

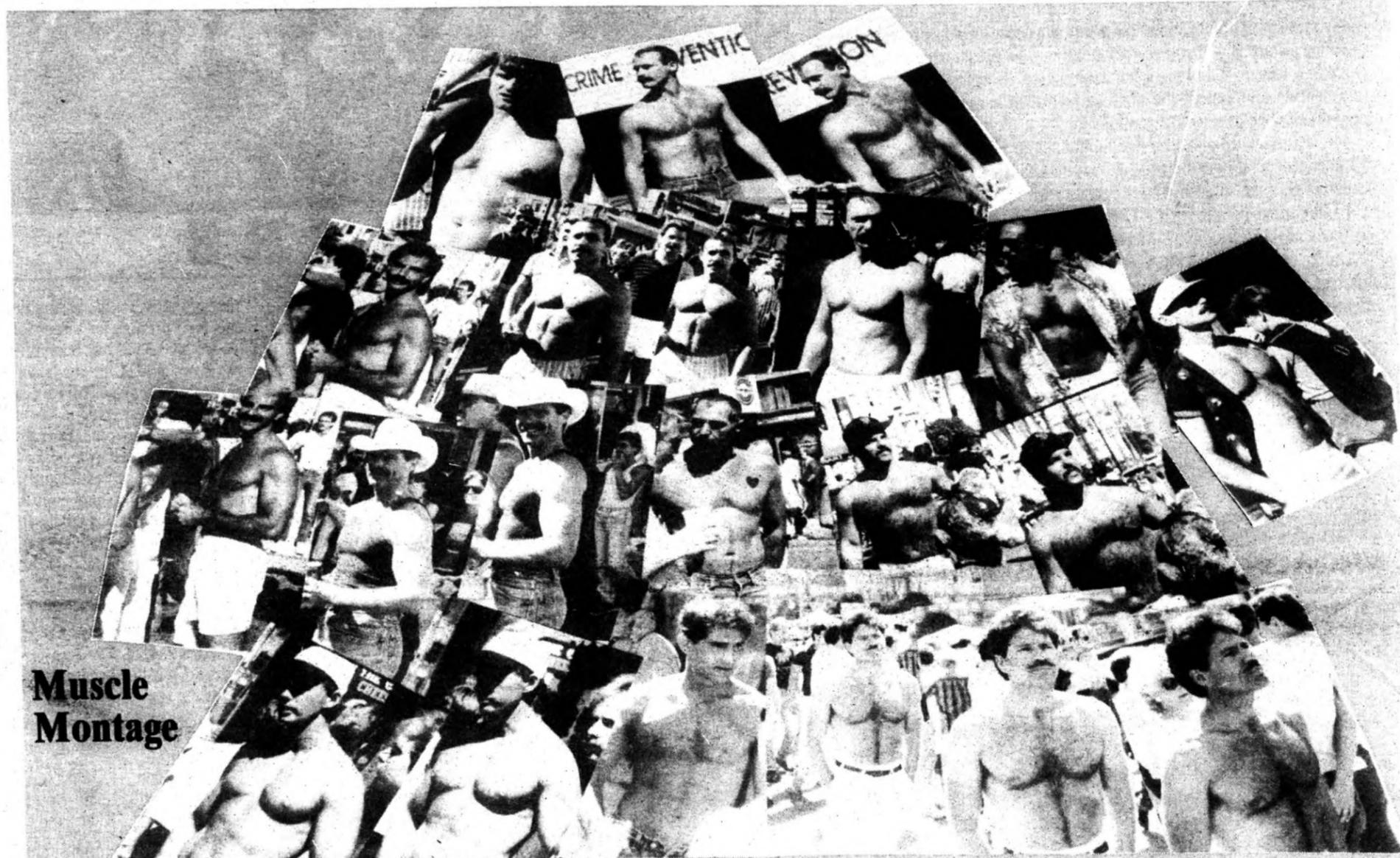
Sentinel

Sentinel USA • 415-861-8100 • Vol. 13., No. 12 • October 10, 1985

Affirmative Action:

*Louise Hay's Power
Of Positive Thinking*

page 6



**Muscle
Montage**

Richard Law's composites of street-smart shots are at Express-Photo now through December.

Muni: A New Face Behind the Wheel

by John Wetzi

San Francisco Municipal Railway's new general manager has held his post for four weeks now and already is looking ahead twenty years. Appointed by Mayor Feinstein in August, the new youthful style of this Eastern-bred transit engineer promises to bring to Muni much needed life breath.

William Stead is a genuine-looking middle-aged, married career man, tied to the excitement of resuscitating what he described as a system with a very good national reputation.

"Every city that I've been in is very critical of its own system. They will be very upbeat about it when they're out of town, but not when they get back. When I've been in Boston and New York, and Philadelphia... all I heard on the east coast was what a good system this is. It's when you get inside that you find out what its weaknesses are," he said.

Asked to rate Muni, in comparison with other systems, Stead replied optimistically. "I think the physical plant, the buses, the stations, all the facilities used by the public, and the coaches, to me is in very very fine condition. In the quality of service, Muni stands very nearly in the middle.

Stead described what he saw as a downslide in the system's operational capacity "during the late seventies" but now he insists the system is in an "upswing."

"I will be making recommendations as to what budgetary options are to be had. I will present the city with a range of options." Stead, far from new to the game of urban

Flaunting It!

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Edmund White

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Tom Murray

A Message to Muffins

Last week I was interviewed on NBC news concerning the death of Rock Hudson. My comments sounded harsh to the pious who speak only in kindly terms of the deceased.

Rock Hudson was trapped by AIDS into emerging from his closet at 59. Even during his first days at the American Hospital in Paris in July there were conflicting reports on the nature of his illness, and foggy statements from his press agent who continually professed ignorance about Mr. Hudson's private life. The press, which had been discreet for more than three decades with few exceptions began at last to assemble and expose the obvious bits of information. The legend unraveled. The closet door collapsed.

Mr. Hudson deserves no credit for acknowledging under duress what could no longer be hidden! Like 14,000 other Americans, he had AIDS. Like most of those people with AIDS, he was gay.

Unlike most people with AIDS, Rock Hudson could afford to fly to Paris seeking treatment unavailable in the United States.

Unlike most people with AIDS Mr. Hudson could charter a jet for his trip home, and a helicopter for the transfer to UCLA Medical Center.

Again unlike most people with AIDS the response to his belated coming out was supportive, including a telephone call from President and Mrs. Reagan. Friends in Hollywood rallied and raised one million dollars at a gala benefit in his honor.

Most people with AIDS find themselves unable to work, and unable to survive on the social security and disability income allowance they eventually receive.

I told the reporter from NBC that I mourned Rock Hudson no more than 7,000 brothers who have already died from AIDS.

I told the reporter that I regretted that Rock Hudson spent his life getting rich by perpetuating illusions on film while boogeying at the Trocadero Transfer and reaping the benefits of gay liberation.

It has been stated that Rock resented his employer "forcing" him to be seen with female stars and appear to be an eligible bachelor, then to marry at the appropriate time. Rock gave them that power. Many of us risked secure jobs or marriages or financial benefits to work for beliefs we felt a need to proclaim.

One of our letter writers in this issue labels Rock Hudson a "muffin," borrowing David Goodstein's term: "The guy who says he can't come out at his office because he'd get fired... the guy who wouldn't support a gay benefit, store, march or otherwise for fear of being discovered." For all of his obvious talent and apparent class, Rock Hudson was a "muffin," a coward. His fame, not his courage have led to a media breakthrough in AIDS awareness.

Elizabeth Taylor, Rock's stalwart friend, recently said, "If you are famous and do not use your fame to benefit others, then you don't deserve it." We wish that Rock had tapped the resources his name commanded years before his death.

A message to the millions of "muffins" who remain: We need your time and energy and support. Closets are no longer an option.

Sentinel

PUBLISHER
Tom Murray

PRODUCTION
Jeff Combs, Tim Dempsey,
Bill Murney

NEWS STAFF
John Wetzl, Editor
Robert Hass, David Lambie, Tanya Savory

PHOTOGRAPHS
Mick Hicks,
Robert Pruzan,
Steve Savage

ARTS
Ken Coupland, Editor
Adam Block, Robert Burke, Robert Cole,
Dick Hasbany, Bill Huck, Joseph Kramer,
Mike Mascioli, Gary Menger

ADVERTISING
Jim Stout, Manager

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500 HAYES STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94102

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VOICE OF THE NEW GENERATION



LETTERS

Farrakhan and Islam

Dear Editor:
John Wetzl's article on the Rev. Louis Farrakhan's recent speech in Los Angeles (Sentinel USA, 26 September 1985, page 8) is deplorably imprecise.

He identifies this anti-Semitic demagogue as 'the Muslim leader' and 'the Islamic minister'.

When Mr. Wetzl writes that it is not as yet certain 'how closely Farrakhan hews to ancient Islamic tenants', the implication is that such tenants are to be dreaded by civilized persons.

It is certainly uncivilized for so many Westerners, myself included, to have so little knowledge of just what constitutes the ancient tenants of Islam.

Farrakhan has about as much similarity with the Prophet Mohammed as Jerry Falwell has with the merciful and forgiving Jesus.

John Wetzl, I, and probably 95 percent of our fellow Americans need to acknowledge that our understanding of Islam is at best described as ignorance, at worst as a cultural bigotry which has been embedded in Western civilization since the Crusades.

As gay men and lesbian women we have all been assaulted by 'experts' on homosexuality who obviously fail to understand that word's very definition. Thus we should be especially careful that we do not indiscriminately print other persons with labels that do not belong to them.

James F. Gibbons

Who's Listening?

Dear Editor:
I was amused to read in the coda of Bill Huck's review to Handel's Orlando, "We no longer listen to anything by Meyerbeer." (Mr. Huck likes to use the imperial "We.") Since I'm listening to Act I of Meyerbeer's opera *Robert The Devil* while I write this letter, it would seem that either Mr. Huck was speaking as a reigning monarch or a pedant. It also so happens that a lot of people are listening to Giacomo Meyerbeer these days and don't even know it.

I think what Mr. Huck was trying to say was that Meyerbeer's operas aren't as popular as they once were, but they are still on occasion performed. *L'Africaine* was staged by the San Francisco Opera not so many years ago, and I saw *Les Huguenots* in New Orleans.

Well enough said, my recording has just hit the chorus lifted from *Robert The Devil* by Tim Rice and Co. I've always loved to listen to Meyerbeer; in fact I graduated from high school to "The Coronation March" from *The Prophet*. I was also President of the Wildhorse County Meyerbeer Society, and the Patrice Munsel Fan Club.

Tom Youngblood

Fundraising

Dear Editor:
As the fundraising consultant for Golden Gate Performing Arts, I wish to take exception to the unkind quip that was written in regard of GGPA's upcoming fundraising banquet in February 1986 (Sentinel, September 26, 1985 issue). Mr. Menger could have had the professionalism to contact the correct sources before writing some very inaccurate and damaging information regarding this event.

It certainly shows that Mr. Menger knows very little about producing fundraising events or how to go about getting correct information. Had he come to the person in charge of this event (myself), I would have been more than happy to give him the necessary information: that we have been working on this event already for over nine months, have professionals working with us who are donating their time, and what else is going on that has not yet been released to the public. I would have also been more than happy to sketch out for him the logic behind the event, the why's and why not's, etc., etc. He also failed to mention that a portion of the proceeds will be given to the San Francisco AIDS Fund, and therefore this event is a benefit for more than one organization.

I feel that GGPA has been slighted in this uninformed article and that an apology is due now and an accurate account be given at the

time of the event. We are not doing this for "prestige for scrapbooks" — we are trying our best to raise the funds needed for our organization to survive, just like every other non-profit organization. We have had many, many other fundraising events in the past two years that have been very successful and have brought in enough money to keep our organization financially afloat (none have lost any money, I might add). So give us a fair shake and have your reporters report the correct facts, not made up fantasies that they may have.

Robert Hawk for Golden Gate Performing Arts

Hudson a Muffin?

Dear Editor:
David Goodstein didn't invent the term "Muffin," but he wrote about it in one of his Opening Space columns in *The Advocate*.

Muffins are plentiful, negative forces in the gay community. The guy who says he can't come out at his office, because he'd get fired. The guy that doesn't want to upset his elderly mother and father. The gay man who tells faggot jokes at his office, or laughs at them when others tell them. A gay man who wouldn't support a gay benefit, store, march or otherwise for fear of being discovered. These are Muffins and they can be found trembling, pathetically, in all corners of the world.

Whereas David was his own man — a dynamic, proud gay man with integrity, who endlessly supported gay/human rights — a roupe ne grand seigneur of sorts; Rock Hudson was a Muffin.

Rock Hudson went to his grave an impostor. With a professional career behind him of some forty years — a period during which he earned millions and millions of dollars — dollars spent at the box offices by millions of homosexual men — Rock Hudson never had the balls to tell the world he was homosexual. The best of my knowledge, if Rock Hudson had been in control, nobody would ever have known he was diagnosed with AIDS.

Henning Hansen

Commentary

Politics

Steve Rascher

Last of the Republicans

If asked nine months ago, I would have listed as political heroes, Eisenhower, Goldwater, Nixon, Ford and yes, even Reagan. Now my heroes are those who are fighting for the rights of lesbians and gays.

What has caused this drastic change in fundamental philosophy and political beliefs? The simple fact that I am out of the closet and finally willing to fight for that which is dearest to me; my individual rights to be a gay man. The most exciting part of this transition has been the ease of it all.

For me, opening that closed door and stepping out was motivated by extreme personal conditions; a break up of a 12 year relationship, the feeling of lost and wasted time, loneliness and despair. It was at this point in my life that I headed for San Francisco. What I found was so revolutionary to me that my entire life changed

within a matter of weeks.

It was my good fortune to be hired as Executive Director of the Golden Gate Business Association. With a background primarily in communication and education and rather limited gay rights credentials, GGGA was willing to accept my new found philosophies and allow me to work with them on our common objectives.

By utilizing the social and political clout of GGGA I have been able to quickly become involved in the major issues facing lesbian and gay people. Through GGGA I have been able to network with some of the most dedicated people I have had the pleasure of meeting. Through their dedication and energy, I have found personal motivation that I was not aware I possessed. To these people I credit much of my transformation. Laurie McBride, President of GGGA, Jerry Berg or Jerry E. Berg Law Offices, Tom Murray of Sen-

tinel USA, John Schmidt of Schmidt and Schmidt Insurance, Holly Smith of the SF AIDS Foundation, Shawn Kelly of SF Arts and Athletics, Ray O'Loughlin of the BAR and many others have been invaluable to my new found goals and objectives.

But it has been more than the personal influence of others that has changed me. As a relative newcomer I have been able to look around our community with unbiased objectivity. I have seen some bad, but mostly good. I have seen the injustice being done to people with AIDS and all lesbians and gays, and I am outraged. I have also seen the commitment of hundreds of gays and lesbians fighting these injustices. How I ever justified my conservative, pro-Reagan position almost sickens me. My feelings and desires to rectify the years of waste now motivates me and gives me the impetus to fight what sometimes seems like a losing battle.

Finally, I am fortunate for two other reasons. I have a wonderful man in my life who understands me and is allowing me to grow and realize new goals in my life. I also have a new friend who has helped

me to understand and emotionally handle the AIDS crisis. Being a person with AIDS, he has done more to educate me and help me to understand the San Francisco gay community and the crisis it faces than any other person. Because of him, if I could be granted two "wishes" in my life, the first would be that all gay and lesbians could live open, free and quality lives and second, that my friend with AIDS be here to see my first wish come true. Maybe with help from all of us, my wishes will be granted. ■

CRIR Reception

A reception honoring the "political contributions" of Concerned Republicans for Individual Rights (CRIR) and "Friends of CRIR" will be held at the home of John and Louise Molinari, 30-16th Avenue in San Francisco Thursday, October 17, from 6-8 pm. Reservations should be made in advance with Thomas Peretti, 621-8109.

A hosted wine bar and hors d'oeuvres will be provided. Donation: \$25 per person. Reservations are limited. □

Cala Refuses to Help

This letter was sent by the GGGA to Cala Foods.

Dear Mr. McNicoll:

The Golden Gate Business Association is an 800+ member organization primarily comprised of Lesbian and Gay business owners. We were established in 1974 and are the largest organization of our kind in the country.

On September 15, 1985 our organization started a "food drive" for the San Francisco AIDS Foundation Food Bank. This is a community wide effort to assist in a "crisis" that is directly affecting everyone in San Francisco.

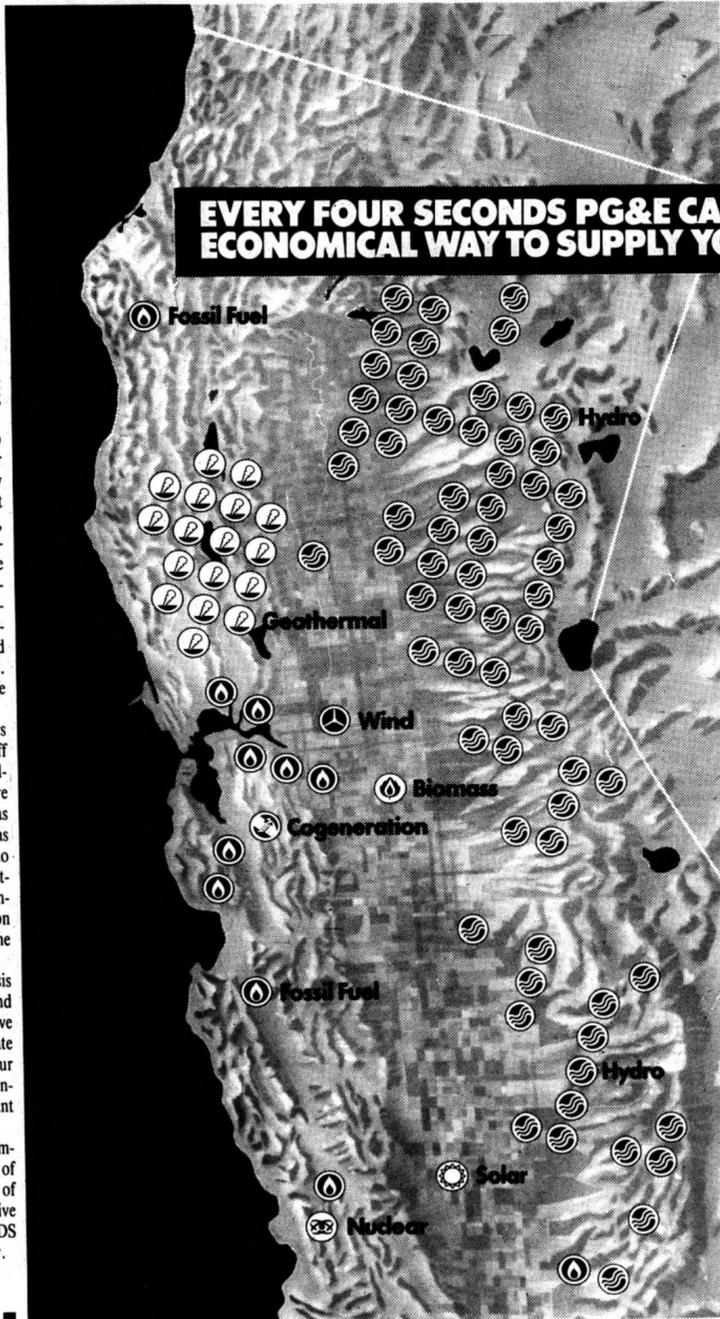
Through our representative Rob Palmer, we negotiated with your store to participate in our efforts by being a designated drop-off point for food. Everything was settled, GGGA started an advertising campaign which included public service spots on two television stations, articles in not less than five community newspapers, flyers distributed to over 3000 individuals and a complicated networking process. All of this advertising including the name of your store.

On September 13th, containers were delivered to the drop-off points. At this time, with no advanced notification, your store declined to participate. As vital as this cause is and as supportive as the lesbian/gay community is to Cala, I find this breach of commitment repugnant, homophobic, inexcusable and a definite reflection on your companies stand on the AIDS crisis.

As important as the AIDS crisis is to everyone, and as humane and easy the food drive would have been for your store to participate in, it is incomprehensible how your store could possibly be so insensitive, irresponsible and ignorant about this crisis.

Your response should be immediately forthcoming. Lack of response will merely reassure us of Cala Foods disinterest and negative attitude toward People with AIDS and the lesbian/gay Community.

Steven H. Rascher
Laurie McBride



That's how often the computers in our Power Control Centers search out ways to keep energy costs down.

They scan our entire electrical network, calculating the most economical way to match our energy supply with your demand.

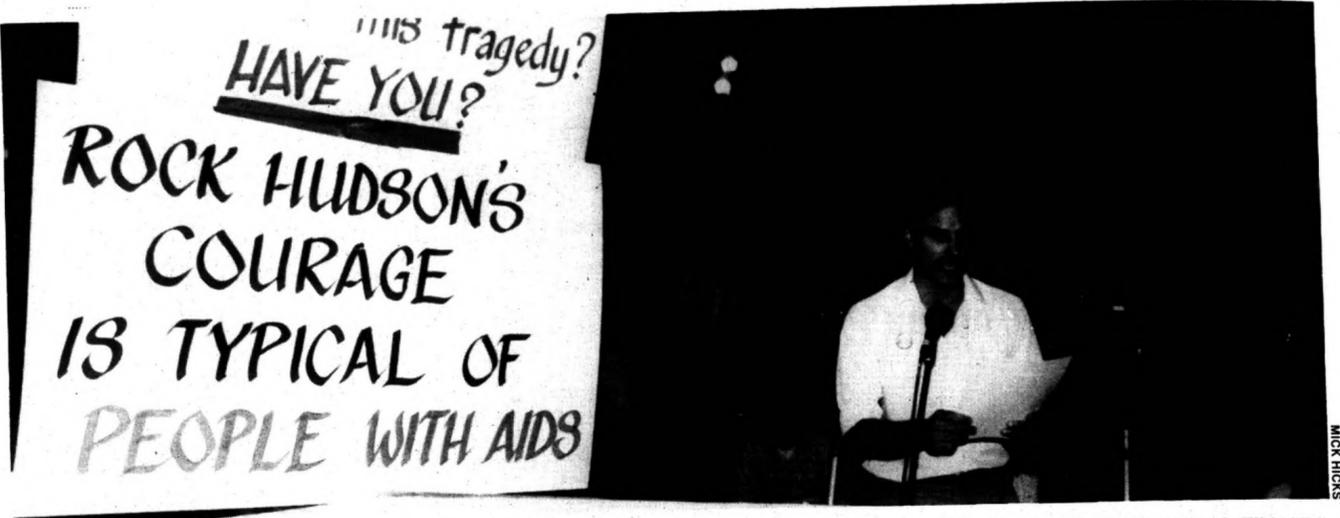
Then we use that data to create the most efficient, least expensive mix of those resources. It's one way we can assure our more than 3 million customers that the electricity they need is delivered reliably and efficiently — to keep energy costs under control.

For example, hydroelectricity is our cheapest power source. So we rely as much as possible on our 67 hydro plants — the nation's largest privately-owned hydroelectric system. The more inexpensive hydroelectricity we can generate, the less our customers have to pay for power.

This complex process goes on 24 hours a day. It's just one more way we're working to provide the best possible service at the lowest possible price.



PG&E
At your service.



Some 400 people gathered in San Francisco's Harvey Milk Plaza October 3 in memory of the passing of actor Rock Hudson the day earlier. Participants credited Hudson with bringing to America the realities of the lives of people who have AIDS. Speaker Paul Boneberg emceed the short rally, coordinated by the

People With AIDS Alliance, and the People With AIDS and People With ARC subcommittee of the Mobilization Against AIDS. This week U.S. House and Senate compromise is expected to double proposed AIDS funding for the current year. Such movement is credited to Hudson's disclosure that he had AIDS

Police State Manifesto
S.F.P.D.
Northern Station

We, the totalitarian rulers of you, the helpless underlings, hereby issue a new decree, as follows:

Any young man who appears to be under the age of 30 is not welcome on Polk Street. This includes short visits for shopping. The merchants do not want YOUR business. Any young man seen on Polk Street at any time is subject to search, seizure, assault by officers, and any other acts of bondage and humiliation we can concoct on an individual basis.

If you don't like it, what can you do?
Call the cops?
GOOD LUCK
(Local Ordinance #666)

An apparent retaliation by youth angered at pressures by merchants and police. This leaflet was handed out just last week. Recently, merchants initiated an all-out "clean up" Polk Street campaign aimed at applying more pressure on youth to keep off the street.

Getting Muni Back on Track

continued from page 1

urban transit cuts, sees the constant pressure caused by the simultaneous growth needs versus budget cuts simply as "the given."

"My emphasis will on creating a stable environment where everybody will be able to focus on

and stand by job standards. It was in a decline in '77 and '78; it was going down. The new equipment has leveled it out. Now, it's up to the service ethic."

Muni has been subject to criticism mostly around availability of equipment. Still, Stead compared Muni's 800,000 daily ridership in

1100 vehicles to the Boston Transit system's 1600 vehicles which serve only 600,000 daily riders.

Stead agreed that the system must expand. "Anybody can tell just by going out and standing on the street during rush hour." But he said one of the prohibitive costs is maintenance. "You could add

100,000 vehicles at a cost of \$150 million, but then you have to spend another \$20 million for a shop.

Muni spokeswoman Ann Miller explained that Muni will build a new bus barn on the site of the U.S. Steel warehouse at 16th and Harrison Streets.

The difficulty in maintaining a fleet, compounded with the basic cost of vehicles (\$1 million for a trolley coach or a quarter million dollars for an articulated bus) figures prominently in the operations of the system now.

On violence in the system, Stead said he advocated "prevention" and "working closely with law enforcement." He added that the problem of violence in the system is lessened by the designs of some of the facilities. "There are no dark, dank subway stations," he said. "The stations are very open."

On one of the city's biggest problems with regard to transit, Stead said he did not think it was a problem to be dealt with by Muni's general manager. That problem has been the inability of transit services to catch up with demand by growing commercial interests in the city's downtown district.

"With respect to that, the main issue is whether the system has the capacity to take people downtown in the morning, and back home at night." He also said that the system had been pushed "almost to capacity."

"I'm a user of transit and I sometimes have the same emotional reaction when a bus doesn't come on time. It's interesting,

when you are inside the agency, you realize just how complicated it is to answer just why. Even though it is a simple system.

Muni, Stead said, is of a scale that can be turned around. It is very difficult to change things in New York City" with its 1.9 million daily riders.

Stead said he had two goals for the Muni system. "One is to the public we serve and to quality on-time performance. We would expect that if there's a schedule and the public has a schedule, that a bus be there. (The public) just wants the bus to be there at 7:57 if it's supposed to be. And secondly, an operation like Muni needs an internal mission."

Stead's enthusiasm for the job bubbles over into his description of relations with City Hall: "The team is phenomenal," he said. "It feels very good," and "I don't see Muni as a political whipping boy."

Stead says that he feels differently about one main area of his job than he did when he first started last 20 years. I have visions of New York City Transit, and Boston, where crisis management was the order of the day. Everybody talked about working out of it. It was crisis management.

"I thought (his current job) would turn into crisis after a few days. It has not. I now deal with the day to day operations.



Muni service garage at 401 Presidio. With new purchases and higher standards, Muni's new management hopes to improve overall performance. Currently, around 100 vehicles stay out of service at one time for maintenance.

One thing that bothers me about Muni, and is a real struggle, is transfer abuse. I don't know the magnitude of it. But we are looking at it," he said.

"I will stay with Muni as long as it is viable," he concluded. "But I will stay in the San Francisco area. It's exciting. I really feel good

about being a vital part of San Francisco and working in a setting that works, and makes the city work," he said.

Stead said he did not know specifically how the scheduled January fair hike would affect operations or budget considerations immediately.



"I'm a user of transit and I sometimes have the same emotional reaction when a bus doesn't come on time. It's interesting, when you are inside the agency, you realize just how complicated it is to answer just why. Even though it is a simple system.

—William G. Stead
Muni General Manager

Laurence Tribe to Speak Before BALIF

Harvard Law Professor and constitutional law expert Laurence Tribe will be the featured speaker at the Bay Area Lawyers for Individual Freedom (BALIF) Third Annual Dinner October 28.

BALIF, an organization of lesbian and gay attorneys, has a current membership of over 400.

This past March, Tribe successfully argued *National Gay Task Force v. Board of Education of City of Oklahoma City* before the United States Supreme Court which invalidated an Oklahoma law prohibiting teachers from commenting favorably on the topic of

homosexuality.

The dinner will be held in the Garden Court of the Sheraton Palace Hotel, Market and New Montgomery Streets, San Francisco. A no-host cocktail hour will begin at 6:00 pm and dinner will be served 7:30 pm. Non-members of BALIF and non-attorneys are especially encouraged to attend. Donation of \$50 per person (\$100 for sponsorships) may be mailed to BALIF, P.O. Box 1983, San Francisco 94101; tickets will be held at the door. For further information, call Melinda Griffith at 393-2333.

Turner Appearance Hinted at for Party

by John Wetzel

Rock impressaria Tina Turner may be rearranging her schedule to make a brief San Francisco appearance to perform at a Halloween mega-party. The party this year may be an example of a first attempt by general promoters to attract a gay audience.

A source within the organization for the Exotic, Exotic Ball said that Turner's manager is "very interested" because of the positive reception Turner got in San Francisco during her current tour.

Ball organizers could not confirm whether Turner would be performing as part of a sketch planned to go under the title "Beyond Thunderbolt Review."

Turner would join such talents as Freaky Executive, Pride and Joy, Majo, the Gary and Gloria Pool Dancers, and, as Belle of the Ball, Penthouse centerfold Phylis Partin.

The ball traditionally has not attracted many from the city's gay community, but this year, promoters are offering tickets through retailers who handle mostly-gay affairs, and seem to be lining up in competition with some of the mega-party events that normally draw from the gay community.

Organizers say that play to solicit name judges for a costume contest in what director Perry Mann said would be "bigger than any other ball."

HELP HOSPICE HELP AIDS

285-5615

THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME

Help Hospice Provide A Choice to People with AIDS

Hospice of San Francisco has always served gay men and lesbians who face life-limiting illnesses. Now the AIDS crisis requires an even greater response.

The special Hospice AIDS Team provides professional, compassionate care at home to people with AIDS. The City of San Francisco provides partial funding to the AIDS Team, but it is not enough. The demand is great and attendant care, particularly, is urgently needed. Your help is required to bring this service to those who need it.

Your tax-deductible donation directly supports attendant care and professional hospice services in the home. Allow people with AIDS the choice to stay at home with their loved ones. Make your donation today to the Hospice AIDS Team. Help Hospice help: call 285-5615.

Hospice of San Francisco
A part of VNA of San Francisco, providing home, community and hospice care. Supported by Coming Home, a group of gay/lesbian volunteers.

HOSPICE: A Choice for Compassionate Care at Home

Turn The Gift of Gab into A Gift of Love

Shanti Project's First Annual Telephone Campaign needs volunteers who love to talk to people on the phone. Come join us afternoons and evenings, a few hours a week.

Call today for more information.

Shanti Project
Affection not Rejection
558-9644

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Author's Healing Event With AIDS Focus

by Jason Serinus

About 450 people assembled at San Francisco's First Unitarian Church for the largest alternative AIDS healing presentation ever held in the Bay Area — Louise Hay's presentation "AIDS: A Positive Approach." For over two hours Hay comfortably held the floor, sharing with an applauding audience her metaphysical approach to healing one's body and life. The event was held Thursday, September 26.

Louise Hay, based in Santa Monica, first made a mark on the gay community in 1983 when her pioneering visualization tape, "AIDS: A Positive Approach", was released and marketed by the co-sponsor of the event, Au Naturel Health and Nutrition Center. (Hay is best known for her bestselling book "Heal Your Body.")

Since that time, hundreds of people with AIDS and their supporters have found in Hay's nurturing style an assurance that remission and recovery from AIDS

is possible.

The size of the audience (nearly three times what had been projected for the evening) evidenced a growing interest in San Francisco in alternative AIDS health approaches, and in approaches that counter what Hay termed "the scare tactics" of the media.

Hay set the tone for the evening, beginning with meditation. She was surrounded by an entourage of stuffed animals, which she referred to as her "kids" while passing them out to the audience.

"Deep in the center of our being

there is an infinite well of love, and we now allow this love to flow to the surface," she said to her audience. "The more love we use and give the more we have to give. It is an expression of our inner joy.

"We are one with the Universal Power that has created us. And this power has given us the power to create our own lives. And we are here to claim this power right here and now.

"The word 'incurable,' which is so frightening to so many people, means that we must go within to effect a cure," she said, explaining

that by going within, to mental patterns which are at the root of disease, healing can be achieved.

"Just as we have the ability to create atmospheres where we can become ill, so do we have the ability to create atmospheres where we can become well," she said.

"Disease is our body's way of telling us that we have a false idea in our consciousness, and that this idea needs to be changed."

On a KRON TV (Channel 4) appearance the same afternoon, Hay explained, "What I try to do is to strengthen the mental immune system which then, in turn, helps the physical immune system. I teach people to love themselves.

"Everyone suffers from self-hatred and guilt to one degree or another. When we learn to love ourselves, everything in life im-

Study shows no occupational transmission of AIDS to Health Care Workers

A UC-San Francisco study of 300 health care workers who care for AIDS patients at San Francisco General Hospital has found no cases of transmission of the disease to health care workers who are not in high risk groups.

In a presentation in Minneapolis last week before the American Society for Microbiology, Interscience Conference on Antimicrobial Agents and Chemotherapy (ICAAC), Julie Gerberding, MD, UCSF clinical instructor in medicine, reported that 300 physicians, nurses, laboratory personnel and other employees with intensive exposure to AIDS patients have been enrolled in a study which began in 1984.

Many of the health care person-

nel work with laboratory specimens from AIDS patients and more than one-third of them had sustained needlesticks or other accidents with contaminated fluids from AIDS patients.

Antibody testing of 240 of the 300 subjects has been completed and no antibody to the AIDS virus has been found in health care workers who had no risk factors, Gerberding reported. Sixty-nine of the workers had repeat testing nine months after enrollment and had

not developed the antibody during the follow-up period, she said.

Fifty of the 240 subjects were individuals with risk factors for contracting AIDS. Of the 50, 15 persons were found to have the AIDS antibody. Fourteen of them have been found to have well-defined risk factors, the fifteenth person has not yet been interviewed to determine whether or not there are risk factors in the case and a second antibody test has not been performed, Gerberding said.

"Several other studies of health care workers exposed to the AIDS virus are under way in the United States. The evidence from all of these studies so far indicates that occupational transmission of AIDS is an extremely uncommon event," Gerberding said.

Those who are at risk for contracting AIDS are homosexual men, women who have had sexual contact with partners who are at risk, intravenous drug users, and persons who received blood transfusions prior to this year when blood banks began testing blood for the AIDS antibody.

Gerberding pointed out in her presentation that San Francisco General Hospital is the only hospital in the country with a specialized AIDS ward for inpatients and a large outpatient AIDS clinic as well. San Francisco General Hospital health care workers, therefore, represent one of the most heavily exposed groups

proves, and we strengthen ourselves inwardly."

Hay's experience dates to her own healing, which she cited to have occurred over six months. She had been told she had terminal vaginal cancer. Stating that cancer comes from a pattern of deep resentment and self-anger, Hay suggested that if one adds to that same mental pattern a heavy dose of sexual guilt, one has a breeding ground to create an illness like AIDS.

Hay referred to the healing of a man named William Calderon, featured on the May cover of *New Realities* magazine, and of one of her clients, Louis Nassaney, who in two years went from what she described as "devastated" to such "incredible shape" that he placed fourth in the "Superman '86" contest in Los Angeles. Nassaney, she explained, did one and one half hours of visualizations each day, including seeing his T-cells multiply "like little white rabbits happily fucking away," and experienced his T-cell count increasing.

He also held in his mind an image of a large pencil erasing his lesions, she said. This was in addition to a radical shift in diet and exercise, and, in a manner similar to her approach to healing her cancer, the adoption of a holistic regimen of detoxification and other healing techniques.

Hay fielded questions from the audience, explored "mirror work," a means, she says, of connecting with oneself, "one of the quickest ways we can heal ourselves," she said, and had the audience work individually and in groupings to explore the mental patterns with which they and their families approached the world.

Hay concluded the evening, as she ended her intensive workshop the following Saturday, with a healing circle. With the entire audience coming forward to the stage, Hays joined her crystals, affirmations and love with participants, channeling a healing technique to three men with AIDS.

Hay currently is compiling case histories from people who are healing themselves of AIDS, have had positive experiences with the disease, or who no longer have it. Her desire, she says, is to publish her book "AIDS: A Positive Approach" soon.

Jason Serinus is a "sound healer," bodyworker, holistic health activist.

Rising AIDS Concern:

City Agency Eyes Option of 'Clean' Needles for IV Users

by John Wetzel

Debate is growing and has shifted into San Francisco health circles this week, while the city's AIDS/Substance Abuse Task Force discusses a possible program for dispensing sterile hypodermic needles and syringes to prevent AIDS' spread among intravenous drug users.

Similar debate reached a significant tenor in New York City last week, polarizing top city administrators on the issues. Thursday, Mayor Ed Koch rejected a solid proposal brought by Health Commissioner Dr. David J. Sencer on the matter. The proposal would have made attempts to initiate sale of needles and syringes to the public.

It is heightened concern over the continuing transmission of AIDS through needle-sharing that has caused a re-thinking on the decade-old concept of dispensing "clean" needles. In the words of one official, the proposal has a "better likelihood" of being approved now, in the light of a dramatic increase in the number of AIDS cases.

Still, discussions are in preliminary stages of feasibility research and most parties involved seem to be taking cautious views. The plan would complement broader substance abuse treatment protocol currently being used in attempts to stop the sharing of needles.

In a September meeting of a subcommittee on needle dispensing in San Francisco, according to AIDS Foundation Education Coordinator Les Pappas, "most people thought that it might be a good idea. A majority thought that it might help stem the sharing of needles. Not everyone agreed."

Barbara Faltz, coordinator of the University of California AIDS and Substance Abuse Program commented, "I think that it needs to be investigated and it needs to be investigated real carefully. It would need to meet criteria. There are a lot of hurdles that have to be jumped."

Faltz said that any program involving such distribution to drug users must prove to the satisfaction of providers and city and state agencies 1) to actually slow the transmission of AIDS, 2) not to have harmful side effects, and 3) to be politically viable. There are also legal barriers, she said.

Faltz said there was "a willingness to discuss" such a program

among service providers.

"The interest is coming from a variety of different levels so we are in the midst of discussing it. Right now quite a lot needs to be discussed," said one city Community Substance Abuse Services administrator.

"Many of us... are concerned that this would increase the incidence of AIDS. Needle availabil-

ity possibly correlates with more drug availability — the more needles out there also means the more needles to share," he said.

In New York, debate focused on weighing the relative significance of many arguments both in favor and in opposition. Advocancers of the plan say that making clean equipment available would encourage drug users to avoid sharing dirty needles.

On the other side of the argument, those opposing the plan, including criminal justice representatives, say such measures would amount to a tacit endorsement of drug abuse.

The San Francisco official states, "we have to be aware of messages the person who would use drugs intravenously would be hearing, and to make sure it doesn't sound like we're condoning drug abuse."

Tuesday, upon a report-back by

the ad-hoc subcommittee, the San Francisco AIDS/Substance Abuse Task Force began to carefully discuss options by weighing specific views on possible outcomes. The process will take into account the level of success experienced in the administering of a similar program currently in progress in Amsterdam, say local agency representatives.

Circumstances most likely will prevent any resolution in the short term, according to several social services professionals, given built-in legal, moral and practical decisions that would have to be made.

Said John Newbury of the Haight Ashbury Free Clinic, "It is medically desirable, but politically difficult. You have to change the law."

The new concern over the IV transmission problem, which has been recognized, but not fully responded to on a par with response to the epidemic's spread through sexual activity, has its roots in several causes, according to Faltz.

She said, "It's partially been denial. Denial in the substance abuse would, I think. It wasn't recognized completely that peoples clients are at risk, when they are at risk."

"Also there is somewhat of denial in the AIDS delivery system" because of the larger issues associated with AIDS in San Francisco.

There are many unknown around whether this response would succeed once the city agencies give their support, because changes in state code would be required in California as they would be in New York.

Recently the Los Angeles County Board of Supervisors banned a pamphlet explaining disease transmission by needle-sharing, because the board thought the book encourages drug abuse. It is not clear just to what extent objections would come into play on the state level.

In the meantime, education continues around the reduction of needle-sharing among both heterosexual and gay men, although Newmeyer believes that IV transmission is not as significant a factor in transmission among gay men as is sexual activity.



Sheriff Mike Hennessey awarding CUAV Director Diane Christensen with the San Francisco Sheriff Department Certificate of Commendation. The text reads as follows:

"I am proud to present Diana Christensen and C.U.A.V. with this well earned award. Since 1979, Community United Against Violence has been an unparalleled sanctuary for information and direct assistance amidst a tempest of mindless violence and overt prejudice directed against gay men and lesbians in San Francisco. "With a minimum of funding and a maximum of dedication, C.U.A.V. has focused public opinion and law enforcement resources into a network of education and prevention that every San Franciscan can be proud to support. "The contributions of C.U.A.V. have resulted in a community better united and a community better able to realize the promise of its future."

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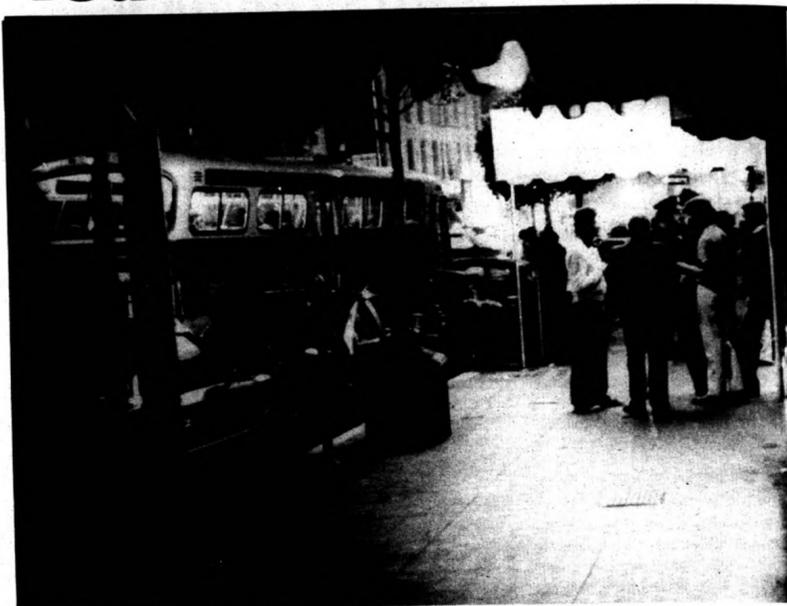
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Youth in Crisis



Polk Street evening scene.

Part IV: Prognosis for Change

Minds and Money Held Back; Attitudes Slow to Change

by Robert Hass

It's not yet dusk Sunday evening and already five youth are posed near an intersection along lower Polk Street. The sky is aglow with shades of pink, lavender and orange. A chill is in the air. Nearby stores are already closed, but several blocks to the north locals sit in cafes sipping cappuccino, or cue up for a movie.

A few cars cruise the block as drivers attempt to make eye contact with the boys. A slim blond stands out from the rest. He appears to be 17 but has not assumed the hardened expressions of others on the street. He seems new at this, vulnerable. As one drives slowly past, he gives a hopeful stare.

"We're not that skilled yet in reaching these kids," comments Margaret Brodtkin from her office. Brodtkin heads the primary watchdog group representing homeless youth in San Francisco. "We need to learn ways of winning the kids' trust and providing them with alternatives that are meaningful and attractive," she said.

Despite money problems, agencies have managed to extend services to the youth through volunteer help. But the biggest question mark in the youth services game remains the level of community awareness and commitment of the public to address their problems.

For agencies it has become increasingly clear that the city simply cannot pick up the entire tab for housing the large number of youngsters living off the street. Each agency has attained a unique view of where to turn for solutions. Sentinel USA asked youth workers to stop and think about dreams for change they would like to see if additional funds were to become available for homeless youth. Among the responses:

Dave Ford

Dave Ford, a counselor at Larkin Street said he wished a facility like

Hospitality House was able to provide longer-term shelter by increasing the maximum time allowance from 60 to 120 days for street kids. "We're asking these kids to pull their lives together in 60 days, but for many kids that's unrealistic," Ford said.

He also stressed the need for facilities which would allow kids to "fall back and then pick themselves up again," something Ford suggested was probably at least five years into the future.

Lillian Johnson

"We could use a county facility like a dorm, a home-like place with good food, regular supervision, counseling, and planning for independent living," suggested Lillian Johnson of San Francisco's Department of Social Services (DSS).

Greg Day

Greg Day of Polk Street Town Hall said what was needed was an interim educational program similar to New York City's Harvey Milk School for gay and lesbian youth, that would include personalized tutoring and support.

Janet Zoglin

More jobs are essential, said Janet Zoglin of Diamond Street Youth Center Shelter. She emphasized that employers, especially the larger companies, restaurants and hotels should inform agencies of available positions for underage youth who want to work and live independently.

Margaret Brodtkin

Margaret Brodtkin spoke of the need for DSS and local attorneys to

Continued on page 12

Foster Says Agency 'Paid Dues'

by John Wetzel

Health Commissioner Jim Foster responded to criticism of his board's decision to sole-source funds for the creation of a gay-specific drug abuse treatment center by saying that supporters of 18th Street Services had "paid their dues" in pressing for establishment of services.

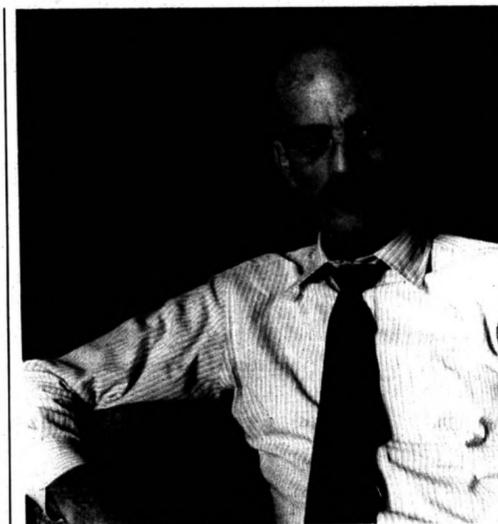
Under commission procedure any contract would have gone out to bid to allow for equal access to contracts by agencies.

Foster said the backers of 18th Street Services, left without funding after the collapse of the Pride Foundation, had stayed with the program, and had argued consistently for the need for drug abuse treatment in the gay community.

"The decision was based on the fact that the people who could get the job done were with 18th Street Services. The only people who showed any interest in getting the program funded were with 18th Street Services. In a lot of respects, those guys have paid their dues," he said.

Most criticism of the drug contract focused on the procedure taken by the commission. Foster indicated that to put out a request for proposal would probably not have substantially altered the time lag on action. He did indicate that he wanted to "get on with it," however.

Hearings had been conducted since May on re-establishing services through the 18th Street Services agency (board members already have selected a new site on



Jim Foster, Health Commissioner

18th Street).

The first approval of the contract was granted by the Drug Abuse council of the city community Substance Abuse Services agency. Next the contract received approval of an appropriation committee of the Health Commission, which had been chaired by Foster.

Finally, the full commission voted in favor of awarding an initial \$27,000 to 18th Street Services on the premise that an additional \$120,000 would be put up to bid once released by the state.

It is assumed that 18th Street

Services would be a stronger contender for such an RFP than if the initial monies had gone elsewhere.

The contract still requires approval by the Board of Supervisors, the Mayor and the Health Commission again.

In the meantime, the 18th Street Services Board of Directors plans to embark on a community appeal for funding in order to begin operations December 1 on the new site.

Agency board members say that they will engage in a publicity campaign to advertise their services in the gay community.

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IF YOU ARE DETERMINED TO STAY HEALTHY (but hate being a hermit!) CONSIDER CASA LOMA! Everyone at Casa Loma shares your concerns over health and fitness. Our exercise room, our cozy sauna, and our on-duty masseur will help keep you in shape if you are serious about working out.

IF YOU'VE CHANGED YOUR LIFESTYLE (but you wonder: "Has anyone else?") CONSIDER CASA LOMA! If you are like most of our men, you are between 22 and 38 (maybe younger, occasionally much older), probably employed, and most likely have had some college or military. You've probably lived in San Francisco about 5 years or less. You enjoyed the City as the "gay mecca" at first. But you're more settled now. And you've been ready for some time now to discover all the rest of it: the museums, the neighborhoods, the cultural opportunities, the countryside nearby - but not by yourself!

IF YOU LIKE VISITORS (but not when they arrive unexpectedly!) CONSIDER CASA LOMA! Our 24-hour desk screens all visitors.

IF YOU ENJOY A NEIGHBORHOOD BAR (but dread the trip home alone afterward!) CONSIDER CASA LOMA! Aleme Square Saloon is a busy neighborhood bar right on the premises. You never need to sit home wondering "What am I missing?" It's only a step away to a chat with a friend or new acquaintance over a drink or snack. There are regular parties, shows, and special events available there to residents at discounted prices. Think of the convenience!

IF YOU NEED SOMEONE WHO CARES (but NOT a wife, a lover, or a keeper!) CONSIDER CASA LOMA! We're equipped to pamper you. FOR YOUR COMFORT: Soak up the sun on our spectacular rooftop sundeck (in the nude if you like). Meditate in our cozy redwood sauna. Unwind after a hard day in our super-clean hotspots (located in a garden atrium). FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE: Do your laundry in our coin-op machines while you exercise away on our equipment a few feet away or watch TV. Enjoy a late-night snack from the private executive refrigerator in your room. Or cook a hot meal in the microwave kitchenette down the hall. Let us handle your mail, take you calls, screen your visitors. FOR YOUR ENJOYMENT: Escape with your favorite adult and full-length "Best of Hollywood" movies in the big screen in our mini-theatre. Enjoy the stimulating mix of residents and neighborhood patrons at regular public and private parties in the Saloon. FOR YOUR SECURITY: Feel secure every time you leave your room, because it is secured by the best lock available. Enjoy your privacy in your room when you have the privacy lock engaged. Know that the private entrance to the Club section is keyed separately to protect you and your neighbor residents. Place your valuables in our bank-type safe deposit boxes. IN SHORT: Let us pamper you.

IF YOUR RENT SEEMS REASONABLE (but you have too little left after utilities) CONSIDER CASA LOMA! With Residence Club weekly rates at far less than our already reasonable daily hotel rates, you may save a bundle over what you're paying now - particularly if you remember these rates include everything except the services of the masseur. No hassles with furniture, linens, PG&E bills, etc. We'll even throw in a complimentary continental breakfast every day for the rest of this year for any new resident who brings this flyer with him within the next 30 days!

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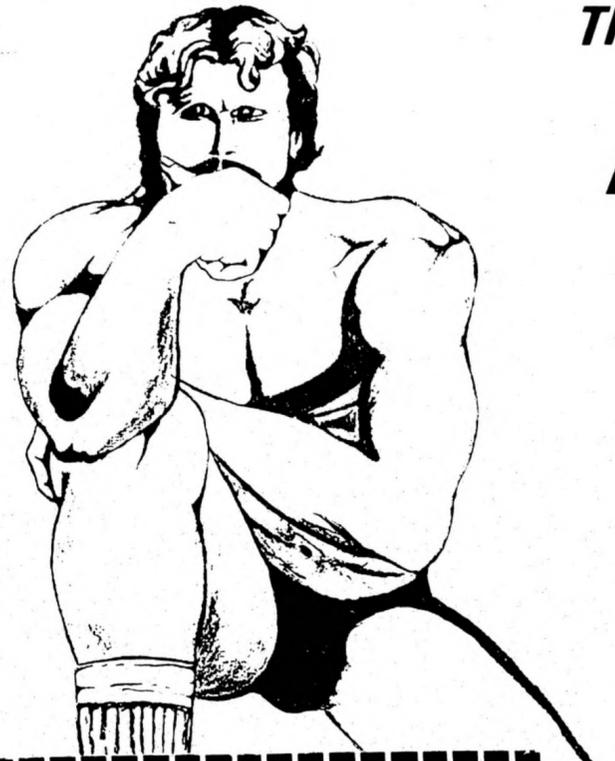
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The City

Sex Industry AIDS Forum

"Sex in the Age of AIDS" a forum for women who work in the sex industry will be held at the First Congregational Church, on Post and Mason Streets, San Francisco, on Friday, October 18th, from 7 to 9:30 pm.

The forum will consist of a panel discussion on AIDS, general guidelines on safe sex practices, and information about AIDS exposure screening, followed by small group discussions focusing on safe sex practices.

The panelists are as follows: Constance Wofsy, M.D., Co-Principal Investigator for Project A.W.A.R.E. and Co-Director of the AIDS Activists at San Francisco General Hospital; Margo St. James, Founder and Director of COYOTE, the prostitutes rights organization; and Gloria Lockett, a member of COYOTE and an interviewer with Project A.W.A.R.E.; Priscilla Alexander, former Action Coordinator for California NOW, a member of COYOTE, and a consultant for Project A.W.A.R.E., will be the moderator.

The A.W.A.R.E. Project (Association for Women's AIDS Research and Education) is a study designed to evaluate AIDS-related risk factors for women who are sexually active with men or who have received donor insemination. The Project is interviewing women who live in or have sexual contacts in San Francisco and who have had five or more male sex partners in the last three years, or whose partners are men who have sex with other men, are IV drug users, Haitians, Central Africans, hemophiliacs, or have developed AIDS.

For more information, call Project A.W.A.R.E. at (415) 476-4091. □

Drama Therapy

Judith Jones and Joel Wechsler are offering on-going Drama Therapy Groups every Monday evening in Berkeley from 7:30 to 9:30 pm and every Wednesday evening in San Francisco from 7:30 to 9:30 pm. The groups are designed to help people work through problem areas in their lives using an active, creative, playful mode. Areas to be covered include: improving personal relationships, coping more effectively with job stress, enhancing self-esteem and self-awareness, increasing spontaneity and communication skills. Drama Therapy incorporates improvisation, theater games, psychodrama and other active techniques. No acting experience is necessary.

For further information call Judith Jones at 849-3238 or Joel Wechsler at 668-4344. □

Open Park Space

The open Space Advisory Committee has scheduled two needs assessment hearings to receive recommendations on expenditure of the 1986-1987 Open Space Program funds. They will be held on the evenings of *Thursday, October 17, 1985*, and *Monday, October 21, 1985*, both at 7 pm and both at McLaren Lodge in Golden Gate Park.

Parties interested in the acquisition or development of a particular property, or the renovation of an existing Department facility, may express views. Written requests may be sent to Open Space/Park Renovation Citizens Advisory Committee, McLaren Lodge, Golden Park, SF, 94117. □

Barge Party

The Committee to Preserve our Sexual and Civil Liberties will hold a first anniversary fundraiser Saturday, October 19, 6 pm to 12 midnight on the Oyama Wildflower Barge, Berth 61, Issaquah Dock in Sausalito.

Guest of honor: Brian Jones, former news editor, BAR. Admission price is \$10 before October 12, \$12 after. For information, or transportation, call Steve at 641-9064 or Tim at 863-5428. □

Gay/Lesbian Libertarians

Sex laws, civil liberties, gay history, and the free market will be topics at the first national convention of Libertarians for Gay and Lesbian Concerns (LGLC). The San Francisco-based group expects nearly 100 participants from across the United States, Canada, and England.

The convention, being held October 11 - 13 at the Swedish American Hall, 2174 Market Street, will feature panel discussion and speakers from the American Civil Liberties Union, the Feminist Anti-Censorship Taskforce, the Committee to Preserve Our Sexual and Civil Liberties, and the North American Man-Boy Love Association. Libertarian authors Jim Peron and John Dentinger and world traveller Armand Boulay will speak and the Cuban documentary "Improper Conduct" will be shown. The event will be highlighted by a banquet dinner, featuring local gay historian Allan Berube speaking on state oppression of gays and lesbians.

To register, contact LGLC at 1800 Market Street, San Francisco, CA 94102, (415) 621-2386. □

Mexico Forum

Tuesday, October 22, 7:30 at Modern Times - 968 Valencia - donation. LAGAI (lesbians and gays against intervention) monthly forum presents: "The Gay Movement in Mexico" a talk and slide show presentation by Juan Jacobo Hernandez, co-founder of FHAR Mexico (Frente Homosexual Accion Revolucionaria) and author and actor in "Dark Side of the Moon". □

City Hall Health Fair

"The Road to Health" is the theme of the upcoming health fair scheduled 10 am to 3 pm on October 17, at City Hall, Van Ness entrance. There is no admission fee. Community Public Health Services is presenting this event to provide up-to-date information on AIDS, environmental concerns, occupational health, exercise, hypertension, nutrition, risk assessment and women and men's health.

Noontime program activities include performances of aerobics by Rhythm and Motion Aerobic



Board members were elected to the 1987 Lesbian/Gay Freedom Day Parade Committee last Sunday, October 6. Officers to the new committee will be elected next month. Some of the new issues include possible plans to change the route of the parade.

Dance Exercise, "The AIDS Show"

by Theatre Rhino and Tai Chi by Master Yun-Chung Chiang, from the Wen Wu School of Martial Arts in Berkeley. The host for this event will be Jim Bunn, KPPIX 5 Eyewitness News. □

Young Men's Alliance

Young Men's Alliance (YMA) is a proposed non-profit housing project to benefit homeless men 18-25. We are organized to provide comfortable, (non-Dive) housing and employment opportunities to men willing to accept our challenge of responsibility and assistance. If you can help us with our non-profit status/fundraising efforts or have any questions, please write: L. Hodges, Y.M.A., 537 Jones Street, No. 9933, San Francisco, CA 94102. □

Adult Education

Oct. 24, 6 pm, the New College of California is hosting an information meeting for people interested in completing their bachelor's degree. The meeting will include presentations by Faculty, Admissions and Financial Aid Counselors on the resources available to interested adults. New College of California is a fully accredited school designed to meet the needs of adults in a stimulating yet comfortable environment.

This Information Meeting will be held on October 24, from 6 -7:30 pm. at the New College Gallery located at 762 Valencia Street, in San Francisco's Mission District. Wine and cheese will be served. For further information call 626-1694. □

Images of Women

The women's studies department at Mills College will sponsor "Images of Women" lectures in the fall:

Oct. 19: Susan Groag Bell, historian and author of *Women: From the Greeks to the French Revolution*, will lecture on "Christine de Pizan and the Women of her world."

Oct. 21: Devangana Desai, one of India's leading anthropologists, noted for her work on eroticism and the role of the female image in Indian art, will lecture on "Images of Female Power at Khajuraho."

The lectures are sponsored in part by the Office of Provost and Dean of Faculty. Each begins at 7 pm, Lucie Stern 100, and all are free of charge. For more information call 430-2100. □

FrontRunners

Monday, October 14: Columbus Day Run, 1 to 5 miles. Begins 10 am, McLaren Lodge, Golden Gate Park.

Sunday, October 20: China Basin, 1 to 5 miles. Begins 10 am at corner of Mission Rock and 3rd Streets.

Sunday, October 27: Sunset Boulevard, 1 to 5 miles. Begins 10 am at Lake Merced parking lot, south end of Sunset Blvd.

For more information: (415) 387-8453. □

Let's Go!

Grief Group (lesbian), October 25 (Friday) 11:30 - 1:00 pm, 12 weeks. Emily DeLaRosa, L.C.S.W. Sliding Scale, MediCal, Private Insurance.

Gay men's sexually compulsive therapy group, October 28 (Mondays) On-going, 5 - 6:30 pm. Jim Fishman, M.S.W. Sliding Scale, MediCal, Private Insurance. Operation Concern 626-7000 v/TTY - Wheelchair accessible. □

Gay Directory Released

Gay International, Inc. publishers of the Gay Areas Telephone Directory has just released the Ninth Edition of their comprehensive directory to the gay business community.

Supplies have been distributed in Los Angeles and parts of San Francisco. East Coast supplies are en route to New York.

This very attractive guide is available free at the advertisers, popular bars and at the Castro office of Atlas Savings & Loan. For information call 864-5114. □

Holistic Health Fair

Holistic healers working in the gay community are joining together to present a holistic health fair for gay and bisexual men on Sunday, October 20 from noon to 6 pm. The fair is being sponsored by Body Electric School of Massage and Rebirthing, and Quan Yin Acupuncture and Herb Center of San Francisco.

The emphasis of the fair is on education, with the goal of expanding the community's knowledge of health care choices in response to the current health crisis. The day will be both informational and experimental: a chance to try many alternative, holistic therapies, gain free information, and learn about health maintenance and preventative care.

Admission to the fair will be

free. Mini-sessions will be offered for \$7 each, with a sliding fee scale for people with AIDS. These include acupuncture, several types of massage, rebirthing, chiorpractic, herbology, bioenergetics, rolfing, biofeedback, Feldenkrais method, Aston-Patterning, flower essences, nutrition, Reiki therapy, and more.

A series of workshops is also planned for the afternoon. To open the fair at noon, Irene Smith of the Elizabeth Kubler-Ross Center will present "The Art of Loving Touch". Irene is the teacher and trainer of massage volunteers for Hospice of San Francisco, and is a massage therapist for Unit 5B at SF General, the SF AIDS Fund, and Hospice. (For her work she was recently given the "For Those Who Care" award by KRON-TV.) The experiential session was created specifically to teach anyone from the community the benefits and technique of MASSAGE (touching) people with AIDS. "The Healing Power of Visualization" will be presented by Van Ault. Van is the teacher of a course in applied visualization. Claire Golden-Butler, a transformational counselor and rebirther, will lead "Release and Forgiveness", designed to assist in releasing limited and negative ideas about ourselves that create disease and block our potential. Joseph Kramer, sex educator, will talk about "The Healing Power of Eroticism", practical and pleasurable techniques for enhancing our sex lives.

The fair is taking place at Quan Yin Acupuncture and Herb Center at 513 Valencia at 16th. A large attendance is expected, and organizers of the fair suggest calling during the week before the fair to schedule appointments for sessions and workshop spaces. For information or appointments, call Jesse Vargas in the East Bay at 653-1594, and in SF, Larry Hermen at 861-1101. □

Witchcraft Meeting

Van Ault and friends lead a discussion and guided visualization exploring contemporary Witchcraft, magic and the meaning of All Hallows Eve. 7:30 - 10:00 pm, Valencia Rose Cafe, 766 Valencia Street, San Francisco. Free. Info: 864-1362. □

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Youth from page 8

bring cases of parental neglect to court, even if the child's parents live in far-off cities. "Such cases would be time-consuming," admits Brodtkin, but would not necessarily require huge amounts of money for additional staff. Brodtkin says such court decisions would entitle youth, as wards of the court, to be eligible for city services.

They would require dramatic shifts in attitudes among lawyers and judges, she said, that could only be accomplished by educating professionals on child psychology and on the dynamics of living on the streets.

Johannes Troost

"The issue is good parenting," stated Johannes Troost of Youth Advocates. "We are more than willing to license gay or lesbian individuals and couples as foster parents. My hope is that the gay community will say, 'I don't care if you give us a girl or boy, a gay or straight kid. We'll be foster parents for whoever needs us.'"

Troost said gay and lesbian couples are often unaware of such possibilities for adoption.

The outlook is better for state funding now. AB 1596, the Homeless Youth Act of 1985 would provide San Francisco with up to \$450,000 through the Office of Criminal Justice Planning. But still, providers seem to be turning increasingly to a generally uninformed public.

While participants in a recent homeless youth forum sponsored by Polk Street Town Hall called on all those involved to begin working together, in private, many have tended to place blame on specific groups or individuals.

The City's Department of Social Services and its administrator Lillian Johnson have received much of this criticism. And by association, some of the fault is placed with the mayor.

Mayor Feinstein has continued to fund two-thirds of Larkin Street's budget. And as the city's growing budget crunch begins to eat into services, these monies will be increasingly difficult to maintain, providers say.

The glaring truth is that no U.S. city has yet come up with a workable solution for its homeless youth. San Francisco has been among the growing ranks of municipalities seeking some sort of solution.

And the question of community responsibility and private sector funding still eludes the experts in the field. None is holding his or her breath waiting for public uproar. But as more is written on the subject, and as agencies are more able to inform the public, many of the necessary changes could come within reach. Until then, 2,000 youths will continue to live off San Francisco's streets this year. More will do so in years after.

[Note: For more information on volunteer work call Bill Pearce (Catholic Social Services, Larkin Street Youth Center) at 864-7400 (am) or 673-0911 (pm) or Faye D'Allesio (Youth Advocates) at 668-2622.]

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Jordan Arms

Sen. Alan Cranston warned that President Reagan "faces almost certain defeat" by the Congress in his announced plan to sell U.S. arms to Jordan.

At a press conference held Sunday, September 29, in Westwood, Cranston also expressed deep concern about the announcement on Thursday by Great Britain of a proposed \$5 billion arms sale to

Saudi Arabia.

The President on Friday proposed a \$1.5 to \$1.9 billion sale of advanced combat fighters and other weapons to Jordan. King Hussein of Jordan addressed the United Nations on Friday and will meet with President Reagan and Congressional leaders in Washington this week.



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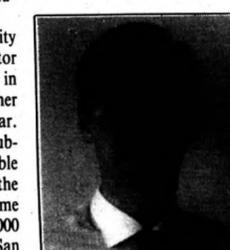
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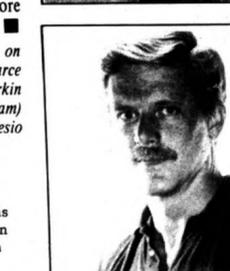
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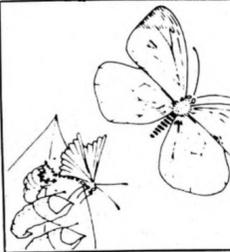


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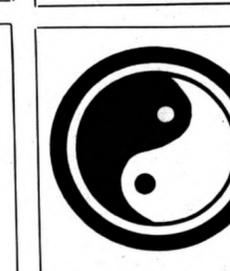
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Sentinel Astrologer Robert Cole

October 10-24, 1985

Aries (Mar 21-Apr 19): Despite all the harsh circumstances surrounding business and social work, you will find enduring love in the privacy of your relationship. You will look into those beautiful blue or brown eyes of your lover and suddenly all the worries will melt away. The world may be spinning wildly out of control, but in the arms of your true love, you will feel safe and secure. Take the time to enjoy your relationship privately this week. It makes your life worth living.

Taurus (Apr 20-May 20): You will feel a tough mood of self-discipline this week as you face physical changes which are merely a reflection of your age. Naturally your body ages but your mind has had a difficult time accepting the creeping reality of maturity. Orient your psyche to a relevant perspective on health and your body/mind connection will surge with strength and harmony. Pity those unhealthy slob who cross your path this week. Your rigid discipline will allow no room for those driven by gluttonous compulsions.

Gemini (May 21-Jun 20): You will play plenty of games this week - everything from scrabble to monopoly, hide'n'seek to spin-the-bottle. You may even find yourself involved in a tournament with other highly skilled players competing for the championship. You will find that teamwork is mandatory and that without a supportive partner your moves are inconsequential, ineffective, and just plain dumb. Cooperate with your teammate even if it means surrendering some of the glory. You cannot win alone.

Cancer (Jun 21-Jul 22): You will find it easier to hide your judgments of housemates this week because you'll

have all the energy to do the chores which they continue to avoid. This short, sweet period of modest surrender will put you in the driver's seat as far as household responsibilities are concerned. You will have the reigns of power firmly in your grasp by the time the others wake up from their laziness. So work behind the scenes and keep your attitudes to yourself. Power is gained through silent action.

Leo (Jul 23-Aug 22): Apparently you've been pushing yourself too hard, almost to the point of exhaustion. This week will allow you plenty of time to slow down and take a look at what's been going on around you. You will set aside all those crazy ambitions which make your heart jump with false excitement; and you will dump those outlandish dreams which keep your soul tense with jealousy. You need a good rest, dearie! And if the boss at work wants to know why you're moving so slow, you tell him/her your astrologer told you so. Stop looking for a reason to protect your sanity.

Virgo (Aug 23-Sep 22): Avoid manipulating your financial situation with more legal technicalities and bureaucratic redtape. This week you will arrive at an astounding conclusion about money - it is an hallucination of those who are bound up in their small little worlds of self-survival. You may even decide that property is a crime and the accumulation of wealth is the rape of Mother Earth... pretty radical stuff for a straight child from the middle class. But you're right to abandon money before it abandons you. Bankers and landlords have no power over people like yourself!

Libra (Sep 23-Oct 22): You look marvelous! You will look even better as the coming week unfolds. The spiritual confidence which you feel radiating

around your heart chakra will bring health to all parts of your body. Your eyes will sparkle, your hair will shine, your weight will balance, and your toes will twinkle. Don't be afraid to outgrow your lover because he or she will find great joy in your ultimate self-expression. Dance down the rosey road of life together! P.S. For an absolutely incredible personal Birthday Forecast and Complete Horoscope, send your birth date / time / place and \$5 to Robert Cole, P.O. Box 884561, San Francisco, CA 94188. Happy Birthday.

Scorpio (Oct 23-Nov 21): You may have to thumb your nose at the lawyers and bureaucrats this week because there are signs they will try to invade your personal life with false accusations. You are advised to discredit these antagonists before they have a chance to discredit you. You still have two options: completely ignore the threats or sue the socks off these crooks. Your dreams are too precious and your commitment to the community too strong. Put these fascists in their place!!!

Sagittarius (Nov 22-Dec 21): You'll be mingling with a new social crowd this week. This is the in-group which you've wanted to be part of for so long. But please prepare yourself for all the secret rumors and silent innuendos which float around in status-symbol land. Be sure that you don't contribute to the vicious gossip and lies which apparently glue the group together. It's OK if some of your best friends think you're being naive and facetious, just as long as you know you're being honest. Listen first, judge later!

Capricorn (Dec 22-Jan 19): This week brings you the opportunity to talk with certain powerful people in your community. It's your chance to twist their heads around on certain social issues which need immediate political attention. If you put yourself in a rebellious frame of mind, you will get nowhere. This situation demands formality, preparation, and consistency. So put aside your radical image for the time being and play the power game according to traditional rules.

Aquarius (Jan 20-Feb 18): You are coming very close to achieving all those goals which you've been working on for the past year. How does it feel to be standing on the brink of success? Hopefully you'll keep

your wits about you and not go diving headlong into the maze of values and evaluations which can distract you from your accomplishments. Give yourself the freedom to abandon the schedules and appointments this week. Ride off into a sunset with your lover. Create the perfect end to a perfect story.

Pisces (Feb 19-Mar 20): Trust, trust, and more trust!!! There's nothing more important in the week ahead than accepting your companion for just exactly what he/she projects him/herself to be. Silence that little voice that keeps reminding you of the faults and exaggerations; you can always find the blemishes if you look hard enough. But if you trust, you accept and you eventually begin to love the weird eccentricities you once despised. True love is motivated by trust, not by pity. P.S. It's a great week for merging your material worlds by writing a business contract together.

Astrology classes will be forming soon. If you are interested in learning more about the magic of the horoscope, please call Robert Cole at 558-8004.

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At Ease

Charles Pierce, Male Actress:

Everybody's Favorite Drag Goes Legit At Last

Interview by David Lamble

Photos by Robert Pruzan

If Charles Pierce has a remaining showbiz itch, it is to become, himself, one of the great ladies of the silver screen. "I haven't done a big movie. The only movie I ever made was *Rabbit Test* with Joan Rivers as director." *Rabbit Test*, described by one critic as "low rent Mel Brooks," was a wacky comedy about the world's first pregnant man. Billy Crystal got the big part; Pierce sashayed on in a cameo.

"I was the Queen of England! 'Hi — Queen of England and what's left of it and very happy to be here!'" Shifting from falsetto to baritone, Pierce recalls his movie moment as a male actress directed by a real woman. "I was made up in the dress with the crown slightly askew and Joan came in and looked at it and said, 'You don't build a gag on a gag,' and she straightened my crown." Looking back on it, Pierce gives *Rabbit Test* a sleeping man, agreeing with the critics that the film didn't contain enough good gags, or, in his case, enough closeups. "My scene was so short... I was shot from a distance, at full length; there was no closeup of me with my pocketbook or anything like that, so I was a little disappointed."

Pierce is the first to admit that thirty years of hopping in and out of wigs and frocks in night clubs and on stages around the world has typed him for film and television roles. "I knew that I've painted myself into a corner by working in drag. The casting people come to me because they know I'm going to get dressed up. I don't know if I will ever play a male role, a lawyer or a real villain who doesn't get into drag... So far it's still Charles Pierce, male actress."

It still surprises him that neither he nor any other drag performer has been approached to do a regular TV series. "I'm amazed that we don't have, on the networks, say, a gay female impersonation review.

Doesn't even have to be gay, does it? It could just be a female impersonation review!" Pierce has done an uncensored version of his show for the Playboy Channel. "It was video taped at the Dorothy Chandler Music Center three years ago... I'm known in many gay bars for that particular show."

As a high school student with a good voice, Pierce worked, sans dress, at WNY, the radio voice of his birth place, Watertown, New York. The late '40s and early '50s were spent commuting between California's Pasadena Playhouse and New York's off-Broadway. Beginning his nightclub act in Los Angeles as a standup comic in black tux and tie, Charles Pierce started to attract a regular following with his take-offs on the grande dames of Hollywood. So he decided to dress up the act. The notorious costumes followed.

"I'm very masculine — I dress this way to counteract it. I started as a night watchman at Lane Bryant's, with lots of time on my hands — racks of chiffon over there and racks of leather over there — you know, chiffon and leather, I didn't know what to get into. I was like a bisexual, which way was I going to turn?"

Pierce appeals to a mixed crowd of gays and straights; often, gay men with straight women. He includes his mother among his fans. "She doesn't like the f-word we use. 'Oh, do you have to use that word!' I'll say,



The nails are real: the mistress of illusion as himself.

"Yes, I do — my characters have to use it, Mother!"

It wasn't the "F-word" but the "C-word" that got Pierce into trouble one fine spring night in 1980. Working a double bill at the Castro Theatre with the Lesbian Chorus to mark the 74th anniversary of the San Francisco earthquake, Pierce, AKA Bette Davis, launched into that part of his night club act where Bette threatens to burn Tallulah Bankhead's "tits" and "cunt." The joke itself was incendiary; members of the Lesbian Chorus prepared to walk out on what they felt was a sexist performance, one that was receiving loud hoots of approval and laughter from the mostly male crowd.

Pierce then delivered his weather report joke in which he reverses Bob Dylan's old dictum that "you don't need a weather man to tell which way the wind blows." The political winds that were blowing through the Castro that night turned out to be a forecast of the rather sharp change in relations between men and women in what would soon be

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A Most Becoming Legend

Charles Pierce in an "Intimate Extravaganza" at the Marines Memorial Theatre, to 10/26. Call 771-6900.

In covering successive engagements by Charles Pierce it becomes harder to find new things to say, particularly since Pierce doesn't so much change his act as take it on to greater heights. He broke out of the drag circuit long ago and out of the club circuit last year, when he debuted at the Venetian Room to the largest crowds I'd witnessed there in eight years (he's since returned twice).

He's currently holding court at his first theatrical venue and, in February, makes his Carnegie Hall debut on a bill with "the incomparable" Hildegard.

It's his talent and material that have enabled Pierce to do this. By now he has established a solid repertoire of legendary ladies like Tallulah, Bette Davis and Mae West, with a floating spot that's currently occupied by Joan Collins ("Hollywood's answer to the British Open"). This go-round, his Katharine Hepburn was particularly madcap, dishing Gertrude Stein ("Such a phony! She was just a dyke from Oakland!").

The jokes are mostly the old ones, but many of them are classics, shoo-ins for some future Joke Hall of Fame. I laughed hardest, though, at Pierce's opening costume, an achingly funny take-off on the bigger production values that rising performers adopt when crossing thresholds into more prestigious venues; believe me, his entrance alone is worth the price of admission.

For the Marines Memorial, too, he's reinstated some of his most famous bits —

Pierce's growing mainstream popularity represents gay progress of a specific and very definite sort.

his puppets and his Jeanette MacDonald impersonation — which he'd dropped due to the Venetian's hour-long format and, before that, the Push Room's tiny stage. And it's all set against a lavish plume-chandeliered, shirred-curtained set ("It looks like the gay entrance to Club Med!").

Pierce won't be the first female impersonator to play Carnegie Hall; as at the Venetian, Jim Bailey, at least, has preceded him. But, unlike Bailey, Pierce is a veritable institution in gay entertainment, and his growing mainstream popularity represents gay progress for a specific and very definite sort. ■

— Mike Mascioli

called the lesbian/gay community. To this day Pierce says he doesn't know what he did to offend the women. "It's one of those psychological things, it was so horrendous... I mean I was doing my night club act the way I had been doing it for many years. That a group of women would take such offense at it and to it, that after it was all over and simmered down, I really have divorced that from my mind. If I was on a psychiatrist's couch, only he could dredge that up. My only thought was that I guess I was making, in their minds, in everything I said, too much fun about women and they didn't like it, so away they went."

The "Charles Pierce Quakes Castro" incident was memorable to two San Francisco novelists who fictionalized it for their own dramatic purposes. Pierce, in these roman-a-clef episodes, becomes Chester Gregg in Daniel Curzon's *From Violent Men*, an angry novel about an imaginary plot to revenge the killing of Harvey Milk. In Dorothy Bryant's *A Day In San Francisco*,

the Pierce character is called Arnold Scott and is the catalyst for a straight woman's decision to leave her husband. The novel's preoccupations concern that woman's problems accepting her gay son at a time right before the outbreak of AIDS.

Ironically, Pierce seemed to get a new lease on show biz life following the Castro incident. In November of 1980, Pierce had told the San Francisco gay press that he was getting tired of touring and might just put the act on the shelf and move on to other things. Instead, the last five years have seen Pierce's popularity grow. Following his third appearance at the Venetian Room, he's now booked for a solid month at the Marines Memorial Theatre. And screen fame still beckons; Harvey Fierstein is reportedly considering Pierce for a role in the film version of *Torch Song Trilogy*. Pierce has even added another character to his old actress pantheon — Joan Collins — impersonating the awesome talents that brought her to *Dynasty* fame. ■

Dick Hasbany

Less than the Sum of Its Parts

Please Wait for the Beep, by Margery Kreitman, at Studio Rhino to 10/31. Call 861-5079.

Margery Kreitman's *Please Wait for the Beep* is really more a sequence of good bits than a play, and that's a problem I think. Still, the audience obviously loves the play, and it's easy to see why. This is a performer's piece, and it has the performers to pull it off.

Kathy Burch, as a lesbian named Ronnie who's shutting people out of her life, is an immensely talented comic. She verges in some unguarded moments on ham but generally achieves wry. She is supported by other talented comics, all of whom appear to have been guided with a sure hand by director Patricia Keaney. The stand-up training goes right down the line: Sharon Kirk as Ronnie's lover has written and performed comedy, Suzy Berger brings her role as Ronnie's adolescent playmate Maxine lots of work at Valencia Rose, and Deborah Spector, as Ronnie's too Jewish mother, will premiere a cabaret act in December; Kathy Burch has an impressive background in such L.A. spots as The Troubadour and The Comedy Store. Only Jaymie Litsey as young Ronnie seems to have missed being a stand up. I have to congratulate Keaney and whoever else cast the piece. This is an impressive collection of people trained for the demands of this particular play.

Some faces seem to have acres of expressive space, every inch supple and usable. Barbara Striesand's one of those faces (hers is more expressive when restrained), and Kathy Burch's is another. Her face is intelligent and subtle, leading us here and

Rugen has created a very literal set, with, among other things, Ronnie's bedroom enclave deep in back, and panels that fly out to suggest her mom's apartment in New York. It's too crowded for the space, and too dowdy. More suggestion through lights and movement might actually fit the style of this episodic and richly verbal play.

Kreitman first premiered *Beep* at a local church and has since worked it into its present form. With the kind of talent and attention it has in the current production, it sends the audience into the street warm and happy. May this obviously witty playwright always be so lucky. ■

Up to Scratch

by David Ricard
Blackouts, presented by New City Theatre at the Zephyr Theatre to 11/2. Call 864-4201.

New City Theatre's *Blackouts* keeps the audience laughing at modern life, future life, and fantasy life, pegged as "lifestyles of the 80's and beyond."

Murder, madness, mayhem, sex, and the mundane, conveyed with wit and serious implication, mix in these twelve mini-one-acts selected from playwright workshops across the country. Finding, keeping, remembering, and enduring your sex partners is a joke, or no joke at all to these writers. Age without cliché is the basis for a skit about an alcoholic BART rider; in another, an aging couple try to get it on after a party. Another segment concerns a paranoid woman alone. Good fun, and serious; *Blackout's* subtleties take you by implication farther than the dialogue or action.

Eight players (four men, four women) change into twenty-five characters successfully enough to make you check your program to find out who is who. But none of the actors reach that final stage where the character is seen, not the performer. However, in a few more performances directors Joe Capetta and Alan Herman surely will bring their cast closer to that ideal. The cast's competence and confident pacing are obviously the product of good talent under first class direction.

John Ullbrandt's black, cubist set made of crates is a marvel of versatility; costumes, sound, and lighting are effective.

On the down side, all twelve pieces rely heavily, however successfully, on words, words, words. The various playwrights make little use of the power and humor of silences, or action without words. Double and triple-entendre titles point up the dependence on word play. The amusing word game of "About Time" made an unfortunately weak final curtain. That curtain wants climax, strong laughter, or ensemble.

Blackouts still adds up to good writing, good acting, good direction. It's a good show at The Zephyr, which is just off the northeast corner of Second (no marquee). 864-4201 and worth the climb to the fourth floor — but take the elevator. The good ventilation was great in the heat wave! ■

The string of very funny set pieces, while hilarious separately, don't hang together as a whole.

there, wherever she wants. Burch, Berger, and Spector play their East Coast Jewish characters very broadly, which fits *Beep's* comedy-night style, but it seems to me finally to conflict with the play's apparent intention.

Ronnie is seriously attempting to escape from any meaningful interaction, whether with lovers or friends. She's built up a technological shield of devices, answering machines so she won't have to respond to calls and vibrators so she won't have to submit to loving hands. Her fear of contact supposedly comes from her ambivalence about being a lesbian; she can't face her lover Cindy or her friends because to do so would seal her identity. The situation is not uncommon, I suspect; though any subject can be treated comically, this one is serious enough to get more than cavalier treatment. I'm not sure *Beep* is very deeply committed to Ronnie's problem. I confess to not even figuring that out till she announces midway through the play that she isn't sure she wants to be a lesbian.

Suddenly the problem seemed like a not so convincing thread on which to string the series of very funny set pieces, some of which could be lifted out of *Beep* and taken right to Valencia Rose. There's one bit, parodying *Father Knows Best*, for instance, which is very funny, but I found myself distracted, wondering what this had to do with anything else. Hilarious separately, as a whole the play's elements don't hang together.

And this multitude of episodes, ranging in time and place from Ronnie's childhood bedroom to a disco, create nightmare design problems for Rhino's tiny studio. Vola



As Lana, Bette, Gloria and Joan: holding forth from the podium at this year's Cabaret Gold Awards.

Film Shorts

Ken Coupland



Missing the Edge

Plenty ★★★½

At the Metro

Maybe the inordinate amount of hype surrounding David Hare's transatlantic stage hit and its transition to the screen (it's been a gossip column staple for years) colored the generally unfavorable critical response to Fred Schepisi's film adaptation.

Criticism seemed to center on the allegedly arbitrary fashion in which Meryl Streep, as Susan Trahearne, the central character, gives way to madness; personally, this response strikes me as sexist. When we first see Trahearne she's a bright, emotionally highstrung over-achiever working with the French resistance, but her bravery and independence count for little when she returns to England after the War.

Here we get the first hints that her inability to successfully integrate her ideals with her actions will be her undoing; "I want to change everything," she protests, "but I don't know how."

Deprived of the excitement - aphrodisiacal in its intensity — of her wartime work, she's determined to escape the routine expectations of home and marriage that are expected of her. So she contrives a liaison with a working class stud (a gripping performance by rock intellectual Sting here) which, she makes clear to him from the beginning, has as its sole purpose the production of a child. When nothing comes of the affair, she suffers a collapse, and when a career diplomat (Charles Dance) who's been courting her rescues her from confinement, she submits to a stifling, proper marriage.

No good will come of it. Choked by the

boredom of the relationship, her character's inclined to "act out". When she observes, "I have a weakness. I like to lose control", we're led to wonder if she every really does go crazy.

In the light of these events, Trahearne's apparent mental instability is perfectly understandable. As I recall, the same sort of thing happens to Nora in Ibsen's *A Doll's House* — right down to the potshot Trahearne takes at her boyfriend. *Plenty's* emotional underpinnings are sound.

Meryl Streep brings a characteristic softness and vulnerability to her role that Kate Nelligan, who performed the part on stage, definitely lacks. So Schepisi's choice of Streep doesn't just make good financial success (box office considerations are said to have entered into his decision), it also allows us to sympathize more emphatically with Trahearne's sometimes abrasive behavior.

The rest of the casting is equally apt. John Gielgud, as Dance's superior, contributes a faultless portrayal of a seemingly foolish old man whom, we gradually come to understand, has his principles and will stick by them. Tracey Ullman, another rock 'n' roll personality (is this a trend?) is strikingly effective as a free spirit who's Trahearne's best friend. Hare's dialog is so economical that Ullman emerges as a full-blown, finely drawn personality with only a handful of scenes and several pages of script.

It's some script. Clipped, dense, quintessentially British, its dialog glitters with repartee and soul-baring self-revelation. References to post-war conditions and subsequent events may go over many viewers' heads. But repeated viewings, which *Plenty* certainly merits, should clear up any misunderstandings. It would be worth going back for the wardrobe alone!

Stiff Penalty

Day of the Dead

At the St. Francis & Alhambra

Poor George Romero; he's never managed to come up with a project to improve on *Night of the Living Dead*, his first feature and an unsettling cult masterpiece that revived, as it were, the founding zombie genre. Worse still, he seems condemned to churning out remakes; *Day of the Dead* is his second.

Tedium has set in at an underground research facility where a ragged band of scientists, lorded over by a bunch of military types, struggle half-heartedly to understand what makes the zombies tick. And about time too, since, upstairs, the walking wounded seem to have taken over the earth.

The movie fritters away our interest with an interminable power struggle between the bossy soldiers and their dithering charges. Romero has no gift for dialog, and when it comes to directing his "living" actors, he's a slouch. The zombies get better treatment — fanciful wardrobes and some truly gruesome special effects — but this burial ground has been worked over far better by Romero's imitators.

Red Scare

Invasion USA

At the Alhambra II

Instantly forgettable, Chuck Norris' latest flag-exploitation flick (currently demolishing the competition at movie houses nationwide) falls back on the tired premise that the Soviets decide to give the USA a taste of its own medicine by destabilizing it from within; yes folks, the Russians are coming, again.

Invasion sticks close to the formula of the lone hero genre, namely 1) "The Company really needs you this time" (only Chuck can stop the Reds), 2) the guy insists on working alone, and they let him, provided that 3) nobody knows he's working for 'them' and 4) hero and heavy nurse an old grudge (Norris: "You wouldn't be having this problem if you'd let me kill him the first time"). Heavy: "It's that dream! It's him again!"

Obviously, it's unwise to expect much can be made of this, but after his tough, unrelenting Chicago cop in *Code of Silence*, Norris' latest looms as a giant step backward. The film does take a hard look at the seamy underside of Florida's barrios and slums, but the demands of the genre (stunt people have

to eat, too) overwhelms the film's tenuous sociological thread. The Russki makes an observation that could have interesting implications; "They don't understand the nature of their freedom," he sneers, "or how we will turn it against them", but he goes about it in a most unsubtle manner. Before the film's over, Russia's random acts of

violence, designed to turn the citizenry against the forces of law and order — meanwhile bringing on a state of martial law — have levelled half a county and mobilized most of the National Guard.

What I want to know is, when is Chuck going to do something about that hair? □

Heavy Date

After Hours★★★

At the Coronet

If the hero of Martin Scorsese's new comedy had a Versateller card, Scorsese wouldn't have a movie. Much of the plot revolves around the guy losing all his cash. Griffin Dunne (who's quite good) plays a lonely word processor who makes a date with a preoccupied young woman (Rosanna Arquette) he meets in an uptown Manhattan all-nightery. Soon he's headed for Soho (or at least Scorsese's idea of Soho) and what he hopes will be a romantic rendezvous. But then everything starts to go wrong.

Ever had one of those nightmares where you just can't seem to get anywhere? Dunne is immediately plunged into a Kafkaesque void and beset by a bewildering variety of threatening figures — and just as immediately, *After Hours* starts to pall. When Arquette tells Dunne she slept through most of a six hour acquaintance rape, it's good for a few guilty chuckles. When her roommate, sultry Linda Fiorentino, gets a neck rub from

Dunne and tells him "just make it hurt and you're on the right track", that's a clue to what we're in for.

Dunne quickly realizes his date with Arquette's a bummer, but he's shunted back and forth between her twisted acquaintances, and nothing he can do will get him back uptown. Mistaken for a prowler, he's pursued by a gang of gay neighborhood vigilantes; returning in desperation to Arquette's room, he finds she's committed suicide — real funny! "I wanted to meet a nice girl," he wails, to no one in particular, "Now I've got to die for it?"

Scorsese can't be criticized for not making a screamingly funny comedy, since that's clearly not what he intended. But *After Hours* is as darkly funny as his earlier *The King of Comedy*, and just as frustrating. Perhaps Scorsese's well-publicized personal demons get in the way of any truly satisfying comic vision but oddly, there's more legitimate humor in his serious dramas. It's no surprise that the low-brow comedy team of Cheech and Chong steal the show as a couple of crazy burglars; in fact, they come as a relief in the midst of Scorsese's high-brow angst. □



Lone Star

Songwriter★★★

At the Gateway

Willie Nelson plays himself for all intents and purposes in Paul Rudolph's fall-through-the-cracks C&W comedy, and what a fox he is. Nelson's got so much screen presence he steals every scene he's in, even when he's not singing — and he frequently is. The story of an aging country music composer and his attempts to wrest his creative assets from the grasp of his sleazy Memphis producer, *Songwriter's* a good ol' boy's dream come true. It's also a deft parody on the self-made myth of singer-as-stud (that would be Kris Kristofferson, as Willie's sidekick), star-as-victim (Leslie Ann Warren, singing her heart out as a booze-and-pill battered floozie who finds Jesus), and huckster as anti-hero (country groupie Rip Torn in a gem of a performance). This one ought to be in distribution Siberia before too long (Rudolph's never made a truly commercial movie), so unless you find country music hopelessly recherche, catch it when and where you can.

Advertisers Please Note

Sentinel USA publishes every two weeks. The next deadline is October 18 for publication Thurs. October 24

Film Checklist

Previously Reviewed/Ongoing

- Back to the Future★
- Compromising Positions★★★
- The Coca-Cola Kid★★
- Dance with a Stranger★★★
- Dangerous Moves★★★
- Desperately Seeking Susan★
- Dim Sum
- Emerald Forest★★
- The 400 Blows★★★
- Ghostbusters★★★
- Insignificance★★
- Joshua Then & Now★★
- Jules et Jim★★★★
- Kiss of the Spider Woman★★★½
- Mad Max beyond Thunderdome
- Maxie★
- Mishima★
- Movers and Shakers
- Pee Wee's Big Adventure★★★½
- Prizzi's Honor★★
- Songwriter★★
- Wetherby★★★½
- What Have I Done to Deserve This★★

A note on the star system:

- ★★★★ As good as you'll get.
- ★★★ For what it is, very good.
- ★★ Flawed, but worthwhile
- ★ Some redeeming features
- I'd pass. —K.C.

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Rock

Adam Block

Funk Hunks are Lewd Zanies

Red Hot Chili Peppers, Faith No More, Until December: War of the white funk hunks. The local openers pound disco into a sleek metallic object which grinning Road Warrior Adam Sherburn humps ravenously across the stage. Their material is still a bit sound-a-like, and none of their originals best their cover of "Do You Wanna Funk," but that won't keep them from a release soon on 415 Records, anymore than it kept them from proving the toast of the Folsom Street Fair.

LA's wacky white trash headliners have a new lp out, *Freaky Styley*, produced by George "Atomic Dog" Clinton, featuring a wonderfully demented cover of Sly Stone's "If You Want Me To Stay." At their last show here, Lithuanian wonderboy Anthony Kiedis performed clad only in a kilt fashioned from an American flag, which he doffed for an encore to butt-flex around a funk-bellowed remake of a Jimi Hendrix chestnut, wearing only a sock on his cock. Flesh for fantasy, and lewd, zany entertainment. (Stone, 10/11, 9pm, \$8.50).

Stevie Ray Vaughn, Lonnie Mack: Austin's gutbucket guitar whiz can solder molten licks heroically, even if he's not much of a singer. Lonnie Mack can do both, though too little has been heard from him since he struck gold back in '63 with his version of Chuck Berry's then-obscure "Memphis." Arrive early and hear his harrowing ballad, "Why." (UC Greek, 10/11, 8 pm, \$15, \$15.50 res.).

Zulu Spear: World Beat a go-go. Cozy, sexy, ethnic, politically correct, and it's got a good beat. Give it an 80! (16th Note, 10/11, 9 & 11 pm, \$4).

Zsa Zsa Pitts Memorial Orchestra: The peerless local oldies outfit throws a dance for two nights running. Gale Storm warnings. (Great American Music Hall, 10/11 & 12, 9 pm, \$9).

Adam Ant, Eric Martin Band: The ant-lad's success has taken a tumble since his Injun-goes-Puss'n'Boots-glory-days as, "Goody Two Shoes." Well he's back — in black leather with NASA insignias, and a dumber-than-T. Rex-anthem, "Viva La Rock," along with homotense lyrics on, "Miss Thing," "Scorpio Rising," and, "Mohair Locker Room Pin-Up Boys" — all calculated to get a listing in *The Sentinel* — but he'll be playing for the station wagon set out in the burbs. The opener, who used to front locals 415, shares management with Journey, and sings like a girl. The lad ought to pack it in and go for the ingenue slots over at Finocchio's. (Concord Pavilion, 10/12, 8 pm, \$16 res., \$14 lawn).

Suicidal Tendencies, Welcome to Venice: "Mom, all I wanted was a PEPSI!" the headliners pleaded in their immortal tune, "Institutionalized," which should have won them the gig as corporate spokesmen, instead of that little twit Michael Jackson. Instead they're playing at this Berkeley r&b club where Michael could stand to do a stretch. Outrageous fortune. (Ruthie's Inn, 10/12, 10 pm, \$5).

Phoebe Snow: Little has been seen of the New Jersey thrush since she became a mother, and die-hard fans will melt for this return engagement. (Berk. Comm. Theatre, 10/12, 8 pm, \$14).

Angst. Dot 3. Electric Koels: This formerly black club is the new 'heep spot.' Check out bands with weird names that you've never heard of. The headliners have a single on SST. Unlikely hairdos welcomed. (VIS Club, 10/12, 10 pm, \$5).

Meat Puppets, Poison 13: The Arizona cowpunks won yet more fans with their current lp, *Up On The Sun*, plangent pop with willfully cracked and tuneless vocals on psycho-delic lyrics. The inspired/unlikely combo have an Austin garage team opening. Their debut lp, just out, is *First You Dream, Then You Die*. As, romantic youth! (I-Beam, 10/14, 10:30 pm, \$5 adv., \$6 day).

Flying Color: A record-release party for the former Flying Colors. Progress. (Oasis, 10/15, Midnight, \$2).

Jain: An all-women band, which is as much as the club could promise. (Oasis, 10/16, 10:30 pm, \$5).

Dead Kennedys: SF's proudest punk survivors return to Broadway in a benefit for The Farm. Look for lots of tunes from their upcoming lp, *Cancer Cures Everything*, and the same old slam-guignol. (On Broadway, 10/18, 9 pm, \$6).

Committee Reunion: Over 25 original members of SF's legendary comedy improv group will gather for this high-ticket event to benefit Bread



Tripod Jimmy boasts ex-Pere Ubu guitarist Tom Herman, at the Oasis 10/22.

remember him best as the star of *The Harder They Come*, so it's appropriate that he is being booked in a town where that film is still probably running as a midnight movie. That's not Cliff's fault, just his tough luck. (Berk. Comm. Theatre, 10/19, 8 pm, \$14.50 res.).

Rogie Moyer Africa, Too Much Fun: It's Afro-beat night at this killer club on the edge of the Western Addition. Recommended to fans of fine music and cheap irony. Me too. (VIS Club, 10/19, 10:30 pm, \$5).

Joni Hastrup, Mapezi: Expatriot-African Joni made a lot of friends at the Folsom Street Fair, and now he has been booked as a regular Sunday headliner for a "World Beat Series." Love in North Beach. With luck, his back-up band will feature the brilliant local guitarist Makoto, whose debut lp, *Naiide*, is due out any day on QWest. Mapezi mix vibes, horns, rhythm, and charisma in a brash and delightful brew. (Stone, 10/20, 10 pm, \$4).

Hoodoo Gurus, Gene Loves Jezebel: A "double-headline" show for the club's 6th an-

niversary, which is supposed to justify the price. The headliners are power-pop Aussies who had an lp, *Stone Age Romeos*, on A&M last year, with a mini-hit, "I Want You Back." Their new lp, *Mars Needs Guitars*, is import-only, with a single, "Bittersweet," that is top ten Down Under, if that's cause for intrigue. The openers are a limey 5-piece from Wales, fronted by a boy/girl team of identical twins. Some call them "the lighter side of Bauhaus," with whom they share a label. The lp is called *Immigrant*, the single answers to, "Cow." Now that the Stud has dropped its go-go dancers, where else is there to go on a Monday night? Don't answer. (I-Beam, 10/21, 10:30 pm, \$7 adv., \$8 day).

Tripod Jimmy: The former lead guitarist from Pere Ubu has a quartet whose star player is Jimmy-the-tape-machine. Make their acquaintance? (Oasis, 10/22, Midnight, \$2).

Robin & The Rocks: Another woman-band, this one touted as, "upscale Bonnie Hayes." Is that like down-scale Gabby Hayes? Their single, *Continued on page 19*

Legs Stay Together!

Tina Turner at the Oakland Coliseum, 10/3/85

by Dave Ford

Lips, wig, hips, pumps, struts, thumps and sass — Tina Turner brought her drag-and-pony show to the Oakland Coliseum last week; rumor has it she singlehandedly created that blistering October heatwave.

Turner kicked off her 17-song set with "Show Some Respect" to a deservedly frenetic ovation. She stomped and jogged through a raging "Might Have Been Queen," then dipped into the oldies bag for a gospelly "River Deep, Mountain High" and a hyper-adrenalized "Nutbush City Limits," tossing her filly mane and whipping the mike cord.

It was immediately clear that only Turner — and her explosive singing and her fiery presence — lifted the show above the ordinary. Her voice was masterfully controlled; tricks on which other singers build entire careers — glissandos, pauses, stretches — are for Turner throwaways. She saved a vapid mid-set "Whats Love Got To Do With It?" with throaty caterwauling, starting a phrase clear and piercing, wrapping it up guttural and phlegmy. She raised shivers belting "Let's Stay Together," steering her pipes up shimmering falsettos. And her achingly sinister reading of the Anne Peebles nugget "I Can't Stand the Rain" ruefully embodied the pain and angry resignation of mangled relationships.

Turner danced powerfully too, sexy and celebratory, glorifying physical abandonment. Her heralded molten energy is phenomenal (she took the stairs of the stage riser two at a time — in heels!) and contagious: even we in the nosebleed seats (just this side of the space station) caught her fire.

Sadly, the show sank each time Turner bounced offstage. The workmanlike (if tight) six-man band (including Oakland-born Jimmy Lyon, Eddie Money's guitarist) never caught fire. After Turner's exit during "Better Be Good," her pianist performed a tired audience call-and-response.

And like all mass acts, Turner battled the inescapable remove of a 15,000-seat hall. For Tina Turner, clubs gave way to basketball

The Tina Turner image works especially well for gays: ostracized and condemned to the fringes, she willfully rose above the abuse, seized power and "came out" singing, flaunting sexuality and physical joy.

the exception — sort of. She is a seasoned pro, a pleasure to watch work. She shimmed, shook, and prowled through her after hit — "Private Dancer," "Thunderdome," "One of the Living," "Steel Claw" — but except for the chilling spontaneity of her vocals, she offered no surprises — just a slick, fast rock-and-roll show. There was an integrity about the concert — it lacked any cynicism or condescension, and Turner was careful to introduce her production and light crew, and to thank the audience for its support "these last two wonderful years." Still, those of us out near Pluto suffered an uncomfortable overview.

From far off, and because of her stature, Tina Turner loomed larger than life, the carefully sculpted image has become cartoony to reach the back rows. She is a classic

case of pop image manufacturing: onstage she's a bopping Tasmanian devil; offstage, apparently, a Buddhist chanter. Certainly gay people understand image/reality issues: forced to hide our true selves, we become unwilling experts at molding to different situations, leading, at worst, to a fractured self. And the Tina Turner image works especially well for gays: she was one of the disenfranchised, one of society's — and the music industry's — outcasts, and embodied everything threatening to the status quo (black, sexy, sexual, a singer, a woman). Ostracized and condemned to the fringes, however, she willfully rose above the abuse, seized power and "came out" singing, flaunting sexuality and physical joy. Her show Thursday recalled the Gay Parade: calculated yet rousing, a party lionizing liberation.

But her world-wide fame is subliminally disturbing: mainstream society only embraces that which it fears most, thereby assimilating and eventually disempowering it (as with the recent wrong-headed attempts to codify Bruce Springsteen as an image of America). This applies as much to Turner as to gays, to whom society looks for fashion and culture cues. Each represents a fringe extreme; neither is far from the other: with her fishnets, leather skirt, teased wig, exaggerated and playful sexuality, hard-times veneer, costume changes and droogie band, Tina Turner is, after all, a glorified drag queen "I Might Have Been Queen" indeed.

Some may recall that Turner entertained at the Gay Games two years ago, when she was still on the convention circuit. It may have been just another gig to her, but there was a lump-in-the-throat pride on the Kezar Stadium field among the awedly gay athletes from across the world, watching this fiery survivor crank out rocker after rocker.

That she has achieved world-class superstardom is heartwarming for those who were there that day. Tina Turner is a feisty woman who, battle-scarred, finally stepped forward to claim her place in pop history. So we forgive her the baseball stadiums. Moreover, we embrace the power, humor, and sexuality of her act, because it is ours. And we don't begrudge her the money.

After all, honey, how else is a girl gonna pay for them leathers? ■

Pop

Mike Mascioli

McNight, O'Day, & The Roches

At the Great American Music Hall recently I touched base with SF's own Sharon McNight for the first time in years. She's since acquired a four-piece band and two backup singers — far too top-heavy a sound but appropriate, I suppose, for what she's concentrating on these days which, alas, is c&w.

C&w has its merits but they're minor; and it's particularly unfortunate when you recall that a wildly diverse repertoire — "Rockin' Robin," Mae West's "Pardon Me For Loving And Running," Billy Joel's "I've Loved These Days," a tour de force performance of an entire scene from *The Wizard Of Oz* — was once McNight's biggest asset. She still performs "These Days," but now we also get covers of c&w hits and honky-tonk songs of unknown origin and dubious taste, like "You're An Asshole" ("Were you born an asshole or did you work at it all your life?").

The balance of her program, thankfully, was more varied, if not always better, or better served — like tunes from the dreadful *Little Shop Of Horrors* and from Britain's Tim (Evia) Rice's *Chess*, which, like a long-range missile, is ominously pointed stateside, and "Stormy Weather," sung in a little-girl voice that reduces it to "Raindrops Keep Falling On My Head". McNight has a thin but strong, piping vocal not without appeal and somewhat reminiscent of '30s boop-a-doop singers like Helen Kane and Mae Questal, but too often she overdoes it, driving herself beyond style into mere mannerism.

Least I paint too gray a picture, let me single out the charming "I Could Have Been Jean Harlow" from off-Broadway's forthcoming *Shoestring Symphony*. McNight's delightful Sophie Tucker impersonation on "I Don't Want To Be Thin" from the Sophie Tucker show she's slowly bringing to fruition, and best of all a soft, sensitive "The Best Things In Life Are Free," brimming with sincerity and accompanied only by piano and heartstrings.

In '75 sisters Maggie and Terre Roche released *Seductive Reasoning* (Columbia), one of the myriad LPs that sink without causing a ripple and are remembered by only a few as one of those great-but-undiscovered LPs that everyone has. Then it got the miraculous reprieve that few such LPs get because, in the meantime, the three sisters had formed **The Roches**, conquered the New York folk scene and won critical and popular acclaim with an eponymous '79 LP.

Moreover, they were tantalizing — and aptly — touted as a new wave folk group. They sing in close harmony against pared-down acoustic accompaniment but have attracted the attention of musicians like Robert Fripp (who produced *The Roches* and their third LP, '82's *Keep On Doing*), and their songs — with titles like "The Death of Suzy Roche" and "Jerks on the Loose" — are shot through with offbeat, urban bewilderment and a reckless abandon that makes up for what they can lack in inspiration.

The Roches, though, did yield Maggie's "The Married Men," as lovely and poignant a ballad as any to come out of the rock generation, and their repertoire of self-penned material is peppered with bravura readings of songs like Cole

McNight has a thin but strong, piping vocal but too often she overdoes it, driving herself beyond style into mere mannerism.

Porter's "It's Bad For Me" and a breathtaking capella version of Handel's *Hallelujah Chorus*. The songs on their latest, *Another World*, their fourth for Warner Bros., are slighter than



Nouveau folk: The Roches

ever, a fact that can't be disguised by the expanded production and electronic settings (e.g., synthesizers). But *World*, at least, starts off with a bang: the three best cuts on the album ("Love Radiates Around", and title cut, and the old Fleetwoods hit "Come Softly To Me," a possible candidate for top 40 success). And the LP doesn't threaten their status as an important, if unlikely entry in the lineage of the pop vocal group — no less vital than, say, The Manhattan Transfer and Rare Silk though, God knows, light

Cabaret

Gary Menger

Not Just a Pretty Face

Dixie Carter at the Plush Room, performing nightly except Mondays. Call 885-6800.

A fireball has just made a crash landing on the little planet of San Francisco and it's (*she's*) on display nightly except Monday in the Hotel York's Plush Room.

It appears that everyone who's thus far written about Dixie Carter has gotten bogged down in the story of her life — I can't imagine why, when there's so much talent there to talk about. Briefly, she and Hal Holbrook, married for a year, share a "yours, mine and ours" relationship — this is the third marriage for each, they've collected kids along the way who all get along, each is given to certain moods and apprehensions, each continues to enjoy a successfully snowballing career that sometimes shoots off in odd and exciting directions, he's a happier person and a better actor for knowing her; she's a better singer and a more confident one for knowing him, etc. . . . It's a happy story, and if you want more keep an eye on *People* magazine — I didn't come here to talk about Holbrook, but to sing the praises of Ms. Carter.

What do you look for when setting out to enjoy an evening of cabaret? Probably a female (they look better in glamorous gowns, heels and feather boas than their male counterparts!), a woman of some maturity who can wail the blues and even shed a tear believably, a good actress, but also a woman who can be silly, who has a sense of fun, who can make you like her and make you laugh . . . and of course she must be beautiful and

she must have a terrific voice (preferably with a soprano range), and she must be adept at country, folk, blues, Broadway, pop standards, light classics . . . When did you last see someone like that? You can now — her name, once again, is Dixie Carter *run* to the Plush Room because the sooner she wins you over the more often you can visit to enjoy her again!

Ms. Carter's face is a light technician's dream, and whoever is skillfully performing that task in the Plush Room has a field day gilding this lily. She's impressively backed by pianist Michele Brouman and violinist Novi — and I mean impressively; there's a glut of talent in the Plush Room this month. Nothing remotely like Ms.

Ms. Carter restores my faith in the future of cabaret; if there's a better evening's entertainment in town at present I don't know of it.

years away from either. They're at Wolfgang's, 10/25.

It's a sorry state of affairs when a review — in this case, of Anita O'Day's appearance with the Buddy Rich Band at the Venetian Room (through 10/13) — takes about as long to read as the performer's set took to sit through. O'Day offered a mere four songs, bracketed by instrumental sets by the band. (True, the ads, vague as they were, didn't promise anything more.) In greater ways than price (\$20 cover), this show is for Rich people only.

In the voice that launched a thousand "cool school" singers, O'Day sang "Honeysuckle Rose" and "Boogie Blues," her '45 hit with Gene Krupa's band. (The typo in my last column notwithstanding, O'Day went out on her own as a soloist in '47, not '74.) It's a dusky voice that sounds like a horn and is used as such — improvising on the melody, spilling forth with melismatics, jamming and trading riffs with the band. Indeed, one of her selections found her scatting her way through Woody Herman's classic "Four Brothers," a blast of brass carrying her along. Still, her "I Can't Get Started" had emotional depth, albeit not without some tempering of her jazz vocabulary.

Rich's is a tight, slick ensemble, and though I was afraid we were in for an evening of drum solos (always a nightmare), that wasn't the case. On the other hand, though the Venetian's a relatively intimate room, all 14 instruments were individually miked, a ludicrous, piercing abuse of amplification — and listeners' eardrums. ■



Carter has hit San Francisco since the Mocambo "rediscovered" Eartha Kitt and subsequently treated us to Mabel Mercer.

Early on, Dixie tears up "Honeysuckle Rose," using the grand piano as a trampoline, and shortly afterward tops herself with Porter's "Let's Do It" (singing mostly the Coward lyrics). In discussing the lyrics, she observes: "Noel mostly stuck it to *people*; Cole wrote almost always about animals." A slight rearrangement of face and a little eye magic convinces you it's the funniest line you've ever heard.

By now you're having a wonderful time, applauding her dexterity in making absurd love to the piano, thinking what a rare musical clown this is . . . and she again reassembles her face to classically sad planes that the Misses Redgrave or Ms. Hepburn would envy, borrows a page from Morgana King's songbook, and let's her voice dramatically soar with a medley of Mercer's "When the World Was Young" and "Young and Foolish." Goosebumps.

Ms. Carter restores my faith in the future of cabaret; if there's a better evening's entertainment in town at present I don't know of it. Congratulations to the Plush Room for further elevating the high standard they've already set. ■

Classics

Bill Huck

Blomstedt Returns

Herbert Blomstedt returned last week for his first subscription concert as the San Francisco Symphony's new music director. Though Blomstedt made an impressive debut in his conducting of the Beethoven Festival last summer, this represents the first concert planned by the maestro to showcase his talents and tastes. It told us much about both.

First it proved that while Blomstedt had had a foreign, principally German, musical education, he realizes that one of his responsibilities as the director of an American symphony is to American music.

Roger Sessions wrote his Second Symphony between 1944 and 1946, beginning the composition in Princeton, New Jersey, and finishing it in Berkeley, California. It was given in world premiere in 1947 by the San Francisco Symphony under Pierre Monteux.

While some listeners will claim that Session's music is nothing but transplanted Germanism, it is obvious that in programming this Symphony, with its special Bay Area connections, Blomstedt is promising to immerse himself in our music. In this case, Blomstedt achieved just that: total immersion. I attended both the Wednesday and Friday night concerts. My impression on that first night was the Blomstedt had a firm control over the piece. He had strong ideas about its shape as well as insights into its individual articulations.

Myself, I had trouble on the first night discerning what Sessions was up to. I did not feel the structural significance of the individual gestures as they appeared. On Friday night, however, I experienced no such difficulty. Partly this was because I now had my own idea of the shape of the whole, but it was also because Blomstedt had grown in his command of the piece to the extent where he could point up the musical motifs as they appeared. He even highlighted the amusing transformations they undergo. He phrased the melodies felicitously and caught the jauntiness of the symphony's best moments. In terms of new



The Symphony's new director

Bruckner, whose Fourth Symphony will be performed this week, is another composer who deserves a prominent place in our concert life. Blomstedt should be at his incandescent best in all of Bruckner's symphonies.

In the weeks prior to Blomstedt's return, symphony goers were treated to a pair of Mahler symphonies — the Sixth by the San Francisco under the baton of Michael Tilson Thomas and the Ninth with the Israel Philharmonic under Leonard Bernstein.

Bernstein proved he can portray every nuance of Mahler's titanic vision. He can feel all of its pathos and every bit of its gritty resignation. His account of the score grows ever deeper and ever sadder. The Israeli Philharmonic, unfortunately, delivered only a shadow of Bernstein's interpretation. Intonation was strained throughout, though the strings did get it together about half way through the scherzo and kept it together for most of the agonizing final adagio. The woodwinds never did fall into line. The brass was consistently clumsy and inexpert.

Tilson Thomas's Sixth had the reverse problems. It was a morass of unidentified intentions. The conductor failed to sort out what Mahler had given him. Instead he played it all flat out and important details were sacrificed to the welter of sound. Even the sublimely beautiful *Andante* came off with only a hint of yearning.

At the next week's concert, Tilson Thomas redeemed himself with an enthusiastic rendition of Janacek's "Glagolitic Mass." If we are going to use Blomstedt's arrival to re-evaluate the contemporary repertory, I would like to put in a plea for Leos Janacek's music. As the "Glagolitic Mass" so clearly established, Janacek is a powerfully emotive musician.

There have been many composers who were better trained than Janacek, many who are more sophisticated in their control of the material of composition — Roger Sessions' name comes immediately to mind here — but very few who have ever equaled him in his ability to evoke the human predicament. The "Mass" had tenderness and fear, as well as warmth and confidence. It gave us moments of inner contemplation and moments of heaven-storming power.

Tilson Thomas did a superb service in bringing this music to us. The San Francisco Symphony chorus did a magical job in communicating it to us. Linda Kelm had more trouble with her high-lying soprano solos that I had anticipated, and Jon Frederic West's bright and focused tenor was a bit unstable, but neither harmed their music. The intricate lines of the concluding organ solo have never come across so clearly. Thank you all.

While Blomstedt has had a foreign musical education, he realizes that one of his responsibilities as the director of an American symphony is to American music.

music alone, I think we are very lucky to have him.

Wagner's Prelude to "Meistersinger" received a crisp, clean reading from the maestro. All of its rich melodic interweavings were in place. Its luscious sonority filled the house with joy. Never have I heard the San Francisco strings meld together so completely. Nor have the brass ever shown such refinement. Our woodwinds have been commendable before, but they were luminous this week.

Richard Strauss's "Ein Heldenleben" was the tour de force of the evening. This music Blomstedt knows thoroughly. Indeed, he gave us a lesson in what it means to know a piece well. Where I heard in the Beethoven Symphonies last summer some extra straining from the maestro to make his points about the music, here I felt an exuberant ease.

Yet I must report that Blomstedt failed to convert me to "Heldenleben." "A Hero's Life," as the tone poem is known in English, is not, I think, among Strauss's greatest. Its rhetoric is a bit inflated for my taste — though most others say that about the "Alpine Symphony," where I find only grandeur and grace. The violin solo in "Heldenleben" that is supposed to portray Strauss's wife Pauline, for example, comes out coy without any real lyricism, Raymond Kober, the Symphony's concertmaster, played better than I have ever heard him on opening night, but by Friday he had lost his focus and his charm.

Whatever my quibbles might be, I share Maestro Blomstedt's belief that Strauss's tone poems belong in a central place in the repertory of a modern symphony orchestra. Blomstedt is definitely making statements about repertory in his first concerts this year. The work of Anton

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reporter: that's right — SEATTLE! The headlines have an awesome buzz behind their debut lp, *Rough Town* (Big D Records), and the Cow Boys are touted as rock 'a' billy that can wring hearts and strip paint. Both outfits check into this former funk-palace for one night only. This could be your chance to cross paths with history, or even this reporter. (VIS Club, 10/24, 10:30 pm., \$4).
Buy Early: Roches, TBA: These three quirky sisters, with tawny harmonies that sound like the

McGarrigles on acid, and cracked exaltant lyrics, never sparked the folkie-revival some predicted. Their latest album, *Another World*, with crisp hi-tech backing, is delicious. Live, they'll undoubtedly outdistance it — which may be the most "folkie" thing about them. Their version of Handel's "Hallelujah Chorus," brings summer-camp mischief to choral redemption and transcends the charms and poignance of both. (Wolfgang's, 10/25, 8 & 11 pm, \$10 adv., \$11 day).

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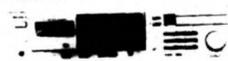
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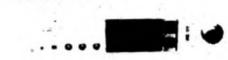
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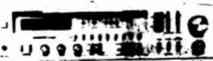
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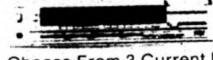
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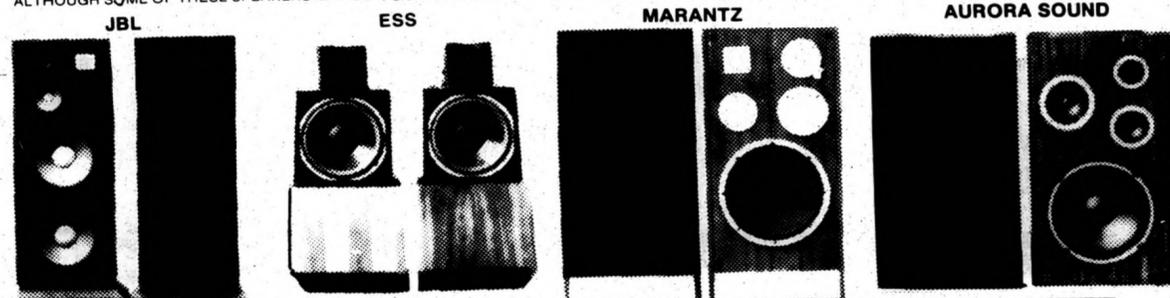
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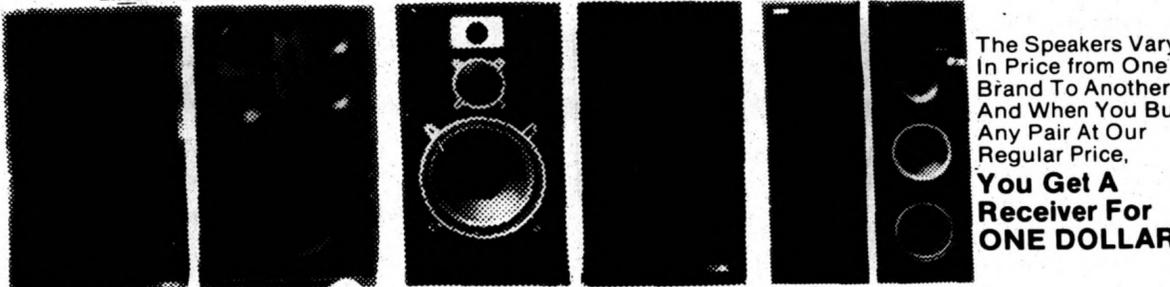


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Interview: Edmund White

Autobiography: Could It Be Pederasty?

by David Lambie

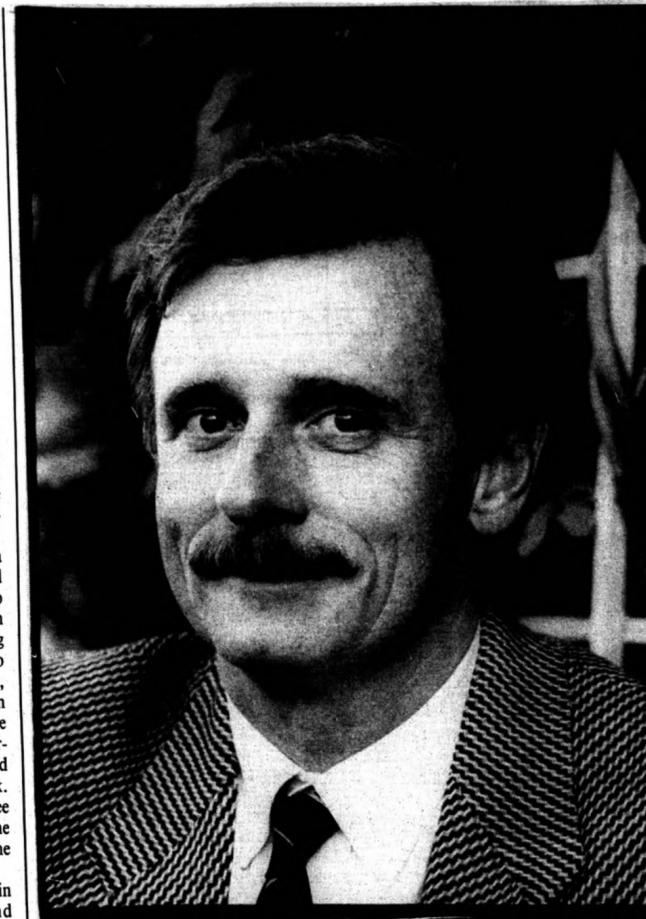
Edmund White's novel *A Boy's Own Story* can be likened to a bathysphere: one's own submersible for exploring the sunken continents of actual boyhood from the slippery shores of gay adolescence.

The man/boy love his stories describe is the substratum of the hearts of born-again sissy boys — boys who cherish the physical memories of first love and retain an ineffable metaphysical longing for a never consummated paternal embrace.

Biology plays its own special tricks and a once sweet and charming sissy boy can find himself, in his fifth decade, succumbing to that posthumous embrace. "Now that I'm forty I find myself more and more becoming my father... I think I've done everything to be different from him: he was an engineer, I'm a writer; he was an arch-conservative in his politics, I think of myself as a socialist; he was a Southerner, I'm a New Yorker (currently living in Paris), and yet I see more and more of the same values, even the same look. I look in the mirror at myself and I see him... It's really quite interesting how one not only remembers one's father, one becomes him."

In his latest novel *Caracole* ("caper" in English, "snail" in Spanish, and "prancing" in French) Edmund White sheds the sissy boy/difficult father duality, weaving in its place a tale of a straight boy/artistic uncle duo: "two men, one young, one middle-aged, sitting at a table under the bright kitchen lamp — two men, pretending not to look at each other, but each bruised by the other's attention, as though they were two closely caged porcupines." *Caracole*, set in a mythic time and place when a conqueror

Continued next page



ROBERT PRUZAN

"I think I was one of those gay men who looked ten years younger than he was, until I was in my late thirties, and... in writing A Boy's Own Story I got rid of the boy within me and became the man... of course only in America and only if you're gay could you be a boy up through thirty-eight or nine."

Books

Robert Burke

Grey Liberation

Quiet Fire: Memoirs of Older Gay Men

by Keith Vacha
Crossing Press, \$8.95

By the time this review reaches press, you will have less than a hundred shopping days left until Christmas. If your list is anything like mine, it will include a leather queen, perhaps a Catholic priest, and the odd activist and longshoreman.

Now there are two options open to us at this juncture: the first is the tried and true (but oh so very tired) battle of the plastics and attitude at Macy's or Saks or both. The second and certainly the more original option is to find a good gay bookstore (preferably one that wraps) and buy a half dozen copies of this marvelous collection of memoirs.

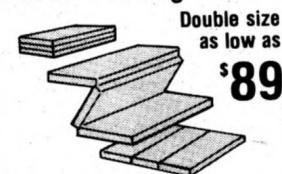
There is very little bitterness in evidence here. There is, however, a great deal of compassion, warmth, and wisdom.

There is something for everyone here. The seventeen men who participated in this book can count World Wars, the Great Depression, and the McCarthy era as their cultural and, more importantly, their personal landmarks. They are loners and lovers and, occasionally, losers. They are gay men who have seen it all twice. They are men who are survivors. They are, in short, our ancestors.

Continued next page

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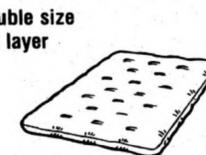
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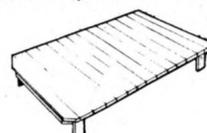


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Books from last page

But what makes this book so very special is the fact that it is not merely a collection of antique dishes or a strident series of harangues against the very real mistreatment of our older citizens. What is special about this book is the fact that despite everything these men have gone through (which is everything from insulin therapy to dishonorable discharges to political denunciations and blackballing) there is very little bitterness in evidence here. There is, however, a great deal of compassion, warmth, and wisdom to be found in these histories.

So, the word from these quarters would be to buy a copy for yourself and one for everyone on your list. Think of it, if you must think of it at all, as an investment in gay affirmation. In our time, when we are all struggling to come to terms with the AIDS crisis and when many of us are redefining our values and lifestyles, this book provides

us with a much needed sense of ourselves as a community which is both proud of its place and its tenacity to survive the odds.

If there is still a Mr. Gay Good Fellow award going for 1985, I'd like to nominate Keith Vacha, the men who participated in this book, and the Crossing Press for bringing us *Quiet Fire*.

Shrink to Fit

The Lavender Couch:

A Consumer's Guide to Psychotherapy for Lesbians and Gay Men

by Dr. Marny Hall
Alyson Publications, \$7.95

Like all systems of belief, the success of the therapeutic process is predicated upon the belief, the faith if you will, of those who participate in it. Its success or failure can not be

measured in any sort of empirical fashion; the client is in the position of trusting in the skill and experience of the therapist and, in the final analysis (no pun intended), only the client can determine whether or not the experience was indeed worth it.

And it is with that word "worth" that the rub begins. How much is compassion and insight going for these days? In the Bay Area, the price can range anywhere from \$25 to \$150 per hour. And how does the prospective client affix a price tag to an experience which may, in many respects, become the most intimate experience in his or her life? The problem for lesbians and gay men is compounded by the fact that they must also look for a therapist who can, in the course of therapy, both acknowledge and affirm a lesbian or gay identity.

Fortunately, we now have the present title, Dr. Marny Hall's long overdue guide to the psychoanalytic morass. Dr. Hall, a San Francisco psychotherapist with 10 years experience, will probably not be making many friends in the community of mental health practitioners as the result of the publication of this book, but that is their loss. Dr. Hall has written a consumer's guide which is both accessible and concise. Treating psychoanalysis for what it is, a marketable commodity, she has swept away all of the babble and webs that have traditionally surrounded the field and provided readers not only with a precise description of the various therapies which are available to consumers, but with a work which insofar as it also provides readers with several chapters on how to negotiate and evaluate their therapy a tool for the empowerment of lesbian and gay consumers.

The Lavender Couch is the book for every lesbian or gay man who is considering entering analysis or counseling.

Femme Fatale

by Mike Mascioli

Dreams That Money Can Buy

The Tragic Life of Libby Holman
by Jon Bradshaw
William Morrow, 432 p. \$17.95

Singer Libby Holman was famous for her throaty voice, her torchy style and the classic songs she introduced in the '20s and '30s — "Body and Soul," "Can't We Be Friends," "Moanin' Low" — and infamous for being implicated in, though never put on trial for, the 1932 shooting death of her first husband, Smith Reynolds, the young tobacco heir. Holman joined folksinger Josh White in the '40s to perform black folk songs and spirituals (she was also an early champion of the civil rights) and later assembled a successful one-woman show of "blues, ballads and sin-songs," but her career never really regained momentum after the murder, and her life after that seemed haunted: tragedy took those closest to her, including her teenage son and Montgomery Clift (perhaps her greatest love of all), and finally, in 1971, Holman herself.

Hamilton Darby Perry's *Libby Holman: Body And Soul* (1983) was essentially an account of the Smith Reynolds murder, so Jon Bradshaw's complete biography of Holman, *Dreams That Money Can Buy* (Morrow), is particularly welcome. Holman was a fascinating woman with many faces. She was a legendary torch singer, the toast of Jazz Age New York. She was a complex and domineering matriarch. And she was bisexual, conducting countless affairs with men and women, including a long, idyllic relationship with the mannish Louisa Carpenter, heiress to the Du Pont millions (whom she'd brazenly kiss in public), a match even her heterosexual friends came to approve of. Bradshaw writes:

"[Libby] did not think of herself as a lesbian. Nor did she believe herself to be sick or sinful and, in any event, would have despised that narrow sexual stereotype. Rather, she considered herself emancipated... In the literary and theatrical circles frequented by Libby and Louisa, homosexuality (or bisex-

White from last page

horde sits astride a vanquished but unbowed tribe (read the French under the Nazis or gays under straights) is based on White's real life adoption of a young nephew who had been confined to a mental hospital by his father.

Unlike the unnamed hero of *A Boy's Own Story*, young Gabriel in *Caracole* presents not a comely face to the world, but instead has a countenance scarred by severe acne, a condition magically cured by a witch in fiction, by a kindly uncle in real life. "It was perfectly evident that he had a terrible case of acne, the very deep sort of quilted kind of acne. I realized that his anti-social behavior, which had driven his father to hospitalizing him, could be explained so easily by that... This was a boy who wanted to stay up all night and sleep all day, who refused to see anyone, who lived in the basement, and I realized it was simply his suffering over his

From A Boy's Own Story

"I never showered with my dad, I never saw him naked, not once, but we did immerse ourselves, side by side, in those passionate streams every night. As he worked at his desk and I sat on his couch, reading or daydreaming, we bathed in music. Did he feel the same things I felt? Perhaps I ask this only because now that he's dead I fear we shared nothing and my long captivity in his house represented to him only a slight inconvenience, a major expense, a fair to middling disappointment, but I like to think that music spoke to us in similar ways and acted as the source and transcript of a shared rapture. I feel sorry for a man who never wanted to go to bed with his father; when the father dies, how can his ghost get warm except in a posthumous embrace? For that matter, how does the survivor get warm?"

appearance... I just simply made an appointment with a very good, every expensive Park Avenue dermatologist and sent him off... That kind of physical imperfection is something that fiction doesn't deal with very often and yet is so real to the person who's experiencing it."

Caracole is also White's first heterosexual novel, although he feels that what he has actually done is to reclaim the heterosexually oriented erotic images that all gay people grow up with. "If you're growing up gay in this society, you're going to movies which are heterosexual, listening to pop songs which are heterosexual and you're translating very easily those heterosexual terms into your own private gay terms... When a gay teenager sees a classical pas de deux in the ballet, he, at one moment, thinks he's the man, the next moment thinks he's the woman, and I think most often thinks he is the couple. That is the kind of ideal vision of love that is being presented by the dancers, and it's one that he embraces in its entirety... Just as my fantasies were originally stocked by these heterosexual romantic images... *Caracole* is a return to that image bank." Edmund White will return to another familiar fictional haunt in his next novel: *The Beautiful Room Is Empty*, the sequel to *A Boy's Own Story*, due out in '87 from E.P. Dutton.

uality as it was often called) was fitting, even fashionable. The two women were accepted as a perfectly normal couple..."

Throughout her life Holman moved in social circles of gay and bisexual celebrities, and her life, and often theirs, seemed to be based entirely on sexuality — love affairs, marriages, infatuations, casual encounters and liberated attitudes — and though *Dreams* gives an excellent account of Holman's life and artistry, that, to me, is what this book is ultimately all about.

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Twice A Month

October 11 — 17

Friday, October 11

Femprov promise to deliver, 6-8 pm, no cover; **Dancing** with dj Page Hodel, 9 pm, \$4; at Baybrick Inn. Call 431-8334.

"**He and She**", Ruth Hastings & Craig Jessup in a revue of Rodgers & Hart, closes an extended engagement; 8 pm, at Mason Street Cabaret (also 10/12-13). Call 981-3535.

"**Please Wait for the Beep**", zany Lesbian comedy, closes its run; 8:30 pm, \$8, at Studio Rhino (also 10/12-13). Call 861-5079.

"**Blackouts**", comedy poking fun at relationships in the 80s, continues; 8:30 pm, \$7, at Zephyr Theatre (also 10/12). Call 864-4201.

Gwen Avery & Ali combine guitar, piano & vocals; 8 pm, \$5, at Artemis Cafe. Call 821-0232.

The Irregulars, LA musicians, debut, 8 pm, \$5; "**Tennessee in the Summer**", play about his life continues, 8 pm, \$7 (also 10/12); "**Hysterical Women**" are back, 10:30 pm, \$5; "**The Bald Soprano**" has been extended; 10:30 pm, \$5; at Valencia Rose. Call 863-3863.

Saturday, October 12

Columbus Day - prizes for the best Columbus and Isabella drag, all day at Alamo Square Saloon. Call 552-7100.

Monica Palacios & Marga Gomez will convince you the earth is flat; 6-8 pm, no cover; **Dancing** with dj Chris Wasmund 9 pm, \$4 cover; at Baybrick Inn. Call 431-8332.

Swingshift offer a variety of musical genres; 8 pm, \$5; at Artemis Cafe. Call 821-0232.

Debbie Saunders & Raw Sugar perform rhythm & Blues, 8 pm, \$5-7; "**Did You Come or Fake It?**" presented by Mothertongue, 8 pm, \$5-8;

Gwen Avery & Itmar belt out blues & originals, 10 pm, \$5; **Gay Comedy** with Tom Ammannio, Marga Gomez, Mario Mondelli, 10:30 pm, \$6; at Valencia Rose. Call 863-3863.

Goings On in the Next Two Weeks



In Les Nickettes' *Oh Goddess*, Linda McCulloch (left) clings to her shopping obsession even though she's been proclaimed a reincarnated goddess by witches Hali Spiegel, Libby Anne Russler, and Adrienne Kent. See 10/19.

Sunday, October 13

★**I-Beam's Family Reunion '85**; 8th anniversary party, 4-6 pm. Call 668-6006.

Chrysanthemum Ragtime Band, a Sunday afternoon tradition; 4 pm, \$4; **Van Ault & friends** explore witchcraft and the meaning of All Hallow's Eve, 7:30 pm, free; at Valencia Rose. Call 863-3863.

Vision, a reggae band, performs 4-8 pm, at El Rio. Call 282-3325.

Systemband gears up, 5-8 pm; **Dancing** with dj Chris Wasmund, 8 pm, no cover; at Baybrick Inn. Call 431-8332.

Jack Collins celebrates his birthday reading from his novel *Nighttime* and other works; 8 pm, Walt Whitman Bookshop. Call 861-3078.

★**"San Francisco Arts for Life"**, star-studded joint concert to benefit AIDS research & Care; 8:30 pm, \$25-\$500, SF Opera House. Call 762-BASS.

James Meade, of 'NASHional Anthem' fame, performs 9:15 pm, \$6, at Buckley's. Call 552-8177.

Monday, October 14

Sapphron Obis & Julie Homi's Jazz Jam, 8-11 pm, no cover; at Baybrick Inn. Call 431-8332.

Carol Bruce of "WRKP in Cincinnati" fame brings her act to Mason Street Cabaret; 8:30 pm (also 10/16-20). Call 776-1645.

Open Mike Comedy presents the best in new comedy talent; Tom Ammannio & Suzy Berger co-host; 8:30 pm, \$3 (performers sign up 7:30 pm), at Valencia Rose. Call 863-3863.

Tuesday, October 15

Terri Cowick, "Beach Blanket Babylon" vet, accompanied by Bob Bendorff; 6-8 pm, \$5, at Sutters Mill Cabaret (also 10-16, 17). Call 788-8379.

Gwen Avery, 7-9 pm, no cover; at Baybrick Inn. Call 431-8334.

"**Lesbian Nuns - Breaking Silence**"; authors Rosemary Curb & Nancy Manahan discuss their work; 8 pm, \$5, at Valencia Rose. Call 863-3863.

Wednesday, October 16

Steve & Ellen Seskin, 7 pm, no cover; **Night School Theatre**, 9 pm, \$4; at Baybrick Inn. Call 431-8332.

Open Mike Singing, with accompanist Magdalen Leucke, welcomes a bevy of new & established singing talent; 8 pm, \$3 (performers sign up 7 pm); at Valencia Rose. Call 863-3863.

★**"Unfinished Business - The New AIDS Show"** continues, 8:30 pm, \$10-12 (also 10/17-20); at Theatre Rhino. Call 861-5079.

Joseph Taro's "Songs and Laughter" is a weekly feature; 9:15 pm, \$6, at Buckley's. Call 552-8177.

Thursday, October 17

Bonnie Hayes solo at the piano, 7 pm, no cover; **Urban Funk Dance Mix** with dj Donna Rego, 9 pm, no cover; at Baybrick Inn. Call 431-8334.

"**Tennessee in the Summer**" & "**The Bald Soprano**", see 10/11.

Open Mike Nite with Danny Williams, 9 pm, at Alamo Square Saloon. Call 552-7100.

Aldo Bell of 'Billie's Song' with guest Bill McDowell; 9:15 pm, \$6 at Buckley's. Call 552-8177.

October 18 — 24

Friday, October 18

Rick & Ruby camp it up, 6-8 pm, no cover; **Dancing** with dj Page Hodel, 9 pm, \$4; at Baybrick Inn. Call 431-8334.

"**Over Our Heads**", comedy improv with Annie Larson, Teresa Chandler, Karen Ripley; 8 pm, \$6, at Artemis Cafe. Call 821-0232.

★**"The Dark Side of the Moon"**, North American premiere of one act play written & performed by Juan Jacobo Hernandez, 8 pm, \$6 (benefit for SF AIDS Foundation (also 10/19-20); at Valencia Rose. Also: "**Tennessee in the Summer**", "**The Bald Soprano**", "**Hysterical Women**" (see 10/11). Call 863-3863.

Blackouts", see 10/11.

Buns Contest with Dolli & Bruce, 10 pm, at Alamo Square Saloon. Call 552-7100.

Saturday, October 19

Femprov returns, 6-8 pm, no cover; **Dancing** with dj Chris Wasmund 9 pm, \$4; at Baybrick Inn. Call 431-8334.

SF Anti-Apartheid Jazz/Poetry benefit, 8 pm, \$5-10; at Valencia Rose. Call 863-3863.

Linda Tillery Band & Rhiannon perform as part of Ollie's 5th Anniversary Celebration; 8 & 10:30 pm, \$7/8; at Radclyffe Hall, Oakland. Call 451-9074.

Robin Flower Band featuring Crystal Reeves, Karen Hesh, Matt Malley, 8 pm, \$6; at Artemis Cafe. Call 821-0232.

Les Nickettes present "Oh Goddess!"; 8 pm, \$5/8/10, at the Lab Theatre. Call 346-4063.

Erotic City Dance Party benefits Black & White Men Together; 9:30 pm til?, \$5. Call 923-1261.

Sunday, October 20

Gay Games Benefit, 5-8 pm; **Dancing** with dj Chris Wasmund, 8 pm, no cover; at Baybrick Inn. Call 431-8334.

Estrada's Natural Band play Latin rhythm & blues at the 7th anniversary party for El Rio, 4-8 pm, \$5. Call 282-3325.

Paul Michael & Leslie Sorci together for the first time, 9:15 pm, \$6, at Buckley's. Call 552-8177.

Monday, October 21

Sapphron Obis & Julie Homi's Jazz Jam, 8-11 pm, no cover; at Baybrick Inn. Call 431-8334. **Open Mike Comedy**, see 10/14.

Tuesday, October 22

"**A Whole Lot of Bessie in Me**" starring Aldo Bell, returns for a 2 week engagement, 6-8 pm, \$5; at Sutters Mill Cabaret. Call 788-8379.

Juan Jacobo Hernandez lectures with slides on the gay movement in Mexico; 7:30 pm, donation; at Modern Times Bookstore. Call 282-9246.

Who Says Hostages Aren't of Interest to the American public? Tom Caufield, captured by Nicaragua's Contras holds forth; 8 pm, at Valencia Rose. Call 863-3863.

Wednesday, October 23

"**Unfinished Business - the New AIDS Show**", see 10/16.

Danny Williams Birthday Benefit to provide hot lunches for PWAs includes a star-studded cast; 8 pm, \$6, at Valencia Rose. Call 863-3863.

Patricia Weiss, 7 pm, no cover; **The Tone Clusters** featuring Benny Rietveld, 9 pm, \$5; at Baybrick Inn. Call 431-8334.

Jackie Taylor in an encore performance of grand pop standards, 9:15 pm, \$6, at Buckley's. Call 552-8177.

Thursday, October 24

Bonnie Hayes solo at the piano, 7-9 pm, no cover; **Urban Funk Dance Mix** with dj Donna Rego, 9 pm, no cover; at Baybrick Inn. Call 431-8334.

★**"The Pursuit of Happiness"**, world premiere of a play with music, a saga of the Financial District, by Steve Omid & W.B. Higgs, 8 pm, \$7, at Valencia Rose. Call 863-3863.

Group Sax brings their repertoire of swing, bop, improvisation & original tunes to the Channel 181 Club, 10 pm, \$5 (includes dancing after show). Call 431-0449.

Open Mike with Danny Williams, 9 pm, at Alamo Square Saloon. Call 552-7100.

Sentinel USA is expanding its arts & entertainment listings. Let us know about your group's activities. Next deadline is Oct. 18 for Oct. 24

Mixed Reviews

The Critics Choose Favorites

Art: *Japanese Fan Paintings from Western Collections*, at the Asian Art Museum. Call 558-2993.

Eaton/Schoen Gallery reopens their original location, a space of awesome dimensions, with *Major Works*, a large scale work by gallery artists; reception 10/17. Call 788-3476.

Dance: *Radio XXY*, a "multi-angled investigation of the average citizen's media intake" performed by New York based XXY Dance/Music; 10/16-19 at New Performance Gallery. Call 863-9834.

Oakland Ballet performs choreography by Beal, Jooss, Massine; 10/18-20 at Zellerbach Hall, Berkeley. Call 642-9988.



Jody Ellsworth (left) and Bill Peterson in Ionesco's *The Bald Soprano*. See 10/11



Kathy Burch (left), Sharon Kirk, in *Please Wait for the Beep*. See 10/11.

Music:

The Roches; buy early: one of today's top vocal groups bring their tight harmonies & off-beat brand of "New Wave Folk" to Wolfgang's 10/25. Call 474-2995.

"*My One and Only*" Tony Award winning Gershwin musical with Tommy Tune and not Twiggy, not Sandy Duncan, but Lucie Arnaz, opens 10/10 at the Golden Gate Theatre. Call 775-8800.

Anthony Braxton Quartet brings its highly progressive jazz sound to Kimball's 10/17-19. Call 861-5585.

Judy Collins, everybody's favorite folk singer has gone legit of late, so she'll be performing a mixed bag of material when she plays the Venetian Room at the Fairmont 10/15-27. Call 772-5163.

SF Philharmonia performs all-Bach on original instruments, 10/16, at Herbst Theatre. Call 392-4400.

Handel's *Solomon*, performed by the SF Symphony on modern instruments 10/17-20 at Davies Hall. Call 431-5400.

"*Aside by Aside*", Ashland's crazy musical Shakespeare spoof, opens 10/21, runs for one week only, at Mason Street cabaret. Call 776-1645.

Contemporary Music Players inaugurate their annual Monday night series in collaboration with the SF Museum of Modern Art 10/21. Call 751-5300.

Film: *Gay San Francisco: Then and Now*, a survey of lesbian and gay independent filmmaking, screens 10/19 at midnight at the Roxie Cinema as part of the Film Arts Foundation's Film Arts Festival, a celebration of Bay Area independent film and video 10/18-20. Call 552-8760.

Photography: *Francesco Scavullo's* 60s celeb portraits weren't always considered art, but with the renewed interest in glamor portraiture, they've been recognized as a unique record of the period; this exhibition commemorates 40 years of work; Vision Gallery 10/17-11/25 (reception for the artist 10/17). Call 621-2107.



Divine by Scavullo.

Performance: *The Tale of Q*, a presentation of Persona Grata Productions, with selected short videos adapted from live performances and original works by three women artists; 10/18-20 at Video Free America. Call 648-9040.

Theatre: *'The Majestic Kid'* a comedy by Tony award winner Mark Medoff, opens at A.C.T. 10/15, runs to 11/9. Call 673-6440. SF State's Theatre Arts Department revives *The Club*, Eve Merriman's witty, wicked, all-woman musical about the inhabitants of an exclusive men's club; 10/17-20 and 24-27 at SFSU's Little Theatre. Call 469-2467.

'Glengarry Glen Ross', David Mamet's excoriating portrait of small-time salesmen, stars Peter Falk, and Joe Mantegna of the original cast; opens 10/22 at the Curran. Call 673-4400.

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3:00 Release and Forgiveness
4:00 The Healing Power of Eroticism

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