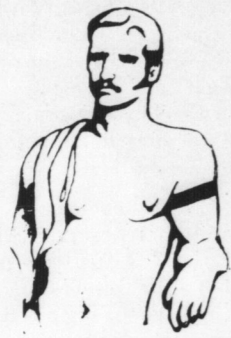
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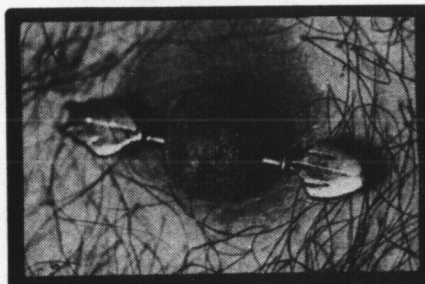
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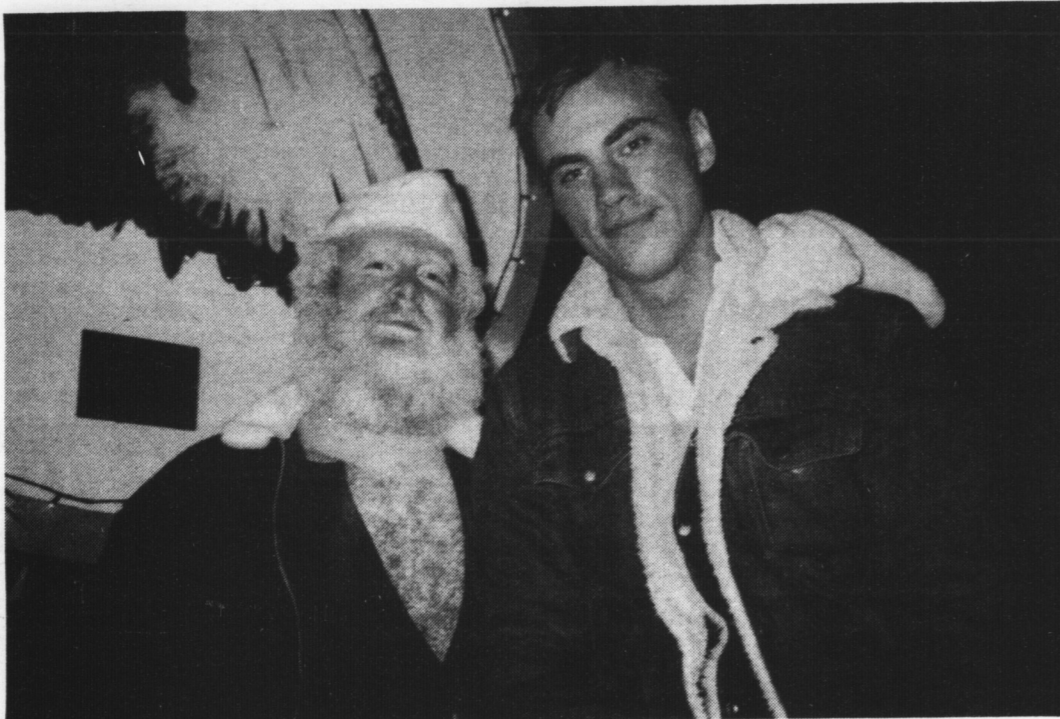
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Mr. Marcus

WRING OUT THE OLD; RING IN THE NEW



Santa Claus dropped in on the Eagle's Christmas party last Thursday night to say hello to Wallace. (Photo: Marcus)

The best news I got last week and the flawlessly wonderful thing about it is that it concerns the leather/SM community. Late last week, John Ferrari, apparently the spokesperson for Desmondus, Inc. (*Drummer Magazine*), announced that after all the accounting had been finished, the net proceeds from the Mr. Drummer Finals is \$9400. This amount will be distributed to the stated beneficiaries, i.e., the AIDS Emergency Fund, Shanti Project, the Names Project and Gay Games III. The actual presentation date was not available to me at my deadline, but rest assured, it will be duly noted in the press.

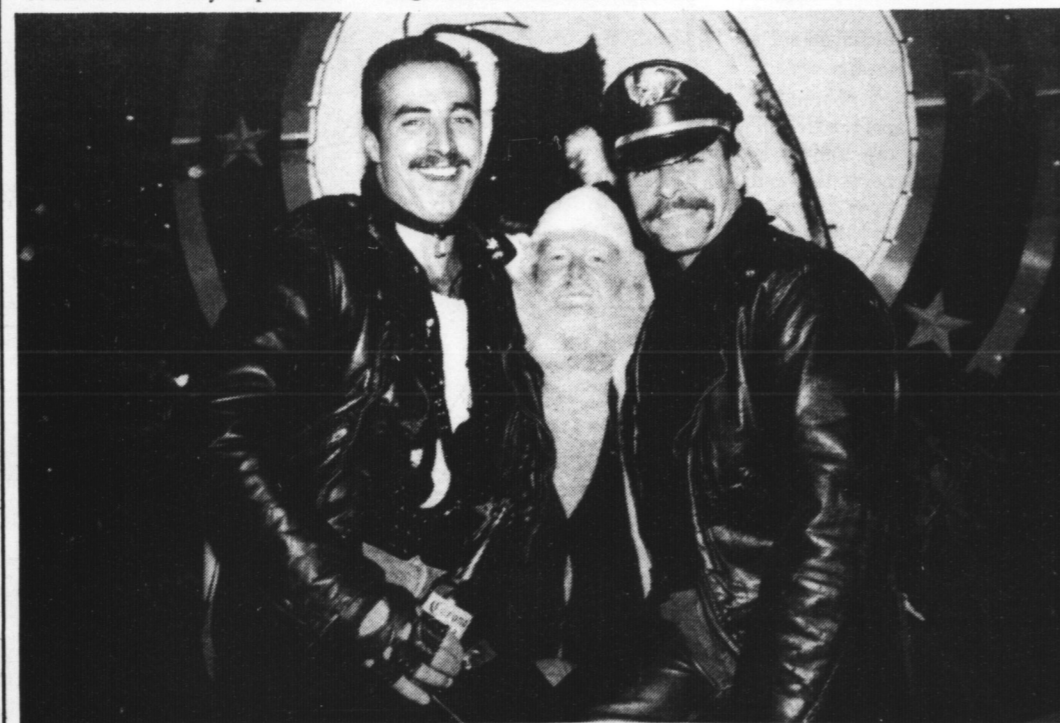
There are a lot of people to thank for this final figure; most of all, again, all who put the Mr. Drummer Finals together. All the contestants not only helped raise

that money, but they really put themselves out throughout Leather Pride Week by participating in all the events of the days preceding the actual finals. It is a fitting flourish for the end of a productive year—a year which saw leather men and women walk tall with pride for all their efforts. The San Francisco Eagle bar calculated that through 1989, the total amount of money raised mainly at the Sunday beer busts and other days/nights with benefits, totaled \$1 million! Often, when the proceeds of an event weren't what the organizers expected, the management was generous enough to donate the beer. And not just for leather-oriented fundraisers.

The past year also saw the creation of the Leather Pride Flag; it was introduced to the world on-stage at the International Mr.

Leather Contest in Chicago by Tony DeBlase of *Drummer Magazine* last May. Now, virtually all over the world, the little black, blue and white striped pin emblazoned with a red heart, is everywhere—flags, banners, posters.

There can be no doubt in anyone's mind that the leather community has taken a leadership position in loving, caring and sharing. In the waning days of his year as Intl. Mr. Leather '89, Michael Pereyra criss-crossed the country (and Canada) for fundraising events. He is still much in demand and he is still traveling to help those who ask for it. His successor, Guy Baldwin, is deep in the throes of traveling and not only helping raise money, but lecturing in cogent detail about the leather/SM lifestyle. The new Mr. Drummer, Brian Dawson, is on a



Santa Claus said he digs leather men the most. (Photo: Marcus)



Santa likes leather women, too. Here with Sharon Viola. (Photo: Marcus)

hectic schedule already with plans for a big fundraiser in Los Angeles during Gay Pride week.

On the homefront, look at all the little fundraisers put together by our local leathermen: Mr. Bear Leather John Caldera, leather/uniform maven Michael Chase; Mr. Leather of San Francisco Peter Austin, and Mr. No. Calif. Drummer Steve Patten during Leather Pride Week. While many of the projects didn't attract big crowds, money was raised!

In Omaha, Dustin Logan helped raise the consciousness not only of his city's leathermen, but he aroused interest in surrounding Iowa, Oklahoma, Kansas and Missouri. He was just named Leatherman of the Year by *The Leather Journal* magazine for his successfully executed Leatherfest '89 last summer. Besides being Mr. Gay Nebraska, and Mr. Great Plains Drummer, Dustin competed at IML in Chicago last May. So thorough was his ability to get to know all his fellow contestants, not one refused to come to Omaha for his efforts.

And it hasn't been easy for everyone. Even now in Hawaii, the current Mr. Leather Hawaii Michael Hansen is experiencing vicious attacks from within his own community over some asinine legal problems generated by his own local leather malcontents. Michael's efforts to bring pride to leather in that far-flung Pacific rim community are being sabotaged by one of gay life's most evil manifestations—jealousy!

I could go on, state by state, enumerating all the leadership highs of Mr. This State and Mr. That City, but I think you're getting the message. With all due respect to the efforts of non-leather men and women, it's safe to say that the leather/SM community has done more than its share. Leather leadership is absolutely apparent.

So when you look at the names of the leather people involved who have been activists throughout this crisis we're in, it's safe to say that they wear that little Leather Pride pin because they have a right to; they're entitled to; they're dedicated and they're "together." In their heads and in their efforts. Gentlemen, take a bow: Alan Selby, Terry Thompson, Zach Long, Michael Chase, Peter Austin, John Caldera, Darrell Yee, Eric Rofes, Mark Lagasse, Ed Gabet, Jim Cvitanich, John Dopp, Jerry Roberts, Tom Rodgers, David Stoll, Steve Patten, George Burgess, Rick Booth, Hank Cook, Tony DeBlase and all those bike clubs who sponsored an AIDS benefit; and let's hear it for Trax and the bowling people; the End-up, I-Beam, My Place, Watering

Hole, Powerhouse, Eagle, the Oasis, the Mint, the Bear, Uncle Bert's, the Pool Association and the jocks; let's also hear it for PAWS, The Names Project, AIDS Emergency Fund, Shanti Project and all the women who donated blood; the Cable Car Awards and the APEX Awards, the Community Awards; Coming Home Hospice and MCC Church. Let's also hear it for Mark I. Chester and his '89 Sketch Class raising \$400 just last week for the AEF, and yes, even ACT UP who number a few leathermen in their ranks.

While AIDS service organizations may be the chief beneficiaries of your support and largesse, other needs in our community are being recognized and supported. There are so many, many people to thank. The Pennies Project and the National Leather Association Earthquake Relief Fund (almost every penny came from leather communities in cities far from here! If I left anyone out, it's not deliberate. Know that your efforts are appreciated. Your support is welcome and your input and ideas are always open for consideration.

The year 1989 is a mixture of sadness and pride. Sadness for all our departed friends and pride that we know we can go to the front lines and raise the money

underfunded research looking for a cure continues. Those surges of hope you get in your heart are a part of your life now. The 90's just have to be better. I don't even want to speculate that the next decade will be dismal. I know we can take it, I know this community will meet the challenges as they always have in the past. You know it too.

★ ★ ★

Besides the hunks appearing at the I-Beam and the Dreamland parties, there's "Decade" by William Roderick Associates at the Giftcenter Pavilion on New Year's Eve. It's a benefit for the AIDS Emergency Fund. Tickets are \$30 advance, \$35 at the door. Fred Kelly flies in to spin from London where he reigns supreme as the celebrated DJ both at Bromptons and Heaven.

"Crew," the hot dance conglomeration titles their New Year's party "1990 Brave New Year" at 1015 Folsom (the new 1015 Club). It's the Big Boy Bash for only \$15 and that includes champagne, an all-new slide and film presentation, balloon drop, party favors, a VIP Lounge and breakfast! The Inter-Club Fund will host the beer bust at the Eagle on Sunday, Dec. 31 from

1500-1800. Check it out if you need a "primer" before the night's final blowout.

★ ★ ★

Things to look forward to in January: If you're a cable subscriber and you get *Showtime* get some blank tapes. *Torch Song Trilogy* will be showing sometime in January (hopefully, more than once). Theatre Rhino is bringing back to its stage on Jan. 13 (through Feb. 12), Mart Crowley's celebrated *Boys In The Band*.

Tatiana's First Saturday drag show is at Kimo's on Jan 6; Golden Gate Guards' weekend run to Yosemite is Jan. 26-28; Mr. Mid-Atlantic Leather Contest in Washington, D.C. is the weekend of Jan. 12-14; SF Jacks first party of the decade is on Monday, Jan. 8.

★ ★ ★

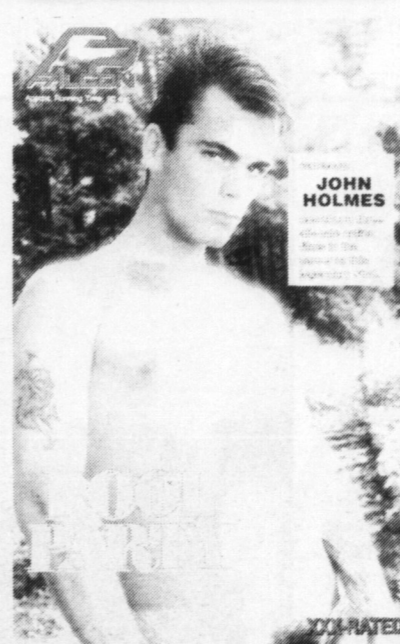
Add to your list for New Year's Eve: The Rescue Mission is feeding the needy from 1900 hours to Midnight. Funded by the **San Francisco Foundation** this will hopefully be an ongoing feed, especially on holidays when most of the soup kitchens are closed. They'll also feed the needy on Martin Luther King Day. On New Year's Day, Jan. 1, the Mission will also have a free dinner at 1700 (Continued on next page)



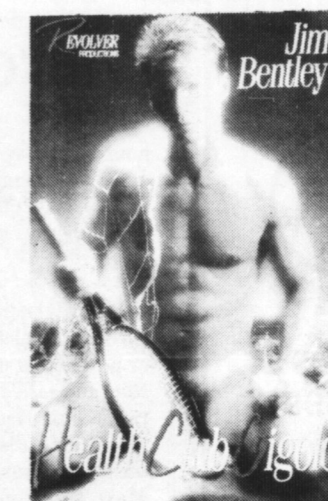
Why Santa, I didn't know you cared! (Photo: Marcus)

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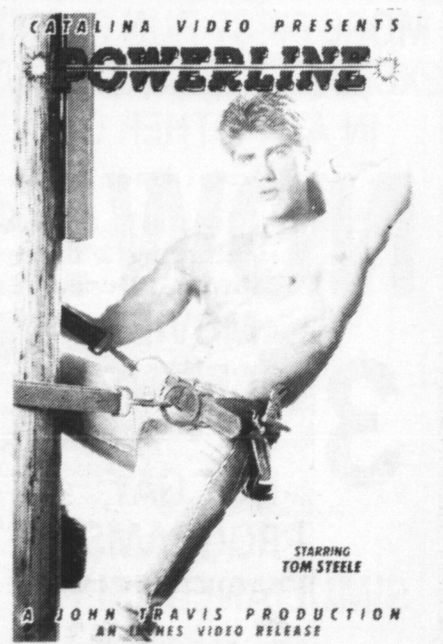
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VIDEO

Some Highs, But More Lows in '89

by Mark Johnson

There have been some real highs in the quality of videos this year, but the lows have outnumbered them by nine to one. The year was marked by the release by Vivid Video of a string of films with some of the best packaging on the market. Unfortunately, the films with only a couple of exceptions have not lived up to their packaging.

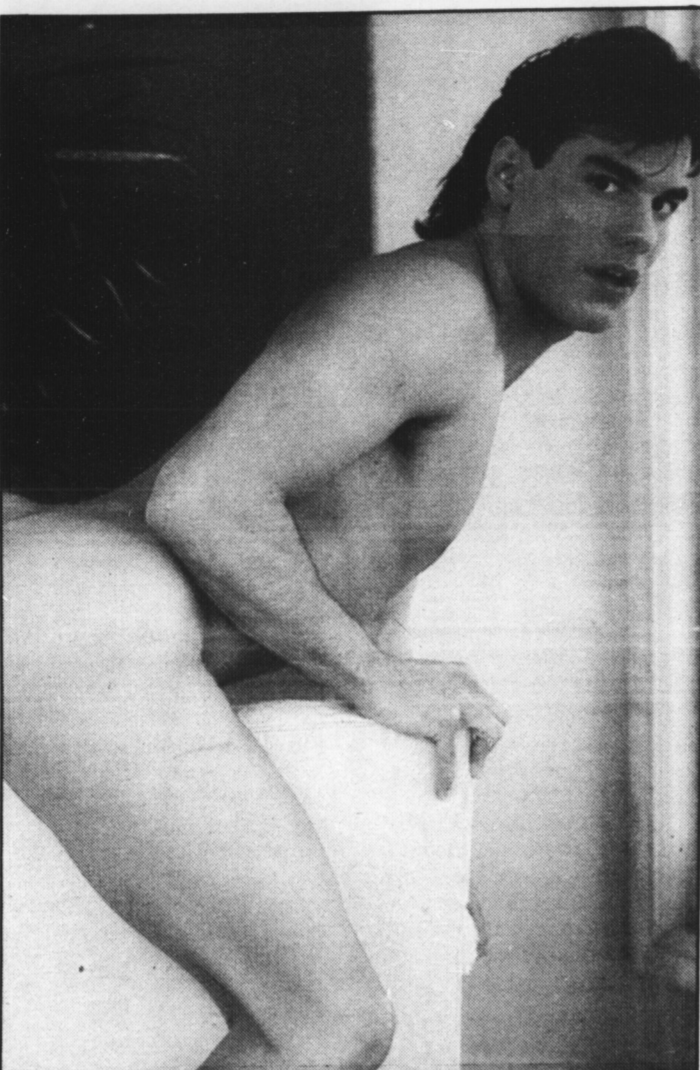
Falcon and Catalina have lead the way in the production of excellent films, with state of the art videography and sound offering the best direction and a host of this year's hottest models. The difference between these filmmakers and the rest is the difference between a Broadway show and a high school play.

There is almost no middle ground, either the film companies have made an investment in quality, or (in most cases) they've gotten in and out for the quick buck.

Take for instance the long awaited return of Jeff Stryker in his production of himself, *Powerful II*. Jeff becomes the Jerry Lewis of the male porn film by trying to write, produce, direct and star in his own product. He has neither the time nor experience to pull this off in a satisfying way and should seek some help in order to live up to the quality we have always expected from him.

Here is my list of the best of 1989:

1. *Head of the Class: Part II*, Catalina. An exceptionally large



Domino—one of Falcon's new stars for the nineties in their new release *Manrammer*.

and handsome class makes this film even better than the original. Three pairings which end the film is the hottest scene on film

this year.

2. *Crusin': Men on the Make*, Falcon. Here is how good gay male films can be, everything is thought out from beginning to end and the sex is a treat for the eyes.

3. *Manrammer*, Falcon. Rex Chandler comes in to his own. Dick Masters proves that enough is never too much, the look is a feast.

4. *Powerline*, Catalina. A story that makes sense, hot men and high energy. Eric Manchester is at his very best and some new stars are made.

5. *Undercover*, Catalina. Tom Steele and Doug Niles are mightily matched, as soon as they get a dialogue coach they'll have everything.

6. *Pledgemasters*, Falcon. Will take you back to your college days, the way you wish they could

(Continued on next page)



Rex Chandler and Brad Philips star in the Falcon production of *Deep In Hot Water*.

Marcus

(Continued from previous page)

hours. The Gay Rescue Mission is at 1080 Folsom and to the San Francisco Foundation—thank you! Keep up the great work.

Hey, it's been a long, long year. Go out and celebrate this weekend or next; live it up; laugh it up. Be sane and safe! Give a stranger (or two) a hug. Keep your New Year resolutions. Pledge to do at least one notable volunteer act in 1990. Make sure you're wearing your leather when you do all of the above.

MEN in LOVE
are coming



Santa congratulated Mr. June 1990 Bare Chest winner John Dopp for selling nearly 500 calendars. (Photo: Marcus)

(Continued from previous page)

have been, here is Mike Gregory living up to all your fantasies.

7. *Island Fever*, Sarava Productions. The best that South America has to offer. The men are brown, beautiful and loving every minute.

8. *Deep In Hot Water*, Falcon. This hot tub is filled with toys, a Christmas delight for Danny Brown and Brad Mitchell, Rex Chandler and Cal Jensen are stunning.

9. *Plunge*, Falcon. The steam from this one is enough to heat the pool for days. The cast features 1990's new stars.

10. *Gridiron*, Vivid. After a string of disappointing product, Vivid finally turns out one worth watching. Is this a trend, or a fluke?

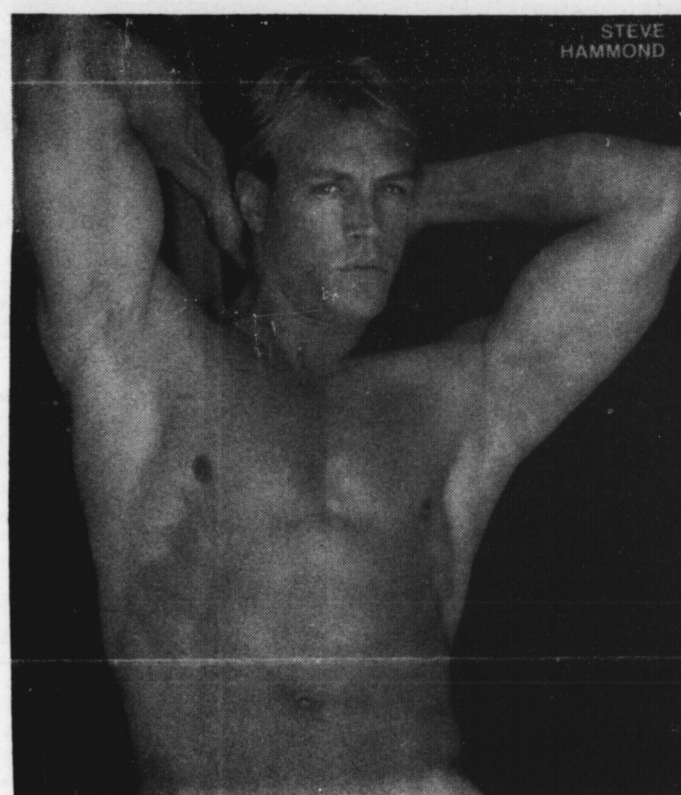
And the worst:

1. *Rites of Spring*, Vivid
2. *Rites of Fall*, Vivid
3. *Rites of Winter*, Vivid
4. *Davey and the Cruisers*, Vivid

NOTE: Falcon videos are available by mail or phone order.

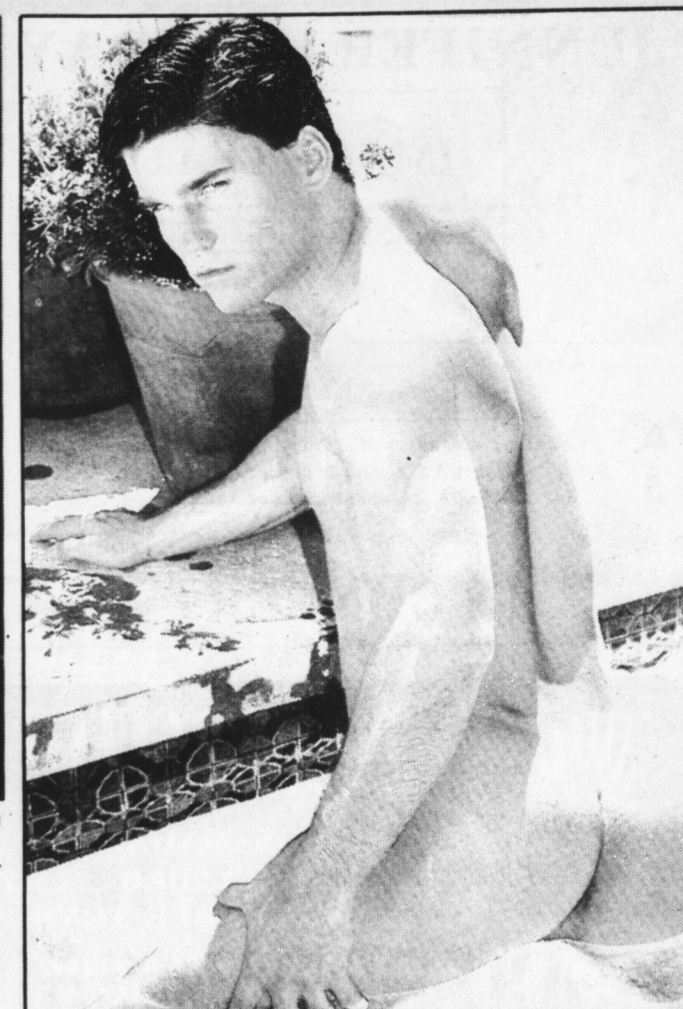
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Steve Hammond is the star in *Pledgemasters*, again from Falcon.

5. *Cocktales*, Jocks
6. *Acapulco Dreamin'*, Vivid
7. *Mannequin Man*, Vivid
8. *Team Mates*, In Hand
9. *From Maui With Love*, Vivid
10. *The River*, Vivid



Joey Stefano—another of Falcon's new stars for the nineties—in their newest release *Plunge*.

I hope this column has helped you wade through this bull video market. I'd like to thank those of you who have taken time to write in your comments, which are always welcome. Have a great new year.

Christmas Tree Recycling Offered

On Sundays, Dec. 31 and Jan. 7, from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m., residents can bring unwanted Christmas trees to the following sites and receive a free seedling: at the entrance to Fort Mason Center; Herbst Road, beyond the South Gate of the San Francisco Zoo; Richmond Environment Action, (249 Anza near Collins); and Golden Gate Disposal Company (900 7th St. on Berry); and Haight Ashbury Recycling Center (780 Frederick at Arguello).

Volunteers from the city's recycling program and the San Francisco Conservation Corps will be there to accept the trees.

The San Francisco Recreation and Parks Department and the San Francisco League of Urban Gardeners will be using chips from trees for mulch in urban gardens. Chips that are not used for mulch will be burned as fuel.

For Christmas tree recycling at other times, Sanitary Fill Company and L&K Debris Box Company, 1313 Armstrong St., will accept trees during business hours.


For those who do not wish to recycle, Golden Gate Disposal Company and Sunset Scavengers will pick up the trees free of charge on regular garbage collection days when they are left next to residents' trash cans. Unfortunately, the trees must then be transported 63 miles to the Altamont landfill, a waste of valuable natural resources and landfill space.

Tree recyclers should be sure to remove all nails and decorations from their trees. It is important that trees be left only during the designated hours.

For more information on Treecycle and other ways to recycle, residents may call the San Francisco Recycling program at 554-6193.

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TENNIS

GTF's Dan Hartsuff

Tribute to An Unsung Hero

by Les Balmain

In many volunteer sports organizations, there are the "spotlighted" leaders and the following general membership. But fortunately there is often a dedicated behind-the-scenes worker, who performs all the tedious tasks required to make the organization a success. Dan Hartsuff was that person.

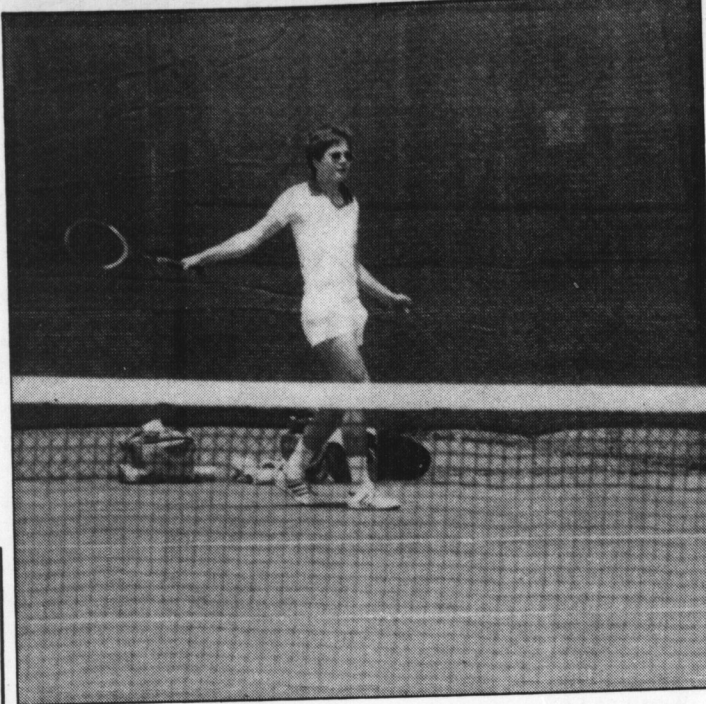
Dan joined the Gay Tennis Federation of San Francisco in

July 1980, as one of the original thirteen charter members. For the next six years he attended every monthly membership meeting without missing one, a record that most likely will never be broken.

Dan was elected and diligently executed the following offices: 1982, secretary; 1983, secretary; 1984, treasurer; and 1985, sergeant-at-arms. All the unsung

heroes of other leagues will understand and appreciate the enormous effort that Dan contributed to the GTF during his four years in office.

Those tedious tasks included: attending regular membership meetings, attending executive board meetings, attending committee meetings, recording and publishing the monthly minutes, mailing the monthly newsletters,



Dan Hartsuff at the first "USGO" National Tennis Tour in 1981. (Photo: Chuck Gee)

and maintaining the year around challenge ladder.

Dan was the Team Tennis captain for the following teams: 1981, Sutter's Mill; 1982, Blue-stone Video (Jim Holloran sponsor); 1983, 1984 and 1985, the Pilsner Inn.

As a member of the GTF 1982 tennis team of the top eighteen players in the Third Annual Los Angeles Challenge played in Studio City in April, Dan won his singles match and with Mario Mora as his partner won his doubles match.

In 1984, he won the Class B Consolation Championship in the Fifth Annual Membership Tournament in September at Golden Gate Park.

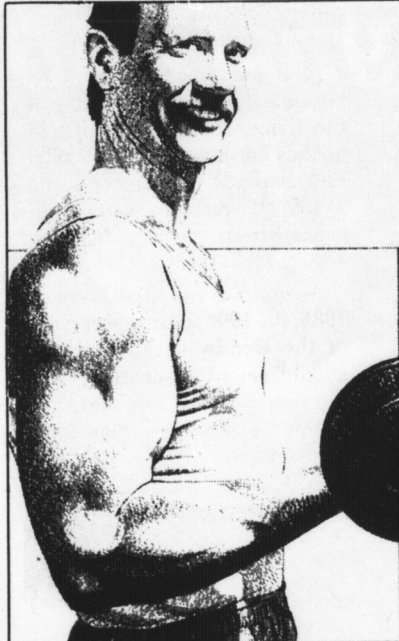
At the First Annual GTF Awards banquet on Oct. 16, 1982, Dan was presented the "Mr. Roll Call" award. At this year's awards banquet, held on Nov. 18, Dan was fittingly awarded the President's "Special Service Award."

Dan Hartsuff was born on Jan.

10, 1956 in Pontiac, Michigan and passed away on Nov. 26, 1989 in San Francisco. He was a very youthful competitor of only 33 years of age. Dan is the 13th member of the Gay Tennis Federation who has succumbed to AIDS.

He is survived by his mother Gail Lynn and sister Amy Tedford. During the final six months of his illness, he was lovingly cared for daily by Janelle Hawkins and seven GTF members: Tom Kelly, Bob Viereck, Chuck Gee and Richard, Larry Soley, Rob McCann and Norman List.

Today, the Gay Tennis Federation has become one of the leading sports organizations in the United States, and the world for that matter, because of the devoted labor of love given to it by people like Dan Hartsuff. The members will miss you, Dan. We are sad to lose such a good friend, but happy to know that now you can play all the tennis you want and not have to worry about any mundane work!



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TRACK & FIELD

Frank Demby Sprints Into Spotlight

by Rick Thoman

The success stories of the 1986 Gay Games were many, and as the 1990 Games approach, the stories for that event are beginning to evolve. One athlete with the potential of having a truly "golden" Gay Games is San Francisco sprinter Frank Demby.

According to his coach Hully Fetico, Demby is just now starting to achieve his true ability as a track athlete.

"I think he's just started to attain the times he is capable of running," Fetico says. "I see him getting much faster and much stronger and he's going to wind up surprising himself as well as the competition."

Demby's success is easily attributed to the three "T's": talent, training and tenacity. While "talent" in sprinting can sometimes be over-rated as an indicator of success, the fundamentals of "training" are absolutely essential to achieve it. Demby has the talent; he also adheres to a rigorous training regimen. But his real success comes from his tenacity, the persistence and resolve to do the best he can.

Demby joined the San Francisco Track & Field Club in 1984 and has endured five seasons of mixed success, progressing from the back of the pack to leading the way to the finish line. He has gradually emerged from the shadows to a deserving place in the spotlight.

In the beginning, finishing last sometimes didn't matter as much to Demby as finishing the race did. He knew eventually he would work his way to the front of the pack, and his tenacity has paid off.

No longer a slow starter, busy chasing everyone else down the track to the finish line, Demby is now in the thick of the chase itself, and often the competition is chasing him.

Tenacity Pays Dividends

In January of this year, Demby's tenacity paid a big dividend. He shared the first Apex Award for track and field, and in February 1990, he could win his second. Along with Earl Bryant, Demby comprises the Track Club's dynamic duo of sprinting, the power, the grace and the glory of the 50, 100 and 200 meters. His personal achievements on the track in 1989 should help garner him a third Cable Car Award nomination.

During the 1989 season, Demby posted the team's best time in the 200 meters (24.2 seconds), improving .2 seconds in that event, and shaved an amazing .4 seconds off his 100 meter time for a personal best mark of 11.6 (the first time he'd ever dipped below the 12 seconds mark in that event). He also tied for the team's second best mark in the 50 meters.

In both the 4x100 and 4x400 relays, Demby has transformed from being an alternate to becoming an important link in the team that achieved national ranking in 1989. The top times in those two relays, as well as the 4x200, were all posted by teams that included Demby as a member.

"It would be hard to replace

Frank as the first leg of the 4x100 relay," teammate Frank Bryant says. "He gives the rest of us on the relay the confidence we need to run a real hard race. He runs the curve better than anyone else I've seen and he's been surprising the competition with his stinging speed."

Demby was instrumental in San Francisco's third-place finish at this year's National Masters Championship in San Diego. It was the first time the San Francisco men had achieved medal status at the prestigious National Championship meet.

And it was Demby who contributed a near flawless third leg in the 4x400 relay that put the team in third place. Just three years ago, he was a nervous substitute on the team's 4x400 relay at the New York National Championship meet. This year he ran with the confidence of the seasoned veteran in what was arguably the best leg on the bronze medal-winning relay squad.

Thrill of Personal Achievement

Not that Demby strives for



Frank Demby. (Courtesy of Earl Bryant)

awards or medals or the recognition that comes from dangling them around your neck. Just watch him at a track meet and you'll know that his thrill comes from personal achievement, by running his best race ever, getting his body to move faster than it's ever gone before. He is the

type of athlete whose goal is to attain optimum performance and he's genuinely more pleased with a personal best time than he is with a gold medal.

"It doesn't mean winning isn't included in my goals," Demby says. "But it is necessary to keep it in perspective. Fame is a peculiarly transitory entity, especially in sports, and if accepted as such it adds a nice glow to one's own personal achievements. But, as we've often said to each other on the team, you're only as good as your last race."

"Frank is a bit of a perfectionist," his coach, Fetico, says. "He is always striving for a way to get his time down, to perform better, to be a better athlete. This is one of the reasons he's such an easy person to coach."

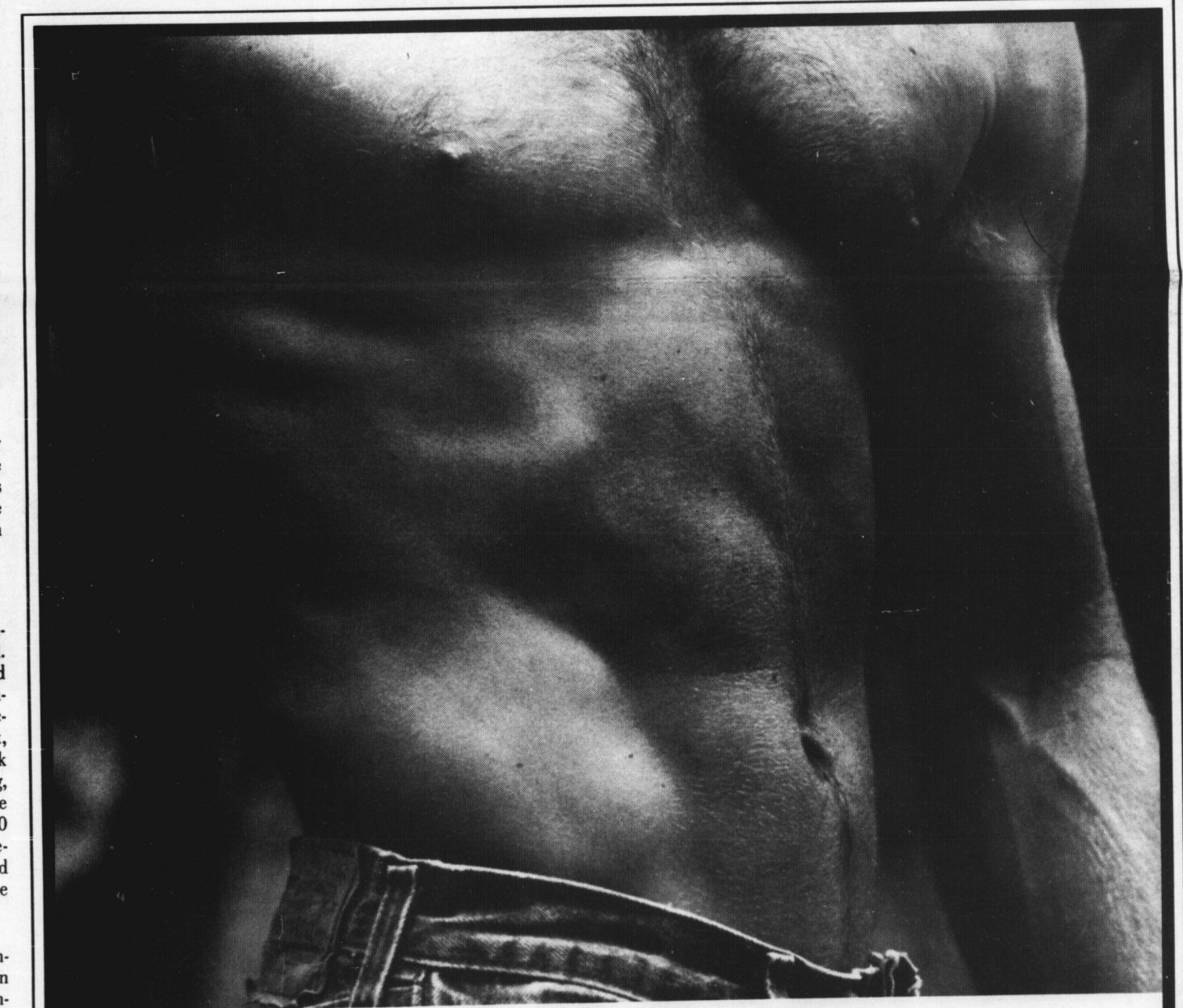
Demby knows what it means to perform for himself, to achieve his own personal goals, and what it's like to try to please others. At age seven, he began water skiing competitively, mostly at the insistence of his father who helped push Frank to four regional championship titles during his

eleven years of competition. Today, Frank's father continues to support his son's athletic endeavors, but as a stopwatch toting observer in the stands.

As the elder Demby revealed at a meet earlier this year, "The reason track is so satisfying for Frank is that it's something he is achieving on his own. He only has to prove to himself how good he is, which is probably why it's more fulfilling to him than water skiing was."

Demby hopes his personal best will bring him an individual gold medal at the Gay Games in 1990. A spectator at the first games, he became a big medal winner at Gay Games II, where he won gold medals on the 4x100 and 4x200 relay squads, a silver on the 4x400 "B" relay team, and individual bronze medals in both the 100 and 200 meters.

As good as his times were in 1986, the 1990 improved version of the Demby speed machine should set new personal standards and should help make his dream of a Gay Games gold medal a reality.



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POOL

Quackers Sweep

The San Marcos Cafe Quackers swept up a second consecutive San Francisco Pool Association City Championship last week by downing the Overpassers in back to back, tension-packed matches.

The first match took place at the Cafe, where a room full of spectators was treated to a 9-6 home team victory. The Overpassers hosted the second match, their team, the no. 2 seed, facing a must-win situation to force the tie-breaker and the best-of-three match series.

Their chances were improved when the Quackers' top rated player, E.Z., arrived unable to play due to a heavily bandaged hand, burned in a household accident.

The Quackers' starting lineup, Hugh Fountain, Luby Pelletier, Lauren Ward and Lisa Duncan rose to the call, firing off consecutive victories for a 4-0 first quarter lead. Key games were punctuated with "Duck huddles," where teammates Torri Connelly and E.Z. would join the starters to share some team spirit.

Rick Mariani and Jim Russo broke the ice for the home team but Ward and Duncan answered back for a 6-2 half-time lead.

Lynn Westhoven got on track for the Passers, posting two third

quarter wins, including a beautifully executed 7 ball runout vs. Ward, but Duncan and Fountain counterpunched to put the Quackers within a game of the title at 8-4.

The longest game of the evening ensued with Russo eventually outlasting Duncan and offering the home team a ray of hope at 8-5. Their celebration had barely subsided as Pelletier stepped up to break, exploded the rack, and sent the 8-ball on a bee-line to the corner pocket for the Championship game.

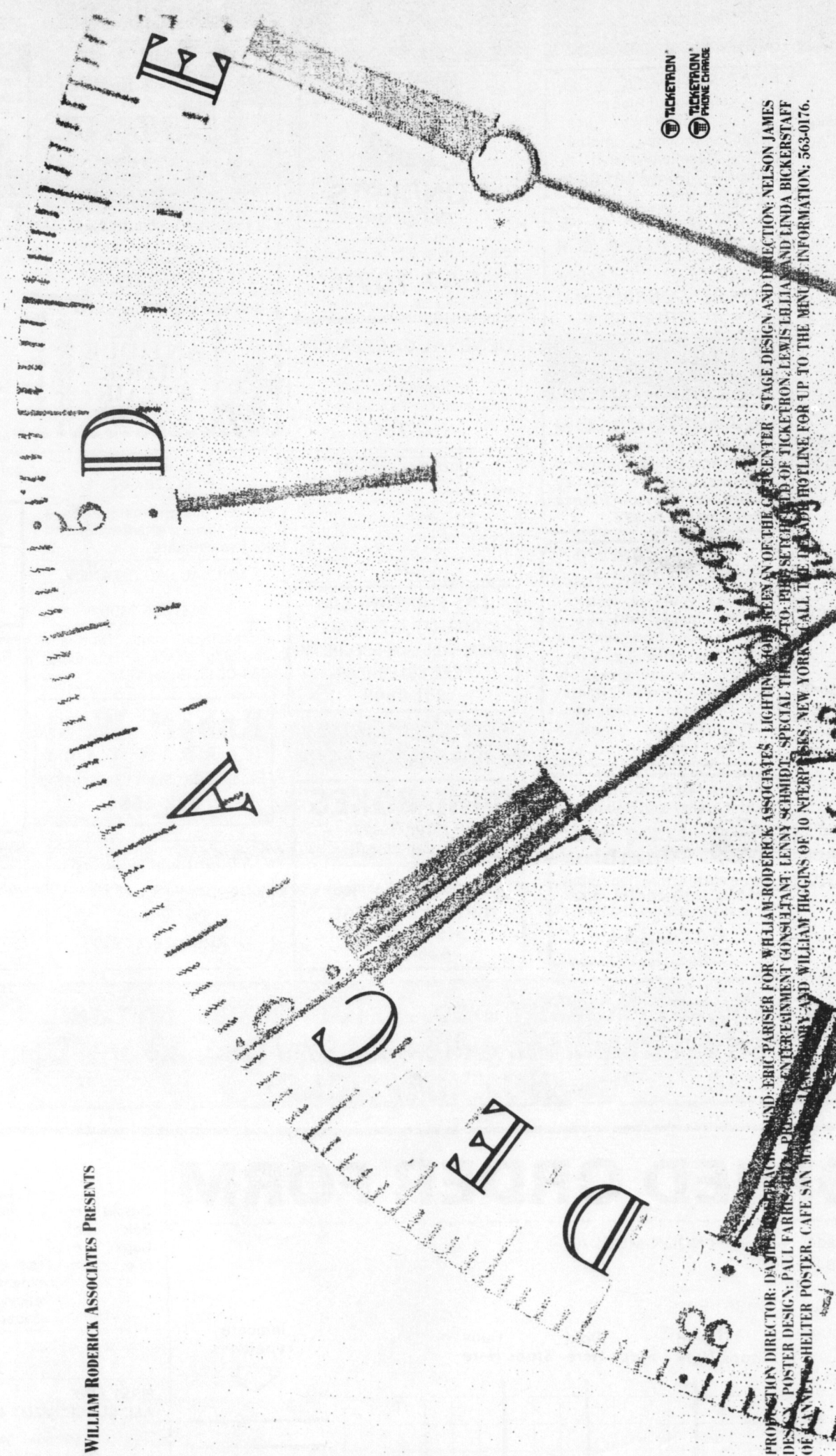
Next Stop, Long Beach

The next stop for the Quackers is Long Beach where they meet the Champions from three cities for West Coast Challenge XX, from Jan. 12-14. Besides team play, both Duncan and Pelletier will be joined by Mariani and Tom Williamson as Open Individuals entrants. Quackers co-captain, Ward, will be joined by Claire Boddy as players in the Women's Invitational. Playing in two WCC events will make for a very full weekend for those three competitors.

The Rising Star and Awards are coming up. Dial JOE-POOL for SFFA information.

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